Among Friends

Searching Out That on Which We Can Depend

My daily routine usually starts with a two-mile walk on an athletic track near my home. It’s an energizing way to begin the day, scooting along as fast as I can go, greeting everyone I encounter (often reflecting on the phrase “walk cheerfully over the world, answering that of God in every one”). Early mornings find me out there in all kinds of weather and all seasons. That half hour of steeaming along gives me a chance to reflect and pray, along with offering cheerful greetings. The prayer most often in my heart is one of gratitude, elicited from me by the unfailing beauty of the surrounding trees, stream, and sky. (Of course, there is so much more to be grateful for, and those things press in on me too, as the well of gratitude is opened.)

But I find it is also a time to hold the world and its troubles in the Light. Deeply breathing the fresh air, beholding the early morning sky, listening to bird song, I find myself in a place that touches on the timelessness—that bridges seasons, life passages, the upheaval and turmoil of political and social change. It is there that I have found it easiest to pray for our nation’s leaders, there that I have sought the wisdom and courage to pray rightly for Osama bin Laden and Saddam Hussein, there that I have most eloquently lodged my plea for peace in this world with the Almighty.

In November, when our national elections appeared to give our current administration a mandate to plow full speed ahead towards war with Iraq (and who knows how many other peoples), it was difficult to maintain a positive focus. My mood seemed to match the cold, rainy, gray days as I squooshed around the soggy track. I found, however, as I let the energy of this walking/reflection/prayer discipline carry me through the days, what lifted me was my cold and barren surroundings, because—they so clearly seemed to be saying to me—“it is in darkness that the seed is born, it is in a world that seems cold and lifeless that new beginnings are made, that new life stirs.” The womb is a dark place, perhaps as dark as the soil where germination takes place. The promise of renewal that lies hidden in dark and devastated times is an eternal one that penetrates the center of the Creation, that is at the heart of the Resurrection. On this I know we can depend. Walking towards that light that lies over the ocean of darkness, perceiving—even if only dimly—what that bright and beautiful world looks like, is what gives me hope in the dark times. I know they will have their end, and that when they do, something beautiful and new will be born.

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I must turn now to something I deeply regret and for which I must offer you, our readers, an apology. Early this past autumn, we began to have unprecedented difficulties with the printing of FRIENDS JOURNAL. Quite a few of you have had to endure copies of the magazine improperly bound with pages missing, all have been receiving the magazine much later than its normal schedule, and others have failed to receive it altogether. It quickly became apparent that we would need to find a new printer. So while we researched, screened, and evaluated new printers, we were forced to endure worsening problems a while longer. We here at the JOURNAL offer you our sincere apologies for this; bringing you a quality publication on time is always our goal. I’m pleased (and relieved) to report that the issue you hold in your hand has been produced by our new printer, and we anticipate that the recent difficulties will cease to be a problem. We offer replacement copies to you for any issues you missed or that were improperly bound (please be in touch with us about this at <circulation@friendsjournal.org>). We sincerely thank you for your forbearance.

Gladen E. Mclnatty

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Andrew Esser-Haines (page 16) and friend Magda share a laugh.
Forum

How can we take the Peace Testimony into conflict?

I've been taken with the vigor and passion of the discussion in FRIENDS JOURNAL since 9/11/01 about the necessity/efficacy of upholding the Peace Testimony in our troubled world. Personally I believe that the Peace Testimony has the weight of both morality and the long-term sustainability of our species (and our Earth) on its side. Yet holding fully to it requires us to be bold and pro-active—which raises the issue of fear. I think for many of us pacifism provides a convenient shield to protect us from facing that fear.

With C.O. status so readily available, my teenage sons can be comfortable knowing that they will never be required to interact with the brutality of options in the military. A Quaker teenager in Korea, in contrast, is facing army service or five years in prison—and he is scared. As a woman, I've never had to engage with these choices personally. Would I be willing to go to Columbia or Iraq or the Congo and intervene with a Nonviolent Peace Force? It's dangerous. People are killing each other there—and not for very good reasons. I don't want to get killed. What a waste that would be of the power I have to do good in the world.

But to the extent that I shy away from the reality that conflict is still messy and dangerous, I'm leaving others to do the dirty work and suffer the consequences. How can I—and we—take our precious Peace Testimony and march boldly with it into the middle of conflict, as brave as the young men who are sent off to war? The idea sends shivers up my spine. It scares me. I think we need to bring that fear into the light of day somehow, and not pretend that we are more together or more righteous than we really are.

Pamela Haines

It's good to know I'm not alone.

Thank you for printing Cameron McWhirter's "Essay on War" in the September FRIENDS JOURNAL. For him, the terror attacks of September 11, 2001, pose formidable challenges to the advocacy of peace, as though the dead of September 11 were original in their innocent victimization. He counsels a type of anxious patience during which we should refrain from platitudes, restrain our witness, and broadcast our confusion before waiting in silence upon the Lord. He refers us to the "long and difficult internal process" by which Quakers eventually came to oppose slavery.

But Cameron McWhirter's counsel itself comes close to platitude. It is a handy salve for confused consciences, and a ready justification for unnecessary, and perhaps immoral, delay. It's disgraceful that Friends needed a century to find inspiration in their "king" is dualistic, Western, and wrong! It has been wrong ever since the Greek and Roman philosophers locked upon the idea of only dichotomous, either/or situations. There is something that appeals to a large portion of Western humanity about these simple decision models, but they are and always have been wrong in my sense of the Truth.

I have found some comfort in reading Thich Nhat Hanh, a Vietnamese Buddhist. From his and other Buddhist pacifist ideas I find some solace from Western duality. I hope Friends will find inspiration in their hearts for following pacifism and won't succumb to "logical" arguments of those opposed to our experience of truth. We are few enough as it is. I will try what love can do, even if I am wrong.

Learning to listen calmly with some measure of sympathy to people who believe in fighting for "our way of life," and to those who have lost loved ones is important to me. But for myself, I will fight from ideal or vengeance, no more. (Apologies to Chief Joseph).

Charlie Thomas
Benson, Ariiz.

God before war means God instead of war

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Charlie Thomas
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Dualistic thinking is unhelpful

In your August 2002 issue, a letter to the editor makes statements about logical problems with pacifism. The author appears to have learned only the simplest two-state, either/or logic. The problem with his point is that the positive outcomes are not equally likely in his model. Pacifism is logical if you understand the costs to all humanity, when leaders push for and resort to warfare. If we had not intervened in Vietnam thousands might have died; because we intervened, millions did!

Like Friend Rubin (Forum, FJ Sept. 2002) I have a war experience that ultimately led me to Friends. I saw service in Vietnam in 1969. I saw the children in hospitals and on the streets, dead and damaged. I was a linguist, but I also overheard the speech of both Americans and Vietnamese. American voices were often shocking and repugnant to me: "gook," "slope," and worse labels. War is not healthy for children and other living beings!

In the "Essay on War" (FJ Sept. 2002), Thomas Paine scores rhetorical points but makes similar errors. Author Cameron McWhirter gives him credibility when he does not deserve it. Thomas Paine may have been a brilliant thinker, but he is not the ultimate authority on pacifism or measures of its logic, value, or place in the world. The idea that you must be for or against the
I believe that Friends are called to be a gathered people. As I have explored what this means, one image that has come to me is that of Jesus crying over Jerusalem before Palm Sunday. “Jerusalem, Jerusalem, the city that kills the prophets and stones those who are sent to it! How often have I desired to gather your children together as a hen gathers her brood under her wings, and you were not willing.” (Matt. 23:37-8) Being gathered by God is like that. It is a gathering together in love, not a mustering of the Army of God to conquer. So why do we resist the call to gather under the sheltering wings? Why do we resist God’s love? This is not just a rhetorical question. In many ways, my spiritual journey is a struggle against my own resistance to God’s love.

Another image that came to me is a gathered meeting. Think of a whole people gathered in that same palpable presence of God. That is the power that can transform the world. It requires individual piety but it also requires a community. This is part of what Jesus was getting at when he said, “For where two or three are gathered in my name, I am there among them.” George Fox would have been just one of many 17th century itinerant preachers if people hadn’t gathered around his preaching. Gandhi would have been just another Hindu holy man without the tens of thousands who gathered to march to the sea to make salt and who committed their lives to nonviolence. Martin Luther King Jr. would have been just another minister without the people who gathered to march and fill the jails. God is too big to be fully manifested in one person. God requires an entire people.

The part in Matthew about stoning the prophets applies to us as well. My experience among Friends has been that when someone speaks out of a strong and certain faith, there are people who will say words to the effect of, “Who are you to tell me how to run my spiritual life?” But in fact, God doesn’t always speak to us inwardly. Sometimes God speaks to us through the mouths of others. This is the point of vocal ministry. Quaker writings are full of anecdotes about the well-timed word from a Quaker minister that pierced a listener to the heart and produced a great transformation. My sense is that Quakers today are afraid to hear anyone speak with power and authority. We only want to hear words couched in meek, mild, and tentative phrasing. This is a betrayal of our tradition. Friends started out as a band of prophets. They were a people who were not only gathered, but then were sent out to proclaim the truth they had found. We have lost that prophetic voice and we are living with the consequences. When I was growing up, the common figure for the number of Friends in the United States was 125,000 out of a population of 180 million. The latest figures I have seen from FWCC show about 95,000 Quakers out of a total population of about 265 million. As a percentage of population, we are about half of what we were 35 or 40 years ago. We need to recover our voice or there will be no Religious Society of Friends for our children.

Our personal faithfulness and our personal relationship with God are the foundation of our lives and of all religion. A religious and holy life can be lived in any faith tradition. But this does not mean that they are all equal. Theology matters because it shapes how we think about God and how we structure our communities. Traditional Quakerism, with silent worship, free ministry, elders specifically charged to nurture the ministers, and business meetings that are a communal seeking for the will of God grew out of the Quaker view of the nature of God and the relationship between God and humanity. The current crisis in the Catholic church over pedophile priests is related to the nature of their church structure, which is related to their theology. The idea that a priest is needed to mediate between people and God, the limitation of that priesthood to celibate males, and the insistence on absolute authority and obedience to the hierarchy are theological positions which have led to a certain structure (or maybe the structure has led to the theology). This structure has led to a situation in which the church became more concerned about protecting the priests than in protecting the children.

Many good Friends don’t reject violence categorically. Like William Penn, they carry on, wearing their swords as long as they can.

How does a Friend who opposes all military action stop innocent people from being killed? By placing herself, when the opportunity arises, between the innocent person and the would-be killer. By working to establish institutions which interfere in this way on a...
I shiver. It's only a mile to the barn, but the temperature has been dropping all day. I check the thermometer. Fourteen degrees. My coat, hat, and gloves feel invisible. So does my long underwear. The pond has completely frozen over. Only the neighbor's sheep, standing out of the wind, noses buried in their hay, seem oblivious to the cold.

I make a beeline for the truck. The steering wheel is like ice; even with gloves on, it all but grabs my fingers. But there's no use starting the heater. It would only blow cold air.

If possible, the barn is even colder. I fumble for the one electric light switch just above the stairs. "He sent darkness, and made it dark," says the voice in my head. Then I find the light. "What you have said in the dark will be heard in the light, and what you have whispered behind closed doors will be proclaimed from the housetops," the voice murmurs as I go down to feed the calves. I push the voice aside and start filling buckets.

Even underground, it's so cold my breath condenses into clouds. The bottoms of bank barns, banked into the Earth on one side, have always struck me as holy places, places of refuge. My breath prayer of many years rises up in me as I pour sweet feed the length of a trough. "Lord Christ, be my center, my life," I breathe. "Lord Christ, be my center, my life." Wind rattles the barn roof. "Not everyone who says to me, 'Lord, Lord,' will enter the kingdom of heaven.... Whoever does not take up the cross and follow me is not worthy of me." Ugh.

Time to feed the cows. Despite the round bale in the barnyard, they're already waiting, looking up and jostling for a place at the trough as soon as the first door starts to open. I stretch to toss alfalfa, like bread from heaven, out the open doors into the empty racks below. "The eyes of all wait upon you and thou givest them

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suddenly, I recall the drought a few years ago when there was no hay. Turning out their meat in due
order, my words are a challenge. Staying out the shelter of the barn, it takes my breath away. "Okay, God," I say, "I know you're here." I don't recognize that my words are a challenge. Or demanding. But the wind carries them away almost before they're spoken. And there's no answer,

Carl Jung believed the church crystallized our historical experience of God into dogma and ritual to insulate us from living the experiences of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and of the risen Christ, like I had in the barn. I confess that most of the time I want insulation. I want my life climate-controlled. I don't want to be cold or exposed to the cold dishonesty in me. I want God climate-controlled too. I want to ignore hard things in the Gospels and focus on a God who is comfort, warmth, and light.

But things don't always square with my spring or summer version of you, God. Job doesn't. Neither do so many psalms. Or the life-changing demands that accompany Jesus' promises. Neither does reality. Like Job, there are times I have hard questions. Questions about cancer, birth defects, and the deepest distortions in human nature. Questions about my own losses, brokenness, and destructiveness. At heart, it's always the same question: "Where are you, God?"

But I'd rather argue than think about it. "Who wants a cold God?" I ask as I get ready for bed. "Who wants a winter God who asks hard things?" Then right after I turn out the light, I glance out at the trees. Wind still roars through bare branches, slamming waves of cold against the house. I remember it is the frost, the cold, the frozen ground that keeps me and all growing things safe, that insulates and protects me from the deadly warmth of arrogance and complacency.

I repent. Climbing in bed, I pray, "Oh God, your cold is part of our reality. I don't understand it, but pretend it isn't here, and I pretend this part of you right out of my life."

I wake up about 2:00 A.M. and I listen to the furnace pumping hot water from the basement into the wood stoves in every room of the house. The alarm clock counts the minutes—2:10, 2:17, 2:25, 2:30—but I can't decode the message.

About quarter 'til three, I give in. My feet find my slippers where I'd tucked them under the radiator. I padded downstairs in the dark, enjoying their warmth on my toes. The stove has already burned halfway down, and I work two more big chunks of wood in the small side door. A few live coals spill out. I clean them up and, wide awake, reach for my monastic diurnal and find the office for Lauds.

"O ye Dew and Frost, bless ye the Lord. O ye Frost and Cold, bless ye the Lord. O ye Ice and Snow, bless ye the Lord. O ye Nights and Days, bless ye the Lord. O ye Light and Darkness, bless ye the Lord...."

But it is not enough. It is not enough to realize that the cold of winter, the cold of life, are also part of God's reign, God's salvation, and that they praise God.

I take a deep breath. Then another. "Okay," I think, "here goes." I step into the abyss of faith; out past logic, theology, and my deepest need, desire, and efforts to stay warm and comforted; out into what looks like an abyss because I can't see, feel, touch, taste, or more than barely believe in God in that darkness.

"Thank you, God," I say. "Bless you for what I see but don't understand. For what hurts. For all I've experienced and will experience. Help me to let you, cold or warm, comforting or frozen, into every room of my heart."

I feel the quiet that precedes peace. But I sense that I still haven't gone far enough. Even this isn't honest enough. Suddenly, unexpectedly, the last thing I thought I'd say is torn out of me. "Thank you for the destruction, God."

The blessing stops me in my tracks. How can that be? Yet the thought feels so right it takes my breath away—that this is the yes, the cold, wind-driven yes being asked of me. But how can that be? I ponder in the darkness.

The woodstove goes from flames to coals again and I continue to sit. Finally I reach for my journal. I don't even notice the room getting colder.
The Quaker’s method is based on belief in a God-centered spiritual universe, the inner truth and meaning of which is in some degree accessible to humankind.

—Howard Brinton, Guide to Quaker Practice

As a teenager I was preoccupied with the big questions: Why am I here? What is the purpose of life? What happens when I die? How should I live my life? Why would a loving God stand by and let holocausts happen or allow children to suffer? What is God? I read anything I could in search of the answers. While many of my friends were experimenting with substances, I was exploring various religions and spiritual writings from Catholicism to Taoism. I also delved into emerging areas of science that were exploring consciousness and quantum physics. I distilled from my searching that we are all connected on some mysterious level; that we can never be destroyed, only changed; that there is a synthesis beyond duality of good and bad; that there is a guiding, intelligent life-force whose basic nature is experienced as love by those who have touched near-death; and that all the answers are within because contained within every part is the pattern of the whole (just as DNA contains the templates for all parts of the body). And yet, I am left with another nagging question: How do I know when
Discerning the Divine
by Karen Reynolds

My search for this answer led me for a while to spiritualists, who seek to talk to dead people for guidance, and who believe that different spirits are channeled through living humans. One day while sitting in quiet with a group of spiritualists, I heard a voice in my head say, “Why do you talk to dead people when you could be talking to me?” I understood “me” to be the God within. It occurred to me that anyone can be dead—from scoundrels to saints. Death is an equal opportunity employer. If these dead people were once horrible human beings, then why would I listen to them? Just because they’re the other side, what are their credentials? Instead of using intermediaries such as dead people, saints, or animal guides, wouldn’t it be better to talk to God directly? After all, contained within every part is the pattern of the whole. So, God should be within, right?

Some time later I found a home among Quakers. However, I still find communicating with God elusive. The best I have been able to grasp is that to know God I need to practice listening, I must strive to comprehend God’s language within, I must utilize discernment, and I must be aware of the pitfalls along the way. I know that my ego can masquerade as something holy; it can cloak my hopes and fears, pretending they are the Inner Voice. The fear of being misled keeps me vigilant and searching for a better way to identify, translate, and discern the language of the Divine.

I must confess that I am in awe of Quakers who seemed to have translated and discerned spiritual messages easily. George Fox, John Woolman, Howard Brinton, Thomas Kelly, Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Fry, and Rachel Hicks all appeared to comprehend the Divine’s language. In Friends for 300 Years, Howard Brinton remarked that, “In Quaker journals we frequently read a sense of burden and uneasiness which often precedes speaking.” I am amazed to think of these as signs of Divine leadings. During Quaker meeting I interpret these clues as my own fears of public speaking, which leads me to the thought that there has got to be more to this process than meets the eye. Surely, if these were the only signs of leadings, then we would all know when we were being beckoned. I think it’s easy to be misled.

One of my favorite misguided, but devoted, Quakers of the past is James Nayler. If it were not for being misled by his admirers, he would have been on equal footing with George Fox and William Penn. James Nayler was encouraged by his followers to ride a mule into Bristol, England, as a symbolic act signifying Christ’s immediate presence. To the local officials it appeared that Nayler and his followers were proclaiming that he was Christ. He was arrested and convicted of blasphemy, tortured, and sentenced to three years in jail. Several years later he came to his senses and realigned himself with the Quaker movement.

For me, the first step in the process of listening to the Divine is preparation of the mind or soul to listen to whatever may emerge from its depths or beyond. As with many forms of meditating I find that it is important to clear the mind of clutter, to relax, and to let go of concerns. As George Fox wrote in his Journal, “Be still and cool in thy mind and spirit from thy own thoughts, and then thou wilt feel the principle of God to turn thy mind to the Lord God.” Many years later, Rufus Jones wrote in George Fox, Seeker and Friend that, “The worshiper, if he is to enter into this great attainment, must cease his occupation with external affairs, his thoughts of house and farm and business, and center down into those deeper levels of his being where he can feel the circulation of spiritual currents.”

I have discovered that it is essential to relax the analytical mind while preparing to listen. In doing so, I can allow thoughts to flow. During the process I make mental notes of thoughts, visions, and sensations while reserving judgement. The mental chatter is even easier to quiet if I have made an effort to live my daily life with certain attitudes. I find that if I strive to hold onto the Quaker values of simplicity, honesty, respect, peace, integrity, and recognizing that of God in everyone, it is easier to settle my mind and achieve peace. I also recognize that life is an experiment and that I am human. Self-forgiveness is essential for letting go, learning, moving on, and it assists the process of settling down. Practicing quieting down on a routine basis seems to facilitate the process. Sometimes I focus on a word such as “relax” or “peace” to remind me which direction we are taking; otherwise, my mind has a way of wandering. I have to admit that this process can at times produce nothing more than a relaxed feeling or sleep—and perhaps that is what I need. If I become restless, it gives me the energy to focus on listening to God again.

I find that the Divine has quite a repertoir of languages, varying to suit particular individuals, cultures, or time periods. I notice that the Divine may use symbols, feelings, words, visions, sensations, smells, sounds, or any combination of these forms.
When a message is offered, I perceive how it feels in order to assess its appropriateness for me.

Another name for this feeling is intuition. The catch in a spiritual message is that it often takes intuition to discern intuition. This leads me to the topic of discernment. No matter how individuals receive messages, there must be a sifting process. The pitfall in any of these passages is the ego. I think of the ego as both a defense mechanism and a mental function that regulates our sense of self. Contrary to what some spiritual traditions hold, I do not believe the ego should be destroyed in order to transcend into higher spiritual realms; rather, I believe the ego is an important part of our psychological immune system. It is important to recognize the ego's tendency to interpret things in self-serving and self-preserving ways. I know the ego can mislead and cloak desires as divine guidance. All messages must be evaluated to discern ego chatter from true spiritual messages.

I find Quaker writings to be most helpful in clarifying the discernment process and keeping the ego in check. One Quaker discernment technique has to do with the persistence of the message, as described by N. Jean Toomer and quoted in New England Yearly Meeting's *Christian Faith and Practice*: "I press [the thought] down and try to forget it. If time passes and it does not take hold of me with increasing strength, I conclude that it is not to be spoken at this time. If, on the other hand, it will not be, if it rebounds and insists and will not leave me alone, I give it expression."

A while back I saved a quotation from an article in *New Realities* magazine that focused on the difference between impulse and intuitive messages. The author, Marcia Yudkin, wrote that "impulse makes you feel you must act immediately or you'll miss an opportunity, but it's intuition, you can wait and the idea will keep coming back. Impulse, which is not your deepest self speaking, appears as a strong burst of energy that quickly dies away, whereas intuition will stick around and nag." I believe that a haunting dream, nagging thought, or persistent image constitutes a spiritual prompting. The key is the persistent nagging, which seems to be a sign that the Divine is calling.

A sense of peace is another Quaker test
up approach accompanied by flashing lights, so I lean more on intuition and nagging signs to discern messages in the present. Inner peace in the aftermath is only a nice bonus.

Among contemporary Quakers I have heard of another test for divine guidance, sometimes referred to as synchronicity. The psychiatrist Carl Jung used this term to describe the phenomenon of meaningful coincidences. Simply stated, synchronicity is when a series of eerie things happen. For example, let’s say I dream of a hawk soaring over a field. The dream nags at me. The next day while I’m working in the backyard, a hawk is sitting on a branch. I pick up a magazine at the checkout line in the grocery store and spontaneously turn to an article on hawks. In the parking lot I bump into Mr. Hawken’s. The analytical mind might say this all falls within the realm of probability. However, when these things keep happening I am left with a clear impression that I should be paying attention to something. This feeling doesn’t go away; rather, it persists. Once again I am left to decipher its meaning by using intuition.

At this point I may use my analytical mind and intuition to try to decipher a meaning. I may search in Native American literature, biblical references, or other resources to discern the meaning of a hawk. I may talk to friends and see what they think. I may explore how intuitively a hawk feels to me. Is it a positive or negative feeling? Are we talking about predators or soaring spirits? What does the image elicit? What feelings or impressions does it bring forth? After exploring all of the possible solutions, I decide which one feels right. Sometimes the process takes several hours, or weeks, and there are times when this process may take years to accomplish. Occasionally, I never do find an answer and hope for other clues to be revealed.

Some spiritual traditions may want to omit the role of the analytical mind, but I believe it is vital to the discernment process, although using it is not an easy task. I agree with Howard Brinton’s comment, “There is no real reason why the intellectual and the spiritual should not develop together and reinforce each other. Human reason and the Spirit, which is more than human, are both essential, but the balance is not easy to maintain.” It is not easy because of the ways the rational mind and intuition operate. The rational mind strings ideas together in a linear fashion like beads on a string. It dissests and distills sensory input. It is methodical and calculating. Intuition, in contrast, draws from place to place grasping symbols, sights, images, and feelings and brings them back in pieces or in wholes. Intuition can fill in the shortcomings of logic. Logic can string together intuition so ideas can be coherently communicated, or logic can pursue directions that can facilitate intuition. I believe that the spiritual journey involving the mind and intuition is one of honoring the strengths and limitations of each process.

I inadvertently stumbled upon another form of discernment. I call it, I-know-that-I-know. A case in point is a story my mother often likes to recount about my near-drowning episode. When I was about six years old, I was swimming with my mother, older brother, cousins, and aunt at Rehoboth Beach, which is notorious for its swift undertow that sweeps victims off their feet and drags them far into the ocean. I was playing in the water when the undertow knocked me down. I remember my head bobbing above water while I calmly watched my family move into the distance. Since I did not have time to be scared, the panicked looks on their faces were perplexing. There was a mad dash to my rescue. Just as I was about to drown, I was grabbed. Meanwhile, several miles away, my father was at a convention. With-out any prior knowledge, he dreamed that the ocean had swept me away. He just knew that something was wrong. Early the next day he called to have his knowing confirmed. He was relieved to find out that I was OK.

I often hear people say I just knew it was the right thing to do or I just knew what was going to happen. If asked, “How did you know?” they reply, “I just knew.” I have had a few of these knowing experiences. When they happen, it is accompanied by a strong sense of confidence. I suspect that the early Quakers had many of these knowing experiences. Why else would they risk life and limb to cross the ocean and spread their understanding of God?

Overall, my experience of God is more mundane and subdued. I check my hunches using Quaker processes, one of the more common of which is the clearness committee, which is assembled to help an individual reach clarity in regard to a leading. This is a process where an individual can check one’s promptings with the queries and leadings of committee members. Howard Brinton wrote that the final outcome of such a committee does not always rest with the group: “If the individual feels clearly and strongly that the group is wrong, he may be obligated to ignore its judgement.” The committee process does not remove responsibility from each individual to discern the difference between the Divine and ego promptings.

Clearness committees are often used for weighty matters such as marriage, career moves, ministerial leadings, and membership. It is a great way to discern a leading especially for significant life transitions. I use a more informal variation of the clearness process to discern hunches. Many times I am waiting on the Divine to help me with career moves, relationship decisions, and life direction issues. I utilize respected friends and religious writings as part of my discernment process. I continue checking my intuition by being alert to synchronicity, persistent nagging, and gut feelings. I wait to see if a leading has additional promptings and if they grow in strength. If I am on the right course, I know that a sense of peace will be my confirmation.

I suspect my search for the Divine will be a lifelong journey. I am still dabbling and experimenting. I learn from both my successes and mistakes. I have followed signs I thought were leadings and found myself down the wrong path. At times I suspect even those mistakes could be leadings. If life is truly an evolving process, then mistakes are just as valuable as successes. On the other hand, since I am not fond of mishaps, I am constantly looking for better ways to listen and discern messages. I read books on the topics of mysticism and spirituality. I talk to people I suspect may know something about discernment and the language of God. I recognize that I am a lifelong pupil in the process. I fall short when it comes to making time to meditate or practice listening; daily life can be very distracting. And yet, the same life that distracts me also leads me to questions that eventually require turning inward for answers. I am haunted by questions that lead back to discerning the language of the Divine.
One of the most important responsibilities of a member of the Religious Society of Friends is to lead one's life in ways that enhance the ability to experience the Light within.

In my own development as a Quaker, there have been three particularly helpful influences on this aspect of my spiritual growth. One was a relatively brief but powerful relationship with a Quaker spiritual nurturer who helped me remember to turn and return to the Light within. Another is the Testimony on Simplicity, which encourages me to eliminate as much clutter from my life as possible, so that I can hear the still, small voice.

The third influence, which is the topic of this article, is a practice I have been doing for many years, which provides a step-by-step process for finding the place of inner truth that precedes language and other forms of symbolic expression. This process was developed by a University of Chicago philosophy professor and psychologist, Eugene Gendlin, and grew, in part, out of his experience of sitting in meeting for worship at Pendle Hill when he was a young man. He gave the name “Focusing” to this process. In a recent conversation he said, “Focusing arises from within a deep tradition that Quakers preserve for the world.”

Focusing consists of a set of specific steps for finding an inner, silent place of deep bodily knowing that precedes thought and symbolic expression, and constitutes a person’s most basic experience of their situation.

A fruitful way of thinking about the relationship between the silent worship of Quakerism and Focusing is to imagine two overlapping circles: there is an area of commonality and two areas of complementarity.

The commonality between Focusing and Quakerism includes four elements: Truth resides within each person, rather than in external authority; Truth can be experienced directly by a person without the need for an intermediary, either human or symbolic; Truth is larger, deeper

What is here urged are inward practices of the mind at deepest levels, letting it swing like the needle, to the polestar of the soul.

—Thomas R. Kelly, A Testament of Devotion

Nancy Saunders is a member of Providence Meeting in Media, Pa. She is a psychologist and does sculpture in her free time.
and more fundamental than any symbolic expression; and every single person is valuable. In addition, the centrality of bodily experience in Focusing is an element that early Friends took for granted in their religious lives, but is probably less available to present-day Friends. Scott Martin, in his recent article, “Quaking and the Rediscovery of Primitive Quakerism” (FJ, May 2001) considers this important subject in detail.

The way that Focusing complements my religious life as a Friend is by providing a specific, Quaker-friendly practice that I can use in addressing the problems of everyday life, so that more of my energy is available for living my ministry, rather than it being diverted to preoccupation with personal problems. As I introduce the six steps of the Focusing process, I will give an example of each step from my own experience. My experience is printed in italics.

**Clear a Space**

In this step the focuser acknowledges one by one the problematic concerns of daily life, without engaging emotionally with them. As each concern comes into awareness, the focuser greets it in an accepting way, and puts it aside temporarily.

I'm worried about my daughter who hasn't called for several weeks; why doesn't she call me? I'm trying to lose five pounds and limiting my food intake feels very unpleasant. I made a commitment to a friend and now I want to change my mind; I feel bad about this.

**Felt Sense**

From the assortment of concerns, the focuser chooses one, and without thinking about or analyzing the problem, scans within his or her body in order to experience the body's wordless expression of that concern. Some people find this step very easy, while others need more support and assistance in learning to find the felt sense.

I decide to focus on the concern about weight loss. Without analyzing the problem I turn my attention to the subtle, somewhat vague sensations in my body, and notice a feeling of discomfort in the region of my midriff.

**Get a Handle**

The focuser seeks for a word, image, or phrase that captures the essence of the felt sense. The handle almost always expresses something sensory, like “right,” “jiggly,” “jumpy,” “hot,” etc.

I try out a few different handles: “broken,” “shattered,” “in pieces.”

**Resonate**

The focuser matches the handle with the felt sense, to see if the handle really fits the felt sense. If it does, the Focuser experiences the feeling of that fit; if it doesn't, the Focuser tries another handle until one does really fit.

The words “in pieces” fit the felt sense very well. I let myself appreciate that fit.

**Ask**

In this step the focuser poses one or more questions to the felt sense and its handle, in order to bring the deepest meaning of the felt sense into conscious awareness. For example, a question might be: “What makes this problem so jittery?” Another might be “What does this jittery feeling need?”

I ask, “What is it within me that is in pieces?” I very quickly become aware that, while my life is very full, I keep the different aspects of my life quite separate from each other. The result is that the richness of my life doesn't nourish me as well as it might.

**Receive**

In this step the focuser experiences an internal shift, whereby the beginning concern is eased and a fresh understanding emerges. The focuser can either stop at this point or repeat the steps with another aspect of concern.

I feel a sense of relief; the discomfort disappears and I have the beginnings of clarity about some changes I need to make in my life.

Although I originally learned these steps from the small book entitled Focusing and practiced it by myself for many years, I have since participated in programs offered by the Focusing Institute in New York City. In addition, now I much prefer to do Focusing with a partner, which brings with it a respectful intimacy with another person that is certainly missing in most of our social relationships and very often missing in our emotionally close relationships with family members and friends. My own experience of Focusing with a partner is that it allows me to glimpse the delicate mystery of another human being and leads me to feel more connected and tolerant in all of my relationships. I feel less distracted by peoples' personalities and more able to experience them on a deeper level. For Friends, who place such a high value on community, Focusing provides a mechanism for moving beyond tolerance to true spiritual intimacy, both in the context of the monthly meeting and in our relationships with the larger community.

My Focusing experiences usually bring a sense of surprise, since the deep, pre-language knowing of the felt sense and the customary busy activity of conscious thinking very often produce sharply contrasting ways of approaching life. Invariably, in my experience, the understanding and consequent actions that proceed from the felt sense seem clearer and deeper than the understanding and actions that proceed from logical thought. One's experience after a Focusing session is often, “I had no idea that was in there, but I know it's true.”

Another characteristic feature of a Focusing session is that it always produces a subtle physical change, perhaps a slight blush, a sigh, tears, or the release of muscular tension. This change is not deliberately "produced" by the person, but rather, it wells up from deep inside. I know firsthand that the physical shift has a spiritual quality to it, and it brings to mind a passage from Barclay's Apology:

The soul has its own sense as well as the body. And that is why David, when he wants us to know what divine goodness is, calls not for speculation, but sensation: "taste and see that the Lord is good" (Psalm 30:8). The best and truest knowledge of God is not that which is wrought by the labor and sweat of the brain, but that which is kindled within us, by a heavenly warmth in our hearts.

Focusing seems to bring one closer to a point of spiritual alchemy, whereby body transmutes into soul and soul into body.

I know that some Friends are concerned that paying attention to one's own problems is a form of self-indulgence, and that a person's time and energy are better spent serving the world. My own experience is that Focusing not only releases more of my energy for service, but that it helps me to choose the forms of service that are really right for me.

Focusing has been an invaluable resource to me on my spiritual journey, and I am grateful for the opportunity to introduce it to other Friends.
A Spiritual Haven for Scientists

It has been my experience that science and Quakerism have more in common than do science and other avenues for religious expression. As an ongoing process of revelation based upon reason, evidence, and argument, science seeks closer and closer approximations of the true state of nature. Experimentation provides its most uniquely valuable information source. Quakerism, in turn, has been an historic effort through continuing revelation to erase obscuring impediments to the experiential, life-shaping faith Jesus exemplified. These impediments were institutional and other accretions that the still highly authoritarian and politicized Protestant Reformation left intact.

Quakerism is grounded in communal as well as individual contemplation, especially the uplifting experience of the gathered meeting for worship. Really creative leaps in a research scientist's mind and the kind of spiritual creativity evident in an unexpectedly gathered Quaker meeting for worship are remarkably similar. In both, an individual arrives at an original synthesis of ideas—a sudden flash of insight through an impossible-to-explain awareness of meaningful connections among seemingly diverse observations, impressions, or other thoughts. Possibilities for such unanticipated enlightenment are inherent in Quakerism's historic emphasis upon personal experiences that may stimulate growth within the community as well as the individual.

I was not always a Friend. But, as I neared completion of my formal training in three branches of biomedical science, I found myself on the horns of a dilemma. I felt a compelling and increasingly discomforting need to reconcile science with continuing religious influences upon my life. As early as my teens I had mentally associated this inner need with the comforting idea of a personal God. I did not want my growing competence as a biomedical scientist to necessarily signal rejection of this intuitive awareness of such a "Guide Within."

During my subsequent career as a research scientist, I retained this strongly felt need for spiritual guidance toward what I have always hoped my total life might mean. I could not shake the gut feeling that some Inner Force acts as an innate and cultivable influence upon all persons and transcends all culturally-derived influences. What such an Inner Guide might conceivably be has proven a constant challenge to my ability to apply my scientific training, to bring it to bear upon social problems it could relate to.

Beyond all such inner needs, my mind has harbored a lingering doubt that science alone might ever account fully for the abundance of order, symmetry, pattern and harmony evident in the universe. But, that aside, I have always been much more awestruck by nature's beautiful asymmetries—its poetry: wind in the trees, a raging surf, smiling eyes, situations that can make us either laugh or cry, the overpoweringly soulful mystery of love. Wondering how such phenomena could affect one's physiology and dominate one's mind prompted a stronger gut sense that something transcendent must be operative in us and the rest of the universe. Moreover, even as a young scientist whose curiosity was wide-ranging, I learned that discoveries made unexpectedly in the laboratory buoyed me to the same level of ecstasy and contagious enthusiasm as later did the unexpectedly gathered Friends meeting for worship.

For all of these reasons, I could not with any conscience continue to associate myself with the religious affiliations of my boyhood. I could not remain within any religious body which would force me to partition my life into different, noncommunicating religious and rational compartments. My personal perceptions of science and religion would not tolerate their open conflict, nor a muted state of nominal coexistence. To achieve a sense of inner peace I realized that I could not be tied to a static body of permanent "truth" whether defined by hierarchical authorities or ancient books. Nor could I adhere to a religious faith bounded by dogmatic creeds or dependant for illumination of truth upon unexamined occurrences of claimed miracles. Because my religious values were serving me as the ongoing stimulator and mediator of right actions, of purpose, I understood that they, too, had to be susceptible to the basic scientific notion of continuing revelation.

What I realized at age 24—from much seeking both within and without Christendom—was that Quakerism and science are each ongoing processes for seeking answers dependent upon personal experience. I knew then I had found what I hungered for spiritually as well as intellectually. Within Quakerism, relevant experience derives from melding a continuing inner search (a sufficient centering capacity to perceive guidance and inspiration from an Inner Light) with lessons gained from useful work and other aspects of daily living. And, while in science experience is more systematically observational and experimental, it is nonetheless undergirded and directed in its most creatively revealing aspects by similarly mystical access to new insights, by some kind of strange subjective awareness. (In 1984 I was given the opportunity to share with academic colleagues some of these ecstatic experiences, if not their spiritual connections, and they were published as Knot Tying, Bridge Building, Chance Taking: The Art of Discovery.)

Eventually, I discovered, too, that, beyond each being an alternative avenue to unanticipated insights, and despite the fact that their problem areas are usually different, both science and Quakerism require a balance between the prepared

by Calvin W. Schwabe

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Eventually, I discovered, too, that, beyond each being an alternative avenue to unanticipated insights, and despite the fact that their problem areas are usually different, both science and Quakerism require a balance between the prepared
mind (which connects experiences) and the open mind (which accepts ongoing revelation). I appreciated more and more, therefore, that Quakerism and science have a uniquely wide, but insufficiently exploited, potential to interact to social as well as personal advantage.

Such interactions have taken place importantly in my life. One of the first instances was participation in 1958 in the establishment by Arab and international Quakers within Near East Yearly Meeting of a highly successful Quaker International Center in Beirut. On the model of Carl Heath’s “Quaker embassies,” this Center presciently and almost unprecedentedly provided a forum for open public discussion of such contentious issues as religion in relation to Middle East political tensions and the global politics and economics of oil. I wrote about this in an article, “Dar al As-Hab, a Quaker Experiment in the Middle East,” in Friends Journal, September 15, 1960.

Here, chance may also play key roles, but only—in a social context—when minds involved have been sufficiently prepared to integrate all relevant experience, spiritual and intellectual. Sufficiently prepared minds are encouraged by gathered lives, lives in which varied spiritual, work, familial, sociopolitical, recreational, and other aspects interact productively. This gathering of our lives and preparation of our minds requires continuous efforts on our part.

While early Quakers found solace and great inspiration in the holy Judeo-Christian books (the only religious traditions they knew), in no sense did they regard these as the begin-all and end-all for spiritual growth. While alluding often to these most familiar sources for solace and guidance in 17th-century England, George Fox, Quakerism’s founder, expounded nevertheless an unbounded faith, refreshed by new insights and experiences. “What canst thou say?” was his guiding admonition to Friends. Not surprisingly, scientists were among those attracted early to this spiritual dynamic of a nascent Religious Society of Friends and many other scientists have found it a fulfilling spiritual home ever since. (There is a need today for an up-to-date inventory of Quaker scientists. The most recent effort of which I am aware was one by Richard M. Sutton, Quaker Scientists, in 1962.) However, the problem remains that too few scientists yet realize that such a haven exists.

My own witness testifies that, in dispensing with creeds, Quakerism offers unique accommodation to spiritually hungry scientists (and others conversant with the processes of science and what it has yet to offer). I believe also that there are many scientists who, like myself, crave interaction with soul mates spiritually as well as intellectually. That is probably one very important reason why, especially during the last four decades, a number of new Quaker meetings have sprung up in proximity to liberal arts colleges and major universities. Too often, however, the Religious Society of Friends’ potential to attract scientists to a uniquely creative synergism between matters of the spirit and matters of the intellect still remains hidden beneath a bushel.
In my life, I can't tell how much influence has come from Quakerism, but I do strive to live by its principles. I like that I can have strong opinions, different from most people, and still be able to talk with and hang out with and get to know them. For example, though I don't use drugs, I am still able to be friends with people who do and have good conversations about both our similarities and differences, and about life in general.

One of the principles that I follow is to believe that people have made the best decision that they could in difficult situations. People who use drugs, then, have just not been able to come up with a better solution to their problems. Almost everybody I know who smokes says that they want to quit but now is not the right time because they smoke to get away from other problems they think are worse. If I can give them some relief, by having conversations with them and letting them tell me what is going on in their lives, then maybe things can go better for them. Maybe they won't need to do drugs, but even if they do I've given them another thing to think about.

The original reason I had for not doing drugs was that I didn't want to destroy my mind if I could have fun with people without being under the control of any substance. Now, having held that viewpoint for so long, I feel as though people expect me not to do drugs. I know for instance that my friends who smoke wouldn't let me join them in doing so even if I said I wanted to, because they would know that I would not be thinking clearly and it's not who I am. Perhaps they want to have somebody in their lives who gives them hope that people don't have to make the choices they have made.

I knew that I had made an impact on others one night at a party, where I believe I was the only person not under the influence of at least one substance. I took a chance to get to know people there, and over the three hours that I spent with two
I had many feelings about that experience. First, I felt strange when he started to talk to me, because I was in a mindset of keeping to myself. Then, after I realized that he had something important to get off his chest, I felt awkward because other people were looking at me and thinking that I shouldn’t be responding to him. I felt odd when he started telling me about all of the different things that were going on in his life; he was acting human with me. Breaking those barriers and having a real conversation with somebody I’d never met before and probably will never see again was an eye-opening experience for me, and something I’d like to try to do more often. Seeing that the man felt so comfortable with me also helped me realize that people can be interested in human contact even if they aren’t already acquainted.

I started playing basketball at the local park about a year ago. I enjoy the game, and I want to be able to play without having to reserve a court in advance or wait until I go to school the next day. About two months ago I went out with my housemate, and we played with a group of about ten other people, all African American. By that point I already knew enough of the people and enough people knew me that I didn’t feel that I was out of place as the only white person on the court. The culmination of this experience came the day after, when I was riding the trolley home from school and I ran into one of the guys I’d played with the night before. Instead of seeing an intimidating, larger black guy who was getting off at the same trolley stop, I just saw another guy that I might play with that evening when I went to the court, and we were able to have a brief conversation and make a connection.

The one Quaker principle that isn’t difficult for me at all is staying nonviolent. My school community has a code of nonviolent conduct. People understand the fact that it’s a strong principle for me, and it’s more acceptable to many of my peers than being against drugs or some of the other things that I’m interested in.

Last fall I was at a retreat of the Student Union, a group of high school students from all over the city working together for better schools. We were doing play wrestling, with everybody getting a turn. There was one person who didn’t want to wrestle, because she wasn’t the violent type. Everybody knew that I was the other one who didn’t fight—we’d made a strong enough impression just by how we lived our lives. So they all said, “Abby needs to wrestle” and “Andrew jump in!” and pushed both of us into the middle. We sat down on the mats and had a conversation about why fighting was not the solution to the problem, while the others laughed. Then we decided that we were finished, and other people went in and had very violent wrestles.

Our fellow participants were mainly inner-city black folks, some of whom are in the armed forces. It was a contradiction to them to see the two of us not ready to get into a physical fight. But that difference wasn’t a problem in the group. We don’t have to butt heads every time we get to see each other, because we have another reason to be together. We get together because we want to reform the school system, not because we want everything about us to be the same. I don’t understand why people take one thing they don’t have in common with each other and use that as a basis for not having a relationship. It makes sense to me that people can find and have a common interest no matter how many differences there are, and you can base a relationship on that common interest.
The sun, high in the late afternoon sky, is warm on my bare arms this spring, 2001, day in Alaska. From my deck I have a view from Hidden Hill out over the spruce swamp to Ace Lake, a mile away—a glittering diamond set in the hollow of green hills on three sides. Permafrost, solid for thousands of years, rests just under the spongy moss; hardly passable now, but last winter’s ski trails through the swamp to the lake are still visible.

Since July 2000, I have been living in a community with nine others at Hidden Hill, a small set of cabins with a large main cabin and a meetinghouse. Viewed from the air, it is hidden under spruce trees just west of University of Alaska, Fairbanks.

Brad Sheeks returned to Philadelphia at the end of April 2001 after serving as Friend-in-residence with Chena Ridge Meeting in Fairbanks, Alaska, since the previous July. He works as a visiting RN for a local hospice service and is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, currently serving as clerk of its Membership Care Committee. He and his wife, Patricia McBee, have been leading couple enrichment workshops since 1975, most recently at Pendle Hill.

Below the deck a red squirrel scolds as she holds a small cone in her forepaws, spinning it and picking out the seeds. Perched on a tree above me a raven asks about lunch: “Wraak? Wraak?” A pair of redpoll sparrows with scarlet caps flits in the branches, odd pieces of string and twigs trailing from their beaks to make a nest. Nesting; we all need our own. Mine? It’s four time zones away, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

My Alaskan adventure started in May 1999 when I was in Fairbanks with my wife, Patricia McBee, to lead a couples enrichment retreat for Chena Ridge Meeting. Actually, this affair of the heart began in the summer of 1959 on the “SJS II,” an old fishing boat owned by Sheldon Jackson College in Sitka. Along with several other young Presbyterian volunteers I went from one Native American village to another in southeastern Alaska teaching vacation Bible school. I’d been yearning to return to this land ever since.

While here in 1999 I felt called to return to Fairbanks for an extended visit. It was not a voice at my shoulder saying, “Brad, you must come back to Fairbanks”—but a deeply felt intuitive leading. It’s the kind of feeling I’ve learned to trust over the years. I shared this in spoken ministry during meeting for worship and was pleased by the response. Friends in Chena Ridge Meeting invited me to come back as a Friend-in-residence. They told me of another Friend, Connie McPeak, who had stayed the winter of 1997–98. They felt enriched by her presence with them and felt that if another Friend responded to a call, whatever gifts that person might bring would be welcomed and valued.

From the very beginnings of Quaker history, Friends have welcomed visitors who came with a burning concern—or, perhaps, just to be a spiritual presence. Their visits were usually a week or less. However, Friends here in Fairbanks have developed the idea of an extended visit for the purpose of spiritual nurture into a ministry that would extend for several months. Why so? One factor, certainly, was the sense of isolation in this central Alaskan town, 350 miles northeast of the seaport city of Anchorage and less than

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100 air miles south of the Arctic Circle. There was an expressed need for people to come—not just for a short visit, but to stay and more fully experience the dramatic climate changes, the natural beauty of the land, and most important of all, the friendly and sometimes quirky folks who have made a great effort to come here and live “at the end of the road.”

I wondered, last summer, what I would experience here alone. Patricia would be staying in Philadelphia. She and I tried to imagine what it would be like for each of us to be apart for several months after almost 30 years together. We went for a walk along the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia’s Fairmount Park, past Boat House Row, talking about my leaving for Alaska. Across the river, sumac bushes were red against the white rocks. The river held my gaze, swirling, roiling, yet the same. We knew it would be hard sometimes and said so as we stopped for bagels in a little cafe.

As we sat in high-back oak chairs we laughed about our mythic totem images: Pat pictured herself as a tree rooted, giving shelter; I as an eagle, exploring, coming back. We reconfirmed our commitment to support each other’s callings, strange as they sometimes seemed.

Why do some of us yearn for travel, to leave the comfort of hearth and home for the discomforts of the journey? To get a new perspective, a new point of view?—perhaps. Or, as one skeptic has suggested, maybe just to deny our own mortality.

I had no sooner stepped off the plane in Fairbanks last July when I was whisked off on a canoe trip down the fast-flowing Chena River, cloudy from glacial melt. Moose browsed off to the side. Stopping along the way, we picked blueberries. In August we went salmon fishing on the Copper River in the shadow of the Wrangell Mountains. We took dinners at the “I’ll Do . . . Cafe,” walls constructed of logs, decorated with sepia photos of long-gone local pioneers.

As fall began and soft snow arrived to coat the spruces in the swamp, I went out on the ski trails and found the sun low in the southern sky, casting long shadows across Ace Lake. The silence of that place had substance, weight. The swamp gave a sense of patient waiting; it knew countless years of long, cold months before there—turn of summer birds. Occasionally the quiet would be broken by the deep toc, toc of the raven, making her way across the lake and into the trees. Silence, so complete and full. Do trees speak out of the silence?—listen.

The welcome from Friends in Chena Ridge Meeting was warm and generous. In the main cabin at Hidden Hill we “hillbillies” had dinners together, with each one of us taking turns as chief cook. Once settled in, though, I realized I didn’t have enough activities compared to my usual level. Part-time work as a nurse was slow to come. There was less for me to do here than there was back home in Philadelphia. This was a dilemma that some of us would yearn for on Friday afternoons after an exhausting week.

Yet here I was facing a situation of not having enough to do. This brings me back to the main point: the function of Friend-in-residence seemed to be a matter of being and not doing. I had to explore this discomfort—these feelings of uselessness, for example—and to reflect on where they came from. Why is it that we feel the need to be so busy?

Being a Friend-in-residence
brought with it the discipline of being fully present to my moment-to-moment, day-to-day experience even during times of intense self-doubt. Winter’s darkness and depression arrived on time. “Why am I here?” I asked myself one Sunday early in January as I stepped out from my apartment above the meetinghouse. The dry snow crunched in complaint on that twenty-below-zero morning. It was the only sound breaking the stillness. Usually the silence of the land was a pleasure, but that morning it felt cold and lonely. No redpoll sparrows were to be found in the bushes. The world seemed empty as I walked around to the front door of the meetinghouse.

Meeting for worship was to start in a few minutes. Folding chairs were arranged in three sets of circles. I selected a seat at the back of the room with a view through two large windows. In the soft light, still predawn at 10:00 a.m. here, the lower branches of the spruces were snow-laden with upper spires black against the gray of distant hills and clouds. A raven landed violently on a branch, spilling snow, staring at figures moving through the dim light toward the meetinghouse door.

I closed my eyes. Again the disturbing question arose: why am I here? Why Alaska, with its darkness, cold, and, at that moment, oppressive loneliness? Not wanting to explore these painful feelings, I opened my eyes and let my awareness return to the silent room. The clean walls were bare—no writing there. With a parting glance the raven flew away, leaving the trees motionless in the cold morning. No, the answers were not to be found in the raven, the trees, or the wall. More days of solitude and reflection were needed to again be at peace.

How did I get through the darkness of that January? E-mails went out to friends telling them of my doubts and depression. Many loving responses came back—stories of how friends dealt with painful times, and thoughtful questions about dealing with the pain of depression. Some coped by confronting the pain of the situation directly (Beowulf diving into the fiery cold lake to confront the rage of Grendel’s mom). Others found it best to get moving, cleaning a corner of the living room, going for a walk, or finding some new way to help others.

What I found remarkable about those responses was that there was an outpouring of compassion. In the sharing of our stories we struggled to make sense of our experiences, and we helped each other find a way out of the darkness. The love and concern of friends healed me during those painful days.

One afternoon in February, while on the ski trail on the swamp by Ace Lake, I stopped to savor the silence of that quiet place. Suddenly a moose was standing in the trail about 50 feet away. As I turned to look, she stood motionless, her massive head staring at me. She turned to the willows alongside the trail and continued to browse. With two steps, she disappeared. Did that really happen? How do they do that, appearing and then disappearing as if by magic? And how is it that the wilderness experience is so healing? The natural world seems to give a sense that things simply are the way they are—the way they are meant to be.

Why was I there? I reviewed the basic task of a Friend-in-residence—to be fully present. Opportunities for service emerged: some requested, some unbidden. I noted talks with friends about concerns close to their hearts. And yes, of course, various requests to help with this or that project. I organized two potluck dinner/discussions, one for single Friends and the other on sharing our social concerns. Serving on the Adult Education Committee, I helped develop several discussion topics as well as organize the cooking for a meeting-wide retreat. Most surprising was an invitation to give a lecture to a community group on the search for wisdom.

Other opportunities emerged for service with Chena Ridge Meeting. I led a one-day retreat on “The Art of Letting Go” to explore those occasional stumbling blocks in our journey when we hold something too tightly with clenched fists. Then there was an active men’s support group that met regularly, and several of the men got others to join in a men’s retreat at Hidden Hill. A highlight of the retreat was exploring the Beowulf myth. We all have our own demons to be faced—or not faced, as the case may be.

I led a regular Saturday-afternoon meditation group. We followed disciplines and practices taught by Thich Nhat Hanh to better center ourselves and clear our minds. Friends found them useful as ways to get
into the experience of silence in meeting for worship. On most Sunday evenings several of us gathered to belt out gospel songs to the tune of 19th-century shape note or sacred harp music.

At the Alaska Friends Conference (AFC) meeting in Anchorage I led a workshop entitled, "Is there a Quaker Way of Dying?"—yes, it seems to me that there actually is. Most helpful was a Pendle Hill pamphlet by Lucy S. McVer. When AFC met again in Fairbanks I led another workshop called, "Finding Clearness and Support for Calls to Social Action," based on a process developed by my own meeting.

A big challenge was in the area of prayer. While I do not pray as a daily practice, not having any experience of a personal God out there somewhere, I do have a sense of being surrounded by love on a daily basis. I felt called to support the life of the meeting in some form of prayer. Jesus taught a very simple prayer addressed to "Our Father in heaven"; as Friends we sometimes prefer the language, "holding someone in the Light." I found that what seemed to work best for me was to hold a positive, nonjudgmental attitude towards the meeting and the people I would encounter on a daily basis. Another practice was listening to people as attentively as I could.

A red squirrel has just distracted me from my writing by climbing up on the cabin and getting in under the roof. She looks out at me with huge eyes. What might she be thinking? I gaze out over the green spruce trees and savor again the pleasure of the previous Saturday when, with temperatures in the 50s, I drove north into the White Mountains. At the summit, 4,500 feet high, the snow was dry and the air in the mid-20s in bright sunshine with a blue sky. Perfect for cross-country skiing. I followed the summit for an hour before running out of level terrain and turning back. I was just above the tree line in a land of snow-covered mountains, the lower levels dotted with green spruces—just a few miles below the Arctic Circle.

Would I rather be at home, wistfully thinking of travel, or traveling, wistfully thinking of being at home? I yearned for home; it was hard for me to be 4,000 miles and four time zones away. Friends asked, "How're you and Pat doing?" "It's been hard," I answered, "but we're reminded of what's important in our relationship—in our lives, for that matter.

Each of the two of us is our own person, at one level, and yet we are deeply connected after 30 years."

It seems that we need a balance between independent freedom and dependent security. Wholeness is involved with having a balance that is satisfactory to both partners. Living separately, we have the freedom to live each day according to our individual rhythms and preferences, yet without the other person there is a muting of color, a kind of flatness.

There was a happy respite in the March of my Alaskan adventure when both Patricia and our daughter, Jennie, came for a visit. One night we carried cushions and sleeping bags out to the parking lot and lay on our backs in ten-below-zero cold to watch the luminous, green northern lights streaming out and swirling up and away for hundreds of miles.

Should you pass by, you will find the Friends of Chena Ridge Meeting to be a special people who create warmth, love, and community in a distant, wild land. There's a bed in the loft over the kitchen in the main cabin. Dinner is at 7:30 P.M.; guests are welcome.

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**POTATOES**

**In a word . . .**

I may have come across it anywhere, heard it on the A-Train, on my way to City. Teacher? Politician? Bum? Pinpointing provenance however is a minor thing. What’s gorgeous is—here is this word, this gem, dredged up from nowhere, dazzling my eye with how it’s right for what I need to say.

Then I remember work of laying in potato plants. You have to hill them, give them air, spray if needed, wait. You were rewarded with June shocks of green, breathtaking as the Rousseau jungle’s green, mysterious and flat, a little blue in it. And yet the miracle, the wonder was, when foliage had died away, that they were one foot down but there.

And in a January snow I needed one for supper and went out back to dig it up, brown-skinned and hard, and warming to the heart and touch.

—Earl Coleman

*Barbara Benson*

EARL COLEMAN lives in Montville, New Jersey.  

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**FRIGHT JOURNAL**

_January 2003_
Convincement

No one has expressed the meaning of convincement better than St. Paul in his letter to the Romans:

For I am convinced that neither death, nor life, neither angels, nor principalities, neither present, nor future, nor powers, neither height, nor depth, nor any other creature, will be able to separate us from the love of God that comes to us in Christ Jesus our Lord. (Romans 8:38-39)

Few of us aspire to being convinced in quite the manner Paul was: by being thrown from his horse and temporarily blinded. But we do aspire to Paul’s strength of convincement.

I am a convinced Quaker, but a lifelong Christian, baptized in the earliest weeks of my life, with my parents and godparents proclaiming a faith for me that I could neither express nor understand as an infant. But I became a convinced Christian long before I became a convinced Quaker.

Convincement consists, I believe, of equal parts of intellect and emotion. Authentic Quaker spirituality maintains that balance. As a Friend, I do not affirm my faith aloud every week through the words of the Nicene Creed as many other Christians do. But I do believe more than what I merely feel, and I trust what I believe: that God is not simply an inner presence, but the Creator of all that is, and whose Son was sent to live and die for us, to save us from ourselves, and to reveal what God-likeness is. The better I grasp who God is, the better I am able to find God in myself and serve God in others.

I cherish all that I learned about God in the years before I became a Quaker, and I bring it all with me, unalloyed and undiminished. I believe that I have left nothing behind. A Friend from my meeting recently characterized most of us as “renegades” from other churches and denominations. In this sense I am a convinced Quaker but not a convert. To “convert” means literally to turn around, and I haven’t. I have been on this path all my life. Rather, I have found my home at path’s end.

It is a home marked by simplicity. Quakerism is easier to define by what it is not than by what it is. Quakers have no church, no clergy, no sacraments, no sermons, no liturgy, no art or statuary. Instead, we have the silence, and we have one another. We have hymns, but prefer silence. We honor the creed, but do not make it a test of our loyalty. The Bible plays a substantial part in my life, but I don’t carry the Bible around with me as a talisman. Quakers gather together to pray, but nobody knows the words that the others are using.

So long as we Quakers don’t identify “the God within” as ourselves, we are on safe ground, for religion is full of temptations. When Moses left the Israelites in the desert, he discovered on his return that they were worshiping a golden calf. Ever since, Jews and Christians have had to fight the temptation to attach their faith to something more palpable than their invisible God. This temptation, idolatry, is forbidden by the Second Commandment.

The genius of Quakerism is that simplicity removes many things that we might be inclined to substitute for God: sacraments, liturgy, the creed, hymns, sermons, sacred art, even proselytism. As Robert Barclay noted at the time of the Reformation, many Christians were clinging more to the words in the Bible than to the Word of God, which is Jesus. As Friends of the Truth, we are spared those distractions.
Several months ago, The New York Times said, "Nonviolence is no longer in fashion."

We disagree. Since we began in 1971, our policy has dictated that we not invest in companies that manufacture weapons. We see no reason to change.

We have a moral component as well as a financial component to our investment screening process. Not only do we shun firms that produce armaments of any kind, but we also seek to avoid those that harm the environment; employ child labor, prison labor, or sweatshops; or treat minorities or women inequitably.

Does peace pay? Well, consider this: Our flagship Pax World Balanced Fund has managed to retain an overall Morningstar Rating of 4 stars, even through the recent market tumult that has produced negative returns for most mutual funds, including ours.

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So request our prospectuses. They contain more information, including charges and expenses. Please read them carefully before investing.

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1. "A Tough Time to Talk of Peace." The New York Times, 2/12/02. 2. Past performance does not guarantee future results. Rating is as of 10/31/02 and is subject to change every month. For each fund with at least a three-year history, Morningstar calculates a Morningstar Rating based on a Morningstar Risk-Adjusted Return measure that accounts for variation in a fund's monthly performance, including the effects of sales charges, loads, and redemption fees, placing more emphasis on downward variations and rewarding consistent performance. The top 1% of funds in each category receive 5 stars, the next 22.5% receive 4 stars, the next 35% receive 3 stars, the next 22.5% receive 2 stars and the bottom 10% receive 1 star. Each share class is counted separately if it has a different target option (such as load option) and there are different share classes.

Since the mid-1700s Quakers have been moving to North Carolina. Before you make a retirement decision, plan to visit Greensboro, North Carolina and find out why so many Quakers have settled here. You will find Friends Homes, Inc. owns and manages two outstanding continuing care retirement communities. You will enjoy the beauty of four changing seasons with temperate winters, and a stimulating quality of life in an active Quaker community. The area is home to several Quaker meetings as well as one of the nation's most well respected Quaker institutions, Guilford College. Call (336) 292-9952 for more information or to arrange a visit to Friends Homes.

Quaker Roots Run Deep.

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Many of us would describe our spiritual journeys as searching. I prefer to believe that we seek instead an acceptance of being “found.” In poet Francis Thompson’s vision, we are pursued all our lives by the hound of heaven, but we attempt to elude our Creator by distraction and indifference. “Be still,” the psalmist demands. “Be still and know that I am God.” It is in the stillness that God speaks to us.

**Simplicity and Silence**

Simplicity makes sense only when there is something to simplify. Children aren’t drawn to simplicity, but rather to piling up treasures of knowledge and experience (not to mention adventure and mischief). We “come of age” when we absorb enough to develop distinct personalities and abilities. Then, as adults, we start to sort out our treasures, deciding which are most desirable, discarding or setting aside other goods from our attic of experience, and establishing priorities. As one wise feminist once cautioned her ambitious sisters: “Yes, you can have it all, ladies, but not all at the same time.”

My eldest daughter, now an adult, has been plagued since childhood by attention deficit disorder—a condition marked by difficulty in sorting things out and attending to one thing while disregarding others. For the victim of this syndrome, everything demands equal attention. Those who are hard of hearing and require hearing aids encounter a similar problem. When I pay attention to just one voice, I automatically shut out competing noises—the tick of a nearby clock and the sound of traffic outside. But a hearing aid gives all sounds equal weight.

We are inclined to think of simplicity as making do with less, but it does not require us to live Spartan lives. One can live simply, yet comfortably. Nor is there anything uniquely spiritual about simplicity. Once, when I was interviewed about a book I had written on the subject, I was asked to name a celebrity who leads a simple life. I answered: “Donald Trump.” Why? Because he lives simply for business: to make deals.

You can say something similar about other successful people. They decide what really engages them, then discard competing interests. You will remember when Michael Jordan attempted to be both a successful basketball and baseball player. He failed at the latter and returned full-time to what he did best. And no one thought any the less of him for simplifying his life.

The U.S. Declaration of Independence states that each of us has the right to pursue happiness. It does not pretend to tell us what happiness consists of, so we all compose our own definitions over a lifetime. I believe that only God, who owns the patent and holds the blueprint to all creatures, knows how to make us happy. God alone knows what makes us tick. St. Augustine said that human hearts will be restless until they rest in God.

When I was researching my book, *Spiritual Simplicity*, I came across a study by a social scientist whose specialty is happiness. What he confirmed is that happiness is not a consumer good—not a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Rather, happiness lies in its pursuit, in the process of purposeful living. Simplicity helps us be happy because it cuts the clutter from our hearts and minds and allows us to concentrate more.

Silence is a radical kind of simplifying. In the silence we are aware of all the competitors for our attention, and we learn to discard the nonessentials. I am drawn to our practice of sharing the silence with one another. All of us are solitary animals, unable to communicate our pain and pleasure. But we show our solidarity in silence as children of the same God. That makes us Friends.

**Friendship**

I am an only child. At home I grew up only in the company of my mother and father, so “family” was not a big thing in my experience. But friendship was—and is—and I do not take friends for granted. Quakerism attracts me not least because it allows me to call myself a Friend and to count on other Friends.

Originally, Quakers were known as Friends of the Truth, but we are also Friends of one another. I have felt that bond in meetings in the United States and in England.

The poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge referred to friendship as “a sheltering tree.” That’s how I like to think of it. I am grateful to make my family among Quakers, who helped me along my journey. I feel blessed to be able to call them Friends.
Quaker Profiles

Tom and Anne Moore
by Kara Newell

I visited with the Moores in their compact apartment (which they share with Anne’s largeloom) at the Hickman, a Quaker retirement facility in West Chester, Pennsylvania, where they have lived for nearly four years. Their reflections about living lives of service based on Quaker beliefs and practice give insight into the various paths they have tread, including longstanding work in the peace movement, concern about the environment, and consistent participation in meeting as well as the larger Quaker community.

Anne was born near where they now live. Her parents were not active in meeting when she was young, but when she heard about church from school friends and asked her family about it, she began attending Valley Meeting with her grandmother and aunt. Gradually she made Quaker values and principles her own, attending Quaker schools and eventually joining Valley Meeting, to which she and Tom currently belong.

Tom, on the other hand, was born in Detroit and lived there until his early teens, when his parents moved to Berkeley, California, near the Quaker meeting, which Tom attended a few times. After graduating from University of California and serving for three years in the Army Air Force, he returned to Berkeley and promptly joined the meeting, having decided, after that brief experience of Friends, that “Quakers have the right idea.”

Tom and Anne met in 1954 at a Young Friends General Conference gathering where Anne was the cook. Later that same summer, Tom was at Pendle Hill for three weeks and attended Valley Meeting for worship. Anne was there and invited his group to lunch at the house where Anne’s mother, now over 100, still lives. Tom recalls, “Without realizing it at first, I was smitten. A couple of days later, when Anne was at Pendle Hill, I found myself proposing marriage to her, telling her all of my flaws and hoping I would be forgiven them. She is still having trouble with some of them—such as my apparently incurable procrastination!” But she accepted his proposal, and the Moores have lived their Quaker values ever since in quiet and influential ways.

Right after they were married Tom worked for three years at the community YMCA in Lansdowne, Pennsylvania. Later, they were invited to be co-directors of the International Student House in Washington, D.C., where they served for three years. Tom’s interest remained in working with Student Life programs, and when the director’s position opened at the University of Kansas—a joint YWCA and YMCA program on the campus, run by students, Tom applied and was appointed. They lived in Lawrence, Kansas, for 23 years, until Tom retired.

In Kansas they were both deeply involved with the local Friends meeting, as well as with Missouri Valley Friends Conference (MVFC). Anne served as clerk of the meeting, and, according to Tom, “probably most other positions in the meeting at one time or another.” Tom, too, held several positions in the meeting. Anne was also clerk of MVFC and of AFSC’s North Central Regional Committee, traveling regularly to Philadelphia for national AFSC meetings.

Anne found Lawrence to be “a very good place to raise a family, a caring and close community with a wide range of opinion because of the university.” She was an active volunteer, as head of the Volunteer Clearinghouse, supervising Vista volunteers, for which Tom notes proudly, “she was recognized as one of Lawrence’s most influential people.” As time passed, she became concerned about her own retirement, so she took a job as a home health aide to build up some social security qualifications.

When the Moores returned to the Philadelphia area following Tom’s retirement, Anne worked full-time for six years as an office assistant at Friends World Committee, Section of the Americas. They lived with Anne’s parents, an experiment that worked very nicely and continued for a number of years. The downside was being unable to host Quakers from all over the world as they had so often done in Kansas. Because Anne’s father had Parkinson’s disease he didn’t want their home “to become a hotel.” Anne describes it as “quite a switch—a real sacrifice.”

Anne says, “Being active in Quaker con-
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January 2003 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Grounded in Spirit: Tending the Roots of Peace: Canadian Yearly Meeting 2002

At this time of darkening world political landscape, 135 adults and 34 children of Canadian Yearly Meeting gathered from August 10 to 17 at Canadian Mennonite University, Winnipeg, Manitoba. In our pre-gathering workshop, peace activist Karen Ridd led Friends in discovering within ourselves the sources of and barriers to peace action.

Friends of all ages transformed oversized boxes into the Peaceable Kingdom, a creation that our hosts requested we leave for their children to enjoy. We rejoiced in our Young Friends in discovering their own life-long sense of service.

Adult Friends, heeded stories of their own life-experiences as we wrestled with establishing priorities for our work and right use of limited financial resources. In our study and worship, we exchanged stories of our work and right use of limited financial resources. In our study and worship, we exchanged stories of our work and right use of limited financial resources. In our study and worship, we exchanged stories of our work and right use of limited financial resources. In our study and worship, we exchanged stories of our work and right use of limited financial resources.

A desire to make a clear witness for peace informed our business and interest group sessions as we wrestled with establishing priorities for our work and right use of limited financial resources. In our study and worship, we exchanged stories of our work and right use of limited financial resources. In our study and worship, we exchanged stories of our work and right use of limited financial resources. In our study and worship, we exchanged stories of our work and right use of limited financial resources. In our study and worship, we exchanged stories of our work and right use of limited financial resources. In our study and worship, we exchanged stories of our work and right use of limited financial resources.

Kathleen Hertzberg, the Sunderland P. Gardner Lecturer, spoke to Friends about peace heritage manifested in her own life from childhood in Britain, through her young adult service in Germany, and continuing service with her husband in Canada.

During our time together we learned of and mourned the death of two dear Friends, and were twice comforted and cheered by the promise expressed in two double rainbows, carrying us forward with renewed hope.

—Carol Wilkins, Coldstream (Ont.) Meeting

Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting and Association

To Friends everywhere,
We greet you from the lovely campus of Warren Wilson College near the Smoky Mountains of North Carolina, where we held the 32nd session of the Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting and Association (SAYMA). Our theme this year was “Turning, We Come Round Right,” which was reflected in many of our yearly meeting activities.

Yearly meeting was opened on Sixth Month 20, 2002, with song and intergenerational games. Following that, each meeting and worship group gave a brief review of its annual state-of-the-meeting report.

On the next evening we gathered to hear five Friends share their experience of turning and the insights gained in coming round right. Friends were encouraged to pursue their personal spiritual turnings then and throughout the weekend. Both the stories of these Friends and the workshops presented called us to a stronger witness in the face of troubling world events. Worship sharing queries led us inward to examine our own leadings and turnings.

Meeting for worship for business labored with and approved a minute on Israel and Palestine. It is hoped that the minute will support those working diligently for peace as well as influence a change in foreign policy.

Friends can return to their monthly meetings continuing to explore application of the Quaker Peace Testimony in the Middle East. One Friend has volunteered to create a cover letter and a list of recipients for this minute that will facilitate the dissemination of the leading of our yearly meeting.

We heard reports from many committees and individuals as we considered wise use of our finances and the work of wider Quaker organizations. Results of an ecological survey indicated several areas in which SAYMA Friends can improve. However, it seems we already excel in energy conservation by doing very little yard and garden work.

The yearly meeting was moved by a report from Debra Johnson of her trip to Iraq under the guidance of American Friends Service Committee. This Friend reported that great needs exist in the areas of education, health, and water purification. Friend Johnson pointed out the sharing on the part of the residents of the region regarding long-term devastating effects of the depleted uranium contained in weapons used by the Allies around Basra in Southern Iraq during the Gulf War. She urged Friends to support the lifting of sanctions, to join the Campaign of Conscience, and to begin a dialogue to bring the Iraqi people out of their sense of isolation.

Two Friends, Joan MacKenzie and Gita Larsen, reported on the conference at Pendle Hill entitled, “Quakers and Racial Justice.” It is hoped that they will share their experience and what they learned with monthly meetings as Friends grow in sensitivity to practices that can be received as racist or exclusionary.

Once again our teens in Southern Appalachian Young Friends (SAYF) joined adults in workshops, meals, a talent show, and other social activities. We were delighted to have several Young Adult Friends in our midst. Our Junior Yearly Meeting children swam, played, and enjoyed the turning of the season with the warm showers and sunny weather this summer solstice weekend. The yearly meeting will be forming a committee to nurture and plan for the full experience of our...
Facility Position in Practical Theology

The Earlham School of Religion (ESR) seeks candidates for a full-time teaching faculty appointment in Practical Theology with an emphasis in Pastoral Care and Counseling to teach introductory and advanced courses in a seminar setting. Qualifications: candidates should have both academic and practical experience that demonstrates competency in or familiarity with systems theory, pastoral theology and pastoral counseling, understanding of life stages and transitions, C.P.E., and the ability and passion to equip individuals for a ministry of caring. Preferred academic preparation should include a doctoral level degree as well as the Master of Divinity. Demonstrated teaching experience is preferred, while the ability to work respectfully and collegially with students and faculty representing a wide range of theological, political, and social diversity is required. Multi-disciplinary capabilities are also required, as is a willingness to engage in distance education.

The School of Religion is a seminary of the Religious Society of Friends, though about 1/3 of the students are other than Quaker. ESR has about 90 students and is part of Earlham, sharing its campus with Earlham College, a respected liberal arts college of about 1000 students. ESR is also in partnership with Bethany Theological Seminary of the Church of the Brethren, with a student body comparable in size to ESR’s. Teaching faculty are expected to be part of the campus life, participating in worship and on-campus events as well as relating to the constitutencies of the seminary.

Qualified candidates, including members of the Religious Society of Friends, women, and minorities, are encouraged to apply. Applications will begin to be reviewed in January and the search will continue until the position is filled, with the expectation that the position will be filled for the 2003-04 academic year.

A cover letter explaining interest in the position, vita, and the names of three references are to be sent to:

NANCY MICHAELS,
Clerk of the Search Committee
Earlham School of Religion,
228 College Ave.,
Richmond, IN 47374-4095
(765) 983-1420

Iowa Yearly Meeting

Iowa Yearly Meeting of Friends (Conservative) held its annual sessions at Scattergood Friends School near West Branch, Iowa, July 16 to 21, 2002.

We began with a period of deep and favored worship, which we were able to revisit throughout.

Regular business consists largely of hearing reports from Quaker groups: from other Quaker groups throughout the world, we learned of their progress; we also heard of the spiritual situation of each of our monthly meetings, and of the finances and projects of our own committees.

Our largest project, year in and year out, is the operation of Scattergood Friends School. We are looking for ways to expand the mission of the school from its traditional role as a boarding high school, operating nine months of the year, by adding summer programs for all ages.

Opportunities to learn about Quaker activities worldwide were by no means limited to business sessions. Among our evening and afternoon activities were presentations by Friends involved in prison visitation, in the Alternatives to Violence Project, in Right Sharing of World Resources, by a professional mediator, and by a Friend who had traveled to Iraq. Another session considered the war on drugs. In addition there was a roomful of displays, some offering Quaker books for sale, others with information from Quaker organizations.

For some of our youngsters a highlight was the midweek storm that gave respite from Iowa’s summer heat. Pouring rain and distant lightning did not stop their Frisbee game. Informal adult interactions were apt to be less strenuous, but no less important to strengthening our community of faith and love.

We left, simultaneously weary and refreshed, hoping to be better able to carry God’s love to each person we meet.

—Olive Wilson and Dan Treadway

Illinois Yearly Meeting

Fresh from the singular joy of having the FGC Gathering right here at home, we were primed for intervisitation and spiritual connections when we met from July 31 to August 4, 2002. Our sense of coming home again to McNabb was magnified when we learned that the beloved old meetinghouse is being saved from a wealthy yet devastating settlement of termite, for this is what we meant by “intervisitation”. The shoring up of the building’s supports is paralleled by our gathering’s attention to IYM’s mission and infrastructure. Both the Quaker Lane site and the meeting have benefited from the loving care of Friends—those who have gathered this week and many who could not attend. A minute was crafted to honor Andrew (Bud) Wolf, who humbly and briefly described his work during his 54 years as a trustee. Bud’s tenure helped define what Quakers mean by an “indefinite” term of service.

This year’s theme, “Quaker Practice: Spiritual Lives in the World,” inspired our sessions, workshops, and discussions. We approved a website as an additional outlet for IYM publications, but recognized the critical need to continue publishing paper documents for those not connected to the Web. Our labors in business sessions included forming a Peace Resource committee. We found it poignant that while Thorn Creek Monthly Meeting has asked to be converted to a worship group, the Champaign-Urbana Meeting will soon be breaking ground on a new meetinghouse. A worship sharing series offered care and concern for the IYM monthly meetings and worship groups.

We heard Joe Elder and Joann Elder express the fascinating ways in which they have applied Quaker processes in non-Quaker venues. Deborah Fisch shared stories illuminating how divine messages and our spiritual journeys must be shared with others without fear of giving offense, because even years later listeners may suddenly realize our story was a message meant for them. We were blessed by the presence of other visiting Friends.

The teens dealt with how to cope with a peaceful response in a post-September 11 world. Older teens struggled with the lack of
an Adult Young Friends program and what will happen in the next few years as they become older. Young Friends are becoming more active in larger Quaker events. Walks to the Edgewood Restaurant and Golf Course, late night jaunts to the graveyard, a day at a funland, and endless times of hanging out and playing cards are traditions that were repeated, but many Friends of all ages missed having the traditional Friday night folk dancing on the lawn.

Special sensations included: nightly singing on the porch; Frisbee on the lawn; beautiful sheets of handmade paper drying in the sun; (notwithstanding the pesticides) a yellow crop duster skimming the corn fields and bounding into the blue sky; circles of a few or many people in shady spots surrounding the meetinghouse; long games of tag in the public pool; a bonfire with s’mores; sweet watermelon amid a blessed cool breeze on Friday night; stargazing with David Finke; and storytelling to an audience of not-quite children.

Until next time, beloved children of God!

—Dawn Amos, Jenny Laughlin, and Greg Woods

Mercer Street Friends

Recognizing the divine spirit within all, Mercer Street Friends, a social service agency founded by Quakers and still under the care of Trenton (N.J.) Meeting, offers a comprehensive, holistic approach to meeting the needs of central New Jersey’s most vulnerable families. Respect for individual dignity and personal freedom is expressed through the community food bank, home health care service, early education centers, youth programs, and elementary school. The center is dedicated to remedying conditions that prevent individuals from realizing their full potential.

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—Michelle Ruess
Peace and Good Behavior: A Minor Testimony?  
by Jack Ross

In January 1655 a number of the most effective Quaker preachers came to the English Puritan town of Banbury, where they met strong opposition. Prominent among the Quaker preachers were Ann Audland and her companion Jane Waugh. Ann Audland was the wife of John Audland, one of the Valiant 60, the group selected to spread the word about the new religion. Jane Waugh was a serving maid to John Camm, an early Quaker convert, and his wife. She was illiterate, but is noted as a fiery preacher.

Ann Audland's preaching offended the parish clergyman. As a result, she and Jane Waugh were arrested and charged with blasphemy. In 17th-century England, blasphemy, a religious matter, was an offense against the state because of the close relation of the state with the church. The women were released on bail and consequently spent several months in the vicinity preaching before coming to trial. Then, to the chagrin of the judge, the jury acquitted them. The court thereupon required that they pay a bond to ensure future good behavior, a procedure established in the common law and in statutes under Edward I and Edward III. Both women refused. As a result they spent six months in a foul jail before being released, without abandoning their witness. Ann Audland wrote to Margaret Fell from her prison cell, "This is indeed a place of joy, and my soul doth rejoice in the Lord. I continue a prisoner in Banbury but I witness freedom in the Lord."

Richard Farnsworth, another Quaker preacher during this period, attended the trial, and when he offended the authorities, he too was imprisoned. He refused to pay the jailer's fees and was held for eight months before being released. Time in prison, jailer's fees, and requiring oaths of allegiance were attempts to silence religious expression.

Blasphemy is no longer a civil court matter, but oaths are still required as a condition of employment by state institutions in several U.S. jurisdictions, and Friends are the occasional victims of the requirements. The numbers taking their beliefs to the point of risking loss of a job are few. The May 1997 issue of Friends Bulletin calls our attention to the testimony against loyalty oaths and oaths of allegiance by several Friends in modern times. My thinking about oaths and the peace and good behavior requirement was influenced by a group of Friends who left California for Canada in 1952 to escape the loyalty oath that was then required of all state employees. Many of them were public school teachers and thus faced the oath requirement. Their destination was Argenta, British Columbia, where they settled and formed Argenta Meeting. I joined them in Argenta in 1983 when I retired from my university teaching position in Newfoundland.

In 1997 I was arrested in an environmental protest and served ten weeks in a British Columbia maximum-security prison for refusing to sign an "undertaking," a document attesting that I would keep the peace and be of good behavior. This practice comes from the
English roots of Canadian law. It is frequently required by the arresting police in lieu of bail, and hence is seen by many arrestees in environmental actions as a relief from onerous bail requirements such as those imposed on people accused of serious offenses. I was asked to agree to appear for trial in five weeks, to which I found no objection. I was also required to agree that I would not return to the site of the protest, nor do there any of a long list of things, few if any of which I had done before. But I could not agree to refrain from going there at all, which was tantamount to giving up the protest to which I was committed. Returning was an option that I wanted to leave open, and to sign when I intended to return would be untruthful. The undertaking that arrestees were required to sign before release escaped the careful scrutiny it deserved by many because it was presented by police as just a routine. I was arrested in 1991 in a similar environmental protest. At that time I naively signed the undertaking without understanding its significance.

As a consequence, in 1997 I spent a long time in preparation, should the same approach be used by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. I spent long hours in a quiet place in Argenta meetinghouse. I conferred with Friends and family. I reread early Quaker journals. I recalled the experiences with others by my friends and others in Illinois in the 1950s that I had ignored during my 1991 arrest. The 1997 document proved to be much like the 1991 one, and the deceptive tactics of the police were similar. This time I saw the "peace and good behavior" clause as a promise to agree to whatever the state or its police should do or require of me in the future. I reasoned that had I signed and a law was subsequently passed to which I could not agree, I would be obliged to repudiate my agreement in order to oppose the new law. Of most significance, I anticipated that I would be required to surrender my ability to make relevant decisions according to my inner spiritual leadings. Above all, I could not sign because I feel I must reserve the right to make decisions under divine guidance, which must take priority over the requirements of the state.

The undertaking does not define good behavior, which leaves extraordinary powers to police to decide what is good, a power that rightly belongs to the legislature and to the citizens. The implication is that being arrested for a nonviolent protest, which was supported by an overwhelming majority of the community, made me of such a bad character that I could be subject to especially strict requirements of behavior not required of other citizens in matters having no relation to the protest. All this was solely because I was arrested, and not because I had been found guilty by due process of law. The environmental protest occurred because of the intent of the Forest Service to build a logging road into an area judged by residents and expert hydrologists to be too sensitive for a road or logging. The Forest Service obtained an injunction to remove our blockade, leading to the arrest of 16 of us. The protest was entirely nonviolent, so arrested by witnesses, by the press, the police, and the courts.

The trial did not take place in the scheduled five weeks, and thus I found myself facing an unknown but certainly lengthy time in jail. I ended my self-imposed imprisonment after ten weeks because of poor health and because the road construction season had ended. Then, before my actual trial date, the court threw out the injunction under which I had been arrested and charged were stayed. It was ruled that the Forest Service had materially deceived the court on a number of factual issues in their application for an injunction. Thus I was not brought to trial. I felt vindicated in this case; my spiritual decision coincided with a favorable legal verdict. This was an unusual victory, one that I cannot count on all the time. I recognize that I compromised by seeking release. Ann Audland and Jane Waugh did not. My lawyer explained the legal situation to me: "You could be there forever." He could see no legal way to obtain my release except by my signing the undertaking. The two women must have faced a similar dilemma and did not give in. I have spent many hours thinking about that compromise, to no firm conclusion.

The way of leadings may be a lonely one. It was for me, in spite of the good counsel and visits to jail by Friends, my wife, our children and grandchildren. I return to Ann Audland and Jane Waugh for a standard by which to understand my own testimony. They could have bought their freedom in order to flee to continue their mission elsewhere. They could have paid and defied authority to continue locally. Instead, they saw their jail time as part of their testimony. They apparently believed that they could not set a price on the truth. The reasoning of modern courts is that those who post a bond will be more willing to behave properly and return for trial rather than risk a financial loss. But I do not behave morally or legally because of anticipated financial loss. Are we to say that we behave because of threats, or are we guided by the Light of Christ that we claim in less demanding times? Whether the penalty exacted by the state is financial or loss of liberty, or whether we fear loss of esteem by our neighbors, I believe we must follow where God leads. Let us heed the Inner Teacher. I honor Jane Waugh and Ann Audland for their example.
In April 2001, worshipers in more than 2,000 congregations in the United States completed the U.S. Congregational Life Survey during worship services. This survey differed from most previous studies because, instead of relying on the views and opinions of pastors or congregational leaders, it recorded the voices of people who regularly participate in worship. Approximately 300,000 people responded. With all aged 15 and older taking part, the results summarized what a congregation’s worshipers as a group had to say about their experiences there.

*A Field Guide to U.S. Congregations* looks at the total results of the survey, concentrating especially on four areas: spirituality and faith; activities in the congregation; community involvement; and worshipers’ vision for the congregation’s future.

Many of the results are striking—including the finding that one in three worshipers are new people who’ve been attending their current congregation for five years or less, and that two out of 100 people sitting in U.S. worship services are attending that congregation for the first time. These findings, and others they’ve uncovered, have huge implications for congregations—including Quaker meetings.

The survey is more than just a description of the U.S. religious landscape. Cynthia Woolever and Deborah Bruce have written their book as a tool to help congregations examine their vitality so they can renew and enrich their mission. *A Field Guide to U.S. Congregations* helps readers grapple with questions like, “What are the characteristics of satisfying worship?” “How involved are worshipers in their communities?” and, “How can congregations both recruit new members and retain existing members?”

Another strength of the book (and survey), and one that many Friends will relate to, is that it doesn’t focus on numerical growth as the primary factor of what makes for a vital congregation. Instead, the authors focus on the four fundamental areas of spirituality and faith development, involvement in and connections to the congregation, community involvement, and future directions. This helps dispel the following common myths about congregational life: that a typical worshiper is over 65 years of age and retired; that people under 30 do not participate in religious activities; that “nothing ever changes around here” is an accurate statement about parish or con-
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A Field Guide is well written, easy to read, and features some delightful cartoons illustrating the realities of congregational life. While the book will have special appeal to Friends who are interested in what's going on in congregations nationwide, it also could be helpful reading for ministry and oversight or outreach committees. It helps Friends see where we are alike and where we differ from other congregations in more than theological ways. It also illustrates that, even if we are small (even the number of respondents outnumber us Quakers), we still exhibit hallmarks of vitality and qualities appealing to worshipers and seekers in the United States.

J. Brent Bill

Editor's note: The U.S. Congregational Life Survey can be used to take a snapshot of your meeting. The survey takes 20 minutes and is taken as part of worship. Meetings completing a survey will receive their individual results as contrasted to congregations nationwide, a copy of A Field Guide to U.S. Congregations, and a video that can be used to examine and reflect on results. For information contact U.S. Congregations at (888) 728-7228 ext. 2040 or <www.uscongregations.org>.

A Stone Bridge North


In A Stone Bridge North, Kate Maloy recounts her life in flashbacks and reminiscences as she meets new opportunities in creating a contented life. Her "new" life includes a cyberspaced soul mate who becomes her husband and returns with her to their New England roots. She becomes actively Quaker when she ends her "near-dead" marriage, engages her son in meeting, and finds her own spiritual community.

Her account of these journeys is both compelling and exhilarating. Kate Maloy uses writing in her effort to sort out these immense changes in her life. She says, "I found my way back to expression, which must always, if it is going to teach you anything new, be much more than yourself and your own small life."
In the light of her skilled and fascinating recounting of her learned lessons, her “risks” seem appropriate and her actions bear out her Quakerism, which shines through her printed words. This means that this book could interest those not yet acquainted with us into investigating the Religious Society of Friends. This is one of the best books for Quaker outreach addressed to the general public since I Take Thee, Serenity and Friendly Persuasion. —Sally Rickerman

Journey through Skepticism
Roland Warren has articulated some exceedingly complex spiritual questions in such a clear and concise manner that it is difficult to do anything but quote him at length when trying to convey what he has to say in Journey through Skepticism. And yet, when I look for a specific quotation to excerpt, I find that his words can’t readily be taken out of context. The whole pamphlet is a highly reasoned stream of consciousness about the essence of religious experience and what such experience reveals about the nature of the universe and God. In this stream, thoughts run smoothly, but any cup of water scooped out of the middle would lack the dynamic energy of the writer’s mind behind it and the sparkle of clarity that comes as thoughts build upon one another as they flow downhill.

The language Roland Warren uses is cerebral and may not be to everyone’s taste, yet I found it lucid and even lovely; there can be little doubt that it is written from the heart as well as the head.

My only quibble is that I don’t entirely understand where the “skeptic” of the title

Sally Rickerman is a member of Mill Creek (Del.) Meeting.

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January 2003 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Sufferings of Early Quakers: London and Middlesex, 1655 to 1690
By Joseph Besse. Sessions Book Trust, 2002. 144 pages. $12/paperback. This is the latest in a series of paperbacks that makes short, regionalized excerpts of the original two volumes of Joseph Besse's records—one 824 pages of tiny type, the other a mere 648 pages—accessible to Quakers throughout the world. It is an accounting of what early Quakers suffered for their refusal to pay tithes or assessments to churches, swear in God's name, uncover their heads in the presence of royalty, use priests or ministers to marry or bury, fight wars, and hold meetings for worship. For those of us who have become a tad comfortable on our meetinghouse benches, this volume and others in the series are a refreshing bucket of cold water that reveals the passionate framework of our faith. The language itself draws us back in time while the determination and commitment of an amazingly radical group of people shines forth. Unfortunately, the records themselves seem to be printed in this volume exactly as they were originally published, which means that the print is tiny, frequently italicized, dense and hard to read. If Sessions would forgo the quaintness of authentic reproduction in future editions and provide something a little easier on the eyes, these volumes might become read by more than historians and elderly Quakers researching their family history.

The Black Flower: One Man's Memory of Prison Sixty Years After
By Peter Brock. William Sessions Limited, 2001. 116 pages. No price given/paperback. A lifelong scholar in pacifism, British Quaker and retired professor Peter Brock spent six months as a guest of the British government in Wandsworth and Wormwood Scrubs prisons because he was a CO. This book is a highly readable account of how he remembers that experience.

Affirming the Light: Ten Stories of Quaker Peace Witness
Edited by Stuart Ullathorne et al. Quaker Books, 2002. 78 pages. £3/paperback. Quaker Peace and Social Witness in Britain asked ten Friends to talk about their lives as active peacebuilders at assorted venues from Belfast to Bosnia. This short volume is a printed account of those thoughtful and inspiring presentations.

—Ellen Michaud
Ellen Michaud is FRIENDS JOURNAL's book review editor.
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Further information about this position and Guilford College is available at http://www.guilford.edu/vpdeansearch.

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News

Monthly meetings in growing number are expressing concerns that the policy advocated by President Bush will result in war between the United States and Iraq. These concerns, rooted in the Quaker Peace Testimony, are affirmed in minutes adopted by monthly meetings, as well as by public statements and advertisements. Several meetings, in their statements, refer to a minute approved by New York Yearly Meeting in session on July 26, 2002. This “Gospel of Peace Minute” called upon the United States to “refrain from war, and in particular to abandon the planned invasion of Iraq,” and to “redirect resources away from instruments of death and destruction toward peacebuilding work and toward humanitarian, educational, and reconstruction assistance in Afghanistan and other devastated or impoverished areas.”

Purchase (N.Y.) Meeting endorsed the “Gospel of Peace Minute” and approved placing an ad in the local newspaper that read (in part): “United States go it alone” military action does not address the root causes of violence. . . . We believe there is a better way. It would entail: supporting international treaties and justice systems to pursue and prose cut terrorists; alleviating global poverty; limiting our weapons as we call upon others to do the same; banning the sale and transfer of weapons to zones of conflict; reducing our dependence on oil through conservation and sustainable energy technologies; promoting real dialogue and cooperation at home and abroad.”

Purchase Quarter, in session on August 4, 2002, approved placing an ad in area newspapers that stated, in part: “The Gospel of Jesus is a Gospel of Peace. No one who hears this message and follows can be led to war. . . . In this Spirit we call upon our government to: Refrain from war, and in particular, abandon the planned invasion of Iraq.”

Expressing similar concerns, Rochester (N.Y.) Meeting placed an ad in area newspapers, calling on “our leaders to: abandon the planned invasion of Iraq, and refrain from war; redirect our resources toward humanitarian, educational, and reconstruction assistance in Afghanistan, and other devastated or impoverished areas, in the spirit of the Marshall Plan, which helped to turn former enemies into allies; use established structure of international institutions, such as the United Nations and war crimes tribunals, for truly humane resolutions to ongoing regional problems and conflicts.”

Montclair (N.J.) Meeting, in an ad in the local newspaper, affirmed the Quaker Peace Testimony and added, “The horrific acts of September 11 moved us to emotions ranging from anger and fear to grief and despair. But we must not allow such feelings to direct us as individuals or as a nation to further acts of destruction and death.
True security can only be found in peace. While forgiveness and reconciliation are often difficult, they are imperative for peace to prevail." Madison (Wis.) Meeting approved a "Minute on Preemptive War against Iraq," which stated, "We wholeheartedly oppose such a war, waged for any reason ... Therefore, we call upon the leaders and the people of Iraq, the United States, and all nations to begin dialogue now to construct the common ground that can take away the occasion for war and take away war itself." —Compiled by Robert Marks from monthly meeting newsletters

Germantown (Pa.) Meeting, on June 9, 2002, approved a minute supporting the establishment of independent Palestinian and Israeli states as the first step toward resolving the conflict between the two peoples. In the minute, Germantown Meeting committed to "raise funds especially through Friends organizations to be used for reconstruction in Palestine"; "establish direct connections with individuals and groups in Israel and Palestine to become better aware of what the conflict means to those who must endure it"; "offer our meeting as a forum for Israeli and Palestinian voices for a just peace, and also for Americans of different backgrounds who share that vision"; "meet with Jewish Americans, Palestinians, Americans, and others who share our concern for peace"; and "work to change our own government's policy towards the Israeli/Palestinian conflict." The minute had been under consideration since last spring. —Germantown Meeting Newsletter, October 2002

Jean Zaru, presiding clerk of Ramallah Friends Meeting in Palestine, participated in an AFSC-sponsored speaking tour on the west coast from October 4 to 16, 2002. Jean Zaru began her talks in Southern California with a reading from the book of Lamentations: "Our inheritance has been turned over to strangers, our homes to aliens. We have become orphans, fatherless; our mothers are like widows. We must pay for the water we drink; the wood we get must be bought. With a yoke on our necks we are hard driven; we are weary, we are given no rest." As a Palestinian woman living under Israeli military rule, her life has been devoted to the struggle for liberation—for Palestinians, for women, and for struggling peoples around the world. She
shared passionately with local Quaker meetings, students, and other groups about the devastating impact of the Israeli occupation on her community, and answered difficult questions from members of the audience. Jean Zaru was joined by Kathy Bergen, national coordinator of AFSC’s Israel-Palestine Peacebuilding Program. —Shady F. Hakim, Program Coordinator, Middle East Peace Education, AFSC Pasadena

In spite of the U.S. march toward war, the movement to stop Navy bombing on Vieques gained strength during the summer and fall. The peace movement is prepared to respond if the Bush administration backs away from its promise that the Navy will leave Vieques by May 2003. People in Vieques and throughout Puerto Rico organized a Relay for Peace on August 24, 2002, wherein dozens of people hiked the 14 miles from the western end of Vieques to the gates of the Navy base. They occupied and reclaimed the right to these lands, expropriated by the Navy in the ‘40s, and called for an end to the Navy’s presence and complete cleanup of the contamination caused by the military. On September 3, the first day of three weeks of renewed Navy bombing on Vieques, five people were arrested for entering the Navy-occupied lands and were imprisoned without bail. The Marines used tear gas against reporters covering the arrest, even though they were filming from the civilian side of the fence. More than 1,500 people have been arrested for civil disobedience in Vieques during the past two years. Further information about Vieques may be found at www.forusa.org. —Deborah Santana, Fellowship of Reconciliation

The world spent nearly $840 billion in 2001 on weapons and other military expenditures, which is an average of $137 per person, according to a comprehensive new United Nations publication on disarmament. The 2001 UN Disarmament Yearbook, released on July 30, 2002, describes the latest developments in a wide range of disarmament issues, including steps taken by countries to confront the threat of the possible use of weapons of mass destruction by terrorist groups in the wake of the September 11 attacks. The book also examines efforts to strengthen legal norms for multilateral disarmament with regard to nuclear, biological, and chemical weapons, and it examines the outcome of the UN conference on the small arms trade. —UN News Update

Amnesty International is concerned for the safety of members of the Guatemalan human rights organization National Coordination of Guatemalan Widows/Coordination Nacional de Viudas de Guatemala (CONAVIDA), after the torture and murder of member Isabela Garcia’s husband, Manuel Garcia de la Cruz, on September 6, 2002. He was an active supporter of CONAVIDA, and the organization considers that his brutal torture and murder are intended as a warning to its members and their families in the community because of their work for reconciliation, peace, and justice in Guatemala. CONAVIDA fears that local civil patrolmen, who served as civilian auxiliaries to the military during Guatemala’s civil conflict of over 30 years, wish to cover up the atrocities in which they were involved and may have participated in his torture and extrajudicial execution.

Church World Service, through its new Africa Initiative, will seek to bring increased attention and resources to the struggles faced by the majority of Africans. The new initiative will supplement existing CWS projects and partnerships. The Africa Initiative will extend over at least five years, working with African national councils of churches and other partners to expand their humanitarian services and leadership. The CWS Africa Initiative will target three particularly vulnerable populations: children, people living with HIV/AIDS, and uprooted peoples. It will focus on violence and conflict, water, health, and food security, and globalization and poverty reduction. The initiative will also give attention to the needs and rights of African women and girls, who have long faced discrimination and violence. CWS is developing the new Africa Initiative in extensive consultation with its African partners. Formal launch of the Africa Initiative is set for January 2004. Throughout 2003 CWS will work to enlist U.S. denominational support and will hold a series of follow-up planning meetings with African church leaders. —Carol Fouke, National Council of Churches

State delegates to the Green Party of the United States recently endorsed legislation to establish a national Peace Tax Fund. The proposed legislation would amend the Internal Revenue Code to provide that taxpayers conscientiously opposed to any participation in war could have their income, estate, and gift tax payments spent for nonmilitary purposes by establishing a special “peace tax” fund. For more information visit http://greenpartyus.org or info@peace-taxfund.org. —J. Roy Kannon, Green Party of Delaware

January 2003 FRIENDS JOURNAL
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**Bulletin Board**

**Upcoming Events**


**Opportunities/Resources**

• AFSC, in cooperation with other international aid agencies, has been working on a contingency plan to help as many Iraqi families as possible, since the people of Iraq continue to suffer extreme hardship caused by the sanctions imposed on their country after the Gulf War. The present potential military actions threaten to make their living conditions even more unbearable. Several containers of material goods—including health supplies, schools supplies, and blankets—have already been shipped to the region and will be distributed by AFSC staff in cooperation with other organizations. Additional funds and material donations are urgently needed. Learn how you can help. Contact AFSC’s Emergency and Material Assistance Program (EMAP) at (215) 241-7000, <www.afsc.org>.

• Brooklyn Friends School will host its fourth annual Bridge Film Festival, on May 17, 2003. The festival is open to all middle and upper school students at Quaker schools worldwide. The festival’s goal is to promote value-based filmmaking and broaden dialogue on topics such as integrity, nonviolence, and political justice. The festival seeks films that depict Quaker ideals in action. For more information visit <www.brooklynfriends.org>.

• Afghans for Afghans is a new nonprofit that is working with AFSC’s Emergency and Material Assistance Program West Coast Center in a nationwide effort by knitters to keep refugees in Afghanistan warm. Handknit and crocheted afghans, hats, sweaters, mittens, and socks are gladly accepted. For information visit <www.afghansforafghans.org>.

• The Center for Development in Central America runs a sustainable employment program near Managua, Nicaragua, including a women’s sewing cooperative that makes high-quality T-shirts for export to the United States. They make shirts in all colors and sizes and can do silkscreening. An 11-minute video about the project is available. For more information contact Becca Renk, Cooperative Project Coordinator, at <jhc@ns.sdnnic.org,ni> or visit <www.jhc-edca.org>.
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Deaths

Dart—Alice Adams Dart, 84, on June 9, 2002, in Eugene, Ore. She was born in Detroit, Mich., on October 17, 1917, the fifth of six children, to William Henry Adams and Florence Gossard Adams. Alice grew up in Highland Park, Mich., in a home where education, civil rights, and community involvement were highly valued. She graduated from Oberlin College in 1939 with an A.B. in History. She met Francis Dart on the bus ride back to Detroit after her first college reunion. They married in 1942 and moved to Ithaca, N.Y., where Francis was working on a Ph.D. in Physics at Cornell University. In 1946, while Francis did relief work in Germany with AFSC, Alice and the children lived with her parents. Alice publicized conditions in postwar Europe and collected clothing, food, and other essentials for distribution in Germany. Francis returned in 1947, and two years later the family moved to Eugene, Ore. Francis’s career brought the family to Illinois, Nepal, Washington, D.C., Hawaii, New Guinea, and Australia, but they always returned to Oregon. Alice enjoyed her work as a housewife: a skilled cook, she developed a series of recipe books; she made clothes for herself and her daughters; and she had a talent for interior decoration. Alice and Francis loved to go camping with their children in the Cascades and sing around the campfire. She was a member of the Eugene Shakespeare Club, and she read aloud every evening to her children until their teen years and to Francis thereafter. She kept in touch with family via vivid letters. She worked with the Congress on Racial Equality in the ‘60s to establish fair housing practices in Eugene. Francis introduced Alice to Quakerism during their courtship, and they joined Ithaca (N.Y.) Meeting after their marriage, later transferring their membership to the fledgling Eugene (Oreg.) Meeting. Over the next three decades Alice served the meeting as clerk, First-day school teacher, housekeeper, and founder of the ongoing women’s group. Every summer the family attended Pacific Yearly Meeting in California. She served as registrar, as Friends Bulletin editor, and as the first steering committee clerk of North Pacific Yearly Meeting. In the early 70s, Alice was diagnosed with Parkinson’s disease. After Francis died in 1977, she moved into an apartment in Cascade Manor, a retirement center in Eugene, and into its nursing home wing during the ’80s. She is survived by her children, Helen, Eleanor, and Paul Dart, and her grandchildren, Alan Baldwin, Anna Dart, and Madeleine Dart.

Fichter—Margallen Fichter, on May 17, 2002, in Albany, N.Y. Margallen was born Margaret Allen Hanna on December 9, 1934, in Virginia. She graduated from Jeffersontown (Ky.) High School in 1952, Maryville College in 1956, and pursued graduate studies at University of Chicago from 1956 to 1958, when she married Donn Fichter under the care of 57th Street Meeting in Chicago. They lived in Evanston, Ill., Louisville, Ky., and Providence, R.I., where their son William Fichter was born. In 1965 they moved to Albany, where their daughter Liz Hanna was born. Margallen shared responsibility for Albany Meeting First-day school and was active in PTA through the ’70s and ’80s, serving both as local chapter and as district director of the Capitol District PTA, and receiving
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an honorary life membership from the state chapter in 1986. In 1985 she co-founded the nonprofit Parent Education Network. She volunteered on the hotline for Prevent Child Abuse New York. In 1990, she received the JC Penney Golden Rule award for outstanding volunteer service. She was instrumental in founding the first Re-evaluation Counseling group in Albany. Margallén was active in Northeast Regional Meeting and served on several New York Yearly Meeting committees, including the Powell House Committee, Nurturing Coordinating, and the Ad Hoc Committee on the Function of Yearly Meeting. Margallén helped others to learn about raising children, being a good neighbor, and making committee work a discipline as well as a delight. She is survived by her husband, Donn Fichter; daughter and son-in-law Liz Hanna and Henry Olzak; son and daughter-in-law William and Renee Fichter; grandchildren Shelby and William Fichter and Joel and Gavin Hanna Olzak; brothers and sisters-in-law, Charles and Phyllis Hanna and Edwin and Arpine Hanna; and a sister, Betty H. Sikes.

Newman—William (Bill) Newman, 92, on May 31, 2002, in Kennett Square, Pa. A lifelong Quaker, he was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on October 19, 1909, to Emma Bresnem and Herman Newman. He attended public schools in Chicago, William Penn College, Friends University, and received his Ph.D. in Business from University of Chicago, before taking jobs with James McKinsey and the Marshall Field Company. In 1936 he co-founded the Academy of Management, which currently has an international membership of 12,000 business scholars and executives. In the same year he married Clare Berry, also a lifelong Friend. Bill was professor at Wharton School of Business at University of Pennsylvania for ten years. During World War II he worked on the War Production Board in petroleum administration. After the war, his work took him to Yugoslavia. In 1940 he became the first Samuel Bronfman Professor of Democratic Business Enterprise at the Graduate School of Business at Columbia University. During his 30 years at Columbia, Bill created the management division at the School of Business. When the Newmans moved to Tenafly, N.J., they became active members of Ridgewood Meeting, which remained Bill’s home meeting for the rest of his life. In 1956 he participated in the planning and building of the Ridgewood meetinghouse. An expert in the field of comparative management and the relationship of management to cultural and national identity, Bill wrote textbooks that were translated into six languages. He was one of the first scholars to visit China in 1979 following the Open Door Policy. In 1980 Bill and Clare moved to the Kendal community in Kennett Square, Pa. After Clare’s death in 1993, Bill remained active in Quaker causes and served on the board of directors of Pendle Hill, focusing on developing social issues programs. Bill continued his scholarly work, teaching business philosophy to senior executives in China until 1995. At the time of his death he was working on a book about a new model for global economy with Ming-Jer Chen. Bill traveled the world, visiting the North Pole at age 90. He is survived by his four children, Kenneth, Thomas, Roger, and Judith; seven grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

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larger scale. By working to disestablish institutions of violence, greed, and nationalism. By rejecting the hubristic notion that she is responsible for stopping all murder.

How many Quakers, seeing how the Taliban regime treated women, opposed its military collapse?

It's doubtful that many Quakers opposed the collapse of the Taliban regime. It's equally doubtful that many Quakers would have killed to effect gender liberation in Afghanistan. Many Quakers did take up arms against slavery and against Hitler. We understand their motivation and don't condemn them. Neither do we honor their willingness to kill.

If you were on a hijacked airplane would you kill a hijacker to save the other passengers and yourself?

You might and you might not. Perhaps you would not have to kill in order to save lives. In any event, adrenaline would go a long way in determining your response.

Are you benefiting now, as you read this article, from the work of the U.S. military?

Where can we move on this Earth where no army claims to protect us? Because we're relatively safe, must we be willing to support killing in order to remain safe? Or might we risk our own safety to promote the nonviolent security of all?

There are other, better answers to these questions, but even the most comprehensive and persuasive answers don't open the door of faith or cement the validity of the Peace Testimony. The experience of God, of God's goodness, and of God's care for all of us is the ground of peace. That experience emerges in our lives even as we carry our various swords and struggle to greater understanding.

After World War II, soldiers-turned-monks filled the monasteries of Europe and North America. Quaker GI's returned to the silent assemblies they had often neglected before the war, new champions of the old Peace Testimony. Would that people everywhere would reverse that process now. God before war means God instead of war, which is another way of stating our Peace Testimony, the truth that imperfect Friends should never hesitate to proclaim.

Mike Murray
Ashland, Mo.

AVP to help with reconciliation in Rwanda

Wow, your October issue on Quakers and prison work was more of a book than a

Friends Journal January 2003
magazine—it ought to be republished for wider circulation!

I would like to add something on Quaker AVP work in Central Africa. AVP-Rwanda, under the auspices of Rwanda Yearly Meeting of Friends, is beginning an AVP program with the 120,000 suspected genocide prisoners and the 180,000 “gacaca” judges (traditional community courts) to introduce nonviolent options to not only the prisoners who may soon be released, but the 19 judges in each “gacaca” who will decide their punishment and re-integration into Rwandan society. AVP-Burundi, under the sponsorship of the Trauma Healing and Reconciliation Services, plans to conduct AVP workshops with the police and, if successful, with prison officials and the military (who have just admitted to killing 180 civilians, mostly women and children, on September 8, 2002). Those wanting more information can contact me at <davidzarembka@juno.com>.

David Zarembka
African Friends Great Lakes Initiative
Friends Peace Teams

No wonder there’s recidivism for ex-prisoners

I have just finished reading the October 2002 issue dealing with prison work. I eagerly read every word, hoping to gain some insight about work that might be done after a prisoner is released. My Vietnamese foster son just called to say he may have to return to the Vietnamese gang, despite having adopted a “Christian lifestyle” during his 11 years of incarceration in Missouri. He was born into war-torn Vietnam, spent three years in the camps, and our family was the 17th placement he could recall (his third in the U.S. after his first six months). I think most or many people in prison have suffered similar injustices in their formative years. He had to spend a year beyond parole being shuffled between prisons in various states while INS decided to uphold the parole order.

Finally, he was released and thanks to friends came directly back to us, his only family, in Massachusetts. He had been given training in prison and was ready to go to college and get a job, and to live his life as a Christian, to the point of even stopping me from crossing a street against the light. He left most of his belongings for other prisoners without families. He had a backpack, a check, and an INS identification card. This was evidently not enough for the State of Massachusetts. He was not allowed to renew
his driver’s license, deposit his check in a bank, and set up an account, or to get a job. Yet, he was to get a cell phone so that his parole officer could visit him at any time. It has been eight weeks, and he has yet to get a copy of his social security card (he knows the number). He cannot get a job, apply for college or a driver’s license without the identification; and his parole officer is apparently no help. What is he to do? He is 30 and does not want to live like a child, taking handouts, he wants to get on with his life . . . but the system has such a grip on him that he cannot move forward. He goes to church, plays soccer, applies for jobs, and hopes he will get his social security card soon.

If people in this country are worried about its astonishing recidivism rates, well, now I know why that happens. I wish the “prison” issue had addressed that problem as well.

Jane Taylor
Dorchester, Mass.

Friends Transition Support Services provides a bridge

Thank you for your moving special issue on prisons. It was a powerful reminder of the importance of Friends’ witness in prisons from our earliest days to the present. We cannot forget the millions hidden behind prison walls in this country or struggling to adjust to life after imprisonment. As long as our criminal justice system rejects the possibility of rehabilitation, emphasizes punishment over treatment, and offers little support to people reentering our communities from prison, it should come as no surprise that many of those released end up back in prison.

A new project of Haddonfield (N.J.) Monthly Meeting called Beyond Prison Walls: Friends Transition Support Services (FTSS) promotes safe and just communities by reaching out to those about to be released from prison and providing a continuum of services prior to release and during the reentry process. Beyond Prison Walls is a grassroots project that grew out of the efforts of Friends in southern New Jersey to assist Thomas Trantino upon his release from prison after 38 years. His was a highly politicized case that made the difficulties of reentry even more pronounced. The experiences Friends had in working with Thomas opened their eyes to all the obstacles to a successful reentry and revealed how few reentry services were available. At the same time, these Friends came to realize that Thomas Trantino possessed the
experience, training, and caring spirit that uniquely qualified him to coordinate a reentry services project. The way those in prison could relate to Thomas’s life and experiences made him a powerful witness to the renunciation of violence and addictive behavior that had allowed him to change his life.

Since the first meeting of the project’s steering committee in May 2002, Beyond Prison Walls has gained the support of numerous monthly meetings, as well as Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Talks are underway to develop programs for a halfway house in Camden, and we have already provided services to people reentering local communities from prison. Our project also provides services to help people at risk of drug or alcohol abuse, or of going to prison for other risky behaviors. In both cases, we include our clients’ families in the service we provide. So many people show an interest in our services that the potential to make a difference in people’s lives is enormous.

Priscilla Adams, Haddonfield Quaker’s Regional Secretary for Quaker Concerns, says that no other South Jersey Quaker project has attracted this kind of support and enthusiasm in over 20 years.

As we develop training programs and deliver practical support services, we are also looking ahead to ways to address the larger issue of how our society deals with crime. We will work to encourage models that stress treatment, education, and support instead of punishment, because we believe that this approach works best to break the cycle of violence and restore peace to our communities. To find out more, contact Beyond Prison Walls. (Call us at (856) 962-8266, e-mail us at <friendsts@lycos.com>, or write to us at Friends Avenue and Lake Street, Haddonfield, NJ 08033).

Ruth Darlington Medford, N.J.

Support non-criminal refugees

I was so moved by all the stories on prisons. Elisabeth Fry lives! So does Emma Lazarus, who wrote the poem (“Give me your poor ...”) that adorns the Statue of Liberty. I am playing her role at a vigil to protest the maximum-security detention center in Elizabeth, New Jersey—where 300 non-criminal refugees are being held. I visit there, and it breaks my heart.

This is my message to INS:

I pen this letter to beg you, after well over 100 years, pay heed to the poem I wrote: “Give
me your poor, yearning to be free? You saw fit to embellish the Lady Liberty with it. That was the cry of my heart in our 19th century, and yes, many were turned back from Ellis Island even then. To your shame, America, during World War II you returned my own Jewish not-to-be-American brothers and sisters to the horrors of the Holocaust. You hardened your hearts—overcome with fear and deceit.

Nothing can compare with the suffering inflicted today, by the fieldean of INS on those seeking refuge on American soil. Within the lamplight of Lady Liberty—in Elizabeth, New Jersey, lies a terrible dungeon—a warehouse once containing goods and chattels, now the place of incarceration for some 300 freedom-seekers. Here they languish, not as in days of yore on Ellis Island, for weeks before deportation, but years! No light of day, no exercise, no face-to-face visitation; and unlike criminals, these 21st century souls seeking asylum are heavily guarded by professional military. Why? I intend to confront King INS, to ask to have my poem kindly removed from Lady Liberty—it is a lie!—Emma Lazarus. (as played by Roberta Nobleman)

Roberta Nobleman
Dumont, N.J.

Information sought

I am doing some further research on the women in prison reform about whom I wrote in an article in the October issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL ("Quaker Women in Prison Reform").

I need help in researching further details about Martha Platt Falconer, creator of Sleighton Farms. She is said to have attended a Quaker school in Philadelphia, circa 1877–1878. I have so far been unable to discover which school. Can anyone provide this information? During her years at the Girls Decentration Center, later Sleighton Farms, she may have attended or joined a local Friends meeting, most likely in Delaware county. Does anyone know which meeting that was?

Please contact me via THE JOURNAL.

Margaret Hope Bacon
Kentenn Square, Pa.

Correction

I would like to make a correction to the article, "Slavery in Mauritania" (FJ Nov. 2002). The name of the founder of El Hor is Messaoud Ould Boulkheir, not Boubacar Ould Massaoud. I apologize for the error.

Susanna Thomas

Friends Journal January 2003

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Quarterly newsletter provides insight and guidance on topics vital to unprogrammed Friends meetings. Each issue includes wisdom from an experienced Friend on a topic of concern to caregivers and a firsthand story of one meeting’s experience. Sample copy and subscription information: PCN, 1151 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102 or <stevieg@pym.org>.


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Opportunities

Monterverde Friends School needs K–12 teachers, an assistant director, special ed teacher, and volunteers. School year begins in August. MFS is an English-dominant, bilingual school with multi-generational student body in Costa Rica’s rural mountains. While salaries are low, the experience is rich. Simple housing included for teachers. Teachers’ deadline February 1, 2004. Positions available quarterly. Write to Jenny Rowe, Monteverde Friends School, Monteverde 5655, Puntarenas, Costa Rica. Tel/fax: (506) 645-3382. Email: <mfschool@racsa.co.cr> with copy to cowll@nasica.co.cr. <http://www.mfschool.org>.

Upcoming Pendle Hill Weekends


Costa Rica Study Tours: Visit the Quaker community in Monteverde. For information and a brochure contact Sarah Stuckey: 011 (506) 645-6436, write: Apdo: 46-5655, Monteverde Friends, Costa Rica; email: <sarah@rs.com.cr> or <www.crusdtours.com> or call in the USA (502) 364-8694.

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Concerned Singles


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Now hiring staff for the summer of 2003. Camp counselors and cooks are needed. Must be 16 years old. Lifeguards and experience working with children a plus. Dates of employment are June 15-August 17, 2003. Cell Travis (605) 654-8846 for more information and application packet.

Chicago Friends Meeting is seeking a part-time Meeting Secretary. Duties would include maintaining a sense of community, performing administrative tasks, and be key in providing liaison to provide visibility to the wider community. Send résumé and letter to Friends Meeting, Attn: Becky Garry Perry, 10749 S. Artesian Avenue, Chicago, IL 60655; (773) 445-8940.

Friends Peace Teams’ African Great Lakes Initiative seeks skilled development implementer on Unpaid Peace Team to work with the Trauma Healing and Reconciliation Services starting in September 2003. Experience in trauma healing, conflict resolution, or relief work is required. For more information and application (due March 15) e-mail <elizabethzambrana@juno.com>.

Head of School

Northern Virginia Friends School (NVFS) seeks Head of School—First Quaker elementary school in Northern Virginia, opening September 2003, with Pre-K through grade 2, growing to grade 6. Head to work with committed, energetic Board. Responsibilities include curriculum development, recruitment, enrollment, daily operations. NVFS seeks a deep understanding of Quaker faith and practice; experience as teacher/administrator; self-starting community builder; energetic, team-oriented. E-mail professional résumé and letter to Laurie Wilner, Board Clerk, P.O. Box 411 Oakton, VA 22124 and/or e-mail <lauriewilner@nvfs.org>. Staffing inquiries also welcomed.

Intern Position—AFSC Washington Office: Starting September 1, 2003, this full-time, paid, nine-month position is usually filled by a recent college graduate. The intern will assist in varied program, interpretation, and advocacy tasks arising from social justice issues and also with Davis House, an international guest house. Applications close on March 17. Full job description and application: AFSC, 1022 R Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

Jennes Hospital ACPCE Center, Philadelphia, Pa., is seeking CPE Provider for primary clinical placement at nearby Friends Hospital. Excellent educational and mental health facility. Both institutions are Quaker in heritage and philosophy. Resident stipend: $25,000/year plus benefits for three consecutive units of CPE and optional summer unit. All mental health work is job-secured. Completion of at least one prior CPE unit is required. For additional information, or to request an application, contact: Jennes Hospital Pastoral Care Dept., 7600 Central Avenue, Philadelphia, PA 19111; phone: (215) 726-2036; fax: (215) 726-0148; E-mail: <acpce@jennes.org>.

Support Quaker House, Fayetteville, FL. Bragg, N.C.


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>.

Quakers and Writers! Quakers used to shun the arts—but no more! Join Quakers in the Arts; get our exciting, infor- mative newsletter, Shaker Notes. Exchange ideas and get together with other artistic Friends around the country; and help create a new chapter in Quaker history. Membership: $20/year. FQA, P.O. Box 5895, Philadelphia, PA 19102; e-mail: <qqa@quaker.org>. Web: <www.quaker.org/fqa>.
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 townhouses and living. Immediate occupancy may be available. An assisted-living home, a skilled nursing facility, and adult day care 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 Sonoma State University. 584 Benicia Drive, Santa Rosa, CA 95409. (707) 538-0112. <www.friendshouse.org>.

**Schools**

The Quaker School at Horsham, a value-centered educational institution, seeks students with learning differences. Small, remedial classes, qualified staff, serving Philadelphia, Bucks, and Montgomery Counties. 316 Meeting House Road, Horsham, PA 19044. (215) 674-2875.

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

Frankford Friends School: coed, Pre-K to grade 8; serving center city, Northside, and Kensington area of Philadelphia. We provide children with an affordable yet challenging academic program in a nurturing environment. Frankford Friends School, 1500 Orthodox Street, Philadelphia, PA 19124. (215) 933-5308.

**Summer Camps**

**KENDAL COMMUNITIES AND SERVICES FOR OLDER PEOPLE**

Kendal communities and services reflect sound management, adherence to Quaker values, and respect for each individual.

Continuing care retirement communities: Kendal at Oberlin • Oberlin, Ohio
Kendal at Collegeville • Collegeville, PA
Kendal at Glenmoor • Glenmoor, Ohio
Kendal at Parkersburg • Parkersburg, WV
Kendal at St. Mary's • Emmitsburg, MD
Kendal at Winecoff • Pittsboro, NC

Affordable monthly rates, no financial obligation, sample vows. We don’t spam.

For more information call Kendal Corporation at P.O. Box 100, Kendal Square, PA 19348. (610) 388-5581. E-mail: info@kendorp.org.

Friends House, Inc., founded by North Carolina Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, has been providing retirement options since 1960. Both Friends Houses at Guilford and Kendal offer independent living, assisted living, and skilled nursing care. Located in Greensboro, North Carolina, both communities are close to Guilford College and several Friends meetings. Enjoy the beauty of four seasons, as well as outstanding cultural, intellectual, and spiritual opportunities in an area where Quaker roots run deep. For information please call: (336) 292-9952, or write: Friends Houses West, 6100 Windy Avenue, Greensboro, NC 27410. Friends Houses, Inc. owns and operates communities dedicated to the spirit and Equal Housing Opportunity.

Foxdale Village, for Quaker-directed life care. A vibrant and caring community that encourages and supports men and women as they seek to live life fully and gracefully in harmony with the principles of simplicity, diversity, equality, mutual respect, compassion, and personal involvement. Spacious ground-floor apartments and community amenities such as library, auditorium, wood shop, ceramics studio, AA, and computer lab. Located in Saunderstown, RI 02874. (401) 234-7769 or (401) 475-6219.

Sandy Spring Friends School: Five or seven-day boarding option for grades 9–12. Five or seven-day school pre-k through 12. College preparatory, upper school AP courses. Strong arts and academic program, with team athletic programs. Coed. Approximately 400 students. 140-acre campus less than an hour from Washington, D.C., and Baltimore, Md. International students welcome. Quaker values. 16923 Norwood Road, Sandy Spring, MD 20830. (301) 774-7455, ext. 158. <www.sfs.org>.

Junior high boarding school for grades 7, 8, and 9. Small academic classes, challenging outdoor experiences, community service, college counseling, daily work projects in a caring, community environment. Arthur Morgan School: 1001 Hannah Branch Road, Burnsville, NC 28714. (828) 675-4722.

Come visit Olney Friends School on your country-cross travels, six miles south of I-70 in the green hills of eastern Ohio. A residential high school and farm, next to Stillwater Meetinghouse, Olney is a college preparation built around truthful thinking, inward listening, living community, and useful work. 51863 Sandy Ridge Road, Bremerton, OH 45713. (740) 425-3655.

Stratford Friends School provides a strong academic program in a warm, supportive, ungraded setting for children ages 2 to 13 who learn differently. Small classes and an enriched curriculum answer the needs of the whole child. An all-Quaker student body of five-year-olds is available. The school also offers an extended day program, tutoring, and summer school. Information: Stratford Friends School, 5 Lindall Road, Haverford, PA 19041. (610) 238-1733.

Landowne Friends School—a small Friends school for boys and girls three years of age through fifth grade, rooted in Quaker values. We provide children with a quality academic and a developmentally appropriate program in a nurturing environment. Whole language, thematic education, conflict resolution, Spanish, after-school care, summer program. 110 N. Lansdowne Avenue, Lansdowne, PA 19050. (610) 622-2545.

**Services Offered**

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

Visit <www.QuakerWedding.com> on the Web
Over 30 color photos of illustrated and calligraphed wedding certificates realistically hand-drawn in colored inks. Ketubahs, gay celebrations of commitment, and non-Quaker examples. Browse information, ideas, and online form for fast estimates. E-mail <snowlowski@att.net> Jennifer Snow Wolf, a birthright Friend, for-no-charge sample vows. We don’t spam. Allow one month for certificates.

We are a fellowship, Friends mostly, seeking to enrich and expand our spiritual experience. We seek to obey the promptings of the Spirit, however, and are open to consider suggestions. Inquiries welcome! Write Quaker Universalist Fellowship, 121 Watson Mill Road, Landenberg, PA 19343.

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

**Journey’s End Farm Camp**

Journey’s End Farm Camp is a farm devoted to children for sessions of two or three weeks each summer. Farm animals, gardening, nature, ceramics, shop, nonviolence, simplicity, reverence for nature are emphasized in our program centered in the life of a Quaker farm family. For 32 boys and girls, 7–12 years. Welcome all races. Apply early. Carl and Kristin Curtis, R1 Box 136, Newfoundland, PA 18445. Telephone: (570) 693-3911. Financial aid available.

**Summer Rentals**

Providence, France. Beautiful secluded stone house, village near Avignon, 3BR (sleeps-5), kitchen/dining room, spacious living room, modern bathroom, terrace, court, and large, well-manicured garden. Separate second house sleeps 4. Both available year-round $1,200–2,900/mo. www.rentalsprovence.com. E-mail: traditional@rentalsprovence.com. For information call 778-3029 Saint Victor, France, cmstjomon@wanadoo.fr or J. Simon, 126 Bondcroft, Buffalo, NY 14226, (716) 836-9569.

**Consulting Services**

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

**Night Eagger Wilderness Adventures**, in Vermont’s Green Mountains, is a unique primitive camp designed to build a boy’s self-confidence and foster a better understanding of native peoples and their relationship with the Earth. Activities tend to spring from the natural environment and teach boys to rely on their own ingenuity. Through community living and group decision making participants learn to build and maintain a spirit of cooperation rather than competition. For 40 boys, ages 10–14. Two, four, and eight week sessions available. We invite you to look at our website: <www.nighteaggerwilderness.com> or contact us for a full brochure. (802) 779-7600.

Pendle Hill’s High School Youth Camp, for ages 15–18, July 6–13, 2003. Join 20 young people from all over the country in service projects, Quaker community life, exploration of social justice issues, sessions in art studio, field trips, and fun. Call (610) 588-4507/800-742-3150, extension 129; or write <julien@pendlehill.org>.

**Camp Woodbrooke, Wisconsin**


**Camp Streamwood, USA**

Make friends, make music at Friends Music Camp. Summer program emphasizing music, community, Quaker values. For information, contact the Friends Music Camp, P.O. Box 427, Yellow Springs, OH 45387. (937) 767-1311 or (937) 767-1818. <musiccamp@yahoo.com>.

**Summer Camp Dark Waters**

One- and two-week sessions for boys and girls ages 7–14. Built on the Quaker testimonies of Peace, Education, Simplicity, Stewardship, Equality, and Integrity, our diverse community builds new friendships in a family atmosphere. We live and play together and learn to appreciate one another in our outdoor, residential camp setting. For information call Travis (609) 654-8866, P. O. Box 253, Medford, NJ 08055. Financial aid available.

**Summer Camps**

**Camp Waterways**

Located in Greensboro, North Carolina, this residential camp for boys and girls ages 7–14 offers a variety of fun, challenging activities designed to build self-confidence, leadership, and team building skills. Inquiries welcome. Ingredients: Swimming, boating, hiking, challenge courses, arts and crafts, music, dance, and other activities. For information call (856) 795-0303.

**Friends Journal January 2003**
The Resident Student Program

Our Resident Student Program remains a unique experiment in adult education—a place to gain knowledge and insight while deepening your awareness of God and of your own path in the world.

Resident students at Pendle Hill have an opportunity rare in today's world: to step back from the routine and experience life itself as curriculum. All the components of this innovative program—engaging classes, daily worship, communal work, shared meals, social action, community activities—interconnect to form an experience that is greater than the sum of its parts.

Social Witness Internships

Each year our Resident Study Program includes up to seven interns who take part in some classes and other campus activities while also engaging in community service and action. Some are involved in Pendle Hill's programs in urban community justice and peace activism, while others follow their individual leadings in self-designed projects. One or more internships are designated to support African-American activists. Internships last the full three terms of the Resident Program year.

Who Comes to Pendle Hill—and Why?

"At 52 and after 22 years of practicing law—in the government and in private practice, I felt called to listen more deeply to what the Spirit wanted of me, to discern what gifts I had that weren't being fully used.

Pendle Hill gave me the space and pace to explore those questions, and, perhaps more importantly, a supporting community of fellow seekers also deeply engaged in listening to the promptings of the Spirit for right action in the world."

—John Meyer, Resident Program student, 2002

2003–2004 Term Dates

Autumn: September 26–December 13
Winter: January 2–March 13
Spring: March 26–June 5

Contact Bobbi Kelly to find out more:
800.742.3150 (U.S. only) ext. 137
610.566.4507 ext. 137
admissions@pendlehill.org

Pendle Hill
A Quaker Center for Study and Contemplation
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www.pendlehill.org