The Invisible World
Chemical Awareness
Jesus Came to My Door One Sunday Morning
Among Friends

What Does Faithfulness Require?

It is late January as I write, and I find myself pondering what will have happened by the time this issue is in the mail late in February. Our nation is poised for war, equipment and troops have been dispatched to the Middle East to wait for their orders to proceed. Tomorrow the president will give his State of the Union address. Yet, not since the '60s has there been such strong antirwar sentiment in our nation. In those days we didn’t have the benefit of the Internet to communicate with each other. Today it is possible to collect hundreds of thousands of signatures and raise large sums of money literally overnight, as organizations such as www.MoveOn.org, <www.truemajority.com>, and <www.notinourname.net> have been doing with notable success. It also is possible to stay abreast of how the war resistance movement is faring at websites such as www.commondreams.org>, <www.nccusa.org/news/newshome.html> (the National Council of Churches), <www.unitedforpeace.org>, and, of course, through Friends Committee on National Legislation <www.fcnl.org> and American Friends Service Committee <www.afsc.org>. Through the efforts of organizations such as these and others, a remarkable grassroots anti-war campaign is underway, bringing hundreds of individuals to lobby their members of Congress, and hundreds of thousands to antirwar rallies across the nation.

On January 18, my family and I joined the largest of these rallies in Washington, D.C. There, hundreds of thousands of protestors congregated peacefully to hear politicians, celebrities, and antirwar activists speak out against a U.S. war on Iraq. We celebrated the birth of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., who in 1967 said to us, “We can no longer afford to worship the god of hate or bow before the altar of retaliation. The oceans of history are made turbulent by the ever-rising tides of hate. History is cluttered with the wreckage of nations and individuals who pursued this self-defeating path of hate. . . . We still have a choice today: nonviolent coexistence or violent cannibalization. We must move past indecision to action. . . . If we do not act, we shall surely be dragged down the long, dark, shameful corridors of time reserved for those who possess power without compassion, might without morality, and strength without sight.” Dr. King’s vision is still a galvanizing one. It was heartening and moving to witness such an enormous gathering of individuals of all races and ages coming to visibly and personally protest our nation’s current direction. In the days since this demonstration, we’ve heard encouraging words that the tide has begun to turn, and that support for a war is seriously eroding at home and abroad, despite the rhetoric of our present administration.

In this issue ‘Dolph Ward Goldenburg writes, “Jesus Came to My Door One Sunday Morning” (p. 12). His article reflects on the way that we can come face to face with the reality that “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me” (Matt. 25:40). As I ponder whether or not we will be at war in March, attacking Iraqis, many of whom will be ordinary civilians—even harmless children—I think about what Jesus would have to say to us now. “Go, and sin no more,” seems a likely possibility.

SUSAN CORSON-FINNERTY
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Cover photo © Joseph Tritsch
Let's rename the day of the attack on the Twin Towers and the Pentagon

As someone whose birthday is September 11, I am on a campaign to rename this day. While I certainly think it should be commemorated and talked about, I am really sick of hearing the date repeated ad nauseam, as if it were the very definition of evil itself.

My first choice is to call it Transformation Day, but other possibilities are Twin Towers Day, or New York Day—we have Pearl Harbor Day and Hiroshima Day, why not New York Day? If people feel they must call the event by its date, at least the year could be included. Not every September 11th is a bad day.

I beg Friends and others not to take my special day and make it synonymous with evil and destruction. One might argue that it was the attackers who did this (and I don’t know why they didn’t pick July 4, a day already known by its date and that has some balancing positive associations). But, for me, it is not so much the fact that these things happened on my birthday as it is the constant repetition of the date itself that upsets me. After all, there are people whose birthdays are August 6 or December 7, but they don’t have to keep hearing the date of their birth repeated over and over again.

Marian Rhys
Novato, Calif.

Politics is not just one thing

Maurice Boyd, in “Are Friends called to political inaction?” (Forum, FJ Dec. 2002), wonders what it means or should mean for us today that Philadelphia Friends were advised to withdraw from political activity at the time of the Revolutionary War—even from voting, since government at the time was “founded and supported in the spirit of wars and fighting.” One could say today that our government is conducted in the spirit of domination and suppression even in the absence of wars and fighting (and in this, Bush seems little different from Clinton), so should we not consider withdrawing from politics and closing down Friends Committee on National Legislation, to which Friend Maurice has just been appointed? I suspect that some similar question has rumbled through the minds of many Friends.

The question cannot be answered, because “politics” means many different things.

One sense of “politics” is based on just the spirit that Friends in 1776 discerned, a spirit of war and fighting that separates “us” from “them” and vows to “win” even if “they” must be eliminated or reduced to slavery in the process. The most profound and consistent exponent of politics in this sense is Carl Schmitt, whose short book, The Concept of the Political, is worth reading in spite of its difficulty, because it is so thorough and relentless in its argument. Politics as Schmitt describes it is a confrontational zero-sum affair in which Friends could never easily participate. Electoral politics unfortunately seems to incorporate more and more of this warlike spirit.

Another sense of “politics” derives more from Aristotle and has to do with constructing a stable, just society in which people can achieve productive and happy lives. It is integrational rather than confrontational. Whereas Schmitt’s sense of what “politics” means is derived from observing the nitty-gritty of the circumstances, the Aristotelian sense is derived from thinking about what should and could happen in government, conceived as an institution that serves and releases the human spirit. Constitutional politics, and often judicial actions, are political in this sense, as well as other activities that limit what officeholders can do to certain specified powers. Another important arm of politics in this sense is programs and activities that assist the process of governance through nonconfrontational, non-zero-sum means, such as negotiation, mediation, and servant-leadership. Politics in this sense, in the words of Robert Greenleaf, keeps its hands away from the daily use of power. It is therefore based on the conviction (contrary to Schmitt) that the use of power is not the only part of politics, perhaps not even the most important part.

Neither of the above senses of “politics” would include the main work of Gandhi, or Martin Luther King Jr., nor acts of conscience such as conscientious objection. Such work is confrontational, but it is not warlike and plays no part in governance. (Neither Gandhi nor King had any role in government or electoral politics; in this respect Nehru and Andrew Young were very different from their mentors.) I do not know whether to call the work of Gandhi and King a kind of “politics” or not. Many people do, but Philip Pettit prefers to call it “anti-politics” because of its confrontation of officeholders. The American Civil Liberties Union, Amnesty International, Human Rights Watch, and other such organizations play a role importantly similar to conscientious objection to war. Such work limits what government officials can do, never directly assisting in getting things done, is bound to be annoying—but counts as part of “politics” in the broadest sense, perhaps even in an Aristotelian sense.

“Politics” is not just one thing. There really are distinctly different sorts of activity that go under the same name. FCNL has had to wrestle with the consequent confusions. I hope that Friend Maurice and FCNL will, in the spirit of the Philadelphia Friends of 1776, continue to search for ways to withdraw from zero-sum politics, but without withdrawing from the whole sphere of politics in the sense of a search for a more just, stable, and peaceful society.

Newton Garver
Buffalo, N.Y.

A different view

Reflecting on Marianne Dugan’s letter in the Forum (“Let’s understand peace and conflict,” FJ Sept. 02), I feel led to clarify certain points that I made. I will keep this brief; those wishing more detail may contact me through the meeting I attend (Friends Meeting of Boone, P.O. Box 301 DTS, Boone, NC 28607) or directly at <cvcey@unc.edu>.

In regard to instigation of violence, Gandhi and King intentionally held illegal marches and demonstrations, flouting their plans to the authorities. The authorities broke them up, often resorting to violence, as the protestors did not respond to the rule of law. It was expected: King and Gandhi planned to use the violence for propaganda. If I challenge someone to a fight or dare someone to vandalize my home, I am instigating a crime. The other person is guilty if they act, but I bear culpability for provoking the act.

“Civil disobedience” is another name for an “illegal assembly.” People holding

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A social movement that could abolish war

Our Peace Testimony stands out as central to our faith. Simply stated, we commit ourselves to not participating in the taking of human life. It seems impossible for Quakers and other peace groups to uphold this commitment. Nearly 50 percent of the money we give to the government through income taxes goes for the military; killing, destruction of homes, schools, businesses, and other sources of income. We don’t follow what we believe. How can we do that?

There is an answer. In the early days of Quakerism, William Penn, a prominent Quaker whose father held a high military position, went to George Fox, the founder of Quakerism, and explained how impossible it was for him to give up wearing his sword. When he asked, “What shall I do?” George Fox answered, “Wear thy sword as long as thou canst.” It is that simple. Something inside of us may well be saying, “Pay your income tax as long as you can.” It may not be very long if the Spirit is speaking to you and the message doesn’t go away.

My experience has been a challenging one. I learned gradually about the power of nonviolent direct action and love as exhibited by Jesus, St. Francis of Assisi, Gandhi, Martin Luther King Jr., and A.J. Muste. In World War II, I was taken from my job helping people in the slums to survive and put into prison for not cooperating with the military stand of our government. Following the war, I was drawn into social welfare programs with the federal government and had to pay large amounts of income tax. Gradually, it dawned on me that a large percentage of my income tax was going into the military budget. First it was about 35 percent, but it kept climbing to nearly 50 percent. I worked to the top of the federal payroll and was getting a good salary.

I finally woke up! I was blatanly contradicting all my belief in the power of love in human relations and the power of nonviolent direct action. At the height of my career, I knew that if I was to have faith in the power of the teachings and the example of Jesus and other spiritual leaders, I would have to resign from my job, give up my retirement security, and find a way to live below the income tax level where one does not have to pay the tax. I resigned my position in 1974.

It hasn’t been easy by some standards, and I had a lot to learn about how to live simply, buying used clothing, doubling up in housing, and driving a 15-year-old car. The result? I felt a great relief. I was no longer, indirectly, taking human lives. My three children went to college and succeeded on their own. I had the freedom to be more creative and effective in my social reform projects. No salary needed. At 84 years, I feel it is useless to spend a lot of energy worrying about how long I am going to live. I just want to be doing what I love and feel led to do.

We have spent trillions preparing for possible or extended wars. Many millions have been killed by war and organized violence. Now, the very survival of our planet is at stake. There is another way. If 15 percent of our adult population openly took such a stand for peace and refused to pay income tax for the military, the masses could become convinced—and our planet could be radically changed. Let us wait in deep silence until God speaks to us. Then we will know what is right and we will be miraculously supported.

Kent R. Larrabee
Medford, N.J.

An essay that speaks for itself

Thank you for the recent special issue on prisons (FJ Oct. 02). It certainly provides a unique look at prison life from many different perspectives. I have been corresponding with Robert, a prisoner on death row in Mississippi, for several years and want to share his thoughts about living on death row with other readers. He gave me permission to do so, and his words follow below. He remains quite positive and optimistic in spite of his circumstances.

Could I do the same?

Roz Rae
Colorado Springs, Colo.

My favorite place and what it means to me

Many years ago, before I came to death row, I would have said that my favorite place was one of the many beautiful beaches in the world with their clean, white sand and their blue waters, but now I would have to say without a doubt that my favorite place is somewhere within me for no one else to see. It allows me to dream, wonder, roam, and meditate. This place inside me is special because no matter how many chains the prison puts on my hands and feet, I still can go anywhere in this world that I choose.

I do my best to stay positive and out of trouble, but sometimes my surroundings will not let that happen. I escape to my special place at night when most people are asleep or about to go to sleep, but sometimes during the day I have to put on my radio headphones and listen to songs with no words, and the musical instruments allow me to meditate very easily. If I were still a free man, I would not know of this special place within me because my life was being lived at a fast pace and I felt like I was missing out on something if I slowed down. Now I am in a place where I have no other choice but to slow down. My meditation practices have developed to the point where things come into focus so clearly. Sometimes when I come out of my meditation, I am a little alert and frightened because I feel like I

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W hen I was a small child, I can remember a time when I was caught doing something I should not have been doing, and was marched up the stairs to my father's study, to that place where I knew I would be punished. Entering that room, which even now seems reserved for serious adult business, I wanted to disappear. All I could think of doing was putting my hands over my eyes and thereby eliminating everything around me. For all practical purposes, I had disappeared, becoming invisible.

Children know far more about the invisible than most adults. They live in imaginary gardens; they can become what they have never seen. Through sympathetic imagination they can enter strange worlds as participants.

Adults, of course, know reality when they see it. They live in a world of facts and objects; they cannot often participate in the unknown or invisible without being thought foolish. They do not understand the playfulness of imagination, which can suspend the material world long enough to enter temporarily into regions beyond the obvious.

Perhaps this explains why Jesus associated with children, and why he set a child before his disciples as an example of faith. It is not that a child understands more, but that one is willing to consider invisible truths and enter into them playfully. Faith has about it the quality of sympathetic imagination—capable of grasping what is not apparent, entering into the lives of strangers, intuiting possibilities where others see only facts.

Contrary to what our senses tell us, we live in the midst of invisible worlds. Most of the universe around us is invisible, even when seen with the most sophisticated instruments. Our bodies, seemingly solid, are energy fields, made of the same stuff as stars. And even the smallest snowflake speaks of mystery.

The danger of sympathetic imagination is that of becoming lost in the invisible world, drawing away from what is seen and diminishing it. But this is not our danger today. We suffer from poverty of imagination. Many of us cannot be faithful because we cannot be like children. Our sense of playfulness has been left behind. If we had faith, we could move mountains, or we could build them.

The snow outside has been falling. I know what I see: everything is buried under white. The world is white.

During Quaker meeting a while ago, someone related a story out of a previous storm, when someone had remarked that “snow is tons of water falling silently to Earth.” And so it is.

But I have faith. Although the snow looks even, no two snowflakes are the same, and under the snow are patches of green and potential spring flowers.
MEETING FOR WORSHIP

You can get there from anywhere.

Put in the center of the patched, fir floor:

An orange peel
Or a bowl of water
Or this small blue rug.

In the real world,
In this room for instance,
There is always an arc
Waiting for us to add the colors
With our broken crayons.

Anything taken seriously will do
Including hilarity
Or Ecclesiastes
Or this small blue rug.

Put anything there in the center
Or for that matter
Pay attention to the patched, fir floor.

Whatever occurs to you will do
To connect us:
A song
Or all the unreported rapes
Or this small blue rug.

You can get there from anywhere.

—Janeal Turnbull Ravndal

GOD CAME TO VISIT

God came to visit today.
Took his skin off.
Changed his skeleton into a galaxy.
Dressed himself in mists.
Adorned himself with finches and stars,
And joined me for a latte.
Neither of us spoke much.
What we shared was simple:
A longing, a joy, a vulnerability,
Perched on the edge of life,
Surrounded by the eternal abyss.

—Rick Ells

Janeal Turnbull Ravndal, a member of Stillwater Meeting in Barnesville, Ohio, lives and works at Pendle Hill in Wallingford, Pa.

Rick Ells is a member of Salmon Bay Meeting in Seattle, Wash.

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To better understand an adult’s behavior, psychologists often investigate the individual’s childhood experience. Events that take place in the early years can form attitudes that shape actions in later life. It would not be surprising if this held true for institutions, too. This observation may apply to many facets of the Quaker experience; here I want to consider whether meetings may have become overly constrained because of early experiences in the fledgling movement.

George Fox’s Journal is, for the most part, a sober, matter-of-fact account, dictated many years after the events it portrays. The emotional drama is inferred from the narrative rather than being expressed outright. Yet there is one passage slipped in from another hand that gives a direct glimpse of George Fox expressing himself. It is an apparently verbatim report of the preeminent organizer of Quakerism speaking in a meeting. Entitled “An Address to Friends in the Ministry,” it was given at John Crooke’s house on Third month 31, 1658.

Some parts of this report are familiar—the underpinnings of Quakerism as we know it today: “And let none be hasty to speak; for ye have time enough, and with an eye ye may reach the witness; neither let any be backward when ye are moved, for that brings destruction.” But one part seems more relevant to my topic:

Now a man when he is come out of the world he cometh out of the dirt, then he must not be rash, for now when he cometh into a silent meeting that is another state...; when he hath been in the world and among the world, the heat is not yet off him, for he may come in the heat of his spirit out of the world; now the other[s] are still cool, and his condition is that, not being agreeable to theirs, he may rather do them hurt, begetting them out of the cool state into the heating state, if he be not in that which commands his own spirit, and gives him to know it.

This passage exhorts ministers to calm themselves from the cares and excitement of everyday life. But in the light of tendencies that had already been manifested among early Friends, it also hints at the dangers of listening to voices with heavier, hotter messages. Coolness and “keeping low” were essential behavior, essential in Fox’s view not only to sincere understanding, but to the unity of Quakerism.

Early on, Quakerism ran into the problem of unity. If everyone has the Truth within them and is called to act out that truth, how can agreement be reached on proper speech and action? It took a period of development and consolidation to reach the organizational consensus that we enjoy today, albeit sometimes precariously.

Quakerism arose amid an atmosphere of religious ferment. Ranters espoused a personal view of truth: that inner inspiration gives license to conduct free from moral fetters. Millenarianism expected the end of the world—in 1656, 1660, and then 1666. Fifth Monarchists, who looked for the violent establishment of Christ’s Kingdom on Earth, were a threat to the state. Quakers were at times confused with them and arrested on the same charges of sedition. And while women were still disfranchised in most ways, a few found individual voices and shocked the orthodox by traveling the country to challenge male priests.

No wonder Quakers had internal struggles to maintain their unity of vision, and external struggles to be seen as a sincere and nonthreatening religious movement. In the first half century of Quakerism’s existence the tendencies towards individualistic expression did on occasion threaten the unity of vision, maybe even its continuing existence. What follows are three major examples of this.

James Nayler
James Nayler’s “running out” is one of the best known chapters in the Quaker history book. Not only did he appear for a time to be a challenger for the leadership of the fledgling sect, but he allowed himself to be worshiped as an embodiment of Jesus Christ—at least that is how his contemporaries saw it. In the notorious 1656 incident in Bristol, James Nayler rode into town on a donkey with several women and a couple of men crying “Hosanna” to him and scattering rushes, a direct reenactment of Jesus’ entry into Jerusalem. This case became a national cause célèbre; he was subsequently sentenced to be flogged with 315 lashes through the streets of London and again in Bristol, and to have his tongue bored with a hot iron and his forehead branded with a B (for blasphemer). This was the type of publicity that the Quakers did not need, and much more importantly was the type of individual apocalyptic action, a personal vision of inner truth, that could have splintered the young movement into irreparable shards.

John Perrot
The case of John Perrot, from 1661 on, was a more organized challenge to the movement that was crystallizing around the organizational skills of George Fox. John Perrot’s followers became known as the “hat men,” from the main outward effect of the movement, which was to deny the necessity of removing hats upon entering meeting, which was the custom for men as a mark of piety and respect. It

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Nayler riding into Bristol on Palm Sunday, surrounded by ship. Many members viewed his espousal of even the simplest forms for worship and the upper class generally. Just as Quakers of John Perrot saw no need to make refusal to remove their hats before judges of address, of their distinguishing actions—one for God, and to abjure rituals, so the followers were prosecuted—was the refusal to remove their hats before judges and the upper class generally. Just as Quakers insisted on using the familiar form of address, "thou," to all people and to God, and to abjure rituals, so the followers of John Perrot saw no need to make such an artificial distinction for meeting for worship.

John Perrot was an intensely spiritual person who received divine inspiration while a prisoner of the Inquisition in Rome; but his raptures led him into a negative mysticism that made him deny the imposition of even the simplest forms for worship. Many members viewed his espousal of a more inspirational spirituality with enthusiasm—there was even a book published, with a title that starts: "The Spirit of the Hat, or the Government of the Quakers" and continues for some 51 other words—and although John Perrot was banished to Barbados, it was many years before the challenges to Quaker unity by his followers, in North America as well as in Britain, died down. In 1672, while visiting Long Island, George Fox noted, "There we met with some of the hat spirit which was judged down and condemned. And the Truth was set over all." A couple of pages later he mentions, "I had a great travail concerning the Ranters... I knew the Lord would give me power over them and he did."

The Wilkinson-Story Separation

The Wilkinson-Story separation arose around 1675. To a large extent it was the need to strengthen the newly named Religious Society of Friends against individualistic challenges like that of John Perrot that had led to the setting up of a centralized system of monthly and quarterly meetings. John Wilkinson and John Story led a protest against what they saw as overregulation of spiritual affairs through this centralized order, and of the new tendency of the Quaker system to censure individual meeting decisions. They particularly resented the condemnation of individual actions by Friends who were not members of the monthly meeting concerned but came from other parts of the country. Although this controversy was more organizational in nature than the other two, like them it was largely personality-based and an attempt by individuals to assert their own version of truth against an outward imposition of conformity. Most weighty Friends lined up against the schismatics. William Penn wrote that church order was a manifestation of heavenly discipline. "Keep in the Unity" was the new message, holding more weight than "Follow the Truth within," as we might categorize the earlier leadings of Quakerism.

Without the strenuous efforts to root out messianism and personality-based movements, Quakerism could probably not have survived, just as other movements born of the same era have vanished. We might have been but a footnote to social history had the struggle to counter the effects of James Nayler, John Perrot, John Wilkinson, and John Story not been waged.

How has this need for unity and restraint affected us today? Did we pay a price for this survival strategy, for the continued tidy organization of our affairs? The tradition of staying low, of remaining cool, may be protecting Quakerism, but it could be hampering us too. Still for a while the turmoil of the outside world enriches our worship—the telephone rings during meeting for worship and it is ignored. That is a mark of strength. But if someone should be seized by the Spirit, visibly shaking and behaving irrationally, or if they should cry hallelujahs, will we look askance, fearing for the decorum of our time-hallowed ways?

This inquiry into the damping-down of schismatic tendencies started from a curiosity about diversity in North American Quakerism, and whether the lack of a more demonstrative worship, of a more emotional recognition of the Spirit, hampers outreach to a wider congregation. And is keeping cool a necessary part of Quakerism, or is it a way of unconsciously defending a little turf, in part a result of historical influences that may or may not still be relevant? Quakerism still has schismatic tendencies that surface from time to time, and such a small movement cannot afford to be further fragmented—but just as once the danger lay in being too hot, today it may lie in keeping low and being too restrained.

This derisive cartoon was printed with an anti-Quaker tract in 1674. It shows James Nayler riding into Bristol on Palm Sunday, surrounded by adoring followers.
"The principle source of truth must be the Truth itself. When we trace a stream to the place where it gushes from the Earth we can go no farther. The wellspring has to be considered the source, for the interior of the Earth cannot be plumbed and its ramifications are inscrutable."

—Robert Barclay, Apology (1678)

I will always remember the day when I was forced to admit I needed reading glasses. Like so many changes in midlife, it seemed an illusion at first. I hoped that the blurred markings on the page would eventually become clear if I simply rested my eyes. But the words didn’t become clearer. The loss of my perfect vision was something to grieve about. I could no longer be certain that my eyes were not deceiving me. Furthermore, when I finally accepted my condition and was fitted with the appropriate lenses, I realized that if I wore them all the time, even when I was not reading, my vision of things more than a few feet away became unfocused. I needed to accept my limitations, and to learn to adjust my remaining faculties to changing circumstances—trusting that the truth was something greater than what I perceived it to be at any given moment.

Robert Barclay (1648–1690), was the first, and some may argue the only, systematic theologian in the history of the Religious Society of Friends. He wrote his profound and influential Apology at a time when Friends were recovering from persecution by the secular establishment of England. The early movement was sufficiently motivated by the unmediated revelation of the Spirit within, as opposed to theological doctrine and ecclesiastical authority. But, with the advent of the age of the Enlightenment, many Friends felt there was a need to face their detractors in more formal debate. The continuing growth of the Religious Society depended on defensible rational grounds for its version of primitive Christianity—a faith closer to the original (spontaneous and oral) teachings of Jesus and to the experience of the earliest church community.

While Robert Barclay’s work has never been accepted as a definitive statement of Quaker belief, it is true to Friends’ conviction of a personal faith, inspired from within and confirmed by Scripture and group unity within their historical context. For Robert Barclay, it has been described as a “thinking through” from the strict Calvinism of his youth, to the Roman Catholicism of his education, and finally to his Quaker conviction. The contemporary editor of Barclay’s Apology, Dean Freiday, maintains that through this work, Quakers made a 200-year leap into the future. As opposed to literal, proof-text interpretations, they adopted a synoptic and situational approach. In the first instance, all biblical statements on a certain subject had to be harmonized. There was no patience with isolated proof texts. In the second instance, the truth needed to be tested against the situational context in which they were written and in which the readers found themselves. Robert Barclay agreed with the Protestant reformers who felt that the authority of the Scriptures did not depend on the approval or authority of any church—nor were they subject to corruption by human reason. But,
he wrote, “We cannot go to the length of those Protestants who derive their authority from the virtue and power that is in the writings themselves. We desire to ascribe everything to the Spirit from which they came.”

In his preambles to the discussion of Scripture he wrote, “Because the Scriptures are only a declaration of the source, and not the source itself, they are not to be considered the principal foundation of all truth and knowledge. They are not even to be considered as the adequate primary rule of all faith and practice. Yet, because they give a true and faithful testimony of the source itself, they are and may be regarded as a secondary rule that is subordinate to the Spirit, from which they obtain all their excellence and certainty.”

This is a very familiar position, considering that it later became a key element in liberal Protestantism. While it continues to arouse vehement opposition from the more literalist theologians, it has also proven to be an effective defense against theological hardening of the arteries. I have always been attracted to the more liberal school of interpretation myself. But, I confess, I am often tempted to take the easy route of fundamentalism. In a world of so many changes and relativistic theories, I know what it is to hunger for an infallible source of assurance.

At present, the best I can do is to accept Scripture as a unique, or incomparable, approach to the truth. For the Christian theologian, it is the primary witness to the historical revelation through Jesus. The theologian receives this message through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit (a phrase that always seems to require more elaboration), and interprets it in the language of rational discourse—translating the message into a systematic form that can be used by people in their daily search for understanding.

Systematic theology is, to begin with, Christ-centered. The historical specificity of the events of the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus attests to the fact that we are not dealing with an abstraction, but a series of remarkable events in the history of the world that continues to be a leavening agent today. The Bible in which we read the story of Jesus is the closest historical evidence of its truth.

Modern developments in biblical criticism have enabled us to reaffirm our dependence on this incomparable resource. We now have the tools to relate specific texts and passages to the whole content of Scripture, and to allow the whole content of Scripture to be illuminated by critical evaluation of specific texts. With such tools, contextual questions may be raised. We are alerted to the “settings-in-life” of particular extracts, the cultural and social biases of individual authors, and related influences that remind us of the fallibility of human understanding.

At the same time, interpretation of the text helps us to rediscover the meaning of the enormous event in which God walked among us, sharing even our confusion and suffering. To read the Scripture in this light is to read it in the same spirit that inspired the original authors and their communities. As Barclay affirmed, “It is the spiritual things that take place in the individual heart that are the life of Christianity.” In this domain, we find the preliminary spadework of the theologian.

Christians have traditionally interpreted the whole of Scripture as witnessing to the single Christ event in the life of Jesus. But this only has enduring relevance in our day when, as theologian Frederick Herzog writes in Justice Church, “We are intimately involved in the same matrix of life in which Messiah Jesus incarnated God.” The event witnessed in the past is one that continues to happen in the present, drawing us into the action. We have the same difficulties the early Christians had absorbing this insight. Moreover, contextual factors in our time are even more complex, leaving many in despair and retreating to the alleged certainties of fundamentalism. Yet, by changing lenses rather than confusing the stream of revelation with its mysterious source, we may yet experience God’s grace infusing our lives with love, hope, and understanding.

Participating in God’s redemptive act, the theologian explores the dialectic between what has been written and what can be experienced in the present moment. Being alert to possible distortions in understanding, our limitations may also be illuminated and transformed into real strengths. While many contextual distortions have become so embedded in our understanding through the centuries, our vastly improved lenses may help us to see beyond the words, to hear the original voices of expectation and despair that echo the human experience.

Scripture is a medium that reflects human limitations. This should alert the theologian to the fact that interpretation of the “good news” for our contemporaries is also subject to personal biases and social distortions. Testing our vision, changing and cleaning the lenses we wear every day is a continuing responsibility. Liberation theologies, for example, have helped us to appreciate the value of modern psychol­
Jesus came to my door one Sunday morning, but it wasn't a convenient time. The night before Jesus arrived, I had attended a local wedding of two good friends, and I was hosting an older woman who had come to Atlanta for the occasion.

On Sunday morning, I hear a light tapping on the front door. Assuming the visitor is a close friend from the wedding party, I throw on some clothes and run downstairs. Surprise. I open the door, and I am hosting an older woman who had come to Atlanta for the occasion.

The young man stands in front of my door dripping wet from a rain shower that rumbled through Atlanta several hours before. He quickly explains that his car broke down a few blocks away and asks to use my phone to call his mother. Apologetically, I tell him that I have an overnight guest and offer to call for him while he waits on the porch. I extend my hand to introduce myself and learn that his name is Chris. I also learn that he is bone thin. After reciting his mother's phone number, he begins to cry. He says, "Tell her I'm ready to do right, I want to come home."

Since his mother is not home, I leave a message on her answering machine. I return to the porch to tell the young man that I left a message and say, "You can check back this afternoon to see if she returned the call. At this point, I can make you some breakfast, but that's about all I can do." I feel relieved, knowing that I have done my part and will still make it to an early-morning breakfast with friends from the wedding and then to meeting for worship.

I bring several sandwiches, fruit, and water to him as he sits on the porch. As I give him breakfast, he once again chokes up and asks, "Can you call my aunt? I really need to reach someone. I don't have to wait for her here, I'll wait on the corner." I figure, in for a penny, in for a pound, and ask for his aunt's number. I wake his aunt up and explain that I don't know her but her nephew is in bad shape on my front porch. Aunt Betty starts to cry. She confirms my suspicion that Chris is an addict and says, "We haven't heard from him in months. I'm coming to get him so don't let him leave." I protest that Chris wants to meet her on the corner, but she again says, "Please don't let him leave."

Back on the porch, I tell Chris that his aunt will meet him at my home and it will take her about two hours to drive here. I also explain that I need to check on my houseguest who, with all the commotion, has begun stirring upstairs. My houseguest is a Baptist from a small Georgia town. Knowing that she'll understand my predicament, I walk upstairs and say, "Jesus Christ came to my door this morning." She looks at me and says, "Well, all right, is the door open?" I realize that the door is open and return to talk to Chris, but I wonder if her question had a double meaning.

Chris and I sit on the porch for the two hours, learning more about each other. He admits that he is a crack addict. He confesses that he has at least three warrants for his arrest. He tells me that he had planned to meet a friend at 9 A.M. outside of Backstreets, a gay club, and I assume that Chris is also a sex worker. We talk about addiction and recovery, especially those recovery programs for people who don't have a lot of money. As a former social worker, I recommend a few good programs in the area and wonder if he'll actually ever follow up on the recommendations.

At some point, I notice that he's wet and wonder if his aunt knows about the disturbing tattoos on his arm. I run inside and find an old long-sleeve shirt so he can change into something decent and dry.

Like most addicts, he's in denial about the true extent of his addiction. He knows that he needs to turn himself in for the outstanding warrants, but he also wants to go to his parents' home for a few days and relax. He tells me, "I just want to live a normal life for a few days, you know, see a

Dolph Ward Goldenburg attends Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting, is trained as a social worker, and is a fundraiser for Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish social service organizations.
Knowing that my houseguest will understand my predicament, I walk upstairs and say, “Jesus Christ came to my door this morning.” She looks at me and says, “Well, all right, is the door open?”

movie with my family,” I remind him that he last used drugs less than four hours before and that he’d be shaking and trembling by early afternoon. He falls silent. In the silence, I realize that he might like some coffee, and I brew a few cups for him.

At exactly 10 A.M. Chris says, “I hope you didn’t plan to do anything today.” Since I am normally settling into meeting for worship by this time, I respond, “I’m usually in church about now, but Jesus came to my door instead.” Chris gets this look that says, “Oh no, I’m going to have to believe something before I leave this porch.” I just chuckle and reassure him that I won’t evangelize to him. I still find it funny that anyone would mistake me for an evangelist.

Finally, his aunt arrives, and I walk into the house as the tearful reunion begins. After drying their tears, she comes into the house and thanks me, repeating that Chris is an addict and stressing that he needs to turn himself in to the police for his outstanding warrants. I encourage her to remain strong in her belief that he should turn himself in, but I know he will try to convince her otherwise.

For several days I didn’t know if Chris made it to jail or if he went back to using drugs and living on the streets again. Thankfully, his aunt called with a very positive update. She gave him the chance to run away from the situation by parking the car at a gas station and going inside for about ten minutes. To his credit, Chris stayed in the car and voluntarily turned himself in. Upon reporting to jail, the guards booked him on seven outstanding warrants—from stealing cars to robbery to using stolen credit cards. After being in jail for a few days, they asked him about several other crimes, and he admitted his involvement in them as well. His aunt explained to me that Chris would plead guilty to all the charges and spend 3 to 15 years in prison.

On a visitation day, his aunt asked him why he chose my house out of all the houses on my street. He saw me come home with my older houseguest the night before and thought that I was probably the only white person living on my street. He planned to rob me when he let him into the house and was surprised that I showed such kindness to him. He also told his aunt that I left my front door open for about three minutes, and he briefly thought about continuing with the planned robbery.

Recently I opened my door to Jesus, but I have never opened my door to a robber. That distinction made all the difference. Our interactions probably didn’t change his life, but they helped him make the right choices that day.

Toward a Theology of Angels

If angels exist, I don’t know what’s the matter with that except that there aren’t enough to go around, and some get lost on their way to special assignment. Certain people are missed and left without wings to lift them up, and they fall, leave their blood on the stones.

I’m waiting for the wind to die down, for the waters to clear and the cloud-cover to lift, so I can look for the missing angels, give directions to a man in the hospital, prisoners on Death Row, a bag lady freezing in the street, children playing with guns and land mines.

I want to tell unemployed angels about rivers in flood and families marooned on the roofs of houses, the bloated bodies of cattle, the debris of lives.

This is how you begin to wonder about angels, what we came here to learn, who we came to love, discomfort that moves from collarbone to scapulae, pin-feathers pushing your own wings out, when you pray the winds of God will rise to hold and send you.

—Jeanne Lohmann

Jeanne Lohmann is a member of Olympia (Wash.) Meeting.
I’ve spent over ten years in the habit of listening to people’s bodies. I let my hands guide my spirit through their flesh, tightness, muscle. I breathe and let my thoughts and prayers flow through as I discover and release what’s causing hurt, sadness, constriction. It’s not an easy business.

Sometimes this release is accompanied by tears, anger, or years of pent-up feelings of all kinds. Sometimes it renders a client cherubic, smiling, blissful. Sometimes clients are quiet, going deep. Sometimes, in a need to share, they talk and their words bubble up with new ease, like children.

Work on the body is much like a meeting for worship, and I suppose there is some accounting for this in the Bible’s reference to the body as a temple. The body lays itself out like a hollow and open vessel, containing endless possibilities of experience, and invites us in, to listen and find truth. Some people don’t like to visit their bodies. Many people don’t. The sensations we find there are sometimes confusing, unexplainable, and not in a language we understand. The process of discerning what these sensations have to say is like looking for God in meeting on a cold day—when you’ve gotten up on the wrong side of the bed.

The body holds feelings that only loosely translate as: dull ache, throbbing dark spot, raw joint, tight chord. Even words like these can’t adequately capture the deeper and more mysterious realm of the emotions behind sensations, the dark layers that contain old injuries, chronic twinges, and stiff limbs. Learning to truly listen to our bodies despite the foreignness, the strangeness of their messages, is truly a spiritual process.

Our bodies say a tremendous amount about us, and they don’t lie. Maybe that’s why we can be so uncomfortable with them. They contain infinite records of every experience, sometimes frozen in our very posture, solidified with passing years. In a moment, crossed arms and a tapping foot convey a kind of inaccessibility; shared touch or a more open body position can convey just the opposite.

I often find my mood unwittingly captured by my posture. At the beginning of a recent meeting for worship I sat twisted, legs crossed, arms covering my stomach, and slightly hunched as though I was committed to letting no one—even God—near my insides. Slowly, as meeting continued, I began to breathe. I watched the message of my body change, my limbs become more open and relaxed, my body straighter but loose. This, I thought, is a person more available to the Spirit.

We say that we are a community that believes deeply in the process of listening, and yet oftentimes it is our words and thoughts alone that we hear and sort in meeting or in life. We are the great listeners; and yet there is an infinite structure we carry with us every day that is rarely heard at all—unless the voices of the body become so loud that they cannot be ignored: an emergency, a fall, an accident. Our bodies call us into them, into their open and closed places. They call us to sit, to listen, to watch. They call us even to marvel at the wonder of them. In traditional Jewish prayer, the weekday morning schacharis service gives thanks to God for “openings and hollows,” for the very structures that make a trip to the toilet upon waking a possibility. How simple and beautiful this is!

We are less familiar with giving thanks to our bodies. Yet the Light Within is carried there, does live as a sensory experience in the very fiber of...
our cells. I know this feeling of lightness and can—if I pause to do so—locate it within my body: in the sensation of being filled up, cleansed, lightened. It is a quickening of the breath, an opening of the heart that feels as though a veil is lifted; a filling with something bright and clear, with spirit.

It is in fact the body that holds and shares this experience with us as long as we’re alive. It is the body’s wide range of sensations that communicates this very specific and profoundly transformative bliss. Our ancestors were in touch with a power that came through the fiber of their very bodies to tell them the presence of God was there. It is the body that tells me with its quivering heart that I must rise and say something, for reasons I may not understand. Being moved to speak comes not only from the mind but from a deep, deep place in the body itself.

When I lead clients into a bodywork session I often have them spend a moment simply listening to their bodies. I ask them to take a moment to see what areas call their attention, and then to move to each of those areas with an open mind, with compassion, and to listen. At that point we’re ready to begin the session. My clients have inhabited their bodies, have begun a listening process that continues at least until they get off my table, and oftentimes, beyond it.

I know it’s not practical to ask that all Quakers I know stop their lives to experience a massage (though I’d be ready and waiting if they did!), and yet I do wish that an exploration of the body was a more regular and natural part of our listening process with ourselves and with each other. Our bodies deliver messages—of where they’re hurt, or of what we’re holding. They may tell the truth of how we’re doing, a chance to be heard and to be understood. Our bodies do not only communicate the truth, but also to share that love and wisdom from a listening place with others. Though the premise is simple, the results can be miraculous.

As we grow in our spiritual communities, listening has the opportunity not only to become richer and more focused, it also can begin to take place on every level of our lives. While it’s not uncommon for me to begin meetings with a few cricks in the neck, rumblings of the stomach, or sleep behind the eyes, I have begun exploring these sensations as clues, following them and seeing where they lead. Sometimes they lead deeper into themselves until the sensations dissolve altogether. And sometimes by going deeper, something else—a thought or another sensation—bubbles up to the surface and takes me on the next journey. Either way, going deeply into sensation, with compassionate attention, heals.

I encourage us to listen to our bodies not only in our own meditation but in our service to others—in how we help the elderly or sick in our meetings and our communities. Their sensations, with or without words, also have a need for attention and compassion, for a still, small Voice of God. Our bodies contain silenced ministry.

Though our messages in meeting come through words and song, the body is wordless. In listening to it we may be closer to the Divine Silence than we ever stop to realize. Our bodies’ ways of communicating to us are simple and basic and take discernment, like the prayerful listening for the still, small voice of God. Our bodies contain a rich tapestry of feeling, sensation, emotion, ease, and disease, the deciphering of which can’t help but bring us closer and closer to the mystery of truth. □

Friends Journal March 2003
My life has brought me many gifts. Some I’ve appreciated, others I’ve sought to return. I’ve discovered that when events in our lives change our awareness, there is no returning the resulting, sometimes unwelcome, new perspectives. For over 35 years, I’ve been trying to return one of life’s “perspective presents” — without success. Finally, I’m seeing that what I’ve viewed as a handicap and a curse is an essential perception: a special ability.

This ability that events in my life have given me is that of chemical awareness. My body has become a sensitive biometer that registers the presence of unnatural, life-destructive chemicals — particularly airborne ones. In this category, I find the volatile organic compounds of artificial fragrances to be among my most difficult chemical challenges. Unlike other chemical practices, fragrance usage is largely an individual choice; it is one area of chemical pollution where everyone can make a difference. For this reason, I will use this as an example of destructive chemical impact on my health and functioning.

I’ve been told by several friends that they don’t understand why I make such a “big deal” out of fragrance usage. They don’t mean to be cruel; they are just ignorant of the terrific impact on my life of fragrance usage. Here’s an example:

I entered the bank — and knew immediately that I was in trouble. Heavy fragrance odor dominated the air. I could feel the impact on my brain and my nervous system. I left immediately, intending to use the ATM outside — but barely made it to my truck, parked nearby. I crawled inside and shook, cried, and generally suffered. I did all I could to minimize the impact of this “chemical hit.” I took vitamins C and A and put my coat, which had absorbed the fragrance, into a plastic bag and sealed it. I wiped my face, hair, and hands—all that wasn’t covered by my clothing — with a wet washcloth. Fragrance immediately clings to skin and hair: synthetic musk at work. I’d come to town prepared to deal with fragrance hits as best I could, but I couldn’t deal with this one.

The extreme effects of that 20-second exposure to a bank clerk’s fragrance lasted for over 6 hours. It took me several hours and much wandering in the rain in confusion, crying, just to find a pay telephone to call a neighbor. Fragrance chemicals affect the brain of those who have become chemically sensitized. Among other effects, these chemicals trigger unnatural firing of the limbic area, the center of emotions. This causes uncontrollable emotional responses. By the grace of my friends, I got home late that night. For the next two months, I was unable to bear any fragrance chemicals at all. My neighbors shopped for me.

Looking back on this event, I know that the chemicals I was exposed to in my dentist’s office the day before, plus fragrance in my relatives’ home that night, set me up for this instant and devastating reaction. What most people don’t realize is that the effects of exposure to airborne chemicals are cumulative in both chemically sensitized persons and those who haven’t yet shown this degree of impact. Though a chemically sensitive person may not immediately react to a fragrance exposure, such exposure increases the possibility that with additional exposures, he or she will react severely. The initial effect of unnatural airborne chemicals on those who are not yet chemically sensitized is more subtle and thus less likely to be noticed, initially. Over time, however, with continuing chemical exposure, one’s health and functioning are impacted.

I remember the clerk’s welcoming smile as I entered the bank, her obvious desire to please. I realize that she, and others, probably wear such fragrances to be more attractive in social situations. Most people never know when their fragrance products impact those around them. Chemically aware persons move away from the person or situation causing them pain and dysfunction. To stay around and speak of the effect of fragrance exposure is to increase the potential of a more serious reaction. Many who are not yet chemically sensitized have become aware of being affected by strong fragrances but feel powerless to go against our cultural taboos; we are conditioned not to speak critically of, or even seem to notice, another’s body care habits.

Fragrance chemicals have been the crowning blow to me of our society’s toxic chemical habits. When they began to be used by the majority of people, I and others like me were driven from our jobs; we lost friends and spiritual communities; we were badly impacted in our health. We were forced into the fringes of our world.

I’ve done considerable investigation of the research literature available about the components of modern artificial fragrances. Anyone with Internet access can do this for themselves. Simply do an Internet search: <fragrance> + <toxic ingredients>. According to what I’ve read, most (over 95 percent) of the ingredients used in fragrances come from petrochemicals. No research has been done on the health effects of products containing any of the 4,000–7,000 complex chemical compounds; no research design is currently adequate for this type of investigation.

The information on the ingredients that have been investigated is frightening. Some of them are listed as dangerous contaminants in the most polluted Superfund sites. We are rubbing these fragrance chemicals on our skins and on the skins of our children. As with airborne chemical exposure, absorption of these oil-based chemicals through our skin is cumulative. They are stored in our fat cells; our bodies’ water-based elimination systems cannot discharge them. Artificial fragrance and other chemicals become a permanent part of our bodily environment. In this manner, the pollution of our bodies resembles what is happening to our Earth. The Earth’s systems are also water-based; its natural processes of waste removal and renewal cannot flush out these life-destructive toxins.

I have read that there are those who are
born with a sensory malady that makes them unable to register pain. As children, they must be constantly supervised and carefully taught what dangerous situations to avoid. As adults, they must rely on learned concepts and behaviors rather than firsthand experience to avoid serious injury. If such sensory-deficient people were given to me when I was chemically injured, today. The position of the chemically aware person is that of a person who was given perspectives that I must share with my world. How shall I do this?

One of the ways that Friends act responsibly in accordance with their gifts—of insight, of spiritual transformation, of hope for our world—is to "speak truth to power." These words have lately been haunting me. What do they mean in the context of my life? Have I spoken my truths to the powers of this world? What, in my understanding, constitutes my life's truths—and to whom, or what, must I speak them?

In my contacts with friends, I've spoken frankly about my need for a chemically clean environment if I am to be a part of their lives. I've also made many attempts to tell others that this is not my private malady; they are also in danger. In almost all cases, the real message my life speaks, the underlying spiritual truth to which it points, is not received. In communicating with others who have been chemically injured and thus chemically sensitized, I find that they have the same experience.

The conditions labeled "chemical injury" and "multiple chemical sensitivities" are seen by most in our culture (including medical practitioners) as an individual's health problems. What we, the chemically sensitized, know—what we have lived deeply and need to communicate to others—goes largely unheard. A broader perspective is needed in looking at our lives. We are saying to you that our individual, damaged lives are evidence of a corrosive pattern of choices and action, corporately and individually. Our lives point to a need for profound, all-encompassing change in everyone's mutual approach to life. Our lives illustrate deeper spiritual truths: what could be called the truth of our mutual situation.

Fragrance usage and our culture's reliance on petrochemical products in general have seemed like trivial concerns to many Friends when issues of world peace are knocking at our door. Recently, in response to the events of September 11, 2001, many have become aware of the connection between our current war-torn world and our culture's reliance on petrochemicals. Planetary peace depends upon our recognition that we are connected to one another in a web of life. We who are chemically sensitized are constantly impacted by decisions made by others, by our toxic environments, and by our culture's toxic mindset. The lives of the chemically sensitized speak this message: we are all one. If we do not respect the lives of the most sensitive and vulnerable among us, we follow a path to our mutual destruction.

The lives of the chemically sensitized are but one example of the many ways lives have become disenfranchised by the policies and practices of our current culture. Many of those so affected, the plants and animals of this world among them, have no audible voice to speak their truths.

Let us, as Friends, look at our cultural conditioning to disregard those populations few in number. Let us be sensitive to the minorities, to the individuals among
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a spiritual truth often unrecognized by our predecessors: life is not an inherit-
global destruction, we can see more clearly the message of all of our gifts, including
that of our lives.

John Woolman’s Journal has inspired me to keep trying to get my message to Friends, as a start. Without a community of caring and perception, the individual voice is soon silenced. If John Woolman’s voice had not been heard, that is, his message received in the hearts of at least some of his listeners, the Religious Society of Friends might not have come as a body to reject slavery when it did. It took several generations before Friends came to consensus that owning slaves was spiritual-
ly wrong. Will it take more disasters like that of September 11, 2001, to awaken us, as a culture, to the relationship between our “American way of life” and planetary destruction?

World peace knocks first at our individual hearts before it knocks at the hearts of our communities and our planetary consciousness. Change begins with receptiveness to truth in individual hearts.

The process of “speaking truth” to receptive hearts must, I think, necessarily precede “speaking truth to power.” In our

Friends and Fragrances

As the weather improves later in the year, more encounters with other Friends may take place as part of a traveling ministry, a weekend trip to a Quaker retreat center or library, or simply a visit when passing through a town. But intervisitation can present problems for Friends with certain kinds of asthma and other conditions acquired from exposure to chemicals.

The presence of chemical irritants in conventional cleaning products may not surprise anyone. But few people may realize that products like room deodorizers and personal fragrances, such as aftershave, cologne, and scented lotions, contain toxins that pollute the air and make people ill. The effects can be sinus swelling, migraine headaches, asthma, flu-like symptoms, and other painful conditions that grow in severity with continuing exposure.

Because of trade secret laws, fragrance manufacturers remain unac-
countable for the toxins they produce. They do not have to include warning labels when using the same toxins disclosed in cleaning products under right-to-know laws in workplaces. The absence of such warning labels gives false assurance of safety to consumers of fragrance products and unfairly invi-
ites skepticism towards individuals who plead for fragrance-free air.

Despite this unaccountability, there is information available based on U.S. Envi-
ronmental Protection Agency (EPA) studies. One study lists the 20 most common toxic chemicals found in fragrances, such as toluene and other benzene derivatives. This list, and the health effects of those chemicals, can be found on numerous Web pages, including: <http://www .ourlittleplace.com/chemicals.html>.

For those unfamiliar with the dangers of fragrance chemicals, I can offer some starter information. First, please be clear that I am not talking about allergies in the common sense of one’s immune system overreact-
ing to something inherently harmless to most people, like certain foods. Though fragrance chemicals pose an additional threat to people with allergies, I am talking about chemical toxins in the air that are harmful to everyone. Taking an allergy remedy is as effective in this case as it would be for someone in a room where tear gas has been released.

Please consider that there was a time when I and other Friends did not have this problem. We acquired it from exposure to toxins, and other people can, too. Consider us canaries like the ones taken down into coal mines to test for toxic air. We have keeled over as a warning to the sturdier occupants; sooner or later the harmful chemicals will do them in, too.

It is of some value to ask already damaged Friends what products typically make them ill, but keep in mind that an individual cannot predict all brands that may cause a severe reaction in oneself, let alone in another person. Because of the danger of toxins to all attending, what is needed is a broad commitment to healthy indoor air at Friends facilities and places rented by Friends for conferences and retreats—not a separate “accommodation” for those of us already clearly damaged by toxic chemicals. Our need for healthy air is not different from that of anyone else present; it is simply more urgent. For us, walking into a room filled with hair spray, body splashes, scented hand lotion, aftershave, scented candles, cologne, fabric softeners, perfume, room deodorizers, and cleaning chemicals is walking into an ambush. To protect ourselves from this onslaught, we have to get out.

I hope a few people in every meeting will be willing to gather some information to discern if they feel any call to go for-
ward in raising awareness in this matter. There are websites to help Friends be-
come better acquainted with the dangers of fragrance products and some safe alter-

Among concerns addressed by the EHN are the effects on children’s learning and health, and the marketing of fragrances

Gerry Glodek worships at Whitster (Iowa) Meeting. © 2003 Geraldine Glodek
current world, individual voices are ignored, drowned out by the constant bombardment of media-generated, corporate-controlled news. When an individual is heard at last by our world at large, it is because his or her truth has been received in the hearts of enough people that it becomes impossible to ignore. It is only through our united efforts to "speak our truth" that the powers of this world will finally hear us. Will you, our friends, loved ones, and companions on life's journey, make a place for those of us who have been chemically injured? Will we find family in you and true community? Can we speak our truths to you? Will you join with us in voicing the truth our damaged lives illustrate? Will you change your lifestyle practices and speak out against the destructive chemical practices of our culture?

With your support, we, the chemically aware, will speak our truth with our lives and with all our gifts of expression. Together, life will speak through us and open hearts to its truth. 

Our need for healthy air is not different from that of anyone else present; it is simply more urgent.

to small children. Amy Marsh points out that the Miss Piggy line of fragrances is the marketing equivalent of the Joe Camel cigarette campaign to teens. Children, because of their breathing rate and small body mass, are especially vulnerable to toxins. They, most of all, should not wear fragrances, breathe in room deodorizers, or wear toxins infused into their clothes by fabric softeners. Solvents like toluene, commonly found in perfumed products and markers, alter the functioning of the brain and affect performance. Studies show that effects of such toxins can mimic true learning disabilities and lead to an incorrect diagnosis of the difficulties some children have trying to concentrate in the presence of cleaning chemicals and in the wake of teachers' and classmates' perfumes.

It is very, very important to read labels. If "fragrance" is listed as an ingredient, assume that the chemical formula contains toxins. Note that products labeled "unscented" typically contain fragrances. If you read the ingredients, you will usually find "masking fragrance" listed. Assume that the formula for that masking fragrance contains toxins. Keep in mind that the problem is not that some people find the scent unappealing—the smell may actually appeal to a person made ill by the chemicals in a fragrance. The strength of the scent is also irrelevant.

I'm hoping to discover Friends' meetinghouses, churches, libraries, campuses, retreat centers, and other Quaker facilities that have made themselves fragrance-free. Since I'd like to make this information available to Friends who would find it helpful, I am compiling a list of Quaker places where travelers can have a reasonable chance of breathing healthy indoor air. If you would like your meetinghouse, church, or other Quaker facility to be listed as a fragrance-free place, please send the information to: Gerry Glodek, PMB 231, 221 E. Market Street, Iowa City, IA 52245; e-mail: chemfree2travel@yahoo.com.

I'm looking for ways to make this list available; for now, I can respond to requests by e-mail or post.

I realize that visitors accustomed to wearing fragrances may show up at any time. Friends need to consider that if they don fragrances when they set out to worship elsewhere, visit Friends libraries, or partake in conferences, retreats, or committee meetings, chemically injured Friends will be faced with a difficult choice. They will have to depart altogether, or continually retreat to hallways and porches to dodge fragranced Friends. I can testify to the battle fatigue that results from these retreats.

Intervisitation has long been an essential aspect of the ministry of Friends to one another. Please consider how the use of fragrances is curtailing this treasured practice.

Michael S. Glaser teaches at St. Mary's College of Maryland in St. Mary's City, Md.
Is there an alternative to war?

Choosing Against War
A CHRISTIAN VIEW

"A love stronger than our fears"

by John D. Roth

Paperback, $9.99 • 206 pages

Women know about shopping lists.
we've been making them for years.
You might have consulted
any one of us
before you mentioned
the thing to the press.
There's one principle to keep in mind:
the important items have to do
with continuity,
replacement,
sustenance,
and change.

We're out of milk and eggs.
The batteries for the flashlight
won't work. The knees and seat
are gone in the boys' jeans.
The week's menu needs variety
if we can afford it.

We're suspicious of loss leaders
and easy bargains.
You have to think about the cost of things.

—Jeanne Lohmann, 1976

Jeanne Lohmann is a member of
Olympia (Wash.) Meeting. "An old poem," she writes, "but, sadly, still relevant."
Joe Franko identifies himself as a "Christo-centric Quaker, not wounded by another Christian religious belief or practice and thus able to come to Christ in a completely fresh way," He is gay, which he says "allows me to understand oppression, though not in the same way I would experience if I were black or a woman." Joe's participation in and clerking of Friends for Lesbian and Gay Concerns helped him tie together his sexuality and his spirituality. "In gay life, it's not often OK to admit that you're a spiritual person—so many gay people have been deeply wounded by religion."

As a mathematician, he lives by the phrase, "this I know experimentally," asking himself, "can I test my faith with my knowledge of reality and see how it fits for me?" But what he loves most about being a Quaker is that continuing revelation forces him to be constantly responsible for developing his spiritual life.

Enthusiastic about long-distance running, he has completed eight 100 mile races, as well as one six-day race (300 miles). He also finds that being an amateur astronomer helps him take himself less seriously and find his place in the larger context of the universe.

Joe has devoted some of his free time recently to a school in Pakistan for Afghan refugee girls. In the fall of 2001, he and Edith Cole went to their respective monthly meetings (he, Orange Grove, and she, Claremont) with a concern to explore what work might be undertaken with Afghan refugees in Pakistan. Their contact was Edith's son-in-law, a Pakistani mathematics professor. Their monthly meetings raised about $6,000 for Joe and Edith to take to Pakistan when they traveled in late January 2002. Joe says, "You know, Quakers talk about 'way opening?' Well, this was like God built a freeway for us! By April, we had opened a school. We had hired four teachers, a principal, and two night watchmen, and had built four classrooms and two outhouses in a refugee camp. About 300 girls are in the school, to which we're committed, with the Pakistani Ministry of Education, for three years."

Joe Franko is both modest and honest. His interests are varied and his accomplishments numerable. A colleague says of him, "No matter where I go, Joe Franko has lived there or been there!" Joe responds, "The one thing I would like on my tombstone or in my eulogy would be the phrase, 'He was not afraid to try.'"
"I came to Pendle Hill with the Helen G. Hole Scholarship for Quaker Educators with twenty years of experience in social work and education. My involvement with various Quaker institutions, including Westtown and Germantown Friends Schools and Haverford and Bryn Mawr Colleges, informs my current work on diversity issues. I am also continuing my research on women's leadership roles in Friends' education."

-Pam Williams, Resident Program student, 2002-2003

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Learning about Conscientious Objection

by Nancy Lang

Activist Frances Crowe of Massachusetts has worked on peace issues for several decades. She visited our meeting in Putney, Vermont, on June 21, 2002, with a message regarding the possibility of a new draft in the near future. I think she is dead right about this possibility, and I listened closely.

I was 15 years old when the Vietnam War was raging. Few young men were rushing to their local recruiter and enlisting in the service. They were confused by the war, and many took a stand against the fighting. With the blessings of our parents, my sister Marygrace and I ventured out into the world as peace activists, guitars in hand, eager to relay our message. We traveled to schools and college campuses where we sang the war protest songs of the '60s.

Then the draft lottery came along. We sat glued to the TV screen with a room full of young people hoping and praying no one in the room would be called. We never thought our world would come to this: a day when a young man's birthday drawn in a lottery would mean the unthinkable—drafted into the armed service and shipped over to Vietnam. I remember looking at their faces, filled with anxiety and fear, wondering how our government thought it could turn these young people into soldiers. Just give them a gun and a uniform? We didn't hear a lot about conscientious objectors, although I know there were many. Rather, we heard about other ways to beat the draft: act crazy, arrive filthy and high on drugs, confess to being a homosexual. Many of these methods of getting out of the service were black marks on one's record that would stay with the young men for a lifetime. Who thought about tomorrow? We clung to the hope of the day, the promise of tomorrow.

Frances Crowe arrived at Putney Meetinghouse armed with stacks of material about the proper way to be a conscientious objector when faced with the threat of a national draft. The first task for a conscientious

Nancy Lang is a member of Putney (Vt.) Meeting.
objection is to establish one’s objection, be it moral, philosophical, or religious. An objector must be able to say what one is opposed to, and declare oneself a conscientious objector early, declare it often, and act on that declaration. When registering with the Selective Service at age 18, a young man will not have the opportunity to state his CO position until called for active duty—until a draft begins—so he must begin to build a file well in advance. He should collect letters and communications from teachers, friends, and churches all related to his beliefs. COs will have a very limited amount of time to get their claims in order once called so they should have their objections documented with a file in place to back it up. The Center on Conscience and War has a “Basic Draft and Registration” packet that will help provide information about this process (address below).

Community members can help with this issue by being present at high schools when the recruiters are present, setting up a presentation about COs and why this option may appeal to students. As schools increasingly welcome recruiters, more parents, teachers, and activists are beginning to challenge schools to reject the recruiters and all they promise.

The evening concluded with words from Conrad Wilson, a member of Putney Meeting—a softspoken, gentle man who was a conscientious objector in World War II. Conrad shared his story about the process of being classified at that time as a CO and how his volunteer work overseas brought him to the horrors of a concentration camp in Germany where he sorted through the victims to save the living among the dead. His mother saved all the letters he had written to her, which he brought along to share with us. Missing from the letters were the words to describe the horrific scene before him, for there were no words in this young man’s vocabulary to do so.

Frances Crowe and Conrad Wilson are an inspiration. Their passion and enthusiasm for this work is evident.

There are several organizations that work on this concern: Center on Conscience and War (NISBCO), <www.nisbco.org>, (202) 483-2220; Central Committee on Conscientious Objection (CCCO), <www.objector.org>, (215) 563-8787 (Philadelphia, Pa.) or (510) 465-1617 (Oakland, Calif.); AFSC National Youth and Militarism Program, <www.afsc.org/youthmill/choices/co.htm>, (215) 241-7176.

FRoENS JOURNAL March 2003
Courage Then and Now

by Barbara Grant Nnoka

As a member of that generation of Friends who used World War II as a springboard for the growth and development of Quaker witness, I applied for and was accepted, at age 22, in the Reconstruction and Relief Training Program at Haverford College. I was in the second group to go through the program, arriving on campus in September 1944.

The program director was Douglas Steere, with whom we had almost daily contact for nine months. Rufus Jones was retired from the Haverford faculty, but lived on our campus and was especially interested in my roommate and me because we were from Colby College in Maine, his home state. We had leisurely chats with him. Since the R and R program had been designed, in part, to support the relief work of American Friends Service Committee, we (20 to 25 of us) had sessions with Clarence Pickett, then executive secretary. We also went to AFSC annual meeting in Philadelphia, where I first saw Henry Cadbury. As Douglas Steere was intensely interested in Pendle Hill, we adjourned to that campus for weekends, where we had personal interactions with Howard and Anna Brinton.

Then in 1947, after I had initially decided against an overseas assignment, I met E. Raymond Wilson of Friends Committee on National Legislation, with whom I worked for four years. That work included coaching Henry Cadbury in preparation for his testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on the subject of the North Atlantic Treaty, which FCNL opposed.

In 1947–8 I saw Friends of all ages, all areas of the United States, and all stations of life come to Washington to tramp around Capitol Hill to lobby against universal military training. I was aware that conscientious objection was a very restricted issue with special meaning for the traditional peace churches.

The country certainly seemed ready to enter into the NATO alliance, and the few Quakers in the 1949 FCNL annual meeting did not seem to me convincingly persuaded on the matter of mounting a major lobby effort in opposition when Raymond Wilson proposed opposing it.

Nevertheless, Raymond Wilson told me that he and I were going to write a persuasive argument against NATO. Fortunately, he knew what the thrust of that publication was going to be, since the best I could do at the outset was follow directions. Except for the issues of conscripted military service, conscience, and related civil liberties issues, I was still a pretty conventional political thinker. He was going to pose questions and develop Quaker answers in the larger area of world politics and international organization, and he was even ready to dive into the economics of weapons trade and the need for world disarmament. I filled in some of the information gaps for him and set out from scratch on a few questions with which he was having trouble. I was having trouble, too. I really was not ready to go where he was going. Once I took the whole manuscript to Elton Atwater, then on the history faculty at George Washington University, and asked him if it really made sense—or if we were going to be laughed at.

We eventually produced a 32-page pamphlet: "22 Questions and Answers about the North Atlantic Treaty." We printed one for every member of the Senate and tried to get meetings across the country to buy one for 25 cents and discuss it. The final Senate vote was 82 in favor, 13 against. We never had a chance, but I have since realized we were right to try.

Who in our time will say loud and clear that war is wrong, killing is evil, and that they believe in reason, reconciliation, in the processes of government, the rule of law, and the growth and development of international organizations? If not Friends, then who? I write to give credit and honor to those who have gone before us and to invoke their courage and daring in our times.
Reflection

On Being Needed

by Heidi Eger Souza

When I first heard the meowings outside the garage door, then on the back porch, I thought, “Oh, no. There’s no vacancy. Please, kitty, just go away.” I churned with resentment, feeling put upon. We didn’t ask for this; we didn’t deserve this.

Now, with my soft lap warmer soothing me as her purr motor runs continuously, I find her looking up at me with those melt-your-heart eyes, and, bursting inside with joy, I think to myself, “I don’t deserve this!” I am blessed with this furry bundle on my lap and moving throughout my home. God’s grace has not only visited but come to abide with us in the form of Tigger. No, we didn’t ask for her—we were not enthused when she came calling. We failed to recognize her as a positive gift; we just felt taken advantage of, since her arrival wasn’t our idea, aware only of the added responsibility that taking her in would entail, oblivious to the fact that it was she who was doing a favor by coming to minister to us.

What would have happened if it hadn’t been cold that day and we had turned her away, not wanting to be needed, not realizing what we would have been missing in our life?

And how often does God come calling in a form and at a time that we do not expect, seemingly asking something of us but really desiring only to get in the door in order to bless us? How often do we stop up our ears, harden our hearts, think, “not now, not me, some other time or some other person, there’s no room at the inn,” and miss the opportunity to receive the blessings that God desires to pour upon us?

Heidi Eger Souza, a writer and pianist, is a member of Williamsburg (Va.) Meeting. She currently attends St. Thomas Episcopal Church in Bath, N.C., where her husband is the rector.

Friends Journal March 2003
Life in the Meeting

Meetinghouse Chairs
by Rick Seifert

Our meetinghouse is going through a seemingly mundane transformation. An ad hoc committee has introduced new, molded stacking chairs to replace some of the old metal folding ones.

The old ones are ubiquitous. We all know how to transform them from flat, folded objects into chairs. You push down and out on the front edge of the seat and the front legs pop out from the back ones with a thunk. Ours are institutional brown, although I have seen them in puce, black, and other inconspicuous hues.

Sometime in the history of the meeting, a first generation of these chairs—one with no padding on the seats—must have met with disapproval, for now most of the folders have attached, brown leatherette cushions. Unless there is an unusually large gathering, the old uncushioned chairs stay stacked against the wall.

But even the cushioned chairs cause problems. They make themselves felt across the spine and beneath the thighs. Some Friends bring folding stadium seats, contoured “backsavers,” and car pillows to soften the sitting.

It must have been seeing these attempts at comfort that prompted the meeting to experiment with the modern, molded stacking chairs.

Now when we enter the meeting room we are faced with a sea of brown chairs interspersed with the sleek blue newcomers. And we must choose.

The blue ones go fast, a mild incentive for arriving early. Not that one need feel guilty about taking them. The old chairs were tolerated all those years by most of us. And some short worshipers actually prefer them. They find the new chairs too high.

Besides—and this edges up to the larger point—the chairs we sit on are a miniscule part of the worship experience. Or are they?

Not long ago, these comfortable new chairs amid the old, harder ones set my mind off on one of my tangential wanderings in the silence. I asked myself, as I sometimes do when pondering quirky Quaker concerns, what George Fox and early Friends would have thought about our chairs.

Early Friends sat on fixed wooden benches, and many modern Friends still do. I have visited old meetinghouses, and the experience is different. There’s a solidity, a permanence to the benches. You almost feel the presence of long-departed worshippers who sat on these same seats over decades of First Days.

Friends have also met in homes. Early Friends were often forced there by the authorities. In modern times, a silent meeting in a home can mean comfort that would have been unthinkable to our forebears. More than once I have nodded off, cradled in the depths of some overstuffed lounger.

Back in the meetinghouse, seating is sterner stuff, even with the new chairs. But are they stern enough?

The question stems from a division I see within Quakerism. It can be found in most religions. On the one side is the mystical, comfortable, almost (but not quite) transcendental. On the other is the activist, assertive and almost (but not quite) afflicted. I see these traditional strains in our brown and blue chairs.

The brown is the “hard” Quakerism that prods one’s conscience to confront a host of social ills. The blue is the “comfortable” Quakerism that elevates the soul, certain of that of God in all.

Each of us finds some resting point between these Quaker poles. We derive strength from both. Indeed each is dependent on the other for its own strength. What would our activism be without our spirituality? What would our spirituality be without our activism?

Sometimes the chairs are alternated in a row—blue, brown, blue, brown. Choose one and you find the other to your right and your left. The “other” is always near, and someone is always seated there.

Someday our meeting may replace the old brown chairs entirely with the new blue ones. I hope not, but if it does, I know that some part of me will be affixed to that hard, brown seat, even as I settle myself into the blue.

Rick Seifert is a member of Multnomah Meeting in Portland, Oregon.

March 2003 FRIENDS JOURNAL
New England Yearly Meeting

To all Friends everywhere:

Friends of New England Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends send our loving greetings from the campus of Wheaton College in Norton, Massachusetts, where we gathered August 3-8, 2002, for our 342nd annual sessions. This was a hot, messy, passionate yearly meeting, and we believe this may be God breaking us open. Our theme was the prayer attributed to Francis of Assisi.

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace.
Where there is hatred, let me sow love;
where there is injury, pardon;
where there is doubt, faith;
where there is despair, hope;
where there is darkness, light;
and where there is sadness, joy.
Oh Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek
to be consoled as to console;
to be understood as to understand;
to be loved as to love.
For it is in giving that we receive;
it is in pardoning that we are pardoned;
and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

In this year when injury and sorrow turned too often to hatred, distrust, and a rush to militarization, this prayer carries new urgency. Thomas Hamm’s keynote address, “The Messy History of the Peace Testimony,” demonstrated that Friends do not always agree on how to apply the Peace Testimony, but are clear that each individual must be obedient to the Light. Friends consistently speak truth to power, but must strive to do so in a way that speaks to the Light of God in all.

The musical ministry of Annie and Peter Blood-Patterson blessed our meeting for worship and Bible Half-Hours. They explored the prophetic call through Scripture, song, and vision. Singing the song, “Give Yourself to Love if Love is What You’re After,” we realized we must make the commitment first, before we can live the message. They reminded us that being called is uncomfortable, and the message of the still small voice may be frightening.

We devoted our opening business session to waiting worship, considering how each of us can become an instrument of God’s peace. We prayed for hearts and minds open to heed the call of the Holy Spirit, which may lead us to take actions far beyond our own feeble imaginings. Not every call is to immediate action. Sometimes, the call is to wait, to root ourselves, to probe the depths of our faith, and to strengthen bonds of community. After this phase of deepening, we may move with
power and clarity when the call to act comes.

Andrea Ayvazian led an energizing evening session on racism in our culture and the Religious Society of Friends. She delineated a number of strengths, including some gifted leaders among us, a firm commitment to this work, and a desire to hear and tell the entire story of Friends and racism, even when painful and difficult. She exhorted white Friends to examine white privilege. She encouraged us to move from an emphasis on achieving diversity in our meetings to making them oases of anti-racism and working to dismantle the institutional racism that creates unearned advantages for whites in our society. Finally, she warned us that our Quaker culture, with its emphasis on love, harmony, and unity, seems allergic to conflict and anger. The hard work involved in combating racism raises strong emotions: fear, anger, guilt, and shame. We must actively and openly engage in dealing with pain and conflict.

These words spoke to our condition. In efforts to protect community, we often neglect conflicts and deep wounds among us. This became apparent in discussions regarding the Earth Charter, and how we provide for children with special needs. In discussing a minute on the tragic situation in Israel and Palestine, we came face to face with painful concerns about anti-Semitism among Friends. It is a struggle to listen deeply and tenderly to each other. In order to truly become instruments of peace, we must openly examine our conflicts, and root out the seeds of war, of racism, and of all religious prejudice. In interest group meetings, we were moved by stories from Friends who visited Kenya, Iraq, Jerusalem, and the Friends Schools in Ramallah. We heard inspiring stories of Palestinians and Israelis listening to each other, evidence of tiny tendrils of love that survive at a time when greater peacemaking seems not yet possible.

By the close of sessions when the weather had cooled, we passed a minute of concern on the Israeli-Palestinian situation, and endorsed the Earth Charter. As we work to “try what love can do,” we must also try what struggle can do. How can we, as individuals and as a corporate entity, constructively deal with conflict in ways that encourage future growth? How can we bring the prayer of Francis of Assisi alive in daily life? —In the Light, Friends of New England Yearly Meeting

Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting Minute on Sustainability

This minute was adopted by Yearly Meeting in session on August 2, 2002.

We of Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends believe that the web of life, and each being within it, are expressions of the Spirit. We further believe that all our actions resonate throughout the symphony of Creation, flowing through space and time. We affirm the inherent worth of the natural world and all its beings, beyond their economic value for humans.

We recognize that the Earth community is in a crisis that is increasingly visible. We witness the decline of world resources, and especially biological diversity. With great concern, we witness an increase of toxic contaminants in our soil, air, and water. This exploitation is not in accord with good stewardship, which calls for us to care for, protect, and preserve the Earth.

As we search for the roots of these problems, we keep coming back to ourselves. We see industrial production spiraling out of control and personal consumption increasing at an intolerable rate. These are not in accord with our Testimony of Simplicity.

The disparity in right sharing continues to grow. We know that the poor of the world bear the greater hurt. Toxins find their way far more often into the lives of the poor. As increasing production and consumption amplify the impact of continuing population growth, the rich are getting richer and the
Do you have an idea for peace and justice?
Then why not apply for a New Initiatives Fund grant?

Each spring and fall, the AFSC Central Region’s New Initiatives Fund (NIF) provides small grants to Friends meetings, individuals and groups working on peace and justice projects.

To apply, you need to live in the region (Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, South Dakota, North Dakota, Iowa and Minnesota). You do not need to be an official organization to apply, and the application process is relatively simple.

Please contact the Central Regional Office (see below) or visit the NIF website at http://www.afsc.org/cro/cr_nif.html for further details. There you’ll find an application form and a listing of previous recipients. People and groups considering projects dealing with the expanding war against Iraq, the “war on terrorism” and the assaults on civil liberties in the U.S. are especially encouraged to apply.

**The next deadline for NIF applications is March 31, 2003.**

**Send completed applications to:**

AFSC Central Regional Office—New Initiatives Fund
4211 Grand Avenue, Des Moines, IA 50312
phone: 515-274-4851, ext. 23 • fax: 413-702-6621 • e-mail: JKrieg@afsc.org
In addition to The Hickman’s “not too big, not too small” size, Bill and Becky McIlvain liked the retirement community’s in-town location.

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

Year of Grace

When I try to help untangle the subtleties of Quaker faith and practice for my students at Haverford College and Pendle Hill, I often make an oversimplified distinction between "Quakerism" and "Quakerliness," the former having more to do with theology and faith, the latter referring to some stylized habits and behaviors adopted by many Friends to provide outward evidence of theology and faith: patterns of dress and consumption, language, political positions, and the like.

Often I assign fiction about Quakers and Quaker life to stimulate discussion about these concepts. Next time I teach, however, I will surely steer my students to Margaret Hope Bacon's new novel—yes, novel!—Year of Grace, for it catches the essence of both Quakerism and Quakerliness.

The many readers who know and admire Margaret Hope Bacon as a deeply committed historian of Friends can now see her command of another genre. In this first work of fiction, she concentrates and personalizes both Quakerism and Quakerliness in the person of Faith Smedley, who is navigating her way through the final year of her life. One could imagine that a story about the approach of death might be off-putting, but this novel is not just about death. Rather, its verbal snapshots of Delaware Valley Friends lives can help us contemplate where Quakers are today, some of how we got here, and the challenges—including death—as we sort out Quaker faith from stereotypical Quaker behaviors.

In a delicate, witty, tender, and beautifully nuanced narrative, Margaret Hope Bacon tack-

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les marriage, infidelity, politics, inter- and intra-family tensions, dress and consumption habits among Friends, environmentalists, class and racial prejudice among Friends, the international work of American Friends Service Committee, faith, and physical pain. She does this with amazing nimbleness, creating a story that is at once a graceful and wide-ranging—and a dramatic page-turner. Historians usually have little practice in writing dialogue, yet she has somehow caught just the right cadence, giving her characters totally believable conversation as they confront a collage of international war and injustice, violence and social myopia in their own community, as well as love, anger, spirituality, and family celebrations in their private lives.

The novel, which is framed by the Vietnam War and the events of the late 1960s, is intertwined with the changes of the seasons and the marking of Christmas, Thanksgiving, and the spring thaw, while also focusing on the complex humanity and spiritual growth of one woman and her commitment to live life to the fullest, even as she sees it waning before her.

Margaret Hope Bacon’s loyal following, as well as those who haven’t yet discovered her, have a treat in store.

—Emma Lapsansky

Emma Lapsansky, a member of Lansdowne (Pa.) Meeting and curator of the Quaker Collection at Haverford College, also teaches Quakerism courses there and at Pendle Hill. Her book, Quaker Aesthetics, co-edited with Anne Verplanck, has recently been published by University of Pennsylvania Press.

The Poetry of Piety: An Annotated Anthology of Christian Poetry


A poet friend of mine claims that poetry is the only writing truly done to the glory of God. She says this partly tongue in cheek, saying that nobody but God cares for poetry, otherwise it would pay better. Whether she’s right or not, there certainly is a wealth of spirituality running through much poetry.

Ben Witherington and Christopher Mead Armitage have assembled works by 28 poets ranging from John Donne to John Updike. For each they’ve presented a brief biographical statement, a poem, essays on both the poetry and the piety, and questions for reflection. The poems’ themes are broad, ranging from resurrection to the nature of worship, to prayer, to creation, and more.
Some of the poems are best known as hymns, but here they are presented as they first appeared, with their original titles. John Newton’s “Amazing Grace” is read with new eyes as a poem entitled “Faith’s Review and Expectation.” Likewise, Isaac Watts’s “Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ (Galatians 6:14)” reads differently than does “When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.”

It’s also interesting to see the progression in poetry from the obvious piety of the early poets, such as John Donne’s “Teach me how to repent; for that’s as good/As if thou hadst sealed my pardon, with thy blood,” to the more questioning verse of the moderns, like Peter Kocan, who laments, “This faith, although I lack it, is my own. Inherently to the marrow of the bone./To this even the unbelieving mind/Submits its unbelief to be defined.” Along this pilgrimage through poetry, the reader encounters poets famous (Ted Hughes) and less well-known (Phyllis Wheatley, an 18th-century African American). One notable omission, especially for Friends, is John Greenleaf Whittier, whose poems would have been a welcome and valuable addition to this collection. Another is the lack of women poets—only five are represented here, with Anne Bradstreet notably missing.

The questions for reflection are the weakest part of this anthology. Many of them are a bit too simplistic. Still, they could lead a creative, thoughtful reader or group into deeper thinking or discussion of the themes. I recommend this volume for Friends who love poetry. Its use of poems addressing the broad themes of faith also makes it a valuable curriculum piece for adult education classes or First-day schools.

—Brent Bill

Brent Bill is FRIENDS JOURNAL’s assistant book review editor and author of Imagination and Spirit: A Contemporary Quaker Reader (Friends United Press, 2002).

In Brief

By Mary Kay Rehard. Pendle Hill Pamphlets #362. 39 pages. $4. In this pamphlet, Mary Kay Rehard draws insights from her own explorations of family spiritual life, and from the wisdom of praying religious communities such as Taize and L’Arche, to inspire all of us to bring prayer and spirituality into our own homes, families, and everyday lives. In addition to her personal experiences with her own children and with community, she has evidently reflected long and deeply on the

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teachings of various Christian traditions, and she quotes thoughtfully from Scripture and from the writings of Thomas Merton, Jean Vanier, Brother Roger of Taize, and others. In asking questions like, "How does my faith shape my actions?" "What kind of home environment am I creating for my children?" "What is my vision of our family life together?" Mary Kay Rehard challenges herself and us to reach beyond our preoccupations and find prayer and a sense of the presence of God in all that we do, and especially in the time we share with children. Although she concludes with some suggested readings and prayers, it seems that the aim of this pamphlet is more to encourage us and to remind us of what is important and what is possible than to instruct us directly on how to go about practicing family spirituality. This is the kind of guidance that can be taken to heart by any Quaker: "We must approach prayer in the family as we approach all of life, as experimental."

—Kirsten Backstrom

Writer Kirsten Backstrom is a member of Multnomah Meeting in Portland, Oreg.

17th Century Remarkable Quaker Youth
By Barbara Luetke-Stahlman. Barbara Luetke-Stahlman, 2001. 137 pages. $15/strip-bound. This book was an ambitious project. And although it would benefit from some rewriting and more careful editing, it presents early Quaker history through the stories of George Fox and other young men and women who became convinced and set out to preach and to witness. Many contemporary photos, primarily of youth, as well as slogans, pieces of news, poems, and questions for "thoughtful discussion" break in to the historical text and spur the reader to ask what today's activist Quaker youth might learn from the equally youthful founders of Quakerism. A short bibliography and teaching devices round out the book. I worry that at times the book invites a simplistic reading; nevertheless, it would make a fine study project for teens and a few seasoned guides. It has the potential to stimulate youth to question their own spiritual lives in ways significant both to them personally and to Quakerism, and they might contribute to the conversation by sending the author written corrections and comments, as she has requested.

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Bill Moyer’s 40 years as a full-time activist and Quaker informs every page of this book. He makes clear that “social change has to include deep changes . . . within each activist and movement organization” and that the Movement Action Plan (MAP) “grows out of the practice of nonviolence.” He outlines the various roles people play in activist movements and the stages of a movement, helping readers to understand their own particular roles over time. Remarkable for its clarity of thinking, presentation, and style, the text is accessible to students and will also stimulate sophisticated readers. A glossary, notes, extensive bibliography, and full index add to its value. The book would make excellent reading for a diverse, intergenerational study group.

In the Shadow of William Penn: Central Philadelphia Monthly Meeting of Friends
By Margaret Hope Bacon. Central Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, 2001. 84 pages. $12/paperback. For this book, Margaret Hope Bacon read 270 years of minutes; however, the richness of her previous reading and writing in Quaker history adds a valuable depth and roundedness to her history that one seldom finds. The book should interest anyone who wants a grounding in the history of Philadelphia Friends in the late 1600s, their meeting-houses, schools, schisms—primarily the Hicksite-Orthodox split—and the beginnings of several major Friends organizations. I particularly appreciated reading about the meeting’s attitudes towards those who took various stands during wars, of the care meetings took of members, and of the high value placed on keeping promises. The style is both inviting and rewarding. A select bibliography and an extensive index increase the text’s value.

Mysticism and Social Transformation
Edited by Janet K. Raffing. Syracuse University Press, 2001. 220 pages. $24.95/paperback. The authors of the essays in this book argue for the unity of contemplation and action, reminding readers that to do transforming work in the world, the individual and the religious institutions must renew themselves—the individual by becoming clear with God and the institutions by adapting to “the changed social contexts of modern life.” A complete introduction, substantial but readable essays, works cited, and index make this a valuable resource in the theory of mysticism and action, and in understanding better some of its most famous practitioners, including Francis of Assisi, Meister Eckhart, Teresa of Avila, Ignatius of Loyola, and Pedro Arrupe. An accessible book, it should be of much help to...
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Quakers: Ordinary People, Extraordinary Lives

By Dean C.T. Bratis. Glenmoore Corporation, 2001. 108 pages. No price given/paperback. I hope that many of us give similar tribute to the members in our meetings, either in our journals or our prayers. Dean Bratis's book inspires us to recognize the loving gifts so many people freely offer us, even if they have "clay feet." Sections of the book will particularly interest Friends who practice healing. Numerous editing errors can be overlooked.

Levi Coffin, Quaker: Breaking the Bonds of Slavery in Ohio and Indiana

By Mary Ann Yannessa. Friends United Press, 2001. 74 pages. $10/paperback. This will be an excellent study book for youth for it follows the life of Levi Coffin, a committed abolitionist from age seven until his death at age 79 in 1877. His is a story that ought to be as well known as John Woolman's, not only to youth but to adults as well. Levi Coffin and his family worked tirelessly in many capacities in the movement, finding their work as they were called. Often in danger or out of favor, Levi Coffin became respected for his simple determination, humor, and joy. Informing, inspiring, easy to read—and do not skip the appendices.

—Sharon Hoover

Sharon Hoover is a member of Alfred (N.Y.) Meeting.

Also of Interest


Elizabeth Boardman, clerk of San Francisco Meeting, participated in a Voices in the Wilderness peace team visit to Iraq from December 19 to 30, 2002. The multinational team of 28 included Catholics, Protestants, Quakers, and Mennonites. They staged a candlelight vigil at the Al Taji Power Station and reminded the U.S. military that bombing it would be a war crime. In Basra, the Iraqi city closest to Kuwait and a prime target for past and future U.S. bombs, five team members attended Christmas Eve Mass. On Christmas, they shared lunch with 15 Muslim and Christian clerics and one other woman from the U.S., with food spread out upon carpets in a mosque. Elizabeth Boardman fed and held children in an orphanage where other peace team members were working. She encountered two groups from Japan and several from other U.S. religious organizations, as well as a team of U.S. doctors and a group of young people doing videography. Since her return to San Francisco she has been urging her fellow citizens to try to avert a war on Iraq. She writes, "A change in leadership is surely desirable in Iraq, but war on the helpless citizens of Iraq is not the answer. 'Smart bombs' that 'only' knock out the roads, bridges, power plants, water, and sewer systems often just slow down the process of dying. Please, dear friends, join me right away in expressing your concerns to our government. There is only a short time left. My trip to Iraq will be effective only if all our voices are heard." —Carol Verburg, attender, San Francisco (Calif) Meeting

On December 10, 2002, the 54th anniversary of the UN Universal Declaration of Human Rights, antiwar activists participated in more than 150 events in 37 states to show that many people in the United States oppose war on Iraq. Some, working with the Iraq Pledge of Resistance, chose the day to launch a campaign of civil disobedience. Dozens of activists opposing war in Iraq were arrested on charges of civil disobedience across the country, including arrests for blocking the entrance to a recruiting center in Washington, D.C. In New York City, 99 people were arrested for blocking the entrance to the U.S. embassy at the United Nations. Communities across the country chose many different ways to raise visibility of the antiwar sentiment, including rallies, vigils, and teach-ins. Visit AFSC’s Iraq Peacebuilding Program for more details: <www.afsc.org/iraq/Default.htm>. —AFSC

Friends United Meeting in Richmond, Indiana, is in the process of answering concerns raised by Baltimore Yearly Meeting (BYM) about “the respective roles, responsibilities, and authority of FUM staff and committees.” BYM, affiliated with FUM and also
with Friends General Conference in Philadelphia, is asking for confirmation that FUM policy in selecting leadership roles is “inclusive . . . without regard to sexual orientation or whether Friends are in same gender relationships.” The concerns raised by BYM are a result of an incident at the FUM Triennial in Nairobi, Kenya, last July, when Lamar Matthew, clerk of BYM, was not allowed to serve as a worship-sharing leader. He was denied this opportunity, according to a minute approved by BYM and forwarded to FUM, “because he is a gay man in a same-sex union.” The minute, proposed by BYM delegates who attended the FUM Triennial, was approved by Baltimore Yearly Meeting in session last August 4 at James Madison University in Harrisonburg, Virginia. “Our reflections on this matter in annual sessions have allowed us to understand the depths of our collective hurt and anger,” BYM states in the minute. Baltimore Yearly Meeting concludes the minute with the request to the FUM General Board: “(1) To confirm that FUM policy governing the selection of worship-sharing and workshop leaders and other leadership roles within FUM is inclusive and not discriminatory. That is to confirm that leaders are chosen based on spiritual gifts without regard to sexual orientation or whether Friends are in same gender relationships. (2) To review and clarify the respective roles, responsibilities, and authority of FUM staff and committees.” “We pray for healing, guidance, and reconciliation to lead us all forward,” the BYM minute ends. Brent McKinney, clerk of Friends United Meeting, acknowledged that he had received a letter and the minute expressing the concerns of BYM. “I have written a letter in response and FUM will be giving further consideration to the concerns of BYM,” he said. Marjorie Scott, clerk of BYM Interim Session, said, “We have a response from FUM. This response is under consideration. I cannot comment further. These things take time to resolve.” The concerns of BYM were discussed by the FUM General Board in session last October and will be considered further by the FUM Executive Committee, Brent McKinney said. —Robert Marks

Montclair (N.J.) Meeting, in its November 2002 meeting for business, approved a minute on same gender marriage. The minute, intended to make a stronger and more specific statement about same gender marriage, updates a minute approved in 1991. The new minute states: “Montclair Monthly Meeting affirms our support for the union of any Friend with another, regardless of sexual orientation and/or gender identity. Any such sacred and holy union shall receive the same loving care, respect, and consideration afforded to a traditional

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heterosexual marriage. The same customary and careful process of clearness and oversight will be followed, providing that at least one party is a member of Montclair Monthly Meeting." —Montclair Meeting newsletter

New England Yearly Meeting has asked for input from its affiliated monthly meetings and their members as part of the process to revise its Faith and Practice. With the first year of work on the revision, the first since 1985, nearly complete, the Faith and Practice revision committee distributed a questionnaire for monthly meetings and individuals in yearly meeting to express their concerns about “the link between our Quaker faith and the practices that flow from that faith.” Questions submitted by the revision committee for consideration included: “Based on experience in your own meeting, what ideas do you have about how Faith and Practice could be better? How and when do you use Faith and Practice?” Commenting about the revision committee's work during the past year, Jan Hoffman, clerk of the committee, stated, “Our hope is for seasoned corporate discernment. We hope our revised Faith and Practice will express to us and to the larger Quaker world the present integrity and witness of New England Friends.” —From newsletters of Burlington (Vt.), Mount Toby (Mass.), and Smithfield (R.I.) Meetings

War Resisters International's Prisoners for Peace Day 2002 focused on the Caucasus and Central Asia. In these regions, no country offers a free choice between military service and alternative service for conscientious objectors; several have no legal basis for a substitute service at all. The few states that passed an alternative service law have not implemented it according to international standards: in Georgia, substitute service is not available in practice, and in Kyrgyzstan and Uzbekistan, large bribes are necessary to perform it. Apart from that, these services are of rather punitive length and not completely civilian—the Uzbek one includes a short military training. Being members of the Council of Europe, the Caucasus states have to meet the conscientious objection standards of Recommendation 1518, adopted in 2001. It declares the right of all members of the army to be registered as COs at any time and to be informed about the circumstances and procedure of obtaining the status of a CO, also recommending a completely civilian and non-punitive alternative to military service. Although the member states should guarantee those rights, the Georgian law shows many shortcomings, while Armenia and Azerbaijan have not passed any law so far. —Silke Makowski, War Resisters International, in “The Broken Rifle,” November 2002
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FCNL, on November 9, 2002, bestowed its annual Edward F. Snyder Peace Award posthumously on Sen. Paul Wellstone for his work to promote peace and justice. The award is given to a member of Congress who has distinguished herself or himself as a champion of peace and an advocate of peaceful prevention of deadly conflict. It was presented at FCNL's 58th annual meeting to legislative aide Charlotte Oldham-Moore, who accepted it on behalf of the Wellstone staff and family. "Although he was not a Quaker, Senator Wellstone was our champion, too," said Joe Volk, FCNL executive secretary. "He spoke eloquently and put his words into action for peace, for justice, and for the dispossessed of society. We commend his many legislative efforts, including his support for the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty, support for paying U.S. dues to the United Nations, and strong stand against abuses of human rights at home and abroad. We hope that other members of Congress will find inspiration in Senator Wellstone's work for peace and justice." —FCNL

Bulletin Board

Upcoming Events

- April 17-20—Southeastern Yearly Meeting
- April 18-20—South Central Yearly Meeting

Opportunities/Resources

- AFSC's Emergency and Material Assistance Program, working with Mennonite Central Committee, urgently needs supplies for health kits for the Iraqi people. For guidelines contact EMAP, (215) 241-7041; e-mail: <EMAP@afsc.org>; <www.afsc.org/iraq/kits.shtml>.
- AFSC's summer project in Mexico, Youth for Peace and Sustainable Community, aims to bring together youth from outside and within the indigenous communities of Xilitla to work on community projects and share from their diverse cultures and experiences. Participants must be 18 to 26 years old and able to converse comfortably in Spanish, the language of the project at all times. They should have prior group experience in service and advocacy, and demonstrated interest in political, social, and cultural issues in Mexico. Application deadline is March 15, with waiting list applications accepted through April 25. Contact Kate Houstoun, <mexsummer@afsc.org> or (215) 241-7295.
Milestones

Deaths

Bye—Mary DaBois McCarty Bye, 89, on November 1, 2002, in Newtown, Pa. Mary was born April 25, 1913, in Baltimore, Md., to Mary Mainland DaBois McCarty and Harry Downman McCarty. A 1936 graduate of Swarthmore College, where she attained high honors in mathematics and natural sciences, she studied landscape design at the School of Horticulture, now part of Temple University, and worked in horticulture for several years.

In 1941, she married Randolph Bye, became a Quaker, and raised a family in Bucks County, Pa. During the 1960s, Mary became involved in the peace movement against the war in Vietnam, beginning 25 years of political activism focused on peace, social justice, and the environment. As a naturalist, her passionate love of nature and commitment to biodiversity led to a concern for the protection and nurturing of nature and reverence for all forms of life. She was arrested ten times and jailed for civil disobedience including reading names of the war dead from the steps of the Capitol in Washington, and blocking the tracks of a train in Lebanon, N.J., with a cargo of munitions headed for Vietnam. Mary was last arrested at age 75 when she embraced and physically shielded an oak tree on Mechanicsville Road in Bucks County from being cut down by the Pennsylvania Department of Transportation to improve visibility. This incident spurred the replanting of trees at various locations. Mary’s political activism was paralleled by a commitment to her own personal and spiritual growth. Her eloquent and poetic voice was put to practical use in her correspondence to her own personal and spiritual growth. Her eloquent and poetic voice was put to practical use in her correspondence to educators and members of Congress, letters that are now housed in Friends Historical Library of Swarthmore College. Formerly a member of Southhampton (Pa.) Meeting, Mary was a member of Doylestown Meeting at the time of her death. She is survived by her four children, Dennis Bye, Barbara Bye, Stephen Bye, and Catherine Carson; and six grandchildren.

Carnarius—Barbara (Rusty) Smith Carnarius, 71, on July 15, 2002, in Boulder, Colo. She was born in Beijing, China, on July 26, 1930, the daughter of Horace Harrison Smith and Ruth Stoddard Smith. As a child of a U.S. Foreign Service officer, she lived in China until the age of ten and grew accustomed to moving frequently. Rusty’s Quaker journey started at Swarthmore College, where she attended meeting until her graduation in 1952. Rusty and Stan E. Carnarius married on April 2, 1955, in Westford, Mass. They shared adventures while raising three daughters. Her valued of a stable family home stemmed from her own early years, and she later anchored her community in Fallsington, and then Lancaster, Pa., where she explored spiritual development, counseling, theater, and esoteric understanding. While a member of Falls Meeting, Rusty joined the Family Relations Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, traveling to speak to monthly meetings about family relationships. This was the start of her interest and career in counseling at the Kimberton Waldorf School in Fallsington and in Lancaster. At Lancaster Meeting, Rusty served on Worship and Ministry. She and Stan started the discussion group QuakerTalk, and Bible study sessions were held in their home. Rusty wrote prayers and several pamphlets. She had a keen interest in the theater, and at Swarthmore she wrote and directed plays. She rejuvenated a theater group, the Levittown Players, and she directed other community theater productions. Rusty was active as a public speaker and workshop leader, particularly within the Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship and Life Spectrums. Her interpretation of the “friendly” tarot cards was a popular topic for workshops. The Sabian Assembly met in her home for many years, and their philosophy of “dynamic idealism” (confidence in being able to see out what is best in the process of living) was manifest in Rusty’s life. Following a stroke, paralysis on her left side, breast cancer, and amputation of her left leg, she was still able to see positive aspects of her difficult situation. She is survived by her husband, Stan Carnarius; three daughters, Catherine N. Edwards and husband George, Megan M. Taft and husband Richard, and Rebecca R. Carnarius; a sister, Deborah Whitaker and husband, E.L. Whitaker; and a granddaughter, Jennifer Edwards.

Carson—John T. Carson Jr., 86, on May 20, 2002, in Doylestown, Pa. He was born in Philadelphia on April 13, 1916, to John T. and Agnes Gillmor Carson, and educated at Germantown Friends School, Haverford College (BA in Biology) and University of Pennsylvania (MSC in Forest Pathology). In June 1940 John Carson and Mary Evans were married, and that same year he became a member of Germantown Meeting. In 1941 he joined the faculty at George School, where he taught biology for 25 years. While still at George School, he was appointed to serve on the Bucks County Water and Sewer Authority. In 1966 he became the first executive director of the Neshaminy Water Resources Authority and at the same time served as the director of the Bucks County Planning Commission’s Division of Natural Resources. During his ten years in the Authority he played a major role in the creation of the Bucks County network of flood control dams and reservoirs along the tributaries of Neshaminy Creek and the parkland that surrounds them. In 1979 he was elected to serve as Doylestown supervisor, then reelected in 1985, 1991, and 1997. During those years he served at times as chairman of the township supervisors, using Quaker practices in bringing people together to work as a team for common purposes. A crowning achievement in his service to Doylestown township was the creation of a 100-acre park for recreation. In 1985 he transferred his membership to Doylestown Meeting, where he was an active member of the Brown Baggers, a circle of retired men (even though he never really retired), and enjoyed playing the piano for hymnsinging. At the time of his death he was survived by his wife Margaret E. Carson; two children, Frederick G. Carson and Sylvia H. Carson; a sister, E. Margaret Carson; and a brother, James G. Carson.

Hamilton—Marie Ikenberry Hamilton, 101, on September 5, 2002, in Newto wn, Pa. She was born on February 4, 1901, in North Manchester, Ind., to L. D. and Elizabeth Buecher Ikenberry. A 1923 graduate of Manchester College, she taught in area schools before becoming affiliated with the YWCA in Fort Wayne, Ind. In 1927 she married Stanley G. Hamilton of Piqua, Ohio. During the Depression, the Hamiltons, under the auspices of AFSC, performed educational, vocational, and so-
cial relief work with coal miners, steelworkers, and their families in eastern Ohio, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania. In 1940 they became co-directors of Quaker Hill, a hostel for European refugees during WWII, in Richmond, Ind. Marie was executive secretary of the Richmond YWCA for 17 years until her retirement in 1961. In 1976, the Hamilitons were the first husband-wife recipients of Manchester College's annual alumni award, given in recognition of their many years of community service. In 1977 the couple retired to Sebring, Fla., where they worked to improve conditions for migrant workers, and where Marie volunteered with the Palms Auxiliary, managing their gift shop until age 90. In summer 2001 she moved to the Friends Fellowship Community in Richmond to be near her family. Marie was an active member of W. Richmond (Ind.) Meeting for 74 years. She was predeceased by her husband of 52 years; a sister, Anna Dunbar; and a daughter, Mary Ellen Johnson. She is survived by a daughter and son-in-law, Mary and William Tyndall; a son and daughter-in-law, Tom and Annette Hamilton, a son-in-law Robert L. Johnson, seven grandchildren, four great-grandchildren, two step-grandchildren, four step-great-grandchildren; and one nephew, Wilbur Dunbar.

Murphy—Laura Matthew Murphy, 50, on September 21, 2002, in Atlanta, Ga. Laura was born in 1952 in Chicago, Ill., to Myron and Julia Mathew. She graduated from Antioch College in 1973 and from Emory University Law School in 1976. She married Kent Murphy in 1982 in Atlanta, and their daughter, Sarah, was born in 1983. While at Emory, she became a competitive runner and was a founder and captain of the Atlanta Track Club’s women’s competitive team. She ran numerous marathons and wrote a column for the track club’s monthly magazine Wingfoot, winning a gold award from the Georgia Magazine Association in 2001. After law school, Laura worked from 1984 to 1986 for Judge John W. Sognier on the Georgia Court of Appeals, and for Justice Willis B. Hunt on the Georgia Supreme Court from 1986 to 1995. She became director of the Court’s central staff from 1995 to 1998. She was a volunteer for: the Georgia Council on Child Abuse, and her many interests included gardening, bird watching, and participating in a book club. She was diagnosed with ALS in June 1996 and began working with the ALS Association of Georgia. In March 2002, with the aid of a wheelchair and accompanied by 130 friends, she participated in the D’mars ALS Walk and raised more than $14,000. She became a regular attendant of Atlanta Meeting. As the disease progressed and she could no longer talk, a specially equipped computer enabled her to continue writing, giving advice and inspiration to others throughout her illness. Even when she could only move her right middle finger, she continued sending and receiving e-mail. In “Of Odd and Gods” published in the Atlanta Meeting Newsletter and in the September 2002 issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL, she addressed the question, “Why me?” She concluded, “I consider myself one of the luckiest women alive. Lucky in love; lucky in having a near-perfect daughter, incomparable friends and family, and a truly wonderful life.” She is survived by her husband, Kent Murphy; daughter, Sarah Murphy; mother, Julia Mathew; and brother, John Mathew.
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vocation and a responsibility for doing theology. Living in an age of specialists, addressing one another in coded jargon and abstract theories, this has special relevance for us. While we do not all possess the tools for doing classical systematic theology, we may find assurance in the knowledge that Scripture speaks in different ways to different people—through our differently attuned faculties, interests, and needs. At the same time, acknowledgment of our individual gifts for understanding also leads us to a new level of interdependence and accountability.

The Christian community serves as a contextual frame of reference in itself—for it is within this that we struggle with our differences and diversity of insight. Christologies, theological interpretations, and transmission of the “good news” through innumerable languages and cultures are all done through a single normative community. Frederick Herzog calls it a “praxis community,” reflecting on its dynamic center of interaction and motivation for outreach. “Responsible Christian theology,” he writes, “is always an effort to give an account of the continuing activity of the Messiah Jesus in his community.” What that activity is cannot ultimately be settled by abstract theologians talking to each other, but by Christians struggling together “in the praxis of history.”

We are called, as individuals in community, to “do theology” together. We listen to and dialogue with each other across the room and across the centuries, respecting and supporting one another in our weakness, seeking nourishment from the same well, and anticipating the final clearing of confusion and contextual bias that is what God’s intervention in human life is all about.

Robert Barclay understood the Scriptures to be an incomparable looking glass, “in which we can see the conditions and experiences of ancient believers.” Finding our own experience to be analogous to theirs, we are comforted and strengthened in our hope for the same redemption they experienced. “Observing the providence that watched over them, and the snares which they encountered, and beholding the ways in which they were delivered, we may find ourselves directed toward salvation, and appropriately reproved, and instructed in righteousness.”

March 2003 FRIENDS JOURNAL
have been doing something wrong and I do not want the guards to catch me.

I think all people could live a more satisfying and more comfortable life if they embraced that special place within them. On Monday I planted flower seeds in a bare garden and watched them grow to full blossom in less than ten minutes. I even saw a color that I have never seen before. On Tuesday I took my 14-year-old daughter to the park for a picnic lunch and a long talk. It helped me to write to her that same day. On Wednesday I played with my two dogs in the Southern cotton fields that used to surround our home. They seemed to have had just as much fun as I was having.

Thursday I went fishing with my mom and when she made comments or statements I disagreed with, I gave her a hug instead of arguing with her like I used to do. On Friday I went to the Moon with my best friend and we talked about everything while looking back at Earth. On Saturday I went to a restaurant alone and ate a big meal and drank two bottles of good wine that I could not pronounce the name of. Today is Sunday. I might go to a professional female volleyball game with my brothers or sit down with Nelson Mandela, George Jackson, Fred Hampton, and Ronald Carter and talk about social justice and social psychology. Whatever I decide to do today, it will be in my special place within.

Have a great life—because I am, regardless.

Robert Simon Jr.
Mississippi

Let’s meet in the middle
I am writing in response to Vanessa Julye’s article “Racial Wounding at the Gathering” (FJ Nov. 02). I attended my first Friends General Conference Gathering in Normal, Illinois in 2002; thus for me this was a fresh experience. My roommate, an African American, also was a first-time attendee. Without any discussion, we each chose to attend the two antiracism workshops that were offered. She chose “Healing the Hurts of Racism” led by Vanessa Julye and Chuck Esser, while I attended “Whites Working to Eliminate Racism” led by Pat Schenck and Dorothy Carroll.

We compared notes on our experiences both in the workshops and in the environment of the Gathering. As the week wore on, my friend reported that she was experiencing and hearing about incidents of racist behavior. I myself had witnessed one while volunteering at the cafeteria.

In my antiracism workshop I learned more about the racial conditioning that we whites received from our cultural upbringing. I was raised in a Southern culture that treated all African Americans as inferior servants. Conversations around the dinner table could be filled with racist language and crude jokes at their expense. The culture of slavery was alive and well. We were profoundly affected as children by this cruel conditioning. The imprint of race hatred remains with us and results in painful insecurities, some conscious and some unconscious. Unconscious racism is a serious problem since it operates underground and is more subtly applied in our daily interactions.

Even innocently intended actions by whites may be perceived by African Americans as intentionally subjugating, because wounds caused by previous experiences become activated. I know this from my own experience as an emotionally abused wife. For years after my divorce, any action that resembled an event in my painful past could cause a fiery protective reaction.

The so-called offending party may not have ever known why I reacted with such intense pain. It has taken me a long time to heal my wounds. The first step was my realization that sometimes a person had stepped on my personal minefield without realizing it.

Perhaps this Hasidic tale can offer us a “third way” between holding onto our hurts and totally forgiving:

There was a king who quarreled with his son and exiled him. Years passed, the king’s heart softened, so he sent his ministers to find his son and to ask him to return home. The young man could not return to the kingdom because his heart still harbored bitterness. The king sent him the following message: “Return as far as you can, and I will come the rest of the way to meet you.”

Where can racial healing begin?

Maurine Pyle
Libertyville, Ill.

Communication is key
I was very taken and also frustrated by the article by Vanessa Julye (FJ Nov. 02) who felt the pain of racism at the FGC Gathering. What happened at the Gathering, I submit, was less about racism and more about honorable and well-intentioned people demonstrating poor planning and poor communication.

All too often white people operate from ignorance and guilt and black people from anger born in pain.

Although she meant to be helpful, the singing woman demonstrated inappropriate behavior and poor judgment by invading...
someone else's space and putting this person into the spotlight without permission. The conference planners neglected to pick up on whatever vibes may or may not have been put out at previous Gatherings. Instead of bending over backwards trying to prove they are not prejudiced and deciding for blacks what they need, whites must to learn to acknowledge their errors, openly and honestly admit their feelings, and, most important, ask how they can do better in the future.

And Vanessa Julye, with eight years' experience and eight years of being disappointed, might have made a critical and important contribution toward avoiding all this had she only contacted the planners in advance and given them a heads-up as to what blacks would expect to see at the Gathering.

I learned in therapy long ago that, if you want something, you have to say—in advance—what it is you expect; not wait until you are disappointed, harbor bad feelings, let them fester, and then attack. Most people are not mind readers, and anger is not productive. My children cannot know what I want them to do for my birthday unless I call them, and conference planners cannot know what attendees expect unless they are advised. So much pain can be avoided when we learn to communicate effectively and with love, holding one another in the Light.

Lisa Stewart
Greenacres, Fla.

What have Friends appropriated?

We write from Oakland, California, where gang-related violence claimed more than 100 murder victims this year. No one here considers this a sign of Light or Life. So we do not find a revelation of hope or renewal in “The Friendly Gangstaz Committee” (FJ Dec. 02). Young Friends, what are you demonstrating in your “humorous” imitation/appropriation of gang culture? FRIENDS JOURNAL, what are you demonstrating in publishing this article?

Pamela Calvert and Helen Haug
Oakland, Calif.

Thought-provoking—and frustrating

Keith Helmuth’s “Why Simple Living Is Not Enough” (FJ Dec. 02) was thought-provoking and frustrating. It was frustrating because it lacked specifics as to what we...
Keith Helmuth’s article was timely since I’ve planned to use this winter to visualize a new economic system. The books mentioned in the article are excellent resources, but how do we move from good ideas to good actions? What can we actually do to challenge and transform the current economic system that encourages greed and the collection of wealth as acceptable and even noble pursuits? I am tired of having my money in its various forms supporting the production of warheads, purchasing snowmobiles, or padding some rich person’s pocket. I am starting to explore what a Quaker currency or Friends General Conference Bank might achieve. What would a Quaker Home Owners Insurance Policy look like? Could health and auto insurance, investment and retirement plans bring all of us personal economic security and a collective expression of our Religious Society of Friends’ beliefs? What this new economic system would look like depends on an active discourse among Friends as to what values we actually hold most dear.

For example, do Friends value my hour as a farmer as much as another person’s hour as a doctor or other professional? If not, how much more should a farmer get paid per hour? (A personal joke! Intellgently, I consider everyone’s hour equal to everyone else’s hour, since 664,000 hours culminate the average lifetime. That’s all anyone gets. With this in mind, doctors spend more hours in academic training, so their hour seeing a patient should also include a portion of their time devoted to study. There are also hours of other individuals to run a doctor’s office that affect my bill, but should a doctor make two times more than a farmer? Four times more? Ten times more?

Robert A. Rohwer
Paullina, Iowa
Help to save fuel

Forty years ago, it was our lot to spend two years in Kenya teaching vocational agriculture in a government school about ten miles from Kaimosi. It recently occurred to me that a large part of the world’s poverty is in the tropics, where solar energy is plentiful and predictable. With the population explosion, the forested areas are being depleted for fuel to heat water to make tea and boil water to cook posho (corn meal, the staple of the diet). If a functional and reasonably inexpensive solar heater could be made available to the people in these areas, it would help to solve some serious problems.

Here is what would be necessary to explore: One would have to take a lot of data and measure the solar insolation in various locations during the daylight hours in calories per square meter. This would make it possible to calculate the size of the solar collector necessary to heat water to boil posho or make tea. There would have to be a spring-driven mechanism that could be wound up by hand to make the collector follow the sun at 15 degrees per hour to account for Earth rotation.

This is a very bare-bones explanation of the basic idea. My purpose here is to get someone interested. If I were 40 years younger, I’d like to work on it myself (I’m 85). If anyone is interested, I’d like to hear from you. My address is Bob Simkin, Box 31, Poplar Ridge, NY 13139-0031. If this were a reality and we could persuade our government to make this kind of thing available free to the poor countries instead of supplying them free with military hardware, it might get at the root causes of terrorism.

Bob Simkin
Poplar Ridge, N.Y.

Let’s embrace consensus

I’m somewhat distressed by modern Friends’ misunderstanding of consensus. Friends seem not only to misunderstand consensus, but also to want to distance ourselves from it. I believe we should not distance ourselves from it, we should embrace it. We should claim our role in the gift that consensus can be for organizations and individuals. While Friends are not the only group of people to operate from consensus, we are largely responsible for sending this gift out to the secular world. And it is a gift.

I am aware of the discussion of the difference between sense of the meeting and consensus and I have read Barry Morley’s Beyond Consensus: Salvaging the Sense of the Meeting. I think that Barry Morley did not fully appreciate consensus. We can define sense of the meeting as what is used in meeting for business and consensus as used in secular settings. Consensus is not seeking the lowest common denominator, nor is it the same as compromise. The search for consensus is the search for the highest, most elegant solution, one that unites and fulfills the true needs of the people there.

I have been the clerk of a Friends meeting and have worked in a Friends organization that used sense of the meeting. I have also been a professional mediator for nine years and worked with many groups and individuals in conflict. Part of my work has been in training people to use consensus and differentiate between consensus and compromise. (Compromise is the lowest common denominator or splitting the difference; consensus is a solution in which all needs are fully met.) In consensus, people are asked to suspend their disbelief and to work together to discover the solution that is there for this group. If that sounds a lot like discerning God’s will, it’s because it is.

It is my experience that the only difference between sense of the meeting and consensus is the language used. When working with secular organizations, I don’t speak of seeking divine guidance. I don’t speak of using silence to get in touch with the Inner Light. I do ask people what are the crucial values they are trying to meet. They may be asked to take some time to determine the most important elements to them and what they hope for in terms of their future relationship with the other person or people. I ask them about their best selves. The solution emerges from that. Many, many people talk afterwards about the process being a spiritual process and about feeling led to a decision. I never use that language in secular situations; it comes from the participants. Non-Quaker mediators report similar results. My sense is that with Friends, there is a shorthand, a familiar language, but that the process is identical.

Both with Friends and with secular organizations, the ideal is not always met. Many times organizations that try to use consensus without any training do it very badly. That is true for Friends organizations and for secular organizations. Sometimes even with training, it is done badly or people aren’t ready. Reminding Friends to stay with a sense of worship frequently helps Friends avoid some of the worst blunders, and secular organizations do not have that language or concept to help. When it is done well, consensus and sense of the meeting work in parallel ways with the same type of results. There are elegant solutions that enhance the relationships, motivation, and the caring of the people involved. When consensus is misunderstood and not used well, perhaps we should help educate organizations to the process rather than claiming we do something different.

Mediation and consensus both grew directly out of Friends process. I am proud of this connection. Friends still have a role in helping the secular world to stay true to the process without the spiritual language.

When I mediate, facilitate, or clerk, I ask for divine help. I frequently find that I receive that help. If we truly believe that there is that of God in every person and that our task is to speak only to that part of others, we should not be surprised that the others will respond from that divine part of themselves. Divinely inspired solutions are the result, regardless of what we call the process.

Dee Edelman
Winston-Salem, N.C.

Hold this act of courage in the Light

I am not a Friend. I came across Quakerism and pacifism while I was studying conscientious objectors a few years ago. Since then, I follow how Quakers react to many crises in the world as well as in the U.S. Thinking about Quakerism has been one way of comforting myself that I can rely on.

As a Korean American young adult, conscription in Korea is always an issue, one that I strongly oppose. As might be true with Israel, there is a notion of being unpatriotic if one refuses to serve for one’s country when he is called. In recent days, there was a person who refused to serve in the military and chose jail instead, not because of his religion, but because of his conscience against violence. It was a rare case in a place like Korea. It was an equally rare event with press coverage.

I wanted to share this delight and hopeful news with my friends the Quakers. In your silent prayer, please add regards for this lonely but just act. I am sure that will help in ways. I might not convert for some other reasons, but I will humbly enjoy the honor of being a Friends supporter. It is always my pleasure to meet many Friends through the FRIENDS JOURNAL.

Hong-suk Lee
Brooklyn, N.Y.

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Cottage in Ashland is a convenient, friendly place to stay for you and people of color are welcome. 515 East Capitol Accommodations for individuals and groups. Gays, youth programs, bed and breakfast. 5 blocks from the Capitol, location


Family of the Religious Society of Friends is looking for technical rates or volunteer assistance desired; reference G Phi and the Quaker House. Contact: pancop@latemay.net.

New Books—Court Quest: Playing Women's Squash in the USA by Jolene Randall, 1994. Quaker women embrace squash as a competitive sport. In addition to maintaining the highest standards of conduct, squash provides friendships and a sense of community.

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Rare and out-of-print journals, history, religion, inspirational. Contact us for topics, titles. Vintage Books, 1841 Hayden Rowe Street, Hopkinton, MA 01748. (508) 435-3499. E-mail at <vintage@ge.net>.

News from the Quaker House Bookshop, 502 Broad Street, St. Albans, VT 05478, (802) 454-6566, Fax: (802) 454-3030, wys@bookshop.org

Available guest accommodations in historic Quaker meetinghouses. Short- or long-term, contact: Assistant Director, Quaker House, 5615 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, IL 60637.

Looking for a creative living alternative in New York City? Fensington Friends House may be the place for you. We are looking for people of all ages who want to make a serious commitment to a community lifestyle based on Quaker principles. For information call (212) 673-1790. We also have overnight accommodations.

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Friends Center with unprogrammed Christian orientation, Barnesville, Ohio, offers quiet welcoming space for personal retreats with optional spiritual consultation. Also weekend retreats: March 28, 31, April 25. For information contact: Quaker House Bookshop, 5615 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, IL 60637, (773) 286-3006.

Contact to consider mountain retirement property, near a Friends Center, visit <quakernetfriends.com> or write Roy Dee and Ruth Stuecky, 1162 Home Road, Sabinsville, MD 21781.

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Contact to consider mountain retirement property, near a Friends Center, visit <quakernetfriends.com> or write Roy Dee and Ruth Stuecky, 1162 Home Road, Sabinsville, MD 45169.
Single Booklovers, a national group, has been getting together for booklovers together since 1970. Please write Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19036, or call (610) 358-5048.

Positions Vacant
Manager, Lake Paupac Club Lodge. Summer position in the Poconos for a live-in manager to operate a Lodge as Community Center for approximately 60 condo owners, their families, and guests from June 27 to August 30. Contact 3 three Lodge rooms as a B&B and colors 3 to 4 meals weekly for approximately 30 diners. Caters two large picnics (for 200) and supports other Lodge activities. Must be knowledgeable of catering, have experience and be familiar with catering services. Compensation & benefits. Send resume to the address in the note above.

Friends Camp located in South China, Maine, seeks counselors with skills in pottery, photography, crafts, music, sailing, sports, and inagues. Kitchen assistant, and maintenance staff are also needed. A nurse, physician assistant, or EMT is of major importance to us. Maine state licensing will be required. Apply to Susan Morris, Director, Friends Camp, P.O. Box 84, East Vassalboro, ME 04942. Tel: (207) 932-2975 or smorris@yahoo.com. <www.friendscamp.org>

Camp Waterkors
Now hiring staff for the summer of 2003. Camp counselors are needed, and cooks are needed. All new staff members must be 18 and over. Life guards and experience working with children plus a plus for counselor candidates. Dates of employment are June 15-September 1, 2003. Call Travis at (626) 864-8946 for more information and application packet.

Chicago Friends Meeting is seeking a part-time Meeting Secretary. Duties would include promoting a sense of community, performing administrative tasks, and be able to work either in the wider community. Send resumes and/or inquiries to Chicago Friends Meeting, Attn: Bev Fisher, 1231 S. Ashland Avenue, Chicago, IL 60605; (773) 445-8949.

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 various programs, including meeting, advocacy, and other tasks arising from AFSC work on peace and social justice issues. Write to: AFSC Washington Office, Attn: Bev Fisher, 202 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001.

Exciting International Teaching Opportunities! For information on obtaining a visa and administrative positions in international schools, contact Sally Gordon or Robert Hardwell at Search Associates. (416) 325-0171 or sallygordon@search.org.

Pendle Hill High School Youth Camp Leaders (3): Facilitate and help plan weeklong Quaker high school program. Service projects, field trips, discussions, games, Quaker values and history. July 4-14, 2003, plus planning weekend in May.

Summer Youth Programs Co-Coordinator: Plan and co-lead 7-week young adult service and spiritual enrichment program, weeklong high school program. A transformational leadership opportunity! May–August (negotiable). Room, board, and salary provided. Contact: Jane Chandler, 512-557-9000; janecd@amherst.edu.

Summer Employment Staff Needed. Quaker owned/directed camp since 1946. Located in one of the most spectacular areas of the U.S., in Adirondacks near Lake Placid, N.Y. Positions available for cabin and specialty counselors as well as some department head and administrative positions. Good salaries and accommodations. Must be of Quaker or friendly religious background. Write to: Summer Employment, Box 100, NY 12960.

Interns: 9–12 month commitment. Assist with hospitality and seminar planning at William Penn House. Room and board with small stipend. Applications from gays, lesbians, and people of color are welcome. 5 blocks from the Capitol, Supreme Court, and near the Smithsonian museums. 615 East Capitol Street, SE, Washington, DC 20003, (202) 543-5960. Fax: (202) 543-8151. <dinepanhouse@penneast.org>, <www.Quaker.org/penhouse>.

Real Estate

Property Wanted: A Friendly PYM family looking to relocate and buy a home in West Chester, Pennsylvania. Needs 2-3 bedrooms, 1 1/2 baths, living room, dining room, kitchen, garage, and an additional space for a home office. Please reply ASAP.

Property wanted—year-round living. First time home buyer looking for land to build a log cabin, if the cabin is already there—great! in Vermont. Buyer's work requires access to cable/satellite internet connection. Would love to have something sweet and simple in this place by this spring or sooner. Please call Bobbie and leave your message. All calls will be returned. Thank you. (215) 242-2859.

Rentals & Retreats
Cape May Beach lovers, sell the floor in your toes. Centrally located, beautiful, 4-bedroom Cape, sleeps 6, central air, 2 1/2 baths. Large kitchen with all conveniences. Available from July 1 to August 31. Great week-end, and off-season rates. Edie at edyer@pti.net or (416) 232-6222.

Scenic, private cottage above rocky waterfront, Sunset Lake, Maine, sleeps 6, 1 1/2, BR, BA. Two weeks minimum, June 28-August 3. Reasonable rates. Telephone: (207) 649-5152. E-mail: kathleen.shepherd@darmouth.edu.

Blueberry Cottage on organic lavender, blueberry and dairy goat farm in the mountains of N. Carolina. Pond, mountain views, protected river. Sleeps 6. Farm family visit or romantic getaway. Near Celo Friends Meeting. By week or month. <mountainfarm@aol.com> or (828) 675-2300.

Chincoteague Island, Va. Off-season (before 6/15 or after 9/30). Two adjacent, fully equipped vacation homes, sleeps 6 or 10. Walk to town, bike to Assateague Island National Seashore, watch anywhere. Call 654-8413. Weekly rates $420, $450 respectively; week ends half cost. (703) 448-6878 or <manxvri@juno.com>.

Chincoteague Island. Va. Has all amenities and sleeps up to 15. On quiet street with view of bay. Perfect for 2-3 families or fun gatherings. Call (408) 265-5660 for more information.


Cape May, N.J. Beach House—weekly rentals; weekend rentals in off-season. Sleeps 12+. Great for family reunions! Block from beach. Close to mall, Ocean views from wraparound porch. Call (718) 987-3517.

A Friendly Maui Vacation on a Quaker organic farm, close to local beaches, local stone and cedar cottage with a few eagle perched, picture window, with view of Pacific Ocean, full kitchen, organic garden, and hot tub. Bed and breakfast—$90 per night.

Also, newly built dwelling with two large bedrooms and sleeping porch overlooking the Pacific Ocean and tropical forest. Tile bath with Jacuzzi—modern kitchen—fully carpeted throughout. Suitable for family or club use. $120 per day—3 days minimum.

Write to Michael Piattelli, 620 W. Vittori, 375 Kawelo Road, Kailua, HI 96743. Telephone: (808) 572-9205. Fax: (808) 572-9206.


Bald Head Island, N.C. Panoramic view of ocean, dunes, and golf course from four-bedroom, two-bathroom, beautifully furnished house with wraparound deck, two electric golf carts. 14 miles of beach, championship golf, tennis, croquet, swimming, and fishing. 13,000 acres of nature preserve. Sleeps 15+.

Cuvuera, Mexico: Family, friends, group stays enjoy this beautiful Mexican house. Mexican family staff provide excellent food and care. Six twin bedrooms, breakfast, and evening meal. Large living and dining room, long terrace with dining area and mountain view. Lakefront and heated pool. Close to historic center and transportation. Call Edith Nicholson (511) 527-771-3833 Central Daylight time 8 a.m.–10 a.m.

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

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For information, call with Doris Lambert, The Kendal Corporation, P.O. Box 100, Kendell Square, PA 19348. (610) 388-5881. E-mail: info@kc.kendal.org.

Friends Homes, Inc., founded by North Carolina Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, has been providing retirement options since 1968. Both Friends and non-Quakers at Kendal and Friends Homes West are fee-for-service, continuing care retirement community offering independent living, assisted living, and skilled nursing care. Located in Greensboro, North Carolina, both communities are close to Guflford College and several Friends Meetings. Enjoy the beauty of four seasons as well as outstanding cultural, intellectual, and spiritual communities in an area where Quaker roots run deep. For information please call: (336) 292-9952, or write: Friends Homes West, P.O. Box 810, Friends Haven, NC 27401.

Friends Homes, Inc. owns and operates communities dedicated to the letter and spirit of Equal Housing Opportunity.

Foxdale Village, for Quaker-directed life care. A vibrant and caring community that encourages and supports men and women in their search for life fully and gratefully in harmony with the principles of simplicity, diversity, equality, mutuality, respect, companionship, and personal involvement. Spacious ground-floor apartments and community amenities such as library, auditorium, wood shop, computer lab. CCAC Accredited. Reasonable fees include medical care. 500 East Marilyn Avenue, Department F, State College, PA 16801-5269. For more information, call Debra Gill (717) 946-4851. <www.foxdalevillage.org>

March 2003 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Walton Retirement Home, a nonprofit minority of Ohio Yearly Meeting since 1944, offers an ideal place for retirement. Both assisted living and independent living facilities are available. For further information or to schedule a tour, call Norm or Diana Kaul at (740) 455-2344, or write to Walton Retirement Home, 1254 East Main Street, Barnesville, OH 43713.

Schools
The Quaker School at Horsham, a value-centered elementary and middle school for students with learning differences. Small, remedial classes, qualified staff, serving Philadelphia, Bucks and Montgomery Counties. 118 Meeting House Road, Horsham, PA 19044. (215) 674-2927.

Tancaoc 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, Tancaocooc (Village), NJ 08073. (609) 587-1265. Fax: (609) 705-7254.

Frankford Friends School: coed, Pre-K to grade 6, serving center city, Northeast, and most areas of Philadelphia. We provide children with an affordable yet challenging academic program in a small, nurturing environment. Frankford Friends School, 1500 Orthodox Street, Philadelphia, PA 19119. (215) 839-5060.


Junior high boarding school for grades 7, 8, 9. Small academic classes, challenging outdoor experiences, community service, consensus decision making, daily work projects in a small, caring, community environment. Arthur Morgan School, 1301 Harcourt Branch Road, Burnsville, NC 28714, (704) 685-4252.

Come visit Olney Friends School on your cross-country travels, six miles south of 70-70 in the green hills of eastern Ohio. A residential high school and farm, next to Stillwater Meetinghouse, Olney Friends College built around family living, Quaker values, and community. Contact: Dr. Alphonse Exley, Box 263, Barnesville, OH 43713. (704) 625-3255.

Stratford Friends School provides a strong academic program in a warm, supportive, ungraded setting for children ages 5-13 who learn differently. Small classes and a strong enrichment curriculum round out the whole child. An at-risk program for five-year-olds is available. The school also offers a six-week extended day program: tutoring, and summer school. Information: Stratford Friends School, 5 Liddellio Road, Havertown, PA 19083. (610) 449-3144.

United Friends School: coed, preschool-8; emphasizing integrated, developmentally appropriate curriculum, including whole language and manipulative math; serving upper Bucks County, 20 South 10th Street, Quakertown, PA 18974. (215) 538-1753.

Lansdowne Friends School—a small Friends school for boys and girls three years of age through sixth grade, located in Quaker Valley. We provide children with a quality academic and a developmentally appropriate program in a nurturing environment. Whole language, thematic education, conflict resolution, Spanish, alternative curricula program. Box 110 N. Lansdowne Avenue, Lansdowne, PA 19050. (610) 323-2548.

Services Offered
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Recently updated! Photos of illustrated and calligraphed Wedding Certificates realistically hand-drawn in colored inks. Ketubahs, gay celebrations and other Quaker examples. Ideas, and easy online form for fast estimates. E-mail Jennifer Snow Wolf, a birthright Friend, for sample Cross, <snowwolf@att.net>. We don’t spam. Allow one month for Finished Artwork.

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Ahimsa Graphics, 24 Cavanaugh Ct, Saunderton, RI 02874. (401) 294-7789 or (888) 475-6219.

Moving to North Carolina? Maybe David Brown, a Quaker real estate broker, can help. Contact at 1258 Pheasant Dr., Greensboro, NC 27410. (336) 294-2035.

Custom Marriage Certificates, and other traditional or decorated documents. Various calligraphic styles and watercolor designs available. Over ten years’ experience. Pam Bennett, P. O. Box 136, Uxbridge, PA 19480. (610) 458-4255. <p@stonehegedesign.com>.

We are a fellowship. Friends mostly, seeking to enrich and strengthen our spiritual experience. We seek to obey the promptings of the Spirit however named. We meet, publish, correspond. Inquiries welcomed! Write Quaker Universalist Fellowship, 121 Watson Mill Road, Landenberg, PA 19350-9346.

Summer Camps
Night Eagle Wilderness Adventures, in Vermont’s Green Mountains, is a unique primitive summer camp designed to build a boy’s self-confidence and foster a better understanding of native peoples and their relationship with the land. Activities tend to spring from the natural environment and teach boys to rely on their own ingenuity. Through community living and group decision making, campers learn to live and play together in a spirit of cooperation rather than competition. For boys age 10-14, two three and six week sessions. Please visit our website: <www .nighteagl e .com> or call for a full brochure @ 518-773-7322.

Camp Dark Waters
One- and two-week sessions for ages 7-14. Built on the Quaker testimonies of Peace, Education, Simplicity, Stewardship, Equality, and Integrity, our diverse staff 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 more information contact: (603) 654-8844, F. O. Box 263, Bedford, NH 03166. Financial aid available.

Journey’s End Farm Camp
A farm designed to help children ages 7-14 build new friendships, skills, and learn about the environment. Daily meeting, Quaker leadership. Ages 7-12, 34 boys and girls. Two- and three week sessions. Brochure (603) 647-8703. <www .campwoodbrookes.com>

Make friends, make music at Friends Music Camp. Summer program emphasizing music, community, Quaker values, ages 8-11. For information, brochure, video: PMC, P. O. Box 427, Yellow Springs, OH 45387. (937) 767-1311 or (937) 767-1816. <musicfilm@yc.com>

Summer Rentals
Adirondack—Housekeeping cabins on quiet, unspoiled lake—fireplace—fully-equipped—June thru September—(609) 654-3859 or write Drary, Cranberry Lake, NY 12927.


Marc Simon, rue Ourthe, 30200 Saint Victor, France, <m@simon@wanadoo .fr> or J. Simon, 124 Boxford, Buffalo, NY 14226, (716) 836-8654.

Prince Edward Island (Canada): 3 BR, 1 1/2 baths, cottage with view of Bay, modern kitchen, huge deck, 3-acres lawn. July-August 3600/ week. June or Sept. 5000/wk. Website: <www.vrbo .com>. @ 1-800-151 (610) 520-0696.

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Ada Maria Isasi-Díaz, Professor of Ethics at Drew University Theological School, activist theologian and feminist specializing in the interconnections of sexism, ethnic prejudice-racism, and economic oppression-classism and a leading articulator of Mujerista Liberation Theology.

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✓ Worship services from diverse cultural traditions

Interested? Contact our Registrar for more information:
800.742.3150 ext. 142 (U.S. only) or 610.566.4507 ext. 142 registrar@pendlehill.org.

Registration Details:
✓ Registration fee $140 if paid by April 16; $160 thereafter. $85 Student rate.
✓ Fee includes speakers, workshops, music, Friday and Saturday dinners, and Saturday and Sunday lunches.
✓ Matching scholarships available.
✓ Arrange for housing early. Reduced rates available at Holiday Inn Historic District if reserved by April 11.

PENDLE HILL
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