CARVED IN STONE
VIGNETTES OF AN ANTIWAR VET
KINDNESS OF THE NIGHT
Preparing for Hard Times

As I write, I’ve just returned from the Friends General Conference Gathering in Johnstown, Pa., where we collectively spent a week considering the theme “Coming to Peace.” Friends at the Gathering, as in most other Quaker groups these days, were gravely concerned about the direction our nation is heading. Plenary speakers, musicians, workshop leaders, and afternoon interest groups addressed growing U.S. militarism and the many assaults on our constitutionally guaranteed freedoms. Individually and together we were challenged to be more familiar with the issues and to decide which of the many urgent concerns facing us today is calling for our ongoing attention.

These are hard times that promise to get harder. How do we prepare and pace ourselves for difficult days ahead? In this issue, Patricia McBea speaks to that question in “Quaker Spiritual Disciplines for Hard Times” (p. 6) by suggesting that we adhere to the time-honored Quaker disciplines of retirement, prayer, living in the Cross, and discerning what we have strength for the task before us. In “Vignettes of an Antitary Vet” (p. 10), Lyle Tatum shares stories from a difficult year of prison time stemming from his conscientious objection to war during World War II. Holding fast to the integrity of his convictions, he set an example that was honored by co-workers even during a period of?tatic fervor, and that same integrity later stymied a prison disciplinary board. We again are living in times of patriotic fervor—war making, first strike capabilities, eroded civil liberties in the name of homeland security, and an ominous USA Patriot Act II looming on the near horizon. There is much to consider, and discernment, integrity, and keeping low will be important tools for us.

Last month I introduced five volunteers to our readers, and thanked others who have moved on. This month I’m very pleased to introduce Herb Ettel, who has joined us as our new web manager, taking up the baton (computer mouse?) from Martin Kelley who has consolidated part-time jobs, leaving us in anticipation of the arrival of his first child this month. We will miss Martin and his cheerful disposition as he kept our website refreshed and helped us through some thorny technical difficulties. More than 72 individuals applied for Martin’s position, and from this group of very able people, we are delighted that Herb has joined us. He was online projects director/webmaster at Co-op America from 1996 to 2001, and he has over 20 years of experience in communications promoting nonviolence, human rights, and environmental protection. A graduate of University of Virginia, Herb also earned master’s degrees in Journalism and Political Science from Temple University. He and his wife are members of Friends Meeting of Washington and Takoma Village Cohousing community. For fun, he leads workshops for United for a Fair Economy and takes part in many progressive organizations and actions in our nation’s capital. He develops and produces websites and publications for other nonprofits as well.

Herb joins the growing cohort of folks who do their work for us at a distance, and we are delighted to have him join us in this good work!
Features

6 Quaker Spiritual Disciplines for Hard Times
Patricia McBee
Can these practices of early Friends help us through the 21st century?

10 Vignettes of an Antiwar Vet
Lyle Tatum
A World War II conscientious objector reminisces on “doing time.”

14 Walking the Walk: Ian Fritz
Breeze Luetke-Stahlman
This adult young Friend is reshaping his understanding of Quakerism.

17 Kindness of the Night
Marcia Z. Nelson
Once a month, she serves early breakfast at a homeless shelter.

18 Traveling in Turkey
Caroline Balderton Parry
Impressions are captured in five sets of haiku.

20 An Aspect of Continuing Revelation
Judith Brown
Four mystic poets from other epochs have much to offer to Quakers.

22 Carved in Stone
Anita Fritz
A stone carver uses more than a mallet and chisel to preserve memories.

Departments

2 Among Friends
4 Forum
25 Life in the Meeting
   2002 State of the Meeting reports
26 Books
32 News
33 Bulletin Board
38 Milestones
43 Classified
45 Meetings

Poetry

9 Common Prayers: On Not Doing Good
Kristin Lord

13 No More Trenches
Ken Thompson

Cover: Stone carved by Karin Sprague from a kanji character handbrushed by a Japanese calligrapher. The character translates as “love.”
Photo by Frank Stevenson
I recently received the May edition of FRIENDS JOURNAL and read with interest Scott Simon’s response to Friends who were concerned with his December 2001 article published in FRIENDS JOURNAL. I have worked as the Country Director for CARE in Afghanistan from October 1995 through June 1999 and again from October 2001 to the present. I believe that he has raised some clear dilemmas, but that he has also exaggerated some of the Taliban excesses. When those excesses are exaggerated, the range of options available for responding to them becomes more limited.

I have checked with long-serving Afghan colleagues to confirm my memory: there was not a single Friday when “12, 18, 20, or 25 people would be marched onto the field and executed by Taliban.” The Taliban did use the stadium for public amputations and executions, but these were not every Friday and the average number of executions was only one or two per Friday when they did happen. This is not at all to excuse making a circus out of public executions, amputations, and floggings. But one could have an interesting discussion comparing the quality of Taliban justice with that of Texas.

Probably the Taliban would come out on the short end of that comparison as well, but it would be an interesting discussion.

I think Scott Simon and I would agree on a lot of things. There are many, many Afghans who are relieved to have the oppression of the Taliban years over. I will concede that it is probable that the only way that this could have been achieved in a relatively short time frame was by the use of overwhelming military force. But I am not sure that it is the only way that it could have eventually happened, and I’m quite sure that the current state of affairs in Afghanistan is not anything approaching “victory” for the forces of peace and democracy. Two NGO vehicles were shot up on the main highway between Kabul and Qandahar this week: one driver killed and three persons injured. Last month two foreigners were killed. The UN has just suspended its operations in a half-dozen southern provinces because of violence and threats against aid workers. A large security vacuum persists in Afghanistan putting the whole reconstruction effort in jeopardy. Taliban are now returning as a guerrilla force, possibly to become a greater threat to Afghanistan than they were as a government.

Redemptive suffering

Scott Simon has done us the favor of demolishing a liberal Peace Testimony that rests on a political calculus of “the greater good.” For instance, if we say that the Peace Testimony depends on our recognition of that of God in everyone and then the Taliban destroy more of “that of God” than a successful invasion by the United States, and that invasion liberates the people of Afghanistan to express their “that of God,” then the liberal version of the Peace Testimony falls.

The Quakerism of George Fox, when he accepted added jail time for refusing a captancy, or that of the quietest period, when Friends were read out of meeting for paying war taxes, was not liberal in this sense. Uncomfortable as it may seem, that Quakerism was illiberal in that it shared in common with the Taliban a profound commitment to revealed, indeed absolute, truth from God. That truth rested on a vision of God’s intention for humanity (which became the basis of our testimonies), recognition of the depth of human evil within everyone, and faith in the power of Christ to work inwardly to free us all from the power of sin. Most profoundly—and here Quakers separate decisively from fundamentalists such as the Taliban or Pat Robertson—that truth rests on an understanding that God is willing to suffer on behalf of God’s enemies. That this suffering is redemptive is the meaning of the Cross and Resurrection.

I hope Friends will continue to bear witness to Jesus’ way of the Cross: it is the hope of the world for reconciliation. The
The strongest option

Scott Simon did a credible job of presenting his views. His points may be raised by others, so they need to be studied and answered if possible.

Scott Simon describes World War II as a good war that got rid of Hitler. He concentrates on the violence that Hitler and the Taliban committed, and I acknowledge this violence. Yet by the end of World War II the U.S. had strengthened Josef Stalin. Didn’t we trade one world-conquering, murdering oligarchy for another? We now know how close we came to World War III in December 1962, during the Cuban missile crisis.

Scott Simon speaks of bringing freedom to people. In 1946 the United States responded to the Soviet threat by rebuilding our enemies, Germany and Japan. Other countries bordering the Soviet bloc—Finland, Greece, South Korea—were equally encouraged to prosper. We gave their people good jobs and freedom without military invasions. The Soviet bloc eventually collapsed in nonviolent revolts. The Cold War is long gone, and this time no new tyrant has arisen in Europe to

That place within

Scott Simon writes well and persuasively of how ends can justify violent means. His writing skill and experience in the world are impressive. I would expect to find such material in the general press, but wonder how it is relevant in FRIENDS JOURNAL. He does not purport that his conclusions are based on interaction with the Divine. He does not speak in any way of how the still, small voice convinced him to support war making. In fact, he states quite clearly, it “is the result of working around the world as a journalist.”

I have chosen to the best of my ability to try to live in that life and power that takes away the occasion for war. To do that, I must humbly approach that place within where I can find the living Christ. I will testify that my life has been influenced by the Spirit within, and that at times I have been given work to do to witness to the world that there is a better way than war. I will not engage Scott Simon in a debate at the level of “what works.” I don’t think it appropriate in FRIENDS JOURNAL. I urge him, and all Friends, to look within for the Truth. If we do so, we will find that the way for us is the way of peace and love. If the madness of the world starts to shake our faith, we need to listen all the more carefully.

Larry Miller
New Britain, Pa.

Scott Simon doesn’t mention the bad old wars—the endless deadly stalemate of World War I and how the terms of peace led to World War II, a little diplomatic miscalculation during the Korean War, the little Vietnamese boy at the end of the movie “The Green Berets” to whom we would give freedom. Giving others freedom is an idealistic sentiment. How well did violence work long-term?

Scott Simon seems to say that violence is better than apathy. Mohandas K. Gandhi said, “Violence is better than apathy; but nonviolent methods are best.”

I’m sorry that our nation is now apathetic to the idea of preventing wars with good jobs and freedom. The U.S. is apathetic to the horrible hunger and occasional slavery that put goods on our nation’s store shelves. Scott Simon is right if all we have in our national toolbox besides apathy is violence, but he didn’t address our strongest option.

Paul Klinkman
Providence, R.I.

Scott Simon, you are a personal friend, you come to my home every Saturday and we have such wonderful conversations. The highlight of the morning is when you and Daniel Scheirn shed the Light of Truth on the latest goings on. I remember clearly your talk at the annual gathering of the Friends Committee on National Legislation when you spoke so eloquently about your own journey in search of a just war, and how you had failed to find one. And now you speak so convincingly of our need to use violence to make a better world. It sounds a lot like the Buddhist story of pirates taking over a ship, in which the death of a few pirates weighed against the death of the hundreds on the ship is justified. You make a logical and convincing argument for killing the bad guys.

But my world is not a logical world. It is a world where God’s power is Love. I believe that we can change the world with love. We can make our enemies our friends with love. And I dare not let go of that because without that, there is no God, only chaos.

How comforting it would be to see the Taliban as evil. How comforting it would be to think that if only we killed off all the evil people we would have a world of peace. But the only way for me to go about killing those evil people is to let go of my God, and I cannot do that.

And if we do kill off all the evil people, what of their families? Won’t we have to kill them also? Won’t they want to seek revenge on us for our killing? So let’s kill off their families, as well. But wait, what of their friends? Won’t they want to kill us as a way to keep from being killed by us? Where does the killing stop? Should I tell my five-year-old granddaughter that it’s okay to kill evil people? And how do I tell her how to discern who is good and who is evil?

No, Scott, much as I love you, I cannot agree with you. Your arguments have the reasonable sound of Donald Rumsfeld but they are not convincing. I am not willing to give up my belief in the ability of Love’s power to create a new world. For me this is God’s Kingdom, I am called to love all of it, my family, my garden, my friends, George W. Bush, and the Taliban alike. It is hard, but it is the only way for me.

Nils Pearson
Ogema, Wis.

David Beynon
Manassas, Va.
Can the spiritual disciplines of early Friends help us through hard times in the 21st century? The very question of spiritual discipline is complex for contemporary Friends. For the most part, we do not hold up an expectation that Friends should have any spiritual practice except for attendance at meeting for worship. One rarely hears the term “spiritual discipline.” Some of us bristle at the term “discipline,” thinking of it as something administered by a teacher or parent rather than simply as a practice that develops proficiency. And among Friends “spiritual” can have a wide, and sometimes troubling, range of meanings.

We don’t talk with one another about spiritual discipline because of our general hesitation about telling one another what spirituality is and how to develop it. As a consequence we are often left to find our way alone, without support, guidance, or milestones. Many of us get stuck or lost, or find ourselves going around in spiritual circles.

Here in the early 21st century we are living in hard times that look as though they are going to get harder. Our country was attacked; we have been told to expect long-term war; the natural environment is compromised; the economy is unstable; jobs are at risk; retirement savings are shrinking; many people live without the basic necessities. If we are to face the crises of the early 21st century we can’t be going around in circles—we are going to have to help one another find a robust spirituality.

Our Quaker testimonies are demanding. What do Integrity, Equality, Simplicity, and Peace require of us? How can we build the spiritual strength and stamina to live up to these testimonies when we are challenged?

We know how physical strength and stamina are developed: exercise, practice, repetition, discipline. The same is true of spiritual strength. Many Friends, sensing this need to build up spiritual strength, seek disciplines outside Quaker practice. We may take up Buddhist meditation, or yoga, or chanting, believing Quakerism not to have equivalent practice that will hold us and carry us through hard times. However, I am discovering that our tradition offers us callisthenics that can help us develop the strength and stamina we need to be a healing presence in a troubled world.

It may be that when we first encounter the spiritual disciplines of early Friends, we will have to get inside their language and translate it into terms that have meaning for us today. Some of early Quaker language is unfamiliar to us. Sometimes the words are familiar, but the meanings are different. Nonetheless, my sense is that the disciplines of early Friends are accessible to contemporary Friends. Not only can we understand them, I think we will find that they do not cramp Friends into narrow, sectarian beliefs; instead, they can strengthen each of us on our personal spiritual path.

This brief article lifts up five early Quaker spiritual disciplines for our times: retirement, prayer, living in the Cross, keeping low, and discernment. This is not an exhaustive list of the practices of earlier Friends, but a suggestive group that can be a starting place for building strong spiritual lives in supportive spiritual communities.

Retirement

Retirement may be the practice most accessible to contemporary Friends. Our meetings for worship are times of retirement. Walks in the woods or sitting by the ocean can be times of retirement, as can retreats extended over several days. Thomas Kelly wrote that we can be in contact with “an amazing sanctuary of the soul, a holy place, a divine center.” Times of retirement are the times when we pull back from the chatter and busyness of our outward lives, enter that amazing sanctuary, and allow our inner wisdom, the Inward Teacher, to rise up in us.

For early Friends retirement was a prerequisite for a life of faithfulness. Retirement was a daily discipline, sometimes many times in a day. We may think that at the pace of 21st-century life, there isn’t time for daily retirement, yet retirement is a basic building block for all other spiritual disciplines. We have to pause, let the static quiet, so that we can hear. Thomas Kelly reassures us that if we establish mental habits of inward orientation, the processes of inward prayer do not grow more complex, but more simple.

A couple of years ago I developed a two page guide for members of my meeting on personal spiritual practices, “Thoughts on Spiritual Retirement for Busy People” (see sidebar). It suggests beginning with times of retirement that take no time out of your day. Sitting in traffic, waiting for an appointment, or waiting for your computer to boot up are wonderful times for briefly turning inward. From those small moments one can develop a habit of retirement that may effortlessly grow into more extended periods.

Prayer

Prayer is a tough word for a lot of Friends; if you need to do so, translate it into a more comfortable word as you read along. Many contemporary Friends want no part of a practice in which one dials up God to make demands. Some Friends don’t believe in a personal God who is there to hear and respond. Others think that making demands is a poor way to enter into relationship with a personal God. They would get support from Teresa of Avila who wrote, “If we want the Lord to do our will and lead us just as our fancy
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Prayer at its fullest is something more than importuning God. I have discovered that many Friends have practices that I regard as prayer in this fuller sense, though they may not consider them to be prayer.

For me, prayer is entering into relationship with the Other. If retirement is a time of going inward and contacting the Inward Teacher, prayer is entering into relationship with that which is beyond and outside. Even if we do not experience a personal God, many Friends find themselves in awe of the larger whole and of our interconnections with one another and the mystery of the universe. Prayer can be as simple as acknowledging that awe when we see a sunset or a newborn baby or a flower growing in an unlikely place.

Prayer can take the form of gratitude. Meister Eckhart is said to have written, "If the only prayer you say in your life is 'thanks' it would suffice." Dag Hammarskjöld expressed this in his Markings: "For all that has been, thanks; for all that will be, yes."

Prayer may be lived out in our longings. Patricia McKernon, who has shared her music at Friends General Conference Gatherings, writes in one of her songs, "Your longing is your surest love of me." Bill Taber, a teacher from Ohio Yearly Meeting, says that yearning (what we today might call longing for wholeness) was the underpinning of early Quaker seeking.

Contemporary Friends talk of "holding in the Light." By this we may mean holding someone in loving thoughts while they go through a hard time—or perhaps we mean holding a vexing matter quietly in the back of our consciousness and allowing new possibilities to emerge. And we speak of seeking guidance or being open to guidance, perhaps from the Inward Teacher, perhaps from the wisdom of the universe.

Prayer expresses our hope and intention to enter into an awe-filled relationship with the Divine. An individual who becomes practiced in prayer can have the experience of sinking down into the Divine in which no words are needed. Just the sincere act of trying to enter into a relationship with God can be transformative for the person praying. Through a discipline of prayer one can create within oneself an environment that is more receptive to God, more sensitive and more open to God's presence in the world, and more receptive to and aware of guidance.

Whether or not we call it prayer, it is important to our spiritual discipline to recognize our place in the wider scheme of things. We are not the center. We can recognize that there is wisdom without as well as within, and we can salute the sacredness of other people and of the

"The Journey Inward," by Lucy McIver

"We can't be going around in circles—we are going to have to help one another find a robust spirituality."
Living in the Cross

This term will sound entirely foreign to many contemporary unprogrammed Friends, and too Christocentric for some, yet the practice it represents is often found among us, even among those whose spirituality is not based in the Christian concept of the Cross.

"Living in the Cross" is to put our own will aside, and to submit to the guidance discovered through retirement and prayer. It means not to turn away from the suffering world, but to face even the suffering that we are powerless to alleviate. It means to allow the Light to shine into our dark spots and show us the way—and to follow that way even when we are tempted to take an easier path.

John Woolman continually looked to his way of living to discover the seeds of war and injustice. Living in the Cross requires that we discover the equivalent for us today of releasing our slaves or of giving up dyed clothing. Living in the Cross requires that we uproot those seeds from our lives and step outside the oppression and injustice of the dominant culture. In a recent retreat on "Being Quakers in Difficult Times," Laura Magnani of Pacific

Thoughts on Spiritual Retirement for Busy People

The great spiritual traditions suggest that the relationship with God is cultivated like other relationships: as we turn our attention toward God we open the possibility of a fuller relationship. Entering into this relationship does not so much require a change in our behavior as a shift of attention. The suggestions below are offered as ways of supporting that shift of attention.

The object is to open yourself more and more fully to awareness of the ocean of light and love as you go about the necessary activities of your daily life. Be gentle with yourself. Start in ways that are easy and attractive for you. After all, a shift of attention toward the ocean of light and love includes a loving compassion for yourself.

The ideas below are meant to be suggestive. Maybe none of them will speak to your condition, but they might point toward a practice that would be right for you. And it is an experimental process if you try something that is not fruitful or is not workable, gently turn back and consider what would support your desire for deeper relationship with the Divine. You don't need to push. When you find an approach to spiritual retirement that is refreshing to you, time will open.

SHIFTING YOUR ATTENTION IN THE MIDST OF THE DAY'S ACTIVITIES

Some shifts of attention don't require any special time at all:

- Walk more slowly (it has an amazingly calming effect).
- Say thank you more often—to your children, to sales clerks, to co-workers, to people cleaning the street.
- When you feel yourself getting tense, take a breath. Recite a line that reminds you of your spiritual retirement, e.g., "Guide me," or "This moment is sacred."
- When someone is annoying you, say a version of the Buddhist loving kindness meditation: "May s/he be free from suffering, may s/he be filled with loving kindness, may s/he be at peace."
- When you see something of beauty (a flower, a sunset, an act of kindness) say a silent "thank you."
- Smile more often.

IN THE SPACES OF YOUR DAY

There are many spaces in the day where one can practice shifts of attention. Choose one or two and experiment.

Spaces you might find:

- as you awaken and before you begin to move about;
- when you are brushing your teeth or in the shower;
- before eating;
- while waiting at a stoplight;
- while waiting for your computer to download or boot up;
- in an elevator;
- while waiting for an appointment;
- when you wash your hands or climb the stairs;
- as your head hits the pillow at night.

Things to do in those spaces:

- Make a mental list of three things for which you are grateful.
- Envision yourself floating on an ocean of light and love (or another image that brings you back to awareness of the presence of God).
- Take three deep breaths; with each inbreath feel love and safety entering you; with each outbreath feel tension leave you.
- Say the Jesus Prayer or the Prayer of St. Francis, or the Loving Kindness Meditation (see below).
- Invite God's presence with words such as "Help me open to you," or "Be with me now," or "Show me the beauty in this situation."
- Inwardly sing a line from a hymn or song that helps bring you back to center; e.g., "To turn, turn will be my delight, till by turning, turning I come round right"; or "Melt me, mold me, fill me, use me."

Continued on page 34
Yearly Meeting taught, "If we have experienced a God-centered reality we can't continue to participate in the empire-centered, First-World culture."

This discipline is spiritual heavy lifting. It is not a discipline that leads to a cozy, comfortable spirituality, but to a strong, robust spirituality that faces suffering with courage and strength.

**Keeping Low**

Here is another term that is foreign to our vocabularies, but we know the discipline and sometimes practice it.

To keep low is not to put ourselves above others but to know our own need to be reformed each day. To keep low is to be teachable and open to the workings of the Spirit—both in times of retirement, and in the lessons that come in our outward lives. To keep low is to be taught by everyone we meet: children, bus drivers, the folks who disagree with us in meeting for business, government officials.

We know this practice. It is at the core of Quaker business process. Keeping low says that we look for ways to learn together, to integrate our piece of truth with others' pieces of truth. It is more exacting than compromise. It is the practice that can lead to miraculous moments when the Light of disparate bits of truth combines to illuminate a previously unseen path.

Even though we know this practice, we have trouble doing it. We can forget this discipline right in the midst of meeting for business, and we can really have trouble with it out in the world.

To keep low is not to be too sure we're right but to seek the divine spark in those with whom we have strong disagreements, whomever they may be—including George W. Bush and Osama bin Laden. To keep low is not to proclaim our superior understanding of diplomacy, economics, or justice. To keep low means not letting our egos freeze us in an arrogant position, acknowledging that our position is flawed and that we are striving for a fuller truth.

The miracle of keeping low, repeated so often in Quaker lore, is its power of disarming our opponents with our compassion and willingness to learn. It is a critical and exacting discipline for those who would be peacemakers.

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**Common Prayers: On Not Doing Good**

... where the smallest degree of [oppression] is cherished it grows stronger and more extensive. To labor for a perfect redemption from this spirit of oppression is the great business of the whole family of Christ Jesus in this world.

—John Woolman, *A Plea for the Poor*

My thoughts would not be crumpled on my mind, wrinkled beyond smoothing or ironing—thoughts of the pulley opening the meetinghouse curtains, of men late after clipping their mustaches, and the poetry of those not come to good if I were the litmus of a Quaker.

My body awaits my call, but for the wrong purpose. There is no *mirabile dictu* of an Inner Light in the air. The chilled water of meditation courses as a sheet between the bottom layer of the dermis and the muscles, for secular words and not "in the beginning was the . . ."

I feel the stubble of poetry unshaven on my legs.

This is not what I intended to think: the personal vanity of shaving, trimmed into lines better for another place.

I intended to invoke Equality and Justice and to keep the nettled dog down the street from asphyxiating on his chain.

If I cannot think the most just thoughts, all I desire is this: to kneel before silence with my words, words from any source and poems blazing all over my face and mouth (for a life without poems is a face without lips) and not to ask my great-grandparents' confession for the undone things we ought to have done.

—Kristin Lord

Kristin Lord, a member of Middlebury (Vt.) Meeting, attends Kitchener Area (Ont.) Meeting and Guelph (Ont.) Worship Group.
Vignettes of an Antiwar Vet
by Lyle Tatum

Introduction
I have written these vignettes for Susan, the little girl I had to leave behind when I went to prison during World War II. Now that she is a grandmother, it is probably time for me to tell her something about where I went.

I have never written about this experience or said much about it because of the heavy emotional involvement I have with the incidents that meant the most to me. More than 50 years after the event, I still could not read aloud to a group the vignette "Farm Machinery."

Support from unexpected sources when holding an unpopular position is difficult to handle. The guard in "Tensions" would understand.

I know Susan will be glad to share this story with siblings, aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces, nephews, and others who may be interested. The new generations have a right to know more about their father/grandpa/uncle/friend who sometimes walked the road less traveled.

There may be friends who are not clear about some relationships described here. Elizabeth Lindsay Tatum, always called Bickie by me, is the wife and mother in this story. We had been married for 22 years when she died in an automobile accident in Tanzania. Florence Littell Giffin also lost her spouse in a much too early death. Flo and I have been married for 31 years.

Although in roughly chronological order, the vignettes do not make a continuous story. Each one may be read alone as a separate unit. This is just a collection of a few things I remember.

—December 1996

Farm Machinery
I was serving as superintendent of Quakerdale Farm, New Providence, Iowa, a home operated by Iowa Yearly Meeting of Friends for neglected boys. My time of availability was uncertain and limited, as I expected to go to jail for refusing to go into the army. With my approval, a new superintendent was hired, and we (Bickie, infant Susan, and I) moved to Fort Dodge, Iowa, where my parents were living. We rented an apartment, and I got a job as a painter working for the Coats Manufacturing Company.

I was one of about 20 blue-collar workers making manure loaders that fit on tractors. The loader was the invention of Mr. Coats. He was a self-made man, competent and very conservative on some issues. He was strongly antiunion, and workers signed on with that understanding.

However, he would often call the men together and discuss shop matters with us.

After about three months, the date came when I thought I would be sentenced. I had a guilty feeling about never telling the men why I was leaving. On my last day there I told them my story without getting much reaction. I discovered the next day that the date of my sentencing had been postponed. I had just given up a badly needed job. I telephoned Mr. Coats and asked if I could go back to work. He said I was a good worker, and he would be glad to have me but the men would never work with a draft dodger. I then asked him to raise the question with the men and leave it up to them. He agreed.

That night I called Mr. Coats for the result. He said, "Lyle, every man in the place voted for you to return to work. Be there in the morning." My job was saved by men none of whom had more than a high school education and none of whom previously had ever heard of Quakers or conscientious objectors.

Mr. Coats did not let the matter drop at that point. He asked me if I would be willing to become a welder and continue to work there if the draft board would allow it. I told him, "Yes, I was willing to continue making farm machinery." He wrote my draft board asking them to give me an essential worker classification and told them he was training me as a welder.

The draft board turned him down.

Iowa State
A grad student friend of mine, a conscientious objector, was a Methodist who later joined the Mennonites. A couple of years after I graduated he wrote to the Iowa State alumni office to ask why their news bulletin hadn’t carried a story about my struggle with Selective Service. He pointed out that since I was a member of Cardinal Guild (the student governing body), was elected president of the student body, had earned my "I" as a member of the debate team, had graduated with a 3-plus scholastic average (4 was straight A) while working my way through stories.

August 2003 FRIENDS JOURNAL
college, and was appointed head of a child’s home only two years after graduation, that I was newsworthy for Iowa Staters.

He received a curt reply from the director of alumni affairs that they only printed stories that reflected honor to Iowa State.

The Sentencing

I was president of the student body at Iowa State, the first man to win that election who was not a member of a fraternity. I was a lifelong member of the Religious Society of Friends but denied classification as a conscientious objector by the Burlington, Iowa, draft board. The Iowa Civil Liberties Union (ICLU) took on my defense. All of this generated newspaper publicity.

The judge who had my case in U.S. District Court in Des Moines had a set pattern of sentences. If the CO pleaded not guilty, he would be found guilty and sentenced to four years in prison and fined $500. If the CO pleaded guilty, he would just be sentenced to four years in prison. The ICLU had done all they could for me without success, so I pleaded guilty to save $500 I didn’t have. My crime was failure to report for induction into the army.

After my sentencing, a federal marshal took me into an office in the building where a number of women were working, and there was a holding cell for prisoners waiting to be taken to the regular jail facilities. There was one man already in the small cell, and he was obviously very angry, which gave me a bit of uneasiness as I was locked in with him. It turned out that the women workers had been laughing about my publicity doing me no good, as I still got a four-year sentence. The prisoner poured it out to me how crass it was for anyone to laugh about a man going to jail for four years. “Crass” is not the actual adjective he used for the women, the laughter, and the sentence. I received great comfort from the feelings of my newfound friend and felt reinforced to live with whatever was ahead.

Later in the day after being sentenced, my friend and I were taken to the Des Moines City bullpen, a large room meant to hold prisoners for a day or two before they were taken elsewhere. I was there for a week. The room was filled with steel double bunk beds. I forget exactly how many men were there; maybe 25. The sleeping area on the bunks was a crisscross of narrow steel straps with 3” gaps between the straps. The bunks had no mattresses, nor blankets, nor pillows. It was impossible to stretch out and try to sleep for an hour or two without getting up and walking around the room to ease aching muscles.

I became a short-term celebrity as my companion from the cell in the office told my story. My fellow inmates wanted to be helpful and, unlike officialdom and the laughing office women, were sympathetic about my wife and daughter. They asked around to see if anyone had served time in Sandstone, Minnesota, where I was headed, but nobody had, so they couldn’t help me understand how that would be either. They were stunned to learn that a man could be sent to prison for refusing to kill.

Jail Transitions

I was moved from the bullpen to a county jail where I stayed for three weeks or so. It was good to get to a place where there was a mattress and blankets on my bunk. I was being held until transportation was arranged to take me to Sandstone. The jail was crowded, the inmates friendly, and the stay uneventful.

I had no idea what to expect for the trip to Sandstone, a distance of about 250 miles. I was used to seeing men coming and going from jail in handcuffs. On the day of the trip, a U.S. marshal in civilian clothes came for me. He just asked me to go with him. We went to the office for him to check me out. We then went out to his car where he introduced me to his wife who was going along for the ride. At no time with them was I treated as other than a family friend, except that night.

I had told the marshal that I would appreciate mailing a letter to my wife if there was an opportunity. He stopped about a quarter of a block from a mailbox. I just sat there not knowing what to do. He told me to go ahead and mail my letter, which I did while they waited for me.

That night they planned to stay in a hotel in St. Paul, 80 miles south of Sand-
Sandstone

The federal prisons have a grading system of institutions ranging from camps to maximum security. The “camps” are not like what Boy Scouts know. They have buildings, but not with walls surrounding them. They are relatively open. These are the “country clubs” we hear about. Sandstone, a Federal Correctional Institution (FCI), is the next notch up the line. It is walled, although a number of inmates work outside of the walls during the day. The primary physical difference between FCIs and other federal prisons is that most inmates are in dormitories rather than cells. To be lucky enough to have a private cell you must have a night assignment such as working in the hospital. Danbury, Connecticut, where East Coast Selective Service violators were usually sent, is a duplicate of Sandstone.

FCI inmates tend to be younger men, first offenders, or men who committed relatively passive crimes. There are a few older men ending long sentences whom the Bureau of Prisons is trying to prepare for reentry into the other world.

Selective Service was overloading the FCIs. There were three huge dormitories at Sandstone filled with Selective Service violators. The dorms were gymnasium-style and -size, with locked doors. At one side of the room was a long wall lined with double bunk beds just far enough apart to get around and pull out the drawer under your bunk where you kept your clothes, old letters, etc. I can’t remember how many men were in a dorm, but I would guess more than 50.

One of the Selective Service dorms was filled with black Muslims, mostly from Chicago. They did not register for the draft, and most of them had refused to register for Social Security. Another dorm was filled with Jehovah’s Witnesses. Most of them were not COs but had unsuccessfully claimed ministerial status for exemption from the draft. I was in the third dorm with COs and Selective Service violators of other types.

I give the Bureau of Prisons credit for having the good sense to segregate the Selective Service inmates into relatively congenial groups. The segregation did not carry over to the recreation area, dining room, or elsewhere. COs got along well with the non-Selective Service inmates. We played softball with them. Their team was called “The Thieves,” ours “The Dodgers.”

Parole I

Soon after I entered Sandstone, the Bureau of Prisons offered me a parole to Civilian Public Service, the CO program for which I had first applied but was denied the proper classification. I turned down the parole. I told the Bureau of Prisons that I had learned my mistake and would never again cooperate in any way with a military conscription system.

Psychologists

Among the staff members at Sandstone, the psychologists ranked at the bottom of the list for all inmates. Early in their stay each inmate had an interview with a psychologist. There were many stories among inmates about what they told the psychologist. None of us felt any need to be truthful in this interview, which had references to the personal sex life of the inmate. Even more than the COs, the “regular” inmates would regale each other with lurid sex experiences they had dreamed up for the psychologist.

The psychologists were the butt of many jokes. Arlo, my brother, was in and out of Sandstone before I got there. A number of inmates told me about a skit Arlo had been in. In the skit, Arlo walked out OK, and the psychologist was sitting at his desk with a serious tic, continually opening and closing an eye as he screwed up his face. The disrespect for the local psychologists was not totally unearned. Before going to Sandstone, I had been the superintendent of Quakerdale Farm, a home for dependent and neglected boys. This Quaker-run home had been in operation for decades, first in southeast Iowa as White’s Institute and later in New Providence, Iowa, as Quakerdale Farm. When I answered the psychologist’s question about my employment, I told him I had been the head of a boys’ home. His immediate response was, “Boys! Only boys? Why boys?”

Mail

I was allowed a limited amount of correspondence with a very few family members only. I could write one or two letters a week, a single sheet (lined grade school paper provided) with writing permitted on both sides. I could receive a similar amount. Prison officers read all mail—outgoing and incoming.

Visits

We were allowed limited visits, but visits were emotional hazards. You sat in a room with other inmates and their visitors, supervised by a prison guard. You were allowed no physical contact, not even a welcoming or farewell kiss. Bickie made a few visits. We had a cousin living in the Twin Cities with whom she would stay. At my request, Susan never came along. I did not feel that I could take the emotional impact of such a visit from my little girl.

Work

All of the inmates had work assignments. Often the work was in teams that
would be accompanied by a guard or two. There was no pay for work, unless you count room and board. Most of the work was productive for the institution. I was assigned to a garden crew, which brought in large quantities of vegetables. If we caught up on the garden work for a day or two we would be given some other manual labor job outside. I was pleased to have that assignment, both for the work and for getting outside of the walls for much of the day.

As the fall weather started to cool, I was eager to get an inside job. As I suspected, and found out later to be true, outside crews in the winter were often working in subzero weather. There were two men from Frank Lloyd Wright's group in my dorm. One of them worked at making drawings in the powerhouse. He told me the institution had lost its chemist, it seemed impossible to hire one, and they wondered if anyone in our dorm could do the job. The engineer in charge of the powerhouse had no chemical training. I got the job on the basis of starting my college work in chemical technology. It was actually a low-tech job doing routine things like testing boiler water, drinking water, and sewage processing plus writing a manual for the inmate who might get the job when I left and have even fewer qualifications than mine. I spent the rest of my time in Sandstone as the institution's chemist.

**Doing Time**

Doing time is the universal synonym for being in jail. It is an apt description of what happens. The worst thing about doing time is doing time. The prisoner has a single objective—move through time to release. Although a day may bring a good dinner, great news from home, or the defeat at chess of the man who usually defeats you, it's all irrelevant. The good thing is that another day has passed. As an inmate's release date nears, time becomes all the more overwhelming. Time begins to take on new ways of expression, such as yards of spaghetti to be eaten and the number of times to line up for count before you leave. If you are a prisoner, time is a totally different concept than it is on the other side of the wall. Time is the oppressor.

---

**No More Trenches**

I

I pray for Peace

That there be no more trenches for the living, nor for the dead.

No more tracer fire, veiling the stars like bright, beaded curtains.

No more lungs gassed, collapsed, burned to black.

Not another rising, lightning tangled, smoking plume to mediate the Earth's yellow Sun.

II

Poppies and unknowns and walls...

There never was a war to end all wars.

War does not keep its promise.

Fields have been ploughed and sewn with silent graves arranged in neat even parallel lines,

But still the dead cannot yield Peace to the living.

---

III

Peace is in the Light.

Candled in the heart, it is borne on the unswept flame and in God's silent keeping.

It is an untangled Love, separated from the hand.

It is the gift of trust and unselfishness that leads the living, the knowing, To hold the Light over no man's land.

So that we may dig no more trenches, for the living, nor for the dead.

---

-Ken Thompson

Ken Thompson lives in Ocean View, N.J.
Walking the Walk:
Ian Fritz

by Breeze E. Luetke-Stahlman

PROTEST IN SKOKIE

In 2000, Ian Fritz, a member of Milwaukee (Wis.) Meeting, experienced a life-changing event. On December 16, he had traveled with friends to Skokie, Illinois, near Chicago, for a rally. It had been called for by a coalition of groups, including the Jewish Defense League and Anti-Racist Action, to confront members of the Ku Klux Klan who were meeting at the Skokie courthouse.

While many things about that day remain unclear, there are facts everyone agrees upon: the Klan held a short rally under the protection of four different area police forces; there were about 500 people counter-demonstrating; those protesters did not immediately disperse after the Klan rally had concluded; and the police decided to forcibly move people out of the area. Amidst the chaos, Ian was tackled from behind by police officers and arrested, along with approximately 25 others, for allegedly damaging a police car and participating in mob action. Ian and another were selected from these 25 and charged with two Class D felonies, punishable by up to three years in jail for each charge.

Many people in the wider Quaker community rallied to Ian’s support. Several monthly meetings provided financial assistance for his legal expenses as he fought the charges against him. Unlike intentional actions of civil disobedience, where participants knowingly violate law, Ian had not participated in a planned act of civil disobedience, but rather was charged with a criminal violation of which he was innocent. He was required to appear in Skokie every three to six weeks and was overwhelmed by the unpredictable behavior of the court, which he says at times blatantly ignored his rights.

He writes: “The subsequent legal proceedings, which lasted 19 months, were eye-opening experiences for me and those who supported me, regarding the nature of the ‘justice’ system: I continually demanded a jury trial, only to be called an ‘obstructionist’ by the prosecution. The State had overwhelming weight with the court, and took full advantage of the bureaucratic nature of their organization. My trial took almost two years, during which time I had to pay for legal services and repeated travel to Illinois for court dates. More than once, after traveling to a hearing, the State would be unprepared and call for more time. Being in the courtroom brought me face-to-face with so many issues that I had only peripherally grasped until then: the inherent anti-poor nature of the bail system, the racism of the proceedings, the total lack of accountability by the State, which lost ‘evidence’ and made conflicting and inaccurate statements, including the arresting officer incorrectly identifying me at my preliminary hearing. It was a complicated, frustrating experience which one can only truly understand if he or she has fallen victim to it. This experience was the largest and longest struggle for my freedom that I have yet experienced.”

In the end, Ian accepted a plea bargain...
and pleaded guilty to a misdemeanor criminal damage charge. The terms of his plea involved restitution and community service. Accepting responsibility for a crime he did not commit was a difficult decision. However, being unable to travel and living with the shadow of his bail looming made for a stressful, unhappy two years. After careful discernment, Ian decided that he needed to move on with his life and it would be best if he accepted the State’s offer.

**NONCONFORMITY AND COMMUNITY**

Ian Fritz's lifestyle is nontraditional: gaining an education through the world around him instead of attending school; working full-time as a volunteer activist instead of pursuing a career; and organizing his life around travel and adventure instead of settling down in any one city. Through choices like these Ian is modeling his commitment to live by example the Testimonies of Simplicity, Equality, Nonviolence, Community, and Integrity, with which he was raised. Fueled by an overwhelming drive to contribute to the movement for social change within his lifetime, Ian has sought alternatives to apathy and commonly accepted societal norms in his daily activities and life decisions.

Raised in Milwaukee, Ian confidently moves around the country finding "home" wherever he is. In the past three years, he has also lived in Tucson, Arizona, and on the road. Today he is living in Portland, Oregon, building a bicycle-pedal-powered washing machine, preparing for work on an ocean-bound freight vessel to China, and studying the international squatters movement. "Squatters," he explains, are people who live communally in abandoned buildings with the intention of positively using the space for the needs of the community (lending libraries, co-ops, organizational space, or facilitating other creative endeavors). Through the exploration of alternatives such as these Ian feels he is denying others the authority to make choices for him, and instead, taking each day to live intentionally.

Despite achieving straight As, Ian left public school after 10th grade to pursue an education he felt was closer in line with what he wanted to learn and what he felt he would benefit from learning. "I had to start living my life right then and there, not doing all this work for an abstract goal in the future." Inspired and guided by Grace Llewellyn's *The Teenage Liberation Handbook*, Ian set out to challenge himself and his wider community to redefine what a good education was all about. He independently studied molecular chemistry, apprenticed with a local carpenter, worked at the public radio station, and explored things he decided were important. With the help and guidance of his parents and other adults in his community, Ian sees education not as a life event to be checked off a list, but as a lifelong process that is exciting, beneficial, and engaging.

Ian writes, "Age 15 saw the beginning of my disillusionment with modern American culture. It was then that the fermenting feeling that something is horrifyingly wrong with the world—which I believe we all experienced in our teenage years, and some carry into our adult lives—began to take hold in me. The first political struggle I became involved in was the case of U.S. political prisoner Mumia Abu Jamal, and my involvement with political struggles during my 15th and 16th years continued pretty much by the book: I attended demonstrations, organized video screenings, and talked with everyone I knew."

In November 1999, when he was 17, Ian traveled with friends to Seattle to take part in the national protest against the third ministerial meeting of the World Trade Organization. The events that surrounded the meeting served as a turning point for many of those present, says Ian, and affected many who weren't present, as well. "It was especially youth who seemed to be politically galvanized by the atmosphere of revolution that overpowered the stench of tear gas on the streets of downtown Seattle. I was one of those youths."

Today this protest is included in textbooks as a high point of opposition to disparities in the international economic market and the processes by which decisions governing international trade were (and are) being made. The 1999 WTO protests resulted in a commitment by two groups that had previously had competing agendas, the environmental movement and labor, to work together, and in the proud acceptance by the U.S. activist community of involvement and leadership of young people in this new struggle. Ian left Seattle with an understanding that people possess power, individually and collectively, and that power lies in the determination of each to act, and to continue to act, even if it means jail, intimidation, threats, beatings, or any other means of repression used by those whose power is in question.

After the protest in Seattle, Ian helped to form a youth activist group in Milwaukee that organized transportation to large-scale demonstrations in other parts of the country, organized local actions involving street theater, and gave Milwaukee youth an opportunity to get involved and discuss issues. Having an
opportunity to participate in protests and actions helped motivate Ian and his peers to learn both about the concerns surrounding capitalism and economic globalization, and about the communities actively working for social change in many different areas that shared concerns about economic globalization. Ian found he had a voice and a right to use it, and through speaking up he found there were people who were apathetic to his concerns as well as people who shared them.

During this time, Ian developed a consciousness of the community around him. He writes: “I had found the people I was looking for. We questioned everything we had been taught. We exercised our power to create and our power to destroy, adamantly that there were other ways to live than off the exploitation of others. We made our homes in abandoned buildings, and some of us lived in trees and on sacred lands that were scheduled to be destroyed in the name of progress. Some of us called ourselves anarchists, while some of us declined to call ourselves anything, instead letting our ideology flow from our actions and our desires.”

When discussing his commitment to Quakerism, Ian avoids this same tendency to label himself, believing that labels oversimplify the diversity of those who are part of that community. Ian has always identified with many of the convictions and leadings commonly held by Friends, but he struggles with simply labeling himself “a Quaker.” Instead, he is challenging himself constantly to redefine what Quakerism means to him, as he believes he was raised to do. He recognizes Quakerism not as an answer, but as a process to which he is drawn.

Ian feels the Quaker community he experienced as a teen, including the annual Friends General Conference Gathering, taught him the value of strong community—and that true community can occur when bound not by geographical convenience but rather by shared values. Through this lesson, Ian gained a perspective on the idea of an international activist community. “To be involved with any one of these groups, working for change, is in a way to be involved with any one of the hundreds of others, both with and without names. The people who do this work so passionately usually don’t get paid, but do it because it’s liberating, empowering, and because in doing so we surround ourselves with like-minded individuals—discovering a true sense of community.”

**THE BICYCLE PROJECTS**

Before returning to Milwaukee (where he was living when he attended the Skokie rally), Ian had been working in Tucson with the Bicycle Inter-Community Art and Salvage (BICAS), a community center/bicycle repair center. BICAS continues to be an inspiration for him. He writes: “Anyone who has an appreciation for people who do passionate, selfless work out of beauty and a love for the relationships that are created out of that shared passion, will be awe-inspired by visiting BICAS. It is full of art and ingenuity, accessible to the public, open to people of all ages, and rife with smiling, passionate people. Seeing it for the first time back in 2000, it was my feeling that every city needs a place like this.” Partly because of its work with bicycles, but more because of the values it visibly puts into action, BICAS serves as a model for the kinds of relationships we could be having in our communities.

When Ian became tied down to the Milwaukee/Chicago area due to his court proceedings, he opened a community space there for bicycle repair/construction and community-building in an unoccupied area above his father’s photography studio. It quickly turned into “The Milwaukee Bicycle Collective” (MBC), run by a small contingent of volunteer shop staff. Serving the wider Milwaukee community, and in particular the economically disadvantaged youth who reside in the neighborhood, MBC aims to teach basic bicycle construction and repair while fostering the positive values of community, cooperation, and self-education.

Creating the bike collective was a strike back at the disillusionment Ian faced in the courthouse. It is “a place where discarded bicycles and parts could be refurbished and turned into rideable bicycles. A place where people of different races, classes, and creeds could come together in a shared mechanical fascination or desire for self-reliance; a place to share skills and ideas. MBC is a place that stands not for the accumulation of wealth or profit but for the betterment of all people.”

A Milwaukee community newspaper, *Riverwest Currents*, reported that between 75 and 100 bikes were distributed at no cost to the recipients in the collective’s first year, and that neighborhood kids are often lined up and waiting for the doors to open. In the article, Ian proudly reported that the youngsters were learning how to build and maintain their bikes, and beginning to work together to help each other with building. MBC is applying for nonprofit tax status, writing a funding grant, and looking for new volunteers.

When Ian talks of the future, one senses that he is at the beginning of a long journey. Much like Friends of the 17th century, he is not satisfied to live his life only for himself, but rather is called to take his ways out into the world. As he continues to pursue the cause of justice, he relies in part on the values he learned and continues to be taught from the Quaker community that surrounds him.

Ian wears only used clothes, often eats what others discard, and travels by bicycle or rides from friendly faces. He passionately advocates equality and nonviolence, often challenging himself and those around him to discuss the issues surrounding both. Through his trust in community he is empowered and inspired. He holds most sacred his commitment to both his own integrity and the integrity of all the people of the world.

Through the life of Ian Fritz, I sense how another generation is redefining the relevance of Quakerism and its beliefs as generations before have done. Through the leadings of our generation we contribute each in our own way to changing the world for the better.
I do a 3- to 5 A.M. shift once a month at a homeless shelter that is run by a coalition of local churches. I’m the freelance Quaker, filling in a hole on a Catholic night. The wee-hours duty is neither as tough nor as selfless as it might sound. I get a lot out of this giving.

I think of it as taking place in “the kindness of the night.” According to this Jewish mystical concept, the night in the hours immediately following midnight is said to be kind. This is the time when a crack between worlds opens, a time of fluid boundaries, a mystical space of time. It is conducive to study and clarity. It is rich with possibility.

The light of the night as I drive to the shelter is indeed kind, differently so in different seasons. In summer the shadows of trees are deep, soft, large. In winter, if it has snowed, the light reflects off virgin snow back up into the sky, making it flannel-gray instead of midnight black. In all seasons, no one is about. Car headlamps are so rare as to be exclamations of light in the quiet dark. And so I don’t mind waking up sleepy once a month to do this.

The shelter never really closes, even though it has an official season when the homeless may sleep inside its doors rather than in tents out back, a place that has come to be known as “Tent City.” The season runs the nine months that are not summer. But too many are in too much need for the shelter to ever really shut down.

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There are other nighttime jobs. Someone has to watch over the sleepers, men and women in separate rooms. All must go uneventfully and safely for a roomful of strangers thrown together in accidental intimacy as they lay their homeless bodies down. There is always a small risk of disruptive behavior, because people cope differently with the stresses of homelessness and its hidden causes.

Even in shared space, however, the veil of sleep provides a tent of refuge. It is hard to bring myself to wake a sleeper who has asked for a wake-up call. I’m reluctant to give someone a shake and announce that it’s another morning in a homeless shelter. So I much prefer kitchen duty.

Best of all is serving on the breakfast line. It’s hard for me to hear under the hood of the steam table serving area, but I usually hear well enough to catch the thank-yous and I check the faces and compare the responses to “What'll you have?” I love it when people say that biscuits and gravy are their favorite, or when someone finds joy in “a white heap of grits.”

The food gets served, lunches handed out, lights on in the place, and it’s time for everybody to get going. The shelter asks everyone to be out at 7 A.M. But a daytime program will start at 9. So everyone has a place to go, even if not a home: a job, the shelter, the library, the street.

Me, I have a home to return to. At the end of the shift, as I drive back, the light has changed. It is firming up for the day to come; the shadows are different, and the kindest hours are past. At my back door, the buzzer is lit and its outline jumps out at me. I can enter with a key and not disturb anyone.

Everyone is asleep except our 17-year-old cat, waiting expectantly near the door for me, aroused by the alarm clock of his stomach. I hand our yet another breakfast, thanking him for being awake to greet me. The house is so still I can listen to him at his food bowl, quietly and methodically crunching, crunching.
I. Turkish Countryside, December 2000

Minarets point past Greek, Roman, Christian ruins, across dry landscapes.

Sun-leathered farmers till small fields, tend sheep: ancient agriculture endures.

Olive harvest:
above spread canvas sheets
women shake grey gnarled limbs.

Glowing, ordered orchards:
bare, red-branched apricot trees, green citrus rows.

Dusty crossroads,
moustached men flag the dolmus to other villages.

Different views, words, food, customs; yet curious kids still stare, grin, chatter.

II. Ramadan/Ramazhan:

Turkey: Ramadan.
Great drum beats reverberate through sleeping houses.

Ramazhan drummers chant along night streets for coins, lamplit circles throb.

BOOM! Pre-dawn drums shatter holy sleep. Prayers uttered, dark breakfast time.

Turkey: Ramadan.
Bright crescent moon shines over urgent cooking fires.

III. Priene Daytrip:

High mountainside pines, great fallen pillars:
Athena's temple ruins.

Tall fluted stone shafts, sunwashed ancient marble slabs: artist sits sketching.

Ferns, moss-covered walls shine green, water oozing down: hidden dripping sounds.

Sunset, waiting for local dolmus minibus: cold seat on dry stones.

Caroline Balderston Parry is a member of Ottawa (Oni.) Meeting but spends most of her Sundays at the First Unitarian congregation where she is currently their director of religious education.
Unfinished temple, huge pillars for Apollo, old well, oracle.

Gigantic pieces, chunks of dressed granite, carved trim: monumental steps.

Unassembled stones, massive fallen marble blocks: spread, splayed, across fields.

Huge circular cross-sections dropped like dominoes in some immense match!

Flat ancient terrace, smooth surface scratched, marked by lines of an unknown board game.

Two giant columns stand: blackbirds swirl, settle, sleep like silent Apollo.

V. Trudging Round Troy:

Brown grassy site, occasional tourists stroll over dirt silent dig.

Layers upon levels, forgotten shards, broken stones, once cities: Troy.

Rings of earth, roads, ramps, every pebble history: quiet archeology.

Weathered war walls, hinting huge epics . . . how many thousand years exposed?

Homer’s time of ships: coastal plains now filled with alluvial soils.

Amphitheatre speaks: broken seats, unremembered dramas, empty space.

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you wish to see in the world. -Mahatma Gandhi

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CONTINUING REVELATION?

by Judith Reynolds Brown

Since the dawn of history, religious traditions have been giving birth to poets and mystics. Quakerism also has had its men and women of mystical tendency. Therefore, the writings of such varied persons as the poet John Keats, the mystic St. John of the Cross, and the Sufi (Muslim mystic) poets Jalal al-Din Rumi and Shams-ud-din Muhammad Hafiz, have struck me with what each of them offers as models for our Quaker action and thought. We Quakers speak of continuing revelation. I would suggest that each of these persons from their artistic and religiously varied traditions can expand our Quaker idea of divine truth, since they can give us a more universal idea of truth.

Let’s look first at John Keats who, in his short life from 1795 to 1821, gave us some of the most profound poetry in the English language. In his letters, also, he left us remarkable insights, including his concept of negative capability, that is, “when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason.” Most of us cling to certain and provable concepts. We have more difficulty basing our thinking and actions on imprecise ideas and mysteries that cannot be seen and felt as certain. Most mystics, on the other hand, seem to me to be not nearly so bothered by the contradictions and paradoxes that confront them in their lives and thinking. They seem to have acquired a maturity in which they simply know what is fundamental. Their experience enables them to make statements like, “I don’t believe in God. I know God.” They have no need to insist on factual proof of their concepts and base of operations. It is this kind of negatively capable thinking I would suggest we need when examining and learning from the following experiences of mystics.

John of the Cross (1542–1591), a Spanish mystic and saint, comes from the Catholic Christian tradition. His Dark Night of the Soul is one of the classics of mystical literature. In reading the E. Allison Peers translation of this work, which a Buddhist friend recommended to me, I was struck by several of its emphases, and although St. John’s language seems archaic, his ideas have enriched my own mystical, poetic, and activist tendencies.

The importance of self-awareness and a certain knowing acceptance of ourselves—imperfections, foibles and all—is apparent in St. John’s writing. The confessional tradition of Catholicism seems to heighten his own self-awareness. When one must reflect on and confess the aspects of oneself that in hindsight seem to have missed the mark, self-awareness and a psychologically healthy self-acceptance contribute still further to one’s religious growth. We Quakers ask a certain activism of ourselves. Self-awareness can help us rid our efforts at good work of self-righteousness.

St. John of the Cross uses words like “wrath,” “sloth,” and “envy,” which in today’s world might translate into “anger,” “passivity,” and “competitiveness” respectively. He also speaks...
the self-righteousness we sometimes acquire in the midst of our activism. These are hardly comfortable attitudes to carry in our human interactions, and to be aware that they may play a role in the causes to which we feel led can be nothing but useful.

St. John’s writings speak constantly of “the attainment of the perfect union of love with God.” If we as Friends thought of our activist tendencies as arising from a union of love with God, how much more powerful might that activism be? Instead, we are sometimes swept out of our sense of the love of God by the very momentum of our activism. A sense of God’s presence and a recognition of our need for reflection and self-awareness could help us better ground our actions.

Humility is another attitude we can adopt from St. John. It appears to me that he was a person who was so aware of the majesty, a certain “otherness,” of God that he was steadily reminded of how far he himself fell short of this same majesty. We Friends often speak of the Light Within and equate it with our idea of God. This is valid, but is it not at the same time richer to also reflect on the otherness of God? St. John writes of a state of mysterious union with this majesty, this greatness that is more than we ourselves. Being aware of this paradox, these contradictions in our human experience, can help keep us humble.

Thirdly, St. John was struck by, and wrote eloquently about, a state that can hit all of us: the dark night of the soul, the experience of failure and a sense of spiritual loss in our lives. His writing expresses his sense that these dark nights are given to us by God and that we must seek to find the blessing contained in them for us. What can we learn from our dark nights? What has our loss given us that has left our lives richer? Because Friends seek to be so active in our efforts to live out our Testimonies for Peace, Equality, Community, and Simplicity, we may tend to see our failures, our dark nights, as stumbling blocks in our path toward growth. Could it be that we should look at these same dark nights as prods to growth?

There are seemingly countless mystics and poets in other religious traditions. I should like to mention here only two others. Jalal al-Din Rumi (1207-1273), sometimes called Mevlana, was a father of the Sufi Muslim order of the Mevlevi centered in Konya, Turkey. I shall only thinly represent his thinking by quoting just one of his brief poems (Number 158):

Out beyond ideas of wrongdoing and rightdoing, there is a field. I’ll meet you there.

When the soul lies down in that grass, the world is too full to talk about.
Ideas, language, even the phrase each other doesn’t make any sense.


Finally, there is a poet, another Sufi Muslim master, who is less well known than Rumi: Shams-ud-din Muhammad Hafiz (c. 1320–1329). Hafiz is beginning to be better known today as the numbers who love his poetry grow. In the following poem he speaks to Friends concept of sinking to the Seed:

The Seed Cracked Open

It used to be
That when I would wake in the morning,
I could with confidence say,
“What am I going to Do?”

That was before the seed
Cracked open.

Now Hafiz is certain:

There are two of us housed
In this body,
Doing the shopping together in the market and
Tickling each other
While fixing the evening’s food.

Now when I awake
All the internal instruments play the same music:

“God, what love-mischief can ‘We’ do
For the world
Today?”


Would that our Quaker worship, our activism, could be shot through with such love-mischief.

Self-awareness, a sense of God’s majesty, humility, and a certain joyful playfulness are not automatically nurtured in our Quaker stance, in our efforts to live our testimonies. By looking more carefully at the writings of these and other poets and mystics, can we make our witness more powerful? Will incorporating these thinkers into our Quaker ways not enrich us? Is this expansion toward a more universal thinking not part of our idea of continuing revelation?

Friends Journal August 2003

21
When Karin Sprague's father-in-law died suddenly in 1996 she knew what she would do with the rest of her life. Karin wanted to do his stone. Her mother-in-law agreed. It took her 120 hours to create his headstone. Thus began her career as a stone carver.

Karin, a small, dark-haired, 38-year-old woman from North Scituate, Rhode Island, is well on her way to success in a male-dominated field. She says she knows of only five other women, one in Texas, one in England, and three who work with her, that have broken into the field.

As I pull into her driveway, Tibetan prayer flags shade the large glass doors of her one-room workshop. The smell of burnt cinders fills the air as I enter. Everything Karin needs is here in her modest workspace. A file cabinet, roll-top desk, and computer furnish one side of the room. Her workbench furnishes the other. In the middle of the room is a giant pulley that Karin designed. She likes to do her work upright. “It’s healthier for the back,” she says.

I look around the room to see many projects going on at the same time. There are gravestones at different stages and smaller inspirational stones hanging on the walls. All have a message. Karin says all of the messages mean something special to her, but mean something just as special to the client.

Karin began her journey toward stone carving when she was very young. "I loved to cut the letters off of cereal boxes and copy them freehand. My elementary school teacher always thought I was tracing them." Karin majored in photography at Paier College of Art in Hamden, Connecticut, but didn’t like it. She took some time off after her sophomore year and never went back. Instead, she started letter carving in 1988. In 1990 she began learning about and dabbling in stone carving and in 1991 she trained to be a stone carver with a master, David Klinger. After the training, and then her father-in-law’s death in 1996, Karin knew she was destined to be a professional stone carver.

I ask her how she has achieved so much in such a short time, a little over ten years since her first class, and she replies, “A journey of a thousand miles must begin with a single step.”

Karin incorporates her spirituality into her work. She lets it guide her. Karin went to meeting one day and sat in silent meditation. She says, “The silence came over me and I knew I was home. I looked down at my hands in my lap, they were clasped together and I couldn’t feel them, they were numb. I thought, what if I didn’t have my hands? How different my life would be.” Karin considers her talent a gift and believes that like any gift, “if you open your gift it is revealed to you.”

Karin is a true Renaissance woman. She says sometimes she has as many as 12 projects going on at one time and she still finds time for her husband, Scott, and her three children: Kristen, 12; Rebecca, 10; and Eli, 8.

A sign beside her workbench reads Patience. “That’s what you need when you do this kind of work,” she says. Karin

Anita Fritz is a journalist/reporter who works for a small paper in Greenfield, Massachusetts. Karin Sprague, a member of Smithfield (R.I.) Meeting, enjoys camping and playing with her children, and five times a year she teaches a class called “Letters Carved in Slate” in her studio. ©2003 Anita Fritz
She directs my attention to a stone she is just beginning. She says she and the family were having a hard time deciding what to put on the 22-year-old man's stone when his love for turtles came into the conversation. There is a hand-carved turtle now sitting atop the stone.

Once she has a good sense of the deceased she goes to her workshop, burns incense, puts on meditative music, and waits. She doesn't know where it comes from but when it comes she feels an "ignition" within. She recites Chilean poet, Pablo Neruda, "... and something ignited in my soul."

First she draws up to three different designs on a small piece of paper. Then, when the family has approved the one design they want and checked for accuracy, she transfers the design to a full-scale piece of paper. Designs and letters are done freehand. When satisfied with the results and approval of the family is given, she is ready for the intricate part of transferring the design to stone. Karin calls it her ministry. She proclaims, "You are the tool, the instrument. You have to get out of the way of your work and let it happen."

Karin does a practice run with random pieces of stone and clay. This is because, she says emphatically, "Working in stone you have to be mindful. You can't make a mistake because you can't repair stone. It is unforgiving." When she feels ready for the "real" stone carving begins with her small, slightly rough and weathered hands.

Karin uses just two tools for the actual carving: a mallet and a chisel. Both pieces fit comfortably into one hand. The mallet is handmade and belonged to her carving teacher, David Klinger. "This is the same mallet I used to do my first piece"—she motions to just above the woodstove where a stone reading God hangs. The chisel is handmade from Scotland. Every stone Karin carves is done completely by hand.

Finally, Karin stands in front of the stone ready to make the first tap with her mallet. As the mallet gently clinks against the chisel tiny pieces of stone fly in every direction. She explains that slate has to be done in layers. With a determined look and steady hands Karin will create a masterpiece unique to her.

Just as we sit to have tea, Tracy Mahaffy, one of Karin's apprentices, comes in. She is smiling and humming. Karin tells me this is the way they all come to the shop each day. "We don't consider this work. Imagine getting up every morning and heading out to do something you love to do. I'll never work again," says Karin. The phone rings and Karin goes to answer it.

While she is away Tracy tells me, "Karin is a real inspiration. People trust her. She puts a lot of time and love into each piece. Each design is individual to each client."

Tracy heard about Karin when she was working as a window designer. She wanted to do something different and while at a trade show that Karin was working at, she rooted herself next to Karin and asked her if she needed help at her shop. She has been with Karin for over two years.

Karin gets off the phone and tells us it was a woman who is coming to pick out a stone next week. The stone is for the woman herself. "Sometimes those are the hardest," she says.

My final questions are about the size of the stones. I ask how heavy her bigger pieces are and how she moves them. She tells me the heaviest is 400 pounds. "When moving something that large," she explains, "we think Egyptian. We think wedges, levers, and rollers." She smiles and adds that a friend of hers always pipes in, "and slaves!"—four people are needed to move the bigger pieces.

Karin is an upbeat, positive thinker.
"After a career in banking in New Delhi, I was looking for a meaningful way to spend my retirement. I had been involved in non-governmental and Quaker organizations in India and the U.K., and had studied Equipping for Ministry in Woodbrooke, a Quaker center in England. It came naturally to spend time at Pendle Hill in the Resident Study Program as part of my spiritual journey. The enriching classes and community work helped me experience spiritual life from a new perspective."

—Hari Khurana, Resident Program student, 2002

The carving on this stone replicates the design on a 4000-year-old Chinese bronze urn, remembering a man who loved such pieces in museums.

She is smiling the entire visit. There are words of wisdom and inspiration written on the walls of her workshop as well as the stones. Whistling and humming is the daily music of her ministry.

She claims, "We will never be in the yellow pages. I like having a small mom-and-pop—mom-no-pop—business. Everything is word of mouth."

I ask if she ever gets frustrated or anxious if something isn't coming like she'd like it to. She replies, "Beschernt," and says, "That is Yiddish for when it is time." Karin's time has come. Her vision is to someday teach others the art of stone carving out of her workshop. She teaches now at craft schools a few times a year and some in her workshop. She will move her office upstairs and double her workspace. Karin likes the idea of being a mentor, an inspiration.

She smiles, shakes my hand and gives me Tibetan prayer flags to take with me. As I walk to the door I have one more question: what do the hourglass and wings signify on the stone leaning against the wall? She says, "Time flies," with raised eyebrows and a smile. I get into my car and Karin brings to my attention the fact that her Tibetan prayer flags waved over my car all morning. I get the feeling she believes this is a very good thing.

As I drive away I realize how important Karin's work is. She creates permanence for a family who has lost someone very close to them. As she told me earlier in the day, "The stones I create will be here long after I am gone."
2002 State of the Meeting Reports

by Robert Marks

A deeper sense of fellowship in meetings for worship was experienced by Friends in monthly meetings from Maine to Hawaii during 2002. According to annual State of the Society reports, meetings also focused on concerns about racism, diversity among their members, and community outreach. Meanwhile, the threat of war with Iraq led many meetings to self-examine their allegiance to the Peace Testimony and their calling as Friends to answer to that of God in everyone.

Rochester (N.Y.) Meeting reports, “After 9/11/01, and throughout 2002, our meeting has explored, in many ways, the issue of peace and our response to national and international events.... Friends are drawn, individually and corporately, to exemplify the Peace Testimony in our lives, in our interactions with others, and in our choice of activities. ... Friends have expressed the desire to be the peacemakers, to reiterate our belief in that of God in everyone including those we have strong differences with, and to encourage the use of silence and discernment as we create peace.”

Cambridge (Mass.) Meeting writes, “In voicing our opposition to violence and war, how frankly have we spoken with each other about the ways in which we ourselves may have been responsible for planting the seeds of war?” the meeting asks itself. “What do our decisions about money tell us about how well we have been living the testimonies of simplicity, integrity, and community? ... How honest are we with each other in acknowledging the discomfort antiwar conversation causes us?”

Summit (N.J.) Meeting reports, “Friends are very heartened by the social activity undertaken by meeting and by individual Friends, much of it in direct response to 9/11 and the threat of war in Iraq.... Many Friends expressed joy in the support they have found in meeting for the deepening of their spiritual lives and the provision of a ‘deep spiritual home’.... We struggle to discern what the Spirit would have us do and where the Spirit would have us be at any given time without dictating to each other the answer.”

At Lancaster (Pa.) Meeting, “All members of our meeting faced the challenge of responding to possible war in Iraq in 2003.... The Ad Hoc Committee on Healing Racism has been actively working to help meeting members name and face the issues of racism and the reality of white privilege within our country and our own community.”

For Burlington (Vt.) Meeting, “Some of us long for the shared creation of a covenant community with our relationship with God at the heart of a Christian religious community. Others see the imperative to seek peace and justice at the center of their understandings of Quakerism.... When we are able to translate our differing beliefs and relax our insistence on the primacy of our own understandings, we have experienced deep and powerful worship together.”

For Rockland (N.Y.) Meeting, “We have worshiped together; lobbied, demonstrated, and protested the war together; worked together; and continued to eat together at our post-meeting and other potlucks.... There is strong identification with Rockland Meeting as a family.... It nurtures people and provides strength for what they have to do. Central to this strength is the meeting for worship.”

From the report for Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.), “We recognize that all worshipers bear equal responsibility for the quality of worship; that vocal ministry is only one dimension of worship; and that the quality of worship depends also upon the quality of listening—not only to the Spirit but to that place where words come from.”

Palo Alto (Calif.) Meeting places “a strong emphasis on community in our meeting. This year we have been particularly drawn together by concerns about war and politics and by an increased incidence of economic and health problems among our members. In times of stress we are thankful that the meeting is a strong spiritual home, where members can both give and receive care and support.”

At Santa Monica (Calif.) Meeting, “Meeting for worship anchors our spiritual life. In vocal ministry, participants speak openly of God and about the presence of the Spirit in our midst. Furthermore, the worship has encouraged multiple and new voices in vocal ministry and this has strengthened our spiritual seeking.”

And at Honolulu Meeting in Hawaii, “As we sit still and center down, as we become free of any sense of self, may those lost egos gently melt into a beautiful union of all life; may each of us become like a drop of water flowing into the stream of life; may we gain a sense of great peace and a warm glow from truly knowing God.”

Robert Marks, a member of High Point (N.C.) Meeting and a retired newspaper editor and journalist, is a volunteer news editor for FRIENDS JOURNAL.

FRIENDS JOURNAL August 2003

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By now most of the kids you know have probably been to the pool often enough that their bathing suits have been bleached by chlorine. They’ve also burnt enough marshmallows at barbecues or street fairs for their hair to be singed. And they’ve had their fill of baseball, soccer, basketball, or stickball and are ready to start bouncing like a ball themselves.

So unless—God forbid—they’ve been eaten by bears at China Lake or disappeared off the California coast, your kids may be looking around for something to capture their imaginations.

Fortunately, the following books are ready to speak to their condition. Each book not only reflects specific aspects of our shared Quaker values, they’re full of well-sketched characters and historical figures, fascinating adventures, and stories that will pull at their hearts, ignite their minds, and help them understand why taking time to build a more peaceful, loving world is so important.

As a special bonus for adults, assistant book review editor Brent Bill reviews two books that will make parenting our progeny in an anxious, insecure, and increasingly aggressive culture a little easier.

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For Children

The Raft


Ages 4–10.

The Raft is the quintessential book of the season. When Nicky gets dumped for the summer with his grandmother in a Wisconsin cottage surrounded by pines and a narrow, meandering river, he’s pretty upset. “She doesn’t even have a TV,” he complains. “His dad just grins, tells Nicky that his artist grandmother matches to a different drummer, then leaves the boy standing in the dust outside her cottage.

The cottage itself is a treasure. “I pushed the doorway curtain aside and walked into what would have been a living room in anyone else’s house,” narrates Nicky. “Books were scattered everywhere—the tables, on the chairs, even on the floor. Three of the walls were cluttered with sketches and stuffed fish and charts of the river. Several fishing poles hung from the fourth with a tackle box, a snorkel, and a mask on the floor beneath them. It looked like a river rat’s workroom ... except that in the middle of everything was a half-finished carving of a bear.”

Unobtrusively prodded by his river rat grandmother—“The afternoon was almost over when she handed me a cane pole, a bobber, and some red worms”—the reluctant Nicky begins to poke around his new environment. Eventually he discovers an ancient raft. “I threw my line in the water. Then I stretched out on the dock to wait. I must have fallen asleep, because I was awakened by loud chirping and chattering. ... A flock of birds was moving toward me along the river, hovering over something floating on the water. It drifted downstream, closer and closer, until finally it bumped up against the dock.”

The raft was Nicky’s ticket to explore the lazy river’s habitat and study its inhabitants. Poling upstream with a turtle who climbed on board to sun himself, every day Nicky watched fox, raccoons, deer, herons, and other furred and feathered riverbank residents, and occa-
sionally slipped on a snorkel and mask to hang his head off the raft and unobtrusively watch a family of otter diving and chasing one another within the river's depths.

Eventually, Nicky's growing fascination with the river's wild creatures leads him to borrow a charcoal pencil and a sketch pad from his grandmother so that he can capture images of these exquisite animals in this wild and beautiful place.

In addition to his sensitive, imagistic text, Jim LaMarche's soft, mixed-media watercolors throughout the book chart Nicky's feelings from abandonment and anger through balky cooperation and unwilling curiosity to dawning astonishment, delight, respect, and a sense of responsibility to protect the creatures in his river universe. Rather than simply serving as illustrations for the text, these illustrations contribute nuance and depth to the story itself—helping children of all ages understand both themselves and the river wilderness that is a part of our planet's natural heritage.

—Ellen Michaud

Naamah, Noah's Wife

By Sandy Eisenberg Sasso. Skylight Paths Publishing. 20 pages. $7.95/hardcover. Ages 0–4.

Rabbi Sandy Eisenberg Sasso, well known for her books on spirituality for children, reaches out to the very youngest audience with Naamah, Noah's Wife. Naamah takes up an alternate view of Noah's Ark by telling the imagined story of God and Noah's wife. In this story, God gives Naamah the responsibility of gathering the seeds of all the world's plants to bring onto the ark. She almost forgets the dandelion, until God reminds her. After the floodwaters recede, it is up to Naamah to plant all the seeds and tend them until they flourish. God personally takes responsibility for the dandelion. In the end, both God and Naamah...
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Ten Amazing People and
How They Changed the
World
By Maura D. Shaw, Illustrated by Stephen
Marchesi, Skylight Paths Publishing, 2002. 48
pages. $17.95/hardcover.
Ages 6-10.
Wow—what a book! Ten Amazing People
by Maura D. Shaw briefly tells the stories of
courageous and inspiring people. The book
features profiles of Black Elk, Dorothy Day, Malcolm X,
Mohandas Gandhi, Martin Luther King Jr.,
Janusz Korczak, Mother Teresa, Albert
Schweitzer, Thich Nhat Hanh, and Desmond
Tutu. Colorful, well-thought-out illustrations
by Stephen Marchesi accompany each profile.
The stories are profoundly inspirational
and emphasize God’s leading within each
person’s life. As an adult reading all the stories
in one sitting, it sent chills down my spine.
For its intended age set (6 to 10), the stories
are probably better taken one at a time, with
attention given to individual listeners’ sensitivities
when selecting which chapters to read.
For example, the section on Janusz Korczak
raises the Holocaust, a subject perhaps best
addressed with older children.
The book does an excellent job of placing
historical events in perspective for young
audiences. (A timeline at the end mixes references
to the Nobel Peace Prize with the introduction
of the Gameboy!) Spiritually, the book
offers a compelling message that each of us,
no matter what our age or background, is here
and ready to do God’s work.

Martin’s Big Words
By Doreen Rappaport, Illustrated by Bryan
Collier, Hyperion, 2001. 30 pages. $15.99/
hardcover.
Ages all ages.
Martin’s Big Words is the award-winning
book that tells the story of the Reverend Martin Luther
King Jr. The book shows us this courageous and
inspiring man and his search for peace and equality.

Abby McNear is the mother of two, a
freelance writer, and a member of Evanston (Ill.)
Meeting.

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Abby McNear
King Jr. Intended for all ages, the book works particularly well for the very young. Written in a simple, almost poetic style, the text is accessible to anyone old enough to sit still and hear the story.

Martin's Big Words is highly recommended and successful on several levels. It gives an excellent and concise overview of the life and work of Martin Luther King, emphasizing his commitment to the path of love and his opposition to violence. It also is very clear that he was a man led by God, and God's truths were at the heart of all his actions. Finally, the book makes the point that while Martin Luther King may have been a strong and powerful leader, the work of the Civil Rights Movement was done by ordinary people. This is a powerful message not heard often enough in our culture.

Martin's Big Words has won at least one award for its illustrations, and rightfully so. Bryan Collier's collage and watercolor art is beautiful and tells quite a bit of the story on its own.

—Abby McNear

In Brief

When the Moon Is Full: A Lunar Year

By Penny Pollock. Illustrated by Mary Azarian. Little Brown, 2001. 32 pages. $15.95/hardcover. Quaker author and Native American folklorist Penny Pollock teams up with Vermont woodcut artist Mary Azarian to offer lyrical poems and amazing woodcuts that con-

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Ireland Yearly Meeting and Britain Yearly Meeting

Quaker House Representatives, Belfast, Northern Ireland

We are looking for two Quaker House Representatives in Northern Ireland (suitable for couple, but applications from single people will be considered). This is a jobshare post, where the Representatives live in Quaker house, Belfast. This appointment is for up to three years with a review after the first year.

The Quaker House Belfast project seeks to enable people to move from violence, intransigence, and indifference to negotiation and responsible engagement. It also aims to advance “normal society” by promoting new community, statutory and social developments, and by building up trust in shared ownership of new institutions. The role of the Quaker House Representatives will be to develop and maintain trust between people of all points of view and all faiths and creeds in Northern Ireland, in order to promote understanding and foster community relations.

The new Representatives will be coming into a fluid situation. This will allow scope for new initiatives and ideas, so flexibility and an ability to appreciate diverse views are important.

Although a serious interest in the affairs of Northern Ireland and in British-Irish relations would be an advantage, a willingness to learn is essential. Candidates should have good presentation, communication, and social skills.

For further details please contact Felicity Boyd, 82 Gortin Park, Belfast BT5 7EQ, or e-mail: rosemaryfullor@hotmail.com. Informal enquiries can be made to the current Quaker Representative in Belfast, Mark Chapman, Quaker House, 7 University Avenue, Belfast BT7 1GX (telephone 028-9024 9293).

Closing date for completed applications: Friday, 26th September, 2003.

For Parents

Raising Kids Who Will Make a Difference: Helping Your Family Live with Integrity, Value Simplicity, and Care for Others


A Different Kind of Kid: Connecting with Unconventional Teens


These are two books I wish I’d had during my prime parenting years (though my now adult children may feel that I never had any prime parenting years). Both of these books speak to issues I had as a dad: wondering how best to raise my kids so they’d learn to appreciate and reflect Friends values of integrity and peace, and how to connect with those of my children who chose to dress in all black and read and write depressing poems instead of button-downs and khakis and Ogden Nash like me.

Susan Vog’s book addresses that first concern. It’s a book that parents will find helpful, no matter what their children’s ages. She offers suggestions for reading the book, depending on what age your children are. Besides being the author, she is a mother of four children, ages 15 to 27. She knows a thing or two about values, too, stemming from her work as director of the Family Ministry Office of the Diocese of Covington, Kentucky.

Raising Kids Who Will Make a Difference is...
ambitious (who doesn’t want to raise “good” kids and isn’t overwhelmed by the responsibility?) while being delightfully accessible. Arranged in twelve chapters addressing themes such as ecology, media usage, peacemaking, materialism and more, the material is beneficial. Her suggestions for helping children grow to reflect positive values are practical and useful—from “five Cs of conflict resolution” (concede, compromise, chance, create, consensus) to monitoring what appears on the family computer monitor. And she acknowledges that imbuing such values is not easy. “Parenting is a hard job,” she says. “It’s often hard to know if you’re doing the right thing.”

One thing that separates her book from most other parenting books is that she is honest about both her advice and her failings. She urges her readers to “hear stories of our family... of how some lessons stuck, some didn’t, and what made the difference.” And she couches her advice and observations in gentleness and good humor.

Another distinctive of Susan Vogt’s book is that she gives her children a chance to respond to what she’s written. Most prominently featured is daughter Heidi. She, like her mother, is honest—“the impact... wasn’t always what my parents had planned”—and humorous—“I have to admit that they slapped a little social responsibility under my skin when I wasn’t looking.” While Heidi’s entries are longer and more reflective than those of the other Vogt children, her siblings Dacian and Brian also make valuable contributions while showing their differences. “I never noticed that we were being frugal,” says Dacian, while Brian mildly carps, “Yes, my parents were cheap... but it was a selective cheapness.”

Also valuable are the “Other Families’ Stories” (where parents and young adults from a variety of family backgrounds share insights on each chapter’s theme), the questions for reflection, and the brief bibliography.

I’m buying copies of this book for my children who have children—it should help them have an easier trip down their parenting road. Raising Kids Who Make a Difference is a great book for parents and would make a good study book for a parents’ support group or religious education class.

So, too, would A Different Kind of Kid—especially for parents who have one of those different kind of kids. What kind of kid is Katherine Murray talking about? “You’ve seen them at the mall,” she writes. “Fluorescent pink hair. Spikes and studs. Pants dragging, chains jangling.” Of course the description could be much broader—and she could add that some of us have seen those kids not just at the mall, but at home as well.

Katherine Murray, an Indiana Quaker, mother, and writer, like Susan Vogt helps parents deal with a wide range of topics. A difference is that the issues she approaches come from the distinct viewpoint of dealing with unconventional teens—things like their fashion, body art, discerning the difference between creativity and rebellion, resisting parental peer pressure (the “where is that child’s parent?” explanation that some of us have cringed at—or inwardly uttered).

Like Susan Vogt, Katherine Murray is honest and she shares other voices—in her case, in addition to the kids and parents, she adds mental health and other experts and youth leaders of various stripes. All of this helps parents look at their teens with new eyes with a bit more understanding and appreciation and less bewilderment. She denies neither the risks nor the rewards. Some unconventional behavior may have far-reaching effects, she admits, and we have to let our kids learn the consequences of their actions, which may not always be pleasant. But raising such a child is also an opportunity for personal growth and learning. “I’ve been challenged and stretched and enriched because I’ve had a part in raising this unique, wonderful, loving girl of mine, and I wouldn’t have missed it for the world.”

Katherine Murray also offers resources for parents, including a bibliography. Her “Resources for Troubled Teens and Their Parents” alone would be worth the price of the book if you found yourself in a crisis situation with your teen and didn’t know where to turn. She has listed a wide range of resources from the National Adolescent Suicide Hotline to warning signs of teen suicide to eating disorder information and phone numbers and more. This is good stuff for parents—who hopefully will never have to use it.

While Katherine Murray’s book is a little darker in some ways than Susan Vogt’s, it answers a specific need for specific parents. Both are important books whose audiences may or may not overlap. They belong in every meeting’s library.

—Brent Bill

Brent Bill is associate director of the Indianapolis Center for Congregations and attends First Friends Meeting in Indianapolis. He is the editor of Imagination and Spirit: A Contemporary Quaker Reader.

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Moving?

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As one of at least 150 Friends from the United States, Canada, and Mexico who attended a conference sponsored by Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas from January 17 to 20, 2003, at Guilford College in Greensboro, N.C., on “Friends Peace Witness in a Time of Crisis,” Maia Carter wrote in the March issue of Washington (D.C.) Friends Newsletter: “While no statement emerged out of the gathering, we left with a message of the living presence of the Peace Testimony in our lives. We were reminded that the Peace Testimony is not the taproot of Quaker faith and practice, but rather the Living Spirit, the Light Within, is our source of energy and guidance.

... We are committed to working for peace, to do the best we can with our limited abilities, and have faith that with our renewed covenant, God will work through us as instruments of the Spirit.”

State College (Pa.) Meeting approved a minute updating a 1993 minute on civil rights for persons of differing sexual orientation and gender identity. The new minute includes “transgender” among its listing of sexual and gender identities for which it calls for full protection under civil rights laws. State College Meeting directed that the minute be part of each of their yearly meeting annual reports and that the meeting’s pamphlet be corrected to welcome all persons named in the minute.—State College (Pa.) Meeting newsletter

Church World Service urged the United States to take an active and immediate role in war-battered Liberia, where an already desperate humanitarian situation worsened in June, in the wake of the announcement of the indictment of Liberian President Charles Taylor for war crimes. The indictment was handed down by a UN-backed Special Court in Sierra Leone, which accused him of supporting the rebel forces that murdered, mutilated, and raped thousands of innocent men, women, and children during the civil war. On June 17, a cease-fire was announced between government and rebel forces, and as part of that cease-fire, President Taylor was to resign from office. Hundreds of thousands of Liberians have been uprooted from their homes and the fighting has rendered 80 percent of the country inaccessible to urgently needed humanitarian assistance. —Carol Fouke, <www.ncccusa.org>

In early March the UN Commission on the Status of Women failed to adopt official language detailing measures to reduce rape and trafficking, promote reproductive health, and end impunity for war crimes against women, as well as many other ways to eliminate gender-based violence. The commission had spent two weeks writing “agreed conclusions” that are typically used as models for governments to create policy and as advocacy tools by NGOs. The document on ending violence against women and girls would have been used by advocates to strengthen legislation to end domestic violence, sexual exploitation, and trafficking of women. It would also have been used to educate governments on how to promote and protect women’s human rights. Consensus on the conclusions came to an end when Iran, Egypt, Pakistan, Sudan, and the United States raised objections. Governments did reach consensus on the theme of women and media, which asked governments to increasingly involve women in the information and communication technology world and allocate resources to ensure that women and girls, especially in developing countries, have access to new information technologies. These recommendations will be incorporated in December’s World Summit on Information Society in Geneva. For more information: <www.un.org/womenwatch/daw/csw4/session>; <www.peacewomen.org/un/unindex.html> —Emily Freeburg, Women’s eNews

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August 2003 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Upcoming Events
• August 1-10—Central Yearly Meeting
• August 2-7—New England Yearly Meeting
• August 2-9—Canadian Yearly Meeting
• August 4-9—Pacific Yearly Meeting
• August 5-10—Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative)
• August 6-9—Iowa Yearly Meeting
• August 6-10—Western Yearly Meeting
• August 7-10—Fellowship of Friends of African Descent annual gathering. Contact <ffad@quaker.org> or (215) 843-9319.
• August 13-17—Ohio Yearly Meeting (Conservative)
• August 27-31—France Yearly Meeting
• August 28-31—Uganda Yearly Meeting

Opportunities/Resources
• Tom Jackson of Dover (N.H.) Meeting is available for screenings of his documentary video about Iraq, “Greetings from Missile Street.” The video shows interactions between a summer 2000 delegation from Voices in the Wilderness and the families who hosted them in Basra, Iraq, providing a glimpse into the day-to-day lives of ordinary Iraqis. Contact him at <coffeeanon@yahoo.com>; (603) 868-5097.

• In partnership with the Kibimba Peace Committee and Friends Peace Teams’ African Great Lakes Initiative, a workcamp in Burundi will be rebuilding homes for people from an internally displaced camp near Kibimba from July 6 to August 11. The Kibimba Peace Committee believes that the reconstruction activity will be a unifying reconciliation of what the Hutu and Tutsi can do together. For details on this or other projects of the African Great Lakes Initiative, contact David Zarembka at: <davidzarembka@juno.com>.

• Has your monthly, quarterly, and yearly meeting endorsed the Earth Charter? Add your name to the official list of more than 1,000 organizations worldwide who have signed on to support this effort. Visit <www.earthcharter.org> or contact Friends Committee on Unity with Nature <fcun@fcun.org>. —BeFriending Creation, FCUN newsletter, March 2003
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Discernment

This term has become common among Friends in the past several years. I remember that when I first heard it I thought it an awfully pompous way of saying “figuring out the right thing to do.” Since then I have come to treasure it as a spiritual discipline that requires the spiritual disciplines of retirement, prayer, living in the Cross, and keeping low.

First generation Quaker Isaac Penington wrote in a letter, “It is not the great and main thing to be found doing, but to be found doing aright, from the teachings and from the right spirit... A little praying from God’s spirit in that which is true and pure is better than thousands of vehement desires in one’s own will and after the flesh.” Lao Tzu taught, “Do you have the patience to wait till your mud settles and your water is clear? Can you

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Spiritual Retirement
Continued from page 8

Setting Aside Small Commitments of Time

Experiment with setting aside 5 to 15 minutes every day or even 2–3 times a week for a practice that will help you shift your attention:
- upon first rising in the morning while sitting in your bed or at a window with a nice view;
- when the rest of the household has left for the day;
- sitting in your car before driving off;
- on your lunch hour: at your desk, sitting in a park, going into a nearby church;
- the first five minutes on arriving home;
- after dinner before undertaking the evening’s chores or recreations;
- just before bed.

Things to do in a small commitment of time:
- just sit;
- begin with one of the brief practices listed above and then settle into quiet;
- do a brief reading from a devotional book of your choosing;

August 2003 Friends Journal
Discernment is crucial in difficult times when we want to do something that will make a difference. In the frightening time building up to World War II, Thomas Kelly wrote of the “particularization of my responsibility in a world too vast and a lifetime too short for me to carry all responsibilities. . . . Toward them all we feel kindly, but we are dismissed from active service in most of them. . . . We cannot die on every cross, nor are we expected to. . . . The concern oriented life is ordered and organized from within. And we learn to say No as well as Yes by attending to the guidance of inner responsibility.”

**Strong, Supportive Spiritual Communities**

Our work in the world is strengthened when it is nourished in the Quaker com-

- pay attention to your breathing and let its rhythms bring you to a quiet place;
- pray in a style that is meaningful to you.

**COMMITTING LARGER BLOCKS OF TIME:**

If you can find space in your day or week for one or more extended periods of retirement (30 to 60 minutes):

- carry a small book of readings with you that you can pull out when you are waiting for something or when time unexpectedly opens up;
- have a tape or CD of meditative music or of a meditative reading in your car or have a personal headset to listen to on the bus or as you walk the dog or when you’re jogging;
- get up 15 minutes earlier;
- examine your day/week for an activity you can lay aside for a month or two;
- replace one TV program a week with practice of spiritual retirement;
- replace one magazine you read with devotional reading;
- take a time that is usually spent with a friend or family member and do a spiritual practice together.

If you are committing these longer periods to Sabbath practices, please refer to **Listening Spirituality: Volume I, Personal Spiritual Practices among Friends.** Friend Patricia Loring presents a wide range of practices that expand one’s capacity to listen for the divine presence in one’s life in a much more thorough fashion than can be done here, including:

- reading;
- journaling;
- walking in nature;
- praying;
- meditating;
- movement;
- combinations of these practices.

**PRAYERS**

**Prayer of St. Francis**

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;
Where there is sadness, joy.

Master, grant that I may never seek so much 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.

**Jesus Prayer**

Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on me a sinner.

**Loving Kindness Meditation**

(from Jack Kornfield, *A Path with Heart*)

**Beginning with yourself:**

May I be filled with loving kindness.
May I be well.
May I be peaceful and at ease.
May I be happy.

**Then widening out to a loved one:**

May s/he be filled with loving kindness.
May s/he be well.
May s/he be peaceful and at ease.
May s/he be happy.

**Continuing on to others:**

friends, community members, people everywhere, animals, the whole Earth.

It is a particularly good way to hold in the light someone you find difficult, wishing that they, too, be filled with loving kindness and peace.
Tensions

There were many tensions in Sandstone, as should be expected, particularly between inmates and guards (usually called screws by the inmates). Tensions often broke through, as they did for me in the vignettes “Christmas” and “I’m Shot.”

One day when I was working outside, a Jehovah’s Witness on the crew was giving the guard a rough time. He and some others were aggressive and abrasive about their religion, trying to get converts or, as in this case, taunting people about the inadequacies of beliefs held by those who were not Jehovah’s Witnesses. In this instance, the guard took the taunting quietly, without reproach when most guards would have pulled him off the crew and charged him with a disciplinary infraction to be settled by the institutional disciplinary board.

Each evening as we went back inside the walls we searched for contraband. We would take our handkerchief out of its pocket, hold our hands up over our heads, and be “shook down,” hands run over our pockets.

One time I had a green onion secluded in my handkerchief, taking it in for a friend who longed for a fresh green onion. I was, of course, in serious violation of the regulations. The guard who was searching me was the one given a hard time by the Jehovah’s Witness. I thanked the guard for the patient and gentle way he handled him. The guard didn’t say a word, dropped his hands, and I left hurriedly afraid he was about to burst out in tears. Kind words for guards from inmates were rare.

An Exception

Although World War II was a popular war with a cause that was widely considered just, unlike Vietnam, the churches, with varying degrees of enthusiasm, gave some support to their conscientious objectors. The Christian Science church was an exception. Their national headquarters issued a statement that there was nothing in Christian Science doctrine that would cause a man to become a conscientious objector. Yet, there was one Christian Science CO in Sandstone.

Christmas

There was a hallway across the end of Sandstone. Part of that was getting shot. To be shot had nothing to do with handguns or rifles but meant you’d been written up by a guard for an offense. That puts you before a disciplinary board for possible punishment.

I was working with a crew outdoors on some kind of digging job when the guard in charge came over to me and told me that I needed to work faster, because we were in front of the warden’s office. I responded that maybe he felt he should work harder in front of the warden, but I would work the same way in front of the warden or back of the building. Bang!! I was shot for insubordination, or something like that.

I appeared before the disciplinary board, three guards as I recall, a couple of days
later. There was no disagreement about what happened. This was a context within which the board didn’t seem used to working. The guard who had accused me wasn’t present.

There was a little discussion, and I was asked if I didn’t realize they could take away some of my “good time,” and I would have to stay longer. I replied that I knew that and when I did get out I would probably be back if the war was still going on. There was a void in the conversation. By refusing to be intimidated I seemed to have threatened their authority.

I presume there was some hesitancy about raising a public issue about how one worked in front of the warden’s office. I was dismissed with a warning but no penalty.

**Parole II**

At the time, federal prisoners were eligible for parole after serving one-third of their sentence. A new plan made COs eligible for parole at any time to acceptable assignments with nonprofit institutions. The salary limit was board and room plus $15 per month. It was a Civilian Public Service kind of plan but totally devoid of any relationship to Selective Service.

Wistar Wood (unknown to me at the time), a Quaker, was superintendent of the Pennsylvania School for the Deaf in Philadelphia and desperate to find a boys’ supervisor. He seemed to be well-connected politically and got permission to review some files of COs in prison who might be qualified for the job. He selected me. The Bureau of Prisons told him that I probably wouldn’t take the job, as I had already turned down parole. Typical of the problems the Bureau had with COs, they couldn’t see the difference between a parole to a Selective Service assignment and a parole to a regular job.

I was glad to take the job and left Sandstone after one year in prison. Bickie was a graduate of Iowa State with a degree in dietetics and was immediately employed by the school as the dietician, so everything worked out fine with my $15 per month salary. Susan, then two years old, went to a Catholic daycare center for children. When we left the school after a little more than a year, with the war over and my parole terminated, to return as superintendent of Quakerdale Farm, Susan was crossing herself before meals.

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Milestones

Deaths

Clark—Allen D. Clark, 77, on November 17, 2002, in Houston, Tex. He was born on April 6, 1925, in League City, Tex., to Lydia Maurine Lawrence Clark and Nolan J. Clark, lifelong Quakers. The family later moved to Friendswood, a small Quaker community near Houston. After graduating from Friendswood High School in 1942, Allen attended Friends University for a year, then became a conscientious objector and worked in camps in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park and at a state mental hospital in Norwich, Conn. In 1950 he graduated from University of Texas, and during his career as a chemical engineer he traveled across the country and around the world designing gas processing plants and supervising the start-up of many of the plants he designed. A founding member of Live Oak Meeting in Houston, he served as clerk and treasurer, and as treasurer of South Central Yearly Meeting. During the Vietnam War, he was spokesman at peace demonstrations at the gate of President Lyndon Johnson’s ranch. An avid nature photographer, he took pleasure in hiking and exploring the outdoors, backpacking with the Sierra Club in Colorado. Throughout his life, his social conscience led him to contribute to many efforts towards a more peaceful, just world. Allen is survived by his wife, Polly Clark; children, Shari Anderson and her husband Mike, Margaret French and her husband Robert, James Clark; and his wife, Reuvena Hartog; granddaughter, Marias French; and sisters, Virginia Frazier and Emma Lou Ryan.

de Hartog—Jan de Hartog, 88, on September 22, 2002, in Houston, Tex. He was born April 22, 1914, in Haarlem, Holland, to a Calvinist minister and his wife, who was a member of the Wider Quaker Fellowship. When he was only ten, Jan ran away to become a cabin boy on the Zuyder Zee until his father had him brought home. He ran away again two years later, this time on a steamer to the Baltic, and again was brought home. As a teenager he attended Amsterdam Naval College until he was expelled with the words, “This school is not for pirates!” But his drive for adventure was accompanied by an urge to write, and when he returned to sea on an ocean-going tug, he took pen and paper. In 1940, his book Hollands Glorie was published and became a symbol of Dutch resistance. At first courted by the Nazis, Jan joined the Dutch underground, using theatre to spread information and instill national spirit. One of his plays was secretly presented in small fishing villages, to inspire families to hide Jewish children. He was shot in the legs during his escape through occupied Europe, but finally made it to England. Jan lived on a houseboat, Rival, and became well known for his books about the sea. In 1953 when the dikes broke and a fifth of his country was flooded, he converted Rival into a floating hospital, rescued victims from the flooded lands, and, later, wrote a book about the experience, donating proceeds from the book to the flood victims. In 1957 Jan brought Rival to the U.S., touring the Intracoastal Waterways from Houston to Narragansett, then the Everglades, where he wrote several books. In 1961 he married Marjorie Mein, his third wife, first in a civil ceremony, and then under the care of Mantusus (N.Y.) Meeting. In...
1962 they moved to Houston, where Jan taught playwriting at University of Houston, and the couple were soon members of Live Oak Meeting. In Houston, they became aware of the horrific conditions at a hospital that primarily served Houston's African American community. The couple and most of their meeting received Red Cross training and became nursing volunteers at the hospital. Jan wrote an impassioned letter to the Houston Chronicle and, the following year, wrote The Hospital, a novel exposing the unconscionable racism in a hospital for the poor. The Hospital became an international sensation and resulted in extensive reform, but many Texans were not pleased. He and Marjorie continued to work as a team in both writing and service. In 1966 they helped form the Meeting for Suffering of Vietnamese Children, an adoption network for Vietnamese orphans, and adopted two Amerasian siblings from Korea who now were part of a family that included Jan's children from previous marriages. Jan turned his energies to working on what was to become an epic trilogy, a novel based on Quaker history. In 1971 the first book, The Peacable Kingdom, was published. It chronicled the first two centuries of Quaker history in two segments, The Children of the Light and The Holy Experiment, and was nominated for the Nobel Prize in Literature. In 1988 Jan and Marjorie returned to Houston. Jan wrote a total of 50 books and 10 plays. In 1998 a series of small strokes brought his career to an end. Jan is survived by his wife, Marjorie de Hartog; his children, Sylvia de Hartog, Arnold de Hartog, Nicholas de Hartog, Catherine de Hartog Dennison, Eva (Hwa Ran Kim) de Hartog Kovach, and Julia (Soo Ja) de Hartog; and 14 grandchildren.

Griscom—Elizabeth Starr (Betsy) Griscom, 45, on December 3, 2002, in Seattle, Wash. She was born on April 18, 1957, in Massachusetts, the oldest of four children. At 17 she experienced her first episode of cancer, and she attributed her lifelong spiritual strength to that early lesson of mortality. She graduated from Harvard in 1980 with a BA and from Duke University in 1984 with an MA in Forestry. In 1982 she married Douglas Elliott; the couple were amicably divorced ten years later. After a five-month residency at Pendle Hill, where she gathered courage for a leap in life, she moved to Sandpoint, Idaho, where, largely using her own hands, she built an energy-efficient home that was featured in the media as a model for self-sufficient ecological living. When she met Peg Bernstein, she left Idaho and moved to Seattle. On November 24, 2002, Peg and Betsy were united in marriage under the care of Salmon Bay Meeting. A member since birth of Moorestown (N.J.) Meeting, Betsy had also worshiped with Friends Meeting at Cambridge (Mass.), Ridgewood (N.J.) Meeting, Cornwall (N.Y.) Meeting, Sandpoint (Idaho) Meeting, and finally Salmon Bay Meeting in Seattle and Pacific Northwest Quarterly Meeting, where she clerked. At Salmon Bay her spoken messages reminded Friends of the abundance of life. Openly sharing her process of living and dying, she sang throughout her final illness. Through personal visits, e-mails, and her care committee, friends witnessed the honesty, joy, and openness that inspired all who knew her. She is survived by her partner, Peg Bernstein; parents, Thorne...
and Joann Griscom; brothers, Daniel and Matthew Griscom; sister, Elinor Griscom; several nephews and a niece.

McCoy—Helga McCoy, 73, on January 29, 2003, in Wilmington, Ohio. She was born in Ludwigsfeld, Germany, on November 15, 1929, to Otto and Ella Hoekert. A graduate of the Mawrski Foreign Language Institute in Heidelberg, Germany, she became associated with the Ludwigsfeld unit of AFSC as a translator and interpreter in 1948. In 1949 she met her future husband, Robert, who was with the AFSC in Vienna, at a workcamp in Salzburg, Austria. Shortly after their marriage they moved to his home farm near Wilmington, where they have spent their whole life together. For many years she was active in Fairview Meeting in New Vienna, Ohio. During that time she and her husband took several young friends groups to Washington and New York, primarily to visit FCNL and the UN. From 1966 to 1989, while she taught German at Wilmington College, Helga and Robert took 12 different student groups to Vienna for study abroad. They also led four Wilmington College abroad tours to Germany, Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Italy. In retirement she became a very private person who loved her travel, her books, her quiet life, and her home. Although a member of a Fairview Meeting, she had not been active since the meeting went on record as opposing gay marriages, three years ago. This meeting decision caused her great anguish and contributed to her retiring more to her home life. Helga provided her students with experiences that transformed them, and enriched her family, her community, and all who knew her. She was preceded in death by her brother, Otto. She is survived by her husband, Robert; daughter, Pamela; and son-in-law, Karl-Heinz Finken.

Newby—Georgia Beatrice (Bee) Longuevue, 88, on January 9, 2003, in Ashland, Ore. She was born on May 8, 1914, in Los Angeles, Calif. Although her father expected his children to work in his uncle’s shoe factory, Bea altered his expectations by finishing high school, paving the way for her five younger siblings. She proceeded to Chaptan St. Petersburg, where she became president of the International Relations Club and where she met a religion major with Quaker roots named Bill Newby. The couple participated in the Peace Action Club, became part of a Quaker group in Los Angeles, and married in 1937. Bill was a CO in World War II, driving a milk truck for his alternative service. In 1945 Bea and Bill purposefully moved to the land in Hemet, Calif., and helped found a chapter of the American Society for Friends in Education. After retiring in 1973 they relocated to Oregon, where Bea became an avid avian and served as a member of the ministry and oversight committee of South Mountain Monthly. She was a person who asked for the good in everyone, but she was not marshmallow, and described herself as a radical. She went to Nicaragua with a group of Friends, and then to Cuba, where she met with Fidel Castro at some length. She remarked that she was glad to leave this world, particularly since it was not run as she knew it should be.
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Sa'adah—Marjorie Sa'adah, 88, on December 31, 2002, in Hanover, N.H. She was born in Konya, Turkey, in 1914 to Armenian parents during a period when Armenians were being subjected to genocide, and in 1922 her father disappeared. Marjorie, her mother, and two younger brothers managed to escape to Beirut with the help of three Americans. Marjorie attended the American School for Girls in Beirut and the American University in Beirut, graduating in 1937. That summer she married Mounir Sa'adah, who was associated with an American, Kenneth Webb. Fluent in four languages, Marjorie worked for the British Near East Supply Center and then for the American Embassy in Beirut during World War II. After the war, with encouragement from Kenneth and Susan Webb, Marjorie and Mounir moved to Vermont, home of the Webb's Farm and Wilderness Camps. Mounir taught at the Woodstock Country School and was the minister at the Universalist Church. In 1964 the couple moved to Connecticut, where Marjorie became the administrator of Yale's Southeast Asia Studies program. After retirement the couple returned to Vermont, and moved to Kendal at Hanover when it opened in 1991. Throughout her life Marjorie carried a passion for peace shaped by her early years in the Middle East, where experience had taught her that war is not a solution. A valued and respected part of Hanover Meeting, she was loving and generous, with deep convictions. She is survived by her husband, Mounir Sa'adah; children, David, Jonathan, and Marjorie Anne Sa'adah; three grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Tyson—Samuel Reynier Tyson, 83, on June 17, 2002, in Modesto, Calif. He was born in San Francisco on February 3, 1919, to Herbert Parry Tyson and Katharine Bingham Koller Tyson, the fifth of seven children. Sam's family moved frequently, and during their four years in Germantown, Pa., he attended Germantown Friends School. He is acknowledged as a member of the class of 1937, although his family had to move before he graduated. The Tysons were a founding family of Germantown Meeting in 1683. Sam deeply felt both the privilege and the responsibility of this legacy. In 1937 Sara entered UCLA, but was forced to leave as a result of his refusal to participate in the Reserve Officer Training Corps, which was mandatory at the time. Because of World War II, his college education at University of Southern California took ten years to complete. As a Botany and history major, Sam worked in trials for the Burpee Seed Company. From the zinnia and cosmos fields, he was drafted in the summer of 1941, even before the bombing at Pearl Harbor. Refusing to kill, Sam was one of the first 12,000 conscientious objectors to enter Civilian Public Service, where he remained until December 1945, one of the last to be released. In CPS he worked in forestry projects, served as a guinea pig in National Health Institute tests, and fought forest fires. Sam first came to Modesto, Calif. on a work furlough to help harvest crops on the family farm of CPS friend Aram Kojakalian. He returned to Modesto after graduating from USC to work for the Home Mission, predecessor of the Migrant Ministry, where he met his first wife. Several other COs settled in Modesto, and a strong peace community formed around the Fellowship of Recon-
Waterford, where they built a home, and where they lived and farmed until he died. He worked with Self Help Housing as it grew out of a Quaker Nevada test site in 1957. In that same year, he helped establish the first protest at the Nevada test site in 1957. In that same year, he helped found the Quaker Peace Corps, which later became everyman II. In 1971 he helped found the Friends Life Center. In 1976, Sam and Indira Clark moved to London, where they lived for a generation before Greenpeace. In 1962 Sam served six months in maximum security for giving a press conference announcing the findings of the Everyman II. In 1971 he helped found the Mondern Peace Life Center. In 1976, Sam and Indira Clark were married under the care of Delta Meeting in Modesto. Sam helped to stop the nuclear plant proposed for his hometown of Waterford and Super Collider. In recent years he helped develop the Day of Respect program in Modesto City Schools, and worked with agencies and organizations to restore the riparian corridor along the Tuolumne River. He was an early supporter of the Farm Workers’ Movement, and served as head of security during the march on Gallo Winery in 1975. He was a founding member of the Modesto Farmers Market. Sam Tyson believed in the value of silent worship and listening to that small, quiet voice within. He helped Delta Meeting in many offices. He believed in the value of taking risks to enable positive change. He believed that real strength resides in the power of community. Sam was preceded in death by his first wife, Carol, and by his son, Christopher. He is survived by his wife, Indira Tyson; his children from his first marriage, Samuel, Elizabeth, Anne, and Sarah Tyson; his children from his second marriage, Rachel, Joshua, Martha, and Phoebe Tyson; and numerous members of his extended family.

We welcome Milestones from families and meetings. For births/adoptions and marriages/unions, please include dates, locations, and meeting affiliations of the parties. For death notices, include date and place of birth and death, meeting affiliation, highlights of the person’s life as a Quaker, and full names of survivors (max. 600 words). Please include your contact information. Milestones may be edited for length, and we cannot guarantee publication date. For full guidelines visit www.friendsjournal.org, e-mail <departments@friendsjournal.org> or see p. 2 for other contact information.

Friends Bulletin, magazine of Western U. Quakers, subscription $16. Sample copies free. A Western Quaker Reader, $20. Please forward “Tales from a Quaker Perspective,” $4 including postage, Friends Bulletin, 3333 Rantree Avenue, Torrance, CA 90505. <westequaker.net>@friendsbul@famil.net

Transforming Power for Peace, by Larry Assay—$9.50 postpaid. Quantity Discounts, AWP Distribution Service, 844 John Fowler, Plainfield, VT 05667. (802) 545-4676. <catapult@illtemaine.com>

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Note cards with a Friendly Favors, Quaker quotes and inspirational sayings, color original illustrations, $10.00 per pack of six, recycled paper and envelopes. Holly Coza Design Studio, 220 Woffington Road, Bedford, PA 15522. <hgoza@barn넷ine.net>

Opportunities
Selected Upcoming Conferences at Pendle Hill August 1-5: Spiritual Discernment: Noticing God’s Hedges, a summer retreat led by Nancy Beber August 6-10: Kado: The Way of Flowers, led by Marcia Shidhata August 6-10: Sacred Space: Spiritual and Creative Openings, led by Melanie Weinberg August 6-10: “One of these mornings, you’re gonna rise up singing”, led by Anne and Peter Blood-Patterson August 13-17: From the Mountain: Transformation in Stone, led by Barbara TN August 13-17: Cutting Loose: A Writing Retreat, led by Suzanne Morrison August 14-17: The Hasidim Pray, led by Eugenia Friedman October 26-12: Quaker Light, led by Peter Bien For more information, contact: Pendle Hill, 338 Plum Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086-4090. (800) 742-3350, extension 142, <www.pendlehill.org>

Free Bumper Sticker. Call (800) 650-1332 or see—<www.tol.org>.

Friends Journal Committee on National Legislation

Friends Journal is looking for expert technical assistance and support for our Mac production and editorial computers. Reasonable rates or volunteer assistance desired; references requested. Contact Susan Conson-Finnity at <publisher_exec_ed@friendsjournal.org>

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

Costa Rica Study Tours: Visit the Quaker community in Monteverde. For information and a brochure contact Sal Stuckey, (511) (506) 643-5550, write: Avd. 465-5550, Monte-verde, Costa Rica; e-mail <costudy@racas.co.cr> or <www.costastudytours.com>, or call in the USA (502) 364-8804.

Books and Publications

*Nailed for Justice: A Woman’s Guide to Federal Prison Camp* by SCA prisoner of conscience Clare Hanrahan. $12 postpaid. Box 7641, Ashville, NC 28802. <charran@ncp.net>
Quaker Writers and Artists
Quakers used to shun the arts—but no more. Join the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts: get our exciting, informative newsletter, "Shadows," keep up with other artistic Friends around the country, and help create a new chapter in Quaker history. Membership: $2/yr. FQA, P.O. Box 59555, Philadelphia, PA 19102. e-mail: <fqawriter@quaker.org>.
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Quaker House Ann Arbor has periodic openings in a six-person intentional community based on Friends principles.
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Personal
Single Booklovers, a national group, has been getting unattached booklovers together since 1970. Please write Box 117, Graysville, PA 18039, or call (610) 356-5045.

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Positions Vacant
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Pendle Hill
Quaker Studies Teacher
Pendle Hill is seeking applications for position of Quaker Studies Teacher. The Quaker Studies Teacher is the principal Quaker teacher at Pendle Hill in cooperation with the Dean, faculty, and other staff, the Quaker Studies Teacher is responsible for developing for the use of Quakers as program that will support educational programs. The Quaker Studies Teacher must be a member of the Religious Society of Friends. Preferred starting date: January 1, 2004. Inquiries or resumes should be sent to Laura Beatty, (601) 666-4507, ext. 131 or (800) 742-3150, ext. 131. <laura@pendlehill.org>. Application deadline October 3, 2003.

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Property Wanted: A Friendly PYM family looking to relocate and buy a home in West Chester, Pennsylvania borough. We have excellent credit, references and are looking for the following: 3 bedrooms, 1 bath, living room, dining room, kitchen, garage—living large is a bonus. Able to move immediately. Please contact Nancy Davis-Swagart (717) 294-0933 or <dazswal@redrose.net>.

Rentals & Retreats
California-Sonoma County: Room, breakfast, optional dinners. We have excellent references and are looking for full-time or week-long weekend stays for Quaker welcome. <jakieehreth@yahoo.com> (707) 323-2023.

Cuenca, Ecuador: Families, friends, study groups enjoy this beautiful Mexican house. Mexican family staff provide excellent food and care. Large twin bedrooms, bath with own entrance. Large living and dining room, long terrace with dining area and mountain and volcano views. Large garden and heated pool. Close to historic center and transportation. Call Edith Nicholson (011) 57-677-318003, or Joe Nicholson, (502) 894-9720.

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The Quaker School at Horsham, a value-centered elementary and middle school for students with learning differences, a small, quiet campus, quality teaching staff, serving Philadelphia, Bucks, and Montgomery Counties. 318 Maindorff House Road, Horsham, PA 19044. (215) 674-2675.
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Come visit Quiney Friends School on your cross-country journey, sits just north of I-95 in the heart of eastern Ohio. A residential high school and farm, next to Stillwater Meetinghouse, Quiney is college preparation built around truthful thinking, inward directed personal development, community, and useful work. 61830 Sandy Ridge Road, Barnesville, OH 44401. (740) 425-3655.

United Friends School: coed, preschool–8; emphasizing integrated, developmentally appropriate curriculum, including whole language and manipulative math; serving upper Bucks County. 20 South 10th Street, Quakertown, PA 18951. (215) 328-1723.

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AUSTRALIA

All Australian meetings for worship are listed on the Australian Quaker Home Page (www.quakers.org.au). Meetinghouses in Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, and Perth offer overnight accommodation. Further details from Yeatman Meeting Secretary (cquaker@netspace.net.au), or phone +61 (0) 3 96278644.

BOTTSWANA

Independence Meetinghouse, 267-394-7147. <gudrun@info.bw>. EM

COSTA RICA

Meetinghouse on San Ramon Road, Box 843, San Ramon, Costa Rica. Phone: (506) 2151 Vine St. Phone: (505) 758-9260.

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NEW ZEALAND

Meetinghouse on San Ramon Road, Box 843, San Ramon, Costa Rica. Phone: (506) 2151 Vine St. Phone: (505) 758-9260.

UNITED STATES

Alabama

AUBURN-Weekly meeting, Sundays 8 a.m. Room 205, 201 Dutch St. Phone: (334) 847-9978 or 826-6645.

BIRMINGHAM-Weekly meeting, 10 a.m. Sundays, 4413 5th Ave. S., Birmingham, AL 35222. (205) 965-0570.

FAIRHOPE-Weekly meeting, Sundays at Friends Meetinghouse, 9261 Fairhope Ave. Write: P.O. Box 919, Fairhope, AL 36532. (251) 995-0692.

HUNTSVILLE-Weekly meeting, Sundays in various homes. Call (256) 837-6237 or write P.O. Box 3950, Huntsville, AL 35810.

Alaska

ANCHORAGE-Call for time and directions. (907) 566-0700.

BARKFINS-Weekly meeting, First Day, 10 a.m. Hidden Hills Friends Center, 2891 Henry St. Phone: 479-3769.

JUNEAU-Weekly meeting, 10 a.m. Sunday, 750 St. Ann St., Douglas, Alaska 99924. Phone: (907) 586-4409.

Arizona

FLAGSTAFF-Weekly meeting and First Day school 10 a.m. 402 S. Beaver, #601.

MehnCO-Cochise Friends Meeting at Friends Southwest Center, 7 1/2 miles south of Elfrida, Worship 11 a.m. Phone: (520) 582-6236.

PHOENIX-Weekly meeting and First Day school 10:15 a.m. 1717 E. Glendale, Glendale, AZ 85202. Phone: 493-8561 or 956-1578.

TEMPE-Weekly meeting and First Day school 10 a.m. 318 East 15th Street, 85281. Phone: 586-3666.

TUCSON-First Day School meeting and worship 10 a.m. and First Day school 10 a.m. 4106 Mission Ave., Tucson, AZ 85710. Phone: (520) 792-9200.

Arkansas

CA Dodd - Weekly meeting and First Day school 10 a.m. 402 S. Beaver, #601.

McNEAL-Cochise Friends Meeting at Friends Southwest Center, 7 1/2 miles south of Elfrida, Worship 11 a.m. Phone: (520) 582-6236.

PHOENIX-Weekly meeting and First Day school 10:15 a.m. 1717 E. Glendale, Glendale, AZ 85202. Phone: 493-8561 or 956-1578.

TEMPE-Weekly meeting and First Day school 10 a.m. 318 East 15th Street, 85281. Phone: 586-3666.

TUCSON-First Day School meeting and worship 10 a.m. and First Day school 10 a.m. 4106 Mission Ave., Tucson, AZ 85710. Phone: (520) 792-9200.
Connecticut

HARTFORD-Meeting and First-day school 10 a.m., 114 South Queen Lane, West Hartford. Phone: 232-3631.
MIDDLETOWN-Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 205 Main St., (860) 346-3432.
NEW HAVEN-Meeting and First-day school, Sundays. 10-30 a.m. 225 East Grand Ave., New Haven, CT 06513. (203) 469-2901.
NEW LONDON-Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m., 225 East Green St., Waterford, Conn. (860) 444-1268 or 474-7921.
NEW MILFORD-Houstoun Meeting. Rt. 7 at Lanesville Rd., NEWTOWN. (203) 680-8000.
STAMFORD-Greenwich-Meeting for worship 10 a.m. 572 Roxbury Rd. (corner of Weston), Stamford. (203) 885-4695.
STORRS-Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Corner North Eagleville and Hunting Lodge Rds. Phone: 429-4499.
Wilton-Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 317 Old North Rd., Tuxted. (203) 762-5669.

Delaware

CAMDEN-Worship 11 a.m., (10 a.m. in June, Aug.) First-day school 10 a.m. 2 mi. S of Dover, 122 E. Camden-Wyo Ave. (Rte. 10). (302) 8-7447, 698-3224.
CENTRE-Meeting for worship 11 a.m. 1 mile east of Centreville on the Centre Meeting Rd. at Adams Dam Rd. HOCKESSIN-Worship 10-45 a.m. First-day school 10 a.m. Sept.-May. Childcare provided year round. N. from Hockessin on Route 141, at first crossing, 1361 Old Wilmington Rd. (302) 239-2223.
NEWARK-Tours available for Creative Learning, 4th and West for Creative Learning, 10:30-11 a.m., 2 mi. W. of Richardson between 170 and US 40. 11 70 exit Wilbur Rd., W. of Dover, Rte 1. 1 mi. S. exit 1. 1 mi. W. on 700 South. Contact: (765) 978-1209 or (765) 478-4218.
WILMINGTON-Meeting for worship weekly. For times, contact: Larry Wilson, 811 North Arnes Rd., Box 95, Lake Forest, IL 60045. Phone: (217) 328-5833 or (217) 344-0510.

Indiana

BLOOMINGTON-Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. 1301 E. Kirkwood Ave., Bloomington, IN 47401. Phone: (812) 339-4463.
FORT WAYNE-Friendship Meeting, 5728 Allen Rd., Fort Wayne, IN 46819. Phone: (260) 476-2145.
INDIANAPOLIS-First-day meeting for worship 11 a.m. in Illinois Disciples Foundation Chapel, 810 E. Springfield, Champaign. Phone: (217) 328-5833 or (217) 344-0510.

Iowa

AMES-Worship 10 a.m. Sunday, 121 S. Maple. (515) 232-2753.
DE S MOINES-Meeting for worship 10 a.m. First-day school 10 a.m., 2039 10th Blvd. (515) 280-3744.
EARLHAM,-Brown meeting, 301 Central Ave., 10-11 a.m. First-day meeting 10 a.m., 2 mi. E. of the campus of Earlham College, 915 S. Middletown Rd. (765) 335-5448.
SOUTH BEND-Meeting for worship 10 a.m. First-day school 9-30 a.m. (219) 232-6990. First-day meeting 10 a.m., 1 mile north of I-80 exit #104. Call (614) 787-2259.

Kentucky

BEREA-Meeting Sunday 9 a.m. AMERM Building, 100 Harrison Road, Berea, Ky. Call: (859) 986-9256 or (859) 986-2198.
LEXINGTON-Meeting for worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. Sundays. 649 Price Ave., Lexington, KY 40509. Telephone: (859) 324-3319.
LOUISVILLE-Meeting for worship 10 a.m. and First-day school 10 a.m. 3050 Bon Air Ave., 2405. Telephone: 429-6812.

Louisiana

BATON ROUGE-Meeting for worship 11:30 a.m. Sunday, 3315 S. Chene St. Clerk: Dem. Arnold (225) 655-2969.
NEW ORLEANS-Meeting for worship Sundays 10 a.m. Nursery provided. 921 S. Carrollton Ave. (504) 865-1675.
New Jersey

ARREY'S MT-Worship, 10 a.m., 2nd and 4th First Days; intersection of res. 66 and 669. Snowtime, call (609) 854-8347.

ATLANTIC CITY AREA-Base study 9 a.m., worship 11 a.m. All welcome! Call for info: (609) 852-2637 or www.aaqaingredients.org, for calendar. 43-A S. Pine Rd., Galloway Town, NJ. Visit our meeting in Lower Township.

BARNEGAT-Worship 10 a.m., 614 East Bay Ave. Visitors welcome. (609) 688-2059.

CINNAMINSON-Weekly Friends Meeting, 930, 10:30 p.m., 130 at River Road. Friends Meeting for worship 11 a.m., First-day school 10 a.m.

CROSWICKS-Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Old Marlton Pike, one mile west of New Marlton Rd. Meeting for worship and worship office meetings.

DOVER-10:30 a.m. Worship and First-day school 11 a.m., 140 and 107, Friends Meetinghouse, Quaker Rd., and Quaker Ave., between Center Grove Rd. and Millbrook Ave. (609) 727-0651.

GREENWICH-First day worship 10 a.m.; First-day school 11 a.m.

GREENWICH-Weekly Friends Meeting, 930, 10:30 p.m., 130 at River Road. Friends Meeting for worship 11 a.m., First-day school 10 a.m.

HADDONFIELD-Worship 10 a.m.; First-day school 11 a.m., 511-515 N. Main St. For more information call (609) 987-6001.

HADDONFIELD-Worship 10 a.m.; First-day school 11 a.m., 140 and 107, Friends Meetinghouse, Quaker Rd., and Quaker Ave., between Center Grove Rd. and Millbrook Ave. (609) 727-0651.

HADDONFIELD-Worship 10 a.m.; First-day school 11 a.m., 511-515 N. Main St. For more information call (609) 987-6001.

HAMILTON-Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Union Rd., P.O. Box 137, Westfield, NJ 07090. (908) 232-0030.

HADDON-Hall Meeting for worship 10 a.m., 190 and 107, Friends Meetinghouse, Quaker Rd., and Quaker Ave., between Center Grove Rd. and Millbrook Ave. (609) 727-0651.

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Ohio

AKRON—Unprogrammed worship, 10:30 a.m. Discussion, 9:30 a.m. 216 Myrtle Place, Akron, OH 44303, 374-0652.

ATHENS—10 a.m., 22 Birge, Chauncey (740) 797-4636.

BOWLING GREEN—Broadmead Friends Meeting FGC. Unprogrammed worship group at.

BLUFFTON—Sally Weavon Summ, clerk, (419) 589-5411.

FLINDA—Joe Davis, (419) 422-7688.

SIDI—(309) 407-7328, 49-5066.

TOLEDO—Nancy White, (419) 477-7706.

CINCINNATI—Eastern Hills Friends Meeting, 1761 Nagel Road, Sunday 10 a.m. (513) 474-9760.

CINCINNATI—Community Meeting (United FGC and FUM), 1260 Winding Road, 10 a.m., 2nd Saturday and First-day school 10 a.m. Quaker-house phone: (513) 861-4555. Frank Kuss, clerk.

CLEVELAND—Meeting for worship and First-day school 11 a.m. 1916 Milionga Dr. (216) 791-2220.

COLUMBUS—Unprogrammed meeting 10:30 a.m. 1954 Indiana Ave., (614) 256-6301.

DAYTON—Friends meeting FGC. Unprogrammed worship and First-day school 9:30 a.m. 1516 Salem Ave., Rm. 236. Phone: (937) 643-6161.

DELAWARE—Unprogrammed meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m., the music room is Andrews House, at the corner of W. Winter and N. Franks Streets. Meets from September to May. For summer and 2nd Sundays, call (740) 582-8921.

GRANVILLE—Unprogrammed meeting at 10 a.m. For information, call (740) 457-5248.

KENT—Meeting for worship and First school 10 a.m. 450 Union Lane, 1435 East Main Street. David Silvick, Phone: (330) 773-5070.

MARIETTA—Mid-Ohio Friends unprogrammed worship First and Third Sundays 10:30 a.m., Betsey Mills library. 4th and Putnam Sts. Phone: (740) 373-5248.

OBERLIN—Unprogrammed worship Sundays, 10:30 a.m. A.J. Lewis Environmental Center, 122 10th Ave. (419) 807-4590.

TULSA—Green worship 5:15 p.m. Forum 4 p.m. For information, call (918) 239-9243.

Oregon

Sunday School 10:23-1:15, 867 N.W. 23rd St. (503) 897-3826, 897-8959.

PORTLAND—Multnomah Friends Meeting, President St. (Multichurch) clerk. Diane Chiddister, (937) 767-5921.

EUGENE—Meeting for worship 9 a.m. and 11 a.m. 1516 University St. (503) 644-3281.

BARNES Road. Contact Margie Simmons, (503) 644-3281.

CHAMBERSBURG—Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m., 630 Linda Drive, Telephone (717) 261-0736.

CHELTENHAM—See Philadelphia listing.

CHESTER—Meeting for worship 10:45 a.m., Sunday, 24th and Chestnut Sts. (610) 874-5960.

CONCORD—Worship and First-day school 11:15 a.m. At Cononville, on Concord Rd. one block S. of Rte. 1.

CURWALL—Lebanon Co.) Friends worship group, unprogrammed meeting for worship and First-school 10:30 a.m. each first Day. Call (717) 964-1811 for location and directions.

DOULTON—MAKE-FRIENDSHIP Worship 11:11-30:30 a.m. Of Edlington on Mt. Erye Rd.

DOWNTOWN—First-day worship 11:15 a.m.; First-day school 12:30-1:30. E of Edlington on Mt. Erye Rd.

GREEN—Broadmead Friends Meeting, 1671 W. Franklin Streets.

FRIENDS JOURNAL August 2003

GREEN—Washington Meeting, 1671 W. Franklin Streets.

HARPER—Meeting for worship 11:15 a.m.; First-day school 10:30 a.m. First-day school 9:30 except school months and worship school 10:30 a.m. 800 E. Lancaster Ave. (south side old Rte. 30, 1/2 mile E. of town). (610) 256-0899.

DOYLESTOWN—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. East Oakland Ave.

DUNNINGS CREEK—School meeting for worship begins 10 a.m. N.W. Bedford at Fishertown. 523-5350.

ELKLAND—Meeting located between Shank and Forksville on Rte. 154. At Union City, first day school by phone, (614) 347-0469.

ERIE—Unprogrammed worship. Call: (814) 966-0682.


GLENSIDE—Unprogrammed, Christ-centered worship. First Day 10:30 a.m., Fourth Day 7:30 p.m. 16 Hub St. Glenside (near Railroad Station). Telephone (215) 576-1450.

GOODYEAR—Worship 10:45 a.m., First-day school 11 a.m. SE corner Rte. 352 and Paoli Pike, West Chester. (610) 692-4681.

GRUNDY—First-day school 9:45 a.m., except summer, Worship 11:15 a.m. Sunnystoke Pike and Rte. 202.

HARRISBURG—Worship and First-day school and adult education (Sept. to May) 9:45 a.m. Sixth and Herr Sts. Phone: (717) 252-7226 or 232-1236.

HAVERTOWN—First-day school, 10 a.m., meeting for worship 10:30 a.m., Fifth-day meeting for worship 10 a.m. at the College, Commons Room. Buck Lane, between Lancaster Pike and Havertford Rd.

HAVERTOWN—Old Havertown Meeting. East Eagle Rd. at Saint Dennis Lane. Havertown—First-day school and adult forum, 10 a.m. meeting for worship 11 a.m.

HORSHAM—First-day school (except summer) and worship 10:30 a.m. Rte. 511 and Meetinghouse Road.

Huntingdon—Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. for location/directions call (814) 696-6127.

INDIANA—Meeting 10:30 a.m., (724) 349-3338.


KENDALL—Worship 10:30 a.m. on Rte. 62. 5 of Rte. 1 State St. 5m W of Kennett Square. (610) 260-8466.

HOOVER—Worship 10:45 a.m., First-day school 11 a.m. 1516 University St. (503) 644-3281.

LINDA Drive, Telephone (717) 261-0736.

LONDON GROVE—Meeting for worship 9:30 a.m., children/First-day school 10:30 a.m. Narberth Rd. and Rte. 295, 5 miles W of Kennett Square. (610) 260-8466.

MIDLOTHIAN—First-day school 9:30 a.m., meeting for worship 10 a.m. 611 E. Prospect Ave., State College, PA 16801, phone (814) 237-7051.

SMITHBURG—Worship 10 a.m. First-day school 10:45 a.m. Sugar Rd., 2 miles NW of New Hope. (215) 297-5054.

SOUTHAMPTON—Friends Church (Bucks Co.) Worship and First-day school 10 a.m., adult forum 11 a.m. Street and gravy Hill Rds. (215) 926-5041.

QUAKER—Richland Monthly Meeting, 244 S. Main St., First-day school and meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. at.

RANDO—Worship Group for worship 10 a.m. round. First-day school also 10 a.m. except summer. Conestoga and Sproul Roads (Rte. 320), Villanova, Pa. (610) 253-1133.

READING—First-day school 10:15 a.m., meeting 10:30 a.m. on Rte. 319, (610) 692-0340.

SOLBURY—Worship, 10 a.m., First-day school 10:45 a.m. Sugar Rd., 2 miles NW of New Hope. (215) 297-5054.

SOUTHAMPTON—(Bucks Co.) Worship and First-day school 10 a.m., adult forum 11 a.m. Street and gravy Hill Rds. (215) 926-5041.

SOUTHAMPTON—Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 611 E. Prospect Ave., State College, PA 16801, phone (814) 237-7051.

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The Resident Study Program

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

All the components of this innovative program—engaging classes, daily worship, communal work, shared meals, social action, community activities—interconnect to form an experience that is greater than the sum of its parts.

Residents may pursue a variety of projects during their time at Pendle Hill. Our proximity to Philadelphia as well as our close relationship with Swarthmore College provide a diversity of resources for residents. Endowed scholarships may be available for some special topics.

Sabbaticals at Pendle Hill

One of the needs of life is occasional “time off” for refreshment and renewal. Too often during sabbatical times, precious days of retreat get swallowed in work. For years, professors and religious leaders from diverse backgrounds and faith traditions have found Pendle Hill to be an oasis of quiet for reflection and contemplation. Why not return to your calling after a different kind of sabbatical, one that also refreshes the spirit?

Who Comes to Pendle Hill—and Why?

"My residence at Pendle Hill has added greatly to my formation as a Quaker. My grounding in contemplation and activism has been strengthened and renewed—that which I gained, I will not lose. Staff and students were valuable “helps meet,” accompanying me during my dark night journey and during forays in exploring theology, art, music and writing.”

—Laura Melly, Resident Program student, 2002–2003

When will you make time for Pendle Hill in your life?

2003–2004 Term Dates
Autumn: September 26–December 13
Winter: January 2–March 13
Spring: March 26–June 5

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

PENDLE HILL
A Quaker Center for Study and Contemplation
338 Flush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086
www.pendlehill.org
For 60 years FCNL has brought the concerns, experiences and testimonies of the Religious Society of Friends to the U.S. Congress and the President. In times of national crisis and challenge—nuclear arms race, the struggle for civil rights, wars and threats of war—FCNL has worked in partnership with Friends across the country, practicing our Quaker faith.

Today, FCNL faces a challenge of its own: the FCNL Education Fund building on Capitol Hill must be partially demolished and reconstructed for safe occupancy. The cost is substantial: $6.17 million (including costs of moving and rental of temporary offices). Friends and Friends meetings and churches have already contributed over 78% of this sum.

Tomorrow, and for tomorrows to come, the reconstructed building will be fully accessible, increase usable space by 25%, incorporate the best of “green architecture,” and ensure a Quaker presence on Capitol Hill for future generations.

Your Gift Is Needed Now

Because the FCNL Education Fund, a non-profit 501(c)(3) organization, owns the building, your gifts to the Capital Campaign are tax-deductible to the extent allowed by law. Checks should be made payable to the FCNL Education Fund-Capital Campaign.

For more information or to contribute securely on-line, go to www.fcnl.org and click on the “Building Reconstruction” icon; or contact Tim Barnet (800-630-1330 ext. 147 or tim@fcnl.org).

“FCNL is a gift handed to us by previous generations as a way of witnessing to our faith and beliefs for peace and justice. It is our stewardship responsibility to carry that forward, to hand it on to the next generation, to keep the work going.”

Binford Farlow, Clerk of the FCNL Education Fund Capital Campaign.