September 2003 • $5

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker Thought and Life Today

Queries from Afghanistan

A Visit to Israel by a Quaker Jew Born in Palestine

The Work of the Quaker UN Office

An independent magazine serving the Religious Society of Friends

Editorial
Susan Corson-Finnerty *(Publisher and Executive Editor)*, Robert Dockhorn *(Senior Editor)*, Lisa Rand *(Assistant Editor)*, Judith Brown *(Poetry Editor)*, Ellen Michaud *(Book Review Editor)*, J. Brent Bill *(Assistant Book Review Editor)*, Joan Overman *(Book Review Assistant)*, Christine Rusch *(Milestones Editor)*, Julie Gochenour, Robert Marks, George Rubin, Scott Shrake *(News Editors)*, Kara Newell *(Columnist)*, Marjorie Schier *(Copyeditor)*, Teresa Jacob Engeman *(Editorial Assistant)*, Courtney Elko, Alex Koppelman, Sarah Kite Sharpless (Interns)

Production
Barbara Benton *(Art Director)*, Alla Podolsky *(Assistant Art Director)*, Herb Ettel *(Web Manager)*

Advertising, Circulation, Development
Nagendran Gulendran *(Advertising Manager)*, Nicole Hackel *(Circulation Assistant)*, Melissa Martin *(Project and Database Manager)*, Lawrence Moore *(Circulation and Marketing Manager)*, Gretta Stone *(Development Coordinator)*, Kay Bacon, Ruthanna Hadley, Jennifer Lenik, Ruth Peterson *(Volunteers)*

Administration
Marianne De Lange *(Office Manager)*, Tom McPeak *(Accounting Services)*

FRIENDS JOURNAL (ISSN 0016-1322) was established in 1955 as the successor to *The Friend* (1827–1955) and *Friends Intelligencer* (1844–1955).

• FRIENDS JOURNAL is published monthly by Friends Publishing Corporation, 1216 Arch Street, 2A, Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835. Telephone (215) 563-8629. E-mail info@friendsjournal.org. Periodicals postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and additional mailing offices.

• Subscriptions: one year $35, two years $65. Add $8 per year for postage to countries outside the U.S., Canada, and Mexico. Individual copies $5 each.

• Advertising information and assistance is available on request. Appearance of any advertisement does not imply endorsement by FRIENDS JOURNAL.

• Postmaster: send address changes to FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1216 Arch Street, 2A, Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835.

Available on microfilm from Bell and Howell Information and Learning.

PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER
Min. 20% post-consumer

Moving? Let us update your subscription and address.
FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1216 Arch St., 2A
Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835 • (215) 563-8629
Fax: (215) 568-1377 • info@friendsjournal.org
Web: www.friendsjournal.org

Among Friends

Seeking Better Solutions

When I look at the line-up of articles this month, I'm reminded that Truth is complex. The best solutions to difficult problems take a major investment of time, funds, and ingenuity—not to mention goodwill—in order to make a real difference. Months ago, when we were involved in the preparation of an article on the impending war with Iraq, I'd already begun to correspond with Paul Barker. I knew he was a Quaker and also the country director in Afghanistan for CARE International. What was it like, I wondered, for a committed Quaker to work on the ground in a country that had gone through the upheavals of the Taliban, the sheltering of Osama bin Laden and al-Qaida, and then the U.S. bombing and subsequent change of government following 9/11? If ever our Peace Testimony were to be tested under difficult circumstances, it seemed to me that this would be it. So I invited Paul to write for us on how his Quaker values inform the work he does and the life he leads—and to comment on how he believes the global community might help to achieve a better result in a society such as Afghanistan. He responded, in good Quaker fashion, with "Queries from Afghanistan" (p. 6).

I met Stanley Zarowin during my years of work in New York Yearly Meeting, never suspecting the complexity of his origins. A Jew born in Palestine a decade before the formation of Israel, Stanley emigrated during his youth to the U.S. and eventually became a Quaker and leader in New York Yearly Meeting. This past February he returned to the land of his birth as part of a pastoral visit for 26 Quaker leaders organized by Friends United Meeting. In the past, FRIENDS JOURNAL has received criticism for its coverage of Middle East issues. Valid concerns have been raised that our coverage has been more about the suffering of the Palestinians and peacemaking efforts in the West Bank and Gaza. Our focus is always "Quaker Thought and Life Today," and it has been difficult to surface a Quaker perspective on the fear and pain of the Israeli people. It is our belief that Stanley Zarowin's article, "A Visit to Israel by a Quaker Jew Born in Palestine" (p.16), asks good questions and brings a more balanced perspective to considering the issues of this troubled land. He is willing to explore the ambiguities and contradictions he encounters, and to offer both criticism and compassion in response to the people he met and the circumstances in which he found himself, including some thoughtful concerns about how Friends conduct themselves in that region.

This month it has been two years since the tragic events of 9/11. Our nation has spent and will continue to spend billions on armed intervention in Afghanistan and Iraq, in addition to huge sums on homeland security and surveillance of Muslims in the U.S. How much closer are we today to a secure and peaceful world, not just for the U.S., but for the entire world? The two articles noted above and others with an international focus in this issue underscore the importance of keeping our minds and channels of communication open. We begin to make progress when we cease to demonize other groups of people and find ways to appeal to our common humanity, difficult though that may be. Such work must be thoughtful, strategic, innovative, and planned and executed for the long haul. As Paul Barker notes, if but a small fraction of the resources we pour into military operations and the rebuilding they necessitate were spent on the kinds of work done by relief, diplomatic, peacemaking, and humanitarian agencies, what miracles might we bring about? Isn't it time to try a different approach?

Susan Corson-Finnerty

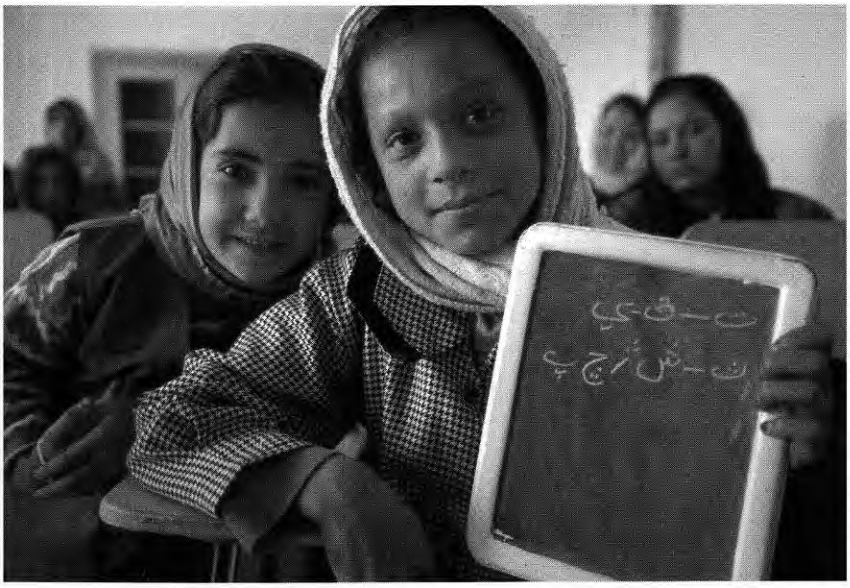
FRIENDS JOURNAL

September 2003
Volume 49, No. 9

Features

Poetry

Departments



Afghanistan/©CARE 2002/Jason Sangster

Two girls in an accelerated school program in Afghanistan started by CARE

Cover photo from Afghanistan
©CARE 2002/Jason Sangster

Forum

Jesus' pacificism was practical

Although I support the right of FRIENDS JOURNAL to publish almost anything imaginable, and although I would encourage your readers to extend every courtesy to Scott Simon, were it in my power I would be reluctant to extend to him the credentials of historian.

An intellectual understanding of the pacifism of Jesus is not possible unless one accepts the power and reality of God. It also helps if one believes that God influences human history only through positive reinforcement, or, conversely, the absence of such reinforcement. Pacifism for human beings is grounded in a desire to be fully accountable for all behavior and a belief that a loving God has ways of holding people accountable. The Quaker Peace Testimony is somewhat like the Hippocratic oath, where the emphasis is on doing no harm. The writing of Scott Simon makes sense as long as one assumes God is incapable of bringing justice to Earth.

Once someone goes down the road of countervailing violence as a solution, almost any violent action by governments can seek legitimacy.

The pacifism of Jesus was a practical matter—trying to help people love as God loves. Acts of violence are never acts of love. If God is defined as love, how can one seek fellowship with God through acts of violence?

Michael C. Thielmann
Newton, Iowa

Silence is key

I have been praying with the following passage, even as I read FRIENDS JOURNAL and Scott Simon's "To FRIENDS JOURNAL readers: A Response" (*FJ* May):

My dear Wormwood:

...let him begin by treating the Patriotism or the Pacifism as a part of his religion. Then let him, under the influence of partisan spirit, come to regard it as the most important part. Then quietly and gradually nurse him on to the stage at which the religion becomes merely part of the "cause," in which Christianity is valued chiefly because of the excellent arguments it can produce in favor of the war-effort or of Pacifism. . . . Provided that meetings, pamphlet, policies, movements, causes and crusades matter more to him than prayers and sacraments and charity, he is ours. . . .

—a letter from a senior devil to his nephew in C.S. Lewis, *The Screwtape Letters*, 1943

I acknowledge that often "I am his" too; it's so easy! As one who reads FRIENDS JOURNAL because I want to be affirmed in my pacifist league—I know that senior devil is having a heyday with me (and perhaps Scott Simon?). What might he say to me? I am like the man in the synagogue possessed by a devil of pride—tempting Jesus, unsuccessfully, to misuse his authority (Luke 4:31–37).

Even as this evil spirit pulls me into Scott Simon's seductive patriotism, another tells me to worry and lobby for pacifism. Neither spirit brings any peace, as Peg Morton testifies in the same issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL. Thank God there is the still voice that, in the silence, speaks of eternity and acknowledges, with Julian of Norwich, that evil is *no-thing*.

Roberta Nobleman
Dumont, N.J.

Faith relative to "real" life

Scott Simon chose to identify himself as a Quaker (*FJ* Dec. 2001). He certainly did not have to; he had a microphone in any case. By identifying himself as a Quaker before going on to justify violence he was making a point, and I believe he must have realized that it was a dramatic one.

Simply put, the point is, "This time it's different." This time even the pacifists will have to put aside their pacifism because of the horror of September 11, 2001. It should have come as no surprise to him that his comments were picked up by *Soldier of Fortune*. This was music to the ears of those who are interested in justifying military action.

Because Scott Simon chose to identify himself as a Quaker, it is fair to ask some Quakerly questions.

The Peace Testimony is one of our oldest and most revered testimonies. It is arguably what we are most identified with by the outside world. It is no small thing, then, to publicly identify yourself with the Quakers and then speak against the Peace Testimony.

We believe in the ability of each individual to discern the will of God. However, there is a process to this discernment.

Scott Simon says that his religious convictions have been "knocked about by real life." He talks about his travels to areas of conflict, implying an authority that many Friends would not share. Is there any validity to this? Is it surprising that his religious convictions were "knocked about by real life?" Who has not had their religious convictions knocked about by real life?

What do Friends do when "real" life conflicts with their religious convictions? They talk to others in their meeting. They ask for clearness and discernment. They take the time to religiously follow practice.

We worship together in meetings. The other people in the room are there for a reason. It is not unusual for a seeker to be in conflict with a testimony, and it could be that even after a process of prayer and clearness that person could still be conflicted. However, my experience has been that this process helps not only the person, but also the community come to a better understanding and resolution of the conflict.

Without this process, without recognizing and valuing each other in our religious search, we can become easily lost to the voices of our egos. Truth will be found in humility and in faith.

There is no plane ticker to any destination that will endow a member with a special connection to the Truth. We need each other, and we need to attach more value to our testimonies than Scott Simon has demonstrated. My hope is that he will find that other members have something of value to share with him.

Scott R. Penniman
Springhouse, Pa.

Who shall judge?

Thank you for once again publishing an article by Scott Simon (*FJ* May) that challenges us pacifists to sort out our beliefs about war and peace.

War kills people and destroys things; it is immoral. But, according to Scott Simon, war is sometimes necessary to alleviate human suffering and end brutality that is worse than war. His justification of war in his view seems to hinge on two factors, one seemingly quantifiable and hence objective factor, and one rather murky factor.

The quantifiable criterion is a comparison of the number of people likely to be killed in war versus how many would be murdered if the current perpetrators of evil were not forcibly stopped. This might seem to be a reasonable kind of criterion, yet the vast discrepancies in quoted numbers of civilians killed in the Afghanistan war, which Scott Simon refers to in the article, are one indication of how tricky such counts can be, not to mention the utter unpredictability of

Viewpoint

Investing in People: Using Weapons of Mass Construction to Avert the Next War

Need I even ask? Are there any Friends who are *not* outraged over our government's behavior since the tragic 9/11 attacks? On the assumption that outrage makes very few of us happy, let me suggest an avenue along which to channel our energies.

The president has decided to lash out against terrorism by investing our tax dollars in weapons of mass destruction in pursuit of peace through strength. We all know this doesn't work: like the Hydra of Greek mythology, when you bomb hate, it just multiplies. So citizens of the U.S. empire and its allies will surely be targets of future terrorist actions, and the challenge arises of how best to counter these threats.

What if Friends chose to fight back against terrorism with weapons of mass *con*struction in pursuit of peace through global sharing? Would it succeed? The world's lowest-income people rarely become terrorists. They don't have the time; survival dominates their lives. But terrorists are parasites on society, producing nothing and consuming vast resources—sort of like the Pentagon. Terrorists rely on the world's teeming masses for both moral and material support. As long as the U.S. goal is global economic domination (bolstered by shock and awe when necessary), terrorists can indict our evil empire and rally much of the world to support their holy war. Only by putting the lie to their accusations can we hope to undercut the terrorists' support base. Happy, well-fed people don't hate with as much intensity.

Global sharing is no substitute for public protest, of course. We must continue to oppose the institutions of global dominance, be they economic (WTO, IMF, World Bank), military (Pentagon and its arm-twisted "willing" allies), or cultural (Hollywood and its perverted yet seductive values). But we all yearn for balance in our lives, especially when so many of our efforts are directed toward opposing government policy. We need something we can affirm.

In October 2001, the president suggested that people could be helpful by consuming—anything. Instead of spending mindlessly, perhaps Friends could agree to invest mindfully in global projects that benefit those of lowest status in the belief that we are all better off when we are all better off. After all, we're all consumers, and no one is (yet) pointing a gun at our heads, telling us what to buy. Everyone from Bush to Bangladesh wants "peace" and "security," so these words lack meaning unless qualified (e.g., peace through strength vs. peace through global sharing). Why not reject the myth of "fortress America" security through military might as well as the myth of economic security by gambling in the stock market and instead invest in people—the world's lowest-income people—in a common-good approach toward global *societal* security?

Fortunately we have the avenue to do so. I know of no group that better embodies the brand of peace and security we seek than our own Right Sharing of World Resources (RSWR). On a project budget of just $2 per U.S. Friend, RSWR consistently invests in innovative, environmentally sound efforts to partner with those of lowest income and status to enhance the global common good. Could we set a modest goal of $5 per U.S. Friend for the RSWR coffers? Is this too much to ask? Averting Washington's next war will require a redirection of financial resources away from taxes for weapons toward an investment in global equity. Let's test to see what love can do. RSWR can be reached at 3960 Winding Way, Cincinnati, OH 45229-1950. Please contact RSWR and see how much your soul can be uplifted by partnering with them to work toward a better world.

Chuck Hosking
Albuquerque, N.M.

future casualities and murders.

The other criterion in Scott Simon's defense of war is the degree of stomach-turning brutality, of repression, and of the unmitigated inhumanity perpetrated by regimes like the Taliban and that of Saddam Hussein. The implication is that there is some threshold of evil above which such a regime warrants its destruction by force, justifying invasion by other countries, and that the elimination of this evil outweighs the suffering brought about by war against it.

But how can this judgment be made, this weighing of the scales, and by whom? Who can presume to know whether choosing to go ahead and kill people and destroy things right now will do more good for humanity—or more harm—in the long run? And what moral authority is it that can rightly determine which malevolent regimes have exceeded what threshold of evil repression and brutality, thus inviting invasion? As a peace advocate I believe that rarely, if ever, do considerations of saving lives and overcoming evil outweigh the immorality of war itself, and that judgments about numbers of killings, judgments on the brutality of tyrannical regimes, judgments about the future, cannot rightly be made by anybody.

In the world of realpolitik where our wars are made, such questions of morality may well be peripheral. It was President George W. Bush who made the momentous decisions to unleash U.S. military might against Afghanistan and Iraq. Betraying myself now as what Scott Simon would call an "inflexible political ideologue," I have to say I believe that the Bush administration's drive to war had just about nothing to do with humane considerations of easing suffering and eliminating evil. But they do use these arguments to great effect in the media, including National Public Radio.

Zandra Moberg
Philadelphia, Pa.

Promoting Quaker influence

I regret my need to chide Friend Scott Simon for his recently expressed views (*FJ* May). In years past his news reports were on a different plane than those of many journalists. It grieves me that now he declares he won't hear anything that "they" (presumably those who feel World War II was a tragic end to many failures) want to say. He uses the Vietnam argument—of saving something by destroying it—to justify the devastation we have wrought in Iraq.

Scott Simon ignores the fact that Saddam used to be "our bad guy." We supported him for years and did not protest his use of gas on Halabja and the accompanying massacres of the Kurds.

More importantly, Scott Simon's vision is too small. Thoughtful Quakers know that nonviolence in the face of evil can and does

Continued on p. 40

Queries from Afghanistan

The war between 72 nations has left all in regret.
Because they have not seen truth, they have created fairy tales.
—Hafez

by Paul Barker

In the context of President George W. Bush's declared "War on Terrorism," what does it mean to live, as George Fox said, "in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all wars"?

What does the Quaker Peace Testimony mean in the context of an Afghanistan that has been "liberated" from the terror of the Taliban regime by force of military arms? Indeed, what did it mean in the context of the harsh rule of the Taliban? Are there times when the awesome power of modern weaponry can be used to shake up the chess board of long entrenched "evil" regimes and allow otherwise impossible outcomes? Does the destruction of the Taliban regime in Afghanistan vindicate the use of war as a means to bring about positive change?

I have been given ample cause to ponder these and other challenging questions over the past years and, indeed, decades. Revulsion at the horrors committed by the United States in Vietnam led me to become a conscientious objector and eventually to find a spiritual home in the Religious Society of Friends. Some restless spirit has led me to a career in international relief and development, spanning five years with the Peace Corps in Iran, two years managing medical programs for Eritrean refugees in Sudan for the Lalmba Association, and now 19 years working for CARE in Egypt, Ethiopia, Northern Iraq, Palestine, and Afghanistan. It has definitely been interesting, but making sense of it through a Quaker lens is not easy. Being philosophically and morally opposed to war as a tool to solve the world's problems is the easy part. What practical alternative do we then have to offer? Must the Afghans of the world suffer under intolerable regimes forever because neither they nor the international community have the will and the wherewithal to bring peaceful change? Can it be that all that is required for the triumph of evil in the world is for good people to limit themselves to prayers, demonstrations, and calls for peace?

If any group has been impugned in Western public opinion, it must be the Taliban. Their harsh and uncompromising fundamentalist version of Islam seemed ever intent on rushing from one outlandish extreme to another. And much of what has been written is true. Women were banned from most forms of employment. Severe restrictions were placed on female education. Harsh shari'a punishments were imposed on adulteresses (death by stoning), thieves (amputation of the right hand), beard trimmers (lengthy prison terms), and other offenders of Taliban morality. They conducted massacres in some Hazara communities, and they destroyed archeological treasures, including the two giant standing Buddhas of Bamiyan. As their easy territorial gains of 1994–96 receded into history, the Taliban employed scorched-earth tactics and more sophisticated military campaigns against their entrenched opposition in the center and northeast of the country. And as the years went by, the relationship of the Taliban leadership to Osama bin Laden became closer and more protective. It is an appalling and amazing list.

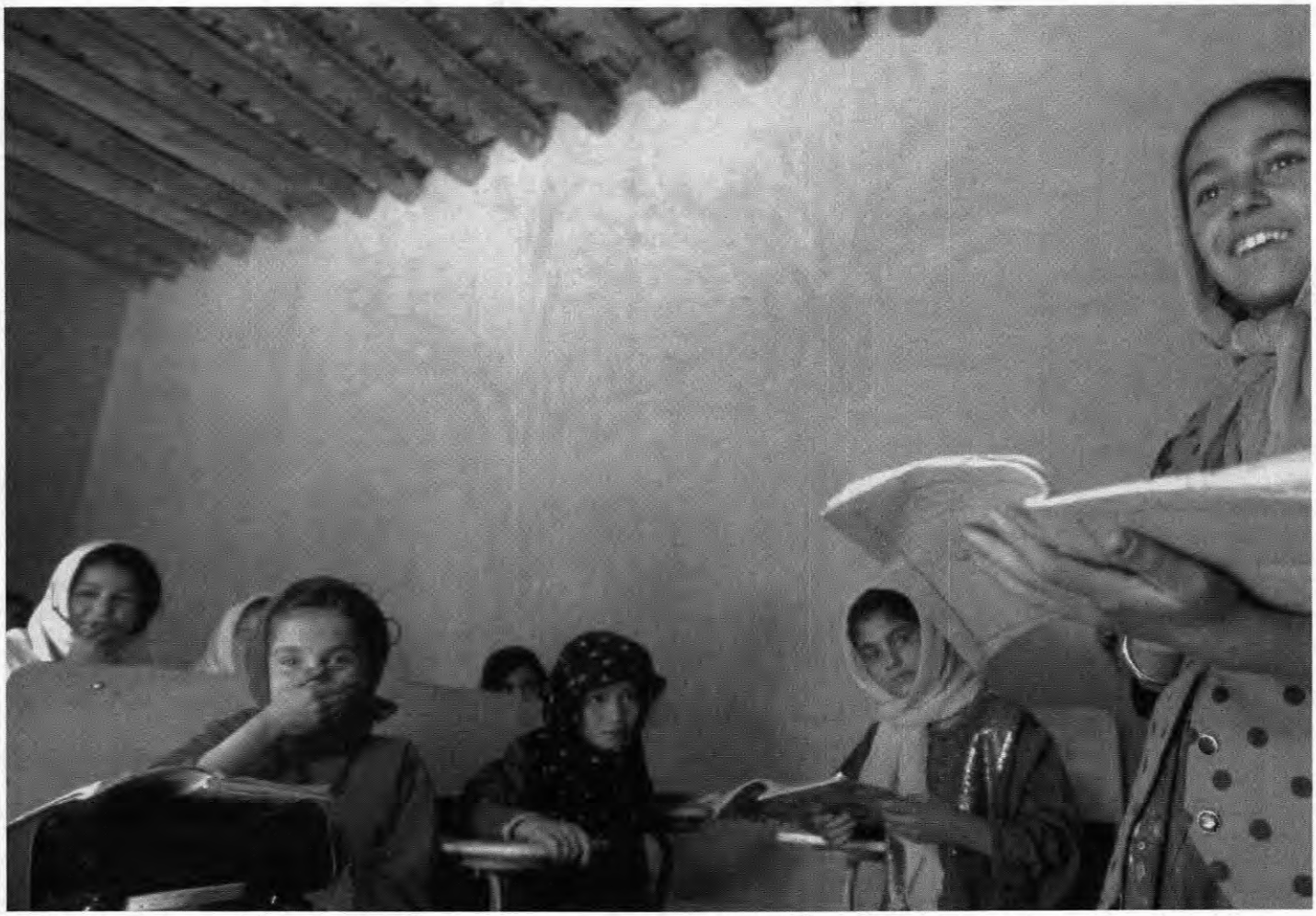
Paul Barker (center) meets with refugees and recent returnees to the Shomali valley, December 2001.

© 2001 CARE/Alina Labrada

But truth is complex. The Taliban arose in the chaos of mujahidin-fractured Afghanistan. Reports on abuse of women in mujahidin-ruled Afghanistan were as appalling as those later written to document Taliban excesses. Armed factions had destroyed cities. Highway robbery and extortion were crippling any chance for the recovery of the Afghan economy and society from the horrors of the Soviet war. Yet from this chaos, in a matter of only two years, the Taliban movement evolved and spread with minimal violence to control half of the country. Myths evolved about Taliban virtue and invincibility. Cities, towns, and villages peacefully came under the Taliban map as commanders succumbed to perceived inevitability and bribes. By the time the movement reached the outskirts of Kabul, their extreme views on women's rights were well known, but still many Kabulis looked forward to their arrival because at least it offered the hope of peace and stability.

The Taliban were not a monolithic group. Their leadership included some university-educated officials and some more progressive mullahs who looked for ways to temper the organization's worst excesses. There were some Taliban officials with a genuine concern for the welfare of the Afghan people. While most in the West would not agree with Taliban values, we should recognize that for better or for worse they were driven by values and an uncompromising commitment to those values. To believe that there is "that of God in every one" is to believe and to act as though the Taliban leadership is worthy

Paul Barker, a member of Multnomah Meeting in Portland, Oreg., is country director for CARE International in Afghanistan. He has worked for CARE for 19 years and has attended Friends meetings and worship groups in Ramallah, Khartoum, Cairo, and Addis Ababa.



© 2002 CARE/Jason Sangster

A COPE community-based class, educating girls whose schooling was interrupted by the Taliban. This group is studying two years of material every year to catch up to grade level.

Being philosophically and morally opposed to war as a tool to solve the world's problems is the easy part.

of respect, to appeal to and to seek to nurture that responsible side of their being.

Agreement

In March 1996, six months prior to the Taliban seizure of Kabul, I traveled to Qandahar with three of our senior national staff to negotiate a basic agreement with the nascent Taliban movement. I had expected that this process would take a couple of months, with an initial visit to get to know the accessible members of the Taliban leadership and reach an agreement in principle. A follow-up trip in April or May might be required to actually negotiate and sign an agreement. Instead, through a period of two days of meeting, sitting on the floor, drinking tea with, and getting to know Mullah Attiqallah, then head of the Taliban Foreign Relations office, and Mullah Abbas, then mayor of Qandahar, we were able to move from our initial draft to a negotiated and signed agreement. That agreement recognized the integrity and responsibility of the two parties, the Taliban Authority and CARE Afghanistan. CARE agreed to operate with respect for the culture and traditions of Afghanistan, and the Taliban agreed to respect and support CARE's humanitarian efforts in Afghanistan, including the right to transport relief commodities over besieged frontlines to needy families in then opposition-held Kabul. We subsequently made copies of the agreement to be carried in all of our vehicles operating in Afghanistan in order to facilitate their movement through Taliban-held parts of Afghanistan. While we had numerous "hiccups" along the way with our relations with Taliban officials at the local and national levels, our staff could always refer to the basic agreement signed with the Taliban leadership in Qandahar as the basis for moving forward, and usually it would work. Even after Mullah Artiqallah had been replaced by other officials in charge of Taliban foreign relations, some officials, when presented with the signed agreement simply said, "What we have signed, we have signed."

Education of Girls

A few months prior to the Taliban seizure of Khost in the spring of 1995, CARE had helped establish ten community-based schools. Under our education

philosophy, CARE would provide teacher training and educational materials for the schools, but the communities were responsible for identifying and paying the teacher and for providing an appropriate space for the schools. Before CARE would support any community school we required that at least 30 percent of the students be girls. This was an ambitious target even in pre-Taliban Afghanistan. When the Taliban gained control of Khost and the surrounding districts where the schools were placed, they were dismayed to find village schools teaching girls. They told the communities to stop doing this, but the communities all responded, "No, these are our schools and our students and we are paying for the teachers. We want our children to learn." The schools stayed open and over the ensuing six years the Community Organized Primary Education (COPE) Program expanded to 707 classrooms in seven provinces, with 465 teachers (15 percent female) and 21,000 students (46 percent female). The fundamental legitimacy of the schools was established in the communities through their Village Education Committees. Often the local Taliban mullah was selected as a member of the committee. Building on hadith (sayings of the prophet Muhammad) such as, "It is compulsory on all Muslim men and Muslim women to be educated," and "Search for learning, even if it is from China," the COPE schools were accepted by communities and mullahs throughout much of southeastern Afghanistan.

Employment of Women

The 1996 Amnesty International report on the abuse of women's rights in pre-Taliban Afghanistan is as damning as any report later written on the anti-female excesses of the Taliban regime. From the rape, plunder, and forced marriages of mujahidin-ruled Kabul to the beatings, seclusion, and forced unemployment of the Taliban years, women of Afghanistan's urban centers have endured long years of abuse. In the austerity of Taliban Kabul, the 30,000 war widows and their 150,000 dependent children ranked among Afghanistan's most destitute people. Their plight was made worse by Taliban edicts banning female employment outside the medical sector, banning female education, and banning women from directly receiving humanitarian assistance. But through the nightmarish restrictions lay the seeds of possibility. In the winters prior to the Taliban seizure of Kabul CARE had conducted emergency distributions of food and non-food items to widows. In the Taliban years this evolved to a year-round program managed by and for women. The program grew to have a female distribution team, a female monitoring team, and a female health and sanitation education team. Ugly incidents did occur from time to time. A squad from the Department to Promote Virtue and Prevent Vice (PV^2 we called it) once stopped a bus carrying CARE female staff, forced them to disembark and then beat the women with a leather strap as they got off the bus. We suspended both the widows' feeding program and a large water and sanitation program until we received assurances from the Taliban leadership that the PV^2 actions did not represent official policy, and that they would not be repeated. Later the regime tried to force us to retrench all of our female staff. We appealed to Mawlavi Abdulrahman Zahed, Depury Minister of Foreign Affairs, saying that it would be shameful for men to manage a women's relief distribution program. He concurred and at significant risk to himself approved a mechanism through which female CARE staff could continue to work. (We have more recently been pained to learn that Mawlavi Abdulrahman Zahed is among the hundreds of Taliban now being held without charges or judicial process in Guantánamo.)

Can it be that all that is required for the triumph of evil in the world is for good people to limit themselves to prayers, demonstrations, and calls for peace?

Prison for Beard Trimmers

At 5:00 A.M. one summer morning in 1998 Mullah Nur ad-Din Torabi, the Taliban Minister of Justice, led a group of armed Taliban to the CARE sub-office on a hillside overlooking the Kabul-Maidanshah highway. He seized half of the office and turned its basement into a prison for men who trimmed their beards. He set up a roadblock on the highway and sent all men who showed evidence of having trimmed their beards up the hill to the CARE office/Taliban prison. One of our engineers was also imprisoned: even though his beard met the Taliban length standards, he was a Dari speaker and misunderstood the Taliban beard length question when it was put to him in Pushtu. It took us many weeks of negotiation with very senior officials in Kabul before we were finally able to get the main *shura* (council) in Kabul to issue a decree that the CARE office in Maidanshah should be returned to CARE, and it took yet more weeks before the Ministry of Justice acted on the decree. Principled engagement was not fast, but it did work.

Polytechnic

Also in the summer of 1998, the Ministry of Planning decreed that all non-governmental organizations should move their Kabul offices into the severely damaged dormitories of Kabul Polytechnic. We protested at the security implications and the cost of such a move and embarked on months of negotiations and stalling tactics. Finally, in apparent frustration, the Taliban began expelling international aid agencies and sealing their offices. When we realized what was happening, the head of our widows' feeding program went to see Mullah Qari Din Mohammad, the Minister of Planning, and told him, "I don't want to discuss your plans to expel agencies from Kabul. I just want to know if we can continue our widows' feeding program." The minister thought for a few moments and agreed to her request. She asked if we could have that in writing. He told her to come back in two days, and indeed it was ready.

As these anecdotes indicate, it was possible through patience, respect, and tact to work with Taliban leaders at different levels to address some of the most egregious aspects of their policies and practices. But the policy of principled, cautious engage-

Consider the advantages of a gift annuity with FRIENDS JOURNAL

Based on a $10,000 cash gift, the chart below shows examples of how a gift annuity could also provide you or your loved ones with tax savings and a lifetime income.

For more information, check the items you would like to see and mail this card, or call Gretta Stone, Development Coordinator, toll free at (800) 471-6863.

- ❑ our booklet on charitable gift planning
- ❑ sample bequest language for your will
- ❑ a gift annuity illustration for the birthdates below

Name: _____

Birthdate: _____

Name: _____

Birthdate: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ *Zip:* _____

Age	*Rate*	*Annual Annuity Income*	*Charitable Deduction*
65	6.0%	$600	$2,869
70	6.5%	$650	$3,401
75	7.1%	$710	$4,006
80	8.0%	$800	$4,585
85	9.5%	$950	$5,017
90	11.3%	$1,130	$5,557

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO 35933 PHILADELPHIA PA

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

FRIENDS
JOURNAL

1216 ARCH ST STE 2A
PHILADELPHIA PA 19107-9370

ment was inadequate to bring about fundamental change in Afghanistan in the near future. The constructive engagement strategy was not adopted by all agencies working in Afghanistan; it was supported with limited resources; it did not directly engage all of the most senior members of the Taliban leadership; and there were strong and uncompromising ideas and forces directing the Taliban regime who were not easily amenable to persuasion. Does quiet, cautious engagement run the risk of bringing about only marginally important positive steps, but ultimately end up giving a degree of legitimacy to a despicable regime? It is an uncomfortable question. And it probably does not have a neat answer.

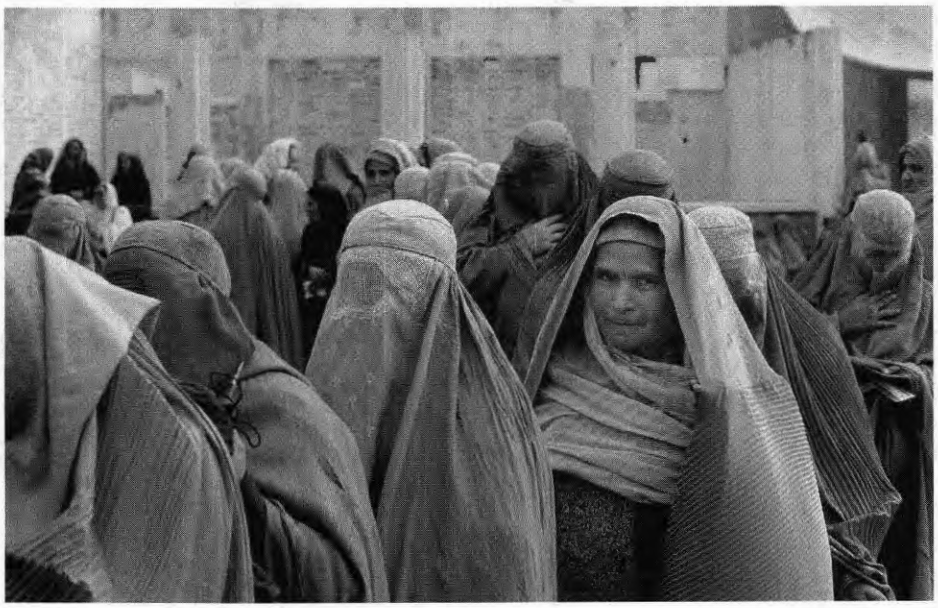
Ultimately, the Taliban regime in Afghanistan was toppled by a massive U.S. bombing campaign and an insurgent ground war orchestrated by Special Forces and fought by career Afghan warlords and their armies. The sense of relief thar was btought by the fall of the Taliban is most strongly felt in Kabul, Hazarajat, and northeast Afghanistan—areas that had suffered the most from Taliban excesses. The results are more mixed in much of the rest of the country. The peace and security of commerce that the Taliban had brought to the 90 percent of Afghanistan under their control has now been replaced with resurgent warlordism, highway banditry, and a Taliban movement transformed into a guerilla force. The near eradication of opium poppy production under the Taliban in 2001 has now been replaced with bumper crops of poppy—80 percent of global production. "Victory" in Afghanistan is neither complete nor assured.

And the costs of the military victory over Taliban are significant. The $10 billion plus spent in the military campaign could be seen as a great investment if it were indeed a turning point in the elimination of global threats of terror, or if it were to lead to a stable, progressive democracy in Afghanistan. But these ends are very much in the balance, and there are other very real costs that should be weighed. I find credible the estimates that between 3,000 and 8,000 Afghan civilians were killed in U.S. bombing "mistakes," more than the total number of victims of the 9/11 attacks in the United States. And it has been estimated that the United States used between 500 and 1,000 metric tons of depleted uranium in munitions attacking bunkers, caves, tanks, and other hardened targets. The prospect of up to 1,000 metric tons of uranium oxide now dispersed over Afghan cities and mountains is a sobering prospect for this and future generations of Afghans.

There has not yet been a complete or sustainable military victory over the Taliban. The military successes against the Taliban have come at a high cost in lives and environmental pollution: inflation, rising rural insecurity, and a disappointing pace of reconstruction all call into question the benefits of the regime change ushered in by the coalition war.

The stunning U.S. military victories in recent years have sown the seeds of future tragedy. Gulf War I and the establishment of U.S. military bases in Arabia became the festering wound that led Osama bin Laden to create the al-Qaida network and focus its wrath against the United States. President Bill Clinton's August 1998 cruise missile attacks on al-Qaida bases in the southeastern mountains of Afghanistan galvanized Mullah Omar's resolve to stand by and defend the residency rights of his Arab "guests" in Afghanistan. (The Arabs had become increasingly despised in Afghanistan, and credible reports claim that the Taliban had been on the verge of expelling Osama bin Laden prior to the missile attacks.) The military defeat of the Taliban in 2001 is now mutating into a Taliban guerilla movement against the new Afghan government and its foreign supporters. War has yet to bring peace to Afghanistan.

If the cautious, principled engagement strategies of pre-9/11/01 Afghanistan were inadequate to fundamentally change Taliban beliefs and behavior, could it have been more successful had it been supported with more generous funding, followed by more agencies, and developed as a more comprehensive strategy? Humanitarian and development assistance to Afghanistan is now running at about ten times the level of pre-9/11/01 funding—and at one tenth the cost of the "American War." Had this level of assistance been annually available and creatively used in the decade before that tragic date, far more opportunities would have been created to help the long-suffering Afghan people and to positively influence the Taliban leadership. The modestly sized, community-based education program cited above could have been expanded nationwide, engaging community and religious leaders in very practical discussions leading to the advancement of female education. Similarly modest projects that built on community structures to address basic needs for food, water, and income could have been greatly expanded and those community leaders much more empowered. Had those programs been five or ten times larger, the influence of the Taliban over Afghan lives would have been proportionately reduced. Perhaps a critical mass of new ideas and behaviors could have been planted.



© 2003 Thomas Morley/CARE

Women line up for help from CARE's widows' assistance program.

Continued on page 35

The Work of QUNO in New York

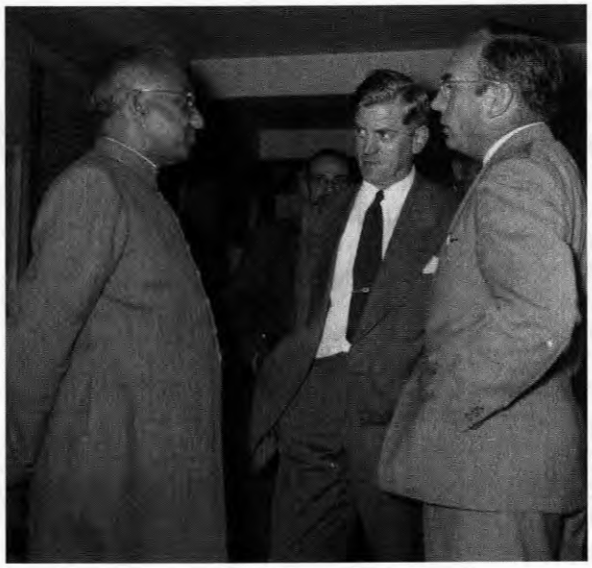
by Jack T. Patterson and Lori Heninger

Since President George W. Bush's challenge to the United Nations on September 12, 2002, a day after the first anniversary of 9/11, to "disarm Iraq by force or do nothing and face catastrophe," the months that followed were at once frenetic, hopeful, and despairing. The majority on the Security Council was faced with two tasks that most believed could determine the fate of the Council. First, the Council had to be seen to enforce its own resolutions through the effective disarmament of Iraq; and second, it had to prevent a preemptive United States-led war on a member state that the overwhelming majority of nations believed was unnecessary and damaging to the UN Charter. The start of the war cut short the inspections then underway, bnt the Security Council had succeeded in steadfastly refusing to grant authority for the use of force and had engaged the world in serious deliberations for over eight months. In so doing, the Council had honored its commitments under the Charter even as it found itself sidelined during the war and threatened with further denigration of its authority in the postconflict period.

The UN, particularly the Security Council, has emerged deeply wounded, still split by a majority resistant to U.S. dominance of its affairs and to a U.S. seemingly determined to have its way on all issues of consequence.

A watershed event or dam burst? It is too soon to predict the demise of an organization whose irrelevance has been predicted so many times in the past—only to rebound when next needed.

The staff at the Quaker United Nations Office have struggled mightily during these months to respond to the challenge of Iraq while at the same time maintaining progress on our other long-term commitments: reducing the illicit trade in small arms, increasing awareness about approaches to preventing violent conflict, drawing attention to the issue of water scarcity as a future source of war, and advocating for the ambitious Millennium Development Goals so critical to the alleviation of global poverty. Over the past five years, QUNO–NY has worked diligently to discern the focus of its work. After much worship and strategic planning, we have settled on two goals: the prevention of violent conflict, and nonviolent alternatives to military intervention. We have moved all of our work—economic, environmental, and human rights—to relate to these goals.



Margaret Jones/AFSC Archives

Along with our sister office in Geneva, QUNO in New York follows events and issues at the UN, the World Trade Organization, the International Labor Organization, the World Bank, and the International Monetary Fund. For a combined program staff of ten, this is quite an undertaking. Both offices are credentialed at the UN as nongovernmental organizations (NGOs) through Friends World Committee for Consultation, with the New York office administered by American Friends Service Committee and the Geneva office by Quaker Peace and Social Witness in the United Kingdom. QUNO in New York has two facilities: a small office at 777 UN Plaza across the street from the UN, and Quaker House, an inconspicuous brownstone row house on 48th Street in Manhattan, not far away.

We are inspired in our work on behalf of Friends by the words of William Penn that "True godliness doesn't turn [us] out of the world, but enables [us] to live better in it, and excites [our] endeavors to mend it." At QUNO, we seek to mend the brokenness in the human community, of which war is the most extreme expression, by bringing what one of our Geneva colleagues calls "grease, heat, and light" into our inreractions with diplomats, secretariat staff, and other NGOs working at the UN.

Just as sticky car doors, squeaky windows, and engines all need some form of lubricant to keep them running smoothly, we provide grease through our facilitation of discussions—often in the privacy of Quaker House—of difficult issues that block constructive deliberations within the UN. The art of facilitation makes easier the direct, frank sharing of views and real needs that moves beyond impasse and bolsters the political

Jack T. Patterson and Lori Heninger, members of Morningside Meeting in New York, have served as Quaker representatives to the United Nations since 1998. Before then, Jack served on the staff of American Friends Service Committee since 1969. Immediately prior to assuming his current position, he served as Co-Director of the Conflict Resolution Program of AFSC's New York Metropolitan Regional Office, where he headed the Expatriate Dialogues Program. Among his publications is The Power of Truth: A Retrospective Appraisal of the Quaker Study "Speak Truth to Power." *Lori's work at the UN focuses on the relationship between international economic systems and conflict, children in armed conflict, and global governance. Prior to this, Lori worked for the Center for Urban Community Services, a U.S.-based not-for-profit organization specializing in providing housing for the homeless and formerly homeless who have special needs. Lori is a graduate of the Columbia School of Social Work and is currently completing her doctorate in social welfare.*

Page 10: Hugh Jenkins and Allen White with the brother of the Indian representative to the UN Security Council, 1950

Left: A gathering at Quaker House in 1958

Below: Current staff of QUNO in front of the Church Center for the UN, where their offices are located

Bottom: Two representatives of the World Bank, a professor from Oregon State University, and program assistant Anna Brown chat during a recent QUNO event on water as a source of cooperation.

Matt Heron/AFSC Archives

will to solve problems creatively.

When issues are deeply entangled, or when a great deal of information needs to be worked through on an issue, QUNO staff will develop and hold a larger residential meeting. These gatherings have been held around the world, but one of our favorite spots and a favorite of diplomats and UN staff is Mohonk Mountain House in New York State. It is close enough to UN headquarters to be reached in a morning, but far enough that diplomats are out of the public eye. We encourage them to bring their families (at their own expense) as it is harder to demonize someone who has a two-year-old at every meal and who you see as a parent.

Examples of facilitation include the decades-long work of Friends in Washington and at the UN through the 1970s and 1980s that led to the enactment of the Convention on the Law of the Seas. More recently, QUNO played an important role in facilitating discussions over an eight-year period that led to the establishment of a Permanent UN Forum on Forests. One participating ambassador at the final QUNO colloquium held in Canada said, "We've just created a home for the forests in the UN," an exciting and fulfilling moment.

Recently, QUNO was asked on the spur of the moment to host a luncheon at Quaker House to help distrustful and increasingly deadlocked negotiators of a process leading up to the follow-up after a half decade on the World Summit on Social Development, called the WSSD +5—"just social, to get to know each other better with no business!" They arrived for lunch on a scorching day, and Quaker House had no air conditioning then. They proceeded to talk first about the chairman's intimate knowledge of Italian film, but then they moved quickly to talking about some of the most sensitive issues before them. The result, we were told later in the day, was to unstick the negotiations by getting some unaddressed concerns out on the table in a more trusting environment.

Just as hot water can thaw a frozen pipe, we bring heat through individual and corporate witness to issues. One of the most common descriptions by diplomats of

Center and bottom photos courtesy of Quaker UN Office

QUNO's work is that we are taken seriously because we approach discussions as a neutral party, but we do not interpret neutrality as indifference. We see it as being "passionately attached to all sides." Nor do we agree with everyone all the time—on the contrary, we hold firmly to the testimonies of Friends and they inform our thought on all issues. Still, we listen to everyone and encourage all to have their say, particularly those whose voices are often softer than others.

Diplomats seem generally to appreciate that our motive is to help them address their problems more than to advance our own agenda on an issue. They know we do this work out of a deep sense of the importance of addressing the world's problems, a deep caring for the people who make it happen, and that we are always clear on our position when asked—which is quite often. Recently a UN official said: "What was remarkable about the Quaker organization was their unobtrusiveness, their desire to allow the dynamics of the meeting to take place, leading to a good result without trying to impose their own beliefs on those who are there. There was a certain transparency and an integrity about that process."

Examples of heat include bringing a small group of expatriate Hutu and Tutsi leaders together after the Rwandan genocide for a daylong facilitated exchange. Tension in the room at Quaker House was palpable, yet amazingly, at the end of the day, one of the Hutu leaders said, "You know, this is the first time in four years we've talked face to face. I can see your eyes and you can see mine and we have been talking to each other as human beings. We must not let this die." Another time Amanda Romero, a human rights activist based in Bogotá, Colombia and AFSC Quaker International Affairs Representative (QIAR), spoke on the human rights situation in Colombia to a room filled with diplomats, including the Colombian ambassador, and other activists. Amanda Romero spoke frankly and honestly about her experiences and the experiences of others. The reaction to her comments was quick and severe—some even suggested she was not a real Colombian to promote such lies outside the country. We stated that our goal was not so much to reach agreement—differences in experiences were too wide for that—but to achieve some understanding as part of a continuing discussion that ultimately would benefit all. Nonetheless, the ambassador left the meeting at its close in great haste and apparent anger. While we had not intended to confront the ambassador, we were glad to have facilitated an exchange of words about hard things that might not otherwise have happened. We quickly followed up that incident with phone calls and soon after worked supportively with staff of that mission on the issue of small arms trade—which they chaired. We do not always expect a smooth result, but we always try to be fair to all concerned.

"It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness," holds deep truth. The light of a candle pushes back the darkness and allows us to see; moreover, the act of lighting the candle is in itself a way of banishing the darkness, moving from inertia to action. QUNO has been a leader in many issues before the UN,

Quaker House at the United Nations

by Lori Heninger

Imagine you are in the living room of your home. Now imagine the same scene, except that in addition to you, the room is filled with diplomats from around the world who represent their countries at the United Nations. I don't have to imagine this—I see it on a regular basis in the living room of Quaker House in New York City. But it's not only diplomats that come. Representatives of nongovernmental organizations, staff of the UN Secretariat, people from the private sector, and representatives of First Nations also come to meet, gather information, and discuss issues before the UN, right there in our living room.

I live with Jack Patterson, my husband and co-director of the Quaker United Nations Office in New York, along with our daughter, two dogs, and a cat, in Quaker House, a four-story brownstone in the heart of the district known as "Turtle Bay." Quaker House is a short walk from the Quaker UN Office—located directly across the street from the UN—but far enough to be out of the public eye and to allow for a break from the formal atmosphere of the UN.

Over 50 years ago, Quakers began their work at the UN from an apartment near the UN buildings. In 1953, a small group of donors got together to determine how to create a permanent Quaker presence at the UN, and the result was Quaker House. A small brass plaque identifies the building, which is almost indistinguishable from the other row houses on the block.

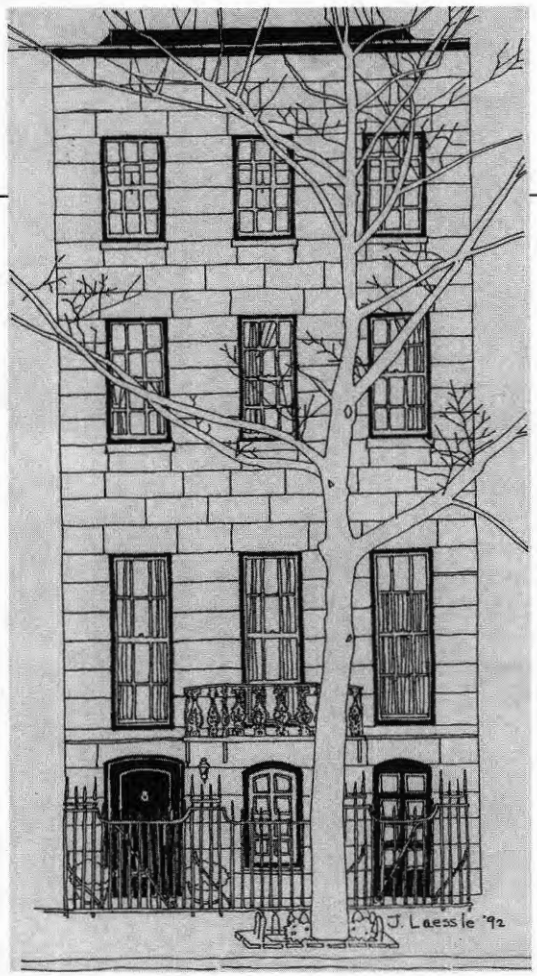
The first floor of the house holds a small office, an accessible bathroom, an elevator, and an apartment used to house visiting Friends who are doing work at the UN. The second floor is the main program floor that includes a living room, dining room, and kitchen. The third and fourth floors are our living space. In back of the house is a beautiful communal garden that stretches the length of the block from 2nd to 3rd Avenues.

E.B. White, a former resident of the block, set his famous children's story, *Stuart Little*, in the garden behind Quaker House. In 1949 he wrote a prophetic book, *Here is New York*, on war coming to the United States and to New York in particular:

> The city, for the first time in its long history, is destructible. A single flight of planes no bigger than a wedge of geese can quickly end this island fantasy, burn the towers, crumble the bridges, turn the underground passages into lethal chambers, cremate the millions. The intimation of mortality is part of New York now; in the sounds of jets overhead, in the black headlines of the latest editions.
>
> All dwellers in cities must live with the stubborn fact of annihilation; in New York the

for joint thinking about problems beyond traditional give-and-take negotiating.

Over the past few years, QUNO has begun to undertake its own research to develop new information and raise the level of the discourse on an issue. Our recent work on the experiences of girl child soldiers is an example of this. While much has been said abour and demobilization at war's end, little attention has been given to the experiences of adolescent women or children who often face a myriad of different



Jane Laessle

Kearns of Pittsburgh (Pa.) Meeting as principal investigator, undertook a study to get the story of girls' lives and their demobilization and reintegration needs in their own words. This is the first study of its kind; the executive summary was released in October 2002 and the country-specific studies in the summer of 2003.

---

fact is somewhat more concentrated because of the concentration of the city itself, and because, of all targets, New York has a certain clear priority. In the mind of whatever perverted dreamer might loose the lightning, New York must hold a steady, irresistible charm.

As the World Trade Center towers fell in 2001 and the subways, bridges, and tunnels closed, the staff of QUNO gathered in the living room of Quaker House to comfort one another and to watch the unfolding horror. Being together in a place of peace was a great comfort to us all in those hours.

Quaker House is used for meetings by the staff of the Quaker UN Office; these meetings usually take place during the lunch hours of the UN, between one and three. At a normal diplomatic luncheon meeting at the UN people sit around tables, food is served in a very formal manner, and people talk. We are looking for more than this; we want people to get to know one another on a personal level. We ask people to come to the buffet table and get their own lunches. They sit on chairs or couches and juggle their plates on their laps or eat from TV trays. Perhaps they don't know the person they are sitting next to because there are no preassigned seats, and so they strike up a conversation. Food is always vegetarian and nondairy to meet the diverse dietary needs of the participants, and it is always delicious—food is a great lubricant of the wheels of conversation.

A brief presentation usually begins the discussion, and then people talk about the subject at hand, not from a prepared document, but as human beings representing their countries. We know that we are getting somewhere in the negotiating process when we hear guests say, "Well, this is my personal opinion, but . . . " or, "Maybe I shouldn't say this, but . . ." or, "We couldn't talk about this on the floor of the UN." Conversation begins to loosen up. People begin to see one another as human beings instead of solely as representatives of countries, and relationships develop. From relationships, genuine dialogue can emerge.

One of the most important things we do at QUNO is to build relationships. This means a lot of behind-the-scenes work, meeting with individuals before we bring them together at Quaker House. Quakers Sam and Muriel Levering worked for 20 years to create and negotiate the Law of the Seas Treaty, and much of this work was done in small meetings around the Quaker House dining room table. In 1957, Quaket House provided a venue for white South African diplomats to meet with diplomats from black African countries. Afrer the death of Dag Hammarskjold, QUNO was invited to organize a private meeting of ambassadors to discuss the appointment of a new Secretary-General for the UN. Quaker House was the site of organizational meetings for the first NGO Forum during a world conference on the Environment held in Rio. Nobel Prize winner Rigoberta Menchu, Guatemalan human rights activist, addressed diplomats in Quaker House in 1986. Critical breakthroughs were made on the conference platform for the 1995 World Conference on Women in Beijing during a lunch meeting at the house. More recently, a launch for the study "The Voices of Girl Child Soldiers" was held with diplomats, NGOs, and the media attending. The first meeting of the Planning Bureau for the Monterrey Conference on Financing for Development took place at Quaker House, as did meetings leading up to Secretary-General Kofi Annan's report on Conflict Prevention.

History has been made inside the walls of Quaker House, and if we, the staff of QUNO, have anything to say about it, this pattern will continue. We often remind ourselves that we stand on the shoulders of giants—the representatives who have come before us and have paved the road to the UN. Quaker House is truly a treasure that the Quaker community holds. Jack and I have been, and continue to be, extremely fortunate to represent Friends in this way, and we are blessed to reside in a home dedicated to peace and built on the foundation of the testimonies of Quakerism. ❑

staff member is following a leading to lift up the issue of fresh water as a potential source of conflict and war in the century ahead. UN Secretary-General Kofi Annan has suggested water might be the major cause of war in coming years. We approached the issue differently—not so much looking at war as the occasion of conflict and violence, but at water as a potential source of cooperation. Through meetings at Quaker House and at UN headquarters, we have btought together research findings that confirm what we had suspected: that transboundary water disputes have been resolved cooperatively far more often than through violence and offer impressive models for the successful resolution of other difficult or even explosive issues. It turns conventional wisdom in the UN upside down and has opened the way for fresh thinking about, and beyond, water issues.

QUNO staff are also working on a literature review/interview book on the potential relationship between poverty and violent conflict. This work is being done in collaboration with Dr. Michael Snarr of Wilmington College in Ohio and should be ready in 2004.

In all this work we seek to bring "grease, heat, and lighr" to the task of mending the world's brokenness. The watershed events that led up to war in Iraq, we believe, may yet move us toward the vision so ably described by Kofi Annan just months before 9/11/01 and the responses to it dampened so much of the world's confidence that peaceful goals are attainable. Kofi Annan spoke then of the currents he sensed building worldwide and advocated the need for peacebuilding and for the prevention of violent conflict. Single-cause explanations of armed conflict were "too simplistic." He argued, "An awareness of growing dangers in the new century might help us consider fundamental changes in our relations with groups beyond our own and accept the mutual benefit that can be gained through political accommodation, respect for the diversity and the active promotion of social justice. . . .It might enable us to at last move beyond the ancient habits of blaming, dehumanizing, repressing, and attacking 'the other side.'" We at QUNO hope to continue our work with this eloquent and prescient appeal in our hearts for fresh approaches to solving global problems. ❑

Many Others Before You

Many others before you
Have stood at the corner
Of Broadway and Fulton
Watching the rain braid
Along the curb and coil
Into the nearest grating.

Many others before you
Have wondered at the brilliance
Of the traffic light's reflection
On the tar, listened to the
Conspiratorial automobiles hissing by,
Treasured a young woman's laughter
As she darted from her friends
Beneath an awning to a cab.

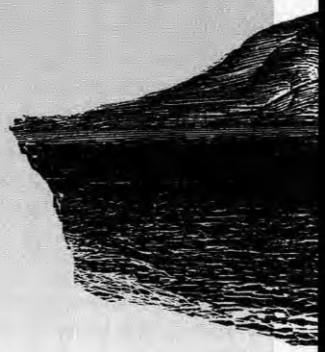
It is the same elsewhere.
The front moves through.
The sky turns gray-green.
The birds skate in clattering circles,
Wings light-dark, light-dark
In an unknown heliograph.
A mother calls for her son
To come inside. A man selling
Nuts and cardamom packs his boxes.

Others before you have come home
At shifts-end to help an uncle or brother
Dig a space beneath the cellar floor
Because the news has gotten worse.
The children play in the heaps
of sand and clay on the sidewalk.
Somebody looks for bricks or timbers.

Twelve feet below they reach
The surface of the Earth
Two thousand five hundred years ago,
A road of the ancient capital
Before the armies of the east
Breached the walls, slaughtered all
They could find, and leveled
The place for the first time.

–Benjamin Warnke

Benjamin Warnke lives in Brooklyn, New York.



Jesus in Stillness and Love

by John Pitts Corry

In the fall of 1999 I traveled with a longtime friend to Israel. From Haifa we drove to Vered HaGalil, a remote Jewish guest house and horse farm high on the slopes of the steep hills encircling the northern tip of the Sea of Galilee.

As we visited the sites associated with the Sermon on the Mount and other events of Jesus' ministry, and wandered over the semi-arid rough slopes among the scattered, gnarled olive and fig trees, thistles, and grape vines, images of the man who had roamed these hills before us and who has become such a part of our lives and culture flooded through my mind. Jesus at the synagogue in Capernaum rebuking the unclean spirit. (Or was it what we'd call a trauma? An addiction? A mental illness of some sort?) Preaching the restoration of God's kingdom in Israel to the farmers and peasants around him.

And now, after 2,000 years? Had he been wrong? Fallible? Had the kingdom judgment come with the fall of the Temple in C.E. 70? Or with the spirit-led communal life of the first Christians? And later, George Fox? Jesus alone at night praying to the Father. But if he were the Son of God, divine, why would he need to pray?

As I wrestled with the questions, the conflicting images of Jesus, I tried to center on my own journey. Where I had found peace over the years in my own life. The stages of understanding that had carried me toward a deeper appreciation of the figure I had come to Israel to spend time with. What of Jesus today? Was he still available? If the older images no longer worked for many modern believers, how would Jesus wish to speak with us now?

That night, unable to sleep, I went out onto our stone patio at about 5:00 A.M. As I began writing, just as the darkness was beginning to lift over Galilee, I was energized to trace the flow of my conflicted reflections. Looking back, these reflections seem relevant to the wrestling of Friends today with the roots of our Quaker faith.

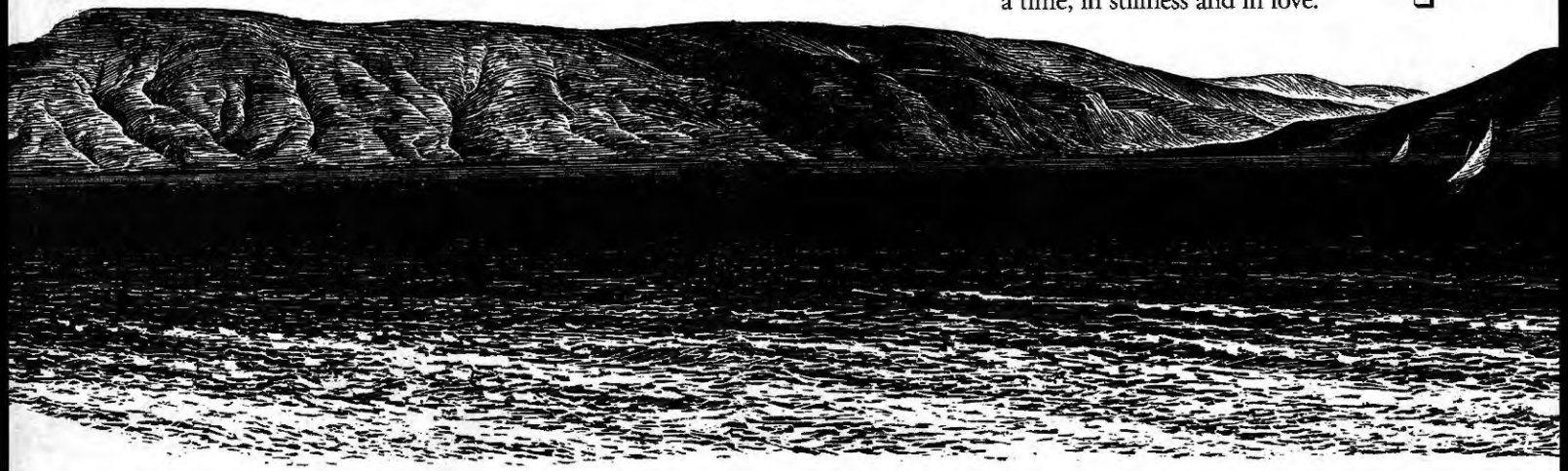
Moving from one's accustomed life into the transpersonal, transcendent realm, one may initially perceive reality as becoming less certain, more blurred at the edges. In time this amorphous presence of goodness around us, this marginal presence of hopefulness, may sharpen for us into the more focused shape of a human figure—a person, Jesus.

Revisited by what has been for us a cultural icon, the figure of Jesus—radical prophet, healer, demigod, quixotic teacher—may begin to take on new life, at times a model for our own behavior. He may become a symbolic presence, like Moses or Gandhi or Mother Teresa, that reminds us of the possibilities inherent in our problematic nature—and then some aspect of his personality or mission may draw our attention. From the kaleidoscopic images of Jesus reflected by the culture a few may become more real for us. And Jesus, stepping away from the colliding images supplied by others, seems to move in our direction for a more intimate visit.

As we sit and talk with this gentle man who speaks with such authority we may sense he has come from a great distance to seek us out—to speak to us one on one, as one talks with a friend, to listen to our difficulties, to sympathize with our hurt feelings, to respect the particularities of our individual life. As he listens we may sense that he does not so much resolve our dilemmas—though he may touch our needs as he did the wounded ones in Galilee—as invite us into a fresh companionship, befriending us, being with us in the struggles ahead.

At some point—earlier for some, later for others, but for all when ready—Jesus invites us to care in a new way for the lives of those around us. Love for our sisters and brothers, near to us and as wide as the entire human family, becomes our passion. We become fearless in the particular enterprises to which we are called. Aware of our personal package of strengths and weaknesses, we are asked to contribute to the upbuilding of God's kingdom. And we may sense that the inner companion, the inner teacher, Jesus, who spoke to so many earlier Friends still waits on our attention and wishes to speak to us one at a time, in stillness and in love. ❑

John Pitts Corry is a member of Middletown Meeting in Lima, Pa.



A Visit to Israel

by a Quaker Jew Born in Palestine

by Stanley Zarowin

For years I vowed never to return to Palestine, my birthplace, because, as a Jew—albeit a secular Jew—I felt a sense of outrage and shame for Israel's inhumane response to the Palestinians' desire for a homeland. Somehow I expected the people of a nation that endured the Holocaust and gained its own homeland to respond less brutally to the Palestinians' quest. But at the same time, I also felt outrage with the Arabs for their multiple attempts to drive the Jews into the sea and the subsequent terrorist activities. As if that were not enough, as a convinced Quaker, I've long been dismayed that Friends, despite our Peace Testimony, have never undertaken a serious peacemaking role in the Middle East and have shown a bias in favor of the Palestinians.

Yet in February, I found myself among 26 Quaker "leaders" on a pastoral visit to Israel and Palestine's violence-torn West Bank organized by Friends United Meeting (FUM). For FUM, the goals were to provide support for its Quaker school in Israeli-occupied Ramallah and to show us evidence of the suffering Palestinians experience under Israel's military rule. Because I maintain strong emotional ties to my place of birth, I went with a different goal: to seek ways to bring the warring parties of my Palestinian-Jewish heritage to a place of peace. My American parents had settled there in the late 1920s—my mother to teach nursing and my father to manufacture aluminum pots and pans. I was born in Jerusalem more than a decade before Israel's birth. With World War II spreading into the Middle East, my parents decided it was prudent to abandon their home, property, and careers and return to the United States.

Both FUM and American Friends Service Committee, the service organization that as a stand-in for U.S. Friends shared the Nobel Peace Prize in 1947 with British Friends Service Council for providing humanitarian help after World War II, have active humanitarian and political programs in Palestine designed to educate and empower Arabs in their quest for independence. While those efforts are laudatory, regrettably few of their programs have been designed to bring Palestinians and Israelis together in peace—an omission that I believe contradicts our Peace Testimony and has vexed me as a Quaker and as a Jew.

In my view, Arab and Jew are both victim and perpetrator, and, as a result, both suffer—each in a different way. The role of the true peacemaker is not to demonize either side in a dispute; nor to support only the underdog. After all, while might does not make right, weakness does not necessarily make right either.

I was in a quagmire: displeased and disappointed with the Palestinians, the Jews, and the Quakers—three groups that, in part, define my identity. And like the Pogo cartoon, I found the enemy; it was us.

I often wondered how Jesus would have dealt with these contradictions. Would he have been as judgmental and upset as I am? I asked many such hypothetical Jesus questions for many different reasons during the visit.

The Israeli trip was made more poignant by something that happened about a year earlier. I have long been involved with the Alternatives to Violence Project (AVP), with many years of facilitating antiviolence programs for men imprisoned for violent crimes. By training and experience, I learned to see beyond individual criminal acts and anger to recognize that of God in the people with whom I worked. Because of my experience, a Quaker group asked me to facilitate antiviolence training workshops for Palestinian schoolteachers. I accepted the invitation with enthusiasm and envisioned eventually enlarging the activity to bring together in one AVP workshop both Arabs and Jews—hoping I could help them to look beyond their anger.

But that dream was quickly dashed. When my would-be hosts learned that, despite the fact that I have been a Quaker for several decades, I was an ethnic Jew, the invitation was withdrawn because it was believed the Arabs would find it hard, if not impossible, to work with a Jew—even a Quaker Jew. At first, the cancellation stung. But in time I realized that the rejection was a gift: I could —and must—find a way to return as a Quaker peacemaker.

When I received the surprise invitation from FUM, I felt guided by a spiritual leading (if not a spiritual shove) but I also knew the trip would be difficult for me—emotionally and physically. What a load of baggage to bring on a pastoral visit.

At first, the ride from the airport in Tel Aviv to Jerusalem was rural: olive groves on rocky, steep-terraced hillsides; small herds of sheep grazing on wisps of grass

---

Stanley Zarowin recently served as assistant clerk of New York Yearly Meeting. This summer he moved from New York City to Zionsville, Indiana, to wed a local Quaker and subsequently transferred his membership from Brooklyn (N.Y.) Meeting to North Meadow Circle of Friends in Indianapolis, where he plans to introduce the Alternatives to Violence Project. He is a freelance journalist specializing in technology. He has cautioned his pun-loving Friends that the move to Zionsville does not make him a Zionist.

that sprout from the boulder-strewn countryside; and mile after mile of forests planted by Jews over the past 50 years. But then our guide pointed out the carcass of an Israeli tank or the wing of a downed Israeli fighter plane—memorials to the several unsuccessful Arab invasions in the short life of this nation. He also called our attention to high piles of rubble blocking the entrance to several side roads—part of the Israeli military's strategy to thwart access to isolated Palestinian villages.

Why did the Israeli military block the roads? Security. The word security became the most frequent explanation for every Israeli use of force or humiliating action imposed on Palestinians. One West Bank Arab joked later when I complained about the cold, wet weather, "Blame it on security."

The next day we toured Jerusalem's Old City. Soldiers were everywhere, with auromatic weapons draped over their shoulders. When we arrived at the Western Wall, the most sacred spot in Jewish religious and national consciousness, we had to submit to a search. Although I had no intention of praying (I had never learned Hebrew prayers or been bar mitzvahed), I found myself being drawn to it. Suddenly a gun-toting soldier who had just finished praying intercepted me and, pointing to my head, said, "You must cover your head." At that moment a Hasidic Jew in black overcoat and hat came from behind and handed me a yarmulke. The soldier, sensing my embarrassment, said, "It's okay." I took advantage of the opening and asked, "So, how is it being a soldier here?" He thought a moment and said gravely, "I just want to go home." Tears misted in his eyes, and I felt a deep connection with his emotion. As he walked away, I wondered: What had he been praying for? His family's safety? Shame for the way many of his fellow soldiers were treating the Palestinians? Shame for his own actions? Or did he simply pray to go home?

On my living room wall at home is a photograph of the stone house my grandfather built in Jerusalem. I never knew the address—a piece of information I considered totally irrelevant since I had no interest in returning to my homeland. But the image of the three-story building of rough-hewn stone is burned into my memory. During the daylong tour of Jerusalem I kept searching in vain for that house. When we returned to the hotel late in the afternoon, I took a stroll—to spend some time alone to process the emotional events of the day. Behind the hotel I happened on an old stone building; a brass plaque identified it as the British consulate, dated 1921. Suddenly a flood of memories overcame me: this must have been the building where my father was frequently hauled in by British soldiers for interrogations. While nonpolitical, my father was an anomaly to the British—and to some Jews and Arabs, as well. On the one hand, in the 1930s he covertly assisted the Haganah, the secret civilian Jewish security force, by smuggling guns to those who were defending civilians against a band of Arab radicals the British were secretly arming. The British, anxious to remain in control of this strategic strip of land, sought to foment disputes between Arab and Jews as a way to justify their continued presence. On the other hand my father was a strong supporter of Arab independence—economically as well as politically. When he introduced the first labor union into his small factory, other Jewish businessmen were aghast. And the British, suspecting him to be a member of the Haganah, were baffled by his strong pro-Arab stance. Although he never became involved in direct violence, he confessed to me his one-man smuggling operation, which also baffled and amused his closest friends, many of whom were Palestinians. Although he was never imprisoned, the British harassed him, arresting him for minor violations (and then immediately releasing him when his Arab lawyer friend intervened) and, at one point, confiscating his motorcycle for parking in a restricted zone.

Because I maintain strong emotional ties to my place of birth, I went with a different goal: to seek ways to bring the warring parties of my Palestinian-Jewish heritage to a place of peace.

That evening two members of the Christian Peacemaker Team met with us and described how they canvass neighborhoods in occupied cities; when they come upon Israeli soldiers harassing an Arab they intervene nonviolently. They admitted it was often difficult to see that of God in the molesting soldiers, and that daily group prayer sessions helped overcome their outrage. I was impressed by their candor, faith, and courage, but I was discouraged to learn that team membership is limited to Christians—no Jews or Muslims allowed. What a missed opportunity to forge bridges of peace.

Robert Dockhorn

A street scene in Tel Aviv

I wondered whether Jesus also would have been angry and judgmental, and how he would have dealt with the contradictions.

In the morning we were taken by bus around the outskirts of Jerusalem, where many illegal Israeli settlements have sprung up. The tour was conducted by the Committee Against Home Demolitions—a Jewish group trying in vain to halt the bulldozing of Arab homes condemned because a family member was identified as a terrorist.

In Abu Dies, Palestinians scale an unfinished security wall that will divide their village.

Photos by Stanley Zarowin

Our guide, a secular Jew, could not hide her rage. When I questioned her later, she said fear has driven many Israelis to irrational, inhumane acts. So, she said, her rage was mixed with sorrow and compassion—and again, as with the soldier, I felt a deep connection with her complex, contradictory emotion.

In the afternoon we drove to Abu Dies, a Palestinian village where Israel is building a 25-foot-high concrete security wall topped by barbed wire, floodlights, and electronic detectors. It will eventually extend 250 miles through the West Bank. Most of it will be built on vacant land, but in Abu Dies, and probably in other places as well, it will bisect the village. The villagers were still able to scale the unfinished wall. We watched in silence as old men and women with bundles, and young children hanging on to mothers slowly climbed in single file over the unfinished barrier. In a move of support, several of us joined the slow-moving line. In silence we returned to our bus.

That night, back in Jerusalem, we met with a panel of human rights activists: a rabbi with the Rabbis for Human Rights; an Arab lawyer from Al Haq, an organization that works on human rights issues and international law; and an Israeli who heads the Committee Against Home Demolitions.

In later talks with Israelis I met in shops and on the streets, I got the impression that, while many are in general agreement with these activists, most still support Ariel Sharon, the prime minister and mastermind of the brutal military occupation. When I pointed out the obvious contradiction, they responded that while they would prefer a peaceful settlement, they still support Sharon's iron fist because they believe only such a ruthless response will provide security. When I confronted them with the reality—that Sharon's harsh tactics are not only not stopping the terrorists but likely are inflaming them—they shook their heads in frustration. I even sensed their anger at me for pointing out the obvious. On more than one occasion it was explained to me that foreigners can't appreciate what Israelis are going through—not only the constant fear of suicide bombers or sniper attacks, but the ultimate Arab threat to drive them into the sea.

The next day we traveled to Bethlehem, which is in the Palestinian West Bank—"enemy" territory—so we had to go through our first heavily armed military checkpoint. There are hundreds of checkpoints at strategic locations on highways throughout the West Bank and Gaza. We were told stories by Palestinian activists about how, on occasion, Israeli soldiers made Arabs disrobe and stand in the cold while their vehicles were searched.

In Bethlehem we visited a Franciscan counseling center for war-traumatized children and parents. We were told stories of children who had become distraught from the gunfire; many became mute and depressed. Now, however, just a few months after the latest military episode, we saw children playing and singing joyfully—a tribute to the success of the center. We joined them in singing, but many of us left misty-eyed.

That evening, back in Jerusalem, we met with a sad-eyed Israeli who coordinates fundraising activities with the Jewish Federations in America. While he said he prayed for peace and questioned the legality of the new settlements, he apologetically endorsed the military's actions. Why? Again, for security. The more he responded to questions, the sadder his eyes became. I could feel him squirm as the questions he received forced him to face his own contradictions. I wondered whether the delegation could empathize with him—how this decent man agonized over the pain of his ambiguity. My instinct was to tell him I understood his agony, but my own contradictions paralyzed me.

That evening after dinner, we assembled to hear Father Naim Ateek, a Palestinian who heads a group called Sabeel, preach what he labels "liberation theology." I expected his presentation to suggest programs designed to achieve peace with Israel and economic growth and stability for Palestine. But instead his presentation was a well-crafted but one-sided retelling of the last half-century of the Arab-Israeli conflict and a graphic itemization of atrocities committed against Palestinians. When he dismissed the work of Rabbis for Human Rights and Al Haq as ineffectual, hypocritical, and nothing but public-relations stunts, I wondered how the delegation was receiving his message. I wanted to fill in the critical history he omitted, but for the first time during the trip, as the only Jew, I suddenly felt isolated from my Christian Friends and, for the moment at least, lacking the courage to speak.

But then something happened. Most of his rapid-fire talk left few opportunities for questions. Just as I was resigned to silence, he hesitated and drew a deep breath. Without thinking what I was going to say, I rose to my feet as if I were in meeting for worship. I felt the anger drain, and in a steady voice I told him how disappointed I was with his message, that I had hoped it would have advocated peace, tolerance, and understanding, but it appeared designed instead to inflame Jews, Christians, and Muslims—not something I believe a man of God should be advocating. With that, I sat—and began quaking.

Clearly, he was surprised, and he launched an attack at me. I remained silent, and the more he prodded me, the more centered I became. Afterwards, some Friends allowed how they, too, were

uncomfortable with his acerbic message. I felt less alone. That night, as I waited for sleep, I again asked myself how Jesus would have responded.

The next morning we left for Ramallah, where each member of the delegation was to be housed for the next several days with a Palestinian Muslim family, all parents of Friends School children. I now had to face a decision: do I reveal to my Muslim host that I was not only a Quaker, but also an ethnic Jew? I had considered revealing myself on the last day of the visit, not only to give my hosts time to see me as a person and not to just profile me as a Jew, but also for my physical safety. I finally decided to disclose my birth religion in a letter after I returned home. I must admit, however, that my lack of courage to disclose the truth while I was there troubles me still. However, I have since received a loving letter from the family accepting me as a Quaker and a Jew.

When we reached Ramallah, Yasir Arafat's headquarters, which has been under constant Israeli attack, I expected to see a war-torn city of crumbling buildings and empty streets. Instead, while Arafat's old headquarters is a pile of rubble, the rest of the city is a thriving commercial metropolis with monumental traffic jams. Streets were crowded with pedestrians, and shops overflowed with merchandise. Despite the crowding, everything seemed to flow civilly.

Arab and Jew are both victim and perpetrator, and both suffer. The role of the true peacemaker is not to demonize either side in a dispute; nor to support only the underdog.

Some of the Izmiqna family that hosted Stanley Zarowin in Ramallah

That afternoon, we broke into small groups and visited classrooms of the Friends School. The students, who study both Arabic and English, quickly warmed up, and when we invited questions, they tossed us some political hot potatoes: "Do you like President Bush?" ("No, although he is our president and I respect the office, I do not like many of his decisions.") "Do you like Arafat?" (Gulp! "I don't know. I've never met him.")

In the afternoon, we visited a medical rehabilitation center where many of the patients, we were told, had been wounded by Israeli gunfire. Before the tour, we were entertained with a musical program staged by students and then a fiery anti-Israeli speech by a parent. Later, at school assemblies, I witnessed students delivering similar messages, but more nationalistic in tone. I asked a school official whether this kind of angry rhetoric was usual, and whether the Friends School seeks to influence the students or the parents with teachings about Quaker testimonies. I was told the school did not directly intercede; it was felt the students need opportunities to vent their anger.

I thought about it and said this may indeed be a wise decision for a secular school, but this was a Quaker school. Shouldn't teachers do something to promote Quaker values? The school official reluctantly conceded that Quaker testimonies were not stressed in the curriculum, although the school did give classes in "ethics." After I asked for details, the official conceded the ethics syllabus was too abstract to address the students' anger. The picture of one student who had been killed by the soldiers hung on the wall of one classroom and it was often referred to by students and teachers.

Again, I wondered how Jesus would have responded.

Late that afternoon I met my Palestinian host. Husan, the father in the family, greeted me warmly, though not aloud because his English was only a mite better than my nonexistent Arabic. So our "conversation" included a lot of smiles and head-nodding. To my relief, his wife, Asma, and older daughter, Maysa, spoke enough English for us to complete the introductions, and within an hour we were able to laugh easily at our cultural and linguistic stumblings.

The next day the delegation visited a play center for youngsters living in a refugee camp. To call it a "play center" is an overstatement; it's a one-story makeshift stone building with no heat and a tiny play area. The building, owned by the United Nations, which supplies relief food for the poorest of the poor in the refugee camps, is on loan to the center as a temporary replacement for one that recently burned down, and there is some question about how long the arrangement will last.

Some days later, while meeting with members of Ramallah Friends Meeting, I asked whether their old stone meetinghouse, which stands empty most of the time since the meeting has only a handful of members, might house the refugee children during the week. The suggestion was immediately rejected with the explanation that the historic building would not be suitable. "Plus, it's in a noisy neighborhood." I wondered—and finally, after some hesitation, asked out loud—is the cold, temporary, makeshift building that now houses the 30 refugee children any more suitable; and would laughing, noisy, playing children really mind a little traffic noise? Later I learned that several U.S. Quaker groups are making sizable financial contributions to Ramallah Meeting to improve the little-used meetinghouse.

Another tough question for Jesus.

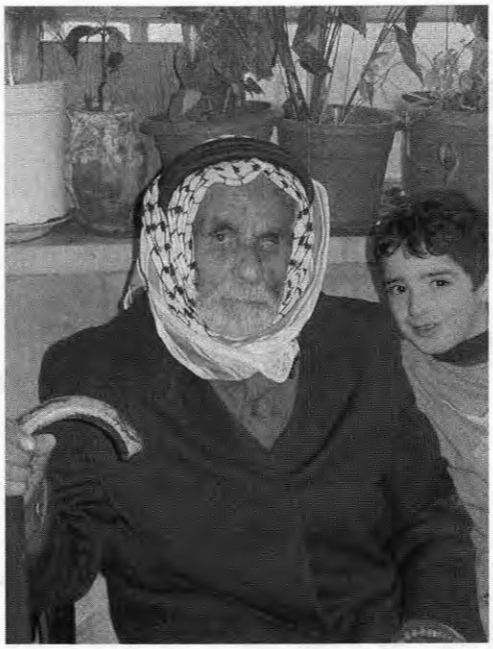
As I sat with that contradiction, I recalled that in the United States some old, historic meetinghouses are lovingly restored or kept in mint condition at great financial cost. Are these old buildings

being revered as icons of our faith? Is that not a contradiction of our Testimony of Simplicity?

Yet another question for Jesus.

A stone wall separates the play center from the Amari refugee camp, one of several established by Israel for the Palestinians displaced by the many wars. Once a family is given refuge in such a camp, it rarely can rise above the poverty level to escape. As a result, the camp is a breeding ground for malcontents and terrorists. And although the camp's size is fixed by the stone walls, its population continues to grow; three generations of residents were born there. So the only solution is to build up—two, three, and even four stories high. The current buildings are spaced only some 15 feet apart, and as the buildings rise, they create cave-like alleyways that tend to be strewn with garbage.

Photos by Stanley Zarowin



A hundred-year-old great-grandfather living in the Amari refugee camp

A visit to a refugee camp was not on our group's schedule, but once I got a glimpse of one from the outside, it was on mine. From that day on, with few exceptions, I set my own agenda, even if that meant traveling separately from the rest of the delegation. I was determined to see how Palestinians live. I wanted to talk to those trapped in the camps. I wanted to understand the politics, fears, and hopes of the disenfranchised; and, most of all, to understand their nationalistic determination—something I felt in most every Palestinian I met. Most wanted peace, but a few wanted revenge first.

That evening, I mentioned to my hosts my wish to see more. Asma conferred with the family, including a relative who works for the UN in the refugee camp. They agreed to show me everything I wanted to see—and, as it turned out, things that were not on my list—for they wanted this American to see what the occupation was doing to Palestinians.

We started with a tour of the apartment, where bullets had torn through two bedroom walls. The apartment was only a temporary lodging for the family. Their permanent home, a one-story building on the same street, had been commandeered by Israeli soldiers during the last invasion, and the interior was so severely vandalized that the family had to move to this apartment. On the night of that invasion, the troops gathered some 60 people from nearby homes and crammed them into one large room for three days. The reason: security. During the lockdown, some of the soldiers vandalized the other apartments.

That night I heard what sounded like machine gun fire. The next morning I learned that soldiers had broken up a peace rally in the middle of the city. That action led to stone-throwing, and the soldiers fired above the heads of the crowd and arrested several young men, charging them with terrorism. I was told about the event with no emotion—as if it were a weather report. The other stories—about the takeover of their house and the herding of all those people into one room for three days—also were told without emotion. That, I concluded, is a way the Palestinians cope—suppress the emotion. I was to see more innovative coping during my visit.

The next day was cold, windy, and rainy. Our delegation was scheduled to visit Birzeit University, which is only a short distance outside the city, but because the route is intersected by a military checkpoint that permits few vehicles to pass, the trip can take several hours. We took a taxi to the checkpoint, whereupon we walked a kilometer in the rain up a steep muddy road through the checkpoint and down the hill to a swarm of taxis waiting anxiously for fares. On our walk through the checkpoint we were joined by scores of Palestinians and Bedouins carrying bundles, pushing makeshift carts and bicycles. Both sides of the road were lined with improvised shelters, where entrepreneurial Arabs sold snacks, hot drinks, and various merchandise. It was heartening to see how the Arabs had turned the humiliating checkpoints into a commercial bazaar.

To my surprise, at no time did the soldiers stop and search us or anyone else, for that matter. So what was the purpose of the checkpoint—surely not security? "To debase us," our Arab taxi driver said without emotion. "Just another act of contempt for the Palestinian."

That evening Husan invited me to meet his friends. Although tired, I readily agreed. We walked through a rubble-strewn lot to a lean-to covered by a sheet of corrugated iron. Inside, a homemade potbelly stove blazed, keeping the clubhouse cozy. But because the lean-to had no chimney, smoke from the wood fire filled the room. Contributing even more smoke were nine cigarette-smoking men—Husan's friends—who, I learned, meet every night in their improvised clubhouse to talk about their favorite subject: politics.

I was invited to sit in an old easy chair whose exposed tufts of stuffing indicated it was lovingly rescued from the junk heap. A large couch and a few other well-worn easy chairs completed the interior decoration. When I began to choke from the accumulated smoke, one of the men graciously tried to wave it away from my face, but the chain-smoking continued. I nodded a thank-you for his hand-waving efforts and determined to suppress any further choking by sheer willpower. I didn't realize it then, but Husan noticed my smoke aversion, and from then on, whenever we were in the apartment he smoked in another room.

One man, with a cigarette poised delicately between fingertips, spoke with such arm-waving gusto that ashes spilled on his neighbors. Although his English was rudimentary, I easily understood him. His major points: An independent Palestinian nation is the only way to remedy our fury. Israelis are trying to destroy our will, our soul. But they can't. The more they step on us, the more we are determined to survive.

He appeared to be the club's spokesman, but that did not stop the others from coaching him, rossing in an occasional English or Arabic word to augment his position.

A boy delivered cups of hot, strong Turkish coffee, and as we sipped I was asked for my political analysis. I was unprepared for the challenge. How could I explain my position—Quaker, Jew,

American, Palestinian-born—using one-syllable words? And then I thought: As a guest, can I even share with them my criticism of Arab terrorists along with my criticism of Israel? Would I be embarrassing my host if I spoke my mind? Would I be endangering myself?

To my surprise, I found the words to explain the futility of an eye-for-an-eye mentality. I suggested that both sides—Muslim and Jew—must put aside the hate from the past, to look to a future of peace or they will be murdering not only themselves, but their children and their children's children.

Although they listened politely and, I think, understood me, several, including the orator, clearly did not fully agree with me. At one point I cited a survey I had read the week before that said 78 percent of both Israelis and Palestinians favor a settlement of coexistence; it was only the 22 percent on both sides who thwart the peace. That impressed the orator, and he sat back, drawing deeply on a new cigarette. That freed the others to talk. They helped each other as they groped for English words. Some repeated the orator's position, others tiptoed around coexistence—a land with a shared homeland. It was a friendly, loud, animated, and deeply felt discussion. I had not embarrassed my host and I was not going to be stoned for suggesting peace with the Israelis.

After two hours, Husan suggested it was time to leave. I shook hands with each man in turn, and said, "Salaam aleh'hem, Shalom Alehem"—the Arabic and the Hebrew words for "Peace be with you." They, in turn, repeated both expressions, which I took to mean that they did indeed hear my message of peaceful coexistence.

As we walked to the apartment, I thought about the evening and the contradictions multiplied. Many of the men said they were either unemployed or under-employed and had been for some time. Yet they dressed nattily, lived in homes nearby, chain-smoked, and several had cell phones, expensive items in Palestine. Just more contradictions in this land that was full of them.

The next morning we left on foot for a grand walking tour of Ramallah—to the refugee camps, the UN food distribution center, Arafat's headquarters, and the grand prize: the Izmigna children's 100-year-old great-grandfather, who heard of my visit and insisted on meeting me. Our first stop was the local hospital parking lot. Asma pointed out a small garden in the rear. "They are buried there," she said. Maysa, with her better English, explained that when the soldiers invaded Ramallah, many Palestinians were killed and their bodies dumped in the hospital parking lot—18 corpses just piled on the pavement. After a few days, the bodies began to rot in the hot sun. Husan and his friends asked if the corpses could be placed in the hospital morgue or buried in a cemetery just a few yards away. The Israelis refused permission, citing security. A few days later, the stench was overwhelming and, without asking, the men dug two large plots, burying the men in one and the women in the other. Some time later, they added a stone border and flowers. I found myself saying, "I'm sorry . . . I'm sorry." Although I lived 6,000 miles away I somehow felt responsible. Another contradiction.

"So," I added, "if you are a realist and I am an idealist—working together we can make it happen." He laughed.

Before entering the Amari refugee camp—easily recognized by its high stone wall topped with barbed wire—we detoured into a old stone house. Sitting in a large chair was the family patriarch—the 100-year-old great-grandfather. He was dressed in the traditional Arab headgear and flowing robe. To my surprise—and maybe his, too—we shared Semitic features. After the introductions, he beckoned me to sit next him and he gently pulled me closer, suddenly kissing me on both cheeks and promptly began to cry. I don't know why, but I found myself joining him in tears. It was as if we were long-lost relatives and we embraced joyfully and tearfully. The whole family stood around beaming as these two bearded men, he and I—strangers, yet spiritual friends—hugged. Asma, who inquired of me every day during my stay, "Are you happy?"—meaning, "Is everything OK?"—turned to me and, seeing my tears, asked, "Are you happy?" Yes, I told her, I was happy, but to this day I cannot explain why. Maybe it was simply that this old man was my link to my childhood some 60 years ago.

Three of the Izmiqna children in front of the impromptu grave site that Ramallah residents dug in a hospital parking lot

We then entered the refugee camp. The narrow main street had a handful of sorry-looking shops. Skinny live chickens in wooden cages clucked and pecked at the bars. Men stood idly in clusters; others sat on makeshift benches. Surely they were unemployed. We walked up the side streets that smelled mostly of raw sewage, with the occasional relief of cooking fragrances. In one doorway children were playing with a tank and a gun-mounted

jeep. I hesitated, feeling guilty, then reluctantly took their picture. Asma perceived my discomfort. "Children don't know any better," she said. I thought of the children in Bethlehem made mute by the Israeli guns. In one moment guns are a toy; in another, instruments of terror.

Izzik Lomant

An Israeli family picnics in Gan Hashlosha, near Jerusalem.

We approached the UN office. Some 100 people—men and women—were pushing and shoving in an attempt to get through a narrow doorway where the food stamps were issued. Until recently, only women applied for food stamps; the men were too embarrassed. But hunger has a way of bending even prond men. Beyond the doorway, UN clerks processed each person's papers, eventually giving food stamps to some and turning away others who were judged not to be poor enough. As we watched the mob scene, an elderly woman approached me. I had a camera around my neck and was talking into a tape recorder, so she assumed I was either an official or a member of the press—either way, I was her target. She grabbed the front of my jacket and in halting English begged me to appeal her case to the UN for food stamps, saying the UN was not issuing the stamps fairly. She went on for several minutes in a mixture of English and Arabic, crying and pulling on my jacket. Asma came to my rescue, telling the woman that I could not help. Later, Asma said the woman could be lying. "They do that, you know."

Although most of the homes in the camp were bleak, some were elegant. The variation baffled me: How can both exist in a refugee camp? Other refugee camps, I was told, were far poorer—where there is no hope of escape from poverty.

That night, back in the apartment, Asma took me aside and asked if I would like to meet Yasir Arafat. I fumbled, not wanting to be ungracious, but also not particularly anxious to get involved in what could become a political problem. Without waiting for my response, she said she'd take care of it.

After dinner, several guests, including a minister in the Arafat government, arrived. As usual, we talked politics, and we agreed on one thing: peace was essential. But—the minister added, waving a finger at me—not peace at any price. He insisted that Palestinians must be treated fairly, not as third-class citizens. He said the United States is the only power strong enough to impose peace on the Middle East.

I told him I doubted that. If there is to be peace, I said, Israelis and Palestinians must work it out themselves; they must build the bridges, and only the moderates and the reformers on both sides can do it; together they must curb the extremists.

"How can we curb the extremists?" the minister asked. "Is not the elimination of Israel the dream of the extremists? And is not the takeover of all of Palestine—because the Bible says so—the dream of the Jewish extremists?"

"But still," I responded, "then we must build the bridges."

The minister shrugged and rolled his eyes. "You are an idealist," he said.

"So," I added, "if you are a realist and I am an idealist—working together we can make it happen." He laughed.

Maybe it takes such dialogues to plant seeds of peace.

As he was leaving, he reached out to shake my hand, saying, "Salaam al-leh'hem," in Arabic, and I answered, "Shalom Alehem. Salaam al-leh'hem," He nodded and smiled again, in seeming acceptance of my message of unity.

Near midnight, after many cell phone calls, Asma told me that Arafat would like to meet me but that he was involved in emergency negotiations for a ceasefire with the Sharon government and could not meet tonight—maybe tomorrow. Unfortunately, I was to leave in the morning.

I was relieved.

The next day I visited Yad Vashem in Jerusalem. The visit left me shaken—dedicated as this Holocaust memorial is to the dead but designed so that the world will not forget. For days afterward, all I could think of was the cry of the Holocaust survivors and Israeli pioneers: "Never again." Yet I had just spent ten days visiting a war zone created and endorsed, however reluctantly, by those who once cried, "Never again."

I returned home with an invitation to return to Ramallah and conduct Alternatives to Violence Project workshops at the Friends School. And maybe the workshops can be expanded to include Arabs and Jews.

Since returning to the United States, I have been invited to speak to groups. Here is what I say:

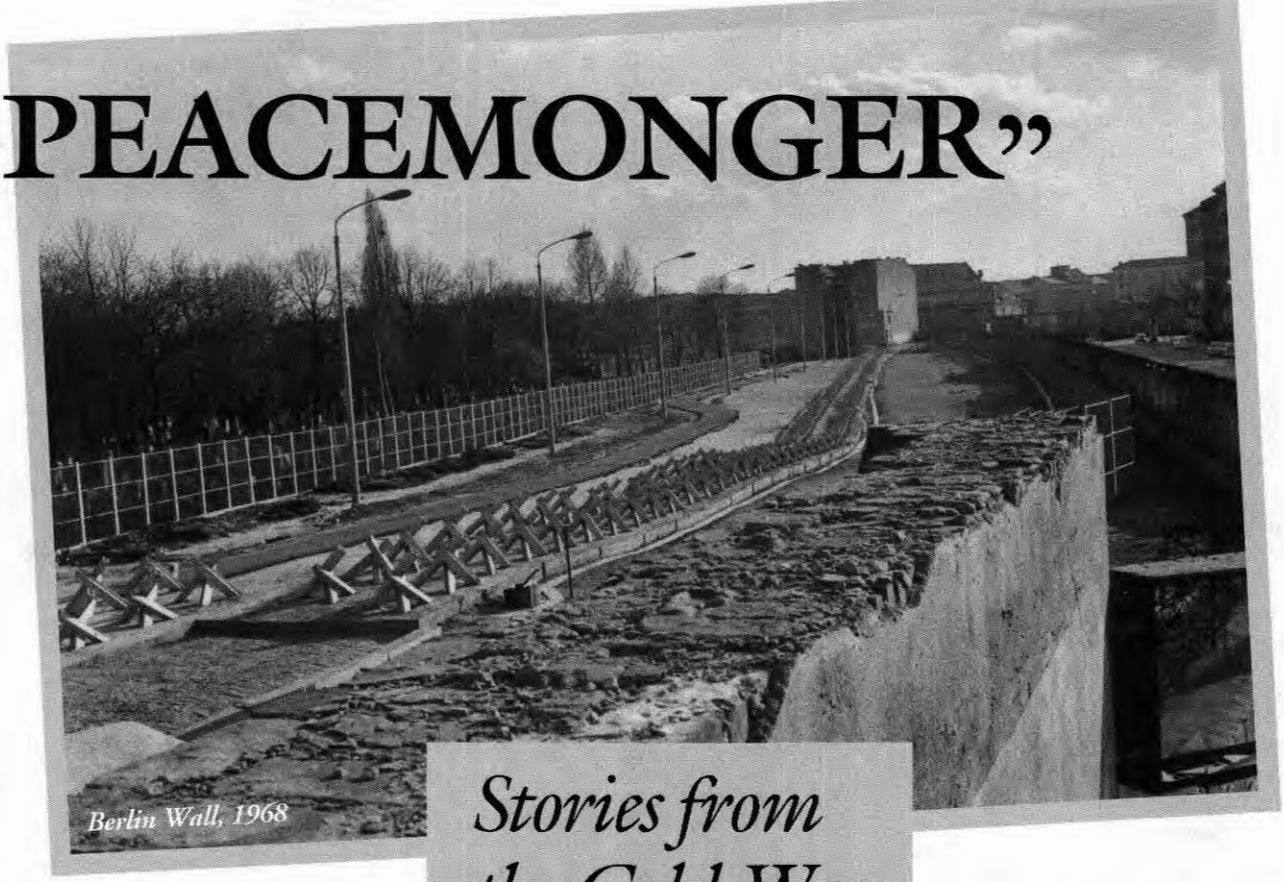
To Jews: Criticism of Israel does not necessarily spring from anti-Semitism. Maybe it's time for Jews to examine their unconditional approval of Israel's military occupation in response to Palestinian terrorists.

To Quakers: Look into your hearts and ask whether you need to reach out to both Palestinians and Israelis in the search for peace. After all, to see only the pain of one side in this dispute and to ignore the other side is to deny the real tragedy.

And to Palestinians and Israelis both: It is time to look beyond hate and fear and to begin to build bridges of peace—and only you can do it.

As I look back on the trip, it strikes me that I was able to identify the two overpowering emotions that nurture the bloody dispute. For the Israelis it is *fear*—of terrorists' snipers, of suicide bombers. For the Palestinians it is *fury*—triggered by bulldozed homes, the humiliating tactics of the brash young military, attack helicopters that fire rockets at terrorist and innocents alike. The shame of it is that fear and fury turn the language of reason and peace into gibberish—a new Tower of Babel. After all, this is the land of the Bible. ❑

"PEACEMONGER"



Robert Dockhorn

Berlin Wall, 1968

Stories from the Cold War in Berlin

by Paul Cates

Reaching the advanced age of 77 gives one leave to reminisce. I have been privileged to love and be loved. My parents raised 12 children during the Depression without a complaint. I have been a dedicated teacher of German. We have a cut flower business, and our goal during recent years has been to produce a blossom of perfect beauty. Success has eluded our grasp while all around our gardens perfect daisies grow wild in our fields.

For a few short years of my life I was a "peacemonger"—a title given me by the student newspaper at University of Maine before my visit there in the 1960s.

After spending two years with American Friends Service Committee working in Darmstadt in the early 1950s, I taught German at Scattergood School in Iowa. I felt my knowledge of the language needed strengthening, so in the fall of 1958 I went to Germany for another visit to study German literature. But this wasn't my only reason for going. How could I—how could anyone—have understood my second motivation for the move? During my service with AFSC, I had been deeply moved by experiencing a country ravaged by Allied bombing, but even more by the spiritual devastation wrought by the Nazi government. In the midst of all this I had met many Germans who harbored a strong desire to help build a world in which peace and justice prevailed. I was heading back to Germany, focal point of the Cold War, determined to see what one person could do to help Germans become a force for peace in Europe and the world.

Friends have a sound custom of moving "when way opens"—and not before. Way did not open during my wonderful year of study in Marburg. The fall of 1959 found me in Berlin, a scene of frequent Cold War confrontations, where Berlin Quakers gave strong, practical support for me as a student newly enrolled at the Free University. Financial support came in 1961 in the form of a part-time position as a youth worker for the German Protestant Church. One of my first responsibilities in this capacity was to help organize a workcamp in the U.S. for young Germans at Scattergood School. During that summer, word came that the East-West Berlin border had been closed, and a wall was being built—devastating news for young Berliners with family on both sides of the divided city.

Back in West Berlin, essential avenues of communication with the East had been cut off. My church employers knew that as a foreigner I could still travel to the eastern sector. Would I be willing, they asked, to act as courier for the church, carrying messages, medications, and a few food items to East Berlin? My response was reluctant assent. Little did I realize that the building blocks were being assembled for my personal involvement in an attempt to build human bridges across the concrete and barbed wire barrier through Berlin.

Surely the best piece of "luggage" I had brought back from the U.S. were words

---

Paul Cates is a member of Vassalboro (Maine) Meeting. The eighth of twelve children, he grew up in East Vassalboro across China Lake from Quaker scholar and activist Rufus Jones, who offered him early encouragement. In 1948–49 he spent eight months in Danbury Prison in Connecticut for nonregistration for the draft as a conscientious objector. He graduated from Haverford College in 1950, with Quaker educator Douglas Steere as his faculty advisor. After his "peacemonger" years he returned with his growing family to East Vassalboro, where he has taught German and written local-talent plays, and where he continues to raise cut flowers, especially gladiolas.

Photos courtesy of Paul Cates

Top: Paul Cates at a children's summer camp in Jaroslavl, Soviet Union. Bottom: Paul and Elisabeth Cates with their son Martin, shortly after Elisabeth and Martin's emigration from East Germany.

from Elise Boulding, spoken after a visit of our Berlin youth with Friends in Ann Arbor: "Paul, this is a wonderful project, helping these young Germans see America. And surely you will also travel to the Soviet Union. Compared to our location, the USSR is right on your doorstep!" Remembering this message helped focus my commitment to be an instrument of peace in the midst of the Cold War. Contact with the Russians seemed essential, but how could one initiate such contact? The Soviet film *Ballad of a Soldier* gave an appealing picture of young Russians. It would be helpful, in the midst of post-Wall tensions, to give our youth groups such a positive picture of the Soviet people.

During 1962 my life became a routine of university lectures, youth work, and courier trips to East Berlin. Even the state security police shadow following behind through East Berlin became routine. Way did not open to give practical expression to peace concerns, always in the back of my mind but easy to put off during days of busy activity.

Then came the day when the East German security police gave me the kick in the pants needed to make Soviet contact not just desired but immediately urgent.

Elisabeth Guertler was the secretary in the East Berlin church office of Action Reconciliation/Service for Peace, which organized service projects for young Germans in countries ravaged by the Nazis. It was with Elisabeth that I always left all the medications and messages from Bishop Scharf's office in West Berlin. On this particular day she needed to take the train home to Stahnsdorf, south of Berlin. Behind us was the security police car, two men in it—nothing unusual about that. Elisabeth got out at the station, but then a chilling event happened. One of the security policemen got out and followed her. As a foreigner I was somewhat vulnerable, but Elisabeth, as a GDR citizen, was completely so. I had been thinking of initiating contact with the Russians. Wouldn't such contact make me a more complex person in the eyes of my East Berlin shadows, and indirectly make Elisabeth somewhat less vulnerable? "Contact with Russians must start now, this minute," I thought, so I headed directly down Unter den Linden toward the House of German-Soviet Friendship. Being rattled, I was driving down the wrong side of a divided street, with the shadow right behind, also driving illegally.

I stopped before the building, entered it, and presented my query at the information desk. Could we rent *Ballad of a Soldier* for showing to young West Berlin workers? The answer was, "We can't help you. Come back Thursday."

Emerging disappointed from the *Haus*, I looked around for the security police car. Nowhere to be seen. Had this simple move made me complex enough to confuse my shadow?

A Dutch colleague and I went back on Thursday, and were sent to the office of Sovexportfilm, which supplied *Ballad of a Soldier*. It was warmly received by our West Berlin youth groups. After that, detours to Sovexportfilm during East Berlin visits were frequent, and the Russians were glad to show us other outstanding films produced during the cultural thaw under Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev. Still, there was always a certain air of doubt and suspicion evident in frequent questions by one of the Russians. Surely it was understandable if their unspoken question was, "What is the real reason why a U.S. citizen living in West Berlin and working for the German church desires contact with Soviet citizens?"

I was very open in talking about my background, my studies, and my youth work in Berlin. One day I told Nikolai, a Sovexportfilm staff member, about our visit with young workers to Scattergood School the previous summer. Suddenly Nikolai exclaimed, "Aha! Now I know who you are!" "Who am I, then?" "You are Kennedy's agent for the youth of Berlin!" "What makes you think that?" "If you were not Kennedy's agent for the youth of Berlin, you would organize trips not just to the U.S. but also to the USSR!" At last, way was opening! My reply: "If you can help us find a travel plan our young industrial workers can afford, we will be ready to leave tomorrow!"

Through Nikolai's initiative I, on behalf of the Protestant Parish for Youth in Industry and its director, Franz von Hammerstein, came into discussion about Soviet travel with a third secretary of the Soviet embassy, Julij Kwizinskij. During

the ensuing months and years a firm and rewarding friendship with Julij developed. After he left Berlin, we, his friends, watched with great interest as he rose through the ranks in Soviet diplomacy to be a major force for reconciliation and understanding between East and West: he became the chief Soviet negotiator with Paul Nitze from the United States in atomic talks in Geneva; then Soviet ambassador to the German Federal Republic during reunification negotiations; and then first deputy foreign minister of the USSR under Eduard Shevardnadze.

We had hoped to travel to Russia the first time with 20 West Berlin youth, and at first the prospects looked bright. Understandably, however, in Berlin during the years of the Wall many families had the equivalent of an Aunt Matilde who raised vigorous objection. "You must not, you may not travel to Russia! You would disappear into Siberia and we'd never see you again!" Thus it was that I boarded the Moscow-bound train with only six brave young industrial workers. I think it was early 1963. We all returned safe and sound from that first great adventure to the USSR. Encouraged, and with mistrust greatly diminished, new groups from West Berlin traveled at least annually to the USSR, and during the late 1960s a West Berlin-USSR exchange program was organized, with groups traveling in both directions once a year or more.

The Cates family in 1996

On the occasion of Nikita Khrushchev's visit to East Berlin in 1965, Willi Brandt, then mayor of West Berlin, wanted to talk with the Soviet leader and explain to him the problems and suffering of Berliners, both East and West, resulting from the Wall, but because of strong objection by the opposition Christian Democrats, Willi Brandt decided to give up the project.

Soon thereafter, perhaps a day later, a call came from the bishop's office. Because we assumed that the phones were bugged, the call began with the usual standard message from the bishop's elderly secretary: "Brother Cates, I have such an intense desire for you." This time there seemed to be a particular urgency in her voice. Soon after my arrival at the bishop's office the reason for a sense of urgency became clear. Fraulein Klatt explained that since the political leaders of West Berlin were not facing up to their responsibility, the Church must take the initiative to speak with the Soviet leader. Could I present this concern to the Soviet Embassy in East Berlin?

The conversation between Nikita Khrushchev and Hans Martin Helbich, general superintendent of the Protestant Church in Berlin, took place in an open and frank exchange. Khrushchev gave Helbich a case of Soviet mineral water as a parting gift, and the next day Helbich gave me a bottle of the same for my work in arranging the meeting.

I tell this as an introduction to my final story. There was a growing wave of positive support in the West for our West Berlin-Soviet youth exchange. The movement to organize international evenings in West Berlin was a natural development. Roland and Margaret Warren, AFSC representatives in Berlin, hosted the first such evening with attendees from Holland, France, Russia, of course Americans and Germans, and perhaps others. After several such evenings, it was my turn to be the host. Everything was in readiness: beverages, open sandwiches, and desserts. What was missing were the Russians. Finally, I became impatient. Had I given confusing directions? I went down three flights of stairs to the street to investigate. Across from my building sat a Soviet embassy car with the Russians inside.

"Why are you waiting down here?" I asked. "Do you see that car back there?" one asked. "It followed us all the way from the border. It's surely the West German secret service. We didn't want to get you in trouble."

After brief persuasion, the Russians came up and joined the gathering. As they sat at my coffee table, Juri Kuturev from the Soviet film agency had a twinkle in his eye. "Paul," he said suddenly, "You are not a Christian!" "Why do you say that?" "You have such good refreshments here, and those poor West German agents are sitting down there, cold and hungry. If you were a good Christian, you would go down and invite them to come up!"

I had to think fast, and I responded: "No, that would be a very un-Christian thing to do, since it is strictly against their protocol to be invited by the person they are investigating." Juri was equally quick in his rejoinder: "Well, if you are a Christian, the least you could do is to go out on your balcony and sprinkle them with Holy Water!"

I pointed to the bottle of mineral water above the sink, the gift from Nikita Khrushchev himself. "And there," I said triumphantly, "is a genuine bottle of holy water!"

"Oh no," replied Juri, "That bottle is much too holy. Dishwater would do just fine!" (Needless to say, no water, holy or otherwise, was sprinkled. It would have taken a fire hose anyway, since their car was on the other side of the street.)

On February 26, 1969, I received the richest reward conceivable for all my efforts in Berlin. On that day, after years of waiting, Elisabeth and Martin, our first child, then two years old, were allowed to come and join me in West Berlin, their exit having been negotiated through Bishop Kurt Scharf's office.

Why am I now motivated to share these stories from the Cold War era in Berlin? In this year there is more open and blatant warmongering emanating from the U.S. administration than we have experienced in a very long time. I feel moved to say that there was once a "peacemonger" who went out to make a small contribution toward reconciliation in our time. He felt lonely in his undertaking back then, but then he found that he was working not just with Quakers but also with Protestants, Communists, atheists, and other people on both sides of the Cold War. Peacemongering—attempting to be an instrument of God's peace—has its discouraging times, but also it brought moments filled with humor and even great joy and exhilaration. ❑

Witness

Failure to Disperse

by Melinda E. Glines

When I woke up that morning, I had no intention of getting arrested. I coaxed myself out of bed, drank a cup of tea, and drove to the hospital where I had spent most of the previous nine months as a family medicine resident. At work there was talk of the bombs dropped in Iraq the night before, and in every patient's room the television was on and tuned to coverage of the war. Along with a few other residents, I left work at lunchtime to join in the peace rally that was gathering downtown.

When I arrived, I was surprised at the large number of people present (several hundred), and at how much noise they were able to make. Many carried signs that said "War Is Not the Answer," with the Friends Committee on National Legislation logo in the bottom corner. The protest moved along Santa Rosa's main drag and slowed down a few blocks later where the street ends at the entrance to a large shopping mall. A young man with a bullhorn exhorted the crowd to sit down and asked the protesters where they wanted to go next—to the mall, to the army recruiters' office, or to the headquarters of the local paper, whose coverage of peace activities has been scant and negatively slanted. The crowd favored the mall, but the first ones to reach the doors found them locked. Three teenagers in uniform stared out at us from the glass-walled taqueria just inside the mall's entrance. I laughed in surprise that our peaceful protest was so threatening that the mall would risk business for the afternoon rather than let us inside.

I moved with the crowd down the street to the offices of the *Press Democrat* and then to the recruiters' office, which had also locked its doors. I waved to the other residents I saw, a few of whom had babies in tow, and cried out peace chants with the other marchers:

Support our troops, bring them home—Alive!

What do we want? Peace! When do we want it? Now!

Health and education, Not war and devastation!

Looking around, I saw mohawks, tattoos, antique jewelry, backpacks, skateboards, and almost no one older than I. The scene reminded me of college, where many of my classmates were dedicated young activists—except that while the faces surrounding me had not aged, I had. Being in a crowd of joyfully shouting people was an experience I more or less gave up when I moved to the most conservative county in California five years ago to begin medical school. As a medical student in Orange County, I cringed at the ultraconservative views of many around me, but my hands seemed tied as far as making social change was concerned. Passing my classes and learning how to be a good doctor was just about all I could manage.

When I started residency, it was a relief to return to the liberal atmosphere of Northern California, but the demands on my time were even greater. The residency I am part of is quite humane compared to other programs, but the very nature of residency is to take away a person's freedom in order to provide maximum exposure to the learning environment of the hospital. The work we do as physicians for the underserved is complex and challenging, but the hardest part of residency is the sheer amount of time it takes, almost double the hours of a normal workweek. The hardest part of taking call is not the tasks of call itself but the fact that, as a resident, you cannot leave the hospital for the 30 hours you are carrying the pager. For over a day, your time and attention belong to the patients, nurses, and other doctors who are counting on you to be there, no matter how tired or cranky you are, or how much you would rather be at home.

Throughout my medical training, I have been blessed by proud and supportive friends and family, but still, the training has taken its toll on my being. In high school and college, I was interested in a million things: learning to scuba dive, auditioning for rock bands, discovering feminism, and traveling the world. After four years of medical school, I was physically stiffer and slower and internally different as well. I became quieter about my political views, more reluctant to spend time at play, and more set in my views of right and wrong. Once in a while, at the market or on the street, I will see a young woman full of the best of young-woman energy—creative, gentle, strong, and excited—and I will notice that something inside me has been lost.

So I was surprised to find myself, after several hours of marching and chanting, heading not towards home but towards the circle of protesters in the middle of the downtown intersection waiting to be arrested. There were 40 or 50 men and women, mostly in their teens and twenties, sitting crosslegged in the middle of the street. The local police had been joined by the California Highway Patrol in

Melinda E. Glines is a member of Strawberry Creek Meeting in Berkeley, Calif.

surrounding the intersection. Six rows of police in riot gear marched forward with their black uniforms, facemasks, and shields. The sight of them made my gut clench, though I realized these men were just doing their jobs and the main purpose of riot gear is visual intimidation. I consulted with my co-workers on the sidewalk, who would be doing my work for me the next day if I were detained overnight. They seemed surprised—"You *want* to get arrested?"—but enthusiastic about my idea to join the sit-in. One of them gave me a homemade sign reading Physicians for Peace, another gave me a jug of water, and a third tossed me his white coat after I was sitting in the circle, an action for which he was promptly surrounded by police.

We were taken away one by one, with seemingly endless delays between the arrests. The older protesters were removed first, and at the time I was arrested I was almost the only one over the age of 25. The two policemen came and asked me for my sign—"So we don't get poked"—one of them explained. They put on plastic handcuffs and led me back down the street to the bus that would take us away.

"Hey, I know you!" I said to the man holding my left elbow. He gave me a skeptical look, and I described the prisoner he had brought into our prenatal clinic the week before, when we had held a ten-minute conversation in the hallway of the clinic. He gave a quick, furtive smile of recognition. The other policeman brought me to the desk where our names and photographs were taken.

"What's your name?" he barked, still holding my elbow. "Doctor?" he added a moment later.

The entire process of the arrest and release took only a few hours. Waiting outside the jail was the director of the local peace and justice center, offering rides home, and a lawyer volunteering his services for the legal proceedings to follow. I arrived home just before dark, giddy with freedom. I had expected to spend the night in jail, so cooking dinner for myself and sleeping in my own bed seemed like marvelous luxuries. I was acutely aware of the doctors, nurses, soldiers, and journalists in Iraq who would not be guaranteed either food or rest that night. Pinning my citation to the kitchen wall, I saw the words neatly printed—"Failure to Disperse"—and felt joy and relief that in failing to obey the law I had succeeded in following my heart. ❑

Reflection

Meetinghouse

by Brynne Howard

Through the windows I watch the rain fall. It comes down gently at first, dusting the trees and benches with its sparkle. Then it starts to pound on the windows, on the benches, on the trees. It becomes a mob of angry men wanting inside. Thunder explodes and my chair shakes under me. I look up as a line of fire stretches across the sky. The church across the street is lit up in its brilliance. I turn my glance back into the room, thankful for the peace and safety it renders.

Inside, 44 people sit on old metal folding chairs that creak with the movement of their occupants. The people sit in a semicircle, facing each other and the windows. Some are looking towards the threatening sky, others are reading, and others still are praying. A newborn, Valerie, snores softly in her grandfather's arms. His white beard gently tickles her face, and his soft humming soothes her. In chairs nearly adjacent to the window a middle-aged couple sits. The man holds the woman's hand as she looks forward, seeing nothing; her white cane folded at her feet. She smiles sweetly as she recognizes the sound and smell of the rain. Nearby, a woman stands up humbly. She is in her early 80s, her silver hair clasped tightly at the back of her head. Her dress is modest, the top button of her cardigan forever affixed. Her lips tremble slightly as she speaks, and her words echo in the minds of the people when she is finished. As she sits down, a slight noise from the back corner captures my attention. Four young boys relax together on the green carpet. They're passing around a magazine and giggling. Their laughter does not destroy the silence as one would expect, but enriches it.

I lean back in one of the two reclining chairs. I close my eyes, soaking in the moment. As I sit there, a soft melody plays in my head. *'Tis a gift to be simple, 'tis a gift to be free, 'tis a gift to come down where we ought to be.* I open my eyes again, studying the simplicity of this meetinghouse. Its undecorated walls boast only one humble picture: a black-and-white drawing of another meeting from a different time. Six tall bookshelves—wooden structures with glass windows—completely hide the back wall. Some of the books inside are visibly worn and tattered, others new and unused. In the center of the room stands a tall plant. Its leaves are bright green, and the light shimmets off the waxy surface.

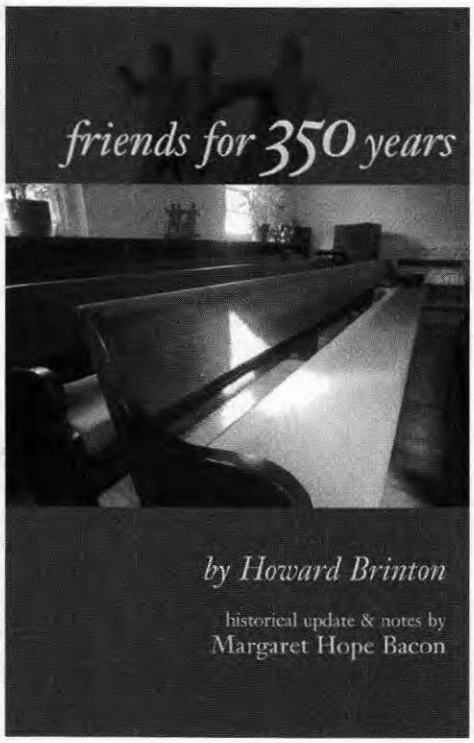
I gaze outside again. The storm has passed and with it an hour in time. The sun radiates from behind a lingering cloud, and the outside world begins to appear, fresh from its cleansing. Birds fly from their nests, searching for food. Across the street a damp U.S. flag waves in the cool breeze.

Inside the room, people begin to stir. They stand and greet each other, fresh from their spiritual cleansing. I stay in my chair a moment longer and reflect on how often I've sat in this exact spot, in this exact moment of the week, cherishing the simple pleasure of a rainy day at meeting. ❑

Brynne Howard is a student at St. Olaf College in Minnesota, where she is active in the peace community. She is a member of Des Moines Valley (Iowa) Meeting, and currently attends Canon River (Minn.) Meeting.

Books

Friends for 350 Years



By Howard Brinton. Revised by Margaret Hope Bacon. Pendle Hill Publications, 2002. 2nd Edition. 348 pages. $16/paperback.

Pity the poor soul unwise enough to attempt a book on contemporary Quakerism, or even more daringly, "Quaker beliefs."

First, the enormous diversity of Friends means that any generalization must be hedged by numerous qualifications and exceptions. Then, one must deal with a range of politically and theologically explosive topics, numerous of which have shown the potential to split Friends, from the local to the international level. After that, one faces the blessing and the curse of the hyperliteracy and generally high intellectual aspirations of Friends. We are a reading people, and one has to assume that one's work will be scrutinized by numerous critical, and sometimes hostile, eyes.

Then there is the Quaker commitment to truth, which will impel some of those readers if they detect any error, no matter how minor, to point it out—not always gently. And because Friends are a relatively small group, one is often writing about and responding to colleagues, associates, personal friends, and even relatives. Yet in this spiritual minefield, Friends continue to try to explain themselves and their faith to each other and the larger world.

Without question, one of the most successful of these attempts is now half a century old—Howard Brinton's *Friends for 300 Years: The History and Beliefs of the Society of Friends since George Fox Started the Quaker Movement*—that was first published in 1952. Howard Brinton's roots were deep in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting (both Orthodox and Hicksite), and he was a product of Haverford College, where Rufus Jones deeply influenced him. He went on to teach at Pickering, Olney, Guilford, and Earlham, taking a doctorate in physics in 1925. World War I brought him the opportunity to work for the AFSC and also his introduction to Anna Cox. Their marriage may have been the most remarkable Quaker union since George Fox wed Margaret Fell. A sojourn on the West Coast from 1928 to 1936 led them to fonnd what would eventually become Pacific Yearly Meeting. Then in 1936 they returned East to direct Pendle Hill, where both made a deep impression on a generation of Friends. In the eyes of many Friends, Howard Brinton, whose interests in philosophy and religion were as deep as his academic career in physics, was a Quaker par excellence. Thus, when the book was published, it attracted considerable attention among Friends, and largely favorable reviews.

To be sure, the work has its limitations. From the first page, Howard Brinton made it clear that he was not goiug to try to deal with all vatieties of Friends:

> Quakerism is here defined as the type of faith and behavior which developed in the Society of Friends during its first century and a half. This type, allowing for cultural changes, still persists in many areas and is today experiencing a rebirth. The theory and practice of the Society of Friends during the later periods of its history can correctly be termed "Quakerism" in so far as the essential purpose is preserved.

He qualifies this view in a vital way by continuing: "The preservation of the original purpose is not the same as the preservation of the visible form in which that purpose was first expressed." Outward forms could change, he wrote, but the intentions and vision of the first Friends could be preserved.

After 1800, however, there appeared "in some large areas of Quakerism . . . not a revival of the original faith, but a movement strongly colored by a different type of religion with a different method and basis." Howard Brinton had in mind, of course, the pastoral movement that came to characterize the majority of Friends in North America and around the world after 1890. Through his experiences at Guilford and Earlham aud his time in California, he had more acquaintance with pastoral Quakerism than most unprogrammed

Friends, and in retrospect it seems a pity that he did not grapple more with the question of whether or not it could be reconciled with primitive Quakerism. Like his mentor, Howard Brinton saw the modernist movement among Friends that began to emerge in the 1890s under Rufus Jones's leadership as a return to early Friends beliefs, a conclusion that was and is open to debate. For these reasons, *Friends for 300 Years* did not have nearly as much effect on programmed as on unprogrammed Friends.

Among unprogrammed Friends, the impact of this book has been profound. Its virtues are many. Howard Brinton wrote clearly and elegantly, and this volume provides a coherent and readable overview of Quaker history. It sets Quaker practices and testimonies, ranging from worship to business methods to simpliciry to peace, in both a historical and a theological context. It ought to be unthinkable that it should ever go out of print, and it has been reprinted by Pendle Hill several times in the last half century.

This time, however, the volume was updated, prefaced with a sketch of Howard Brinton's life and an evaluation of the impact of his work, adding notes in the few places where he had proved ro be in error or where subsequent scholarship has challenged his conclusions, and ending the volume with an overview of the last half century of Quaker history. These additions are the work of Margaret Hope Bacon, perhaps the most prolific Quaker historian working today.

And there's the rub. Since the updated volume appeared, Margaret Hope Bacon's work has come under fierce attack from another well-known Quaker author, Chuck Fager, first on the Internet and then in the fall 2002 issue of *Quaker Theology*. Chuck Fager has termed it a "bitter disappointment" due to the "shoddiness it displays." His criricisms fall into three groups: "numerous factual errors"; the lack of sources for the annotations; and what he considers an overemphasis on Philadelphia Yearly Meeting and the AFSC, along with an overly optimistic view of internal Quaker relarions, in the "Historical Update" at the end.

Chuck Fager has a point. There are factual errors, although they are embarrassing rather than misleading or pernicious. Stillwater Meetinghouse in Barnesville, Ohio, for example, becomes "Sweetwater," and what Margaret Hope Bacon terms a "fellowship of Gay and Lesbian Friends" dates back to the 1970s, not the early 1980s. I also would have preferred that the additions make some reference to specific historians; a short essay on how two generations of Quaker scholarship have modified, challenged, or confirmed Howard Brinton's conclusions would have been a tremendous asset. I myself disagree with a few of Margaret Hope Bacon's notes, such as her statement that "only a few Quaker homes participated in the Underground Railroad." And Chuck Fager is correct that she may overstate the degree to which groups like the FWCC have been able to draw in Evangelical Friends.

On the other hand, I found her overall portrait in the "Historical Update" and her annotations largely accurate. It might have been better if she had stated up front that she would continue Howard Brinton's focus on unprogrammed Friends as they are the most likely readers of an updated version. But the basic outlines are sound: the movement toward reunion in some yearly meetings; the formation of Friends United Meeting and Evangelical Friends International; the stagnant numbers in North America; and the tensions Friends have experienced over sexuality, abortion, universalism, and AFSC.

In short, this edition could have been better. One hopes that the next printing will correct the most egregious factual errors. But while these problems may be an occasion for embarrassment, they are not one for shame. Despite its faults, this is a volume that makes a real contribution.

—Thomas D. Hamm

Thomas D. Hamm is archivist and professor of history at Earlham College and a member of First Friends Meeting in New Castle, Ind. His book, The Quakers in America, *will be published by Columbia University Press in October 2003.*

Signs and Wonders

By Philip Gulley. Harper SanFrancisco, 2002. 224 pages. $17.95/hardcover.

This, the latest of Philip Gulley's tales set in fictional Harmony, Indiana, could have alternatively been titled "Sighs and Blunders"—not for Philip Gulley's storytelling, which sets just the right tone of welcome, but rather for the adventures of its characters.

Some of the sighs come from Barbara Gardner, the 1977 Lawrence Counry Tenderloin Queen, now turned long-suffering pastor's wife, and others are the result of Harvey and Eunice Muldock's silent wrestling with their son's unspoken, but very real, homosexuality. The blunders come from Sam Gardner, Barbara's husband, who doesn't accompany her on an all-expense-paid vacation to the Caribbean that she won in a radio contest, and Dale Hinshaw, whose latest mission consists of saving the world (or at least liberal Democrats in Chicago) via gospel balloons.

There are other sighs and blunders, as well, and they make for easy and sometimes

provocative reading. Philip Gulley is at his best when he lets his stories speak for themselves, which most of these do. It's too bad that he occasionally lapses into telling us what the point is, thereby robbing us of the epiphanies of grace that they would normally have. My only other criticism, and it's minor, is that *Signs and Wonders* is billed as a novel, which it isn't. There's no unifying thread or plot. Instead, it's more of a collection of Harmony tales. That's not bad; it worked for Jessamyn West's *Friendly Persuasion*, and it works here, too.

—Brent Bill

Brent Bill is the executive vice president of the Indianapolis Center for Congregations, assistant book review editor of FRIENDS JOURNAL, *and an attender of First Friends Meeting in Indianapolis.*

Nudged by the Spirit: Stories of People Responding to the Still, Small Voice of God

By Charlotte Lyman Fardelmann. Pendle Hill Publications, 2001. 275 pages. $17/paperback.

Nudged by the Spirit is a gently powerful book of leadings and discernment. It traces the stories of 15 Friends who have struggled to discern God's will and follow leadings onto farms, prisons, schools, prayer communities, and hospices from Auschwitz, Harlem, and Nagasaki, to Newton, Massachusetts, and Barnesville, Ohio. Included are School of the Spirit co-founder Kathryn Damiano, Pendle Hill sages Bill and Fran Taber, and Quaker healer John Calvi, among others.

As Quaker historian Marty Grundy points out in the introduction: "These stories are teaching tools to help us better understand the ways the Lord deals with us. They expand our understanding of the possibilities that may open to us. They point to the support we can offer to others who are being touched and led by the Spirit as we all seek to live the mystery of God's unconditional love for every human being. They help Friends and others know how to respect and respond to that of God in everyone."

Nudged by the Spirit is highly recommended for all meetinghouse libraries and high school-level First-day school classes, and as an adjunct to Quakerism 101 courses.

—Ellen Michaud

Ellen Michaud is the book review editor of FRIENDS JOURNAL *and a member of South Starksboro Meeting in Vermont.*

News

In the face of mounting tensions between the United States and North Korea, religious leaders from South Korea and the United States joined humanitarian experts on June 18 in calling for the U.S. government to promote a peaceful solution to the crisis. They pressed for the prompt reconvening of talks with North Korea and an end to the threat of preemptive force. As those talks address North Korea's nuclear program, they also must address the North's security concerns and economic and humanitarian needs, the religious leaders said. "A clear statement from the White House that North Korea will not be attacked will establish a political climate for progress in negotiations," they said. The appeal is the result of a three-day consultation on the Korea crisis, sponsored by the National Council of Churches in the USA and Church World Service. The consultation was attended by almost 80 Korea experts from churches, humanitarian agencies, the United Nations, academia, and other sectors from the United States, South Korea, Canada, and other countries. Visit <www.ncccusa.org>. —*Carol Fouke, NCC/CWS*

Citing a violation of international law, AFSC challenged a UN Security Council resolution granting the United States and its allies free hand over the government, oil resources, reconstruction, and aid in postwar Iraq. AFSC General Secretary Mary Ellen McNish said, "This resolution relegates the UN to a role that is largely symbolic. . . . For the United States and Great Britain—as belligerent powers—to appropriate or otherwise dispose of the oil or other natural resources of Iraq directly is a grave breach of The Hague Convention IV (Article 55) and the Fourth Geneva Convention (Article 147)." The May 22 UN resolution also lifted sanctions imposed on the country since the early 1990s that have severely damaged the Iraqi economy and infrastructure. However, human rights issues continue to be a major concern. For information on AFSC's work in Iraq visit <www.afsc.org/middleeast/peace/iraq.htm>.

The particular needs of women prisoners were highlighted in a statement made on behalf of Friends World Committee for Consultation at the 12th Meeting of the UN Crime Prevention and Criminal Justice Commission, held in Vienna, Austria, May 13–22, 2003. The statement addressed the need for rehabilitation and training programs, healthcare, and attention to the children of women prisoners. A majority of women in prison have one or more children under 16 years old. In addition, proportionate to the need, there are far too few resources for pregnant and nursing women prisoners. FWCC urged the Commission to bear in mind the treatment of women in prison in its consideration of the application of UN standards and norms in criminal justice. —*Nick McGeorge, FWCC delegation member, <n.mcgeorge@which.net>*

As a result of a workshop last October, taught by Bill Galvin from the Center on Conscience and War, Summit (N.J.) Meeting has organized a Clearness Subcommittee on Conscience and War, under the care of its Ministry and Counsel. The subcommittee plans to encourage teens in the meeting to think about their feelings regarding conscientious objection to military service, and offer instruction on preparing a file to support a CO claim. The subcommittee also will establish communication channels, through New York Yearly Meeting or through the GI Hotline, for those seeking assistance from outside the meeting. —*Summit (N.J.) Meeting newsletter*

Friends for Lesbian and Gay Concerns, at the Midwinter Gathering from February 15–17, decided to rename their community "Friends for Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, and Queer Concerns." A name change, intended to reflect the community's identity and commitments more clearly, had been under prayerful consideration for more than two years. Visit <www.quaker.org/flgc/>.

The Nonviolent Peaceforce is issuing 100,000 Peace Bonds that will sell for $10 each. All proceeds will go toward the development of the Nonviolent Peaceforce and funding for their pilot project in Sri Lanka. In 2010, when the bonds mature, investors will have a functioning peaceforce that will help defuse conflict around the world. Each investor will receive a Peace Bond certificate. Visit <www.nonviolentpeaceforce.org>. —*Peace Piece, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, June 2003*

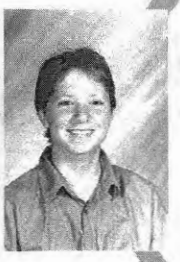
On June 18, James Matlack was recognized by U.S. Representative Bob Filner (Calif.), on the occasion of his retirement as director of the AFSC office in Washington, D.C. Before joining the AFSC staff, James Matlack spent two terms as vice chairman of its national board of directors. He was also presiding clerk of the Nationwide Peace Education Committee. In 1979, he was a member of the AFSC delegation to Vietnam and Cambodia, the first Western group to visit Phnom Penh after the fall of the Khmer Rouge. James Matlack has traveled to the Middle East, Central America, and Mexico on behalf of AFSC. In 1983, he became director of the AFSC Washington office, where he has worked on a wide range of AFSC domestic and international issues. —*AFSC*

This year the Trustees of the Clarence and Lilly Pickett Endowment for Quaker Leadership Awarded Project Grants to Six Nominees

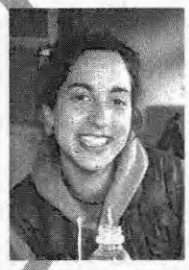
Our toughest job was turning down fine leadership nominees simply because our endowment income ran out. [Grants vary from $1500 to $4000.]

Brynne Howard, Des Moines Valley, Des Moines, IA

Julian O'Reilly, Twin Cities Mtg, Minneapolis, MN



Ben Waxman Chestnut Hill Mtg Philadelphia, PA



Sarah Kaufman, Germantown Mtg, Philadelphia, PA

Lauren Mitchell, Asheville Mtg, Asheville, NC

Kirsten Bohl, Clear Creek Mtg, Richmond, IN

To submit nominations for 2004 [deadline Jan. 15] or contribute to the endowment, contact

Allen Bowman
William Penn University
201 Trueblood Avenue
Oskaloosa, IA 52577
Phone: 641-673-4190.
E-mail: abmb4190@kdsi.net,
or visit our website at
http://www.wmpenn.edu/PennWeb/

Trustees: Allen Bowman [coordinator], Gretchen Castle, Carolyn Pickett Miller, Bridget Moix, Michael Moyer,James Newby, Doris Jean Newlin, Wilmer Tjossem (clerk.)

Bulletin Board

Upcoming Events

•September 26–28—Missouri Valley Friends Conference

•October 2–5—German Yearly Meeting

•October 9–13—Friends Committee on Unity with Nature annual gathering. <www.fcun.org>.

•October 10–12—Amnesty International's annual National Weekend of Faith in Action on the Death Penalty, to take place in religious communities throughout the country. If you or your meeting wish to participate, contact coordinator Kristin Houle at <khoule@aiusa.org>. Visit <www.amnestyusa.org/abolish/faithinaction>.

•October 10–13—Young Quakes Conference, an experience in the unprogrammed Friends tradition to explore Quaker Biblical roots and the Christian and universalist expressions of Quaker faith, at Bethany Hills Camp, near Nashville, Tenn. Visit <www.fgcquaker.org>.

Opportunities/Resources

•The United States Institute of Peace is accepting applications for fellowships to study issues related to the prevention, management, and resolution of international conflicts. Fellows will pursue their research at the institute, in Washington, D.C., for up to ten months. Scholars, policy makers, journalists, and foreign affairs professionals from all nations are eligible. Deadline for applications: September 15. For further details visit <www.usip.org/fellowship/srfellows.html>.

•YouthQuake 2003, a conference for Young Friends ages 14 to 20 from all Quaker traditions, will be held in Estes Park, Colo., December 27, 2003, to January 1, 2004. Information about the conference and who to contact for registrations forms and travel arrangements can be found at <www.youthquake.org>. Registrations received by September 15 will receive a discount. No registrations will be accepted after October 15.

•Friends Schools Day of Peace will take place in Philadelphia, Pa., on April 4, 2004. If you would like to be part of the coordinating commitree, or if you have any questions or concerns, please contact Tom Hoopes at <tomh@pym.org> or John McKinstry at <john.mckinstry@westtown.edu>. Friends at a great distance from Philadelphia are warmly encouraged to sponsor events on the same day, to create a shared day of peace education and peace celebration that stretches across the country.

Afghanistan *continued from page 9*

One program which CARE discussed in 1998–99 but unfortunately never managed to develop and get funded was a forum for dialogue between Taliban scholars of Islamic law and scholars of international human rights. It would have been designed to explore in depth the basis of controversial Taliban positions, and to explore the commonalties and conflicts between shari'a and international human rights charters and law. In that many of the most extreme Taliban policies sprang more from Pushtun culture than Islamic teaching, such a forum would have tried to help Taliban leaders to acknowledge and deal with the non-Islamic basis of many of their beliefs. It could have been a bridge between the reclusive Taliban and a poorly informed outside world.

Especially during the present administration, the United States seems determined to force its will by preemptive use of precision-guided weapons of significant destruction and quite explicitly *not* by treaties, courts, and procedures of international law. The weapons and the destruction are impressive, but the long-term consequences highly questionable.

We in the humanitarian community may not have preferred the "American War" as a response to Afghanistan's problems. But it has happened and we are left with its aftermath and questions of what to do now.

I have joined other voices in calling for an international security force to help Afghanistan develop and deploy a multiethnic, nonfactional Afghan security force throughout the country. I do not think that peace and security can ultimately come to Afghanistan until the warlords and private militias are replaced with a professional, disciplined, multiethnic, nonfactional, paid security force, and in Afghanistan this will probably include an army. I do see a legitimate role in Afghanistan for a disciplined force with guns for some time. But I also believe that ultimately sustainable peace will depend on offering a better life without armed coercion for generations of people who have known little else. And that can only come through a patient and sustained effort of engagement—and a determination to seek and "see truth" in the imagery of Hafez. ❑

Milestones

Marriages/Unions

Moses–Brandt—*Judith A. (Jude) Brandt* and *Grace L. Moses,* on May 31, 2003, at and under the care of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, of which Jude is a member and Grace an attender.

Deaths

Cope—*Anne Davis Cope*, 56, on March 24, 2003, in Cornwall, Pa. She was born on June 29, 1946, in West Chester, Pa., the daughter of public school teachers Jane D. Stanton Cope and Robert W. Cope. With an outstanding memory for detail, Anne could recite hits of poetry or song pertaining to whatever topic was at hand. As a teenager she spent a summer living and working on her aunt and uncle's farm, helping to care for her younger cousins. Later, as a mother, she would open her home to her children's boarding school friends. A 1963 graduate of Schwenksville High School, she attended Wilson College for two years before transferring to University of Pennsylvania, where she studied German and History. As a young adult Anne spent six weeks on an AFSC Peace Caravan traveling to different cities and talking about peace issues. At an AFSC weekend workcamp she met Peter Ogle, who became her husband and the father of her two children. After her separation from Peter, Anne met Hi Doty, with whom she shared a passion for peace and equality issues. They were together for more than 17 years, living in an old Chadds Ford farmhouse that provided Anne with many opportunities to develop her fix-it skills. Anne was an indexer of medical books and journals, working part-time while raising her children, then full-time after Hi died. She met her last partner, David Amundson, through her indexing work, and they lived and worked together for 13 years. Anne lived simply and frugally, making the basic beautiful. She trusted way would open, and approached life with the courage to make the best of things. She sang folk songs about peace and justice and played piano, guitar, and recorder. She created handmade treasures, such as intricate picture sweaters and mittens for her three grandchildren. Her whole-wheat bread was an essential part of any potluck, and she made the past come alive with her stories about local and family history. In 2002 Anne wrote, "I have been lucky in life. I've always had a roof over my head, clothes on my back, food, a safe place to be, and interesting things to do. I had good health until leukemia struck. I have had people around me whom I have loved and who loved me. I have no complaint against fate." Anne is survived by her partner, David Amundson; children, Margaret S. Ogle Welsh and partner Scott W. Welsh, and Jonathan K. Ogle and partner Heather R. Gosse; stepchildren, Carol D. Doty and Riley B. Doty; grandchildren, Benjamin P. Welsh, Stephen J. Welsh, and Anna K. Welsh; and a sister, Esther S. Cope.

Ferguson—*Meta Ruth Ferguson*, 95, on March 7, 2003, in San Diego, Calif. She was born in Sedgewick County, Kansas, on July 14, 1907, to Sylvester and Cora Ferguson. Meta Ruth's first years were spent in Colorado, but by the time she was two, the family had returned to Kansas. Meta Ruth had begun practicing self-discipline by the time she was five; when a friend broke her doll she

could clearly recall telling herself, "I mustn't hate her. I must still love her. I am a Quaker, and Quakers don't hate." Meta Ruth earned a bachelor's degree at Friends University, expecting to become a teacher. When no positions were available, she found her true calling in religious education. For the rest of her life, she worked among Quakers and other religious groups, developing curricula and materials, leading workshops, teaching, writing, and studying, and becoming acquainted with Friends and other religious workers throughout the country. At home in major cities and small communities throughout the U.S., Meta Ruth never drove a car. She attended Hartford Theological Seminary and was active in Friends World Committee for Consultation, as well as in yearly meetings wherever she lived. In her later work, which took her to almost every yearly meeting, she said she had a special feeling when visiting Intermountain Yearly Meeting. Meta Ruth, who wrote poetry throughout her life, became senior editor of the Penn Series, widely used in children's religious education throughout North American Quakerism, and editor of the "Children's Page" in *Quaker Life* magazine. In this work she used the rich background of family stories from her childhood, covering incidents in the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, and the journey of two generations moving to the West. In Chicago she created a series for radio and television. Although she maintained membership in Evanston (Ill.) Meeting, when she retired and moved to Southern California she became an active part of La Jolla Meeting. There she served on several committees of Pacific Yearly Meeting and became deeply involved with the Quaker spiritual quest, as well as with religion and psychology groups. She was interested in art, and took art courses throughout her life; many Friends treasure her carefully drawn greeting cards. Her life reflected her belief in the divine seed in every person. She leaves no survivors.

Gardener—*Laurie Gardener*, 51, on April 20, 2003, in Portland, Oreg. The oldest of five children, she was born Laurie Louise Foster in Longview, Wash., but changed her name to Gardener because she believed that she was her best self when she was working in her garden. In the early 1970s Laurie attended Multnomah Meeting. She met Jami Hart in Redding, Calif., and they were first married on September 1, 1976, through the Redding Metropolitan Community Church. On September 2, 1989, Laurie and Jami had a ceremony of remarriage under the care of Multnomah Meeting, which welcomed Laurie as a member in 1994. She was actively involved in AFSC and was a member of the executive committee of the Pacific Northwest region of AFSC. Committed to social change, Laurie was a founding member of the Women's Bookstore Collective in Portland, Oreg., and was instrumental in setting up Feminist Women's Health Centers there and in Redding, Calif. A union member and shop steward, she worked for ten years as a case manager for homeless people and for teenage mothers at the Portland YWCA, and she taught customer service skills to unemployed teen parents. Most recently she was a child support agent for the Oregon State Department of Justice. Laurie's wisdom and generosity touched many grateful people, who remember her as a wise woman and a moral compass. Her fine mind evinced itself in the wide range of her reading choices and her

Listening Tour on Gay and Lesbian Concerns in the U.S. Religious Society of Friends

What can Friends say about gay and lesbian issues? What are our beliefs regarding family, sexuality, and close relationships? How are we called to minister to one another? What is the experience of gay and lesbian Friends in our churches and meetings? How shall we discern God's guidance with regard to issues that divide us deeply?

Interviews with individuals will be conducted in Iowa, Oregon, California, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, and Ohio/Indiana in Fall 2003. Friends will be invited to reflect on their experiences, convictions, and leadings, and to situate these in relation to Quaker testimonies and to their faith and spiritual practice.

Please contact Kirsten Bohl at kirstenbohl@yahoo.com or 919-489-3280 if you would like to arrange an interview. Letters responding to the questions above are also welcomed by email, or may be sent to 2745 Dogwood Road, Durham, NC 27705. Interviews and letters will be compiled into a book that reflects as fully as possible the diversity of Friends' views on gay and lesbian issues.

This project is made possible by grants from two Quaker organizations, the Lyman Fund and the Clarence and Lilly Pickett Fund for Quaker Leadership.

Guidelines for Writers

The articles that appear in FRIENDS JOURNAL are freely given; authors receive copies of the issue in which their article appears. Manuscripts submitted by non-Friends are welcome. We prefer articles written in a fresh, nonacademic style, using language that clearly includes both sexes. We appreciate receiving Quaker-related humor.

- maximum 8–10 double-spaced, typewritten pages (2,500 words)
- include references for all quotations
- author's name and address should appear on the manuscript
- for the full guidelines, see <www.friendsjournal.org>

Submissions are acknowledged immediately; however, writers may wait several months to hear whether their manuscripts have been accepted.

For more information contact Robert Dockhorn, Senior Editor.

FRIENDS JOURNAL 1216 Arch St., 2A Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835

Telephone (215) 563-8629
E-mail: info@friendsjournal.org

dry wit. A few weeks before she died, Laurie said she wanted her obituary to read: "Laurie Louise Gardener, born September 2, 1951. I was here, I was queer, and it was important to me, my dear." Her influence on her extended family is indelible; to her four siblings, she will remain their rock and their Bible. Laurie is survived by her spouse, Jami Hart; her daughter, Felicia Ann Nelson; a stepson, Jon Hart; her mother, Virginia Mae (Baugh) Foster; four siblings, Lois Marie Foster, Julia Lynn Spatz, Tracy Ann Livermore, and Robert Laurence Foster Jr.; two granddaughters; two stepgrandchildren; and two nieces. She was predeceased by her father, Robert Laurence Foster.

Nicholson—*Mary Ann Lippincott Nicholson*, 76, on February 3, 2003, in Kennett Square, Pa. Mary Ann was born to Albert and Marion Warner Lippincott in Philadelphia, Pa., on November 16, 1926. She grew up on a farm in Marlton, N.J., and in that environment her lively spirit, practical abilities, and keen sense of propriety took shape. She loved spending time in the woods where she was inspired to create imaginative dramas with imaginary playmates. She graduated from George School in 1944 and from Earlham College in 1948, where she met James Nicholson, with whom she found a common interest in the college theater. They were married in 1950 and lived briefly in Pittsburgh, Pa., and Richmond, Va., before settling in Belmont, Mass., where they lived for three decades. They were active members of Friends Meeting at Cambridge, in which she was involved in the committees concerned with its First-day school, library, and the maintenance of its hospitable Friends Center. After graduating from college she taught for two years at Moorestown (N.J.) Friends School, and later in schools in Pittsburgh and Belmont. She brought theater into her classrooms and wrote and published numerous plays for children that were performed in schools and children's theaters. Mary Ann's interest in genealogy began when she started to raise her own family. Eventually she compiled extensive histories of her family and her husband's. Increasingly, she was consulted for her expertise in Quaker records. She wrote numerous articles for genealogical publication. She was an active volunteer for many years in the New England Historic Genealogical Society, which published her book on the family of Daniel Shays of "Shays' Rebellion" fame at the time of the bicentennial of the Constitution. In 1994, the Society awarded her a lifetime membership to honor her service. Mary Ann was quiet, resourceful, alert to what ought to be done in any situation, and determined to avoid imposing upon others. Her opinions were felt and expressed with conviction. She was blessed with a ready sense of humor and a hearty laugh. While subject to a long, progressive illness affecting both body and mind, she died at home, as was her wish. She is survived by her husband, James (Tim) Nicholson, and three daughters, Suzanne Nicholson, Betsy Nicholson, and Nancy Nicholson, and their families.

Thatcher—*Osa Monette (Moey) Hunkins Thatcher*, 81, on February 21, 2003, in Eugene, Oreg. Moey was born in Hot Springs, S. Dak., to Ralph and Osa Hunkins on March 7, 1921. When she was 18 months old, the family moved to Lead, S. Dak., a small mining town. Moey had fond memories of life in Lead, where her only ups and downs were the hilly streets, and on winter mornings she was able to ride a sled all the way to school. She particularly enjoyed her teenage years in Lead, where almost everyone was working-class, and there were so many nationalities that all the kids were included equally in the fun. After high school she went to University of Minnesota to become a teacher. While there she met Ed Thatcher. During World War II Ed was sent to Civilian Public Service in a camp near Ames, Iowa, and after graduation Moey found her first teaching position in Ames near his CPS camp, where Ed's buddies helped the couple create a simple wedding ceremony. After the war the young family moved from place to place following Ed's employment at various colleges. Moey recalled a period of unemployment as one of the few difficult times in her life. The family spent a year in St. Paul while Ed went to library school, and then moved to Eugene, Oreg. Moey looked upon pregnancy and childbirth as a great adventure and enjoyed her role as a mother. At that time in Eugene the fledgling Friends meeting was rapidly growing, and Moey became active in plans for a new building at the same time she and Ed bought the house that was to be their home for more than half a century. Moey's interests included service on the League of Women Voters, AFSC, and the Klamath Indian Committee at the time of the dissolution of the tribe. She opened her home to many visitors, including temporarily homeless folks and troubled young people needing welcome. She was active in Eugene Meeting, North Pacific Yearly Meeting, and Quarterly Meeting, sometimes taking the role of clerk. She was part of the committee that worked for eight years to write the NPYM *Faith and Practice*. After returning to work as a substitute teacher and taking courses to become a counselor, Moey worked at Planned Parenthood and for family counseling services. She reluctantly retired early to travel with Ed when he retired, to Nigeria, England, New Zealand, and throughout Europe. When her own parents retired they bought the house next door so their daughter could help them in their old age. When her mother died while Moey was reading aloud to her, she sensed the expansion of her mother's spirit. This experience contributed to Moey's unwavering belief that death is a passage into something eternal, and not to be feared. Moey was predeceased by her husband, Ed Thatcher. She is survived by her children, Carl, Ellen, Osa, and Jay Thatcher; and eight grandchildren.

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 guaranree publication date. For full guidelines visit <www.friendsjournal.org>, e-mail <departments @friendsjournal.org> or see p. 2 for other contact information.

The Westtown School Community Seeks Quaker Students

Support for young Friends who want to be part of this picture.

The Sally Barton Leadership Scholar Grants

Sally Barton grants ($2,000 each) are available to Young Friends who are applying as boarding students and who have been active in the life of their Monthly meeting.

Founded in 1799 , Westtown is a Quaker coed day (Pre-K–10TH) and boarding (9–12TH) school serving 750 students on a 600-acre campus near West Chester Pennsylvania:

- 21% of our students are Quaker
- 18% are students of color
- 14% are children of alumni
- 13% are international students
- Our students come from 20 states and 20 countries
- 33% receive financial aid

For information or an application, contact the Westtown School Admissions Office.

WESTTOWN

For Two Hundred Years

Phone 610-399-7900

Email: admissions@westtown.edu

www.westtown.edu

create victims. So we advocate using service and diplomacy in our diligent search for personal and societal preventive measures.

I learned about Afghanistan during 15 years spent in India. Its efforts for education and progress have long been unable to alter an essentially violent society. Why then would U.S. bombing succeed?

What I hope and work for is that our own violent society will recognize the influence of the profitable military-industrial complex. It promotes a sorry reliance on force as a solution to complex problems. Quaker efforts, by contrast, can influence neighbors, friends, and even our representatives to give peaceful means more of a chance.

Helen D Corneli
Santa Fe, N. M.

There's hope in the Quaker vision

Scott Simon's article (*FJ* May) presents a challenge to Friends. I struggled with a response.

One evening, several months ago, I was too tired to do anything productive, so I turned on the TV and got hooked on an old Western, starring Clint Eastwood. His wife is killed and he is left with a child. He sets out by himself to find the four suspect killers who are the bandit bad guys. He takes the law into his own hands, kills off the bad guys one by one, is given a hero's welcome when he returns to town, and gets a beautiful woman besides. Walter Wink has called this the "myth [false belief] of redemptive violence." This is a dominant theme in United Stares society, including our foreign policy.

Scott Simon presents Afghanistan as a very enticing example. The Taliban was a brutally repressive, murderous regime. The U.S. comes along, takes the law into its own hands, defeats the Taliban with very few civilian or military deaths, and the world is a better place as a result: Afghanistan is now a free country. Women are no longer suppressed and there is freedom of religion and even politics. Also, we are safer because of the breakup of some of the al-Qaida terror network. It sonnds so good: redemptive violence at its best. How do I respond?

Scott Simon makes no mention of the religious aspect of our Peace Testimony. I came to believe war was wrong before I joined the Religious Society of Friends. I could not understand how the fundamentalist Christian church in which I was raised could support war and claim to

believe the teachings and life example of Jesus. Jesus lived in a country occupied by a military that was brutal and repressive. He rejected violence as a solution. He preached and lived an alternative approach. Early Quakers appealed to this power of Christ as the reason for rejecting violence. They referred to the "spirit of Christ by which we are guided" and quoted Isaiah and Micah: "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." (Isa 2:4, Mic 4:3)

Simon appeals to the practical, not the religious. What about the practical? There are questions about Afghanistan he does not address: refugees, the destroyed infrastructure, and the torture and murder of hundreds of imprisoned Taliban soldiers (article in *The Guardian*, 3/25/03). Afghanistan is a desperately poor country. Simon makes a brief allusion to this. For example, it has a high infant mortality rate, and of those children dying, at least in one province, one-third die of malnutrition and one-third from measles. Refugees, poverty, and the destroyed infrastructure were present before the U.S. war, but all are made worse by that war. It is too soon to tell how the futnre in Afghanistan will evolve. It is also too early to know if terrorism has been reduced and the world is safer, as Scott Simon claims.

He says, quoting Asia Bennett, that Quakers are good at recognizing injustice but not evil. This is clever but not true. I would counter that the U.S. is good at identifying evil in others but not good at identifying or admitting the evil of our own governmental actions. Our military and CIA have been instrumental either covertly or overtly in establishing and/or supporting the Shah of Iran, Saddam Hussein in Iraq, Augusto Pinochet in Chile, Anastasio Somoza in Nicaragua, the death squads in Guatemala and El Salvador, and more. We continue to give armaments to countries that have repressive regimes. Scott Simon dismisses past U.S. support of the Taliban. He quotes Gandhi, saying that circumstances change and we all change onr minds. But what about past U.S. support of Osama bin Laden? The U.S. funded and helped recruit and train his forces even in U.S. cities (See Gabriel Kolko, *Another Century of War*, pp. 48–49).

Violence in the U.S. is a serious problem, called an epidemic by the American Medical Association. All one has to do is read the paper every night. We have aggrieved workers killing fellow workers, and students, killing other students and teachers. The killers, in their view, have just causes. Redemptive violence is repeated. The causes

of violence in the U.S. are complex but certainly, at least subliminally, citizens could think they are justified in following the example ser forth by our government: violence for a just cause is all right.

Scott Simon ends by referring to "Peace advocates who excuse the crimes of al-Qaida as their response to injustice. . . ." and that "Urging peace at any price will leave terrorists in place and insure more crimes of terrorism." Both are untrue. Peace advocates I know do neither. The truth is that the U.S. has exported violence, war, and arms for decades, and on September 11, 2001, the terrorism came back to our shores to haunt us. It is scary. I am scared. As I write, the nation has just again been put on high alert. The solution is not more of the same, as Scott Simon advocates. More violence as in Afghanistan and Iraq will not stop terrorism. We are the strongest military nation in the world and have never been less safe. Why can't we seem to grasp the need for a change in direction? Somewhere, sometime, we have to stand up and say,
"No more."

We need to use the many alternatives already out there and use our enormous resources to find new alternatives to violence as a solution instead of more war. Simon gives little hope for any change in the military- and violence-dominated world. I see a lot of hope in the Quaker peace vision, application of the teachings of Jesus, and the use of the many alternatives to violence already known.

Rich Van Dellen
Rochester, Minn.

Let's see ourselves as others see us

My friend Nils Pearson has shown me the draft of his letter (*FJ* Forum Aug.) to you, Scott Simon, and so I am prompted to add my own paragraph or two. My remarks are more mundane than Nils's. I am not going to talk about God.

Perhaps you will be inclined to lump me with the Howard Zinn/Noam Chomsky school of analysis. Well, I'll save you the trouble by lumping myself in that company. It seems to me Professors Chomsky and Zinn have been trying for decades to tell us that the United States is a nation with two distinct faces. One face is the familiar one of the Bill of Rights, of which we are justly proud, and the other is the face retired General Smedley Butler wrote about when he described his tenure in the Marine Corps as that of "being a high-class muscle man for Big Business, for Wall Street, and for the

bankers. In short, I was a racketeer for capitalism. . . ." (Quoted in *American Empire: The Political Ethics of Twentieth-Century Conquest* by John M. Swomly, Jr., p. 150).

It is no news to say that the U.S. has meddled, intervened, organized, and bullied in a multitude of countries around the world—El Salvador, Nicaragua, Chile, Cuba, Vietnam, Angola, Congo, Iran, Indonesia, China, Afghanistan, and Iraq—to name only a few. The Taliban *was* repressive. Saddam Hussein *was* a dictator. And the U.S. had a hand (as in the creation of al-Qaida) in making them what they were. The U.S. has funded, equipped, and trained untold thousands of mercenaries to carry on its dirty work—its dreadfully bloody dirty work—on behalf not of the Bill of Rights, but of corporate power and "strategic interests." (Osama bin Laden is, at least in part, the creation of Zbigniew Brzezinski's effort during the Carter administration to provide the Soviet Union with its very own Vietnam in Afghanistan.)

If the peace community is naive, at times, about nonviolence—a charge I would not dispute—you, Scott Simon, are naive about the moral rightness of U.S. military power, naive about its true function and intent.

In the end peace and freedom are spread not by being the world's only superpower with nuclear weapons and a first-strike doctrine, but by more deeply living the democratic vision of the Peaceable Kingdom.

We in this country tend to believe we are the cream of the crop, the light of the world, and we are aghast when people elsewhere seem to hate us for no apparent reason. Perhaps there's nothing more morally pressing than a good, long, painful look at ourselves through the eyes of those Smedley Butler crushed. The question is: are we spiritually strong enough to look through those eyes? Or are we too fully infatuated with the reflection of our collective white hat?

Paul Gilk
Merrill, Wis.

Recognizing evil

The article by Scott Simon (*FJ* May) provides much thought and real-life experiences for Friends to ponder.

His advocacy of selective pacifism is something that some Friends may endorse but probably most of us cannot. A full response to that aspect of his article could become quite lengthy. The short answer may be to direct him to faithful statements by Friends, such as the New York Yearly Meeting's *Faith and Practice*'s statement on

why Friends repudiate war: "We repudiate war because it violates the primacy of love, destroys lives that God has given, and tears at the fabric of society. War is a test of power, not a search for truth or justice. We thus urge the use of peaceful methods, consistent with the ends we seek, which may heal the hates and hurts of individuals and nations."

We should notice it says "may" heal. There's no guarantee. Only God's love is guaranteed.

Scott Simon had a good point when he quoted Asia Bennett to the effect that we Friends are very good at recognizing injustice, but not always good about recognizing evil. Perhaps Friends should be a little more upfront in labeling evil for what it is. Part of the problem is deciding where to look to identify evil. Evil has frequently appeared in our very midst, by us and our friends, as much as by our enemies.

Being citizens in a democracy, we in the U.S. have a particular responsibility to identify evil policies and actions in which the United States is directly or indirectly involved. Here are just a few evil actions and policies in which our country was involved that were not labeled as such either by National Public Radio, in general, or by Scott Simon, in particular:

- Brutal murders and massacres of their own people by army officers in Latin American countries who had been trained at the School of the Americas, under the U.S. army at Fort Benning, Georgia. For example, the massacre in December 1981 at El Mozote, El Salvador, reported by Mark Danner in the *New Yorker* in horrifying detail.
- Murders and atrocities committed by the U.S.-paid and U.S.-directed contras in Nicaragua against civilians, including health workers and schoolteachers, during the 1980s.
- Direct CIA involvement in the overthrow of Salvador Allende's democratically elected government in Chile in 1973. The resulting military rule of General Augusto Pinochet resulted in many, many documented cases of torture and disappearances, not to mention drastic curtailment of civil liberties.
- The CIA overthrow of the democratically elected government of Jacobo Arbenz in Guatemala in 1954, thus ending ten years of "spring" in which Guatemalans enjoyed for the first time a democratic government. This was followed by a sequence of brutal military dictators, who by and large received support from the United States. The fall of the democratic regime in Guatemala coincided with the birth and proliferation of death squads in that country,

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO 35933 PHILADELPHIA PA

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

FRIENDS
JOURNAL

1216 ARCH ST STE 2A
PHILADELPHIA PA 19107-9370

as well as in El Salvador.

Scott Simon feels that in the face of the kind of evil represented by the Taliban, the United States had an absolute right and duty to make war on Afghanistan if for no other reason than our own survival. What would he propose in the face of the evil acts and policies formulated in CIA offices or in U.S. corporate boardrooms that lead directly to terrifying human rights abuses in other countries? War? Or, because the evil has originated in our own country, are we simply to remain silent? Yes, we Quakers do need to call actions evil when they are evil, whether the perpetrators belong to foreign governments or our own.

Andrew C. Mills
Lower Gwynedd, Pa.

We need international policing, not war

My response to Scott Simon (*FJ* May) is to propose that the world must not accept the violence of wars, but seek only nonviolent solutions. How can the world form an international body that would exercise police functioning among nations that would stop evildoers? Must we continue to have military forces to "take out" evil and then bring the evildoers to justice? Scott Simon seems to dismiss the development of an international system of justice and policing as ineffective.

Many of us would prefer such an international system, just as we accept police and the limitation of police power in our society. Why do we as a nation approve sending a military force with its terrorizing firepower and the subsequent acceptance of "collateral damage?" It has been a dangerous habit of U.S. society (and many others) to rush into short-term solutions. We lack the patience, the planning, and the persistence to develop long-range planning for cooperation for the future good. We know that a civilized society will not—does not—permit its police to use helicopter gunships using rockets against civilian cars and to enter neighborhoods with tanks to crush and enter civilian homes. How should, or can, we allow other nation-states to exercise such violence? I'm sure that many remember the outrage after Philadelphia police used a helicopter to drop a bomb on the MOVE house a decade ago.

I will continue to support actions that encourage local, national, and international groups to formulate a consensus that will make possible such nonviolent solutions to conflict. There will be many different views as to the format of the solution, such as the

International Court of Justice and the International Criminal Court. Our country needs to accept their jurisdiction. There is work to be done, politically and diplomatically, before the world can have justice and be able to have nonviolent solutions. Sometimes we have very wide differences among Friends about how we put our principles into action, but I know we have the patience and persistence to find our way as we respect the Truth and mind the Spirit.

I feel that I am to witness to groups as I am able, to bring about a community of persons to change things for the better. This Friend finds himself among Friends unwilling to compromise the principle of nonviolence or to allow military force to replace police action. We would limit the violence of police power with judicial and civilian control.

Charles Peterson
Newtown, Pa.

Only God knows

I read Scott Simon's article (*FJ* May) with great interest. I've listened to Friend Scott's reporting on National Public Radio for many years, have often been glad for his sensitivity, and have been privately proud of this Friend in high places. However, even this thorough and sympathetic reporter has missed something about our Peace Testimony: it isn't about being logically convinced, or even about what each of us can see and feel. I, too, grieve for the horrors visited on the peoples of Bosnia, Afghanistan, and Iraq. I, too, am disgusted by what people can do to each other. I, too, see that in the short run it appears that putting the U.S. in charge can stop the killing, the rape, and the torture. But that isn't the end of the story. History isn't simple. Horrifically, it still may be true that even while the U.S. empire seems to be bringing peace, its reverberations through the next century will be endless war, endless suffering, and nearly endless hate and death. The point is that only God knows. And the ministry of our gathered meetings is that God still calls us to testify to the power of nonviolence, and the wrongness of war. That's enough for me.

Warren Ostrom
Shoreline, Wash.

Spiritual and secular realms

I was interested to read Scott Simon's response to his critics (*FJ* May). Basically, he seems to be telling us that Jesus' message of

love for one's enemies is irrelevant in the real world. In my view, Scott Simon needs to understand that this magazine is written by, and for, Quakers, and that as Quakers we are called upon to recognize God's Truth, which transcends mortal existence. For us, the physical world and the spiritual world are both real, and so the spiritual argument requires a response. Scott Simon says that violence is necessary if we are to survive. In my view, physical survival without spiritual survival is meaningless. As Jesus says in Matthew 16:26, "And how do you benefit if you gain the whole world but lose your own soul in the process?"

Concerning the war in Afghanistan, Scott Simon seems to gloss over the fact that the U.S. and other Western governments willingly traded with the Taliban while it was engaged in the atrocities of which he speaks. He doesn't see that U.S. policy may have helped the Taliban to retain power, nor does he see that if the U.S. and other industrial nations had refused to deal with the Taliban (or better yet, if they had held out incentives predicated upon human rights improvements), its reign of terror might have ended without bloodshed. Historically, U.S. foreign policy in Third-World nations seems to display a frightening pattern. We often reward injustice, and our response when things go bad is always the same—bomb the heck out of them, and don't worry about why our policies failed. Scott Simon acknowledges this, but he fails to reach any conclusion, stating without any logical argument that a consistent foreign policy compounds the problem. On the contrary, if the U.S. had a more consistent foreign policy in regard to the Taliban it might never have been necessary to intervene militarily. Rewarding oppression for years and then suddenly acting as if we are appalled only sends a message that the U.S. is amoral. This is no way to conduct a rational foreign policy.

Scott Simon says he knows the bromides of pacifism. He says this while glossing over the fact that a failed foreign policy strategy followed by a violent bombing campaign only serves to multiply the violence. He also conveniently ignores the fact that the use of violence sows the seeds for recurring vengeance—a cycle of violence. His article presupposes that there are evil regimes, and that we need to bomb the heck out of them in order to safeguard democracy. When innocent people die, that's too bad, but at least it's for a good cause. No need to look for any context, no need to look for preventive solutions—Scott Simon's world is black-and-white, and the solution to difficult problems is to kill people in order

to save them. This seems to be a 21st-century variation of the Albigensian crusader's maxim: "Kill them all, God will know his own." At the end of the article, he uses the oft-repeated straw man argument, saying that peace advocates "excuse the crimes of al-Qaida." Scott Simon certainly knows the bromides of militarism.

Ian Cooper
Wakefield, Mass.

Pacifism vs. passivism

This letter is in response to Scott Simon's article (*FJ* May). He starts out by admitting that his position statement on the U.S. invasion of Afghanistan was also published in *Soldier of Fortune.* While I am thankful that he gave his payment from that magazine to the AFSC, I am curious as to why he allowed his text to be published in that forum. Was it to present himself as a "pragmatic" or "realistic" Quaker to the militaristic readers of that journal?

He then claims to respect every Friend's personal conviction, while later belittling those who recite the Peace Testimony as "inflexible political ideologues" who have not "reassessed their own thinking since Joni Mitchell's first *Greatest Hits* album." I also distinctly remember hearing him on his radio show mock the peace activists who were coming to Washington, D.C., in the spring of 2002 for a rally on the Mall. He made fun of what would be the appropriate clothes to wear and songs to sing for the rally. Scott Simon declares that he has changed his thinking about war and peace as a "result of working aronnd the world as a journalist for more than two decades, often in zones of conflict." He no longer echoes the "bromides of pacifism." Well, duriug the past 33 years, my views have changed as well: ftom startiug off as a religious pacifist who was willing to register 1-A-O if drafted, to an absolute pacifist, who sees that all wars, in my lifetime at least, have been unjust, and who sees that the militarization of the U.S. has corrupted our sociery.

No self-respectiug pacifist would excuse the crimes of al-Qaida, the Taliban, or Saddam Hussein, nor would one argue that Afghanis or Iraqis are better off now because of our military invasions. But the ends still don't justify the means (another bromide). War is still immoral, and as the pope says, war signifies "a failure of humanity." And I must ask: will the Afghanis and Iraqis stay better off? First, a low-inrensity conflict is still ongoing in Afghanistan; second, because of the lack of opportunities in Afghanistan, opium production has increased dramatically; and third, the U.S. has yet to commit much to cleaning up our mess and rebuilding Afghanistan.

Later in his article, Scott Simon disparages peace activism by focusing on Charles Lindbergh and George Bernard Shaw. I question why he chose to cite these two men who are not usually thought of a being prominent, historic peace activists. Charles Lindbergh especially was better known as a Nazi apologist. Instead, why didn't Scott Simon cite a Quaker or other prominent religious peace activist?

Scott Simon was able to oppose military responses until September 11, 2001, since the previous conflicts in Central America and elsewhere did not directly affect our country. No more; now he supports the expedient military response. The International Criminal Court was formed to deal with organized crime networks like al-Qaida, but then, the Bush administration doesn't support the ICC.

No true pacifist wants peace at any price, but instead, love at all costs. We want peace with justice, which does not come easy or cheap. And while terrorist strikes make "no distinctions between Quakers and Pentagon generals," our bombs and cruise missiles make no distinctions between combatants and children, soldiers and wedding parties, generals and reporters, and so on.

I fully recognize the evil that exists around the world. Evil allows unchecked militarism to redirect money that could be spent to end starvation and poverty, to provide decent housing and education, to end the fear of recruitment of children into the military, and to prevent the landscape from beiug littered with mines or poisoned by chemical nuclear debris.

Daniel G. Cole
Middletown, Md.

FRIENDS JOURNAL welcomes Forum contributions. Please try to be brief so we may include as many as possible. Limit letters to 300 words. Viewpoiut is limited to 1,000 words. Full writer's quidelines may be found at <www.friendsjourual.org>. Addresses are omitted to maiutain the author's privacy; those wishing to correspond directly with authors may send letters to FRIENDS JOURNAL to be forwarded. Authors' names are not to be used for personal or organizational solicitation. —*Eds.*

Classified

For information call (215) 563-8629.
Fax (215) 568-1377.
E-mail: adsales@friendsjournal.org

Classified rates 75¢ per word. Minimum charge is $20. Logo is additional $18. Add 10% if boxed. 10% discount for three consecutive insertions, 25% for six. Appearance of any advertisement does not imply endorsement by *Friends Journal.*

Classified Ad Deadlines:

November issue: September 15
December issue: October 13

Submit your ad to:
Advertising Manager, *Friends Journal*
1216 Arch Street, 2A
Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835
(215) 563-8629

Accommodations

Alaska: B&B cabins in woodsy setting near: Fairbanks, fishing, canoeing, hiking, hot springs. Reservations: (907) 488-8074. Brochure available: Earthtone Huskies B&B/Dog Tours, 5232 Kanuti Road, Fairbanks, AK 99712.

Florida Apartment—Location: Ft. Myers. Features: Par 3 golf course; tennis; 2 pools. Monthly rate May–Oct. US$917/month, Nov.–Apr. US$2,207/month. <www.webnow.com/Floridacondo>.

When you are in Southern Oregon, **Anne Hathaway's Cottage** in Ashland is a convenient, Friendly place to stay. (800) 643-4434.

William Penn House, Washington, D.C. Quaker Seminars, youth programs, bed and breakfast. Five blocks from the Capitol, Supreme Court and near Smithsonian museums. Shared accommodations for individuals and groups. Gays, lesbians, and people of color are welcome. 515 East Capitol Street, SE, Washington, DC 20003, (202) 543-5560, fax (202) 543-3814, <director@wmpennhouse.org>, <www.Quaker.org/penn-house>.

Looking for a creative living alternative in New York City? Penington Friends House may be the place for you! We are looking for people of all ages who want to make a serious commitment to a community lifestyle based on Quaker principles. For information call (212) 673-1730. We also have overnight accommodations.

Beacon Hill Friends House: Quaker-sponsored residence of 19 interested in community living, spiritual growth, peace, and social concerns. All faiths welcome. For information, application: BHFH, 6 Chestnut Street, Boston, MA 02108-3624. (617) 227-9118. Overnight and short-term accommodations also available. <directors@bhfh.org>; <www.bhfh.org>.

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

An oasis of calm in the heart of London? Yes, at the Quaker International Centre, where short-, medium-, and longer-term accommodation is available, as well as conference facilities. Excellent homemade food. For further information contact telephone: +44 (207) 387-5648, fax: +44 (207) 383-3722, or write to: 1 Byng Place, London WC1E 7JH.

Pittsburgh—Well located, affordable, third-floor (walkup) guest rooms with shared bath. Single or double occupancy. Kitchen available. Contact: House Manager, Friends Meetinghouse, 4836 Ellsworth Avenue, Pittsburgh, PA 15213. Telephone: (412) 683-2669.

Coming to London? Friendly B&B just a block from the British Museum and very close to London University. A central location for all tourist activities. Ideal for persons traveling alone. Direct subway and bus links with Heathrow Airport. The Penn Club, 21 Bedford Place, London WC1B 5JJ. Telephone: +44 (207) 636-4718. Fax: +44 (207) 636-5516. <www.pennclub.co.uk>.

Chicago—Affordable guest accommodations in historic Friends meetinghouse. Short- or long-term. Contact: Sofia Community, Quaker House, 5615 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, IL 60637. (773) 288-3066.

Books and Publications

Friends Bulletin, magazine of Western U.S. Quakers, subscription $16. Sample copies free. *A Western Quaker Reader.* $20. Pamphlet "Islam from a Quaker Perspective": $4 (including postage). Friends Bulletin, 3223 Danaha Street, Torrance, CA 90505. <westernquaker.net.> <friendsbul@aol.com>.

Become a Published Author. 80-year tradition of quality book publishing, promotion, distribution. Author's Guide to subsidy book publishing. (800) 695-9599

QuakerBooks of Friends General Conference

Call for our latest catalog, which always includes many new titles, or check our website **<www.quakerbooks.org>** for the latest in Quaker books.
We think ours is the most comprehensive listing of Quaker-related material available. We can order any book (Quaker or not) and search for out-of-print titles. Talk to us about book tables for your meeting, and discounts for spiritual formation or study groups.
Books shipped worldwide.
To order or inquire, call us at **(800) 966-4556**
or e-mail: **<bookstore@fgcquaker.org>**
or visit: **<www.quakerbooks.org>.**

"Jailed for Justice: A Woman's Guide to Federal Prison Camp" by SOA prisoner of conscience Clare Hanrahan. $12 postpaid. Box 7641, Asheville, NC 28802; <chanrahan@ncpress.net>.

You're in good company with Friends United Press authors, including Douglas Steere, Howard Thurman, Daisy Newman, John Punshon, Tom Mullen, Doug Gwyn, Louise Wilson, Wil Cooper, T. Canby Jones, D. Elton Trueblood—and, of course, George Fox, John Woolman, and William Penn. Inspiration, humor, fiction, and history that take you to the roots of Quaker beginnings, belief, and beyond. Write 101-A Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374 for a free catalog or call (800) 537-8839. <www.fum.org>.

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

For Sale

FWCC's Peace Conference Live! Recordings of all plenary sessions at Guilford College now available at $30 including postage for set of 5 CDs. Ideal for study groups on Friends' responses to global war and terrorism. Available from Friends World Committee for Consultation, 1506 Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. (215) 241-7250. <Americas@quaker.org>.

Peace Fleece yarns & batting in 35 colors; kits, buttons, needles. Sample card $3.00. Yarn Shop on the Farm, 1235 Red Run Road, Stevens (Lanc. Co.) PA 17578. (717) 336-5860.

Note cards with a Friendly flavor. Quaker quotes and inspirational sayings; colorful original illustrations. $10.00/pack of six, recycled paper and envelopes. Holly Coia Design Studio, 220 Wolfsburg Road, Bedford, PA 15522, <hgcoia@earthlink.net>.

Opportunities

Friends Center with unprogrammed Christian orientation, Barnesville, Ohio, offers quiet welcoming space for personal retreats with optional spiritual consultation. Weekend group retreats also offered. September 12–14 **Spiritual Formation** with Ken and Katharine Jacobsen; October 24–26 **The Clay of Our Manhood** with Tom Swain; November 14–16 **Language for the Inward Landscape** with Bill Taber; March 12–14 **"You Are My Friends"** with Susan Smith; April 23–25 **The Good News of Isaiah** with James Healton; May 7–9 **Christ in the Meeting** with John Punshon. Write Bill Taber, 61357 Sandy Ridge Road, Barnesville, OH 43713, call (740) 425-1248, or e-mail <billfran@zippytech.com>.

Quaker Study Tour Bolivia. Visit Aymara Indian Quakers and rural development projects of ***Quaker Bolivia Link***. Plus week in Peru: Lake Titicaca, Cusco, **Machu Picchu**. April 13–May 4, 2004. $2,550 from Miami. Barbara Flynn (707) 823-6034. <bflyn@mindspring.com>, web: <www.TreasuresoftheAndes.com>.

Sexuality.Quaker.org
Check out our website for Friends seeking a Quaker approach to sexuality in today's world. Includes relevant meeting minutes; Faith and Practice excerpts; Queries & Advices; bibliographies. Focus: Integrating spirituality and sexuality.

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

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

Upcoming Conferences at Pendle Hill : October
October 10–12: **Quaker Light,** led by Peter Bien
October 19–24: **Food that Nourishes Body and Spirit: Cooking at Pendle Hill,** led by Carol Sciarra
October 24–26: **Inquirers' Weekend: Basic Quakerism,** led by Max Carter and Liz Baltaro
October 26–31: **Visions that Scatter in a Whirlwind: The Poetry of Octavio Paz,** led by Aurora Camacho de Schmidt
October 31–November 2: **John Woolman and "The Tendering Presence,"** led by Mike Heller
October 31–November 2: **Photography as a Doorway to Spirit,** led by Beth Kingsley Hawkins
For more information, contact: Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086-6099, (800) 742-3150, extension 142, <www.pendlehill.org>.

WAR IS NOT THE ANSWER FCNL
FCNL.ORG

Free Bumper Sticker. Call (800) 630-1330 or see—<www.fcnl.org>.
Friends Committee on National Legislation

Costa Rica Study Tours: Visit the Quaker community in Monteverde. For information and a brochure contact Sarah Stuckey: 011 (506) 645-5436; write: Apdo. 46-5655, Monteverde, Costa Rica; e-mail:<crstudy@racsa.co.cr>; <www.crstudytours.com>, or call in the USA (520) 364-8694.

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

Do you care about the future of the Religious Society of Friends?
A deferred gift with Friends General Conference (bequest, charitable gift annuity, trust) will nurture a vital Religious Society of Friends.
FGC For information, please contact Michael Wajda at FGC, 1216 Arch Street, 2-B, Philadelphia, PA 19107; (215) 561-1700; <michaelw@fgcquaker.org>.

Personals

Single Booklovers, a national group, has been getting unattached booklovers together since 1970. Please write Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039, or call (610) 358-5049.

Concerned Singles

Concerned Singles links compatible, socially conscious singles who care about peace, social justice, racism, gender equity, environment. Nationwide. All ages. Straight/Gay. Since 1984. Free sample: Box 444-FJ, Lenox Dale, MA 01242; (413) 445-6309; <http://www.concernedsingles.com>.

Positions Vacant

Pendle Hill
Quaker Studies Teacher
Pendle Hill is seeking applications for the position of Quaker Studies Teacher. The ***Quaker Studies Teacher*** is the principal Quakerism teacher at Pendle Hill. In cooperation with the Dean, faculty, and other staff, the Quaker Studies Teacher is responsible for developing a cohesive program of Quaker studies that serves the needs of participants in both Pendle Hill's residential program and short-term educational programs. The Quaker Studies Teacher is part of the core team of teachers who help build and sustain the residential community based in Pendle Hill's campus at Wallingford, Pa. The Quaker Studies Teachar must be a member of the Religious Society of Friends. Preferred starting date January 1, 2004. Inquiries or résumés should be sent to Laura Beatty, (610) 566-4507, ext. 131 or (800) 742-3150, ext. 131; <laura@pendlehill.org>. Application deadline October 3, 2003.

Innovative Junior High Boarding School seeks fundraising and recruitment coordinator. Approximately $11,000/year, housing, benefits. Letter, résumé to <jess@arthurmorganschool.org> or Arthur Morgan School, 60 AMS Circle, Burnsville, NC 28714

Interns: 9–12 month commitment. Assist with hospitality and seminar planning at William Penn House. Room and board with small stipend. Applications from gays, lesbians, and people of color are welcome. 5 blocks from the Capitol, Supreme Court, and near the Smithsonian Museums. 515 East Capitol Street, SE, Washington, DC 20003, (202) 543-5560, fax: (202) 543-3814, <director@wmpennhouse.org>, <www.Quaker.org/penn-house>.

Real Estate

Southwestern Michigan—180 acres rolling wooded land, 20 min. south of Kalamazoo, 2-3 hours from Chicago, Detroit, Ann Arbor. Fully renovated 19th century farm house, large barn, new (1998) residence with optional apt. Several spiritual centers nearby. Ideal for educational facility, retreats, sustainable living development, retirement community. Call Kurt or Nan (269) 244-8996.

Rentals & Retreats

Bald Head Island, N.C. Panoramic view of ocean, dunes, lagoon, and golf course from four-bedroom, two-bathroom, beautifully furnished house with wraparound deck, two electric golf carts. 14 miles of beach, championship golf, tennis, croquet, swimming, and fishing. 13,000 acres of maritime wilderness. Many birds and wildflowers. No cars on island. Peaceful, friendly. Rental by day or week. (215) 699-9186.

Honeymoon Hideaway
New stone cottage on 1000' elevation: ocean view, tile bath, kitchen, private garage & driveway, outdoor lanai and fireplace, pizza oven, laundry, and sundeck. $95 per day. Call or write for special rates: Henrietta and Wm. Vitarelli, 375 Kawelo Road, Haiku, HI 96708. Telephone: (808) 572-9205. Fax: (808) 572-6048.

California-*Sonoma County*. Room, breakfast, optional dinner. Ideal tourist center. Hot tub, beautiful views, and Quaker welcome. <jackiethresh@yahoo.com>. (707) 523-3838

Cuernavaca, Mexico: Families, friends, study groups enjoy this beautiful Mexican house. Mexican family staff provide excellent food and care. Six twin bedrooms, with bath and 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) 52-777-3180383, or Joe Nicholson, (502) 894-9720.

Seeking quiet? Healing? Deeper prayer? Study time? Individual retreat facilities. $30/day room, board, and guidance if desired. Beautiful mountain views, hiking trails. Faith based and interfaith. **East Mountain Retreat Center, Lois Rose—Director** (UCC minister and Ignatian spiritual director). 8 Lake Buel Road, Great Barrington, MA 01230-1450. P/F—(413) 528-6617. Website: <www.eastretreat.org>.

Chincoteague Island, Va. Off-Season (before 6/15 or after 9/3): Two adjacent, fully equipped vacation homes; sleep 8 or 10. Walk to town, bike to Assateague Island National Seashore, birdwatch anywhere. Polite pets permitted. Weekly rates $420, $490 respectively; weekend costs half. (703) 448-8678 or <markvanraden@yahoo.com>.

Cape May, N.J. Beach House—weekly rentals; weekend rentals in off-season. Sleeps 12+. Great for family reunions! Block from beach. Close to mall. Ocean views from wraparound porch. Call: (718) 398-3561.

Pocono Manor. Beautiful, rustic mountain house suitable for gatherings, retreats, and reunions. Seven bedrooms. Three full baths. Beds for 15. Fully equipped. Deck with mountain view. Hiking trails from back door. Weekends or by the week, April through October. Contact Jonathan Snipes: (215) 880-1231.

Retirement Living

Friends Homes, Inc., founded by North Carolina Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, has been providing retirement options since 1968. Both Friends Homes at Guilford and Friends Homes West are fee-for-service, continuing care retirement communities offering independent living, assisted living, and skilled nursing care. Located in Greensboro, North Carolina, both communities are close to Guilford College and several Friends meetings. Enjoy the beauty of four seasons, as well as outstanding cultural, intellectual, and spiritual opportunities in an area where Quaker roots run deep. For information please call: (336) 292-9952, or write: Friends Homes West, 6100 W. Friendly Avenue, Greensboro, NC 27410. Friends Homes, Inc. owns and operates communities dedicated to the letter and spirit of Equal Housing Opportunity.

KENDAL
COMMUNITIES and
SERVICES FOR OLDER PEOPLE

Kendal communities and services reflect sound management, adherence to Quaker values, and respect for each individual.
Continuing care retirement communities:
Kendal at Longwood; Crosslands • Kennett Square, Pa.
Kendal at Hanover • Hanover, N.H.
Kendal at Oberlin • Oberlin, Ohio
Kendal at Ithaca • Ithaca, N.Y.
Kendal at Lexington • Lexington, Va.
Communities under development:
Kendal on Hudson • Sleepy Hollow, N.Y.
Kendal at Granville • Granville, Ohio
Independent living with residential services:
Coniston and Cartmel • Kennett Square, Pa.
Nursing care, residential and assisted living:
Barclay Friends • West Chester, Pa.
Advocacy/education programs:
Untie the Elderly • Pa. Restraint Reduction Initiative
Kendal Corporation Internships
For information, call or write: Doris Lambert, The Kendal Corporation, P.O. Box 100, Kennett Square, PA 19348. (610) 388-5581. E-mail: <info@kcorp.kendal.org>.

Foxdale Village, for Quaker-directed life care. A vibrant and caring community that encourages and supports men and women as they seek to live life fully and gracefully in harmony with the principles of simplicity, diversity, equality, mutual respect, compassion, and personal involvement. Spacious ground-floor apartments and community amenities such as library, auditorium, wood shop, computer lab. CCAC Accredited. Reasonable fees include medical care. 500 East Marylyn Avenue, Department F, State College, PA 16801-6269. For more information, call Lenna Gill at (800) 253-4951. <www.foxdalevillage.org>.

Walton Retirement Home, a nonprofit ministry of Ohio Yearly Meeting since 1944, offers an ideal place for retirement. Both assisted living and independent living facilities are available. For further information, please call Nirmal or Diana Kaul at (740) 425-2344, or write to Walton Retirement Home, 1254 East Main Street, Barnesville, OH 43713.

Schools

Junior high boarding school for grades 7, 8, 9. Small academic classes, challenging outdoor experiences, community service, consensus decision making, daily work projects in a small, caring, community environment. **Arthur Morgan School**, 60 AMS Circle, Burnsville, NC 28714. (828) 675-4262.

Lansdowne Friends School—a small Friends school for boys and girls three years of age through sixth grade, rooted in Quaker values. We provide children with a quality academic and a developmentally appropriate program in a nurturing environment. Whole language, thematic education, conflict resolution, Spanish, after-school care, summer program. 110 N. Lansdowne Avenue, Lansdowne, PA 19050. (610) 623-2548.

The Quaker School at Horsham, a value-centered elementary and middle school for students with learning differences. Small, remedial classes, qualified staff, serving Philadelphia, Bucks, and Montgomery Counties. 318 Meeting House Road, Horsham, PA 19044. (215) 674-2875.

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) 538-1733.

Frankford Friends School: coed, Pre-K to grade 8; serving center city, Northeast, and most areas of Philadelphia. We provide children with an affordable yet challenging academic program in a small, nurturing environment. Frankford Friends School, 1500 Orthodox Street, Philadelphia, PA 19124. (215) 533-5368.

Come visit **Olney Friends School** on your cross-country travels, six miles south of I-70 in the green hills of eastern Ohio. A residential high school and farm, next to Stillwater Meetinghouse, Olney is college preparation built around truthful thinking, inward listening, loving community, and useful work. 61830 Sandy Ridge Road, Barnesville, OH 43713. (740) 425-3655.

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

Sandy Spring Friends School. Five- or seven-day boarding option for grades 9–12. Day school pre-K through 12. College preparatory, upper school AP courses. Strong arts and academics, visual and performing arts, and team athletic programs. Coed. Approximately 480 students. 140-acre campus less than an hour from Washington, D.C., and Baltimore, Md. International programs. Incorporating traditional Quaker values. 16923 Norwood Road, Sandy Spring, MD 20860. (301) 774-7455, ext. 158. <www.ssfs.org>.

Services Offered

Writing, Editing, Research. Informational and promotional materials for individuals, companies, nonprofit organizations. Brochures, newsletters, reports, grant proposals. Quaker freelance writer with special experience in human services. Rebecca McBride, (518) 392-9718; <Rmcbride@taconic.net>; <www.rebeccamcbride.net>.

We are a fellowship, Friends mostly, seeking to enrich and expand our spiritual experience. We seek to obey the promptings of the Spirit, however named. We meet, publish, correspond. Inquiries welcome! Write **Quaker Universalist Fellowship**, 121 Watson Mill Road, Landenberg, PA 19350-9344.

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

Ahimsa Graphics, 24 Cavanaugh Ct., Saunderstown, RI 02874. (401) 294-7769 or (888) 475-6219.

Moving to North Carolina? Maybe David Brown, a Quaker real estate broker, can help. Contact him at 1208 Pinewood Dr., Greensboro, NC 27410. (336) 294-2095.

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

Snowolff designs
www.QuakerWedding.com

Visit the Quaker Wedding Website Recently updated! Photos of illustrated and calligraphed Wedding Certificates realistically hand-drawn in colored inks. Ketubahs, gay celebrations of commitment and non-Quaker examples. Ideas, and easy online form for fast estimates. E-mail Jennifer Snow Wolff, a birthright Friend, for sample vows. <snowolff@att.net>. We don't spam. Allow one month for Finished Artwork.

H. FREEMAN ASSOCIATES, LLC
501 East Main Street
Centerville, IN 47330
765-939-6910
HFreeAssoc@aol.com

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

Celo Valley Books: Personal attention to all phases of book production (25 to 5,000 copies). Typing, editing, layout, final delivery. Free brochure. 160 Ohie Road, Burnsville, NC 28714.

Summer Camps

Journey's End Farm Camp
is a farm devoted to children for sessions of two or three weeks each summer. Farm animals, gardening, nature, ceramics, shop.
Nonviolence, simplicity, reverence for nature are emphasized in our program centered in the life of a Quaker farm family. For 32 boys and girls, 7–12 years. Welcome all races. Apply early. Carl and Kristin Curtis, RR 1 Box 136, Newfoundland, PA 18445. Telephone: (570) 689-3911. Financial aid available.

Summer Rentals

Provence, France. Beautiful secluded stone house, village near Avignon, 3 BR (sleeps 5–6), kitchen/dining room, spacious living room, modern bathroom. Terrace, courtyard, view of medieval castle. Separate second house sleeps 4. Both available year-round $1,200–2,900/mo. <www.rent-in-provence.com>. Marc Simon, rue Oume, 30290 Saint Victor, France, <msimon@wanadoo.fr>; or J. Simon, 124 Bondcroft, Buffalo, NY 14226, (716) 836-8698.

FRIENDS COMMITTEE ON NATIONAL LEGISLATION

Quaker Faith at Work in the World

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 useable 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 Barner (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.

FRIENDS COMMITTEE ON
FCNL
NATIONAL LEGISLATION

FCNL Education Fund Capital Campaign

245 Second Street NE ✦ Washington, DC 20002-5795 ✦ 800-630-1330 ✦ www.fcnl.org ✦ fcnl@fcnl.org

PENDLE HILL

A QUAKER CENTER FOR STUDY AND CONTEMPLATION

338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086-6099
800-742-3150, 610-566-4507 (worldwide)
www.pendlehill.org

The Pendle Hill Peace Forum 2003-04

Walking The Way Of Peace: Peacebuilding In A Violent World

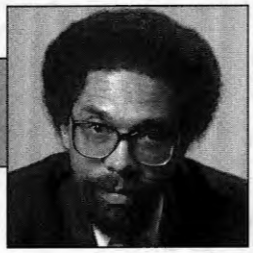
Join peacebuilders from the neighborhood and around the world to explore how to sow the seeds of non-violent direct action. From the intra-personal to the global context, we will examine the sources of violence and learn together how we can walk the way of peace and engage creatively with others to resolve conflicts. In three sections of Thursday evening lectures, panels and interactive events and in weekend workshops, we will discover how we can help build the Beloved Community of Martin Luther King's vision in a world crying out for justice and healing.

SEEDS OF CONFLICT, STRUCTURAL VIOLENCE, CONFLICT PREVENTION
October 23 and 30, November 6, 13 and 20

CONFLICT MANAGEMENT, RESOLUTION, & TRANSFORMATION
January 22 and 29, February 5, 12, 19, 26 and March 4

FORGIVENESS, RECONCILIATION, & RESTORATIVE JUSTICE
April 1, 8, 15, 22 and Conference April 22-24

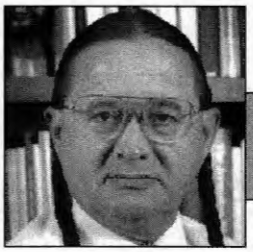
For more information, call John Meyer, 800-742-3150, ext. 121,
or e-mail johnm@pendlehill.org.



Invite these thinkers into your meeting...

Some of the nation's leading thinkers on racism and racial justice spoke in our **2002-03 Forum, Racial Justice: Speak Truth to Power**, and our conference **Racial Justice As Economic Justice.**

We want to share their insights with you. Audio and videotapes of their speeches will stimulate discussion in your school, meeting, or organization and help you move forward with our witness on racial justice.



• Cornel West • Manning Marable • Ada María Isasi-Díaz
• Jerry Leaphart • George "Tink" Tinker • James Lawson • Thandeka • Irene Monroe
• Emma Lapsansky • Frank Wu • Vanessa Julye • Donna McDaniel • Nancy Richardson
• Ed Nakawatase • Daisy Machado • Elizabeth Ellis • Bernice Warren

Videotapes - $25 each $225 for 16 Forum Tapes $80 for 4 Conference Tapes
Audiotapes - $10 each $100 for 16 Forum Tapes $32 for 4 Conference Tapes

Call the Pendle Hill Bookstore, 800-742-3150, ext. 2, or e-mail bookstore@pendlehill.org.