January 2004 • \$5

FRIENDS IOURNAL

Quaker Thought and Life Today



Making Peace, Telling Truth

For Where Your Treasure Is, There Will Your Heart Be Also

See No Evil

An independent magazine serving the Religious Society of **Friends**



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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.
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Available on microfilm from Bell and Howell Information and Learning.

PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER Min. 20% post-consumer

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Among Friends

Seeking Common Ground

Your years ago, when the new millennium began, our future seemed challenging but also promising. In 2001, the events of September 11 cast a pall that has yet to lift. We've been plunged into a global war on terrorism that has permeated our everyday lives to an extraordinary degree. The immediate search for Osama bin Laden has morphed into a quest to bring imposed "democracy" to the greatly oppressed people of Iraq. Since that war began early last year, more than 60 people have died each month fighting for the U.S. in the name of freedom, and the numbers are escalating. Even more Iraqis have died. But true freedom has not come to Iraq, despite the terrible sacrifice made by so many. Here in the U.S. freedom is quietly slipping away under the rubric of homeland security.

As I write, e-mail messages have begun arriving, telling of the terrible confrontation between 2,500 police and other law enforcement officers and thousands of essentially nonviolent protestors in Miami during the recent FTAA (Free-Trade Area of the Americas) meeting. It has become commonplace, since the protests at the World Trade Organization meeting in Seattle in 1999, for cities to prepare their police departments for potential riots during large or controversial gatherings. In November in Miami, that became an open war on dissent, according to numerous independent journalists. What struck them was how divorced police behavior was from any threatening behavior on the part of protestors. Nonviolent protestors were beaten, shot at with pellets and pepper spray, tear-gassed, arrested, or forced to flee. Many dozens were injured; a dozen were hospitalized. Hundreds were arrested. Ominously, much of the money spent on the intense militarization of Miami's police force in preparation for this-including full riot gear, aerial surveillance, armored vehicles, and a press corps officially "embedded" with the police—came from an \$8.5 million rider tacked onto the \$87 billion spending bill for the war in Iraq. "This should be a model for homeland defense," Miami Mayor Manny Diaz was quoted as saying proudly.

In this issue, we take up the difficult issue of truth-telling as a key component to peacemaking. "We must understand that what any one of us perceives to be the truth is refracted by our experience, our perspective, and by what we have been taught to see," writes Paul Lacey in "Making Peace: Telling Truth" (p.6). As Friends, our traditional task has not been partisan, but rather to seek that of God within all. That Light is within Miami policemen, combatants in Iraq, members of our administration who clearly believe that a military response is appropriate and needed in these times. In "With Malice toward None, Charity toward All" (p.12), Anna Poplawska reminds us that our hearts must remain open to our shared humanity with those whose acts are repugnant to us. As peacemakers, we dare not indulge in "hunkering down in [our] ideological enclave and refusing to engage with the truth-claims of others," as Paul Lacey says. Nor should we be shy of naming what in all humility we perceive. John Woolman, who labored so carefully with those with whom he disagreed so completely, could be our guide. Perhaps the starting point in the incredibly important journey toward bringing peace in our time is to seek and find the common ground on which we all can stand.

Sulan Orson Senne

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Forum

Turning on the Light

Your "Welcoming New Friends" issue (FJ July) was good food for thought. I live in a community where several of us have sat on occasion and worshiped as Friends. In our town we have numerous experienced Quakers. In the last 25 years, occasionally we have met but have not formed a regular Friends meeting.

We are "fallen-between-the-cracks
Friends" as Teddy Milne describes in the
column "Some Thoughts on Membership"
(FJ July). I believe that all of us, formerly
affiliated as Quakers or not, would claim our
religious affiliation as Quaker. However,
none of us are members of organized, formal

Friends meetings.

When we do meet, it is as Friends pursuing a corporate practice of sitting together in a powerful silence. For us Friends living in this little Iowa town known for its thousands of transcendental meditators, our Quaker practice has been absorbed into a larger group practice of meditation, sitting in cultivated silence aimed towards a collective world spiritual peace.

For decades in our community we have had group meditations with hundreds of people spending up to four hours a day in silent meditation. It has been a very powerful corporate experience for many. I think early Friends would have recognized the weight of it as part of their

own experience.

While I experience this meditation as similar to Quaker practice, it does not exactly transpose over in the terms or definitions that Quaker authors like Susan Davies or Cynthia Maciel Knowles ("Meditation, Prayer, and Worship," F) July) would like. It is much more simple and powerful in nature; more like what Marty Grundy describes in "Sit Thee Here" (FJ July). I know weighty Friends in the same sense that I know weighty meditators from our community: weighty in the throw weight of their cultivated silence. I really appreciate the way that Marty Grundy catches the gravity of this weight in her words. Many Friends have had the precious experience of sitting near a weighty Friend and being drawn by that Friend's experience into a deeper, more prayerful place. This weightiness comes from practice.

Recently, aspects of the group meditation in our town have become less inclusive, and several of us have explored a refuge in our old Quaker practice. As we have gathered month by month for the last half year, we have come simply as worshiping Friends, without agenda and without burden of

other Quaker testimony other than to sit together in worship. We have gathered some appropriate quotes from founding Quakers for reference to lead us in our practice. Then, too, we draw on our experience as Friends. It has been very satisfying spiritually. We pick a Sunday every month that works and meet in homes for Quaker worship. The meetings have easily happened between friends.

Is it all or nothing to be a Quaker member? Can there be a place for those who just come for worship without also having to become an activist on every social issue? What is fundamental here? I look to the words of early Quakers for those answers, for original intent. We live in an area where there were once many unprogrammed Quaker meetings in the 19th century. Yet there probably have not been unprogrammed meetings in the southeast corner of Iowa since around the turn of the 20th century.

I do not see that we will form a meeting though we will continue to meet to practice worship as Quakers. In time there may be the possibility of forming a meeting. However, for now, first things first, and the first thing here seems to be more about turning on the Light.

Doug Hamilton Fairfield, Iowa

Snap thy fingers

I wish to add emphasis to the second bullet item under "General Suggestions" in Karen Street's article "Addressing Hearing Loss Among Friends" (FJ Oct.). That is, "Get rid of as much echo as possible; carpets, curtains, tapestries, and acoustic tiles all help."

Reverberation cuts into intelligibility by smearing one syllable into another. This is true for elderly challenged and hearing unchallenged people as well as myself. Some people who have a little difficulty hearing will benefit by reduction of reverberation without any electronic assistive system.

If thee snaps thy fingers at arm's length and hears any reverberation or ringing in the room afterward, there is too much reverberation. If another person 20 feet away snaps their fingers and thee can just barely hear the reverberation afterward then the

reverberation is low enough.

The reason that hand-held microphones are more effective than hanging microphones is that the ratio of direct sound to the reverberant sound is much higher because of the relative distances of

the speaker's mouth to the microphone and the speaker's mouth to the wall and then to the microphone.

Joseph H. Condon Summit, N.J.

A different perspective on hearing impairment

I appreciate the efforts of the editors of the October issue to include a broad exploration of diversiry among Friends. However, I am concerned about the lack of diversity in two articles, "Including Deaf Quakers" and "Raising a Deaf Child." For readers unfamiliar with the diversity of experience among the hearing impaired, the two articles give a problematically narrow view.

Both authors have children who communicate primarily with sign language. One suggests that "learning to read lips and making the most of their hearing" is too stressful for hearing-impaired children. Friends, especially those who have family members who recently have been diagnosed with a hearing loss, need to become familiar with a broader perspective on hearing impairment than is evident in these articles.

The Alexander Graham Bell Association and the John Tracy Clinic are two organizations that have longstanding records of success with supporting families who want their hearing-impaired children to learn to speak and lip-read. Thousands of families elect this option each year, without the stress to their children of which Paula

Laughlin speaks.

My parents made this choice for my sister, who was born with a profound hearing loss. She was mainstreamed into a regular classroom at age six, graduated from college, and has pursued a successful career as an occupational therapist. When my sister attends meeting with me, she wants to sit where she can lip-read speakers in the meeting. She would have no use for an interpreter because she does not know any sign language. She would be offended to be described as a "deaf woman," because her disability does not define who she is. My sister's experience, an alternative to rhose described in the two October articles, suggests that Friends will respond best to the hearing impaired in our midst if we honor a diversity of responses to hearing loss.

> Martha J. Reineke Denver, Iowa

Continued on p. 45

Building Community under Fire

To understand the Friendly testimonies, including equality, simplicity, and community, it is important to get to know some of the societies that have developed to put these ideals into daily practice, and the struggles that have developed to defend these societies. I'd like to tell you about some of them; I've been a wandering student of life for almost three years, hitchhiking from place

to place and squatting.

Squatters take over abandoned buildings and use recycled and scavenged materials to renovate them and to turn them into communal homes. In Europe, large squatted buildings become social centers, hosting public libraries; street kitchens; public computer labs; craft workshops; concert halls; mural spaces for graffiti artists; "bicycle libraries"; "free shops" providing discarded clothing and household items; experiments in sustainable technology; and common sleeping areas for passing travelers. Community gardens and orchards sprout up in the vacant lots surrounding squats. These projects are not maintained with paid staff or grant funding, by charging fees for services, or through charity; instead, they function with the active participation and contributions of all who use the facilities, and by gathering resources from dumpsters. Since squatters do not pay rent, their energies are freed for community engagements such as child care and elder care, grassroots legal aid networks, workshops in alternative medicine and environmental education, and community media.

Squatting as a political movement posits "property of use"—that land belongs to those who need it and use it—against the traditional conception of private property, and posits that human beings have a greater right to land than real estate companies do. Most U.S. states have, until the past several decades, historically accorded ownership rights to the squatters (also called "settlers" and "homesteaders") who have lived on and developed land that they have not bought. "Property of use" has also been one of the guiding principles behind Latin American and African agrarian reform laws to break up large plantations following decolonization. It's an old idea: the first Christians rejected private property altogether and pooled their resources to live in common (Acts 4:32–5:10).

Squatting, in a more general sense, is the appropriation of physical and virtual space to make room to create alternatives to the status quo, and, often, to make one's presence and demands known to the authorities "responsible" for that space. This reclamation of corporate and public space for human use is reflected in many diverse forms of activism such as pirate radio, landless peasants' subsistence farming movements, "subvertising," parody websites (such as gatt.org and nato.org), rent strikes, protest street blockading, and sit-ins.

Squatting is also a movement of necessity. Across Europe and the United States, factories and investors have pulled out of industrial cities, relocating in search of cheaper labor and lower environmental standards, leaving empty industrial buildings: urban brownfields. White flight to the outlying small towns and to outer-ring suburbs has also left abandoned housing in the inner cities and inner-ring suburbs; Philadelphia, for example, has 30,000 abandoned homes, and at least 25,000 homeless residents, according to housing activists. Fire- and water-damaged houses stand vacant for years, either abandoned or bought cheaply by speculators who sit on them, waiting to resell them for higher prices later. As the houses decay, they pose safety, fire, and health risks to the rest of the neighborhood. As municipalities try to replace their lost industry with tourism, developers do not attempt to rehabilitate existing housing.

Instead, poor neighborhoods are systematically demolished in the name of "urban renewal" as corporate-municipal "partnerships" construct new highways, chain stores that force out local businesses, and upscale housing and hotels that local residents cannot afford. Meanwhile, homeless families sleep on the streets, hoping not to be arrested under new "quality of life" and "daily security" laws that across Europe and the United States have made it a crime to use sidewalks to sleep, sit, eat, chat, play music, panhandle, trade, leaflet, protest, play, or do any of the activities that bring life to streets. Families' homes are seized via eminent domain, and residents are evicted as rents rise and neighborhoods are gentrified. Last year, I asked some Philadelphia drug dealers what it would take to end Philadelphia's drug trade. They answered, "free housing": underemployed youth sell drugs to house their families.

Squatters often try to legalize their squat, usually by seeking a contract with the house's owner or with the city. When legal negotiations fail and eviction is threatened, residents and supporters sometimes gather inside houses, holding festivals and refusing to leave. In Barcelona, two social centers were successfully defended when residents wearing harnesses suspended themselves from the roofs, hanging there for four days, protecting the houses with their bodies. Across Europe and North America, squats have in recent years been met with increasingly harsh repression including home raids, beatings, deportations, tear gas, fines, and prison time. During a recent wave of evictions in Brussels, police incinerated all the squatters' clothes, identity papers, and possessions: the justification was lice risk. In Europe, arson and physical assault by right-wing groups are also a constant threat for squats. Currently, the solidification of the European Union has meant the concerted evictions of the longestestablished social centers, in almost every city in Europe.

Despite these evictions, new squats are opened every day, in defense of Article 25 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights: "food, clothing, housing and medical care and necessary social services." As governments abandon their responsibility to protect such rights, grassroots movements build community at the local level to re-weave this world's ripped social safety net with mutual aid and solidarity, in every neighborhood, every day.

For more information on housing rights, see the Poor People's Economic Human Rights Campaign, <www.kwru.org>; the Movimento Sim Terra, <www.mstbrazil.org>; ACORN, <www.acorn.org>; and the squat network, <www.squat.net>.

Susanna Thomas Philadelphia, Pa.

Susanna Thomas is a member of Summit (N.J.) Meeting. She's "been nomadic" since January 2001. In the coming spring, she will be enrolled at Earlham School of Religion. The article "Walking the Walk: Ian Fritz" by Breeze Luetke-Stahlman (FJ Aug. 2003) inspired her to write this column.

MAKING PEACE:

TELLING TRUTH by Paul A. Lacey

rom 1959, as a graduate student teaching my first classes, until 2002, when I taught my last classes at Earlham, my day job has been as a teacher of literature and writing. For 50 years, since I became a Quaker at the same time I was finding my vocation, the study of literature has enriched my political and social witness, and my work for civil liberties, civil rights, international understanding, peace, and justice has deepened my reading of literature. So I am going to begin with a poem by Denise Levertov called "Making Peace":

A voice from the dark called out,

"The poets must give us imagination of peace, to oust the intense, familiar imagination of disaster. Peace, not only the absence of war."

But peace, like a poem, is not there ahead of itself, can't be imagined before it is made, can't be known except in the words of its making, grammar of justice, syntax of mutual aid.

A feeling towards it, dimly sensing a rhythm, is all we have until we begin to utter its metaphors, learning them as we speak.

A line of peace might appear if we restructured the sentence our lives are making, revoked its affirmation of profit and power, questioned our needs, allowed long pauses . . .

A cadence of peace might balance its weight on that different fulcrum; peace, a presence, an energy field more intense than war, might pulse then, stanza by stanza into the world, each act of living one of its words, each word a vibration of light—facets of the forming crystal.

You can see why this poem sustains so many peace activists. That voice from the dark speaks for us: "The poets must give us imagination of peace. . . . Peace, not only the absence of war." Those of us who have spent much of our lives resisting war have also longed to go beyond that to be a part of a genuine peace movement. Denise Levertov reminds us that peace is not something that is found but something that is made, constructed out of complex and often unvielding materials. And, because she is a poet as well as a peace activist, she makes a rich connection between those two aspects of her inner life. Peace is like a poem. It does not exist until it is made. Each of them is imagined in the act of making it, "in the words of its making," she says. And both peace and poetry are made of words, sentences, metaphors, the formal unity of grammar and syntax. Each has cadences, silences, presence, is an energy field, pulse, vibration of light, facets of the forming crystal.

You may feel there is too much poetic license in all those assertions—beautiful and intense, but perhaps too metaphorical to be practical in doing the work of peacemaking. But I want to invite you to imagine some of the connections between these

Paul A. Lacey, a member of Clear Creek Meeting in Richmond, Ind., is emeritus professor of English at Earlham College and clerk of the national board of directors of American Friends Service Committee. He authored Growing into Goodness: Essays on Quaker Education. He is also the literary executor for Denise Levertov and edited her Selected Poems. An earlier version of this paper was presented as the Carey Lecture at Baltimore Yearly Meeting on August 2, 2003.

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ways of making two precious human artifacts—a poem and peace. Each is produced by hard work and trial and error. Each seeks the right order, a pattern, that enlarges us and connects us with others. At its best, making peace or making any art (though here poetry stands in for all of them) is soul-satisfying work that continually enhances our humanity.

I began by saying I thought there is a crucial connection between peacemaking and truth-telling, and I will try to puzzle out, very tentatively, what I think it means to tell the truth. The late philosopher Bernard Williams's book Truth and Truthfulness has been of great help to me. He begins by identifying "two currents of ideas . . . very prominent in modern thought and culture." First, "an intense commitment to truthfulness," and second, as a "reflex against deceptiveness, . . . a pervasive suspicion about truth itself, whether there is such a thing." Bernard Williams argues that truth serves an evolutionary function in helping humans to live cooperatively. Humans have to be able to depend on the accurate communication of a great deal of information that would be too hard or dangerous for us to discover for ourselves. For example: "The fire will burn you." "This water is safe to drink." "Eating that will make you sick." He argues that "assertions perform one of their most basic functions, to convey information to a hearer who is going to have to rely on it, in circumstances of trust, and someone who is conscientiously acting in circumstances of trust will not only say what he believes, but will take the trouble to do the best he can to make sure that what he believes is true."

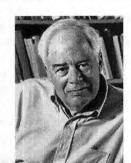
ruthfulness, the determination to act conscientiously in circumstances of trust, rests on what Bernard Williams calls "two virtues of truth"-accuracy and sincerity. Language must be used to communicate correct information, but prior to that, language itself must be learned. "Children learn languages in many ways and in many different kinds of situations," he writes, "but one essential way is that they hear sentences being used in situations in which those sentences are plainly true." For example, "This is Mamma," or "Daddy will be home soon." Some of us may recall how the Dick and Jane books taught reading with

such down-to-earth facts as, "This is Spot. See Spot run," with illustrations to confirm the factual accuracy of each sentence.

Of course, we must understand that what any one of us perceives to be the truth is refracted by our experience, our perspective, and by what we have been taught to see. The poet and lifelong peace activist William Stafford says: "Some people are blinded by their experience. Soldiers know how important war is. Owners of slaves learn every day how inferior subject peoples are."

We also know that truth is pluralistic in how it functions in different kinds of

discourse. Some statements have what we might call a local truth. It is 7:30 P.M. Eastern Daylight Time, August 1, 2003, in Harrisonburg, Virginia. It is an hour earlier in Richmond, Indiana, on Eastern Standard Time, which many of our



AMERICAN

PHILOSOPHER RICHARD RORTY CALLS TRUTH JUST A "COMPLIMENT" WE PAY OUR ASSERTIONS, A LITTLE 'RHETORICAL PAT' ON THEIR BACKS."

farmers call "God's Time." In Japan it is tomorrow, in the Gregorian calendar, but not according to the traditional Japanese method of dating according to an emperor's reign, nor according to the Jewish or Chinese calendars. The facts, in this case, are not contradictory but depend entirely on where we are, our cultural perspectives, and the agreed-on, constructed conventions of watches and calendars.

But the truth is also pluralistic to the degree that we are talking about feelings or our responses to experience. I have spent a career trying to help people read for what the novelist Tim O'Brien calls "story-truth" as distinct from "happeningtruth." And I offer Denise Levertov's poem as an expression of feeling-truth, metaphoric truth, a truth largely dependent on our being willing to grant that similitudes give us something upon which

we can build our beliefs and actions. Here I want to make a claim that is implicit in all the connections between peace and poetry that Denise Levertov is making: each is a work of truth-telling. The integrity and power of each rests on truth and truthfulness. That means seeking out the truth, pledging ourselves to speak the truth and to live by the truth.

At first that may not appear to be a very big revelation. After all, we Quakers claim the original copyright on the phrase "Speak Truth to Power." But, of course, matters are more complicated than that. The definitions of all the most important &

> words we have created to describe our most desired, sought-after social and political values—all the capital-letter words: Peace, Justice, Truth, Love; the words for values for which many have willingly died, and willingly those words are always under contention. An emperor said that the Roman legions that the Roman legions creat-

ed a desert and called it peace. Socrates's most dangerous adversary in Plato's Republic says that justice is whatever the strong say it is. And Pontius Pilate sends Jesus to his death with the flippant ques-

tion, "What is truth?"

Ever since the American Friends Service Committee booklet Speak Truth to Power appeared in 1955, that phrase has been a favorite rallying cry, slogan, even a cliché for a lot of people. It fairly bristles with capital letters: Truth, Power, and behind them a whole bouquet of other capital-letter values such as Justice, Equality, Reconciliation, and Love. But Truth with a capital T has fallen on hard times, not only because the most authoritarian and oppressive governments and movements in the world claim its warrant to justify how they use power, but also because the very concept of truth—however you print the word—is under assault on behalf of communities that have been without voice and without power.

I want to stress this point. On behalf of the previously voiceless and oppressed, such as women, Third World communities, communities of color, and ethnic and sexual minorities, there has arisen a powerful, skeptical critique. Often politically radical, this critique questions traditional authoritarian, religious, and political systems and the European ideology of rationalism, empiricism, and science called the Enlightenment. This critique challenges the assumption that there is anything we can appropriately call even the most modest lowercase "truth." Instead, we are being asked to regard all truth-claims merely as expressions of ideology, which the British literary critic Terry Eagleton, in Literary Theory: An Introduction, defines as "the ways in which what we say and believe connects with the power-structure and power-relations of the society we live in, . . . more particularly those modes of feeling, valuing, perceiving, and believing which have some kind of relation to the maintenance and reproduction of social power."

The French philosopher Pascal Engel says that the American philosopher Richard Rorty calls truth just a "compliment' we pay our assertions, a little 'rhetorical pat' on their backs." He claims that Richard Rorty believes such skeptical views about truth "are apt to promote the values of democracy and social solidarity better than foundationalist moves in moral and political theory that emphasize

the values of justice and truth."

Todd Gitlin, one of the founders of Students for a Democratic Society in the 1960s, reports a woman graduate student in sociology recently telling him, "There are no truths, only trutheffects." If I understand her, she is asserting that all that really matters is power, that power hides itself behind ideology in order to pass itself off as truth, and to impose what it calls truth on others. Either truth is what those in power say it is and are prepared to back up with force,

or there is only rhetorical power, the power to convince or deceive others by manipulation of words, data, and information, so they accept your ideology and make it an absolute in their own lives. If that is so, we can't speak truth to power because all

truth-claims are merely expressions of the will to power. But if we can only introduce the voices of the silenced and oppressed into our discourse by denying that our purpose is to get at the truth, whar have we accomplished? If truth is merely a sweet name for the will to power, the powerful have no reason to listen.

ere is the great conflict immediately before us: Peacemaking depends absolutely on a commitment to truth-telling, but we know that what constitutes truth is always under contention because our truth-claims are always connected to how power will be used. Those who win the wars write not only the histories but the dictionaries. They control the master narratives that will express or

embody the received truth.

Take one obvious example: In the Israeli/Palestinian conflict, are Gaza and the West Bank "the disputed territories" or "the occupied rerritories"? Ought we use their present-day place names, or Biblical names like Samaria and Judea? Grant the validity of one name, and you appear to grant the political, social, and military legitimacy entangled in that name. Use one set of terms instead of another, and you will be criticized for lacking objectivity. "Be objective; tell the objective truth," we are told, but that

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE WROTE. "MY MIND MISGAVE ME . . . THAT THOUSANDS WHO WOULD RATHER DIE THAN TELL A LIE FOR A LIE, WILL TELL TWENTY TO HELP OUT WHAT THEY BELIEVE TO BE A CERTAIN TRUTH."

translates to: "Accept that my words are the true ones for the political situation and therefore mine is the true solution." What words can the peacemaker use in the Israeli/Palestinian conflict that might help bring about

an end to violence and steps toward reconciliation? If we speak only of Gaza and the West Bank, will the Palestinians and Israelis believe we are maintaining the objectivity of a mediator or the evasiveness of someone who will not grant their respective truth-claims? In such a case, how does the peacemaker speak truthfully, with integrity?

For another example, consider the following three sentences:

1. Every human life is sacred.

2. Human life begins at the moment of conception.

3. Every fetus is a human being from the moment of conception.

The first sentence, every human life is sacred, expresses a profound conviction, to which all of us may give assent. The second is an assertion of fact, a truthclaim. It seems logical. When else would we say life actually begins? But it is also packed with political implication, and some of us may agree while others find ourselves holding back, saying, "Yes, but . . . ", or proposing an alternative moment at which to start counting human life-viability outside the mother's body, for example. Either we are on our guard against the power implications implicit in the truth-claim, or we are urgently pressing the truth-claim about what seems to be a simple fact, but which becomes a matter of how we "construct" the truth to point us toward one or another political stance. The third sentence is a conclusion, a truth-claim derived from the first two sentences, and if it is a truth it implies a very specific exercise of power.

You will recognize that the three sentences are the moral and intellectual foundation for the right-to-life movement, and from those three truth-claimswhich, I want to remind you, were indisputable truths in this culture through a large part of my adult years—have followed fierce political battles, stringent legislative and judicial initiatives, and political victories and defeats profoundly affect-

ing millions of people.

I am describing a present-day reality. Those who are pro-choice, as I am, and those who are pro-life, including many Quakers and other peace activists who derive their convictions from an absolute belief in the sacredness of all human life, recognize that all the truth-claims, on both sides, are also power-claims. We want something to happen according to our truth-claims. In such a situation, does the peacemaker try to find neutral words to describe the conflict, or take a stand on one side or the other and try from that vantage point to bring about change leading to reconciliation?

I have been corresponding with Friend Julie Meadows, a member of Baltimore Yearly Meeting and a student of ethics,

about these issues. She offered me a formulation used by Murray Wagner of Earlham School of Religion. It might be called the Parable of the Three Umpires. The first umpire says: "There is a ball, there is a strike. I call it as it is." The second umpire says: "There is a ball, there is a strike. I call it as I see it." The third umpire says: "There ain't nothing till I call it." Julie Meadows suggests it would be useful to invite each person to contemplate which kind of umpire one is. She thinks there are a lot of first and third kinds of umpires among Quakers; the first umpires ("I call it as it is") think everyone who is at all faithful will agree with them; the third umpires ("There ain't nothing till I call it") assume everyone who is halfway intelligent will agree with them. A lot of us also seem to believe we should be free to shift from one to another umpiring stance in the middle of the game. Like Julie, I am the second kind of umpire: I believe there is a ball, there is a strike, and I call it only as I see it, trying to see clearly what is there and to report honestly what I have seen.

e could try to avoid the whole problem and resort to the current popular formulation, "This is my truth. That is your truth." But this apparently humble approach has

some practical problems for the peacemaker. "Speak the deeply held but unexamined, ideologically inflected, opinions of your race, class, and gender to Power" is not a compelling rallying cry. Nor is "In my humble opinion, the truth as I see it will set you free, I think" much of a sign

to carry in a protest march.

Even in the best case, this apparent openness may be only a way of hunkering down in one's own ideological enclave and refusing to engage with the truthclaims of others. Bernard Williams calls the "my truth/your truth" approach "an idle relativism." He says it "often complacently presents itself as a witness to human equality, a refusal to impose our concepts on others, but in fact, if it does anything at all, it simply imposes one of our conceptions rather than another. It gives up before the real work of understanding human similarities and differences even begins."

I have another problem with the "my

truth/your truth" formulation: it seems to claim the authority of truth while relieving the speaker of responsibility to check the known facts against one's own opinions or to test the validity of one's

> FRENCH PASTOR ANDRÉ TROCMÉ TOOK ADVANTAGE OF HIS POSITION AS PASTOR. AS OCCUPATIONAL AND PROFESSIONAL TRUTH | ELLER. TO LIE FLAT OUT, IN ORDER TO

actions. A number of times in recent years I have sat in meetings where people misrepresented what I and others had said, repeated unfounded rumors as fact, made judgments on the motives of others, and sugarcoated it all as speaking one's own truth. Am I daring to suggest that some Quakers might now and again be careless of facts, in the name of truth? Yes, I am. I am daring to suggest that we are all fallible human beings.

You may have heard of the child in Sunday School who got the Biblical texts mixed up and said, "A lie is an abomination unto the Lord but a very present help in time of trouble." If there are no truths, only truth-effects, and "truth" is only a little rhetorical pat on the back we give ourselves, is there any such a thing as a lie?

And does it matter?

In a letter from 1802, Samuel Taylor Coleridge wrote, "My mind misgave me . . . that thousands who would rather die than tell a lie for a lie, will tell 20 to help out what they believe to be a certain truth." Millions of people around the world look at the assertions by which the leaders of the United States justified the war against Iraq-that Saddam Hussein had and intended to use weapons of mass destruction, that he was actively pursuing a nuclear weapons program, that he was associated with al-Qaida, that "time is not on our side"-and they ask, were we deliberately misled? Was correct informa-

tion knowingly withheld or manipulated to justify an unnecessary and terrible war? were we lied to?

You know how these questions are being answered by our leaders. Apologists for the war say the weapons of mass destruction argument was a bureaucratic choice, the argu-

ment most likely to succeed. The claim that Saddam Hussein was actively pursuing nuclear weapons was only 16 little words in a long State of the Union address. They may be inaccurate, but so what? We got rid of a terrible dictator, one who killed thousands of his own people. Surely that is a good result from a little bending of the facts. As I understand them, Prime Minister Tony Blair as well as President George W. Bush and his associates have been arguing exactly that case: we didn't intentionally mislead, but if we got the facts wrong, look on the bright side; the outcome is excellent. One U.S. journalist, when asked recently whether he thought the president of the United States had told the truth about Iraq's weapons of mass destruction, said, "He told his truth." I am tempted to say simply, "The prosecution rests its case." As William Stafford has written, "Today in society you need a tendency not to believe."

believe there is such a thing as a lie, not just "my truth" or a "trutheffect." And the distinction matters precisely because sometimes people of integrity have to decide whether to tell lies in order to preserve some value without which they find their integrity is meaningless. You may know the famous formulation of this issue by Immanuel Kant. If a known murderer intending to kill your friend asks you if your friend is hidden in your house, are you required to answer truthfully? Immanuel Kant says yes, because you owe more to sustaining the moral law than to saving a single life. You must ask, what would happen to us if everyone told lies when faced with difficult moral choices?

You may also know the case of Pastor André Trocmé, who organized his community in France to hide and save Jews

SEE NO EV

by Donna Glee Williams

efore I tell you that I don't see anything to be gained using the word "evil" to describe any part of creation, I need you to know who I am. Otherwise you will be able to discount my under-

standing as naive. It is not.

I'm 48 years old and I have been a registered nurse for 22 years. Part of my psychiatric training in nursing school involved leading groups on the forensic unit of Parish Prison in New Orleans-in other words, I worked with rapists and murderers. As a pediatric nurse, I dealt with child abuse in its many forms, including infanticide. Later, as a psychiatric nurse, I was face to face with a range of human twistedness. I now direct a Holocaust education program for the state of North Carolina, and I regularly revisit (often with survivors) the reality of genocide. When I tell you that I do not believe in evil, it is not because I haven't seen the damage that humans can cause. It is because the idea of evil is not helpful in setting that damage right.

My dismissing of evil as a useless concept is based on a foundation laid by Frank Parker, my mentor in graduate school, who taught me how to think. Frank greatly respected theories. He liked them clean and clear, simple and uncluttered, good for many household uses. It was more than liking; Frank Parker loved a good theory—the sheer aesthetics of elegance, parsimony, and explanatory power

made him laugh with joy.

Despite his high regard for theory, he was emphatic about the difference between it and reality. He wanted his students to understand that theories were just theories, and reality—the world-

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was something else.

At the beginning of every new semester, he would start class by drawing on the chalkboard a blobby diagram that represented the world. Then he would cover it with a grid of neat, squared-off straight lines. He would explain that our theories were a kind of grid that we lay on top of reality to help us map it, talk about it, make sense of it, and to predict how it will behave. "Help us" is the key phrase; our theories are utilitarian mental fictions that

Labeling human behavior "evil" simplifies things for the labeler, but there's nowhere to go from there. What kind of response does calling somethng "evil" invite?

are valuable to the extent they help us attain some goal of understanding, predicting, or manipulating the world. But the main thing is to realize that they are not the world. They are stories. We make them up to help us deal with things. The amorphous blob of reality only coincides wirh the neat grid of theory at certain points—there is a lot of blob that the grid doesn't touch. That is the mystery part. That is the part where there is still work for science to do.

I don't know how often I heard his riff on the difference between theories and

the real world before I got it.

There was a concept in phonologythat things can be alike on one level and different on another level-that I had transplanted to explain a problem in semantics for a paper in another professor's class. The paper had been accepted for publication, so I needed to let Frank know about it. But I was afraid. I had played fast and loose with the theory as he had taught it, and he was a tough, "my way or the highway" kind of guy. In fear and trembling, I went to him and confessed that I had swiped a bit of theory from one area to explain something in another area.

He was delighted. He offered up his same old wisdom: theories are stories we make up to help us deal with things. There is nothing sacred about them; take what helps you and ditch the rest.

Maybe because I had been so afraid that he would snap at me for messing around with some golden, unquestionable absolute, and so relieved when he didn't, I finally took in what he was saying. Our concepts about reality aren't the truth. What is, is, and then there's what we think about it. What we think about it may be helpful or it may not, but it isn't the thing itself. It's just what we think about it.

So when people get to talking about Evil with a capital E, and whether it exists or not, I don't get into a lather about it. What is, is, and then there's what we think about it-but that isn't the thing itself. Still, what we think about it may be helpful or it may not, and that's what's

worth discussing.

M. Scott Peck, in his popular book *The* People of the Lie, tells a story about a young boy whose parents gave him, for his birthday, the gun with which his older brother had committed suicide. After recounting the horrifying case history, Scott Peck rhetorically pushes back from the rable, dusts off his hands, and tells his readers, "Now, that's evil."

chiatric nurse, and I met a lot of twisted human beings. If I could get enough information about them, I could usually get a sense of where the kinks in their souls came from. Often, if I could get enough of their story, I could help them or at least develop some kind of hazy mental picture of what kind of help they would need in order to stretch out and become more whole.

But there were people I couldn't help, couldn't understand, couldn't like-people I couldn't even care about enough to want to do these things. That's what Scott Peck had run into in that family: people who were outside his ability as a therapist to help or understand or care about.

I was a mere psychiatric nurse, with relatively little at stake when I confessed that some folks were just beyond me. But Scott Peck is a world-famous expert healer. I imagine that bumping into some-

thing outside his competence and compassion would be devastating for him. To be baffled would be baffling. The experience would need to be named. The name he gave it was "evil."

Once he named it evil, he was pretty much off the hook. The problem became qualitatively different from all the other snarled families he had dealt with (because this one was "evil"), so he was not obliged to grope around inside himself for the reason that this particular family dynamic was opaque to him. He was not obliged to examine his skills, his assumptions, or his own psychopathology in the way that mental health professionals must when they are stymied. He could simply remove that case file from the mental drawer marked "My Responsibilities" and put it away in the drawer marked "Evil." I can understand the

appeal of that. But I don't think this labeling of human behavior as evil is something that should be offered as good policy. It certainly simplifies filing is a deadletter box—there's nowhere to go from there.

Let's say that, instead of tagging this family as "evil," he had called them sick instead. "Sick" takes us somewhere; something sick needs to be healed. The category of sickness is paired with a category of response—healing—that points the way for human action. To diminish the amount of sickness in the world, you increase the amount of health and healing.

If Scott Peck had instead called that family "broken," he would have invited us to consider ways of fixing or repairing the brokenness. If he had called them "ignorant," he would have invited us to speculate about teaching and learning. If he had called them "emotional cowards," he would have invited questions about how to give them courage.

These are just metaphors, just words. But these words invite certain kinds of teaching, and encouraging. What kind of response does calling something "evil" invite?

It seems to me that once something has been identified as evil, there are two ways that humans can respond. One is to dwell apart from it, to separate from it as much as possible. Sometimes humans have done this by removing ourselves from evil (for example, certain religious sects that withdraw from the world), or sometimes we drive it out, exiling it from our presence (for example, imprisoning criminals). Either way results in isolation, walls, and diminished communication.

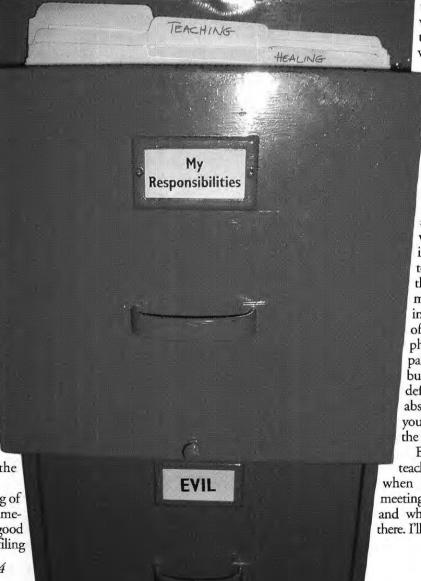
The other way that humans respond to evil is by attempting to destroy it. The death penalty, the Holocaust, war-these are rational behaviors if one buys into the identification of any human being or group as evil.

So if I look at the concept of "evil" as a

theory to help us understand and deal with puzzling things that happen in our

world, it's one that doesn't get me anywhere I want to go. I don't have a taste for destroying or isolating the problem people of the world, so there isn't much in it for me. I am more intrigued by healing, repairing, teaching, and encouraging. If I were a judge whose job it is to decide who goes to jail and who goes to the electric chair, then maybe I would be more interested in the theory of "evil." If I were a philosopher who got paid to devise abstract but logically satisfying definitions of moral absolutes, then maybe you could drag me into the discussion.

But I am a nurse, a teacher, and a mender, so when they hold the next § meeting to decide on what and who is evil, I won't be there. I'll be elsewhere, busy.



by Anna Poplawska

over the last few words of my message.

Afterward I went over to apologize for having caused her discomfort. She also apologized, and said that she shouldn't have allowed her feelings such free rein. She went on to explain that she doesn't believe in violence and comes to meeting because this is the only place where she can consistently hear messages opposed to it. I tried to explain that I too am opposed

get to know them, how moving their letters are, and how important it is for us to offer them forgiveness. But I have yet to hear a single word spoken in opposition to the violent acts that many of them have committed.

In a somewhat similar vein, after 9/11 there was shock expressed at the violence that had been committed, but the major thrust of the messages was the need to

With Malice toward None, Charity

or a while after Jack Powelson's article entitled "Why I am Leaving Quakers" (F/ April 2002) came out, a number of us gathered together in the Light to examine whether or not our meeting is hospitable to conservatives. Though the questions raised were good ones, the effort fell apart, as many good intentions do, under the combined weight of a largely disinterested meeting and theoretical constructions. Recently, I tried another strategy. After many months of listening to messages about how we must contact our president and speak to the issue of war and violence, I gave a message about the need to offer our president forgiveness. I pointed out that he has very much been acting according to his own light in trying to kill as few people as possible, including Arabs, and in seeking to show respect for Arab culture. It may not seem like much, but compare this to the attitude displayed toward the Vietnamese 40 years ago. Progress often comes in small steps.

I was nervous to begin with, giving what seemed like such a radical and potentially explosive message. The room seemed to be twice as silent as I'd ever noticed it before, a silence given dramatic significance by the woman sitting directly across from me. She was shaking her head violently and writhing in her seat as if in dire pain. I was half expecting her to shout me down at any moment and found

to violence, but she cut me off. She said that though she disagreed with me, she respected my right to hold my opinion. She gave me a quick hug before she walked away.

This is an expression that over many years I have grown to dislike. What is really being asserted, under the appearance of virtuous open-mindedness, is precisely the opposing quality. It is a closed-minded unwillingness to listen, to learn from, or to try to understand another person's point of view. A true relationship, which might come out of weighing evidence and the discovery of what is held in common, has been transformed into an empty ritual, a hug meant to convey that we're both still Friends.

Over the past few years I have heard a great number of messages regarding the need to share our Testimony of nonviolence. At one meeting, somebody even stood up to suggest our own cable television show. Yet it should come as no surprise that we, as Quakers, can be just as unwilling to listen to those whose opinions differ from ours as they are to us. We are part of a culture that places tremendous value on the right to speak one's opinion and not enough on listening. Our meetings can easily become a reflection of this, with the added danger of justifying our narrowly held opinions by laying sole claim to the Light.

Yet there is a deeper, and I believe more pressing, issue that I was trying to express with my message. It is not true that we consistently give messages opposed to violence. I hear messages in my meeting regarding prisoners and death row inmates fairly frequently. I hear about

offer forgiveness and understanding. Since George W. Bush attacked Iraq, I have not heard a single message about forgiveness toward him or toward our country. While our violence has been roundly condemned, not one word of outrage has been expressed regarding Saddam Hussein's mistreatment of his own people. What is it that we fear?

I am not suggesting that I approved of our war on Iraq; I didn'r. I am merely pointing out what I perceive to be an assymetry in how we as Quakers treat the differing sides of a conflict. Quakers have traditionally maintained neutrality. That neutrality, in order to be effective, must be one not only of form but also of spirit. We must study our deepest feelings to ask if

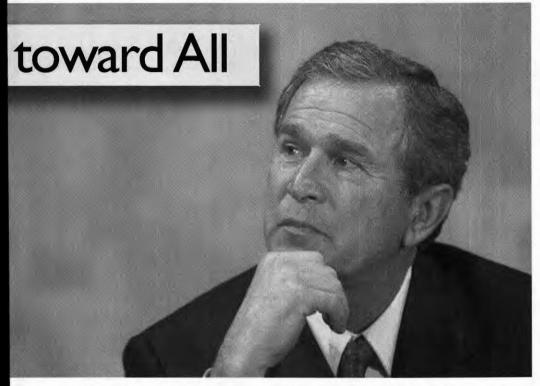
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all people and all sides of a conflict. Our love must extend not only to the weak but also to the powerful. Mohandas Gandhi, in his struggle to free India, wrote letters to Lord Irwin, the British viceroy to India, addressing him as "my friend" and even expressing his fear of hurting the viceroy's feelings. At issue is whether we who call ourselves Friends can make this same leap telt safe to assume my sympathy with his position without asking about my politics. I am not a true conservative, but I have no doubt that one, if present, would have been outraged.

I believe that President George W. Bush deserves compassion and forgiveness, precisely the same forgiveness that we offer so readily to death row inmates.



to friendship with those who oppose us.

Some time ago I got to talking after worship with a visitor from another meeting. It turned out that he wanted to talk about how stupid he believed our president to be. He had conveniently brought with him a long list of grammatical blunders that have been made during speeches and openly laughed at George W. Bush. While I haven't been under the impression that the president is terribly bright, I've never heard anyone point out that an inmate of death row is stupid or that his or her grammar is poor. It has often been pretty bad in the letters I've seen, but I'd be shocked at an accusation of stupidity. We talk about native intelligence, lack of good influences, or different ways of thinking. We say everything and anything except stupid. I was just as shocked to hear the president, a fellow human being despite all of his faults, spoken of in such a rude and disrespectful way, especially at a Quaker meeting. The visitor, who was

If we truly believe in our Testimony of Equality, then it is not only that the inmate is an equal to the president; it is also that the president is an equal to the inmate. He is also a victim of circumstances that he did not choose: he comes from wealth, as they come from poverty. His base of support is a state that derives its income from oil. Perhaps he was even beaten up by the class bully when he was a child. He is not a Quaker. He believes that the use of force is legitimate, and sometimes the only way to resolve conflict. He is the leader of a country in which a large number of people agree with him. It may pay us to consider that a practicing Quaker would never be elected as president and that such a presidency would most likely be a lamentable if noble failure. Ethical choices tend to become murky in real-life situations when one doesn't have absolutes to fall back on.

A popular but apocryphal Quaker story holds that when William Penn missible to continue wearing his sword, he was told to wear it until he could wear it no longer. If we are to be true to Quaker teachings, we cannot ask the president or anyone else to take on the practice of nonviolence merely because we say that it is right. This would be an empty form. We might offer hints or make suggestions, but then we must wait patiently for others to

> follow their own Inner Light and their own experience. I suspect that it will take a very long time before nonviolence is a universally held approach. As far back as Ecclesiastes (9:13-18) a wise man succeeded with his words of wisdom in stopping a king from going to war, but we also learn of the great futility of wisdom. The man was promptly forgotten. Wars continued. Even Jesus with his supreme example failed in his lifetime to free the world from the cycle of violence. We Quakers fondly remember the Sermon on the Mount and forget that Jesus also tells us that he has come not to bring peace but to bring conflict and a sword (Matt. 10:34–36). He will set parent against child and sibling against sibling.

When I look at the world honestly, I often find myself wondering what the point is of loving other human beings at all. Then I grow tired of looking at the world; it's too discouraging. Instead, I look more

deeply into my own heart to find love there, and to deepen my faith in God's plan that we as Quakers were placed here for a reason that will someday be revealed. Perhaps this is God's very wisdom at work, which we as humans don't want to concede. The violence of the world forces us, in our search for love, to turn inward.

In the meantime, I am not confident that the practice of nonviolence will make us or the world any safer. We are not promised that it will be easy or that anyone else will follow suit. Nor are we promised that our children won't be conscripted or jailed in 25 years should the draft be reinstated. We are asked to carry our own cross and to willingly make sacrificeseven the ultimate sacrifice, should we be called-for what we believe to be true and right. Our inspiration must continue to be that first generation of Quakers, many of whom died in jail for their belief that there is that of the Light, that of love, in all people, including presidents.

Compassion: A Missed Opportunity

by Wayne Swanger

The old man holding a cardboard sign stapled to two pieces of wood stood on the periphery of the crowd.

His body tensed as he strained to keep the sign aloft.

Staring straight ahead he spoke to no one as if he could get the speaker's attention by resolve alone.

The man moved to the center of the crowd and held the sign in front of the speaker who gave no indication of notice.

He slowly turned around and the crowd read this message written in a coarse hand:

I trust my life and the lives of my two marine sons in the hands of President Bush. God bless America.

I, who believe his trust given to the untrustworthy, and his faith rested on the shifting sands of politics, felt pity for this father of two beloved sons.

Today, just a day later,
I regret not following the old man as he left the crowd.
I might have offered him my hand
and bought him a cup of coffee.
I could have asked him his sons' names and where they are stationed,
smiled, nodded, and said that he must be proud of his boys.
I should have wished them both peace and God's protection.

Wayne Swanger attends Oshkosh (Wis.) Meeting and Winnebago (Wis.) Worship Group.



HERE YOUR TREASURE IS, HERE WILL YOUR HEART BE A

by Kat Griffith

Do not lay up for yourselves treasures upon Earth, where moth and rust destroy, and where thieves break in and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust destroys, and where thieves do not break in or steal; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. (Matt. 6: 19-21)

hese are precious words to Friends; formative, touchstone words in our Religious Society, and one of the foundations of the Testimony of Simplicity.

Maybe you need to have lived a life of relative affluence to hear this passage the way I always have: that your true treasure is the life of the Spirit, and that money is nearly irrelevant to achieving this. Money is at best a distraction in a life of devotion to God, and potentially a real obstacle.

I have personally labored for years to achieve a kind of detachment from money-an attitude I have imagined to be a hallmark of a "spiritually evolved" person. But I am compelled to admit that it has been an uneven struggle. Money and I have a complicated relationship, a love/hate/ignore relationship that plays out in odd ways. I alternately pay no attention to and obsess over money. I go back and forth from feeling resentful of

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others' wealth (and sense of entitlement to it) to feeling guilty about my own. I am alternately self-righteous, materially envious, ludicrously penny-pinching, and wantonly generous. My behavior might all balance out in the long run to some kind of karmic neutrality, but

detached it is definitely not!

I find that I am not alone in some of my conflicts. I see many of my attitudes mirrored in other Friends I know. I also keep finding myself-to my great bafflement-in the middle of money management and fundraising efforts among Friends. I, who have not balanced my checkbook in 25 years, am nominated to serve on the finance committee of a large monthly meeting, and to convene the budget committee of Northern Yearly Meeting. I am asked, or feel led, to raise money for various Friendly causes, over and over again. Go figure. At the very least, God has a sense of humor! And I also guess that I'm going to keep on butting up against this money thing and all of the inner contradictions it awakens in me unril I get it right.

Recently, a new chapter has opened in

my personal money saga:

Soyapango, El Salvador, January 2003. I was sitting in on the annual session of El Salvador Yearly Meeting as NYM's representative, along with NYM clerk Christopher Sammond. Salvadoran Friends were doing their money thing while we watched, silently. I was astounded. Salvadorans honor and record every contribution, down to \$2.50 from somebody or other. They don't really have a plan or a budget, and there are no apologies for that. They run through an astonishing amount of money in a year. They spend as the opportunity or the need arises, they commit with passionate assurance that "God will provide," and they make spectacular financial leaps of faith given

their limited means. And they leave a trail of wreckage and accomplishments in their wake that would leave most North American Friends I know slack-jawed.

As I sit there, I want to reach for a seatbelt. I want to hang onto my hat. I want to laugh. Even more, I want to cry.

I think back to our most recent budgetary discernment effort at NYM. As clerk of the budget committee, I have tried, in a halting and gingerly fashion, to help us figure out how to deal with the fact that we are quickly spending down a slowly accrued surplus to meet budgetary commitments. (Right now, that strikes me as asrounding. A surplus?! Do we so lack vision that we cannot think how to spend our money in the service of God? Is God's work all done? . . . But I digress.) Meeting contributions are not tising to keep pace with our spending, and at some point we will face a moment of truth.

Our committee's solution is a shining example of creative conservatism: tighten our belts moderately, provide adequate but minimal support for the workings of NYM, and only fund charitable contributions as the money comes in. We will prorate whatever we have left after meeting basic expenses, so that each "Quaker Concern" line item gets a fair share of whatever resources are available at the end

of the year.

This simple mechanism promises magically balanced budgets year after year, with no great need for unpleasant discussions about how much we give—or don't give. There are a few voices protesting this; several Friends are concerned that we are not showing sufficient generosity or commitment to our national organizations. On the whole, however, the budget committee is praised for its sensible new policy that can accommodate just about any likely pattern of giving without spilling a drop of red ink.

Our process is eminently reasonable, carefully thought out, and done with the help of a laptop that quickly demonstrates the bottom line implications of any decision we make. We try to be guided by the Spirit—we worship in silence, we pray, we discuss carefully, we listen—but it is hard not to feel, as I watch the Salvadorans, that we have perhaps been guided at least as much by culture as by Spirit.

As I watch Salvadorans buy and sell land and churches like so many cabbages, pour money into missions in Nicaragua and Cambodia (!), run two K–12 schools, start their own small part-time seminary, and engage in energetic evangelism hither and yon, I am alternately awed, appalled, moved, alarmed, and rather ashamed of us North American Friends.

We have a piece of the truth—don't get me wrong. There are admirable and productive aspects of our sober financial stewardship. And clearly, Salvadorans crash and burn on occasion, and sometimes leave things worse off than they would have been without their spontaneous—some might say reckless—commitments and casual financial management. Culture plays a role for them, just as it does for us. And the way they do things would personally cause me the mother of all headaches—except when it was causing me to shout, "Hallelujah!"

But I see that they're onto something. It seems to me that they try to make financial decisions in the heat of moment—the hotter the better! We, in contrast, consider this dangerous, careless, and apt to get us in over our heads.

Salvadorans deliberately raise the issue of money when the Spirit is palpably among them, when tears are flowing, when passions are high. We devolve a significant amount of financial decision making to a coolheaded committee of experienced bean counters, in part to

avoid making decisions "on the floor" of our annual sessions, where—heaven forbid—passions might enter in and lead us astray!

They don't imagine coolheadedness as divinely inspired. They recognize the presence of passion—heat—as a sign of divine leading. Our rational, cerebral approach assumes that a true divine leading will stand up to an analysis of fiscal implications as demonstrated by a computer spreadsheet. We at NYM put our money on Excel, thank you very much. Such an analysis to them, I think, would signify a lack of faith that God will provide. They seem to trust that it will all work out on the Great Spreadsheet in the Sky.

It seems to me that Salvadorans aim to squeeze the greatest possible financial sacrifice out of their members. They regard committing to something huge as a way to motivate people to rise to the challenge. We see it as a recipe for disaster, a future millstone around our necks. We seem to aim to require as little of ourselves as is decently possible.

They regard giving money as part of the process of sanctification. When was the last time you heard a North American Friend talk about money and sanctification in the same breath?!

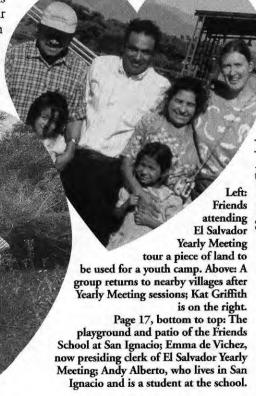
Salvadorans ask for money during meetings for worship, during meetings for business, during just about any time they gather in the name of the Lord. Money is an integral part of their worship, of their individual commitment to their faith community, of their personal relationship with God. And they offer up money with joy—an offering to God that is just as genuine and from the heart as their prayers and tears.

We northern Friends, in contrast, seem to consider talking about money during worship as unseemly. We surreptitiously drop our folded check in the discreet little box in the meetinghouse when no one is looking, maintaining a careful, antiseptic separation between our money and our souls.

Salvadorans' financial traffic lights are perpetually green. They zoom through intersections in their rickety vehicles from all directions simultaneously, weaving wildly in and out, avoiding disaster by a hair, and sometimes suffering calamitous collisions. Our financial traffic lights are perpetually yellow. We inch cautiously through our intersections in comfortable, well-mainrained cars, rarely suffering collisions—but our traffic is slow and congested, and we don't rack up nearly the mileage that they do.

Salvadorans deal with both spending and taking in money in the context of collective worship. We deal, at most, with the spending part that way. I suspect that this accounts for our wariness about bringing decisions about contributing to the floor of our Sessions. Experience tells us that we might be overcome with passion and commit to something, but that our subsequent giving may not necessarily

increase enough to correspond with our



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ciple do not pass the plate during worship!

commitment. If there is no chance of our being overcome with collective passion when giving money to NYM, it is a little risky to allow ourselves passion when we are spending it!

What would happen if we did as Salvadorans do, and subjected both our giving and our spending to the inspiration

of collective worship?

I believe we have the beginnings of an answer to this question. At NYM's recent session, following my report on our clerk's and my experience visiting El Salvador Yearly Meeting, one Friend rose and said, "I feel led to pass the hat, right now, for the Friends school in San Ignacio." She did so, and over the next 24 hours, in a gathering of about 280 Friends, \$4,300 was raised. To put this in perspective, the contributions to San Ignacio roughly doubled the average per capita contribution to NYM of those attending NYM's session.

It is hard for me to believe that the timing and the method of asking for money didn't have some relationship to the outcome. It is also interesting that shortly after the San Ignacio collection was taken, the yearly meeting confronted another special financial request, this time from the Friends School of Minnesota. The budget committee, convened by yours truly, had made a typically sober recommendation that involved tweaking the timing of our gift to leverage more funds for the school, without actually giving any more than usual ourselves. This win/break even approach seemed tailormade for our circumstances, in which we appeared about to balance our budget on the backs of numerous historical recipients of our largesse. (Read, our prorated contributions to Quaker concerns are expected to go down substantially this year unless people give more than they ever have to NYM.)

Well, I'm here to tell you that Friends would have none of this miserly and very responsible approach. Perhaps pumped np by the exciting discovery that we were collectively able to raise 4,300 spare dollars for the San Ignacio school, our upper midwestern Scandinavian-German Quakers threw caution to the wind and committed a comparable bundle to Friends School of Minnesota.

Salvadoran Friends attending the meeting sat quietly in the back of the room with no idea, I suspect, that they were witnessing something unprecedented twice in one day!

Now, we're not exactly out of the woods yet. It remains to be seen whether folks will actually contribute more to NYM. But there was an excitement in the air that was unfamiliar to me at NYM, but that I had experi-

enced once



before—in El Salvador. Following the rise of meeting, I was astonished by the number of Friends who approached me and said how moved they were by the collection for San Ignacio School, by the report on our visit to El Salvador, by the gathered worship we achieved when Salvadorans were in our midst, and by the example they set in their financial stewardship.

Clearly, many of us had just experienced something unusual and powerful, but not everyone. There was one Friend who expressed that he was deeply disturbed and put off by the passing of rhe hat. I am told his feelings were shared by some others, including some who gave money despite, not because of, the passing of the hat. I understand that the softpedaling of money issues is an important attraction of Quakerism to many Friends who are put off by the frequent, emotional financial appeals of some other denominations.

But the fact remains, NYM did something quite out of the ordinary for us: we directly linked asking for money to giving money, and we did both on the floor, in cash, in the context of a business meeting that grew out of a deeply gathered meeting for worship. The result is the largest spontaneous donation I am aware of NYM's ever having made.

Over the course of the next 24 hours, a new consciousness seeped into my soul, a new way of understanding those words so precious to John Woolman: "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Might it be that our money is after all one of our treasures? And that the more we dedicate our financial treasure to our faith works, the more our hearts and faith will follow? That our money can even lead the way to a deeper faith? Several people told me that for them the high point of the Session this year was the collection for San Ignacio. This from Quakers who don't like to talk about

Who would have thought it? As I think about this, a new verse for the song "Holy Ground" pops into my mind. It feels subversive—a poke in our collective eye-and also makes me laugh &

money, who as a matter of religious prin-

out loud.

This is holy money, We're spending our holy money, God works with our money, and so our money is holy.

It's no secret that part of the success of fundamentalism in the United States is that it asks more of its adherents, not less. Salvadoran Friends contribute a much higher percentage of their already meager incomes to their meetings than we do, and their faith community, as well as each individual's own spiritual experience, grows and is enriched in the process. I am deeply curious to see where we at NYM will go next with this issue. No doubt we will process what we did exhaustively; we will second-guess ourselves, analyze, agonize, pray, exhort, listen, disagree, talk a lot about holding the issue and each other in the Light . . . doing what good upper midwestern Scandinavian/German Friends do when confronted with the money thing. And that's OK.

But as we do it, I have a vision of something else: I see little pieces of our hearts, flying like hundreds of little moths on the wings of prayer and love, fluttering south from NYM and alighting on the walls of a struggling little Friends school in a tiny mountain town called San Ignacio, in a

country called The Savior.

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

werksecting &?

by George A. Crispin and Mario Cavallini What can be done when, inevitably, Friends differ in their perception of truth? A starting point, as Henry Cadbury observed, is to speak to the common ground, where the circles intersect.

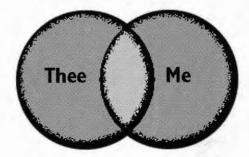
number of years ago, while teaching at Harvard Divinity School, Henry Cadbury encountered a distraught former student who had become a minister in a church that was deeply divided over certain theological issues. He wanted to know how to address his congregation on Sunday mornings, and Henry Cadbury advised him to "preach where their circles intersect."

At one level or another, Friends often appear not to agree, even about the most basic matters. We have a Testimony of Simplicity, for example. Some Friends deliberately restrict their income, some avoid driving large cars, while some do not drive at all. Other Friends live in large houses and drive SUVs. We have a Testimony of Equality. For some Friends

gender-specific language is eschewed, along with titles and other remnants of class differences. Others work in hierarchical businesses, live in exclusive neighborhoods, and send their children to elite schools. While we place great emphasis on our corporate discernment and witness, we also recognize that the pursuit of truth requires each individual to walk his or her own path in living the testimonies of Friends.

So what can be done when, inevitably, Friends differ in their perception of truth? A starting point, as Henry Cadbury observed, is to speak to the common ground, where the circles intersect. Let us take a look at those circles.

George A. Crispin, a member of Woodbury (N.J.) Meeting, retired after 38 years as a high school teacher but continues to teach at Rowan University and work a small family farm. Mario Cavallini, an information architect, is a member of Mickleton (N.J.) Meeting and is active in the worship and ministry bodies of Salem Quarterly Meeting and Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. An earlier version of this article appeared in the summer 2003 issue of Salem Quarter News.



Here we have the most basic of intersecting circles: the beliefs, experiences,

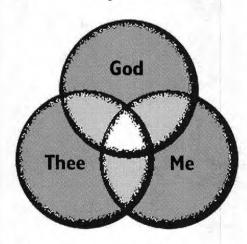
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theories, discernments, notions, and truths of "thee" and "me." As with any pair of individuals, much of each person's experience is unique to that individual (the darker part of each circle in the diagram), but a certain portion is shared with the other (the lighter part).

It is tempting to think that "truth" is to be found where the circles intersect, but that is not necessarily so. The only thing true about the intersection is that the two people agree on that part of their experience. Perhaps they have the same opinion about skyscrapers. They may both be right, or they may both be wrong. The only assurance is that they agree.

It is also tempting to think that, if you add more people to the mix and you find the intersection for most of their circles, then you stand a greater chance of finding truth there. That, of course, is a foundation of democracy: wisdom resides in the majority. The odds are probably in favor of this view, but, again, it is not necessarily so. One need only consider the history of science to see, again and again, how the majority of thinkers, working from faulty premises or incomplete observations, were certain of one fallacy or another. Or consider the history of civil life to see, over and over, how an entrenched majority can reject the truth of a marginalized minority.

However, the truth that we Quakers seek does not involve just more and more human circles, and we do not rely on human standards to define truth, for the truth we seek is God's presence in our lives. So let us add that important third circle.

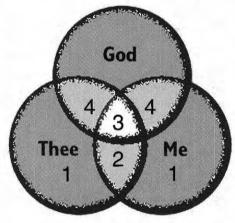


In looking at these drawings (known as Venn diagrams), it is important not to get caught up on the size of each circle, or the size and shape of each section of the circle. These circles simply identify areas of overlap; they do not map them. Obviously, God's circle of experience would dwarf any human circle to insignificance, and it is absurd to think that any person knows as great a proportion of God as God knows of that person.

There is, of course, much that we do not know of God. However, that which we can discover and experience of God is the object of Quaker discernment. That is what we seek to commune with iu our worship, what we strive to serve in our business meetings, what we simplify our lives to focus upon. In Quaker faith and practice, concordance with God is our yardstick for truth.

Therefore, does that mean that we must seek and focus solely upon the bright triangle at the core of our diagram? No. Not at all. For truth does not reside only there.

Consider some specific parts of the diagram. The area shared by thee and me now has two parts, labeled 2 and 3. Part



3 is shared not only by thee and me, but also by God. Truth resides in part 3, not because of thee or me, but because of God. However, thee knows something of God that is not shared by me, and vice versa (the parts labeled 4). Truth resides also in those parts, because of God.

If thee focuses only on the measure of God that is shared with me (part 3), then thee ignores the portion of truth that is unique to thy own experience of God. If thee takes a step forward and accepts thy full experience of God (part 3 and thy own part 4), then thee still fails to appreciate the unique experience of God by me (the other part 4). But what if thee takes one more step, and accepts the experience of God by me?

This is the genius and the challenge of Quaker corporate discernment, the reason we do not operate by majority rule, and the reason we treasure diversity. We gain a fuller sense of God when we can answer that of God in one another, when we can accept as genuine what others experience of God, even if we do not experience it ourselves.

This is particularly a challenge when it comes to the Peace Testimony. Some Friends are led to be strict pacifists and take a stand that they would not use force even to protect their home and family. The history of the Religious Society of Friends has been one of courageous moral witnessing. In nearly every war in modern times there has been a small but persistent Light that has shone, a testimony to a better way of settling differences. On occasion the results of this witnessing have been remarkable. One can only imagine that the Vietnam conflict would have continued much longer without the voice of Quakers, and others, registering their opposition.

Other Friends, however, have been led in other directions. In every war, Friends have nursed soldiers to health or eased their dying, have labored to provide food and materials to those who fight, have themselves fought, and have commanded fighters. Indeed, it is the rare Quaker who can make even an approximate claim to be free of supporting war in any way. And there is no Quaker in this country who does not benefit from the privilege—and suffer the burdens—that the United States derives from its military.

Each Quaker—indeed, each person—needs to be true ro one's own measure of the Light. However, claiming that responsibility for one's self also requires accepting it in others. Together, each being true to the Spirit, we all draw closer to it even if we cannot claim to walk the same path. To this end pacifists and nonpacifists can work together, borh within and outside of the Religious Society of Friends. Only then will we fulfill the Peace Testimony and truly move toward peace.

The Benches of Cobscook Meeting

by Audrey Snyder

here are five antique Quaker benches at Cobscook (Maine) Meeting. At this point they are in various stages of disrepair. Deciding what to do about them requires some careful contemplation. They have become part of the meetinghouse and stand in mute testimony to a past we can now only wonder about, and to Friends long gone who we never knew, but who are reaching out to us through these benches.

The history of the benches starts with the history of the early Quakers who settled the area of Westchester County, New York, where Purchase Meeting is today.

Harrison's purchase was made for the benefit of Friends on Long Island, New York, who needed to escape the hostility of the Dutch who controlled New Amsterdam and the adjoining areas. Many of these Friends migrated to the northern part of the Harrison tract and developed a farming community that became known as "the Purchase" and later just "Purchase."

These Quaker farmers formed a meeting and began to worship in each others' homes around 1719. One of the farmers, Anthony Fields, donated a plot of land for the purpose of building a meetinghouse, and with the cooperation of the Friends it was erected in 1727 and opened on the present site of Purchase Meeting.

This much-loved historic building stood at the corner of Lake and Purchase Streets for nearly 200 years, until 1919 when it was completely destroyed by fire. Across the street, an elderly woman whose generation remembers that event told us that the people who were on the spot at the time of the fire carried out as many of these heavy, hand-constructed benches as they could manage, and they were preserved in neighboring barns until the new building could be raised.

Audrey Snyder, a former English teacher and speech therapist in North Carolina, New York, and Maine, joined Purchase (N.Y.) Meeting in 1956, moved to Maine in 1976, and founded Cobscook (Maine) Meeting in her home in 1977 with the help of others.

The second meetinghouse was designed to follow the first one exactly in every detail of the exterior appearance. But inside, the new plan omitted the old gallery where the African American servants and farmhands sat, and also the center partition separating men from women.

Unfortunately, this lovely historic replica was also destroyed by fire during the evening of January 1, 1973. My husband, Harry Snyder, and I, and many of our friends in Purchase Meeting, watched as the kitchen and the great dining room where we had spent so many Harvest and Christmas dinners and early birdwalk breakfasts turned to ash. The old iron cookstove sank into the cellar and was drowned and broken beyond repair. The high school classroom with its interesting

cushions, which smoldered but did not burn through.

The next day, while the ashes were still warm, my husband and our sons, Frank Lyman and his sons and daughter, Dick Lockyer, Merril Houser and his daughter Linda, Mort Heineman, and others went into the building to retrieve what was salvageable.

The benches, surprisingly, still stood solid.

Once again community neighbors offered to house them in barns or garages until we could rebuild. But when the new meetinghouse was built it was much smaller than the old building and there was not enough room for all the big, old benches. They remained stored for more than 15 years.



hand-painted Navajo mural was completely damaged by smoke and water. In the worship room the greatest damage came not from flames but from the heavy slate roof, which rained shards onto the backs and arms of the benches, cutting into and mutilating them. The seats were protected by the old brown corduroy During that time, 600 miles to the northeast the newly formed Cobscook Meeting was outgrowing the Tamarac Farm home of the Snyders and was contemplating building a meetinghouse of its own. Friends from near and far came with hammers and saws to help make this new dream a reality. With the direction and

Purchase Meeting Photo from Friends General Conference; others courtesy of Audrey Snyder



dent of the same Anthony Field who had donated the Purchase Meeting land. It was the only time I saw her; she died shortly after our strange and wonderful encounter. Now her ancestor was to become the role model for Harry and me some 250 years later—we decided to give the acre at the end of our property to Cobscook Meeting for their building.

In the early 1990s Harold Crosby of Whiting loaned my husband and our son his big, very old farm truck to go to New York to get the benches. They got as far as New Jersey when the truck's oil pump failed and had to be replaced. Sara Siebert, my sister-in-law, offered her driveway for Harry to fix the truck and her hospitality to the two hungry, weary driver/mechanics.

When the truck was fixed, the Snyders returned to New York to pick up the benches—some of which turned out to be longer than the ten-foot truck bed. How they managed to load five long, heavy benches onto the truck will remain a mystery. But happily it was an uneventful trip home.

How the benches originated in the first place will remain a puzzling legacy. Curiously, the benches

expertise of Ralph Cook as carpenter and architect overseer, the building was ready to open in 1991. It was time for furnishing. We needed benches.

My family discussed with Friends the benches we had known at Purchase Meeting, and in New York, Purchase Friends generously offered to give five benches to Cobscook Meeting if we could

transport them.

While we were visiting there to make arrangements, we shared memories of some of the Friends who sat with us in worship, and we wondered also about the 250 years and the generations of unknown Friends who had gone before. I recounted that one First Day in the fall of 1956, when I was a brand-new visitor to Quakerism and to Purchase Meeting, I was surprised to find no one at the meeting when I arrived. As I was about to leave and go back home, a tiny, elderly lady arrived in a very old but well-kept Cadillac, driven by an un-uniformed chauffeur. She said that she was happy to see me, and I could tell that she really

meant it. She explained that the rest of the Friends had gone to quarterly meeting. In very low, sweet tones she described the monthlyquarterly-yearly organization and how much fun it was to get together and see everybody this way. We spoke then of those early Friends who had constructed such a fine building from the virgin timbers of the Rye Woods area,

and how they must have furnished it with benches built for the various farm families who occupied them on First Days. Then she said she was glad that she couldn't go to quarterly meeting this time because now we could have a little meeting together. And we did.

I later learned that she was Alice Field, who at that time lived on her family farm in a Victorian house. She was a descen-



are constructed of different kinds of wood and have slightly different designs, which indicates different carpenters. The different lengths or sizes were probably custom-built to fit different sized families. They stand now in our Cobscook meetinghouse, 600 miles and possibly 275 years distant from their origin, silent witnesses to the progress and changes of U.S. Quaker history.



Now that the seasonal Epiphany is behind us for another calendar year, it is interesting to think of the meaning of the word itself as it applies to life in general.

Epiphany derives from the Greeks, who had a word for (almost) everything. To them it meant a religious manifestation. To Christians, it means the specal 12 days after the birth of Jesus. To the world at large, in the sense that the writer James Joyce used it in his stories of ordinary people, it means a sudden awakening or appreciation.

We think we know a person until an unexpected casual comment gives us a new insight into what she's really like.

We take for granted the world of nature, and, abruptly, a bird's song penetrates our consciousness and we marvel.

Daybeak is daily subordinated to the necessities of the morning, but, once in a mysterious while, its magical quality strikes us and we stop to realize how blessed we are.

More than a vision or a dream, an epiphany in this sense is a very personal, wide-awake double take. It can come only from the Counter of Sparrows.

Claire Gerber lives in Port Republic, N.J.

Life in the Meeting

Sardines: A Meditation on Latecomers

by Sue Tannehill

y favorite variation of hide-and-seek, learned in one of the many towns I Llived in as a child, was called Sardines. In a reversal of the regular game, only one person hid. He or she tried to find a fairly small spot to hide. The rest of ns closed our eyes and counted. At the call, "Ready or not, here we come!" we spread out looking for the one who was hidden. Whoever found the hidden one tried noiselessly to hide in the same spot, awaiting discovery by others. Soon many of us were packed in (like sardines), trying hard not to giggle and give the spot away. The last to find us became the next to hide.

Though I hadn't thought of it in years, I was reminded of this game in meeting one First Day. Like many meetings, we have an ongoing dilemma about latecomers. We should shut the doors, say some; too unfriendly, say others. We should elder those who are always

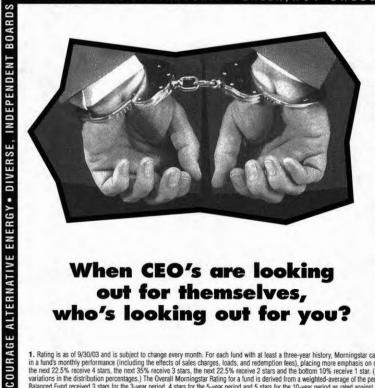
Sue Tannehill is a member of Buffalo (N.Y.) Meeting and clerk of Farmington Scipio Regional Meeting. This article appeared in SPARK, the New York Yearly Meeting newsletter, in March 2003. late. Who knows why they are late, say others. And as we revisit the problem every few years in Ministry and Counsel, we also continue to live with it on a weekly basis. I have heard people whisper when latecomers arrive. I have felt people bristle as the doors open yet again. (In our meetinghouse, you must open a door, cross an uncarpeted, wooden floored porch, and, in the winter, open two more doors.) I discovered that the more scattered and in need of external silence I was, the more annoying it was when others came in late. When I came prepared for meeting (in the sense that I did something other than listen to National Public Radio or the oldies station while speeding to make it on time), others coming in late didn't disturb me nearly as much. Clearly then, part of the problem lay in my control. How could I see things in a different way?

As I was trying to see the positive side of so many latecomers, that childhood game of Sardines came back to me. In remembering that game, I was suddenly able to welcome all those latecomers. The animosity and annoyance left me as I saw that they had been

searching for us and had found us only now. As more and more of us gather in the small space, the silence deepens and we all are nurtured by it, and those who come late probably need it as much as those of us who try to be there on time. I felt that wonderful shift of perception as a lighter, truer idea replaced the darker, heavier one. The notion gripped me and I felt the inward shaking that propels me to my feet. I spoke about the game and said that I was now trying silently to embrace each person as they came in, welcoming them into this space where we are all hidden, seeking the Light in each other and in ourselves. Several people have spoken to me since that day and have said that the message I received and shared also helped them let go of the tension felt when the door opens for the fourth time in ten minutes, or the same person comes in a half hour late week after week.

Perhaps others will find it helpful to think of themselves as simply the first one to find the hiding place and to welcome others as they, too, find the small space in which we are all trying to hide . . . and seek.

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Memoir

To the Desk Clerk Out There-

by John Bryer

y first two years at college in the early 1970s were more like Apollo 13 than Apollo 11: I realized that I had to abandon the mission half way through. Getting the personal maturity I needed to succeed in life required a midcourse correction and much self-examination. My best friend and I decided to take a lengthy road trip with the simple goals of experiencing the natural beauty of the United States and expectantly waiting for what lessons an experience like that might teach. While my friend wanted a time of discovery and experience prior to marriage, my goal was to somehow get my life on track.

At the time, the term "road trip" hadn't yet been equated with the debauchery and frivolity of *Animal House*. If anything, our trip was to be more of a low octane version of Jack

Kerouac's On the Road. When we set out from Pennsylvania in January 1975 we had no destination, no real plans, and only enough money to carry us for a few weeks. By design, the odyssey was to be self-funding. After loading backpacking gear and some clothes into the truck, we left our parents' homes and headed to the southeastern portion of the United States. Given the prevailing stereotypes and the regional history, many people warned us against going south, but our winter departure date made it an obvious choice.

Highlights of the first month included building a homemade raft and floating 75 miles of the Suwannee River, and learning how to find work in unfamiliar cities. In our travels, we met a gregarious fellow in a small Mississippi city who invited us into his home. After sleeping outdoors nearly every night, the offer of a roof, a bed, and hospitability was welcome. During the next few days this total stranger and his wife spoiled us with their friendliness and home cooking.

The night before our planned departure, we all settled in to watch the first of a two-part TV movie about FBI infiltration of the Ku Klux Klan in the 1960s. Our host's subtle comments about KKK rallies he attended and the non sequitur about the fully automatic M-1 rifle under his bed were trou-

bling. Were we deemed kindred spirits solely because we were white? I somehow knew that if out skin had been dark we wouldn't have been welcomed into his home in the first place. My exposure to the civil rights struggle was dominated by media-supplied images of civil rights leaders, church bombings, and protest marches. To them I added this small but disturbing experience.

The next day our journey took us northwest, into rainy Louisiana. We talked about the previous night and were intent to see the conclusion of that movie. Although we couldn't afford to stay in a motel, we thought we might be able to afford to watch the remainder of the movie in one. We were aware of how it would appear—two men walking into a cheap motel looking to rent a room for a few hours—but we had learned that con-



cern about how others viewed us was an unaffordable luxury on the road.

A half hour before the movie aired we passed through a sleepy little town where a neon vacancy light beckoned. We walked through the rain from our pickup truck into the darkened lobby of the roadside motel. A dozen or so African Americans were standing around as though waiting for something. Jndg-

John Bryer is a member of Uwchlan Meeting in Downingtown, Pa.

When we asked to rent a room for a few hours to watch TV, the desk clerk grew neryous and the others snickered. Testing us, the clerk asked what we wanted to watch and, throwing caution to the wind, we said we wanted to see a movie about the KKK. It was quiet for a moment until one man laughed at the desk clerk's unease. This nervous attempt at humor only added to the tension. We were surprised when he said that the people in the lobby were all there to watch the same movie. With some hesitation, he awkwardly invited us to join them. It was a small, but profound, display of courage by the desk clerk. We readily accepted and the tension vanished.

A collection was taken, someone went out for refreshments, and then we all settled in to watch the movie in the motel lobby. I don't remember much about the movie, but I do remember that some cried softly through the more poignant sections, and some made inappropriate comments that were intended to be humorous. When the movie was over we offered sincere thanks, bid the others farewell and walked through the rain to our truck. An hour up the road we stopped for the night, once again camping at roadside.

Onr trip continued for five more months. We snowshoed on the Continental Divide, climbed to the bottom of the Grand Canyon, backpacked throughout the West, and found jobs that were odd in more ways than one. That September I returned to school and found the academic success that had eluded me. My midcourse correction had somehow worked.

The lessons that I learned that night in Louisiana were profound. All of the secondhand media images of civil rights struggles were not as powerful to me as this small, personal episode in which people from different backgrounds reached out to trust each other, willing to be ridiculed, hated, or even hurt to share a small patch of common ground. In a time of growing worldwide xenophobia, don't underestimare the power of simple acts between seemingly dissimilar individuals. To the desk clerk out there, thank you for your courage.

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FRIENDS JOURNAL

Reflection

Peacemaking: Public and Private

by Michael True

In addressing this topic, I turn to the theme of a workshop/retreat with Bennington (Vt.) Meeting in August 2002, as a way of asking Friends for help in understanding and clarifying the relationship between personal transformation and social change.

As Quakers our basic testimony, it seems to me, is not "peace," but "peacemaking." Although the differences in the two words may appear unimportant, for our language and present needs, they are fundamental. Why? Because the English word "peace" no longer conveys the essential weight and power once associated with that word.

Figuratively speaking, "peace" died on the Western Front in 1916, in what Ernest Hemingway called "that senseless slaughter." The implications of that tragedy were first recognized by Wilfred Owen, who died in battle there two years later, after writing several extraordinary lyrics, including "Dulce et Decorum Esr" and "Futiliry." Almost a century later, his poems are still essential to our understanding of the horror and waste of modern warfare.

A few years later, T. S. Eliot, in *The Waste Land* (1922), used a Sanskrit word *shantih* rather than the English word "peace" to name the concept that surpasses all understanding. It was a fundamental insight into the corruption of the word, a casualty of war, and thus of our loss, linguistically speaking. Perhaps coincidentally, the year that T. S. Eliot published his epic poem was the same year that the word "nonviolence" entered our language.

This discussion may sound rather abstract, given the plight of the United States involved in war once again. But I think that it is an issue that must be dealt with by anyone trying to offer alternative ways of being in the

Michael True, a member of Worcester (Mass.) Pleasant Street Meeting, is the author of An Energy Field More Intense than War: The Nonviolent Tradition in American Literature (Syracuse University Press, 1995), and writes for Peacework.

world in a violent century. The language we speak, the words that we use, have consequences and implications beyond the mere naming of things.

"Peacemaking" is both clarifying and exact, whereas "peace" is ambiguous. The latter word implies that peace is something that just happens, usually between wars, nor something that must be created or it will not exist. Kenneth Boulding, among others, tried to address this matter by talking about "negative" and "positive" peace, in a way that was helpful. But for the common reader—the ordinary person, including me—this alternative doesn't fully meet a fundamental need to name our proper work.

Toward this goal, the writings of Adam Curle, British Quaker and peace researcher, provide some guidance, in a series of publications that deserve to be much berrer known in the United States than they are at present. I have in mind his pamphlet *Peacemaking: Public and Private* (1986) and a more recent book, *Another Way: Positive Response to*

FUTILITY

by Wilfred Owen (1893-1918)

Move him into the sun—
Gently its touch awoke him once,
At home, whispering of fields unsown.
Always it woke him, even in France,
Until this morning and this snow.
If anything might rouse him now
The kind old sun will know.

Think how it wakes the seeds—
Woke, once, the clays of a cold star.
Are limbs so dear-achieved, are sides,
Full-nerved—still warm—too hard to stir?
Was it for this the clay grew tall?
—O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
To break Earth's sleep at all?

Contemporary Violence (1995). In the former, Adam Curle says, for example, that "Public peacemaking is what we do; private peacemaking is what we are, the two being interpenetrating." Drawing upon his long experience mediating violent and intractable conflicts in West Africa, Sri Lanka, and the former Yugoslavia, he concluded in the latter work, "It is an absurd illusion to consider that we can work for peace, which means to be actively involved with people who are behaving in an unpeaceful way, if we are inwardly in turmoil and ill-at-ease; or to help people change their lives for the better if our own experience is disordered and impoverished."

Although one may demur at the sweeping nature of Adam Curle's conclusion, it is a useful reference point, particularly when set heside his resonant definition of peacemaking as "the science of perceiving that things which appear to be apart are one and the art of restoring love to a relationship from which it has been driven by fear and hatred."

An important implication of this line of reasoning, for me, is its stress on the intimate relationship between peacemaking and nonviolence and between personal transformation and social change. It snggests what nonviolent theorists from 19th century pacifist Adin Ballou to Mohandas Gandhi and Martin Luther King have implied about personal behavior and community building. The poet Muriel Rukeyser says, similarly, in "It is There":

Meditation, yes, but . . .
Generations holding to resistance, and within this resistance,
Fluid change that can respond, that can show the children
A long future of finding, of responsibility.

It is a truism in peace studies that strategies for resolving and transforming conflict within ourselves and our families are surprisingly similar to strategies at the international level. Both involve silence, listening, and being attentive to language and context, especially in distinguishing the conflicts from the persons involved. The goal is to restore equilibrium and harmony—to heal ourselves and the wider community, while recognizing the interdependence of the so-called spiritual and secular realms: to make peace, to act, to clear a space where peace might happen.

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time an official would come to him and say something like, "Pastor Trocmé, we know as a Christian you are required to tell the truth, so let me ask, do you know of any Jews being hidden in this area?" And André Trocmé would not evade the question, or try to be clever; he would take advantage of his posi-

tion as pastor, as Occupational and Professional Truth-Teller, to lie flat out, in order to save people's lives. Every night he would confess the sin of lying to God but could never ask for forgiveness, because he knew he would have to tell more lies the next day, for all the years of the German occupation of France. He saw the conflict Immanuel Kant was identifying, and lived with that torment in order to keep faith with both the moral law and the moral necessity to save innocent lives.

hile in prison, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the German theologian who was executed for his part in the assassination attempt on Adolf Hitler, worked on an essay about what it means to tell the truth. His circumstances made it impossible for him to draw on the most compelling test cases in his own life without betraying his friends to the Nazi authorities, so he addressed the question with this Aesopian example: "A teacher asks a child in front of the class whether it is true that his father often comes home drunk. It is true, but the child denies it." As a simple no to the question, Dietrich Bonhoeffer says, the child's answer is certainly untrue, but the child rightly feels that the teacher is prying unreasonably into his family life, thus the child's lie "contains more truth, that is to say it is more in accordance with reality than would have been the case if the child had betrayed his father's weakness in front of the class." The blame for the lie falls upon the teacher, Bonhoeffer argues. "Telling the truth" means something different according to each particular situation one finds oneself in, the nature of the relationships at each particular time, "and in

to demand truthful speech of others."

Dietrich Bonhoeffer's way of resolving the conflict of when to tell the truth is different, but he and Andre Trocme are alike in finding that they must tell lies in its order to live in the truth.

DIFTRICH BONHOEFFER SAYS, "TELLING THE TRUTH" MEANS SOMETHING DIFFERENT ACCORDING TO EACH PARTICULAR SITUATION, THE NATURE OF THE RELATIONSHIPS AT EACH PARTICULAR TIME, "AND IN WHAT WAY A MAN IS ENTITLED TO DEMAND TRUTHFUL SPEECH OF OTHERS."

The first generation of Quakers were especially insistent that their yea would be yea, and their nay, nay. Other persecuted groups of the time would hold prayer meetings around tables holding playing cards and drinks, so that if they were interrupted they could pretend they were merely dissipating, not praying. The first Quakers would not follow any such stratagem. And we honor them for that costly integrity. But what of those Quakers and others in the 19th century who helped escaped slaves to freedom along the Underground Railroad? Did they deceive and lie to the slave-takers? I assume so. And what of Quakers in Germany, Austria, and the occupied countries during the Second World War? Hans Schmitt's book Quakers and Nazis: Inner Light in Outer Darkness documents how individual Friends and meetings were sensitive to the issues of truth-telling and

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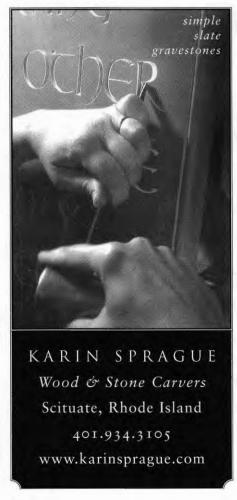
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evasion, and the ways they found to negotiate those ethical dilemmas in hiding Iews and other victims of Naziism.

I think you and I honor them, and those like them, who have deliberately falsified facts to save lives, but we do not do so without misgivings. I will no doubt disappoint Immanuel Kant, but I promise you, if a known murderer comes and asks me if I know where you are, I will do my very best to lie skillfully and earnestly, to try for a convincing "truth-effect," but not because I believe there is no such thing as truth or that telling the truth does not matter.

hat the commitment to trurhfulness helps make us suspicious of the idea of truth, is all the more reason for us to cling to those two capital-letter virtues, Sincerity and Accuracy, which Bernard Williams identifies as key tests of how we speak and act the truth. Sincerity and accuracy need to go together, to test and sustain one another. I think that is why I am so troubled by the easy formula of "my truth" and "your truth." I may be completely sincere in what I believe and what I tell you, but if I trust only in my own

sincerity, my good-heartedness about what I am saying, I may misinform, mislead, help out one of those undoubted certain truths by my sincerely told lies. The test of sincerity is one we must apply rigorously to ourselves. It is at the

ADRIENNE RICH SAYS. "AN HONORABLE HUMAN RELATIONSHIP IS A PROCESS. DELICATE. VIOLENT, OFTEN TERRIFYING TO BOTH PERSONS INVOLVED, A PROCESS OF REFINING THE TRUTHS THEY WILL TELL EACH OTHER."

heart of both André Trocmé's and Dietrich Bonhoeffer's struggles. Does our motive affect what we are saying? Is it in my self-interest to be speaking this way? Perhaps the only way we can get at the influence of our ideology, our perspective shaped by our desire to hold or keep power, is to be rigorous about sincerity, testing it always against accuracy.

A good example of such sincerity is John Woolman's searching his conscience in the midst of his travel among Native Americans. He had already given a great deal of thought to what might happen to him on this trip. He might die, he might be captured and used as a slave by the Indians. One night, he reflected on the day's news of violent events nearby. He writes in his Journal, "In this great distress I grew jealous of myself, lest the desire of reputation as a man firmly settled to persevere through dangers, or the fear of disgrace arising on my returning without performing the visit, might have some place in me." That is to say, he looks hard at the purity of his motives for acting. For most of that night, he tries to bring his motives and all he knows about himself into God's Light, "till the Lord my gracious Father, who saw the conflicts of my soul, was pleased to give quietness." In

> this passage we see John Woolman testing his sincerity twice-first by that close self-examination itself, and then by writing about it so you and I can see him not as a brave, self-assnred saint but as someone conflicted by what he has gotten himself into,

"jealous of himself"-which I take to mean suspicious of and perhaps shamed by his motives-and finally only given quietness, not even renewed confidence in his own integrity.

So sincerity is one pillar of truth and accuracy is another. Bernard Williams says that, in the territory of sincerity, we may ask "Shall I tell the truth?' But in the territory of accuracy, there is no such question as 'Shall I believe the truth?" Accuracy, he says, is the virtue that encourages us to spend more effort than we might have in trying to find out the truth, "and not just to accept any belief-



shaped thing that comes into [our] head." Accuracy requires us to devise, and restrict ourselves by, careful, precise methods of investigation that can generate truth, the practice of detachment, rigorous self-examination for bias. We must be, in John Woolman's words, "jealous of ourselves" about haste, laziness, wishful thinking, and self-serving. To prove trustworthy to others, we must start by questioning our own motives, our evidence, our conclusions.

The Latin etymology of the word "accuracy" means "done with care." The American poet Adrienne Rich says in Women and Honor: Some Notes on Lying, "Truthfulness anywhere means a height-ened complexity." Truth is complex; truthfulness is a heightened complexity. That is so for all the reasons I have been asking you to consider with me: truth is pluralistic, modified according to the discourses it is imbedded in; what we say and believe is deeply influenced by ideology, which in turn is entangled in our wish to gain or hold onto power; and new voices get a hearing only if they can challenge what has been taken as received truth. People will tell lies to "help out a certain truth," says Samuel Taylor Coleridge. There is no such thing as truth, only the will to power; it is whatever the strong say it is, says the cynic, the philosopher who deals in irony.

And yet, I believe, through all that contention and complexity, we must persist in trying to find what is most dependably true, we must pledge ourselves to tell what we believe is the truth, to try to shape our lives as testimony to it. Julie Meadows

wrote to me:

Quakers have understood . . . that certain truths are fragile and can only be passed between people who know and care about each other. . . . Only people who worship together, who know each other well enough, and respect each other enough to take the time to listen and be changed will be able to dedicate themselves not just to slogans but to tasks, will grasp the kind of truth that doesn't exclude all other possibilities but tries to find the best harmony of them possible in this moment, knowing that in the next moment it may well change.

Adrienne Rich says, "An honorable human relationship—that is, one in

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word love is a process, deficate, violette, often terrifying to both persons involved, a process of refining the truths they will tell each other." What she says of the honorable relationship between two people I believe also applies to the possible relationships between groups, people, even nations. "We are too ready to retaliate," says William Penn in Fruits of Solitude, rather "than forgive, or gain by Love and Information." By information he means accurate facts, dependable knowledge, workable truths. Our love must be accurately informed; our information must be held and used in care, as the etymology of the word "accuracy" reminds us.

arlier I promised I would do my best to lie convincingly if a murderer came looking for you. I was making a glib joke, but promising is a very serious act. To promise, to give one's word, is to say one will stand by what one believes. The Irisb use a very evocative image of a relation to the truth when they speak of "standing over" their words. One stands over one's words protectively, but one also takes one's stand on them as the foundation of one's being. One makes an identity between one's deepest self, the soul, the conscience, and the veracity of the acts one performs and the words one says. God help me if I make such a serious promise and cannot keep it. To give a serious promise, one must be both sincere and accurate.

Remember the words of Denise Levertov's poem:

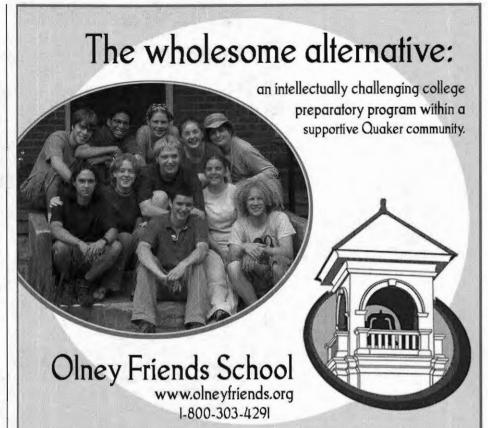
But peace, like a poem, is not there ahead of itself, can't be imagined before it is made, can't be known except in the words of its making, grammar of justice, syntax of mutual aid.

A feeling towards it, dimly sensing a rhythm, is all we have until we begin to utter its metaphors, learning them as we speak.

Making peace and making poetry are similar in that they require of us the most ethical, precise, and respectful use of language. Each grows from and expresses truthfulness. We negotiate peace by finding the form of words by which we can bind ourselves to pledges we can keep. Peace grows as we find the right words for the right deeds and put them together in the right order. "A line of peace might appear," Denise Levertov says, "if we restructured the sentence our lives are making.... Grammar of justice, syntax of mutual aid." Peace comes about through treaties and promises made and kept. To make peace we must make a self that is trustworthy, a self that persists in trusting.

Confucius taught that our great ethical work is to call things by their right names; to recognize and use the most accurate and truthful words for our actions, for our social inventions, and for the institutions we have created to serve us. Every generation has its particular struggle to reclaim and rehabilitate its most precious words from the cynical, the power brokers, and the oppressors and their tame rhetoricians. Every generation has to find ways to live by the great words, the great promisewords, with courage and integrity. Truth is a complexity, but our work is to seek the truth sincerely; to listen to even the most painful truth-claims and weigh them against our own convictions; to demand of ourselves sincerity and accuracy in what we say; to learn to speak the truth in love; and to speak it to each other, to the world, and in our own hearts.

A cadence of peace might balance its weight on that different fulcrum; peace, a presence, an energy field more intense than war, might pulse then, stanza by stanza into the world, each act of living one of its words, each word a vibration of light—facets of the forming crystal.





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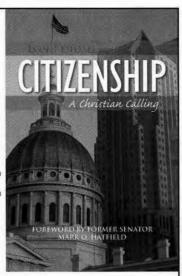


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Since Robert Barclay's Apology was first published in 1678, it has been a central statement of "The Light within as thought about," to use Howard Brinton's famous phrase. It has been the most widely and durably used, read, studied, and loaned exposition of Quaker belief since the 18th century. If a Quaker home had any books beyond George Fox's Journal and the Bible, the third was likely to be Roh-

ert Barclay's.

But too often, the Apology is referred to as "the" or "the only" systematic Quaker theology. Though much of its content and arrangement are due to Robert Barclay's arguing against Calvinist and other theological opponents in his day, the book remains a powerful resource for Friends of all kinds—a resource and a challenge. In the Apology we find both close reasoning and Scriptural exegesis on issues like the Universal and Saving Light; the importance of right belief; the nature of salvation; the Quaker views of ministry, worship, and the sacraments; and effective discussions of social testimonies and the relation of the Quaker to the state. We also find informative descriptions of Quaker practice and customs, and we encounter some of the key disputed ideas of his time.

However, in addition to the healthful exercise of the mind with the soul looking over its shoulder that one gets in reading Robert Barclay, the reader comes to feel the fervency, warmth, and joy that Robert Barclay discovered in coming among Friends. His exposition draws on the testimony of his personal experience in passages such as this one, speak-

ing of the power felt in the silence:

... of which I myself, in a part, am a true witness, who not by strength of arguments or by a particular disquisition of each docrrine and convincement of my understanding thereby, came to receive and bear witness of the Truth, but by being secretly reached by this Life: for when I came into the silent assemblies of God's people I felt a secret power among them which touched my heart, and as I gave away unto it, I found the evil weakening in me and the good lifted up, and so I became thus knit and united unto them, hungering more and more after the increase of this Power and Life whereby I might feel myself perfectly redeemed.

So should we all labor to feel after the

motions of God's life in us, however small and humble, and live them experimentally. As with all experiments, part of the payoff is the time of reflection about what has happened, what it means for us, and what we can now see and do that we could not before. So the Light is to be felt, followed, enacted, and thought about by each of us—in a dialogue of heart, soul, strength, and mind.

Unfortunately, the Apology has only been available to most of us in Dean Freiday's modern English version, an annotated paraphrase published in 1967. Now, however, the Quaker Heritage Press has produced a handsome volume, containing the original English text of the Apology (Robert Barclay wrote first in Latin, and then produced his own English edition). The volume includes a brief introduction, and a long appendix by Larry Kuenning comparing this version with Dean Freiday's "modern English" paraphrase. Larry Kuenning makes a strong case that Dean Freiday in his paraphrases made choices about wording, or delerions, and even additions, which in many cases make changes to what Robert Barclay says himself.

Perhaps the single most jarring point in Dean Freiday's edition is that in his "translation," he chose to cite different translations of the Bible than the one Robert Barclay quoted. Since Robert Barclay's arguments are often keyed to particular wordings in the Scriptural citations, this substitution of wording can sometimes in effect prevent him from making his point, or even make a point he did not intend. On the basis of his study, Larry Kuenning suggests that Dean Freiday's edition is most valuable for its footnotes and commentary, which explain many theological and Scriptural points that materially help the reader.

Which version should you read? I have to confess that I have not used Dean Freiday's version much since I found a copy of Robert Barclay's Works in an old barn one Maine summer. However, the Apology in Modern English has enabled generations of Friends to become acquainted with the Apology, to study it and share it, and gain some sense of the riches to be found in the book. Yet it must be said that, since the original is available, anyone using Dean Freiday's version should be aware that it is flawed. Meetings should definitely have a copy of the new Quaker Heritage Press version in their libraries, so that Friends can refer to it if they cannot afford to own two versions of the Apology, and already have purchased and come to know the modern English version.

Now, should I not recommend Dean Freiday because it is easier language, "modern English"? No, I should not. As the Quaker Heritage Press editor, Licia Kuenning, points out, Barclay also wrote modern English, linguistically speaking. It is not 20th century

language, and its style is not as clear as that of John Punshon, nor even Joseph John Gurney. Yet it is not so obscure as many other theologians, once one is used to the length of many of the sentences, which sometimes require thoughtful reconsideration. The Quaker Heritage Press edition gives some help with 17th-century peculiarities (and also cheerfully advises the reader who finds 17th-century English difficult to keep reading it until it becomes easy).

This begs the question, "What are we to think about 'modern' versions of early Quaker texts?"

The Apology was the first of the great Quaker texts to be "translated" into Late Modern English, but it is not the last. Rex Ambler has produced an anthology of quotations from George Fox with accompanying paraphrases; Ron Selleck modernized William Penn's No Cross, No Crown. A "modern English" paraphrase of Robert Barclay's Catechism and Confession of Faith is just out, and I have heard that there is to be a "modern version" of William Penn's Fruits of Solitude. This last gives me pause, because his meditations are notable for their wit, compression, clarity, and pungency, so that a modern paraphrase of Fruits seems as jarring an idea as a modern paraphrase of the Gettysburg address, or of Walden—or of John Woolman's Journal. The voice of the original, the tang and taste of it is lost in paraphrase; and there can be other losses, so that one should use such versions with real care.

And bear in mind that paraphrase is a commentary. No matter how faithful and careful the paraphraser may be, he or she is still making choices in order to put things differently from the way the author did; the reader can profit from the paraphrase if this is kept in mind. Paraphrasers may not be under the same concern, nor responsive to the same issues, as were the original authors, so that threads, nuances, and concepts may be lost, recast, or unintentionally misshapen. Despite such inevitable losses, a paraphrase may serve as an introduction, or perhaps invite some people to read an author with a reputation for "difficulty" whom they might not dare to approach otherwise.

Yet I would urge Friends to remember that we are not separated from our predecessors by so many generations, nor are we really speaking a different tongue. If a paraphrase is all that you have at hand, then read it and meet the author on those terms, through another's interpretation. If, however, you take the opportunity to read the original, then you can hear the author speak in his or her own voice—and you can make your own interpretations.

-Brian Drayton

Brian Drayton, an ecologist working in science education, is a member of Weare (N.H.) Meeting and a recorded minister.



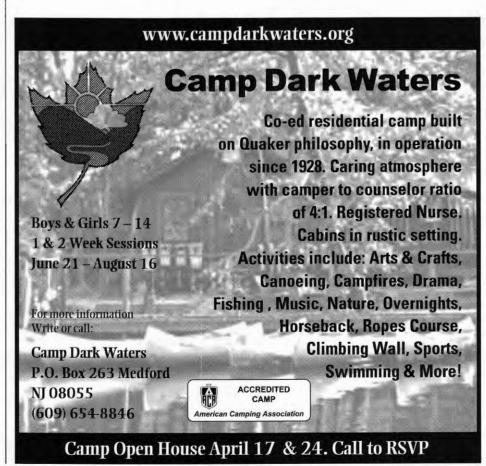
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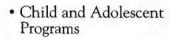
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Peace Comes Walking: The Life of Donald Groom, Quaker Peace Worker

By Victoria Rigney. Glass House Books, 2002. 290 pages. \$30/paperback.

Donald Groom watched his Quaker father publicly shamed for his stand as a pacifist in Great Britain during World War I, then saw for himself the debacle of Germans trading the shovels of National Socialism for the guns of Fascism in Bonn in 1936, the despair of Spanish Civil War refugees who escaped from Barcelona to France, and the spectacle of Parisian decadence leading up to World War II.

Donald Groom was an excellent accountant and was urged by some to make his fortune as a banker before he turned to service for others, but he found this unacceptable for himself: "The world wants putting right morally and spiritually. There are plenty to look after the material needs of the world."

Intrigued by the ideas of Mohandas Gandhi and inspired by the writings of John Woolman, Donald Groom and his wife Erica were sent to India by the Friends Service Council in 1940 to work, not as traditional missionaries, but "in the changing relationship between India and Britain." Working energetically for others all the while, Donald Groom served a long apprenticeship in nonviolence, continually embarking on political, spiritual, and personal quests—in his beloved India, in Australia, in England, and in the United States.

Victoria Rigney uses Donald Groom's own writing much of the time to give readers a deep sense of his locations and experiences, and she weaves them with apparent ease into a candid presentation of the man, his shortcomings and his strengths. That helps make this a gem of a book—and one that reveals a man who "showed others that simplicity, hard work, assertive action for peace, and a quiet presence could make a difference."

—Sharon Hoover

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

In Brief

You Don't Have to Sit on the Floor: Making Buddhism Part of Your Everyday Life

By Jim Pym. Ulysses Press, 2002. 181 pages. \$12.95/paperback. Jim Pym is already known to many Quakers as the author of Listening to the Light (1999) and The Pure Principle: Quakers and Other Faith Traditions (2000). A Brit-

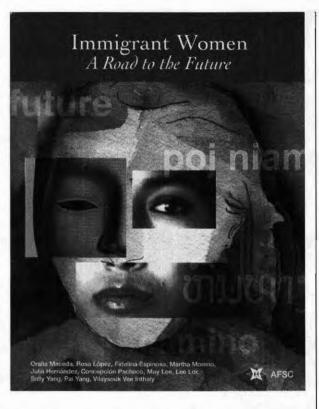
ish Friend, raised as a Roman Catholic, but part of the Friends community all his adult life, Jim Pym is deeply involved in Buddhism, yoga, meditation, and the Friends Fellowship of Healing as well as the World Congress of Faiths. This background, plus his years at Friends House London as manager of the bookshop, then as publisher, and his many years of facilitating interfaith workshops and retreats for Quakers and for others, has prepared him well to speak to a contemporary U.S. audience about daily practice of centering into the Light. His discussion of "mindful awareness" recalls Douglas Steere's development of the adage, "Be present where you are." Jim Pym's book is a clear and gentle introduction to Zen Buddhism for Friends who wish to know more about another faith tradition in order

to deepen their own. I appreciated the simple introductions to such things as "The Three Signs of Being," "The Four Noble Truths," and "The Noble Eightfold Path." Jim Pym also speaks of other aspects of Buddhism and relates the practice of meditation to prayer. There are just enough exercises for the reader to begin to understand the practice and enough stories and poems that I will keep the book by my bedside to remind me of the gentle ways of coming back to myself and thereby to God.

-Sharon Hoover

Immigrant Women: A Road to the Future/Mujeres Inmigrantes: Camino al Futuro

By Oralia Maceda, Rosa López, Fidelina Espinosa, Martha Moreno, Julia Hernández, Concepción Pacheco, May Lee, Lee Lor, Sally Yang, Pai Yang, and Vilaysouk Vee Inthaly. The Pan Valley Institute of AFSC, 2003. 160 pages. \$10/paperback. English and Spanish. This volume is a collective history expressing the voices of immigrant women working for social change in the Central Valley of California. Through AFSC's Pan Valley Institute, based in Fresno, Calif., the authors built a multiethnic network—Mexican, Central American, Mexican American, African American, Laotian, and Hmong—to share life experiences and explore ways to solve shared problems. This book documents their collective educational process while drawing attention to the political invisibility of the issues



that affect immigrant women's daily lives, such as lack of childcare and medical iusurance, work-related illnesses, domestic violence, racism, and difficulties of juggling family obligations, long work hours, and participation in

community organizations.

The authors' personal stories give the reader an appreciation of the significant leadership (and untapped leadership potential) of immigrant women in improving community lifewhile usually remaining invisible to outsiders. The book was created as an "educational tool that will facilitate our attempt to take part in the decision-making process," and it illustrates the current absence of immigrant voices in decision-making arenas. For groups working on immigration issues, this book offers powerful examples of the importance of multiethnic coalitions, as well as the need to draw upon the leadership potential within immigrant communities in order to create change. In the authors' words, "We came to realize that the experts often underestimate our level of knowledge and are not aware of the effort we are making to promote and secure the well-being of our communities."

The collective and individual stories in this volume illustrate that there is a tremendous amount of work to be done, while offering the inspiration of positive outcomes and a clear sense of direction for future change that includes listening to immigrant voices.

—Lisa Rand

Lisa Rand, assistant editor of FRIENDS JOUR-NAL, is a member of Goshen (Pa.) Meeting.

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News

On October 22, 2003, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting filed its answer to a Justice Department lawsuit that asks a \$20,000 penalty to be imposed on them and seeks to make them the collection agent for the government. The yearly meeting's response makes clear its intention to stand by its essential religious principles, and publicly defend the free exercise of religion on all possible grounds, including constitutional and statutory religious freedom defenses. The IRS contends that PYM must garnish the salary of one of its employees and members who refuses-in keeping with longstanding Quaker convictions-to pay taxes that support war and preparations for war. While the IRS could easily take other courses to collect the back taxes it claims are due, instead the federal government is trying to force a church to collect these funds for it, an action that would require this Quaker organization to violate its own essential religious convictions regarding freedom of conscience. PYM has refused to do so. The answer to the suit says that the government "asks the court to assist ir in violating the most fundamental religious principles of an established church. . . . Although those principles and the yearly meeting's reasons for its actions have been painstakingly explained to the [government] . . . the complaint purports to set forth the history of this marter without even mentioning PYM's efforts at communication and conciliation. Further, the complaint labels the Yearly Meering's religiously mandated acrions as a 'failure' to submit to government coercion, and brands the [Quaker] theological scruples as 'unreasonable' and deserving of harsh penalties." The news release from PYM adds, "Quakers have long been known for their religious pacifism, opposition to war, and support of religious freedom and freedom of conscience. PYM regrets that being true to its faith has now brought us into conflict with the government. The Quaker organization sees itself as defending freedom of religion and freedom of conscience—and nor just for itself, but for all those who desire to be both good citizens and people of faith. While PYM regrets the need to resort to legal action, it looks forward to a full airing of the issues involved in a public forum where both the sound reasons and religious principles that guide this Quaker organization's actions may be upheld. PYM's defense will rest on the constitutional right to freedom of religion generally, and particularly as upheld and restated in the Religious Freedom Restoration Act of 1994." —Thomas Jeavons, PYM general secretary

Canadian Yearly Meeting approved a statement regarding Canada's anti-terrorism legislation during its annual Sessions, August

2-9, 2003. "There is an historic and continuing connection between our belief in that of God in everyone and our traditional work to ensure the equal treatment of all people. . . . We believe that the new Canadian Anti-Terrorism Legislation was developed to appease the anxieties of the present U.S. Administration rather than to answer the evident need within Canada. The new legislation . . . can be used to criminalize dissent. It disproportionately threatens those already vulnerable as members of minority groups: immigrants, naturalized Canadians, refugees, Muslims, and indigenous peoples. We ask ourselves, at what point do people lose the power to challenge their government's misuse of authority?" CYM will ask Canadian Friends Service Committee to undertake work on this concern. CYM also recorded its "concern regarding the particular weight upon our neighbors in the United States who are resisting both infringement on their civil liberries and an encroaching vision of their country as an all-powerful global empire. We hold them in the Light." - "Around Europe," Quaker Council for European Affairs, Sept. 2003

Putney (Vt.) Meeting approved a minute expressing concern about a new program in Vermont that would automatically register young men for Selective Service when they apply for driver's licenses. Anyone who refused to register would be denied a license. A similar program has been in effect in New York State since March 2003. "We view with alarm the expansion and increasing severity of state and federal measures to penalize nonregistrants who are religious conscientious objectors. . . . We reaffirm our loving support of those who are faithful to our Peace Testimony in the face of these challenges. . . . We therefore view such an action with considerable apprehension and ask all to work to prevent it from happening." -newsletter of Northwest Quarter, New England Yearly Meeting, and MAR STAR, American Friends Service Committee/Middle Atlantic Region newsletter

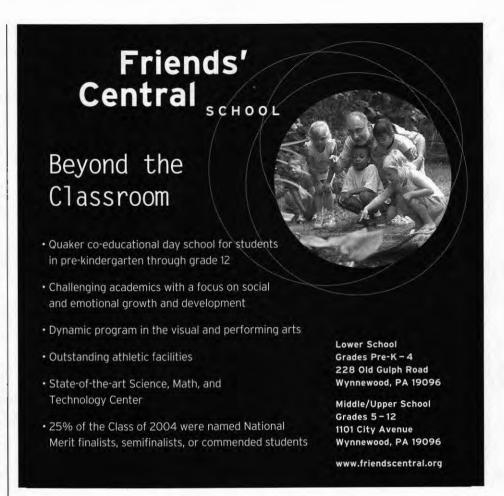
Local partner peace organizations, People's Action for Free and Fair Elections and Sarvodaya, welcomed the 11-member Nonviolent Peaceforce team to Sri Lanka at an opening ceremony in Colombo on September 29, 2003. Team members come from nine countries, with half from the Global South and half from the Global North. The team is now undergoing intensive in-country training on language, culture, and conflict history. After training, they will break into four units to serve in high-risk regions in northern and eastern Sri Lanka. In October the Peaceforce was awarded the 2003 Memorial por la Paz, given annually by the Josep

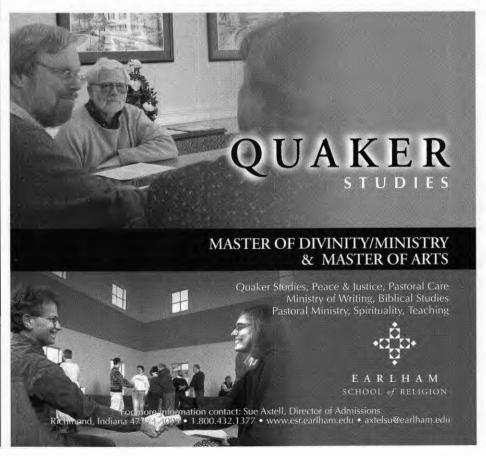
Vidal i Llecha Association of Spain to a group that promotes peace, disatmament, or ecology. The Peaceforce has also received a major grant of 50,000 Euros from the German Foreign Ministry for their work in Sri Lanka. Two member organizations in Germany helped Peaceforce European Coordinator Rachel Julian secure this important grant—the Bund für Soziale Verteidigung (Federation for Social Defense) and Forum Civil Peace Services. Visit <www.nonviolentpeaceforce .org>.

Friends Committee on National Legislation has resumed its Native American program work after a hiatus for evaluation and assessment. Patricia Powers has been appointed legislative secretary for Native American advocacy and has been consulring with former FCNL staff on Native American issues, Aura Kanegis and Cindy Darcy, as she begins the work. Legislative intern Derek Gilliam will support her work with research and writing projects and monitoring of congressional processes. Joe Volk, FCNL executive secretary, writes, "In upgrading FCNL's staffing for the Native American Program, we have taken a financial risk, but the current assaults by some in Congress on policies for Native Americans seemed to us to demand a strengthened FCNL response." For information on the program, including periodic Native American legislative updates, visit <www.fcnl.org>. —Joe Volk, FCNL

At the annual meeting of Friends Committee on Unity with Nature in October 2003, Friends approved changing its name to Quaker Earthcare Witness. A name change has been under consideration for many years, as a means to clarify the work of the organization and to facilitate outreach. The new website is <www.quakerearthcare.org>. —Kim Carlyle, Quaker Earthcare Witness

New York Yearly Meeting will undergo changes in structure and staff under a new general secretary, as recommended by an Ad Hoc Staffing and Structure Committee. The recommendation to hire a general secretary was approved during the business meeting of yearly meeting sessions July 20–26, 2003. Prior to 1999, the yearly meeting staff included an administrative secretary and two field secretaries. The positions of field secretaries were ended in rhat year. Under the new structure, the general secretary will be the senior staff person of New York Yearly Meeting. —Purchase (N.Y.) Meeting and Summit (N.J.) Meeting newsletters





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Bulletin Board

Upcoming Events

- February 10—Submission deadline for Quakers Uniting in Publications book *Young Friends Experience of Quakerism*. For submission guidelines contact Lucy Duncan at lucyd@fgcquaker.org.
- February 13–16—Quaker Youth Seminar 2003: The Truth Testimony, at William Penn House, 515 East Capitol Street, SE, Washington, D.C. 20003. Explore why this testimony particularly resonates with young people. Open to high school youth and costs \$50. Email <dirpennhouse@igc.org>; phone (202) 543-5560.

Opportunities/Resources

- A World Gathering of Young Friends will take place in August 2005, in England. The event grew out of a shared vision of young Friends at the 2000 Friends World Committee for Consultation triennial. Friends are encouraged to spread the word about this event. Input is invited from Friends who were involved with the 1962, 1985, or 1991 gatherings. For details contact Betsy Blake at

 setsy_wgyf@yahoo.com> or visit <www.wgyf.org>.
- The fifth annual Bridge Film Festival, hosted by Brooklyn Friends School, is scheduled for April 17. The deadline for submissions is March 29. The festival is open to all middle and upper school students at Quaker schools worldwide. The festival's goal is to promote value-based filmmaking and broaden dialogue on ropics such as integrity, nonviolence, social conscience, and political justice. The Bridge Film Festival does not seek films about Quaker philosophy, but rather films that depict Quaker ideals in action. For more information, e-mail Andy Cohen, BFS Media Coordinator, at <acohen @brooklynfriends.org>; call (718) 852-1029 ext. 458; or visit <www.brooklynfriends.org/ bridgefilm/index.html>.
- The Guatemala Friends Scholarship Program of Redwood Forest Meeting and Guatemala Meeting will conduct a tour of the central highlands from February 28 ro March 7. For details email lacelle@conexion.com.gt.
- In acknowledgment of the two-year anniversary of the passage of the USA Patriot Act, a diverse group of religious organizations declared the weekend of October 24–26, 2003, "Witness for Civil Liberties Weekend." The event website, <www.witnessforcivilliberties .org>, has a wealth of ideas, resources, and information on how meetings can get involved in this issue.

Milestones

Deaths

Alexander-Anna McGillivray Alexander, 74, on July 17, 2003, in Santa Rosa, Calif. Anna was born in Lafayette, Ind., on November 2, 1928, the oldest daughter of Frances and John McGillivray. Her father accepted an appointment at University of California at Davis in 1937, and the family moved to California. Anna went to college in Corvallis, Oreg., where she met William Alexander, whom she married in Davis in 1950. Early in their marriage they lived in Washington, D.C., where they became members of Florida Avenue Meeting. In 1958, with their three young children, they moved to San Luis Obispo, Calif., where Will joined the faculty at California State Polytechnic College. San Luis remained their home for 40 years. Anna helped establish a local chapter of the League of Women Voters, served for several terms on the county planning commission, and eventually ran for County Supervisor, losing by a thin margin. In 1964 the family enjoyed a sabbatical year in India, returning home via Kashmir, Tashkent, Afghanistan, and Europe. In 1978 they visited 16 projects of Right Sharing of World Resources. Later, Anna and Will spent two years in the Peace Corps, where Anna used her academic training in Home Economics to help women in rural Kenya. She liked to tell of her adventures riding her motorcycle 4,000 kilometers over trails of the Taita Hills to serve her women's groups. On a return visit ten years later she was delighted to find that the women were still making the large water storage jars she had taught them to make, and their income-producing basket weaving projects were still in operation. She and Will traveled with World Neighbors and the Mennonite Central Committee, visiting and working in the Philippines and in Kerala in southern India. Anna also went to Togo, Honduras, and Lesotho under the sponsorship of other nonprofit organizations. In 1994-1995 Anna and Will served as wardens of Wellington meetinghouse in New Zealand, coming back to San Luis Obispo until moving to Santa Rosa in 1997. Anna is survived by her husband of 53 years, William Alexander; three children; and six grandchildren.

Figuerola Pinos—Miguel Figuerola Pinos, 82, on August 31, 2003, in Monteverde, Costa Rica. Miguel was born on February 19, 1921, in Barcelona, Spain, to Manuel Figuerola Vidal and Ana Pinos Pascual. As a youth he participated in the Spanish Civil War, taking the side of the Republicans opposing Francisco Franco. He was captured and put in a prison camp. Luckily, the war ended soon after, and he was released. Under Francisco Franco, Spain had obligatory military service. Miguel was sent to patrol the then-Spanish colony of Morocco, where he took the opportunity to learn about northern Africa, Arab culture, and Islam, which he held in high esteem. He returned to a Spain under an embargo that caused extreme shortages and widespread hunger. Miguel had the responsibility of supporting his parents and younger brother at this difficult time. Miguel became acquainted with the Religious Society of Friends after World War II, when his stamp collecting hobby led him to correspond with Molly Swart, a teacher at a Friends School in Holland. After two years of correspondence Molly traveled



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to Spain to meet Miguel, and their friendship deepened into love. In early 1953, when the dikes in Holland broke, Miguel went there to participate in an international relief effort. He stayed on to be with Molly, and on April 8, 1953, they were married under the care of Utrecht (Holland) Meeting. Finding a place to live was a considerable challenge for the newlyweds. Miguel did not want to continue to live in Spain under Franco, and Holland was devastated by the flood. Then, in Paris, they learned about a group of Quakers from Alabama who had recently emigrated to Costa Rica and were inviting other Quakers to join them. Miguel first went to Venezuela, where he worked in the oil fields for six months, and then to Costa Rica. With help from the community of Monteverde he built a simple house with a view of the Gulf of Nicoya, and Molly joined him a year later. Life in rural Costa Rica was not easy at that time, especially for a couple accustomed to an urban environment. They had to learn carpentry, agriculture, cooking with local ingredients, and to make most of what they needed. In spite of the hardships, Miguel and Molly came to love their Monteverde home. They baked their own bread and kept a garden, a few chickens, and several cows. They enjoyed heing surrounded by constantly blooming flowers and a large variety of birds. Miguel taught geography and European history at Monteverde Friends School, and Molly taught music and languages. In 1963 they adopted a son, Francisco, then 2 years old. During the 1980s Miguel and Molly organized aid to victims of war in neighboring countries. With Monteverde Meeting as a base, they visited refugee camps for Nicaraguans in Costa Rica. Later they visited the capital and conflict zones of El Salvador, the highlands of Guaternala, and a refugee camp in Honduras. They became acquainted with local people and organizations, and gave support to local efforts to aid victims of war. Using their own money and channeling donations directly to victims of war, they brought international attention to refugees, provided food and school supplies to orphanages, brought crafts supplies to self-help groups, and took finished crafts back to Monteverde to sell. Through a Right Sharing of World Resources grant they were able to help a community in El Salvador build a well. Conscious of the danger of creating dependency, the couple endeavored to help people to help themselves. They formed friendships with many people throughout Central America that they maintained throughout and after the wars. Molly's failing health made it increasingly difficult to travel, so in the 1990s Miguel stayed home to care for her. Molly died on June 30, 1997. Miguel continued to live at home with the support of his family. He is survived by his son and daughter-in-law, Francisco Figuerola Swart and Marisela Lopez; and granddaughter, Annalissa Figuerola Lopez. The birth of Miguel's second grandchild is imminent.

Gross—Otto Gross, 91, on July 18, 2003, in Tucson, Ariz. He was born in Vienna, Austria, on April 29, 1912. He encountered Quakers there as a child after World War I. In his school the children were given Quäker-Speisung (meals from the Quakers) including white bread. The children did not know this was bread—they were accustomed to darker, harder bread with a crispy crust—and

thought it was a kind of cake. After Otto and his wife, Ann, came to New York in the 1940s, Ann became severely ill and was partly paralyzed. With the help of Quakers, Otto, Ann, and their young daughter were able to spend time in Monroe, N.Y., where Ann was able to recuperate. Otto was a machinist and an engineer. He was also an artist, painting wonderful pictures revealing light within the works, one of which hangs in Pima (Ariz.) Meeting. He had a passion for classical music and played the piano. At home he had a terrarium with cacti in his den and a birdfeeder in his garden for the hummingbirds he loved. He loved to play tennis, ski, and hike. He was a volunteer for the Park Service, giving guided hikes for visitorsespecially German-speaking ones—until he was too old to walk. Pima Friends remember with great fondness the annual meeting for worship in Saguaro National Park East, hosted by the couple. Otto had a great sense of humor and was very charming, but he also had something that troubled him, and that did not let him enjoy life fully. In German the word for this is Leiden. His family believes that in death he finally found peace. He was a longtime member of Pima Meeting. He was predeceased by his wife, Ann Gross. He is survived by his daughter, Susan Gross Nikolay; his son-in-law, Michael Peter Nikolay; and two grandchildren, Esther and Julian Nikolay.

Hauer—Stanley A. Hauer, 78, on August 28, 2003, in Springfield, Pa. Stanley was born in New York City on February 28, 1925, the son of Harry and Jane Hauer. He graduated from Bronx High School in 1943 and received his degree in chemical engineering from New York University in 1950. A project engineer with DuPont Company Louviers in Wilmington, Del., for 35 years, he retired in 1985. He became a member of Wilmington Meeting in 1968, transferring to Arch Street Meeting in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1988. Stanley was quiet and deep. There was always more below the surface than was apparent at first glance. His longtime interest in education was evidenced by his careful stewardship of Friends schools in both Wilmington and Philadelphia. He is survived by his wife of 48 years, Faye P. Hauer; a son and daughter-in-law, Joe and Margie Hauer; a daughter and son-in-law, Judith and Barton Mendez; grandchildren, Alexander Hauer, James Hauer, Aaron Mendez, and Elizabeth Mendez; and a sister, Rita Moraweic.

Line-David Chapman Line, 77, on April 3, 2003, in Missoula, Mont. He was born in Columbus, Mont., on January 22, 1926, to Robert Campbell Line and Louise Chapman Line. In 1927 the family moved to Missoula, where David made his home for the rest of his life. During World War II he served as a conscientious objector, working in a Philadelphia institution for the mentally ill, then for the Forest Service in Oregon through the Civilian Public Service program. In 1949 he received a degree in Mathematics from Pomona College. For many years he was accountant and general business manager for the Line Import Business, which he co-owned with his father. David was the primary caregiver for his parents for the last 15 years of their lives, continuing to live on in the family home. With his brother, Bob, he took pride in preserving their land so future generations of the Missoula community could experience peace and content-



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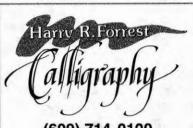
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ment from viewing the wonderful open land and timber on the hillside. David had a strong spiritual relationship with the land, which for him was much more than just a place to live. A member of Missoula Meeting, he frequently served on the Ministry and Oversight Committee. He also maintained a lifelong interest in the Theosophical Society of America. He kept a library of spiritual and philosophical literature and shared it freely. He nurtured the inner life of others by acknowledging the spiritual gifts he saw in them. He was a gentle soul whose kindness will live long in the magnificent view of the mountain on which he lived. David is survived by his sisters, Louise Line Grout and Harriet Line Flaccus; brother Robert Line Jr. and wife Ann Line; and many nieces and nephews.

Radcliffe-Catherine (Kay) Neal Radcliffe, 88, on February 23, 2003, in Cranberry Township, Pa. She was born on March 9, 1914, in Vandergrift, Pa., to Frank and Cleo Neal. Catherine graduated from Western College for Women. In 1938 she married John Radcliffe Jr. Catherine and John raised three children, Elsa, Steve, and Deborah. A medical technician by training, Carherine worked at Allegheny Valley Hospital in Natrona Heights, Pa., and later as a medical secretary in Magee Women's Hospital. She retired in 1979, and in 1985 Catherine and John moved from their O'Hara Township home to Sherwood Oaks Retirement Community in Cranberry Township. Catherine's work had provided her with expertise in health affairs that she used for the benefit of the Sherwood Oaks community. She was a member of Pittsburgh (Pa.) Meeting, serving as recording clerk for the monthly meeting and co-chair of the Oversight Committee. She loved nature and delighted in the changing seasons. While at Sherwood Oaks she worked to identify and preserve the bird life there, and helped to instigate countless measures to ensure their safety and health. For many years she collected dead birds for the Fish and Wildlife Service to study. She identified most of the wildflowers growing in the woods around the communiry, and made a notebook for residents to identify the different plants. Each year she went into the woods with Irish Spring soap hags on stakes to place around the trillium groups in the woods to prevent the deer from decimating this spring wildflower that is now absent from many communities in western Pennsylvania. She was a supporter of the Audubon Society and the National Arbor Foundation, and she gave wooded property where her family had once lived to the Western Pennsylvania Conservancy. In addition to her outdoor activities, she was an excellent speaker who regularly read aloud to blind neighbors and read book reviews for the continuing learning programs at Sherwood Oaks. She will be remembered for her uncompromising standard of personal integrity and as a good neighbor. Kay was predeceased by her husband, John Radcliffe Jr. She is survived by her rhree children and two granddaughters.

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From a denominational outsider

The October issue, "Diversity Among Friends," is wonderful. A special issue on diversity is a resource for reflection, meditation, confession, and growth. I read it straight through and felt that I had had an

experience of worship.

My own denomination, Methodist, rarely inspires, or even challenges, except from prophets from the "wrong" (right) wing, although we have a lot of good people. Your articles challenge me as a denominational outsider to be a better Christian, to reflect, to listen, and to seek an inner focus to strengthen my beliefs. Thank you for your witness and contribution, and please continue. I will continue to be impacted by the witness of Friends.

At my own church, I frequently and quietly observe to myself a phrase that I developed some years ago that sums up a lot of attendees, "Never expect a professing Christian to act like one." And then I always remember the Scripture and song that says, "You will know they are Christian by their love." Those words are always for me, as well as for the object of my judgment.

Richard Worthen Alton, Ill.

Our spiritual diversity

I want to thank you for printing Heather Sowers's article on Quakers who practice Earth-centered spirituality (FJ Oct.). Friends should always recognize and celebrate our spiritual diversity, which includes Quakers who incorporate other religions, whether Buddhism, Judaism, Paganism, or any other into their faith. I am pleased by FRIENDS JOURNAL's welcoming inclusiveness.

> Jennifer Chapin Harris College Park, Md.

Seeking meaning and hope

I do agree with Christopher Fowler (Forum, FJ Oct.) that some people are attracted to the Religious Society of Friends because they think "we provide a forum in which they can believe whatever they want." In fact, several years ago a friend said to me "You're so lucky to be a Quaker because you don't have to believe anything."

But I believe that most people who choose to visit a religious congregation do so because they are seeking a sense of meaning and a sense of hope. Those visitors who join



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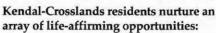


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us in our meeting for worship and in the fellowship of our community may experience with us the energy for the life of the Spirit.

Mary Lace Hurwitz Wyndmoor, Pa.

Does God hold back?

Referring to Anthony Prete's "Shalom: More Than Just Peace" (FJ Nov.) and quoting him: "God is also a key player, eager to enter the fray but holding back until we acknowledge the need and offer the invitation."

No! God does not vacillate!
God is life. All life is precious.

Quoting Albert Einstein: "Our task must be to free ourselves from the prison [of self] by widening our circle of compassion to embrace all living beings and all of nature."

> Nelson W. Babb Jr. West Suffield, Conn.

Our role is to model

Scott Simon's letter (FJ Nov.) speaks to us in the same voice as the Archbishop's loyal priests spoke to Thomas Beckett, who, as T. S. Eliot has it, rebuked them for their worldly pragmatism:

You think me reckless, desperate and

You argue by results, as this world does, To settle if an act be good or bad. You defer to facts. For every life and every act

Consequences of good and evil can be shown,

And as in time results of many deeds are blended

So good and evil in the end become confounded.

T. S. Eliot is right that insistence on results leads to moral confusion. Our role is not to set the world right, nor even to judge that it is in trouble and needs our help. Who are we to judge? Especially if, as in the spiritual, "He's got the whole world in His hands." Our role is to model, through our lives and actions—steadfastly, imaginatively, dangerously—creative alternatives to manipulation and violence through loving attention to the Divine that resides in each human breast.

Friend Simon is right that our pacifism will not set the world right. But it is not meant to and does not claim to—which cannot be said of the failure of arrogant polirics and armed force to set things straight

in Iraq. Like Thomas Beckett's priests, Scott Simon plays the role of a beguiling tempter. Like Beckett, I (we) need to insist that reckoning by results to decide whether an act is good or evil undercuts faith, hope, and love.

Pragmatism has its proper place in politics, not in religion. When my (our) soul is at stake, it is faithful witness that matters, and results must be left in other hands.

Newton Garver East Concord, N.Y.

Beating the drums of war

I am greatly distressed by the ongoing commentary by Scott Simon, including the latest in the November Forum ("Please Imagine Other Faces, Too"). It is not because I think the expression of his views should be disallowed by this journal. Whether or not he still considers himself a Quaker, he certainly has the right to express his views here and elsewhere.

It is certainly true that I find his conclusions incomprehensible and incompatible with the compelling logic of our Peace Testimony. I cannot, for example, understand how the faceless skeletons of children in mass graves somehow validate or exonetate our violent acts that result in "collateral damage." Also, the death of innocents is not a consequence of pacifism, but rather a consequence of the conscious choice to take up weapons of death in the use of force. However, this distorted logic is not the source of my distress either.

No, I am distressed because there is still no shortage of people in our world who are willing to take up arms to right the wrongs, vanguish the foe, punish the wicked, and save the world once and for all; but the problem is that everyone has their own idea of just what that means. I am distressed because there are still so many people who are willing to beat the drums of war and comparatively so few who can stand up and say that this is a place they will not go because killing is fundamentally wrong. I am distressed because Scott Simon, with his national recognition, has chosen to beat the drum along with the masses. I am distressed because of our loss of someone who could have been such valuable asset to a Voice that is too often drowned out by all those beating drums.

> Robert N. Pavlovsky Morris Plains, N.J.

Means, not ends

In Scott Simon's recent letter to the Forum (FJ Nov.), he defended his pro-war position by wishing readers could have witnessed all the suffering caused by Saddam Hussein. If they could have witnessed this, he conjectured, readers would come to realize that the thousands of civilian lives lost, the thousands of injuries, and the international disgrace of attacking an unarmed country were worth the price to make the necessary regime change and subsequent liberation. This position illustrates the premise, "The end justifies the means."

History has shown us that violence easily spirals out of control, empires are built then destroyed, and last century's victims are this century's persecutors in a never-ending battle. In the many thousands of years of human history, the Earth has experienced very few years of peace: each warrior believing they had an "end" that justified their means. Huge numbers of people perished in wars in the 20th century alone, and most of them were innocent civilians. Today our modern weapons assure us that we've reached a critical point in human history. It seems the "end" may only occur

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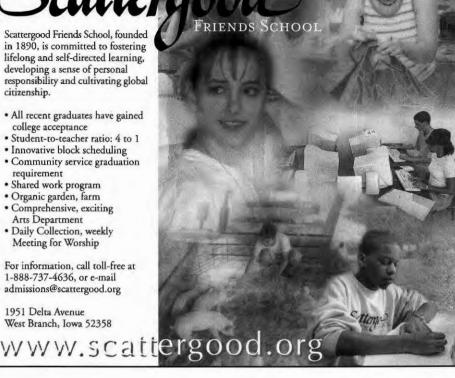
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when there are no more humans on the Earth: a testimony to human folly.

Iraq is an excellent example of such folly. If a regime change and liberation were our goals in Iraq, could we not have used our billions spent in war to some more creative, constructive purpose to help the people in Iraq? Or was our first intention war and occupation? Why else would this administration have devised so many tangles of deceit that intended to stir up fear, anger and retribution? It wasn't until these lies were exposed that the goal was switched from a focus of "get them before they get us" to a focus of "liberation" and "democracy."

No, this was not a "just" war and we can no longer claim that God is on our side. All we have done so far is terrorize the populace (Operation Iron Hammer seems an appropriate name for all our missions), put oil under lease, and privatized Iraqi assets to crony U.S. corporations. It remains to be seen if these contracts will be honored by the puppet Iraqi government we select.

Perhaps Scott Simon is simply misinformed. Recently the Program on International Policy Attitudes (please view full report at <www.pipa.org>) conducted a study on the public misperceptions about Iraq as they relate to media news sources. It was discovered that public misperceptions are more likely for Fox viewers and less likely for PBS-NPR viewers. However, let us examine these results. Eighty percent of the FOX viewers held one or more misperceptions while 23 percent of the NPR/PBS viewers held one or more misperceptions. I expected the poor FOX results but was very disappointed with the NPR/PBS results. An organization that touts unbiased accounts should have walked away whistle clean with no misconceptions. Lately National Public Radio has grown increasingly biased toward the administration and has received large corporate donations.

We have the most powerful nation the world has known. Our voting public simply cannot afford any misconceptions. The consequences of purposely misinformed U.S. voters can be dire. The results of our votes set policies around the world—an awesome responsibility. We must seek truth.

Now that weapons have become so sophisticated that the "end" means destruction of all the Earth's living creatures, humankind can no longer live by the premise, "The end justifies the means." There is no viable "end." We must learn to live by "means" alone. We must not expect more of our fair share of the Earth's resources and not oppress others in our search for cheap commodities. Each of us must be accountable for our purchases, waste, and business associations. We must learn to

identify the destruction our country causes and the destruction we as individuals cause. We must learn to see the Divine in all of God's creation and give value to those who believe and live differently from ourselves. At this juncture it is our human task to evolve from beings that kill for water, food, land, gold, oil, or power to humans who value most highly cooperation, sharing, respect, and population control-and more quickly than I had imagined.

Dianne Burnham Wheeling, W.Va.

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> O.J. Pemberton Corning, Ark.

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> Doris K. Baker Bridgewater, Va.

Correction: In Hamsa O'Doherty's article, "The Fruits of Service at the Gathering: A First-Timer's Lesson," in the November issue on p. 16, Christopher Sammond's name was spelled incorrectly. We regret the error. —Eds.

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Pittsburgh-Well located, affordable, third-floor (walkup) guest rooms with shared bath. Single or double occupancy. Kitchen available. Contact: House Manager, Friends Meet inghouse, 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 Univarsity. 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.

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Shining the light on grief: "No Hole in the Flame: A Story of Love and Loss in Prose and Poetry" (Wildflower Press, 2003) by Maryhelen Snyder, Quaker psychologist and poet. For signed copy, \$12 postpaid to Maryhelen at 422 Carnino del Bosque NW, Albuquerque, NM 87114; <rnel@abq.com>.

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

Friends Bulletin, magazine of Western U.S. Quakers, sub-scription \$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.

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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.

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Opportunities

Selected Weekend Conferences at Pendle Hill February 1–6: Healing the Hurts of Racism, led by Vanessa Julye and Chuck Esser

Vanessa Julye and Chude Esser
February 6-8: The Passionate Heart: A Retreat for
Men, led by Jesse Palidofsky and Bill Ratliff
February 13-15: Writing as Contemplative Practice,
led by Mary Rose O'Reilley
February 27-29: Sharing Our Struggles: For People of
Color, led by Vanessa Julye

Color, led by Vanessa Julye

March 5-7: Listening Project Training, led by Herb Walters



For more information, contact: Pendle Hill, 338, Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086-6099. (800) 742-3150, extension 142. www.pendlehill.org.

Friends Center with unprogrammed Christian orientation, Barnesville, Ohio, offers quiet, welcoming space for personal retreats with optional spiritual consultation. Weekend group retreats also offered: 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, QH 43713 or call (740) 425-1248 or e-mail <a href="mailto:robleta:blue-ridge-roblet Young Adult Leadership Development Program at Pendle Hill: In the interns' own words: "An amazing opportunity to live, work, play, study, and worship for weeks in a beautiful, resource-rich community ... a chance to learn from and alongside inspirational people, reconnect with your spiritual center, and be supported in offcampus social justice work." Ages 18–24, June 13–August 1, 2004. Modest stipend.

Social Action and Social Witness Internships: a Sept.–

June service internship for young adults and seasoned activists. Room, board, tuition, and health insurance provided. Ground your activism in spiritual community



Contact: Julian O'Reilley, (610) 566-4507/(800) 742-3150, ext. 126; <julian@pendlehill.org>.

Innistree

Service Community - Crozet, Virginia. Innisfree Village is a life-sharing community of adults with mental disabilities, nestled in the foothills of the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains We seek community caregivers to join in our community for a minimum stay of one year. We live together in family-style homes and work together in our weavery, woodshop, kitchen, bakery, and gardens. Great benefits. <www.innisfreevillage.org>. Contact Nancy Chappell at (434) 823-5400.

Summer 2004 Workcamps in Africa: Organized by the Friends Peace Teams' African Great Lakes Initiative. (1) Burundi with the Kibimba Peace Committee: rebuild four homes for people from an internally displaced camp. (2) Uganda with Evangelical Friends for Peace, Community Development, and Child Care: build two classrooms for technical school for orphans. (3) Rwanda with Rwanda Yearly Meeting: build classrooms for training school for street children/orphans. No construction skills needed. Five weeks in length. Fundraising required. Applications due January 31, 2004. For more information and an application contact <davidzerembka@juno.com>

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

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

Monteverde Friends School needs K-12 teachers and volunteers. School year begins in August. MFS is an Englishdominant, bilingual school with multi-graded classes in Costa Rica's rural mountains. While salaries are low, the experience is rich. Simple housing included for teachers. Teachers' deadline February 15 or until position filled, volunteers any month. Write to Jenny Rowe, Monteverde Friends School, Monteverde 5655, Puntarenas, Costa Rica, Tel/fax 011 (506) 645-5302. E-mail:<mfschool@racsa.co.cr>. Visit <www.mfschool.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 e 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>

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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 P.O. Box 1658, Andalusia, PA 19020 or call (800) 717-5011.

Concerned Singles

Concerned Singles links socially conscious singles who care about peace, social justice, race, gender equity, environment. Nationwide/international. All ages, straight/gay. Since 1984. Free sample: Box 444-FJ, Lenox Dale, MA 01242; (413) 243-4350; <www .concernedsingles.com>.

Positions Vacant



Camp Dark Waters

Now hiring staff for the summer of 2004. Camp counselors and cooks are needed. Must be 18 years old. Lifeguards and experience working with children a plus for counselor candidates. Dates of employment are June 13—August 15, 2004, Call Travis at (609) 654-8846 for more information and application packet.

Intern Position—AFSC Washington Office: Starting September 7, 2004, this full-time, paid, nine-month position is usually filled by a recent college graduate. The intern will assist in varied program, interpretive, advocacy, and administrative tasks arising from AFSC work on peace and justice issues, and also with Davis House, an international guest house. Applications close on March 15. Full job description and applications from: AFSC, 1822 R Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

Manager, Lake Paupac Club Lodge, Greentown, Pa. Summer position in the Poconos for a live-in manager to operate a lodge as a community center for approximately 60 cottage owners, their families, and guests from late June through Labor Day. Operates three rooms as a B&B and caters 3 to 4 meals weekly for approximately 30 diners. Caters two large picnics (for 200) and supports other lodge activities. Contract position with responsibility for hiring and compensating support staff. Private room/bath provided in lodge. For details/compensation info. send résumé to Mike Piattelli, 10 Colonial Way, Malvern, PA 19355 or e-mail <michael .piattelli@us.IBM.com>.

Summer Employment

Staff needed. Quaker owned/directed camp since 1946. Located in one of the most spectacular areas of the U.S., in Adirondacks near Lake Placid, NY. Positions available for cabin and specialty counselors as well as some department head and administrative positions. Good salaries and accommodations. Single or married, children of staff warmly welcomed. See our ad on page 42. Call Mike at (609) 688-

Volunteer Internship at Ben Lomond Quaker Center, a retreat and conference center near Santa Cruz, Calif. Residential, one year beginning August. Great opportunity to grow spiritually and work in all areas of this Quaker nonprofit. Mountains, redwoods, housing, stipend, and benefits provided. Singles and couples both welcome. Applica-tion deadline: April 1; call (831)336-8333, e-mail <mail @quakercenter.org> for info.

Pendle Hill High School Youth Camp Leaders (3): Facilitate and help plan weeklong Quaker high school program. Service projects, field trips, discussions, games, Quaker values and history. July 9–18, 2004, plus plan-

Summer Youth Programs Co-Coordinator: Plan and co-lead 7-week young adult service and spiritual enrichment program, weeklong high school program. April-August (negotiable). Room, board, and salary provided. Contact: Julian O'Reilley, (610) 566-4507/(800) 742-3150, ext. 126; <julian@pendlehill.org>.

Elizabeth Telling Farm seeks assistant farmer. Beautiful, organic farm-vegetables, beef and chickens. Profit share, small stipend, room and board in Beallsville, Ohio, near Quaker communities of Raven Rocks and Olney Friends School. Contact Sandy Sterrett at <sandy@olneyfriends.org> or (740) 484-0243.

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) 5435560, fax: (202) 543-3814, <director@wmpennhouse.org>, <www.Quaker.org/penn-house>

Real Estate

Quaker realtor specializing in Bucks County, Pa., and Mercer County, N.J. I welcome the opportunity to exceed your expectations. Mark Fulton, Prudential Fox and Roach Realtors, 83 South Main Street, Yardley, PA 19067. (215) 493-0400 ext. 131.

Buck Hill Falls: 3-bedroom house in Friends community; country kitchen, family room, library, formal dining, LR FP, 2 1/2 baths, laundry room, wooded 0.9 acre, golf, tennis, swimming, stables, winter sports, 130 min. Philadelphia, 110 min. NYC. (570) 595-9045.

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.

Hawaii's Big Island. 1,500 square-foot house, hot tub, gas fireplace, fully equipped kitchen, 2 1/2 bedrooms, 2 baths, 4 decks, barbecue. Native rainforest, next to Hawaii Volcances National Park at 4,000 feet. Daily, monthly rates. Nonsmokers. (808) 985-8861.

Nantucket, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, near beach and Hummock Pond. Washer, dryer, dishwasher, deck, barbecue. Available June, July, and August; 2 weeks minimum. Nonsmokers. (978) 962-9449 evenings.

West Falmouth (Mass.) Quaker House. 4-bedroom retreat center, 10 off-the-floor sleeping spaces. Adjoins meeting-house and is a mile from a beach. Available now to June. Small groups or families at reasonable rates. For information or details contact: David W. Douglas, Box 225, Pocasset, MA 02559-0225. Telephone (508) 563-6678.

Country Cottage in rural Maui. Ocean view-tropical fruit and organic garden. Full kitchen. Peaceful island. Living on family farm. Write: William Vitarelli, 375 Kawelo Road, Haiku, HI 96708.

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>

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.

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

3 bedroom, 1 and 1/2 bath, charming cottage for rent on Chincoteague Island in Va. Has all amenities and sleeps up to 13. On quiet street with view of bay. Perfect for contemplative retreats or fun gatherings. Call (804) 262-6660 for more information.

Retirement Living

Friends House, a Quaker-sponsored retirement community in Santa Rosa, California, offers one- and two-bedroom garden apartments or more spacious three-bedroom, twobath homes for independent living. Immediate occupancy may be available. An assisted-living home, a skilled nursing facility, and adult day care services are also available on campus. Friends House is situated one hour north of San Francisco with convenient access to the Pacific coast, redwood forests, cultural events, medical services, and shopping. Friends House, 684 Benicia Drive, Santa Rosa, CA 95409. (707) 538-0152. <www.friendshouse.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.



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

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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:
Untile 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.



Friends Homes, Inc., founded by North Carolina Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, has been providing retirement op tions since 1968. Both Friends Homes at Guilford and Friends Homes West are fee-forservice, continuing care retirement communi

ties 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.

Schools

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.

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)

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, QH 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 board-ing 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.

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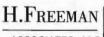


www.QuakerWedding.com

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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.



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Camp Dark Waters

One- and two-week sessions for boys and girls ages 7–14. Built on the Quaker testimonies of Peace, Education, Simplicity, Stewardship, Equality, and Integrity, our diverse community builds new friendships in a "family" atmosphere. We live and play together and learn to appreciate one another in our outdoor, residential camp setting. For information call Travis (609) 654-8846, P. O. Box 263, Medford, NJ 08055. Financial aid available.

Night Eagle Wilderness Adventures, in Vermont's Green Mountains, is a unique primitive summer camp designed to build a boy's self-confidence and foster a better understanding of native peoples and their relationbetter understanding or haive peoples and time relation-ship with the Earth. Activities tend to spring from the natural environment and teach boys to rely on their own ingenuity. Through community living and group decision making, campers learn to live and play together in a spirit of cooperation rather than competition. For 40 boys, ages 10-14. Two, three, and six week sessions. Please visit our website: <www.nighteaglewilderness.com> or call for a full brochure: (802) 773-7866.

Accredited by The American Camping Association

Pendle Hill's High School Youth Camp, for ages 15-18, July 11–18, 2004. Join young people from all over the country in service projects, Quaker community life, exploration of social justice issues, sessions in our art studio, field trips, and fun. Call (610) 566-4507/(800) 742-3150, ext. 126; or write <julian@pendlehill.org>.

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.

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. Kristin Curlis, RR 1 Box 136, Newfoundland, PA 18445. Telephone: (570) 689-3911. Financial aid available.

Summer Rentals

Prince Edward Island (Canada): 3 BR, 2 baths, cottage with view of bay. Completely renovated. Huge deck. 3 acre lawn. July-August \$750/week. June or Sept. \$600/ week. Website: <www.vrbo.com>. #10301 (610) 520-9596

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 Qume, 30290 Saint Victor, France, <msimon @wanadoo.fr>; or J. Simon, 124 Bondcroft, Buffalo, NY 14226, (716) 836-8698.



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



Social Witness Internships

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

Who Comes to Pendle Hill-and Why?



As a young Quaker from England, I came to Pendle Hill to better understand my calling to live and work in Catholic Worker communities. . . . Pendle Hill allowed me the chance to reflect on my past experiences in the urban hospitality movement and in community. I have been able to discern my future direction in peace and social justice work, and to ground my involvement in the

Catholic Worker movement within the context of Quaker testimonies.

—Rachel Howell, Pendle Hill Resident Program student and George Gorman Bursary Scholar, 2003 When will you make time for Pendle Hill in your life?

2004-2005 Term Dates

Autumn: September 24—December 11 Winter: January 7—March 19 Spring: April 1—June 11

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

