Sit Down, Thee's Rockin' the Boat
Letter to My Grandchildren
An Iconoclastic View of Quaker Outreach
Among Friends

Being “Of the World”

This month FRIENDS JOURNAL brings you a selection of articles that deal with engagement in the world. Some authors may be familiar to you, and others are new to these pages. Margaret Hope Bacon, who has written for us often, shares a message of hope to her grandchildren (p. 6). Signe Wilkinson, whose poignant, humorous commentary and illustrations have appeared before, applies her pen like a scalpel to Quaker outreach (p. 9). Rob Callard, a new author for us, looks at what Friends can do when someone, perhaps unfamiliar with Friends, disrupts meeting for worship (p. 12). Patricia Williams, who recently appeared in our December issue with her theological study, “Jesus as a Friend,” is back with a look at how our era affects our theological perceptions (p. 14).

There are two more feature articles in this issue, both by authors new to us, and together they deal with how people engage with, confront, and offer advice to other people. Shari Diukins looks at these questions from a contemporary and very personal perspective (p. 17), while Gretchen Haynes examines collective action in a historical setting (p. 19). These articles complement each other and offer much to ponder about as individuals and groups consider how to respond to small and large injustices.

In this issue, we welcome the second installment of a new department that is closely associated with the “Books” department: “Quaker Writings” (p. 31). This column looks at the writings of some inspirational Friends, one at a time. In December the first one in this series featured the writings of James Nayler. This month, the focus is on Douglas Steere. Brian Drayton, who wrote both columns, is the author of several recent penetrating book reviews and a recorded minister in New England Yearly Meeting.

This year brings another round of engagement and decision making about the future, especially in the United States where citizens will participate in presidential and Congressional elections. As always, we invite you, our readers, to take time to record your experiences and reflections, and to share your inspiration with others by sending them to us. Our guidelines for submissions are posted on our website, <www.friendsjournal.org>, or you may contact us to receive them.

We keep hearing from many that FRIENDS JOURNAL is deeply important to you. As our 50th anniversary next year approaches, we reaffirm our commitment to do our best to serve you, our readers and writers, and our Religious Society. Have we told you recently how stimulating and fulfilling for us it is to do this work?

Reminder: Special Issues for 2004

Most FRIENDS JOURNAL issues offer feature articles on a variety of subjects, but periodically we publish focused issues. For 2004, we invite submissions for the following special issues:

Aging and Life’s End (July 2004): submissions are needed by March 15, 2004.


Advance inquiries from prospective authors and artists are encouraged. Contact Robert Dockhorn, senior editor, by e-mail at <senioreditor@friendsjournal.org> or by postal mail, telephone, or fax (contact information on the masthead).
Letter to My Grandchildren
Margaret Hope Bacon
She writes that despite appearances, she has reason to be hopeful about the condition of our society.

An Iconoclastic View of Quaker Outreach
Signe Wilkinson
The Peace Testimony is not all there is to Quakerism.

Sit Down, Thee’s Rockin’ the Boat
Rob Callard
Eldering those who violate the unspoken rules of meeting for worship is tricky, but necessary.

Interpreting Religious Experience
Patricia A. Williams
As Jesus and George Fox did, we articulate our religious experience through the prism of our own time.

How I Learned to Mind My Own Business and Get Out of God’s Way
Shari Dinkins
The difference between witnessing and interfering is a fine one, and perhaps counterintuitive.

The Conflict over Abolition Activism: What Can We Learn from It?
Gretchen Haynes
Disagreements emerged among 19th-century New York Friends over the rightness of activism.

Inner Light
Mary Susan Miller

Weary Peace Warrior
Molly Lynn Watt

Among Friends

Forum

Viewpoint
Questions surrounding abortion

Life in the Meeting
Selecting a committee clerk

Quaker Writings
Douglas Steere

Books

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Photos on front cover and at right
© Danna Cornick
Not ready to lay it down

I find Friend Paul Buckley's interpretation ("Time to Lay Down William Penn's Sword" FJ Dec. 2003) of the story of William Penn's sword interesting, but quite different from how I have always understood the story. I will not attempt to enter a debate as to whether the story is true or not (which seems quite beside the point). Many stories in the Bible were also recounted hundreds of years after they were supposed to have occurred. There is scholastic debate about whether they are true also. However, as parables, millions have found them instructive about faith and practice. Even if I simply take the story as a parable, not historically true, I understand it differently than Paul Buckley.

He hears it as a story about tolerance. I have always heard it as a story about the Quaker conviction that the Truth finds us. To say "as long as thou canst," one must ask what would make one find one could not carry a sword? It seems the answer is that a tool of violence would be found to be incompatible with a spiritual belief in nonviolence. So the answer to me implies "The truth will find you." To me that is not a statement of "I have the truth and I will tolerate you not having it."

It is a statement that the Truth is penetrating, searching, inescapable, and transformational. Certainly every other story I have heard of George Fox suggests he found the Truth to be this way.

What is comforting to me about this story is not how I see other Quakers or myself, but rather, that even when I struggle to know the Truth or to live consistently with the Truth, the Truth will persist in presenting itself in my life. Because that is what I get from the story, I'm not ready to lay it down.

Lynn Fitz-Hugh
Seattle, Wash.

Incorrect, but nonetheless appealing

Since I first heard the presumed account of George Fox, William Penn, and the sword, I have been attracted to it, not questioning the historical issues that Paul Buckley raises. His article ("Time to Lay Down William Penn's Sword," FJ Dec. 2003) offers valuable corrective to a condescending view of Quakers and misappropriation of 17th-century Quaker principles with our own perception and to welcoming an image of George Fox as a "kindly and understanding elder."

I would prefer to think of George Fox as a kindly and understanding elder. But the essence of the meaning for me has been of George Fox as a model for a particular sort of beneficent human interaction, possible in the present or in any age, a person trusted as wiser responding to an important question of how to live.

Perhaps my particular attraction to the Fox-Penn interaction derives from my experience as a psychotherapist, and also as a recipient of psychotherapy. But I believe the principle is more universal, and I suspect that this has been for many the attraction to the story.

The principle I see is the belief on the part of the trusted elder person that a desired change may best occur and become most real by the acceptance of the other person as he/she is; that the change is already implicit in the heart of the other, that the change will occur without being forced, in the warm light of an understanding and caring presence. It might be a personal presence.

Or it might be the beneficial influence of being accepted by a committed group of people, a meeting. Participation in a recent clearness committee for membership brought to mind the question of the degree to which we expect of a new member—as Paul Buckley points out Fox certainly would—a threshold acceptance of conformity; or whether we allow a gentler attitude of expecting spiritual development and its fruits over time.

Paul Buckley implies that modern Friends largely accept what he offers as the Hicksite acceptance of "free thinking." The matter continues to be a challenge. Are we weakened or strengthened by the broader acceptance of nonconformity, which goes with the historically incorrect—but to me appealing—interpretation of the story of William Penn's sword?

Lindley Winston
Malvern, Pa.

Not history, but commentary

I was very interested in Paul Buckley's article, "Time to Lay Down William Penn's Sword" (FJ Dec. 2003). I have told the story about William Penn and his sword many times in classes and discussion groups, always with the prelude. "This story is probably apocryphal, but it is one we love to tell."

I am grateful for Paul Buckley's point that it is high time to lay down the telling of this story for the purpose—intended or unintended—of justifying our modern identity by casting early Friends in a light that makes them resemble us. I think we do early Friends a disservice whenever we try to make them more like us, whether or not the stories we choose to tell about them are fictional or out-of-context selections from historical fact.

But at the same time, I don't want to "lay down William Penn's sword." While it is a misapplication of this fable to use it to explain the early Friends, the fact that we love to tell it today reveals something about modern Friends—about who we are now. In that sense, the story is not a lie—it is Midrash (commentary) in the fine Jewish tradition of finding meaning through elaboration of our history and Scriptures. The story may not be literally true, but it is a container for Truth as we know it today.

Chel Avery
Huntington Valley, Pa.

Potatoes?


However, if my memory serves me correctly, there were several grains of either rice or wheat in the little bag attached to the mailing tag. Potatoes would have been quite bulky and prone to spoilage. Thanks for all of the thoughtful information in FRIENDS JOURNAL.

Olive Wilson
Pringhar, Iowa

Spread the word

I enjoyed John H. Darnell's article "A Report from a Parallel Universe (FJ Dec. 2003)." I think copies of his article should be sent to all members of Congress, both House and Senate, to President Bush and all White House staffers, his cabinet, all people employed at the Pentagon, and every insurance company and commission in the country. Bravo for a great idea!

Madeleine Littman
Boston, Mass.

A show-stopper

Your January 2004 issue is a show-stopper. Congratulations to the contributors.

March 2004 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Questions Surrounding Abortion

Abortion is a tragic and divisive issue in our country and in our Religious Society. Much of our lack of community and consensus may come from the desire to simplify an entanglement of complex legal, medical, and moral concerns into a single political position. Should any of us take a position without considering questions such as these and the consequences of their answers?

Legal questions include: When does legally protected human life begin? Does the interest of the state in a prospective citizen ever supersede the pregnant woman’s right to privacy and control of her bodily functions? If one allows that the state has interest in pregnancy, what is that interest and how should that interest be monitored and enforced? If the mother’s life is in danger, is it permissible to interfere in the pregnancy? If so, at what point in her dying is it permissible to intervene without legal reprisal? Is the state willing to force victims of rape and incest and bearers of deformed infants to continue unwanted pregnancy? If not, what proof is required, who is to provide it, and in what setting? If protected human life begins at conception, what is the status of products of conception that turn cancerous? How would the state regulate birth control drugs and devices that interfere with implantation as well as conception?

Medically related questions include: How is human life defined? How do contraceptives work and what is available? How will pregnancy be diagnosed and monitored? If conception is chosen as the beginning of protected human life, will procedures such as D & C and hysterec­tomy be available to women whose need for them is not related to pregnancy? If so, will there be physicians trained and willing to perform them? Would infertility treatment continue, given the high risk of multiple pregnancy, the unavailability of selective abortion, and difficulties regarding the legal status of unimplanted fertil­ized ova? Will caring people choose careers in Obstetrics and Gynecology in a setting that restricts or requires certain treatments and/or places the physician at legal, professional, and personal risk? Should fetal and genetic research be pursued or abandoned? What counseling is to be provided before, during, and after pregnancy?

Religious and moral issues include: When does inspired human life begin? Who decides this? What, if any, intervention is ethical in normal or abnormal pregnancy? Is it ethical to use means of birth control that interfere in early stages of pregnancy, even if the primary action is to prevent conception? What responsibilities does a moral society have in protecting the unborn and the unwanted? Is it ever ethical to use fetal tissue to treat illness in others? Does terminating pregnancy in cases of rape take lives of innocent victims? Should pregnant women alone bear the risks and results of unwanted pregnancy? Is it just to use one’s medical, legal, or political influence to impose one’s moral beliefs on another? What responsibility does society have for creating a favorable climate in which to be pregnant and raise children? If one believes all abortion to be murder, is evangelizing for one’s belief sufficient, or does this belief require other activities, lawful and unlawful? Is compromise permissible when it will result in death, either of pregnant women or unborn children?

As we struggle with these issues, we may recognize that we are part of a continuum of life with potentials realized and unrealized. Unfertilized ova, rejected sperm, products of conception that failed implantation, all had potential for separate human life. We do not mourn for them or insist on their right of survival. But for all of us, there occurs a point following implantation, when the potential for human life is no longer potential, but a human life with legal rights and human needs. We may try to define this scientifically, but it is in essence an issue of personal belief, an emotional and moral issue. How do we legislate such a beginning? Any statute that protects our privacy as sexual beings and allows for unim­peded emergency procedures will also allow for activities that we may find personally and morally abhorrent. As Friends, we can try to discourage such activities by example and by providing a part of the educational, medical, and societal support that results in abortion becoming an uncommon and unwanted procedure. We can encourage discussion and compassion.

Mary Beth Krier
Johnson City, Tenn.
Dear grandchildren,

Ever since the bombing of the World Trade Center in New York over two years ago, I have been wanting to write to you to share some of the reasons I remain hopeful about our world despite the discouraging current conditions. I know all of you share the feeling that our government has taken a wrong turn. In its so-called war on the terrorists, our government went against world opinion and invaded Iraq, and it has had little concept of how our policies have provoked, rather than reduced, terrorism in the Middle East. With new government regulations eroding civil liberties within the United States, and an economic policy that is making the rich richer and the poor poorer, it is hard to see much on which to base hope for immediate improvement on any front.

It is hard to be young, and to feel that the vast majority of your fellow citizens are arrayed against your beliefs. I remember vividly what it was like after the Japanese attack on the ships at Pearl Harbor. Grandfather Allen Bacon and I were at Antioch College at the time, aged 20 and 22, and we remember vividly the sense of vulnerability and despair we felt as pacifists. Sickened by the slaughter in Hawaii and thoughts of the coming casualties, we believed, as disciples of Mohandas Gandhi, that there was ultimately a better way than meeting violence with violence. The whole nation, it seemed, was united on seeking vengeance, just as it seemed right after the events of September 11, 2001, and the few of us who held a different position felt impotent and lonely.

Just as after September 11, when many in the United States vented their frustration and anger on U.S. citizens of Arab descent (a situation that seems to have improved somewhat), in 1941-42 public prejudice against Japanese Americans was so extreme that the government established isolated relocation camps to hold them, in complete violation of their civil liberties. The first positive course of action pacifists found was trying to aid Japanese American students in relocating to colleges away from the West Coast. One student, Mari Sabusawa, came to Antioch and later became the wife of James Michener. Later, when Grandfather was facing the draft, we applied to work in the relocation camps.

But when Allen was finally drafted as a conscientious objector, he was assigned first to a forestry camp, and then to a state mental hospital in Maryland. You have all read Grandmother’s memoir about this experience, Love is the Hardest Lesson [published by Pendle Hill in 1999—Eds.], and you know that we ultimately learned a great deal about using nonviolence in dealing with disturbed and violent persons and practicing it in our daily lives.

We struggled through the war years, convinced that force was not the ultimate answer, but continually questioning how to make nonviolence a practical reality. The sickening revelations of the concentration camps that came at the end of the war in Europe, VE Day, were matched by the equally sickening news of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, where between 100,000 and 120,000 civilians—men, women, and children—were pulverized by U.S. atomic bombs.

Grandfather and I came out of the war determined to make our lives count for something in changing the conditions that made war possible, whether in the
slums of Philadelphia or in Quaker projects around the world. It took a while to find the right niches, but we felt that we had found them in our work for American Friends Service Committee and the Philadelphia settlement house movement. When the tragic Vietnam War came along we were relieved to discover that there were ten times as many persons who shared our pacifism as in the days of World War II. It was gratifying that our three children, your parents, also opposed that war. Some of my happiest family memories are of standing in a vigil line together.

In recent years we have seen a proliferation of people devoted to finding peaceful solutions to conflicts. UN troops are trained to use nonviolent ways to solve problems, and the United States now has a Peace Institute. Methods of conflict resolution are being taught not only in the schools and the prisons, but also to soldiers and police, and they are even used to some extent by armies of occupation.

Ever since the catastrophe of September 11, we have received floods of e-mails from friends and acquaintances urging us to make our opinions known to the U.S. president, senators, and congresspersons. We are no longer alone, as we felt at the time of Pearl Harbor, and there are opportunities at every turn to speak out against our government's misguided policies, and to urge joint action through the United Nations. We must help our representatives understand that the seeds of terrorism grow from ever-increasing economic inequality and from forcing the interests of developed countries on the poorer nations of the world. I am so proud to have grandchildren who are working actively for fair trade and authentic economic development.

Yes, things seem to be going the wrong way now. But I remember many times that were even more discouraging. I remember the McCarthy era in the 1950s, when your parents were toddlers. Senator Joseph McCarthy's attack on real and alleged Communists in the federal government created a climate of fear in this country that infiltrated even liberal organizations and caused men and women of good will to suspect one another. I remember the long agony of the Vietnam War, which created such disruption and hatred in this country, with the extremes of the Weathermen on one hand and the excesses of President Richard Nixon's White House on the other. I remember the Watergate scandals and wondering if we would ever have an honest and responsive government again. Each of these eras seemed as though it would never end, but they all did, and we came out stronger and better as a result.

I have lived over 82 years—a very long time. The year before I was born, U.S. women got the vote after more than 70 years of agitating. When I was a child, African Americans were being lynched in the South, and children worked in factories without the protection of child labor laws. There was no safety net for people who fell into poverty. I remember the Great Depression, with bread lines stretching around the block from St. Vincent's Hospital on 11th Street in New York City, and people living in cardboard of the mentally ill, in the proliferation of helping services, and in teaching alternatives to violence in the schools have been widespread and breathtaking. Of course, not all problems have been resolved, and in some areas perhaps things have gotten worse. We advance erratically, two steps forward and one step back. But I do not know how anyone of my age could avoid acknowledging that some progress has been made.

The world, too, has seen vast changes since 1921. Old-style colonialism has all but disappeared. We have seen the nations of Africa become independent one by one, and although all is not well, it is certainly better than when France, Great Britain, Belgium, Netherlands, Germany, and Italy all ruled parcels carved out arbitrarily with no regard to tribal ties.

In 1964, Grandfather and I went to South Africa, sponsored by a program called the U.S.-South Africa Leader Exchange, designed to break up the cultural isolation of so many Afrikaners. It is not clear that it achieved its objective, but it did introduce us to a troubled land that held our attention for many years. In the fall of 1992 I returned with an AFSC delegation to examine the roots of the violence that was convulsing the nation and threatening to interfere with the upcoming national elections. Despite that violence, the South Africa I saw almost 30 years later was a different nation than I

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had first visited, when change seemed impossible. I had the great privilege of meeting Archbishop Desmond Tutu, and I subsequently followed his work with the Truth and Reconciliation Commission with joy. No, things are not altogether right in South Africa today, but when I compare conditions now to conditions 40 years ago, I cannot but believe that progress is possible.

In Southeast Asia also, old-style colonialism has been defeated. Keep in mind that when I was growing up, India and Burma were Crown Colonies of Great Britain, there was no Pakistan, Vietnam was still part of French Indochina, and the Dutch ruled Indonesia. Today we have neocolonialism, with our great transnational corporations exploiting workers and markets all over the world, but one cannot say that it would have been better to keep the old style of colonialism in place. In my lifetime, the USSR rose to dominate states surrounding Russia, as well as many countries in Eastern Europe; that power has ebbed, thanks in large part to nonviolent struggles of peoples in the Czech Republic, Poland, Hungary, Romania, and elsewhere.

I have also seen great changes in the material circumstances of our world. When I was small, only the very rich had cars; few had radios; we had iceboxes rather than refrigerators; we traveled by train rather than plane. I remember sitting on my father's shoulders to watch Charles Lindbergh, "Lucky Lindy," welcomed home from the first transatlantic flight by a ticker tape parade up Fifth Avenue. There were no antibiotics or penicillin, polio was a dreaded disease, and my grandmother died of a heart condition that is treatable today. The inventions of so many of the conveniences you have grown up with—television, computers, cell phones—were all in the future.

Astute observers have noted that the advances in government, economics, and social welfare have not kept pace with technological change. Nevertheless, there have been advances. When I was young we had an inept League of Nations. Today, the United Nations is a much stronger and more respected organization, with the potential to become a true world government, if the United States and others would give it a chance.

I draw my faith not only from the changes I have seen—I have even played a small role in some of them—but also in the advances of the past. As you know I have written a number of biographies of men and women, most of them Quakers, who have made a difference in their lifetimes. In exploring the lives of Isaac Hopper, Abby Kelley, Lucretia Mott, Henry Cadbury, Abby Hopper Gibbons, Mildred Scott Olmsted, and Robert Purvis, I have sought to understand the motivation of men and women who have been instruments of social change in their lifetimes. And although there are clues in their personalities that account for their commitment, I also have come to feel that there is a deeper source, a force for good, that works through individual women and men. It is not omnipotent; it needs the cooperation of committed people to express the power of love and to bring about change. As Mother Theresa said, "God has no hands but these." But there is in each one of us a potential source of strength and of guidance.

And I draw my faith from you, my grandchildren. I am so proud of you all, and your commitment to social change: in the organization and study of fair-traded coffee cooperatives, building houses and other structures based on environmentally friendly architecture, organizing workcamps in Central America to provide schools for poor rural children, and volunteering at these workcamps. I am proud of my stepgrandchildren who are making our family a little United Nations of our own, with two Korean American great-grandsons and an African American great-granddaughter. Following a Muslim-Methodist wedding we may look for Indian American great-grandchildren, while one of you shows us how to raise five children under the age of ten with grace and humor. I see a force for good working through all of your lives. It is my hope that each of you will keep in touch with this inner resource in the days, weeks, and years ahead.
An Iconoclast’s View
of Quaker Outreach

Rufus Jones Lecture
and illustrations
by Signe Wilkinson

While I am honored to be giving
the Rufus Jones lecture this evening, by
choosing to invite me, Haverford College
has shown how far it has fallen from its
spiritual roots. Standing before you is one
pathetic Quaker.

Not only do I drive a car that is not a
Volvo, but I make so much money I can
afford to send my children to a Friends
school. Even worse, the money I earn
comes from an institution many Friends
hold to be the source of all evil—the
mainstream media. Not infrequently,
someone will rise in meeting for worship
to share God’s view that the world would
be at peace if it weren’t for the warmongering
mainstream media, the world
would have justice if it weren’t for the running
dog capitalist mainstream media,
and the world would have equality of all
people if it weren’t for the racist, sexist,
homophobic mainstream media.

As a member of that institution, I
would like to take this opportunity to say
that it is, indeed, all my fault. As anyone
with any sense of history knows, before
there was American corporate journalism
there was no war, no injustice, and nothing
that separated one group from another.
No, everyone read the FRIENDS
JOURNAL and smiled at each other.

Unfortunately for me, Quakers believe
in continuing revelation. I came here
tonight fully prepared to take the rap for
all of Western civilization’s flaws, but
Quakers have moved on. While the
mainstream media was pretty much the agreed-
upon problem during the Clinton years,
now that the Republicans are in charge, it

F or galvanizing
the notoriously
hard-to-galvanize
Religious Society
of Friends into a single-
mined body you
have to agree that
George W. deserves
Quakerism’s Most
Valuable Player
award.

has been continually
revealed that there is a
new source of our woes.
I refer, of course, to George W.
Bush, the one man Quakers feel free to
hate. OK, I know that’s a bit of
an exaggeration; we don’t

hate. We just severely disapprove of him.
And, OK, he’s not the only one—we also
severely disapprove of Donald Rumsfeld,
John Ashcroft, and, when we’re feeling
daringly multicultural, Condoleezza Rice.
Friends are disappointed in, but still hold
out hope for, Colin Powell.

Signe Wilkinson, Pulitzer Prize-winning politi-
cal cartoonist for the Philadelphia Daily News,
is a member of Chestnut Hill Meeting in
Philadelphia, Pa. This is an edited version of the
Rufus Jones lecture that she delivered at
Haverford College in February 2003.

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as far as they go, don't go far enough.

By only using this one part of our religious body, our other muscles have atrophied. A recent letter in FRIENDS JOURNAL states, “Our Peace Testimony stands out as central to our faith.” He’s right, but this is not the positive statement he thinks. The Peace Testimony stands out because it is the only thing standing in Quakerism today. Many Friends would rather be human shields in Baghdad than to say aloud whether they believe in God. And let’s not get into Jesus.

Rufus Jones had no such qualms. He wrote, “If God ever spoke, He is still speaking. If He has ever been in mutual and reciprocal communication with the persons He has made, He is still a communicating God, as eager as ever to have listening and receptive souls. If there is something of His image and superscription in our innermost structure and being, we ought to expect a continuous revelation of His will and purpose through the ages... He is the Great I Am, not a Great He Was.”

How many Friends proclaim aloud in a public place that God at this very moment is communicating with our listening and receptive souls?

Rufus Jones wrote about early Friends, “the first ‘Publishers of the Truth’, as they called their early preachers, believed that they were in the true apostolic succession and had a glorious torch of light to transmit.” Other than selling new, energy-efficient light bulbs, where have Friends been raising a glorious torch?

Rufus Jones also wrote, “The social mission is, and must always be, a great feature of real Christianity, only it must not take the place of the primary function which is revealing God.” Is anyone here ready to stand and let us know in a simple declarative sentence how the Religious Society of Friends is fulfilling that primary function?

Well, Friends, here’s the good news. Quakerism has what it takes to bind the wounds that divide this world. Our belief that in worship we stand—or, in our case, sit—equally before the Divine, that anyone might at some time be a minister of the truth without clerical intermediaries, and that any one of us might be called to do God’s work form an empowering liberation theology.

These are the sources of our religious power and we’re afraid to use them. Fortunately, help is on the way.

Quakerism is catching on not because of Quakers but because of our Most Valuable Player, George W. Bush, and his Republican friends.

Without even asking, our president has been busy promoting Quakerism throughout the United States and we give him virtually no credit. Since September 11, 2001, George W. Bush has led millions of people in profound and moving moments of silence in remembrance and in prayer for the dead, for our nation, and for the world.

George Bush may be a Methodist on Sunday morning, but he understands that silent worship without outward symbols allows his prayers to be joined with those of Presbyterians, Catholics, Jews, Muslims, Buddhists, and possibly even Unitarians. In those moments, he is including everyone in our national communion, no matter what their faith or lack thereof.

But this isn’t the only time the nation has turned to Quakers for their religious expression recently. Perhaps the thing I love best about the conservative Christians who have been pushing for prayer in schools is that the religion they chose to institute, by way of mandatory moments of silence, is Quakerism.

Children in Georgia, Louisiana, and Virginia now start their days as Quakers, because of the Republican Party. Do Friends ever stop to thank them? Shockingly, no!

Yet, because of our fundamentalist coreligionists, millions of kids sit in silent communion every morning. Perhaps it might dawn on a few of these young people that they don’t actually need a Rolex-wristed preacher to get in touch with the Divine. It might dawn on others that they are able to offer prayers just the same way as the gay kid next to them or the black kid two rows over or even the girl in front.

Once again I say George W. Bush is our MVP for spreading the liberating Quaker worship to so many of our fellow citizens and to our young. He has exposed more kids to Quaker worship than Haverford College has. He has helped seal Quakerism as the most American of America’s religions.

Haverford College history and religion professors may not have noticed this, but we have totally routed the Puritans. As Rufus Jones wrote, Quakerism met the Puritan “pessimism of depravity with a rival optimism about human potentiali-
ty." Let's face it Friends, the Puritans are history. Quakers rule.

I'd suggest Haverford historians and professors of religion could do the world a favor by pointing this out. Their counterparts at that backwater, over-stuffed university in Cambridge, Massachusetts, have had the field to themselves. They have painted the American spirit as primarily descended from its Puritan ancestors when it's obvious that the moderate, libertarian, tolerant Quakers are the ones who are most responsible for America's good nature. Benjamin Franklin realized this and voted with his feet. David Hackett Fischer provides plenty of ammo for this view in his fascinating history of colonial America, Albion's Seed. But, being pacifists, no Quakers ever use the ammo.

One of the many things Friends don't share about our faith is that Quakerism teaches kids how to deal with boredom. Quaker kids are among the only ones in the United States who know how to sit through endless meetings with rambling bosses. And, while this may not sound like a good selling point, it's still useful to know that being able to deal with boredom certainly accounts for the longevity of many Quaker marriages.

Naturally, Haverfordians should also be exposed to the other central tenets of Quakerism like sensible shoes, the appreciation of inherited antiques, and the sanctity of 100 percent natural fibers. If they think Quakers are never allowed to fight, they should know that while it's not OK to bomb Iraq, it is OK to spend years bitterly arguing over which way to place the meeting benches, whether singing or any other joyful activity is permissible within 50 feet of the meeting room, and whether the Christmas breakfast should be called the "holiday" breakfast or the "solstice" breakfast. Nothing makes a Quaker happier than ruining Christmas for another Quaker.

But the real bedrock Quaker belief—the one that will get them through life, that will keep them from temptation and deliver them from evil—is, of course, being cheap. Being careful with money, as we prefer to say, would help many Americans. It keeps us from smoking because the price of cigarettes is just too high. It keeps us from obesity because we won't waste money on fast food. And it keeps us sane because a clearness committee is cheaper than a psychiatrist. I suspect it's also the basis for Friends testimonies on gambling, drugs, and extra-marital affairs. Let's face it: vice gets expensive.

Compared to the wild and wacky lives we see on TV, a Quaker life of modesty and moderation seems, well, downright dull. Shows about Quakers would be called, "Sexless in the City" or "My Little, Skinny Quaker Wedding." Certainly our version of "Friends" would have quite different story lines. But this is where our vision is more helpful and more radical than a peace rally. You can get a peace placard and skewed statistics on foreign policy from any one of a number of excellent, well-meaning organizations. It's much harder to find a supportive group that helps reinforce what is good in daily life, that helps keep us from temptation and leads us away from evil, that helps create, in Rufus Jones' words, "a spirit that has learned to choose and discriminate and that prefers the pure and the good."

Quaker meeting and our Friends school have been places of community for me and my family, places we ought to be sharing with more than the determined person who tracks us down past our tiny, indecipherable signs and recluse habits. And we ought to be open to people who haven't already declared themselves to be Green Party members.

I think of a fallen-away Catholic friend of mine who was looking for religious fellowship. He was engaged with his community and the world and even with limited formal education would have easily figured out what to do during meeting for worship. He was also a Rush Limbaugh fan who regularly stopped by my office to help me see the Light. He was looking for a spiritual home, not a lecture on the evils of our current foreign policy. We need to ask ourselves whether he would be welcome in our world.

While Quakers allegedly have no formal creed on matters theological, let's face it: we do have a holy trinity. We believe in the sanctity of global warming, recycling, and the United Nations—provided the United Nations doesn't ever enforce any of its resolutions by military means. While these are excel-

Friends Journal March 2004
An attender has been speaking in meeting for ten minutes. He reaches in his pocket, pulls out a newspaper article, and begins reading it aloud. The Friend clerk­ing the meeting rises and says, "Our time here is short, Friend. Others may also have a leading to speak. Perhaps you might be willing to meet with interested Friends after meeting." Chagrined, the attender sits down.

In another meeting, a person rises to speak. She is dressed in near rags and has plastic bags piled on the bench next to her. She begins to denounce the U.S. president in loud, angry, four-letter words. A Friend or two rise, walk up to her and whisper, "This is not the place, Friend. Let's go outside to talk about it," and lead her out of meeting.

A long-time Friend comes to meeting dressed in an outlandish costume. He talks at length about a subject that makes the other Friends uncomfortable. They ask him to sit down. He does this time, but he is back the next week dressed and speaking as before. His friends worry about him. His name is John Woolman.

Friends come to meeting to listen and, if so moved, to speak. There are no intermediaries, no priests, no walls between participants and God. They speak as the Spirit stirs them. But of course there are rules, guidelines that have been handed down and developed over the past 350 years: one doesn't read from a book or magazine, because the Spirit moves spontaneously (although sometimes a passage from the Bible may be read aloud); one speaks only once during meeting, not repeatedly; one doesn't answer or challenge what someone else has said; one respects the sensibilities of others if possible. If someone doesn't follow these rules, that person will be "eldered," spoken to either in meeting or after meeting by another Friend or perhaps someone from Ministry and Counsel. But these "rules" vary widely from meeting to meeting and are applied unevenly. Friends have become a highly individualistic Religious Society, with very different tolerance levels for rule breaking.

Take the first case, for example. An attender comes to meeting week after week and hears a great deal of speaking, some of which seems more political than spiritual, and some of which begins, "I was reading so-and-so's book on such-and-such, and it came to me . . . ." What could seem more natural than actually to have the quote in hand rather than a loose paraphrase? So, out comes the clipping. No rules are posted to inform this person of the inappropriateness of this action. How should the rest of the meeting react to such a breach? Some Friends throw a flag on the play as soon as the offense is committed. Others, depending on the length of the article, might speak to the attender after meeting, letting him know in a kindly way what the invisible rule is.

The homeless or the mentally ill who wander into meeting may make others cringe with guilt out of shame that the larger society allows such things. But many times such people become active attenders and teach others through their lives in a way that most have been too blinkered to see. Sometimes, however, their presence is simply incompatible with silent worship, although there is seldom unanimity in the meeting on the matter. People have different levels of acceptance and tolerance. One person who suffered great trauma in her youth may speak in great anger, and the victims of her wrath may see her, rightly or wrongly, as schizophrenic and a danger to herself and others. Should she be barred from the meeting? Who makes that decision? Ministry and Counsel? What if others disagree? Does it fall to monthly meeting as a whole to make this very difficult and private decision?

And what of the John Woolman case? What if a member's message makes others uncomfortable? In one meeting a member went on in excruciating detail about particular human rights abuses, and everyone squirmed. Finally someone said, "That's enough now. It's time to sit down." The speaker did, but after meeting there was a spirited discussion as to whether the eldering was proper or not. And that is one key to the question of eldering in meeting. If it is held in silence, the wrong kind of silence, and not talked about, it festered and hurt the community.

Then there is the practice of standing up while another is speaking, apparently intended to pass a silent message that the speaker is not speaking "in the manner of Friends." Sometimes it seems only to mean that the one standing doesn't approve of what the speaker is saying. I have seen Friends actually walk up to the person and stand directly in front of him or her. To my mind, this practice is not eldering, but intimidation. Somehow the speaker is to be shamed into silence. This is a practice unworthy of Friends. If the message is actually so intolerable (and not just intolerably dull), it might be better to speak out and say so—but not out of anger. Of course, both the standing and the speaking out break an invisible rule, but meeting is usually resilient enough to survive. And if members are shaken by what occurred, then the clerk can ask those who wish to remain and discuss the issue to do so. That is the manner of Friends.

Part of the problem stems from our mixed and varied reasons for coming to meeting in the first place. Some come to seek spiritual deepening in their own lives and particularly enjoy a meeting that is mostly silent—or "dead," as critics say. In others the spirit takes a social shape, and they often feel moved to speak on particular political problems of our time—a "popcorn meeting," the silent group complains. Others come to meeting for comfort and solace, a place to speak their sorrows—"This isn't a psychotherapy session," some others vent. Is this diversity incompatible? In an area with many meetings, an individual can seek out a group that best fits her needs.

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When it is clear that what is being said in meeting, or the manner in which it is being said, is destructive to Friends manner of worship, something must be done.

Clearly much tolerance is needed. We all have our particular quirks that we carry with us, I don't like singing in meeting, for example. As much as I like music (and I was raised singing in a Methodist choir), it gets in the way of my conversation with God. And the message is prepackaged, since the lyrics were inevitably written by someone else at another time. But occasionally someone in meeting does feel moved to sing someone else's song, and sometimes many others join in. Should I stand in protest, or speak to the miscreant singer afterwards? Of course not: God knows the rest of meeting has to put up with my peculiarities as well.

None of this is new to anyone who's been a Friend for very long. Meetings have had difficulties with dissenting Ranters from the very origins of the Religious Society of Friends. The James Nayler controversy was only one of many. John Woolman finally found loving acceptance from the monthly and yearly meetings he addressed. Many meetings have found within their own structure ways to deal with such disruptions or breaking of the invisible rules.

One difficulty is that discussions on eldering tend to be held within the confines of committees on ministry and counsel, since it is one of their jobs. Also, because the issue normally arises when there is a specific case, there are matters of privacy and sensitivities to be considered. The committee, usually composed of weighty elders, is the right place for dealing with individual cases. The committee, however, also has an educative role. A general meeting on eldering, held prefer-

bers and attenders can be there, may work to thresh out ideas that the committee puts forward. There will be many different points of view on this issue. Perhaps it would be well to add the sociability of a potluck dinner to ease the communication.

Many meetings hold a Quakerism 101 series yearly or more often. Many of these classes discuss the "invisible rules" as well as the history of Friends. But if not, it would be an appropriate place to talk about them and the practical reasons for them. Not, as the elders of Babby said, to lay a rule on anyone, but rather, to communicate the spirit of meeting.

Some meetings use clearness committees, others do not. Used properly, they provide a body of loving Friends (and attenders) who can discuss possible solutions to a perceived problem. Used improbably, they can be self-righteous and censorious. I once heard a Friend say, "You ought to have a clearness committee," in the same tone of voice one might have used in saying, "You need to have your head examined." But I have participated in clearness committees that did help to bring much light to the particular persons for whom the meeting was called, as well as to the committee itself.

When it is clear that what is being said in meeting, or the manner in which it is being said, is destructive to Friends manner of worship, something must be done. Sometimes (hopefully rarely) it must be done immediately, and that is usually the role of the clerk. But most of the time it is better to do it with some deliberation. And always with love. A significant number of attenders have been driven out of meetings by overzealous eldering that is unthinking and defensive rather than nurturing of the Spirit; and sometimes those attenders never return. What a loss to meeting!

What do meetings do in these cases? What "rules" have been developed? Are they in writing? If so, they, along with examples of how situations were dealt with, may be sent to FRIENDS JOURNAL to be forwarded to me. I am interested in gathering our collective wisdom on this difficult issue and publishing it, or, at least, sharing it with those who respond to this query.
Quakers do not get religion secondhand, but aim always to be experiential, to wait upon the Light, and then to walk in the Light. Yet religious experience is not raw data. It is interpreted data. The interpreter may be an individual or, often with Quakers, an individual in a group, say in a clearness committee or a meeting for worship. In addition, the individual and the local group are always embedded in a larger culture, and the culture supplies much of the scaffolding for interpreting religious experience. This was also true for George Fox. It is clear from his Journal that he interpreted his own religious experience according to tenets derived from 16th-century Protestantism.

George Fox believed the Light he knew was Christ—the risen Jesus. He believed Jesus had been crucified at the crossroads of God’s salvation history, which unfolded as follows: God created the universe and Earth, all the animals, and the first people, Adam and Eve, and created them perfect. Soon after their creation, the primordial couple sinned, thereby degrading their perfect nature and the nature of humanity. Jesus’ crucifixion was a sacrifice that paid the penalty for Eve and Adam’s sin. Because of Jesus’ sacrificial deed, people are able to return to the uncorrupted, perfect state of the pre-fallen Adam and Eve by walking according to the Spirit of Christ. Through that same Spirit, we are able to interpret Scripture correctly and, therefore, to know the Truth that comes from God. These are George Fox’s beliefs as he expresses them throughout his Journal, and except for his perfectionism, they are orthodox Protestant beliefs from the 16th century.

We now know that George Fox’s Protestant predecessors misinterpreted Scripture. Instead of carefully reading Genesis 3 for himself, George Fox repeated what he had heard about it, which came from Martin Luther and John Calvin and, ultimately, from Augustine of Hippo. He heard that God created Eve and Adam perfect. The idea of their perfection comes from Genesis 1 where God pronounces all creation good, and where the
first couple do not sin—they have no occasion to sin because they may eat of all the fruit of all the trees (Gen. 1:29). The idea that Adam and Eve were perfect upon creation also comes from philosophical theology, which declares God omniscient, omnipotent, and omnibenevolent, so that logically God's creation had to have been perfect originally. Only an older, separate narrative related in Genesis 2 and 3 says God forbids eating the fruit of the tree of knowledge (Gen. 2:17).

George Fox assumed that eating the forbidden fruit corrupted our once-perfect nature. However, scholars of the Hebrew Scriptures now agree that the narrative of Genesis 3 never indicates that Eve and Adam's deed corrupts human nature. In fact, the narrative says that Adam and Eve improve upon eating the fruit (Gen. 3:7), which many theologians seem to have missed. Later in the narrative God explicitly declares that they have gained knowledge by eating the fruit (Gen. 3:22). So according to Scripture the first sin, the original sin, does not have the consequences that later theologians thought and that George Fox believed. In this ancient narrative, Eve and Adam cannot have been created perfect, for they gain perfection as they go. Indeed their imperfection at their creation is implied earlier, when God uses mud to create Adam. Their vulnerability to the serpent's seduction proves them to be imperfect, too. Their original imperfection and their improvement from eating the fruit of knowledge means that Jesus' crucifixion cannot logically have been recompense for Adam and Eve's sin because there were no consequences of their sin that degraded human nature. Nor could Jesus have enabled the re-perfection of human nature, as George Fox believed, because it was not perfect in the first place.

Furthermore, today we have access to another creation story than the one available in George Fox's culture, which was based on ancient texts. Our creation narrative is the scientific saga, a story far more congruent with evidence and mathematical logic than the scriptural narrative. Our creation story begins some 13.7 billion years ago with the Big Bang that marks the creation of our material universe. From that beginning, hydrogen and helium eventually form. Gravity pulls globs of these gases so tightly together the nucleons fuse, generating stars and galaxies. The fusion and explosion of the stars creates the heavier elements—the carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, and trace elements of which our bodies are composed. We now know that we are stardust and that our blood is salt water descended from and resembling Earth's seas of more than 3 billion years ago.

We are not alienated exiles, as liberal interpreters of Genesis claim. Instead we are intimately integrated with the universe. We are slivers of the stars. We are salt of the Earth. Having evolved here, we are also kin to other organisms, sharing a common history and common chemistry with all that lives. We are also closely related to many other animals in our anatomy and physiology.

Periodically scientists add chapters to the scientific saga. One of the most recent chapters is sociobiology, the scientific study of animal social behavior based on genetics. Because we are social animals, sociobiology studies us, too.

Like Genesis 2 and 3 and the theologians who misread the narrative, sociobiology provides us with a model of human nature. Like all scientific models, this model of human nature is simplified, but it captures the basics by giving us scientific evidence for what we already know from common observation. Sociobiology says human life revolves around gaining resources, reproducing, caring for kin, and engaging in reciprocity—money, sex, nepotism, and exchange. (In some industrialized countries nepotism is partially hidden because monogamous, capitalist society discourages it as unfair and unproductive, but it is vividly evident elsewhere, especially in polygamous and tribal societies.)

Our evolution from other animals tells us that Eve and Adam never existed and therefore cannot be the cause of our sinfulness. Looking at our animal heritage, many people claim that our sinfulness springs from our animal ancestors—we are "brutes," just as they are. However the other "brutes"—cats, dogs, monkeys, bears, deer, and squirrels—do not cause much harm. Indeed most "brutes" are innocent vegetarians. We human beings are the brutal ones.

Why? We are capable of so much evil because our capacities are so much greater than those of other animals. Our ability to manipulate symbols enables us to communicate as no other animal can. Thus we cooperate as few other animals do—cooperate to create and to destroy, to construct communities and to gather armies. We are moved by symbols like the flag for which we are willing to sacrifice ourselves—or others. Our remarkable creativity enables us to design exquisite artwork and architecture as well as increasingly lethal weapons and excruciating tortures. Those very characteristics we admire, our proud virtues, the attributes that make us human, enable us to do evil. We cannot separate ourselves from our potential for evil without ceasing to be human.

Thus George Fox's dream of a return to the perfection of pre-fallen Adam and Eve is an illusion. Our nature now is as perfect as it can be. We ourselves choose to use our
WEARY PEACE WARRIOR

I am sick of pelting snow and sleet,
my stuffy nose and freezing feet.
I'm tired from marches waging peace,
though I'm well practiced
drawing words on signs
and passing leaflets out.
I'm a warrior using chants and shouts
for large ideals I care about
like justice and democracy.
I'm worn down from life as one long vigil
cracking at hypocrisies
and hoping this will keep us free.
I'm ready for a shift of gaze—
I'll watch for sunshine breaking through the haze
to dapple light across the path
wake lady slippers deep in earth
warm turtles as they lay their eggs
illuminate the monarchs' flight.
I'll listen for the rainstorm and its thunder
and laugh out loud—renewed by wonder—
then thrust another banner up that wars may cease.

—Molly Lynn Watt

Molly Lynn Watt is a member of Friends Meeting at Cambridge (Mass.).
How I Learned to Mind My Own Business and Get Out of God's Way

by Shari Dinkins

She walks into the classroom. Her hair hangs carelessly like a curtain around her face. She is wearing blue jeans rolled up below her knees. I exhale. We are in the lecture hall of a state university in northern California. As she stumbles through an introduction and sits on the edge of the stage, swinging her legs, I wonder—how did she get this way? I had met her through a professional organization online. She was to speak to my class about designing websites for a well-known firm in San Francisco. Yet somehow I have this incoherent, confused woman in front of 40 undergraduates. I am aware that my class is restless, squirming in their old-fashioned wooden seats. After another rambling 15 minutes, my guest asks for questions. The students sit, mute. Finally an overachiever in the front row asks about software. As my speaker responds in a voice too low to hear, I think to myself, "I wish I could disappear." I smile weakly as the room finally falls silent, and I vow inwardly never to use a guest who I have not personally interviewed.

Six years later I am climbing the stairs to a detoxification center in San Francisco. I am part of a team of volunteers who try to help—mostly we sit and listen. A young woman makes eye contact during the meeting. She is sitting next to a couple who is coming off of heroin. Her face is familiar, but I cannot place her. As we file out, leaving the clients on musty secondhand leather couches, the young woman catches up with me.

"Shari Dinkins." The sun falls through buildings to light up her eyes. "I am unable to speak. "I've been sober for two years now," she answers, before I can ask. We chat for 15 minutes. Two girlfriends beckon for her to get going. I hug her, grateful to see her, still shocked by the difference in her demeanor. As she makes her way across Howard Street, I think of the change. Her appearance is neat and stylish, but it is her smooth, reassuring voice that affects me most. I e-mail her the next day. She is surprised to find that I am still teaching—she tells me that she too has caught the bug. Thanking me for the inspiration, she asks if she can speak to another class I teach.

I hesitate before responding. I think about it, pray that night and e-mail her the next day. "Yes," I type, though I am not confident. Four weeks before the engagement, she has e-mailed me three times and called me twice. She wants to be sure that she will deliver information that will really help the students. She wants to present well. I send her a packet of information about the class, a map to the campus, a parking permit. We talk once more the evening before her presentation.

The next night, she sweeps into class, a laptop in hand. A young woman follows her. I smile and nod. My class is ready. She hooks up her computer to my projector. I notice her tasteful outfit and appearance. Stepping down to the "pit" in the front of the room, she turns to the class.

She is terrific. Twenty undergraduates lean forward, shooting questions when she pauses. She moves from lecture to onscreen samples of work. Finally she runs through a smooth Flash animated Web demo. My students are transfixed by her presentation and scribble notes as quickly as they can. She is smooth, yet approachable—more than I had expected. I think of her for days.

I have learned that God's direction does not often come from my mouth. As someone once said, "Take my advice; after all, I'm not using it." After numerous missteps, I have decided to become a witness, rather than a critic.

What would have happened if I had approached her six years ago? What would I have said? "Is there something going on?" I might have mumbled, "I mean, are you all right?" Could she have told me about her life, about her hopeless adventures? I had been without drink or drugs then for over six years. But could she have heard me? I don't know if I was confused or afraid at the time, but I said nothing. She must have driven back to San Francisco unaware of her effect on my class and not
I can witness without bossing; I can listen without interrupting; I can hear a story without trying to feed lines; I can sit and just be—with a friend nearby. And the beautiful news is that my friends do that for me too.

I chose to keep my mouth shut. And she had found her way years later, without my input.

It's a valuable lesson for me: Shari the fixer, the advice-giver. I have learned to keep my mouth shut. And the reward is that my family and friends are able to make their own way. I have learned that God's direction does not often come from my mouth. My sarcastic remarks, my commentary and advice, my frustrated exhalations do not help. As someone once said, "Take my advice; after all, I'm not using it." And so, after numerous mistakes, I have decided to become a witness, rather than a critic.

I'm sure there are times for me to step in—when people are too young, too infirm, too old to fend for themselves—but more often than not, the call is for me to shut up while others process.

I had been in the same position as my guest speaker. How many times did I sit on a barstool, stumbling into a stinking bathroom to reach my dinner? And the times that a drinking companion might have said, "Have you had enough?" Or an ill-advised waitress who might have refused me another scotch, saying that I'd had enough. Did I stop then? No. I continued for years, unable to admit that I was killing myself. I could not stop—and those kind people who tried to hide my liquor, steer me away from the local tavern, put me in a taxi—I hated them. With the help of those who had sobered up before me, I was able to stop. One morning, after I had spent yet another night in and out of blackout on my couch, I stumbled into my shower crying. A phone call brought me the support I needed.

A year earlier, my aunt had stopped drinking, too. She claims that she drove by my apartment dozens of times and offered to take me somewhere to get help. I refused. Later I blocked out the memory. Yes, my father's sister, the funny, approachable woman who'd known me since I was a squirming baby, could not help me. I would not let her. I wasn't ready.

Three weeks ago, a good friend, Lisa, came to me with tears in her eyes. Her husband has asked if they could seek sexual partners outside of their monogamous ten-year relationship. Confused, shaking, she repeats the conversations they had. I listen. I am torn. Part of me wants to march to their house and rip pieces. Another part of me wants to tell her what to do—not because I want to be in charge, but because I want her pain to stop. In the end, I don't say much. A few innocuous comments asking how the change is for her; whether they are practicing safe sex now. We walk on the beach in the dark. I can see Orion's belt, the Little Dipper. Later that night I pray for Lisa. I grudgingly pray for her husband, with anger in my heart. Every day I pray for them both. I hope to find some clarity. I finally talk to a trusted girlfriend who does not know them. My heart hurts, but I do not unload my anger on Lisa. She is in her own painful process. And I remain open to her. I call her often, sometimes every night. Just to be sure—that she is still around, that she is coming to grips, that she is moving in her own decision-making.

Her process does not resemble my decision making. That is why I hold back. I realize she had not told Jean, a friend we both have in common, about her problem, because Jean would judge her. Jean would tell her to dump him. She would vent and drop her anger like an anchor in the conversation. Lisa would have to deal with her own marriage and Jean's reaction. I believe this would be a heavy burden, and that is why Lisa has confided in me instead.

I am grateful.

It's funny—I know that Lisa does not believe in God. She has sworn against any religion or spiritual avenue. But I am certain that God lovingly watches over her, whether she believes or not. That is why I pray for friends and family every morning and every night. It helps me shift the burden to where it belongs—to God. I am too human, too invested to know what to do with these too-human problems.

I have asked my aunt about the year that she had embarked on a path of recovery from drink—before I caught on. She says that she had prayed for me every day. In effect, those around me had asked for guidance. They knew I would not take direction, even if my life depended on it. They did not nag, plead or threaten. They prayed me into a spiritual life. Prayer is a powerful tool.

I often meet a woman who is thinking about trying something different, about putting down the bottle. I give her my phone number, then ask her about her life. But I do not chase her down. I let her do the thinking. If she comes, she will come in her own time—not mine. I have learned to live with the discomfort. Yet my faith in a higher power relieves me of that, too. Every time I pray, the worries are shifted and I move into God's world again. I can witness without bossing; I can listen without interrupting; I can hear a story without trying to feed lines; I can sit and just be—with a friend nearby. And the beautiful news is that my friends do that for me too.
In 2002, Westbury (N.Y.) Meeting celebrated 300 years of meetinghouses on its site. As coordinator of the celebration, part of my task was collecting historic documents to post on our website. I became particularly intrigued by the abolitionist activity in Westbury Quarterly Meeting. Then I began to discover parallels to the turmoil in the meeting following the attacks of September 2001.

I wish I could report defining lessons from my study of history. What I discovered, and share now, is that Friends are often on both sides of a controversy, with strongly held but diametrically opposed leadings. Furthermore, our ways of resolving such conflicts do not seem to have improved much in 150 years.

Almost from the inception, there has been conflict within the Religious Society of Friends over claims of authority for personal action. On the one hand, there is the fundamental opening of George Fox that there is “that of God in every one.” The God in each leads to the concept of the direct, unmediated relationship to God through the Inner Light or Holy Spirit. On the other hand, there is the need to test one’s leading with others before proceeding to action. The possibility of contradictory revelation of God’s will has posed a problem to Friends going back to George Fox and James Nayler. It played out again in the Hicksite-Orthodox separation and Friends response to antislavery activity. And it arises today when we try to apply the Peace Testimony to contemporary world conflicts.

Are individual Friends ultimately responsible for discerning the will of God, and their own conduct? What happens when two people hear the will of God in opposite messages? How shall such issues be tested and resolved?

It may be instructive to study Friends responses to the issues of slavery, to better understand the contradictions inherent in discerning whose will the individual is hearing. I focus here on New York City...
Below: A Westbury Quaker family’s manumission document, freeing their slave in 1776

Right: Rachel Seaman Hicks, from the memoir she published in 1880

human beings as property. John Woolman’s way was to visit meetings and individual Friends to preach and pray with them towards releasing their slaves. He acted from his own leading to persuade others to test their witness to the Testimony of Equality. He refused to use any product of slave labor, and this became an article of faith for many Friends. Elias Hicks (1748-1830), the fiery preacher from Jericho, New York, took up the concern of Friends’ freeing their slaves. In his pamphlet, “Observations on the Slavery of the Africans and their Descendants” (1811), he condemned the practice on moral grounds and from observations during his travels in the South. His eloquence influenced Friends widely, as well as non-Friends in the New York State legislature writing
laws on slavery.

Elias Hicks’s view of slavery grew directly from his views on where authority lay, which eventually led to the separation that took place in New York Yearly Meeting in 1828 and in other yearly meetings within the Religious Society of Friends in the United States. He believed in holy obedience to the “manifestation of the will of God by his own spirit in the soul,” rather than the authority of moral laws, scripture, or elders. The Hicksite Friends separated themselves from the turmoil of the world and called themselves quietists. By linking slaves to war booty, Elias Hicks tied freeing slaves to the Peace Testimony. He preached to Friends to manumit their slaves as a matter of faith. Like John Woolman, he acted alone to challenge individuals and our Religious Society to live up to Friends testimonies. In doing so, his persuasive voice reached into U.S. society to have a wider impact than he expected.

To put the pre-Civil War period in perspective for Long Island, Shane White, who researched slavery in New York City, points out that there are two classes of slavery: small-scale, personal or household slavery and large-scale, mostly agricultural slavery. It has been said that there is the society with slaves on one hand, and slave societies on the other. In the former, a small number of wealthy persons owned personal slaves, to some extent for show.

The possibility of contradictory revelation of God’s will has posed a problem to Friends going right back to George Fox and James Nayler.

In the latter, slaves were used for larger-scale economic purposes, particularly on farms. In Angels of Deliverance, historian James Driscoll points out that according to the 1755 census, in Hempstead town 36 owners had 69 slaves (1.9 average; 43 men, 26 women); in Oyster Bay town, 91 owners had 186 slaves (2 average; 107 men, 79 women); while in Flatlands (a largely agricultural area in Brooklyn) 10 owners had 35 slaves (3.5 average; 17 men and 18 women). The first two are examples of a society with slaves, while Flatlands is a slave society.

It may surprise us today that as prosperous farmers, Friends on Long Island in the 1700s owned from one to eight slaves. Many well-to-do Quaker families owned one or two personal slaves. However, as early as 1759, New York Yearly Meeting decided that Friends could not import slaves. In 1771 the yearly meeting ordered members not to sell their slaves if they wished to remain in good standing with their meeting. In 1776 the yearly meeting mandated the freeing of members’ slaves, threatening possible disownment of those who did not do so. By 1776, Long Island Friends from Manhasset to Jericho had freed a total of 154 slaves. Westbury Meeting recorded 90 manumissions in 1776–77. Most of the rest were freed by 1783. With forceful leadership from Elias Hicks, most Quakers in Westbury Quarterly Meeting had freed their slaves by 1789. The last New York Quaker manumissions were recorded in 1798. Thus Friends acted well ahead of society in general and New York state in particular.

During the 18th century, individual actions to oppose slavery seem to be the norm. Many Friends followed the leading of John Woolman and instituted a boycott of slave-made goods, known as the Free Produce movement. After the separation, both Hicksite and Orthodox Friends frowned on participation with
those “not in unity with the Society,” preferring to work with other Quakers. In addition to Free Produce, activities included the petition campaign to the U.S. Congress to end slavery in the District of Columbia, first begun in New England Yearly Meeting and supported by John Greenleaf Whittier. Samuel Parsons, an Orthodox Friend from Flushing, carried the petition campaign to New York Friends. He was also active in financing a movement to help North Carolina Quakers turn over their slaves to their own yearly meeting so that they would no longer be slaveholders. Samuel Parsons raised funds to help resettle North Carolina Friends who wanted to leave the South for Ohio and Indiana to avoid the growing violence against those who opposed slavery. According to James Dicoll, there is evidence that Thomas Willis of Jericho participated by bringing freed North Carolina slaves to his town.

As opposition to slavery grew, some Friends were wary of involvement in what they saw as social action rather than religious concerns. They saw the gathering storm and sought to remove Friends from aggravating the tendencies toward war. Further, while most Hicksite Friends worked to change the hearts and minds of Quaker slave owners, they did not want to mix in the turbulence of abolitionist activities. From about 1840, New England and then New York yearly meetings prohibited any meeting from using its facilities for abolitionist speeches and later for temperance and suffrage meetings. Amy Post, originally a Westbury Friend who in this period worked with Frederick Douglass in Rochester, invited him to speak at Westbury Meeting. However, some in the meeting objected to Frederick Douglass’s radical message, so he eventually met with local activists but did not speak at the meetinghouse.

Similarly in western New York, Christopher Densmore found that a group of radical reformers began to challenge the quietist assumptions of the Religious Society. The Hicksite quarterly meeting denied the use of meetinghouses for anti-slavery lecturers on the grounds that the speakers, even though Quaker, were paid by abolition societies, thus invoking the rule against “hiring ministry.” As in other instances in Friends history, the tensions grew over how to resolve conflicts that arose within the Religious Society. In Genesee Yearly Meeting (Hicksite), some, including Amy and Isaac Post, asked to be released from membership while about 200 others withdrew to form their own yearly meeting in 1848.

Nevertheless, individual Quakers continued their involvement in various organizations that included non-Friends. In 1785 the New York Society for Promoting the Manumission of Slaves was founded by twelve Friends and six others; eventually, 251 of the 454 members were Friends. This tolerance by the Religious Society did not continue as the slavery issue became central in U.S. consciousness. However, those who opposed mixing with non-Friends did work for change in their own ways. To illustrate the paradox created when Friends have diametrically opposed understandings of the will of God, we can see how slavery affect-

While most Hicksite Friends worked to change the hearts and minds of Quaker slave owners, they did not want to mix in the turbulence of abolitionist activities.
and those Friends who, while abhorring slavery, did not believe in direct intervention to end it. George F. White, for example, a recorded minister of New York Monthly Meeting (Hickite), warned against involvement in societies for popular reform, including abolitionist organizations. An article highly critical of George F. White was published on March 25, 1841, in the National Anti-Slavery Standard, the newspaper of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Overseers of the monthly meeting acted to discipline Isaac T. Hopper, James S. Gibbons, and Charles Marriott for helping to publish "a paper calculated to excite discord and disunity among Friends." The three countered that while they were not responsible for the particular article, they felt no need to apologize for it since it was "factually accurate." According to the monthly meeting (paraphrased, except where directly quoted):

1. The will of man, not the will of God, prompted the activity; therefore it was wrong and sinful because it was not under divine guidance.

2. Such activity was a mixing in the world, with the "low and the vile, the just and the unjust"; therefore it could not have a good outcome.

3. Friends in such activities came into contact with ministers of other faiths, in violation of the testimony against being "corrupted by the hireling ministry" and constituted a "slippery slope" leading to leaving the Religious Society of Friends.

4. If there were anything wrong with slavery, or any other situation, God would correct it. Such activity implied that abolitionists thought they were wiser than God.

5. Such activity implied that something was wrong with Friends testimonies. Faith should be sufficient to cause change; therefore, it was not necessary to form or participate in man-made organizations.

6. Such activity ignored the slaveholders, many of whom were performing a moral good by making slaves morally good and happy; it also ignored the problems that abolition would bring to slaveholders.

7. Such activity employed strong language and harsh activities unbefitting to Friends.

8. Quakers belong to a religious society, not a benevolent society; therefore, slavery was not a proper issue for the care of the Religious Society of Friends.

In three separate actions the three men
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Friends could participate in individual actions that grew out of personal witness to Friends testimonies. But advocacy, agitation, and overt action, particularly in cooperation with non-Friends, were frowned upon.

Thus we see that Friends could participate in individual actions such as support of the Free Produce movement. Similarly, Friends could respond to a fleeing slave by giving sanctuary and passing the person on to safety, as Valentine Hicks was reported as doing. These actions grew out of the personal witness to Friends testimonies. They did not violate any of the precepts laid out in the charges against Isaac Hopper. On the other hand, these individual actions did not urge anyone else to follow, but left it up to each person. It seems that advocacy, agitation, and overt action, particularly in cooperation with non-Friends, were frowned upon. Just as abolitionists acted outside of monthly meeting approval, today some peace activists are forming interfaith alliances to
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alleviate possible meeting dissent around their actions, such as civil disobedience.

The dilemma of holy obedience in a world of war and social injustice can be further examined in the life and work of a Westbury woman, Rachel Seaman Hicks (1789-1878), who became a noted Quaker minister. She was the daughter of Gideon Seaman, a longtime clerk of Westbury Meeting. At the time of the separation, he remained clerk of Westbury Orthodox Friends while his daughter went with the followers of Elias Hicks, her uncle by marriage.

Rachel Seaman Hicks was a shy, deeply spiritual woman who felt called by God. In 1808, at the age of 18, she writes in her Memoir of an unwelcome message from God requiring her to travel in the ministry to call Friends back into faithfulness. She resisted this and future messages until 1836, after the death of her father, husband, and two sons. Although plagued by self-doubt and homesickness, she traveled widely in New York Yearly Meeting, along the East Coast from Maryland to Canada and as far away as Michigan, Ohio, Iowa, and Indiana. She saw her mission as calling Hicksite meetings back into faithfulness to the quietest path in the face of an upsurge of spiritualism sweeping the country. She labored with meetings and individuals in an “earnest appeal for obedience to the voice within.”

Rachel Hicks, like so many Friends, lamented the institution of slavery and its bitter fruits. As her Journal indicates, she foresaw the day of reckoning “not only to the slaveholder, but also to those who sustain the system by using and trafficking in the articles produced by the labor of slaves. . . . I fear that, ere long, the soil that has received the tears and sweat of the oppressed in our land will be moistened by the blood of the white man—the inevitable consequence and just retribution for his unrighteous doings.”

No one can doubt the sincerity of her feelings against slavery, her steadfast belief in the hand of God working in history, and that the individual’s salvation came by faithful obedience to the Inner Light. Nevertheless, she could not condone the efforts of the Quaker abolitionists, who also believed they were being faithful to their own Inner Light to overturn slavery. We learn, not from Rachel Hicks but from letters of Lucretia Mott, that the former strongly criticized the latter’s abolitionist and women’s rights activities.

Rachel Hicks’s reasons are summed up in the charges against Isaac Hopper—with the added charge that Lucretia Mott thrust herself upon meetings uninvited and would refuse to keep silent.

The parallel with today becomes evident. Many Friends follow their Inner Light individually or act in concert with like-minded Quakers, often outside the official jurisdiction of a meeting in the matter of witnessing to the Peace Testimony. When it comes to the war in Iraq or conflict in the Middle East, there seem to be too many potential conflicts within meetings. We can hear the same arguments today about witnessing to peace as those used in the Isaac Hopper indictment and Rachel Hicks’s ministry: Such activist Friends are mixing with those who do not share Quaker spiritual grounding, who use strong language, who may cause trouble for its own sake. One hears the clash of the will of humans versus the will of God, and that opposition to the war ignores the good intentions of government leaders who are trying to protect the people.

Discernment of the will of God and testing personal leadings continue to cause pain and suffering in meetings. Friends leave meetings because they do not find support for activism—or because they are uncomfortable with the activism of others. Quakers are still torn between a commitment to spiritual reality and the call to witness against social injustice, war, and suffering.

Friends still struggle with how to resolve such issues. When faced with two strongly held but opposite views of God’s will, one is tempted to band with those who agree with one’s interpretation and limit one’s conversation with “the others.” Friends sometimes avoid conflict within the meeting and the Religious Society by acting outside of both.

Now Friends face the challenge: What can be learned from the conflicts of 150 years ago? I ask other Friends: How can we live up to our reputation? How can we entertain differences, and love those who disagree, even among our own members? We can begin by recognizing that both sides of an issue have part of the Truth, but not all of it; that both have some of it wrong. We must set aside our emotions and our personal agendas to labor with each other in love and in the Light for as long as it takes to find the common ground.
Religious Experience
Continued from page 15

remarkable attributes for good or evil. In our choice for good, the same Light that illuminated George Fox’s life aids us.

George Fox equated that Light with the risen Christ. However, if we are looking for a pattern for our lives, we might turn instead to the historical Jesus, Jesus the man who lived and died here on Earth. Most New Testament scholars think uncovering the historical Jesus means setting aside the Quakers' beloved Gospel of John, which mostly portrays the risen Christ the early church knew, and focusing on the Synoptics: on Matthew, Mark, and Luke. Their Jesus shows us what living a life of atonement is like. Atonement—at-one-ment—means unity with God, walking in the Light here and now.

Interestingly Jesus shows us how to deal with those desires sociobiology uncovers as basic, as deeply a result of our evolution—desires for resources, reciprocity, and the nepotism kinship brings. Mostly he tells to treat them lightly, On resources he says to consider the riches of the field and not place our faith in wealth. He lives his message by being an itinerant with few possessions. Toward sex he seems to have a take-it-or-leave-it attitude. He does not marry, but his most prominent disciple, Peter, has a wife. He does not castigate people for their sexual sins, but he tells them to cease. Jesus even tends to denigrate reciprocity. Instead he praises giving without receiving and forgiving without remuneration. He also demotes kinship from the high place it held in the first century. He rejects his family in favor of his disciples and disparages the tribal dreams of his Jewish contemporaries who hoped the expected messiah would restore the twelve Jewish tribes to the land from which ten had vanished in exile (the renowned lost tribes of Israel).

Rather than encouraging us to follow our evolved desires, he says to seek God. God is here, now, he says in the parables. God’s realm is small and hidden, but worth seeking tirelessly, for it is more valuable than all other things.

Evidently Jesus lived in the Light. His crucifixion did not make atonement for Eve and Adam’s sin. Rather he lived a life of at-one-ment, of unity with God, as he walked the Earth alive. He shows us how to do the same.

George Fox’s Journal reveals that he lived by the same Light. Indeed Jesus and George Fox are remarkably alike, for all their difference in century and culture. George Fox is an itinerant, also, caring so little for the goods of this world that he tells Margaret Fell—soon to become Margaret Fox—he does not want a part in her considerable estate. He, too, sleeps outdoors in all weather, reliving Jesus’ comment that he (Jesus) has nowhere to lay his head. George Fox, too, tells all and sundry that Christ’s (God’s) reign is here and now, that one need not await an external Second Coming. George Fox, too, gives freely, most notably of his body to his enemies to beat and imprison so they might see his love for them and turn to Love.

George Fox’s intellectual interpretation of his religious experience was not similar to Jesus’ interpretation of his, for Jesus thought within the framework of first-century Judaism. Given the scaffolding that science, history, and critical reading of the Bible provide to our culture, our best interpretation of our own experience will differ from either of theirs. But their different interpretations did not keep them from walking cheerfully over the world in the Light, and our different interpretation should not keep us from doing so. Indeed, in these two people we see the power of that Light to enlighten all people, whatever their culture. We also see the importance of giving to our religious experience the best interpretation available in our culture, as they did in theirs. In ours, a best interpretation cannot ignore science, history, or critical reading of the Bible. Certainly it will demand doing without Adam and Eve.
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Life in the Meeting

Selecting a Committee Clerk

by Margery Mears Larrabee

Over the years in the life of monthly meetings in which I have participated, it has been a usual practice for nominating committees to take responsibility to seek out a person to be named a clerk for a particular committee. It has been expected that the nominating committee, having gone through a process of discernment in naming prospective persons or a committee, would know them well and have an informed view with which to explore with them how they might be led to accept clerking responsibilities. This is definitely one way to consider.

Currently, I am in a meeting that generally chooses another way for committee clerks to be named. Each committee is asked to name its own clerk. It is felt that the committee knows its members best and is in a favored position to name a clerk. This plan has often worked well, depending on the composition of the committee.

Also, in a small meeting with few persons seemingly available to the clerking role, a committee may often be greatly relieved when a person enthusiastically volunteers to be clerk, regardless of the discernment process. In some such cases, the Spirit may, indeed, accomplish beneficial results. In other cases, an eager volunteer may override a sense of the committee when there is no guided process.

Sometimes a committee is stymied in its search for a clerk and may decide to rotate the clerkship. That may work well. In this case, however, I have wondered if there might be a way to divide the responsibilities of the committee, freeing one person to provide servant leadership consistently.

In a recent situation, as a member of a nominating committee, I was asked to converse a worship and ministry committee (it had lost one member and gained two new members) in order to facilitate the process of choosing a clerk. In this small monthly meeting, I was also a member of the worship and ministry committee. As I reflected on finding a process for accomplishing this selection of a

Margery Mears Larrabee, a member of Mt. Holly (N.J.) Meeting, participates in the traveling Ministries Program of Friends General Conference.

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clerk, a particular way of doing so came to me. I shared it with the nominating committee and the clerk of our monthly meeting before going ahead.

The worship and ministry committee gathered in the meetinghouse, and after a brief and partial explanation of the proposed agenda and the greeting of new members, we settled into worship. Then it came time for me to share the following:

- I was simply the convener to guide the committee in the process of selecting a clerk.
- We would take the opportunity to review what the responsibilities of our committee were.
- We would invite persons during a time of journaling and/or reflection to consider what they would bring to the committee life, what they wished to contribute, what they saw as their gifts. After that period, we would share what had come to us, worship-sharing style.
- Then we would enter into a time of worship and group discernment.
- After that, we would check and see what urgent items of business we needed to attend to at this meeting.

The committee agreed to go forward in this manner.

When we considered our responsibilities as a worship and ministry committee, we read, in turn, from Philadelphia Yearly Meeting’s Faith and Practice, and found it a useful springboard for further discussion. We also were helped by material from a manual by Arthur Larrabee, Clerking: Serving the Community with Joy and Confidence.

After reaching some clarity as to who we were as a committee and the role and functioning of the clerk, we were ready to take time for reflection and/or journaling as to what we might bring to the life of the committee as well as any limitations. During the time of worship sharing, each spoke candidly. One person was ready to continue as recording clerk, another as liaison to quarterly meeting and attending to concerns for young people. Another felt attention to First-day school and finding ways to help the children connect with worship was her priority. Two others spoke of facilitation as a primary gift.

There was a short silence, and then I turned to the other person who had expressed facilitation as a gift and inquired, “Would you consider serving as clerk?” There was a pause, after which she responded, “I would be glad to be assistant clerk, but I think you should be clerk.” I had not prepared myself for this possibility of serving as clerk. However, after another pause, a new possibility began to come together for me. I found myself saying I would consider being clerk, if it was clearly understood that I would need to rely on the

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—Kitty Ufford-Chase, Pendle Hill Resident Program student, 2003
Quaker Writings

Douglas Steere: The Mystical in the Everyday

by Brian Drayton

A conviction has slowly grown upon me over the years that Douglas Steere is the most sustaining of 20th century Quaker devotional writers. When a new Friend, I was directed to Rufus Jones and Thomas Kelly for the Quaker view of mysticism. Douglas Steere was recommended when I wanted to think about "speaking out of the silence," dimensions of prayer, or ecumenism, and I am embarrassed to say that it took me decades to discover his true range and depth.

Over his long lifetime of ministry, Douglas Steere's writing was relentlessly grounded in daily life, but his view of the inward journey was deeply informed by his habit of visiting persons of authentic experience. Glenn Hinson's fascinating biography (see below) describes how Douglas Steere early formed a habit of alertness to news of men and women who were well traveled in the life of the Spirit, whatever their creed or tradition. When he learned of people who seemed to have a tender soul and some fresh grasp of ultimate realities, he would figure out some way to visit them. It didn't matter if the person was living quietly and unheralded in the Scandinavian countryside, or pursuing the life of a well-known scholar or spiritual director. Douglas Steere seems to have felt that his honest spiritual hunger and their experience of God was kinship enough to build a conversation upon.

This direct approach can also be seen in his encounter with the mystics of the past, throughout all branches of Christendom. He does not just quote these individuals in his writing, but seeks resonances, and he has striven to find out something of the personality behind the documents and histories. As a result, his writing is filled with stories and references about spiritual masters rarely heard of, as well as anecdotes and remarks from casual life, the mystics' friends, and other salty details that are shared with the reader as in a racy and intimate conversation with a friend. The effect is refreshing and exciting, and the resulting sense of spiritual unity across cultures and centuries breathes quite a different air.

Brian Drayton, an ecologist working in science education, is a member and a recorded minister of Weare (N.H.) Meeting.
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beneath the minutes and the days and the years he would want to do if all of them should vanish and leave him forever at it. . . . He is radical in the true sense of the word, for he has gone to the root of things, and found the root good.

Douglas Steere moves beyond such programmatic, sweeping, and possibly abstracted statements, because he was concerned to talk about ways to proceed—techniques for personal discipline and devotion. He ransacked the range of Christian practice, including Quaker experience, to help equip his readers to make progress. While writing for a general audience, he placed Quakerism’s testimonies alongside the other great traditions; when writing for Friends, he showed how the riches of Quakerism’s methods can be strengthened by dialogue with other traditions, without losing its essential character—a lesson that modern Friends, who are so accustomed to reach out to other faiths for nourishment, can always revisit with profit.

He saw that faithfulness was risky, and he had learned the mystics’ lesson that God in the end asks for all, that it is hardly enough to give one’s all to God. Yet the more generous one’s yielding, the more bountiful God’s response will be—in time; God is to be relied upon, but not predicted. He also was deeply convinced that inward transformation will result in outward change, including being drawn ever more strongly to service and self-giving. With divine love at the heart of things, our drawing close to God deepens compassionate, fearless action:

It is the Christian core that supplies the form of relationship with others as sons of a common father. . . . From this core comes to man the deep personal commitment to serve others as the revelation of God’s own nature served him, and to suffer and long for the redemption of others as they are suffered for and longed for in the very heart of God.

Douglas Steere rooted all his exploration of openness, daring, and experimentation in the ministry of Jesus—the teaching, the crucifixion, and the resurrection, as outward, historical acts and revelation, as well as inwardly experienced events over and over in the life of each seeker. He understood that since God is always and everywhere, so too are the historical dramas of life and law-giving ever-present, ever-renewed, and each of us can take our place near the central events of the story.

Over the past year, I have read pretty much everything by Douglas Steere I could lay my hands on. There is not very much, really—the almost complete collection on my bookshelf.
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is exactly six inches long, and it includes more than 20 items. He mostly wrote short but flavorful pieces.

My favorites include On Listening to Another, his Swarthmore Lecture on vocal ministry. This is a devotional and theological essay that has repaid a dozen readings over as many years with refreshment and insight. It has helped me as I have sought to learn how deeper and deeper listening can feed a meeting and its ministry in word and deed—and how listening in prayer, study, and action feeds the minister as well. Currently, it is in print as part of the collection of pieces called Gleanings. My second favorite is Work and Contemplation, which somebody needs to reprint: soon. In this little book, he develops a theology of work as creative action fed by contemplation broadly defined. He draws on the mystics, of course, but what grabs one's attention is the fruits of his own experience of work and drudgery, and his close attention to the voices and experience of workers in many walks of life. In this little book, he made me feel in a way beyond mere opinion how prayer and contemplation can permeate action, even the action of the daily grind, and that for many of us, and for many of our days, here is where our greatest battles are to be fought and our greatest light to be found and shared.

For further reading: Many pamphlets by Douglas Steere remain in print at Pendle Hill. Seek beyond these, though, and try out: Gleanings: Selected Writings (1986), published by The Upper Room—this includes "On Listening to Another"; Dimensions of Prayer (1962, reprinted 1997 by The Upper Room); and Work and Contemplation (1957), published by Harper & Brothers. An engaging biography is E.G. Hinson's Love at the Heart of Things, published by Pendle Hill.

"[Friends'] openness to [the Divine Listener's] continual correction has [revealed] to many who followed a concern how brittle and fragile was the thread of their commitment when they undertook it, and how far the Divine Listener had used this concern to draw them on into the divine redeeming action and to cleanse and clarify them... For our action like our words is being listened to not only by our fellows but by the Eternal One, and it is only as we feel that One's scrutiny and respond to that One's illumination in what we do that we become a part of the redemptive circle that longs to draw not only humanity but all creation into its healing power."

—Douglas Steere
Dancing with God through the Storm: Mysticism and Mental Illness


There are moments and sometimes years on the spiritual journey that can be unusual, inspiring, frightening, and confusing. Experiencing the hearing of inner voices, unity with God or nature, the transcendence of opposites and the dissolution of ego boundaries—all of which may be part of a spiritual journey—have also traditionally been associated with mental illness by both lay people and mental health professionals.

As both psychologist and mystic, Friend Jennifer Elam has a deep concern for the misunderstanding and mislabeling of mystical experiences, particularly among those with mental illness. As a result, she devoted several years to an investigation of mysticism that combined academic study with an extensive interview project involving about 100 people who agreed to discuss their mystical and psychological experiences. She began by attempting to construct a questionnaire that would investigate the boundaries between mysticism and mental illness, but grew into a deeper perspective of studying the rich areas of convergence between the two.

Dancing with God Through the Storm shares Jennifer Elam’s work with the larger community. The book itself is a tapestry of voices, with the research respondents’ voices in the foreground and Jennifer Elam’s voice weaving them together. The courage and depth of sharing from this diverse group is impressive, especially given the level of fear that many felt about being judged “crazy.” (All names were changed to protect privacy.) Here, for example, is what “Dick” had to say:

Deeply troubled while trying to determine if I should break with my mother’s family’s tradition of military service, I had the first of my rare but, for me, important experiences of peace and connectedness. Gazing at a wooded scene, the plants seemed to become lighter and perhaps even to shimmer in the light a little, as if an energy behind them was throbbing. I felt connected to the universe. My feelings were profound but probably only lasted a few seconds or even possibly a few split seconds. Then a wave of deep peace began to well up within me, as if from my center, filling me with a peace I had not experienced before. I took it as a sign that I was to object to war and become a conscientious objector, which was the decision I
had been moving toward while feeling conflicted. . . I have had only a few such experiences in my life. But those brief experiences have provided the essential direction and inspiration for my lifelong journey and for my becoming a social worker.

And here is part of what “Trish” had to say:

I had been clinically depressed for some months. During meeting, I said silently, “Are you there, God?” and God said, “Yes.” After a while, I said, “What about these troubles I’m having?” and the answer was, “These are the sorts of problems that can be overcome.” This experience affected me profoundly, and I spoke about it in the meeting, telling what had happened. The fact that I had spoken in meeting seemed to fix it in reality.

These stories and others throughout the book serve multiple purposes. They take us into mystical experiences in contemporary language, covering a fairly wide range of phenomena, some of which may be familiar (such as inner leadings) and others that may not (hallucinations, ESP). They illustrate the academic points about the various forms or paths that the mystical life may take.

Jennifer Elam identifies three paths: passionate, ethical, and nature mysticism—all of which may exist in various combinations. Passionate mysticism involves a strong emotional response to God and sometimes includes profound emotional healing. Ethical mysticism, exemplified by Dick’s story, involves a call to take a stand in the world. Nature mysticism involves those such as Emily Dickinson, Annie Dillard, and St. Francis of Assisi who are drawn closer to God by their appreciation of the beauty of the Earth.

Elam also identifies three stages. The first is hearing the call—knowing that your life has a spiritual purpose. The second she calls “entering the clearing.” This is a time of respite from spiritual struggle, when your spiritual purpose becomes more apparent. The final stage she calls “following the path.” Having understood (however dimly) your purpose and the spiritual practices that will sustain you, you go forward with your life, continuing to discern along the way.

As Trish’s story shows, community plays an important part in the lives of people who are going through times of disintegration and integration. Many waited for years to find a safe place to share their stories, and some shared them for the first time in this research project. Sadly, some spoke of being judged or misunderstood by mental health professionals who said things like, “God doesn’t talk to people anymore.” Jennifer Elam acknowledges that suspicion and mistrust can go either way as spiritual directors sometimes hesitate to refer to mental health professionals when it’s necessary.

In many of the stories, Friends meetings, clearness committees, and individual Friends played important roles as partners and “containers”—relationships that serve as safe spaces for both disintegration and growth. It has been said that Quakerism is an exercise in group mysticism. Nowhere is it clearer than in these accounts.

Who will benefit from Jennifer Elam’s book? First, the book is clearly for those who are “dancing with God through the storm” or trying to learn how. It is for people who are struggling spiritually, having unusual experiences and feeling alone or “crazy.” The book is tremendously reassuring and offers a bibliography as well as practical suggestions about finding both spiritual and psychological help.

It will also be helpful to friends, family members, meeting members, clearness, or committees dealing with Friends who are going through profound changes. All that is written here would certainly apply to members of other denominations as well. Mental health professionals who have some openness to the spiritual life will enjoy it, although those who follow the “just the facts, ma’am, no such thing as the unconscious” model will probably be frustrated by the lack of clear differentiation between mental illness and divine guidance, or simply blown away.

The book does tip a bit in the direction of accepting the respondents’ spiritual framing of some experiences that are clearly psychotic, and Elam acknowledges that her perspective is one of accompaniment rather than judgment.

On first reading, I thought, where are the criteria for differentiating mystical experience from mental illness? When I read it more deeply I found something quite different: not external signs for the outside observer (as in the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of the American Psychiatric Association), but guidelines and discernment tools for the person on the journey to use from the inside to determine whether they are on the right path, getting good help, etc.

Jennifer Elam is seeking to restore an imbalance in a system that has been out of whack for decades (in the direction of pathologizing spiritual experience.) Her respondents’ words allow us to hear firsthand how they experienced God in the midst of their despair, trauma and depression, visions, grief, and disorientation. What helped each of them was a combination of inner work (prayer, reliance on an Inner Guide, dream work, art work, writing) and connection with reliable others, whether they were friends, therapists, or family.

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who, like George Fox, ask if there is anyone who can "speak to my condition."
—Anne Malone
Anne Malone, MSS, LCSW is a clinical social worker with a private psychotherapy practice in Media, Pa. She is a candidate in training at the Psychoanalytic Center of Philadelphia and a member of Trinity Episcopal Church in Swarthmore, Pa.

In Brief
Making Peace: Healing a Violent World
Edited by Carolyn McConnell and Sarah Ruth van Gelder. Positive Futures Network, 2003. 92 pages. $7.50/paperback. "Making peace is far too important to be left to political leaders," writes Yes! Magazine editor Sarah Ruth van Gelder in the introduction. And in this slender volume, she and Carolyn McConnell present brief but passionate essays and excerpts from 20 authors who offer rich alternatives to the myriad levels of violence in our world. From Quaker David Morse to Buddhist Joanna Macy and on to Sufi minister Jamal Rahman and poet Wendell Berry, Making Peace offers a sampling of the clear thinking, compassionate hearts, and pure intention that characterizes effective peacebuilders.
—Ellen Michaud
Ellen Michaud is book review editor of FRIENDS JOURNAL, and a member of Starksboro (Vt.) Meeting.

A Quaker Declaration of War
By Chuck Fager. Kimo Press, 2003. 73 pages. $6.95/paperback. Quaker author Chuck Fager has tossed together an unfocused and somewhat random volume that includes excerpted minutes of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, an essay on the evolution of Friends' Peace Testimony, an adaptation from a presentation at Illinois Yearly Meeting (by Chuck Fager, the reader assumes, although that is not stated), an essay on "How and Why the Draft Will Come Back," and, as an appendix, the 1660 Declaration to Charles II.

Although a more systematic examination of the Peace Testimony's evolution would probably be more helpful to Friends trying to place contemporary peacework in a historical context and catch a glimpse of its shape in the future, A Quaker Declaration of War is worth a brief glance if only because, in his preface, Fager grounds every one of us with a reminder of who we are and what is expected of us as children of the Light.
The outbreak of [the second Middle East] war surely marks a setback for our months of marching, vigiling, writing, and faxing to head it off. But it does not spell defeat, much less a reason for withdrawal into depression, indifference, or escape.

There is still much To Do. And even more, there is still much To Be. . . .

At bottom it is straightforward and simple, so much so that it can be easily overlooked: It is, in George Fox’s phrase, to “keep to our meetings,” that is, to maintain and deepen our life as a worshiping community.

This cultivation of a deep center will not only help sustain us as individuals in a dark time (which it will). It also, and perhaps more importantly, has a public aspect: it can maintain our meetinghouses as places of refuge from the spirit of war.

—Ellen Michaud

**Notes from Ramallah, 1939**

By Nancy Parker McDowell. Friends United Press, 2002. 118 pages. $18/paperback. Nancy Parker McDowell’s memoir of a year spent teaching at the Friends Girls School in Ramallah some 64 years ago is an absolute delight. Based upon a detailed journal and letters home, her memoir captures the open-hearted adventures of a young U.S. Quaker as she seeks to “walk cheerfully over the Earth answering that of God in every one”—even though the society in which she lives is tumbling headlong into war as it divides itself into those who wear hats and those who wear headaddresses. Nancy’s openness to new experiences, the depth of her spiritual grounding, her willingness to try just about anything, and the fresh and easy flow of her narrative make this memoir a must-read adventure story for Quaker girls in middle school and beyond. They will find not only a picture of Ramallah that echoes in today’s headlines, but a true Quaker role model who is as vibrant today as she was at the age of 22.

—Ellen Michaud

**Prophets without Honor: A Requiem for Moral Patriotism.**

By William M. Strabala and Michael J. Palecek. Algora Publishing, 2002. 363 pages. $23.95/paperback. This book looks at protests against militarism, emphasizing the lives of several priests and former priests who have been jailed multiple times for their witness for peace (including Phil and Dan Berrigan). Through the Plowshares lens, it looks at militarism as against God and Creation.

—Lisa Rand
Information

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Smithfield (R.I.) Meeting wants Congress to take steps to prevent postwar profiting in Iraq. Such steps include calling for public disclosure of "noncompetitive contracting" for the reconstruction of Iraq, ensuring that all postwar dealings with Iraq be legal and "fully accountable," and reinstating an excess profits tax on corporate profits made in Iraq "above peacetime industry averages." In a minute approved during meeting for worship with attention to business on October 5, 2003, Smithfield Friends "call on our elected leaders to assure that business dealings that develop as a result of the Iraq War be conducted in an open, ethical, and accountable manner, as justice and our democratic principles demand." —Smithfield (R.I.) Meeting newsletter

Kendal Meeting in Kennett Square, Pa., on November 12, 2003, adopted a minute on reproductive rights, reaffirming "Friends historical conviction that every person has within him a Divine Seed that illuminates our decisions and instructs our courses of action. We, therefore, affirm that every woman is divinely empowered to arrive at her own decisions regarding her reproductive choices and we hold those personal decisions in the Light." —Kendal (Pa.) Meeting

Mountain View Meeting in Denver, Colo., on December 14, 2003 approved a minute expressing the belief that "marriage is a spiritual relationship, and we have seen that the Spirit does not limit this relationship to heterosexual couples." The minute encourages gender-neutral language in legislation regarding marriage, and asks legislators to vote against the Federal Marriage Amendment (H.J. Res. 56 and S.J. Res. 26).—Mountain View Meeting

As the Freedom Rides of 1961 exposed the injustices of segregation, the Immigrants 2003 Freedom Ride mobilized national support for changing immigration policy and to create a road to citizenship for all immigrant workers. The event raised awareness of workers’ need to be able to unite with their families and have protected rights in the workplace. The ride started on September 1, 2003, in 20 major cities. The freedom riders stopped in over 60 communities, culminating in Washington, D.C., in October with a major rally and lobbying members of Congress. It ended with a daylong celebration in New York City. —AFSC (Texas-Arkansas-Oklahoma) newsletter, September 2003
**Bulletin Board**

**Upcoming Events**

- **March 19-21**—“Living the Vision: Building Bridges from Ideas to Action,” at Pendle Hill for young adults, ages 18-25. This is an opportunity to join other young leaders to learn new skills and empower each other to create a more just society, and to engage in dialogue with present-day activists and workers in the Spirit. For more information contact <hpollock@haverford.edu> or visit <www.pendlehill.org>.

- **April 4**—Friends Schools Day of Peace, Philadelphia, Pa. Contact Tom Hoopes at <tomh@pym.org> or John McKinstry at <john.mckinstry@wesstown.edu>.

- **April 8-11**—Southeastern Yearly Meeting

- **April 9-11**—South Central Yearly Meeting

- **April 22-25**—Quakers Uniting in Publications annual conference, Richmond, Ind. For details: <www.quaker.org/quip/>.

- **June 13-August 1**—Young Adult Leadership Development Program at Pendle Hill, a seven-week exploration of community service and spiritual enrichment for ages 18-24. Twelve positions are available. Participants will do meaningful service work, work on-campus, reflect and worship, and learn from volunteer workshop leaders. Applications due April 1, 2004. Apply online at <www.pendlehill.org/youth_programs.htm>. Contact Julian O'Reilly at <julian@pendlehill.org>; (800) 742-3150/(610) 566-4507, ext. 126.

- **June 23-26**—2004 Commemoration events to mark the tricentennial of the founding of Timahoe Meeting in County Kildare, Ireland. Many of the meeting's families immigrated to Chester County, Pa., circa 1730. For further details contact Elizabeth Maule Collins at <bpcollins@mymailstation.com>.

**Opportunity**

- Eight internships are available at Pendle Hill for committed social justice volunteers 18 and older to work 20 hours per week on- or off-campus on a service/action project, live at Pendle Hill, and participate in the Resident Program. The internships provide tuition, room, board, health insurance, and local transportation costs. Internships are available for people of all backgrounds and levels of experience. In addition, the Richard I. McKinney Social Witness Scholarship is specifically for an African American activist or young adult. Applications will be reviewed through March 2004. Contact Bobbi Kelly at <bobbi@pendlehill.org>; (800) 742-3150/(610) 566-4507, ext. 137.
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Milestones

Deaths

Berquist—Robert F. (Bob) Berquist, 89, on November 8, 2003, in West Branch, Iowa. Bob was born on July 25, 1914, in Maroka, Minn., the son of J. Albert and Jennie Fletcher Berquist. He attended Macalester College, Chicago Theological Seminary, and University of Iowa. After college, he worked as a claims manager for Ministers’ Life and Casualty Union in Minneapolis for four years. During this time he became active in the Pacifist Action Fellowship, leading to his eventual decision in 1945 to begin a commitment to pacifism, and to become a Friend. He was a staff member at Scattergood Hostel for European refugees near West Branch in 1940–41, and performed alternative civilian service during World War II, serving at Merom, Ind.; Coleville, Calif.; West Compton, N.H.; Luray, Va.; and Laurel, Md. On August 24, 1946, Bob and Sara Jeanette Way were married in Media, Pa. They were members of West Branch (Iowa) Meeting (Conservative), for which Bob served as clerk. He also served as clerk for Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative). From 1946 until retirement in 1979, Bob and Sara were staff members at Scattergood Friends School in West Branch. In addition to teaching social and religious studies, Bob was responsible for the school gardens, orchards, and plantings on the campus. He led his senior classes on yearly trips to New York City and Washington, D.C., focusing on the Quaker UN Program and William Penn House seminars. After retirement Bob was active in the West Branch community, serving on the West Branch Area Religious Council and the public library board. He was active in American Friends Service Committee, Friends Committee on National Legislation, Fellowship of Reconciliation, and was a member of the State Historical Society of Iowa and the Hoover Birthplace Foundation. Bob was a contributing author and editor of the Scattergood School Centennial history book. He became a regional expert on Quakers in Iowa. In 1998 he completed his autobiography, Life’s Too Short: An Octogenarian’s Memoir. Bob was predeceased by his wife, Sara Jeanette Berquist, and a son, Paul Berquist. He is survived by a daughter, Carolyn DeHorry, and her husband, John; grandchildren Christopher and Rebecca DeHorry; and a brother, John A. Berquist.

Christopherson—Joan Christopherson, 84, in October 2002, in Missoula, Mont. Joan was born in 1917 at the Vellore Mission in India, where her father was a minister. When she was eight, because of her father’s health, the family returned to the United States, and she spent the rest of her childhood in Staten Island, N.Y. She graduated from Vassar College, where she majored in history, and she continued her education at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, where she received a master’s degree in International Affairs. Her disillusionment with the way in which international affairs were conducted was the foundation of her pacifist beliefs, and eventually led her to work for American Friends Service Committee and, from there, to the Religious Society of Friends. Joan met her husband Edmund (Chris) Christopherson through her affiliation with AFSC. A conscientious objector, Chris performed alternative service as a smokejumper in Missoula, Mont., while Joan taught school in Bitterroot. Her interest in children had led her to pursue a master’s degree in

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Early Childhood Education from Columbia University, and from 1958 to 1975 she taught and directed the preschool program at University of Montana. A fierce advocate for children, she did not hesitate to challenge anyone, including parents who in her opinion were not acting in their children's best interests. Joan was intensely involved in the lives of her four children and eight grandchildren, imparting to them her strong belief in the value of education. She told her girls they could do anything they wanted to be if they put their minds to it. She camped out with the children, serving hamburgers on homemade whole-wheat bread. She demonstrated her deep caring particularly through cooking. She allowed the children to bring home snakes as pets, but only for a short time; they had to return them to the woods where they had found them. Joan is also remembered for her commitment to the causes of education, human rights, and good government. She founded the Missoula League of Women Voters, helped launch Head Start programs in Montana, and was a charter member of the Missoula Amnesty International chapter. She worked to promote nursing home reform, to end the death penalty, and served on the board of Missoula Access Television. She traveled to China, United Kingdom, and Yugoslavia until failing health curtailed her activities, and her spoken ministry in meeting shifted from expressions of concern about world events to insights from the religious traditions that had formed her. She is survived by her four children and their families.

McCracken—Emmett Francis McCracken, 85, on August 11, 2003, in Fayetteville, Ark. He was born October 4, 1917, in Rose Hill, Kan., to David Nelson and Velma Alice Hinshaw McCracken. The family moved to Granada, Colo., in 1921 and homesteaded a farm. Emmett rode the school bus 50 miles each way to high school in Granada. He was salutatorian of his high school class and was part of a livestock judging team that traveled around the state. After working as a farm hand on irrigated land in Colorado along the Arkansas River, Emmett attended a year at Colorado State in Fort Collins, then graduated from El Dorado Junior College. Emmett was a conscientious objector during World War II and served at CPS camps in Indiana and North Dakota. After the war he attended and worked at William Penn College in Oskaloosa, Iowa, then as a dairy tester with the Dairy Herd Improvement Association of Iowa, and later as a dairy inspector for Scott County, Iowa. When he retired he purchased wooded land near Purdy, Missouri, planting trees and flowers and giving tours of the property with its beautifully terraced flowers. Emmett was active in South Central Yearly Meeting, often attending two services each First Day, one in Springfield, Missouri, and one in Fayetteville, Arkansas, 50-60 miles apart. Dependable and reliable, he became clerk of the yearly meeting, and when his health kept him from attending, Friends wondered who was going to do all the things he had done. In 1998 he sold his property near Purdy and moved to Fayetteville. He lived his final years at City Hospital Nursing Home there. Emmett is survived by four sisters, Gladys Campbell, Lucile Cook, Alice Hobson, and Thelma Holsey, and several nieces and nephews and great-nieces and great-nephews. His only brother, Preston Cloyce McCracken, died four days after Emmett's death.
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McCracken—Preston Clayce McCracken, 87, on August 15, 2003, in Zephyrhills, Fla. He was born on February 27, 1916, in Rose Hill, Kan., to David Nelson and Velma Alice Hinshaw McCracken. The family moved to Granada, Colo., in February 1921 to homestead a farm. Preston remembered riding their horse Flippy bareback to elementary school with his brother, Emmett and his sister, Gladys. During the Depression Preston graduated fourth in his class from Granada High School but there was no money for him to go to college. Although a severe drought created dust bowl conditions, he was able to obtain work as a farm hand in the irrigated land along the Arkansas River in Colorado. In 1937 he went to Kansas and worked on a farm near Rose Hill, making $3 per day running a threshing machine. At that time this was a lot of money, and he began college at Friends University in Wichita, majoring in Chemistry. Sitting behind him was Dorothy Harding, who would later become his wife. During World War II Preston was a conscientious objector, serving in the Civilian Peace Services, first as a foreman at a CCC camp in Merom, Ind.; next in a mental hospital in Warren, Pa.; and finally, helping at the Iowa State University experimental farms. When his draft number was called in December 24, 1942, he married Dorothy Harding. In 1949, the couple and their growing family moved to Archer, Iowa, where Preston became a member of Paulina Meeting and served as president of the Northwest Iowa Mentally Retarded Children’s Association. In 1960 the family moved to Remsen, Iowa, where Preston became manager of the Oyens Coop Elevator and Dorothy and the children maintained a bountiful garden. In 1966 Preston became manager of the Jolley Coop Elevator. Dorothy died unexpectedly the following year, and in 1968 Preston and his children moved to New Providence, Iowa, an old Quaker community. He worked at the local cooperative elevator, and in 1972 he moved his family to Dumont, Iowa, where he met Georgina Downs. They were married on July 3, 1977. Barely a year later, after a bad work accident, Georgina moved Preston to the hospital in Mason City. After retirement necessitated by the accident, Preston and Georgina served as caretakers to three family members, including his oldest daughter Evelyn Louise, who died of breast cancer in 1979. In 1986 Preston and Georgina moved to Florida and traveled throughout the United States to keep in touch with family and friends. Preston received many awards for his woodcarvings, including blue ribbons from state fairs in Florida and Iowa. He wrote several books on the family history from the 1700s to the present; the Colorado Years, 1921-1937; and his later years. During the 1990s the couple volunteered at Woodland Elementary School in Zephyrhills, and later, when his health permitted, Preston would “meditate with the weeds in the yard.” He donated his body for university research. Preston is survived by his wife, Georgina McCracken; and his children, Ray Everette McCracken, Dale Eugene McCracken, Beth Etta McCracken; and his sister, Gladys Campbell, Lucile Cook, Alice Hosen, and Thelma Holley. Preston died four days after the death of his only brother, Emmett Francis McCracken.

Neptune—David William Neptune, 85, on July 15, 2003, in Chula Vista, Calif. He was born in San Diego on March 3, 1918, to A. Ray and Grace Neptune. He graduated from University of California at Berkeley in 1940 with a Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering, and a year later received a Master of Science in Aeronautical Engineering from California Institute of Technology. After a brief period of employment as an aeronautical engineer with Pan American Airways, David filed as a conscientious objector and earned a Master of Divinity in 1946 from Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley. For over 34 years he was executive director of the YM-YWCA at San Diego State University. Through the campus Y, he initiated many programs that continue today. In 1961 he joined La Jolla Meeting and served in several leadership capacities there, and in San Diego Meeting David was a pioneer in civil rights prior to the activism of the ‘60s. In the late 1960s, through contact with a former colleague at Pacific School of Religion, he and his family integrated an African American church in Richmond, Calif. In the 1950s, while living in Tempe, Arizona, directing an AFSC summer project, David coordinated the challenge of the “whites only” practices in public swimming pools. During the ‘60s he joined Martin Luther King Jr. in the voter registration campaign in Atlanta, and was active in San Diego with the Congress of Racial Equality and other civil rights organizations. He was a founding member and former president of the Peace Resource Center of San Diego, and served for many years on the Board of the San Diego ACLU. He was instrumental in developing plans for the Friends’ Center, a collaboration among four peace-related organizations: San Diego Friends Meeting, San Diego Church of the Brethren, the Peace Resource Center, and the San Diego area projects of AFSC. The Center is to be a place for peace, social justice, and spiritual growth, and will have environmentally sound straw bale construction. David has been honored throughout his life by many organizations for his leadership, service, and humanitarianism, and as a peacemaker. Throughout his life he had a deep appreciation for the beauty of diversity, both in people and in the environment. His favorite quote was Mohandas Gandhi’s “My life is my message.” David is survived by his wife of 62 years, Helen Neptune; and by his children, Nancy and husband Blake Nelson; and by his children, Nancy and husband Joseph Jenkins; John Neptune and wife Diane; and Mark Neptune; seven grandchildren; three great-grandchildren; his brother, Robert Neptune; and by numerous extended family members and close friends.

White—Benjamin Wadsworth White, 82, on March 28, 2003, in Davis, Calif. Born on March 22, 1921, in New York, he was raised in Maryland and graduated from Swarthmore College in 1942. After serving in the army during World War II, he received his Ph.D. in Psychology from University of Michigan, where he met his wife, Martha. During the 1950s and early 60s he worked at MIT. In 1967 he moved to Tihuron, Calif., where he spent the remainder of his career as a professor of Psychology at San Francisco State University. In February 2000 he moved to the University Retirement Community at Davis, transferring his membership from Marin Meeting to Davis. He was an active member of the Religious Society of Friends where he was involved with several volunteer groups. He will be remembered for his intelligence, kindness, compassion, and his dry sense of humor. He was predeceased by his wife, Martha. He is survived by his son, Chris White; his daughter, Stacey...
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Katharine Whittaker—Katharine Whittaker, 96, on October 10, 2002, in Berkeley, Calif. She was born Katharine Wilmet Maxwell Cooper in Edinburgh, Scotland, on August 29, 1906, one of six children. She earned her Master of Arts in English and Philosophy, expecting to be a teacher. In 1927 she married Edmund Whittaker, and three years later, with two small children, they sailed aboard a freighter to South Africa, where Edmund had accepted a professorship in Economics. Katharine, who had lived in only two homes before her marriage, moved 22 times during her 44-year marriage to Edmund, down and up the Atlantic Ocean, to two continents, averaging a new home every two years. In 1937, when it was clear that World War II was imminent, the family moved to University of Illinois. When her husband’s health required that they move to the countryside, Katharine, now with four children, smiled, adjusted, and plunged her hands into the hay. In one of their homes, at a time when many churches were starting white schools to avoid integration, Katharine taught in a church-sponsored private school for children of all races. Wherever she lived, she managed to look out on the world with a clear-eyed realism combined, even in the worst of times, with a certain basic optimism. Her son recalls her watching, powerless, while he as a toddler came within inches of a slaying African cobra. He remembers how she yanked her daughter away from an enraged sow. He tells of Sunday dinners she cooked from roosters named for British kings, and of her riding rapids in the Canadian Rockies, driving a car into her 90s, and beating him at Scrabble at age 95. In appearance she was tall and thin, a charming contrast to her spirit of adventure that sometimes led her into unconventional situations. After her husband died, Katharine, then approaching 70, moved to Berkeley, Calif., to be near two of her children. She purchased a large house with upstairs rental space for five students, while downstairs she thrived—free to dance, travel, and enjoy family and friends. Katharine’s membership with Friends began in Champagne, Ill.; other meetings that welcomed the family included Providence (R.I.) and Fredericton (N.B.). In Berkeley Meeting she was a quiet, steady presence who helped give the meeting for worship a sense of stability. She wrote a play, hosted visiting children, and cared for great-grandchildren. She thoroughly enjoyed sharing ideas and opinions, and she never lost her interest in philosophy. She cherished her friendships. She had a remarkable memory for both contemporary and past events and a great appreciation of literature and history. She sent kindly notes to friends in a beautiful, tiny script. Her large, extended family treasures their memories of their Granny. Katharine was predeceased by her husband, Edmund Whittaker, and by a daughter, Margaret Baker. She is survived by three of her four children, Roger Whittaker, Felicity Warner, and Barry Whittaker; her grandchildren, Meagan Mortan, Jock Baker, Kit Baker, Jennifer Baker, Greg Warner, Pamela Bishop, Matt Warner, Stirling Whittaker, and Darren Whittaker; her great-grandchildren, Kendra Mortan and Abigail Mortan, Josette Baker, Elias Baker, Haley Warner, Amanda Warner, Nicholas Bishop, William Bishop, Jonathon Whittaker, and Edmund Whittaker.
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Quaker Information Center at Friends Center in Philadelphia. This person will supervise the Center's space, answer queries for the Center, schedule meetings, prepare notices for the Center's newsletter, and create and maintain the Center's database. Interested candidates should send a cover letter and resume to: Friends Center, 1501 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

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