God Is in the Mouth of the Wolf
The Contours of Worship
Retreating with Thich Nhat Hanh
Arrivals and Departures

It’s not unusual for the arrival of children to bring about big changes, not just for families, but for organizations as well. At FRIENDS JOURNAL, we’ve had quite a crop of babies this year! Last spring I told you that Martin Kelley, our former webmaster, was leaving us because of the imminent arrival of his first child, Theodore Kelley Kealand, who was born last August. Martin felt the need to consolidate his part-time work into a job closer to full-time. We understood—and welcomed Herb Ertel to replace him as our webmaster.

This past January, Lisa Rand, our assistant editor, gave birth to her first child, Caroline Christina. We rejoice in this new addition to our staff families and look forward to following Caroline’s progress through life’s developmental stages when her mom shares stories of her during our staff meetings. Lisa has decided not to give up her part-time position at FRIENDS JOURNAL, and we anticipate welcoming her back to her duties at the end of April. Danielle DeCosmo, a very capable intern who joined us last August, is providing coverage for Lisa’s responsibilities in the interim. Danielle graduated in 2001 with a degree in English from Rutgers University, and undertook an internship with us last autumn to hone her editorial skills and to learn more about the publishing field. We are delighted she is able to provide this interim coverage!

When she joined us as project and database manager in May 2002, Melissa Martin had two of life’s big milestones just ahead of her. She was married to her long-time sweetheart, John Martin, the following October. Now they are expecting their first child this May. John’s work is taking them to State College, Pa., too far for Melissa to consider staying on. So, we say farewell to her with a mixture of gratitude for her outstanding organizational and technical abilities and her efficient handling of all that landed in her in-box, sadness not to continue sharing in her life on a daily basis, and pleasure to know that she will have a period of time at home with her new baby and an opportunity to focus on her family life.

Melissa’s departure gives me the occasion to share with you our delight that Gabriel Schoder-Ehri has joined us to take up Melissa’s former duties as project and database manager. Gabe grew up in University Friends Meeting in Seattle, Washington. As a young Friend in his meeting and North Pacific Yearly Meeting, he came East to attend Haverford College. A 2000 Haverford graduate, he is now a Corporation Associate of the Corporation of Haverford College. Gabe holds a degree in English Literature, but also spent a number of years at Haverford as a computing consultant to other students through the Haverford College Academic Computing Center. After graduation, he went on to become content manager for Hot Neuron LLC, an Internet start-up organization, where he further honed his computer skills and produced a weekly e-mail digest of interesting articles for a mailing list of over 5,000 readers. Gabe is taking over management of our circulation and donor databases and will undertake numerous special projects for me. We are delighted to have him join us, and I am especially pleased to have his assistance with the very large volume of tasks that come my way.
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Front cover photo by Kevin Lee
The U.S. is nervous. September 11 and two wars are in our consciousness. Many think the entire Islamic world is at war with us and the developing world is hostile, making us fearful, even paranoid. I recently worked in Afghanistan, Jordan, Ethiopia, Bangladesh and Nepal. It never fails—even now on an individual basis the world is a friendly place. There are gripes with the U.S. and terrorists are looking to hurt us. But the overwhelming majority of people around the world are very hospitable. We can make friends into enemies by not understanding and by acting irrationally based on fear. Not knowing about the world is dangerous. Let us as individuals find a way to really know someone from abroad in 2004 for our sake and theirs.

Donovan Russell
Moravia, N.Y.

The question remains

In reference to “John Dickinson (1732-1808): Quaker Statesman” (FJ Nov.), a humorous, irreverent comment must be made. Gary Larson, in “Far Side Gallery 4,” wrote this text in a cartoon:

“Historical Note: According to some researchers, the final signer of the Declaration of Independence would have been Iggy Fenton, if the pen hadn’t suddenly gone dry. We believe that Iggy’s comment at that time was, ‘Shoot! What a gyp!’

Stephen Hopkins, Governor of Rhode Island, was a member of the Religious Society of Friends, as are many of his

Quakers, Republicans, and business people

I am puzzled by John Spears’s suggestion (FJ Dec.) that Quakers are intolerant of Republicans and business people. I have Quaker friends who are Republicans (including the clerk of our meeting) and business people; I have voted for some Republicans and would do so again if I thought a Republican candidate was the best alternative. There is, however, a moral dimension to politics, as George W. Bush says. For me, it is not the Republican label that is troublesome; rather it is the dishonesty, hypocrisy, and yes, immorality, of some who are currently operating within the federal government. I’m not against business, but who can say that the business scandals and corruption of recent years are not clear violations of the commandment “Thou shalt not steal”?

The doctrine of preemptive war is, by my standards, immoral; but it is also illegal by international standards and agreements and, I believe, will prove to be self-defeating in the long run. Giving tax breaks and subsidies to large corporations and wealthy individuals while at the same time reducing programs that help the poor and the middle class is unfair if not downright immoral by the standards of any religion. Pursuit of deregulating large corporations in every way possible, but most especially in reducing environmental regulations, is mind-boggling as well as short-sighted.

It continues to be impossible to enact and monitor meaningful campaign finance reform to dismantle the corruption of our political system by money. The public interest and public opinion are held hostage to the wishes of various corporate sponsors whose voices are heeded by those in power.

The day-to-day living definition of “compassionate conservatism” has brought the war on Iraq, the weakening of environmental rules, tax cuts that benefit primarily the wealthy, and legislation that
Should War Tax Resistance be a Corporate Testimony?

At New York Yearly Meeting in 1999, I was given a message: The Spirit calls Friends to claim a corporate testimony against the payment of war taxes and participation in war in any form. Of course, we have had a testimony against war since George Fox’s declaration to Charles II in 1660:

Our principle is, and our practices have always been, to seek peace, and ensue it, and to follow after righteousness and the knowledge of God, seeking the good and welfare, and doing that which tends to the peace of all. All bloody principles and practices we do utterly deny, with all outward wars, and strife, and fightings with outward weapons, for any end, or under any pretense whatsoever, and this is our testimony to the whole world.

Yet there is what British Friends in Quaker Faith and Practice call “Dilemmas of the Pacifist Stand” (24.21–24.26), which opens with a quote from Isaac Penington, 1661:

I speak not against the magistrates or peoples defending themselves against foreign invasions; or making use of the sword to suppress the violent and evil-doers within our borders—for this the present estate of things may and doth require, and a great blessing will attend the sword where it is borne uprightly to that end and its use will be honourable—but yet there is a better state, which the Lord hath already brought some into, and which nations are to expect and to travel towards. There is to be a time when “nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more.” When the power of the Gospel spreads over the whole earth, thus shall it be throughout the earth, and, where the power of the Spirit takes hold of and overcomes any heart at present, thus will it be at present with that heart. This blessed state, which shall be brought forth [in society] at large in God’s season, must begin in the particulars [that is, in individuals].

New York Yearly Meeting’s Faith and Practice, under which I currently reside, advises (p. 60–61):

Friends are earnestly cautioned against the taking of arms against any person, since “all outward wars and strife and fighting with outward weapons” are contrary to our Christian testimony. Friends should beware of supporting preparations for war even indirectly, and should examine in this light such matters as non-combatant military service, cooperation with conscription, employment or investment in war industries, and voluntary payment of war taxes. When their actions are carefully considered, Friends must be prepared to accept the consequences of their convictions. Friends are advised to maintain our testimony against war by endeavoring to exert an influence in favor of peaceful principles and the settlement of all differences by peaceful methods. They should lend support to all that strengthens international friendship and understanding and give active help to movements that substitute cooperation and justice for force and intimidation.

NYYM corporately advises against taking up arms against another person, yet more vaguely warns to “beware of” voluntary payment of war taxes. The yearly meeting calls Friends to examine their own actions and “accept the consequences of their convictions” (emphasis is mine). This is about individual conviction, not the corporate conviction we have against bearing of arms. We are squarely in the Penington tradition of advising Friends to testify against war by “endeavoring to exert an influence in favor of peaceful principles.” We commit to the conversion of hearts and minds, one at a time, “seeking the good and welfare, and doing that which tends to the peace of all.” Patience and persistence are employed in our participation with government.

As late as the 1970s, it even seemed that our experiment would come to fruition. Larry Apsey of New York Yearly Meeting called out, “the time is at hand.” The Gandhian, civil rights, and women’s movements made it clear that patience and persistence were about to pay off; we were about to come into this blessed state, not just as a people, but as a nation. What a far cry we are from that now! Fruits of the Spirit are a significant test of discernment for Friends, a test that our path has failed. We cannot put new wine into old wine flasks. We cannot be in that blessed state and support a military for those who have not yet arrived. We are called to choose, we are called to choose now, and we are called to choose as a people.

When we get quiet, every Friend I know says that payment of war taxes violates their conscience. It’s been a long time since we acknowledged a new corporate testimony; this practice has fallen away. So let us remember. Friends experience a Living Presence among us and commit to being taught, guided, and shaped by the Living Spirit, placing great reliance on spiritual discernment. Meeting for business was organized to test the spiritual discernment of its members, affirm or suggest further laboring, and support those suffering for conscience’ sake. If a Friend’s testimony were affirmed, the question was, “Is this true for them alone, for others as well, or for all of us?” If it were true for everyone, then it was a corporate testimony.

If we are quiet and ask the question, “Does the payment of war taxes violate my conscience?” and the response is yes for all of us, then, Friends, this is no longer a personal act of conscience but rather a corporate testimony of the meeting. I am not suggesting we all do any particular thing. I am asking a question of faith. What do we do about it will only be sought once we are clear on what we believe. We may pay in protest, become vocal, or resist payment, but whatever we do, we do, not only as an individual, but also as a religious body.

The Spirit is calling us to unite in the Power of the Living Spirit to give life, joy, peace, and prosperity in the world through love, integrity, and compassionate justice among people and to acknowledge that paying for war violates our religious conviction. It will be a long, hard, humble road, but it is the only road that promises a future for humanity. Life will go on with or without us. Let us stand up for our children and grandchildren and say we choose peace.

Nadine Hoover
Alfred, N.Y.
THE CONTOURS OF

by Peter Anderson

In Salt Lake Valley, where I lived for six years during the early 1990s, mountain topography and temperature differentials often trapped the clouds during the winter months. For weeks on end, we saw little of the sun in our neighborhood on the northern edge of the city. But the foothills of the Wasatch were just up the street. And there were times when a little elevation gain was enough to free us from the heavy gray light of the inversion.

So too there were times when meeting for worship was enough to lift, at least momentarily, an inversion that had hidden the horizons in that big thicket of thoughts, emotions, and memories that I had come to think of as an inward landscape. It occurred to me, at that time, that worship and mountain walking had much in common.

Peter Anderson teaches writing at Earlham School of Religion. He is also the editor of Pilgrimage (www.pilgrimagepress.org), a small magazine devoted to reflective and autobiographical writing. This article is excerpted from First Church of the Higher Elevations, a recently completed collection of essays on mountains and prayer which will be published in the spring of 2005. He currently lives in Crestone, Colo., where he meets with a small worship group.

In the Bible, there is of course some precedent for a relationship between mountains and worship. On a mountain, Moses saw the burning bush. Elijah heard that still, small voice. Jesus was transfigured.

None of that would have been lost on George Fox. Early on in his life, he had struggled with “a sadness of the spirit.” As a young man, he was “beset by a temptation to despair.” It is well known that the ministers he sought out were miserable comforters. Better, he finally decided, to read Scripture, to fast, and to listen for the breath of the Holy Spirit in the winds that blew across the Peak district, where his wanderings often took him.

On a foggy day back in May 1652, George Fox’s highland saunter led him up the flanks of Pendle Hill which, at 1,830 feet, was a substantial piece of rock in that part of England. As he gained a little elevation, the clouds were thinning and he began to see patches of blue. By the time he reached the summit, the wind had scattered the clouds. Awash in the light of that winnowed sky and moved, as he put it, to “sound the day of the Lord,” he let loose a howl that seemed to carry off, at least for a while, the malaise with which he had been struggling.

Drawing in part on his experience at Pendle Hill, George Fox’s map of the spirit imaged the path toward God as a path of ascent. “Take heed of being hurried with many thoughts but live in that which goes over them all,” he counseled others. “Walk in the truth and the love of it up to God.” At times he referred to the Inward Light or the Holy Spirit as the “Topstone.” He wasn’t limiting the Light or the Spirit to a position in space. He was using a position in space, in this case a summit, to point toward a God who was both in and beyond the world. God’s presence, as experienced in the form of the Inward Light or Holy Spirit, was capable not only of pointing out those obstacles that a seeker might encounter along the way, but also of lifting one above them.

“Mind the Light and dwell in it,” George Fox said, “and it will keep you atop the world.”

In Quaker worship, as in mountain travel, one leaves the usual routine behind. A seasoned worshiper pays attention to the movement of the Spirit much as a mountaineer might notice a shift in the wind or the movement of the clouds. In worship, as on the mountain, there are forces at work that are far more powerful than one’s own desire or will. Those who

Keep your feet upon the top of the mountains and sound deep to the witness of God in every one.

—George Fox

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feel the stirring of the Holy Spirit, and who believe they have been given words that serve their meeting, are free to speak. In that sense, silence isn't compulsory; being attentive is.

As on the mountain, there were no barbed-wire fences or "Keep Out" signs in the geography of silence. On first visits to Salt Lake Meeting, no one told me what to think or how to pray or what to do as I sat there in the silence. In that inward landscape, there were no paved trails or brochures. Newcomers were simply welcomed into the openness and darkness of the silence and given the opportunity to find their own way. There were books and pamphlets and Quakerism 101 classes that would be helpful later on. And there were those who had mapped the inward territories as they had experienced them, which would also help me to understand the worship experience. But for the most part orienting oneself and finding a way in the geography of silence was best left to the individual and the guidance of the spirit.

In meeting, the medium of communication is a stillness found in silence, not unlike the stillness one often finds above timberline. Ideally, the stillness becomes a kind of shared "inscape" in which one opens oneself to a holy Presence. Sometimes words spoken in one heart have also been heard in another. And even when there aren't any words spoken at all, one may leave the meeting with the experience of having heard or of having been heard in the midst of that fluent silence.

On the pre-dawn saunters my wife, Grace, and I took above our Salt Lake City neighborhood, I had no intention of It occurred to me that worship and mountain walking had much in common.

"sounding the day of the Lord" as had George Fox on Pendle Hill, but I was open to walking in prayer. As we followed the winding furrows of an old jeep trail up a foothill draw and onto open ground, Grace and I often shared our "joys and concerns," as they say in the small town church where we were married. On other mornings we kept to ourselves, climbing quietly toward first light.

On days when my "concerns" were embedded in a recurring internal monologue all but emptied of hope, breaking the silence was of little use. It was better to walk and breathe and listen for the sweet song of the lazuli bunting, if I could listen to anything at all.

Winding up through that first ravine full of magpies and towhees and scrub oaks, leaving behind the latest wave of new luxury homes that were steadily carving into the flanks of the foothills, we rose up over the bench that had once been the shoreline of an ancient lake that covered much of the Great Basin.

From the top of the knoll, we walked out into the eerie nightwash of city glow. Like green grass in stadium light, the soft browns and tans of the wide slopes between us and the ridgeline above were ratcheted up a few shades too bright to look entirely real. The thin layer of haze that hung over the valley bent symmetrical streetlight rays of blue, red, green, yellow, and white until they shimmered. Below lay the great grid of the Mormon Mecca, illuminated arteries bisecting the rectangular blocks that Brigham Young
Wasatch walks had a way of opening trails.

"As step, let it stasis: the oxygen coming in fueled a slow and steady burn instead of an energy inferno. If I could stay focused, I was rewarded with the energy to get to the top and beyond.

When an inversion finally began to lift, the light that came streaming down across the high snowfields of the Wasatch would surely melt a little of whatever needed thawing. So too, in some small way, did those early morning ascents onto that foothill ridge. Or so it seemed as I let the contours of that slope shape my steps, and followed the prayers that I carried in one breath and then another, up the ridge toward the summit.

The sheltered spot behind a boulder where I would wait for Grace to catch up wasn't exactly a summit. It was one of several high points on a ridgeline that ran straight and treeless, except for an occasional scattering of firs and pines and curly leaf mountain mahogany, before it dipped down into a saddle and curved around to a higher peak at the head of City Creek Canyon. It wasn't the high point on that long crescent of a ridge, but it was a good place to watch the light as it streamed through the craggy peaks to my east, falling first on the high ridge of the Oquirrh Mountains along the far western edge of the valley, then down their scrub oak flanks, slowly sweeping up the shadows of the Wasatch that lay across the city. As in meeting for worship, it was a place to dwell, for a moment or two, in the Light of a day's slow turning.

A seasoned worshiper pays attention to the movement of the Spirit much as a mountaineer might notice a shift in the wind or the movement of the clouds.
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SURPRISES FROM A GRAY DAY

by David Morse

This too-familiar path resists me, stubborn winter holding out against spring.
No birds sing in the bare forest. But even this grayest season holds surprises; sunlight
illuminating islands of snow, archipelagos glowing on the dark slumber of humus.

I come to the ridge with its sentinel rock,
a glacial erratic that conjures ice a mile thick
scouring the valley. My fingers trace the grain
of granite bisected by shadow of white oak.
You, old Cleanface! How do you make
that glacier come and go?

The path climbs past fractured bedrock
bearded with ice only two weeks ago, veins
seeping groundwater that taptap-taps onto wet
leaves the color of molasses. My hand
careses the moss, the curtain of drops,
ascertains the noisiest leaf-drums below.

As I walk back, I leave the path—drawn
by a raucous clamor I mistake for birds—find
instead a vertical pond. It’s a caucus of frogs.
At my approach, the voices thin to one bold
fellow so pleased with his own message he fails
to notice that the news has changed.

David Morse is a member of Storrs (Conn.) Meeting.
These opening lines of T.S. Eliot’s *The Waste Land* take me aback with their haunting beauty and incongruity. Who would have thought of April as cruel? And then for this remark to be followed by such exuberant images of life! The effect is dizzying.

Consider the verbs that end the first three lines: breeding, mixing, stirring—mixing, stirring, breeding.

Just saying them over sounds like the dance of life itself, especially when one considers what is being bred, mixed, stirred. Lilacs are bred out of the dead land, a miracle of generation and beauty. Memory is mixed with desire, as we think of what spring has meant in past years, of the adventures and pleasures we have found when able to venture out after a hard winter, and the blood runs warm again, anxious for more life. And dull roots are stirred by spring rains, so that everywhere the white, bare, leafless landscape begins to grow again, leaving out in green, the color of hope. These are wonderful images of what it means to shake off the cares and carefulness of winter and to stretch out toward all the abundance and exuberance and adventure that life offers.

Why should this be cruel? And for whom? For me?

Consider the next three lines:

Winter kept us warm, covering Earth in forgetful snow, feeding A little life with dried tubers.

Here the images are ascetic rather than exuberant, and the verbs suggest dependency rather than freedom. Covering and feeding are things we do when we care for infants or patients, not things to which we give prominence in the fullness of life. These verbs intimate protection and security rather than adventure and daring.

Do I dare? Do I dare?

There is in me, and I suspect in each of us, something that craves security, that clings to what is familiar even when it is worn or useless, or when just a little life is fed with dried tubers. Sometimes instead of “forgetful snow” it is a warm comforter on a cold morning. Sometimes it is habits and hang-ups. Sometimes it is gated communities and armed guards. Slogans and propaganda make up a forgetful snow that keeps us from facing up to the warm humanity of those who are communists or terrorists or tyrants orbums—and a whole grab bag of “others” who “understand nothing but force.” Don’t we all have fears of what the dead land may breed, and whether the fresh green sprigs may be the first shoots of a tyrant or a terrorist? Versions and variations abound.

Think how the words of George Fox watered dull roots in the 17th century—and how much more the message of Jesus was like spring rains to Aramaic roots in a Palestine parched from stale religion and occupying armies. Jesus preached a message of courage and hope based on love and equality. It remained true that the Romans had the weapons and the temples had the shekels, but these instruments of power and domination are not sources of true strength. Indeed, possessing such outward power interferes with true strength, which derives from humility and a loving fellowship in which each of us is a child of God and possesses the Inward Light of the eternal Spirit. I have on many occasions experienced how attention to that Inward Light in myself and those around me can lead to a sense of personal strength and unity with others who are similarly strengthened. I am sure you have had such experiences, too. It is our own experience of the Light that enables us to understand the awesome strength of Jesus and George Fox.
and their messages.

George Fox confronted, without anger or violence, the worldly powers of his day, and we in our day have seen analogous confrontations in the lives of Leo Tolstoy (excommunicated), Mohandas Gandhi (assassinated), and Martin Luther King Jr. (assassinated), as well as in Quaker conscientious objection and civil disobedience. In each such confrontation the response of the powers of the day has incorporated violence and anger. Even poor Tom Daschle, though he is hardly in the same league as the others, was pilloried for uttering the obvious: that going to war against Iraq marked the failure of George W. Bush's diplomacy. Comfortable in forgetful snow, the powers and princes of the world, as well as the rich and comfortable, crush what still-hidden roots and spirits breed from the land where domination and deceit have deadened. The crucifixion is the culmination of the gospel story, the most agonizing moment in the Bible. It symbolizes the daily reality of political, economic, and social life, where domination and suppression as well as death are the price of wealth and power. We see the crucifixion reenacted over and over, and the reminder of it during Passion Week is at the heart of a Christ-centered understanding of the human world.

The opening lines of T.S. Eliot's poem present the theme of this worldly waste land. The crucifixion implements the waste land, or serves as its symbol. It is both omnipotent and impotent. It is omnipotent in that no material thing can resist its lethal force. It is impotent in that it never succeeds in killing the Spirit that is its real enemy, for the resurrection is as constantly and persistently reenacted as the crucifixion. Warm spring rains do revive dull roots and the lilacs de bloom—again and again. Mohandas Gandhi and Martin Luther King Jr. live on. Leo Tolstoy is revered, and George Fox tells us that the crucified Christ lives on in the bosom of each of us, to teach his people himself. We ourselves are the vessels of resurrection, the instruments through which the risen Christ constantly reappears in human affairs. Let us, then, amidst our tears, take heart and rejoice and rise up, for resurrection reminds us, as George Fox wrote in September 1663 (Epistle 227), that "the Lord is at work, even in this thick night of darkness that may be felt."

**ELEGY/AFTER A DARK SEASON**

by Michael Henson

So now, the winter rains have done.
In the park, and on the hillside,
buds force out their chalice-light leaves.
The grass, flag and parable of the dead,
crowds up and into every marble chink.
The mole humps and groans;
he thrusts up his sod chapels.
And in the tabernacle of an empty building
men stretch, grasp their heads,
and think of bread and wine.
This is the season of sacrifice and resurrection.
I cannot help but think of you my friend.
Your death, at the thunder of nine in the morning,
closed on my heart like a stone on a tomb.
I lay beneath it, blind and mute,
for three days
and three days
and three days
and many days more.
Still nothing lifted.
But now, the winter rains have done;
so is this season of despair.
The rain of dollars falls steadily,
for it knows no season.
And the liar is at home with his lie.
The earth is paved with asphalt
and cluttered with subdivisions.
The armies of children march
with their god-sized guns.
And a man—he is riven by madness—
mutters and stalks
in a room he will never leave.
The world is wrong beyond reason.
But I think you knew
that is not the only story we can tell.
The world shudders with a great work of redemption
and I am done with this season of despair.
The knife of Abraham cuts the boy away from the stone
and the ram of sacrifice struggles in the brush.
We are in the gears of something great and fine
and there is no reason for despair.
You know and I know, there is much to do
but we labor by Lazarus-light
with a blind, improbable joy.

Michael Henson lives in Cincinnati, Ohio. This is in response to the murder of his friend, Cincinnati homeless activist Buddy Gray, five years ago.
I think I must have been born searching for God.

People tell me that just as my head crowned during my mother’s labor, there was a clap of thunder and she shouted out God’s name. You’re never supposed to say that name aloud, of course, but my mother couldn’t help herself—with the room shaking around the searing pain.

In any case, that very first word spoken in my presence seems to have lit me up like a dazzling flash of lightning. Maybe that’s why I started so young with all my questions: “Where can I find God?” “Whatever does God look like?” “And when I finally see God’s face, will I be afraid?”

Our neighbor Yeshu told me once he’d never known a kid so intent on finding God. And he knew lots of kids. That’s why he built a dozen small stools for all of us to sit on when we visited him in his workshop for storytelling. I may be an old man now—look at these white hairs on my arms!—but I can still see it in my mind’s eye, as clearly as if it all happened this morning.

Yeshu would work on a door or a wooden saddle, his dark eyes intent on his job and his beard flowing down from his armpit to the point where it rested upon a log. While he rolled out his stories, we kids would sit watching and listening, digging our toes deep down into the wood chips and sawdust until they disappeared. And when the story was a really good one, which it almost always was, we disappeared into it in the same way.

One time when I was about ten, one of the village men who were always meeting together at night ran into Yeshu’s workshop and excitedly implored him to come to the river.

“I waited a bit and then followed. Yohanan was there!”

All of us kids were crazy about Yohanan. He always played and danced with us when he came to town. He wore animal skins and a camel’s hair cloak, and he looked just like the descriptions of the great prophet Elijah, in the scrolls.

Yohanan are locusts and never cut his hair or beard, but we weren’t afraid of him. We couldn’t understand why the soldiers were after him. What threat to Rome was this wild man, eating his honey and insects? He carried no weapon other than a sharp tongue.

More than once, my father said to us, “Yohanan’s voice is going to change the world.”

But we gave little thought to that. We would sit around Yohanan for hours while he told us what it was like to live alone in the hills, and how bad the king was acting. And though we listened and nodded our heads in agreement, what we were really intent upon was to weave flowers into his great, tangled beard, and put shafts of wheat in his hair.

Eventually he would sneeze and the spell would be broken. Then he would grab us with huge, hairy hands and let out with a lion’s roar, and we would scatter over the fields like wild pheasants, flapping our arms and squealing.

But even if his words floated past us, his life made us think. Lying in bed at night I would picture Yohanan, when he was only 15, trekking deep into the wilderness to live as a man of the spirit. He would listen to tree branches and field mice and evening sky all talk about life, and in their murmuring he would overhear God’s thoughts. For Yohanan, journeying into the desert in search of solitude was just like Moses going to his mountaintop.

Yeshu took even greater interest in all of this than I did. He was always talking about Yohanan’s purpose in life and quoting to us from his teachings. And as he looked at us one by one, to see if we had listened, he would smile as though he were looking at the Promised Land.

That day at the river, Yeshu and Yohanan embraced like lost brothers. It had been nearly half a year since they had seen one another, and they had much to share. They sat on the bank talking the morning away.

Listening to their voices mingling with the sounds of the flowing water, I thought about what my father had once told me: “Being that their mothers were cousins, Yohanan and Yeshu played together as babies. They were always crawling off in different directions but always arriving in the same spot, laughing like bigger children playing hide-and-seek with their shadows.

“Even now,” he went on, “it seems to me they are taking separate paths toward similar ends. And those paths will be forever entwined, crisscrossing into eternity.

“Daavi,” my father said, “Yohanan comes out in the wilderness to touch humanity, ritually anointing us with the living waters of the Earth. But like a storm, he can’t be still and soon moves on. Yeshu buries himself in the hearts of the masses, and when he faces a crisis or feels that he is drying up spiritually, he journeys back into the wilderness in search of the cool healing hand of the natural world.

“Yeshu has the moon and stars in his eyes, but Yohanan’s burn with the Sun’s fire. He speaks straight from his heart, without considering what is prudent. The temple police chased him out of Jerusalem. Their bosses, the chief priests and the High Priest,” my father explained, “want him silenced for good.”

Watching the two of them laughing by the river, conspiring like kids, I was worried about Yohanan, but glad that nobody was mad at my neighbor and friend, the carpenter.

One morning a few days later, I came upon Yohanan sitting wide-eyed and very still, like a great predatory bird, on a slab of rock.
of rock in a meadow at the edge of town. I called and waved to him. At first he looked startled, but then he motioned me over with a quick dip of his beard. I ran to him and stood right in front of where he sat, so that we were looking eye to eye.

With a long, crooked finger, Yohanan pointed, sweeping his hand from right to left, and stopping at a flowering crab-apple tree. Mouth open, at first he seemed speechless, but suddenly he took off, striding across the meadow with his long, sinewy legs, so that I had to run to hear what he was saying.

"Praise God from the Earth, you sea monsters and ocean depths; fire and hail, snow and frost, stormy winds obeying God's voice; all mountains and hills and fruit trees!"

Back he strode, through the wildflowers, his skins and camel's-hair cloak flapping in the breeze, crying out, "Wild animals, creeping things, and winged birds! Young men and women, elders and youth. Let all praise the name of God!"

I was certain that Yohanan was making all of this up right on the spot, but I discovered later he was reciting poetry from the book of Psalms. He loved those old verses. They really got him singing!

Yohanan sat back down, staring at me, a single eyebrow raised, and waited for me to speak. So I did, with the first thing that came into my mind...

"Yohanan...you hardly sleep at all. You eat honey and insects. No meat, no bread. Where do you get the strength you need to keep going like that?"

Yohanan looked at me as though he had never thought of this before. He gave several vigorous shakes to his head and beard, and dried blades of grass took to the wind. Even a dragonfly flew out to see what the disturbance was.

"Well...God feeds me with power whenever I need it." He sat with crossed arms, staring at the sky.

Then he opened his mouth as if to shout, and I could see every one of his teeth. "That's why my soul overflows with the power of the spirit!"

For a while he was silent. With a downward glance to confirm that I was still there, he took in a long, deep breath, and slowly let it out through his lips. Finally he spoke.

"Daavi, God gives me more strength than I can hold," he said. He smiled broadly, lots of teeth again deep down in that tangled beard. Even his eyes smiled.

I had never seen Yohanan having such trouble expressing himself.

"But how does God give it to you?" I asked. "Where does it come from? When..."

"Think about it, Daavi. From every single flower springs creation! And in each and every flower...lie the beginnings...of eternity."

Suddenly, he broke in: "From the desert winds. From the mouth of the wolf. From the great sinking moon, red and round; from the eagle's wingtips when they touch. From the dusting of stars in the vast dome of night sky. From the dreams I have as I fall asleep. As I roll over in the dark of the night. As I wake up and stare at the translucent white clouds blowing over me at dawn."

On and on he went, hardly pausing for breath: "From the sight of a young mother fox feeding her first litter of kits. From the sound of my own heart beating like a drum when I see water shimmering at sunset. From the smell of a field of red poppies stitched together by the flight of countless bees seeking their power.

"From the unfettered laughter of you children at play. From the cry of the hawk as it hunts the vole. From the wing of the butterfly as it climbs the petal's edge. From the leopard's loping..."

"Yohanan!" I shouted. "Yohanan, stop. No more. That's all I can take in at once!" I held my head with both hands, as I shook it.

"These are mostly things I know nothing about."

He pulled on his beard, then took hold of me by the shoulders. I looked deep into his eyes, and there I saw flames. I could feel the warmth of his chest radiating against mine, as soothing as midmorning sun. He smelled like deer-skin and honeycombs, wildflowers and dove's down.

He spoke firmly now, and deliberately:

"He who comes after me will find God in humankind." He paused for a while.

"My God is in wildness."
Afraid this wolf would attack her and her child, the mother clutched her baby to her breast and plunged into the water to try to make it to shore. In an instant she was up to her neck, and the raging water tore her baby from her arms!

“Yohanan,” I said to him, “show me this God of yours! I want to see God like you do.”

“That’s not as easy as you may think,” he said. Then he went on, slowly. “It’s not exactly seeing.”

“Why not?” I asked. “You see God everywhere. I want to as well.”

He looked at me for a long time, without speaking. He peered at my eyes, my mouth, the top of my head, my shoulders, and then my eyes again. He reached out and took hold of my hands and lifted them towards his face, turning them over to study my palms. Then he let them fall back to my sides. His chin dropped to his chest, his mouth lost in his beard.

Yohanan spoke steadfastly, under his breath: “If you want to see God, come into the wilderness.”

And at that, he sprang to his feet and strode off.

I stood stock-still where he had left me, immobilized. How could I go away with him, just like that? My mother and father would be worried; they would come looking for me. With one lost child already, how could they survive another?

And just who is this man who is to come after Yohanan? I was still so full of questions. I should have walked along with him partway.

Yohanan never looked back. I stared at him as he disappeared over a hill.

Had I just lost my chance to see God?

Months later, Yohanan showed up at my house early in the day. The hides he wore were full of sprigs of grass and burrs—from spending the night sleeping on the ground.

As always, my mother made him eat a big meal of what she called “people’s food”: fresh bread, goat cheese, and stewed figs with spices. But no meat, because he would say, “How can I truly love my brothers and sisters—and also eat them!”

Late that afternoon, I saw Yohanan sitting on a bench in the lengthening shadows of the courtyard. His own shadow sat against the wall beside him like a heavy twin.

I ran up to say hello, and he gestured to me to have a seat next to him. It had been a hot day, so I sat on his shadow side. I had been thinking a lot about my last conversation with him, so I launched into a question: “Yohanan . . .”

Suddenly his hand leapt to my knee, and I closed my mouth on my question. Out of the side of my eye, I could see he was staring at something. He stood up, and glancing down at me, smiled and said, “Come.”

He walked straight towards the corner of the courtyard, and I hurried after. Kneeling, he reached out his hands toward a tiny flower emerging from the spot on the ground where the two walls met. The last rays of sun lit the petals.
directed at me, but it sounded as if his voice had turned inward.

"And in each and every flower . . . lie the beginnings . . . of eternity."

I dared not speak. His words echoed in my ears. I tried hard to expand my thoughts so I could embrace creation and eternity.

A glance from Yohanan signaled to hold my mind in check, and just look. And so I did, noticing how the lovely petals quivered as our breath brushed over them.

I felt a sweet happiness in my chest that I have rarely felt since then. When finally I glanced over at Yohanan, I saw him gazing gently down at me.

He knew.

Slowly we both stood up and walked back to the bench to take our old seats. Yohanan looked at me like my father did the first time I stitched a piece of leather right.

We sat together for a while, until at last I stood up to go. Yohanan put his arm in front of me and said, "I think you arrived with a question that still sits there on the end of your tongue."

I sat back down and drew in a slow breath. "Yohanan, how far into the wilderness will I have to go to find God? Does God live deep in the wilderness, far away from everyone?"

He laughed at the sky, as always. "You only have to go as far as it takes to leave the jumbled thoughts and noise of this world behind you so you can open yourself up. It might take only a single step. Or two. Like just now.

"Daavi, you won’t find God with just your feet! You’ll find God with your eyes, and your ears, and your mouth and nose, and the tips of your fingers. And most of all, with your heart.

"You’ll find God in tiny flowers blossoming in the mountain frost. In the clear water running over your shoulders as you lie in a streambed." His eyes widened. "In the taste of the wild raspberry. In the tongue of the mouse as it licks honey from the palm of your motionless hand.

"Many people look for God only in the Temple and in the Torah. They search through the past, or deep in their heads, but nowhere else. For me, that is unwise. God is out in the wild places. Right now. In sunshine and cool breezes and starlight.

"The only inside places where I always find God are the human heart and soul. And these open up in the wilderness!"

Shaking his great mane, Yohanan went on, "Daavi, you must go there and see for yourself."

I silently promised myself that some day I would.

The next day, Yohanan was gone. It was a long while before he came back. Too long for me. But then one morning, there he was, like a stork returning north in the spring. Not to stay forever, but not to be missed either.

The first chance I got, I sat down with Yohanan and began talking to him about God: What he thought about God. And how Yeshu spoke of God. They seemed like two different Gods!

"Yeshu says God is love," I told him. "God is inside every one of us. Even the possessed woman and the Roman Centurion have God inside of them. And God occupies the spaces between people. God lives in our communities, in Nazareth and Bethlehem. Even where villagers are cruel, God is there too, working with those people."

I looked at Yohanan. He was staring back at me with those stormy eyes. I thought I could see his head nodding.

"But you, Yohanan, you say God is in wilderness. God is in silence, and eagles'
Early in the summer of 2003 my friend Tina learned that Thich Nhat Hanh was going to lead a one-day retreat in Boulder, Colorado, that September. Thich Nhat Hanh: Vietnamese monk, well-known writer, scholar, spiritual leader, peace activist, Engaged Buddhist. “You want to go with me if I decide to go?”

“Sure. Anyhow, I’m interested.”

Like a good many other Quakers. As believers who think of ourselves as open-minded, many of us are interested in Buddhism. Some of us ultimately are led to make the change. So, yes, like Tina, I wanted to experience being with a company of Buddhists in meditation, to feel a contrast to how we do it. Late in August we decided we’d go.

Neither of us came to this retreat completely naïve. Tina had read a good deal in Thich Nhat Hanh’s books, I, a little, and I had long ago heard him speak—a faraway voice in a stadium in Berkeley. Moreover, I had once before attended a Buddhist retreat. Therefore I knew to expect a dharma talk, some silent worship in meditation, perhaps a walk in natural surroundings. I did not expect to be converted or even encouraged toward conversion. At my time of life, I feel gratitude for what is. What I vaguely wanted was a chance to learn something and to engage with others in praise.

So we drove the 440 miles from Albuquerque to Denver and made our way to Boulder the next morning.
Already I was feeling resistance. I couldn’t help it. I tried to brush it away.

one spoke from the stage, getting things in order, announcing the program, encouraging meditation against a background of noise. I respond unsympathetically to noise. My failure. Already I was feeling resistance. I couldn’t help it. I tried to brush it away.

And then the good monk came forward to tell us how to approach the walking meditation which was to follow. Meditate, Thich Nhat Hanh advised, on these things as you walk: “I have arrived. I am at home.” “I am here in the here and now.” “I am solid. I am free.” “In the ultimate I dwell.” He explained what these recognitions meant, relating them to the practice of conscious breathing and of being acutely aware of what one is experiencing. “And,” he said, “smile.” I loved that last advice. Walk cheerfully.

Okay. Got it.

All of us from every corner of the stadium rose and slowly climbed the stairs to walk outside under a pearly-clouded sky, following the brown-robed monks and nuns as they paced slowly along the sidewalk, going up the small, grassy hillside bordering the stadium, walking across and finally downhill again and inside.

“I have arrived. I am at home. I am here in the here and now.” How beautiful it was—the great slabs of rock on the green surrounding mountains, the vistas
I have trouble all the time with my little sister.” (This was a young teenager.) “We annoy each other and both of us get angry. But when I try to practice peacefulness and talk quietly to her, she goes right on being angry and fighting with me. What can I do?”

“When I try to respond to someone who has asked for a healing exchange in order to lead to peaceful understanding, that person goes on talking and talking, and I am given no chance to say anything. I get irritated and angry. What can I do to maintain my own peacefulness?”

My sense of Thich Nhat Hanh’s responses was that he was completely present to each question and questioner, listened carefully, and replied with kindness, affection, and wisdom. A calm came over me as he answered. His very gestures in their natural ease bespoke an inner peace: A wise, good man. And he was still answering when Tina and I left at 5, aware of the long drive ahead of us.

“So, what was your impression?”

“Too much noise,” Tina laughed when I said that. I said, “I always thought of Buddhist monasteries as silent. Of course, this was a retreat, not a monastery. My trouble was I didn’t have enough space to assimilate what was happening. I listened attentively and thoughtfully, but there was no silence between messages, no time to take in what was said. I’m accustomed to something different. I think I resisted too much to receive the full benefit of what was going on.”

Retreating with Thich Nhat Hanh had unfolded to me my need for the natural silence I find in meeting for worship, the silence in which I can listen to the voice of the spirit of God; the silence into which Friends’ messages fall; the silence that, during times of stress, encourages the exercise of the very patience and balance the Buddhists endorse. Silence is at the heart of my faith. It is central to my having chosen to be a Friend. My choice was right for me.

Thinking of the retreat again after several months had passed, however, I began to recognize with humility how limited and self-referential my experience had been. I began to understand that as open-being, I’m just not. I projected my private need for silence upon a group that did not seem to be as needful of it, and this interfered seriously with my ability to offer whole-hearted sympathy. Recognition of my resistance to some aspects of the retreat told me how proud and self-congratulatory I was about who I am and what I have chosen. So I see the long-time effect of the retreat as positive.

Tina had another take on our time with Engaged Buddhism. She said that in ordinary I refuse to have any of my meditation guided, since I do not tend to submit to control.

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i. susan at seven

exuberant as april
caramel curls and a birthday cake smile

she holds Zach’s leash like it’s a golden wand, like holding it makes her golden too

we stroll around the block, yak about ponies and what goes best on chili dogs
down the street two boys shoot hoops the spring air sweet with their hollers

we pass a yard bursting with bougainvillea, blossoms spill onto the sidewalk

she tucks the leash under one arm picks a posy, hands it to me with that smile the one that helps me forget for awhile her mother’s a junkie the dad fast with his fists what helps her forget?

ii. decorations

two teenage girls saunter down the hall to check us out

Angie, a runaway, with faux eyelashes that unfurl like feather dusters

Melinda was picked up by Child Protective Services, wears purple fingernails with sparkles and earrings that dangle, as interested in Zach and me as in reading War and Peace they sashay back to their room to the epochal business of hair and makeup

more like sisters in art than adversity they primp and spruce, bedeck themselves into a merry brightness like a pair of slightly tarnished Christmas ornaments

iii. king of the circle

always something or other spilled on his shirt Tommy’s an ocean of motion zips around the parking lot playground on a tricycle in his “kiss ‘em and run” style, confers a ritualistic pat on Zach’s head with every pass

whizzes around wheels on the ground yet off in space— you can see it in the tilt of his head as if he’s about to ask “Why?” but forgot the word—and from the look in his eyes behind those thick glasses, like the world’s still a blur

iv. warm

now here’s Laurel with the blueberry eyes toddling toward Zach

her white-blond hair flies arms flap I hold up my hand like a crosswalk guard remind her “dogs aren’t rubber balls— whoever heard of a rubber ball with a tail?”

stooping beside her I take her hand in mine, we stroke Zach’s back feel his shaggy tenderness under the lazy rhythm of our hands

now child, woman, and dog all melt a little become each other’s Sun

v. almost dark blues

dusk pouring over the mountains on the drive home Zach in my rearview mirror looking like a wilted sunflower the kids’ hugs still in his fur

later, in the unlit living room’s twilight stillness I sip a burgundy, listen to B.B. King and wonder why I’m crying

is it these burnished city blues—the effervescence of the kids that splashes through their hurt—or Zach’s heart that enfolds us all with the ease of a summer day?

Lucy Aron is a member of Apple Seed Meeting in Sebastopol, Calif. These poems result from her experiences at Fourteenth Street Shelter, a residential program for battered women and their children, while she offered animal-assisted therapy (A-A7), a no-fee service in which animals and their owners interact with people in institutions for therapeutic benefit. Zach’s photograph appears on the cover of a book, Blessing The Bridge: What Animals Teach Us about Death, Dying, and Beyond.
PICTURE OF NOOR
by Elaine Chamberlain

My dear friend
I have received your letter
and am sending you a picture.
You ask how it has been for me.
After twenty years
I can not explain
war.

On the first night
Shaheen had a heart attack
and died in our bed.
Ishmael was kidnapped.
Our store was burned.
Our car was stolen.
I’m afraid to go out
And afraid to stay in.

My neighbor’s home was hit.
I wrapped my face with cloth
and went to find them.
Mohamed. Fatima.
Ahmed and Noor.

But they are gone. Just gone.
It was as if the house had swallowed itself.
All that is left is a smoking pit.
A hugely unbearable smoldering hole.

I am sending you my only treasure.
This picture of Noor.
It was spring and roses had begun to bloom.
See how precious our little hajia?
So small I must kneel to embrace her.
Look. Her spindly legs. The dear sandals.
And her bright magenta stockings.
See how the folds of her smock fall round her.
I can not tell you how I adored her.
And how I yearn for her face.

I have heard that thieves have stolen our history.
And have sold our treasures to the world.
For me it was not about money
or oil or even about our history.
This was a war about children.
About Ahmed and Noor.
Please friend.
Keep this picture.

Elaine Chamberlain lives in Amherst,
N.Y. The story in this poem is a composite
of several events.
The involvement of the Religious Society of Friends in Prince Edward County dates back to the Civil War. Shortly after General Robert E. Lee's surrender at Appomattox in 1865, the African American community in Farmville, the Prince Edward County seat, asked the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands to supply them with a teacher. In response, the Pennsylvania Freedman Relief Association, a largely Quaker group based in Philadelphia, appointed Frederick Brooks to the post. The school grew quickly after opening to have some 300 students. This was part of a broader response by Quakers to meet the urgent educational needs of African Americans. Quakers left the county after this first effort in education, but local African Americans themselves continued to advocate for education reforms.

In 1880 parents asked the school board to employ African American teachers. A series of petitions were presented to the school board in the 1930s requesting improved facilities. In 1939, a new brick high school was opened but the enrollment far exceeded capacity. Unlike the school for white children, the building did not contain a library, a cafeteria, or a gym, and school equipment was very limited. One student recalled that her entire biology class had only one frog to dissect.

In 1940, parents began anew to petition county officials to relieve the overcrowded conditions of their schools. Finally, in 1947, the state Board of Education ruled the school inadequate. In 1948 local government acted to erect three temporary buildings constructed separate from the main building. Covered with tarpaper, each was divided into two rooms and was heated by wood burned in oil drums with long stovepipes extending the length of the building. Parents protested that the oil drums constituted a fire hazard, but to no avail.

On April 23, 1951, students took matters into their own hands. Without notice to their families, the entire student body
of 456 students at the R.R. Moton High School went out on strike to protest unsatisfactory school standards. These clever students, led by 16-year-old Barbara Rose Johns, had met numerous times outside school to develop a careful plan. They arranged a telephone call to the principal asking him to investigate alleged student misbehavior across town.

When schools reopened in 1964, almost 2,500 African American children had been without public schooling for five years. For white children a segregated system of private academies was hastily organized with tuition grants from public funds.

While he was away, they assembled in the auditorium and then left the building. Barbara Johns called the state NAACP to request legal counsel. S.W. Robinson III and Oliver W. Hill, as NAACP representatives, consulted with the students and later with their parents. They advised that conditions would never be corrected adequately so long as children were segregated by race. The students and their families agreed, and the NAACP filed suit on their behalf. This suit became one of the cases heard by the Supreme Court in the landmark 1954 Brown v. Board of Education decision, which ordered school desegregation.

In response, the Virginia General Assembly, in 1956, agreed to close any schools under court orders to desegregate. Known as Massive Resistance, the law was later overturned in 1959 by a federal court ruling declaring it unconstitutional. Seven Virginia school districts that had been closed to some 12,000 youth for several months announced that they would reopen and desegregate, but Prince Edward County officials decided to defy the court ruling.

The 1960 census described Prince Edward as a predominantly rural farm community with a population of 14,121. Of these, 42 percent were African American. Dairy farming, tobacco, and sawmill timbering were the largest sources of income. Although some African Americans owned their own farms, most worked for others as agricultural laborers or domestics. While Prince Edward County hosted all-white Longwood College, a public women's college of 400 students, and Hampden Sydney, an all-white private men's college with approximately 1,000 students, there were limited opportunities for African Americans to work and none to be educated in these institutions. Moreover, with 40,000 black residents within a nine-county area, Southside Community Hospital in Farmville maintained only 16 of its 97 hospital beds for African Americans. No black doctors were allowed to join the hospital staff. Local theaters and eating establishments were closed to blacks. Separate water fountains were maintained in town, as were separate bathrooms at the bus and train stations. African American shoppers were not allowed to try on clothing, shoes, or hats before purchase, allegedly for fear that the products would be soiled.

While Prince Edward was in many ways typical of other southern rural communities of the time, the community distinguished itself from most other southern towns in response to the Brown decision. To avoid school desegregation, the Prince Edward County School Board closed its schools in 1959, posting "No Trespassing" signs on the buildings. In the first year, about 1,800 African American children were locked out of their schools. When schools finally reopened in 1964, almost 2,500 African American children had been without public schooling for five years. For white children a segregated system of private academies was hastily organized with tuition grants from public funds. Segregationists elsewhere also gave money to help finance these private academies.

When the schools closed, Quakers again entered Prince Edward County history. In 1959, at a quarterly meeting of the Southern Interagency Conference (SIC), a coalition representing civil rights, human relations, labor, and religious organizations, American Friends Service Committee was asked to enter Prince Edward County and survey conditions within the African American community. With Massive Resistance, AFSC decided to lend staff and volunteer support to community efforts in the county. First and foremost, their goal was to work with local individuals to help the African American community reopen schools. AFSC also hoped to work with the few local whites who supported reopening them. This AFSC program has received little attention over the years in news accounts, books, television, or films.

AFSC opened an office in the Farmville building owned by the local African American dentist, Dr. N.P. Miller, and his wife, Minnie B. Miller. Staffed first by Bill Bagwell, Helen Baker, Harry Boyte, and later Nancy Adams, the office became a key coordinator of involvement of other national and local volunteers and organizations. Outside Prince Edward County, Jean Fairfax, in her role as AFSC National Representative for Southern Programs, helped keep the pressure on federal agencies that were extremely reluctant to challenge politically powerful exponents of Massive Resistance in Virginia, including Harry F. Byrd, chair of the U.S. Senate...
In the beginning, most people thought that the Prince Edward schools would reopen quickly. During the first year, the emphasis was clearly on the need to strengthen academic skills and to sustain the morale of the children who remained at home and their families. A few parents were able to find ways to send their children to extended families outside the county so they could go to school. Under the auspices of the Prince Edward County Christian Association (PECCA), directed by Reverend L. Francis Griffin, a key leader in the African American community, about 50 students attended Kittrell College, a Methodist institution in North Carolina. PECCA also organized local reading rooms at African American churches. One student recalled reading “everything she could find” that year in the A.M.E. church library. In addition, AFSC organized a year-round recreation program including softball leagues, movies, and African American history discussions. Girls were taught to hand sew and how to use a sewing machine; boys were introduced to power saws. Students went on field trips to such places as Washington, D.C., and the planetarium at University of North Carolina. Volunteer coordinators Ed Peeples and Ruby Clayton drove from Richmond, 60 miles away, to coordinate 10-15 other volunteers, who came from around central Virginia to help with weekend recreation.

The AFSC office organized the relocation and placement of African American children in schools and families outside the region through its Emergency Student Placement Project. In a memorandum to regional AFSC offices, Jean Fairfax asked for help in mobilizing local sponsoring committees that would recruit host families, select schools, involve counselors, provide cultural experiences, and raise money. Within just a few weeks, 47 students in grades 7-12 were placed in ten local communities in eight states. There were students also in Scattergood Friends School in Iowa and Moorestown Friends School in New Jersey. Forty-two host families, both black and white, were recruited and sponsoring committees became active.

Local leaders spread news of the project in Prince Edward County. Interested students and their parents were interviewed and participated in an orientation program. Students were selected on a first-come, first-served basis, with no consideration of past academic performance. AFSC did give priority to older students, who needed less time to graduate from high school. The project was organized so quickly—during July and August of 1960—that it was only after children arrived in some communities that policy and legal issues arose. Among these were whether tuition had to be paid because the students were from out of state, if tuition could be waived, and whether host families had to be officially certified by the state even though they were not technically foster parents.

In the second year, new placements were made in Kentucky, at Berea College Foundation School, and in Massachusetts. Jean Fairfax arranged with a local African American funeral director to use his station wagon, and, along with a second vehicle, she and Minnie B. Miller, a former home economics teacher, drove six students across the Appalachian Mountains to Kentucky. Several students continued their education after high school at Berea College.

Sponsoring committees were charged with finding families for students, working out the sometimes complicated process of enrolling out-of-state students in local public schools, raising money, and hosting interracial community activities for students, families, and host committee members. Maya Hasegawa recalls that her mother, Marii, who with her husband had
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been confined during World War II in Japanese American internment camps and who AFSC had helped relocate after the war, served on the Moosestown, NJ., sponsoring committee. As a small girl, Maya remembers going to numerous inter-racial potlucks and other recreational events with students, families, and sponsors.

At a meeting in 1961 with Prince Edward families, the AFSC staff was pleased to learn that the families felt that their children had matured and held an expanded vision of opportunities for the future. With the end of that school year, seven children graduated from high school. By the end of its third and final year in 1963, the AFSC Placement Project had sponsored a total of 67 students with placements in eight states, in sixteen communities and three private schools. Eighteen students had finished high school. Efforts continue now to locate these students and to record their individual stories about their experiences with the AFSC program.

More children could have been placed except for the understandable reluctance of parents to send their children away. The families had traveled little and feared for children to be so far away from home. Having children return home for Christmas holidays and summer vacations was not enough for some parents to grant permission. For parents who sent their children away, AFSC organized a weekly parents’ group for information sharing, letter writing, and arranging community holiday homecomings.

While the Placement Project was remarkably successful, there were tensions. Students were homesick, and parents at home missed their children. AFSC evaluated the program frequently in its contacts with parents, children, school counselors, and host families in order to work out glitches. A formal survey the first year found that many host parents were most distressed that not all students were doing well academically, even though they had been advised that student selection had not been based on academic achievement back home. Some students seemed to be uneasy about what might be expected of them. At least one girl feared that she was expected to provide household domestic help in return for room and board. One urban host recalled that her visiting student, used to a safer and more relaxed rural environment with freedom to come and go, had difficulty understanding why he needed to come home directly after school. As a result of these tensions and other factors, eight children left the program during the first year. AFSC was able to place some of these students elsewhere for the next year while parents found arrangements for others.

Twenty-three of the children made a point of saying that their northern schools were more different than their school in Prince Edward. This may have been more than academic difficulty. Some children may have felt tensions from attending school with white students for the first time. Most students felt that the greater permissiveness in northern classrooms was preferable even though it required them to adjust. A few thought that corporal punishment, which was used occasionally in their Prince Edward schools, was a good way to maintain order. Although 23 students initially tested with low reading scores in their northern schools, another 26 students had test scores that went up. With the second and third year, many of these concerns had disappeared.

While the students were eager to return to their homes and families, few said during their placement that they would be content to live in Prince Edward or anywhere in the south for the rest of their lives. Regret over extremely limited job opportunities back home and general boredom over life in Prince Edward were reasons they identified.

Barbara Botts Chapman was one of the youngest AFSC students. At age 13, she and her mother, a domestic who had only completed third grade and earned $2.50 per week, agreed that Barbara would apply to the AFSC program. She spent three years in the program, first in New Jersey and later in Massachusetts. She lived with three families, two African American and one white. Her mother, Geneva, recalls how hard it was for her to let her daughter go but how important it was for Barbara to be educated. The first year she took her daughter by bus, their first bus ride ever, to the New Jersey family placement. Later, after college, Barbara made public education her career choice. For the last five years, she has been the principal of a middle school in Richmond, Virginia. Recently she was awarded her EdD in Educational Administration.

Today the AFSC students speak appreciatively of their family and school experiences away from home. They are a well-
ed educated, successful group, including lawyers, teachers, social workers, corporate executives, and government leaders. They are grateful to AFSC for being there when the African American community needed help. Today the Moton School, where all this began, is a museum that tells this important civil rights story. The current school board of Prince Edward County is chaired by one of the students who was forced out with the closings.

Even though many thought earlier that they would never return home permanently, some did. At least six more AFSC students have visited Prince Edward regularly over the years. Some say that they have learned things in the greater world that they plan to bring back to Prince Edward County when they retire. The AFSC placement helped open their eyes to a different world in that blacks and whites could live and learn together, an experience that in turn has helped their Prince Edward families and neighbors to aspire to greater things.

In 2003, the Virginia General Assembly passed a resolution expressing "profound regret" over the earlier closing of public schools in Prince Edward County. At a special ceremony in 2003, several hundred former students who never finished high school because of the closings were honored with graduation certificates. Several of the AFSC students feel that while this action may have been perceived as healing, it actually demeans these unfortunate students. One, a career employee of the Foreign Service, feels that reparations should be offered to the children and grandchildren of those individuals who lost their chances for education.

While Prince Edward County schools today are racially mixed, the white academy begun during Massive Resistance continues to operate with private funds. Its students are almost all white.

Over the years, many school systems that were once integrated have since become segregated. Jean Fairfax maintains that the issue of race in the schools is very much still with us. She says, "Efforts today to establish charter schools, vouchers, special testing, and methods to otherwise minimize public school education stem from the inability of most people to accommodate to a mixed society racially." The campaign for better public education for all, regardless of race, continues. Are Friends there today as they were in Prince Edward County years ago?
Repentance and Return

by Lisa Rand

I have been carrying a burden of shame for a gross error in judgment. It creeps up on me at unexpected times, haunting me and sapping my confidence. In order to move on, I prepared to undertake the work to which I am called, I need to forgive myself. I was recently moved by a description of repentance given by author Marcus Borg: "To repent does not mean to feel really bad about sins; rather, it means to embark upon a path of return. The journey begins in exile, and the destination is a return to life in the presence of God." I have been traveling that path, I have felt myself in the presence of God.

I know that adolescence is a time for trying on many ideas, trying to figure out where one's place is in the world, and feeling the burden of peer pressure. Despite these realities, I have found it difficult to excuse a brief friendship I had, a friendship that did not reflect my values. I think of it as the ultimate illustration that I was adrift. When I was 15 I had a friend who associated with white supremacists. To admit this aloud is repugnant to me, to everything I believe in, and everything I am working toward as an adult. It was a short-lived friendship, and I never espoused any of the tenets that this friend's associates upheld. Nonetheless, there is no excuse for my friendship.

I remember other friends singing to me a line from a song by the Specials, a British ska band: "If you have a racist friend, now is the time for your friendship to end." The song continues, "Be it your sister, be it your brother, be it your cousin, or your uncle or your lover." Many of us have a loved one who is racist, and I remember grappling with this idea, trying to figure out how one would negotiate a loving relationship with a person who held such views. That struggle can be worthwhile one. However, this friendship I had could only cause harm.

One day at his house, he put on a record that someone had loaned him. I sat paralyzed, horrified at the message of hate on the record. I felt sick to my stomach, and tried to casually say I had to go home. I want so badly to say now that I told him this kind of record was unacceptable, that he should seriously rethink who he spent time with. However, my memory is fuzzy. I don't think I did that. I think I lacked courage and remained silent. Soon after, we ceased spending time together.

Did he really believe these things? I don't think he did. I think he was drawn to a kind of aura of power and confidence. After all, those white supremacists were so clear in what they believed.

At the time, I certainly had very strong feelings about social justice, but I struggled to articulate my views—and to find a way to make these views manifest in my actions. I have been empowered by the conviction that my words and actions can be testimony to what I have experienced as truth. I have drawn strength from inward reflection, and from the unexpected messages I can hear in the silence of worship. Among Friends, I know it is accepted that the process of bearing witness, of bringing one's inward beliefs and outward actions into alignment, will be a lifelong process. Rather than feel bad about how few answers I have now, I can trust that through spiritual discipline and discernment, I will grow in positive (if unexpected) directions.

As an adult I have been passionate about antiracism work. In workshops I have shared stories about childhood experiences of racism, gaining consciousness of racism (and, for me, white skin privilege), of working to combat racism and the communities in which I have participated. I have always omitted this story, this friendship that should not have been.

I recently learned that the area where I have recently moved with my husband, and where we will raise our family, has experienced conflicts with white supremacist groups. My first instinct was to contact local Friends meetings, to find out what work they are doing. I felt that I needed to make contact with antiracist allies. Participating in the Quaker community has helped me feel grounded, I have a place on which to stand while I struggle to discern what steps to take next.

For most of my life I lived in multiracial urban communities. Due to my neighbors, I was particularly compelled to educate myself about the issues facing immigrants, and to speak out against anti-immigrant bias. In my new community, this will be an important part of my work. It is a semirural area that attracts many migrant farm workers, and communities are struggling to figure out how to incorporate newcomers. I know I have been led to this place, where in unfamiliar surroundings I can work on familiar problems. In order to join the coalition of people that is working to transform hatred and prevent violence, I needed to confront myself about that embarrassing friendship, my unspoken skeleton.

I am grateful to look back at this incident and see it as a wake-up call. A moment of conversion, it turned me toward a path upon which I find it impossible to remain silent in the face of injustice. For me, antiracism work is at the heart of peacemaking.
Reports and Epistles

Epistle from YouthQuake

YouthQuake, a national conference for Quaker youth held every three years, was last held from December 27, 2003, to January 1, 2004, at the YMCA of the Rockies, Estes Park Center outside Denver, Colorado. YouthQuake is a time for bringing together the full diversity of the Religious Society of Friends. Each day we experienced a variety of settings and groups. All attendees came together throughout the day for music, speakers, and worship, and we had opportunities for interaction during workshops, discussion groups, free time, and worship.

In the beginning, Friends traveled to YouthQuake from many geographic areas and walks of life to Estes Park, Colorado. We gathered together in communion after the worship, Bible study, singing, and worship. We appreciated Bible study led by Max Carter, and the passage he chose to focus on, John 4, because it is particularly poignant in dealing with prejudice between two religious groups. In worshiping in both programmed and unprogrammed fashions, new experiences were felt by all. We came to understand how uncomfortable unprogrammed worship could be to programmed Friends as we struggled with the context of songs and sermons. In addition to scheduled events, Friends used free time to discuss faith and issues of the heart. Many of us were surprised at the bridges built and friendships formed between Friends of different backgrounds. The intensity of the gathering increased throughout the week as issues arose such as creation, abortion, and homosexuality. Despite the strong community that evolved, tension remained surrounding theological and political discussion.

Throughout our time in Estes Park, it was difficult to encounter so many different views, but through the challenges, our faiths grew stronger. Not all of us left YouthQuake with the same beliefs as when we arrived, but all felt a greater faith. For many of us, YouthQuake became a step in our spiritual journey, challenging us to expand our boundaries and push further on into this faith we call Quakerism.

By the end of the week, the weather had cleared, revealing to us the inspiration of the mountains. Our challenges, similar to these great peaks, lay before us in their beauty to climb and explore. For most of us, our journeys do not end at the conclusion of YouthQuake. Clarity has come to the road ahead of us and through the strengthening of our faith we walk forward into the future.

Approved by the YouthQuake participants from Baltimore-Maryland yearly meeting; Written by Nate Blood-Patterson (PYM), Mary Crader-Neuf (PYM), Joseph Shaffer (BYM), and Rachel Stacy (BYM).

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Parent's Corner

No Doubt

Yes, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.
(Jer. 31:3)

I don’t usually feel sleepy in meeting for worship, but on the first Day in question, it was a struggle to keep my eyes open. My head drooped at least once and I found myself thinking that I shouldn’t sit on the facing benches if I can’t, at the very least, stay awake. My attempts at meditation seemed more like dreaming, and I had to pull myself back from them over and over again. What was going on?

Meeting continued to be a struggle, my attempts to pray seemed pathetic, and neither the silence nor the ministry helped. Then, unexpectedly, an answer came to a prayer I had not realized that I had offered the day before.

My oldest daughter had been away for two weeks and that afternoon we were going to pick her up. She had been visiting Camp Hill Soltane, a college for people with developmental disabilities. Elizabeth had been away before, but never to a place that I did not have to worry about her, or try to make go well from a distance. As the first week unfolded, I began to realize that my life felt qualitatively different. It was hard to put my finger on what had changed, but when I finally had time to write in my prayer journal about it, clarity emerged. There had been a dissonant cord sounding in the background of my life—a constant worrying about things not being right for Elizabeth. While she was at Soltane it vanished, and I felt relaxed and more deeply happy than I can remember being for quite some time.

I began to realize that this worrying had taken on a life of its own—independent of how things are really going for Elizabeth. While things could always be better, my fretting did nothing to change whatever might need it, and there are many things that I cannot change, no matter what. How was I going to stop worrying and simply do what I can, letting go of the rest?

I had been hesitant to tell my husband about my worrying because of the rigid roles we have played in this area of parenting. He has been the pessimistic, disappointed one and I have been the eternally optimistic, pleased one. I was afraid that he would interpret my experience wrongly and attempt to confirm the sad “reality” of the situation. I was, however, able to tell him how I was feeling during that first week and then tried to make some time to have a longer discussion over the weekend with him.

When the time manifested, I was surprised at the deep emotion that surfaced making it hard to say what I needed. Grief overwhelmed me as I struggled to share this thought: “I have not clared for the past eight years, at least, to notice that I have any feelings of hopelessness, disappointment, or grief about Elizabeth’s disability, since you feel so consistently negative about it and I want, I need there to be at least one person who never doubts her worth.”

Michael held me as I sobbed for a little longer. Then I listened as he thought out loud about some things he and Elizabeth might do together on a regular basis. I laughed and commented that my rigid positivity has helped to keep his rigid negativity in place; perhaps that would change if I would notice and voice my doubts and fears. Afterward, I felt more connected to Michael and pleased with things in general, but I was still, unaware, longing for an answer to my plea.

That is, I was unaware until it was unexpectedly answered. There I was, sleepy and struggling in meeting for worship, when seemingly, out of the blue, came, “I have no doubt.” No person had spoken; in fact, I hadn’t exactly heard these words. It was as if they simply were, resonating in my body/consciousness. An astonished smile broke across my face and I felt as if a beam of light had suddenly illuminated the dark cavern I had found myself in. Tears, sweet tears of joy and thanksgiving, trickled down my cheeks accompanied by a sense of relief and well-being. Of course, God has no doubt about Elizabeth’s worth or anyone else’s.

Although it is wise and good to follow the example of divine, unconditional love, no human action can ever match or take the place of it. My prayer is that I not forget Elizabeth is beloved by the Creator if not by all creation.

April 2004 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Religious Faith and Civil Liberties

This month marks the 50th anniversary of a conference on civil liberties held at Scattergood School in West Branch, Iowa, in April 1954. The conference was called by Friends World Committee at the suggestion of Pacific Yearly Meeting at a time when McCarthyism was rampant. Fifty-seven Friends were present representing 20 yearly meetings, American Friends Service Committee, Friends Committee on National Legislation, Friends World Committee, and Lake Erie Association. The following statement (edited to today's Friends Journal style, including gender language) was addressed by them to all Friends.--Ed.

From its beginnings 300 years ago the Religious Society of Friends has opposed the use of force or violence between individuals or nations. Because we believe in conciliation, based on respect and love for all peoples, it is equally impossible for us to advocate the overthrow of any government by force and violence, or to support the war-making effort of any government. Our belief in that of God in every one, and in the essential sacredness of the individual, is unalterably opposed to the totalitarian way of life and its resultant totalitarian state.

Moreover, our nation is "this nation under God" and we reaffirm our unshaken conviction that our highest allegiance is to God. If there is a conflict, "we ought to obey God rather than men."

U.S. democracy was founded on a deep religious faith in the ultimate worth of individuals; a faith that people have rights and responsibilities given by God; that free people will seek truth and right and will choose them rather than error, that people need not fear "to follow truth wherever it may lead, nor to tolerate error so long as reason is left free to combat it." The founders believed that a government whose power to interfere with personal liberty is limited is safer and better than one that prescribes conformity to any orthodox doctrine. We affirm our agreement with these principles.

Today in a time of great social and political tension many in the United States are losing touch with the ideals and sources of strength upon which this democracy rests. In response to the fears and hates of war, in fear even of their own weapons of war, they are losing faith in humanity and its relation to God; they are losing faith in the power of ideas freely arrived at to meet and displace error. They are losing touch with the needs and aspirations of people in most of the rest of the world. Indeed, in their fear of Communism, they are losing faith in democracy.

Civil liberties are founded on God's gift to humankind of the ability to search for truth and the freedom to act on what truth it finds. This freedom can only be fully expressed in the social group and it should be to maintain the conditions most favorable to the exercise of God-given rights that governments exist. A government that carries out this responsibility well is, as William Penn said, "a part of religion itself, a thing sacred in its institutions and end."

If we remember that God and not the state is the source of the truth people seek, then any attempt on the part of government to determine what people may or may not believe, may or may not say, will be recognized as a perversion of the government's function.

The threat of Communism has caused us to forget these eternal truths. Yet, Communism jeopardizes our way of life not so much by its political and economic theories as by those totalitarian practices that destroy moral fiber, erase human conscience, and abolish human freedom. A democratic government that attempts to protect itself against Communism by adopting totalitarian measures is thereby succumbing to the most destructive element in what it fears. No amount of international tension, intrigue, or threat of war can justify measures that are undemocratic.

Increasing encroachments on the freedom and integrity of the individual by irresponsible accusations, by pressures for conformity in thinking, by charges of guilt by association, by insistence on assertions of loyalty, and by the assumption of guilt rather than the presumption of innocence, all have their origin in fear and insecurity, growing in large part out of the threat of war and of Communism and out of the emphasis on military strength and military secrecy. These are essential features of totalitarianism. They create an image of the state as the source of all truth and the object of unqualified loyalty. This is idolatry, and strikes at the root of both U.S. political philosophy and of basic Quaker principle.

A Query
Do Friends and Friends meetings seek faithfully to uphold our civil and religious liberties, not only for ourselves but for all people?

Advises to Friends
In the light of these, our ancient Truths, Friends are advised:
1. To reaffirm their faith in the living God whose spirit works in the hearts of all people.
and to recognize that God works to preserve the rights and liberties of humans as God works through them; and also to examine once more the underlying principles of our democracy.

2. Since the fear of controversy often impedes us in the pursuit of truth, Friends are advised to welcome controversy when it arises from differing opinions honestly held. We should aim to develop a corporate witness on freedom that will match the clarity of our other testimonies. Through the creative use of controversy we can discover new truth.

3. Friends are urged to be alert to dangers inherent in censorship, and in conditions that would limit the freedom of teachers to discuss current problems, and in movements that would seek to enforce a narrow orthodoxy of thought and expression.

Since freedom of expression has no meaning unless there is a place where people can express their views, Friends are specifically encouraged to provide facilities for the serious discussion of important, controversial issues in an atmosphere of creative goodwill.

4. The influence of each individual in the local community is of great importance. Monthly meetings should encourage members to be alert and faithful in their witness to Truth, providing for group action when indicated. Yearly meetings or national committees on civil liberties, peace, or other matters can never succeed unless the ground is prepared in the home communities. It is hoped that Friends publications and organizations will give special attention to problems of civil liberties during the critical period ahead.

5. Friends should continue their efforts:

To secure equal treatment for all conscientious objectors to military service, whether on religious or other grounds;

To change the law and the regulations to provide more favorable treatment for those with conscientious scruples against registration for compulsory military service;

To seek redress in the courts for violation of these rights by government in order to establish more firmly the legal rights of conscience and to curb abuses in the administration of these laws.

Friends generally should support individuals who have suffered loss of their livelihood by acting under conscience in resisting conscription, or in opposing loyalty oaths, or for seeking to uphold basic civil and religious liberties.

6. Friends should deal with Communists, individuals accused of Communism, or persons rejected by society for other reasons, as human beings. Without embracing false philosophies or condoning any error, Friends should still regard all people as children of God. If in prison they should be visited; and
where there is need, arrangements made for their families.

7. In the fact of increasing pressure toward conformity as exemplified in non-disloyalty oaths, Friends should reexamine their traditional testimony against oaths that test loyalty by words instead of deeds, intensify fear and suspicion, and imply guilt unless innocence is proven, not to mention implying a double standard of truth. True loyalty and allegiance can be attained only by conviction, not by coercion. In the words of the Five Years Meeting of Friends in 1945, we affirm "our unchanging conviction that our first allegiance is to God and if this conflicts with any compulsion by the state we serve our country best by remaining true to our higher loyalty."

8. Friends are encouraged to exercise the responsibility of citizenship by examining carefully specific national issues affecting civil liberties and civil rights and by taking action as appropriate. We view with apprehension: the lack of protection of individual rights in some Congressional Committee procedures; the current proposals to permit wiretapping; the operation of the Federal Loyalty Security program; the investigation of beliefs and associations by the Federal Bureau of Investigation; and the limitations placed on the issuance of passports and visas with adverse effect, among other things, on the holding of scientific and religious conferences in this country, as well as the free travel of U.S. citizens abroad. We encourage programs of education and legislation to remove racial and religious discrimination and to guarantee equal opportunities and rights to all citizens. We advocate support of the International Declaration of Human Rights.

9. In making statements to investigating officers and agencies, Friends should be especially careful for the reputation of others, speaking only the objective facts known to them, and guarding against misquotation by making statements in writing where possible.

10. Finally, Friends are reminded that the loss of civil liberties is an inevitable consequence of the resort to war and violence as the means of security. They have, therefore, an inescapable responsibility to work unceasingly for the elimination of war through the establishment of a just economic and political order, disarmament, and the creation of true world community.

With a profound sense of humility that we have fallen so far short of the ideal revealed in the Light given to us, and with a corresponding sense of responsibility to our fellow humans we call on all Friends to join with us in the pursuit of these goals.
Epicurean Simplicity


Often it seems I learn more about Quaker values from non-Quakers than from anyone else. I’ve learned more about fidelity to the land from Wendell Berry, more about courage and compassion from Kathy Kelly, and more about simplicity from Stephanie Mills. None of them are Quakers, but clearly all are kindred spirits.

Stephanie Mills’s Epicurean Simplicity celebrates “the pleasures, as well as the virtues and difficulties, of a perhaps simpler than average North American life.” Mills is an environmentalist with a visionary bent. Like Henry David Thoreau, she chooses to write about her own life because there is no one else she knows as well. In a series of essays, we learn of her frugality, her hardships, and the spareness of her needs as she goes through the four seasons in a home she helped build in Michigan, hauling water, gardening, splitting firewood.

It is a life touched by grief: the breakup of relationships, the death of her mother. But we also learn of her joys: the pleasure she takes in bicycling into town, swimming in the nearby lake, keeping warm in the winter; her love of nature closely observed.

Taking as her mentor the third century B.C.E. philosopher Epicurus, she speculates that if we could learn to savor “sloppy pleasures,” we could get “more out of less and abandon our ruinous gluttony.” She wishes also to relinquish what she calls “my own gluttony for punishment—my puritanism and apocalypticism—in favor of the sensuous.”

This paradoxical balance between the sensuous and the ascetic shows up in her delight in writing. What is cheaper and more fuel-efficient than words? She writes in a sometimes carefully ordered way, at other times rhaptically, in loosely connected rants laced with wry humor. She describes herself as “word-drunk,” in love with the “carnival of language and opinion, judgment, speculation, wisecracks, and incessant curiosity.” She combs the dictionary for scarce words—words like sesquipedalian and plangent—to counter what she describes as the “desertification” of the American vocabulary, which is said to have diminished by half in the past few decades. She thinks of it as a “conservation activity, like saving and planting heirloom seeds.”

Occasionally Mills lapses into self-indulgence. “Winter” seems to me a little precious—its pieces are somehow like dry snow; they don’t stick together. But in a mostly springtime essay entitled “The Others,” Mills weaves a tapestry of connections that is breathtaking—from a single gray tree toad perched on her windowsill to a flock of monarch butterflies in Mexico. Nature writing doesn’t get any better than this.

At the heart of the book is an existential puzzle. “Once one has asked the ‘to be or not to be’ question and answered it in the life-affirmative, one’s life becomes a deed. How are we to live—not merely survive? This may be the most serious ethical question we now face.”

Epicurean Simplicity is one woman’s attempt to answer that question—for herself, and with the planet in mind. Survival, both as individuals and as a species, may lie in the enjoyment of simple things, in “learning the limits of having, remembering the nature of true pleasure, and becoming the change I wish in the world.”

—David More

David More is a member of Storrs (Conn.) Meeting.

Quaker in Vietnam: Rick Thompson


By telling us the story of one family’s loss and grief, Beth Taylor also relates the larger story of the tragedy of the Vietnam War and the individual lives it took. She also reminds us that great injustice compels people of strong spirit and conscience to not only put themselves into a situation where their lives may be taken, but to actively give those lives in service to something beyond themselves.

How can an angry young Friend make something meaningful of his life in the midst of pointless destruction and suffering? How can he live his ideals, even as he has to face not only the outer realities of a war-devastated country but also the inner realities of his own bitterness and despair? And how can his family support his difficult work, even when it means giving up their hopes for his future?

Beth Taylor does not offer easy answers to such questions. Instead, she introduces us to her cousin, Rick Thompson, who tried to “let his life speak” as a generalist with American Friends Service Committee in Vietnam toward the end of the war. We get to know him, and that gives us a sense of the human struggle and uncertainty (both for the young man himself and for his family) that can accompany even a clear spiritual leading.

—Kirsten Backstrom

Kirsten Backstrom is a member of Mulnomah Meeting in Portland, Ore.
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News

On February 10, 2004, federal prosecutors withdrew subpoenas ordering Des Moines, Iowa, peace activists to appear before a grand jury regarding a November 15, 2003, antiwar meeting of the Drake University chapter of the National Lawyers Guild. Des Moines Meeting had earlier issued a statement in response to the subpoenas that included the following: "As members of Religious Society of Friends, a historic peace church, we feel that this action has been taken under the auspices of the USA Patriot Act and is reminiscent of the 'red squads' of the 1950s McCarthy era and the Vietnam campus crackdowns on student protesters. The actions are cloaked in secrecy and appear as a heavy-handed attempt to suppress the constitutionally protected rights of individuals to engage in peaceful protests." According to a statement by Drake University President David Maxwell, the university was also served with a subpoena on February 3. This subpoena requested information about the antiwar conference, including records identifying the officers of the National Lawyers Guild, a legal activist organization, and the location of their offices on campus. This subpoena was shorty rescinded and replaced with a second subpoena calling for disclosure of any university records identifying the persons present at the meeting, and all documents that might describe the content of the meeting discussion. The four subpoenas activists took part in the November 15 conference as well as a nonviolent demonstration at Camp Dodge, Iowa, protesting the involvement of the Iowa Army National Guard in the Iraq War, Des Moines' Cityview online newspaper reported that U.S. Attorney Stephen O'Meara's official reason for the federal investigation was not to violate constitutional rights, but to ascertain "whether plans were made at the conference on November 15 to illegally enter the Iowa National Guard headquarters at Camp Dodge the next day."

Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting, in session August 11, 2003, adopted a minute calling for the end of the occupation of Iraq and Afghanistan by the United States. "We call on our government to turn over the short-term administration and policing of these nations to the United Nations with the mandate to restore self-government rapidly to these peoples and to pay for our fair share of the cost of the UN administration. We are concerned that escalating guerrilla warfare will not only needlessly wound and kill Americans, but also will inevitably increase the brutality of an already brutal occupation. . . . We ask our fellow citizens to search their hearts and to ask how these occupations could be consistent with democratic principles, let alone the spirit of love and compassion that so many of us feel," the minute states. — Bloomington (Ind.) Meeting newsletter

Pima (Ariz.) Meeting emphasized individual and corporate witness for peace with a day-long meeting retreat on November 22, 2003. The purpose of the event, called "Peacemaker's Response to War," was "to share with each other our individual witnesses for peace; to share new commitments we may feel led, as individuals or families, to make at this time; to begin to season the question: Is there a joint witness for peace that we wish to make as a community of Friends?" Holding the retreat was approved by Pima Friends the previous April. "We are acutely aware that the efforts of Friends and like-minded people will not prevent a determined government from waging war," Pima Friends stated. "This retreat takes the long view. Our task as peacemakers is not just to try to prevent the outbreak of hostilities, but to find ways to live at all times, including during wars, so that our lives may speak for peace." The retreat agenda included a Peace Witness Display featuring letters, essays, poems, posters, banners, artwork, and other visual representations of personal witness for peace; music, group singing, and poetry readings by Performers for Peace; and an "intergenerational meeting for worship with a concern for peace." "The retreat strengthened our sense of unity, responsibility, and commitment to the Peace Testimony in our daily lives," said Carol Schaeandler, clerk of the meeting. "The retreat also reminded us that we are called as individuals and in groups to create the conditions for peace in our lives, our homes, our families, and in the world." — Newsletter of Pima (Ariz.) Meeting and telephone conversation with Carol Schaeandler

Multnomah (Oreg.) Meeting called for the repeal of the USA Patriot Act in a minute approved on October 18, 2003: "We believe that this act has eroded the civil liberties of our citizens, destabilized the balancing powers between the branches of our government, and removed much of the Constitutional oversight mandated for the protection of our citizens. . . . We urge our elected officials at all levels to repeal the USA Patriot Act and to fully investigate, question, and explore alternatives to any subsequent Acts proposed." — Multnomah (Oreg.) Meeting newsletter

In a minute approved on November 9, 2003, Haverford (Pa.) Meeting called for the revo­ lutionary action of the USA Patriot Act. The minute urges "our legislators to rescind, or at least limit, the scope of the USA Patriot Act, and to reject the proposed 'Domestic Security Enhancement Act of 2003' (Patriot Act II). Our government should adhere to international law, including the Geneva Convention. Now, more than ever, our country needs to look beyond fear and anxiety, and move forward with a warm, open spirit that nurtures peace and long-term security for all." — Haverford (Pa.) Meeting newsletter

Fifteen Bolivian Quaker students who received Bolivian Quaker Education Fund (BQEF) scholarships in 2003 finished their school year in December. Twelve of these students will continue their studies in 2004, and eight more will receive funding. The mission of Bolivian Quaker Education Fund is to strengthen ties between Bolivian Quakers and those of North America and Europe through programs that improve the education of Bolivian Quakers. BQEF program activity in Bolivia was coordinated by Bernabé Yujra, a lifelong Friend and experienced educator. Volunteers in Bolivian Friends schools have proved to be popular and successful. Three Guilford College students volunteered with the program for three months in 2003. A recent graduate of Haverford College assisted Bolivian Quaker teachers with teaching English and curriculum design for four months. In the future, Bolivian students as well as teachers and administrators hope to rely on a steady stream of volunteers. Planning has also begun for a teacher exchange with a Friends school in the U.S., perhaps as early as 2005, as well as for Bernabé Yujra to visit U.S. Friends schools, colleges, and meetings in the fall of 2004. — Bolivian Quaker Education Fund

Kindertransport Memorial, part statue and part exhibit, was set in the first floor of the Liverpool Street railroad station in London. It marks the free entry of 10,000 Jewish children following the Kristallnacht pogrom on November 9, 1938. Many Quaker meetings sent representatives to meet the trains and to offer homes for a certain number of the children. Brenda Bailey of Hempstead Monthly Meeting represented the Religious Society of Friends at the unveiling of the monument. Over 300 people who had been Kinder, or child Jewish refugees, were present. — The Friend, November 14, 2003

American Friends Service Committee is directing proceeds from its Emergency Crisis Fund to help the tens of thousands affected by the earthquake in Iran in December. Through partner organizations working in Iran, AFSC will raise funds for vitally needed supplies in the region. Purchasing supplies in the region is the most cost-effective and saves on shipping costs. — AFSC

The United Nations Development Fund for Women (UNIFEM) has established an Internet portal offering comprehensive in-
formation on the dangers and responsibilities facing women and girls during armed conflicts and women’s roles in peacebuilding. UNIFEM executive director Noeleen Heyzer said the portal would address the information gap, providing accurate reports and helping to track progress toward implementing Security Council Resolution 1325. That text was unanimously adopted in October 2000 and urges an enhanced role for women in preventing conflict, promoting peace, and assisting in postconflict reconstruction within UN operations. The resolution, she said, “is a watershed political framework that makes women—and a gender perspective—relevant to negotiating peace agreements; planning refugee camps, programs, and peacekeeping operations; and reconstructing war-torn societies.” She said two experts she appointed, “the world’s first female defense and finance ministers,” Elisabeth Rehn of Finland and Ellen Sirleaf-Johnson of Liberia, had found an epidemic of violence against women and girls in the 14 conflict zones they visited. Their report recommended that UNIFEM systematically collect, analyze, and share information on the roles of women in conflict, conflict prevention, and peacebuilding. Ms. Heyzer said. The portal is at <www.womenwarpeace.org/h_index.htm>.

Tensions over organizational issues and internal disputes within the congregation are the principal reasons Protestant pastors leave a pastorate or quit the ministry altogether, according to a study by sociologists Dean R. Hoge and Jacqueline E. Wenger. Their study, as part of the Pulpit & Pew research project at Duke Divinity School in Durham, N.C., was conducted in the spring and summer of 2002 and involved 963 former pastors from the United Methodist Church, the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.), the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America, the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod, and the Assemblies of God. The results were reported in a paper presented at the Religious Research Association’s annual meeting in October 2003. According to the study, disputes over “pastoral leadership,” finances, and changes in “worship style” are the three main factors common to congregational conflicts and stress experienced by pastors. Other stressful factors affecting pastors in their ministries are differences with staff personnel, differences over plans for a new building or renovation of an existing facility, changes in music and congregational programs, and lay leadership styles. Less stressful issues, according to the survey, are disputes over doctrine, homosexuality, racial issues, outreach programs, and church growth. — John Dart, in the November 28, 2003 issue of The Christian Century
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Bulletin Board

Upcoming Events

- April 8-11—South Central Yearly Meeting
- April 15—Due date for applications for Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Workcamp Program’s annual International Volunteer Summer Workcamp in China from July 26-August 22. Twelve volunteers 16 and older will travel from Beijing to Hunan province for environmental work and to teach English. For details and cost contact Adam Clark-Valle at (800) 220-0796, ext. 7236, or e-mail <chinaworkcamp@pym.org>.


- April 28-May 1—Boulder (Colo.) Meeting is hosting a "Gathering of Friends on Native American Concerns" to learn from and to be more effective allies of Native American peoples in their current struggles. For details contact Ed Nakawatase at (215) 241-7131.

- May 1—Philadelphia Yearly Meeting and the Historic American Building Survey Exhibit Working Group present "Living Witness," a workshop on preparing, maintaining, and adapting Quaker meetinghouses and properties while respecting their historic value, at Arch Street Meetinghouse in Philadelphia. For details contact Peggy Morschek at (610) 642-4069 or <morschek@comcast.net>.

Opportunities/Resources

- The Power of Purpose Awards: A Worldwide Essay Competition invites submissions through May 31, 2004. The contest, sponsored by the John Templeton Foundation, has been designed to encourage people to think about the benefits of noble purpose. Prizes range from $10,000 to $100,000. Personal reflection, internal development of purpose, and vocation are all included as suggested topics. For details <http://www.powerofpurpose.org>

- Facts Have Faces is a series of 4-6-page study guides available through Church World Service, addressing topics including hunger, uprooted peoples, and landmines. Guides include ways to help and recommended resources. Visit <http://www.churchworldservice.org/educ_materials.html>.

- The Friends Fellowship of Healing has a new website: <www.quaker-healing.org.uk>
John McConomy. Lisa is a member of Goshen Church during faith that guided him throughout his life. He was nine times vice-chairman of deprived him the opportunity of an ending especially enjoyed worship in at Foxland in Ghana in 1945, after being introduced to the Religious Society of Friends by his wife, Alice Ioné Crabtree. He had Ioné two years after his return from England in the first interracial marriage to take place in what was then the Gold Coast. Ioné revived the Hill House Meeting, which had been established in the 1930s by teachers at Achimota School but had waned. Appointed to the Department of Social Welfare and Community Development in 1945, David became its director some later. But political upheaval in Ghana led to a coup d'état, and David was one of over 600 public servants who lost their jobs in 1970. After his premature retirement, David threw himself into voluntary activities, while his wife’s job gave them a measure of financial security. He became chairman of the Anti-Apartheid Committee, was twice a member of the Ghana delegation to the United Nations, and worked as a consultant to organizations ranging from UNESCO to World Council of Churches. He was nine times vice-chairman of the Christian Council, a role that involved him in heavily in pro-democracy activities. He was a member or the chair of a number of committees with social concerns, and he was actively involved with the Red Cross and the resettlement of refugees from war-torn African countries. He also worked with the disabled, with women, and in development, adult education, and youth organizations. During turbulent times, David held the Quaker meeting together, welcoming and worshiping with visiting Friends from the U.S., and working with Friends worldwide. During visits to Wisconsin, he especially enjoyed worshiping at Fox Valley Meeting in Oneida. He received many awards, including the Ghana Olympic Committee Year of Peace Award in 1986. In later years David spent a year at Woodbrooke College as a guest of British Friends. He was virtually blind for the last ten years of his life, but this did not deter him. Along with his commitment to his work, he was a devoted family man, full of laughter and a sense of fun. He is remembered for his humor, warmth, tolerance, and love; for his absolute integrity; and for the enduring faith that guided him throughout his life.

David was predeceased by his first wife, Alice Ioné Acquah. He is survived by his wife, Leonie Acquah; daughters, Catherine Crabtree and Janice Acquah; and grandchildren, Beverly Crabtree, Vivian Acquah, Ann David Crabtree, and Savannah Acquah-Storey.

Amir—Robert Sidney Amrir, 82, on April 4, 2003, at Central Montgomery Hospital in Upper Gwynedd, Pa. Born in Highgate, Jamaica, on May 20, 1920, as a child he helped on his family’s small plantation. His grandfather had come to Jamaica from India in 1847 as a result of the emancipation of slaves in the British Empire. By the age of ten Robert was interested in becoming a physician, and he was encouraged by his parents to pursue a career in medicine. He attended a Quaker school in Highgate, then majored in biology and chemistry at a private secondary school in Kingston. At that time most doctors in British colonies were trained in either England or Canada, and the advent of World War II dampened Robert’s hopes for study abroad, but with advice from notable physicians who had studied in the U.S., he earned his B.A. in Biology from Eastern College in June 1942, and then, while living at Friends Spruce Street House, he attended University of Pennsylvania Medical School, where he received an M.D. in June 1949. Two days after receiving his degree, he and his fiancée, Madeline Franchois, were married at Frankford Preparative Meeting at Unity and Wall Streets in Philadelphia, where they had met. While in medical school, Robert volunteered for American Friends Service Committee, and he was supportive of his wife’s ongoing work as an activist with Friends Peace Committee, Beyond War, and the World Affairs Council. In 1954, after interning at Cooper Hospital in Camden, New Jersey, and serving residencies at Zorbeg Memorial Hospital in Riverside, New Jersey, and Kingston Memorial Hospital in Kingston, Jamaica, he was invited to lead the Anesthesiology Department at Northeastern Hospital in Philadelphia, where he served for 34 years, bringing innovations that have now become standard procedure, such as the development of a fine needle to administer spinal anesthesia. He learned acupuncture and used the technique to ease patient’s pain. From 1985 to 2000 he was also on the staff of Jefferson Hospital in Philadelphia. In the late 1970s he was outspoken in his protest against malpractice costs. In 1975 he was awarded membership in the Four Chaplains Legion of Honor, and in 1988 he received the Asa M. Lehman Award for Outstanding Service at Northeastern. While at Frankford Preparative Meeting, he was befriended by Walter C. Longstreth, who assisted him in obtaining his U.S. citizenship, which Robert received in April 1966. In 1994 Madeline and Robert moved from Huntigdon Valley to Foulkways Retirement Center, where Robert persuaded the management to build tennis courts, which he used four times each week until he became ill. Robert was predeceased by his wife, Madeline Franchois Amrir, in January of 2000. He is survived by three daughters, Denise Amrir-Firth, Karen Amrir, and Jacqueline Amrir; four grandchildren; two brothers; and three sisters.

Gonzalez—Ellen Lauck Gonzalez, 82, on November 19, 2003, in Mexico City. Born on May 5, 1921, in Washington, D.C., Ellen grew up with her parents, Rex and Hannah Lauck; her older...
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brother. Rescuing her beloved grandmother, Ellen; and her great-grandparents Hogue in a Presbyterian home with Quaker ancestors. She graduated from George Washington University, where she majored in Psychology and Latin American Economy. At the age of 22, she joined the Office of Inter-American Affairs in the U.S. State Department, as an economist. In 1944 she served as a volunteer with AFSC in rural health programs in the Mexican states of Coahuila and Morelos, where she met her future husband, Ignacio Gonzalez Montreal, known to his friends as Nacho. In 1945 Ellen returned to Washington and worked first as a political and economic researcher for U.S. News and World Report and later for the United Mine Workers of America. She undertook the official biography of the union leader, John L. Lewis, a work that was completed by her brother. On Dec. 30, 1950, she and Nacho were married in her parents' house in Chevy Chase, Md. Beginning the following year Nacho and Ellen made their home in Mexico City, where Ellen worked as an English teacher and translator as she continued supporting AFSC in its rural development projects. In 1956 she and Nacho joined Mexico City Meeting. In 1962 she began to serve as a student advisor and to teach American history, social studies, sociology, world affairs, and economics at the Colegio Americano, but she left in 1969 when Nacho's work in rural development with various international organizations required moves to Honduras, Guatemala, Bolivia, Ecuador, and Brazil during the next 14 years. Ellen completed her master's degree in Education while continuing to teach Spanish, English, Mesoamerican studies, and Latin American history. In each country where she lived, she took much pleasure in traditional dishes, textiles, markets, ceremonies, music, languages, and literature. She was a founding member of the Quaker scholarship program for indigenous people in Guatemalan schools, which continues to this day. She began a small chocolate industry in Bolivia and a doll industry in Brazil. In 1983, when Ellen and Nacho returned to Mexico City to live in the house they had built 18 years earlier, Ellen's activity focused on Casa de los Amigos, Mexico City's Quaker center, where she served as director for more than a decade. In that capacity, she was key in securing the resources for the program to aid Central American refugees in the 1980s, in helping the inhabitants of the Guerrerio district of the city rebuild their homes after the earthquake of 1985, and in supporting the Daughters of Charity Hospital in Chiapas. She also worked closely with the Flor de Mazahus cooperative in the state of Oaxaca. She is remembered for her wise humor and her unsentimental perceptions of the world around her. Ellen is survived by her husband, Ignacio Gonzalez Montreal; their five children, Nancy Gonzalez Lauck, Victor Gonzalez, Sarah Gonzalez Lauck, Rebecca Gonzalez Lauck, and Martin Gonzalez; and by five grandchildren, Nadia Izuel Gonzalez Escudero, Dario Alejandro Gonzalez Escudero, Bruno Rafael Gonzalez Escudero, Julia Elena Gonzalez Fernald, and Grace Elledi Gonzalez Fernald.

Jones—Mary Hoxie Jones, 99, on December 26, 2003, in Kendal at Longwood Retirement Community in Kennett Square, Pa. The daughter and only child of Rufus Jones, a founder of American Friends Service Committee, to survive into adulthood, she was born in Haverford, Pa., on July 27, 1904. She grew up in Haverford and graduated from the Baldwin School. After graduating from Mount Holyoke College in 1926, she accompanied her parents on a trip around the world while her father lectured at various institutions. The highlight of her trip, according to her memoir, was a visit with Mohandas Gandhi in India. From 1927 to 1939 she worked for Quaker organizations in the Philadelphia area and served as her father's secretary. During World War II, she worked in Europe to coordinate Friends centers there under the auspices of AFSC. In the early 1950s Mary Hoxie left AFSC to archive her father's papers and writings for his biographer, Elizabeth Gray Vining. Describing her father, Mary Hoxie wrote, "Whether the occasion was a Friends meeting for worship, a formal church service, an academic gathering in a college chapel, or the intimate group at South China, Maine (where he was born); whether it was a time of joy or sorrow, Rufus Jones had a simple, direct manner of speaking and bringing his message to his listeners who, like Francis Howell, an early Publisher of Truth, knew that the Kingdom of Heaven had gathered and caught them as in a net." Mary Hoxie donated her father's writings as well as her own to Haverford College, which awarded her an honorary doctorate. She was the author of four books of poetry and four histories, including Swords into Plowshares, the history of the first years of AFSC. A former board member of AFSC, she also served on the boards of Friends Historical Association and Pendle Hill, and on committees at Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. She was a member of Poets Walk In, a writers' group that met periodically to share their work. Her last book of poetry, Tracing the Rainbow, dealing with religious themes, was published in 1995. Known for her lively sense of humor, infectious grin, warmth, and wisdom, Mary Hoxie never married. She is survived by seven first cousins, Jane Symonds, Emma Cadbury, Catharine Lambe, Bartram Cadbury, Elizabeth Musgrave, Christopher Cadbury, and Warden Cadbury.

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

April 2004 FRIENDS JOURNAL
which staring into the eyes of the wolf until finally the wolf released her grip and trotted off to check her pups, any one of which could have been the baby she had plunged into the water to save.

The mother knelt down and bent over her coughing child, parting his back and gently opening up his clothes. She found not a single tooth mark on his skin. Her shoulders shook as she wept.

I looked up at Yohanan, and raised one hand to my open mouth, the other one touching his knee. "So," I said, "God is in the mouth of the wolf..."

Yohanan smiled back at me, the top half of his face framed by his long hair and forest-like beard. "Daavi, before you think you understand God so easily," he said, "I'll tell you another story.

"My great-uncle Moshe once traveled far to the west and north, across the great sea that the Romans call Mare Nostrum." With a wry smile down underneath his bushy moustache, he added, "I guess if you control an empire, you can name an ocean 'Our Sea.'"

Yohanan went on. "Uncle Moshe journeyed 20 days' walk beyond Rome, in search of famous mines he had heard of from a traveler: Gold, and silver, and salt.

"He came to a land where the mountaintops are higher than the clouds and covered with snow all year. The winters are so cold, the lakes become solid as rock.

"One clear-blue winter day, late in the afternoon, Uncle Moshe sat in the doorway of an abandoned woodcutter's hut, high up on a mountainside overlooking a great white lake. Below him he suddenly saw a lone elk burst onto the solid surface of the lake, running like fury with its head and antlers thrown back, its tail flitting from side to side.

"A few moments later, five wolves raced out onto the frigid lake, fanning out in a tight semicircle behind the elk. Every time the elk turned, the wolves turned in unison a breath later. Relentlessly, the five wolves gained on the fleeing elk, its antlers flashing fire as they caught the final rays of the sinking sun.

"The elk was running for its life, and the wolves were running for theirs.

"One wolf, the color of charred firewood, ran faster than the others, his ears and tail flat out in the wind. As the elk tailed and stood frozen, an arm's length away, staring into the eyes of the wolf until finally the wolf released her grip and trotted off to check her pups, any one of which could have been the baby she had plunged into the water to save.

"Instead of leaping on the elk's back, or biting its hindquarters, the lead wolf suddenly threw its body down, and sliding in a sharp curve hit the elk's legs broadside, sweeping it off its feet like a hand would sweep breadcrumbs from a tabletop. The elk fell heavily, its antlers inscribing a curving scar on the lake's solid surface.

"The next two wolves to reach the downed elk bit through the tendons on the backs of its rear legs, and the final two tore open the elk's throat. It took all five of them to drag the carcass back to shore, where a jumble of thin wolf pups awaited their supper. Hungry they fell upon the flesh kiln. On the hardened lake behind them, a long streak of glistening blood stretched toward the setting sun.

"The charcoal wolf stood, head down, its legs apart and shoulders heaving as it got its breath back. Then it arched its back. Raised its muzzle to the sky. And opened its great mouth to sing.'

Yohanan stopped talking, I stared at him in stunned silence.

Now I was confused again. "Are people like wolves?" I finally asked.

He waited for me to go on. "And are wolves like people?"

"That's only part of it," he answered. Noting my distress, he spoke in steady tones, "Daavi, God is in the butterfly wing and in the mouth of the wolf." He was looking into my eyes. In his voice I caught a sliver of Yeshu's. "Think about God with your heart. And in your dreaming. Not just with your head. You seek answers where there are only questions. You will not find God by looking straight ahead, but out of the corner of your eye."

He stopped for a moment, giving me time to think. I could see he was not going to make this easy for me. Maybe because there was no simple understanding of something as vast and ancient as God.

Then he went on softly, "Daavi, the human spirit is a wanderer. Knowing God is a journey, an unwalked path across the desert sand. A path you make for yourself each step of the way. Sometimes alone and sometimes with others.

"Close your eyes, open your heart, and walk!"
woman recognizable by even her family because she had been brutalized by a group of men who exacted a very physical penalty for an unpaid drug debt.

As Donna Glee Williams states, it does no good to dehumanize the aggressors in this, or any other violent circumstance. Yet, what do we call the environmental or systemic catalyst for such behavior? Is the drug culture and economic underground that gives approval to such violent behavior not evil in its stronghold on many cities? More importantly, is the institutionalized nature of racism in the United States that drives many into the underground economy not evil? Is the prison system, which dehumanizes drug offenders, or the deteriorating social structures in many communities that result in people turning to drug dependency as a way of life not systemic evil? How else do we identify mass dereliction of ethics such as Nazism or apartheid? Truly, many human systems and cultural or economic institutions have grown and given rise to terrible human behavior.

Certainly, the human response to this evil takes on the variety of forms facilitated by the experience of it. While a soldier or a citizen may have different experiences of war, both must respond to this evil according to their personal experience. While it does no one good to identify the response as evil, war is a form of evil.

The question is whether individuals are evil. It does us much harm to label them as such. The question is not whether evil exists—it does at a palpable level in the experiences of many. The question that needs answering is how do we respond to evil when we recognize it. For this, we have the example of Jesus.

A nonviolent, loving, and holistic response is what Friends should strive for in our labor for shalom. Labeling individuals does not accomplish this, but identifying evil and resisting it as such does.

 dangers of metaphors: handle with care

Donna Glee Williams begins her piece, “See No Evil” (FJ Jan.) with a sweeping declaration: “I don’t see anything to be gained using the word ‘evil’ to describe any part of creation.” She later qualifies this statement somewhat, noting that “what we think about [something that could be called evil] may be helpful, or it may not.”

But the “concept of evil,” she insists, is
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well studying the experience of the prison system in California, which for many years followed a “treatment model” in sentencing, based on the view of criminality as a disease. This led to a policy of indeterminate sentencing, by which inmates could be kept in prison until they were “cured.”

But careful research, as well as the cries of many anguished inmates, showed that this policy was no more humane than fixed sentences premised on the view of crime as “evil” demanding “punishment”—indeed, in many cases it was much less humane, more isolating and destructive. This showed me that replacing a term that I dislike with one I feel better about does not necessarily produce better personal action or policy. Yes, the concept of evil can be dangerous, and never more so than when it becomes a substitute for careful diagnosis of actual illness. But so can other, seemingly more innocuous concepts and metaphors.

Finally, Williams refers to M. Scott Peck’s book People of the Lie, in which he concludes that some things some people did were “evil” rather than “sick” or “broken,” and even reports on a case of confronting what he considered something close to pure evil consuming a personality. She concludes that using this label left him “pretty much off the hook,” and “not obliged to grope around inside himself” for further explanations, or feel responsible for dealing with it.

Here too, my experience of the book was quite different. I did not see Peck turning away from the phenomenon he identified. In fact, it seemed to me it was clarifying and even liberating to him as a psychiatrist to add the concept to his vocabulary. Further, he struggled deeply with it, both within himself as well as in others. That struggle, which took him to many places he preferred not to go, is how he came to write a whole book about it. People of the Lie was often uncomfortable reading for me, but no less true and useful for all that.

I hope these reflections can help illuminate why the concept of evil is still quite useful to me, and perhaps others. Using it does not either absolve me of responsibility, or restrict me to a narrow, either/or response. It may also suggest why I think it is not only a useful, healthy thing to do to confront things we may prefer not to, and name things truly when we might rather call them something they are not because it comforts us. It is also a good thing.

Evil is truly dangerous. It is also, I have found, a part of creation.

Chuck Fager
Fayetteville, N.C.

April 2004 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Kudos

You folks are astounding — every issue is so superb, I never believe the next one can be better!

I really love your January issue — how you’ve used pre-published poetry so creatively, and the art work from the geese on the cover to George W. Bush inside. Is the “Memoir” feature a new one? I haven’t taken note of it before, and I felt it really spoke of a particular experience in deep ways. I actually started in on Paul Lacey, then got distracted, then went back to the smaller pieces — the Reflection is brilliant, the Life in the Meeting (on latetimers) useful and vivid, the little Epiphany with its fluttering bird so perfect, the Benches feature so interesting and touching (two first!), and the El Salvador Friends and money piece very germane — in fact have you heard of or read Mike Durall, Beyond the Collection Plate? He has another title, too, about living from a place of generosity. He’s a Unitarian, and he’s on the same rack as Friend Kat Griffiths. What an amazing cross section of Friends’ thoughts and growth today — and how wonderfully related all the articles are, at the same time!

I’m not finished yet, but it’s bedtime, and I wanted to send my congrats and thankfulness for your important service.

Caroline Balderston Parry
Ottawa, Ont.

Continued on next page
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Friends avoiding the issue?

You cannot imagine my joy when I read “A Friend’s Testimony on Domestic Violence?” (FJ Dec.). At last someone else is talking honestly about an issue that unfortunately is close to the hearts of many Friends.

I first became aware of domestic violence over 20 years ago when an attender at our meeting was murdered by her husband (also an attender). Her death galvanized many women in our city to action, and we achieved changes in the law and the setting up of state and community agencies to try to make sure that more women should not have to suffer as she did.

Friends who, when considering other violent situations not so close to home, are active, concerned, and caring, seem unable to act on this issue. Offers to conduct workshops for Elders and Overseers in my meeting, so that they would feel more equipped to assist anyone who came to them for help, were not taken up. “We’ll just refer them on to you” was the response. It seems impossible for Friends to believe that there are indeed women in our meetings who are being subjected to violence in its many forms.

I thank the Friend who wrote this article, and who speaks so very clearly of a firsthand experience that unfortunately is not unique in our Religious Society. Such personal experience cannot be dismissed.

Toppy Evans
Glen Osmond, South Australia

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Responses to four articles

It was a joy to receive your January issue and see not one but four articles on topics related to my current spiritual growth!

“For Where your Treasure Is, There Will Your Heart Be Also” challenges us liberal Friends to put our money where we are called and have faith in the result. As someone who supported a Baltimore Yearly Meeting released Friend who worked with a Navajo chapter in New Mexico, I experienced these same financial tensions within our yearly meeting. I too am happy to report that generosity and faith won the day as we were able to support our released Friend through seven long years with individual donations!

“See No Evil” helped me to build on my growing understanding that naming something “evil” does not help to decrease it but may even create tensions or fights that make overcoming it more difficult. What is important is not to ignore the horribly
The tendency to call something evil occurs when we are so uncomfortable with it that we feel alien to it and powerless to respond; yet, as the author points out, the very naming of it as “evil” decreases our options for responding! We could have responded to 9/11 as a horrific crime that required more criminal investigative resources and new educational and economic resources throughout the Middle East. Instead, calling it an “evil” act made war a more likely response.

“Making Peace, Telling Truth” gave me insights about the difficulties involved in telling the truth accurately and sincerely as we see it while taking into account different perspectives and power influences. The attitude “this is my truth, that is your truth” may be expressed in a positive way to honor our diversity but it is so true (as both the author and I see it) that if the discussion goes no further, and the other person has views we think will lead to more injustice and violence, we have not gotten very far in working together to make the world more just and peaceful. As Friends we must listen but we must also tell the truth as we see it, in appropriate ways and times, trying to persuade others that “peace is the way” because “each person has that of God within” and because “violence begets violence”; to be effective we must do this not just by preaching but by sharing our personal experiences that have affirmed this truth to us. I found that right after 9/11, when people were still in pain, was not an appropriate time to do this sharing.

However, now, with the widely questioned war and occupation of Iraq and our government’s affirmation of its preemptive war policy, is a good time to begin this dialogue with friends who may see a different truth.

“With Malice Towards None, Charity Towards All” emphasizes an important part of our Testimony on Equality, that “our love must extend not only to the weak but also to the powerful.” I am definitely challenged in a healthy way to think of our president as a victim of circumstances he did not choose. However, I must express a different view from the author’s when she says, “I am not confident that the practice of nonviolence will make us or the world any safer.” My experience is that that we can
find love and help create peace by joining with other people who believe in nonviolence, or who want to try a different tactic than war, and we can be confident that the practice of nonviolence will make us and the world safer because in truth it already has.

Most everyone agrees that Martin Luther King Jr.'s nonviolent leadership made this country safer for African Americans and for all people in the United States. There are many other examples where the practice of nonviolence, as either a resistance movement, as an educational skills training program, or as a healing truth and reconciliation opportunity, have made a difference. They made a difference in India under Mohandas Gandhi, they have made a difference in South Africa under Nelson Mandela, they have made a difference in ousting some dictators (Augusto Pinochet and Ferdinand Marcos), and they have made a difference in preventing forced occupations (Denmark under Nazi Germany). Many of these stories are told in the PBS film *A Force More Powerful*.

Nonviolent practices are also making a difference today in conflict resolution programs and Alternatives to Violence Project programs in schools and prisons all over this country and the world. The African Great Lakes Initiative, a successful program that is part of Baltimore Yearly Meeting’s Friends Peace Teams, includes an Alternatives to Violence Project training program, cooperative rebuilding programs, and a reconciliation trauma healing program, which taken together are helping to transform East Africa. I encourage the author and others to learn more about these programs and the difference they are making in bringing peace to our world.

Jane Telfair Stowe
Silver Spring, Md.

**Profit, exploitation, and return for service**

I must register my strong disagreement with the tenor of the letter "Not at the Expense of Friends" (FJ Jan.).

O. J. Pemberton contends that Friends should not exploit other Friends for profit, or make profit from labor of others without giving a just return. I fully agree with him that we should not take advantage of other Friends in such a way. However, he goes on to say, "It can be done in the worldwide market" and to this I most strongly protest. If, as we Quakers hold, there is that of God in all persons, we will recognize that they too...
must provide for families and households. We must not exploit them but give them the same consideration that we feel obliged to render to Friends. Furthermore, surely if a Friend is in business to support his family and household, we would be wrong to expect him to forgo his reasonable return for service he renders to another Friend.

As one who has spent years in various countries of the so-called "Third World," I join with them in resenting the way in which the "First World" sees fit to take advantage of their need and deny them a just return for their goods and labor.

Edwin Abbott
Oro Station, Ont.

Message from a non-Friend
Although I am not a Quaker, I value FRIENDS JOURNAL for its moral conscience. I appreciate that you retain black and white pages and that you include personal witness, history, and living Milestones.

Lee M. Schmidts
Sitka, Alaska

Appreciation
I want to tell you how much FRIENDS JOURNAL means to me. I have been a faithful reader for many years. I read every issue from cover to cover and have never been disappointed by anything I read. The articles are inspirational and help me grow in my efforts to live a faithful life. Thank you to the whole staff at FRIENDS JOURNAL.

Cathy Amanti
Tucson, Ariz.

Whose hoots
Because few of Haverford College’s faculty and student body are Friends, they may have missed the fun of Signe Wilkinson’s Rufus Jones lecture, “An Iconoclastic View of Quaker Outreach” (FJ Mar.). Fortunately, her words have now appeared in a more appropriate forum, FRIENDS JOURNAL, so that we supposedly sober-sided Quakers can enjoy one hoot after another.

Greg Barnes
Opportunities

Quaker House Ann Arbor has periodic openings in a six-person intentional community based on Friends principles. (734) 781-7435, <quakerhouse@umich.edu>, <www.ic.org>.

To consider mountain view retirement property, near a Friends meeting, visit vacationfriends.com or write Roy Joe and Ruth Stuckey, 1182 Homebend Road, Sabina, OH 45676.

Friends Center with unprogrammed Christian orientation, Bernsville, Ohio, offers quiet welcoming space for personal retreats with optional spiritual consultation. Visits also welcomed: April 23-25 The Good News of Isaiah with James Heaton; May 7-9 Christ in the Meeting with John Punshon. Write Bill Taber, 19051 Union Road, Bernsville, OH 44711 or call 740 425-1248 or e-mail <bllfran@zippytech.com>.

Mexico Study/Travel: Join EPIC Tours (formerly Hinshaw Tours) on a learning adventure in Mexico, including visits with Quakers and Mennonites. Discover the richness of Mexican culture and see alternative models of development, October 10-30, or October 16-31. For information and a brochure contact EPIC Tours at (303) 747-2059; e-mail: <spic@spic.net>.

Selected Conferences at Pendle Hill April 4-9: Earth-Friendly Landscaping, with Marty Kroner and Linda Viger. April 18-23: Mysticism and the Way of Perfection, with Carol Spencer and Marge Abbott. April 30-June 1: LEASE and Mary Pennington, with Rosemary Moore.


Costa Rica Study Tours: Visit the Quaker community in Monteverde. For information and a brochure contact Sarah Stuckey: 011 (506) 654-6354; write: Apdo. 46-5655, Monte­ verselle, Costa Rica; www.qcrescloudy.costa.org; or call the USA (520) 364-8804.

Quaker Writers and Artists! Quakers used to shun the arts—but no more! Join the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts; get our exciting, information-packed newsletter at <quakers&shakers>. Keep up with other artists around the country; and help create a new chapter in Quaker history. Membership: $24/y.


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Positions Vacant Woolman Hill Conference Center seeks a Program Director to develop, market, and manage 9–12 weekend retreats centered in Quaker values. A Program Committee collaborates in selecting topics and facilitators. Position includes general office administration and some facilities management. Experience with Quaker processes helpful. Full time, 20 hours/week, starting June/July. Contact Executive Director Mark Fraser, Woolman Hill, 107 Kenyon Road, Deerfield, MA 01342; (413) 774-3451. <www.woolmanhill.org>.

Friends Camp located in South China, Maine, seeks counselors with skills in pottery, photography, crafts, music, sailing, speech, art, and computer maintenance. Work weekends. All staff are also needed. A nurse, physician assistant or EMT is of major importance to us. Maine state licensing will be required. Apply to Director, Friends Camp, 729 Lovewell Drive, South China, ME 04358. Tel: (207) 445-2381. <director@friendscamp.org, > <www.friendscamp.org>.

Religious Society of Friends (Quakers)

Ireland Yearly Meeting and Britain Yearly Meeting Working for Peace in Northern Ireland (Re-advertisement)

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

The Quaker House Belfast project seeks to empower people to move from violence, intransigence, and indifference to understanding, trust in shared ownership of new institutions. The role of the Quaker House Representatives will be to develop and maintain trust between people of all points of view and all faiths and creeds in Northern Ireland, in order to promote understanding and foster community relations. The new Representatives will be coming into a fluid situation. This will allow scope for new initiatives and ideas, so flexibility and adaptability is important. An appreciation of the complexities of the past and current situation in Northern Ireland and British/Irish relations is an essential knowledge that will be developed on the job. Candidates should have experience of conflict resolution and reconciliation work. They should have good people and organizational skills, and social skills.

For further details please contact Rosemary Fulton, 54 Downview Park West, Belfast BT15 5HP or e-mail: <rosemary.fulton@ntlworld.com>. Informal enquirers may be made to the outgoing Quaker Representative in Belfast, Mark Chapman, <mark.chapman@bonbon.net>.

Closing date for completed applications: Friday, 30 April 2004

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Sidewalls Friends School, a coeducational Quaker day school, seeks experienced teachers for the following positions:

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Sidewalls Friends School offers competitive compensation and opportunities for faculty activities such as advising, coaching, and committee work. Review of applications will be ongoing until positions are filled. Send resume, letter of application, and contact information for three references to: Director of Human Resources, Sidewalls Friends School, 3825 Wisconsin Avenue, NW, Washington, DC 20016; <www.sidewalls.org>, <HR@sidewalls.edu>. Telephone: (202) 537-8148. Fax: (202) 537-2416. E.O.E.

Sidewalls Friends School

Director of College Counseling

Sidewalls Friends School, a co-educational Quaker day school, seeks a director of college counseling professional to serve as its Director of College Counseling beginning July 1, 2004. Responsibilities include maintaining and extending the school’s relationships with universities across the United States; intensive, direct contact with parents, faculty and students; and oversight of college counseling services provided through knowledge of admissions and financial aid procedures and practices will be expected. The successful candidate should have substantial experience counseling in a highly selective independent school or as an admissions officer in a college or university. Excellent communications skills and the ability to work well with students, as is a willingness to participate in the full life of the School, including advising, coaching, teaching, or some combination. The Director of College Counseling is an upper-level administrator reporting directly to the Principal. Competitive salary and benefits. Interested candidates should send a current résumé, references, and a cover letter to the HR Dept. at: Sidewalls Friends School, 3825 Wisconsin Avenue, NW, Washington, DC 20016. Telephone: (202) 537-8148. Fax: (202) 537-2416. E.O.E.

Sidewalls Friends School

Multiple Openings

Sidewalls Friends School is seeking teachers for the following positions for the 2004–2005 academic year. Updated information and available positions are found in the 2003-2004 FGC. Same text.

Summer Youth Camp Leaders (4): Facilitate and help run weekly summer Quaker high school program. Service projects, field trips, discussions, games, Quaker values and history. July 9–14, 2004, plus planning day in May.

Summer Youth Co-Coordinator: Plan and co-lead 7–week young adult service/commit­ multicultural enrichment program, weeklong high school summer program. April–August (negotiable). Room, board, and salary provided.

Contact: Julian O’Reilly: (610) 596-4057 (800) 742-3150, ext. 125; <julian@pendlehill.org>.

Interns: 9–12 month commitment. Assist with hospitality and seminar planning at William Penn House. Room and board with small stipend. Applications from gays, lesbians, and people of color especially desired from the Capital, Supreme Court, and near the Smithsonian Museums. 513 East Capitol Street, Washington, DC 20003. (202) 543-5550; (202) 543-3814; <www.epmenhouse.org>.

Real Estate

Twelve-acre organic orchard for lease. Blueberries and many other berries, nuts, unusual fruits and nuts. Partially irrigated. 2003 income $1,000.00. Local Meeting, H. Black, 170 Middlet Springs, Cookeville, TN 38501. E-mail: <hblacks@twlakes.net>.

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

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Paris: Near Bastille Opera House. Luminous, completely renovated one-bedroom on 6th floor of elevator building. New appliances and furnishings, antiques, oriental rugs, and art. Available, please inquire. Large renovated four rooms with food stops, bakeries, wine merchants, open-air markets, and outdoor cafes. Metropolis 5659K. <davec@thework.org>, (718) 237-0153.

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Cuevas, Mexico: Experience the charm of our family-run hostel in the heart of Cuevas, Mexico. The hostel offers a shared kitchen, a large communal area, and a peaceful garden. Guests can choose from a variety of accommodations to suit their needs, including private rooms and dormitory-style rooms. The hostel is conveniently located near the main plaza and the beach, making it an ideal base for exploring the area.

Quaker Friends School, Ohio: Known for its commitment to Quaker values, Quaker Friends School offers a unique educational experience. The school's curriculum is designed to foster critical thinking, creativity, and social justice. Students are encouraged to explore their interests and passions, and the school provides a variety of extracurricular activities to support their development. The school is located in a serene natural setting, allowing for a peaceful learning environment.

Friends House, PA: Our Quaker-sponsored retirement community offers a peaceful and active lifestyle for those looking to enjoy their retirement in a supportive community. The community offers a range of amenities, including a fitness center, library, and community events. Friends House is located in the heart of Quaker country, providing easy access to nearby attractions.

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ATLANTIC CITY AREA—Bill’s study 9:30 a.m., worship 11 a.m. All welcome. Call: (609) 347-2507 or www.acquakers.org for calendar. 431 A S. Pitney Rd., Galloway Township. (Near intersection of Pitney and Jersey Ledge.)

BARNEGAT—Worship 10 a.m., 614 East Ave. Visitors welcome. (609) 698-2058.

CINNAMINSON—Westfield Friends Meeting, rte. 130 at Riverton-Moorhead Rd. Meeting for worship 11 a.m., First-day school 10 a.m.

CROSSWICKS—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m., 744-8320. Visitors welcome. (856) 235-1561.

PLAINFIELD—Meeting for worship 10 a.m., 357-7586. Phone: (908) 721-7575.


SANTA FE—Meeting for worship, Sundays 9 and 11 a.m. Olive Rush Studio, 830 Canyon Rd. Phone: 983-7241.

SILVER CITY AREA—Gila Friends Meeting. 10 a.m. Call: (505) 259-3655, or 538-2330 for location. SOORCO—Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m.

NEW YORK

ALBANY—Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. 727 Madison Ave. Phone: 436-8912.


ANAWALK—Worship 10:30 a.m., Quaker Church Rd., N. of Rte. 23, Basking Ridge, (905) 923-1261.

BROOKLYN—Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. (childcare provided), 110 Scharmer St. For information call: (718) 643-5202. Mailing address: Box 730, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

BUFFALO—Worship 10:30 a.m. 72 N. Parade near Scaic't Muster. (716) 892-4654 for further information.

CANTON—First-day school 10:30 a.m., 11 a.m. Rte. 35 at Mountain Circle.

MEDFORD—Worship 10 a.m. First-day school 9:45 a.m. Union St. Meetinghouse. Call (609) 953-8914 for info.

MILLBROOK—Meeting for worship 11 a.m., First-day school 10 a.m. 1800 S. Main St. 1/4 mile South of NY Rte. 9. Visiters welcome.

MONTECLAIR—Meeting and First-day school 11 a.m., except July and Aug. 10 a.m. Park St. and Gordonhurst Av. Phone: (973) 229-2229. Visiters welcome.

MOORESTOWN—118 E. Main St. For meeting information call (609) 236-1581.

MOUNT HOLLY—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. High and Grange St. Visitors welcome. Call: (609) 281-7575.

MULLICA HILL—Main St., Sept.—May First-day school 9:45 a.m., meeting for worship 11 a.m. Meeting only, June, July, and Aug., 10 a.m.

NEW BRUNSWICK—Meeting and First-day school 10:30 a.m. Meeting only July and Aug., 9:30 a.m. 119 Nichol Av. at Hail St. (732) 486-8899.

NEWTON—Meeting for Worship 10 a.m. Sundays, Haddon Av. and Coop St., Camden. Frank Goodfellow-Jones (609) 267-1265. Visiters welcome.

PLAINFIELD—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. 225 Watchung Ave. E. at Third St. (908) 757-5796.

PRINCETON—Worship 9 and 11 a.m. First-day school 11 a.m. Oct.—May. 470 Quaker Rd. near Mercer St. (609) 733-7142.

QUAKERTOWN—Worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. Box 502, Quakertown 18978. (609) 782-0953.

RANCOCAS—Worship 11 a.m., First-day school 10 a.m. 522 N. Frederick St., 1/4 mile South on Rte. 130. Call: (609) 879-3065.

SCARSVILLE—Meeting for First-day school 10 a.m. 110 Raleigh Rd. Phone: 726-2677. Visiters welcome.

SEAVILLE—Meeting and First-day school 8:30 a.m. 1500 McCormick Rd., Keyport, N. J. For info call: (732) 271-4672. Our website is www.nyym.org/lignm.

SOMERSET/MORRIS COUNTIES—Somerset County Quakers. 134 E. Main St., Morristown, N. J. 07960. Meetings are held at the Parish House, 845 Main St., Morristown, N. J. (901) 828-7003.

STATE ISLAND—Meeting for worship every Third Sunday at 3:30 p.m. 30-32 Beach St., Staten Island, NY. (718) 374-2166.

SYRACUSE—Worship 10 a.m. 621 Eucald Ave. (315) 471-1106.

WESTBURY (L.I.)—Contact us: 45 Queensbridge (North Blvd.) (516) 371-2177. Our website is www.nyym.org/lignm.

WILMINGTON—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 11 a.m., 202 N. 3rd St., Wilmington, N. C. (919) 721-2905. Visiters welcome.

WILMINGTON—Worship 10 a.m. First-day school 9 a.m. 1004 W. 3rd St., Wilmington, N. C. (919) 721-2905. Visiters welcome.

WILMINGTON—Worship 11 a.m. Discussion 10 a.m. 202 N. 3rd St., Wilmington, N. C. (919) 721-2905. Visiters welcome.

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North Dakota

BISMARCK-Faith and Practice, 4 a.m., and meeting for worship 9:15 a.m. Sundays, UUA Brdg., 818 E. Diverse Ave. Contact Them Kedahlj at (701) 238-0988.

FARGO-Programmed meeting, 10:30 a.m. Sundays. Call for current location. (701) 237-0722.

Ohio

AKRON-Programmed worship, 10:30 a.m. Discussion, 9:30 a.m. 216 Myrtle Place, Akron, OH 44303-374-2521.

ATLHENS-10 a.m., 22 Birge, Chauncey (740) 797-4637.

BOWLING GREEN-Broadmead Friends Meeting FCC. Unprogrammed worship groups meet at:

BLUFFTON-Sally Weaver Sommer, clerk, (419) 356-5411.

FINDLAY-Joe Davis, (419) 422-7668.

SIDNEY-(937) 497-7326, 492-4336.

TOLEDO-Hilma Buckman, (419) 867-7709.

CINCINNATI-Eastern Hills Friends Meeting, 1761 Nagel Road. Sunday 9 a.m., (513) 474-8970.

CINCINNATI-Community Meeting (United FGC and FLPC), 3960 Winning Way, 45229. Worship from 6:00 a.m. to 11:00 p.m. Call (513) 698-9292. Atchison, PA 19363. (610) 932-8572.

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The Resident Study Program

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

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

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

Who Comes to Pendle Hill—and Why?

“We came across a Pendle Hill information booth at a ‘Call to Action’ conference in Milwaukee. Sue was finishing her Masters Degree in Public Service at Marquette University, and Kevin was working as a Hall Minister and a Social Justice Coordinator. For years we had put a lot of energy into education and activism and felt we needed to bring our contemplative lives back into balance with our external work. At Pendle Hill our focus has been on the youth of the nearby city of Chester. We have found this work rewarding, and we have also enjoyed having the time to contemplate our calling and the space to rediscover our creative gifts.”


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

2004–2005 Term Dates

Autumn: September 24–December 11, 2004
Winter: January 7–March 19, 2005
Spring: April 1–June 11, 2005

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