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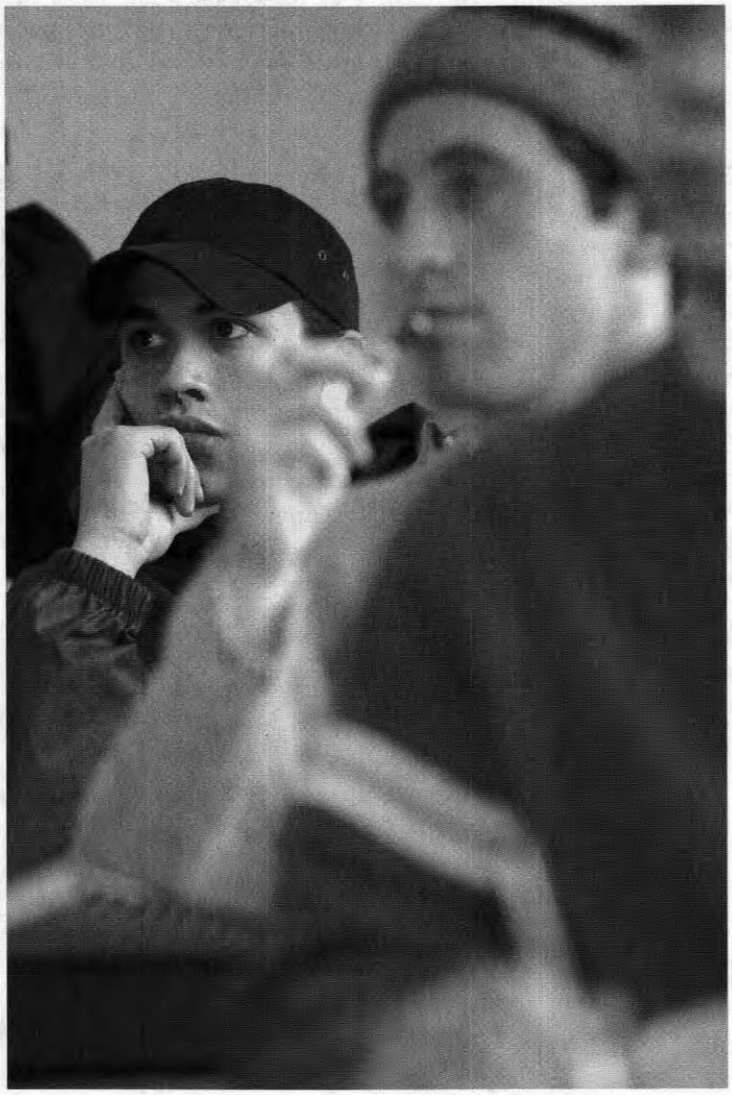
FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker Thought and Life Today

Learning Peace in a Time of War: A Classroom Perspective



EXPLORING AND DISCOVERING A FRIENDS SCHOOL MEETING

A QUAKER RESPONSE TO ECONOMIC GLOBALIZATION

An independent magazine serving the Religious Society of Friends

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Among Friends

The Local Side of Globalization

I've traveled quite a bit this spring—to Idaho, Wyoming, North Carolina, New York, passing through Georgia, Utah, and Nevada. In my travels, I've noticed a remarkable number of restaurants, stores, and travel industry businesses that are ubiquitous—the same from East to West to South, with completely predictable offerings of food or merchandise, or pleasant enough cookie-cutter lodging. There's an upside and a downside to all of this. The upside is that one may find what one is looking for without much fuss. I recently joined a nationally franchised women's gym and was able to work out in various locations along my route as I traveled in North Carolina. I found myself hungry for a particular type of food—and there was the restaurant I sought, just looming into sight. The downside is much more insidious. When those big chains arrive—especially large retail establishments—a good many local businesses go under, and we lose local color along with needed jobs. What happens to our culture when local businesses, where they know you by name and have some sense of who you are, are closed down by big chains, where interactions with staff mostly seem impersonal? Many in my neighborhood resisted the redevelopment of a nearby shopping center because the developers proposed to make a nationwide pharmacy the anchor store in a shopping area that currently consists of owner-run businesses. Our nearby local pharmacy, one of the few stores I can still go where the owner/pharmacist knows who I am and greets me personally, likely would have been forced to close. Bigger is not always better, and I'm glad I still can place a call to my local pharmacist and request to have my prescriptions delivered to my home on days when I'm way too busy to get to his store before closing.

These ruminations were prompted by David Morse's "A Quaker Response to Economic Globalization" (p. 6). After learning about the militarization of the police force that confronted essentially nonviolent protestors at the North American Free Trade Agreement demonstrations in Miami last November, I invited David Morse to write something for us about this ominous trend. He responded with a very thoughtful and wider-ranging piece on the effects of globalization. One of his first sentences sets the tone: "The challenges arising from economic globalization are surely among the greatest we face together as Friends." I encourage you to read it.

We have had an additional staff change here at the JOURNAL. After 21 months of outstanding work with our circulation and marketing systems and procedures, Larry Moore is now serving as director of marketing for *Episcopal Life.* We miss him, but heartily wish him well. I'm pleased to announce that Anita Gutierrez is our new circulation and marketing manager. A native Californian, Anita worked as marketing director for the Center for Third World Organizing. Actively involved in the founding of the Independent Press Association, Anita directed all technical assistance programs for the IPA and was responsible for event planning and public relations of the IPA's New York office. In her most recent position as associate publisher with *City Limits,* an urban affairs magazine in New York City, Anita handled marketing, advertising, and development tasks. She has told me that she is passionate about peace and social justice work. We are delighted to have her join us!

Susan Corson-Finnerty

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Features

Poetry

Front cover photo courtesy of Johnson State College

Departments

Bonnie Acker

"Why Quakers Should Learn to Apologize" (by Dee Birch Cameron, *FJ* Feb. 2003) is a fine article. As a child from whom apologies were not accepted because ipso facto they were meaningless, writings on apology immediately catch my attention.

The paragraph on excuses leaves me puzzled. Perhaps I've misunderstood it. It appears to say that excuses are a positive accompaniment to apologies. My interpretation of that is that the excuse diverts attention from and thereby diminishes the significance of the "I'm sorry."

The injured party is looking for the apology. I don't think that the excuse makes that person feel more comfortable, but rather, less comfortable. The injured party wants to hear that no matter what the excuse, the person committing the offense is truly sorry. The ability to convey this has a powerful impact on the injured party and says that no matter what the reason for what happened, I, the apologizer, respect your feelings.

Perhaps at another time, when emotions have settled, there would be an opportunity for the apologizer to explain what had happened. This might also give the apologizer an opportunity to present what his or her thinking has been since the event and whatever steps have been taken to minimize the likelihood of a repeat performance. All of this depends largely on the relationship between the apologizer and the offended.

Culture and circumstance might tend to make the follow-up unattainable. I do think in more instances than not, though, the follow-up is attainable.

Ruth Pennoyer
West Orange, N.J.

Scott Simon's candor

I wanted to write and tell you how much I've appreciated the discussion regarding Scott Simon's various writings in FRIENDS JOURNAL. I value his thoughts and concerns, and respect greatly his candor, particularly in light of regrettable attacks on him. In similar fashion, I find the vast majority of responses to his letters as being gracious and thoughtful. It is profoundly sad that there are the few who are so committed to their views that they cannot respect those expressed by others. More sadly, they present themselves in the most uncharitable and unquakerly light possible.

Having said this, I suggest that it would be a great service to your readers to offer a Quakers to address our values in a meaningful way.

I look forward to the arrival each month of the then current issue. Keep up the good and valuable work!

Scudder G. Stevens
Kennett Square, Pa.

Whose responsibility?

I, too, wish to comment regarding Scott Simon's Forum letter ("Please imagine other faces, too," Nov. 2003). Yes, everyone feels saddened seeing the skeletons being exhumed from the mass graves of Iraq. Yes, Saddam Hussein murdered thousands. But this must be put into context. The United States bears a lot of responsibility for those mass graves, in that with the end of the war, our generals allowed Saddam to keep his *armed* helicopter gunships. President George H. W. Bush called for the people of Iraq to rise up and overthrow Saddam. These mass graves are probably the result of our policy. Maybe my assumption is wrong, but I believe we would not have had the mass graves if the aforementioned circumstances had not occurred.

Sandra Beerends
Willis Wharf, Va.

Evil is not popular

I am writing in response to the article, "See No Evil," by Donna Glee Williams (*FJ* Jan). I feel M. Scott Peck's book, *People of the Lie*, was misrepresented. Its subtitle is *The Hope for Healing Human Evil.* His entire theory is that evil is an emotional illness that can be *healed.* Hence, when he describes someone as being evil, he is not dismissing them, he is merely *diagnosing* them.

Also, I think Donna Glee Williams referred to this book as "popular." Although it was on the bestseller list, I suspect that this was because of M. Scott Peck's reputation based on his previous book, *The Road Less Traveled.* I heard him once say during an interview that when he went on speaking engagements, no one ever wanted to discuss *People of the Lie.* Evil is not a popular subject.

Personally, I think this is a very thought-provoking book. It is the only one of M. Scott Peck's books that I own, and it is on my "favorites" bookshelf.

Marian Rhys
Portland, Oreg.

Anna Poplawska's article in the January issue ("With Malice toward None, Charity toward All") is thought-provoking, but I question her conclusion that President George W. Bush "deserves [our] compassion and forgiveness" for his decision to go to war in Iraq. That policy did not adversely affect me or most other Quakers. Thus he did nothing for which I owe him forgiveness; that is the prerogative of the persons whom he is sending to Iraq and of their families.

She also perceives an "asymmetry in how Quakers treat the differing sides of a conflict." She believes that we ought to be neutral in facing the participants, as she says Quakers traditionally have been. I hope such neutrality need not always apply to a matter in dispute. Historically, that hasn't been the case.

Quakers may have been neutral in the American Revolution, but definitely were not so in the Civil War or World War II. "Friend" Janney of Lincoln Meeting in Loudoun County, Virginia, advised President Abraham Lincoln (whom he addressed Quaker-like as Abram) that the primary objective of the Civil War should be the abolition of slavery, not solely the preservation of the Union as Lincoln believed.

My own convictions about neutrality relate to World War II. I was an America-Firster following Charles Lindbergh in 1941 as opposed to U.S. support of the Allies. I was deferred from the draft because my job was classified (incorrectly) as essential to the war effort. I continued to be against the war until its end in August 1945, but of course neither I nor my acquaintances in the Civilian Conservation Corps were neutral about who we wanted to win.

John P. Alcock
Marshall, Va.

Carrying the love of God

I am an active member and regular attender of Northside Meeting in Chicago, Illinois. Since, to the best of my recollection, I am the only person to give vocal ministry using my experiences of death row visitation, I assume that I am the woman Anna Poplawska refers to in her article "With Malice toward None, Charity toward All" (*FJ* Jan.) as giving frequent messages "regarding prisoners and death row inmates . . . about what wonderful people they are when you get to know them, how moving their letters are, and how important it is for us to offer them forgiveness." This seems to

me to be a distortion of the messages I have given and I think it is important to convey the message actually given but not apparently heard by Anna.

I have given several messages over the last few years, using different experiences in my life but all giving essentially the same message: I have been called to speak about the awesome experience of being called, submitting myself to the call, and being faithful to the work that God has written on my heart for me to do and to attest to the incredible gifts that have ensued from my faithfulness, i.e., having my heart filled with peace, joy, gratitude, love, and compassion. A few of these messages have used my experience of visiting death row as the vehicle. I have also spoken of my experiences with my family of origin, my call to study art, and serendipitous experiences from my life to give this message.

In one message I spoke quite openly of my crisis of faith just before my first visit to death row: I was filled with self-doubt about my call to do this work, thinking that I had misheard the call and overestimated my ability to actually find that of God in these men, particularly a serial child molester/murderer I had learned I had been assigned to visit. "Who do you think you are, Sophie de la Mar?" I said to myself. I spoke about the grace of God then filling me with readiness to go ahead with this visit—how the people of my meeting, others in attendance at an Illinois Yearly Meeting committee, and other volunteers who would be visiting with me ministered to me until the Spirit filled me and walked with me into that unit, shining Light to help me find and answer that of God in the men I visited. I testified to my wonder and awe at finding those places in these men where God dwelled and in being an instrument used by the Spirit to do such a thing (something I could never have done on my own). I shared the incredible fullness my heart felt in carrying the love of God to these men. It seemed miraculous to me!

But never did I talk about forgiving these men. How could I? I was not the injured party. It was not my place to forgive. I have, however, also spoken of the incredible inspiration of the men and women who belong to Murder Victim's Families for Reconciliation, people who *have* done the hard work of forgiving men like these. I admire these people so much and find hope for the world in their ability to find their way past anger and wanting revenge to a place of forgiveness and reconciliation.

My message is about the wonderful gifts that come from listening carefully to what God calls you to and being faithful to that calling.

Sophie de la Mar
Chicago, Ill.

A sacred pilgrimage

How well Valerie Brown has put it: "Travel as Sacred Journey" (*FJ* Feb.). It is a thought-provoking article that brings new meaning to the concept of Quakers as "seekers."

I took the pilgrimage walk across Spain to Santiago de Compostela last year and found the outdoor meditation meaningful. My motive was to mark a transition in my life, in a very special, personal, and quiet way. As a Quaker, I could appreciate "the sacred" in the daily grinding walk where I touched God in thought, prayer, song, and nature. Thanks, Valerie, for putting it all in perspective.

Nancy K. Webster
Naples, Fla.

On dual membership

It was striking to me that two of the authors of articles in the February issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL are in direct conflict with the policies of their yearly meetings on the issue of dual membership (in a Quaker meeting and another religious body).

Valerie Brown is described as "a member of Solebury (Pa.) Meeting, [who] was ordained as a lay member of the Tiêp Hiên Order." Chris Parker "is a member of Beacon Hill (Mass.) Meeting and pastor of Vernon Union Church, an interdenominational church in Vernon, Vt."

Both Philadelphia and New England Yearly Meetings forbid, or strongly discourage, such dual affiliation. The 1997 revised edition of *Faith and Practice* of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting states: "*Requests for dual membership:* Membership is a major commitment to participate in a particular community of Friends, and full participation in two religious bodies at once is usually impractical. Except in unusual circumstances, a member of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting belongs to a particular monthly meeting and should not hold membership in any other religious body, including another monthly meeting."

The current (1985) *Faith and Practice* of New England Yearly Meeting is even more harsh. It stares (p. 239): "*Joining Other Bodies:* If a member in good standing wishes to unite with some other religious denomination, the monthly meeting may grant a letter of recommendation . . . , whereupon membership with Friends shall cease. Any member who unites with another denomination without having requested a letter of recommendation from the monthly meeting shall be dropped from the rolls and informed of this action."

Because my yearly meeting (New England) is in the process of revision of its *Faith and Practice* (F&P), I undertook a survey of variation in policies on dual membership. I first searched for F&P statements available on the World Wide Web for all North American yearly meetings, as well as several others. If the F&P was not on the Web, I sent a request to the yearly meeting. I was able to obtain the policies of 29 North American yearly meetings (only a handful were unavailable), as well as those of Britain, Australia, Netherlands, and New Zealand. The survey is available from me at <david.rush@tufts.edu>.

The conclusions were: 1) There is no consistent policy on dual membership across the surveyed yearly meetings. 2) There is a consistent, but not complete, difference between the policies of the yearly meetings from the more liberal tradition, and those associated with Friends United Meeting or from the Evangelical (but *not* Conservative) traditions, in which the former are more often silent, or even welcoming, and the latter are typically more restrictive, or forbidding. 3) The current policies of New England Yearly Meeting are among the most restrictive.

What is going on here? It appears that the monthly meetings of Friends Brown and Parker are (to my mind, quite properly) following the Elders at Balby, who told us that "the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." What is somewhat distressing is that the harsh, negative prohibitions are being retained in the written guides of several yearly meetings while not being practiced. In other words, we are enmeshed at minimum in inconsistency and uncertainry in the application of principle, and at worst, in hypocrisy—it's OK for some, but not for (less favored) others. Would it not be more Quakerly to state criteria for membership in a positive way—"The member is expected to . . . (fill in the blanks)"—and trust the judgment of the monthly meeting and the applicant to discern if membership is the right path?

David Rush
Cambridge, Mass

Continued on p. 47

A Quaker Response to Economic Globalization

by David Morse

In its intensity, saturation, velocity, and scale, today's global economy amounts to an explosion.

How do we bring our faith to bear on issues of global trade?

The question is crucial. The challenges arising from economic globalization are surely among the greatest we face together as Friends.

The Dimensions of Globalization

Economic globalization—once the rarified province of trade ministers and transnational corporations—is now part of our individual lives, whether we like it or not. Every time we pick up a newspaper or shop for food or clothing, we are confronted with issues that link us inextricably to a world whose human traffic is growing increasingly complex and whose issues are increasingly interconnected.

Some ask, "Hasn't global trade long been part of human affairs?"

Certainly, far-flung trade routes have existed for millennia. The 13th-century spice and silk trader brought Chinese innovations to Italy, helping to spark the Renaissance. And one of the profoundest dislocations in human history was produced by the international slave trade.

Bnt what distinguishes today's globalized economy—which has really only been around since the 1990s, engineered largely by the so-called "neoliberal" principles fostered by the Bretton Woods-inspired organizations, the World Trade Organization (WTO), World Bank, and International Monetary Fund (IMF)—is first of all the order of magnitude. For the past decade, the movement of goods has been growing exponentially. Snowblowers assembled in Brazil, shrimp farmed in Thailand, wheat grown in the U.S. Midwest, are shipped across the globe—at huge and mostly unacknowledged cost.

Second is the quality of transformation: the flow of capital and jobs across national borders; the ubiquitous pressure on indigenous peoples everywhere to "modernize"; and the spread of large-scale U.S.-style capitalism, or "hypercapitalism," with its emphasis on growth and short-term profits at the expense of community and sustainability.

Third is the expansion of technologies such as genetic engineering that carry unprecedented threats both to the non-human environment and to the human community in all its diversity, threatening the survival of indigenous peoples.

In its intensity, saturation, velocity, and scale, today's global economy amounts to an explosion. Fueled by overpopulation and profits, a petroleum-based transportation network, and industrialized agricultural practices, this explosion is rocking the natural and the human world from Iowa to Bangladesh.

The explosion is overriding the capacity of nation-states or local governments to govern. Just as Wal-Mart lawyers are able to overwhelm local resistance in small towns in the United States, large corporations are able to set down low-wage, polluting factories pretty much wherever they wish in the developing world, usually under the rubric of providing jobs and with little attention to environmental and social costs. Similarly, giant agribusiness corporations like Cargill and Monsanto are able to squeeze local, small-scale farmers out of business. Other companies like Bechtel are able to seize control over water, long regarded as common property. Thus the very necessities of life are being taken over and commodified.

Scientist and activist Vandana Shiva sees it as a struggle between most of humanity and a handful of corporations. "During colonialism," she said in an interview published last February in the *Sun*, "the frontiers were other continents. Europeans came and took the land that belonged to the native communities in India and Africa. Now the frontiers are water, plant life, and life itself."

According to Vandana Shiva, who authored a book called *Biopiracy*, today's seizure of the commons is aided and abetted by the WTO, the IMF, and the World Bank. Her thesis was borne out as recently as last February when Monsanto received patents on the genetic sequence contained in the strain of wheat used for making chapati—the flat bread that has long been a staple of northern India. Under the WTO's Trade Related Aspects of Intellectual Property Rights (TRIPS) agreement, Indians might be forced to pay royalties to Monsanto for using that particular wheat, which generations of Indian farmers developed through selective breeding. This amounts to a seizure of a genetic and cultural commons. Vandana Shiva points out that TRIPS was virtually written by Monsanto.

She is not alone. At a recent gathering of trade ministers, heads of state have begun to utter the complaints voiced by demonstrators on the streets of Seattle four years ago. In January 2004, at the Summit of the Americas held in Monterrey, Mexico, the Bush administration tried to push its own agenda—the expansion of the North American Free Trade Area (NAFTA) to include all of Latin America, under the Free Trade Area of the Americas (FTAA). But our largest trading partners dared to speak out.

David Morse is a member of Storrs (Conn.) Meeting, a novelist, and author of pamphlets on John Woolman and the global economy published by Pendle Hill (#356) and by New England Yearly Meeting's Committee on Prejudice and Poverty. He can be reached at his website, <www.david-morse.com>.

"Every day the gap that separates the rich and poor in our continent grows bigger," Brazil's President Luiz Inacio Lula da Silva told delegates to the Summit. He called U.S. development policies "perverse" and "unjust." And Venezuelan President Hugo Chavez said that "the great destabilizer in the region is poverty and neoliberalism."

Why is the gap between rich and poor growing? In part because under the WTO, countries in the developing world cannot shield their infant industries with tariffs. Under today's WTO-enforced rules, South Korea and Singapore never would have been able to jump-start their industrial economies. The rules are written to favor the already industrialized nations.

Questions for Quakers

Faced with the inequities of biopiracy, commandeering of basic resources, and a growing gap between rich and poor, how can we respond as Quakers? Faced with the alphabet soup of trade agreements (WTO, IMF, NAFTA, FTAA, and TRIPS, to name a few), compounded by the velocity of change and the partiality of our own knowledge of distant consequences, and frustrated by the infusion of corporate agendas into our own government, how do we keep from feeling overwhelmed? And how, in the face of this complexity, do we retain the simplicity at the core of Quaker faith?

Obviously there are and will be many Quaker responses to these questions. And many Friends are working very hard to seek answers. Some Friends believe the WTO is necessary, that without such a venue for negotiating trade rules, powerful multinational corporations would exercise even more control over developing nations (see the Viewpoint by Brewster Grace, "A Better Understanding Is Needed of the WTO's Abilities and Limitations," *FJ* May 2000).

We must identify the seeds of violence that are scattered in the wake of U.S.-style hypercapitalism when it is forced on the world.

My intention here is more to raise questions than provide answers—questions that may serve as grist for the larger Quaker mill. I will also point to some tangible steps that Friends and others have taken that may serve as models for us all.

My personal journey began when, after listening to an E. F. Schumacher Society lecture by Jerry Mander in late 1999, I was led to travel to Seattle to witness the landmark protest against the WTO. In Seattle, I attended a series of educational forums and debates, sponsored by some 130 organizations involved in the protest that were ignored by the press. Afterwards I reported about all this in FRIENDS JOURNAL ("The Message of Seattle," March 2000). The violent police response to the overwhelmingly nonviolent protest raised another set of questions, as did the subsequent portrayal of the protest in the mass media. The media persisted in referring to the "Seattle riots." If anything, as three separate investigations later confirmed, it was the police who had rioted.

For me, these concerns took on new urgency two years later, with the terrorist attacks of 9/11. For a brief three weeks following the collapse of the World Trade Center towers, we began to hear the beginnings of a tentative but thoughtful national dialogue. People were asking: Why are we hated? What would prompt such a brutal attack? What can we do to reduce the tensions that arise from world trade?

The Bush administration had a simple answer, predicated on vengeance and the assumption that Evil could be excised from the world like a cancer, a stance readily endorsed by the religious right: U.S. citizens were blameless; other (non-Christian) nations were jealous of our "freedom." The Statue of Liberty might be the next target. Our brief period of thoughtful national introspection ended as soon as the bombs began falling on Afghanistan.

But the terrorists' choice of targets—the World Trade towers and the Pentagon—should haunt any thoughtful person.

Today it seems that the Quaker testimonies offer a particularly relevant basis for carrying forward the dialogue that was cut short by vengeance. What can we do to reduce the injustices that arise in the global economy?

If, following the Peace Testimony, Quakers not only "deny all outward wars and strife" but seek to remove the "occasion for war," then we must identify the seeds of violence that are scattered in the wake of U.S.-style hypercapitalism when it is forced on the world.

We cannot look to the mass media for support. Our national media are large corporations themselves. They are mostly oblivious to the violence implicit in the assumption that we can remake the world in our image. The French protest the incursion of McDonald's and are ridiculed in

Len Munnik, The Netherlands

our media as "elitists." Oil-seed and onion farmers in India commit suicide and are called "backwards" because they cannot compete with foreign cartels. Muslims railing against the bombardment of images from Hollywood and Madison Avenue are dismissed as "medieval." But the outrage is real; the suicides are real; the sense of blasphemy is real.

How do we stay informed when, as John Woolman said of slavery, much of this suffering is "done at a great distance and by other hands"? How do we picture the windowless carpet factories in Nepal, where young children work in bondage and sleep under their looms; the slave-worked chocolate plantations; the sweatshops where Nike shoes are produced? How do we relate to our own protest movement at home when nonviolent demonstrators are met by a militarized police response and kept far away from the objects of their protest, and when protestors are in danger of being identified as terrorists, under the USA Patriot Act? And how do we participate meaningfully in the struggle for social justice, which is now necessarily global?

Realizations

All this came together for me rather vividly in March 2003—I was visiting Cuba just as our government began bombing Iraq. The parallels between the two countries were inescapable. Most striking was the simple fact that ordinary Cubans and Iraqis were suffering under the yokes our government imposed, in the form of long-term trade embargoes aimed at producing "regime change." A decade of sanctions in Iraq; four decades in Cuba.

Differences should be noted. Despite Cuba's visible poverty—Havana's beautiful but crumbling buildings, its artfully maintained old cars, the rationing of beans and rice—its infrastructure was more or less intact, its water supply and sewage treatment facilities were operational, and its underequipped hospitals were available to all Cubans. There was nothing approaching the horrific casualties suffered by Iraqi children when cholera and other water-borne diseases claimed more lives than had the first Gulf War. Cuba's infant mortality rate is the lowest in Latin America—lower than Philadelphia's or Hartford's.

Four things struck me with special clarity:

First, our government, as a matter of bipartisan policy, had used economic isolation as a method of forcing "rogue" regimes into compliance with U.S. business interests: oil most obviously in the case of Iraq; agricultural markets and a host of consumer goods and other interests in the case of Cuba. This coldly calculated punishment amounts to a war on the poorest and most vulnerable members of these societies.

Second, this economic war is not too different in its effects from the draconian "austerity" measures demanded by the IMF and the World Bank when they come into a developing nation—Bolivia, for instance—and insist that it reduce inflation by tightening the money supply, that it privatize water companies, and that it force subsistence farmers to give up agricultural diversity in favor of cash crops grown for export. The motives may be less identifiably political, but the punishing effects of the neoliberal "fiscal discipline" fall once again on the poor.

Third, I noticed the connection between what was happening in the places I've described and what has happened under NAFTA— despite NAFTA's being pretty much the opposite of a trade embargo or an IMF-mandated austerity program. By eliminating tariffs on trade between Canada, the U.S., and Mexico, NAFTA was supposed to create a large free market that would facilitate trade and create jobs. So went the argument. The reality was that the market forces unleashed under NAFTA ravaged the poor.

My fourth realization has evolved slowly over the past year, as the tragedy in Iraq continues to unfold. It's simply this: Iraq represents the convergence of old-fashioned military imperialism and the new global hypercapitalism. These two forces are personified in Vice President Dick Cheney, former CEO of Halliburton. But they are latent in our nation's energy policy, which depends on seizing control of other nations' oil resources one way or another. This stark convergence of economic globalization and empiricism has not yet hit Cuba, but the Cubans are worried. Indeed, the people of Brazil and Venezuela and South Africa might be worried. At what point will any nation that doesn't knuckle under to U.S. economic interests be declared "rogue"?

Destructiveness of Hypercapitalism

As for NAFTA, why has it had the opposite impact from the ones advertised? Because, as many analysts have pointed out, "free" trade is by no means the same as "fair" trade. (Nor is it "free," as testified by the fact that the NAFTA agreement runs several hundred pages.) What our press tours as "free trade" is, in reality, an elaborate set of rules written by large-scale international corporations to give them a competitive advantage over small-scale local operations.

As soon as NAFTA was implemented, Mexico was suddenly inundated with cheap corn and milk from U.S. agribusiness—a short-term bonus for Mexican consumers, but it drove marginal farmers out of business on both sides of the border. NAFTA created low-paying assembly

Len Munnik, The Netherlands

jobs for Mexicans. But some 200,000 of those jobs have disappeared since 2001—mostly to China, where labor is paid one-fourth as much. Between 1994 and 2000, Mexican manufacturing workers saw their real wages decline by 21 percent. Meanwhile, last year a staggering $6.3 billion worth of Chinese goods found its way into Mexico, displacing Mexican goods.

Mexico is not alone in this dilemma. Jamaican dairy farmers cannot compete with imports from the Netherlands. U.S. sheep growers cannot compete with New Zealand growers. Mom-and-pop stores everywhere cannot compete with the efficiency of large corporations—especially when the new trade rules favor this "race to the bottom" and when artificially low petroleum prices subsidize the movement of ships and trucks across the planet.

Clearly, we need to examine as a society what is meant by such terms as "marginal" and "efficiency." Do they reflect the social costs and the environmental consequences? This is especially critical with respect to agriculture. Since the 1950s the U.S. Department of Agriculture has been telling farmers to "get big or get out." But today's huge farm operations are destroying thousands of tons of topsoil every year. If they achieve their "efficiency" by mining irreplaceable topsoil, if they sacrifice biodiversity, if they pollute watersheds and the gene pool, if they destroy "marginal" agrarian communities, then we are living in a fool's paradise of underpriced food that is as unsustainable as the fossil-fuel economy that drives it. Outbreaks of mad cow disease and widespread contamination by e-coli are the collateral damage of "efficient" feedlot beef factories that force cattle into cannibalism in order to hasten weight gain and maximize profits. The new avian flu threat is partly the result of similar treatment of poultry under runaway capitalism at a global scale. Industrial agriculture disrespects animals even more profoundly than it disrespects humans.

Finally, there is the more pervasive "Wal-Mart effect" of global hypercapitalism. If cutthroat, growth-oriented producers are constantly pressuring suppliers to lower their costs and squeezing workers all over the world to work for below-subsistence wages, then who is left to buy things? And what happens to businesses that treat their workers humanely and observe sound environmental practices? The latter are often deemed "marginal." What happens to "marginal" small farmers who know and love their land and who treat their animals with respect? What happens to the unscripted store clerk who takes the time to engage in conversation? Under the pressure of hypercapitalism, what happens to everyone's capacity for living mindfully?

What our press touts as "free trade" is, in reality, an elaborate set of rules written by large-scale international corporations to give them a competitive advantage over small-scale local operations.

Toward a Quaker Response

In Seattle I had a chance to talk briefly with the indefatigable Vandana Shiva. Knowing that I would be reporting to FRIENDS JOURNAL, I asked whether she had found allies among Quakers. She had, she said politely. But she suggested we all could do more. I think she understood the parochial intent behind my inquiry: I wanted to believe that Quakers were out there, somewhere, in the movement for global justice in 1999.

Four years, later, I see signs of hope. Quaker faith is, I believe, gifted with special relevance to our times. Ours is a living, revelatory faith. We believe that truth is continuously being revealed. Our engagement with these issues will test us, much as slavery tested us two centuries ago.

Quaker organizations are becoming engaged. American Friends Service Committee is beginning to incorporate globalization issues under its broad umbrella. The AFSC magazine *Peacework* increasingly serves as a flexible and reliable conduit for global issues.

Quaker UN Office (QUNO) in New York, administered by AFSC, and Quaker Peace and Social Witness in the UK (QPSW) have also been engaged in global issues at a hands-on level, as reported in FRIENDS JOURNAL ("The WTO Meeting in Cancún: Failure—or Success?" by Phillip Berryman, Feb. 2004). According to Phil Berryman, at Cancún QUNO and QPSW worked directly with government delegations from poor countries on TRIPS-related issues, aimed especially at enabling HIV/AIDS patients to gain access to generic drugs. QUNO strives to keep an open dialog with the WTO, World Bank, and IMF.

On the environmental front, Quaker Earthcare Witness (formerly Friends Committee on Unity with Nature) seeks to move environmental concerns into the mainstream of Quaker faith. One of its projects, Quaker Eco-Witness for National Legislation (QEW–NL), is tracking legislative issues pertaining to ecological sustainability, including U.S. involvement in economic globalization. "We believe the human-Earth relationship in all its aspects is inseparable ftom our relationship with the Divine," QEW–NL declared in a newsletter last January. "We are convinced that the current economic system should be of urgent concern to the Religious Society of Friends. It is intensifying economic and social inequities throughout the world, causing structural and physical violence, driving many species to extinction, and leading our own species toward ecological self-destruction." QEW–NL urges Ftiends to "learn more about current economic policies and institutions as they relate to Friends historic testimonies."

All this is a start. But time is short, and the challenge is very broad. We have a long way to go. Above all, let us recognize the urgency of these issues. Let us pursue them vigorously, first as queries. Let us invest in our meetings' libraries, stock our shelves with appropriate, up-to-date materials, including periodicals such as *Guardian International*, which offer alternatives to the U.S. media. Let us bring in speakers, sponsor traveling ministries, support our local economies, and engage our communities in the spiritual dialogue that the media avoid.

Let us look to other faith communities, as well. It was the Baptist church in downtown Seattle that opened its doors to forums held by the protestors. Catholic orders have sponsored shareholder resolutions at corporate board meetings that

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Lillian's Choices

by Gregory A. Barnes

A family council took place in a large Manhattan loft on December 26, 2003. George and Lillian Willoughby were discussing their health and welfare with three of their children—the fourth joined in via speakerphone—and two of the children's spouses. They had all met three to four times a year since 2000, when George had heart bypass surgery. He had just turned 89; Lillian was only a few weeks away from her own 89th birthday.

The first item on the agenda was not their health but Lillian's arrest and presumed court date, and how she would respond. She was one of 107 activists who, on March 20, 2003, had blockaded the federal building in downtown Philadelphia in protest of the invasion of Iraq. As the police moved in, her daughter Sally suggested ironically that she should be handcuffed. One policeman, seeing the elderly protester sitting in a wheelchair, was moved almost to apologize. "Oh, we're not all that bad," he said. He seemed more concerned how to get Lillian on a bus that would take the demonstrators to the front of the federal building to be processed.

With Lillian were both Sally and George, as her support team. Over the course of many protests, George and Lillian had learned to commit civil disobedience singly, with the other spouse standing out of harm's way to provide moral support to the one facing the U.S. judicial system. This day—"a really cold, rainy day," she recalled—Lillian meditated in her wheelchair as she waited for the law to take its course.

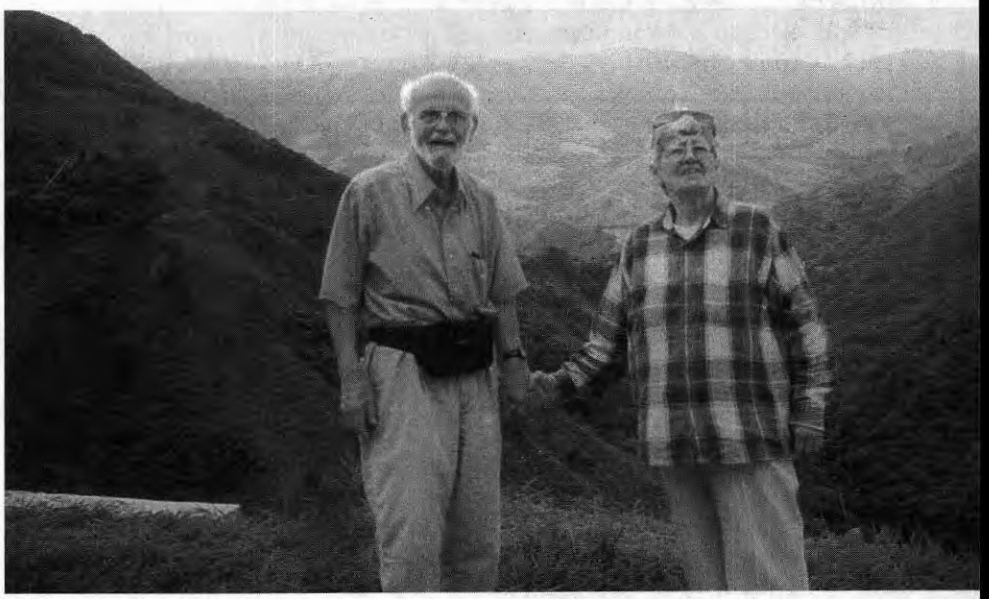
Gregory A. Barnes is a writer and a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting. This article is drawn from his forthcoming joint biography of George and Lillian Willoughby.

The Willoughbys had been working for peace for as long as they had known each other. In 1939, Scattergood Friends Boarding School in West Branch, Iowa, which Lillian had attended for three years, took on the role of a hostel and resettlement post for East European refugees. Lillian came on board to run the food service. George was then a graduate student at University of Iowa, only 13 miles away. Mutual friends arranged a blind date for the two of them. The dates continued, and after their marriage, six months later, George joined Lillian in work at the hostel.

They married in 1940, under the care of West Branch Meeting. George, who had been raised a Presbyterian, liked to say it "saved $5 that others paid to the preacher." After a year of teaching at a New Mexico college, they returned to real-life peacemaking. George worked, early in World War II, to help resettle Japanese Americans who had been interned in camps in the mountains of the West. This task took the couple to Denver, where they became active in Fellowship of Reconciliation and Congress on Racial Equality and met activists A.J. Muste, Bayard Rustin, and James Farmer. While George tried to place Japanese Americans in suitable jobs, Lillian participated in activities meant to integrate Denver's theaters. They had already found their calling.

They remained in Denver only a few months. Selective Service caught up with 28-year-old George and ordered him to report for alternative service as a conscientious objector. He entered an AFSC camp in Trenton, North Dakota. Lillian returned home to Iowa to give birth to their first child. Later, George arranged a transfer to Alexian Brothers hospital in Chicago, where Lillian (with infant Sharon) joined him and found employment as the hospital dietitian.

By the time Selective Service released George, Sally was on the way. In all, four children were born to the Willoughbys between 1944 and 1949. George became the chief breadwinner; Lillian was busy at home. They spent eight years in Des Moines, during which time George with others succeeded in establishing an AFSC



grammed meeting in the city.

The family moved to the Philadelphia area in 1954, so that George could take up work counseling conscientious objectors. For another three years, Lillian nurtured her family and worked on Philadelphia Yearly Meeting's Religious Education Committee, together with three friends from Westtown School, where she had finished high school. She also helped integrate Woodbury Friends School, which some of her children attended. Her action did not endear her to all the members of meeting. This was the 1950s, after all, and even Quakers, she recalled, "were looking for communists behind the benches."

Her role changed dramatically in 1957, when she and George joined a protest at the Mercury Flats atomic testing grounds in Nevada. On August 6, 1957, she was one of 11 protesters—and the only woman—to trespass on the testing site and be arrested. Suddenly, her name was in newspapers and on television across the land and she had attained noted status in the peace movement. She was not jailed or fined, but barred from the test site for a year. In fact, it would be 31 years before she returned to trespass again.

In 1958, George made the headlines, when he and three other men attempted to sail a ketch, *The Golden Rule*, into the Pacific nuclear test zone and were imprisoned in Honolulu. Lillian did not sit home waiting by the phone. With others, she conducted a sit-in at the Maryland headquarters of the Atomic Energy Agency; the protesters stayed until the director, Admiral Lewis Strauss, agreed to meet with them. Meanwhile she fasted for six days, believing that fasting helped her clarify her thoughts. Before George returned from his six months' imprisonment, she had also joined a successful effort to integrate the new Levittown (now Willingboro), New Jersey.

During the early 1960s, while George was acting globally, including forays into India, Lillian busied herself with service Deptford, N.J., where there had never been one before. She was also instrumental in the establishment of the South Jersey Peace Center, which took the peace message to local schools and became a draft counseling center during the Vietnam War.

Courtesy of the Willoughby family

Lynne Shivers

By the time of Vietnam, Lillian, a lifelong tax resister, had become well acquainted with the Internal Revenue Service; she liked to speak of herself as "educating the IRS." In one celebrated incident, after the IRS seized the Willoughbys' car, the couple raised sufficient funds to redeem it at auction. Indeed, they raised much more than enough, and so they could claim their car and a refund as well. Lillian had brought a cake and lemonade to the IRS offices on the day of the auction. Once their bid had been declared the winner, she staged a party outside the auction room; one or two of the agents shared refreshments with

During the early '60s, she had been comparatively inactive in the protests in which George played a central role. She was for much of that time chief family breadwinner as a dietetics consultant. And she still had children at home. The Willoughby children joined their parents in a variety of peacemaking activities: demonstrations at army arsenals, vigils, marches in support of various causes. Son Alan liked to say, "This was our way of going on vacation." As the children grew up and went out on their own, Lillian took on more and more responsibilities outside the home, and George and she increasingly became a team in peace activities.

In 1972, she participated in one of the first protest actions of the new Movement for a New Society (MNS). Sometime during that spring, MNS got word that munitions bound for Vietnam were to be brought by train to a ship in the port at Leonardo, N.J. That summer, with a host of other partici-

Page 10, top: **Lillian Willoughby in Leonardo, N.J., as MNS tries to block munitions shipments to Vietnam, 1972.**

Bottom: **Lillian and George celebrate their 60th anniversary in Costa Rica.**

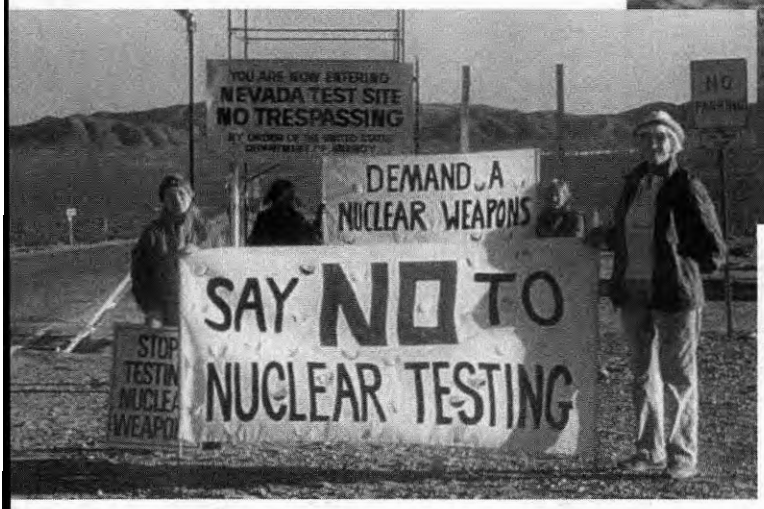
Left: **Lillian, in wheelchair, and others wait to be arrested as they block an entrance to the Federal Building in Philadelphia, protesting the beginning of the U.S. war on Iraq, 2003.**

Sally Willowbee

pants, Lillian carried a Star of David and a Cross from a nearby church onto the railroad tracks, where they mounted them to try to block the train, then sat down to worship. After being warned, those who remained in worship were arrested and dragged roughly onto a bus, until Lillian stood on the bus steps and admonished the arresting authorities: "Let's not have so much pushing here!"

When she was summoned to trial, she and another Quaker wrote a letter to the judge advising him that they would not rise at a judge's entrance, although they meant no disrespect. The bailiff instructed everyone to remain seated when the

Madurai, India, 1991.
Below: **Lillian (on left) with protesters at the nuclear test site at Mercury Flats, Nevada, in 1988. She was among 800 arrested, 31 years after her first arrest there with ten others.**
Bottom of page: **Lillian has her head shaved by daughter Sally, in protest of the U.S. war on Iraq, 2003.**



Photos courtesy of the Willoughby family

court came into session and the judge seemed predisposed to leniency. When he asked Lillian to account for her actions, she gave what had become her standard statement, that "we [the United States] should not be making war on people, and we [Lillian and like-minded taxpayers] should not have to pay for it." The judge levied a $250 fine; she announced that she had no intention of paying it; he gave her 30 days to think it over. As George put it many years later, "She's still thinking about it."

By the time of the Leonardo incident, the Willoughbys were living in an intentional community called the Life Center, in West Philadelphia. For a few years they were content to experiment with communal life, living in harmony with dozens of fellow activists the ages of their own children. They were content—but not complacent or locked in place. George had developed a strong affinity to India, and Lillian wanted to learn about it for herself. Twice during the 1970s they left the Life Center for around-the-world trips whose central point, physically and intellectually, was India.

Their main activity on these trips was to lead nonviolence training workshops. One of their topics addressed the need for women to assert their own independent spirits. Lillian modeled gender equality for her audiences. She insisted on equal billing on the podium, she spoke first in half the workshops, and she went her separate way at times. On the first trip (1974–5), for example, she briefly joined a pilgrimage by four women who walked from village to village promoting Gandhian concepts. There were occasional setbacks. When she asked a group of village women what message she could take to the women back home, one veiled listener replied, "Tell them to cover their faces."

The first trip lasted a year. The second, in 1979–80, was shorter but harder, as both Willoughbys struggled with dysentery, thefts, and scheduling and visiting problems that sometimes left them spending the night on railroad platforms.

George contracted tubercular meningitis, which manifested itself after their return. Yet they never missed a workshop—not bad for two people who were now by U.S. standards senior citizens.

In 1984 the Life Center/Movement for a New Society went into decline, and the Willoughbys moved back to their New Jersey home. It was not actually theirs any longer. Back in 1973, before most people had even thought of such matters, they had formed a land trust of their original three acres and deeded their house to the trust for a token amount. In time they acquired 35 more acres, and so created a beautiful wilderness area in the township of Deptford, New Jersey.

In the late 1980s, the Nevada desert called both Willoughbys back to peace activities, separately. There were annual protests at the Mercury Flats testing grounds. In 1986, George trained protesters for nonviolent direct action. As a pioneer woman in the anti-nuclear testing movement, Lillian was invited several times to participate again—to perhaps "close the circle" on her lifelong antiwar commitment—and she accepted the challenge for a Mother's Day protest in 1988. She and Sally both trespassed on the site and were arrested. Release came quickly, but they were ordered to appear before a local court on July 5 and pay a $375 fine. They did neither; somewhere in Nevada there may be a bench warrant for Lillian's arrest.

The first Gulf War in early 1991 triggered another Willoughby protest. They were in Thailand at the time. Lillian wrote her granddaughter Ariella an account of their standing with another demonstrator,

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Images of God

by Keith R. Maddock

> [God] is . . . what we are trying to be.
> And wherever in the universe
> the good is being achieved,
> wherever truth is triumphing,
> wherever holiness is making its power
> known—there is spirit, there is God.
>
> —*Rufus Jones, in* Religious Foundations, *1923*

Our ways of imaging God are related to the ways in which we image ourselves—and our relationships with each other, with our world, and with the universe. Images serve to express the meaning of experience, with all its limitations and possibilities.

The most ancient religions are concerned with the polarities of chaos and order, death and life. In later religious systems, however, these polarities are described in terms of gender, with male and female principles engaged in an eternal struggle for power. This continues to the present day, as we struggle with the issues of patriarchal social systems, women's liberation, and inclusive language.

To move beyond this hopelessly bipolar tension, I would like to suggest that it is the adult world that has created a god in its own image. Civilization, adult socialization, and gender, as well as racial and generational dominions, are considered the spheres of divine activity in the world. Above all, this grown-up God demands the control and suppression of childlike ways of exploring and celebrating life—ways that emphasize spontaneous delight and wonder as opposed to the paradox of order and perpetual conflict.

We have it on pretty good authority that unless we become like children we will not "enter the Kingdom of God" (Matt. 18:3). It is a popular sentiment that most religious people readily embrace. But what exactly does it mean for adults who are anxious to discipline and control their offspring, or mold them into images of themselves? Furthermore, why are there so few accounts (outside of the Gnostic gospels) of Jesus as a young child rebelling against parental authority? To reflect any further on this requires a radical shift of the imagination. We need to see Jesus as a human being who had a childhood before we can begin to envision him as a lively, gender-friendly image of God's love.

In her book, *Models of God*, Sallie McFague interprets the "good news" as "a destabilizing, inclusive, nonhierarchical vision of fulfilment for all creation." She asks how we should interpret the presence of God to the world in order to empower that vision. In her attempt to reimage the Gospel for our time, she first rejects the monarchical model that has dominated western culture for many centuries—then seeks alternative metaphors that suggest mutuality, interdependence, caring, and responsiveness.

Feminist theologians have often taken the lead in exploring alternative images of God. But even they are beginning to be aware of the risks of perpetuating a gender imbalance. Anne Carr, the writer of *Transforming Grace: Christian Tradition and Women's Experience*, writes, "Exclusively female images of God or Goddess worship can suggest a reversal of patterns of domination rather than genuine transformation: surely mother symbolism can quickly become as oppressive, suffocating, sentimental, possessive as an authoritarian father symbolism."

Other feminist theologians, including Rosemary Reuther, have expressed concern over the negative resonance of gender models, particularly those that are parental in nature. These suggest a kind of permanent parent-child relationship to God, in which God becomes a neurotic parent who doesn't want us to grow up.

Our goal, then, is to discover fresh images that serve to reconcile gender conflicts, as well as overcome the destructive influence of authoritarian models and structures. We still need to derive these images from the world of human interaction and experience if they are to retain a semblance of truth and relevance. While the metaphor of the world as God's body has some appeal for Sallie McFague, for example, she still feels that the relational aspect is undeveloped in it. She argues that the main point of religious metaphor is "to create a shock of recognition." This shock may be recognition of lost or forgotten knowledge, a recognition that changes our adult modes of perception and expressions of religious devotion.

Robert Munsch, a popular writer of children's books, has often challenged the boundaries of parental indulgence. But he came closest to stepping on the toes of God in a story entitled *Giant, or Waiting for the Thursday Boat* (1989). In it, an Irish giant named McKeon states his intention to deal roughly with the God who has driven all the other giants and elves out of Ireland—to pound him "until he looks like applesauce." When the book first appeared, opposition arose from a wide spectrum of the population, including librarians, teachers, and parents—perhaps because it suggested an alternative image to traditional adult authority. But why should this be any more offensive to pious ears than the daily round of violence that permeates children's movies and

Keith R. Maddock, a member of Toronto (Ont.) Meeting, has studied Theology and Religious Education at Emmanuel College in University of Toronto.

en initiates a divinizing of adult authority, responsibility, power, and holiness on Earth, despite the pious avowals of religious leaders about children's equality. Adult symbolism is so deeply embedded in Christian mythology, church structures, and liturgical practice that the Christian imagination unconsciously absorbs its destructive and exclusionary images from childhood on.

Robert Munsch's story takes place in his life." St. Patrick, in his zeal to Christianize Ireland, had driven all the snakes, elves, and giants out of the country. McKeon was left to be the sole defender of the ancient culture. He is primitive, passionate and impulsive, though not without a certain charm. His wrath was provoked by an apparently well-intentioned saint who believed he was "just doing what God wanted." St. Patrick's God is generally benevolent, but somewhat distant from the world and not above punishing those who fail to do God's will.

The last point raises the specter of what Sallie McFague calls "asymmetrical dualism," a relationship between God and the world in which the two are only distantly connected. All the power, whether it be in the form of domination or benevolence, is in God's hands. McKeon, being associated with the pre-Christian religion in which divinity permeated the whole of the natural world, is reduced to insignificance. As the biggest and the last giant in Ireland, his anger is understandable even if it does seem futile.

Whenever God seems distant or disinthat their greatest needs are being withheld from them, they can be very difficult to live with indeed! McKeon's irreverent challenge to divine authority prompts St. Patrick to give him such a warning: "God is mad, McKeon! God is coming on the Thursday boat!" McKeon takes up the challenge and girds himself for battle.

Eventually, St. Patrick departs from this world to continue his mission in heaven. McKeon remains below waiting for the Thursday boat, observing a number of new arrivals—each suggesting a traditional image of God as potentate, warrior, and capitalist. But all fail to measure up to his expectations as a worthy adversary.

He would be a very frustrated giant if it weren't for the companionship of a little girl who was one of the first to disembark. This child eventually tells him that St. Patrick has gone to heaven where he continues to hang church bells. This drives McKeon mad, and he vows to continue his battle in heaven itself. So the story moves to a higher plane, where all of our human preconceptions are turned upside down. I am reminded how Sallie McFague's images of God as lover and friend place the emphasis on human rela-

John Gummere

Christian vision, too often obscured by endless confrontational politics, is God's willingness to suffer with humanity.

God still comes to us through the most vulnerable of creatures, the infant who has the potential to transcend all adult claims to authority and understanding. Some of us who have read *Giant* like to think that we knew who God was supposed to be all along, and we laugh at McKeon, who didn't see the truth right under his nose. Do we really, though? If that's the case, then why doesn't Robert Munsch just say so and get to the point? Unsettling questions remain.

Fresh and surprising metaphors that leave room for spiritual growth may also deepen our understanding of authority. After a fruitless search for God to vindicate their respective causes in heaven, St. Patrick and McKeon are exhausted. The little girl reappears, and she tells them matter-of-factly, "Saints are for hanging up church bells and giants are for tearing them down. That's just the way it is. Why don't you two try getting along?" Do we hear resonances of the teacher of wisdom in the book of Ecclesiastes, Koheleth, who proclaimed that for everything there is a season and a time for every purpose under heaven? This implies, of course, that only God knows the right season, and the most we can do is enjoy the limited insights we are granted.

The smallest house in heaven is filled with church bells, snakes, elves, giants and one little girl—the most stalwart opponent of pretensions to power in the human world. Seeing the frustration and bewilderment of giant and saint, the little girl starts to laugh. "She laughed till the mountains shook, rivers moved and stars changed directions. For a little girl she had an enormous laugh." Such laughter brings a new creation into being, and this new creation resists all of our images and our attempts to explain it in terms of power and control.

Robert Munsch's suggestion is liberating for the adult mind, revitalizing the child. But the subtlety is important too. No child remains a child forever, and even archetypes become fossilized if they are embedded in language and tradition for too long. The essence of divine activity in the world is a mystery that tests and resists every form of articulation and imitation. "The unknown hidden God," writes Anne Carr, "is a final way of speaking of the God who is always more than human images and concepts can suggest."

When it comes to God-talk, we're all still "waiting for the Thursday boat." ❑

IN PRAISE OF GOD

by Robert C. Murphy

God!

(God is dead.)

GOD!

(He drowned, unfortunately, about midcentury last, in a vortex of technology.)

GOD!!

(You can't force him. If not actually dead, she is in permanent hiding.)

Where?

(Oh, right out here in the open in plain sight. But hiding.

Do you remember the vixen fox in the Big Horns?)

Yes. I was alone, sleeping by a lake at eleven thousand feet. It was a bright moonlit night. She sniffed at my face, waking me. Then she stood companionably beside me before trotting off. I woke before dawn to find her back again, watching me. Then she trotted off again.

(What about that raven, in Mexico?)

He was one of about a dozen in a line ten feet above the ground fighting a headwind. When he came abreast of me he did a barrel roll.

(Why?)

For the hell of it, I guess. Showing off.

(And your chickadee?)

That half ounce of wildlife on the edge of my hand took a seed from my palm. At that moment I knew—I swear—the Universe.

(You've talked about earthworms.)

Soft, moist, beautiful beings working magic in my soil.

Last night my partner/wife jumped into bed beside me laughing.
It untangled and gentled the cosmos.

Robert C. Murphy, a retired physician/psychiatrist and peace activist, is a member of Sheridan (Wyo.) Worship Group and Wyoming Meeting.

AN ORIOLE ASSAULTS MY ORANGE BLOUSE

by Lucy McIlvaine

A gardener's a witness,
Ever alert, full of love,
Even when the sky opens
And wry heaven sends

An orange ember
Straight for the heart.
A wing's whisper,
Livid, when it strikes

My orange blouse.
Not his worthy rival
By a long shot, but I
Keep a hot orange coal

To remind my lazy bones
Of his fierce passion.
He soars, glowing.
To the upper reaches

Of his canopy kingdom
To whistle down the sun.

Lucy McIlvaine is cofounder of a writing group of Schuylkill Meeting in Phoenixville, Pa.

EMPOWERMENT

by Denise Thompson-Slaughter

A big fly
came in.
He wants out,
I told my terrified child.
You're a giant
to him.

Fe Fi Fo FUM! she screamed.
The fly flew for its life.

Jane A. W. Satullo

Denise Thompson-Slaughter is a member of South Bend (Ind.) Meeting.

Exploring and Discovering a Friends School Meeting

by Matt Glendinning

When I first began teaching at a Friends school seven years ago, what I knew of Quakers derived mostly from a game I had played as a child. "Quaker meeting has begun, no more laughing, no more fun. If you show your teeth or tongue, you will have to pay a forfeit." This game challenged exuberant children to maintain dour expressions and silence, but inevitably degenerated into stifled giggles and outright laughter. Indeed, that was the point: you were supposed to laugh. Those silly Quakers, we thought. Who doesn't like to laugh and have fun?

Recalling that game, it was with some trepidation that I attended my first real meeting for worship as a new teacher at Germantown Friends School in 1996. But instead of the grim seriousness I was expecting, what I heard was an outpouring of genuine reflection on a variety of topics, some personal, some political, some spiritual. I have since attended hundreds of meetings, and while I'm not a Quaker and don't think of myself as a particularly religious person, I am continually amazed by what happens in Quaker meeting at our school. Teenagers of diverse age, race, gender, and religion regularly speak of public events and their private lives with candor and emotion. Meeting seems to offer them a safe forum for expressing feelings, concerns, values, and aspirations.

This sort of sharing, so alien to my own public school upbringing, has long sparked my curiosity about the role of meeting in our school community. Like most newcomers, during my first few years I remained a fascinated but mostly passive participant in meeting. Then came the events of September 11, 2001, which touched off one of the most engaging and worshipful years I have seen in our meeting. Feeling that I was witnessing something extraordinary, I began listening to and watching our meeting more closely, speaking to students about their experiences there, and keeping a journal about my own. I became interested in what our students—most of whom are not Quakers—thought and felt about meeting, and whether they shared my sense of awe at what was expressed during that school year. It's perhaps my background in archaeology that led me to "dig" into meeting in this way. Trying to get a rational grasp on something mysterious and mystical may strike some as futile, others as irreverent. Nevertheless, this personal exploration has offered me insight into the dynamics of our meeting, its role in shaping the lives of adolescents, and its relation to our school's mission and curriculum.

I am continually amazed at what happens in Quaker meeting at our school.

Settling In

Our meeting takes place once per week, and involves about 350 students (grades 9–12) and 40 faculty. With so many people in one place, it's no surprise that meeting can be very social. This is one of the few times during the week when the entire upper school convenes, and before we settle into silence the room is a humming mass of activity, a gregarious and vibrant place. Cacophony reigns as students jockey for the best seats on the facing bench, and faculty members chat about e-mail or committee meetings.

Waiting for silence to descend, I noticed several things that influence where students sit. Following school custom, most sit with their grade in one of the four quadrants of the meetinghouse. A few sometimes break away to sit with a boy- or girlfriend. Gender and race also affect seating patterns, as girls tend to sit next to girls, boys next to boys, whites with whites, and blacks with blacks. Race emerged as particularly salient on one occasion when I noticed a Chinese American boy, conspicuously seated five or six spaces away from his classmates. As I pondered whether this was significant, he suddenly stood and delivered a message, calling attention to that separation and interpreting it as symbolic of his sense of estrangement from his peers. It hadn't occurred to me that seating patterns in meeting could hold such latent meaning, but students seem very conscious of it. One girl I spoke to said, "You can always tell when someone's sitting someplace unusual. You can spot new romances forming, or see who's mad at who."

A great deal of sound and activity occurs within the stillness of our meeting. The quiet is punctuated by sneezes and coughs, the creaking of benches, and the

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growl of hungry stomachs. I often noticed girls stroking one another's hair, or boys carrying on mouthed conversations over short distance. In any given meeting a number of students appear to sleep, while a few couples sit holding hands. The variety of postures and poses is endless.

Watching this for a year has convinced me that meeting, in part, is a social event for many students. But I don't think this is bad. Our students seem to feel as comfortable in the meetinghouse as elsewhere on campus; it's a familiar place to which they are willing to bring all their normal teenage energy and angst. Some use the weekly gathering as a chance to rest or connect with friends, while others express (or wrestle with) their sense of self-identity based on where they sit and with whom. A Quaker student I spoke to identified student ownership of the meeting as one of its main strengths, and others agreed. The students' sense of ease in the space, and their freedom to make of meeting what they want, probably contribute to their willingness to participate openly and honestly in speaking.

Speaking

One of the most fascinating aspects of meeting at our school is the variety and depth of the weekly messages, even though few students—around 10 percent—are Quaker. Despite their fidgeting and socializing, many students take meeting seriously and gain significantly from it.

Standing and speaking before 400 people is no simple matter for a teenager. Nervousness and self-consciousness often get in the way, to the point where standing can be an act of willpower and courage. A number of students remarked on this phenomenon. One said: "I feel really nervous before speaking. My heart starts pounding, and I'll keep telling myself, 'OK, I'll get up in ten seconds . . . OK, another ten seconds'—and then I'm suddenly up and have to start talking."

Other students I spoke to described feeling a certain something that compelled them to speak, even if they hadn't intended to. I've read that early Friends likewise spoke of being possessed by an irresistible vitality and energy, a fervor that often made them tremble—hence the name "Quaker" derisively applied to them. I asked students how they respond to the tension between urgency and nervousness when speaking in meeting. A sophomore boy summed up his feelings this way:

[Student]: I just feel confident speaking, since I've been going to meeting since I was little. I know the feeling that tells me that I should say something, and I respond to it.

[Author]: Some people don't recognize that feeling?

[Student]: Maybe they do, but some are too shy to get up in meeting.

[Author]: So, would you say being shy is a determining factor in who speaks?

[Student]: Definitely. Also, being open to the idea of speaking in the first place. Some people come in to meeting thinking that they'll never speak, no matter what. They never let themselves be moved. Part of it is that you have to be open to the possibility of being moved.

Although speaking in meeting can be daunting for some, many do speak, and for a variety of reasons. I've often wondered if non-Quakers feel that they are worshiping when they speak in meeting. Students I spoke to didn't explicitly recognize speaking as a religious act, but they consistently described it in spiritual terms, e.g., "being moved," "voicing something internal," or "searching for a bigger truth, larger than me."

In journaling about my experiences, I came to recognize a number of factors influencing the ministry in our meeting. First, age. Faculty members and upperclassmen spoke frequently, although they are a relatively small part of the population. Their disproportionately strong voice is not surprising, since experience makes teachers and seniors natural speakers in such a setting. In a sense they are the elders of the meeting.

Second, gender. Boys spoke much more frequently than girls, even though our upper school has a slight female majority. As a school we should probably pay attention to this underrepresentation. Is there something about meeting that is impeding girls' participation?

Third, race. While students of different races generally spoke in frequency proportional to their population in the meeting, the African American voice was exceptionally strong and frequent. This phenomenon was acknowledged by many students I spoke to. Several African American students explained it with the comment that meeting was one of the few public forums on campus where minorities felt empowered to speak openly, and where their opinions and feelings were valued.

And fourth, Quakers. Many of the faculty and student messages were delivered by Friends. Particularly in the fall semester,

Matt Glendinning shares some thoughts with students after meeting for worship at Germantown Friends School.

violent response to the 9/11 terrorist attacks, they were an important source of guidance and wisdom for our community.

Themes

This year in the life of our meeting was characterized by an extraordinary richness of messages, ranging from the mundane to the profound. From the midst of this variety I noticed three persistent themes that recurred throughout the year: current events, community relationships, and adolescent identity.

Many students shape their messages around current events and use meeting as a chance to interpret them. Some events are internal to the school (our decision to abolish end-of-year awards), others external (sports or music events). I was surprised by how often television serves as a catalyst for messages. In one meering, for example, a junior boy described watching a rerun of *The A-Team*, starring Mr. T. The episode involved Quakers and their attempt to build a new meetinghouse in the face of opposition from organized crime. As the A-Team took up the Quakers' cause, our student became interested to see how a program normally rife with violence would handle the Quaker belief in nonviolence. The conflict was indeed settled through force, but the show had at least tried to seek a "middle ground" (his words) on the issue of violence and peace. The young man used the program as a platform for viewing a more pressing current event, the situation in Afghanistan. He suggested that the U.S. should seek some middle ground between all-out war on and acquiescence to terrorism.

Health and illness are also common themes in meeting. As a relative newcomer, I continue to be surprised by the open dialogue about issues such as eating disorders and death. In response to the death of a friend's parent, for example, one junior girl reflected on the loss of her grandfather when she was young, and shuddered at the finality of death. In mentioning the recent death of his sixth-grade teacher, a freshman boy expressed his sense of shock and vulnerability. Messages such as these are heartfelt, courageous, and reverential. I believe that by expressing and listening to such feelings, students are growing into compassionate adults.

The events of September 11 and their aftermath dominated the dialogue in meeting during school year 2001–2002. In the weeks immediately following the tragedy, reactions in meeting were varied and passionate. Many students expressed feelings of helplessness and bewilderment at the scale of the attacks. Some voiced their hostility toward Osama bin Laden, even hoping he'd be assassinated. Others argued that U.S. foreign policy was ultimately to blame. And several remarked that the situation was causing strife in their family, as each interpreted the events differently.

Over the next few months, these poignant responses evolved into a lengthy dialogue about the Quaker Peace Testimony. A number of students expressed a deep sense of frustration stemming from feelings of ambivalence about war and peace. One junior girl may have spoken for many when she said that her anger at the 9/11 attackers was undermining her belief in the peace ideal. While such personal turmoil could not be resolved in meeting, I was impressed by the seriousness with which the majority of students engaged with the issue of pacifism. While not Quakers, many students nevertheless seemed to accept that nonviolence was a viable course of action, or one that at least merited serious consideration.

Many messages in meeting focus on community, i.e., on relationships with friends and family. In one instance, for example, a junior girl described having been too sick to act in the school play the preceding weekend, but she was overjoyed when the cast called her after the closing performance to share their celebration. In another meeting, a senior girl described bonding with her mother by looking through an old photo album together. And near the end of the year, a senior boy reflected on how difficult it had been for him to make it through high school, and how proud he was to be graduating.

Standing and speaking before 400 people is no simple matter for a teenager.

Personal reflection becomes even more striking when students speak about adolescence, literally the process of becoming an adult. A great number of messages focus on teenage identity formation. I recall, for example, a particularly interesting and connected meeting:

A senior girl used an upcoming choir concert as a catalyst to describe her dawning awareness of her passion for music, and her hope that it would always be part of her life.

A young faculty member described the frustration and satisfaction she gained from a new hobby, singing, which was rapidly becoming an important part of her adult identity.

A junior boy described using a microscope to look at his own body cells, e.g., from his mouth and blood. He expressed satisfaction to realize that he simply loves science, and that this is an important part of who he is.

A senior boy described speaking with a friend's mother, and her explanation of the differences between her and her husband. She was like a fox (active, daring, and visible), while he was a mole (sedentary, cautious, and withdrawn). The student thought it sounded exciting to be a fox, but had to admit that he was probably a mole.

A senior minority student had been struggling to select a piece of music to perform at an upcoming ethnic arts event. He felt drawn to a number of what he called "angty pieces," but having played similar works before, he didn't want to become defined by his anger. He stated that he was trying to grow beyond the feelings of alienation and anger caused by his racial identity.

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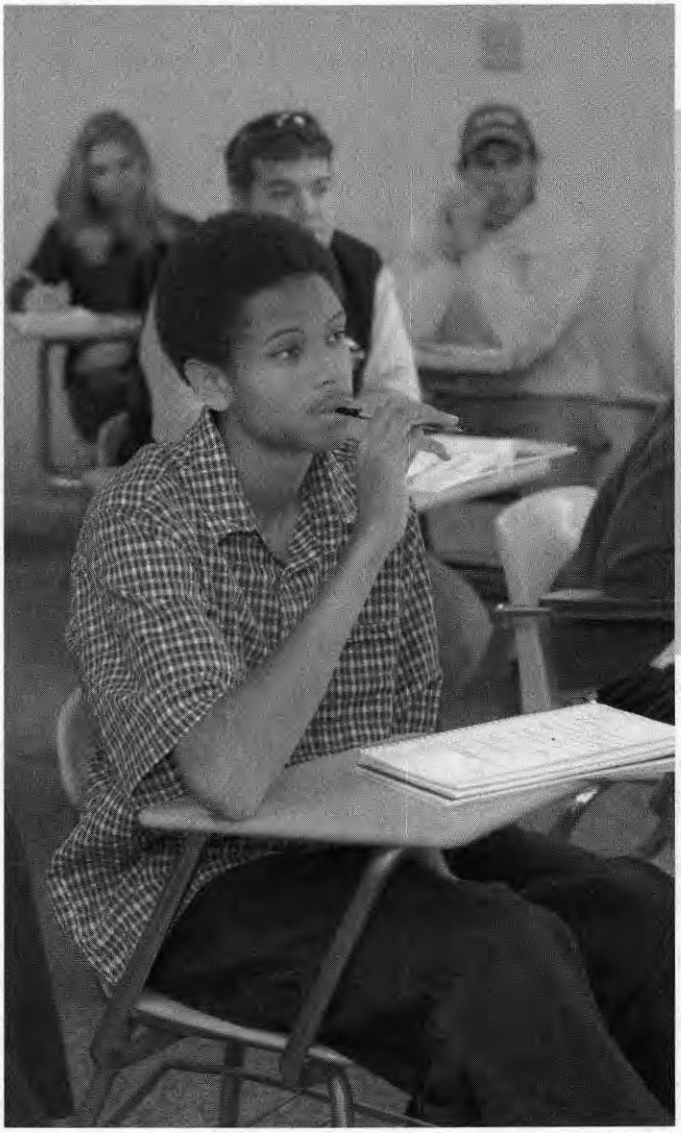
Learning Peace in Time of War

A CLASSROOM RETROSPECTIVE

by Judith Yarnall



Photos courtesy of Johnson State College

Though I had studied nonviolence and participated in such actions for years, the experience of teaching Peace and War during spring 2003 exposed limitations in my understanding.

For four years I've been teaching a required interdisciplinary course on violence and nonviolence, called Peace and War, at Johnson State College in northern Vermont. The course, planned as an inquiry, invites students to take a long, dispassionate look at the human penchant for organized violence, to analyze its roots and explore alternatives. By now almost 800 students are its veterans. Most other U.S. colleges and universities that have courses or programs in Peace and Conflict Studies offer them as electives and thus reach only a self-selected clientele, but at JSC every upperclass student is part of the course's flock. In any given classroom, a student experienced in meditation practice may be sitting next to someone who's gone through Army basic training, who may be right behind someone who prefers not to let life be disturbed by the front page of any newspaper. How did this benign coercion come to exist at a small, public, nonsectarian institution? And what have been its results?

The answer to the first question is "opportunity seized." The Johnson faculty revised the school's General Education Plan in the 1990s to include a specification that each student take the same capstone "thematic interdisciplinary course," their hope being that this common intellectual experience would provoke a cross-campus, beyond-the-classroom dialogue. When the call went out for topic ideas, my suggestion of Violence and Nonviolence, influenced by my Quaker affiliation and my adolescence in the 1950s shadowed by nuclear weapons, was the only one to excite committed interest. Our design team of four History, Biology, Psychology, and Writing and Literature professors delighted in learning from each other during 1999 as we planned the general ourline of a syllabus beginning with the shock of Hiroshima and ending with the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, with many historical forays along the way. (The syllabus is at <www.jsc.vsc.edu>.) Mindful of the rise in domestic and school violence, and of the fact that over three-quarters of the deaths in modern warfare are those of civilians, we were sure our topic was timely and right.

But we weren't prescient; none of us foresaw September 11, U.S. milirary involvement in Afghanistan and Iraq, or even the likelihood of teaching Peace and War when our country was practicing the latter. That circumstance has now confronted seven out of the course's ten full-time and adjunct professors. The heightened charge of classroom air in wartime can close down thought, as those of us teaching in fall 2001 felt happened once U.S. bombs began falling in Afghanistan, or it can be used to energize moral inquiry, as both we and our students experienced in spring 2003. The Iraq War, of course, did not catch us by surprise.

The course's results? By now there are thick files of student evaluations in the dean's office in which the word "irrelevant" never appears, although "frustrat-

Judith Yarnall, a member of Middlebury (Vt.) Meeting, is currently attending Beacon Hill Meeting in Boston, Mass. She has recently retired from full-time teaching at Johnson State College in Vermont, but will continue teaching there part-time. She expects to be teaching American Literature in Ankara, Turkey, in spring 2005.

ing" and "confusing" sometimes do—for the course is meant not to provide closure, but rather, tools for continuing the inquiry. A much-repeated remark—"I'm very glad I took this course, though I wouldn't have chosen it on my own"—expresses the prevailing willingness of most students to rise to the challenge of thinking about material they might prefer to avoid, reflecting on their own experience with violence, and talking with others who don't necessarily share their assumptions. Many have commented on wonderful guest speakers we've had: among them Hanne Liebmann, who was sheltered as a teenager during the Holocaust in Le Chambon-sur-Lignon, a sanctuary village in France described in one of our texts; John Balaban, a poet and conscientious objector who did alternative service in Vietnam during that war; Loung Ung, who was a child during the Khmer Rouge's massacres and now speaks passionately against landmines; Curtis Whiteway, a local Vermonter who at the age of 19 was among the first U.S. troops to enter Dachau. And other students over the years have said simply, "My eyes have been opened."

So have the eyes of Peace and War's teachers. Annegret Pollard, who hid from U.S. planes strafing her German town's streets on her way home from elementary school, now finds herself united with Curtis Whiteway in delivering a "war is hell, don't go there" message to her students. Though Victor Swenson brought a historian's perspective and a degree in International Relations from the School of Advanced International Studies (SAIS) to the course, his first semester of teaching was one of significant personal change. After dwelling intellectually with Mohandas Gandhi, Martin Luther King Jr., and the citizens of Le Chambon, and being moved by what they did, he came to see "energetic, purposeful, ingenious action based on refusal to do harm to another person as the fundamental obligation of all human beings."

For myself, though I had studied nonviolence and participated in such actions for years, the experience of teaching Peace and War during spring 2003 exposed limitations in my understanding. Our semester was bracketed by President George W. Bush's State of the Union address in January fervently justifying war with Iraq and his "tailhook" speech on the U.S.S. *Abraham Lincoln* claiming the war's triumphant conclusion in May. In the midst of such times, seeming to demand committed action, how does one clear and maintain a communal space for reflection?

No matter what my students and I were discussing—the warrior ideal in Homer's *Iliad*; the tradition of Holy War in the three major monotheistic religions; the disillusionment of Paul Baumer, Erich Maria Remarque's narrator in *All Quiet on the Western Front*, and his comrades in the trenches of World War I; or Gandhi's practice of Satyagraha—a consciousness of the impending, then actual, invasion of Iraq hung over our seminar table. It was a constant temptation to argue, to arrange ourselves into the Us/Them configuration we had become so adept at recognizing from our readings as "tribal thinking."

Opposite and above: Students listen thoughtfully during Judith Yarnall's "Peace and War" class

In this case, since the campus was mainly dovish, "Us" were those who regarded this war and a national security policy calling for preemptive strikes as appallingly bad ideas. I took part in the peace march in Washington on January 28; on February 15 about a third of my class of 18 went either to the massive rally in New York or to an antiwar gathering in front of Vermont's statehouse in Montpelier. We came back flushed with righteous energy. I began the semester badly torn between my role as an activist and my role as a teacher responsible to every member of this non-elective class.

It included Sarah, whose doubts about the rightness of this war were painfully outweighed by the presence of her boyfriend in Iraq. She had urged him to join the Marines two years before, when enlisting looked like his only road to a college education. And Justin, who was about to be commissioned as an Army lieutenant and trusted the government's case, though he regarded war as a last resort and wrote that he had a personal history of staring down bullies, not swinging at them. Several class members felt caught in a tug between conservative home or church milieus and the more questioning atmosphere on campus. Another, in a court diversion program because of a domestic violence offense, was already engaged in a personal version of the more historically based inquiry the class was undertaking. Only two or three like Jess, who had attended 1982 Nuclear Freeze rallies in her stroller, had grown up in peacenik families.

Immediately prior to our first vacation week in mid-February the class nearly exploded. I began the period with my usual exhortation to expand one's perspective by exploring non-U.S. news sources, then passed out a sampler of recent items from British websites—exposure of the plagiarized "dodgy dossier" on Iraqi weapons of mass destruction issued by Prime Minister Tony Blair's press secretary; news that the Pope refused to declare the upcoming conflict a just war; mention that the U.S.A. Patriot Act II had already been drafted. "Maybe our president cares more for democracy in Iraq than in the U.S.," I speculated aloud.

In an atmosphere I had already politicized, we began discussing the essay "The Myth of Redemptive Violence" by Walter Wink. He analyzes a belief permeating U.S. popular culture: that "violence," as Dick Tracy puts it, "is golden when it is used to put evil down." The leap between gumshoe quip and the rhetoric of post-9/11 foreign policy swiftly got made. When Janet, whose feisty but searching voice had enlivened earlier classes, asked how, then, do we deal with tyrants (as a volunteer at a battered women's shelter she had extensive vicarious experience with them), a chorus drowned her out. At that moment I neglected to intervene effectively on her behalf. Our period over, the class broke into heated conversational groups and Janet left for the academic dean's office, intent on transferring to another section of Peace and War.

An alert administrative assistant there suggested she talk this over with me. How often does a student confront a professor, the one with power in the classroom, the one who hands out grades, about an unhappiness with that professor's performance? When Janet knocked on my

office door, her bravery needed to be honored by serious listening. "You should have toned it down," she said and went on to make a broader point: that she felt she was being spoon-fed my point of view. Our conversation, grueling for both of us, ended with her deciding to remain in the section and my pledging to be more welcoming and protective of divergent student voices.

Twelve days later our class reconvened. By then, nearly 10,000,000 people worldwide had taken to the streets to protest war with Iraq, their voices heard by each other but seemingly not by policymakers. The last thing I wanted to do was replicate in the classroom the pain of not being heard. I began with an apology, acknowledging my conflict of roles and vowing to deal with it more professionally. Firsthand reports on the New York rally followed, and then we were back to the syllabus.

Judith Yarnall in her classroom

Fortunately, it offered the protections of history. The lethal righteousness of Holy War in the Book of Joshua or in Pope Urban II's call for Crusade struck students as more curious than controversial—these things happened centuries ago—but they appreciated the dark light it shed on the concept of jihad. (The lesser jihad, that is, of struggling against unbelievers—not the greater jihad of struggling with oneself, which was also practiced by Mohandas Gandhi and, indeed, by several people sitting around our table.)

Immediately before the U.S. attack began on March 19, the class was midway through a unit on World War I, focusing on the soldier's experience. What war, other than the Trojan War, has had such powerful tellers, ones who sound the terrible, familiar chords of sorrow, love of comrades, lust for survival in a way that freshly pierces the reader? After Wilfred Owen's great poem "Dulce et Decorum Est" was read aloud—in which he counters "the old lie" that it is sweet and fitting to die for one's country with the image of a young man who has just inhaled mustard gas, whose blood comes "gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs"—none of us knew what to say. We believed then that Iraq had chemical weapons.

Once U.S. soldiers and Iraqis started to die, it seemed necessary to acknowledge that gravity with a depth of our own. At the beginning of our next class I suggested a modified form of Quaker meeting, where silence is the ground of speech and response is pure listening, not direct reply. Each person spoke in turn, Sarah out of raw pain and several others out of a confusion groping for shape:

"I want to support our troops, but how can I do that if I'm against the war?"

"There's so much information and hype, how can I tell what's true?"

"We're overwhelming our children."

"I'm scared of what happens in war."

"What's going to happen afterwards?"

Justin, who recorded these comments and gave everyone a copy on the last day of class, spoke eloquently about the preciousness of free speech and the United States' mission to share it.

Cliché or dog-eared truth, it hardly matters: attentive listening is a necessary step towards healing. We had already been leaving the Us/Them stuff behind, but after this day the class became a community, bringing a curiosity braided from many points of view to our remaining material, which at last centered on nonviolence. (Besides Mohandas Gandhi, it included the sanctuary village of Le Chambon, France, during World War II; Martin Luther King Jr. and the Civil Rights movement; the words of Jesus; and essays by Thich Nhat Hanh). When Jessica gave a presentation about a nonviolent protest she had taken part in, occupying a doomed Oregon redwood forest—and showed footage of police using pepper spray against the protestors—I was impressed by her self-discipline. She never let her passionate commitment block communication. "I felt a lot like Jess," Justin told me when I interviewed him after the course was over. "She was firm and whole-hearted. I always wanted to hear what she was going to say."

I also met later with both Janet and April, who shared the home-vs.-campus tug of opinion. Janet and I laughed about her yo-yo days at the beginning of the semester, when her vocal working-class parents complained on weekends, "You were never this liberal before." Now, she says she's more skeptical about all points of view and wants to get at facts. "It's upsetting that our country's credibility is shot." And she still wishes peace activists had more effective ideas about what to do with people who are committing evil acts. "Peace is a verb," she says, not some wispy kingdom.

April, slightly older than most other members of the class, and a Mormon with two young children, experienced the tug as "invigorating." For her, Peace and War was an invitation to build up a tolerance for complexity, to grapple with questions that have no easy answers but must, nevertheless, be asked. "Sometimes it seems hopeless, but I also believe people have goodness—I saw that in our class." "War is a crime against innocence," she added: words backed by troubling thought, for she could imagine her own children at Hitoshima or Nagasaki.

Immediately prior to our first vacation week in mid-February 2003 the class nearly exploded.

I thought not only of the civilians who are the majority of the dead in all modern wars, but of the lost generation of young men in *All Quiet on the Western Front*, of our U.S. youths picked off on the streets of Baghdad or Fallujah, of my students—unborn during the Vietnam War, kindergartners during the Iran-Contra years—who are inclined to trust and love their country.

The next time I teach this course, will I park my political views at the classroom door? Not a chance; they provide an animating passion. But I plan to hold myself to much stricter account about remembering a Gandhian caveat. Truth, he believed, is absolute. Though he had faith that it is approachable by determined seekers, he held that the only truth we human beings are privileged to know is relative. I thank my students for helping me to understand that purging righteousness from one's truth is part of nonviolence. ❑

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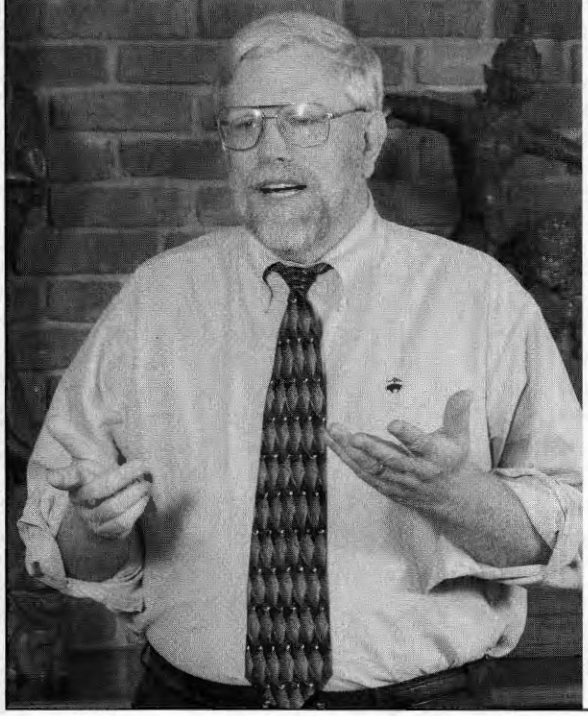

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Meditation

Garden

by John Morgan

"Who loves a garden still his Eden keeps."
—Bronson Alcott

Patricia Davis

In one of the most remarkably out-of-character statements evet made in literature, sleuth and rationalist Sherlock Holmes said, almost whimsically: "Flowers are nature's surest signs of Providence."

I am not sure what case he was handling at the time or whether by some stroke of fortune, he simply had a moment to smell the roses in an English country garden, but I do know that gardens are like outdoor altars where you can sit qnietly and soak in life throwing off its winter garments and poking its head through the thawing Earth.

I come from a long line of Welsh and English gardeners. Though I grew up in Philadelphia, I can still remember the garden outside our back window and the return of the same turtle every year to a batch of high grass near the drain pipe. Even then, concrete walls and traffic notwithstanding, spring came as a joyful surprise every year, reminding me that all life seeks to move toward the light, if given half a chance.

There are some places this year where I imagine spring will come slowly: places like Iraq, or some of our own neighborhoods where dreams die and "life is a broken-winged bird that cannot fly," as Langston Hughes wrote. But enough of broken dreams; hope rises every spring with the first sign of daffodils or the sound of a bat cracking from the nearby sandlot.

You can learn a great deal by sitting still near a garden. If nothing else, you will be able to refrain from causing other people more troubles. No wonder that Henry David Thoreau, sitting near his Walden Pond, could write: "I wouldn't walk around the block to see the world blow up." He wouldn't have to travel further than his television set these days to see the ceremony of innocence drowned in constant repetition of scenes from war.

There is something humbling about planning a garden, especially for a city slicker like me. You toss a few bulbs in before winter and, presto, without so much as lifting a shovel or rake, the green shoots come bursting out of the Earth, which had been so barren and cold for so long. Talk about the simple graces of life—nothing equals the sights of yellow and blue and red and orange sending their flares into the sunlight.

I also understand more why diversity is beautiful from studying my garden. The blue flowers do not say to the red, "Get out of here, this is our spot of the Earth!" The orange do not seize the green buds by the stems and try to toss them out of their space. The beauty of a garden is that each flower retains its uniqueness, but when joined together with others forms a patchwork tapestry of joy. Stand back a few feet when your garden is in full bloom and observe its majesty, just as marvelous as seeing the blue planet Earth from the distance of the moon.

There is an old proverb: "Many things grow in the garden that were never sowed there." That's the really humbling part of growing a life or a garden. No matter how carefully you plant the seeds, a few weeds always manage to grow. You can't control them any more than you can control the people around you. And, sometimes, even weeds add a touch of diversity to a flower patch or a crack in the city sidewalk.

Amid the sounds of bombs and planes and conflicts, a garden, like poetry, is simply news that lasts. And the news is good: Life renews itself. To that, we can all say, "Amen." ❑

John Morgan, a Unitarian Universalist minister and author, is an attender of Friends meetings when he is able, and a contributor to FRIENDS JOURNAL.

Life in the Meeting

Simplifying Life in Our Corner of the World

by Beth Murphy

In June 2003, our Friends Meeting in Klamath Falls, Oregon, held a "Simplify Your Life" yard sale and raised $3,200 for Right Sharing of World Resources. But there's more to the story than that. I found that this event wasn't just about raising money for a great cause.

When our pastor, Faith Marsalli, showed us the Right Sharing video during our meeting, I felt an immediate "yes" in response to the Quaker values in the video. I have lived in voluntary simplicity for many years, both from a spiritual and an environmental ethic. When our Peace and Social Concerns clerk, Jeanette Rutherford, announced that we would sponsor a yard sale as suggested in the video, I volunteered to work on the project.

We did a number of initial things to bring in donations. We developed a flyer aimed at those who might like to simplify their lives by donating material items. We distributed this broadly all over our small town, including radio stations. We also invited Colin Saxton, a Quaker pastor and board member for RSWR, to be our guest speaker at a free community Peace Supper and passed out these flyers to those who came. Our pastor also encouraged our meeting to think of offering donations as a spiritual exercise, recognizing how both simplicity and right sharing with others are ways of following Christ. And boy, did the donations come in! We eventually had to put the brakes on the donations toward the end; we simply had no mote room in the basement to receive them.

Beyond getting lots of good stuff and raising money for a great cause, what did this all mean to us? First, it was truly amazing to see what people in the U.S. can peel off as unwanted or unneeded material excess when encouraged to do so. We asked for high-quality donations and, for the most part, that's what we received. Personally, from handling thousands of items, I renewed my vow to reduce consumption and carefully consider each material possession I bring into my home. In a very hands-on way, I was dismayed by the

Beth Murphy is a member of Klamath Falls Friends Church in Klamath, Oreg. This article appeared in the Right Sharing of World Resources Newslerter, *third quarter, 2003.*

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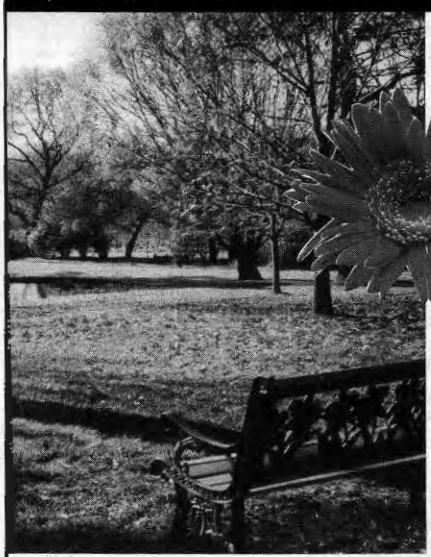

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BeFriending Creation

excessive materialism of our culture, some of which was mine.

Another observation I had was that there is a broad "people's economy" that is alive and well in our country. Some of us who sorted the goods replaced items, traded items, and purchased second-hand items ourselves from the sale. Our sale attracted a wide spectrum of people all day long without any lulls. At the end of the day, as we packed up, we had to tell shoppers that the sale was over. And the next day at meeting, many of us showed up in each other's clothes. I came to see that with ingenuity and persistence, one can live quite well on second-hand America. By doing this, we can slow our intense demand for new goods and ease our use of world resources. I gained a new understanding of this reality.

Our small meeting was not used to pulling off an event like this. One of the questions I pondered with Faith after spending many hours alone sorting through stuff was how to engage our group more in the process. As a relatively new member, I did not know whom to approach for help. But how to spark action without making others feel guilty or shamed is the question, as people are often very busy. I found that if an organizer provides lots of big and small ways to help, and communicates the need for help with sign-up sheets and announcements, people will rise to the occasion. Our group certainly did after I started asking for more help. I also tried to add some fun to the event, by holding a pizza/pricing party. We all wore hats donated to the yard sale—Dr. Seuss, the Princess, the Cowboy, the Sailor, the English Gentleman, the Punker, the French Girl, the Church Lady, the Elegant Lady and more. We also had a contest to guess the final total of the sale, with movie tickets going to the winner.

In the final stretches of the yard sale, we had many hands helping out. We all felt that this shared work brought us together as a faith community. I personally felt an electric sense of joy with this project. We got to know each other better. We had fun working together. We got on each other's nerves (yes, there's always a down side). And we knew that we were doing something that helped others in need. Over and over, I heard the sentiment that we should work together on projects like this more often. Some described this work together as "sweet" and "full of grace." I think we demonstrated that in serving others, it is often we ourselves who are "helped."

Now we are considering how we will donate our yard sale proceedings. Right Sharing has provided us with a list of projects that are in need of donations, and they are all very worthy. It's hard to decide. When I shared with a friend that one project would increase the daily income for a group of Indian women from 50 cents to a dollar per day, her response was "Oh my God, I'm going to go to hell when I die." When you hold this poverty in the light, along with the material excess that created our funds, you dramatically see the twin "burdens of materialism and poverty" that are noted in the RSWR mission statement.

This whole experience has left me wondering just how I am being called as an individual and as a member of my faith community to serve the poor. As a college administrator, I know that I have skills to offer, but that I am also limited in time. I hate to say that, but time limitations are a reality for me. I long to be called to a higher purpose, but am also frightened about the changes or burdens this might mean in my life. This is an important spiritual question for me, and I am waiting for that still, small inner voice to speak.

As for our meeting, we are situated in a disadvantaged neighborhood and many of our yard sale customers were from the surrounding area. Some of their needs were quite evident—dental and health care, adult and children's clothing, and other basic home resources. As a faith community, we know that we face an important question: what are we called to do as a group to be helpful in our immediate neighborhood? To explore this question, we're holding a threshing soon.

I think the yard sale and the threshing will help me and our meeting face many central spiritual questions. Who am I as a Christ follower? Is my life a true reflection of Quaker values? How will I partner with those with fewer resources in a direct way? How can I, as an overly busy U.S. citizen, carve out time for service? These are tough questions for those of us living in First-World countries. And you would think that holding a yard sale to raise funds wouldn't cause us to face ourselves so deeply. But that's just what happened in our little corner of the First World. ❑

Reflection

Full Circle

by Liz Sinclair

A circle of Quakers gathers on a bright, crisp April morning in the meetinghouse on Orrong Road. We sit on grey vinyl chairs in silence, in a large circle in what was once the lounge of a private home. Because the day is cool, several of the electric wall heaters are turned on, mostly for the elderly attendees of whom there are many. I glance quickly around the room. I see Jim, the meeting secretary; my friend Anne; Dorothy, an octogenarian poet; and about 30 others. Not a large turnout for Easter.

Jim is the first one to stand and speak. "I read an article this week in which the author pointed out that 'silent' is an anagram of 'listen,'" he says, "I find that incredibly profound." ("Wow," says an anonymous voice.) Jim's stutter, present when he gives the announcements after meeting, never intrudes on his ministries, as if his words here are borne on lighter wings than everyday speech.

Ten minutes pass. A woman rises to her feet and talks about Jesus on the Cross, and how he died to atone for our sins. She is not comfortable with the word "atonement"; she says it sounds too negative. She has read somewhere recently that "atonement" can be spelled as "at-one-ment" and she finds this interpretation more revealing. She finishes speaking and sits back down in the silence.

A short while later, Dorothy gets up to recite an Easter poem. In her lilting, Hartfordshire accent she describes Christ's torment in his final days and his agony on Calvary. I know that Dorothy is thinking about the Second World War, as it is often a backdrop for her poetry; she converted from the Anglican Church during the dark days of 1938. Dorothy was seeking a religion that, she says, wasn't so heavenly focused that it was of little earthly value. Many of the older Friends, who lived through the war, express both urgency and despair as they witness the current rise in global tensions and military incursions into the Middle East. In Dorothy's poem, there is something that pricks my conscience. The words are gone so quickly that I cannot recall them, but their effect reverberates like a bell in my head. I am continually astonished when another's ministry speaks directly to my own condition. As Quaker Robert Lawrence Smith writes, "Each meeting is like a gamble with the human spirit, a wager that more will be brought out of the room than was brought in, more depth, more insight, more truth, more knowledge, more growth in each and among all."

As I sit here in this room flooded with midmorning sun, I am overwhelmed with a profound sense of how my life has been directed by my faith. I remember with startling clarity the first ministry I ever heard, 25 years

Liz Sinclair attends Toorak Meeting in Melbourne, Australia.

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ago. Suddenly, my heart is pounding as if I've raced up a steep flight of stairs. There is a sinking feeling in my stomach. My knees start to quiver. I don't enjoy public speaking, but after all these years, I recognize my unique physical signs that herald a ministry. I agonize briefly over the flow and rhythm of words that are coalescing in my head, but it's too late; I've made my decision, and suddenly find myself standing. Another lesson I've failed to learn yet is that words are most inspirational when they come from the heart, without preparation. I glance at the clock. Five more minutes and I would have avoided the whole ordeal altogether. However, Quaker tradition maintains that if a member feels moved to speak, and does not, he or she keeps from the group a vital insight that might benefit others. My experience of the power of Quaker oration is the basis of my own ministry today.

Twenty-five years ago, I was attending high school in Washington, D.C., and was briefly courted by not just one, but two, intelligence agencies. As I loved studying languages, I was seriously considering a career in this line of work. I mentioned these developments to my then best friend, Tracy. She simply looked at me and said, "I think you need to come to meeting." I agreed to go although I knew little about her faith. I remember sitting in the silence of the meetinghouse on Dupont Circle the following Sunday on a hard, uncomfortable wooden bench beside a girl who had showered that morning with a strong deodorant soap. My nose was smarting. I was restless and bored, waiting impatiently for the end. Then a man rose to his feet and began speaking in a measured London accent and my life changed forever. The Englishman spoke of coming out of an air raid shelter at dawn after a night of intense bombing during the Blitz. Next to him in the street walked a woman with her small son. The boy turned to his mother and asked if the sun would rise that morning. The man's voice trembled as he recalled the impact of those words on him. He spoke about the necessity for peace. Listening to his ministry, I lived the horror of war and the despair that life could ever be secure again and felt tears leaking from my eyes. I realized I had found my spiritual home.

Today I find myself telling the meeting how becoming a Quaker has shaped my life beyond measure, and how a seed planted a quarter of a century ago in my mind by an unknown Englishman has begun to bear fruit. I say to them that I cannot even begin to imagine how different my life would be today if it were not for the words I heard spoken on that far-distant Sunday. As I speak, I gaze out across the room. Anne is looking straight at me, she is smiling, and her eyes are shining. May the circle be unbroken, I think to myself. ❑

Margaret Fell

by Brian Drayton

My abiding goal in these columns is to direct readers' attention to important spiritual resources within the Quaker tradition. Margaret Fell is a vivid figure in the rise of Quakerism and a powerful voice from the Quaker dawn. She also lived to oppose the move towards rigid discipline in "dress and address" that arose by the early 1700s that could masquerade as righteousness. In hearing her, we are called to consider again what our own essential spiritual understandings and commitments are.

Thomas Hamm has suggested that Margaret Fell was the single most important convert Fox ever made. As the wife of a respected judge, and minor gentry, she was able to gain access to the King's ear on numerous occasions—and she had the force, character, and intelligence to make effective use of that access, to plead for mercy for Friends during decades of persecution. Perhaps even more important, however, was her role in the cortespondence and record-keeping that substantially enabled the early Quaker impulse to take shape as a movement. Many of the publishers of Truth wrote to her, or to each other through her. In this correspondence, they clearly valued her spiritual insight and good sense as well as her executive capabilities, and they trusted her becanse she shared in the work of preaching, and of witness in prison and persecution. Swarthmoor Hall also became the hub for aid and support from Friends to Friends, with many different wants supplied from the funds solicited and managed by her, and by her capable daughters and household. It is not surprising that during the time that George Fox, her mentor and eventually her husband, was establishing the basic meeting structure under which Quakers still operate, she was a steady and passionare advocate for good order and process, including the establishment of women's meetings. At the same time, until her death in 1702, she advocated the freedom of the Spirit of Christ, which she found utterly reliable as the source of real uniry: "continue hand in hand in the unity of fellowship of this Eternal Spirit in humility and lowliness of mind, each affirming others better than ourselves."

The excerpts from her writings that are available show us the substance that made her communiry-building role effective. In these writings, important facets emerge that deserve to be better known as polemicist, as publisher of Truth, and as advocate in time of sufferings.

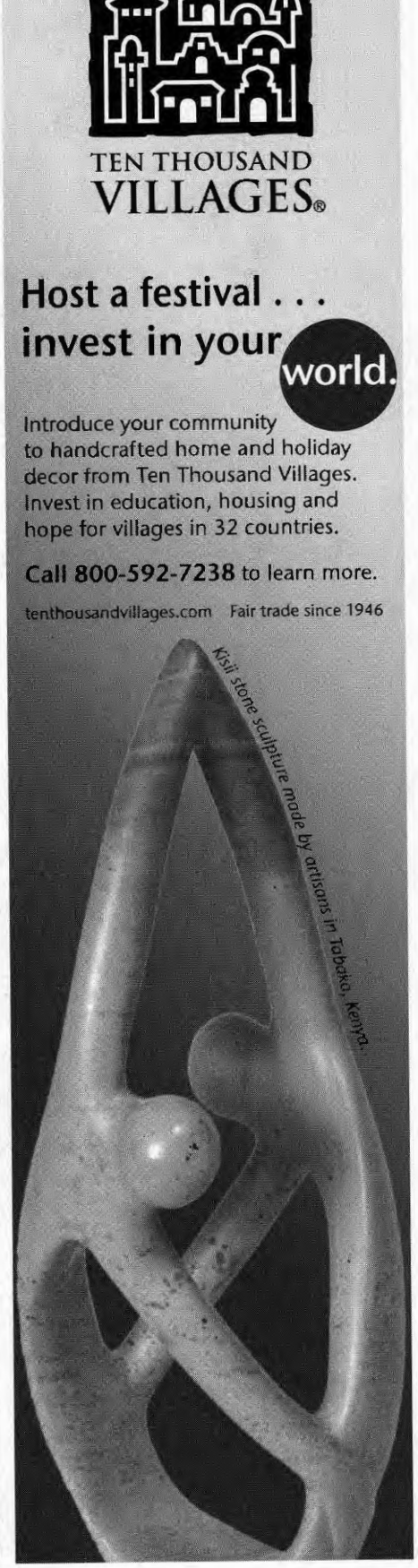
Polemicist

Margaret Fell engaged in vigorous arguments in print against opponents of Quakerism. In this, she reveals herself to be confident, articulate, and fierce. In a time of unrestrained raillery, she was as free in denunciation as any. (There is a famous short lettet from her daughter Margaret, excoriating the local preacher in terms rather bloodthirsty for a 10-year-old — was this what she was used to hearing around the house, or at meeting?) Yet as in the truculent passages of George Fox and James Nayler, Margaret Fell is directing her fire against entrenched prejudice and complacency, with the intent of shattering comfort to allow for the work of the Light of Christ to be perceived. In a tract pleading for religion rooted in the Spirit itself, rather than in human teachings based on Scripture once given forth by the Spirit, she writes: "Now let the people seriously consider what they will venture their souls upon, for it is not a deceitful, lying spirit that will feed the soul. It is the Spirir of life and truth that nourishes. . . . Here is the chief difference between them and us: they have the words and declaration of Christ and the apostles, declared from the Spirit of life; we have the Spirir which these words were declared from . . . the same Christ . . . which all the Christians in Christendom confess in words, do we bear testimony of in the Spirit of life and power."

Two of her greatest apologetic tracts are those on the Peace Testimony, and on women speaking in the ministry. Her statement on Friends opposition to war, its sources and implicarions, preceded the famous statement of 1661 by half a year. It is a trenchant piece, which places the testimony squarely in the context of Christ's life and example, but also of Christ's currenr and immediate teaching, in whose light the Scriptnral record reveals its true meanings. "We are a people that follow after those things that make for peace, love, and unity. It is onr desire that others' feet may walk in the same. [We] do deny and bear our testimony against all strife, wars, and contentions that come from the lusts that war in the members; that war against the soul, that we wait for, and watch for, in all people."

Her tract on "Women's Speaking Justified" is apparently the first systematic treat-

Brian Drayton is a member of Weare (N.H.) Meeting.



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ment of this topic by a woman Friend. Once again, she skillfully adduces Scriptural precedent, but then rests her argument firmly on the experience of the Quaker community, in which women's ministry has been *experienced* as authentic Gospel ministry, arising from the Spirit, speaking to the Life of God in the other, and turning the hearer to that inward Teacher, or confirming him or her in their walk with God.

Advocate and Lobbyist

Fell was often prosecuted for holding worship in her house, for not swearing, for attending Quaker "conventicles," and other similar charges. She knew well the inside of a prison, having many times found herself there, once for almost four years. During all her years as a Friend, she was constant in decrying misrule, cruel treatment of the innocent, and the punishment of Friends for conscience' sake. King Charles II became well acquainted with her, both in person and by letter, and thanks to her work, many Friends survived during the stormy years between 1660 and 1689. From a letter to Charles [spelling as in the original]: "I that am above Seventy years of Age, am come up above Twohundred miles in this wett, cold winter, to Lay before the King my sufferings and some other poor people's, that meet with me in my own house and country. . . . I humbly desire the King would be pleased to . . . afford us Relief according to the Innocency of our Cause; we being a people that desire nothing but the king and all his peoples good & happiness in this World and that which is to come."

Publisher of Truth

All of Margaret's activities are part of her work under concern, on behalf of the Truth as discovered by Friends. Some of her concern was for the establishing of Friends in their new convincement, and supporting them in their growth in the Spirit. Many of her letters are written to that end, showing her understanding that inner as well as outer conditions can take us by surprise and tempt us to rely more on human strength and manoeuvering than on the guidance of the Light to see us through. As do other early Friends, she recognizes how often we think we know best, and in reaching beyond our current measure of Light we are more liable to faint and fail. "Examine now, and try whether you are gathering now, or scattering abroad . . . come down and stoop to the Yoak of Christ . . . and beware of starting from under the Yoak of Obedience . . . for the Lord God requires not only Sacrifice, but Obedience, which is better. And that Mind that [read:

"mind that which"] looks outward, from the measure enjoyed, and joins to anything without, contrary to the freedom of the Spirit. . . . Keep in the Light which is one, in the Power, which is one, in the measure of Life made manifest in you, which is one; and here is no Division, nor Separation, but a gathering and a knitting."

For Further Reading

Still the best short source for Fell's life and writing is Hugh Barbour's Pendle Hill Pamphlet #206, *Margaret Fell Speaking*, which includes substantial excerpts from her *Account* of her own life. If you want to read more of her writings, a good anthology is *A Sincere and Constant Love*, edited by Terry S. Wallace, which includes selections from several of Margaret Fell's tracts and displays her work as polemicist and publisher of Truth — an important piece in this collection is her effective piece on the Peace Testimony. Most recently, Elsa Glines has published a complete collection of Margaret Fell's letters, in which all sides of her personality are accessible. The collection, entitled *Undaunted Zeal*, includes notes on the context of each letter, enabling the reader to know something about why it was written, and about the person to whom it was addressed.

Biographies: I would recommend an old standby still in print, Isabel Ross's *Margaret Fell, Mother of Quakerism*. Although this was published in 1949, it remains an extensive, charmingly written example of "biography as narrative." I think most people would enjoy it, and from it learn a lot about Fell, early Quakerism, and indeed life in the 17th century. Bonnelyn Young Kunze's *Margaret Fell and the Rise of Quakerism* (1994) is much more the work of a modern, professional historian. Kunz takes advantage of recent scholarship on Fell, Quakerism, and the times, but there are places in which the jargon of modern social theorizing intrudes on the prose. Both biographies include important chapters on Fell's concern for the conversion of the Jews, a concern she shared with George Fox and Isaac Penington. *In Search of Margaret Fell* by Judith Hayden is a moving meditation, in part about Fell, but also about the author's spiritual journey, and how her learning about and consciousness of Margaret contributed to that journey. ❑

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By Jean Fagan Yellin. Basic Civitas Books, 2003. 394 pages. $27.50/hardcover.

In 1861 a slave narrative was published called *Incidents in the Life of A Slave Girl,* and signed with a fictitious name, Linda Brent. It told the story of a young slave adolescent in North Carolina whose master began to demand sexual favors. To escape the master, Linda developed a relationship with another white man who she hoped would free her, and had two children by him. Her lover did not free her, however; her master continued to pressure her; and she finally decided her only recourse was to run away. While he searched for her as far away as New York City, she hid in a tiny crawlspace over the porch of her grandmother, a free woman, and here she stayed for almost seven years.

Most readers of this narrative concluded that a slave could not have written it, and attributed it to Lydia Maria Childs, a well-known abolitionist writer, who had edited the narrative for publication. The question of authorship has been in doubt until recently, when Jean Fagan Yellin was able to prove it had been written by a slave woman called Harriet Jacobs who escaped from the South, lived in New York, Boston, and Rochester, N.Y., traveled to England; and became well known in reform circles. In 1987, Yellin published the narrative through Harvard University Press, including her research that proved Jacobs was the author. In 2000 she published a more complete volume, including the narrative of ber brother, John S. Jacobs, "True Tale of Slavery."

Now, in a new volume, Yellin has gone far beyond the time period covered by the narrative itself to tell the story of Harriet Jacobs's life after her escape, her participation in both the abolition and women's rights movements of the day, and her work among the newly freed slaves—or contraband, as they were called—in Washington, D.C. Combining impressive research with an easy and engaging narrative style, Yellin gives us a picture of the times in which Harriet Jacob lived, the struggles within both the abolition and women's rights movement, and the continuing racial discrimination she and her children encountered in both North and South.

Throughout her life after leaving North Carolina, Harriet was befriended and supported by Quakers. Amy and Isaac Post of Rochester, N.Y., became close friends who supported her in many ways and introduced her to the Progressive Friends of Longwood. Friends sponsored and helped her when she traveled in England. Such Friends as Lucretia Mott, Abby Kelley Foster, Sarah Grimke, and

others participated with her in the Equal Rights Association. After the Civil War, New York Yearly Meeting's Committee on the Conditions and Wants of the Freedmen supported her work among the freedmen in Washington, D.C., where she worked closely with Quakers Julia Wilbur, Emily Howland, and many other Friends.

Modern Friends attempting to understand the often complicated relationships between Quakers and persons of color, and the racial discrimination that was current both before and after the Civil War, will learn much from reading the story of Harriet Jacobs.

—Margaret Hope Bacon

Margaret Hope Bacon is the author of numerous Quaker biographies and a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting.

Robert Turner Shaping Silence: A Life in Clay

By Marsha Miro and Tony Hepburn. Kodansha International Ltd., 2003. $45/ hardcover.

This book is remarkable in its simplicity, style, readability, and presentation. Marvelous photographs, both colored and black and white, present the pots, crafting, and life of Robert Turner, an award-winning ceramist and faithful Quaker.

The photographs invite the reader to see—almost to touch—the pots made by this gentle, strong man, and the text invokes the calm within the fire of his work and life. Marsha Miro uses Turner's voice so often, so specifically, and so appropriately that the reader hears the cadence, the sense, and the import of his words. She has culled phrases and paragraphs from Turner's notes, published essays, talks, and interviews and placed them in italics so that the change of voice in the text is easy to discern. The effect is as if "Bob" is in the room, engaged in earnest but easy conversation.

The story is that of a young Friend who grew up in Brooklyn (N.Y.) Meeting, graduated from Brooklyn Friends school, attended George School for a year, graduated from Swarthmore, and married Sue Leggett Thomas, a young Friend from Sandy Springs Meeting. It is the story of a conscientious objector, a tax resister, a generous donor of his time, skills, and possessions. It is the story of a Friend who has served his local meeting and the larger Religious Society of Friends at the same time that he has fulfilled his responsibilities in the art world—potting, mounting shows, teaching, and administering programs.

Turner has been graced with a talent to live his Quaker testimonies each moment of the day. Miro and Tony Hepburn, who wrote the final section, "Turner in Context," have both well represented this talent. William Parry, another ceramist and an old friend of Turner's, succinctly characterized this seamlessness in Turner's life thus:

> He moves from the spiritual to the material, from parent role to artist, from gnomon to learner, from the hard technology of kiln design to speculative abstraction—all without change of voice, manner, or psyche.

Wayne Higby, also a longtime colleague and friend of Turner's, told Miro in an interview:

> When [Bob] is working he's there, in the moment with the work. You feel that even though he has a strong signature style, you always feel that he is working it out. It doesn't have a "wow factor." It's more on the road to a question. That's what keeps the work fresh.

Friends call this "centering"; the authors of the book call it "shaping silence."

Miro does not underplay Turner's years of study, hard work, and persistence. Rather, she says that Turner's integration of his life experiences and his travels, and his faithfulness to the development of craftsmanship led to the "torrent" of his mature work. Turner himself illusttates such integrarion in telling of his experience with a particular pot.

> My fingers were moving inside the base and they went through. Suddenly the piece had this organic sense of an animal or organism moving inside in some kind of way that was pushing out. It was from years before seeing a bowl in Mexico where a turtle was protruding from a groove. This altered the bowl from just being a bowl of roundness and verticality. The circle going around, together with the finger movement pushing from inside, made a cross. The organic animal sense of movement has been retained from then on, stretching the inside space to become a force equal to the space outside. . . . This is all part of the Quaker sense that you can rely on internal needs to find identity which is personal and cultural and it comes out at particular times when there are connections. I was searching for something like that, which was not external but was of itself important.

Robert Turner Shaping Silence should find its way into many Quaker libraries. Miro and Hepburn have put together a book that will be appreciated by artists and students, by

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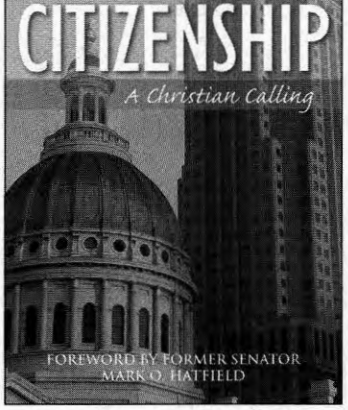

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Turner's many friends, by those who practice any discipline in a spiritual manner, and by members of the Religious Society of Friends. The book rings true and clear, just as the ping does when you flick your finger off one of Turner's pots.

—Sharon Hoover

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

In Brief

Spiritual Classics: Selected Readings for Individuals and Groups on the Twelve Spiritual Disciplines

Edited by Richard J. Foster and Emilie Griffin. Harper San Fransisco, 2000. $16/paperback. "Many Christians throughout the world are looking for ways to grow closer to God and to act according to God's will," write Friend Richard Foster and Emilie Griffin in the book's introduction. And, as they suggest, this book is meant for them. Organized into the 12 disciplines (meditation, prayer, fasting, study, simplicity, solitude, submission, service, confession, worship, guidance, celebration) Foster highlighted in his *Celebration of Discipline*, the book offers 52 weeks' worth of weekly readings from some of God's most faithful servants: Thomas Moore, Thomas Kelly, Evelyn Underhill, Martin Luther, Martin Luther King Jr., Dorothy Day, Meister Eckhart, George Fox, Clare of Assisi, and Hildegard of Bingen among others. The texts chosen are short, accessible, thought-provoking, spirit-building, and followed by brief discussion questions, suggested exercises, a Bible selection, three or four paragraphs of helpful comment by the editors, and a short bibliography on each topic called "Going Deeper." This is an excellent tool for spiritual growth in today's time-pressured 24/7 world.

—Ellen Michaud

Ellen Michaud, FRIENDS JOURNAL's *book review editor, is a member of South Starksboro (Vt.) Meeting.*

The Healing Heart—Families; The Healing Heart—Communities

Edited by Allison M. Cox and David H. Albert. New Society Publishers, 2003. 240 pages. $19.95/paperback. Taken together, these two books provide a look at the use of stories as tools to heal individuals and communities. Sixty-six storytellers from a wide variety of backgrounds offer a mix of folktales, personal stories, exercises, games, and songs that, according to the editors, encourage "healthful behaviors, self-esteem, and mutual respect."

—Ellen Michaud

Meditations on the Prayer of St. Francis

By Anne Curo. Pendle Hill Pamphlet #369, 2003. 32 pages. $4/paperback. The Prayer of St. Francis is familiar to many of us, if not by name then by its opening lines:

> Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace.
> Where there is hatred, let me sow love,
> Where there is injury, pardon,
> Where there is doubt, faith. . . .

Ann Curo has prayed and meditated upon this prayer deeply, and in this pamphlet she offers us what she has found within the prayer. It is evident that hers are not merely intellectual interpretations, but tender, wise, and humble reflections discerned through direct experience of the meaning of the prayer in her own life.

According to the biographical note, the pamphlet "arose during a Quaker silent retreat at a Benedictine monastery"—and reading it is, in a small way, like participating in such a retreat. Word by word, line by line, we receive the Prayer of St. Francis and experience it for ourselves; Ann Curo walks us through its pathways as if we were walking the stone path through a labyrinth together, ever inward. And then, as St. Francis did and as Curo does, we are challenged to bring the prayer with us into our daily lives, not to confine our faith to abstractions and absolutes, but to live it.

Curo reminds us that we can feel our way forward, opening ourselves to the unknown as we go:

> Because God is not a concept; God is experienced, it is . . . important not to feel we understand God. In the same way that we allow our fellow humans to unfold before us, we let God unfold. This is the sense in which we seek to "understand" through our prayers. We do not grasp for understanding, we let it grow in us.

—Kirsten Backstrom

Kirsten Backstrom is a writer and member of Multnomah Meeting in Portland, Oreg.

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee approved the UN Law of the Sea Convention by a unanimous vote of 15–0 on February 25. A two-thirds vote of the full Senate will be required for ratification. The Senate committee's recent action marks an important step in a long history of FCNL and Quaker work for the peaceful prevention of deadly conflict. During the 1970s, Sam and Miriam Levering of North Carolina worked out of FCNL's office to help develop and advance negotiations for the Law of the Sea and labored with governments on the treaty's final language. The UN Convention on the Law of the Sea was adopted in 1982 and entered into force in 1994. FCNL lobbied steadily in support of the treaty, which has gained broad global support. However, the U.S. has yet to ratify the treaty. The evolving nature of the treaty may be one of the factors driving U.S. ratification after so many years. The treaty will be open for amendments for the first time later this year. Governments that have not yet ratified it will not be able to actively protect certain provisions in the treaty or propose possible changes. Growing support in Congress and from the Bush administration in ratifying the treaty may have more to do with advancing U.S. national interests than with finally committing to the original spirit of the treaty. The Senate Foreign Relations Commirtee's approval of the treaty does mark an important step toward U.S. ratification of the Law of the Sea. It may suggest a change from the recent trend of U.S. opposition to international treaties. But rather than representing renewed interest in international cooperation, the rule of law, and peaceful management of global relations, the Bush administration's support for the treaty appears ro be driven by a desire to use the treaty to advance U.S. economic and strategic interests. Senate ratification of the treaty would mark a historic moment in the work of FCNL and Friends to help strengthen international law, protect the Earth's natural resources, and prevent violent conflict. It might also open a new phase of FCNL advocacy on the treaty, working to ensure the U.S. uses its position as a party to the treaty to help fulfill, rather than undermine, the vision of Friends who have worked for the peaceful prevention of deadly conflict through international cooperation and the rule of law. —*FCNL Info Line*

On February 1, Yellow Springs (Ohio) Meeting approved a minute regarding the state of electronic voting. "The Yellow Springs Meeting considered the present state of electronic voting and deems the availability of voter verified paper ballot and open source codes to be absolutely necessary for fair and accurate elections. We ask Ohio Secretary of State

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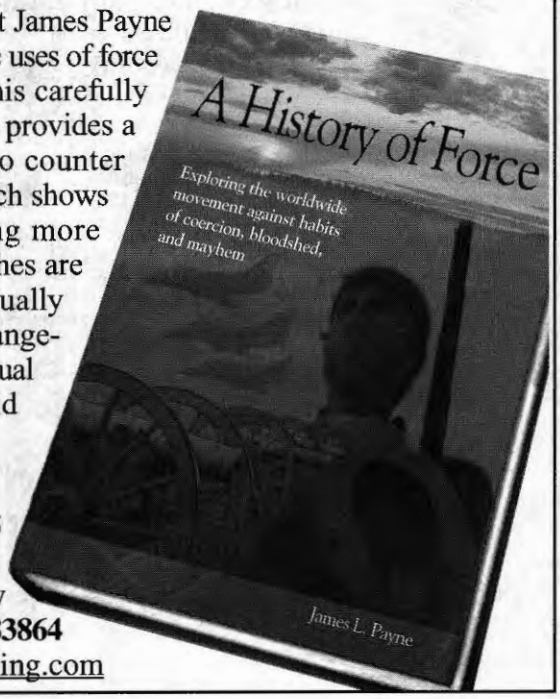

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Kenneth J. Blackwell to require these two features on all election voting machines presently in use and any to be purchased." Congress passed the Help America Vote Act (HAVA) intending to modernize the national elections, improve the accuracy of the vote count, and eliminate errors. As Ohio's chief elections official, Kenneth J. Blackwell has required each county Board of Elections to choose one of four electronic voting machines he had preapproved. The chief objections to the voting machines now available in the United States are that they do not provide a voter verifiable paper ballot for recount and audits; that the source codes that control the machines (software and hardware) are not available for public scrutiny; and that an enforceable U.S. standard for design, construction, and testing of election equipment does not exist. The clerk sent this minute to Secretary of State Blackwell and the media, and forwarded it to Miami Quarterly Meeting for its consideration. —*Carl Hyde, clerk of Yellow Springs (Ohio) Meeting*

George Ellis, a South African Quaker, a leading theoretical cosmologist, and critic of the former apartheid regime of his native country, has won the 2004 Templeton Prize. This prize, valued at more than $1.4 million, is the world's largest annual monetary prize given to an individual. A professor of applied mathematics at University of Cape Town, George Ellis specializes in general relativity theory and is considered to be among a handful of the world's leading relativistic cosmologists. His most recent investigations question whether there was ever a start to the universe and, indeed, if there is only one universe or many. It is his important contributions to the dialogue at the boundary of theology and science, however, that led to his being named a Templeton Prize laureate. Specifically, he has advocated balancing the rationality of evidence-based science with faith and hope, a view shaped in part by his firsthand experiences in South Africa as it peacefully transformed from apartheid to multiracial democracy without succumbing to racial civil war. He describes that history as a "confounding of the calculus of reality" that can only be explained as the causal effect of forces beyond the explanation of hard science, including issues such as aesthetics, ethics, metaphysics, and meaning. George Ellis, 64, received his PhD in Applied Mathematics and Theoretical Physics from Cambridge University and began a career as a writer and lecturer on issues of time, space, and relativity. But while he was rapidly moving to the forefront of the development of general relativity theory, he was also establishing himself as an unrelenting critic of the Nationalist

government of South Africa and its brutal system of apartheid. Around this time, in 1974, he joined the Religious Society of Friends. South Africa's journey from apartheid to multicultural democracy provided him with insighrs that would inform some of his most important discoveries in the realm of science and religion. When defending his notion that rationality and reason must be balanced with faith and hope in order to accurately understand the universe, for example, he cites his own nation's history. Self-sacrificing love, or kenosis, according to him, is the true nature of morality, another area that he says cannot be explained with simple physics. "Ethics is causally effective," he said, referring to the power that ethics has to change the world, "and provides the highest level of values that set human goals and choices." Describing himself as a "moral realist," Ellis noted his belief that ethics and morality are a very real part of the universe, as compared to something that humans have socially developed over the millennia. "I believe that we discover the true nature of ethics rather than invent it," he said. Since the rise of democracy in South Africa, Ellis has devoted much of his energies to developing the nation's social, political, cultural, and educational future, particularly in making math and science education more broadly available to his fellow citizens. The award he is receiving, officially known as the Templeton Prize for Progress toward Research or Discoveries about Spiritual Realities, was founded by Sir John Templeton. The world's best-known religion prize, it is given each year to a living person to encourage and honor those who advance spiritual matters. When he created the prize in 1972, Templeton stipulated that its monetary value always exceed the Nobel Prizes to underscore his belief that advances in spiritual discoveries can be quantifiably more significant than those honored by the Nobels. The first Templeton Prize was given to Mother Teresa in 1973, six years before she received the Nobel Peace Prize. —*Templeton Prize*

Bloomington (Ind.) Meeting has become a member of the Interfaith Coalition on Nondiscrimination (ICON) after approving recommendation of its Peace and Social Concerns Committee in December 2003. ICON is committed to nonviolence and tolerance toward people who are members of sexual and gender minoriries. ICON is part of a broader coalition, Indiana Equality, whose objective is to persuade the Indiana legislature to amend the Indiana Civil Rights Law to prohibit discrimination against sexual and gender minorities. In joining ICON, Bloomington Meeting became a cosignatory

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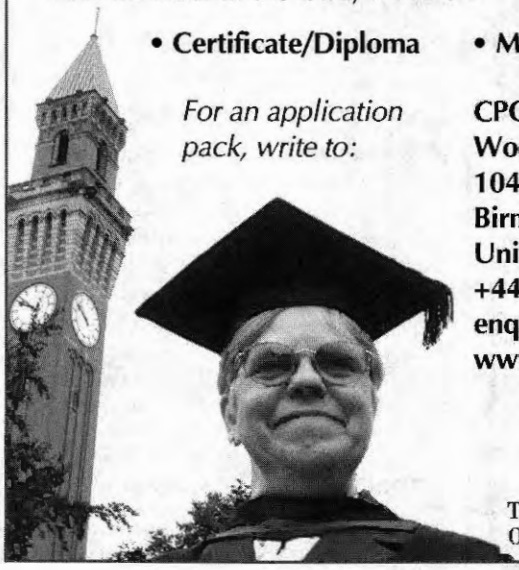

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of a letter to legislators calling for such legislation. —*Bloomington (Ind.) Meeting newsletter*

"The body is a place of God's revelation," according to Julie Murray, the keynote speaker at "Prayer and Our Bodies," Earlham School of Religion's fourth annual Spirituality Gathering, held March 6, 2004. Julie Murray, who has more than 27 years' experience as spiritual director and teacher, spoke on spiritual direction, energy work, and prayerful energy healing. She described her spiritual director role as "a contemplative conversation" in which she assists people in having a direct experience with God, focusing on the body as a dynamic realm of spiritual expression and revelation. Her emphasis on the spiritual element of health and physical healing is based on a knowledge that the human body contains energy fields, an idea originating in eastern religions but in which there is renewed interest in contemporary Christian and medical communities. In other highlights of the gathering, Stephanie Ford, Assistant Professor of Christian spirituality at ESR, led a workshop exploring how bodies guide prayer, teaching some body prayers to participants; and energy worker and ESR student Jackie Spiecher taught "prayerful touch." Other workshop offerings included a prayerful labyrinth walk, yoga, and sounds and senses exercises, including the creation of handmade journals. —*ESR*

Quaker Missions Project, a ministry of Mattapoisett (Mass.) Meeting, has distributed $30,725 among 56 Quaker organizations and ministries over the past five and a half years, through 2003. Most of the money was raised from the sale of used stamps. "We receive 10 to 20 mailings a day from Friends around the world. Some of the mailings just have ten stamps; some have up to 1,000 stamps. We thank everyone for this support," said Brad Hathaway, manager of the project. He developed the concept for Quaker Missions Project out of his own experience as a stamp collector and after participating at New England Yearly Meeting in a workshop about funding needs for Quaker organizations. The stamps received for the Quaker Missions Project are processed by members of Mattapoisett Meeting and sold to collectors or wholesalers. Among recipients of $1,000 or more in contributions from Quaker Mission Project are Friends World Committee for Consultation, Right Sharing of World Resources, Monteverde Friends School (scholarships), Palestinian Refuge Children Play Center (Ramallah), Quaker

Bulletin Board

Upcoming Events

•May 15—"Partnering with You: A Workshop for Couples" at Friends Center, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Childcare and free parking are available. For details contact Brad Sheeks at <bsheek@juuo.com> or (215)-349-6959.

•May 21–24—FCNL Lobby Weekend. For details, e-mail <fcnl@fcnl.org> or call (800) 630-1330

•May 28–31—Northern Yearly Meeting

•May 28–31—Britain Yearly Meeting

•July 3–10—Friends General Conference's 2004 Gathering at University of Massachusetts, Amherst. The Gathering will explore "Simple Lives, Radiant Faith" through workshops, plenary addresses, worship, and special events. Speakers include AFSC general secretary Mary Ellen McNish, songbook coauthor Peter Blood-Patterson, womanist theologian Renita Weems, and Lester Brown of Earth Policy Institute. Financial support is available. For details visit <www.fgcquaker.org/gathering> or call (215) 561-1700.

Opportunities/Resources

•The Ecological Concerns Network of Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting is promoting discussion of the Earth Charter by monthly and yearly meetings in 2004. The mission of the Earth Charter initiative is to establish a firm ethical foundation for the emerging global society and to help build a sustainable world based on respect for nature, universal human rights, economic justice and a culture of peace. For details contact Susan Carlyle at <scarlyle@main.nc.us>. To view the charter in its entirety visit www.earthcharter.com.

•Join Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in exploring Quaker history in the lake district of England from June 28 to July 13. The PYM Pilgrimage will be coordinated by Deborra Sines Pancoe and Craig Pancoe of Plymouth Meeting. During the first week travelers roam the English countryside together. The second week travelers are on their own to explore Great Britain. Enrollment is limited. Cost for the first week is $2,000. For details contact Deborra or Craig at (215) 887-0995 or <cpancoe@verizon.net>.

•"What Canst Thou Say?" a quarterly newsletter on Quaker mystical experience and contemplative practice, invites submissions. Themes for upcoming issues are Precognition (August) and Darkness (November). For a sample copy send name and address to: Marellen Gilpin, 818 West Columbia, Champaign, IL 61820 or e-mail <m-gilpin@uiuc.edu>.

United Nations Office, Quang Ngai Rehabilitation Center (Vietnam), and African Great Lakes Initiative. In addition to used stamps, Quaker Missions Project also recycles Box Tops for Education (for Mowa Choctow Academy in Alabama), picture postcards and government postal cards, old and new covers of philatelic value, and historical paper including photographs, documents, prints, and autographs. —*Brad Hathaway*

Rabbi Arik Ascherman, executive director of Rabbis for Human Rights, was put on trial on January 14, facing two counts of standing in front of bulldozers that were demolishing Palestinian homes on the outskirts of Jerusalem. The Maswadeh family had sought to build a home to accommodate their growing family. Despite a letter from the municipality stating that the Maswadeh family's home was in a location for which a permit could be obtained, bulldozers came, rendering the family homeless within a matter of minutes. Arik Ascherman was in negotiations with the mayor's office the night before trying to prevent the demolition and was there in the morning when the bulldozers came. For further information about the work of Rabbis for Human Rights visit <rhr.israel.net> or e-mail <info@rhr.israel.net>.

•In Friends Committee on National Legislation's ouline Legislative Action Center, an Election 2004 page <capwiz.com/fcoul/e4> offers easy access to information on the candidates and elections in 2004. By entering your address or ZIP code you can find out who is running this year in your district and state, and for national office.

•Philadelphia Yearly Meeting's website has been redesigned to enable novice Web surfers to directly manage their own Web pages using a popular format called a "weblog" or "blog." The website is <www.pym.org>.

•Ten free copies of Susumu Ishitani's book, *Peace Building, His Mission, Quaker Pacifist Susumu Ishitani* are available (see his obituary on p. 44). The book contains 29 essays or translations including "Social Concerns of Japan," written with Kitty Taylor Mizuno, and a translation of Larry Apsen's booklet, "Power of Peacebuilding." Call Lynne Shivers at (856) 374-0395 or e-mail <moushilu@aol.com>.

•Quakers United in Publishing seeks submissions by young Friends (ages 13–18) around the world for a collection of poems and essays titled "Young Friends Experience of Quakerism." Deadline is September 15, 2004. For details call Chel Avery at (215) 241-7024 or e-mail <director@quakerinfo.org>.

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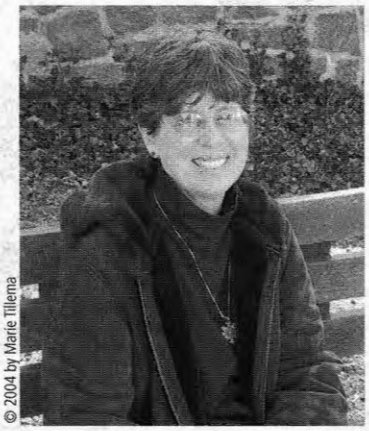
Who comes to Pendle Hill—and why?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"After 30 years of teaching in Ethiopia, Sudan and the U.S. Midwest, I came to Pendle Hill to rethink my work and to experience living in a community. At Pendle Hill I have renewed my creative spirit through art, and been nourished by courses in Prayer and the Gospels. I am glad to be in a place where concerns about war, waste, wealth/poverty, and the health of our souls are important."

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offer models for Quaker meetings. A model for me is the radical Catholic, Kathy Kelly, who has most fervently brought what I think of as Quaker values—compassion, nonviolence, and simplicity—to suffering Iraqi civilians, and who is, as I write, in a U.S. jail for her efforts. Secular community groups offer venues and models for Quakers. We in turn have faith and experience to offer.

How can we mobilize institutions like FRIENDS JOURNAL and Friends General Conference to bring our best energies to this dialogue?

What can we do to encourage our quarterly and yearly meetings to endorse the principles of environmental stewardship contained in the Earth Charter? Or solicit minutes on globalization issues, as New England Yearly Meeting has started to do?

May we find courage, as well as clarity. And let us not forsake the tools of nonviolent action. When Arundhati Roy, another tireless Indian activist and author of *The God of Small Things*, addressed the World Social Forum in Mumbai last January, she evoked Gandhi:

> Gandhi's salt march was not just political theater. When, in a simple act of defiance, thousands of Indians marched to the sea and made their own salt, they broke the salt tax laws. It was a direct strike at the economic underpinning of the British Empire. It was real. While our movement has won some important victories, we must not allow nonviolent resistance to atrophy into ineffectual, feel-good political theater. It is a very precious weapon that must be constantly honed and reimagined. It cannot be allowed to become a mere spectacle, a photo opportunity for the media.

She, too, sees the war in Iraq as the inevitable culmination of empire and hypercapitalism. She advocates going after the corporations that are profiting from the misery in Iraq. "It's a question," she wrote last February in *The Nation*, "of bringing our collective wisdom and experience of past struggles to bear on a single target."

However Spirit leads us; whatever we can summon from past struggles or from continuing revelation; whatever tools we employ—this constellation of issues will test our faith.

Let us ask these questions, and go where we are led. ❑

Yeshua Moser, outside the U.S. Embassy in Bangkok with protest signs. "As we stood holding our signs for the passers-by to see, a tall, sour-looking policeman tried . . . to grab and pull Yeshua's sign away. I shook my finger at him quietly but firmly and he backed away." The scene caused a stir and the arrival of a larger, higher-powered police detachment. When the Willoughbys wouldn't yield, the police tried to drag Yeshua away. Lillian continued:

I grasped his wrist again, saying symbolically that where he went I also went. They had to confer again as this presented them with a dilemma—what to do now? The three of us continued to stand holding our signs for people to see. Then officials regrouped and backed a pick-up truck in front of us. They opened the cab door indicating Yeshua could get in voluntarily. When he didn't, the police picked up Yeshua and George. . . . But I still had hold of Yeshua's wrist.

The confrontation continued until two policewomen hoisted Lillian into the truck, saying over and over, "Sorry. Sorry."

So what would Lillian do when the summons came to appear before federal court for protesting against the newest Gulf War? Of the 107 protesters, a few had agreed to their $250 fines immediately. Twelve had their day in court on December 4, 2003, with Lillian taking part in a vigil outside. Of the twelve, five refused to pay, and then were given their chance to address the court. They were sentenced to a week in jail beginning December 17, 2003.

There were some who thought that, with Lillian turning 89, her summons would never come. What judge would want to look this almost-nonagenerian grandmother in the eye and sentence her to hard rime? But Lillian expected a summons and in good Quaker fashion, she planned to call together a clearness committee to help her formulate her response. Should she ignore the summons, refuse to appear in court? If sentenced, should she refuse to appear at the jail? Should she fast? If she went to jail, should she refuse to wear the required orange jumpsuit?

One thing was certain, she told her family as they sat in daughter Anita's New York apartment the day after Christmas: she would not pay the fine. None of them seemed surprised. ❑

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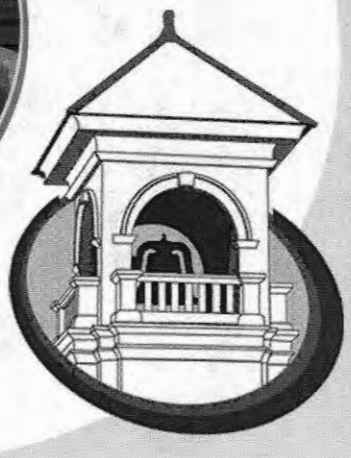

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These kinds of messages impress and move me, and get to the heart of what meeting is all about at our school. It seems clear to me that students are engaged in a process of growth, change, and self-discovery in meeting. They are thinking about who they are, and who they will become as they prepare to leave high school. Throughout the year, older students often spoke about the rites of passage of high school (registering to vote, receiving a draft card, applying to college), and younger students listened intently. Meeting thus is a nurturing space where students feel safe exposing their anxieties and sharing their hopes. As the assembled congregation offers support and fellowship, students feel free to be and to become themselves.

Meeting and the School's Mission

The more meetings I attend, the deeper grows my appreciation for how meeting supports the school's mission and curriculum. Meeting for worship embodies our commitment to honoring differences, as many populations and viewpoints find voice there. Meeting plays an active role in the social growth of adolescents, particularly as younger students listen to the reflections of upperclassmen. Meeting provides a forum where Quaker values, especially peace and equality, are emphasized regularly. Meeting fosters the trust and interdependence that undergird a healthy community. And meeting helps us to nurture mind, body, and spirit by encouraging students to explore and share their inner selves.

I also believe that the experiences aired and the attitudes shaped in our meeting for worship translate into the academic realm. Our classrooms are characterized by openness to diverse opinions, a willingness to take risks, a confidence in the individual, and a general expectation that teaching and learning will involve genuine dialogue and exploration.

Our school philosophy affirms that meeting is central to the life of the school, and I see now that it's true. The closeness developed in meeting for worship permeates our entire school community, and helps create a rich environment for living and learning. ❑

Milestones

Birth

McWhirter—*Finn Paterson McWhirter*, on Feb. 12, 2004, to Cameron and Ramsay McWhirter. Cameron is a member of Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting and Ramsay is an attender.

Deaths

Cox—*Doak Cox*, 85, in Honolulu, Hawaii, on April 21, 2003. Doak was born on January 16, 1917, in Wailuku, Maui, but spent most of his childhood on Kauai, where his father, Joel Bean Cox, was civil engineer at McBryde Plantation and his mother was a piano teacher. He was sent to Honolulu to live with his grandparents, Isaac and Catherine Bean Cox. In 1938 he graduated from University of Hawaii with a B.S. in Mathematics. In 1941, with a new bride but just one thesis short of a Ph.D. in Geology, he was forced to leave Harvard because of World War II. From 1941–45, as a geologist with the U.S. Geological Survey, he was in charge of fluorspar investigations in several western states, and worked in Cuba helping to locate fluorspar deposits. From 1946 to 1960 he was a geophysicist at the Hawaiian Sugar Planters Association Experiment Station and worked as a hydrologist for the Pacific Science Board Arno Expedition. In 1954 he worked at Scripps Institution of Oceanography and the whole family lived in California. In 1960 he was a visiting professor in Ground Water Geology at Stanford University. From 1960 to 1985 he was a professor of Geology at University of Hawaii. He was the first director of the Tsunami Research Program at the Hawaii Institute of Geophysics (1960–64), the first director of the Water Resource Research Center (1964–70), and the first director of the Environmental Center 1970–85). In 1965, accepting many of his published papers as a thesis, Harvard University awarded him the long-delayed PhD. As visiting professor at Nagoya University in Japan during his 1966 sabbatical leave, he consulted with other tsunami experts. He served as a consultant to the Taiwanese Sugar Company, investigated water problems in Israel, and delved into natural disasters at the Natural Hazards Research and Applications Information Center at the University of Colorado in Boulder. He consulted as a geohydrologist in Hawaii, Marshall Islands, Marianas Islands, and Western Samoa. He was an Emeritus Geophysicist, Senior Fellow of the Joint Institute of Marine and Atmospheric Research, and on the graduate faculty of Geology and Geophysics and the American Association for the Advancement of Science and of the Geological Society of America. He served twice as president of the Hawaii Academy of Science. He was president of the Conservation Council of Hawaii and was active in Honolulu Meeting and in many other organizations. Doak's family treasures memories of hiking, swimming, and listening to stories of old Hawaii. A deeply though quietly religious man who truly tried to do the moral thing, on all occasions, Doak believed in the rule of law and obeyed laws to the letter unless he felt some moral reason not to. He refrained from categorizing people, and was amazingly slow to find fault or fix blame. His statements were precise, manifesting his belief that anything worth doing

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was worth doing carefully, and he spent hours on problems that others might have abandoned in minutes. A gentle man, he could sound fierce when defending the high ground. Famous for his storytelling, he exaggerated each tale a bit more with each telling, holding his audience spellbound. He is survived by his wife of 62 years, Marjorie Cox; five children, Catherine Langmuir, Nancy Stickert, Marion Cox, Charles Cox, and Helen Cox; thirteen grandchildren; four great-grandchildren, and two more born shortly after his death.

Ishitani—*Susumu Ishitani*, 70, on June 20, 2002, in Yokohama, Japan. Susumu was born on November 30, 1931, to Nobuyaso and Tsuruyo Ishitani in Nagasaki, where his father was principal of Seinan Women's Junior College. He, his sister, and father were at home on August 9, 1945, when the second atomic bomb hit Nagasaki, thus making him a *hibakusha* (atomic bomb survivor). He remembered hitting the floor just as the blast force moved around him and feeling protected by God. In the late 1940s, the Ishitani family moved to Ibaraki province, north of Tokyo, where many Friends live. He joined Mito Friends Meeting in 1953, and attended high school, junior college, and college there. In 1954 at age 23, he did volunteer work in India for more than a year under the sponsorship of Service Civil International, constructing brick buildings for a leper colony, a Basic Education Center, a road, and colonies for homeless people. He entered graduate school in 1959 and taught English. From 1963 to 1966, he studied at Earlham School of Religion, Pendle Hill, Swarthmore, and Woodbrooke, meeting many Friends. In 1968, he married Michiko Nagai and transferred his membership to Tokyo Meeting. A year later, he became a professor of Ethics at Hosei University in Tokyo, teaching there until 1999. In 1974, Susumu introduced tax refusal into Japan, and was one of six plaintiffs who sued the Japanese government over the issue of military spending. He carried many concerns for peace and justice throughout his life, and created open and active expressions of them, often prefacing speeches with a public apology for the actions and brutality of the Japanese military during World War II. He visited Seoul, and met with Korean Quaker Ham Sok Han. From 1974 to 2000, he was a member of Citizens Group of Conscientious Military Tax Refusers, sometimes serving as clerk. With Chris Moore and Chuck Esser, he introduced nonviolence training into Japan. He addressed the Peace and Nuclear Issues Committee of the National Christian Council of Japan, and in 1990 he took part in a nonviolent action blockade of a U.S. naval ship trying to enter Tokyo harbor. Nuclear powered ships are banned in Japanese waters, and the captain had refused to say whether the ships were nuclear powered or not. Susumu's writings, translations, and reviews are prodigious. His wife edited a memorial book after his death, *Peace Building, His Mission, Quaker Pacifist Susumu Ishitani* [see Bulletin Board, p. 39 —eds.]. He wrote articles for Friends World Committee for Consultation and, in 1978, an introduction to *Barefoot Gen*, Volume I. While many *hibakusha* hid their identities for many years in fear of recriminations or prejudice, in his earlier years Susumu had kept silent because he did not think it made any difference. In 1986, however, he changed his mind and delivered the Backhouse Lecture, "Looking for Meanings of My A-Bomb Experience in Nagasaki" at Australia Yearly Meeting. (An edited version of this lecture appeared in FRIENDS JOURNAL, August 1995.) He was clerk of Tokyo Monthly Meeting, 1992–1999, and often acted as an oral translator in meeting. Susumu is survived by his wife, Michiko, two sons, Hikari Ishitani and Arata Ishitani, and a daughter, Migiwa Ishitani.

Mabbs—*Alice Ruth Gabel Mabbs*, 80, on January 19, 2004, in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Alice was born to Elmer and Bess (Ogden) Gabel on June 9, 1923, in Milwaukee, Wis. She graduated from West Allis High School, where she was co-valedictorian, and received degrees from the University of Illinois and Pittsburgh-Xenia Theological Seminary (Pennsylvania), completing post-graduate work at American University in Cairo, Egypt; University of Utah; and Augustana College in Sioux Falls. In 1949 Alice was appointed missionary to Omdurman, Sudan. She married Robert D. Mabbs on January 12, 1951, in Cairo, where she worked in Laubach Literacy and Literature Projects for the Presbyterian Mission. In 1956 she was recommissioned a fraternal-worker/missionary to Aleppo, Syria, and later to Zahleh, Lebanon. Later she taught in the public schools of Illinois, Utah, and Sioux Falls, and in Ohio under the Toledo Area Council of Churches. Back in Sioux Falls, active in peace and human rights organizations, she taught ESL to refugees. For six years Alice was a geriatric social worker in nursing homes in Salt Lake City and Sioux Falls. A member of the Sioux Falls First Presbyterian Church as well as an interdenominational Bible study group, for more than two decades she hosted Sioux Falls Meeting in her home. Alice was an accomplished artist, enjoying the beauties of nature through her watercolor, oil paintings, and sculptures. She loved classical music and delighted in duets with her husband and children. Alice was predeceased by two sisters, Jean Gabel and Betry Gabel Holmes. She is survived by her husband, Bob Mabbs; two daughters, Bonnie Swenson and her husband Kevin, and Cherie Goehring and her husband Bob; two sons, Dick V. Mabbs and his wife Linda, and Merrill L. Mabbs and his wife Brenda; nine grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

McIlvain—*William (Bill) Edward McIlvain*, 87, on February 2, 2004, at Hickman Friends Home in West Chester, Pa. Bill was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on December 20, 1916, and spent his teenage years in New York City. There he joined the Religious Society of Friends in 1938. He became active in young Friends activities after graduating from Friends Seminary and attending University of Delaware. During World War II, he farmed as a conscientious objector in Lancaster County, Pa. In 1946, he and his wife, Rebecca Broomell Gatchell McIlvain, moved to Mount Holly, N.J., where they raised two daughters on a chicken farm that they established on the McIlvain family homestead. After moving to the Rancocas-Mount Holly area, Bill served as treasurer for Rancocas (N.J.) Meeting. In 1965, they moved to Moorestown, N.J., where he owned and operated The Printer's Den. At that time Bill transferred his membership to Moorestown Meeting. In 1984 they moved to West Chester, Pa., and Bill became a member of Birmingham (Pa.) Meeting. He was a popular square dance caller in South Jersey. Also a ham radio operator, he spent many hours building and repairing radios, intercoms, and other small electronic devices. He was interested in genealogy and self-published many family history booklets. Bill is survived by Rebecca, his wife of 62 years; two daughters, Joan Bradley and her husband, John, and Judith Lewis and her husband, Donovan; and four granddaughters, Lia and Tia Bradley, Dawn Kelly, and Kimberly Lewis.

Mints—*Margaret Fell Perkins Mints*, 90, in Irvine, South Dakota, on May 19, 2003. She was born on her parents' pioneer homestead near Bison, South Dakota, on April 15, 1913. After her mother died, she and her three sisters came to live with their aunt in Pasadena, Calif. Margaret graduated from John Muir High School in 1930, and from Guilford College in North Carolina in 1934. During the Depression she taught school in Lemmon, South Dakota, then at Victor Valley Union High School in southern California. It was there that she met and married Jim Buckner. After Jim died in a swimming pool accident in 1962, Margaret continued her career at John Muir as a highly respected and popular teacher. She later married a longtime friend and colleague, Fred Mints. Margaret participated in First Friends Church in Pasadena, Orange Grove Monthly Meeting, Orange County Meeting, Southern California Quarterly Meeting, and Pacific Yearly Meeting. In their later years she and Fred lived in a retirement home in Irvine, where she became a leader in Orange County Meeting. Margaret was a steady influence of enrichment for her meeting. She is survived by her husband, Fred Mints; her daughter, Kate Buckner; her son, Dan Buckner; her stepchildren, Jeffrey Mints and Janet White; her sister, Virginia Heck; and numerous grandchildren, step-grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

Nowlin—*Genevieve Helen Nowlin*, 92, on November 22, 2003, in Santa Barbara, Calif. The third of four children, she was born on December 5, 1910, in Los Angeles to Charles Frederick and Alice Banks Nowlin. She grew up in Southern California on her parents' ranches. As a young woman, in order to develop her breathing for singing, she studied yoga, a practice she continued for the rest of her life. Active in the American Baptist church as a youth leader, she credited her mother for introducing her to pacifism. Genevieve became a peace activist during World War II, when she was director of the Southern California Junior Red Cross for the Los Angeles school system. In 1942, when her father died suddenly, she had to take over the family investment and land businesses, managing them successfully for 60 years. During World War II she first met Quakers, and she became an ardent supporter of AFSC throughout her life. In turn, she had a strong support system, including one of her mentors, Robert Vogel. After the war Genevieve graduated from UCLA with a degree in English, earned her teaching credentials, and taught English and literature in Pasadena and Santa Barbara. She retired at age 61, devoting her energies to active and generous support of peace and social justice. She was instrumental in founding the United Nations Association in Santa Barbara and served that organization for many years. An avid world traveler, Genevieve participated in the Volga River Peace Cruise

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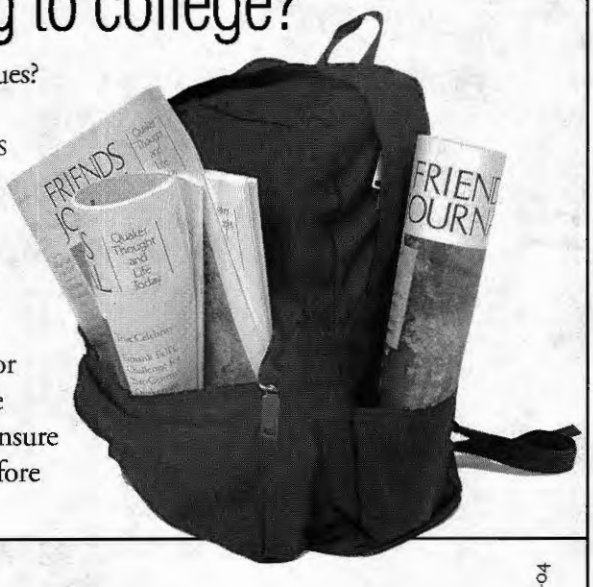

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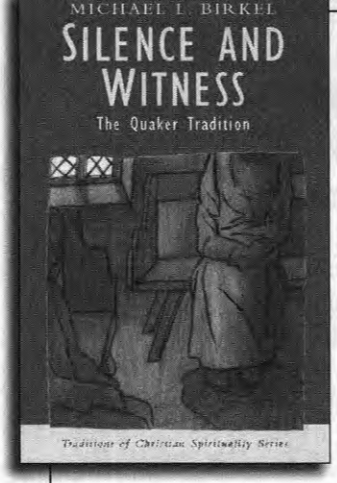

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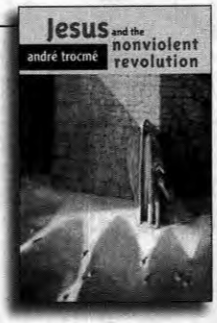

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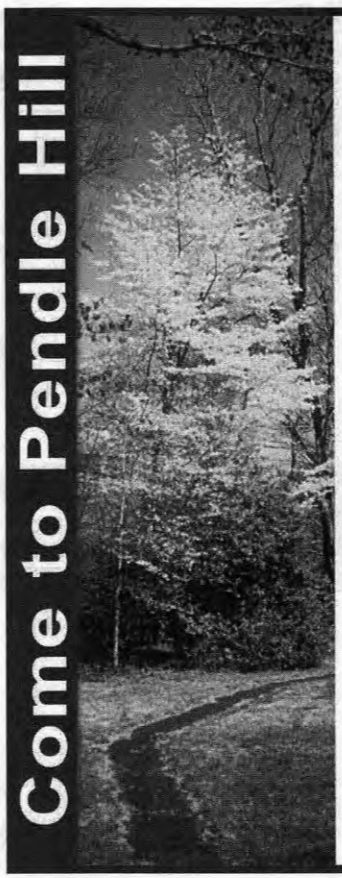

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through Russia in 1982, and four years later she invited USSR citizens for a similar trip down the Mississippi. She attended Santa Barbara (Calif.) Meeting for many years before becoming a member in 1983. She worked toward abolishing nuclear weapons, participated in Quaker vigils against the death penalty, and for 16 years she staffed the Peace Table in front of the Santa Barbara Museum of Art. During the 2003 Iraq war she stood once a week in silent vigil with the local group Santa Barbara in Black, which grew out of the Women in Black movement. Her activism did not diminish with years, but continued until shortly before her death. She trained her niece, Mary Ellen Pitman, to continue managing the family businesses. Genevieve was predeceased by her older brother Edward Nowlin. She is survived by two sisters, Mary Ellen Nowlin Hudspeth and Alysmae Nowlin Schultz; and three generations of nieces and nephews and their offspring.

Turner—*Clyde Edward (Ed) Turner Jr*, 59, on October 17, 2003 in Decatur, Ga., from injuries in an automobile accident. Ed was born in Atlanta on August 15, 1944, to Clyde Sr. and Mildred Webb Turner of Decatur. He attended Druid Hills High School and Georgia Tech, where his classmates remember his exuberant sense of humor and his spirit in playing jokes. After receiving a masters degree in Social Work from Emory University, he worked with tuberculosis patients for the State of Georgia Health Department. Ed was the friend who was in the audience for every gig of a struggling band and the one who could be counted upon to bring comfort and support during periods of sorrow. At each gathering, his smile would suddenly light up his whole face and his laugh would warm the room. He made each person feel a treasured part of the group with kind words of thanks and heartfelt mementos. He was always juggling several projects at once: houses to be renovated, cars to be repaired, part ownership of a pub. It was as if he thought of each project as a character, and by doing so he was able ro see what was needed and to complete the job. While quiet about his own achievements, he encouraged others' thoughts, hopes, and sorrows. It was only after several years of acquaintance that one might discover he had driven one of his cars, an old Volkswagen beetle, across Russia—or that he took his Aunt Virginia on a trip to London and Paris in the Concorde. Ed was an active member of Atlanta Meeting since 1982 and had been an attender for many years before that, bringing his friends to meeting and becoming a vital member of meeting life. He served on the Care and Counsel and the Ministry and Worship committees, and was active in Social Concerns. He gave selflessly of his time and resources to everyone, sometimes quietly providing housing and funds to friends in time of need. He is survived by his uncles, Cecil Turner, Melvin Webb, and John Webb; his aunt, Virginia Pursell, and numerous cousins.

Thanks for March

Thank you for the excellent March issue! Signe Wilkinson ("An Iconoclastic View of Quaker Outreach") is right on target, as usual. Mary Beth Keiter raises the deeper questions about abortion; perhaps she chose not to indicate that she is a physician (MD, pediatrician) and an active participant in Foxfire Monthly Meeting of SAYMA. And the rest of the issue is very relevant and helpful.

Hibbard Thatcher
Nashville, Tenn.

Lightening up

"Many Friends would rather be human shields in Baghdad than to say aloud whether they believe in God. And let's not get into Jesus," said Signe Wilkinson in her brilliant Rufus Jones lecture—and truthful cartoons—in the March issue.

I am struggling to bring to birth another, warm, witty Quaker: Hannah Whitall Smith, in a new show I am preparing with English actor Peri Aston for Woodbrooke this summer.

At a turning point in her life, Hannah and her husband, Robert Pearsall Smith, became evangelists in the Holiness movement of the Methodist Church—becoming, in effect, a Billy Graham team for the 19th century. Her book, *The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life,* is still a bestseller.

This "secret" is all about the comfort and joy God gave her through her relationship to Jesus in a very direct, Protestant way. She never joined the Methodists and, in her old age, longed for the silence when she could not find a meeting on Sundays and had to worship in Anglican churches.

We actors (and perforce playwrights) have chosen puppetry and humor to bring *The Selfing of Hannah Whitall Smith* to life.

I thank God for *Lightness*—I mean the other Light—as Jesus said, "My yoke is easy and my burden is light." Could "standing in the Light" include this light?

I loved the way Signe Wilkinson made us lighten up. If she thinks "after the manner of Friends" is funny—what a field day she would have with us Anglicans! From a friendly Episcopalian,

Roberta Nobleman
Dumont, N.J.

Writings of Rufus Jones

Thanks to Signe Wilkinson ("An Iconoclastic View of Quaker Outreach," *FJ* March) for helping us to appreciate some of the serious foibles of Friends and challenging us for the future.

However, she left out one stereotypical assumption about certain kinds of Friends—an inherited shelfful of Rufus Jones books. Or, if this fails, attendance at a meeting that has had a library established long enough ago to have a good collection of Rufus Jones materials. An interesting fact about Friends in the United States is that we have about twice the number of unprogrammed meetings than existed at the end of Rufus Jones's life. That's a lot of libraries in which his works may be underrepresented.

For being a pivotal and prolific voice among Friends, very few of Rufus Jones's writings are available in print today. I hope that this can change since, as Signe Wilkinson reminds us, his thought continues to have much to offer Friends today.

Cathy Garra
Evanston, Ill.

A little, skinny Quaker wedding

My wife, Marae, and I were delighted upon reading Signe Wilkinson's "An Iconoclastic View of Quaker Outreach (*FJ* March). Although we do not agree with everything that she has written, we both were greatly amused and enlightened with her continuing exploration of the bedrock Quaker principle of "being cheap." Specifically, I would like to touch on her implicit contrast of U.S. popular culture's love and expectation of a "big, fat Greek wedding" as the norm, versus the countercultural "little, skinny Quaker wedding."

I was amazed that Signe Wilkinson so succinctly characterized our very own *un*popular culture Quaker wedding. Marae, who is a very good seamstress, made her own wedding dress, thus there were no tailoring costs. I drew the calligraphy of our wedding certificate, thus there were no graphic designing costs. Our wedding invitations were personally handwritten, thus there were no printing costs. The food at the wedding reception was provided by Marae's college girlfriends, who also gave of their time to serve it, thus there were no catering costs. No one wore tuxedos or gowns, thus there were no rental costs. And last, there was no music, choral or instrumental, thus there were no entertainment costs.

Even to this day, our wedding continues

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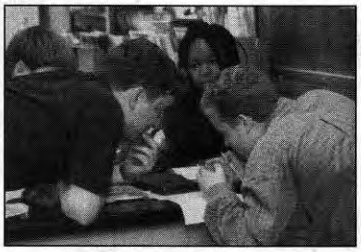

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to astound our non-Quaker friends and acquaintances who learn of it. That we had to memorize our wedding vows to each other, as no priest or preacher was there to prompt us. That the wedding itself took an entire hour—no quickie 15- or 20-minute ceremonies here! That no one gave the bride away (not even her father), the bride did it herself. That Marae herself was moved to speak during the meeting—I know of no big, fat wedding brides who have the option of preaching at their own wedding! And last, that we have been living together now for 32 years "without benefit of clergy."

George McGee
Princeton, N.J.

Readings at the FGC Gathering

In 1986 the women at the FGC Gathering presented Allie Walton's play *Feminism and Its Quaker Roots.* After her passing, we had a reading at the Gathering in her memory. I would like to repeat that reading at our 2004 Gathering. I hope that some past participants, family, and new faces will enjoy speaking as Margaret Fell, Elizabeth Haddon, Mehetabel Jenkins, Lucretia Mott, and other strong Quakers.

Arun Rivingston
Atlantic City, N.J.

Accommodating disabled people

The first rule of thumb when working with any disabled person is not to inflict *your* will upon that person. The disabled person knows what he/she needs, assuming that person is a cognitive adult. If not, only that person's physician qualifies.

There is much federal and state law with which they are conversant, and when they need some kind of assistance it is usually because an entity has failed to follow or enforce the law. The same holds true for those persons whom life has disconnected. You cannot possibly know their real needs unless you have walked in their shoes. Walk ten miles in that person's moccasins, as the Native American saying goes.

Other people must accommodate disabled people—not the other way around.

Elizabeth Munro Congdon
Devault, Pa.

Memories of the 1960s

The passing of Bronson Clark [executive secretary of AFSC from 1968 to 1974 who died on January 24 at age 85 —eds.] brings to mind the first time I had contact with him that might be helpful to historians in understanding the varieties of Quaker witnessing and motivation.

I was a Midwestern Quaker idealist *cum* activist in midcentury, highly inspired by AFSC international seminars featuring such opposing luminaries as Kenneth Boulding and Cecil Hinshaw versus Herman Kahn—the architect of Mutually Assured (Nuclear) Destruction, MAD, the official adopted U.S. strategy at the height of the Cold War. Those were the days when AFSC presented both sides of controversies out of respect for that of God in each.

At the Second Quaker Conference on the Draft, in the late 1960s I believe, it was a surprise to me to realize how "provincial" I was among Eastern idealists. Bronson headed a "delegation" of Movement for New Society (MNS) participants. While the Fellowship of Reconciliation, draft resistance, peace demonstrations, and local volunteer AFSC-type community projects were our Colorado outlets, I was unfamiliar with MNS and felt very much the provincial among sophisticates. (Many of my Colorado friends were into communes, but my wife and I were too individualistic to submit to the requisite conformism.)

The conference study group I had chosen was one chaired by Bronson on the Quaker response to the military draft that was then still in existence.

I was unprepared for the thesis that Bronson and the MNS participants vigorously advocated in our study group: that nonregistration (and consequent imprisonment) should be considered the norm for Quaker men in good standing. In my naivete, I presented the alternative view that the draft response should continue as an individual witness according to one's own "spiritual leadings." I was unfamiliar with the history of enforced conformity on threat of disownment in Eastern Quietism. I *was* familiar with individual choice as my home (Kansas) yearly meeting had refused any support to me out of what might be called their "conscientious military tradition" (90 percent of the Quaker draftees joined the armed forces in World War II).

It turned out that Bronson and I were the only prison-resisters in our discussion group, and almost the only ones in the whole conference. Bronson had served a sentence in World War II that he wrote about in *A Few Small Candles: War*

Resisters of World War II (1999). I had served a peacetime draft-resistance sentence and, released on the cusp of the Korean invasion, was called back and sentenced to ten years imprisonment on a second sentence. (Since this was the longest sentence given to a nonregistrant, it generated such a widespread outcry with comments from Eleanor Roosevelt and Albert Einstein and sympathetic editorials that the judge eventually reduced it to five years.)

I was shocked at Bronson's apparent overriding of individual "leadings," which had seemed to be integral to the mystical tradition as long as they promoted love and pacifism. (As a mental health professional, I had questions about violent "leadings" from the inner voice such as Joan of Arc's voices of military renewal.) Dictated pacifism seemed to me to imply Inquisitorial if not institutional disownment from a dying Quietism. For a couple of days, I was the lone holdout to his position and was finally joined by some Earlham faculty and students who presented the case that they did not feel second-class with the standard 1-A-O alternative service position.

Finally we released the study group to present Bronson's prospective minute to the general conference. Though this minute was vigorously denounced by a third prison CO and myself at this general session, it may have paradoxically suffered demise for other reasons: many Indiana Quaker church "establishments" had a military tradition from Civil War participation against slaveholding and were influenced by their American Legion members.

A note for the historians: In the last general session of this conference, a minute of support for the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) was adopted over my objection that in the previous month the SDS had publicly renounced nonviolence. The clerk soberly guaranteed that I was incorrect and that no delay to study was needed. The subsequent record of Weathermen violence and the self-annihilation of at least one Quaker-influenced revolutionary—Diane Oughton of AFSC and Ann Arbor Meeting [who was killed with two others in a Greenwich Village townhouse explosion in Manhattan in 1970 —eds.] —stands on its own.

This experience with "Eastern Quakerism" led me to be suspicious of "consensus" and institutional conformity that so easily subverts our mystical tradition. My counter-thesis is to emphasize responsive individualism.

Robert Michener
Estes Park, Colo.

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Rentals & Retreats

Blueberry Cottage on organic lavender, blueberry, and dairy goat farm in the mountains of N. Carolina. Pond, mountain views, protected river. Sleeps 8+. Family farm visit or romantic getaway. Near Celo Friends Meeting. By week or day. <www.mountainfarm.net>, or (866) 212-2100

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

London, UK (Croydon). To let for the academic year September 2004 to July 2005, 3 bedroomed detached house with garden, close to lively local meeting, convenient for Friends House, London universities, teaching hospitals. Contact <gorgturner@tiscali.co.uk>.

Ocean City, N.J.: 3BR apartment in traditional neighborhood on cozy lagoon. Walk/bike to bay, beach. Water birds, sunsets, bay breezes. Season, half-season, weekly. See photos at <www.voicenet.com/~mjstreet>. (215) 542-8929.

Two-bedroom apartment in Munich, Germany, available May through August 2004. Quiet and centrally located. For more information call Ken Martin (215) 848-4749 or e-mail Monika Brandmair <MMB1557@aol.com>.

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. Authentic Parisian neighborhood with food shops, bakeries, wine merchants, open-air markets, and outdoor cafes. Metro/bus closeby. $850/wk. <ldavid@theworld.com>; (781) 237-0153.

Vermont Women's Writing Retreat
June 10th to June 13th

Memoirs. Life stories. A 4-day writing retreat in a 191-year-old Vermont inn. Walk in the clear mountain air near where Robert Frost walked and wrote at Breadloaf, write in the garden, talk about writing with other women. Join Ellen Michaud, award-winning author, contributor to more than 30 bestselling books, and book review editor of *Friends Journal* at Blueberry Hill Inn—one of the top 10 inns in New England, according to *Forbes*. Call (802) 453-5857 for a brochure. Or e-mail <trombh@accessvt.com>.

Cape May Beach lovers, feel the sand in your toes. Centrally located, beautiful, new 4-bedroom Cape, sleeps 8, central air, 2 1/2 baths. Large kitchen with all conveniences. $1,700 per week July and August. Great weekend and off-season rates. Edie at <eyler@ptd.net> or (484) 232-6222.

Northern New Mexico. Beginning May 1, fully furnished 2 BR cottage in Cuba Village where people speak Spanish or Navajo as often as English, a friendly ranching community nestled at 7000' between forested mountains and high desert mesas. By the day, week, or month. For more information, call (505) 289-9105.

New Mexico Vineyard & Guesthouse: Solar loft in historic farming community. Close to Santa Fe and Taos. Contemplative space, ideal for personal retreats. Furnished. Mountain views, river frontage. Weekly and monthly rates. Call: (505) 986-6193, or e-mail: <communitasSF@cs.com>.

Tranquil Topsail Island, N.C. New 2-story house, 3 bedrooms, 2.5 baths, sleeps 6. Overlooks marshlands and Intercoastal Waterway. Two blocks from beach. Polite dogs welcome. Weekly rates: 7/3–8/14 **$775**, 8/14–10/2 **$675**, 10/2–10/31 **$550**. Off-season daily, weekend, and long-term rentals available. For information, visit website: <www.VRBO.com/31024>; call (610) 796-1089; or e-mail <Simplegifts1007@aol.com>.

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

Cuernavaca, Mexico: Families, friends, study groups enjoy this beautiful Mexican house. Mexican family staff provide excellent food and care. Six twin bedrooms, with bath and own entrance. Large living and dining room, long terrace with dining area and mountain and volcano views. Large garden and heated pool. Close to historic center and transportation. Call Edith Nicholson (011) 52-777-3180383, or Joe Nicholson, (502) 894-9720.

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

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

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

KENDAL
COMMUNITIES and
SERVICES FOR OLDER PEOPLE

Kendal communities and services reflect sound management, adherence to Quaker values, and respect for each individual.

Continuing care retirement communities:
Kendal at Longwood; Crosslands • Kennett Square, Pa.
Kendal at Hanover • Hanover, N.H.
Kendal at Oberlin • Oberlin, Ohio
Kendal at Ithaca • Ithaca, N.Y.
Kendal at Lexington • Lexington, Va.

Communities under development:
Kendal on Hudson • Sleepy Hollow, N.Y.
Kendal at Granville • Granville, Ohio

Independent living with residential services:
Coniston and Cartmel • Kennett Square, Pa.

Nursing care, residential and assisted living:
Barclay Friends • West Chester, Pa.

Advocacy/education programs:
Untie the Elderly • Pa. Restraint Reduction Initiative
Kendal Corporation Internships

For information, call or write: Doris Lambert, The Kendal Corporation, P.O. Box 100, Kennett Square, PA 19348. (610) 388-5581. E-mail: <info@kcorp.kendal.org>.

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

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

Schools

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

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

Sandy Spring Friends School. Five- or seven-day boarding option for grades 9–12. Day school pre-K through 12. College preparatory, upper school AP courses. Strong arts and academics, visual and performing arts, and team athletic programs. Coed. Approximately 480 students. 140-acre campus less than an hour from Washington, D.C., and Baltimore, Md. International programs. Incorporating traditional Quaker values. 16923 Norwood Road, Sandy Spring, MD 20860. (301) 774-7455, ext. 375. <www.ssfs.org>.

Bucks County. 20 South 10th Street, Quakertown, PA 18951. (215) 538-1733.

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

EARLHAM
SCHOOL *of* RELIGION

Thinking about personal graduate education to expand your spiritual knowledge? The **ESR Educational Opportunities** brochure gives information about what courses, lectures, and conferences are offered by ESR. For your copy please contact: Gail Bingham, (800) 432-1377, or <binghga@earlham.edu>.

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

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

Services Offered

Editing and writing. Science/technical, social science, and ESL specialities. Manuscripts, articles, dissertations, research-based fact or position papers, and more. Serving individuals, nonprofits, and small business. Valuing peace, simplicity, equality, integrity. Gary Lapreziosa, (215) 412-0613, <wwew@earthlink.net>.

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

Ahimsa Graphics, 24 Cavanaugh Ct., Saunderstown, RI 02874. (401) 294-7769 or (888) 475-6219. <www.pennyjackim.calligraphicarts.org>.

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

Snowolff designs
www.QuakerWedding.com

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

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

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

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

New York, NY 10003.

Summer Camps

All-Age Camps

Phoenix Farm, New Hampshire. Whole-person programming using Quaker process. Children under 12 bring an adult.
Wool and Wisdom Tales, June 25–28
Spin, felt, knit and make a yurt while sharing stories.
Meteor Showers, August 10–12
Astronomy and geology for beginners and enthusiasts.
Power of Peace, August 14–22
Inner healing, peace practices, crafts, and community.
Contact: Kate Kerman, Phoenix Farm (603) 876-4562, <www.phoenixfarm.org>.

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

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

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

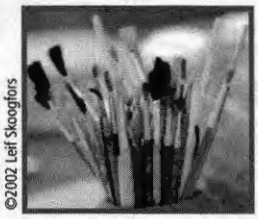
Summer Rentals

Maine Lakefront—secluded, spacious, post and beam house, well appointed kitchen, living room, dining room, 3 bedrooms (sleeps 6), 2 1/2 baths, 3 1/2 hours from Boston. Pictures/info: <www.guidethru.com/Wayne.htm>; call Liz Moriarty: (617) 441-3813.

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

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

Arts & Spirituality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July 18–22
Painting for Joy
with Helen David Brancato

The Sacredness of Creativity
with Jan Phillips

July 23–27
Furniture Restoration
with Tom Jenik

Writing for Life
with Lynn Nelson

Food that Nourishes Body and Spirit
with Carol Sciarra

July 28–August 1
Flowing Fibers
with Gloria Todor and Robyn Josephs

A Loving Yoga Retreat
with Amanda Hoffman and Ella Johannaber

August 6–10
Kado: The Way of Flowers
with Marcia Shibata

Discovery Through Bookmaking
with Susan Viguers

August 11–15
The Clay Odyssey
with George Kokis

Drumming, Healing and Finding Joy
with Brenda Macaluso

Retreats

June 27–July 1 **Spiritual Discernment**
with Nancy Bieber

July 11–15
Practicing Prayer Today
with Nancy Bieber

August 1–5
Spiritual Awareness in Daily Life
with Glenn Mitchell

Quakerism Weekend

June 25–27
Inquirers' Weekend: Basic Quakerism
with Gene Hillman and Deanna Wylie Mayer

Daylong Workshop

July 17 **Effortless Mastery: Liberating the Master Musician Within**
with jazz pianist Kenny Werner


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PENDLE HILL

A QUAKER CENTER FOR STUDY AND CONTEMPLATION
338 Plush Mill Road · Wallingford, PA 19086
www.pendlehill.org

Contact Steve Jackson to find out more

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registrar@pendlehill.org