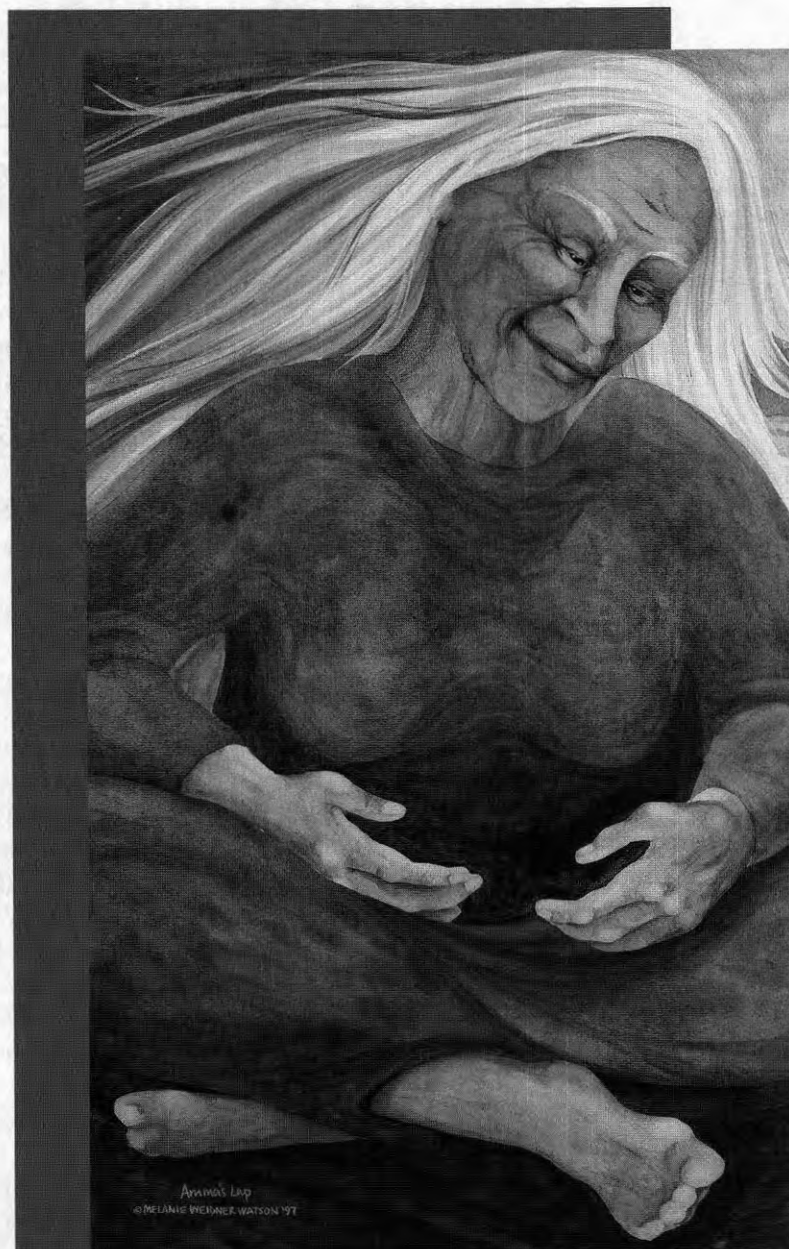


July 2004 • \$5

# FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker  
Thought  
and  
Life  
Today



SPECIAL ISSUE

Aging  
and  
Life's  
End

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



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**Among Friends**

# The Blossom of a Life Well Lived

**W**e began talking about the possibility of doing a special issue on aging and life's end a couple of years ago, during a brainstorming session with our hard-working Board of Trustees. The response to the suggestion of this topic was electric: ideas for possible articles and authors poured forth, and we felt we'd struck a real chord. Last fall when we announced this issue and invited readers to submit manuscripts for consideration, the response was a similar surge of energy. Many Friends are thinking about the topics of aging and life's end, and many are actively engaged with these issues.

As a middle-aged person, not yet 60 (but getting there!), I've begun to grapple with some of the topics that are covered in this issue: trying to provide emotional and logistical support to aging parents, working with hospice as parents have died, thinking about my own retirement plans and hopes. As I've gone through the experience of being present to my parents and my husband's parents in their final years, I've become very clear about the importance of planning, of communicating clearly with family, of reaching closure, of paying close attention to the quality of care being given, and the real need to be an active advocate for one's elders. Thanks to modern forms of communication, it is possible to be involved in these things even at a distance from our family members, a common circumstance for many of us. In my family, one notorious example was an occasion when my failing father was in a nursing home, using the call bell to hail a nurse to no avail after he'd fallen and could not get up. He was able to use his phone to speak with my sister, who is a nurse in Idaho 2,000 miles away. She called the nurses' station and intervened to get my father the attention he urgently needed. She also talked to the head of the nursing home, and changes in their procedures and staffing pattern eventually resulted.

Although I've not yet passed into that life zone referred to as "old age," many of my dearest friends have. They are wonderful role models of how to make one's later years the blossom of a life well lived. So, too, are many of the older Friends I've known since my young adulthood. It is a little shocking to realize so many years have gone by, and as those older Friends whom I've long regarded as the pillars of the monthly and yearly meetings in which I've participated leave this life, it is a bit unnerving to realize that the cohort to which I belong are becoming the elders.

In the late 1970s, when I first joined the FRIENDS JOURNAL staff and met her, Betsy Balderston was a member of our then Board of Managers. Always a cheery presence on our Board and in her basement office down the hall from ours at Friends Center, Betsy staffed Philadelphia Yearly Meeting's Committee on Aging. As I came to know her, I became aware of her indefatigable advocacy for the elderly, and the great care and concern she put into advising older individuals as well as those who cared for them. When I returned to the JOURNAL in 1999, I asked Betsy to come speak with our staff about retirement planning, and she presented a wealth of wisdom, materials, and resources for our consideration. If her health had permitted it, I have no doubt that she'd have been a wonderful advisor and contributor to this issue. How ironic that Betsy, who helped so many people with the challenges and concerns of old age, herself never reached that condition. She died at age 62 this past April, after a long struggle with breast cancer. I'd like to dedicate this issue to her, and to her many years of work with these concerns.

*Susan Corson-Finnerty*

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Barbara Benton

Several of Helen Weaver Horn's poems appearing in this issue have also been previously published. "Old Writer" appeared in Pendle Hill Pamphlet #324, Traveling In, by Douglas Steere, in 1995. "Agape" and "Interlocked" appeared in Pendle Hill Pamphlet #329, There Is a Fountain: A Quaker Life in Process, by Helen Horn, in 1996. ©1995 and 1996 Pendle Hill; reprinted with permission. "Unstrung" appeared in Friendly Woman, vol. 14, #10, Spring 2002. "Keys" appeared in Friendly Woman, vol. 7, #6, Spring 1986, as well as in Appalachian Woman's Journal and Ohio University's Woman Studies Journal, Awakening.



## Not simply an individual failing

I was glad to see the letter to the editor (*FJ* Feb. 2004) entitled "It is *human* failings" regarding the issue dedicated to diversity among Friends (*FJ* Oct. 2003). Although I am writing to argue with the letter's contents, I welcome it, because many of us who are European Americans find it hard to talk about race at all, for fear of unwittingly saying something that will expose us to criticism. This makes dialogue, and therefore learning, impossible.

The writer felt diminished by statements regarding Friends and people of color. She asserts, "To me, a racist is on the same level as a pedophile or child molester." That isn't a bad comparison when we look at the effects on their victims. However, racism is *not* simply individual human failings. It is the social patterns that we learn from the cradle on, either by being given false information about people of color or by becoming so used to seeing certain practices that we think they are just the way things are. We have always lived in a society that is deeply racist. Just as people in Los Angeles become inured to smog, we come to think these patterns are normal.

We Friends are good people. We care deeply about justice. None of us would have chosen to set up a society with some groups up and some down. But most of the harm is done not by bad individuals but by decent people who don't notice these racist institutional practices and culturally imbedded attitudes.

The writer refers to an African American woman's article about her son's early loss of innocence and suggests that it was one-sided. But Vanessa Julye described a real incident, with witnesses, and then talked about how it affected her family. Many articles in *FRIENDS JOURNAL* are written from a personal point of view.

Then the writer talks about violence toward women and discrimination she has faced as a woman. Friends, we are not in competition. All discrimination is wrong. But oppressive patterns differ and must be examined in turn. Each reflects attitudes that are widely tolerated. Each is institutionalized in a different way.

In conclusion, the writer says she'd like to stop apologizing for being white and be able to join with her brothers and sisters of color and live in the Light. That is the point, Friends. Stop apologizing. Applaud the many contributions of our white ancestors. And by all means, give up being defensive. Refuse to feel personal guilt. It is precisely

these feelings of guilt and defensiveness that keep us from seeing racism.

At the same time, don't deny what racism has done to hurt people. Believe people like Vanessa Julye when they tell their stories. Study other cultures. Learn about the dynamics of racism. Get to know people of color. Ask questions. Expect to make mistakes and move on with more knowledge and sensitivity. Go to workshops. Read the writings of people of color. Do these things not because we are bad people, which we're not, but because we haven't seen through the eyes of others and therefore we collude unwittingly with a bad system.

Every age is given new challenges, and in this age of globalism, I believe God is calling God's diverse people to a new level of living together. Let us rise to the challenge.

*Patience A. Schenck*  
Annapolis, Md.

## Friends Houses in Iraq and Afghanistan?

In the September 15, 1960, *FRIENDS JOURNAL*, Calvin Schwabe, a Quaker scientist and humanitarian, published the "Letter from Lebanon: Dar al As-Hab, a Quaker Experiment in the Middle East."

Dar al As-Hab, "Friends House," is a neutral place to share and understand others' religions and cultures. It is run by volunteers. All ages are involved. It is located in Beirut and has ties with the Friends International Centers.

What a concept for Iraq and Afghanistan! A region wracked with longtime hate, strife, and anti-Western sentiment, it needs all the understanding it can muster. As Albert Einstein ironically remarked: "Peace cannot be accomplished by force, it can only be attained with understanding."

*Grant Stevenson*  
Fountain Hill, Pa.

## Who's helping whom?—a win-win prospect

One of the joys of my job as a note-taker for community college students with disabilities is observing their empathy. The nonpatronizing and genuine concern they extend to each other is a reflection of how they themselves wish to be treated. My heart is warmed and my spirit soars when I glimpse their communitarian ethos, their care for one another. Such poignant life snippets enrich me and give me hope for humankind.

In like manner, my very soul is uplifted when I hear (*FJ* Dec. 2003, News, p. 36) of one struggling African group helping another. Despite their country's staggering AIDS burden, Friends in Botswana empathize with the famine and turmoil plaguing their neighbors in Zimbabwe and are raising funds to buy maize from local farmers and ship it to Quaker-founded Hlekweni rural training center in southern Zimbabwe for distribution to nearby destitute families. As members of Harare (Zimbabwe) Meeting currently residing in New Mexico, my wife and I feel privileged to be able to share our abundance with this worthy effort by funneling donations through Schenectady (N.Y.) Meeting. This opportunity for solidarity in a Quaker-led humanitarian effort that also supports the African Farming economy is truly a gift in our lives, and we highly recommend it to other Friends seeking inspiration for the soul. Donations (made out to Schenectady Friends Meeting) may be sent to David Gershan and Anita Paul, 22 Bruce St., Scotia, NY 12302.

*Chuck Hosking*  
Albuquerque, N.Mex.

## More on dual membership

David Rush's letter ("On dual membership," *FJ* May) makes sense. He rightly points out that membership in a meeting requires attendance, commitment, support—and anything else the meeting expects. OK, but why should it deny similar commitment to another religious body?

Ever since 1947, when I first began meeting regularly with the executive committee of France Yearly Meeting, I have been welcome there whenever I am present. I also consider myself a member of Switzerland Yearly Meeting; whenever I walk into the Geneva Meeting I know I'm home. And as far as I know, I've been a member since 1949 of Stony Run Meeting in Baltimore, from which I am unaware of any movement to throw me out.

I am strongly drawn to the Buddhist philosophy of Thich Nhat Hanh. I admire and want to know more of the Baha'i. I like their pacifism, their belief in the equality of men and women, their work towards a world education and religion. And it sure wouldn't hurt me, especially these days, if I really dug into the Qur'an to discover how, like the other established religions, it emphasizes peace. At the same time, I think I'm a fairly representative member of the Religious Society of Friends.

*Continued on page 63*

# An Opportunity to Laugh with Sarah

by Elizabeth F. Meyer

The righteous flourish like the palm tree,  
and grow like a cedar in Lebanon.  
They are planted in the house of the Lord;  
they flourish in the courts of our God.  
In old age they still produce fruit;  
they are always green and full of sap,  
showing that the Lord is upright;  
he is my rock, and there is no  
unrighteousness in him.

—Psalm 92:12–15 (NRSV)

The Scriptures promise that if we seek God's will, we can continue to serve God—to bear fruit—in old age. One need only look around at the gray-haired Friends attending peace demonstrations, centering their meetings in silence and giving vocal ministry, participating in Quaker organizations, helping with potluck lunch, and serving their meetings and communities in many ways to see the commitment of Friends to serve God to the end. Though our aging bodies may restrict our efforts, old age liberates us so that we can be open to new and daring ministries as never before, and we know as we serve that the fruit we bear results not from human efforts alone but from God working through us.

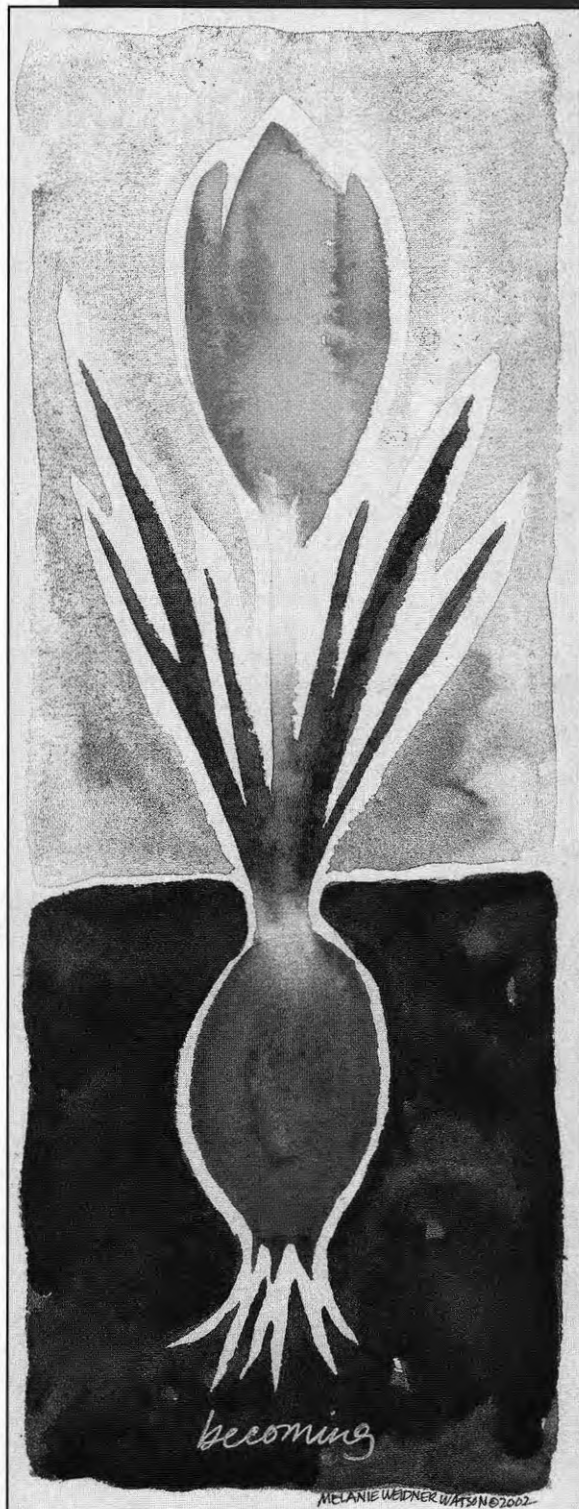
So it was with Sarah. Hebrew Scripture (Gen. 18:1–15, 21:1–7)

tells the story of the birth of Isaac, the child of Sarah's old age. One hot day, the Lord appeared to Abraham in the form of three strangers. While Sarah eavesdropped, and Abraham entertained them with a feast, the strangers told Abraham that his wife would bear a son. Sarah found this prediction laughable. She had longed for a son when she was a young woman, but now that she was old, she had resigned herself to her childlessness. Sarah laughed out loud at the foolishness of the strangers' prediction, but one of the strangers rebuked her, asking, "Is anything too wonderful for the Lord?" (Gen. 18:14a NRSV). Sure enough, in due time, Sarah gave birth to Isaac (the name Isaac means "laughter"), and after his birth Sarah laughed with joy and marveled at God's unexpected works.

In old age, a person may give birth to new things, in ways that seemed laughable when he or she was young. We strive in our youth for what we want from life. As we mature and grow in our spiritual journeys, we come to

*Elizabeth F. Meyer is a member of Sandy Spring (Md.) Meeting and has served as its clerk. She is part of the leadership of the Baltimore Yearly Meeting Spiritual Formation Program.*

© Melanie Weidner



"Becoming"



understand that what we desire may not accord with God's will for us. We may grieve as we resign ourselves to giving up the desires and ambitions of our youth, but as we give up those desires, we become more open to accept God's will, including accepting the service that God would have us do. Then God may call us to a ministry that we never thought possible for ourselves. We might laugh as Sarah did, but we know when the work is accomplished that it is God who has brought it about.

An aging friend of mine served God in his young and middle adulthood as an ordained minister in a mainline church. When he retired, my friend thought he was finished with ministry. He felt drawn to Friends meetings as a way to deepen his own spirituality, but laughed at the idea that God might be calling him to some new ministry. Yet as he became drawn into the work of his meeting and of the yearly meeting, he found himself nurturing the spirituality and encouraging the ministries of those around him. The fruit of his present ministry—to help others become closer to God—is exactly what he was striving for as a young clergyman. But now, it is totally unexpected and totally the work of God using him as a humble instrument. My friend laughs when he thinks about it.

Christian Scripture tells a parallel story about the parents of John the Baptist (Luke 1:5–80). Elizabeth and Zechariah, an elderly childless couple, had hoped for a son who would become a priest like his father. Once while Zechariah performed his priestly duties, the angel Gabriel appeared in the sanctuary and told Zechariah that his wife would bear a son. This boy would not be Zechariah Jr., the “chip off the old block” that Zechariah had longed for in his youth. No, this was to be John, filled with the Holy Spirit, who would prepare the way for the Lord. When Zechariah expressed disbelief, the angel struck him mute, and Zechariah did not speak again until after John's birth.

We strive in our youth to establish our careers, and we labor through middle age to provide for our families. We might like to be called to serve God in daring ways, but we must think of the practicalities: Who would support my family if I spent time away from my work or if I were injured or killed in a dangerous ministry? Old age liberates us from these concerns. Like Zechariah, the cautions are silenced.

The responsibilities of middle age have been resolved as our retirement is settled and our children are grown. Now, we can give ourselves fully to the leadings of the spirit.

My friends Roger and Myra Wolcott, ages 75 and 74, are members of Sandy Spring (Md.) Meeting and residents of Friends House Retirement Community. Roger is a retired college professor, and Myra is a retired Head Start teacher as well as a mother and homemaker. When their children were young and they were providing for the family, they always made time to engage in community service, but after they retired they felt called to more daring service: to bring a peaceful presence to places of violence and deprivation. In 1992, Roger and Myra joined the Witness for Peace Program and traveled to Nicaragua to offer protection for local people in the contra war. Later Roger and Myra went to Cuba and Roger to Chiapas, Mexico, on similar missions. In 2001, Roger served as a delegate for the Christian Peacemaker Teams to Hebron to be a peacemaking presence in the violent Middle East, and in 2003, he traveled to Grassy Narrows, Ontario, to be a supportive presence for members of the Anishnabe Nation who were protesting a lumber company's clear-cutting practices on their traditional hunting grounds. Roger and Myra have taken volunteer “vacations” to participate in service projects in the Cook Islands and in Jamaica. The Wolcotts' ministries have involved elements of danger and physical hardship. “God forbid we should take a cruise!” Myra laments in jest. But despite hardships, Roger and Myra have been willing to be obedient to the leadings of the Spirit, and through them God has sown seeds of peace.

Zechariah and Elizabeth were given a difficult ministry: to be the parents of John the Baptist. John was not to be the ordinary child who would study for the priesthood and make his parents proud. John's parents had to accept his difficult ministry and his eventual sacrifice. Less mature parents might not have been able to accept God's will for their son. As we age, we grow willing to let go of the outcome of the ministries that God calls us to, even if it means that others might view us as foolish, and our work might be seen as a failure. God appoints to the most difficult and hopeless of tasks those with the maturity to detach themselves from the

outcome of their work. These are the people willing to serve God when failure seems certain.

In February 2003, my friend Elayne McClanen, age 74, a member of Sandy Spring Meeting and a resident of Friends House Retirement Community, felt called to civil disobedience. While protesting the impending war in Iraq, she was arrested for crossing a police line onto the grounds of the U.S. Capitol. Elayne harbored no illusions that her arrest would prevent a war, but, trusting in the leading of the Spirit, she accepted her ministry as a witness to nonviolence regardless of the outcome. After her arrest,

## GIVING VOICE

Last night I heard  
a four-hundred-year-old cello  
bowed into speaking  
from its deep chamber.

“Inside, this instrument  
is full of tiny cracks  
and patches,” said the cellist  
beforehand, “yet it gives voice  
like none other.”

Time-worn myself,  
I trembled in the presence  
of this noble ancient  
still in vigor here,  
intoning Bach partitas,  
cavernous, sonorous,  
generous beyond measure.

*Helen Weaver Horn*

Elayne could have entered a guilty plea and paid a nominal fine to resolve the matter, but when her case was assigned to a public defender who happened to be a blind man, Elayne felt God calling her to an unexpected ministry. She felt the Spirit working through this blind lawyer's unique vision as he raised a constitutional argument concerning a citizen's right to access to the Capitol. Elayne trusts that God has some creative work to do through her case, and she accepts God's



will. As she awaits trial, she cannot predict the result; she may have to serve a jail term. Elayne believes that God has chosen her for this witness because her age and

freedom from family responsibilities enable her to be willing to accept any result.

Old age provides an opportunity for Friends to be truly obedient to God's will

by accepting new, daring, and difficult ministries. It is an opportunity to bear fruit in unexpected ways, and an opportunity to laugh with Sarah. □

## What Is Retirement For?

by Richard Eastman

For a while during the summer of 2003, I was aware of an unanswered question waiting to be asked. As I stayed with the awareness, I began to pose the question along a particular line of progression: As a youngster, I was asked what I wanted to be. I would answer architect, engineer, carpenter. Life was contained in family, school,

Sunday school, and meeting activities. I looked forward to junior high school and Boy Scouts. That was what life was for.

When I got to junior high, I looked ahead to high school where I could choose between college preparatory, shop, or business courses with some subordinate choices in each. Also there were a variety of activities in which I could participate.

Scouting had a set progression of rank and many merit badges to choose from along with activities such as camping, jamborees, and community service. And college was just ahead. This was what life was for.

In college, the questions became bigger and more open-ended. Who would I marry? What would be my calling? Where would we live? How many children would we have? This was what life was to be about, and college was the end of preparation.

World War II abruptly interrupted this progression. It posed a completely different set of questions and postponed answers to earlier ones. Issues of war, conscription, and pacifism were asked on someone else's timing with deadlines for answers. I chose Civilian Public Service. This was life, immediate, in my face, now.

By the end of the war, one major question had been answered; I was married. The others worked themselves out over time in response to opportunities that came and the choices we made. I became an engineer; we had four children; we settled in the Vale,

*Richard Eastman, a member of Yellow Springs (Ohio) Meeting, has retired from the position of Greene County Engineer.*

an intentional community outside of Yellow Springs; and I looked ahead to retirement. This was living.

For each of these stages along the path there were signposts and a gossamer-like set of expectations. I did what was necessary at the moment. Now, six and one-half years into retirement, I ask: what is retirement for? The signposts around me are inadequate and the expectations ill-defined at best. The advice available is of the kind that says, "Start saving early so you'll have enough money for what you want." "Watch your health so you'll be able to do what you want." "Here are the 20 best places to live if you want to play golf, or fish, or enjoy the weather." "Do this or do that so you can leave to your heirs what you have worked so hard to accumulate." "Don't be a burden to your children or interfere in their lives." "Get a hobby." "Volunteer." None of these seemed to come close to answering the question that opened for me: "What is retirement for?"

As the question became clear, the answer floated into my awareness. Retirement is for being gentle with one another. It is time, unencumbered by expectations, to be kind to each other. Preparation is over; it is time to forego judgment of friends, neighbors, and strangers. Now is the time for joy, generosity, honesty, helpfulness, acceptance; for living.

With this answer, I am at peace. All unsureness is gone. As I reflect upon this answer, I see that it also fits all previous stages of life. Childhood, adolescence, courtship, marriage, family, empty nest, work, retirement, all provide one opportunity after another to be kind and gentle with each other, to forego judging others or oneself, to experience generosity, and to share joy.

The memories I cherish recall the times I was this way. Each day brings new opportunities, and I am content. □

### FRONTIERS

My theme was nextness: where to go from here.  
Another move? A country to explore?  
Always the focus was a new frontier.

I never dreamed this goal could disappear,  
so confident I was of something more—  
dependable nextness, where to go from here.

But growing older brings a rising fear:  
If I'm unequal to those treks in store  
how can I count upon a new frontier?

I saw myself held captive in the near.  
Then, slowly, I began to sense a door  
to a very different place to go from here.

A way before me finally opens clear:  
to try to strip the gold from inner ore  
and use it for a wholly new frontier.

The only region left to pioneer  
is one I've never journeyed in before.  
There's still a next, a there to go from here—  
a country of aging: my new frontier.

*Barbara Winne*

*Barbara Winne, a member of Wellesley (Mass.) Meeting, lives at Pennswood Village in Newtown, Pa.*

# FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker  
Thought  
and  
Life  
Today



Iraq: The Faces of "Collateral Damage"  
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## CORE WISDOM

I see you old, your body  
stooped. I turn away.  
But thrown together on a walk  
today, you wake me suddenly  
to listen to you, standing  
by a mullein stalk.

(I always notice mullein—  
centered as a saint, with  
leaves as furred as animals  
pretending to be plants.)

Now you, exclaiming,  
draw me closer in and  
win me with your wonder  
at the way your jeweler father  
used this weed to polish gems.

Like native children taught  
earth wisdom by their elders,  
you had learned that pith  
from mullein stalks—  
a pale soft hidden fiber  
tugged out from the core—  
when rubbed against  
the facets of a precious stone,  
will make it glow.

I know, but seem to need  
reminding time and time again  
that writing off as *old*,  
like dubbing plants as *weeds*,  
keeps secrets hidden, jewels  
lackluster, me apart from kin.

## AGAPE

Have I given out?  
Bucked current,  
fought upstream,  
leapt falls, released  
my roe, and now  
gone slack  
in some back water  
near the source?

Is that the way I'll go?  
Frayed fins and faded  
glow, pale ragged tail  
that barely wavers,  
body slowly drifting,  
bumping roots  
and rocks, awash?

I am not bound.  
I have no cycle  
like the salmon  
where I have to  
head for home  
and spawn and die.

I am not spent.  
I am too lithe  
and limber yet  
to let some clumsy  
bear wade in  
and catch me  
as I flop.

But maybe I  
must flip  
into some new  
and nameless shape,  
and let the current  
carry me downstream  
again to ocean.

There I see myself  
in school with many,  
all agape and slowly  
heaving, turning,  
feeding, learning  
how to sink and rise  
with tides,  
and rock and rest  
within the very bosom  
of the deep.

*by Helen Weaver Horn*

## BEYOND ALL WEATHER

Wee grandchild,  
roused to greet me,  
squawking  
in the crook of my arm,  
it has taken you  
to tell me  
I am wise.

I don't doubt  
my welcome,  
know it comes  
in its own sweet time,  
know cloudbursts,  
squalls.

I see myself  
somehow from far off,  
rocking  
with you here  
while your young daddy  
grimaces, your mother  
frets,

see like the eye  
of the storm  
myself  
quite still and  
breathing easy,  
weathered  
beyond all weather,  
knowing  
full well.

---

*Helen Weaver Horn, a writing group leader, retired  
counselor, peace activist, and farm woman, is a  
member of Athens (Ohio) Meeting.*

# The Move to "Happy Valley"

by Renee Crauder

**W**e're too young, but let's look at some Quaker retirement communities anyway and put our names down—it may take ten years to get a two-bedroom apartment."

"For now, our family, friends, Radnor Meeting, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and our favorite museums are right here; we're very happy in our Wayne condominium townhouse, thank you."

Bob Crauder and I are in our early 60s, 15 years ago. We visit Quaker retirement communities in the Philadelphia area and are impressed by their facilities, care, and community. We'll be well cared for at any of them and find friends from our yearly meeting and AFSC days. Their refrain is, "Don't wait too long. Come early enough that you can make your own friends before you're too old or ill, early enough to truly make this your home."

We put a deposit down on two communities within an hour of Philadelphia, "just for insurance." But we're not ready. Underneath our unreadiness lies our spoken and unspoken fear of moving to the last place we'll ever live, going there to die, even if not soon.

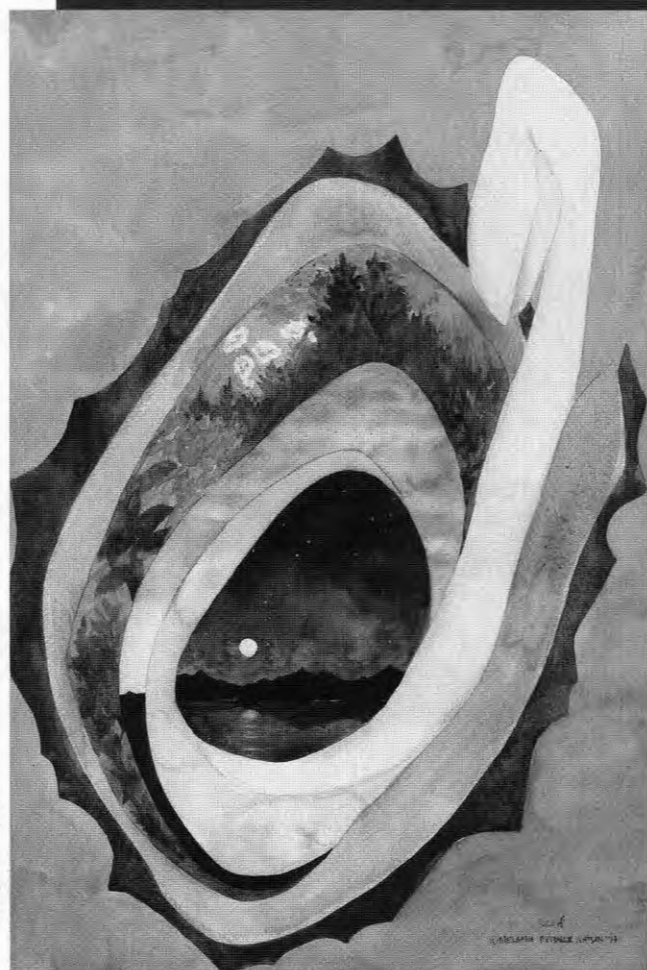
We can still climb our town-

house's two sets of steep stairs. When we're unable to do that we'll need to move; or, if one of us dies, the other will be too lonely to stay. We do not want to become a burden to our children or to each other.

In 1990 I'm invited to teach a course on prayer at State College (Pa.) Meeting. I'm hosted by meeting members including Jane and Bart Jenks, who live at Foxdale Village. A newly opened Quaker retirement community, Foxdale is surrounded by hills, cooler and drier than Philadelphia, and enjoys the cultural offerings of this university town. I have a sense of comfort, of rightness there; we put down another deposit.

We visit Foxdale several times over the next dozen years, spurred on by old friend and resident Dan Frysinger, who is eager to have us come. Each time we like it better. Its cooler temperature will relieve my cumulative heat exhaustion from our years in Third World countries that has become more bothersome in recent Philadelphia summers. We do wish Foxdale were closer to Philadelphia, yet we watch our Friends in Radnor Meeting move into Quaker retirement communities just an hour away, return to Radnor once a month, then less and less often, and finally join a local meeting and make friends where they are. So, perhaps moving three hours away will not be so different.

While we continue to feel unready for such a move, we are in reality readier than we realize as we see friends and family no older than we, struggling with chronic ailments, needing more care



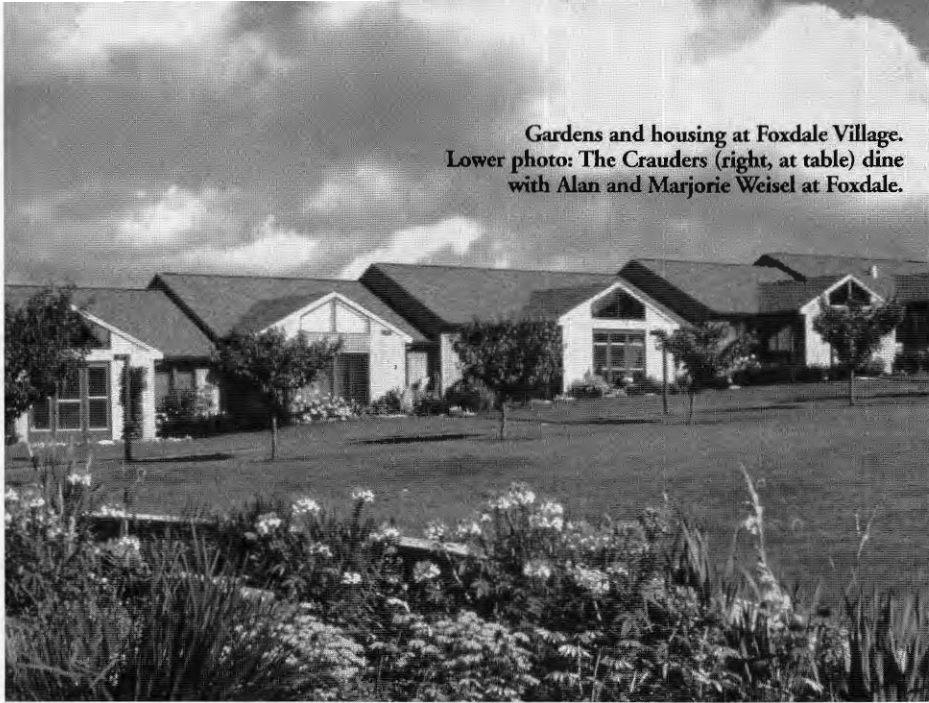
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"Seed"

*Renee Crauder, a member of State College (Pa.) Meeting, lived and worked with her husband, Bob Crauder, in Burma, Lebanon, Syria, Bangladesh, and other Third World countries for 14 years. She now has a ministry of retreats and workshops on prayer, discernment, spirituality, and faithfulness, and she offers one-on-one spiritual direction. Her last article for FRIENDS JOURNAL, "What is Spirituality?" appeared in October 1999.*



Gardens and housing at Foxdale Village.  
Lower photo: The Crauders (right, at table) dine  
with Alan and Marjorie Weisel at Foxdale.



than is available in their present homes.

Finally, in 2002, in our mid-70s, we ask Foxdale to put us on their "ready" list—meaning we plan to move within two years. We fill out forms—health, financial, social ("Will you miss your present community?" *Yes!*)—that make the move imminent and frighteningly real. Leaving our beloved home and community of 20 years is now certain—before, the move was always "in a few years"; now these "few years" are upon us! Even though we came to Wayne without children in local schools, dogs to walk, or local jobs, we have strong ties to this community—stronger, I note in my journal, than we realize. We ruminate on how to look at this move in a healthy way—perhaps seeing it as just another of many moves we have made in our married life? Not so; this one is different.

We find ourselves beginning to detach from our surroundings even as we don't want to. I journal: "The looming reality of our leaving Wayne for Foxdale is beginning to affect me. I need to be aware of and fight against a gnawing sense of being warehoused as elderly—I know intellectually that this is not so, but my gut feels that this move may well take us out of the world."

I take this fear into prayer, admit that Bob and I are indeed aging. But we also want to enter this new world with the same enthusiasm that we entered other "new worlds" in our many moves, especially to Third World countries. This outlook takes a while to take root in me. We have to let go of our culture's—yes, even Quaker culture's—expectations that in or-

der to be worthy one has to be doing something.

In January 2003 we visit Foxdale again, to be vetted—poked by the doctor to see if we're still alive, have our finances scrutinized, and sit in a clearness committee whose members ask pertinent questions. We feel welcome with a sense that Foxdale will become for us another God-centered home.

In April, during a women's retreat at Radnor Meeting, we are asked to delve into an area of noncenteredness that affects us. To my surprise, I write: "Getting older, especially my friends getting older and dying. Each news of an aged friend or relative's death is upsetting, for it forces me to look at what is—I'm not at all ready to pack it in/cross over to the other side/or whatever happens, but the fact is that indeed I am also aging."

We begin the tedious work of sorting through the accumulation of 50 years of married life. We plan to distribute some furniture among our children, clean out the kitchen cabinets for the first time in 20 years and give the overflow away. We have the townhouse painted and the kitchen cabinets refaced. Realtors come to advise us. And we wait, slowly detaching yet still very much here. We finish our terms on committees and boards. As yet we haven't told friends and family when we'll be leaving, for we don't know.

In mid-June Foxdale calls: an apart-

ment will be available in the fall. Could we come in the next two weeks to look at it and decide? Bob and I give each other a look that signals: "So soon?" As the days pass we're more relaxed—if not at ease—and our feelings rest on the possibility of moving sooner than expected. We can of course say no to this apartment. On the drive up I tell Bob, "Well, I'm certainly not going to take the first place they show us." He agrees. Three hours later, as we're standing in the living room of apartment B-30, I turn to Bob: "Let's take it."

Right after this visit, on our way to the Friends General Conference Gathering at Johnstown, Pa., we're amazed at what we've committed to. But the Gathering week with family and Friends gives us space to begin to live into our momentous

Photos courtesy of Foxdale Village



decision. One afternoon we bring our two grown children to Foxdale. That both like it is a gift to us and reinforces our feeling of rightness. Suddenly we realize that we've already told our news to the most important people in our lives!

The summer weeks rush past, filled with moving estimates and realtors. I bury my apprehensions in the minutiae of sorting and discarding; Bob is slightly depressed, finds sorting and discarding more difficult. Inrellectually we know what needs to be done to have the townhouse ready to show prospective buyers; emotionally it seems too soon. Our home now looks like those who live there have no papers, no clutter! We feel we're in a hotel where we have to stow things every time we go out so the maid can clean, only there's no maid! We sell quickly, 20 years to the day we moved in! One hurdle is overcome.

Friends and neighbors express sorrow at our leaving; so do we. But we are, as Bob puts it, "on a roller coaster of an inex-



orability," looking forward now to complete the move. Many of our friends are familiar with State College—having attended Penn State University—and congratulate us on our choice of moving to "Happy Valley," the nickname for this area with its pleasant natural setting.

Friends arrange goodbye parties. One friend writes, "We'll miss you terribly here, but remember, there are hundreds of new friends to make wherever you move."

We reflect on the truly important aspects of this move—not arranging furniture in the Foxdale apartment, but becoming part of the community, making

new friends, finding meaningful volunteer work. I check in with John Corry to talk about Jesus and God—not that I've forgotten them but during these overly busy days my emphasis has been on doing, not being. God is here, with us, fully as always. I try to be here fully, also.

Then a time of the blahs sets in; we're neither here nor there. I read mystery novels. The Foxdale contract is in the mail, the townhouse full of boxes. We sorrow at leaving this place we've loved—realize that sorrow at leaving means we can love another place.

Our long-planned September vacation

in the Rockies helps us detach emotionally from Wayne. In the evenings we write change-of-address letters.

In late October, Radnor Meeting sends us off with a good-bye party. Our daughter, Elaine, speaks at meeting for worship that we not only did "good works" but had a wonderful time doing them, especially in Third World countries. Other messages are about truth and beauty. We feel well loved.

The next day the movers arrive. Bob and I float insecurely between a half-

*Continued on page 46*

## An Approach in Regions with Few Friends

by Martha Hampton

In Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative) we are fortunate in having a good number of couples about the same age (between 70 and 85 years). About 20 years ago a group began thinking about the process of aging and what was important to us in the final stage of our lives. We met together at yearly meeting to share ideas and concerns. One of the criteria that became important was that we wanted to remain in Iowa close to our yearly meeting. An idea was to build a Quaker retirement community in conjunction with Scattergood Friends School. For a variety of reasons this never materialized. Yet, there still were many who knew that some day they would need loving care and spiritual support in a friendly community. One couple searched among existing retirement communities on the East Coast and in our area, and three years ago they discovered "The Village" in Indianola, Iowa, founded by Wesley Retirement Services, Inc., in 1990. This couple's enthusiasm for the Village's facilities, the open campus, and informal, friendly community life spread quickly. Within two years four other yearly meeting couples from Bear Creek, Des Moines Valley, and Paullina monthly meetings joined them at the Village. Another couple from Ames Meeting will come in the fall of 2004.

*Martha Hampton is a member of Whittier (Iowa) Meeting. She and her husband, Roy, farmed for 35 years before moving to a retirement community.*

This is a continuing care community where we will be cared for for the rest of our lives. This means our families will have peace of mind, knowing we are safe, and they won't need to worry about our care in the future. For a couple it is also a gift to each other, knowing the surviving spouse has the support of a loving, Quaker-friendly community. We are fortunate to live close to Des Moines where there are excellent medical facilities when they are needed. While we are in reasonably good health in body and mind, this has been an excellent time to make this move and downsize our accumulations of many years. We find learning to live with fewer things is compatible with the important Quaker value of simplicity.

Life in the Village is very enjoyable. We appreciate the warm friendships we have made with other residents and with the staff. There are a variety of activities in which we can participate, which help keep us feeling young and active. We love being together and with the larger community. About half of the community is Methodist, and we are discreetly invited to join in weekly vespers, Bible studies, and other observances if we choose to do so. In the dining room we welcome mixing with other residents, yet find it good now and then to enjoy our own table.

It is a wonderful feeling to be here together sharing this final stage of life. We meet together for worship on Wednesday evenings in our various homes, which gives us the opportunity to go to our

home meetings or visit meetings in the area on Sunday. Our Wednesday gatherings are a precious time for each of us, as we share in silent worship followed by a time of fellowship, either light-hearted or serious. Being mostly lifelong Conservative Friends, we regularly have extended "total recall" sessions about times past, and we enjoy reflecting on our Conservative Friends culture, the Peace Testimony, liberal politics, and lifestyle. Living here in this environment makes it easier to talk about subjects such as death and dying as a part of living, and how we want these last years to continue to be meaningful and spiritual. We love each other for who we are, and living here "separate in our togetherness" we feel deep spiritual connections.

A Village administrative official, during a recent interview, expressed unqualified enthusiasm for our group because, among other things, it affirms its mission to "provide retirement services to people of all faiths in a Christian caring way, promoting independence and active lifestyle."

Modern retirement communities, wonderful as they are, will not be for everyone, yet it is comforting to know Midwest Friends have topnotch, spirit-led sanctuaries available in Iowa. We share these thoughts in case there are isolated Quakers who may be interested in the idea of getting several Friends together as a compatible subgroup in an existing retirement community nearby. □

# Intergenerational Learning in Friends Schools

by Sarah Sweeney-Denham

Quakers believe in truth-seeking as a process of continuing revelation, seeing life as a journey of learning from one's experiences and from one another in a shared search for God's truth. The principle of that of God within everyone serves as the basis for self-respect and respect for others, and allows for what Quaker educator Paul Lacey, in *Growing into Goodness: Essays on Quaker Education*, has called "an openness to a wide range of sources for enlightenment." We all possess unique gifts and talents, and we can learn much from each other. It is no wonder, then, that many Friends schools have programs that make use of intergenerational learning, in which students and older people learn and share knowledge and skills with one another.

In his work *Meeting for Learning*, Parker Palmer discusses the centrality of Quakerism in education. Education is the

search for truth: "Teaching and learning are a way of life." Through intergenerational programs, students learn about life from elders. These programs are more than community service efforts; they are mutually beneficial to both students and the elderly participants.

Abington Friends School has a technology partnership called "Cyberfoulkes" with Foulkeways, a residential community for older adults in Gwynedd, Pa. In Cyberfoulkes, students in fourth and fifth grade teach elders general word processing and computer skills and how to use e-mail and the Internet. Lynne Mass, the school's educational technology coordinator and coordinator of the Cyberfoulkes program, says

the students love the interaction with the elders. "Cyberfoulkes gets the students out of the computer lab and into a human setting. It shows them how they can use their computer skills in the real world," she says. "The students are good at computers and they take it for granted: the Web and computer are like pencil and paper for them. When the elders see what a difference those skills can make—people can write to their relatives and research their illnesses—it amazes them. These students are opening a world for them."

Foulkeways resident Gustav Beck wrote about the experience: "We enjoy each other's companionship, feel useful and up to date. Then, of course, there is

the triumph of having overcome the fears inherent at our age when attempting something completely different and new,



Hope Hawkins

Photos: Participants in the ElderandChild program share fun and skills.

and realizing that one is never too old to undertake a new venture." The benefits are reciprocal: after Foulkeways residents have learned to use e-mail, they serve as resources for the AFS community. Students can send an e-mail to the elders' group list asking for information on a topic. Any resident with experience or knowledge in that area responds. Residents have shared information on missionary work in Africa during the 1940s, historic Philadelphia, and the World Wars. "This relationship has extended our school community," Lynne Mass said.

This year the group moved into a new computer room at Foulkeways with six computers, flat screens, and printers. Recognizing the elders' interest through their long computer partnership with the students, Sen. Stewart Greenleaf (Pa., 12th District) allocated state funding for the new facility. Eight years into the program, the seasoned "techie" residents have become in-house resources for their own community, having learned about digital cameras, little pocket jump drives, and how to compare prices on the Internet.

Intergenerational collaboration builds



Sarah Sweeney-Denham, a member of Germantown Meeting in Philadelphia, Pa., is associate director for programs and publications for Friends Council on Education. This article is adapted from one published in the Fall 2001 issue of *Chronicles of Quaker Education*.



and strengthens communities, sometimes literally. Newtown (Pa.) Friends School's relationship with adjacent Pennswood Village, begun in 1980, has included site planning to better share campus resources. Pennswood residents and students visit each other at the village and at



Hope Hawkins

school. In "Friday Friends" groups, the residents lead activities for students such as sharing toy collections, baking cookies, making kits for American Friends Service Committee outreach to African children, and taking a tour of edible plants in the woods. Pennswood's traveling croquet team recently taught Wimbledon Croquet techniques to seventh and eighth grade gym classes.

Pennswood residents also visit Newtown Friends School and help in classrooms in many ways: sharing life experiences, reading stories to kindergartners, providing extra help with classwork, helping in the library, and learning computer skills in the school's media center. "Our 'Pennswood Pal' is a deeply spiritual woman who shares her faith and practice with us each week. She openly discusses her physical challenges with the children and invites them to ask questions," said third grade teacher Melissa Carroll. "Her openness has opened minds."

Residents have served as resources for studies of the 1920s, illnesses of the elderly, the United Nations, and Bucks County in the early 1900s. Since its inception more than 100 residents have served as "classmates" and more than 1,000 children have benefited from interactions with the residents. It is a partnership that is important to both communities. "It is a joy to be part of that school; it restores your soul," one resident said.

In some intergenerational programs,

elders and children learn side by side. All seventh graders at William Penn Charter School in Philadelphia, Pa., participate in a required course known as QUADS (Quakerism, Art, Design, and Service). A central component of the QUADS curriculum is the service-learning relationship between the Penn Charter students and the elders at Stapeley Hall, a Quaker-founded home in the Germantown neighborhood of Philadelphia. Assistant head of school/religion teacher Stephanie Judson and middle school art teacher Ruth McGee teach the course in which Penn Charter students and Stapeley residents get to know each other through a program called "Art Partners." In this program, they collaboratively study artists and create art. The program includes communication, teamwork, problem-

solving, two- and three-dimensional art, and reflective writing. "The habits of learning emphasized are reflection, respect and understanding of differences, adaptability, flexibility, and using all of the senses for learning," Stephanie said. "The most important aspect, though, is the beauty of the relationships that develop as the students and elders work together." One student reflected, "My partner was a little shy, just like me, but at the end we were really clicking. It was meaningful because not only was I making someone's day, but they were making mine."

Penn Charter has also worked for six years with Ohana House, a home for elderly residents whose families cannot care for them. Ohana House is part of the Eden Project, a movement to bring young people, pets, plants, and other stimuli into the lives of the residents. Penn Charter students have held lively debates with the residents, played games, and shared music. Jim Ballengee, Penn Charter's director of service learning, commented, "As the Eden movement grows, it is a real attempt to give lifestyle choices to elderly people. Student involvement in this effort is crucial."

"ElderandChild," a service-learning partnership at Wilmington Friends School in Delaware, empowers elementary-age students and their elder partners to become curious, motivated, and responsible world citizens as well as powerful communicators across the genera-

tions. Hope Hawkins coordinates the program and recruits elders from churches, community centers, and professional organizations. The ElderandChild program changes the nature and relevance of learning for all involved: when the first grade studies the city, instead of turning to a page in a textbook, elder and child partners are on the bus and off to the heart of the city to paint a community mural together. When the child and elder buddies measure a cup of tomato sauce for a soup, they want to get it exact so the people at Immanuel Dining Hall, a local dining hall for the homeless, will have a great meal. When the children do a research project, their elder partners do one too, and they become side-by-side research partners. Students see elders as expert spellers. Elders see students as computer geniuses. They pool their knowledge in a process that Hope calls "mutual mentoring." This ongoing reciprocal sharing between each elder and child pair fosters mutual respect and appreciative exchange.

"In between ElderandChild gatherings, each elder and child pair correspond in a shared, hardbacked journal where they compare life experience, hopes, dreams, and convictions," Hope explained. "Postcards, photographs, charts, graphs, and drawings begin to magically appear until the journals bloom into fat, vibrant, living history books in kid and grownup handwriting." The ElderandChild program is also in place at Debnam House, an urban after-school setting.

Hope has formed an Elder Council composed of elders from her two program sites. Currently the group, which meets monthly, is assessing its members' individual gifts or interests and designing hands-on activities around them for the children. An architect might create a project for the child involving Lego blocks. In turn, the first grade partner might teach the elder a math game based on a concept that the student has learned and loved. The elders hope to develop a book to celebrate custom-created activities by elders and children. Hope is currently designing a version of the ElderandChild program to join elders in monthly meetings with youth at neighborhood Friends schools.

Parker Palmer used the phrase "meeting for learning" to suggest that the spirit of worship can extend to the educational experience. In many Friends schools, generations are coming together to share in a search for truth, and all benefit as a result. □



# Quaker Services and Quaker Values

by Warren A. Witte

Friends have made a substantial impact on the availability and quality of senior care in the United States. Friends senior service providers have been pioneers in the field, especially in the Philadelphia area, since Anna T. Jeanes donated substantial funds in the late 1800s for the creation of boarding homes for seniors in each of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting's quarterly meetings. Many of those programs continue today as quarterly meeting homes in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, sometimes under new names. Others were predecessors of current-day continuing care retirement communities (CCRCs), including Foulkeways and Medford Leas. These, followed quickly by Kendal, were the CCRC pioneers in this region, playing a major role in setting the standards for those that followed, Quaker and non-Quaker alike. Quaker senior services have emerged, as well, in Maryland, Ohio, California, Oregon, and elsewhere, although nowhere with the density in the Northeast. And serving seniors has long been a specialty of Friends Hospital and Jeanes Hospital, the two Quaker hospitals in the United States.

In the nonprofit world of senior services, Friends have long been known for their contributions to restraint-free care—an early and continuing commitment of the Kendal Corporation, in particular, and now a hallmark of most Quaker organizations. Friends have also pioneered with life care at home programs—a concept invented by Friends Life Care at Home in the Philadelphia area. Our continuing care retirement communities were central to the creation of the Continuing Care Accreditation Commission, an accrediting body for not-for-profit CCRCs and a major force for assuring quality in these complex organizations. Overall, we are recognized for the excellence of our care—highlighted in a major national consumer magazine some years

ago as the best in the business.

Despite Friends' long history and prominence in the field, concern for the plight of seniors is not an historic testimony of Friends. Serving seniors doesn't ignite the passions of most Friends. Unlike Quaker schools, which have a far longer history and which are the subjects of Quaker queries, scrutiny, and concern at least within Philadelphia Yearly Meeting (with which I am most familiar), Quaker senior services are rarely mentioned in business meetings, in yearly meeting sessions, or elsewhere in Quaker circles. There is little dialogue among Friends about the tremendous societal challenges of aging in the United States and the joys and difficulties of meeting seniors' needs. And finally, Friends involvement in aging services is unevenly scattered across the United States, with (arguably) more than half of the Quaker-sponsored organizations devoted to serving seniors in the world located within a few miles of Philadelphia.

The organization for which I work, Friends Services for the Aging (FSA), is an association of Quaker organizations that provide services to older adults in California, Maryland, New Jersey, Ohio, Oregon, and Pennsylvania. It was founded by Delaware Valley provider organizations in 1991 to facilitate cooperation among these independent programs and to enhance the quality of their services. FSA accomplishes this through collaboration in staff training and development, support to boards of directors, purchasing, marketing, referrals, and other joint efforts. As its head, I've had the opportunity to work intimately with most of the Quaker organizations serving seniors throughout the country. I have had the honor of participating with their board and staff leadership and with their front-line staff in trying to give meaning to their distinctive Quaker identity.

Where is Quakerism evident? On one level, some of the Friends organizations are Quaker due to their connection with quarterly or yearly meetings. But these are in the minority. Most are Quaker because

they say they are! They have bylaws that stipulate that they operate with boards that are more than 50 percent Quaker in composition, and they use Friends decision-making processes. The organizations also have missions that are framed in terms of Quaker beliefs and testimonies. Some have substantial Quaker resident populations or membership; others have few or no Friends among those they serve. Some have chaplains and most have regular Quaker as well as other forms of worship. The question of manifestation of Quaker identity has become more interesting, as FSA has recently been enriched by inclusion of two retirement communities that have grown out of the evangelical tradition.

**One of our retirement community CEOs raised the question: "How can we protect privacy in an environment in which our residents care so much for one another?"**

How do these diverse organizations sustain their Quaker identity in meaningful ways in a secular world that is marked by competition, severe governmental regulation, and overwhelmingly non-Quaker staffs?

As I have come to know these organizations and the people whom they serve, I have been impressed by the degree to which Quaker identity carries with it profound expectations. Even in settings where there is little formal discussion of Quakerism, staff quickly get a sense that Friends organizations are different. They say they feel more respected than in other settings. They know that their respect for residents or members or patients is the bottom line. They value the participatory approach to decision making.

For residents, their selection of Friends services often draws on their positive predisposition toward Quakers and Quaker organizations. They are drawn to distinc-

*Warren A. Witte has served as executive director of Friends Services for the Aging for 12 years. He is a member and is currently serving as clerk of Chestnut Hill Meeting in Philadelphia, Pa.*

*Continued on page 48*



"Becoming"

# A Healing Presence

by Mary Ann Downey

**"Come Lord, be with us  
And bless what thou hast  
given to us."**

These words came to me again in meeting this morning, and I prayed the traditional blessing fervently as I have many times this year. Today beautiful spring sunshine and our gathered worship community made it easy to feel truly blessed. And I thought of many times in the past year when I have been overwhelmed with a deep sense of thankfulness and a need to express my gratitude in prayer.

The words first came to me a year ago as I lay in the emergency room at Emory Hospital, still in shock from the news that my balance and vision had been damaged by a stroke. Because I was only 56, in good health, and had a history of migraines, the doctors initially diagnosed a migraine with dizziness. When my right side became numb, my right eye no longer tracked, and I could not stand without support, tests confirmed the diagnosis of a stroke. This happened on February 12, 2003. While I waited to be admitted and throughout the hospital stay, the words played silently, constantly, like a song I couldn't forget.

The next day in the hospital I

was glad to meet the attending neurologist, a woman about my age. She asked how I was feeling, and I told her that my head felt better as long as I didn't move. Then I asked, "Does this mean that I need to cancel a retreat that I'm scheduled to lead in South Carolina next weekend?" She looked at me with a serious expression and then laughed while she said, "You know, you have a really good excuse." Her humor and patient instruction helped me begin to understand the seriousness of my loss and the time needed for full recovery. Dave, a close Friend from meeting who was also a neurologist, confirmed her advice and gently told me to think in terms of a year and a half. In spite of this, I still planned on giving a motivational speech for the annual volunteer banquet of the Council on Aging on March 18. After all, I thought, it's only 20 minutes and 200 people, and I'll just reschedule the other work I've committed to before that so I can do the therapy I need. The reality was that turning my head to see what was around me, even in bed, made me dizzy and the first short walks down the hospital corridor required my complete ener-

*Mary Ann Downey, a member of Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting, is director of Decision Bridges, which promotes consensus decision making.*



gy, concentration, and the help of a physical therapist. The words of the blessing were always there, a very present mantra that was comforting and necessary. It was only later that I began to wonder why I kept praying these words.

Other Friends from meeting visited bringing food, laughter, and the Care Quilt made of squares stitched by Friends and passed around to those in need. It didn't occur to me when I helped make the quilt that I would need it, but the experience of resting and recovering under it was a daily dose of wonderful medicine. The Care Quilt also brought compliments and questions from the hos-

pital staff and gave me a chance to tell them about the loving support I had from our Quaker community. My husband, Bill, was always there reassuring me that we could take this journey together. When my daughter, Lisa, came with her one-year-old daughter, Zoë, I realized not only how much I wanted to recover and watch Zoë grow, but also how much like this toddler I was as I tried to learn to walk again, unsure when to hold on and when to let go.

During the next two months, I struggled with rehab and outpatient therapy, retraining my brain to walk (and chew gum) and keep both eyes working together. The blessing was often on my mind as I rested between therapy sessions, and the questions became more persistent about why the words were constantly on my mind and heart. From early childhood, I was taught to pray from my heart with my own words, and I have continued this practice, rarely using any memorized prayer. In the Baptist church I attended through high school, and since coming to Friends, I have seldom been with others who prayed with prepared words. Even saying the Lord's Prayer seems more often ritual than heartfelt to me. And then there was the problem with the words themselves. I believe in a loving, compassionate God—not one who would give me a stroke, cause infants to die, or send war and disaster. Why, then, did I pray, "Bless what thou has given to us"? Wrestling with these questions did not stop the prayer from being with me.

Finally, I gave up wondering why, and I simply prayed the words whenever they came. Only then did I discern an answer. The stress of my life and my genetic predisposition caused the stroke. God used many people to shower me with blessings during the time of healing. The prayer gave me a profound sense of God's presence and the sure heart knowledge that I was being held by a loving community of family and friends. For the first time in my life, I was convinced that I was

loved for who I was, not just for what I could do. Perhaps the most important discovery was that the blessings come from this year of rest and provide the help I need to grow in new ways. The physical struggles with balance and vision are akin to spiritual struggles. New life begins in darkness. □

## OLD WRITER

At ninety-one you still feel keenly where words come from, know their pressing up to be expressed, reach in your jacket pocket for a pencil, cast about for paper, seize it, start to scrawl.

And then the telling phrases falter. What was there to share trails off from black to gray. You sigh and shift your weight.

It is so late. The slate inside your head is scribbled full. Sleep gathers in like wool erasing everything. You nod, your fingers loosen. Slipping between your knees, the pencil rolls off pointless on the floor.

I wonder if you know and grieve and long to scramble after and retrieve, or if this losing of your senses lets you, after such a leap, sink down into another element, as slow and cool as fish sink, deeper down than words.

*Helen Weaver Horn*

## FACING PAIN

Wasn't it those long, long nights of searing pain that taught me what I know of gentleness? Didn't the sheer magnitude of pain help me understand kindness was a real and present aid—even when shown only to the self?

I would never invite such a visitor as pain gladly to my door. And yet—I wonder if my life would have had such depth, such majesty without the extremes of pleasure and pain, doubt and delight.

*Susan Landon*

*Susan Landon lives in W. Somerville, Mass.*



# To Live Deliberately

by Kirsten Backstrom

Henry David Thoreau explained his famous sojourn at Walden Pond with the words, "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately . . . and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived." The word "deliberately" means not only intentionally or on purpose; it also means with care and attention, and without hurry. As Friends, we attempt to live by testimonies that require such deliberation from us. In accordance with Simplicity, we try to choose our material possessions and our activities with care, avoiding excess and waste. In accordance with Integrity, we reach toward wholeness and consistency, toward a deliberate harmony of intention and action. In accordance with Peace, we seek a gentle, patient, and respectful approach to others and to ourselves; we try to be attentive, not rushing to judgement, not being driven by our fears or frustrations.

Through all of our actions in the world we express our understanding of the meaning of our lives. Yet when we come to a point where we are no longer able to be doing as much—when we get sick, or exhausted, or very old—we may need to discover how to live our testimonies less through doing than through being. The challenges we face inwardly are just as powerful as those that we gave our efforts to when we were more active outwardly. Instead of working for social and political justice and peace in the face of great human suffering, we are seeking equanimity and generosity of spirit while encountering, perhaps, other forms of suffering and struggle within ourselves. "Living deliberately," both outwardly and inwardly, is essential to the well-being of this world, and to the wholeness of each individual over a lifetime.

When we find ourselves "in the woods" of a life-changing illness, we certainly have not gone there intentionally in the same sense that Henry David Thoreau

went to the woods at Walden Pond. But our lives then may be more deliberate than they have ever been before. Our day-to-day experience of living must be slower, and it may require all of the care and attention that we have to give. There is some benefit to this deliberation, some essential meaning like that which Henry David Thoreau found, although it may come to us against our will or intent, through suffering and loss.

During times of illness, especially progressive illness that may eventually be fatal, many things that we have previously considered essential to our very identity may be called into question. Much of what we have been and known may no longer be available to us. Our ability to be of use in externally measurable ways may be diminished to the point where we no longer know who we are, or no longer believe we have anything to offer. When this occurs, we may feel that we are ready to die, and we may actually be ready to die, but in the time that remains, however long or short, we may also choose to seek new ways to live. A new way, now, amounts to a new self-definition—a new understanding of what is essential. Instead of offering the world our energy in action, we may now offer our simple presence, our attention, our deliberation.

In a sense, when we are ill, we find ourselves limited to a simple, bare cabin surrounded by forest. It is a cabin we have built for ourselves, out of the experiences, strengths, and knowledge we have accumulated—but it is unfurnished, or furnished with very little that is familiar to us. The comfortable armchairs of our material and professional successes will not fit here. We have no electricity for appliances, no extra energy to fuel our various commitments. The fat trunk full of our public costumes and our memories is too heavy to drag over the threshold. There is no space for the dining room table where our many friends and acquaintances would gather for meals.

Like Henry David Thoreau, we may have only one straight chair for ourselves,

a second one "for company," a cot, a narrow desk, and a stove. A door and a window look out on the surrounding woods. We did not create this woodland, we did not bring it with us intentionally, but this is where we have come. And how will we live here? Deliberately, indeed.

When I say "we," I mean all of us, and I mean myself. After living with a form of cancer that weakened and sickened me over a period of years, I am well aware that any metaphor applied to the experience of illness or aging had better bear the weight not merely of challenges and limitations, but also of real suffering. This cabin in the woods can be a place to live fully, to encounter ourselves and find meaning in



our difficulties—but it is also a place where we meet genuine loneliness, fear, misery, frustration, pain, humiliation, grief, boredom, disappointment, exhaustion, desperation, and dozens of other torments. For Henry David Thoreau, the experience of living at Walden Pond was a healthy one, an opportunity to simplify and clarify his life. Yet, at other times, he also knew pain and loss, another kind of "life in the woods" where he did his best to "live deliberately."

In the years since my own illness, I've worked closely with others who are ill or grieving, as a hospice volunteer and bereavement counselor. Most recently, I've begun a project called "Compass Points," which offers spiritual direction and support to those with life-threatening or life-changing illnesses and their caregivers. In this work there are two premises: first, that it is possible to find meaning in the midst of even the worst illness; and second, that the hardships of such illnesses are not to be underestimated.

What does it mean "to live deliberately"? Perhaps the answer is ultimately the same for all of us, but I'll speak for

*Kirsten Backstrom is a member of Multnomah Meeting in Portland, Oreg. She is the author of a Pendle Hill Pamphlet, In Beauty: A Quaker Approach to End-of-Life Care.*

myself. To me, living deliberately means looking directly at what is in front of me—at what is essential, unavoidable, evident. When I was sickest, I soon discovered that bitterness and longing for another life were a waste of the precious life that was present in this moment. I wanted to get well, wanted to heal—but healing did not mean always reaching toward a time when my symptoms might go away, or fearing (or wishing) that I might die. Healing meant seeking wholeness in each hour, and building my hope for any future health on the strong foundation of an immediate, moment-to-moment love and respect for the life I had.

Even in the moments when life seemed simply miserable, I found that my willingness to be present to the pain, to offer my care and attention even when I was afraid, could open up new meaning and a paradoxical joy. I found myself opening to others as I opened to the realities of my own experience. Compassion is a willingness to remain fully present in the face of suffering. When I do not flinch from experiencing my own pain, learning it, and knowing it, then I do not have to respond with “fight or flight” avoidance tactics when I encounter pain in others. I can stay; I can offer my whole attention and genuinely be of service.

Now that I am healthier, I continue to try to live deliberately, remembering, as much as possible, to attend to the life I have before me, within me, all around me. When I work with a client, my primary intention is to be present with that person as fully as possible. Can I listen with my whole attention and care? Can I wait through silences without withdrawing or intruding? Can I really be here with another human being, even when that human being is suffering? How can I allow whatever is happening to happen without judging, without trying to turn it into something else? When I’m with another person or only with myself, I ask questions. Not questions that require answers or blaze new trails, but questions that follow the path that is already there.

In times of illness, the possible directions may be reduced to a very few. The energy for pursuing any particular path is so limited that it is necessary to move slowly, taking small steps, conscious of every breath, noticing every change in the texture of the ground and the surroundings. The cabin of everyday experience is small and stark. The woods are close. But

maybe there’s a trail leading from the doorway, sloping very gently downward, toward the shining water of the pond. It is possible to walk this way, or, if not to walk, then at least to look and see the reflected light between the trees, not too far off. Deliberately, slowly, and with close attention, I try to turn in that direction.

If I were listening to you, I would try to sense the clear, quiet place within you and see the view from there. Most of my questions are really asking, “What can you see from that window?”—and often, I ask the question after noticing where your gaze is going, following that direction, and looking, too. “What can we see from here?”

When our lives are busy and distracting there’s little time to live deliberately; to really listen; to take tiny, careful steps down a slow slope to the pond just for the sake of looking, breathing, being. Because we do have some control over most aspects of our daily lives when we are relatively young and healthy, we learn to depend on that control, learn to exercise it as if that will strengthen it. But, really, our control is limited, and finally, we do not make things happen, we only attend to their happening and give ourselves over to the situation or not. We can resist, and that resistance may be satisfying for a while, but when all resistance fails, as it ultimately will, where do we find our joy? What do we have to give? How do I live deliberately, so that when I come to die I will not “discover that I had not lived”?

For some kinds of pain there are solutions. For some kinds of problems, there are options. But for certain situations, certain pains and problems, nothing can be done. Finally, when we come to die, there is nothing to do, nothing to change. And yet, when there are no alternatives, when there is no control to be exercised, no resistance to be summoned up, then what is life? Just this.

It is possible to notice the pain, or the sadness, or the anger, or the exhaustion, and just let it be. Or to notice the joy, the smell of the air, the presence of another person, the beating of your heart. This is what life has been all along. The pain comes and goes; the joy comes and goes. The weather outside the window changes. And there is something to see, something to experience in itself, for itself, as long as it lasts. Then, if options appear again, if there are things to be done, we choose and we act as we can. Whether there is some-

## TIME HONORED

Patching the ragged elbow of your workshirt while you sit across from me and cut a broken zipper, thread by thread, from your old briefcase, I am struck by how we two, whose time is running out, are choosing to spend time this rainy morning.

Why don’t we just buy new stuff and use this precious hour for things that matter?

“Waste not, want not.” Has that adage, finger wagging from our parents’ generation, made us lose our senses? Or do we feel special tenderness toward what is worn, like us, but mendable, toward what shows wear and tear, but still has life in it?

The shoemaker who’ll stitch another zipper in around the edge of your time-honored briefcase is a hero in our eyes. His art is rare these days of throwaways, the humble art of making do. There’s something matey, too, about this handwork, knee to knee. All told, it’s time well spent.

*Helen Weaver Horn*

thing that we can do or not, living deliberately means living fully.

As Henry David Thoreau was dying of tuberculosis at the age of 44, someone spoke to him about the neatness of his death and asked if he could see “the other shore.” Thoreau replied, “One world at a time.” Even in the midst of weakness and pain and grief, we may take each breath deliberately, experience this world simply as it comes to us, from the perspective of our limited lives. While we are here, this world is everything, and there is still time to inhabit it with all we have, with all we are. □



# Reviewing Our Lives

by Elizabeth Serkin

*Accept with serenity the approach of each new stage of life. Welcome the approach of old age, both for oneself and for others, as an opportunity for wisdom, for detachment from turmoil, and for greater attachment to the Light.*

—from *New York Yearly Meeting's*  
Faith and Practice *advice*s, #111

I met my father's older sister Lotte when she was 90. The woman I had known only from my parents' descriptions was imperious, vain, self-absorbed, complaining, exploitative, and utterly oblivious of the feelings of others. They had held her up to us as the epitome of everything we should not become. Although they had not seen her since the 1930s, they heard from relatives that she was as insufferable as ever. But then, in 1978, my father received a letter thanking him—somewhat belatedly, she said—for rescuing her from Vienna when the Nazis came. A few months later, she appeared at my parents' home in Vermont, en route from her home in New Zealand, by way of Argentina, where she had sought out a former husband to apologize to him for the way she had treated him 50 years earlier, her next destination a kibbutz in Israel where she would visit a nephew with whom she had been corresponding. Then she would return to New Zealand, where she said she taught dance to bedridden residents of a nursing home.

The woman I met was less than five feet tall, yet she had "presence." She dressed flamboyantly in shawls and colorful long skirts, and wore purple sunglasses indoors and out, but it seemed to be a matter of careful self-presentation rather than of vanity. Her smile was radiant. She asked about our lives, and cocked her head to listen to our answers. I asked about her work as a dance teacher in a

nursing home, wondering how people who cannot get out of bed can dance. She responded, in her thick Viennese accent, "Maybe they are old, and maybe they can only move one finger, but, Darling, that one finger can dance!"

As I came to know her better, I asked what had happened to bring about such huge changes in the way she lived and related to others—changes that she admitted had occurred, quite suddenly, since her 89th birthday. Her answer? "I looked at my life, and then I grew up."

Life-review, for my Tante Lotte, had occurred spontaneously and naturally. It had permitted her to resolve longstanding conflicts, to take care of unfinished business, to work through regrets and negative emotions, to complete her life as the person she wanted to be.

The history of life review as a definable process goes back to 1961, when a psychiatrist named Robert Butler coined the term. He advocated life review as a therapeutic intervention for people facing the end of life, the frail elderly, the terminally ill. He acknowledged that life review is a universal process that we all engage in frequently throughout the life cycle, but he thought it was especially useful for people who have little time left, using reminiscence to find meaningfulness in their lives and to face death with equanimity. He trained social workers, nurses, and other health professionals in this one-on-one approach, cautioning them against avoiding painful material or offering gratuitous reassurances, advocating a clinical approach based on therapeutic practices.

Much has changed since Robert Butler reframed reminiscence from "living in the past," to a life task of later years, an opportunity to integrate one's experiences in the face of death. For Butler, the impulse to reminisce was motivated by elders' fear of death, and frequently was fueled by their perceived propensity for self-absorbed rumination. The focus was on the older person's unresolved issues and current needs. The format for resolution was verbal, a therapeutic encounter between the older person and a mental health professional. Today, life review occurs also

among the "young old," people still engaged in activities and community work. No longer limited by its therapeutic label, it occurs in many forms beyond talking one-on-one. Perceived beneficiaries of the process now include those privileged to witness the elders' life reviews, individuals, audiences, and the community itself.

Academicians and practitioners explore the fictional aspects of reminiscence, the story itself in the wider context of cultural stereotypes and assumptions, and the functions of narrative in the creation of self. Sociologists, psychologists, and anthropologists study the lives and associations of older people, especially of older women, who make up the majority of the aging population. In the past five or ten years, an academic discipline of "narrative gerontology" has emerged, focusing on the stories that define older people within a culture that marginalizes and stereotypes them, and on alternative stories, or counter-narratives, that can empower and affirm their existence.

Recent emphasis has been on reminiscence and life review as a process of creating a myth or parable of one's life, rethinking one's past and thereby creating a new self in the present. Multiple autobiographies replace the notion of a unified, linear life story; we tend to select different themes, memories, and interpretations according to shifting moods and different audiences. The richer our inner and outward lives, the more stories we have. We create the stories of our lives through fragmentary memories of internal and external events, influenced by fantasy, by wishes of how it might have been, by contemplation, by our innate tendency toward narrative cohesiveness, and by cultural influences largely beyond our awareness. The purpose of creating our stories is to help us make sense of our experiences, with a recognition that the process itself alters our sense of who we are, and ultimately leads to further revision of the story.

Many forms of life review entail writing. Memoirs, journals, or spiritual autobiographies can be produced in solitary

*Elizabeth Serkin is a member of North Fork Worship Group of Peconic Bay Meeting in Southampton, N.Y. She is in independent practice as a clinical sociologist specializing in post-traumatic stress disorders.*



activity or within the proliferation of writing groups and classes for older people. Solitary writing can be transformative; sharing what one has written further affirms one's life, counters stereotypical generalizations about aging and the elderly, and leaves a legacy for loved ones and the community. In a fragment in one of his notebooks, Franz Kafka described writing as a form of prayer. A writing group, at its best, can feel like a gathered meeting for worship. Published memoirs can be infused with Spirit. Marion Woodman's account of her final illness, *Bone*, is subtitled "Dying into Life: A Journal of Wisdom, Strength, and Healing."

Reminiscence is also presented in "elder theater" projects springing up throughout the United States. While some of these aim to provide acting opportunities for aging actors, most of them focus on oral history, on expressing the experiences and perspectives of older people, scripted according to their own words. Audiences include residents of nursing homes and participants in senior centers, and, increasingly, elementary, high school, and college students and members of the community. Performances, whether for peers or for people of other age cohorts, reframe perceptions of aging, demonstrate diversity within the aging population, and affirm the uniqueness of everyone's personality and experiences regardless of age.

Imagine, for example, a lifecare community in which residents can participate in ongoing elder theater activities. Imagine the participants scripting fragments of their life stories, specific memories, observations, and feelings. Imagine them performing in senior centers, schools, conferences. Now, imagine them incorporating younger people into their ensemble, perhaps to portray the elders at earlier times in their lives, and creating an intergenerational program enriching the lives of all.

Frequently overlooked as a setting for life review, Twelve Step groups offer growth, strength, healing, and redefinition of self. A composite but typical case would be of a woman in her 60s referred to a mental health practitioner for grief counseling upon the death of her husband. The counselor discovers that she has become physically as well as psychologically dependent on alcohol for relief of pain and insomnia, and to deal with feelings. Multiply vulnerable to stigmatiza-

tion as an older woman, as an alcoholic, and as emotionally troubled, she presents herself as discouraged, ashamed, and without a sense of future. After a medically supervised detoxification program, she is persuaded to attend Alcoholics Anonymous. She maintains sobriety, builds a healthy recovery and a meaningful life. The counselor asks her what has been most helpful in her recovery. Her response is that doing her Fourth and Fifth Steps with her sponsor ("Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves," and "Admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs") was extremely important in that it allowed her to resolve some of the conflicts, regrets, and shame that had been triggers to drink. What was most valuable, however, was the fellowship of A.A., particularly the speakers' meetings in which recovering people "share their experiences, strengths, and hope."

One of the complexities, possibly a paradox, in doing life review is that we are the creators and first audience of our life stories, yet we need others to witness them. Aging is essentially an inward, individual process, but may best be explored with others. Whether the witness is a helping professional, a friend, family, support group, or performance audience, it validates us to tell our stories and have them heard. The empathic listener helps us retrieve or organize memories, and validates the significance of our stories. The listener, in turn, is gifted with shared memories and articulated wisdom, in addition to developing skills in active listening. I envision meetings initiating clearness committees for life review, to support people dealing with losses and fears of aging and end of life.

Ultimately, however, we weather the transition alone. Hermann Hesse, in *Reflections*, describes the process of profound solitude transforming us in a way that permits us to live differently in the world:

We must become so alone, so utterly alone, that we withdraw into our innermost self. It is a way of bitter suffering. But then our solitude is overcome, we are no longer alone, for we find that our innermost self is the spirit, that it is God, the indivisible. And suddenly we find ourselves in the midst of the world, yet undisturbed by its multiplicity, for in our innermost soul we know ourselves to be one with all being.

The anthropologist Barbara Myerhoff, in *Number Our Days*, relates an imaginary conversation with a recently deceased member of the senior center she was studying, a man who had become a guide and friend to her. In her "conversation," she speaks of a woman near the end of life, who has outlived her children, whose existence has become increasingly circumscribed and painful, but who has made peace with death and thereby can live fully in the present. Myerhoff speaks of experiencing a third presence in the room as she listens to the woman reminisce: the

## PHOTO, NEW HOMES SECTION

Muffled in jackets and hoods,  
three carpenters keep their balance  
on scaffolding for a house.

Since studying perspective  
I see their planks converging  
at a vanishing point.

A snow-brushed field beyond  
has furrows foreordained  
to meet in the distance.

How my life narrows down,  
prepares to join its paths  
on the horizon line.

*Barbara Winne*

Angel of Death with folded wings.

When people have made this peace with death, they live with greater consciousness. Every day, every moment, becomes more complete in itself.

According to the Talmud, we are not required to complete our life's task, but neither are we permitted to lay it down. Perhaps through life review we can reframe what our life task truly is. Perhaps through loneliness, vulnerability, fear, and grief we can come to acceptance, and to wisdom. □

# To Live Fully until Death: Lessons from the Dying

by Connie McPeak Green

**M**y Quakerism and my work for the past 25 years as a hospice nurse have informed and strengthened each other. Each has added to the depth with which I can be faithful to the working of the Spirit in my life. It is from this marriage of profession and conviction that I have learned important lessons about life and death. Working intimately with dying persons has taught me about love, faith, courage, surrender, and transformation. It is clear that the months, weeks, days, and/or minutes of our dying are a sacred time when God is present and at work. Clearly it is in times of extremity that God is most palpable.

So often I have heard from Friends the conviction: "When I know that I'm dying I want to die with dignity. I want to end it my own way so that I don't suffer and I'm not a burden to anyone." This is an educated, modern approach to the question of dying but one that my experience tells me is not the way to transcend suffering or to realize what Carl Gustav Jung called the last great opportunity in life to experience self-actualization. In our culture we often see our choices in dying as either an agonizing loss of control and dignity or as a controlled, abbreviated process. I propose a third way. When we can see this time as a sacred opportunity to share what we have learned; move into a final, deep relationship with those we love; and return to the Source, stripped of all that is not essential—then we are living fully into our purpose in life. We are given the opportunity to be the vessel of God's abundant love.

But, we ask, what of the person who

no longer can communicate, due to some illness such as Alzheimer's disease or stroke or a brain tumor? What is the point of such an existence?

My patient Peter taught me about this question. His story is about faith, religious expression, and the constant, dynamic

When we know we are dying and can accept this reality we have the opportunity to see our final days as a time of sacred transformation. We are then able to be intentional and truly present.

experience of the dying person and loved ones. A 40-year-old who had been struggling for 11 years with a slowly growing brain tumor, he spent his last two months under hospice care. Now he lay dying, comatose, stripped of all external controls, in a state of total dependence. Some would argue that now would be a perfect time for euthanasia. Peter was still present, stripped of all but his essential self, as unencumbered as an infant. During these last days, Peter required acts of unconditional love, without the expectation of any response from him. In this time of dependence his family expressed a profound experience of community with one another and of transcendent love.

Peter was a successful artist and had said that he felt most connected to God as he was painting. His wife found deep per-

sonal satisfaction and a sense of unity with all things as she worked in her flower garden. On the final weekend of Peter's life, as he lay in a coma, friends came and said their goodbyes. There was story telling, laughter and tears with Claire and the rest of Peter's family. His neurosurgeon came and spent several hours sitting quietly at the bedside. The family said that they had a clear sense that Peter was listening as well and enjoying the party! They said it felt like a celebration. The love was palpable in his room. There was a feeling of peace and deep caring and support for each other. It was a Covered space.

Peter and his wife Claire had been raised Roman Catholic but in their young adult years had chosen a different expression of their spirituality. Shortly before Peter's death Claire became uneasy and requested a priest. The priest came and administered the sacrament of the sick. Claire had also hoped to have the sacrament of communion but the priest had not brought the communion wafer with him. Speaking from my Quaker understanding, I suggested to Claire that perhaps we were experiencing the true Holy Communion in this time of being together in the presence of unconditional love. It was this unconditional love that was God's presence manifest. Claire looked up with shining eyes, understood immediately what I was saying, and responded with a knowing, "Oh, you are right!"

Peter died a short time later with his family and close friends forming a circle of love around his bed. In later months Claire spoke often of the deeply spiritual nature of the last hours of Peter's life. She found profound meaning in the experience of her husband's death and was able to share eloquently with others what she had learned. Truly this was a dignified, meaningful death. There had been no last minute "heroic" medical interventions, simply a deep spiritual respect for the passage of this gentle man.

When we know we are dying and can

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*Connie McPeak Green, a member of Cleveland (Ohio) Meeting, was Friend in Residence in Chena Ridge (Alaska) Meeting in 1997-98. She offers workshops on living intentionally and dying mindfully. The names of the patients and family members have been changed to protect their privacy.*



Those last years, putting  
a meal on the table for us  
turned you into Insect Woman,  
scurrying from stove to fridge,  
from sink to cupboard to table  
in quick jerks, your fingers tight  
on the handles of things.

There was flutter about you,  
a fright almost, your teeth biting  
your lip, your eyes darting here,  
there. *This to be done. No,  
first that.* Switching, dithering,  
clattering lids.

*Where's the fire?* I thought  
back then. *Quit beetling about.  
Quit rushing to get it all perfect.  
You give me the creeps  
with your zigzag, your skitter.  
I'd rather kick back  
and eat soup from a can.*

And now I'm the one  
with six legs all at angles,  
scooting and jangled.  
I wave my antennae about  
as I ask myself, *Where did I...?  
What should I...?* tossing  
the gravy and thickening  
the salad but fiercely  
determined to pull off  
a company meal.

accept this reality we can more fully experience knowing we are in God's realm. We have the opportunity to see our final days as a time of sacred transformation. We are then able to be intentional and truly present. We may then be given the opportunity to share the insights and love that flow out of this profound experience. Lucy McIver, in her Pendle Hill pamphlet, *A Song Of Death, Our Spiritual Birth*, speaks eloquently of one's final days as a time of renewed purpose and learning.

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## UNSTRUNG

The After Life, could it begin  
in something like this  
quiet little store I enter  
with my mother's broken  
string of beads?

The walls are hung with strands  
of red, brown, turquoise, lined  
with shelves of labeled bottles.  
Are the brightly colored bits  
of former lives all disassembled,  
sorted, waiting here?

I hand a kindly woman  
my small crumpled envelope.  
If only I could reconnect my mother  
with her wits, her wisdom, scattered  
and unstrung. At ninety-three  
she asks again what I just answered,  
utters dire suspicions, rants  
and whimpers, grips  
my hand like iron.

Here everyone is gentle.  
I can tumble out her crystals  
on a channeled pad, arrange them  
from the biggest down  
and string them peacefully.  
The woman helps me bend  
the wire to fasten on the clasp.

My patient Millie also went on a journey of intention. Millie was a 75-year-old woman with stomach cancer. Her tumor had caused total blockage in her digestive track. She became a hospice patient after she had been hospitalized for about two weeks in a palliative care unit. In an attempt to control her vomiting and nausea, she was given several medications including an intravenous drug that cost about \$700 a day. The report from the palliative care unit was that this was the

About me, golden ambergris,  
and wampum, richly carved  
and burnished trading beads.  
I feel how ancient, elemental,  
is my mother's will  
to deck herself in glowing colors,  
magic shapes, her will  
to wear them even when  
she goes to bed, to run her fingers  
over them—her rosaries  
and worry beads, her charms  
and amulets against all spells.

This ordered place breathes out  
a blessing, gives me hope  
that all the precious qualities  
which scatter as we fall apart  
will re-collect somewhere,  
still luminous, and gather  
into something wholly new.

only way that Millie's nausea could be controlled. She continued to eat with the hope of getting better. She also continued to vomit regularly, and she and her daughter were fearful her of choking. She was suffering terribly. Once Millie and I came to know each other I suggested that there might be another way to manage her symptoms. I explained the disease process to her and her daughter. I told them, in

*Continued on page 51*



# Crashings On Aging and Death

by Horatio C Wood IV

A recent illness has forced me not to deny the facts of my apparent mortality any longer. Culturally, through a great deal of our entertainment industry, and throughout the arts, we engage to a large extent in a strenuous effort to deny death. I first became acutely aware of this when I read, 25 years ago, Ernest Becker's Pulitzer Prize-winning nonfiction book, *The Denial of Death*. It is a compelling treatise on the stratagems used culturally by our society and other societies to drive the fear of death from our conscious lives. There are very serious resistances which all of us possess individually and collectively to talking about and thinking about death. Death in our society has not yet come out of the closet. Here are my ideas for getting started on this difficult road.

A few years ago a book came out, *How and Why We Age*, by Leonard Hayflick. In it he reviews what we mean by aging and what we mean by longevity. "Aging represents losses in normal function that occur after sexual maturation and continue up to the time of maximum longevity." What is the story regarding longevity? "Longevity is the period of time that an animal can be expected to live given the best of

circumstances." For newborn homo sapiens, average longevity (life expectation) in developed countries is about 75 years and maximum longevity (life span) has an upper limit at the present time of about 120 years.

The death of anyone at any age can occur by accident, murder, suicide, infectious disease, cancer, heart disease, and need not be related in any way whatsoever to aging. Death is linked to aging in the sense that, with age, the probability of death increases for each and every person. Normal age

**One thing nice to know about getting old is that no one dies of old skin.**

changes include loss of strength and stamina, balding, loss of bone mass, menopause, decrease in height, and changes in the cardiovascular, neuroendocrine, and immune systems. Diseases of the cardiovascular system are the leading cause of death, but they are not a cause of aging. In the case of someone with no cardiovascular disease, aging has no predictable effect on cardiac output. With respect to the immune system, older people tend to be less efficient in mounting an effective response to infection and other foreign proteins.

Like the immune system, the endocrine system affects virtually all the cells in our bodies. It has been considered by some to be a

*Horatio C Wood IV, a retired physician specializing in psychiatry, is a member of Community Meeting in Cincinnati, Ohio. This is an abridgment of a paper that he presented at Haverford College on the occasion of his 50th reunion in 2000.*

© Melanie Weidner

"Path of Mystery"

prime candidate for the origin of all age changes. Diminution changes in the endocrine system are reflected in older people by their decreased ability to recover from burns, wounds, the trauma of surgery, or to respond to the stresses engendered by heat and cold.

Bone loss begins by age 50. Men lose about 17 percent of their bone mass, women lose up to a whopping 30 percent. The lifetime loss of height in women is almost two inches, in men about one and a quarter inches. Weight increases in middle years and decreases in old age. Body water in men goes down, as they get older, from 61 to 54 percent, in women from 51 to 46 percent. This helps to explain the increase in use of moisturizing lotions and creams that are designed to prevent aging. Skin shows discoloration, wrinkles, and deterioration, but one thing nice to know about getting old is that no one dies of old skin.

An interesting change in appearance takes place with the elongation of the nose and ears. The ability to taste holds up well with aging, but the sense of smell gradually declines so that it is harder to perceive and detect odors. The ability to focus closeup is lost, and cataracts develop. Explicit memory is harder to access promptly for older people. Caloric needs decrease, in part because of a decline in physical activity.

Leonard Hayflick writes, "It has now been proved beyond all doubt that aging is one of the leading causes of statistics." In the 4,500 years from the Bronze Age to the year 1900, life expectancy increased 27 years; in the 20th century average life expectancy has more than doubled. It is currently estimated that of all the human beings who have ever lived to be 65 years or older, half are alive today. People over 85 are the fastest-growing segment of the population; in 15 years the percentage of people over 85 in the United States is expected to double, in 40 years to triple.

Daniel Callahan, who wrote *The Troubled Dream of Life: Living with Mortality*, relates how in the past, prior to advances in medicine—before anesthesia, antibiotics, electrocardiograms, x-rays, intravenous fluids, oxygen machines, CAT scans, and MRIs—death was natural. It was everywhere and affected people of all ages. The French historian Phillippe Aries characterized a death taking place in those times as a "tame death." We have definitely lost that. In those times not so

long ago, death was (1) tolerable and familiar, (2) affirmative of the bonds of community and social solidarity, and (3) expected with certainty and accepted without crippling fear. It was familiar, simple, and public.

Modern medicine has done a job with its striking transformation of mortality. But its beneficence has been at a terrible price: the tame death has disappeared and the wild death has come into being. Death, after the onset of modern medicine, ceased to be simple and familiar.

An earlier description of a tame death can be found in John Woolman's *Journal* regarding the death of his sister, Elizabeth, in 1747. "Her disorder appearing dangerous that her life was despaired of, and our mother being sorrowful, she took notice of it and said, 'Dear mother, weep not for me; I go to my God,' and many times with an audible voice uttered praise to her Redeemer. A friend, coming some miles to see her the morning before she died, asked her how she did. She answered: 'I have had a hard night, but shall not have another such, for I shall die, and it will be well with my soul,' and accordingly died the next evening."

Daniel Callahan points out that we cannot reverse the processes that medical science has brought to us. To be sure, we do not want to reverse them. We can't go back to the tame death of the past. He proposes that we work in society to create the possibility of a peaceful death. And he defines peaceful death in this way (I am condensing and paraphrasing his words): (1) I want to find meaning in my death or, if not a full meaning, a way of reconciling myself to it. Some kind of sense must be made of my mortality. (2) I hope to be treated with respect and sympathy, and to find in my dying a physical and spiritual dignity. (3) I would like

my death to matter to others, to be seen in some larger sense as an evil, a rupturing of human community, even if they understand that my particular death may be preferable to an excessive and prolonged suffering, and even if they understand death to be a part of the biological nature of the human species. (4) If I do not want to necessarily die in the public way that marked the era of the tame death, with strangers coming in off the streets, I do not want to be abandoned, psychologically rejected from the community, because of my impending death.

*Continued on page 54*

## AT CAMP NEEKAUNIS 8/10/02

*for Betsy*

Quiet morning Quaker meeting, outside:  
an ant creeps across my knee as we centre,  
seeking the Presence. High on this tree-clad hill,  
above the wind-ruffled timeless lake,  
bright fluttering prayer flags interface,  
interfaith, with green-toothed oak leaves.  
Nearby, the dry hop hornbeam seed heads nod;  
farther off, clusters of yellowing maple keys  
rustle. . . . August sighs.

An erratic butterfly crosses our sunlit space,  
and the deep summer buzz of cicadas intensifies.  
How can we speak the language of winter now?

I rest with my arm around your slim shoulders,  
knowing you as totally precious, so dear—  
yet evanescent as these insects, this airy season,  
this transcendent hilltop moment here,  
as the breeze lifts and turns leaves, flags, seeds . . .  
souls. . . . When death blows through our lives,  
will our spirits rise and fly this lightly?

*Caroline Balderston Parry*

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*Caroline Balderston Parry is a member of Ottawa (Ont.) Meeting. Her sister, Betsy Balderston, died on April 17. (See Milestones, p. 41.)*



# My Father and the Right to Die

by Anne E. Barschall

I used to dread my father's annual letter in which he informed me of his desires in case he should become terminally ill and unable to make his own healthcare decisions. He had been told that failing to adequately inform one's family about one's desires in this type of situation would likely result in one getting unpleasant and very expensive extraordinary medical procedures to prolong one's life.

My father had a horrible fear of being hooked to tubes, of being hospitalized, of being subjected to medical tests and surgery, of being in pain without adequate pain relief, and mostly of being debilitated. He belonged to an organization that promoted physician-assisted suicide. He also belonged to an organization that promoted the use of heroin for pain relief for terminal cancer patients, because heroin is supposedly better than morphine for this purpose. He agonized over these issues constantly.

It would be difficult for someone not knowing my father to imagine how often he talked about these topics to everyone around him. He must have thought about it almost every day for 20 years.

Originally he did up a power of attorney for my mother to make healthcare decisions for him in the event he was unable to do so himself. Then a horror story occurred to an acquaintance. This man had a brain hemorrhage. When he was in the hospital, the doctors pressured his wife, who had power of attorney, to allow surgery to save him. She consented, even though she knew he would not want it. The surgery was largely successful; the man survived, but he was left without short-term memory. The wife, on the other hand, knowing she had gone against her husband's wishes, went home and committed suicide.

My father decided to give my mother power of attorney over his financial affairs in case of his disability, but that it was too much to ask of her to have responsibility for his healthcare. For that he named a close friend, a colleague about 20 years

younger. He spent a lot of time with that friend, emphasizing and reemphasizing what he did not want done on his behalf in the event of a serious illness—and how important pain relief was to him.

It also worried my father that my mother did not seem to understand what he was so anxious about. She just did not share his fear of having tubes connected or of being debilitated. He found her lack of concern exasperating.

**I was amazed. My father, on his deathbed, had learned that holding hands was better pain relief than morphine.**

My father emphasized to all of us that he did not want to be resuscitated. He would not even go with my mother to take an infant CPR course, when I had babies, because he was afraid that the knowledge might somehow be used to resuscitate him. He often lamented that physician-assisted suicide was not an option for him in Wisconsin, where he lived.

As time went on, my father grew increasingly depressed. He saw my mother becoming more and more confused, forgetful, and stooped. He perceived himself as irrelevant to the professional life that had been so important to him.

In September 1996, he took a trip to Switzerland with my brother and a friend. They hiked in the mountains. My brother and the friend remarked that they thought my father, at age 81, was hiking too fast for his own health and might have a heart attack. He responded that that was what he hoped for, to die of a heart attack in the mountains of Switzerland, which he loved so much. But his heart was too strong. He did not die there.

The diagnosis of terminal cancer came two months later back at home in Wisconsin. It was a painful time. For at least a month and a half after the diagno-

sis, my father had no serious symptoms—only dread. My husband and I wanted to visit him, but my father did not want to have us. He wanted to spend Thanksgiving with his friend who was to serve as power of attorney for healthcare, and wanted to see us at Christmas.

Since I worked for a Dutch company and had friends in the Netherlands, I thought of offering to get him help to travel there, where physician-assisted suicide is legal—but I couldn't bring myself to mention it. And significantly, he never asked. As conscious as he was of this issue, surely he must have known that my Dutch connections might be an option for him, but the topic never came up.

As the illness progressed, my brother and I took turns visiting my father on weekends. My father had accumulated 200,000 frequent flyer miles that we could use to visit him. I was glad I had not changed my name, because my retaining my maiden name meant that the airlines did not question my using his miles.

The cancer diagnosis plunged my father into a terrible mental state. The doctor put him on Zoloft, which effected a truly remarkable transformation in his personality. Suddenly, he seemed to take so much more pleasure in the people around him. He expressed intense gratitude when neighbors and friends brought him and my mother prepared dinners. I wondered whether, had we managed to get him on Zoloft earlier, he might never have gotten cancer.

By Christmastime, he was in terrible pain. The doctor had given him a prescription for codeine pills. He took the first one the day after Christmas. I looked at what seemed like an unusually large amount of codeine, and thought of my father's well-stocked liquor cabinet. He had several bottles of hard liquor in there at all times. I wondered about physician-assisted suicide. Surely he must have thought about taking the pills and the liquor together, but no words were ever exchanged on that topic. Curiously, after his terminal cancer diagnosis, he told me

*Anne E. Barschall, a patent attorney, is a member of Scarsdale (N.Y.) Meeting.*



# The Ability to Choose as Death Approaches

by Linda Lyman

*"Too often we enjoy the comfort of opinion, without the discomfort of thought."*

—John F. Kennedy

In 1980 Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, MD, asked me to come to California to work with her. Her first book, *On Death and Dying*, offered insight and understanding to the medical community as well as to families of the terminally ill. Until its publication in 1969, our culture seemed to have abandoned the dying patient. Elisabeth reached out to help the terminally ill improve their quality of life in their final days. She also promoted in the U.S. the new hospice approach to healthcare for the terminally ill that had been developed in England.

The 1970s was an exciting decade as our culture shifted in how we treated terminally ill patients. It was not a morbid time, but rather, a refreshing focus on relieving suffering. Hospice excluded the use of extraordinary life-saving measures for terminally ill patients. It provided the best pain management for patients, whether they remained in their own homes or in a hospice facility.

Still, there were too many terminally ill patients suffering from pain that was not under control. It is a severe challenge for family caregivers to be with a loved one who cannot get pain relief and who begs for help to hasten death. The Hemlock Society and other worldwide Right To Die organizations were created for this very purpose: to provide education for terminally ill patients who wished to hasten death. It is not against the law to commit suicide, but it is against the law in

*Linda Lyman is a member of Bellingham (Wash.) Meeting and currently attends Dayton (Ohio) Meeting. A retired family therapist who worked with death and dying concerns, she is a member of Bioethics Network and president of the Miami Valley Chapter of End-of-Life Choices.*

most states to physically assist a person who wants to do so.

In 1983, after I had finished my work with Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, a medical doctor asked if I would consider staying with his patient, Mary, who had decided to take her own life. I asked for a meeting with the patient, her doctor, and her family, to make sure Mary's children understood and supported their mother's decision. She lived in her own home with the support of 24-hour care. Her excruciating pain was not under control, and her bones were brittle and broke easily. After celebrating her 95th birthday with her three daughters and numerous grandchildren, Mary announced to her daughters that she had decided to end her life by refusing food, medicine, and water.

Mary's daughters were devoted to their mother and found it very hard to watch her trying to endure this long-term suffering. Each daughter supported Mary in her decision to end her life but none felt she could watch Mary through the dying process. The doctor said he would not prevent Mary from hastening her death but he could not help her end her life. How unfortunate that she had to endure such pain and take her life into her own hands. And how unfortunate that her kindly doctor could not have assisted her by ending her suffering and hastening her death.

Mary died with the grace with which she had lived her life. It was a privilege for me to be helpful to Mary during her dying process. I believe at birth our spirit comes from the source I call God, and we return to that source at the time of death. There is a presence of God with us as the dying patient slips into unconsciousness and a sense of release when the

## KEYS

The skinny grandma  
who had thirteen cancer operations  
brought me all her keys  
on heavy rings  
when I had trouble with my door.

Try these, she said.  
I've sold my home in Sugar Creek.  
Ain't got no use for them.

... the trunk key  
where the christening dress was folded,  
cellar where the jars of pickles glowed,  
the walnut chiffonier, the Chevy,  
south porch door ...

If I had it to do again,  
I wouldn't let them  
doctors touch me.  
It ain't worth it.  
In and out of hospitals,  
and in again.  
Can't call your life  
your own.

... doors opened forcibly,  
locks picked, rude entry gained,  
the woman of the house made prisoner ...

Pain ain't nothing  
next to what they done.  
Or dying even.  
Put your foot down, honey.  
Don't let nobody take over  
who you are.

*Helen Weaver Horn*

spirit leaves the body as the transition is completed. Being with dying patients has been one of the most spiritual experiences I have had.

When terminally ill patients commit suicide they are accused of playing God. Can the same be said when a doctor keeps a terminally ill patient on life-support

machines preventing a natural death? Or, when life support is discontinued. Who is in control of death? What constitutes a natural death?

Terminally ill patients consider taking their own lives mainly because they are afraid of long, suffering pain. Sadly, even today, there is no basic standard for pain relief from state to state. In California, inadequate pain management in terminal illness is professional misconduct and a form of elder abuse.

The medical profession is willing to discontinue artificial life support for terminally ill patients, knowing that removing life support will hasten death, and it will likewise allow terminally ill patients to withdraw from eating and drinking water. Palliative Care specialists can increase medication to control pain for terminally ill patients, knowing the patient may become unconscious and therefore unable to eat, shutting down the body's life functions and leading to death. Yet our culture has not arrived at the point of supporting the medical profession with the intent to relieve suffering and hasten death.

Douglas Aberg wrote in an article, "Hospice, the Right to Die Movement, and the Liberty in Between":

In the field of hospice care, there is a credo that states, "Hospice neither hastens nor postpones death." We in hospice care live by this credo. The hospice philosophy believes that one need not end their life via suicide, as we in hospice have the knowledge, skill, and presence to ease the suffering caused by the end stage disease process. . . . With the use of medication and education, we are able to manage physical suffering in greater than 95 percent of the terminally ill patients that we treat. Those 5 percent will suffer despite the medical, psychosocial, and spiritual love, compassion, and support we have to give. Of those 5 percent, there are those who request to have their deaths hastened. . . . We have already determined that we may not ever be able to end their physical, emotional and/or spiritual pain. What do we do now? Do we allow them to suffer despite their plea for help? . . . It is my opinion that the greatest gift we give to those who are dying is the ability to choose."

The failure to maintain a pain-free existence for the terminally ill continues today. It is a national scandal. Compassion In Dying wants to turn this deplorable situation around through public education campaigns and legislative reform. Terminally and hopelessly ill people who do not wish to suffer have turned to

organizations like the Hemlock Society, renamed End-of-Life Choices, and Compassion In Dying for education to ensure a peaceful, dignified death. If state regulations were in place requiring mak-

ing palliative care pain management available to every terminally ill patient everywhere, there would be less occasion for patients to become desperate enough to take their own lives. □

## ADVANCE CARE PLANNING

**A**s I get older, how can I prepare for the choices I will need to make before someone else has to make decisions for me? Advance care planning for a terminal illness, or an incapacitating stroke, or a debilitating accident requires more than knowing we have an adequate health insurance policy. To avoid uncertainty about how our end-of-life wishes will be carried out, and to avoid undue stress on family and friends, take the responsibility to put your healthcare directives in writing now. Think about your end-of-life choices and discuss them with your healthcare personnel and your family. When your documents are on file you can feel you have some control over the end of your life. This process and your documents are a gift to your family and friends.

### Advance Care Planning includes:

- Understanding your healthcare options, i.e., continuing life care facilities, home healthcare, living with family, hospice, nursing homes, etc.
- Reflecting on your values, goals, and finances, i.e., independence, control, simplicity, living close to family, friends, Friends meeting, etc.

### Developing your Advance Directives

- Living will—When filling out a living will, know your state law, when a living will is honored, and if it is transferable from state to state.
- Letter of intent—Create a letter of intent for healthcare. You can't cover everything in a living will or durable power of attorney for healthcare.
- Durable power of attorney for healthcare—Designate one person in your durable power of attorney for healthcare whom you trust to follow your letter of intent and living will. It is not helpful to name all your children.

• DNR, do not resuscitate, with comfort care—Understand this law and discuss it with your doctor if you or a loved one is terminally ill.

• In addition to your healthcare directives it is important to create a power of attorney for general financial powers and to create a will for the disposition of property.

• Creating an ethical will is an ongoing process—a legacy of your values and what is important to you. Or, it may be "unfinished business," what you never got around to saying to a family member or friend. It is sharing what a difference others have made in your life. This is another precious gift for family and friends.

I encourage people who are terminally ill, who think, when their quality of life has diminished enough, they want to hasten their death to contact End-of-Life Choices (the former Hemlock Society) at P.O. Box 101810, Denver, CO 80250-1810, telephone 800-247-7421. EOLC will arrange for you to be interviewed by a medical team and will assign a Caring Friend to you. Founded in 1980, EOLC is committed to maximize options for a good death by focusing on choice, compassion, and dignity at the end of life.

For persons who have witnessed a loved one's painful death and fear that they, too, will experience a painful death, I encourage you to educate yourselves about palliative care, which is a holistic care pain management program used by most hospices and becoming more available in hospitals. Palliative care ought to be available to everyone, but it is not. You need to specifically name "palliative care," not just pain management, in your letter of intent, living will, and durable power of attorney for healthcare.



# Care of the Dying: A Spiritual Discipline

by Brad Sheeks

Attending the death of a loved one is a painful, sometimes disturbing experience. Frequently it has a deeply mysterious quality, somewhat similar to being present at the birth of a child.

As a hospice nurse, at times, when I am in the presence of death, I feel a primitive, visceral desire for a comforting ritual such as the Catholic last rites or the Tibetan Book of the Dead. The mystery of death is sometimes glimpsed obliquely, almost out of the corner of the eye. The Spirit is present (but not always in plain sight), helping us to learn about compassion and acceptance.

"How do you do it on a daily basis?" friends sometimes ask about my work. "How do you avoid burnout?" For me it is a spiritual discipline. It is to walk a middle path between overidentification with the patient, and, on the other hand, too much distance. I risk overidentifying with the family members, caught up in the pain and frustration of not being able to stop the slide towards death. My personal distress would reduce my ability to suggest specific nursing interventions to relieve pain, nausea, agitation, shortness of breath, and so forth.

On the other hand I risk becoming the distant clinician, unmoved by the suffering in the room. In this mode, I would not be available at a heart and human level to the family. What good would I be to the family if all I had to offer could be found in my handy *Nurses Drug Handbook*?

But I have the easy part. My question for the families who care for a dying loved one, day in and day out, is the same question, "How do *they* do it?" They are the heroes and heroines. They've taught me that caring for the dying is a spiritual dis-

cipline. Mother Teresa spoke of seeing the face of Jesus when she reached out to wipe the dust from a dying child's face. Similarly, I feel that the act of giving this care opens me to an awareness of the Divine Presence.

I would like to share with you a few stories that I believe illustrate some of the spiritual disciplines of caring for the dying. I've changed the names in each story, for the purpose of privacy, except for the last one about the memorial bench.

## Just Being Here

"Here's the thing," John said to me one day after we had changed the dressing on a bedsore for his dying wife. "I'm a plumber, you know. I fix things that are broken. But here, with Elizabeth, the way she is, most of the time I don't do anything at all."

"Could that be it in a nutshell, John?" I asked. "Just being here?" John leaned back in his chair. He peeled off the rubber gloves, tossed them in the trash basket, and for several minutes we sat in silence. We noticed that Elizabeth's face started to soften and her breathing became a little less labored. He glanced at me and said, "This is hard work, just being here."

## Each Day is a Gift

"It's a good day," Helen said with a wry smile as we sat around a table in her patio, "when you wake up and you're still alive. Sure, I've got pain, but I'll take it in trade to be able to see that fat old robin looking for a worm out here in the yard."

"There's a verse in the Bible that goes something like this," I said. "This is the day the Lord has made. Let us rejoice in it."

Helen turned and looked me in the eye. "I've lost my appetite, Brad, and I'm getting pain in some new places. How much time do I have?" I saw in her face that she knew the answer to her question. "Each day is a gift," she said, just above a whisper. I reached out and she took my

hand, holding tight. "Yes, each day," she repeated. "It's a gift."

## An Unseen Presence

"Did you know God has a sense of humor?" Rachel asked me one day after her husband, David, had died.

"We talked, David and I," she continued, "about what happens after you die. David said he'd try to let me know he was OK. One day, about a month after he died, his sister came to the house. Now, she was someone David didn't get along with very well. It was a clear, sunny day, except for a small cloud passing over the house. Suddenly, as his sister was standing on the porch, a downfall drenched her. It didn't touch me."

I asked, "What do you make of it?" We looked at each other and both cracked up laughing.

Rachel said, "I guess there's a lot going on we don't need to know about."

## Forgiveness

"I told Dad this morning it was OK for him to go now," Bill said to me as I stepped in the door. As we sat in his living room, I noticed a new softness in his face. He'd been asking his dad to eat, to get out of bed and move around, fighting to keep him alive. "You know," he said, "I've been mad at that old bastard all these years. This morning it all melted away. I told him I loved him and kissed his cheek."

"Forgiveness," I said, "It's a curious thing, isn't it?"

"Yes, it finally came to me last night," he said. "It's not about being right or wrong. Or even about justice. I carried a load of stuff he'd done that I hadn't forgiven. Then last night it was like standing on a bridge and taking that load of anger and resentment off my shoulder, dropping it in the river, and watching it float away. I saw it sink under the water and it was gone."

*Continued on page 30*

*Brad Sheeks works as a visiting nurse for Heartland Hospice in the Philadelphia, Pa., area. He is a member of Central Philadelphia Meeting. He and his wife, Patricia McBee, co-lead couples enrichment programs for Friends General Conference.*

## Enjoy

"I'm a teacher," Dennis Fox told me one day, shortly before he died. "I want to leave something behind—something of myself." Then he told me that he had just visited "his bench," a place for joggers to sit and rest for a moment. Later, while biking on Kelly Drive, I found his bench, just under the Strawberry Mansion Bridge, up a bit from the boat house. I read the placard:

*In celebration of the  
61 years of the life of  
Dennis Fox  
Runner, Bicyclist, Teacher  
Rest here and enjoy your endorphins.*

I sat down on Dennis's bench. A elderly man came walking along, a slight limp favoring his left leg, his white hair peeking out under an old Phillies cap. We made eye contact and smiled. He sat down beside me on the bench.

I said, "See this plaque? My friend Dennis and I were the same age. We both had sons the same age."

"You were friends a long time?" he asked.

"Funny thing was," I answered, "I only knew him a few months, before he died. I was his visiting nurse. But it seemed we were brothers. No, it was more than that. I saw myself in him." I looked up as two joggers came running past our bench.

"Part of Dennis lives on in me," I said, just above a whisper. "I just don't know."

We sat for a while, that old man and I, neither of us saying anything. Then he got up and shook my hand. "Son," he said, "we don't have to understand everything." □

Barbara Benton



Dennis's bench,  
Philadelphia

# How Can You Do That Work?

by TylaAnn Burger

When I spent my professional life as a full-time emergency room nurse, my friends could not get enough of my stories. They loved to hear about the foolish and absurd. Some even liked the gory tales, as long as they had a good outcome. When I switched to hospice nursing in 1991, the requests for stories ceased instantly.

Hospice staff members are often asked why we do the work we do. As an answer to this question, here are the stories of a few of the people who have taught me, and continue to teach me, why I love what I do.

## A Level of Trust

I stood at my car looking back at the house. The sensation is familiar, like sitting in meeting for worship moments before we close. It is the feeling of coming to the end of a complete, gathered meeting. The difference is that this spiritual exercise will close when the spirit of the young woman inside the house "shakes hands" with God as her life ends. The rest of the house will respond in several ways to this closure. There will be pain and sadness. There will also be relief.

She was in her early 40s. The breast

cancer had spread to a dreadful extent. Her current pain was due to the disease in her spine. She was incredibly thin and a kerchief covered the sparse hair on her head, but she still managed to look like a mother when she tried to comfort her teenage children. The rest of the family was assembled around the house: her partner (the stepfather), her sister, and her best friend. Others stopped in from time to time. Except for her sister and best friend, few could bear to spend much time in the room. Her pain was overwhelming; she was severely uncomfortable but stoic, trying to downplay her misery. For the rest of them her pain was physically present; like sharp stones that prevented them from sitting on any chair in the room.

To control her pain, her primary nurse had started her on a subcutaneous pump that delivers a continuous dose of opioid pain medication under the skin. Her aggressive disease had continued to spread and was destroying her spine. About three or four hours ago her pain had broken through the medication dose she was on. The family had delayed calling the triage nurse as "it wasn't so bad" at first. By the time I received the call and traveled the 45 minutes to the home, it was about noon, and her pain was intolerable.

Over the course of the afternoon there were multiple problems: with the pump (the concentration was wrong, making it difficult to easily increase the dose); with her doctor (four calls over 45 minutes to find him—half an hour to talk him into the doses she needed); with the pharmacy (had the wrong size pump cassette and sent the wrong concentration the first time); and with the delivery van (got lost with the right cassettes—twice). In the meantime, I increased her dose as far as I could, making her more comfortable but

*TylaAnn Burger, a member of Green Street Meeting in Philadelphia, Pa., has been a nurse for 25 years, 12 of them in hospice—from staff nurse to clinical manager. She is co-convenor of Friends Hospice Project.*



by no means pain-free. I watched her pump sites and had to change them every hour or so due to the volume of drug infusing. In between phone calls and site changes I tried to sit with different family members so I could answer questions and respond to their distress. Her sister and best friend helped me pair her son and daughter with relatives and friends who could provide more support than simply projecting expectations of stoic behavior. She herself had no desire to talk to anyone, but conveyed a certain gratitude for the gentleness of the hands caring for her.

Finally, after about four hours, I had the pump cassettes and medication she needed. I set them up and waited to make sure the medication was effective. When she was pain-free she finally fell asleep. More at ease themselves, the family was able to learn how to make the allowable changes to the pump and use the extra breakthrough doses. We also talked about what to expect in her final hours, and I invited them to call for help as soon as they needed it.

As I left the house the Sun was starting to set. The emotional clatter when I arrived had been replaced by a deep waiting for closure. In seven hours another nurse would come to attend to the end of her physical life and provide support for her family.

I had never met these people before. I had walked into the center of their home and stayed for six hours. Because I was able to offer the care, support and information they needed they opened their hearts to me and let me share the spiritual evolution of that long afternoon. One reason we do this work is that those who are dying, and their families, will usually let hospice staff and volunteers into their homes and lives with a level of trust rarely seen in other situations.

## A Learning Experience

The first hospice I worked for grouped their nurses into teams of three and then added aides, chaplains, and social workers. We nurses had our desks together, consulted on and covered each other's cases, and provided each other with support when the work challenged us the most. My first team was Kate, Kyung, and myself. Kate was raised Catholic and had an incredible work ethic and a true understanding of how family and community interacted in many of the neighborhoods of Philadelphia. I was the

Quaker activist, determined to bring the best possible resources and clinical skills to my patients and their families. Then there was Kyung.

Kyung was several generations older than Kate and me. She was a grandmother who had emigrated from Korea 35 years before. She had worked for many years as a labor and delivery nurse and childbirth educator. About five years before I arrived she had decided to start working in hospice and convinced our hospice manager to hire her. She refused to be specific about her reasons for such a significant change, stating, "It was time." She brought a uniquely Asian perspective to the way the three of us approached our work and families.

Kyung taught the entire team the concept of "complete" death. She said that a hospice death was complete when all of the aspects of the person and family were as good as they could be for that family at the time of death. If we had been able to assist the family to reach the best physical, emotional, social, and spiritual status that they were capable of at this time in their lives, then we had completely met our goals. We were not looking for "perfect" experiences, but rather, what was right for a particular patient and family.

There is always your first hospice patient. Orientation means following and assisting experienced nurses and covering other nurses' patients for a short duration with supervision. When you come off orientation you are assigned people to whom you provide primary hospice care. Your first patient is the first person you admit to the hospice under your own care.

Bernice was my first. She was an older woman who had lived alone and now had a granddaughter staying with her to care for her. Bernice's long-struggling kidneys had now failed altogether. She considered the doctor's pleas to start dialysis immediately. Then she decided that the van trips (three times a week), vascular access (surgical or implanted catheters), and four-hour-long treatments were not what she desired for the life she wanted at this age. To the surprise and mild distress of her doctors she refused dialysis and called for hospice. I would be her nurse.

It was a great case for a new hospice nurse. The renal failure would likely end her life in 5 to 14 days. There would almost certainly be some symptoms to manage. The uremic salts were likely to produce significantly unpleasant itching.

Nausea and changing mental status would also be factors. Bernice was a wise woman, happy to take advantage of the support offered by various team members. Besides my visits, Bernice and her family responded well to the visits of hospice aides, chaplain, social worker, and volunteer. About 11 days later, her mild symptoms well controlled, Bernice fell asleep for the last time. She died quietly the next day, and on that day I started my diary of the people who were my first year in hospice. Bernice had set her limits on what was a "complete" life for her. We had spent our visits talking more about her life and experience than about illness and death.

Another reason we do this work is that the people we are privileged to work with and care for teach us so much.

## Who Is Meant to Do This

I spent the next few years developing an AIDS specialty for our hospice. Then I moved on to work for different hospices: on start-up team, as supervisor, as department head, and eventually as a clinical manager. Somewhere along the line I learned how to tell when a new staff member was meant to do hospice work long-term.

After about six months of full-time hospice work, most of us have a startling experience. As we are driving through the area we work we suddenly stop and realize that we can look down any number of streets and see houses where people have died in our care. The experience can be overwhelming. However, it is what we feel, after we remember all these people, that matters. The staff member who feels grief and loss when they remember the people and their homes and families needs to find another area of work. Instead, most hospice staff remember the people and the qualities that made up those families and the things we were able to do to improve the process for all involved. There is a sense of satisfaction, not grief. That is why we do this work.

## The Challenge

A few years ago I was consulting for a hospice where I had previously been clinical manager. I was mostly dealing with regulatory issues, but also consulting on difficult cases. It was then that I met "The Judge." He was a senior judge in a state

*Continued on page 62*

© Melanie Weidner



"Oyster"

# Gifts from the Closet

by Mary Waddington

It's Saturday and I've managed to keep it open. I'm determined to clean out the closet in my spare room where Mother spent those last four months of her life. She died two years ago, and its high time I reclaim that space.

The day I sent the hospital bed back I'd cleared the room of her smaller possessions by stuffing them into the closet and quickly closing its door. Not one item has monetary value yet each was a treasure to her, a touchstone. Mother trained me never to throw anything out. On top of this I'd promised to find good homes for all her belongings. Having to make these decisions has been one of the holdups. The other is the emotional drain of dealing with memories.

I've opened the closet dozens of times and closed it again. Last month I pulled out the stacks of cards and letters, all tender love notes sent either to her throughout her long illness or to

*Mary Waddington, of Salem (N.J.) Meeting, is a holistic health practitioner and is called to pastoral care work among Friends. She has been involved in prison ministry for eight years and is currently writing a memoir about this experience.*

me after her death. All day and into the night I had unfolded, read through the blur, refolded, and reached for the next. Then each had gone back on the shelf. No progress was made toward my goal.

Today I stand once more running my eyes over the shelves. They focus on a small stuffed turtle, soft and floppy. I clutch it to me and allow memories and tears to flow freely. I know without thinking where it will go. Mother's first great-grandchild, Samantha, has just been born. I'll mail it now, but I should enclose a note of explanation.

Maybe I could say something like . . .

*Dear Samantha,  
This turtle belonged to your great-grandmother, whose name was Mabel Pancoast Waddington. He was special to her because of how they found each other. She gave him to me on her way to heaven, and I pass him on to you for the love and wisdom he carries. . . .*

By now I'm realizing the turtle story must be told as part of the gift. It took place within the Women In Transition support group that was formed in Salem

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Quarter in 1991. This group consists of an assortment of women who come together every month to learn from each other how to persevere and, hopefully, how to prevail. We lift each other up to ease our movements through loss, change, oppression—whatever hurts or stymies. We do this with prayerful intentions and often with humor. We've talked about difficult deaths that seemed to come too soon or not soon enough. We've struggled through divorces—both wanted and unwanted, fair and unfair, liberating and limiting. We labor over relationships—those lost or imperfect or yearned for. We work at establishing boundaries—those invaded or missing or kicked in by high-stepping teens. We learn to talk about those pieces of our lives that knock us off balance. In the process we usually right ourselves. This was the fertile ground that Turtle walked in on.

As Mother began to struggle with the diminishments of aging, I had suggested taking her with me to the support group. "I don't qualify," she had insisted. "I'm far too old, and I'm not in transition." But I knew she wasn't that far from her final transition.

My own faltering memory must not keep me from capturing the essence of the turtle story. How can I bring it to life for a child three generations removed from the source? How can I possibly explain, especially to one so young as Samantha, the alchemy of covered worship or the mysticism of divine intervention? Perhaps I could write this as a fairy tale she will grow into as it is read to her, something like . . .

## Once upon a time,

not so very long ago and yet forever ago, there was a beautiful matron named Mabel. She belonged to that quaint clan called the Quarter of Salem in the benevolent kingdom of Quakerdom. She did not know of her beauty, for her focus was outward, observing the beauty of others. She was known far and wide for her pudding of rice, her plain speech, and the gentleness of her ways. Attenders and members alike followed her with their eyes and ears, for she taught about Faith, and the Practice thereof, simply by the way she moved through her life.

One morning in Mabel's growing-old years, she awakened to the notion she was utterly barren and worthless. With faltering steps she crossed the lane to the house of her eldest daughter, who had by now assumed the role of the mother. She lifted a crumpled face and uttered forlornly, "Mary, I have lost all my usefulness and am nothing more than a burden. Whatever am I to do?"

It must be noted that past reassurances, given many times over, had, alas, been to no avail. This day Mary just smiled and suggested, "Come with me to the meeting in the clan of the Quarter where we celebrate life's lessons. Those tender, searching women will recognize thy worth and be led to respond in a manner most convincing."

At the full moon Mary led Mabel, with gentle persuasion and a firm grip on her arm, to the Celebration of Life's Lessons. Mabel eased her frail body into the circle of hungry women, feeling far too old to belong there. What she soon discovered that no one had

mentioned was an invisible mist that rises out of this circle. It moistens the eye and dissolves all those walls that keep us separate and struggling.

When Mabel's turn came to speak of herself she bravely said this: "I am decaying into uselessness. My mind has lost its grip and thoughts fall away. My eyes are dim and my ears cast about for sound. In my befuddled state I cannot complete a task. My pace is so slow I am left far behind, just like the lowly turtle. And at times, like the turtle, I hide deep inside myself."

Her voice trailed off and her pale eyes closed. Her brittle words hung in the air like December oak leaves. But lo, the moisture from the mist began to soften them and give them weight, and they settled

upon the women who sat as one in the silence.

It so happened that Mabel's mention of Turtle called forth his ancient spirit, and he whispered his sacred wisdom into the collection of open minds: "I am grounded in the Earth. I embody the eternal Mother from which all life evolves. I am longevity and the cycles of giving and taking. I withdraw inside to honor my thoughts and feelings and to tap the creative source." The whispers then evaporated into the mist. The spirit of the Turtle now mingled with those of the Fox and the Woolman and swirled about the heads of the women until all was distilled by the One. And the women were covered in Truth.

The stillness was like a held breath waiting to speak.

Out of this, one after another, the feasting women offered to Mabel that which the swollen silence had birthed:

"I see thee as ageless, in a place without time. Thee will reveal to me the immortal."

"Thy mind has been loosed from the trite and made ripe for intuition. Thee will give me insights."

"Thy eyes are focused beyond the flawed and battered. Thee will see my perfection."

"Thy ears filter out needless clatter and chatter in order to hear God's word. Thee will teach me discernment."

"Thy task is now to wear like a halo the glow of a life rightly ordered. Thy example will inspire me."

"Thee has slowed to let the unessential pass by. Thee will teach me simplicity."

"What thee mistakes for hiding is merely the practice of going within where Guidance resides. Thee will show me the Way."

The silence deepened. It pulsed with all that was made available from the Source. Such luminous gifts, heaped upon Mabel through the spoken word and unspoken thought, created visions of Light and vibrations of love. They cascaded over her like wisteria blossoms. She gathered them up, pressed them to her bosom, and breathed in the sweetness. Her weak, faded eyes reflected each petal and sparkled with lavender dewdrops. And in this moment of timelessness, from that mystical place beyond the worn body, she understood her purpose.

At the next full moon when again Mabel sat in the circle, a gift was placed in her lap. 'Twas a small, floppy turtle with soft, yielding stuffing, a cloth-covered promise to her wandering mind that she would never forget who she is.

Turtle presided over the Celebration for many moons before he took up his vigil at the high



Drawing by  
Deborah Waddington Smith,  
Mary's daughter  
and Mabel's granddaughter

metal bed in the house of the daughter Mary. Then, when the timing was perfect, he retired to the peace of the sheltering closet, the spirit of Mabel entwined with his stuffing.

And so it was, on that memorable night in the space of forever, that Mabel found her purpose. It was then to come about that the eyes and ears of many would follow her all the way through her final transition, learning from her how to journey.

THE END.

Which is always just the beginning.

Pen still in hand I sit in reverie, awash in the spirit of Mother. I watch while the Sun tucks itself in for the night, pulling a blanket of crimson over itself. I must finish the letter . . .

*Samantha dear, Turtle has a story for you that will never grow old. As you sleep, hold him close to your heart. He will whisper into your dreams to tell you of your great-grandmother. In this way you will know her, and your children's children will know her. This knowing includes great lessons of life and is a path to happiness.*

*Turtle is now yours. Ancient ones say he carries the world on his back even though we can't see it. And so the world belongs to you also.*

*Love, which is the reason for being,  
Your Great Aunt Mary*

Carefully I fold Samantha's letter inside the fairy tale and place them with Turtle in an empty box that once held granola. I then wrap this package with just enough brown paper bag to cover it, no more, and save the remainder for later. Mine are the movements of Mother. She lives on in the choices I make, the words I speak, the gestures that flow from my hands.

By now it's late. Yet another day has slipped by and I have not emptied the closet. In the space of two years I've removed only one item. This is an embarrassment, a character flaw, a disregard for duty and order. How long will it take to accomplish my goal? I ask Mother, whose presence permeates my life. She answers with a question, "What is thy goal?"

I think about this.

Is it to empty the closet? Or is it to fill myself? ☐

## LIVING STILL

My mother came to live with me recently

She left her home of eighty-five years

Not quite ready to move on

Still she left

All of us there to help

Now she lives with me

Her oriental rug soft underfoot

Her needlepoint pillows on the couch  
Some of her pictures gracing the walls

Photos in the hall

Silverware, cups, plates

An ancient Chinese cabinet

A carved wooden lamp

A wind chime calling her name

A box of diaries

A wealth of memories

With all of these she came

She is not there now

She is here

A part of each breath I take

Each step I make

Here

Flowing through the pulsing chambers

Of my heart

And the heart of my daughter

She speaks to me at times

But mostly watches

Smiling

Knowing she is home at last

Living still

Loved

And loving

*Tobin Quereau*

*Tobin Quereau attends Austin (Tex.)  
Meeting.*

## Dear Mum

by Melissa Perot

*Note: This is a letter addressed to the author's deceased mother, Virginia Hutton, shortly after her death on July 30, 2002, in Oxford, England. —Eds.*

Dear Mum,

I slept in your room last night surrounded by photographs of the family you came from and the family you created. Beside the bed was the *Oxford Book of Letters*, which seemed so appropriate for one who has written so many. I leafed through it, reading snatches here and there. Clever, funny, and poignant as they were, I did not find what I was looking for. I am so used to those blue airmail forms easily and eagerly spotted in the incoming post over all the years I have lived abroad. I half-expected one to be in there, but nothing even resembled your distinctive, round handwriting or your factual reports of the ongoings of family and friends that sustained my English roots—so that when I finally returned to my homeland, they greedily sucked up the life I had abandoned in my early 20s.

Back in England with the excuse of taking care of you, there was hardly a day that you did not make it to your desk to write a letter and putter out to the end of the street to post it. During the last months I might find you asleep, your head sunk on your chest, the pen still in your hand. I know it became harder and harder for you to keep even the pen moving, let alone the thoughts, but you kept the habit and I will too.

When I came back to Oxford, I found writing flourished like the flowers and I wanted to learn more. I attended a course and made writing friends and started to feel as if perhaps I belonged still in spite of my blooming family on the other side of the pond. But I found that writing was still not easy for me. The words do not flow smoothly but get lost and tangled the way my hair used to get tangled when I wore it long like you.

*Melissa Perot is a retired Occupational Therapist who worked with children with developmental difficulties. She is a former member of Gwynedd (Pa.) and Doylestown (Pa.) meetings.*

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One of my earliest memories, some of the best lessons, and the moment when I knew you were ready to leave this life are related to your long hair. I retain a vivid picture of myself at Whiteacre, where we stayed with Grandmama at the end of the war, sitting on a tapes-tried stool, legs dangling, waiting to have my plaits done by you. You would start by tilting the oval mirror down a little so that I could see us together. Then, using a silver-backed brush and a tortoiseshell comb with some teeth missing you performed your magic behind my back, and all I was aware of was the reverse "incy wincey spider" movements of your hands that resulted in colorful bows to match my dress and your voice saying, "All done!" as you sent me on my way.

I remember, too, in the years afterwards, when you insisted that I was old enough to do my own plaits, it seemed then like an impossible expectation, the likes of which I was not to encounter again until I was a mother myself. How would I ever be able to divide the hair with a straight, centered line, twist the hair sections out of sight and secure them so they would not come undone or the ribbons lost? "Just cut it off!" I would stamp but you would not let me. Not until I had learned to make the plaits myself, worn them looped up by my ears or wound around my head secured with your favorite all-purpose tool, the hairpin, did you allow me to cur my long locks and have a hideous perm like the other girls my age.

Years later, when I was married in the States with three small children and no extended family for support, I was overwhelmed by my tangled life. One day, when I was braiding my daughter Sczerina's hair, making small side plaits to hold back the fine wisps and tying bright bows for her to toss over her shoulder the way I used to, I remembered what you had taught me. With patience you can tease out life's messes, painful though it may be. You can smooth away the rough spots and bring back the shine to life with long slow strokes of the brush, at least a hundred a day. Hair, and parental roles I assumed, can be divided evenly with a conviction that can be felt but not seen. You can maintain an even tension by folding the sections of life towards the center to create a strong core and everything is secured with a bit of fun.

Sczerina's two-year-old daughter now has a mass of fine blonde hair which grows longer and more unruly with each day. "I can't bear to cut off her curls," my daughter wailed. I suggested that she could give her plaits instead and perhaps she is practicing on her as I write this.

Finally, Mum, you should know that I did get your unwritten message when you recent-

ly asked me to plait your hair for you on one of your "piece of wet string" days. You complained, if you remember, that your hair was as thin as a rat's tail and that since you could no longer do it yourself you should have it cut off. It was my turn to say "No" to that suggestion and that you should keep it to the end. But I sensed then the passing of the torch, or rather the brush and comb, and that you were no longer going to be responsible for twist-

ing together the strands of family life and that it would be up to me now. Please know that if at first I don't succeed I will try, try again as you so often instructed me.

With all my love,  
*Missa*

P.S. I know that you will answer this because you always do.

## INTERLOCKED

I like to rest my eyes  
on the chair you salvaged  
from a neighbor's trash  
and caned to give to me.

It looks a lot like you,  
straightforward, sturdy,  
stripped to its essentials.  
Grain stands out on it  
in layered lines like years  
of living stratified in rock

The fibers of the seat  
are tough and tightly woven  
as your hold on life,  
determined as you are  
it not be wasted.

I remember how you learned  
to cane so you could save  
this chair, learned how  
to soak the strips  
so they would bend,  
bending your own stiff fingers,  
bending your will to do  
what you with effort  
still could do

and in the process  
bonding with the rooted tree,  
the cane that carried sap,  
the craftsman turning spindles  
on his lathe and rounding  
the knobs that grace the top  
like two plump apples.

It was a way you found  
to save yourself,  
weaving your life  
into the lives of those  
who once sat down  
and rested on this chair

and those of us to come  
who will sit here  
to lace our shoes up,  
peel potatoes, weep,  
watch sunsets burning,  
hold a child  
and feast together.

You, who see the shapeliness  
of things and rescue them,  
are interlocked with us  
in saving patterns  
we hold onto  
sure as loving, true  
as going with the grain.

*Helen Weaver Horn*

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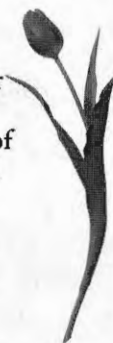
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## Peace Churches

### Watu Kwa Amani

by Donald E. Miller

**W**atu Kwa Amani is a Swahili phrase meaning "people of peace." It is also the name of a conference to be held in Nairobi, Kenya, from August 8 to 13, 2004, to address violence and peacebuilding in an African context. It is in response to a challenge by World Council of Churches (WCC) to the Historic Peace Churches (HPC) to share their experiences and insights with the ecumenical church.

The Decade to Overcome Violence—Churches Seeking Reconciliation and Peace (2001–2010) was adopted by WCC at its Eighth General Assembly held in Harare, Zimbabwe, in 1998. It builds on the Program to Overcome Violence (POV), adopted by the Central Committee of WCC at a meeting in South Africa in 1994 shortly before the vote ending apartheid. It also parallels the United Nations Decade for a Culture of Peace and Nonviolence for the Children of the World.

The setting in Harare in 1998 was the last day of the General Assembly: a day in which all official business had been completed. Many participants at Harare had urged the extension of POV. As the Assembly was ready to adjourn, Fernando Enns, a young Mennonite pastor and scholar, declared that many at the assembly were in favor of extending POV, and he moved the adoption of the Decade. The chair put the question to a vote, and it passed overwhelmingly.

WCC invited churches around the world to find their own ways to participate in the Decade. HPC—Friends, Mennonites, and Church of the Brethren—were specifically asked to share their own experience in addressing different forms of violence in their communities. Although many churches are deeply committed to a mission of peacemaking, historically the HPC are widely recognized to have taken a more radical stance in resisting violence as a method of solving problems. They are seen as committed to reconciliation, education, and service as a way to peace.

WCC has regularly addressed warfare and violence since its founding in 1948 in Amsterdam. Between 1955 and 1962 repre-

*Donald E. Miller is emeritus professor of Christian Education and Ethics at Bethany Theological Seminary in Richmond, Indiana, and convenor of the planning committee for Watu Kwa Amani.*

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sentatives from HPC and other churches debated the issues of war and violence in meetings known as the Puidoux Conferences.

At the Fourth General Assembly of the World Council of Churches in Upsalla in 1968, a Quaker, Wilmer Cooper, offered a resolution in response to the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. This resolution was adopted and became the basis for the Program to Combat Racism (PCR). Desmond Tutu and Nelson Mandela both credit PCR as a factor in overcoming apartheid in South Africa.

The Central Committee of the World Council met in South Africa in January 1994. With elections only a few weeks away and expectations that the vote would end apartheid, Stanley Mogoba declared that the WCC should initiate a program to combat violence. At first it fell on deaf ears, but WCC General Secretary Konrad Raiser suggested that such a program could be initiated without additional expense or additional staff as an emphasis rather than a new program, bringing together the various efforts of WCC to address violence. Rephrased as the Program to Overcome Violence, it was unanimously passed by the Central Committee. Its success led to the adoption of the Decade to Overcome Violence in Zimbabwe in 1998.

Responding to WCC's invitation, the HPC met in 2001 at the Mennonite Bible School and seminary in Bienenberg, Switzerland. The results of those discussions are being published this year in *Seeking Cultures of Peace: A Peace Church Conversation*. Participants were unanimous in their opinion that a second Bienenberg conference should consider the perspectives of people in Africa, Latin America, and Asia. When the HPC planning committee came together, it realized that each of the three communions had more members in Africa than in North America and Europe, and further, that these members were asking what it means to be a peace church.

Therefore, "Bienenberg II" was to be in Kenya. Many Friends are located in Kenya and the Great Lakes area. Most Church of the Brethren members are located in northern Nigeria and Sudan. Mennonites are found in Congo, Zimbabwe, Tanzania, Ethiopia, Zambia, Burkina Faso, and Kenya. The name Bienenberg has no particular significance in Africa, and so the Swahili phrase Watu Kwa Amani was chosen for the conference name. The phrase reflects the discussion among Africans on what it means for the church to be a "people of peace."

The purpose of Watu Kwa Amani is to

provide an occasion for various church leaders, principally from the African peace churches and the ecumenical community, to address the theological, institutional, and praxis issues that arise in the African context. Three-fourths of the participants and most of the principal speakers are to be from Africa. It is anticipated that 80 to 100 participants will attend.

The conference is built around accounts of violence, conflict, and reconciliation that participants bring from their home communities across Africa. What is the role of faith and of churches in addressing violence, encouraging reconciliation, and promoting healing? Does it make any difference to belong to a peace church? There will be three themes on successive days: Threats to Peace (warfare, disease, poverty); Christian Faithfulness and the Common Good (areas where radically different religious commitments and tribal loyalties prevail); and Forgiveness and Renewal (the role of churches in overcoming violence with nonviolence).

The conference is to be set in worship, with public services each evening to be led by the different religious traditions present at the conference. The proceedings will be published on videotape, so the presentations and discussions can be available around the world. □

*"We have all taken our first breath and we are all going to take our last breath. In considering our own death, we have a chance to consider our own life. This is the dialogue of my work, and this is the dialogue I go through when I am working."*

—DEIDRE SCHERER, artist

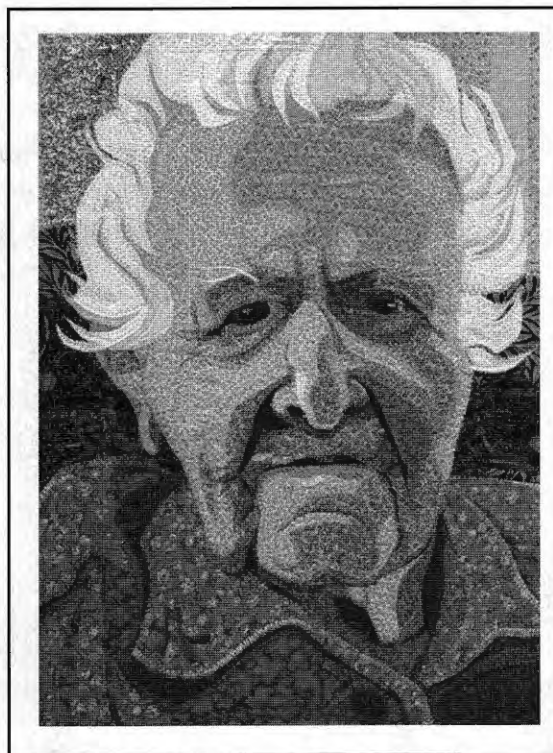
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'Scrabble at 99', 19"x17", Fabric & Thread,  
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"Before coming to Pendle Hill, I worked with the Friends Peace Team/African Great Lakes Initiative doing trauma healing and nonviolence training. Originally from Bujumbura, Burundi, and a member of Burundi Yearly Meeting, I came to Pendle Hill to find out more about the Friends Peace Testimony. As a Resident Program student I have learned about the diversity of Quakerism, and have enjoyed morning worship, work morning, the beautiful location, and the delicious food."

—Adrien Niyongabo,  
Pendle Hill Resident Program student, 2004



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## On Retiring to Kendal (and Beyond): A Literary Excursion

By Peter Bien. *Pendle Hill Pamphlet #368*, 2003. 28 pages. \$4/paperback.

"Is all our worldly accomplishment futile if it ends in oblivion? If 'being'—the adventure of living—is clearly a good, is 'nonbeing'—death—clearly an evil? . . . Would life be better if greatly prolonged or if death did not exist?"

Upon moving into the Kendal retirement community, Peter Bien had to consider such questions and their personal and practical ramifications. He chose to consider some of the philosophical and metaphysical ramifications as well, and, as a retired professor of literature, "A Literary Excursion" was a natural mode of exploration for him to choose.

In this brief pamphlet we are carried along on his excursion in the good company of William Shakespeare, Nikos Kazantzakis, Andrew Marvell, Constantine Cavafy, and other deep thinkers—deep explorers. We ride downriver with these wise companions, asking along with them, "Is death an unmitigated calamity?"

All of us, mortals together, are approaching a waterfall, and yet we must continue to follow the course of this ever-changing river, acknowledging the prospect of death ahead while appreciating the world we are passing through, and the passage itself. Far from negating life, Bien believes that the reality of death can help us to an affirmation of life. As he writes, "Given this reality, I believe that our ultimate stance *vis-à-vis* the facts of life and death should be gratitude."

—Kirsten Backstrom

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

### Also of Interest

**Funerals and Memorial Meetings** (Volume 2 of the Eldership and Oversight Handbooks, 2nd edition). Quaker Books, London 2004. 64 pages. \$8/paperback.

**Growing Fruitful Friendship: A Garden Walk** By Ute Caspers. Backhouse Lecture Committee. 62 pages. No price given/paperback.

**Reflections** By Mary Blair. Carta Editions 2003. 66 pages. \$12.95/paperback.

**This is Who I Am: Listening with Older Friends** (Volume 9 of the Eldership and Oversight Handbooks) Quaker Books, London 2003. 57 pages. No price given/paperback.



**Friends Meeting at Cambridge (Mass.)** approved the formation of an Ad Hoc Committee on Child Abuse and Prevention on February 8. The committee of eight members, each serving for about one year, will recommend policies, procedures, and practices that will enable Cambridge Friends to "promote safe caring of the meeting's children and youth; prevent child abuse, including sexual abuse, in all meeting and meeting-sponsored settings; respond effectively to such abuse if it happens; respond effectively when there is evidence of abuse in a child's life outside of meeting." —*Cambridge (Mass.) Meeting*

**Abington (Pa.) Quarterly Meeting** is in the process of raising \$50,000 for construction of a 10-room school building in Afghanistan under the supervision of American Friends Service Committee. The project was approved by Abington Quarterly Meeting on February 1. The ten monthly meetings in the quarter, affiliated with Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, see the project as a "positive demonstration of commitment to our peace testimony. . . . The presence of AFSC staff in Afghanistan, their experience in already building four schools, and their insistence on local community commitments give us confidence that our contribution will be used effectively," Abington Meeting newsletter reported. The specific action of building a school in Afghanistan through the services of AFSC was considered and approved by the quarter in a threshing session in January. Plymouth Meeting affirmed in a statement in its monthly newsletter: "During the threshing session Friends were asked to consider if doing a project afar would be at the expense of another closer to home. It was decided that this leading is a wise use of our limited resources. . . . As leadings occur for other concerns, be they social action or spiritual nurture, we must seek to know what is our appropriate response as Quakers and then act on them." —*Abington (Pa.) Meeting and Plymouth (Pa.) Meeting newsletters.*

**Haverford (Pa.) Meeting** joins a coalition of church groups opposing legislation in the Pennsylvania State Assembly that requires anyone between 18 and 26 years of age who applies for an identification card, driver's license, renewal of a driver's license, or learner's permit to be registered with the Selective Service. This "driver's license legislation as part of a draft bill" has been approved by the Pennsylvania State Senate and is expected to be acted on in the State House by September, according to Joan Broadfield, Peace and Justice Secretary for Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. She said that 12 states have approved such measures already and that similar legislation is under consideration by at least 12 other states. "Such bills embed the

military presence and needs even further into state governments," she said. A statement by the Peace and Service Committee of Haverford (Pa.) Meeting affirms, "Some young people would be required to choose between their religious convictions and having a driver's license. This bill does not allow for a conscientious objector to be recognized at the time of registration with the Selective Service System. Furthermore, the bills make no accommodation for those whose conscience forbids him or her from registering at all." The statement also notes, "There are already federal penalties for those who fail to register with the Selective Service System. . . . There should not be an added penalty of having to choose not to have a driver's license for eight years." A minute opposing the measure was approved by Haverford Meeting on March 14. Also expressing opposition to the Pennsylvania legislation are the Brethren and Mennonite peace churches, and the Pennsylvania Council of Churches, Broadfield said. —*Joan Broadfield and Mike Innskeep (chairperson of the Peace and Service Committee of Haverford meeting).*

**On January 9–11, 2004, 37 British and U.S. Friends** gathered at Woodbrooke Quaker Study Centre in Birmingham, England, for a workshop entitled "Beyond Universalism: The Experience and Understanding of Nontheism in Contemporary Quakerism." During sessions of worship and discussion, the group discovered the diversity of views and experience among them and sought greater clarity about their beliefs and relations with other Friends. The group found unity in their support for Friends who may be in difficulty because their views differ from those of other Friends. They affirmed that people can live Quakerly lives while holding a variety of religious views, and that this diversity is no bar to unity in the meeting community and can be a source of strength. —*David Boulton, David Rush, and Kitty Rush*

**On April 22, 2004, San Diego (Calif.) Meeting** announced that the City of San Diego approved the building permit that will allow them to begin laying the foundation for a new Friends Center building. The building is designed for energy efficiency and will feature straw bale construction and other environmentally friendly systems and materials. Designed by architect Drew Hubbell, the building will be the first of its type in San Diego. A statement by San Diego Meeting states, "Our project demonstrates how peace and justice advocates can collaborate in developing a center not only for us, but also for the benefit of other community organizations. The Friends Center will be a visual statement of our commitment to peace and social justice and provide a focus for community action." —*San Diego Meeting; for information, call (619) 263-9301.*



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## Upcoming Events

- July 15-18—Fellowship of Friends of African Descent annual gathering at Morehouse College in Atlanta, Ga. For information, visit [www.fellowshipoffriendsofafricandescent.org](http://www.fellowshipoffriendsofafricandescent.org) or call Deborah Saunders at (856) 435-1645.
- August 2-7—Pacific Yearly Meeting
- August 4-7—Iowa Yearly Meeting (FUM)
- August 4-8—Western Yearly Meeting
- August 5-9—"Organizing the Real Superpower: People of the World Choose Peace" Fellowship of Reconciliation national conference in Los Angeles, Calif. Visit [www.forusa.org](http://www.forusa.org) for details.
- August 7-12—New England Yearly Meeting
- August 12-21—Canadian Yearly Meeting
- August 18-22—Ohio Yearly Meeting (Conservative)
- August 19-22—Friends General Conference Religious Educators Institute presents "Illuminating our Divine Connections" for parents and educators, in Silver Lake, N.Y. Contact Michael Gibson at [michaelg@fgcquaker.org](mailto:michaelg@fgcquaker.org) or (215) 561-1700.

## Opportunities/Resources

- Friends Council on Education presents *Friends Testimonies in Friends Schools*, a collection of readings and activities designed to guide students and adults in Friends school communities in examining core values. For details visit [www.friendscouncil.org](http://www.friendscouncil.org).
- Friends United Meeting's 2004 VBS Mission Project is Lindi Friends School, Nairobi, Kenya. This project is a way for students and meetings to learn more about Africa Quaker Vision and developing a brighter future for the children of Lindi Friends School. For details phone (765) 962-7573 or e-mail Barbara Mays at [barbaram@fum.org](mailto:barbaram@fum.org).
- A new project is taking shape at the AFSC Conflict Resolution Program in the New York Metropolitan Office (NYMRO) under the direction of Laurence Berg. The program aims "to help communities and individuals respond to conflict—when our differences with others require us to make adjustments in our lives—in a way that does not lead to injury and may bring benefits." For more information visit the NYMRO website <http://www.afsc.org/nymetro/programs.htm>. — SPARK (New York Yearly Meeting News) March 2004.



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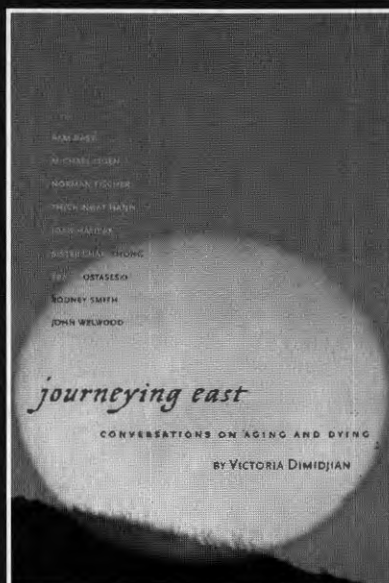


## Milestones

### Deaths

**Balderston**—*Elizabeth Ross (Betsy) Balderston*, 62, on April 17, 2004, in Philadelphia, Pa., after a long struggle with breast cancer. The eldest of six children, Betsy was born to Evalyn Kirk Balderston and William Gibbons Balderston on May 20, 1941, in Philadelphia, and raised across the fields of Chester County from her family meeting. From early childhood through grade nine, she attended Alexander School in Media, where her grandmother Alice Kirk taught and grandfather Elisha Kirk was the school physician. When Carroll T. Brown delivered his retirement speech at Betsy's 1958 Westtown graduation, he recalled having taught English not only to her, but to her mother and her grandmother Alice, as well. Bryn Mawr College awarded Betsy a BA in History in 1962 and a Masters in Social Work in 1974. She worked at Princeton University Library, and at Pendle Hill as cook, before beginning her career as an advocate for the elderly, first for the City of Philadelphia, and then, beginning in 1978, with the Committee on Aging of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. A member of the Board of the Philadelphia Corporation for Aging, she was active in the Female Society for the Relief and Employment of the Poor, and was a member and leader of the West Philadelphia Re-Evaluation Counseling community. She volunteered at the Philadelphia Community School, working with children whose parents use co-counseling to support clear thinking and healing from emotional hurts. She served on many committees in her meeting, and as clerk. In 1990 she underwent a lumpectomy and radiation, only to have new cancer develop in 2002. After 25 years of service, in 2003 she was honored by the Center for Advocacy for the Rights and Interests of the Elderly (CARIE), and by Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. A lifetime member of Goshen (Pa.) Meeting, she quietly sought her own path and lovingly encouraged others in their spiritual growth. Betsy was both creative and practical. She loved to sing, to write and receive letters, and to tell stories. She found special comfort in needlework, crocheting afghans for the joy of watching the colors and patterns unfold as much as for the warmth they provided—creating things as acts of hope and healing. After her beloved brother died tragically, she found that quilting helped to bring order and sense back into her life. She sewed Halloween costumes and puppets and knitted sweaters, always for others. "Time was when sewing was a necessary part of running a household," she once explained. "My mother and grandmothers all made clothes for me, my brother and my four sisters. They sewed partly to save money, but I'm sure it was also a form of artistic expression. . . . What I've come to realize is that all of us are artists in our own ways, and when life doesn't seem to make any sense at all, art helps to make the world whole." Betsy was predeceased by her brother, Hilary (Jim) Balderston in 1986. She is survived by her husband of 22 years, Dainis Bisenieks; a son, Hilary Bisenieks; four sisters, Caroline Balderston Parry, Anne Kirk Peery, Susan Hannah, and Laura Laky; 14 nieces and nephews; and many cousins.

**Barnett**—*Arthur Barnett*, 96, on October 23, 2003, on Bainbridge Island, Wash. He was born of Irish parents in Glasgow on April 30, 1907, taken back



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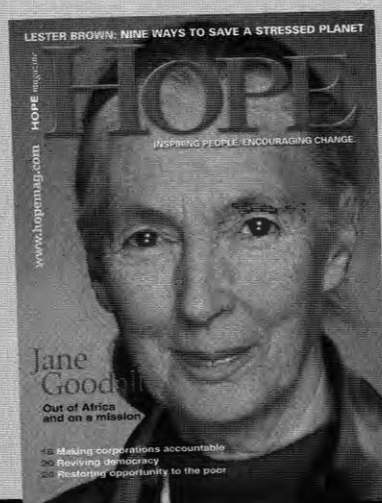
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to Belfast as an infant, and back again to Glasgow while his father, Thomas R. Barnett, sought employment. Thomas emigrated to the U.S. in 1914, planning to send for his family, but World War I intervened, and it was seven years before the family could reunite, settling in Alki Beach in West Seattle. Arthur was 14 when he entered the Seattle school system with his Glasgow brogue, but his schoolmates stopped teasing him when they found out how skilled he was at soccer. He supported himself at University of Washington by teaching Lifesaving. He graduated from the UW Law School in 1932 and worked for the Federal Transient Service, a Depression-era program running camps for homeless boys and men who had drifted west looking for work. Active in the Presbyterian church in Scotland, Arthur attended University Presbyterian Church, where he met Virginia Norwood, whom he married in 1936. By that time he had opened his own law office and Arthur and Virginia together had discovered the Religious Society of Friends, which they joined in 1940, just in time to be in the founding group for University Meeting. Shortly after the meeting was established, one of the first to join it, Gordon Hirabayashi, a UW student, decided that, as a U.S. citizen, he could not accept the curfew established for Japanese Americans and submitted to arrest. Arthur took on Gordon's case and carried it to the Supreme Court where, given the wartime hysteria causing such citizens to be sent to concentration camps, he lost in a unanimous decision. Both Arthur and Gordon lived to see that decision reversed in 1988, opening the way for reparations for the Japanese Americans who had been unjustly incarcerated. When the Seattle Regional Office of the AFSC was organized around services to Japanese Americans in those bleak days, Arthur was its first clerk. Arthur had many other noteworthy cases, including the Mark Tobey tax case, in which it was established that any artist is entitled to the same deduction for income earned abroad that was automatically granted to businessmen or anyone working on a contract. Virginia and Arthur assembled a fine art collection, and more than once Arthur was paid for his services with a painting. In 1960 the Barnett family moved from Seattle to Bainbridge Island, and Arthur commuted to his office by ferry. The Agate Passage Worship Group first met in their home on the island, and the Barnetts remained active with that group until their health interfered with attendance. Though his memory was failing in his last years, Arthur remained sweet-tempered and gentle, making many new friends in his daily walks near his home. He is survived by his wife, Virginia Barnett; three sons, Gordon, John, and Frederic Barnett; and a daughter, Molly Barnett.

**Clark**—Bronson P. Clark, 86, on January 25, 2004, in Durham, N.C. He was born in Aurora, Ohio on October 6, 1918. When he was 11, his father died and the family moved to a farm in Cleveland Heights to live with his maternal grandmother and five great aunts. Later, his mother took Bronson, his sister, and two brothers on a European tour, a trip she felt would be broadening. Back in Ohio, Bronson founded a commune called Ahimsa, graduated from Antioch College, and in December 1941, married Eleanor Meanor. Through his work with Fellowship of Reconciliation he became a consci-



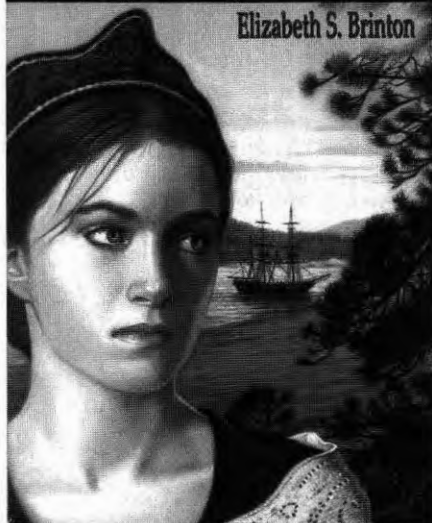
entious objector during World War II, and was imprisoned for his beliefs. He joined the American Friends Service Committee Ambulance Unit in China, where he worked until the end of the war. He lived in Oberlin, Ohio, until 1961, when he left his public housing building company to serve with AFSC in Morocco and Algeria, assisting refugees fleeing the Algerian War. Returning from Africa, he became vice president of Guilford Instrument Laboratories, which developed biomedical instruments for hospitals and research use. During the Vietnam War he served as executive secretary of AFSC, speaking and traveling extensively against the war. During that period he was elected to the Council on Foreign Affairs. He chronicled his experiences in the memoir *Not by Might*. Following his love of sailing, he moved to Maine, where he organized local fishermen on Vinalhaven into a cooperative, Fox Island Fisheries. In order to encourage political education and debate, he helped create the Midcoast Forum on Foreign Affairs. Bronson's wife Eleanor died in 1987. He and Harriet Warner were married in 1989. He is survived by his wife, Harriet Clark; his daughters and sons-in-law, Mallory and George Waldman, Jennifer Clark, Melissa and Tom Scheffey, and Alison and Charles Stephens; and by his stepchildren, David Scott, Mary Hart Scott, Stephen Scott and Ellen Pautler; John Scott and Cynthia Scott; and 16 grandchildren.

**Davies**—*Karl Morris Davies, Jr.*, 56, on October 20, 2003, at his home in Northampton, Mass. Karl was born in Hackensack, N.J., on October 24, 1946. He graduated from Kenyon College and for several years worked for the Cambridge office of American Friends Service Committee, coordinating the Economic Alternatives Program. He settled in western Massachusetts and later earned a graduate degree in Forest Science from Cornell University. A member of Mt. Toby Meeting in Leverett, Mass., for 26 years, Karl cared deeply about forests. A professional forester, he was a leader in the forestry reform movement working towards better management of forest lands and fair treatment for land owners. Land trusts, socially responsible investing, energy depletion issues, and forestry protection were among the issues that drew his attention. Whether on his own or in small groups, he searched for new means of organizing social, economic, and energy resource systems to provide equity and fairness, and he researched these issues and shared his findings with other scientists around the world until the very end of his life. He shared his knowledge with Friends, and visited other meetings in New England with the Friendly Economics group. For many years he served on Mt. Toby Meeting Land Use Committee where he cheerfully oversaw management of the 118 acres of forest owned by the meeting, often conducting his forest surveys in the company of his beloved dog. At Mt. Toby, and elsewhere, he planted chestnut and black walnut trees to provide a sustainable food crop. For a time, Karl's spiritual journey took him to Buddhism and the disciplined study of meditation. He was long felt as a steady, quiet presence in meeting for worship. It was in the last year of his life that many felt particularly touched by Karl. For many years, he was a very private man, but upon receiving a diagnosis of a terminal illness, Karl opened to the love his community offered to

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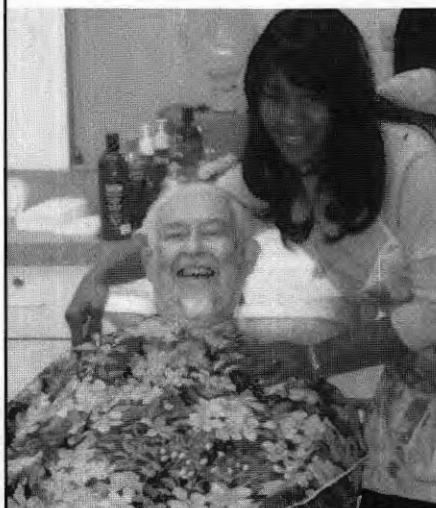
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him. He asked for the meeting's prayers and said that he felt they were working within him. When asked by doctors who would take care of him after his medical treatments, he replied, "I have my meeting." Karl is survived by his brother, Ralph Davies; sister Elizabeth Wyatt; father, Karl Davies; and fiancée, Susan Benoit.

**Edgerton**—William (Bill) Benbow Edgerton, 89, on February 8, 2004, from Alzheimer's syndrome, in Bloomington, Ind. Bill was born to Paul and Annie Maude Edgerton on March 14, 1914, in Winston-Salem, N.C., and as a small child moved with his family to Greensboro, where he and his two younger sisters grew up. His father, a man of amiable dignity, wry good humor, and steely self-discipline, instilled these same qualities in his son. At Guilford College, Bill sang in the college choir, and there he met Judy Conrad, the choir's soloist, who was to become his wife. In early 1943, still a few months ahead of the draft, and with one child and another on the way, Bill had nearly decided to enlist in the army when he read a biography of Mohandas Gandhi that changed his life. He registered as a conscientious objector, and spent the rest of the war and the year following working in refugee and displaced-persons camps in Egypt, Poland, and postwar Germany. A lover of languages, Bill came back from his war experience conversational in Polish, Serbo-Croatian, and Russian, in addition to French, which he had taught at Guilford before the war. Convinced that the war's aftermath would involve Soviet hostilities with the West, he felt that Slavic studies would become increasingly important. He received a fellowship at Columbia University's Russian Institute and earned a PhD in Russian and East European Literature, then went on to teach at Penn State, Columbia, University of Michigan, and at Indiana University, where he chaired the Slavic Department from 1958 to 1965 and again from 1969 to 1973. Throughout his career he played an active role in the development of Slavic studies in the U.S. A founder and first president of the American Association for the Advancement of Slavic Studies, he was chairman of the Joint Committee on Slavic Studies of the American Council of Learned Societies. He was a specialist on Leo Tolstoy and the mystical idealism that informs the Russian master's later works; and on Nikolai Leskov, a 19th-century Russian writer who was influenced by Quakerism. Following the normalization of U.S.-Soviet diplomatic relations in 1954, he was among the first U.S. citizens to visit the Soviet Union, traveling at the invitation of the U.S. State Department as a member of a delegation of Quakers and other religious representatives. In 1968 he spent a sabbatical year in Washington working on peace issues as a representative of Friends Committee on National Legislation. His commitment to Quakerism and the cause of peace was always present in his professional as well as his personal and spiritual life. Over the latter half of his life, in addition to family and friends, the most important focus of Bill's and Judy's personal energies was Bloomington Meeting. In 1993, after 57 years of marriage, Bill was predeceased by his wife, Judy Edgerton. He is survived by his daughter, Susan Conrad Edgerton; his son, David Conrad Edgerton; and his grandchildren.

**Hollister**—Barrett (Barry) Hollister, 89, on February 6, 2004, in Yellow Springs, Ohio. Born on

July 2004 FRIENDS JOURNAL



February 24, 1914, in Omaha, Nebr., he was the son of Robert R. and Susan Holdrege Hollister. Entering Antioch College at age 16 in 1930 and graduating in 1936, he completed postgraduate work at the Maxwell School of Public and International Affairs at Syracuse University. An active Quaker since 1940, Barry was a pacifist and conscientious objector who worked for the National Service Board of Religious Objectors in Washington, D.C., during World War II. During two leaves of absence from Antioch College, where he was a professor of Political Science and Administrator from 1937 to 1978, he directed Quaker United Nations Office (QUNO) in Geneva, Switzerland, from 1954 to 1956 and the QUNO office in New York City from 1969 to 1978. At QUNO, he was a leader in the group of NGOs with formal United Nations status. He and his wife hosted more than 1,000 informal meetings of UN delegates and NGO representatives at Quaker House in New York City. Barry also directed the International Affairs Division of American Friends Service Committee from 1961 to 1963 and served several terms on the Board of Directors from 1978 through 2001. His other Quaker affiliations include clerk of Friends General Conference from 1959 to 1969, and terms on the board of directors of Friends Committee on National Legislation. In addition to his academic and Quaker work, Barry devoted his energies to civic affairs in Yellow Springs, including a four-year term on the school board and a term as drafting secretary of the Yellow Springs Charter Commission. In his later years, Barry was active with the Dayton Council on World Affairs, serving on its board of directors and as president of the Greene County chapter of League of Women Voters. He is survived by his wife of 63 years, Katherine (Kay) Maxwell Hollister; son, Don Hollister; son, Rob Hollister and daughter-in-law Catherine Donaher; daughter and son-in-law, Virginia and Carl Freeman; daughter, Joan Hollister and son-in-law Greg Finger; sister, Marjorie Wilson; brothers, Russell Hollister and Nathaniel Hollister; 6 grandchildren; and 19 nieces and nephews.

**Walsh—Claire Holcomb Walsh**, 86, on February 29, 2004, in Sandy Spring, Md. Claire was born on October 7, 1917, to Grace and Charles Holcomb in Seattle, Wash. After graduating from University of Washington, she moved to New York City, where she was self-employed as a writer. In 1951 Claire became a student at Pendle Hill, where she met Peter Walsh. They were married at Providence Meeting in Media, Pa., where they were members for ten years. After their third child was born they moved from Wallingford to Tanguy Homesteads, a cooperative community in Glen Mills, Pa., transferring their membership to Middletown Meeting. An administrator for American Friends Service Committee, Claire worked in public relations for Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and served as information specialist at Cheyney State College. After nearly 25 years at Tanguy, Peter and Claire moved to Friends House Retirement Community in Md., where they became members of Sandy Springs Meeting. Claire's interests included writing, gardening, and photography. She is survived by her husband of 52 years, Peter Walsh; daughters, Peggy Edwards and Henny Walsh; a son, David Walsh; and three grandsons.

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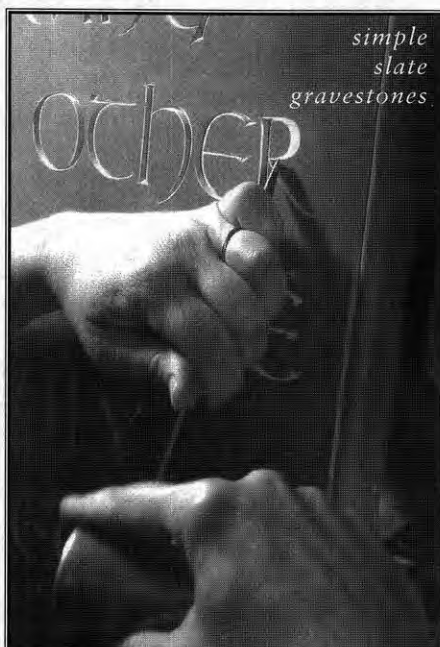
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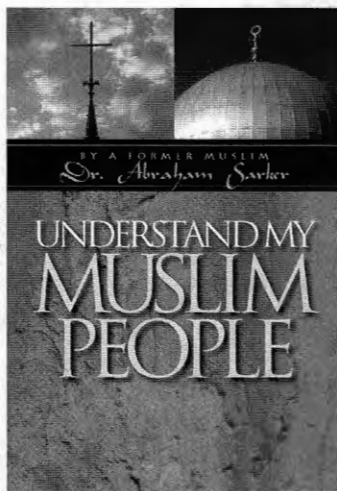
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**Happy Valley** *continued from page 12*

empty house and a local restaurant. By afternoon it is done.

Foxdale's admissions directors hug us in welcome. We find more friends than expected, especially from Bob's Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Young Friends group of the 1940s and the Friends Ambulance Unit Old China Hands. We're invited to dinners. Neighbors arrive with cookies.

We unpack. Maintenance staff put up pictures, shelves, give helpful suggestions. For a few days we feel we're on a visit to a very friendly place, despite the boxes in the living room waiting to be opened.

Many residents have lived fascinating lives—we listen for hours—and we share our own. Many are deeply involved in social causes. We feel part of the life here as quickly as we used to in Third World countries where most expatriates' tours

**To my surprise, I answer, "It's great to be back, but 'home' is in State College."**

were for two years and you moved swiftly to cement friendships with those who'd already been there for a year because you had only one year in common.

State College Meeting welcomes us; several members are from Foxdale. We now have two new communities: Foxdale and the meeting.

After a couple of weeks of organizing our spacious apartment—buying some needed items, getting to know Foxdale's few written and unwritten rules—we realize we need to get off campus for a day. Perhaps we are spooked by the many wheelchairs and walkers, afraid of becoming "that old." On the other hand, it's comforting to know that apartment residents and assisted living residents can eat together, part of one community.

We explore the town. I tell Bob, "I feel like a tourist!" He replies: "We are tourists. Remember whenever we moved to a new place, a new culture, we spent the first months exploring our surroundings? And this is a new culture, a new place."

My dreams are of coming and going, of changing clothes, places. . .

Community living is joy and sometimes a burden. For some weeks, I occasionally feel I'd rather have dinner just

with Bob, but old and new friends invite us to share their table. I feel my privacy invaded, realize that this is the price I pay for an always-available, supportive, classless, cheerful community that accepts us as we are. Later, when we feel the need for privacy, we just prepare dinner in our apartment. Living here begins to feel like a college dorm: we're all in the same place in our lives. It also feels like a Third World expatriate community—close, self-selected; people arrive, make friends, fit in; at unexpected—or sometimes expected—times they check out.

After a month a let-down sets in, an "is this all there is?" feeling. It is seductive to be cared for this well—when the apartment needs some work we put in a work order and it is done; the pharmacy delivers to the door; nurse and doctor are there for us; meals are good and abundant. When it snows, roads and sidewalks are cleared for us. We feel too well cared for—we're not that old yet! We need to become active in town and meeting and to go to Penn State events to balance our lives.

Five weeks after we arrive, we return to the Philadelphia area for Thanksgiving with family. A cousin asks, "What's it like, being here again?" To my surprise, I answer, "It's great to be back, but 'home' is in State College." Bob seconds that. When we return to Foxdale, we feel we belong, we've come home indeed.

We do admit to ourselves what we've left and miss: family, friends, Radnor Meeting, the Orchestra, for me the Shalem and dream groups, for Bob his squash club.

After two months, residents in wheelchairs and walkers have become part of the landscape. We realize that this might be us in a few years, hope that won't happen, but accept its possibility with more equanimity.

After three months, I journal: "Much has happened to integrate us into this delightful community of diverse people. Bob's happily involved in the financial aspects of Foxdale and is on several committees. So far, I've stayed away from committee commitments but am offering a month-long workshop on spirituality. Bob has a birthday and the apartment is filled with new friends eating cake."

A friend asks, "Are you glad you've come?" We answer, "Oh, yes!" □



# GUILFORD COLLEGE

**Greensboro, North Carolina**  
**Vice President for Advancement**

**About the College:** Founded in 1837 by the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers), Guilford College is the third oldest coeducational institution in the nation. It is a four-year liberal arts college accredited by the Commission on Colleges of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools. Its core values include tolerance, social justice, peace, and making a difference in the world. Cited by Loren Pope, former education editor of the New York Times, as one of 40 examples in his latest book of *Colleges That Change Lives*. Student body comprises 1050 traditional aged undergraduates 18–22, 950 continuing education students, and 80 gifted high school students in an innovative Early College program. The College has an operating budget approaching \$47 million, endowment of \$50 million and successfully completed a \$56 million capital campaign in December 2002. Guilford College is located on a 335-acre campus in the Triad region of North Carolina that comprises Greensboro, High Point and Winston-Salem with a total population of 1.2 million. More information is available at [www.guilford.edu](http://www.guilford.edu).

**About the Position:** The Vice President has the responsibility for planning, managing and administering the college's advancement program consisting of alumni relations, college relations, and development. The Vice President advises and supports the President in all matters of college fundraising and public relations. Provides staff services for the Advancement Committee and the Trusteeship and Governance Committee of the Board of Trustees, as well as additional support to other external, related Trustee committees, the College Board of Visitors, and the Alumni Board.

The college has 18,000 alumni of record and conducts an annual giving program with a goal of \$1 million plus. In addition there is a very mature, established planned giving program as well as foundation and corporate relations, stewardship, and research activities. Guilford is in the midst of strategic long-range planning and a major campaign is not too far into the future, with substantial endowment, facility, and operating objectives. The current professional and support staff numbers 22 dedicated employees. Total gifts to the college in fiscal year 2003 totaled \$7.1 million.

**Qualifications:** Bachelor's degree required; master's degree preferred. Significant administrative and advancement experience, preferably in higher education. Demonstrated success in prospect development and fundraising, oral and written communications, staff supervision and development, planning, budgeting, and leadership will be important to serious candidates.

**How to Apply:** Submit a curriculum vita, names and addresses of at least three professional references, and a letter addressing the position and qualifications to: Human Resources Department, Guilford College, 5800 West Friendly Avenue, Greensboro, NC 27410. Review of applications begins on June 1, 2004.

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tive features including Friends' respect for differences, our emphasis on the bonds of community and the culture of participation and service, our concern for the spiritual as well as the physical care of those we serve, our emphasis on wellness and on residents' and members' involvement in decisions that affect them, and Friends' reputation for running financially sound organizations.

In a number of our settings, residents,

**We need to engage in the broader social, political, and economic debates about the needs of all seniors—and especially those who cannot afford most of the services currently provided by Friends.**

staff, and board members have sought to articulate the relevance of Friends testimonies to their work and life together. In one, for example, the staff leadership team held a retreat to identify the core values that they shared, and the ways in which they can exemplify these core values in their work. Most of our member organizations regularly send staff members to orientations to Quakerism that are sponsored at least twice a year by FSA. These have become settings in which staff can bring their experiential knowledge of Friends through their work in a Quaker setting and learn something of the history, beliefs, practices, and worship of Friends.

Two of the realities of senior services and long-term care are complexity and expense. Those Friends organizations that include nursing homes are subject to regulations reinforced by the threat of harsh penalties, most are subject to the federal law mandating privacy, and all are challenged by the changing tastes and demands of the marketplace. They are also subject to the massive increases in insurance costs related to anything medical, to similarly increasing costs of prescription drugs (some of the Friends communities provide coverage for residents' medications), and to the pressures of a

tight healthcare labor market. And, for those that seek to serve people with little in the way of resources, they are also struggling with Medicaid reimbursements that fall far short of covering the costs of care or with the growing complexity of federal funding for low-income senior housing. Furthermore, our values lead these organizations to provide staffing at levels that exceed state requirements, and they tend to see state and federal regulations as providing the floor for quality of care, not the ceiling. In other words, our Friends organizations are attempting to provide high-quality services in a society that has no rational healthcare or housing policies for seniors.

In at least some of these areas, Friends organizations have found innovative solutions that flow from our values. One such area is in response to regulations and the federal government's pressure to develop corporate compliance programs that are designed to assure adherence to the ever-changing, often ambiguous, and always complex regulations governing nursing homes. The government's target is "fraud and abuse" in healthcare, and its vastly increased investigatory force does not recognize innocent mistakes; any errors can be considered criminal.

The government has strongly recommended that all healthcare providers institute corporate compliance programs, designed to meet federal guidelines that are published in—of all places—the Federal Sentencing Guidelines! They urge the creation of programs that meet specific criteria, including a new, high-level staff position of corporate compliance officer in each organization. The presence of such a role can be a mitigating circumstance in the penalty phase of a trial if an organization is found guilty of "fraud and abuse."

A number of heads of Friends organizations came together five years ago to consider how to respond to this federal initiative. The group recognized that, however scrupulous they are, even Friends organizations were subject to mistakes. They quickly came to a sense that it would be better to respond collaboratively rather than individually. And they came to unity on a program that would do more than keep them out of jail; it would base the program in their shared values and ethics and be used as a new tool for

enhancing the quality of the care our organizations provide. Finally, they developed the insight that our program would go beyond the federal requirements; it would become a means for monitoring our performance in relation to our own values and expectations. This value-based and quality-oriented approach represents a radical departure from the inherently defensive, legalistic approach in other settings. The Friends program was the first, nationally, to be structured as a collaborative venture among independent organizations—providing a model that has since been recommended by the federal government. It continues to be unique in its orientation. The program is thriving, now also becoming the vehicle for compliance with the new federal privacy laws. The program has attracted the interest of Mennonite and Brethren providers of long-term care, and it became a point of early connection between the Historic Peace Churches in senior care, with more than a dozen Anabaptist organizations now served by the Friends Compliance and Privacy Program of FSA.

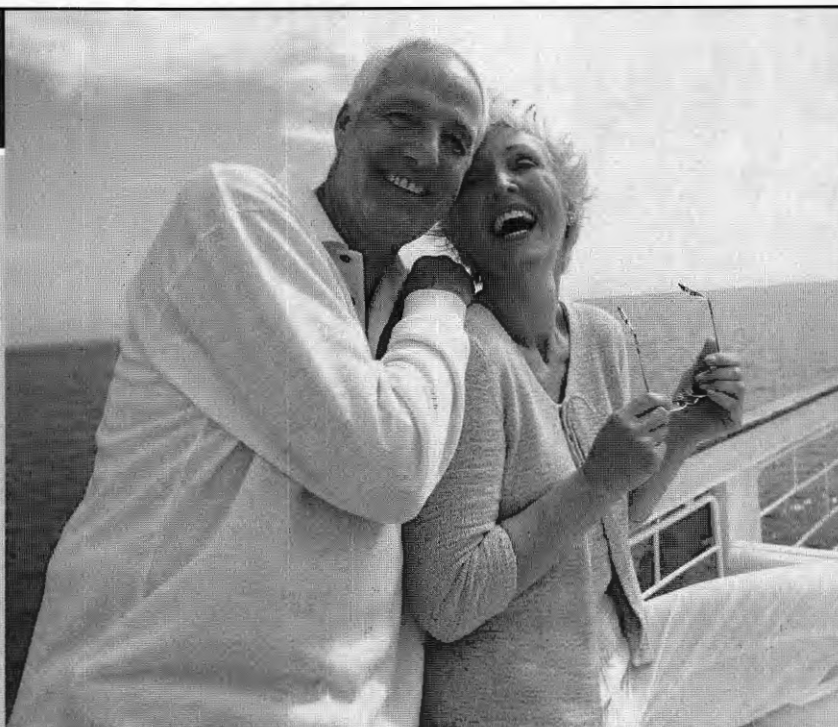
Sometimes this program has to find solutions to apparent clashes between the unique cultures of our Quaker (and Mennonite and Brethren) organizations and federal regulations. When privacy regulations were first made public, they appeared to ban any communication with nearly anyone about the health of an individual. One of our CEOs raised the question: "How can we protect privacy in an environment in which our residents care so much for one another?" Flexibility, pragmatism, and creative approaches to the regulations have allowed our organizations both to comply with the law and preserve their values and cultures.

Another arena in which Friends (again, in concert with our Anabaptist neighbors) have responded to an external challenge is liability insurance. Nursing homes have experienced massive increases in premiums, even as the number of companies willing to insure them has dwindled to a handful. Friends responded quickly and enthusiastically to an initiative by Mennonite and Brethren senior service providers to explore a self-insurance program. What has evolved, based on each group's commitment to cooperation and on a strong Anabaptist tradition of mutu-



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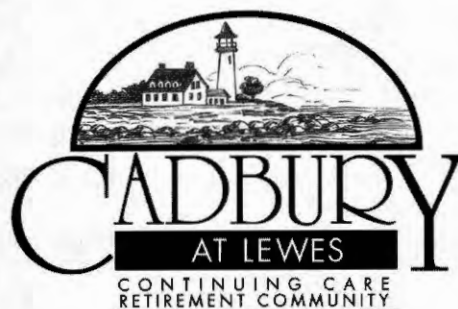
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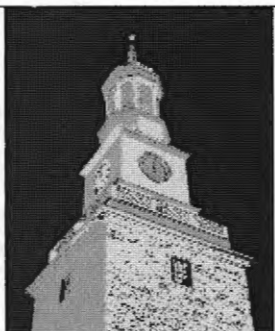
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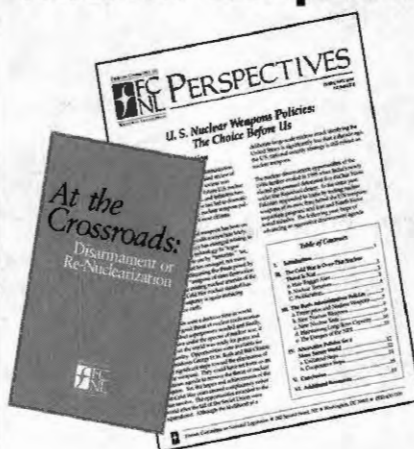
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During a recent FSA planning process, a fresh insight emerged. It is becoming increasingly clear that Quakers with the inclination and needed skills for board membership are in heavy demand. In recognition of this and our deeper ties to the Religious Society, FSA and the Quaker service providers committed ourselves to investing as we can in the future of the Religious Society of Friends, and not simply drawing upon its human resources. Our hope is for more dynamic relationships in which we are able to be attentive to the concerns and movements of the Spirit within the Religious Society, and we are able to share with Friends our challenges and the ways in which Friends testimonies are lived out in our organizations.

In the context of our strong Quaker history of advocacy for social, racial, and economic justice, FSA has come to realize that Friends and our Quaker senior service providers have not been engaged very vigorously as advocates for seniors and for humane, accessible, high-quality senior health and long-term care. Our preoccupation with delivery of services has led us to focus on the needs of those we serve directly. As Friends organizations, we need to engage in the broader social, political, and economic debates about the needs of all seniors—and especially those who cannot afford most of the services currently provided by Friends. My hope is that a more engaged relationship between our providers, Friends, and Friends meetings and churches will help us find our voices and refine our skills for such needed advocacy. □



simple terms, that Millie had a blockage so when she ate there was no place for the food to go. Millie asked me several questions about the cause and whether it could be fixed. I answered her simply and honestly. She nodded her head in understanding. It seemed that if she had been given this information earlier she had not been able to process it. Now she fully understood her situation.

At this point I hoped to help Millie find a higher purpose or meaning in the face of her dire situation. She was a devout Catholic. Within the practice of Catholicism, as with most world religions, there is a tradition of making a pilgrimage to a shrine or holy place at some time during one's life. When a pilgrim is unable to make the physical journey, retreats with fasting and time for prayer are another way to make the spiritual pilgrimage. Recognizing the need for a sense of meaning and comfort in her last days in the face of the physiological dilemma, I suggested that it might be time for her to make such a pilgrimage. "If you stopped eating," I said, "you would stop vomiting and feel better. If there was no food going into your stomach then your stomach would not have anything to reject and vomiting would stop." I suggested that this cessation of eating could be a fast, a spiritual exercise that was often practiced over the ages by saints and other holy people. We promised that we would see to it that she would be kept comfortable with medications if there were any pain or other discomfort. I also explained that most people find that due to the metabolic changes that occur during a fast they feel better. I pledged that we would be present and that her family and the hospice team would provide sacred music and join her in prayer and the reading of sacred writings during her pilgrimage. She would be able to continue to have Holy Communion as she desired.

Millie agreed to this plan of care by nodding "yes" with tears in her eyes and a smile on her face. She spent her last few days surrounded by the love of her family in a prayerful environment with sacred music playing at her bedside. Her parish priest visited, as did the spiritual care coordinator from the hospice team. All members of the hospice team freely entered into prayer with her and her fam-

Background photograph by Sarah Richardson

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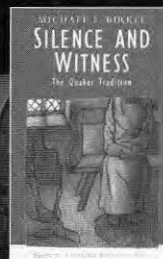
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ily on each visit. She was no longer suffering from nausea and vomiting. Her IV was removed; there was no further need for intravenous medications or injections. Several days later she died peacefully, holding her rosary, with her daughter at her bedside. Her daughter reported that Millie's death was "so gentle that I didn't even know that my mother was gone for several minutes." Later, Millie's daughter said that the last few days had indeed felt like a sacred pilgrimage. Her mother had seemed very serene, "as if she was surrounded by angels." She would cherish forever the memory of this time with her mother.

## My work with dying persons has taught me experientially that the transition out of this life is a sacred time.

Another crucial area where we may continue to grow and find God's direction as we are dying is in our relationships with others. My patients have taught me that as one is dying it is possible to address unresolved issues with loved ones, to reconcile, and to let go. In the book *Dying Well*, Quaker physician Ira Byock describes five tasks of the dying in relation to their loved ones: "Forgive me"; "I forgive you"; "Thank you"; "I love you"; and "Goodbye." In order to die peacefully a person must let go of all those dear ones left behind, and needs to know that each loved one is ready to let go. Ira Byock's five tasks are part of the spiritual process that dying persons and their families may intentionally be assisted to do. Simply naming the process, the five tasks, can give a structure to the work being done and can become a road map of the way for both the dying person and loved ones.

During our dying we have one last opportunity to become the person we had hoped to be. As we reflect on our relationships with others we may see times when we have been fearful, unloving, or perhaps selfish or self-seeking. We also often remember the injuries done to us. It

is possible as a part of our preparation for death to alter the results of our previous actions. We have the opportunity to ask for forgiveness and to forgive both ourselves and others. We as caregivers and friends may provide the safe spiritual milieu in which this work can be done.

Another patient who came to hospice care had been a nursing home administrator and now found himself dying in a nursing home. William was alone and isolated in his life with no apparent friends or family and had no spiritual home and no theology in which to find comfort. His actions and words were offensive and hurtful to all of the caregivers with whom he now came in contact. The hospice team believed that underneath his behavior was deep-seated fear and shame. We set gentle limits on his behavior, asking him not to say unkind things about the nursing home staff. The team continued to show up cheerfully even when he was overly demanding or critical, and we actually increased our time with him even as we encouraged the use of proper channels of communication for his complaints. The team encouraged him to tell us his story. He first told of all of his successes and the power he had in his work. But after a time, as he developed a trusting relationship with us, he spoke of the mistakes he had made in his life, his regrets about his failed marriage, other failed relationships, and finally, his feelings of failure in relation to his grown children.

William was uncomfortable with expressions of strong emotion. He had been told as a child that it was unmanly to cry and now could speak about the places of the most emotional pain for only very short periods of time. But he kept coming back to his unfinished business.

We explored ways that William might make contact with his estranged children. We encouraged him to tell his children of his feeling for them, his regrets about the past, and his love for them. He did this and his children became more present in his life. They forgave him and in turn asked his forgiveness for their anger. As he grew closer to death a gentleness overcame him. He became appreciative of his care, quick to praise his caregivers, and openly concerned about the lives of all who came to see him. There were no more bigoted remarks. Tears came more easily as he

remembered the sweet times of his childhood and the love of his family. He became the person he had always hoped to be, the person he had perhaps once been before developing a self-protective crust. He allowed love back in and reflected it back to his family and all who came in contact with him.

William spoke of a turning point. He said that he had noticed early on that the young woman who came into his room every day to mop the floor, empty the trash, and straighten his few belongings had always been kind and had seemed to go the extra mile. He said, "I realized that there wasn't really any reason why she needed to be nice to me. She just was." William had come to hospice care alone and afraid. At the end of his life he was surrounded by people who accepted him as he was, vulnerable and imperfect. He was able with this unconditional love to face his fears, resentments, disappointments, and feelings of failure. He was then able to forgive, feel forgiveness, love and be loved, and die peacefully with his family at his bedside.

As Quakers we experience the sacraments in our lives as living processes. We experience the sacrament of bringing new children into the world and welcoming them into a community of love. We experience the covenant commitment of two people in the presence of God in marriage as a sacrament. My work with dying persons has taught me experientially that the transition out of this life is also a sacred time. My hope is that we as Friends may be fully, sacramentally present at our own deaths, living truthful lives until the end. I ask myself and offer to other Friends these queries:

1. How intentional is my effort to connect to the Source? What am I doing now to keep my connection to God alive and vibrant? What might be blocking me from the Light of the Spirit and how might I remove any impediments?

2. Are there broken places in my relationships with others that I can mend? Are there those I need to forgive or seek forgiveness from? Am I freely expressing love both in actions and in words in my life?

3. Am I living fully into God's plan for me? Do I see a clear purpose to my life? Is my intention to live according to God's will? □





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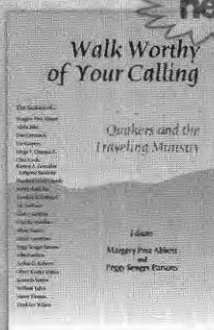
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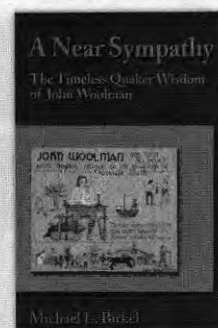


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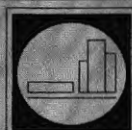
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## Musings continued from page 25

I want people to be with me, at hand if not in the same room. (5) I do not want to be an undue burden on others in my dying, though I accept the possibility that I may be some burden. I do not want the end of my life to be the financial or emotional ruination of another life. (6) I want to live in a society that does not dread death—at least an ordinary death from disease at a relatively advanced age—and that provides support in its rituals and public practices for comforting the dying, and, after death, their friends and families. (7) I want to be conscious near the time

## It has now been proved beyond all doubt that aging is one of the leading causes of statistics.

of my death, and with my mental and emotional capacities intact. I would be pleased to die in my sleep, but I do not want a prolonged coma prior to my death. (8) I hope that my death will be quick, not drawn out. (9) I recoil at the prospect of a death marked by pain and suffering, though I hope I will bear it well if that is unavoidable.

What we have been doing in our present society to deal with the ravages of the technological, wild death is to try in various ways to take control ourselves of dying. We are doing that with living wills, advance directives, and, I believe, with euthanasia and assisted suicide. These are all attempts to deliver some control to the hands of patients and their families. Doctors tend to be unduly vigorous in their determination to meet the challenge of overcoming every illness and disease. Even when there are advance directives many doctors are afraid or resistant to not doing everything possible even though they may readily acknowledge retrospectively the absolute futility of their actions. Sometimes they are afraid of being accused of poor practice or even malpractice.

Death can only be brought back into medicine by a repudiation of the mythical line between illness and death. Each of

us will die of a particular illness, not of mortality or aging in general. Death is never vanquished, and death always comes from some illness. With each serious illness, as we get older, the question can be considered whether this illness should be allowed to proceed and become the cause of death. What is sorely needed is an examination of the medical presumption to treat. Given that we are talking about illness in a very old person, does the obligation to preserve life require risking that the patient may suffer a wild, technological death?

Being my Haverford alumni class representative, writing class letters for many years has enabled me to be a part of an altogether special community in many ways. One way I did not foresee—though I should have—has been hearing about the deaths of classmates and doing letter writing and phone calling to dear class members who have been dying. One of them, Bob Parke, had been dealing with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma since our 45th reunion. He had many courses of chemotherapy, which were very unpleasant even if life-extending. He had hopes of making our 50th reunion in 2000 in person but died a peaceful death some time before.

Before he died, I received this letter from him: "Dear Woody, May I call upon you to edit, to an appropriate length for our 1950 Class Scrapbook, the enclosed? This is the best way I can think of to get my response to your request off my desk and into your hands while I still have the wit and energy to do it. . . . I wish you a very successful 50th reunion weekend. Sincerely, Bob, Class of 1950." And here is his "Note on Approaching Death":

My death is a new experience. Here is what I have been noticing. People want to know my emotional state, not the state of my health. Everybody takes it for granted that my prospects are cloudy, that is to say, dark and uncertain. People want to register with me their concern for my well-being. I think the best thing I can do is respond in terms of their intent when they ask: to say my morale is good, my appetite is good, and I do not feel burdened by shame or regret. I accept what is happening to me. (I have stopped talking about my illness; now I talk about my death.) Nobody has ever asked me how long the doctors have given me. If they should ask my answer will be, "I haven't asked."

Everybody says that death is a time for



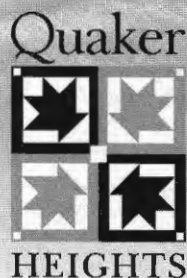
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lets the giver know that I treasure the gift and the person who gave it. Most of my life I have responded to the words, "Thank you" with "Thank you!" Such a response does not acknowledge the gift. I realized this a week ago when a nephew made a particularly lovely comment about the way I am facing my

**What is sorely needed  
is an examination of the  
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treat. Given that we are  
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may suffer a wild,  
technological death?**

death. I responded, of course, but not in a way that showed the value I placed on his gift—not even in a way that showed I registered the gift at all. So I interrupted myself and told him that it meant a great deal to me that he should say that about me and I thanked him, and he gave me the proper response, which is, "You're welcome, Bob." Now I try to make sure that every time I receive such a gift I assure the giver of its value to me and thank them in so many words.

My behavior has become demanding and preemptory in manner. I expect to have everything done all at once at my command. My hospice nurse thinks this is a response to my loss of control. She thinks that what I am doing is an effort to regain some of it. Her suggestion is that I am able to do more for myself than I am doing now. I am within an arm's reach of many things I need. I have a control for the attitude and altitude of my bed. I have



a control for the hi-fi, etc. Another thing I am trying is to think in terms of results I want rather than commands. For example, "Anne, I need to urinate urgently," rather than, "Anne, would you please run and get such-and-such vessel which is at the following location." The idea is to tell my intelligent wife what I want, and let her figure out how to get it.

I had fun the other day talking to Anne about how I envision her in 10 to 15 years: handsome, relaxed, and having the time of her life unburdened by a bossy husband. Anne's mother underwent a process that might be a model. With some cajoling, the female members of my family got me to talk about how I envision paradise. I envision it as the opportunity to observe the ones I love, to see Anne as I have described her, to relish an awareness of people well loved and work well done. If that is paradise, I am in paradise now for that is what is happening to me. . . .

I approach my death with a feeling of completeness. I have worked long and hard to achieve this. My diagnosis was a wake-up call that alerted me to a need for repair and reconciliation in my relationships and gave me time to do something about them. I have recently concluded the last of my necessary conversations and achieved the results I hoped for.

These are the thoughts that fill my head in the few days before my death. They are happy thoughts and I am happier now than I can ever recall.

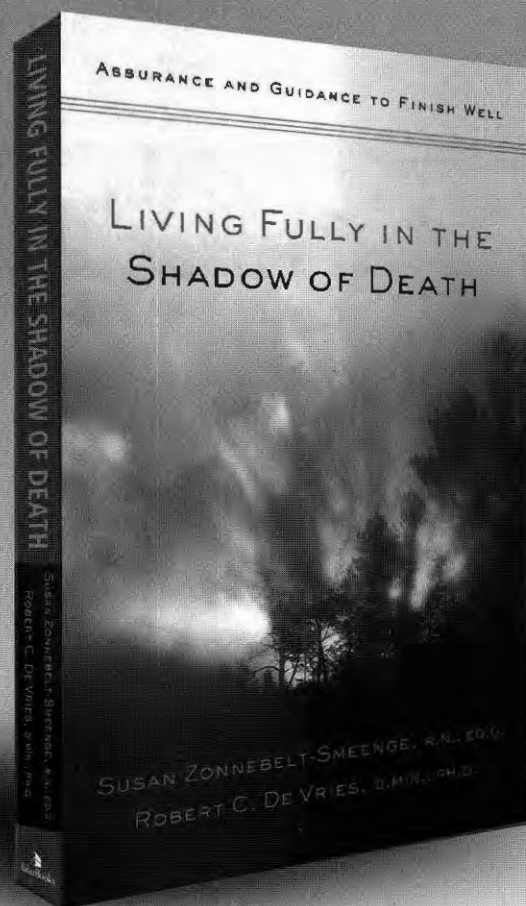
—Bob Parke, November 3, 1998

So I telephoned as soon as I got this letter to tell him I would be more than glad to carry through on what he had asked in his letter. His daughter, Mary, answered the telephone. I explained who I was and about the letter I had received a few days earlier from her father. She said that her mother, Anne, was out at the shopping center. Her father had died quietly at home with family around on the evening of November 5. His was a peaceful death.

We can appreciate the effort and work and thought it may take for each of us to realize a peaceful death. There should be no question that it will be the kind of end that each of us would want.

Damon Runyon said in his uniquely pithy way something we should always remember: "All of life is six to five against." □

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## The Right to Die

*continued from page 26*

that he could not enjoy drinking alcohol anymore; so—despite his having had at least one or two drinks every day of his adult life—after the cancer diagnosis, the bottles were untouched.

Later, my brother told me the doctor had told him that 50 codeine tablets would be a fatal dose. Since my father had been so vocal about his support and aspiration for physician-assisted suicide, I had to assume that this piece of information was the closest the doctor dared come to carrying out what he understood my father's wishes to be. My brother did not repeat the information to my father. Like me, I suppose he couldn't bring himself to. But surely my father, an eminent University of Wisconsin professor, could have figured out that the codeine and alcohol together would be a fatal combination without the doctor telling him.

A week or two later, when the codeine wasn't working any more, the doctor prescribed morphine pills as well. Now my father was sitting with large bottles of both codeine and morphine pills in his bathroom and a cabinet full of hard liquor in his kitchen. But he never touched the liquor, and he never took more than the prescribed dose of painkillers. He did, however, decide to stop the interferon that his doctor recommended he try. My father didn't like its side effects and did not want any measures taken to prolong his life.

The morphine turned out to be a mixed blessing. The constipation it caused was horrible, worse than the pain from the cancer. Most people, when I mention this, immediately wonder why laxatives had not been prescribed along with the morphine. Constipation is a known side effect of morphine. We had to ask the doctor for laxatives. Why? He wasn't stupid. I can only imagine that the doctor did not think my father would still be alive after taking the morphine. The doctor must have thought, after all my father's talk, that my father would take the morphine and the codeine and the liquor and be gone.

My father's friend with the power of attorney visited my father every single day. He was amazing. Sometimes, as my father got worse, he even did the bedpans. A second friend also visited my father every single day. I was in awe; I had no idea my



father had such loyal friends.

As the pain got worse, they put my father on a morphine drip. Then we started observing something really curious. My father's friend, remembering my father's fear of pain, kept turning the drip up to its maximum setting. When the friend wasn't there, my father kept turning the drip down to the lowest setting.

My father had discovered that his mental clarity was more important to him than pain relief. When he was on the morphine, he felt confused, and sometimes hallucinated. The hallucinations, he told me, were not pleasant. You hear that morphine is addictive, but my father really hated it. I have heard that other older patients hate it as well. I later read in an article in the *New York Times* that morphine-induced hallucinations in older, dehydrated patients are not uncommon.

The friend who was responsible for making decisions had a hard time accepting this situation. My father had spent so much effort explaining his desire for as much pain relief as possible that the friend assumed my father was not in his right mind now, and he kept turning up the morphine.

One of my colleagues explained to me that higher doses of morphine accelerate the damage of cancer and hasten death. My father had taught at University of Wisconsin's medical school and had familiarized himself with these issues over the years. Surely he knew this property of morphine, but even so, he kept turning the drip down to the lowest setting. Ultimately, his struggle to remain lucid was a struggle against death, a struggle to remain alive, despite his having said so many times that he wanted to die immediately if he got a terminal diagnosis.

I had a conversation with my son's ear, nose, and throat doctor around this time. He was vehemently opposed to physician-assisted suicide. This doctor was convinced that, if it were legal, he would be pressured by HMOs to terminare expensive patients. He was also convinced that physician-assisted suicide was unnecessary, because morphine was such a good pain reliever. I tried to tell him about the negative experiences my father had had with morphine, but he would hear none of this. He was as much a true believer against physician-assisted suicide as my

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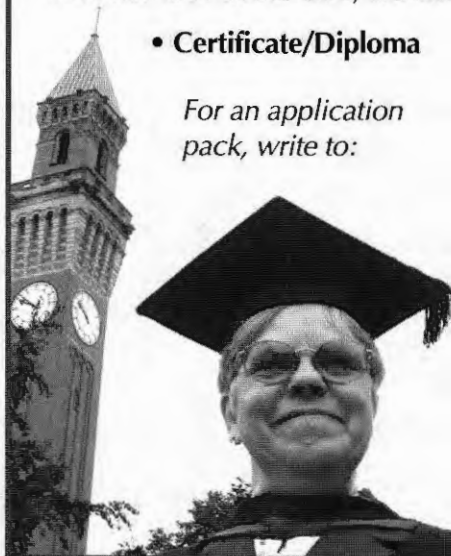
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father had been a true believer for it.

When my father could no longer eat, I suggested to him that he might want to drink Pedialyte. I thought that being well hydrated would improve his mental clarity, and he was complaining so much about being confused. But he would not touch it, fearing it might prolong his life. In that respect, he was consistent with his earlier, stated desire not to prolong his life unnecessarily.

As I mentioned, my brother and I were taking turns using up my father's frequent flyer miles to come visit him. He looked forward to these visits a great deal. My father's friend, my brother, and I all concluded that my father was keeping himself alive looking forward to these visits. A distant cousin flew in from Washington state to visit him. He really perked up for that. He lived at least a month longer than had been predicted. His strong heart kept beating. He lived for two weeks after he stopped being able to drink anything.

As part of this process, my father started holding people's hands. This was very unusual for him. He had never liked being touched. He had not held my mother's hand for 40 years. She was thrilled at the change.

My father's friend was disturbed. He thought my father was regressing. My father had always been this austere, distant person—a workaholic, typical of immigrants. How could he be reaching out to hold everyone's hands? I could see the friend thinking that somehow he was failing in his duties as power of attorney for healthcare, because my father had lived to this humiliating impasse. Turning up the morphine was a way of not seeing what seemed like embarrassing scenes.

I, on the other hand, was amazed. My father, on his deathbed, had learned that holding hands was better pain relief than morphine. What a revelation! That my father could learn such a thing, even as he died, gave my father's death meaning for me.

I wrote an e-mail to my father's friend. I explained how my greatest fear about childbirth had been that I would be given a Caesarian for failure to progress. But, with my second child, I had precipitous labor and gave birth in a parking lot. I had worried about the wrong thing. I pointed out that we often do that when we look



toward the future. My father had worried about insufficient pain relief when in fact he valued mental clarity more. He had worried about not dying quickly enough, when in fact he was eager to remain alive. In reality, his greatest concern was holding on to the people around him.

I was grateful that my father was able to die at home, with the aid of hospice and visiting nurses. He had always been afraid of hospitals. He managed to live his entire life, 81 years, without ever spending a night in the hospital. He was born at home and he died at home. It was a glorious life, full of adversity, adventure, accomplishment, and prosperity.

My experience around my father's death has led me to several conclusions:

1. People given power of attorney should not—as my father's friend did—assume that their charge's wishes are necessarily what was expressed before the onset of illness. They need to listen and make sure that the dying person still has the same opinion when dying as he or she had when well.

2. I still think that assisted suicide should be an option for people. That option would have spared my father some of his 20 years of anxiety. I would like to be spared such anxiety myself. My father might not actually have chosen to go ahead with an assisted suicide, if he had had the choice. After all, he did not take his life when the means were readily available to him. But it would have been nice for him to have the option. I might not really exercise such an option, given the choice, but I would like to have it, nevertheless.

3. On the other hand, the apprehensions expressed by my son's doctor concerning being pressured by insurance companies to terminate expensive patients are certainly valid. Suicide assisted by physicians would be a poor option. This function should be carried out by separately licensed professionals with mixed backgrounds in medicine and counseling. □



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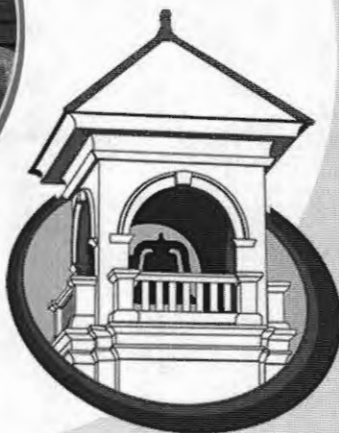
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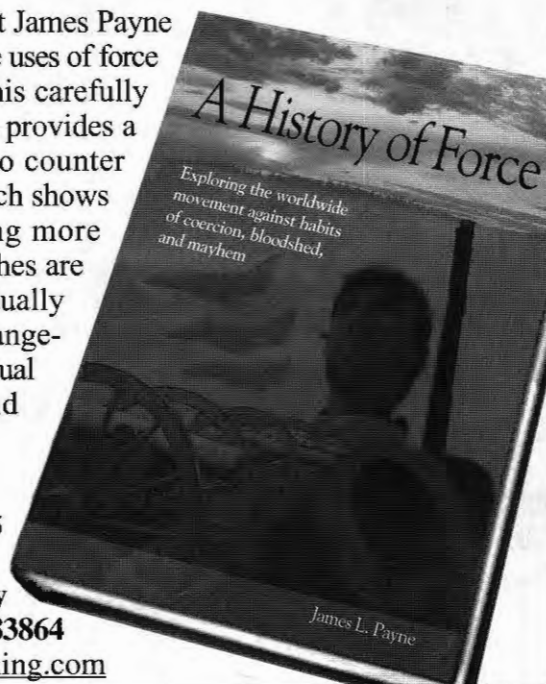


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### How Can You Do That Work?

*continued from page 31*

appellate court. He had been diagnosed with head and neck cancer many years before. He had brought all the resources of his dominating personality, social and political connections, and financial standing to bear in fighting a particularly aggressive cancer. He had many times lived beyond the expectations of his doctors. Numerous rounds of aggressive and then experimental chemotherapy, massively disfiguring; and then reconstructive surgery: every treatment that could be hunted down was used to fight his enemy, his cancer. During all of this he continued to run his court, hearing cases no matter what his condition or appearance. Now, after eight years, he had lost the war. At least his doctors and family had come to terms with this fact. I was never certain he had accepted this, and by the time I met him, significant communication was impossible.

I could have written a manual of hospice care based on the last eight weeks of the judge's life. The disease that he fought so hard fought back. He bled, he seized, he had respiratory problems; he had a horrible, odorous tumor coming out of his body; he had pain; and rarely, he had fear. Still, he would not die. He would stop breathing, then start again. One by one we quickly controlled his symptoms, then the next ones, and the next. I got to know his family very well, and they got to know me. We all realized that the judge was going to go out fighting. The family and entire hospice team eventually learned to accept what was happening as consistent with the way he had lived his life. We kept addressing new symptoms, supporting each other, and even occasionally found humor in odd places. When it was finally over, the family handed me his medical records; they hoped I would write about him.

We do this work because sometimes we are profoundly challenged, and then are able to respond to the best of our abilities. Many of us share the understanding that God stands with us as we stand with the people we care for and their families. □



## Forum *continued from p.5*

If I understand what Quakerism is all about, I am one of the multitude of God's children. Thee too.

*Sam Legg*  
Cockeysville, Md.

## A cry of anguish

We four siblings, grandparents all (one of whom served in World War II) feel compelled to express our extreme concern and dismay about the decisions and actions of the current administration's national and international policies.

We have lived through many crises including the Great Depression, the Second World War, Korea, the McCarthy era, the Vietnam tragedy, the Iran-Contra fiasco, Watergate, the Kennedys and King assassinations, and the First Iraq War.

Since the year 2000 we have experienced the erosion of civil liberties, the destruction of environmental protections, the endangerment of Social Security and Medicare, the failure to provide health insurance to a great number of people in the United States, the denial of adequate educational opportunities to millions of children, and the rise of unemployment coupled with the increasing export of jobs.

The deficits created by this administration's fiscal policies place an enormous burden on our and future generations.

We are appalled at the deliberate mendacity of the excuses used to justify the invasion of Iraq. The tragic deaths of U.S. and Coalition personnel, thousands of Iraqis, and untold numbers of wounded are the direct result of this immoral policy.

We are terribly saddened that the emotional, moral, and financial costs of this war will be borne by our children and grandchildren. Another burden we bear is the animosity and loss of respect of our country's credibility.

Despite the history of some very serious crises through which we have lived, never—in all our long lives—have we felt so angry, frightened, and pessimistic as we do now. We write this cry of anguish with the hope that others who feel as we do will make their voices heard.

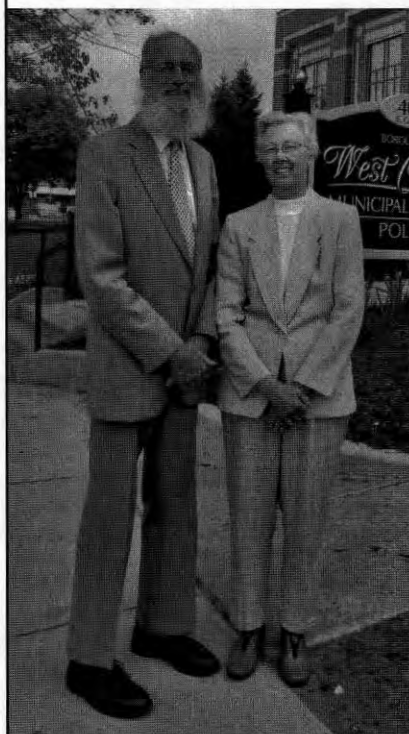
*Roma Foldy, Cleveland, Ohio*  
*Edgar M. Bisgyer, Falls Church, Va.*  
*Judith Simmons, Rockville, Md.*  
*Isabelle Friedlich, Escondido, Calif.*

## Upholding truth-telling

*Here is a copy of a letter that our monthly meeting approved in Fourth Month and has sent to our Senators and Congresspersons. We*

FRIENDS JOURNAL July 2004

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*hope other meetings and individual Friends  
might also speak out to their elected  
representatives on this crucial matter of the  
Testimony for Truth.*

Stan Becker  
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Senator Paul Sarbanes:

The war in Iraq was a war of choice  
launched by President George W. Bush on  
March 19, 2003. It has now become clear  
that intelligence reports regarding weapons  
of mass destruction presented to support  
going to war were faulty. It was these reports  
that led the U.S. Congress to support the  
move to military action, against the will of  
the United Nations Security Council and  
most of the international community of  
nations. It has also become clear that the  
Bush Administration selected and presented  
the worst-case scenario about Iraq against  
the advice of career CIA officials. This is well  
documented in the film *Uncovered*. For  
example, the film shows that information  
President Bush presented in his State of the  
Union address in 2003 about Iraq's  
attempted purchase of uranium from Niger  
was based on documents that were known  
to be false by the CIA and State Department  
a year earlier. In effect, we were misled into  
war. Over 700 Americans have been killed;  
several thousand maimed, and uncounted  
Iraqis have been killed (probably about  
10,000—see Iraq Body Count project at  
<http://www.iraqbodycount.net>).

Our Religious Society of Friends  
(Quakers) has a Truth testimony that  
inspires us to strive to speak truth at all  
times. We are distressed that our national  
leaders have knowingly given us false  
information. We are also aware that  
misleading Congress constitutes a felony.  
Therefore, we urge you to uphold the  
principle of truth-telling by supporting  
efforts to censure President Bush and Vice  
President Cheney. Not to act is to be  
complicit in this abuse of power and the  
truth. Thank you for your action on behalf  
of restoring the value of truth to our  
government.

Peace,  
Beth Edelstein, clerk

## Omissions on globalization

I was disappointed in David Morse's  
article ("A Quaker Response to Economic  
Globalization," *FJ* May) because he offered  
no numbers or proof to support his many  
startling assertions. I do not believe there has  
been an "explosion" in the global economy.  
Actually growth has been slow in all the

developed countries, and in most developing  
countries, except China and India which  
have been the major recruits to  
globalization, in the last decade. Because  
China and India have such huge  
populations, the number of people living in  
poverty in the world has actually dropped in  
the last decade, despite stagnation in Latin  
America and the Near East, and increases in  
poverty in Africa.

I also think Friend Morse left out two  
very important things in his analysis. First,  
any country can avoid globalization by  
having a sufficiently corrupt government,  
although personally I think corrupt  
governments do far more damage to their  
populations than globalization.

Secondly, I agree with most economists  
that the worst effects of globalization today  
are caused by the very large agricultural  
production and export subsidies provided by  
the U.S. and the European Union. Friends  
in Europe and the U.S. could make a major  
contribution by focusing on these subsidies  
and getting them eliminated or changed so  
they do not harm poor countries.

William G. Rhoads  
Arlington, Virginia

## Dangerous images

I hope I'm one among many to notice  
that Keith R. Maddock's title for his May  
article, "Images of God" is, in fact, an  
oxymoron. If we were to read all of the  
article except for the final two brief  
paragraphs—or if we read only the title—we  
could infer that Friend Maddock was indeed  
nullifying the Old Testament proscription  
of graven images by suggesting that images  
of God are okay, some even being quite a bit  
better than others, viz., those with adult  
images leavened by some childlike  
spontaneity. To do this, of course, is to  
completely reverse the creation myth  
wherein we are made in God's image, and  
not vice versa.

There is more than theological and  
salvation-related danger here. It is easy and  
tempting to understand and then, of course,  
to speak for an essentially self-created God.  
As the U.S. president showed in a recent  
press conference, even formally non-  
theocratic world leaders are subject to this  
temptation. Being in league with a self-  
created God severs relatedness and bestows  
an ominous freedom. In our case as well as  
others', this freedom is also paired with an  
even more ominous power.

I don't think we should talk or write  
about images of God as though they might,  
possibly, be okay, even with this or that



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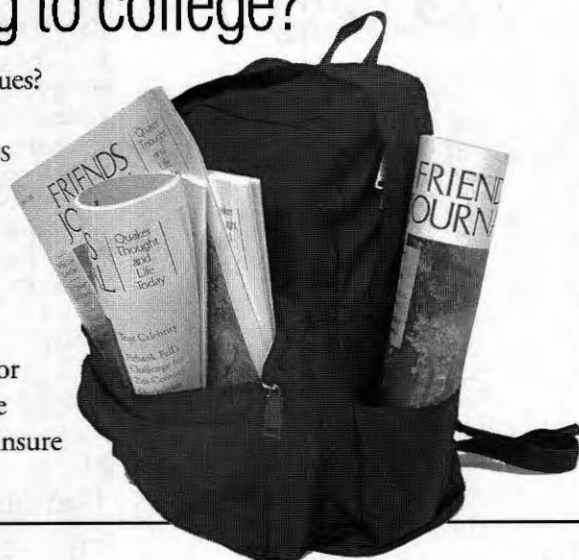


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thoughtful caveat. Historically, between the non-iconic God of Abraham and the interpenetrating Trinity, we have the concrete Incarnation: no images anywhere in this story. Instead of any kind of "God-talk," I think we should try to deal with the difficult fact that Divinity's nature is highly problematic to us idolatry-prone humans. Might there be something to contemplate, to ponder, and to receive here rather than something to say? I'm reminded of the role of silence in the lives of many Friends.

Donald M. Bybee  
Stony Brook, N.Y.

## Is another meeting ready to take this on?

Nearly a quarter of a century ago, Dwight Ferguson, activist member of Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting and a quintessential Quaker, for whom service was constant, noted that the *Atlanta Constitution* had hardly any national news and no international news whatever. This was, he decided, a lack that should be remedied.

Therefore, he and I began to collect articles from other establishment journals, and deliver them to the editor. We chose writings that endorsed the principles that guide Friends Committee on National Legislation. All sought a justice and equity for all, a community where every person's potential may be fulfilled, and an Earth restored and protected for future generations.

Each week, Dwight took our offerings to the desk of the editor, along with a page on which I listed the source, the title, and the author of each selection, along with a single paragraph explaining its importance. It was our hope that the material would inspire editorials or analysis pieces for our newspaper.

To our delight and surprise, we began to see this happening and even the addition of a new section on the editorial page, entitled "Another Voice." One week, I wrote that we were enclosing an article by Albert Einstein, which had been reprinted in the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*, but we somehow failed to enclose it, and the editor called me to ask, "Where is my Einstein?"

This reaction encouraged the meeting to broaden its audience by printing the articles from various sources and mailing them, entitled *News/Views*, to selected lists of potential readers. At first, Atlanta Meeting paid for the cost of printing and mailing, but rather quickly, a list of subscribers, each paying a \$12 fee for the 21 issues we mailed

annually, was acquired. Costs also included the subscriptions to the *Christian Science Monitor*, *Des Moines Register*, *St. Petersburg Times*, *Washington Post*, and *Los Angeles Times*. It was our goal to develop sources of news from all sections of the country.

Each issue contained an offer to send a complimentary copy of the publication to prospective subscribers suggested—a few names or many. We also included a request for a tax-deductible contribution. Over the years, a subscriber list of nearly 500, from 44 states and 5 foreign countries, was accrued, so that financial help from the meeting is no longer required. Furthermore, readers have begun to send us clippings from *Boston Globe*, *Philadelphia Inquirer*, *New Haven Register*, *New York Times*, *Louisville Courier-Journal*, *Asheville Citizen-Times*, and others.

The generosity of our readers has enabled us to cover increased costs of printing and postage, while raising our subscription fees a mere six dollars over the inflationary years. Through correspondence and occasional visits, many of our readers have become valued friends. A dependable staff of members of Atlanta Meeting aid in collating *News/Views*, and the volunteer production staff also includes a dozen clippers from several states.

Over the 24 years that have elapsed since the first *News/Views* was mailed, my husband Brittain, the absolutely essential and indefatigable production coordinator, and I have become octogenarians. At this writing, we are possessed of the health and the energies to continue the pleasant work of *News/Views* publication. However, looking toward the future, we are hopeful that another meeting will choose to continue this ministry, which has produced a meaningful service.

Nan Pendergrast  
Atlanta, Ga.

## Whose vocal ministry?

This letter arises out of a concern raised in me when I read the letter of Sophie de la Mar, "Carrying the love of God" (FJ May). Often when vocal ministry is given in meetings for worship, a speaker, sometimes incorrectly, refers to it as "my message." I implore Friends, including Sophie, to stop and remember that Spirit-led messages come through us and not from us. Once launched, they are no longer ours.

When we as Friends engage in corporate worship, we humbly seek the will of God, the Truth, to be made clear to us. This can come to us silently as individuals or it may be revealed in a message given by another.



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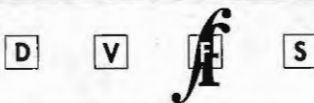
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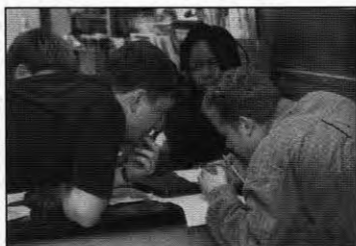
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When we sense we are compelled to speak during worship, we must examine our motives before rising to speak. And it is good to share joyful praise of the movement of the Spirit in our lives. When we hear messages, we are to listen with compassion and openness, waiting on the Spirit to help us understand what is for our own use.

As humans, however, we are called to do many valuable things with our lives, sometimes arising from a sense of Spirit-led vocation. In these cases, our lives speak. Nevertheless, we should take care to avoid using messages during worship as vehicles to report on or share our callings or other good works. Neither should vocal ministry be a voice of advocacy for our personal choices. Vocal ministry should only be spoken in meeting for worship when the speaker is certain the message is of the Spirit and is intended for someone other than oneself. Furthermore, once given, a message no longer belongs to the speaker. Vocal ministry should not be responded to verbally to the speakers or commented on by the speaker or others. It is not our practice to engage in debate or back-and-forth exchanges regarding a particular message in vocal ministry, either during worship or anytime thereafter.

Sophie's letter and the article that precipitated it (*FJ* Jan.) both seem to contain inappropriate critiques and/or personal defenses of such messages. My understanding of the practice of Friends is that once messages are given, they are what they are. The hearers are called to contemplate them and search their hearts to find discernment and leadings. God's ways are mysterious when working among us.

Please, Friends, do not confuse vocal ministry, however flawed, with personal communications or with reports on our individual callings. Messages in ministry need no defense and deserve no criticism. Let them be.

Charlotte I. Miller  
Fort Collins, Colo.

## Classified

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## Accommodations

**Traveling West?** Visit the Ben Lomond Quaker Center. Personal retreats and our annual schedule of Quaker Programs. Among the redwoods, near Santa Cruz, Calif. (831) 336-8333. <[www.quakercenter.org](http://www.quakercenter.org)>.

**Visiting Maine?** Friendly accommodations at lovely Midcoast Maine Bed and Breakfast Inn. Four star dining. Great base for touring the midcoast attractions: Monhegan Island, Boothbay Harbor, Camden, Bar Harbor and Acadia. <[www.newcastleinn.com](http://www.newcastleinn.com)>, (207) 563-5685.

**Quaker Hill Conference Center**—Richmond, Indiana. Overnight accommodations at Woodard Lodge and the historic Evans House are available year-round for travelers to the Richmond area. Our facilities are also available for retreats, meetings, family get-togethers, and other private gatherings. For details and reservations, call (765) 962-5741, e-mail <[quakerhill@parallax.ws](mailto:quakerhill@parallax.ws)>, or visit our website at <<http://www.qhcc.org>>.

**Seattle**—Affordable, private travelers' rooms available at Quaker House. Contact Megan Snyder-Camp at University Friends Meetinghouse, 4001 9th Avenue NE, Seattle, WA 98015. (206) 632-9839.

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

## Books and Publications



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

### General Plenty

#### A book about the Path to Peace

A family gathers for Thanksgiving after 9/11 and reviews humanity's current position and course, discovering a pragmatic, science-based triumph of the human spirit is now both possible and necessary. Hope emerges because a viable path really does exist. *West by Northwest Online Magazine* recently said *General Plenty* is "probably one of the best books ever written or read on the political and human task of achieving peace and prosperity." General Plenty's website is [www.teleologics.org](http://www.teleologics.org)

**THE LAST TESTAMENT**—The Gospel of Jesus of Nazareth. "Simply remarkable, and full of surprises. Few works delve more deeply into the Scriptures or raise such compelling questions. Have your Bible handy—you'll need it!" Learn more online at <www.thelasttestament.com>.

"**Rufus Jones, a Luminous Life**" a stunning documentary inspired by Fred Corneel. As shown on WHYY. \$25 film and companion book. \$12.50 each. Wellesley Friends Meeting (781) 899-5367; <pshtotwell@comcast.net>.

**Pilgrimage**: a contemplative community-in-print for Friends and kindred spirits; life stories, poems, and images that matter; spirituality, nature, witness, and plain good writing. Annual writing award. Subscriptions (2 issues a year): 1 year—\$15; 2 year—\$28. Box 696, Crestone, CO 81131. <www.pilgrimagepress.org>.

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

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

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

## Opportunities

**Mexico Study/Travel**: Join EPIC Tours (formerly Hinshaw Tours) on a learning adventure in Mexico, including visits with Quakers and Mennonites. Discover the richness of Mexican culture and see alternative models of development. October 16–28, or October 16–31. For information and a brochure contact EPIC Tours at (303) 747-2059; e-mail: <epic@csd.net>.

### Do you care about the future of the Religious Society of Friends?

A deferred gift with Friends General Conference (bequest, charitable gift annuity, trust) will nurture a vital Religious Society of Friends.



For information, please contact Michael Wajda at FGC, 1216 Arch Street, 2-B, Philadelphia, PA 19107; (215) 561-1700; <michaelw@fgcquaker.org>.

### Selected Conferences at Pendle Hill

July 17: **Effortless Mastery**, with Kenny Werner  
July 18–22: **Painting for Joy**, with Helen David Brancato, and **The Sacredness of Creativity**, with Jan Phillips  
July 23–27: **Furniture Refinishing** with Tom Jenik. **Writing for Life**, with Lynn Nelson and **Food That Nourishes Body and Spirit**, with Carol Sciarra  
July 28–August 1: **Flowing Fibers**, with Gloria Todor and Robyn Josephs, and **A Yoga Retreat**, with Amanda Hoffman and Ella Johannaber  
August 1–5: **Spiritual Awareness in Daily Life**, with Glenn Mitchell  
August 6–10: **Kado: The Way of Flowers**, with Marcia Shibata, and **Discovery Through Bookmaking**, with Susan Viguers  
August 11–15: **The Clay Odyssey**, with George Kokis, and **Drumming, Healing and Finding Joy**, with Brenda Macaluso



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

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

**The Carpenter's Boat Shop** in Pemaquid, Maine, is offering free, one-year apprenticeships in wooden boatbuilding. The Boat Shop is an ecumenical community/school based on the Benedictine tradition. It teaches the skills of carpentry, boatbuilding, and boat use while living in simple community. For further information please write or call Rev. Robert Ives, 44 Old County Road, Pemaquid, ME 04558. Phone: (207) 677-3768. E-mail: <boatshop@midcoast.com>.

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

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

### Quaker Writers and Artists!

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

## Personals

**Single Booklovers**, a national group, has been getting unattached booklovers together since 1970. Please write P.O. Box 1658, Andalusia, PA 19020 or call (800) 717-5011.

## Concerned Singles

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

## Positions Vacant

**Resident manager(s)** sought for 1–3 month temporary position at Quaker guest facility in Washington, D.C. Please respond by e-mail only to <hfoote@afsc.org>.

**Director**. Scattergood Friends School, a coeducational college-preparatory boarding high school, is seeking a director to start July 1, 2005. Located in rural Iowa, the school enrolls 60 students in a close, caring community. The campus includes an organic farm and orchard, as well as a large restored prairie. The University of Iowa, only 20 minutes away, provides diverse cultural attractions. Learn more about the school at <www.scattergood.org>. Apply to: Anita Allwood, 1 Shoreline Drive, Grinnell, Iowa 50112. Or by e-mail at <scattergoodsear@netins.net>.

**Superintendent**. Western YM (FUM, offices in Plainfield, Ind.) seeks FT superintendent beginning July 2005. Queries, résumés, and/or recommendations to WYM Search Committee, Dan Smetzer, clerk, 112 W Thornton, Paoli, IN 47454, (812) 723-2042, <dpsmetz@juno.com>.

**Walton Retirement Home**, a licensed Residential Care Facility (Assisted Living), a ministry of Ohio Yearly Meeting of Friends, needs a Registered Nurse, who would be willing to live on the campus and take on nursing administration and other responsibilities. For more information, please phone or write to Nirmal & Diana Kaul, Managers, Walton Retirement Home, 1254 East Main Street, Barnesville, OH 43713. Phone: (740) 425-2344.

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

## Real Estate

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

## Rentals & Retreats

**Chincoteague Island, Va.** Two charming, adjacent, fully equipped vacation homes sleep 8 or 10. A few miles to protected Assateague Island (wild ponies, ocean beaches, birds). From Labor Day to mid June, from \$210/weekend to < \$500/wk. each. Polite pets permitted. (703) 448-8678, <markvanraden@yahoo.com>.

**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>.

**Northwest New Mexico**. A "home away from home" in Southern Rockies bordering Navajoland near Chaco Canyon and other fascinations of the Four Corners region. 2 BR furnished cottage for visitors, explorers, and volunteers by day, week, or month. For more information call (505) 289-9105.

**Cabin rentals on isolated Vermont farm**. Propane utilities, lake, surrounded by protected land. Contact Bekah Bailey Murchison at (802) 254-7128 or <bekah@sover.net>.

**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.

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

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

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**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: (716) 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 Melanie Douthy: (215) 736-0948.

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## Retirement Living

**McCutchen Friends Home** is a small, quiet retirement community surrounded by well-kept Victorian homes. Our dedicated staff provides individual attention and personalized care to the 50 residents who call this their home. Located in central New Jersey, we are about 45 minutes north of Princeton.

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**McCutchen Friends Home**  
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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.friends-homes.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.

**Beautiful Pleasant Hill, Tennessee.** Diverse activist community. Full Service facility. Independent homes to skilled nursing care. Quaker meeting on premises. (931) 277-5003, Phil Thornforde. (931) 277-3518, office, brochure.

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

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**United Friends School:** coed; preschool-8; emphasizing integrated, developmentally appropriate curriculum, after school arts, sports, and music programs. Busing available. 1018 West Broad Street, Quakertown, PA 18951. (215) 538-1733. <www.unitedfriendsschool.org>.

**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.

**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.

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**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.ssf.org>.

**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.

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.

## Services Offered

**Custom Calligraphy.** Marriage certificates; celebrations of commitment; naming documents for newborn or adopted children. Visit my website <wynnlewellyn.com> or call (413) 634-5576.

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**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.

**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>.

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Purchase Quarterly Meeting (NYM) maintains a peace tax escrow fund. Those interested in tax witness may wish to contact us through NYM, 15 Rutherford Place, New York, NY 10003.

## Summer Camps

### Journey's End Farm Camp

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

## Summer Rentals

**Palm Springs, California, golfer's paradise;** two bedroom, two bath condo. Fully furnished with patio and swimming pool. Available during July, August, and September. Please call (909) 312-6836 for complete details.

**Maine**—Located 313 Cape Split Road, Addison. Comfortable, five-bedroom, fully equipped farmhouse on private shore and sand beach with miles of beachland and woodland trails. \$850/week June-July. Contact: Rhodin, (607) 273-7062 9 a.m.-9 p.m. E.S.T.

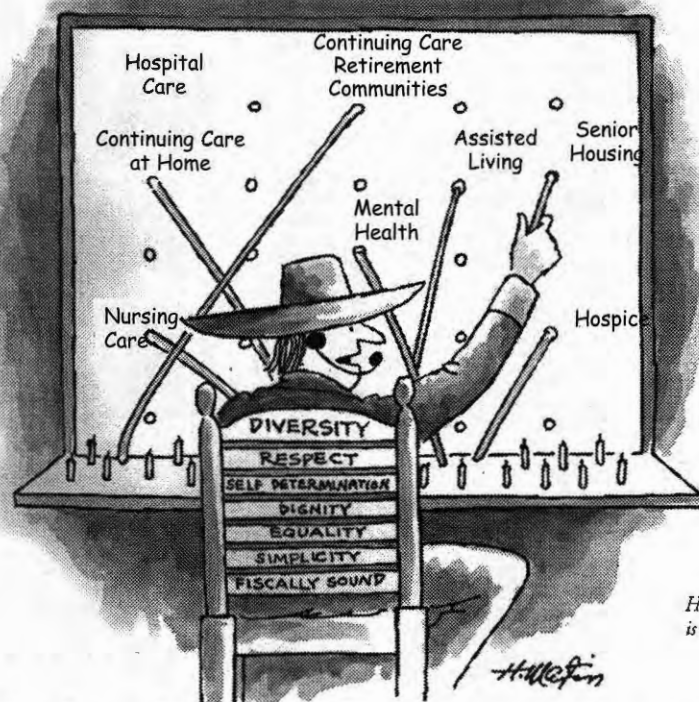
**Prince Edward Island (Canada):** 3 BR, 2 baths, cottage with view of bay. Completely renovated. Huge deck. 3 acre lawn. July-August \$750/week. June or Sept. \$600/week. Website: <www.vrbo.com>. #10301 (610) 520-9596

**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.

**Prince Edward Island**, lovely 3.5 bedroom house. Simple living, private, surrounded by natural beauty with over a mile of shoreline. In the Canadian maritimes with many Celtic and Acadian cultural events. \$550/wk, contact: (413) 549-1744.



# *Friends Services for the Aging*



Henry Martin, a retired cartoonist, is a resident of Pennswood Village.

***We can help thee make the right connection!***

*Quakers provide a comprehensive array of senior services in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, California, Ohio, and Oregon. Each program welcomes people of all races, religions, and backgrounds.*

*Now you can learn about all of the Quaker options in one place!*

***Friends Services for the Aging***  
**[www.fsainfo.org](http://www.fsainfo.org) or call 215-619-7949**

*Considering a Continuing Care Retirement Community?*

Ask us for *Life with Friends*, a free video depicting life in Quaker CCRCs. Just call FSA at 215-619-7949.

## PENNSYLVANIA

Barclay Friends  
 Chandler Hall  
 Foulkeways at Gwynedd®  
 Foxdale Village  
 Friends Home & Village

Friends Hospital  
 Friends Life Care at Home®  
 Friends Rehabilitation Program  
 The Hickman  
 Intervention Associates

Jeanes Hospital  
 Kendal-Crosslands Communities  
 Pennswood Village  
 Stapeley in Germantown

## NEW JERSEY

Arbor Glen  
 Cadbury at Cherry Hill

Cadbury Continuing Care at Home  
 Friends Home at Woodstown  
 The Greenleaf

McCutchen Friends Home  
 Medford Leas

## MARYLAND

Broadmead  
 LiveWell With Friends  
 Friends Life Care at Home®

## CALIFORNIA

Friends House  
 Quaker Gardens

## OHIO

Quaker Heights

## OREGON

Friendsview Retirement  
 Community



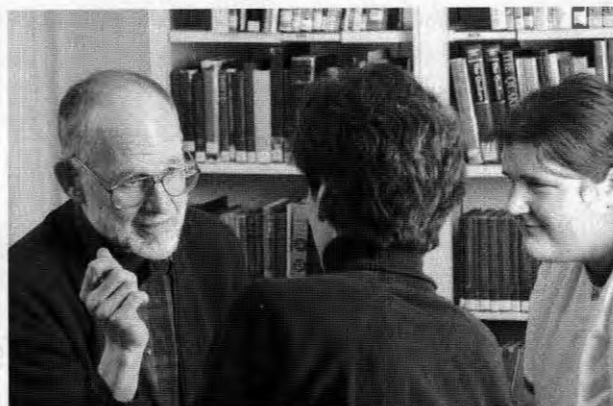
# Enter a time of profound discovery at Pendle Hill

## The Resident Study Program

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

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

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



©2003 Sharon Gunther

## Who Comes to Pendle Hill—and Why?

"I first heard about Pendle Hill when I was on a Quaker Youth Pilgrimage in the US in 1996. Originally from Ireland, I have spent the last 7 years studying and working in the UK. I came to Pendle Hill because I needed further direction in my life. As a George Gorman Scholar I have been given the rare opportunity to live in a community and explore my spirituality. I now feel more grounded in my Quaker beliefs, and I plan to get involved in the World Gathering of Young Friends 2005."



© 2003 by Marie Tillena

—Barbara Johnson, Pendle Hill

*Resident Program student and George Gorman Bursary Scholar, 2003*

*Deepen your  
experience of  
Quaker faith and  
community*

### 2004–2005 Term Dates

Autumn: September 24–December 11, 2004

Winter: January 7–March 19, 2005

Spring: April 1–June 11, 2005



## PENDLE HILL

A QUAKER CENTER FOR STUDY AND CONTEMPLATION  
338 Plush Mill Road • Wallingford, PA 19086  
[www.pendlehill.org](http://www.pendlehill.org)

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