# September 2004 · \$5 FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker Thought and Life Today



Hijacked by a Prayer

Reflections on the Purpose of Marriage

**Auburn Prison Friends Meeting** after 30 Years

The Second Ohio Separation

# An independent magazine serving the Religious Society of Friends



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#### **Among Friends**

#### Reflections and a Welcome

hen we published Anne Barschall's "On Marriage and Divorce—With a Proposition Bound to be Controversial" in June, we suspected it would elicit a response. We agreed that Friend Barschall raised some interesting and valid points, although Senior Editor Robert Dockhorn and I wouldn't necessarily have come to the same conclusions as our author. We *did* hear from many of you, by phone, email, and letters. One article in this issue, Ron McDonald's "Reflections on the Purpose of Marriage" (p. 8), arrived in direct response; another, Nancy Wick's "Saying 'I Do' Anew" (p. 11) reflects on the value of renewing marriage vows under the care of one's meeting.

Ron McDonald makes some excellent points, and I am particularly taken with his thoughts that "marriage creates a sanctuary where people can learn to love as equals" (which, he observes, is not inborn) and "marriages are like crucibles where iron ore is heated so that the slag can be discarded and steel can be formed," capturing both the sacred and the gritty elements of a good marriage. Next month my husband, Adam, and I will celebrate our 25th wedding anniversary, and I must say I can honestly appreciate those observations! Ron McDonald suggests that we need to share and better support each other within our meeting communities by being much more open about the challenges and rewards of our own marriages. It's a useful suggestion I hope Friends will take to heart.

During my years in New York Yearly Meeting, co-directing Powell House with my husband, I became keenly aware of the remarkable amount of prison ministry that is taking place in that yearly meeting. In this issue, we acknowledge that ministry in a small way with the inclusion of Edward Stabler's "Auburn Prison Friends Meeting after 30 Years" (p. 16), and two pieces by Quaker prisoners: Ismael Melendez's "To Friends: A Call to Duty" (p. 18) and John Mandala's "Service: Prisoners Doing Ministry" (p. 20). I imagine that serving a prison sentence at any time is difficult to bear, which our criminal justice system purposefully intends. To be incarcerated during a period such as the one in which we are living, with terrorist threats abounding and great uncertainty affecting all in the U.S., must increase the burden of incarceration considerably. In light of this, I am especially impressed with John Mandala's recounting of ways that prisoners find to be of service, despite the extremely limited circumstances within which they must function. To meet and serve the needs of others is surely one of the best ways to overcome a sense of helplessness in the face of overwhelming circumstances. Given the present condition of our nation, a good many of us could benefit from gaining the perspective that John Mandala writes about, including our nation's leaders.

Much of my summer has been focused on hiring. Herb Ettel, our webmanager (living and working for us in Washington, D.C.), resigned this spring after taking on a very demanding new full-time job working with OMB Watch (an organization that promotes government accountability and citizen participation). We miss him, but understand his passion to effect social change. We posted the position and received 111 applications, most from exceedingly well qualified individuals. I'm pleased to announce that I've appointed Peter Deitz, of Montreal, Canada, to take over this post. Peter, a U.S. citizen, holds degrees from McGill University and the University of Toronto. While growing up, he first encountered Quakers at Camp Onas in Pennsylvania, and then later, at the camps of Farm and Wilderness in Vermont. Peter acquired his web skills working for an Internet development company in New York City and later joined the staff of Farm and Wilderness as a freelance web designer. Now residing in Canada, he is eager to put his web skills to use in the service of nonprofit organizations working for peace and social justice. We are delighted to have him join us!

Cul. Obla

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#### **Forum**

#### No Quaker presidents?

In her article, "With Malice toward None, Charity toward All" (FJ Jan.), Anna Poplawska wrote, "It may pay us to consider that a practicing Quaker would never be elected as president and that such a president would most likely be a lamentable if noble failure."

Herbert Hoover was a Quaker and, while I do not know how active he was in Quaker organizations, he certainly carried out some high-level international relief efforts both before and after his presidency, showing that he practiced his Quaker beliefs.

Richard Nixon was a Quaker in good standing in Whittier (Calif.) Meeting. Whatever we may think of his presidency, his meeting staunchly resisted repeated suggestions by others that he be read out of meeting.

> Walter W. Haines Averill Park, N.Y.

#### Drugs before meeting?

Moreland Smith's article on "Spirituality and Our Bodies" (FJ June) emphasizes the important connection between one's body and one's spiritual condition.

However, I am concerned about his suggestion that Quakers take a caffeine tablet before meeting if one has not rested well the night before. Do we need drugs to increase our spiritual connection with God and each other? If so, what drugs are encouraged?

Starshine Great Falls, Mont.

#### Therapists and censure

Anne Barschall's article "On Marriage and Divorce-with a Proposition Bound to Be Controversial" (FJ June) is on target when she notes that influential people and institutions err when they encourage people to believe that marriage is primarily an institution of personal fulfillment. Yet on the same page where she quotes Jesus about removing the log from one's own eye before attempting to remove the same in the eyes of others, she blanketly refers to therapists as "purveyors of the false belief that the purpose of life is to feel good," and essentially describes therapists as divorce pushers. As a family therapist of 30 years, a colleague and teacher of hundreds of therapists, and a husband of 32 years, I've never raught or purveyed such beliefs, nor have I had colleagues who did. I don't doubt that a minority of therapists unethically play

god this way, but I also don't doubt that a minority of members of Anne Barschall's profession (attorneys) unethically play god at times too. Profession-bashing doesn't belong in FRIENDS JOURNAL.

I also can't join her in her central proposal that meetings censure those members who seek divorce or, as she puts it, "dump their spouses." I greatly value Quaker meetings but don't trust that the people involved-including me-are so wise as to know who should be married and who not. Every day I encourage married, engaged, unmarried, and divorcing couples not to be impulsive; not solely to trust their feeling state; to consider, thoughtfully and carefully, their decisions within a larger social context; especially to value the needs of children; to value peace, honesty, forgiveness, ethics, and conciliation. But I dare not be so arrogant as to judge who should be married and who not. Life is too big a mystery for such absolutism.

> Robert Pugh Memphis, Tenn.

#### Resources on sexuality

Thanks to John Calvi for challenging Friends with his provocative article, "Quakers, Sexuality, and Spirituality" (FJ June). Forty years ago, Friends were leaders in promoting positive approaches to educating people of all ages about sexuality. British Friends wrote Toward a Quaker View of Sex; Mary Calderone organized SIECUS (Sexuality Information Council of the United States); David Mace urged us to find A Christian Response to the Sexual Revolution; Eric Johnson wrote Love and Sex in Plain Language and challenged a Friends General Conference plenary with his talk, "What is Sexual Morality?" I hope John Calvi's statement will revitalize our discourse on this topic of vital importance in a society that is so confused and contradictory about sex.

Some religious groups have taken an active role in educating their congregations, particularly their young people, to make the difficult decisions many face regarding their sexual lives. Meetings and individuals may want to explore the outstanding OWL (Our Whole Lives) curricula developed by the Unitarian Universalist Association and the United Church Board for Homeland Ministries "for all who have ever struggled to perceive human sexuality as the gift that it is." The series provides complete lessons for grades K–1, 4–6, 7–9, 10–12, and for adults. See <a href="http://www.uua.org">http://www.uua.org</a>.

Friends can access a variety of Quaker

resources at the excellent website developed by Ken Stockbridge: <sexuality.quaker.org>. Focused on integrating sexuality and spirituality, the website includes relevant Faith and Practice excerpts, meeting minutes, key pamphlets, and a chance to join in e-mail dialogue. What do you think of John Calvi's message?

> Peggy Brick Kennett Square, Pa.

## Another reason to support FWCC

In my report on the Friends World Committee for Consultation 2004 Triennial in New Zealand (FJ June)—perhaps because I was reporting on my personal experience at the Triennial—I failed to point out the absolutely crucial connection between FWCC and Quaker United Nations Office. Because FWCC is an umbrella organization for Friends worldwide, it has consultative status at the UN, which makes possible the Quaker work at the United Nations offices in New York and Geneva. In order to continue the work of QUNO, FWCC's world office must be supported.

Marvin Hubbard Normanby, Dunedin, New Zealand

#### July was very special

What a collection of treasures is contained in your July issue on Aging and Life's End! I found it to be a wonderful compendium of clear thinking and heartfelt insights. This issue is definitely a keeper.

> Arden Buck Nederland, Colo.

#### We are all religious educators

I am a member of Putney (Vt.) Meeting and a new member of our Adult Study Group Committee. I was inspired by the words I read in *Faith and Practice*, originating from Britain Yearly Meeting's Friends Education Council:

The drive for religious education in our Society must come from our membership as a whole. While the problem of meeting the existing demands for such instruction is a pressing one, a much more urgent matter is that of awakening a sense of the need for this task to be undertaken.

These last words spoke to me. Clearly they

were written for the entire meeting as new members search for a better understanding, and more seasoned Friends help fill this need as they deepen their understanding as well. This education and sharing is a rich Quaker tradition, as Friends search for Truth.

Truth comes to us in so many unique ways. A poet in the meeting has written a piece that speaks to members through carefully chosen words, designed to spark an emotion, inspire an action. A painter sees the world with a certain clarity or abstraction and designs a work of art rich in color and composition, something to share and touch others. A musician's opus, composed from the heart, brings us closer to Truth through its sheer beauty, its complexities, and its spirituality. We don't have to understand music, poetry, and art to feel inspired by them. We need to recognize that they are an essential part of the meeting, each a fine thread weaving in and out of our community, connecting us as we gather in silence to worship together. There is a dancer who brings the experience of movement; a singer leads us in song; the botanist has an understanding of the plant world; the carpenter, the photographer and the doctor all enrich us-but first they must be willing to share their work in this forum. Recently a Friend was knitting during our Study Group, a steady clickclick, click-click, in the background, a metronome of sorts, keeping the discussion alive. At the close I asked her what she was making. Without missing a stitch she told me it was a lap throw for someone who was ill and needed a warm blanket. The work was for the comfort of a stranger in need. I can do this too!

Last year a couscientious objector spoke to the meeting about his experience in Europe during World War II. Along with his story he brought a handful of letters he had written to his mother. A bundle of letters yellow with age, carefully bound together, preserved with love, and chosen to save and share. A nurse in the meeting will bring what she/he has learned through a lifetime of providing comfort to those in need. The young mother, a stay-at-home father, grandparents, and all those in between, each have a unique contribution to make in the adult study group in their meeting.

Isn't it true that while we worship in silence, we are not alone, but seek Truth together?

Nancy J. Lang West Wardsboro, Vt.

Continued on page 48

#### **Viewpoint**

# Face to face in Afghanistan: through a woman's eyes

The most haunting images of the war in Afghanistan for me are the dark eyes of the Afghan women, peering out from behind the burqa. Despite the "liberation," many remain cloistered in their garments. Often I wonder how the war has changed their lives. Are they better off now under U.S. occupation than under the Taliban? What do they think of Americans in the occupying army, particularly U.S. women who enjoy freedoms Afghan women are denied? I long to hear and understand the voices of these enshrouded sisters, half a world away.

A friend shared some letters from her niece, Cynthia, that provided insight into my wonderings. Cynthia is an African American woman in her mid-20s, serving in an army medical unit in Afghanistan. She grew up in a hard-working, blue collar Philadelphia family, and is a dedicated soldier. A gritry honesty in her words captured my attention.

In her first letter she wrote:

"Everything is well here. No one has gotten injured to the point of nonrepair. On December 1, I got tasked out with a platoon of infantry to search the local villages. It wasn't too bad. A lot of their women are sickly [and] oppressed. These children are beautiful. While out we found a few bombs and mortar shells. The operation was pretty successful. Also, we got artacked by rockets. They missed by 2,000 meters. No one got hurt. On the 17th we're going out to the villages to help and give medical aid. I can't wait."

Cynthia's voice charmed me and bespoke her youth. I was struck by her matter-of-fact tone as she wrote about coming under rocket fire and her eagerness to return to the danger zone to offer aid. As I read her second letter, I hoped to learn more about the village women from her unvarnished point of view. Excerpts follow:

"I just got your package. You guys rock! My friends and I thank you. Everything here is going well. I just got in from a 14-day mission. It was the pits. The first day, it rained on us—freezing, cold ground in the open. This was the worst mission

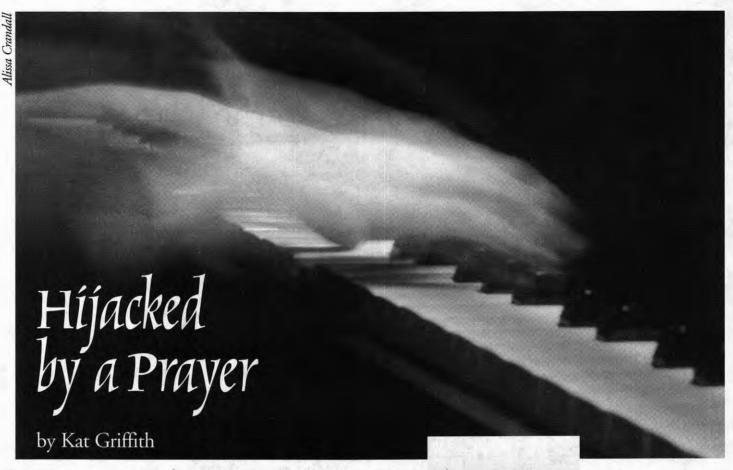
I've ever been on. The only good part was the women of the villages that we searched. Most tried to feed me. Very few were afraid and others were just stunned that I was a female. I ate a lot of native food. It would be disrespectful to turn them down. Thanks again for the care package. It was very needed."

Many women in Afghanistan rarely come face to face with women from another village, let alone an army medic from the U.S. So, naturally, they were surprised to meet Cynthia. Despite public warnings from Muslim clerics about "evil Americans," the women of the villages were not afraid of Cynthia and they tried to feed her. Perhaps the women shared their food out of gratitude because they had made a link between the U.S. presence and their new constitution. Perhaps they had hopes for new freedoms they have long been denied.

Another friend, Krystyna, who had grown up in communist-occupied Poland, gave me deeper insights when I shared this story. She explained to me, "By offering hospitality to the communists, we held our heads up in spite of our situation. We are still human and the people who occupied our country are human, too. People are everywhere the same. By showing kindness to our occupiers, we showed that we would not hide and cower, but would do what is civil and right."

I still long to hear, firsthand, the voices of the Afghan women. But my wonderings have been somewhat satisfied through the voices of Cynthia and Krystyna. I believe that Afghan women shared their food to create common ground with the people in the occupying army. Their hospitality spoke of their goodness and civility. These impoverished women showed kindness and character when they came face to face with a woman in the U.S. army. Their actions bespoke a humane and generous impulse that is usually drowned out by the shrieks and shrill cries of the howling harridans of war.

Laura Roberts Lansdale, Pa.



everal years ago this somewhat disorganized, go-with-the-flow, inspiration-over-discipline kind of Quaker surprised herself, and probably God: she committed to a daily spiritual discipline. You have to understand, I'm just not the daily routine kind of person. I have never needed the scaffolding of routine to be productive or happy, and as far as work goes, who needs discipline if you love what you do?

But there was this opportunity called the Spiritual Nurture Program for Friends in our area, and I really wanted what it had to offer. What the program demanded in return was that participants commit to a daily discipline.

I decided that my spiritual practice would be a combination of journaling, which I had done for decades anyway, reading the Bible and other faith texts, and prayer and meditation. I will confess that I immediately started a new, separate journal for my spiritual practice. I soon and uncomfortably realized the implica-

Kat Griffith is a member of Winnebago Friends Worship Group in east-central Wisconsin. An earlier version of this article was published in the January 2004 issue of Sacred Journey: The Journal of Fellowship in Prayer.

tion of this: that my spiritual life was somehow separate from the rest of my life. I wanted my "spiritual" journal to be prayerful and revand Spiritually erent Correct-and I wanted to rant, complain, dither, blather, and do all the things I had always done in my "regular" journal.

Hmm . . . where did I get the idea that God would be looking over my shoulder in one journal but not the other? I found I was censoring my "spiritual journal" to keep the ugly things out, to the point that it was clearly

dishonest. And I started to get embarrassed about some of what I wrote in my regular journal. The question, "Would I want God to read this?" started to pop up for me. This was a hugely important place for me to be: face to face with the honestto-goodness me—with God watching.

I am happy to say that I soon dispensed with the special journal and made do with one. Wince. I found that it was, after all, "not my brother, not my sister, but me, oh

Lord, standing in the Finally, the need of prayer. right prayer

crystallized in

my mind: "God,

please help

everyone to hear

You in the

I play it."

I started applying prayers like so many bandages to the scrapes, sores, and wounds of life—those authored, and those I suffered. I didn't always know how to do this. Sometimes the best prayer I could manage was a prayer to want to pray-to want to invite inward transformation, to risk encounter with the Divine.

Then, sometime that first year, I had my first

experience with being taken over by a prayer, overpowered by it. Women who've given birth will know what I mean. It's like when you get the urge to push the baby out. At first there's an element of volition in it. You can choose to push, or fight the urge and hold back. But once you start pushing, there's no going back. The contraction takes over your entire body. You are nothing but a vehicle for a cosmic push; you go along with it because

music, however

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you no longer have any choice.

I have prayers like that. They hijack me, midstream to someplace else, and take me where they want me to go. I am so grateful for them; they feel like the true inbreakings of God, the moments when I am closest to the Spirit. I think those prayers are when God says, "Move over, kiddo, I've got plans for your prayer today. I've got plans for you today."

I don't have prayers like that every day. But until I started praying regularly, I never did, and I thought *I* was the author of my prayers. Hah! Now I know better. At their best, the prayers author me.

Have you ever been troubled by the "Ask, and you shall receive" idea? For me it has always brought to mind the kind of asking in the song, "Mercedes Benz": "Oh, Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz, my friends all have Porsches, I must make amends. . . ." I've never thought it would reflect well on God to indulge us like that. To be honest, I have not known God to indulge me in that way. That sort of prayer just hasn't worked for me, whatever the Bible seems to say.

I've come to believe that learning what to ask for is the real spiritual challenge. I need to let my prayers evolve. When a prayer isn't the right one, my heart knows it and is restless. Usually, if I keep trying, I eventually come to the right prayer. I always know when it is—I get what early Quakers called the "peace penny": a quiet, inner assurance, a sense of "turning, turning, till I've come 'round right." Very often, I get a new angle on a problem I've been struggling with, a clearer understanding of what I must do, a robust sense

of purpose.

I still remember vividly the time some years ago when I first experienced a wrong prayer evolving into a right one. I was to play in a small community concert that afternoon, and I was worried about it. I started praying anxiously to play well. Something told me that this was not the right prayer. So I modified the prayer to "Help me to be satisfied with how I play." I added, for good measure, "And help everyone else to be satisfied, too!" A bit better, but still fundamentally, "God, support my pride!" I continued to flounder around, and got to, "Help me and everyone to enjoy the music." Finally, the right prayer crystallized in my mind: "God, please help everyone to hear You in the music, however I play it." Instantly, I had a most extraordinary experience: I heard,

clear as a bell, the music I was to play that afternoon. It was absolutely perfect, absolutely beautiful, and breathtakingly real. I felt the presence of the Spirit as palpably at that moment as I ever have.

I don't know how the audience experienced the music that afternoon, but I played with joy and an unfamiliar sort of confidence. Not confidence that I would play particularly well, but a deeper confidence that all who opened their hearts to the music could hear what I had heard and be moved and brought closer to God.

In the end, I have found that my true prayers always boil down to "Thy will be done." But that prayer itself is rarely satisfactory for me. My problem is often that I don't know how to cooperate with the divine will—or I know perfectly well, but can't get past my self-absorbed attitude to do it! "Ego static," petty resentments, failures to love, wounded pride, hurt feelings, and my unwillingness to forgive can all get in the way of my hearing or doing

what I am pretty sure God wants me to do at any given time.

These days, I pray for clarity on how God wants to use me, how I can be an instrument of God's love, how I can be God's hands here on Earth. I pray for God to use the flawed vessel that is me, if possible, in the service of God's will, and to mold and transform me in the process.

That is the prayer that always seems to be the right one, or that leads me to the right one. When I ask for this, I always receive. Not always a bouquet of roses—no! Sometimes I am handed a Really Hard Thing To Do. Sometimes I get a kick in the pants. But I also get the privilege of feeling the Spirit in the driver's seat with me, guiding me to places I'd never have dared or known to go to on my own, places of incomparable beauty and love. Now I know to invite the Spirit aboard, because I know what it is to go soaring off on the wings of a prayer.

#### If I take the wings of the morning

Catch a moment within racing flight of hummingbird, open a light speck between two sparrow feathers, craft a hinge to join tone and silence.

If a fleeing soul could lodge in that space, she'd think: safe at last.

But then, in would slip an infinitesimal breath, Jesus there asking, with all the love in the world,

"You were going somewhere?"

-Joyce B. Adams

Joyce B. Adams is a member of Bloomington (Ind.) Meeting.

#### Reflections on the Purpose of

# Marriage

#### by Ron McDonald

or the last 40 years, marriages have been in trouble. Half of them end in divorce. Abuse is common. Disturbed children are almost the norm now, coming from so many dysfunctional situations. Hundreds of therapists in every city in the United States make their living counseling distressed couples. These therapists (I'm one of them) know that they are about as successful as addiction rehabilitation counselors are-that is, not very. Ministers who marry couples know that no matter how much premarital counseling they do, they can still expect to hear that half of those marriages will fail.

What are we to do? If premarital counseling and marital therapy can't change what's happening, is there something culturally systemic causing this malady?

Anne Barschall ("On Marriage and Divorce—with a Proposition Bound to Be Controversial," FJ June) thinks so. She asserts that Quaker communities need to censure Friends who divorce in order to put teeth in the promise to remain married "until death do us part." She adds, "Few of us are willing to speak out in conscience against any divorce." And, "The only hope for lifelong marriage lies in religious faith that marriage is supposed to go on." She also adds, "We cannot be truly committed to lifelong marriage unless we... are willing to be sympathetic to those in pain without recommending or even supporting a decision for divorce."

I think she is on to something, for it is high time that we take marital problems out of the counseling room and into the open world where we live and worship. Marriages are in trouble today partly because they have been dealt with so privately. They are suffering for systemic,

Ron McDonald, a member of Memphis (Tenn.) Meeting, is a pastoral counselor, folksinger, storyteller, and writer. public reasons—not just private, psychological ones. Anne Barschall is right that we need to consider systemic changes in order to treat this marriage/divorce cycle.

Systems are relatively easy to change, but that change is very hard to sustain. In dysfunctional relationships and groups, the most common operative word used is "you." People in dysfunctional systems "you" each other to death: "Why do you do that?" "There you go again." "You're always doing it wrong." In dysfunctional systems, people can't see their own faults because they are so focused on blaming someone else. If I think you have to change, I can't do anything about it other than put pressure on you. And if you push back, all that will happen is we will each paralyze the other. Dysfunctional relationships are stuck fast.

To avoid this impasse, all one has to do is stop saying "you," and say "I." "I am going to do it *this* way, this time." Suddenly the whole system shifts. One person has stepped outside of the "you"-ing.

In response, parties who are determined to maintain the status quo in a group will likely do one of two predictable

things: first they might be seductive. "That's not a bad idea, but you know that won't work in the long run. Besides, we really need you here." A kind but pseudo-supportive expression said at an opportune time is calculated to get the rebel to give in and return to form. And if that doesn't work, the ante may be upped to sabotage. "Well! If you are

going to do something that off-the-wall, then you'll see what a mess it'll cause." Someone might blow up in a rage or collapse in tears, or even get sick or injured, actions aimed at coercing the rebel back into old ways. If, however, the rebel continues to maintain a non-anxious, nonreactive "I" position, eventually someone in the dysfunctional system may emerge from the fray with a meek "I": "To tell you the truth, I think you might be right." Finally an ally is born, leading others to say "I," and the system changes.

What Anne Barschall suggests is a strong "I" position. The subtitle to her essay, "With a Proposition Bound to be Controversial," indicates that Anne knew she is taking a rebel position that will evoke a lot of antagonism. And what I have to say is mostly in disagreement with her position, but I hope that it is seen as supporting her attempt to address a seri-

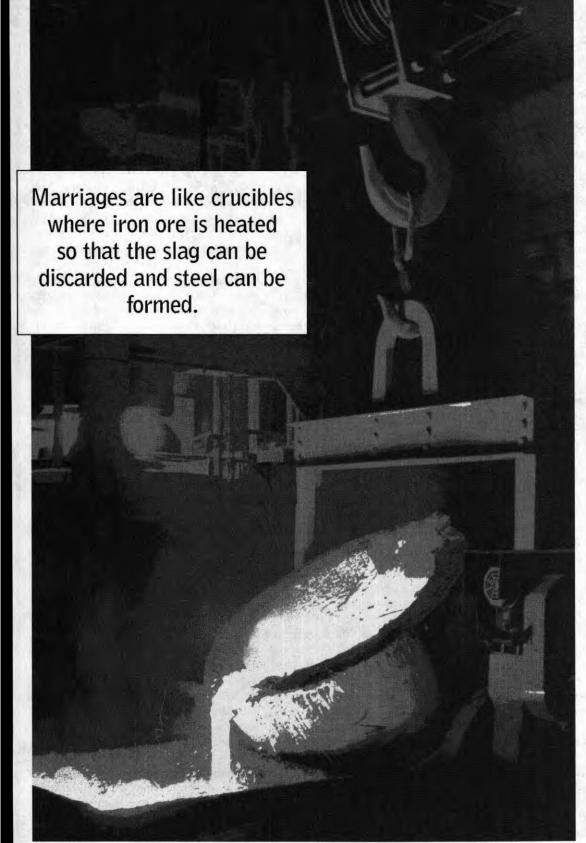
ous social malady.

I couldn't help but respond inwardly to one of Anne Barschall's questions. She wonders with incredulity how any therapist could ask a couple, "Why do you stay married?" To be candid, I have often asked that question of couples who are fighting and hating one another. However, I don't ask it because I am suggesting they divorce. I ask it because I know that if a couple is engaged in an ostensibly hostile and highly dysfunctional marriage, but not breaking up, there has to be an unseen reason for them to choose to remain together. A couple whose members show mostly hatred for each other are living in their own shadows, and my task as their counselor is not only to understand why they are doing this, but also to help them find their way to the light. If they can tell me why they stay married, perhaps I can help them step out of the shadows.

Anne Barschall writes that marriage is "an institution for promoting financial and

It is high time that we take marital problems out of the counseling room and into the open world where we live and worship.

emotional stability for families." This seems like a valid purpose, but I think it is out-dated for two reasons. First, marriage changed radically when human-kind learned how to control procreation with effective methods of birth control.



Sex and procreation are no longer as closely associated as they used to be. It can be argued that a main reason for the institution of marriage was to give couples a way to make love without producing unsupported children. Now birth control does the same thing. Marriage is no longer needed as a protection from

irresponsible conception.

Second, marriage is better understood as a covenant, not as a contract. A contract is an agreement that binds people to certain actions. The theological idea of a covenant is a sharing of responsibility. Both are similar, but the difference is embedded in the word "responsibility."

Responsibility is best understood when we divide the word in half: response and ability—the ability respond. As we mature, we gather a larger repertoire of responses to various problems. Our ability to respond appropriately or effectively gets better. When newly married, our ability to respond to the inevitable problems of partnership is limited, but our ability increases as we mature. The covenant of marriage, as I see it, is a covenant to increase our ability to respond—to become more responsible to one another.

Anne Barschall writes that Quakers do not strongly encourage partners to reject divorce, no matter what. Despite this, we administer vows of lifelong commitment. Therefore, she concludes, "Our attitude toward marriage is fraudulent." I think that a better way to look at marriage is that it is bankrupt. Something that is bankrupt is still of great value, but it must be restructured in order to work correctly. Anne Barschall's questions that Quaker communities aneed to censure Eneed to censure Friends who divorce. Instead, I think we need to redefine the purpose of marriage.

What I like best about what she says is that marriage is not about personal fulfillment. There is something narcissistic about that idea, and I think she is right that a mistaken belief in this pseudo-purpose is part of the reason why

marriages don't survive.

After reading her article, I asked a few people what they think is the purpose of marriage. Here are some well-considered replies: "It is a reference point, a place to return to as we embark on life's adventures." "It is part of a new identity." "It extends the family onto new ground." "It is about the creation of a new family core." "It helps to isolate affection so that couples can feel more secure and trusting." "It encourages us to stay with someone, which is inherently difficult."

In my work as a marriage counselor, I find that the two leading reasons why marriages don't work are: first, the poison of addiction; and second, because one partner becomes more responsible while the other does not—one matures and develops a larger repertoire of responses, while the other fails to mature and continues to use outdated responses to problems. Both of these are fractures of the covenant. With addictions, the covenant is broken because all covenants depend on good faith, and when people get sub-

Good marriages nowadays are between couples who have worked hard at learning to love well and love deeply.

sumed in addictions, they become liars to themselves and to their partners. With uneven maturation the covenant is broken if a party fails to develop in responsibility and falls so far behind that the "tie that binds" is broken.

What I seek to do as a marriage counselor is to bring these issues into the open. With addictions there has to be recovery. No marriage can survive ongoing addiction. As they often say in Alcoholics Anonymous, "addictions lead to jail or death." The most common death is the death of a relationship. And with uneven maturation, an immature partner must be challenged to grow up. A man who still hangs out "with the guys" as he did before children were born, simply has to recognize that family life has natural demands that mean a change in lifestyle. A woman who still flies off in a rage as she did when a teenager has to learn to negotiate instead.

I have become convinced that love among equals is not inborn. It is natural to love your parents and your children, but these are examples of love among unequals. One reaches upward, the other downward. Love between equal partners, though, is learned. Marriage creates a sanctuary where people can learn to love as equals.

Anne Barschall argues that Quaker

meetings should hold couples accountable for their vow to stay married, censuring them if they divorce. But sin, according to theologian Paul Tillich, is a state of being rather than a wrong action. He sees sin as a state of estrangement from oneself, from one's loved ones, from one's community, and from God. Sin, rather than a single mistake, is a much more existential problem that calls us to the source of forgiveness—God. We should correct as much of our sinning behaviorally as we can, but no matter how good we act, we cannot correct the state of sin or estrangement we live in without divine grace.

One aspect of Quakerism that has evolved greatly since its origins is that Friends have become less focused on rigid,

> proper behavior and more on love. By opening our Religious Society up to marriages outside of the Quaker faith, to liberal dress and behavioral codes, to music and art, and to other more liberal expressions of our faith, we have certainly created new problems, but I think we have also

provided a foundation for a new way to take marriage out of bankruptcy.

Marriage, in my opinion—and here I part company with Anne Barschall—no longer has a stabilizing purpose. Now marriage's main purpose is to help us learn to love, a difficult and risky process. Get married and you are beginning a roller coaster ride. Don't get married if you want a smoother road to travel. Marriage actually destabilizes couples' lives.

Some of the ups and downs of marriage today come from knowing that we can get out of the bond. Since divorce is now an acceptable option, we have to really want to learn to love to make marriage work. Good marriages nowadays are between couples who have worked hard at learning to love well and love deeply. They don't stay married because they have to, but because they choose to. That choice itself makes them take the marriage more seriously, partly because they consider divorce from time to time.

As long as we believe that marriage is about personal fulfillment, when the marriage gets tough, we will be highly tempted to get out of it, for tough times are not very fulfilling—at least in the short run. If, however, we see the purpose of marriage as being to help us learn to love, then we can see that tough times are central to

that learning. When things get tough, we can see ourselves more deeply engaged in this lifelong, difficult process of learning to love.

One of the paradoxes of maturation is that the more freedom we have, the more disciplined we become. We have given marriages more freedom—the freedom to stay together or to divorce—and the result is twofold: there are more divorces, and there are better marriages. Why do I believe this? Because a modern marriage that includes liberated individuals—not subservient ones tied to rigidly defined roles, as was often the case in the pastis a step forward. There are fewer obstacles for women and men now, and that is right and just. Learning to love includes the difficult task of providing room for both partners to grow.

The deepest expression of love develops through shared, meaningful experiences and encountering the soul of one's partner. It helps to plan to stay together "till death do us part," bur what helps even more is that we commit ourselves to confrontation with one another. As romantic as the husband and wife in Fiddler on the Roof are with their affirmation of the traditional activities of their lives—being of service to one another: "If that's not love, what is?"—that is not the deepest expression of love. The key thing that happened was that Tevye demanded that his wife meet him eye to eye—the window to their souls-and talk about love and its meaning. They made love at that moment with their eyes open, with their souls bare, and saw in their partner someone they had grown to love.

What we need in Quaker meetings is to talk more openly about the struggles we have with making marriages work. We are still following an ourdated code that says marriages are wholly private—especially the struggles. I'm not suggesting that couples freely unload their problems in meeting for worship, but that they find ways to share what they've struggled with and what they've learned about love. And others need to be ready to listen.

What everyone will see is that marriages are emotionally heated places to be. As theorist David Schnarch says, marriages are like crucibles where iron ore is heated so that the slag can be discarded and steel can be formed. Keeping the learnings of marriage private doesn't give

Continued on page 47

# Saying "I Do" Anew

by Nancy Wick

ast year, my husband and I asked that our marriage be taken under the care of Salmon Bay Meeting in Seattle. There was nothing unusual about this, except that at the time we had been married for 16 years.

Why go through meeting with a clearness committee and having a "wedding" if you're already married? The easy answer is that at the time we got married, we were not part of a Friends meeting. My husband had been attending meetings off and on for years but had never become a member, while I had never been to a Friends meeting before and didn't know if Quakerism was for me.

However, we agreed that we wanted a spiritual home that we could share, and scarcely more than a year after our marriage, we visited Salmon Bay Meeting and felt we'd found one. My husband became a member in 1990 and I in 1994. Over the years, we watched several couples request a clearness process, and later attended their weddings. I remember thinking that there was something extraordinary about the Quaker approach to marriage, and I wondered if it was too late for us to ask the meeting to take us under its care.

Faith and Practice for our yearly meeting provided one answer. It said:

On occasion, a couple joined together outside of the Meeting, or, after years of marriage, desire to renew their vows in the presence of the Divine and the loving community of their Meeting. A couple can request a Clearness Committee to explore the health of their relationship and to chart their future. The celebration is a wonderful opportunity for the Meeting to express its loving support of the couple in the specially called Meeting for Worship.

But that didn't seem to be enough to convince us that what we wanted to do was the right thing. Both introverts, we hesitated to draw attention to ourselves in this way. Since we were 40 and 45 when we married, we weren't exactly the picture of

fresh young love. Nor were we celebrating one of those "marker" anniversaries—the 10th, say, or the 25th. No, we were just an ordinary couple in a good, solid relation-

ship. Why take the meeting's time, providing us with a clearness committee and planning a celebration? Surely there were other, more pressing needs for the meeting to attend to.

Still, the thought of having the meeting's care of our relationship remained in the back of my mind, especially when my husband and I attended another couple's "state of the union" meetings. My husband had served on this couple's clearness committee and they invited him and the other members, along with their spouses, ro a yearly gathering at which they reported how they were doing. I was impressed by the framework that they had available to them for assessing the state of their marriage. It was this that finally led me to have an informal talk with the clerk of our meeting's Oversight Committee, who assured me it would be entirely appropriate for us to make this request.

So we did. In late summer we met with our clearness committee for the first time, none of us too sure about what we should be doing. This situation they asked us to tell them our story—how we met, how we decided to marry, what our first wedding had been like. By the end of the evening they felt they knew us



Making a promise in the presence of one's Quaker community is not to be taken lightly, and having their support means a great deal.

Nancy Wick is a member of Salmon Bay Meeting in Seattle, Wash. was different from the usual clearness for marriage, so the committee's role was less clear. When they asked us what we wanted, we both talked about "opening up" our relationship to the community. So better, but there was more work to be done, so we set another meeting.

At the second meeting we covered the issues *Faith and Practice* said should be considered when any couple requests that

Barbara Benton

their marriage be taken under a meeting's care. My husband and I talked about our value systems, our day-to-day lives, our shared parenthood in raising my now-adult son, and our thoughts about the future. By the end of this discussion, the committee said they were happy to recommend that the meeting take our marriage under its care. We set a final committee meeting to plan the celebration.

Then we got stuck. Our old fears returned. We asked ourselves, was this really worth doing? Would anyone want to come? What were we going to say at the ceremony? We were torn between doing something simple and quick at a regular meeting for worship, and holding a separate event that would require rental of a space (since our meeting does not own a building) and more extensive preparations. We talked it over with our committee at the third meeting. They reassured us that people would want to come, and that they would support us in whatever we wanted to do.

Shortly after that, the clerk of our clearness committee called and said she had found a possible rental space for us. It was in the former rectory of an Episcopal church, in what had once been the living room, now serving as a library. It was cozy, comfortable, and just large enough for the modest crowd we expected. I took a deep breath and rented it for a Saturday night, January 10.

I created and printed invitations, and from there the clearness committee took over—finding child care, and planning food and a few simple decorations. One of them agreed to be the person who introduced the ceremony and explained the procedure to non-Quakers.

Meanwhile, my husband and I had to decide what we would say. Since what we were doing is generally called a renewal of vows, we turned first to the vows we had exchanged when we married in 1987. We had written our own vows, largely because we believed we would have said the traditional vows by rote, without taking in their meaning. But when we pulled out our original vows, we realized they had little to do with the reality of our marriage. So we decided we would each prepare something we wanted to say to the other—and that neither of us would know in advance what the other was going to say.

We did retain one thing from our wed-

ding, however—the reading of a story called "The Rabbi's Gift," which I had found at the beginning of M. Scott Peck's book A Different Drum. The story tells of a monastery that has dwindled in size over the years but is revived when an old rabbi tells the abbot that one of his number is the messiah. The monks, believing that to be true, begin to treat each other much better, and as a result others are attracted to their brotherhood. We had asked the minister at our wedding to tell this story because we thought it said something important about marriage, a relationship that is, after all, about living with someone else and treating them well. Sixteen years later, it still seemed appropriate.

When the time for the celebration arrived, we were both extremely nervous as we made our way to the appointed site. Our clearness committee and other Friends were already there, getting everything set up. The room was beautiful with candlelight and fresh flowers. We disappeared into another room until it was time for the ceremony to begin.

The celebration itself was magical. When we entered the worship room and sat down, I looked around at all the faces. Most of the members of our small meeting were there, as were a number of our friends from other places. There were smiles everywhere. I would have smiled back if I hadn't been so tense. I listened to the explanation of the process without really hearing it. The silence, when it came, was both welcome and expectant.

Then my husband and I stood up. I spoke to him of extraordinary respect, words I had borrowed from "The Rabbi's Gift." I said that the greatest enemy in marriage is the tendency to take the partner for granted, to notice him only when he does something you dislike. I said that the best thing I could promise him for our future together was that I would treat him always with extraordinary respect. My husband spoke of both our marriage and of Quakerism as being an "affirmation of the potential for hope and creativity and love in the world." He said he thought we would be most likely to find opportunities to express these in the world living together and living in mutual care by and for Salmon Bay Meeting.

We sat down, and our certificate was brought to us to sign. Afterward there was a long silence. Then the messages began. They spoke of marriage and they spoke of us, but what came through beyond the words was their love for us. It was an overwhelming "yes" to what we were doing.

That feeling continued the following morning at meeting. The wotship was full and rich, and afterward many people made a special point of telling us how much our celebration had meant to them. One woman, married 35 years, told me, "The things you said—they're the sorts of things you think and feel, but don't say. To have the opportunity to stand up and say them to your partner, in public, is priceless."

Our marriage renewal celebration, which initially had seemed almost selfish, was actually a gift. It was an affirmation, not just of our commitment to each other, but of the transforming power of enduring love. What we promised each other this time were things we had learned were important over 16-plus years of marriage. We were not renewing original vows, but making a new contract, one informed by hard experience, but still undertaken with great love.

Our marriage is not the same as it was before we went through this process. In the months since our celebration, I've looked at my husband with new eyes, and I've found myself thinking of my promise to him every single day. Making a promise in the presence of one's Quaker community is not to be taken lightly, and having their support means a great deal.

My message to long-married couples who came to Quakerism after marriage is that having a clearness process and marriage celebration can benefit both you and your meeting in ways you couldn't have imagined beforehand.

On July 25, 2004, my husband and I celebrated our 17th anniversary, but, thanks to our Friends meeting, we are newlyweds.

# **Testing a Father's Faith**

by Anthony Prete

erhaps no Old Testament story is more controversial than the sacrifice of Isaac (for biblical text, see page 14). A listener must ask the question: What kind of God would order a father to kill his only child? The question gets to the heart of the story. To seek an an-

Anthony Prete is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting. He has exercised his ministry to bring new insight to the biblical text by conducting workshops at FGC Gatherings, teaching courses at Pendle Hill, and providing classes for individual meetings. This article is the second in an ongoing series.

swer requires a close scrutiny of the text.

Isaac is the promised child, the next step toward the emergence of Israel as God's people. First promised when Abraham and Sarah were already too old to have children, he arrived only after years of waiting—to the delight and surprise of his parents.

But that joyful gift is now in jeopardy. The Could
Abraham so
trust God's
promise that
he would
destroy the
very means by
which it was
to be fulfilled?

God who promised this son unexpectedly calls for his death. No one did anything to bring this on; it seems a blatant case of divine perversity. Has God forgotten how crucial this child is to God's own plans and to the future of God's people? More immediately, has God forgotten what this child means to his parents?

Answers start emerging with a careful unpacking of the text. Notice first what



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terms: your son, your only son, Isaac, whom you love. The order in the Hebrew is slightly different. It reads: your son, your only son whom you love, Isaac. Look at the progression; see how the words advance in intimacy. Just "your son" is enough to warm Abraham's heart. But God goes on: "your *only* son." Yes, the child who removed the sting of barrenness from this old and faithful couple; the child who gives meaning to all that came before, and hope for all that will follow. Hope, not just for the couple; for God as well.

There's more: "whom you love." This is the first use of the verb "to love" in the Bible; it will turn up 217 more times. Its object can be anything from God to a good meal. The sense of the Hebrew is captured in the English "delight." And what better word to describe how the aged couple felt about this long-awaited, sometimes doubted, amazing child—whose very name means "laughter" and whose presence is their delight.

Then the clincher: "Isaac." For us, a name is just a name. For ancient Semites,

To speak your name is to acknowledge your true and authentic self, with all its properties and potentials. By saying "Isaac," God utters all that this young boy is, and all that he might become.

Until now, Abraham is clueless, glowing in this divine acknowledgment of his son. In a moment, numbness will replace that glow as he learns what God wants him to do with this four-times-honored child. But there is more to be mined from the multiple words.

The point of those designations is to make clear that God knows, acknowledges, and appreciates the bond between Isaac and Abraham, perhaps even that God shares in this bond. We know how Abraham and Sarah had to wait for the promise of a child to be fulfilled—did God have to wait as well? The child came when the child was supposed to come, and neither his parents nor God seemed able to advance his arrival. When he did come, all that God wanted and hoped for, God's plans for the future, began to take wing. God may be calling Isaac "your son," but somewhere in the divine heart it

are hard for God to say because only God knows where they are leading.

Then why say them? Why initiate this wrenching event? The storyteller addresses that question in the opening words of the narrative: "After these things God tested Abraham." "After these things" is the biblical way of clearing the deck and announcing that something new is coming. The key word is "tested." It sounds so superior, so haughty and insensitive. Why would God do that? To see how far Abraham can be pushed? To pull a divine version of "Who do you love best"? Because this God is fickle and arbitrary?

But wait a minute. Look at where this word appears—right in the beginning of the story, presumably before we know what will happen. What we really need to ask are: Why a test? And why now?

The test, for God, is not a choice. It is a necessity. Verse 12 verifies this by having God say, once the sacrifice is aborted, "Now I know. . . ." "Now," not before; and "I know." In Hebrew, the verb "to know" is not intellectual or abstract; it is experiential, so experiential that it's used for sexual intercourse, as in Genesis 4:1, "Now the man knew his wife Eve, and she conceived and bore Cain."

God needs experiential evidence that Abraham is the man of faith that God thinks he is. He seems to be, but every so often he has wavered, taking matters into his own hands rather than trusting in God's protection and care. With Isaac born and growing up, the path is clear for the promise to progress. But is Abraham the best choice for guiding and directing it? God still isn't sure.

To get this definitive evidence of Abraham's faithfulness, God must propose an action that could demolish Abraham's faith. What will it be? The answer—a horrifying answer also for God—is the killing of Isaac. More is at stake here than a father taking his son's life. Could Abraham so trust God's promise of a great nation that he would destroy the very means by which the promise was to be fulfilled? That's what God did not know and needed to find out.

The burden is not just on Abraham. For God to call for such a precarious action means taking a serious divine risk. This God has already failed twice—in the Garden of Eden and in the events leading to the Flood. Now God again risks failure

#### Genesis 22:1-12

1 After these things God tested Abraham. He said to him, "Abraham!" And he said, "Here I am." 2 He said, "Take your son, your only son Isaac, whom you love, and go to the land of Moriah, and offer him there as a burnt offering on one of the mountains that I shall show you."

3 So Abraham rose early in the morning, saddled his donkey, and took two of his young men with him, and his son Isaac; he cut the wood for the burnt offering, and set out and went to the place in the distance that God had shown him. 4 On the third day Abraham looked up and saw the place far away.

5 Then Abraham said to his young men, "Stay here with the donkey; the boy and I will go over there; we will worship, and then we will come back to you." 6 Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering and laid it on his son Isaac, and he himself carried the fire and the knife. So the two of them

walked on together.

7 Isaac said to his father Abraham, "Father!" And he said, "Here I am, my son." He said, "The fire and the wood are here, but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" 8 Abraham said, "God himself will provide the lamb for a burnt offering, my son." So the two of them walked on together.

9 When they came to the place that God had shown him, Abraham built an altar there and laid the wood in order. He bound his son Isaac, and laid him on the altar, on top of the wood. 10 Then Abraham reached out his hand and took the knife to kill his son.

11 But the angel of the Lord called to him from heaven, and said, "Abraham, Abraham!" And he said, "Here I am." 12 He said, "Do not lay your hand on the boy or do anything to him; for now I know that you fear God, since you have not withheld your son, your only son, from me." by making this heartwrenching request. And like most such requests, the one who speaks it then falls silent, intent on what it will evoke. "God

burnt

himself will

provide the

lamb for a

offering,

my son."

Amazingly, Abraham complies without objection (the same Abraham who, in Genesis 18, haggled with God over how many righteous people could save Sodom). To let this silent compliance sink

in, the storyteller draws out the narrative, listing each detail of Abraham's preparation. Then, with the journey over in a blink, the details again trickle out, one after another. At each pause, we look for Abraham to come to his senses and stop. He doesn't. He just advances in excruciat-

ing silence.

Most people think the dramatic climax of this story is Abraham raising the knife over the stunned Isaac and God—through a faintly disguised voice of an "angel"—shouting for him to stop. But the storyteller sees it differently. As scripture scholar Walter Brueggemann explains, through a carefully crafted structure the story presents the climax earlier, in a moment of poignant exchange between the burdened father and the bewildered son.

Central to the story are the three dialogues, tied together by a pattern of structural similarities and centered on a call. Think of the text as arranged in three columns. In the first (v. 1-2), God calls, Abraham answers, and God speaks. In the second (v. 7-8), Isaac calls, Abraham answers, and Isaac speaks. In the third (v. 11-12), an "angel" calls, Abraham answers, and the "angel" speaks. But wait. The three-stage pattern is broken in the second dialogue when Abraham speaks again. This tips us off that the storyteller is signaling the high point of the story. And what does Abraham say? "God himself will provide the lamb for a burnt offering, my son."

"God will provide"—this is Abraham's statement of faith, his answer to the test. More than that he doesn't know—his son, in fact, may be the "lamb" that God provides. But whatever is ultimately sacrificed on the altar, Abraham is willing to leave it in the hands of a God he has come to trust. So he tells Isaac (and all those down the centuries who have puzzled over this

story), "God will provide."

Words, though, are not enough. Without follow-up actions, Abraham's profession of faith would ring hollow, unable to muster concrete expression. Then that inability would be the answer to the test, a devastating answer because God would suffer yet a third divine failure.

But Abraham does what God has told him. Again,

the narrative slows as Abraham makes the final preparations. The focus is all on him; even Isaac has no words, no actions, caught up in his father's compliance. We watch—God watches—as Abraham proceeds, even making sure that the wood is stacked properly.

Once the knife is in Abraham's hand, God's shout freezes his movement with a double call of his name. He stops and answers, then hears the words of divine reprieve. Isaac is spared. And the reason he's spared is the key to the entire story: "for now I know that you fear God, since you have not withheld your son, your only son, from me."

We can almost hear the relief in God's voice: "now I know." Until then, God did not know—that was the reason for the test. Once the faith in Abraham's heart was expressed in words and actions, God knew. And once God knew, the test was over.

What God knew, what God had experienced, is that Abraham "fears" God. The term falls hard on modern ears—fearsome Gods should be avoided or placated. The Hehrew word is richet, embracing "awe" and "wonder," but even that falls short of this complex and puzzling biblical term. Ultimately, to fear God is to be faithful in conviction and action to who God is and who we are before God. It is acceptance, reliance, trust. It is also awe and reverence toward the God who is totally Other, whose capabilities we cannot fathom and whose inscrutability might take the form of asking a father to kill his son.

To explain why God is now convinced of Abraham's faithfulness, the storyteller returns to words spoken at the beginning. Then they were words of horror for Abraham and sorrow for God. Now they are words of relief for Abraham and joy for God: "your son, your only son." But

the high point is Abraham's actions. Those determined, deliberate, inexorable steps acknowledge that this child is God's son as well, affirming the bond that unites the three. God sums it all up: "you have not withheld your son, your only son, from me"

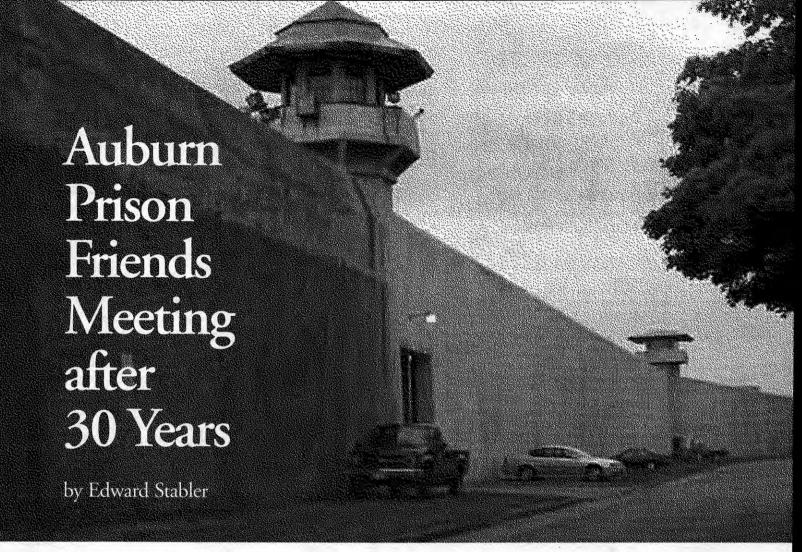
So the story has a happy ending. God's choice of Abraham is confirmed, never to be questioned again; Abraham's faithfulness to the promise does not cost him the ultimate price, the life of his son. But the ending leaves one glaring loose thread: Isaac. Although he is the center around which the story revolves, he plays only a minor role in its telling. More than that, except for his one question to his father, he plays a passive role—rather than act, he is acted upon.

The most obvious example of Isaac's passivity is the absence of any struggle or objection once his fate is clear. As the story draws to a climax, Isaac is presented as just one in a series of rather mundane tasks that Abraham performs: building an altar, arranging the wood, tying up Isaac, hefting him onto the altar (v. 9). Some think Isaac doesn't object because he's too young. The text doesn't say how old he is, but it does say that he's old enough to carry a load of wood and to ask an appro-

priate question.

What we have in this story is the first hint of something that will become apparent as the subsequent chapters of Genesis unfold: Isaac, though an essential link in the chain, is a minor character whose presence mostly serves to ground the actions of others. Having served his purpose in the sacrifice story, he disappears. The text encourages this: "So Abraham returned to his young men, and they arose and went together to Beersheba" (v. 15). What about Isaac? Did he join them but get no mention? Was he left behind, perhaps still in ropes? Did he run the other way the first chance he had? The text does not say; we are left to decide for ourselves.

Whether central or peripheral, active or passive, Isaac is still the bearer of the promise. The collection of stories in which he is the main character takes up just one chapter, 26. But it includes the essence of the promise: "Do not be afraid, for I am with you and will bless you and make your offspring numerous" (26:24). Among that numerous offspring will be Jacob, the Bible's first loveable scoundrel.



Meeting will observe its 30th year of continuous existence. Meeting time is 9–11 A.M. every Saturday, and attendance is typically 20–30 prisoner attenders and 2–3 attenders from the outside world. We meet in the prison chapel. After initial greetings the group settles into silent worship, as it has done for 30 years.

Auburn Prison Friends Meeting is like any other Friends meeting in all fundamental ways. There is the gathering of the spiritual community through shared silent worship. There is the equality of all the worshipers in the yearning for Light and the lifting of doubt that Light provides. There is the joy of seeing familiar, welcoming faces on arrival. The time after worship is spent on business, discussions, and special programs, such as the Dancers of Universal Peace. Once a year the meeting has an all-day picnic in the prison. At

Edward Stabler, a member of Syracuse (N.Y.) Meeting, is a retired professor of Computer Engineering at Syracuse University. He attended the first worship session at Auburn Prison and the first Alternatives to Violence Project workshop there.

# Auburn Prison Friends Meeting is like any other Friends meeting in all fundamental ways.

this event we see the prisoners with their families, including children and other loved ones. We eat, laugh, sing, and pray together. Big-group pictures are taken and later treasured. It is a thrill to see the prisoners swinging children in the air, chasing them around the yard, and sitting close to their wives and partners. There is a close connection between the prison meeting and the Alternatives to Violence Project (AVP) workshops that have been held in Auburn Prison regularly since 1976.

Auburn Prison Meeting is not at all like any outside meeting in a multitude of less fundamental ways. Worshipers from the outside world cannot just drop in, on the spur of the moment. In order to

attend Auburn Prison Meeting the outsider has to apply to the prison administration, and be supported by a Quaker liaison. Then the person must meet with prison officials so they can explain possible dangers and emphasize the need for responsible behavior. A photo ID badge is needed. In order to be a volunteer, as is required to attend meetings, one must also agree never to visit or correspond with any prisoner anywhere in New York State. This is a difficult decision for many of us, and some Quakers have refused. They are unwilling to break off communication with prisoner friends they've met and come to value and respect after worshiping with them for years. In order to worship in prison you must agree not to reveal anything you learn there to the public. Articles, such as this one, must be reviewed by the prison administration before publication. Prisoners cannot attend meeting without permission. They need to apply to the chaplain, and it is not unusual to wait for six months for approval. Once permission is given, it is for a trial period. At the end of the trial period the attender must declare that the

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### FRIENDS JOURNAL

1216 ARCH ST STE 2A PHILADELPHIA PA 19107-9370 NO POSTAGE NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES Quaker religion is his religion for all intents and purposes as far as the Department of Corrections is concerned. He is then not allowed to attend other

religious services in the prison.

Janet Lugo, a Syracuse Meeting Friend, was responsible for initiating the Auburn Prison Worship Group in 1975, the first New York State prison Quaker worship group. Today there are worship groups or meetings in nine New York State prisons. Janet is also responsible for initiating AVP workshops at Auburn Prison. The first one, in 1976, was only the second such workshop held anywhere, the first having been held in Green Haven (NY) State Prison. Today there are typically 15–20 AVP workshops at Auburn each year.

In an article, "Letting Your Life Speak" (FRIENDS JOURNAL, August 1/15, 1976), Janet Lugo explained why prisoners are interested in Quakerism:

But it is the translation of Friends' belief in "that of God in everyone" into social action that best "speaks to their condition." If Friends sincerely and persistently reach out to them on this level, and if we share with them their struggle for justice, acceptance, and fulfillment as human beings, then they will respond with an interest in the religion that makes us do this. It is a matter of "letting your life speak" in such a way that it can be heard behind the prison walls. And it is a matter of reaching out to work with them, never for them, in every way you can. To work for them is a graruitous act of charity, in its own way as dehumanizing as the prison system itself. It says that they are too weak, incompetent, and generally far gone to take responsibility for their own lives. The difference can be very subtle, but people in prison are trained to survive by subtleties, and they can easily sense the difference.

The negotiations with the prison administration to arrange the first meeting at Auburn and the ongoing negotiations since have been an exercise in Quaker persuasion and persistence. There would be no Quaker meeting at Auburn if the New York Department of Corrections or the Auburn prison administration strongly opposed it. The outside Quakers were determined that any Quaker worship group in the prison be a real one, with all important practices observed. The administration adapted to the idea that all Quakers were ministers and that the prison could not demand that Quakers hold degrees from religious

# Can Quaker decision-making procedures be effective in groups that have had no experience using them?

seminaries. The prison officials eventually accepted the fact that more than one outside Quaker must be admitted to attend the worship. More difficult was our insistence that to exclude women from entering the prison to worship at the Quaker services was unacceptable. We, on the other hand, had to adapt to the harsh rule that we could have no other contact at all with prisoner attenders, no correspondence, no visits, no exchange of small gifts. Indeed this prohibition extends to every prisoner in any New York prison. It is harsh—so harsh that the description is painful for me to express. Try to imagine such a prohibition being placed on you in your relationship with the attenders of your home meeting! No one under the age of 18 is allowed to attend. The discussions in the meeting are supposed to stay on religious topics. It is impossible to strictly observe this rule. We discuss everything, since religion is connected to everything. But on occasion, visiting Quakers have been punished and refused entry for very mild departures from prison rules. That this is the 30th year we have had a Quaker meeting at Auburn is itself an acknowledgement that the Department of Corrections and the Auburn Prison administration have generally been cooperative and professional in dealing with our concerns and the challenges our concerns create. The needs of the meeting are negotiated with the administration by a Quaker liaison person, currently Jill McLellan, and other outside attenders. Over the 30 years the meeting has had liaison representation by a line of strong, gifted, Quaker women, starting with Janet Lugo. We are blessed.

The Quaker tradition of adapting to the spirit, rather than the letter, helped Auburn Meeting in its early days. Two years after the first gathering, the worship group requested preparative meeting status in Farmington-Scipio Regional Meeting. Technically and historically, preparative meeting status has been used for entirely different purposes, so there were good reasons for denying the request. But the new group at Auburn needed the support of a wider group of Quaker meetings. The request was also a wish for acceptance. If the request had been denied, for any reason, the men would have accepted that. Prison life means continually accepting disappointments. On the other hand, approving the request would be a sure sign of acceptance and respect, something the prison group would cherish. Farmington-Scipio Regional Meering did approve rhe request and has continued to provide support for

Can Quaker decision-making procedures be effective in groups that have had no experience using them? The diversity of the prison meeting is large, and this diversity makes reaching consensus difficult and time-consuming. When the group does reach full consensus on a difficult matter, it is a thrill. It provides powerful evidence that community bonds can be built and maintained when making difficult decisions once everyone accepts the truth that group decisions must be by consensus, rather than by majority. The meeting clerks have always been appointed from among the prisoner attenders, and the new clerks need support and guidance from outside attenders. But the meeting has been blessed with gifted and sincere prisoner clerks from the beginning, providing the warmth and trust needed for spiritual growth to be maintained for 30 years.

The spirit of Auburn Meeting is expressed well in its State of the Meeting report for 2003:

Our Beloved Brothers—Our Beloved Sisters,

Greetings from the Auburn Quaker Meeting! We extend our love and Inner Light of peace to you all. We are always happy to participate and contribute each year to the State of the Society report. We also like to hear from all our friends out there who also share their wonderful and refreshing ideas.

It is always interesting and challenging to address the questions that come out of the State of Meeting, and 2003 was no exception. The question posed, "What measure of growth have you experienced as you have been guided by the spirit last year?" has sparked quite a few responses of growth here at

Auburn. The following are the collective

thoughts of our group.

We found that although the Orange Alert created numerous State Facility cancellations and shutouts, somewhere between all of this we were still able to enjoy our annual Quaker event and our six-week Quaker study group. We are proud that two needy families received gifts of food and clothing during the Christmas season through our Adopt-a-Family activity with Poplar Ridge Meeting. Some of us found that just coming to our weekly meetings created good feelings. Some of us gained in the area of giving service to others rather than personal reward of recognition. Just seeing others happy was satisfaction enough. The meeting has helped some to become closer to our families. There are those who enjoyed the companionship of others who share the same positive ways. In addition, one can expect good, honest feedback from the group. Some Friends felt uplifted by regular visits from the Dancers of Universal Peace. One Friend really liked the idea that Quakers were not held to any single religious structure and would like to see his outside family involved in the Quaker way of life.

On the other hand, there were suggestions and comments that might be envisioned as areas for improvement. Some of us expressed the need to support each other more; otherwise feelings of hypocrisy invade the group. One Friend felt the need to pull back because inmates didn't help each other enough. A Friend challenges the group to read at least one query a week; the group accepts the challenge. Another Friend suggested we not tell people things like "You have to . . ." or "You better do this . . . . " Instead we could substitute asking or suggesting. A Friend has a hard time making friends, however coming to meeting has helped. Another felt he was on a spiritual roller coaster. Some of us are learning to accept death in our own way.

Finally, using the words of our own group, we are on a spiritual walk with God, pointing ourselves down a path—staying open and realizing that we are all very important. We are all great and special.

When prisoner attenders are asked what draws them to Quaker meeting, a common reply is that meeting for worship provides a time when it is safe to relax and to drop the prison-yard face and wise-cracking conversation. Hopes and plans can be shared without fear of ridicule. The men can acknowledge and explore spiritual beliefs in a safe place. Auburn Prison is a maximum security prison and the prisoner attenders often have long sentences, 20–30 years or even more. Despite this, individuals' problems and joys arise from their interest in family ties to their children, parents, and wives or partners.

A prison worship group is an oasis of

To Friends: A Call to Duty

by Ismael Meléndez

Triendship is an abundant selfexpression of giving, helping, caring, and expecting, existing in every corner of our world. So enticing is the desire and need for friendship that we often render and demand it without a second thought, without consideration of the significance, importance, and dedication that true ftiendships require. But when we rush into friendship, we can create false fondness or selfish expectation, and we often learn that the sincere friendship we gave is not the same that we receive, leaving our souls feeling injured and disillusioned. Friendship must be honestly given, gingerly cared for, tenderly touched, and softly spoken to. The slightest mishandling; the least, uninten-

tional, wrong action; an inappropriate word; or its misuse—any of these can bruise the spirit of friendship, and send our desire to give and obrain it to the deepest corners of the heart, where it may never rise and trust again.

Many people, fortunately, understand that true friendship is unselfishly given and carefully cared for, while expecting noth-

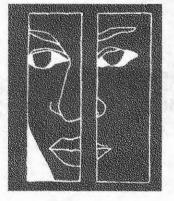
ing in return. To Quakers, friendship is an expression of love born and nurtured in

the heart where it radiates unto the life of others. Like the sweet and captivating aroma of a blossoming flower, Quaker friendship arouses our interest and beckons us to explore its possibilities, calling us to give, to share, and to love. But yet, in at least one respect, contemporary Quakerism has much to be desired when it comes to true friendship.

In the Bible, God cautions us to be wary of the dangers of friendship. Some friendships are untrustworthy (Ps. 41:9), while others may entice us to sin (Deut. 13:6). But God also tells us that "a friend loves at all times" (Prov.17:17), is interested in our welfare (1 Sam. 18: 1), expresses sympathy (Job 2:11), gives helpful advice (Prov. 27:7), is always faithful (Prov.17:17), and, as Jesus tells us, friendship is sacrifice:

If you keep my commandments, you will abide in my love, just as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in his love. These things I have spoken to you, that my joy may remain in you, and that your joy may be full. This is my commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you. Greater love has no one than this, than to lay down one's life for his friends. You are my friends if you do whatever I command you." (John 15:10–14).

The founders of the Religious Society of Friends, I dare say, had a profound understanding of the concept and love of friendship, and of the message that God has for all of us. They understood we are



Ismael Meléndez is a member of Eastern Prison Preparative Meeting in Napanoch, N.Y.

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shared spiritual seeking inside prison. But prisons are destructive, hateful, and corrosive to the human spirit. Outside attenders of prison worship groups often despair over their inability to effect even small, obviously sensible improvements in the prison system. Outside Quakers who worship in prison see and hear mainly about the situations of individuals, often individuals they know and respect, rather than an overall picture of crime and society. They see the outcomes of an immoral, unjust system up close.

From any viewing distance, one is aware of the immorality, the injustice, and the ineffectiveness of the prison system in achieving society's reasonable goals. Is the criminal justice system fair? Everyone knows it is not. Do prisons create better citizens? Certainly not. Are prisons help-

ful to prisoners seeking redemption? No. Do long prison terms help the victims of crime in their need to move from a state of anger and hurt to one of recovery, restoration, and peace? No, prisons and the criminal justice system only encourage the victim's inclination for revenge and hate.

Still, both inside and outside attenders observe the basic changes and transformations that can occur in men serving long prison terms. The men who attend Auburn Prison Meeting are changed from the men they were many years ago when they committed their crimes. Prisoners transform themselves through thought, prayer, and practice. It is said that Quaker beliefs are not passed on from generation to generation, but are rediscovered by each one of us. That is the case in the

Auburn Prison Meeting. The prisoners who attend are on their own path of spiritual self-discovery, and the meeting provides a safe community of fellow travelers on the path of change. It is a hard path to travel alone.

Worshiping in prison with prisoners reaffirms the Quaker belief that all men and women share the Light; all earnestly wish to bring their lives into accord with their deepest beliefs and best selves. Worshiping with prisoners confirms the fact that every human has the potential to do good, to be a good person. Accepting prisoners as fellow seekers can help us develop more sensible criminal justice and prison policies that will be effective in meeting society's need for security, while still respecting the humanity and the potential of all men and women.

all created in God's image. As such, we are born with "the Inward Light" of the Holy Spirit. The Light is the connecting fiber between God and us, and in their silent worship early friends (including George Fox, Thomas Adam, Dorothy Benson, William Dewsbury, Margaret Fell, Elizabeth Hooton, and John Stubbs), like us, communicated with God. They were inspirited by the Light and bound together by Christ's love and an unshakable dedication to true friendship.

They also understood that the Light of God in us is meant to shine out through the world illuminating the path of misguided souls, souls that often fall victim to Satan, who "walks about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may

#### Prisons are filled with souls who require our concentrated efforts. Here lies a vast reservoir of possible valiant workers for God.

devour" (1 Pet. 5:8). Because of their faith, love for God, and understanding of friendship, the founders of Quakerism were beaten, imprisoned, tortured, and murdered. But their deaths were not in

vain. They left a legacy, a desire, an inspiration, a dedication, and the meaning and workings of the Inward Light. They passed on to us, the children and inheritors of their faith, a Religious Society of Friends, their burning torch, so we may continue God's earthly work through the Light that lies in our own spirits. New York Yearly Meeting's Faith and Practice, in the words of George Fox, instructs us to proclaim the teachings and beauty of the Inward Light:

Let all nations . . . hear the word by sound or writing. Spare no place, spare not tongue nor pen, but be obedient to the Lord God and go through the world and be valiant for the Truth upon earth . . . be parterns, be examples in all countries, places, islands, nations, wherever you come; that your carriage and life may preach among all sorts of people.

Many Quakers have forgotten this wonderful lesson. Without realizing it, we have become so entangled in the pursuit and maintenance of our earthly life that we are neglecting the very principles of our faith. We have, in essence, undergone a metamorphosis—an innocent (or purposeful) transformation from a giving, loving, and sharing Friend to an educationally refined, but crass, individual. The question, however, is not whether we have forgotten or changed. The question is: are we, as true Friends and Christians, still willing to carry on the torch of friendship; are we willing to sacrifice; are we willing to teach, to guide, to love, and to learn?

The work is plentiful, but we must not despair, for it is not we who work, but God who works through us. The history of the Religious Society of Friends is filled with account upon account of the help and contributions made to society in general, especially to those in need. We must carry on Friends tradition and continue helping all people, regardless of their situation. From the wealthiest to the homeless, from the most legal to the most criminal we must continue our plight to teach of the Christ Within.

Prisons, for example, are filled with souls who require our concentrated efforts. Here lies a fountain, a vast reservoir, of possible valiant workers for God. Souls who in their confinement and solitude have caught a sense, a glimpse, of the workings and significance of the Inward Light, thus becoming an attentive audience rendering us the fabulous opportunity to teach and guide them. Incarcerated men and women actively attend our meetings and participate in our retreats with much gusto. But, quite often, they are disheartened by the lack of participation and interest by those Friends from whom they seek the teachings of the Light of the Holy Spirit; through whom their eyes are opened, allowing them to see the path of God's righteousness. We proclaim, and encourage others to follow, the teachings of our Lord, but forget that Jesus "went and preached to the spirits in prison, who formerly were disobedient." (1 Pet. 3:19)

to be caring, to be Friends, to reach into the belly of the lion and bring out the souls it has devoured, especially those who seek our help. One must reach deep into the mine to retrieve the diamonds, and prisons are mines full of precious ones. Let us not forget, as Faith and Practice confirms, that "We have a concern, based partly on Friends 300-year history of imprisonment for conscience's sake, for the humane treatment of those held in prison. There are many ways to help those convicted of a crime, as well as their victims, to rethink and remake their lives"- and one of the most important is through fellowship. As Friends we are able to do so because we have in us the connecting fiber of the Holy Spirit and understand the significance and marvelous workings of the Inward Light.

As a Religious Society of Friends

dedicated to creating a better

world, it is our duty to be valiant,

This friend, who has experi-

enced no truer friendship than that of Quakers, humbly asks you to be as vigilant as the lion that roams the Earth for Hades, but instead, seeking souls to guide towards God. If you hear of a prison Friends meeting or of a prison Friends

retreat, make it your duty to find out the particulars and try your best to attend. Give our Friends in prison some of your undivided time. Join the few Friends who are in fellowship with prisoners to rejuvenate and enlighten the imprisoned mind, strengthen the imprisoned soul, and offer hope and true friendship in a sometimes seemingly hopeless situation. If only one soul discovers and learns about the Light within, then God, and the spirits of our founding fathers and mothers, will have reason to rejoice.

# Service: Prisoners Ministry

by John Mandala

Ome time ago I heard a story about a visitor to a Quaker meeting. After a while the visitor leaned over to an oldtimer and whispered in his ear, "When does the service start?" The old-timer replied, "When we leave here."

Being in prison for the last 18 years has helped me to understand that we are doing ministry or service when we have a positive

> outlook toward the world and those around us. This is pretty straightforward, but it is very important, especially in prison.

> When a person acknowledges the harm which he/she has caused to others, an awakening can occur and those who have been forgiven much become those with much to give. Men and women who have been in

prison for 10-20 years or more are a testament to the amazing ability of the human psyche to move on and survive through service to others. This is a difficult revelation, and even more so when we hear that those who live on the other side of life's fences are doing something that we can't imagine being able to do-survive inside prison. Interestingly, as people hear about prisons through the news or church, some feel as though they have an obligation or some biblical command to "visit those who are in prison" and help them by doing this good deed. Strangely though, most find that prison visits are a source of inspiration and truth. Most volunteers would readily agree that they leave feeling as though they have received more than they have given. As a result, it will be the first time they grapple with their previous views.

John Mandala is clerk of the Sing Sing Worship Group in Ossining, New York.

For many, this may be something they have never thought about, and the apparent question is simple: Do people in prison really help others? Likewise, do prisoners only help other prisoners, or is there a bigger picture we rarely consider? The answer to both of these questions is a resounding "yes!" Most of us might then ask, "How come I have never heard of that?"

Simply put, we as a society label those who have been convicted of crimes as akin to lepers, as the scum of the Earth, believing they should be locked in prison and forgotten. Many believe that those who have been put in prison are irredeemable, and we justify our thoughts to conform with our stereotypical ideals about those who are not like us-we don't want to know or even hear anything about them. Yet, when we personally experience situations where the criminal is our son, daughter, brother, sister, cousin, uncle, or friend, we are forced to open our eyes to the plight of the incarcerated. And still we separate ours from all the others. We have been taught that prison walls are there to keep prisoners from escaping. We have never

Some people feel they have an obligation to "visit those who are in prison." Strangely, most find that prison visits are a source of inspiration and truth.

been taught that the walls are also built to keep the public out. No wonder we do not hear about what is going on inside.

Many prisoners teach other prisoners how to read and write, how to deal with violence, and how to better communicate. In addition, many programs begun by prisoners help people in society. Prisoners help people who are homeless and hungry by donating canned food to shelters, donating money to hospitals for children who are sick, and talking with teens who have lost their way. These are only a few of the ways that prisoners are trying to be of service to humanity and not just to talk about it.

Our society and our churches would do well to look at the human beings in our prisons to see examples of spirituality through service. In prison or outside, serving others is the real essence of ministry and the love of God and our neighbor. You came to America
a month before the war.
It certainly dampened your fun,
Serious adults talking endless politics,
watching obsessive TV.
I thought it would be good
to get them out of the house for awhile
so the family rented seats on a tour boat
that sailed for an hour down the bright Niagara River.

At the last minute overcome by worry and crowds your mother begged to be left by herself onshore. She waved from the dock, afraid of losing you.

But you were 10 oblivious and buoyant.
Intent on enjoying America:
The language. The chicken wings.
The sneakers. The shorts.

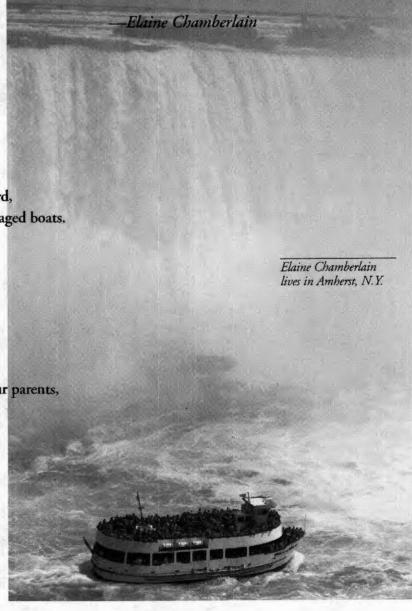
Happiness lifted you and tossed your hair.
You did not see
that farther along the shore, by the naval yard,
reservists were practicing in muted, camouflaged boats.

Who could tell the future?
We wanted you to stay.
To go to school in Buffalo.
Maybe we could have arranged it, with help from lawyers or nuns.

We laughed at how hard it would be for your parents, taking you back to Iraq.
"De-program her on the plane," we said.
"You've got 10 hours. Do it. Start now.
Your lives could depend on it."

We knew when you left that Saddam had taken the family's factory. That he would probably, also, take whatever the family carried in.

But we did not know
you'd lose your house and land
and that you'd be forced to wander
from Karbela and Kadhumiyah to Najaf.
Or that we'd lose track of you
and never know from one day to the next
if you were under rubble
or still alive in Istanbul or Izmir or Nicosia or Amman.



terms "Gurneyite" and "Wilburite" will be used to refer to two groups of Friends, although they may well have rejected these names. Each would have claimed for itself the title "Friends" and, after they separated from each other, denied that the other group had any right to use it. A third group, called "Hicksites," from whom most of today's Friends General Conference meetings are descended, likewise called themselves "Friends" and viewed both groups as separatists.

In the fall of 1854, readers of *The Friend* (a predecessor of FRIENDS JOURNAL) may have been surprised by an article on the Ohio Yearly Meeting. It appeared that a dispute over the choice of clerk and assistant clerk had escalated into a split in the meeting. As fantastic as that may have seemed, the full

story was even more amazing.

The difficulty in naming a clerk was not a new one—Ohio Yearly Meeting representatives had been unable to agree on a clerk since 1846. A year before that, New England Yearly Meeting had suffered a separation, and each of the resulting bodies sent an epistle to the other yearly meetings. Reading an epistle from another yearly meeting was seen as recognizing the legitimacy of that meeting, and Ohio Yearly Meeting was split between those who sympathized with what was called the "Larger Body" (Gurneyite) and the "Smaller Body" (Wilburite)—both of which claimed to be New England Yearly Meeting.

Benjamin Hoyle, who had first become clerk in 1838, and a majority of the members of Ohio Yearly Meeting favored the "Smaller Body," but a substantial minority (perhaps one-third of the membership) considered this group to be renegades from the Religious Society of Friends. For six years, Benjamin Hoyle's support of the New England Wilburites had made him just barely acceptable as clerk to the Ohio Yearly Meeting Gurneyites. He had remained in that position because, when the representatives were unable to agree on another candidate, the practice was for the current clerk to continue in office.

In 1854, the presence of a visitor at the yearly meeting sessions made Benjamin Hoyle's continued service intolerable to the Gurneyites. The visitor was Thomas Gould, clerk of the "Smaller Body" in New England. Arriving for the opening session, he took a seat in the ministers' gallery of the meetinghouse—behind the clerks' table, where all could see him. To

Paul Buckley is a Quaker theologian and historian living in Richmond, Ind., where he attends Clear Creek Meeting. His most recent book is Twenty-First Century Penn, a collection of five of William Penn's theological works in modern English.

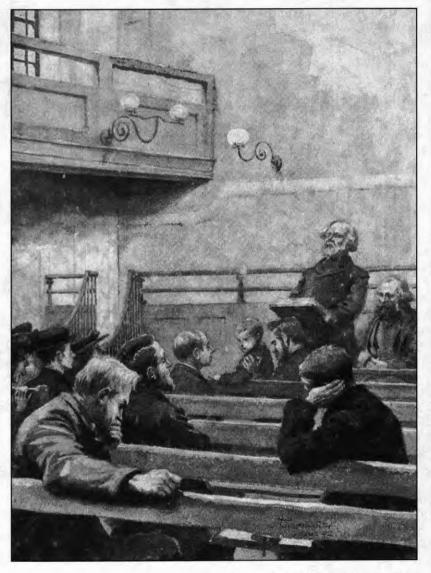
## THE SECOND

by Paul Buckley

the Gurneyites, his presence in a place of honor could not be allowed. From the floor of the meeting, they challenged his right to the seat and demanded that Benjamin Hoyle, in his official capacity as clerk, instruct him to leave. Although this issue took up most of the opening session, you will notice that neither the request, nor Benjamin Hoyle's demurral, is even mentioned in *The Friend* (see sidebar). In the eyes of the Gurney-

ites, Benjamin Hoyle was derelict in his duties and unfit to remain as clerk. That evening, in the meeting of the yearly meeting representatives, they tried once more to replace him, without success.

Much is missing from the account of the next day's events. As described in the article, two reports came forward early in the business session. The first, from a Gurneyite, proposed Jonathan Binns as clerk and James Bruff as assistant clerk.



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# OHIO SEPARATION

This was met with shouts of "I approve." Before these had died down, the second (Wilburite) report was presented, in essence asking the current clerks to continue to serve. This was followed, no doubt, by its own chorus of "I approve." In response, Benjamin Hoyle quickly wrote and read a minute stating that the representatives were unable to unite and that he and William Bates would remain in their current positions-certainly bringing forth yet

another round of approvals. For about two hours, discussion (undoubtedly heated) continued, peppered by repeated calls from the floor that Jonathan Binns and James Bruff take their seats at the clerks' table. Eventually, and reluctantly, they did so. Since William Bates was a Gurneyite, he had not taken his seat. Jonathan Binns sat down in the empty chair next to Benjamin Hoyle.

At this point, Jonathan Binns offered a minute naming himself as clerk and James Bruff as assistant. From the floor, Wilburites cried out that no minute had been read by a legitimate clerk, so there was no need to object to its approval. As a result, the proposed minute was met with numerous cries of "I approve," and very few objections. For the next several hours, two men attempted to clerk two meetings in the same room.

Various attempts at reconciliation were offered from the floor, but each failed. Both sides were convinced of their own righteousness. Each side

declared the other to be separatists.

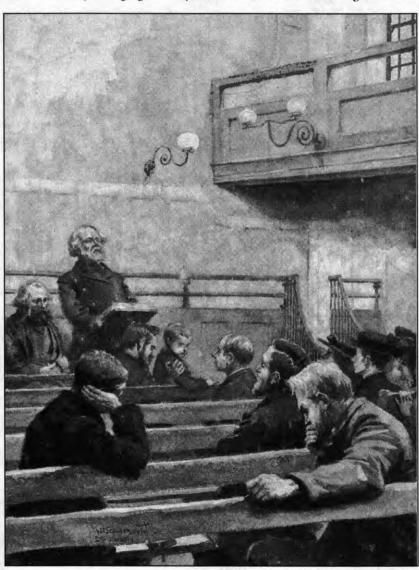
The spectacle finally ended at four o'clock, six hours after it had begun, when Benjamin Hoyle proposed that the meeting adjourn for the day. This minute was approved by the Wilburites, who shook hands with each other, and left. The Gurneyites remained behind and conducted their own business session for two more hours before adjourning.

Something had been learned by Ohio Yearly Meeting since the raucous separation from the Hicksites in 1828. That meeting had progressed from yelling to shoving to biting; the clerks' table had been pulled to pieces in an attempt by the Hicksites to wrest away that symbol of authority; and the session had ended with a panicked evacuation when someone in the balcony snapped a piece of wood and a young man yelled, "O Lord! The Galleries are coming down!"

The two sides in 1854 quickly found ways to accommodate each other. For the rest of the week, they carefully arranged to hold their business meetings at different times. Remarkably, at the usual time on Thursday morning, those attending both sets of business sessions could be found sitting together in the regular midweek meeting for worship. For some years afterwards, both bodies (as well as the Hicksite yearly meeting) conducted their annual business sessions in the Mount Pleasant Meetinghouse and every Sunday morning three meetings for worship were held: one for Gurneyites at 8 A.M., a second for Wilburites at 10, and a third

Freed from the influence of the other body, each group developed in its own unique way. The Wilburites (known today as Ohio Yearly Meeting, Conservative) preserved an explicitly Christian faith Conservative) preserved an explicitly Christian faith while following the traditional Quaker practices. They maintained the "peculiarities"—plain clothes, plain speech, and separation from "the world's people"—long after other Friends had abandoned

for Hicksites at 11.



FRIENDS JOURNAL September 2004

them, and held on to silent, waiting worship when most Gurneyite meetings gave

New England and the other Wilburite yearly meetings have disappeared. New England and Philadelphia reunited with those from whom they had separated, while the rest slowly declined in numbers and were laid down, leaving Ohio Yearly Meeting (later joined by other kinds of conservative Friends) to carry on an important element of our society.

Ohio's Gurneyites (now the Evangelical Friends Church—Eastern Region) moved in a very different direction, embracing evangelical Christianity and holding up the practice of early Friends by actively spreading the word of God.

They formed the core of what is now Evangelical Friends International, a body with thousands of members in North and South America, Africa, and Asia.

How different—and how much blander, perhaps—the Religious Society of Friends would be today if cooler heads had prevailed on Third-day, the 5th of Ninth month, 1854.

# THE FRIEND.

A RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY JOURNAL.

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SEVENTH-DAY, TENTH MONTH 21, 1854.

NO. 6.

#### OHIO YEARLY MEETING.

Remarks on the Appointment of Clerks in Ohio Yearly Meeting, 1854.

Ohio Yearly Meeting convened on Second-day, the 4th of Ninth month, 1854.

The clerks of the preceding year, Benjamin Hoyle and William S. Bates, according to custom, acted as the officers of the meeting. It was organized by calling the names of the representatives and reading the authenticated records of their appointment by the respective Quarterly Meetings. After a session of three or four hours, the meeting adjourned to Third-day morning, at 10 o'clock.

In the evening, after the close of the first sitting, the representatives met, agreeably to the direction of the Discipline, to choose a clerk and an assistant. There were forty-two of them. Twenty-eight were in favour of reporting to the Yearly Meeting the names of Benjamin Hoyle for clerk, and William S. Bates for assistant. Twelve of them favoured the nomination of Jonathan Binns for clerk, and James B. Bruff for assis-Neither being willing to yield their cardidates, it was proposed to report to the meeting that they could not agree on any names to offer. This was advocated by the twenty-eight, and opposed by the twelve; the latter stating that such a report, under the usage of the Yearly Meeting, would be equivalent to the continuation of B. Hoyle and W. S. Bates, for another year.

On Third-day morning as soon as the meeting was opened, a Friend arose and stated that he had been desired by a part of the representatives to propose Jonathan Binns for clerk, and James B. Bruff to assist him.

Another Friend immediately arose, and stated that he had been requested by the representatives to report that they had been unable to agree on any names to offer to the meeting for clerk or assistant.

The friends of Jonathan Binns expressed their approval of his appointment.

The clerk of the meeting stated that agreeably to the usage of that meeting for several years past, they could receive no other report than that made by the latter Friend, and this was equivalent to a continuance of the present clerks; to which effect he should now make a minute, it being conformable to the settled practice of the meeting.

Several Friends stated that the attempt by a small part of the representatives to nominate a clerk without the consent of their colleagues, and to force an appointment on the meeting, was an act of separation, and must result in a secession from the Yearly Meeting. They accordingly advised that those who were favourable to proceeding in an orderly manner,

agreeably to the settled custom of the Yearly Meeting, should take no part in the matter of J. Binn's (sic) nomination, but leave it to his party, it being wholly the act of a separate body, and no part of the business of Ohio Yearly Meeting. Several of those who favoured J. Binns, openly declared that it was a separation.

After a short time, Benjamin Hoyle made a minute stating the fact that the representatives had not been able to agree, and that according to the practice of that meeting, the present clerks were continued for another year. When this minute was read there was a large expression of unity with it—more than is usual on the appointment of clerks.

Jonathan Binns afterwards made a minute appointing himself clerk and James B. Bruff assistant.

Some time after this, at the suggestion of a Friend, and with the approbation of a large number, Benjamin Hoyle made and read a minute adjourning the meeting to ten o'clock next morning, and he and those who adhered to the previous usage of the meeting, withdrew, forming about two-thirds of the assembly, while Jonathan Binns and his friends remained behind.

#### Bisexual, Transgender, and Queer Concerns: Midwinter Gathering 2004

We write to you for the first time as Friends for Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, and Queer Concerns. We have struggled for the past several years over what to name our community. We are happy to report that we are moving to a place where we are relaxing into the joy of our diverse fellowship.

One hundred and twenty-five Friends, across our generations, gathered at the Burlington Meeting House and Conference Center in Burlington, N.J., 13–16 Second Month, 2004, under the theme "Inward Work/Outward Mission."

The joy of our community manifested itself in many ways. We experienced the delivery of valentines, the giving and making of gifts, the presence of women sharing the work of their hands and hearts and the sharing of our laughter. Our children danced and played with us, requiring our attention and bringing a renewed vision of our lives. We felt and rejoiced in the increased presence and leadership of young adults in our midst. We practiced

Many Friends experienced a renewal and diverse depth to our spiritual sharing, in worship, workshops, conversation, and in fun. Our worship was strong and varied from nearly silent to rich vocal ministry.

As we experienced the warmth and spiritual depth and affirmation of our community, feeling our gifts named and used and appreciated, we were reminded that God loves us as we are. God calls us to use our talents and experience to do loving work in the world. Our keynote speaker, Tracye Peterson, called on us to receive the good news that God loves us deeply and asked if we were prepared to accept God's invitation to dance.

We learned that understanding our pain and being in touch with our tender places are parts of our inward work to prepare us for further ministry and witness to the world.

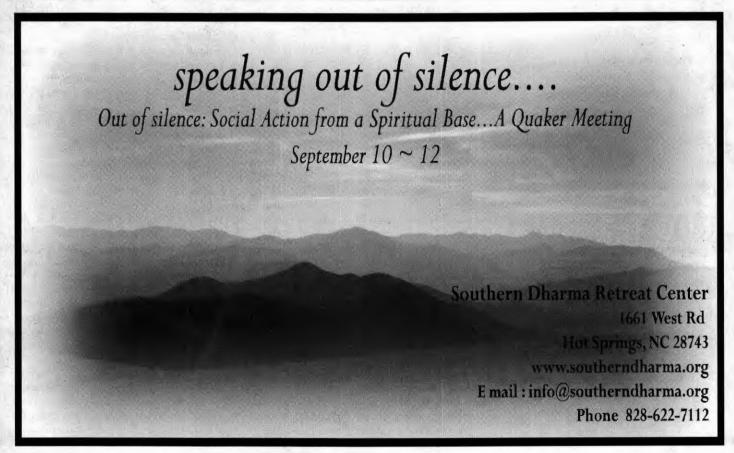
One of the recurring images that Friends noted in our experience of the weekend was that of the wounded healer. We are challenged to do the inward work of exploring and expressing our own woundedness as the opening through which we learn to experience the pain of the world. We awaken our deep compassion for all wounded people—even those who wound us.

With grace and humor Lamar Matthews spoke to us of his experience with the within the 2002 Friends United Meeting Triennial. We were heartened by the continuing work of Baltimore Yearly Meeting's response but remain aware of the continuing wounding that gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgender and queer Friends suffer at the hands of our own Religious Society of Friends.

We celebrated the events of our lives: recent and future weddings, births, and other transitions. Several Friends shared the pain of being unable to share their lives with family who do not accept them as God made them.

Peterson Toscano shared his truth in a humorous and poignant performance piece dramatizing his struggle for self-knowledge in a residential program to transform homosexuals into "ex-Gay Christians." He portrayed the journey of denial and couformist death and the inevitable triumph of the Spirit that affirms the truth of who we are and calls us to dance with God as we are.

In her keynote address, Tracye Peterson reminded us that the liberation we all yearn for always takes struggle. She urged us to prepare ourselves for ministry by using our awareness of our own oppression to notice and pay attention to the oppression of others. She asked us to look for openings as they occur, and to use our creative imagination to





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bring about a just and merciful world.

Reminded in our morning Bible study with Tracye Peterson that "we are all baptized into one body" and that "when one member suffers, all members suffer with it" (1 Cor. 12:13, 26), Friends gathered in worship with attention to racial healing on First Day evening to acknowledge how our blessed community is diminished when we are divided along racial lines, or unconscious to each other's pain. In worship, we prayed for faithfulness and patience to persevere in ending racism's power over us. Many also prayed for guidance to know how to use white privilege in the service of racial justice.

An opening that has come to us as a community is an invitation to join the Pendle Hill Peace Network. We agreed to join, recognizing that we have gifts to give in the service of peace through the Network, including our diversity, our own experience with violence, and our struggle in response to it.

Our time together in this historic and recently renewed and rededicated place allowed us to do our inward work as a community. As we go forward in the love of God, we call to your attention our outward mission: "It is our hope to offer an oasis to those who have been spurned by the world at large. We are learning that radical inclusion and radical love bring further light to Quaker testimony and life."

Petra Doan and Charlie Layman, co-clerks of Friends for Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, and Queer Concerns

#### Annual Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting and Association

Mountain roads slowed us down and helped us come Spirit-led to the annual Gathering of the Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting and Association (SAYMA). We gathered in the Swannanoa River valley at Warren Wilson College, June 10-13, 2004, to consider the theme "Feeding the Flames of Faith: Integrating Spirit and Action." The western North Carolina mountains greeted us with lovely weather: huge clouds, wide blue sky, and warm temperatures.

Attendance at the Gathering numbered around 240, about the same as in other recent years. This reflects the population of our yearly meeting, showing an increase of about three percent this year over last year's census. Our yearly meeting is blessed with 33 monthly meetings and worship groups spread over a wide geographical area, including Charleston, W.V., Berea, Ky., Boone, N.C., Columbia, S.C., Atlanta, Ga., Oxford, Miss., and Mem-

As we came together, we renewed old acquaintances and made new ones over excellent meals, much of the food organically grown right on campus. The agenda allowed for quiet fellowship during the breaks between scheduled activities.

In the evening plenary sessions, we heard from two SAYMA Friends on Thursday and three on Friday, describing how their spiritual journeys have led them to action. Our worship sharing centered on queries about how we integrate our spiritual lives and activism. The more intimate setting enabled each of us to speak and listen on a deeper level about our personal journeys of faith and action.

On Saturday night we enjoyed a different kind of sharing, with an intergenerational talent show. Friends sang, played piano and guitar, told stories and jokes, laughed, cheered, and congratulated one another. A highlight was the "monkey bridge," a rope and wood rigging that required the cooperation of a

whole team of volunteers.

Most of the 17 workshops were led by SAYMA Friends, with four being led by invited guests from American Friends Service Committee, Friends General Conference Traveling Ministry Program, Quaker House, and Right Sharing of World Resources. Two of the best attended workshops were very participatory: "Headless Experiments for Worship and Action" and "Make a Joyful Noise: Singing out of the Quaker Hymnal."

Yearly meeting provided many opportunities for gathered worship, with early morning worship in an open pavilion, and a regular hour of worship each day. Another highlight of this year's Gathering was the Meeting for Remembrance of Friends whose lives have touched ours in profound ways. Our worship helped us prepare for the work that was set before us in our daily meeting for business sessions.

We heard two to four reports at each of the first three business sessions, some of which were read by SAYMA teenagers and young adults. We were inspired by reports from some of the wider Quaker organizations in which SAYMA Friends are active, including AFSC, Right Sharing, AVP, FRIENDS JOURNAL, and Friends Peace Teams. Our meetings for business were not without difficulty, and we did occasionally engage in "wordsmithing," but for the most part we accomplished our work in good Quaker order, finding the sense of the meeting in many cases and referring back to committee those marters we were not able to settle.

The workshops, worship, and presentations of the yearly meeting gave us all additional resources and renewed energy to continue our Spirit-led work in our monthly meetings, worship groups, communities, and personal lives.

## Who, After All, is a Caring Friend?

by Gilbert L. Johnston

s I walked through the living room this morning, three colorful balloons and a bouquet of daffodils reminded me of an unexpected visit the night before. A friend from our meeting stopped by to wish me a happy birthday. She handed me a card bearing greetings from others in the meeting. Not because I was ill or unable to leave the house; just because it was my (somewhere in the middle 70s) birthday, and a group called "Caring Friends" wanted me to know that my personal special day mattered to them.

By the scale of world events, this was a minutely small incident. It was not to be reported in any newspaper, nor was it likely to be considered within the confines of our small meeting community as a significant achievement. The most wonderful thing I could imagine would be that it would just be regarded as the way we do things in our meeting.

As the days go by, we get caught up and carried along by things that seem of major importance to the nation and the world, whether it be the polarizing effects of the election campaign, the shocking realities of the war on terrorism, the unchecked spread of the AIDS epidemic, or a myriad of other issues. If we allow our attention to be fixated at either end of the spectrum-either on the large, significant things, or on the small, personal things—we will have lost part of our humanness. So this is a plea, not for the shift away from big things to small, but a plea for balance-that one should not be lost in the pursuit of the other.

But, having made the point about balance, I really want to focus on the one side of the balance that may be lost when the world is too much with us-the small and the personal. What is the hidden need that springs alive in us like germinating seed under the spring rain when we find ourselves surprised by a caring gesture? Shall we speak of it in theological terms? Or shall we give it a psychological name? Or shall we simply say that what we need is to know that somebody cares?

The way our busy days are spent, getting from here to there, doing this and that, things that seem to have to be done, and then eking out, if we're lucky, a few hours of what we like to think of as "time for ourselves," is it any wonder that time runs out? So, when do we do the things that really matter? How do we fit them in?

This was not meant to be a "how-to" piece. It seems to me that once we get our priorities straight, most of us find the time to do what we regard as really important. And all I mean to say is that small acts of caring have an importance far out of proportion to their size. Even if our meeting has a committee appointed to be the Caring Friends, the real truth of the matter is that all of us learn what it means to be human by reaching out in a caring way to others.

Who needs our act of caring? The only adequate answer is that everybody does. There isn't a person alive who stands like a rock against every storm. But the fact is that the storms of life have battered some more than others, have left some helpless and friendless, while the rest of us have somehow escaped or withstood. And so it is that we seek out the elderly, the critically ill, the housebound, the grieving, the prisoner, the homeless . . . of these there is no end. Our time, our energy, and our imagination may have an end, but of these needy ones, there is no end. So, without guilt or self-flagellation, we seek to discern how it is that we are led, how it is that we are to fit the caring role into the larger picture of our life.

Let's admit that, for the most part, we don't do this very well. Then, let's be willing to take a few small steps. The Chinese classic, Lao Tzu's Tao Te Ching, has something memorable to say about small steps: "A tree as big as a man's embrace grows from a tiny shoot. A tower of nine stories begins with a heap of earth. The journey of a thousand li starts from beneath one's feet.'

Gilbert L. Johnston is a member of Centre Meeting in Centreville, Delaware, and emeritus professor of Asian Religions at Eckerd College, St. Petersburg, Florida.

## Belonging

by Pamela Haines

I sit on the steps of my son's house in a small town in Nicaragua watching the world go by, and wonder what I am to do with it all.

I have learned the rhythms of this tiny house that he shares with his cousin-and whichever of the young people they have known from the street project over the years who need a place to stay or something to eat. I sat with my son the first morning as he washed clothes on the concrete washboard in the back, early in the day when there was still running water, then hung them on the barbed www.barclaypress.

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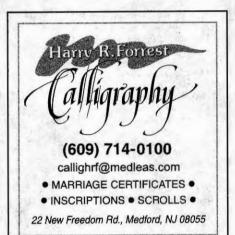
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wire line to dry. I have gone to the tiny storefront down the street to buy soap, jam, or a couple of eggs from his neighbor. I have helped cook the rice and beans that are part—or all—of every meal.

He is doing okay. There are others who seem to be doing okay here as well. The car mechanic has steady work. So does the barber, a short old man with unruly curls around his bald top. An old friend has gotten a job at the bank. But what about all these people who are passing by-the man whose horse-drawn cart has such a small load of firewood (I worry about him-and I worry about the trees), the old woman walking by with a small basket of food on her shoulder, or the man with a shovel fastened on the back of his bike? I watch a man with a big basker on his head ease it down to negotiate with the woman who sells soap and eggs to her neighbors. How can they survive on such tiny margins? (I've heard the official unemployment rate is 75 percent.)

Humanity streams steadily by: Japanese minivans that serve as little buses, where people are packed in like sardines, often hanging out of open doorways; the big yellow school buses that could no longer pass inspection in our country put to service as the fleet of Nicaragua until they fall apart; cars; motorcycles (carrying whole families); three-wheeled pedicabs; horse carts; ox carts; carts pushed by small children; lots of people of all ages, in all combinations, carrying all manner of burdens, on foot.

I am witness to the journeys of these people who live in of one of the poorest countries in Latin America. What am I to do with what I see? Our son wants to show us more of the country, so we drive to a small city in the north. (I'm acutely aware of the luxury of the car; we watch a bus pull away from a stop with four people still hanging out the back, gradually pushing in till the door can close.) Now I watch the countryside pass by-some cattle; the bare fields of the dry season; coffee spread out to dry (world coffee prices have plummeted—the farmers are in crisis); desolate little schools, all bravely painted white and blue; impossibly poor houses. How can they survive? After only five days here I have seen almost more than I can bear.

Our hotel in Esteli has a narrow courtyard down the middle (full of laundry) with two stories of cubicles on either side, and one common toilet, shower, and washing area. (I continue to be thankful for running water, even as I struggle to remember that the toilets can't handle any kind of paper.) Our eightby-ten room has barely enough space for the double and single bed, each covered in mismatched, threadbare sheets. It is enough.

Early the next morning, I sit at the win-

dow looking out at that narrow courtyard, and I find the beginning shape of a response to the question that has haunted me all weekwhat am I to do? Esteli was a stronghold of the revolution in the '80s, and there are signs of it here that I haven't seen anywhere else. The walls are covered with murals-some from back then, others created more recently by a young people's mural project. There is an ecology-oriented park for children, with broken-down playground equipment and cheerful, handmade signs on the trees saying how each one enriches our lives with its oxygen, shade, fruit, and wood. There are buildings that house the women's employment project, the public health program, and the office of the environment. Perhaps I have missed these signs in other cities, but for the first time I feel a sense of community. People are caring for one another, thinking together about the whole.

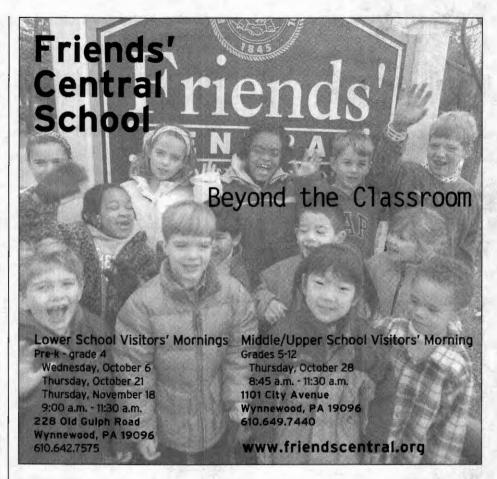
My body relaxes. I realize that my time spent sitting on the steps watching people pass by, my time in the car, was all linear—one individual, one mile after another. But in Esteli, I am reminded of the web of connections. The question of what I am to do has lost none of its urgency, but much of its loneliness. People here care too. We all belong to one other. Our lives and the lives of others around us go better when we can remember and act on this truth.

Chino, a close neighbor of my son's, is an engaging young man, an aspiring artist, struggling with a stepfather who wishes him elsewhere. He has claimed my son as his friend and brother, and me, by extension, as his mother. (How strange to have acquired a 19-year-old in the blink of an eye. Yet I notice how it matters. Both of us are prepared to love, to make up for lost time. We look for opportunities to be together, we labor to understand and be understood.)

Roberto, who grew up on the streets, is now getting help to be an auto mechanic. He pores over an engine diagram in a magazine my husband has brought down, eagerly explaining internal-combustion principles to my now bilingual son. Donald, also from the street project, is studying to be a construction engineer. He dreams of being an architect, doesn't have money for food, hates the constricted opportunities of his country.

My son has had me as a mother all his life; Chino has just claimed me. Personalities have begun to emerge from the throng. Roberto is eager, Donald is mad. There are more. They are all mine. They are all ours. We are all theirs. Whatever we do, we do it belonging to each other.

Pamala Haines is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting







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#### Memoir

## Baptism, Water, and Silence

by Virginia N. Barnett

In the mid-1950s I participated in a study and discussion program sponsored by United States Conference of the World Council of Churches in preparation for a major gathering two years later on the theme "Nature of the Unity We Seek." Groups were set up around the country with representatives of the major Protestant denominations. Each group was assigned a topic and met for a three-hour session every six weeks for a period of two years. The general theme was the sacraments and the ways in which faiths and beliefs unite or separate us. The topic of the Seattle group to which I was named was "Baptism."

The Religious Society of Friends has held a rather radical position on the sacramentswhich include baptism and communion. Friends have believed in the inner-spiritual observation of these occasions and not in the outward practices, so my contributions to the discussions were from a very different frame of reference, but were received with courtesy and, I'm sure, some curiosity. All members of rhe group made presentations of their religious body's belief and practice relative to baptism. What was remarkable was that most of the representatives felt that as practiced, baptism didn't mean very much. There were many forms and concepts-infant and noninfant baptism, christenings, immersion, sprinkling, etc. Much depended on the traditions and clerical leadership involved, but in some instances the occasion took on a somewhat formalistic air.

The rite of baptism centers on the use of water as a symbol of cleansing, of death and rebirth, of risk saved by faith. Into these considerations came a discussion of what was seen to be the changed significance of water as a religious symbol in the modern lexicon. Many of the ancient religions, and certainly Christianity, were based in arid lands, where water was life itself. And, certainly, there are parts of the world where this is still very true. But in our Western, high-technology culture water is turned on and off at the tap, almost everyone can swim, and while water is still death-dealing and life-giving, the power of its meaning has certainly diminished. So, if water has lost something of its power for both

Virginia N. Barnett is a member of University Meeting in Seattle, Wash., and an attender of Agate Passage Worship Group in Bainbridge Island, Wash. menace and healing, does any other element come to mind?

It occurred to me, and I expressed it in my presentation on the practice of Friends, that silence might well be considered in this role. Silence today is a very rare commodity. Many people feel restless and uneasy when silence surrounds them, and there is an urge to fill it with something-anything. Some years back I was speaking with a friend who was curious about Quaker worship. She said she'd like to visit a meeting sometime, and asked what she should expect. I explained that we sat in a circular formation, and that the meeting for worship opened, usually, with a period of gathered (group) silence of 20 to 30 minutes. The poor dear was horrified. That long in silence? "Oh, I couldn't do that!" She exclaimed. Even many Friends find silence difficult, and they tend to fill it with mental exercises.

Let me explain what I think silence can be. To enter into silence is in some respects analogous to entering into water, for pleasure or for therapy-you offer yourself to it, relaxed and trustful, and you are rewarded with the realization that the element you may have feared will sustain you. If you are tense and flail about, you will sink. Silence is not an end but a beginning-to be entered; to descend into; to be trusted for the truths that may be there; for light, guidance, and for instruction. One may hear life speaking, or hear nothing but calmness and waiting. The individual experience is, in a Quaker meeting for worship, a part of a group experience: sharing the spoken word, sharing the surrounding silence, and responding inwardly to both. Out of the silence may come an insight, a meaning, a memory, a deeply held and examined concern that emerges in the spoken word. A message thus given is not responded to conversationally nor adversarially—it is laid before the group as an offering on an altar, and it may be taken and used or it may be left.

As a meeting for worship we are silent but listening, using the silence individually and collectively, aware of yet oblivious to each other, expecting everything but expecting nothing. And out of nothing can come the greatest gift—the divine mystery and power of the paradox.





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The articles that appear in FRIENDS JOURNAL are freely given; authors receive copies of the issue in which their article appears. Manuscripts submitted by non-Friends are welcome. We prefer articles written in a fresh, nonacademic style, using language that clearly includes both sexes. We appreciate receiving Ouaker-related humor.

- maximum 2,500 words
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- author's name and contact information should appear on the manuscript
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Submissions are acknowledged immediately; however, writers may wait several months to hear whether their manuscripts have been accepted.

For more information contact Robert Dockhorn, Senior Editor.

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#### Life in the Meeting

### Witness at State and Main

by Larry Miller

n February 15, 2003, a month before the United States and Britain invaded Iraq, over 400 protesters quietly gathered with lighted candles at the intersection of State and Main streets in Doylestown, Pa. The vigil was part of the worldwide demonstrations initiated by Archbishop Desmond Tutu and others.

For members of Doylestown Meeting and many others, this memorable event was an extension of weekly Tuesday evening vigils that began in early October 2001 in response to the September 11 attacks in New York and Washington. We are in our third year of continuous weekly vigils. The posters, all approved by the Peace Committee of the meeting, have varied from Vigil for Peace, War is Not the Answer, No More Victims, Pray for Peace, and Abolish Nuclear Weapons, to Seek Social Justice Nonviolently. From the outset there has been excellent reporting, with photographs, in the local newspaper.

For 14 months the sidewalk vigil was located at a major intersection close to Bucks County Courthouse. The location was also right in front of a memorial for Vietnam veterans. In January 2003 the vigil participants were confronted by an angry group of veterans and Blue Star Mothers, demanding that we move at once to another location. We stood our ground despite the threats. Alerted by the veterans themselves, newspaper reporters and photographers were out in force. The next day the story was on the front page of Philadelphia and local newspapers.

At the suggestion of the Doylestown chief of police, and out of respect for the feelings of the veterans, the Peace Committee decided to move to what proved to be a more central and better-lighted location, State and Main streets.

A regular participant soon begins to note the details of the immediate surroundings. Historic buildings surround the intersection: the Lenape Building dating from 1874, a three-story brick building with Roman arches above the windows, six chimneys, and a clock that has remained at 5:50 for as long as anyone can remember; the historic four-story Fountain House, a Doylestown landmark built on the site where William Doyle established a ravern in 1745; a rather plain structure built in 1849 with green trim and subdued stucco; and an oriental rug store on another corner. Half a block down East State Street is the popular County Theater showing art house, independent, and first-run films.

A sycamore and a locust tree grace two narrow sidewalks. Victorian street lamps have hanging baskets with flowers and decorations. Dominating the Fountain House is a Starbucks coffee shop on the ground floor. Its wraparound porch is a favorite hangout for teens. They are more interested in themselves than the peace vigil, although on one occasion one teen borrowed a sign to plant among her peers.

An estimated 1,000 persons, pedestrians, and vehicle occupants pass during the 6-7 P.M. vigil hour. You can almost set your watch by the arrival of the Federal Express truck. The bus from Philadelphia comes through once during the hour, as does the same bus going south. There are always runners with reflective vests coming through on State Street (one-way going west). There are young children in strollers and toddlers with a mother or father. Quite a number of persons walk with a dog. I particularly enjoy the toylike jet black Scottie, with a plaid jacket during the winter, very low to the sidewalk. Some pedestrians stop by at the literature table, others question a participant. Still others stop for an extended discussion.

During the hour there are repeated indications of approval: a thumbs-up or a honk of the horn. At least once during the hour some young men in a passing car state, with expletives, their differing opinion. Difficult to determine are the feelings of motorcyclists who gun their motors going up the Main Street hill.

Clearly, Doylestown Meeting has established a peace presence in town. Overheard was the laudatory comment of a Doylestown resident who was showing his friend, a visitor, the center of town: "Yes, and we even have protesters." But even more memorable for me is the man who rushed up to me one evening and asked frantically, "What happened?"

Larry Miller is a member of Doylestown (Pa.) Meeting.

#### **Books**

#### A Girl Named Zippy: Growing Up Small in Mooreland, Indiana

By Haven Kimmel. Broadway Books, 2001. 282 pages. \$12.95/paperback.

The Solace of Leaving Early By Haven Kimmel. Anchor, 2002. 272 pages. \$13/paperback.

#### Something Rising: Light and Swift

By Haven Kimmel. Free Press, 2004. 288 pages. \$24/hardcover.

What do you do if you are a woman who grew up in small-town Indiana, attended a Friends church, and went to a Quaker theological school? If your name is Haven Kimmel, you fold it all into a story and write bestsellers.

Haven Kimmel is the latest, and currently the best-known Quaker writer to publish in the popular market. And popular she is. Her first book was a Today Show Book Club pick and a New York Times bestseller. Her second has been optioned by Mike Nichol's Icarus Productions.

A Girl Named Zippy, Haven Kimmel's memoir of growing up in small town Indiana, appeared first. It is a quirky, laugh-out-loud little book. But it is also surprisingly poignant. When Haven Kimmel was born in 1965, Mooreland, Indiana, was a sleepy little hamlet of 300 people. It still is-something magical and mythical keeps it that way, Haven Kimmel suggests. Nicknamed "Zippy" as a kid, Haven Kimmel's big eyes and ears were perfect for a woman who would grow up to be a storyteller. And Zippy is quite a story, of worship at the Quaker church, scary old people for neighbors, and a variety of animals-even of the barnyard variety—as pets. Zippy is a rale that is funny, sad, honest, and loving all at the same time, which is quite a feat.

I also admit to loving it for the same reasons I like Philip Gulley's Harmony series. [See next review. —Eds.] I know the people in the books. In Philip Gulley's case, it is trying to guess who in the book is similar to whom in real life; in Haven Kimmel's, since it is nonfiction, I really do know some of the characters. And she has caught them dead-on.

But as much as I liked A Girl Named Zippy, I was completely blown away by The Solace of Leaving Early and Something Rising: Light and Swift. Solace is her first novel. Ir tells the story of Langston Braverman's move home to Haddington, Indiana. The move is not without its complications. Haddington is no Edenic Midwestern small town that many literary folks like to think exists. Instead, Langston's life-to her dismay and bewilderment-is soon consumed with her school

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friend Alice's death, Alice's two small girls who rename themselves Immaculata and Epiphany, and Pastor Amos Townsend who is obsessed with Alice's murder and his inability to have prevented it. That Immaculata and Epiphany claim to speak to the Virgin Mary in the backyard tree does not help Langston find the comfort she hoped to find when she moved home. *Solace* is, as you can tell, darker than *Zippy*, but it is lighter, too. Just a different kind of light—perhaps with a capital "L" that comes from Haven Kimmel's theological musings. Therein lies the solace of the title.

Something Rising is Haven Kimmel's latest novel. Again set in a small town, it opens with ten-year-old Cassie Claiborne waiting for her dad. Cassie is Jimmy's favorite child, but as this cad who cares more for pool than family says, 'God knows that ain't saying much." Cassie learns to love pool, too, and becomes a teenage pool shark as a way to pay the family bills for her mother and agoraphobic sister after Jimmy abandons them. It's a profession she follows into adulthood. "What if" figures strongly into the novel and Cassie's life. For example, what if her mother had married her wealthy New Orleans beau? At age 30, Cassie heads to New Orleans for a sort of showdown with the beau, and with herself. What happens there surprises herand the reader-in an honest and good way.

Zippy, Solace, and Something Rising are all quirky and deep in completely different ways. They are alike in the way she captures Hoosier life in its wide-open landscapes and closed people-scapes, its small towns and big hearts. Her voices are pitch perfect, as are her tunings of the human heart. Haven Kimmel's seminary education gives these books nuanced rheological shadings that are wonderful and powerful to behold.

That last part also is a point of comparison with Philip Gulley's books. Here are two Quakers who are theologically trained and both work successfully in fiction. But while Philip Gulley goes for a lighter look at darker issues, Haven Kimmel dives right into the darkness of life and works toward the lighr. In that way, her work reminds me of George Fox's saying: "I saw, also, that there was an ocean of darkness and death; but an infinite ocean of light and love, which flowed over the ocean of darkness. In that also I saw the infinite love of God, and I had great openings." Haven Kimmel's books are great openings, both literally and theologically. I love to open them because she is a great storyteller. Her writing and characters both disturb and comfort me. I cannot wait to open her next book.

-Brent Bill

Brent Bill is executive vice president of the Indianapolis Center for Congregations, assistant book review editor of FRIENDS JOURNAL, and an attender of First Friends Meeting in Indianapolis, Ind.



#### PHILIP GULLEY Bestselling Author of Just Shu of Harmony

#### Life Goes On: A Harmony Novel

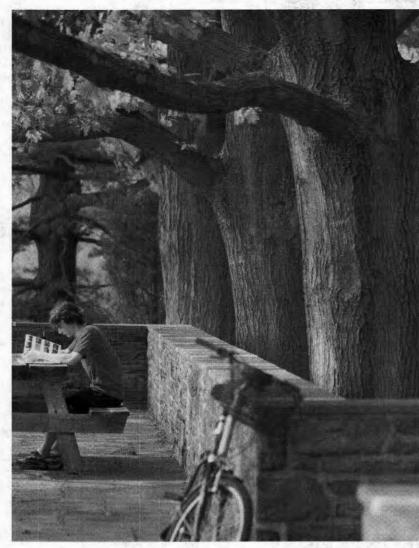
By Philip Gulley. HarperSanFrancisco, 2004. 256 pages. Hardcover/\$17.95.

When a new Philip Gulley book arrives on my doorstep, everything stops. I shut down my laptop, ignore the stack of FedExes on my desk, fall into a big learner chair by the window, and lose myself in his latest story.

The thing is, his books are addictive. Beginning with *Home to Harmony*, wherein Quaker minister Sam Gardner returns to the Indiana community (Harmony) and church (Harmony Friends Meeting) in which he was raised, Gulley has given us a series of four books that offer a good story, a strong sense of community, an idyllic sense of place, humorous characters, and insightful rumination. It all serves as a funhouse mirror that reflects the very *un*-Friendly traits and behaviors we all exhibit in our meetings from time to time.

Fern is the determined women's group president and retired schoolteacher with standards no one can meet. Hester is the Friendly Women's Circle member bent on purifying the world with an occasional back-alley book burning. Bea is the church organist who regularly gets her knickers in a twist over a theological point and leaves the church in a huff. And Dale—God bless him—is the rigid men's group leader who tells everyone what to do until the men's group contains only him and his best friend—both charter members of the Mighty Men of God, a well-meaning bur misogynistic group that sounds a little like the Promisekeepers did a few years back.

All these characters, drawn to emphasize their defects, are front and center in the latest Philip Gulley book to arrive on my doorstep,



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2495 Fox Gap Road Bangor, PA 18013 (610) 588-1793 Life Goes On. However, this time Dale, Fern, and Bea seem to have an edge that is lacking in previous books. This time Philip Gulley uses them not just as funhouse mirrors that we view with affectionate amusement, but as devices to examine what is arguably the least talked-about challenge within any Friends meeting: Quakerly intolerance.

The story itself is deceptively simple. Life Goes On follows pastor Sam Gardner through one year of life at Harmony Friends Meeting as the Friendly Women's Circle holds its Noodle Suppers, Easter pageants are planned and presented, the Float Committee builds a 10-foot-tall replica of the meetinghouse to be pulled through the streets of Harmony in the Fourth of July parade, Sunday school teachers struggle over what to teach, Sam tries to flow with the convoluted theology of the meeting's elders, and Dale Hinshaw, the meeting's "selfappointed guardian of doctrinal purity," nips at everybody's theological toes. As Sam says, Dale has "been vigilant about keeping me orthodox, lest I stray into the wilds of ratio-

The thing is, Sam has. While Dale, Fern, Bea, and other Harmony Friends have remained content with an innocent acceptance of the Sunday school theology they learned a half century before, Sam has spent the past 16 years struggling to discern Truth. Not that he's found it. Mostly he seems to have found more questions. But as he struggles to find his own answers, he's a tad reluctant to confirm the answers offered by Dale, Fern, and Bea. And given their commitment to a logically ordered thought process, we can see why:

My phone rang early the next morning, my day off. It was Bea Majors on a self-appointed inquisition.

"I heard Dr. Pierce said during Sunday school he didn't believe in the Virgin Birth of Jesus."

"I don't think he came right out and said it like that, Bea. Why don't you ask him?"

"I did. And do you know what he told me?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"He told me he'd learned a long time ago how babies were made."

"Bea, whar would you like me to do about it? We don't kill heretics anymore. It's against the law."

"Well, I just want to say I've been playing the organ at this church for fifty years, and I'm not sure I can continue to play for a minister who doesn't believe in the Virgin Birth."

"I never said I didn't believe in the Virgin Birth. It's Dr. Pierce who doesn't believe in it." "Oh, so you admit that he doesn't." Now I was utterly confused. "No, I don't know that for sure. I just thought we were talking about him, not me."

"So how come all of a sudden you want to talk about Dr. Pierce and not yourself? Have you got something to hide. Sam?"

"Not at all, Bea."

"Then maybe you should tell me what you think of the Virgin Birth."

"I don't know what to think of it, quite frankly," I said.

"So you don't believe it either?"

"I didn't say that. I said I didn't know what to think of it."

"Sam, maybe you just need to find yourself a new organist. I think maybe I need to go somewhere else to church."

"Bea, why don't I come by your house and we talk. This seems awfully sudden."

Bea Majors was the worst organist in the Western world. Why I was talking her into staying was an even greater mystery to me than the Virgin Birth.

"No, Sam, I've made up my mind."
"Bea, I wish you'd reconsider."
"I don' shiple or " she said reches

"I don't thiuk so," she said rather stiffly. "I've given it all the thought I need to. Goodbye."

Harmony's elders aren't about to take this kind of heresy lying down, of course, and I find myself racing through the book in momentary expectation of a final confrontation in which Sam loses his Quakerly acceptance of the less spiritually mature and either quits or gets fired. But Sam, although unusually sharp at times, is not about confrontation. In fact, what most of the meeting's elders seem to miss is that while Sam may not be willing to sign off on gospel truth, the reality is that Sam, for the most part, is living Scripture.

When Dale's marriage hits the skids and his wife of 41 years departs, it's Sam who shows up to do the man's laundry, cook him breakfast, stick him in the shower, and talk his wife into coming home. When elderly farmer Ellis Hodge needs help bringing in his corn, Sam rolls up his sleeves, loads the grain truck, drives it 45 minutes over the prairie to a regional grain elevator, unloads it, and spends another half hour filling out the paperwork before he drives back to the farm. And when Sam helps Fern set the Easter lilies around the meetinghouse, he does a little more than turn the other cheek—even though she's been circulating a petition to have him fired.

"I hate Easter," [Fern] said, placing a lily next to the pulpit. . . .

"Every year, it's the same thing," she

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1216 ARCH ST STE 2A PHILADELPHIA PA 19107-9370 NO POSTAGE NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES said, her back turned to me. "A lily for my father, one for my mother, one for my sister, and me sitting in the pew all by myself with all my family gone. Just me, staring at all these stupid lilies."

"Not all your family's gone," I said.
"You still have your church family."

"It's not the same."

I suspected she was right, so I didn't

"My ankles are killing me. I have to

sit down."

I looked at her ankles. They were swelling out over the tops of her shoes, like sausages crammed in too small a casing.

"Don't ever get old, Sam. Everyone you love is dead, and your ankles hurt..."

I sat beside her on the first pew. "I know having a church family isn't the same as having your parents and sister back. But you are important to us, Fern. I know you and I have had our disagreements, but it doesn't mean I don't care about you."

Her chin trembled. A tear leaked from her left eye and caught in the folds of her cheek.

"Even after I tried to get you fired?"
"Yes, Fern, even after that..."

I paused. "What are you doing for Easter, Fern?"

"I thought I'd drive down to the interstate and get a fish sandwich at the McDonald's."

"By yourself?"

"I've done it before. It's okay."

"We're having Easter dinner at my parents' house. Why don't you come eat with us? I'm sure Mom and Dad would love to have you."

"You mean it?

"I certainly do, Fern."

"After all I've done to you?"

"Fern, that was yesterday. Today's another day. Let's move on."

Fern may not be willing to tolerate Sam's questioning faith, but Sam not only accepts Fern's lumbering journey toward the Light, he invites her to his table.

Life Goes On is great read-aloud material for every family. Younger members will appreciate the story line and Gulley's humor, while older members, if they give it some thought, will find the direction we should all be able to expect from a Quaker pastor.

-Ellen Michaud

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



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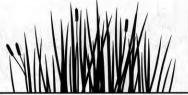
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#### News

On July 12, Camp Dark Waters, a Quaker camp in Medford, N.I., suffered severe flooding and was forced to evacuate and close for the remainder of the summer. Nearby Rancocas Creek had risen due to violent storms, necessitating the return home of campers from throughout the country and causing the camp severe damage. Staff members returned to assess the wreckage the day after the evacuation and found that the water line in the camp's main area was seven feer high and the camp's ten cabins were filled with five feet of water. Three of the cabins floated off their foundations, and two other cabins and the dining hall suffered foundation damage. The water rose to about five feer in the lodge and office, and all of the camp's office equipment and records were lost. The cleanup of the camp began a few days after the storm, first with the retrieval of the evacuated campers' personal belongings from the cabins. Parents came to the camp to salvage what they could of their children's possessions. Approximately one week after the flood, the electricity and water were restored and the property committee began stabilizing the buildings. The destruction of the kitchen left no way to prepare and store food for the 27 staff members that stayed to help clean up. Associates of the camp donated meals as the kitchen was repaired, and the camp director's living room became a makeshift temporary office. Information and updates can be found on the camp's website, <www.campdarkwaters .org>. Those wishing to volunteer help or donate supplies may e-mail <helpdarkwaters @yahoo.com> or call (609) 654-8846. A relief fund has been set up for those who are able to make a monetary donation. Camp Dark Waters is a not-for-profit organization, so any donations are tax-deductible. The address is: Camp Dark Waters, Relief Fund, P.O. Box 9921, Philadelphia, PA 19118. - Travis W. Simmons, director

On June 29 a series of arrests began at the Sudanese Embassy in Washington, D.C., of protesters demanding that the Sudanese government end its support of the militia who are murdering thousands of Sudanese black Africans. Radio talk show host Joe Madison and former Congressman Walter Fauntroy were the first to be taken into custody by U.S. Secret Service agents for acts of nonviolent disobedience. Madison also launched a hunger strike, demanding an immediate end to the Sudanese government's obstruction of humanitarian aid to victims of the genocide. The following weeks saw the arrests of Robert Edgar, general secretary of the National Council of Churches USA; U.S. Representatives Charles B. Rangel (N.Y.), Bobby Rush (Ill.), Joe Hoeffel (Pa.) and his wife Francesca Hoeffel; and political comedian Dick Gregory. Joe Hoeffel stated, "The crisis in Darfur fits every definition of genocide, and must be labeled as such by the United Nations and its member countries. The UN Security Council must immediately pressure the Sudanese government to end its support for the violence and to drop its restrictions on the delivery of much needed aid to the region. We must acr now before this catastrophe escalates any further." The Sudan Campaign, which consists of a coalition of organizations including Christian Solidarity International and the Center for Religious Freedom, calls on the Security Conncil of the United Nations to adopt Chapter 7 sanctions on Sudan, to suspend membership of the government for Sudan on the UN Human Rights Commission, and to enable slave and other victims of the Sudanese government's acrions against black Africans to return to their homes. According to a report from Amnesty International, "between 120,000 and 200,000 people have fled for safery into eastern Chad; hundreds of thonsands have been internally displaced within Darfur . . .; up to two million people are at risk of thirst, hunger, and disease in the region." -Christian Solidarity International <www.csi-int.ch>; Amnesty International <www.amnesty.org/news>.

In cities, towns, and reserves across Canada on March 22, the Native Women's Association of Canada (NWAC) launched the Sisters in Spirit Campaign to raise public awareness of the disappearances and murders of more than 500 aboriginal women across Canada over the past 20 years. According to Sisters in Spirit, aboriginal women in Canada are "targets of hatred and violence based on their gender and their race. They continue to be objectified, disrespected, dishonored, ignored, and killed, often with impunity." The statement continues, "Government, media, and Canadian society continue to remain silent." Amnesty International also notes that aboriginal women in Canada experience a much higher rate of domestic violence than women in Canada overall. Quaker Aboriginal Affairs Committee (QAAC) supports Sisters in Spirit and has distributed information about the campaign to various Quaker meetings in Canada. - Canadian Friends Service Committee; <www.nwac-hq.org>.

Weare (N.H.) Meeting expresses "some urgency" about the "current revision" of Faith and Practice of New England Yearly Meeting in a recent minute. Weare Meeting acknowledges "Qnakerism's foundation as an interpretation of the Gospel, drawing strength from its Christian roots . . . Because we come to God along many paths," the minute continues, "we believe it wise and truthful to maintain our corporate testimony that Quak-

erism is a branch of Christianity, while also seriously respecting as precious the searching and dialogue through which each Friend must form his or her conscientious beliefs, and find his or her most truthful religious expression." The minute further affirms, "We trust God to guide us. . . . We trust also that as we stay in the daring, reverent, and childlike spirit that Jesus calls us to, we will be enabled to create and sustain a loving and dynamic community under God's leadership."—New England [Yearly Meeting] Friend

University Friends Meeting in Seattle, Wash., considered, during a discussion hour each Sunday in May, concerns such as whether a Quaker can be non-Christian or nontheist. The discussion on May 2 explored what is known about the history of God within the monotheistic tradition. How the meeting can be more inclusive and welcoming of people of color was the topic on May 9. On May 16, the discussion focused on why a Quaker discerned that he was an atheist and why an atheist remains a Quaker. A self-described "half Unitarian, half Zen Buddhist, half Quaker" led the discussion on May 23. Finally, on May 30, a speaker led the discussion on how a seeker found a way to nontheistic Quakerism. -University (Wash.) Meeting newsletter

The pattern of renewed faith and witness emerges in the 2003–2004 State of Society reports of many monthly meetings across the country. Friends experienced renewed spiritual unity in their meetings for worship as they witnessed for peace and responded to the needs of their fellowships in their communities, and the world during the past year.

"The past year has been very trying for many . . . as war and conflict abroad weigh heavily, and in some cases personally, on most of us," Olympia (Wash.) Meeting attests in the opening paragraph of its annual report. "Feelings of inadequacy in the face of spreading violence have led us to nurrure the leadings of many individuals in meeting, and to try to sustain and improve the quality of worship that provides succor to counter the perils of despair." Worship remains central to their experience, Olympia Meeting affirms. "We value creating a place where individuals can seek divine guidance that speaks to their condition and leads them to action, supported by Friends who may not feel the same calling, but who understand how vital it is to seek to know another's condition and support leadings."

Durham (Maine) Meeting cites its support of Friends ministries in Ramallah, Belize, and Africa, as well as local efforts such as Habitat for Humanity, an Area Interfaith Council and an Area Christian Outreach program. "The inspiration we gain from our

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fecrive acrions to take. Organized into secrions entirled "Environment in Crisis," "Friends Actions on Ecological Issues," and "Reflections on the Natural World," this issue's authors include Lester Brown, Louis Cox, Ruah Swennerfelt, Keith Helmuth, Barbara Platt, Miriam Westervelt, Mac Given, and many more.

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worship has led us to continue ongoing activities and begin new ones . . . Peace and Social Concerns Committee has been very active in keeping us informed about multiple political and social problems, and has spearheaded our ongoing discussion on sexual orientation and meeting life. . . . We were pleased at how many of us took part in the discussions, and how tenderly we listened to each other. . . . The spirit of God is present in our meeting," Durham Friends affirm.

The experience of worship that evokes the image of a water wheel is described by Mount Toby (Mass.) Meeting in its State of Society report. "The center was our meeting for worship; the paddles or spokes, all of us joined yet separate; and the water, the Light that moves, centers, and directs us. This image speaks of the suffusing presence of the Spirit in our meeting. . . . And we hold fast to the worship that sustains our community life, the corporate seeking of God's will in our individual lives."

Friends Meeting at Cambridge, Massachusetts, asks in its State of Society report: "How does meeting help you create peace—in yourself, in your life, in the world?" Cambridge Friends, the report continues, are asking some of the questions they have as a meeting around identity, around money and around racism. "In our ideal, at our best, gathered at our hearth, we share each other's burdens. . . . meeting helps us experience . . . the core of peace."

Summit (N.J.) Meeting prays "for yet more light on how best to bring the Quaker message of nonviolence and reconciliation deeper still into our own hearts and from there out into the world.... there is a sense that we have been given an opportunity to change and grow in Spirit this past year as well as an opportunity to reclaim and reaffirm our

Quaker faith and practice.'

St. Louis (Mo.) Meeting, reflecting on the past year, reports the success of its Finance Committee in refinancing the meeting's debt. This was accomplished, according to the State of Society report, "most notably by instituting a loan program whereby members and attenders could make loans to the meeting to help pay off the mortgage early. The program benefits the meeting by providing it loans at a lower interest rate and members by offering them a higher interest rate than the banks would offer. We have been able to significantly reduce our interest payments with this program." There is "much to bring us joy," St. Louis Friends affirm. "We rejoice in the strength of our community and deep commitment to each other as we strive to nurture old and young alike."

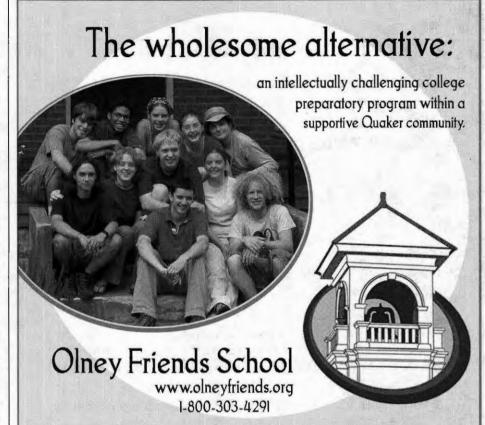
In its State of Society report, Multnomah (Oreg.) Meeting acknowledges that it "found encouragement at peace demonstrations, and many Friends labored faithfully to offer a peaceful perspective to elected representatives,

other faith communities, and the public. We also benefited from the heartfelt callings of several of our members: toward abolition of the death penalty, in helping those living with illness and loss, doing service work in Honduras and Afghanistan, offering support to gay and lesbian families, and traveling and writing in Friends ministry."

And in a summary that could apply equally to all State of Society reports, Multnomah Friends conclude, "As we look back on our year, we reflect again on our testimonies of simplicity, community, peace, equality and integrity. We see how relevant these qualities are in grounding our lives in Spirit. We call forth again the message of George Fox: 'The Light is but one; and all being guided by it, all are subject to one, and are one in the unity of the Spirit.'"—Robert Marks

The Department of Homeland Security awarded the biggest contract in its young history to Accenture LLP for an elaborate system that could cost as much as \$15 billion and employ a network of databases to track visitors to the United States long before they arrive. The program, known as US-Visit and rooted partly in a Pentagon concept developed after the terrorist attacks of 2001, increases significantly the ability to monitor visitors who enter at more than 300 bordercrossing checkpoints by land, sea, and air. The program seeks to supplant the nation's physical borders with what officials call virtual borders, which would employ networks of computer databases and biometric sensors for identification at sites abroad where people seek visas to the United States. Visitors arriving at checkpoints, including those at the Mexican and Canadian borders, will have already been screened using a global web of databases and will then face "real-time identification"-instantaneous authentication to confirm that they are who they say they are. U.S. officials will, at least in theory, be able to track them inside the United States and determine if they leave the country on time. The system would tie together about 20 federal databases with information on the more than 300 million foreign visitors each year. Privacy advocates worry that the new system could give the federal government far broader power to monitor the whereabouts of visitors by tapping into credit card information or similar databases. Civil libertarians say they are alarmed that databases could be used to monitor both foreign visitors and U.S. citizens and have already challenged it in court. -New York Times, May 24, 2004; <www.dhs.gov>

At the July 2004 Parliament of the World's Religions in Barcelona, Spain, Bishop Mcleod Baker Ochola II and the Acholi Religious







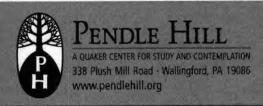




Deborah Prothrow-Stith, MD, speaks on "Preventing Youth Violence."

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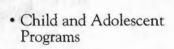
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Leader's Peace Initiative (ARLPI) received the first Paul Carus Award for Outstanding Contributions to the Interreligious Movement. The Chicago-based Council for a Parliament of the World's Religions presented the award. Bishop Ochola is vice chair of the ARLPI, a multi-faith peace group in Northern Uganda working to end the 18-year-old war in the region. ARLPI serves as a link between the Lord's Resistance Army (LRA) rebels and the Ugandan Government. Local organizing, peace education, and advocacy for children are among the group's priorities. According to Bishop Ochola, the role of ARLPI is not to mediate peace talks, since others in the international community exist for that purpose. Instead, the Bishop explains, religious leaders should be a bridge that builds trust and confidence on both sides. ARLPI's strategy is to put pressure on the rebels and the government to stop fighting and talk peace. -<www.cpwr.org>

#### **Bulletin Board**

#### **Upcoming Events**

- September 11–12—Kalamazoo Meeting, Kalamazoo, Mich., celebrates its 50th anniversary, and invites f/Friends to join the festivities. For details contact <a href="mailto:hebbeng@voyager.net">hebbeng@voyager.net</a>.
- October 1–3—Missouri Valley Friends Conference
- October 2—Peace Fair at Buckingham Meeting and Friends School in Lahaska, Pa., featuring live music, crafts, games for children, poetry readings, a fine arts show, and historic meetinghouse tours. Free admission. For details call (215) 766-7887 or visit <www.quakerpeacefair.org>.
- October 7–11—Quaker Earthcare Witness (formerly FCUN) annual gathering in Burlington, N.J. Visit <www.quakerearthcare. org>.
- October 14–17—Young Quakes Conference, a gathering for Friends of high school age, at Wisconsin Lions Camp, Rosholt, Wis. Visit <www.fgcquaker.org>.
- October 22–24—Amnesty International's annual National Weekend of Faith in Action on the Death Penalty, to take place in religious communities throughout the country. For details contact Kristin Houle at <khoule @aiusa.org>. Visir <www.amnestyusa.org/abolish/faithinaction>.
- Ocrober 30–31—Denmark Yearly Meeting
- November 6-American Friends Service

Committee's Annual Public Gathering featuring keynote speaker, Chris Hedges, veteran war correspondent for the New York Times, and author of War Is a Force That Gives Us Meaning and What Every Person Should Know About WAR. The gathering is part of the annual meeting of the AFSC Corporation. The general theme of the meeting will be the realities and true costs of war. Free and open to the public. 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, Pa. Visit <www.afsc.org>.

#### Opportunities/Resources

- Clarence and Lilly Pickett Fund Award nominations are now being accepted for 2005. Grants of \$2,500 to \$3,000 for research and service projects are awarded each year to individuals who show promise in Quaker leadership. Individual Friends, meetings, or organizations may nominate candidates through January 15, 2005. For details contact Allen Bowman at 641-673-4190 or <abmbd/>below absolute to the contact Allen Bowman at 641-673-4190 or <abmbd/>below absolute to the contact Allen Bowman at 641-673-4190 or <abmbd/>below absolute to the contact Allen Bowman at 641-673-4190 or <abmbd/>below absolute to the contact Allen Bowman at 641-673-4190 or <abmbd/>below absolute to the contact Allen Bowman at 641-673-4190 or <abmbd/>below absolute to the contact Allen Bowman at 641-673-4190 or <abmbd/>below absolute to the contact Allen Bowman at 641-673-4190 or <abmbd/>below absolute to the contact Allen Bowman at 641-673-4190 or <abmbd/>below absolute to the contact Allen Bowman at 641-673-4190 or <abmbd/>below absolute to the contact Allen Bowman at 641-673-4190 or <abmbd/>below absolute to the contact Allen Bowman at 641-673-4190 or <abmbd/>contact Allen Bowman at 641-673-4190 or <a href="mailto:self-bullet-to-the-bullet-to-
- Earlham School of Religion has developed Digital Quaker Collection, a digital library containing full text and images of 60,000 pages representing over 500 individual Quaker works from the 17th and 18th centuries. These electronic databases make rare documents available outside of traditional library archives. Their search capabilities allow for the search and rapid identification of documents in which authors addressed particular issues or employed certain language and ideas, expediting the research process. Digital Quaker Collection can be found at <esr.earlham.edu/dqc>.
- American Friends Service Committee has launched a new section on its website designed to inform voters and increase participation in the political process. Visit <a href="http://www.afsc.org/vote">http://www.afsc.org/vote</a>.

FRIENDS JOURNAL is currently seeking a volunteer News Editor. The News Editor will cull meeting newsletters, periodicals, and other items of interest for the News and Bulletin Board departments; write, copyedit, and fact-check articles based on these materials; request reprint permissions for selected items when necessary; and submit News and Bulletin Board items to the assistant editor per deadlines. Please send a résumé and three references to Susan Corson-Finnerty, FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1216 Arch St., Suite 2A, Philadelphia, PA 19107 or by email to <publisher\_exec\_ed@@friendsjournal.org>. No phone calls, please.

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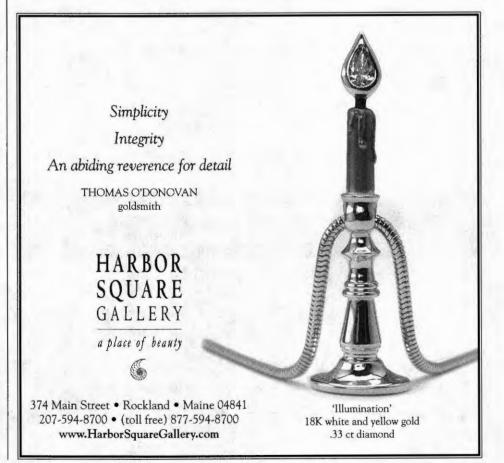
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#### Milestones

#### Deaths

Brown-Edith Farley Brown, 82, on February 17, 2004, in the Carlisle Regional Medical Center, Carlisle, Pa. She was born on August 29, 1921, in Norristown, Pa., the daughter of Edith (Young) Farley and Walter S. Farley, a farmer who had been a major in the Marines in the South Pacific. Because Walter wanted his children to receive a Ouaker education, Edith attended Middletown Meeting in Langhorne and graduated from George School in 1939. For one year she attended Earlham College on a work-study scholarship, and then received a full scholarship to University of Pennsylvania, where she earned a bachelor's degree in Social Work and a master's degree in Education. During World War II she worked in Philadelphia mental hospitals, where she met a conscientious objector named Francis A. Brown. After their marriage in 1945, Edith was employed as a social worker while Frank taught wood shop at George School. She went on to teach in New Jersey and later became a reading and elementary education teacher in the Harrisburg School District. Their growing family belonged to Edith's home monthly meeting of Middletown, transferred to Media Meeting, then Doylestown and Harrisburg meetings. Before their retirement, Edith and Frank transferred their membership to Carlisle Meeting, and after retirement, they lived in Elliotsburg, where Edith was a founding member of the Perry County Friends Worship Group. An outspoken advocate for Friends concerns, she taught First-day school, served as a Bucks County Girl Scout leader, and was involved in peace and justice projects, especially issues concerning the plight of Native American youth and feeding the hungry. Her children have fond memories of hours spent with their music-loving parents; Edith at the piano, and Frank singing. Edith was predeceased by her hushand, Francis A. Brown, in April 2001. She is survived by her children, Timothy F. Brown, Thomas A. Brown, Deborah B. Hammack, and Pamela B. Gibney; eight granddaughters; her brother, Walter S. Farley Jr.; two sisters, Sara Gray, and Helen Michaelian; nine nieces, and one nephew.

Burck-Mildred Marshall Burck, 83, on March 26, 2004, in Corvallis, Oreg., of Parkinson's disease. She was born July 1, 1920, in Whittier, Calif., to Harold D. and Elma (Gregg) Marshall, members of First Friends Church. Mildred spent one year at Westtown School, graduated from Whittier College in 1941, and worked as a laboratory chemist. On August 24, 1945, she married Clarence R. Burck, a Mennonite CO from Albany, Oreg., who was serving four years in an AFSC-administered CPS camp in Glendora, Calif. After Clarence completed his final semester at Goshen College in Indiana, they moved to Oregon, where Mildred became a founding member of Pacific Yearly Meeting. In 1957, the couple adopted two 3-year-old children from Korea, Roger and Ellen. Mildred was the longtime statistical secretary of Pacific Yearly Meeting and a member of the successive monthly meetings encompassing Corvallis, now Corvallis Meeting of North Pacific Yearly Meeting. In 1967, she attended the Friends World Conference at Guilford College and Pacific Yearly Meeting and, when the Yearly Meeting divided in two, also North Pacific Yearly Meeting,

every summer until she was too ill to travel. She was a member of FOR, League of Women Voters, American Association of University Women, American Civil Liberties Union, United Nations Association, and other organizations involved in public life. She loved to travel, taking her elderly mother to visit Mildred's brother Alan in Australia, and visiting Friends like Mildred Kane, of Multnomah Meeting in Portland, Oreg., who was training Palestinian teachers for United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. Mildred Burck was predeceased by her husband, Clarence R. Burck in 1972. She is survived by her daughter, Ellen Looney; two sons, Gordon Burck, and Roger Burck and partner Jim Raney; four grandsons; a brother, Alan Marshall; and a sister, Mary Wood.

Mongar—John Lawrence (Jack) Mongar, 82, on March 3, 2004, in Manor Township, Lancaster County, Pa. He was born on July 23, 1921, in Calgary, Alberta, to John Lindsey and Ethel Adelaide Hawes Mongar. His family moved to England in his youth, and at the age of 14 he began factory work. During World War II he was employed as a metallurgical chemist researching toluene, a substance used in the manufacture of explosives. He also studied at Birkbeck College, where the bombing of London created havoc, and where he encountered Marxists and Quakers. Although he had been an active member of the Anglican Church and had even joined a lay order, the spiritual writings of Thomas Kelly and Rufus Jones became his focus. The news of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima was a turning point in his life. He became a pacifist and an ardent activist in the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. In the late 1950s he helped design the peace symbol from the superimposed semaphore letters N and D for "Nuclear Disarmament." He became a member of the Committee of One Hundred with Bertrand Russell, and in one demonstration against nuclear weapons, Jack was arrested and jailed. He was active in the establishment of the School of Peace Studies at Bradford University and the Center for the Analysis of Conflict at University College, London. Jack changed his career from metallurgical chemistry to pharmacology and earned a PhD in Biochemistry in 1950 from the University of London. For 40 years he taught Pharmacology and performed biomedical research at University College, London, raising three children with his first wife, Phyllis Mongar. After retirement Jack became committed to the search for a holistic approach to medicine that would unite scientific with spiritual approaches. He and his second wife, Carol MacCormack, both taught at Woodbrooke Retreat Center, were members of the British Quaker Universalist Group, and were active in Westminister Meeting in London. In 1990 they moved to the United States. The couple transformed an old Lancaster County one-room schoolhouse into a home, a center of hospitality and gardening, and a place where Jack developed his wood sculpting, "following the wood," to liberate images of softness and warmth from crude chunks. In 18 years of woodcarving, he created over 750 pieces. Some of those are on display in the Hillside Haven Sculpture Gardens, emphasizing native plants and organic growing practices that he developed with Maria Cattell, his companion after Carol's death in 1997. Jack was active in rendering Lancaster

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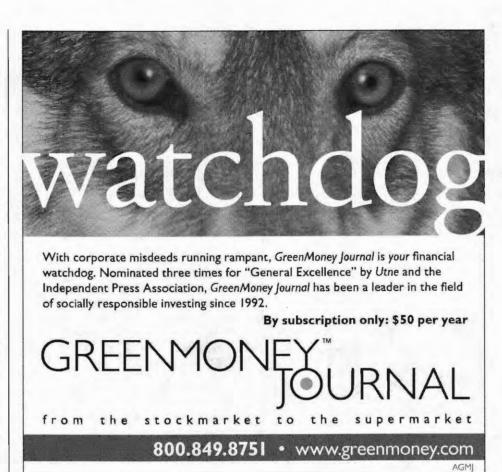
Meeting a more physically attractive, sociable, and intellectually and spiritually stimulating environment. He started and convened both Outreach and Aesthetics committees. He initiated the practice of wearing nametags and built a rack for them; enhanced adult education by initiating study groups; and he was a spark plug for Quaker Talk, the meeting's Sunday morning adult discussion group. Jack found pathways to spiritual enrichment in holistic medicine, massage, meditation, prayer, and Qi Gong. He worked as a hospice volunteer, giving over 1,000 hours of service. Jack was predeceased by his second wife, Carol MacCormack. He is survived by his first wife, Phyllis Mongar; his companion, Maria Cattell; two sons, Andrew L. Mongar and Richard J. Mongar; a daughter, Susan . Jappie; a stepson, Paul R. Hoffer and wife Caroline Hoffer; five grandchildren; three stepgrandchildren; and a twin brother, William C. Mongar and wife Patricia Mongar.

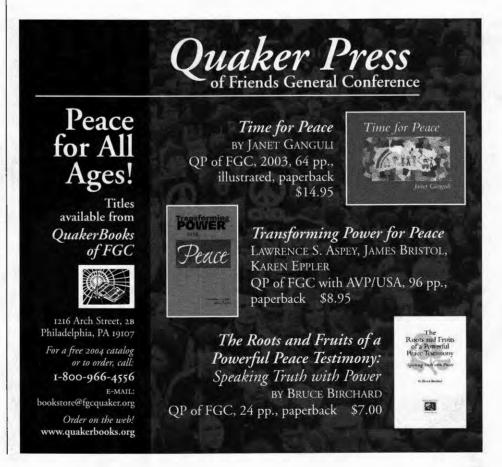
Stratton-John Perley Stratton, 69, on January 30, 2004, in Durham, N.C. John was born February 25, 1935, in Montclair, N.J., to Arthur and Edith (Pickett) Stratton, the second of four children. John attended Olney Friends Boarding School in Barnesville, Ohio, as did his parents, siblings, and many cousins. John went on to Earlham College in Richmond, Ind., and graduated from Harvard Medical School in 1961. He completed his internal medicine residency and hematology fellowship at Cincinnati General Hospital, and there he met Janice Deas while they were both interns. After their wedding in 1963, they worked for two years at Friends Hospital in Kaimosi, Kenya, a term that constituted John's alternative military service. In 1965, just before returning to Cincinnati to finish medical training, John delivered his first daughter. John worked part time at Lincoln Community Health Center from 1970 to 1990 and, after leaving private practice, continued there full-time from 1990 to 1994, when he retired because of Parkinson's Disease and prostate cancer. In retirement, John volunteered for Durham County Literacy Council, NC Rails-to-Trails, and Senior PharmAssist, where he was chairman of the board. He volunteered weekly with Habitat for Humanity's retiree ("geezers") group, participating in the construction of many homes for local residents. He took courses in woodturning and woodworking, and created many beautiful objects for family, friends, and Durham Meeting. A lifelong Friend, John was an active member of Durham Meeting for 35 years, serving in several positions and on many committees. He served on the Carolina Friends School Board of Directors for 16 years, serving as chairman, when he had the honor of signing high school diplomas for his daughters. John spent many weekends exploring, and camping around North Carolina and, with Jan in later years, in Spain, Central and South America, Canada, and the western United States. In recent years, he took special joy in building toys and furniture with and for his grandchildren. John was predeceased by his twoyear-old son, Richard, in 1973. He is survived by his wife, Janice Deas Stratton; two daughters, Sara Stratton and husband Uli Hartmond, and Alice Stratton and husband Mike Durkin; grandchildren, Natalie Hartmond, Isabelle Hartmond, and Nicholas Durkin; brothers, Wilmer Stratton and Richard Stratton; and sister, Dorothy Churchwell. us models for making marriages work. We need to be more vocal about the heat we find in our marriages, so that couples know that all of us go through this smelting. We need to be sharing the joys of discovery that come with the new steel we develop. We need to be open with one another about how the struggle in the shadows of our intimate lives is not the end. At the end is Light. The fact that we don't emerge from the darkness of our married lives easily needs to be lifted up, so that we all learn where wisdom comes from.

Marriage needs new wisdom, not an old structure. We need to stop censuring ourselves. We need to share what really goes on in a marriage, and we need to develop new models that openly explore the struggle that goes into learning how to love.

Doing so will require both courage and humility—I know this from my own personal experience. During times of marital stress I haven't always acted very Quakerly. The tough stories of my own marriage are embarrassing and instructive. They are embarrassing because rhe crucible that heated up did not always bring out the best in me. But they are instructive because I've learned so much from them. Wisdom is born out of suffering and struggle, and without those trying times I wouldn't know much about how to love. The main thing I've learned from the marital crucible is the value of humility.

I don't have the courage—let alone my wife's permission—to put down on paper the stories of my own marital struggles. I do commit myself to talking openly about my own struggle to learn to love. I am willing to do so if it will help someone else find a way out of darkness into the light. Would you, dear reader, be willing to share, too?





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#### Forum continued from p.5

## A case for "process theology"

This is as much a time for spiritual reflection for many of us as it is a time for civic engagement. Natural change, ecology, compassion, and God are viewed as essential parts of the same big picture.

There is a special field of theology for this view of the universe, process theology, which sees nature as a network of relatives, friends, neighbors, and predators-not a commandand-control monolith. Thus, God does not control the universe so much as God encourages cooperation within it.

Just imagine the universe as geese flying in unison. Somehow they know their seasonal migration path from hemisphere to hemisphere, even when none of the geese in the flock has ever flown it before. They share a knowledge that comes to them miraculously from who knows where, and they live as though they are sharing one big life together.

There are plenty of surprises in this life. Our flock of geese might fly unwittingly into a thunderstorm in spite of its best cooperative efforts. Uncertainty is built in. Process theology is a strong argument for free will.

The grandfather of process theology, mathematician and philosopher Alfred North Whitehead, sought to develop a new philosophy of thought that embraced modern scientific theories such as Charles Darwin's evolution and Albert Einstein's relativity. Process theologians are willing to speculate about God's existence and to relate that existence to what we know about science.

Process theology is not static. It rejects the notion that we should understand God precisely the same way throughout all of human history, because understanding the truth is a process of progressive growth. Human knowledge is continually growing, and human nature is continually improving.

Tradition is absorbed by this process: growth builds new structures on old foundations. This is what biologists call evolutionary growth. Rev. Rick Marshall describes that evolutionary growth in a recent issue of Process & Faith this way: "I love the Bible because of process theology. I've discovered that the Bible has been relational all along. Love makes sense now. . . . Persuasive power instead of coercive power as an important distinction allows me to see God differently.'

To me, process theology is about the Holy Spirit that is shared by all of us as the inspiration to do good.

> Tom Louderback Louisville, Ky.

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Washington, D.C., your destination? The Washington Office of the American Friends Service Committee at 1822 R Street, NW, offers overnight accommodations in a Quaker tradition. Reasonable rates. Two blocks from Dupont Circle subway station on the Red Line; close to galleries and bookstores. Shared and single rooms available. Gays, lesbians and people of color are welcome. (202) 232-3196 or <davishouse@afsc.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. <a href="https://www.newcastleinn.com">www.newcastleinn.com</a>, (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>, or visit our website at <a href="http://">http://</a>

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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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>; <www.bhfh

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October 22-24: Conscience and War: Helping Each Other Explore Our Leadings, with Rosa Packard and

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October 29-31: Chanting: Songs of the Soul, with

Beverly Shepard

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

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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>.

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<www.pennyjackim.calligraphicarts.org>

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Carol Gray, Calligrapher (Quaker). Specializing in wed-ding certificates. Reasonable rates, timely turnarounds. Call or e-mail: (404) 296-0672 / <chezgray@mindspring

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Moving to North Carolina? Maybe David Brown, a Quaker real estate broker, can help. Contact him UI,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. <prbcallig@netzero.com>.

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ASSOCIATES, LLC HFreeAssoc@aol.com

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

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

#### Summer Camps

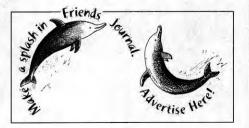
Journey's End Farm Camp is a farm devoted to children for sessions of two or three weeks each summer. Farm animals, gardening, nature,

Nonviolence, simplicity, reverence for nature are empha-sized 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.

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.



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- ☐ Include FRIENDS JOURNAL as a beneficiary in your will
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- □ Name FRIENDS JOURNAL as a beneficiary of an IRA or life insurance policy
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  JOURNAL as a beneficiary

#### Want to know more?

Please call Gretta Stone, Development Coordinator, toll-free at (800) 471-6863, or write to us at:

FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1216 Arch Street, 2A, Philadelphia, PA 19107 development@friendsjournal.org Photos: Left, top and bottom, by David Stewart; top right, Danna Cornick; center: Friends Journal files



# Come to Pendle Hill

for a Weekend, a Week or Longer

This fall, we invite you to come to Pendle Hill for a retreat, conference or weeklong course. Pendle Hill is a Quaker religious educational community centered on 23 beautiful acres in Wallingford, Pennsylvania. We offer programs of different lengths to fit busy schedules. If finances are a concern, please ask about our matching scholarships, which have enabled hundreds of Friends to take part in our programs. We hope to welcome you to Pendle Hill this fall!

## Quaker Faith and Practice -

October 8-10

Inquirers' Weekend: Basic Quakerism Co-sponsored with Philadelphia Yearly Meeting with Michael Wajda and Mary Ellen Chijioke

October 22-24

Conscience and War

Sponsored by the Pendle Hill Peace Network with Rosa Packard and Jim Hamilton

November 7–12
Friends' Testimonies
with Chel Avery

November 19–21 Clerking with Arthur Larrabee

# Spiritual Life and Religious Study-

October 17-22

Spirit-led Community: Early Christians and Early Friends

with Timothy Peat

and also with Timothy Peat:

October 22-24

**Understanding John's Gospel** 

October 29-31

Chanting: Songs of the Soul with Beverly Shepard October 31-November 5
The Spiritual Wisdom
of Meister Eckhart
and Catherine of Siena
with Donald Goergen

November 12–14
Centering Prayer
with Chris Ravndal

# Living Your Faith

October 24–29

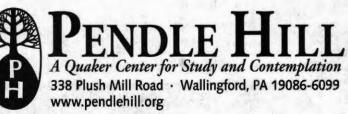
Earth and the Sacred

with Mark I. Wallace

November 14-19

Nonviolence in Personal and Political Life with Dan Snyder

December 3–5 100 Things to Do Before You Hit 100 with Kendall Dudley



Contact Steve Jackson to find out more: 800.742.3150 (U.S. only) ext. 142 610.566.4507 ext. 142 registrar@pendlehill.org