OWNING THE LORD’S PRAYER

Dorothy Steere on The Substance of Hope, from FRIENDS JOURNAL, December 1955
Finding Hope

Since the national election in the United States last November, I’ve been reading many commentaries by people who hoped for a different outcome that in effect ask, “Now what do we do?” or make dire prognostications about our immediate future. It’s tempting to get caught up in discouragement.

We are not the first people to live through troubling, frightening, or disappointing times. I have found myself asking older Friends what the world felt like to them during the McCarthy period, the Great Depression, or the Nazi regime. The responses I’ve received have reassured me that we will find our way through the challenges of the present. Other sources of hope, for me, are the role of nonviolence in ending apartheid in South Africa, thanks in large part to the remarkable spirit of black South Africans; and the generosity and joyfulness of many Latin Americans, despite deep poverty, oppression, and long years of armed conflict. The importance of the life of the Spirit for people in such times is incalculable.

The contents of this particular issue have caused me to reflect on the influence that ordinary people can have in the course of living their lives. Brian Drayton brings us a profile of Mary Penington (p. 27) that traces her spiritual search and her struggles with grief and self-indulgence. Her triumph over these things and her perseverance through the many harsh trials of early Quakerism are an example of what can be accomplished through discipline and determination. Her life stands as a testimony 323 years later.

It’s not necessary to search so far back in history, however, to find examples of how the everyday conduct of one’s life can leave a lasting effect on others. In “A Kitchen with a View” (p. 14), Ann Morrison Welsh describes how the simple act of hospitality and warm, loving support between friends has provided a haven and deeply healing place for her and her family. Moreland Smith, in “Doorways” (p. 18), tells about seemingly chance encounters with individuals who’ve had noetic experiences and how these encounters have made him more aware of the openings through which it is possible to gain deeper awareness of the movement of Grace in our lives. Children, too, can be touched by something simultaneously everyday and extraordinary, as described by William Alberts in “Talking to Bob” (p. 20), when third-graders connect with a retired airline pilot in Labrador.

This month, we have included an article by Paul Buckley, “Owning the Lord’s Prayer” (p. 6), that we hope will provide a simple and rich way to deepen one’s meditative and prayer life. Paul makes clear that it is possible to spend years with this prayer without exhausting its ability to provide spiritual insight and growth.

As we celebrate this 50th Anniversary year of FRIENDS JOURNAL, I’m keenly aware of how profoundly the words in our pages can affect others. We often receive letters and notes from people who tell us how important the JOURNAL is to them. We are blessed that so much hope, inspiration, and encouragement flows through these pages, and that it has done so for so many years.
FEARLESS

JOURNAL

FEBRUARY 2005
VOLUME 51, NO. 2

FEATURES

6  Owning the Lord’s Prayer
Paul Buckley
What do the words of this prayer really mean—to each of us?

14  A Kitchen with a View
Ann Morrison Welsh
The home of friends has offered solace for nearly 40 years.

16  The Substance of Hope
Dorothy Steere
In this reprint from FRIENDS JOURNAL in 1955, the author offers the source of her hope in a despairing world.

18  Doorways
Moreland Smith
Several chance encounters gave him insights into “cosmic consciousness.”

20  Talking to Bob
William G. Alberts
A group of third-graders use a ham radio to listen to the world.

DEPARTMENTS

2  Among Friends
4  Forum
5  Viewpoint
Comments on the review of When the Rain Returns
23  Quaker Organizations
“Moral values” and FCNL’s legislative agenda
24  Meditation
Hanging out laundry with my sister in Fallujah
25  Memoir
Remembering Wyoming
27  Quaker Writings
Mary Penington (1623–1682)
29  Books
35  News
37  Bulletin Board
38  Milestones
43  Classified
46  Meetings

Trans-Labrador Highway in winter
Instructing each other

In regard to the views-on-economics exchange/debate going forth in your Forum of late:

Jack Powellson ("Economics by innuendo and error," Viewpoints, FJ Aug. 2004) and Russell Nelson ("Not to be taken seriously," letter in the FJ Forum, Aug. 2004) have long stood behind conservative economic principles and ideas—or, should I say more accurately, libertarian (dare I even say "Austrian?!") principles—with good intent and no small measure of eloquence, both in their online journal and in letters written here. Their interest is in explaining to us that free markets tend to foster more innovation, and that healthy capitalism can—and has—acted as a positive force in the development of societies all over the world.

And I see David Morse’s concern ("A Quaker Response to Economic Globalization," FJ May 2004, and "Identifying the seeds of violence," letter in the FJ Forum, Dec. 2004), which would tend to some opposite conclusions, to also be based on good intent. His expression is that he feels people need to remember that history has also shown us that exploitation can occur, and has occurred, when irresponsible capitalism—based on power and outright bullying—takes the inside track of the market.

In the first place, I do not see a problem with Quakerism and capitalism. It seems to me Quakers have made some of the most successful business people through the centuries. I have always been taught to believe that saving, frugality, and prudent investment were actually very "Quaker" hallmarks. And I also happen to believe that centralized economies run by the state are not in keeping with the tradition of individual conscience we Quakers have championed through the years. It also seems to me that extreme socialist states have been exceedingly repressive to dissent: to an equal degree to all forms of fascism, for example. If we remember that our tradition is that of standing foursquare in defense of dissenters (if not outrightly being dissenters ourselves), we probably shouldn’t come down too heavily on the side of economic forms that breed repression, be they socialist or fascist.

I don’t believe profit is, in and of itself, an evil. It is more how it is obtained and what the use of it is afterwards that matters. In business, when used correctly, profit aids growth—which often means more jobs and greater benefit to the people engaged in the activity. There is nothing in the Bible or any other wisdom tradition I can think of that condemns reward for honest work. Quite the contrary.

But this discussion bothers me in the sense that we may be watching too much of the hard-and-fast going on here. Capitalism itself is not bad, but capitalism built on exploitation surely is. Rearranging the market to insure economic justice in itself is not bad, but that particular effort to assure economic justice built on an inbred mechanism of stagnation, or realignment by outright theft, surely is.

It has been said that the worst part of capitalism may be uneven wealth, while the best benefit of socialism may be shared misery. There is some truth to that.

A dozen random books of wisdom from a spectrum of religious views would tend to agree, I think, that moderation in all things breeds a supreme and universal spiritual advantage to the practitioner of such a modality. Perhaps if we temper capitalism with responsibility and fairness to be sure that free trade is fair trade and that all involved make good barrier with their goods, services, labor, and resources, we may find that the learned viewpoints of all the concerned Friends in question here are really not that negative to one another, but actually may instruct one another and the rest of us.

And—for the record—I have found myself voting for certain Republicans on principle from time to time, and am conservative in some of my views beyond what one would normally find in our meetinghouses, but I am never without the feeling of acceptance and care from my meeting and would never denigrate a Friend’s concern just because it may strike me as "too liberal" or "too conservative."

Bob Sypsaak
Roselle, Ill.

A new culture is needed

In our society, Friends have raised the banner for marriage cleanness. Marriage under the care of a meeting is a unique Quaker testimony. Friends Meeting at Cambridge (Mass.), which processes two or three Quaker marriages a year, has forged a strong cleanness process. We base the discernment in worship; we often share our spiritual journeys; and we ask hard questions with such tender topics as family abuse, comfort with God-language in the vows, privilege, and how the couple handles major arguments. We often let a couple know from the first request that the cleanness process usually involves two gatherings, sometimes three. Similar to how the couple is marrying each other, I feel the couple as a unit is forming a covenant with the monthly meeting.

A major weakness to our meddle is how we challenge and support the couple in their first year of marriage and thereafter. Not many spouses come to meeting and speak to Friends of the typical difficulties any two assertive people have in cleaving together. So I found Friend Ron McDonald’s article, "Reflections on the Purpose of Marriage" (FJ Sept. 2004), evocative. How does our community nurture marriages after the shining moment of the wedding? We can ask the couple, "How’s it going?" But until the meeting builds a culture where it’s accepted to talk about private problems, it’s unfair to expect a struggling couple to turn to members of the meeting for help. Not many weighty Friends communicate easily the vicissitudes of marital storms. Conflict resolution in families is as important a testimony as peacemaking in the streets.

Minga Claggert-Borne
Cambridge, Mass.

Who vanished and who survived

I read with great interest the account by Paul Buckley of "The Second Ohio Separation" (FJ Sept. 2004). Even though this feature was about the Wilburite-Gurneyite separation, I thought perhaps, incidentally, some light might be shed on why, in the earlier separation of 1828–30, the resulting Hickite body in Ohio has completely disappeared, even though it was the larger of the two bodies from that unfortunate schism.

I realize the Evangelical revivalist camp-meetings, so popular in the mid-19th century, obviously had a great influence on promoting religious enthusiasm and in bringing new members into the Orthodox Friends community. These would probably have had little interest to those of Hickite persuasion. But the whole yearly meeting to disappear completely by 1900? After all, this did not happen in Indiana and Illinois; and these yearly meetings were smaller by far than Ohio.

This matter has to my knowledge never been historically addressed in any depth. In my own opinion, all Friends of whatever bent were so galvanized by the antislavery issue and the Underground Railroad in the mid-1800’s that, once that issue was settled by the Civil War’s conclusion, there was a vacuum of interest and enthusiasm in religious socities and the local meetings. This, coupled with the movement away
Comments on the review of When the Rain Returns

I was deeply saddened by Stanley Zarowin’s review of When the Rain Returns: Toward Justice and Reconciliation in Palestine and Israel (F) Nov. 2004). The volume was written by a group of 14 experienced peacemakers, mostly Quaker (but also Jewish, Muslim, and Meunonite), many with decades of experience working on the issue of Israeli-Palestinian relations. Among the participants were a black woman from South Africa who lived under apartheid, as well a person active in the U.S. civil rights movement, individuals who have spent significant amounts of time living and working in Israel and Palestine, and others with backgrounds in mediation and conflict resolution.

The group traveled together in 2002, and listened carefully and empathetically to individuals from a variety of perspectives. The work was guided by principles clearly stated (but not mentioned by the reviewer), such as the belief that “all persons are of equal humanity,” that “only mutual respect can lead to long-term security,” and that “creative nonviolent ways [do exist] that [can] allow the parties to this conflict to work together to bring about a fair, stable, and hope-filled outcome.”

Whether or not one agrees with their conclusions, the authors are far from “native,” as Stanley Zarowin describes the book’s overall tone and its sentiments in support of Jewish-Palestinian reconciliation. Instead, the authors took seriously the Quaker call to work for both peace and justice, rather than resigning themselves to the idea that this is an impossible goal. If the book appears “uneven” in its discussion of the horrors committed by both Israelis and Palestinians, this simply reflects the reality on the ground: While all parties have engaged in unacceptable brutality, an occupying power (in this case, Israel) is clearly in the dominant position and able to engage not only in acts of state-sanctioned aggression, but also of structural violence. This is not a situation of parity between two equal parties.

There are several factual errors in the review, but rather than enumerating these, I am compelled to address one set in particular, because they involve an appendix I wrote, which Stanley Zarowin praised as “balanced and accurate.” While I hate to seem churlish when being given a compliment, his description of my historical discussion (and, implicitly, the Palestine-Israel Timeline for which I also bear primary responsibility) unfortunately makes several implications that are quite different than what I actually wrote. For instance, there was not widespread agreement in the world community about the creation of the state of Israel in its 1947 form; in fact there was great controversy between that model and a second approach that would have led to a single federal state with significant autonomy in Jewish and Christian/Muslim areas. It was only after the United States put significant pressure on a number of countries that United Nations Resolution 181 (the partition resolution) passed.

Second, at no point do I write, nor do I believe, that “an overwhelming force of Palestinians and their Arab allies, ignoring the opinion of the world community, instantly launched a military attack designed to throw the Jews into the sea,” as Stanley Zarowin suggests. While it is true that when Israel declared itself a state, the surrounding Arab countries attacked it, the claim of overwhelming force on the part of these Arab armies has been thoroughly critiqued and discredited by numerous Israeli historians. Furthermore, this assault did not occur in a vacuum. Instead, there was significant turmoil in the region between the U.S. partition vote on November 29, 1947, and the Israeli declaration of statehood on May 14, 1948. In particular, during this period, well-organized and well-equipped Zionist military forces systematically extended their control beyond the areas specified by UN Resolution 181 to include additional parts of Palestine that they judged essential to the success of the still-to-be-declared State of Israel. One aspect of this was Plan Dalet, which was intended, among other goals, to reduce Palestinian presence through depopulation and destruction of Arab towns and villages in the areas granted to Israel by the United Nations. As a result of this civil fighting, before May 14, 1948, numerous Palestinian villages and towns were destroyed or taken over by Zionist forces, leading to what Chaim Weizmann referred to as “a miraculous clearing of the land.” The occupants of these communities are among the people who remain refugees today.

I would urge readers of FRIENDS JOURNAL to look at the book itself and its extensive appendices and bibliography, rather than relying on comments of an individual who appears more interested in describing his own view than in discussing the contents of the book he is supposedly reviewing.

Deborah J. Gerner
Lawrence, Kans.

A "no" to the grid

Lester Brown, author of "Plan B: The Rescue of a Planet and a Civilization" (F)

Oct. 2004), seems oblivious to our crying need for more local self-reliance, increases in self-sufficiency, and local self-determination. Central planning is a problem, like globalization. Hooking everyone up to the grid is a dangerous problem. As a wind-generator owner for ten years, and a prospective wind-generator salesman, I was quite interested in the article, but found alarm bells going off at the mention of "my old friend Ken Lay of Enron." Sure, wind can help us, but why need we be dependent on corporate decision making?

I liked a button I saw the other day on the subway: "Do for Self!" Of course, I like the joining of hands in localized cooperation even more. It’s become hard to believe that anything else can lead to a sustainable future for humanity.

Joel Barlow
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Continued on p. 41
THE LORD’S PRAYER

by Paul Buckley

In 1997, my wife and I decided on a radical midlife career change. Over the next year, we quit our jobs, sold our house, and moved to Richmond, Indiana, where I enrolled in Earlham School of Religion. My interest was in Quaker Studies—I had no intention of studying religion—but I knew that most of my fellow students at ESR would be preparing for careers as pastors or chaplains. It seemed like a good idea to do a little preparation. In particular, I felt a need to know the Bible better and to understand prayer.

I tried a scholarly approach to learning about prayer. There are plenty of books about prayer, but they didn’t speak to me. Some seemed too dogmatic, while others were too flighty for my tastes. Most of all, they seemed to assume that their readers already knew what a prayer was and what the basic mechanics of praying were. I wasn’t sure that I did.

As a child, I went to Catholic schools and attended mass at least once a week. We were taught to memorize lots of prayers and repeated them frequently. But simply repeating the words over and over had never been very meaningful. It seemed a lot like chanting the words to a magic spell—especially when, as an altar boy, I recited long strings of phonetically memORIZED Latin. Sometime in high school, I stopped saying them.

When books didn’t work, I tried to just talk to God, but it was unsatisfying. I just wasn’t sure what to say. For a while, my attempts at understanding prayer came to a halt.

Meanwhile, I was making good progress with a simple, straightforward, academic approach to learning about the Bible. I bought and studied several books, reading the corresponding portions of Scripture as I went along. It was the first time I had looked at most of it, but by the time classes started in the fall of 1998, I had a working knowledge of the Bible.

In the course of my biblical studies, I came to Matthew 6:9, where Jesus says, “This is how you should pray...” and then proceeds to recite words that I had heard repeated hundreds of times—the Lord’s Prayer. Since my other approaches to prayer weren’t working, following these instructions seemed as good a starting place as any.

As a first step, I decided to simply recite the words to the prayer, but to pay careful attention to each one. While this seemed like a straightforward task, it proved nearly impossible to carry through to completion. Long ago, some part of my brain had evolved into an “Our Father” autopilot. When it was activated, I could say the whole prayer without really paying any attention at all. Slowing down and concentrating produced minor improvements—I could get through a couple of lines before my mind would start to wander—but practice didn’t make perfect.

Still, even slow progress was progress. Although I continued to be plagued by mental intrusions, more and more they came to be related to the text itself. What, I wondered, does it mean for a name to be hallowed? Why would I have to ask God to not lead me into temptation? What, in simple English, did it all mean?

One thing became clear: I was taking on too much at a time. As a second stage in my learning process, I decided to break the task into more manageable pieces. Instead of trying to recite the whole prayer, I took it a piece at a time and, at the end of each phrase, I stopped and tried to restate what I had just said. This wasn’t an attempt at precise translation, but instead, I was trying to say—in my own words—what each passage meant to me. Just as important, getting to the end stopped becoming a goal. Now I was content just to do a few phrases with full attention.

I’ve been engaged in this contemplative process for several years, and it has become one of my principal spiritual disciplines. Hundreds of times I have stared, but more often than not, I do not get through the prayer from beginning to end without my mind wandering—not even by breaking it into bite-sized pieces. My academic work in Quaker Studies has helped me with some of the more difficult parts, mostly by exposing me to more of the Bible and by showing me how others have approached this deceptively simple prayer. Over these years, I have developed a deep appreciation for these few words and have come to believe that they contain the essence of Jesus’ faith and practice.

I can now say with some confidence that I own this prayer and it owns me.

---

Paul Buckley is a Quaker theologian and historian living in Richmond, Ind., where he is a member of 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.

February 2005 FRIENDS JOURNAL
What follows is a selection of personal reflections on individual passages from the Lord's Prayer. This is not a scholarly analysis of the text, nor is it intended to be read as a better translation of the original Greek. My Greek is limited to reading definitions in a Greek-English dictionary. Nor can I claim to have discovered any hidden or secret meanings. It is simply my best effort at letting the prayer speak to me.

In each section, a few words from the prayer—what I have come to look on as a single petition to God—will be presented along with a Scriptural passage that seemed to be related to that petition. These are followed by some of the thoughts that have arisen in my meditations on that phrase.

Please accept my comments, feelings, and reactions merely as a starting point. They are intended as an invitation for you to do the same. At the close of each section I have offered one or more possible restatements of the petition and provide space for you to write your own interpretation.

Petition 1:
Our Father who art in heaven

Abba, Father, all things are possible for you; take this cup from me. Even so, not what I will, but what you will.
(Mark 14:36)

Jesus clearly thought of God as a beloved and loving parent. When talking to others, he frequently referred to God as "my father" or "your father." His prayers often start simply with the word "father." Although there are a few instances of God being addressed as "father" in the Hebrew Scriptures, God is more often portrayed as a distant figure, approached infrequently by the High Priest in the innermost sanctuary, the Holy of Holies, of the Temple in Jerusalem. Ordinary people were not spiritually clean enough to deal directly with God. For Jesus to speak directly to God and to address God as his parent must have struck some of his contemporaries as the height of impudence, if not simply sacrilegious.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy Name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

The Book of Common Prayer

Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name. Your kingdom come. Your will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors. And do not bring us to the time of trial, but rescue us from the evil one.

The New Revised Standard Version of the Bible

Our Father in heaven, may your name be honored. May your Kingdom come soon. May your will be done here on earth, just as it is in heaven. Give us our food for today, and forgive us our sins, just as we have forgiven those who have sinned against us. And don't let us yield to temptation, but deliver us from the evil one.

The New Living Translation of the Bible
Hallowed be thy name

You are to give him the name Jesus, because he will save his people from their sins. (Matt. 1:21)

My first problem with this phrase was the word “hallowed.” The primary association I had with “hallow” was “Halloween.” I knew the word somehow meant holy, but it seemed to be more than that. Meditation (and dictionaries) didn’t help. Finally, I looked up the Greek word ἁγιάζω (hagiazó), that is translated “hallowed” or in other places as “sanctified” or “made holy.” But the word in Greek also conveys a sense of something that is set apart as sacred and pure—something hidden from our profane view. With this in mind, I went on to consider how that changed my understanding of “name.”

At the time Jesus lived, a name was not just a word by which something was known; it was believed to reveal the essence of the thing itself. Parents, for example, would not simply choose a name for a child because it sounded nice—they needed to find the right one, the one that expressed who the child really was. In the quote above, an angel tells Joseph to name Mary’s child “Jesus,” which means, “Jehovah is salvation,” because, the angel explains, “He will save his people from their sins.”

A consequence of this view of names was that to know a name was to know the fundamental nature of the thing named and, in some sense, to have power over that thing. To know God’s name would be to know God’s essence and to have some power over God.

In the Hebrew scriptures, God’s name, יהוה (Yahweh) was a word too holy to be spoken. Whenever a reader encountered the sacred Tetragrammaton, the word אדוני (adoni—Hebrew for “Lord”) was substituted. Even today, most English Bibles use “the Lord,” instead of “Yahweh.”

In the first century, the overwhelming majority of people were illiterate and only knew the Scriptures as they heard them read aloud. For those people, God’s name would therefore be as ineffable as God—never seen or heard, never touched, tasted, or smelled. It existed—everyone and everything had a name whether it was known or not—but it was beyond the

In the centuries, the understanding of what a name represents has changed dramatically. Today, a name means something very different. I came to realize that if I was going to say something in English that meant the same thing that Jesus meant, it would require putting this petition into very different words. Perhaps, “You are so holy and so wholly different from me that I can’t say anything about who you are.”

While this restatement appealed to me intellectually, over time I found a deeper and more personal wording that better expresses what this phrase has come to mean to me:

My petition:
Just to call your name is a blessing.

Yours:

Petition 3:
Thy kingdom come

Behold, the kingdom of God is within you. (Luke 17:21)

Just as some people are uncomfortable with the word “father,” “kingdom” has contemporary meanings that a person living 2,000 years ago might not recognize. I have found that substituting the original Greek word βασιλεία (basileia) can be helpful. A kingdom, in ordinary speech, is a physical space ruled by a human being. The basileia is a spiritual state dedicated to God.

When I first began to really pay attention to this phrase, it seemed that there was a word missing, that it should be “Thy kingdom will come” or “Thy kingdom has come.” I preferred the first—I was waiting for God to come and fix things. But, as I became acquainted with other references to “the kingdom” in the Gospels, I realized that Jesus was not talking about something in the distant future, but something that was very close. The

Petition 4:
Thy will be done

I am my beloved’s, and his desire is toward me. (Song of Songs 7:10)

We don’t have to believe that Jesus was divine to believe that the night before he died, he knew what was coming. He could have run away, but instead, he went off by himself and prayed to his Abba. In his prayer, he asked if he could be spared the ordeal that awaited him, but the
On earth, as it is
in heaven
Be perfect, therefore, as your heavenly
father is perfect. (Matt. 5:48)

Several years after I began my contemplation of the Lord's Prayer, I became aware that I was skipping over this part. The phrase itself seems pretty straightforward—there are no strange words, so an obvious restatement is just to leave it as it is—but I realized that my difficulty was with "heaven." It's not a word I use often; the possibilities of heaven and hell are not really important to my spiritual life. Mostly, I'm just not sure what "heaven" means to me. I don't really think I am going to sit on a cloud with a harp after I die. Nor is there another image of an afterlife that I can believe.

For this reason, I generally don't use the word "heaven" in everyday conversation. If I say "heaven," others might reasonably assume that it means the same thing to me as it does to them. It seems safest to just ignore the word and avoid the issue. But this isn't everyday conversation; prayer is a conversation with God. Surely in prayer I should be even more careful to say what I mean.

This wasn't a problem for Jesus' disciples. Two thousand years ago, the reality of a separate, spiritual realm was accepted in somewhat the same way that today we accept the existence of polar ice caps or subatomic particles. (I've never seen either one, but I believe they exist.) To early Christians, heaven was a real place above the sky and beyond the stars. It was the dwelling place of God and other heavenly beings. But over the last several hundred years, the distance to the stars has swelled to what seems almost infinity and the place of heaven has receded further and further from our everyday world.

I believe in the reality of the spiritual world, but I don't truly know anything about its nature. I don't know that there are other heavenly beings or that people will go there when they die. I don't know what it would mean that God's will is done there. At the same time, just ignoring these seven words feels unacceptable.

Fortunately, I don't believe that the meaning of this phrase depends on believing in the existence of heaven as a place we go after we die. Heaven and angels may or may not be a real experience, but I can aspire to perfect faithfulness. The prayer is a conversation about the fulfillment of God's vision of what heaven means to me, not the nature of heaven itself. So, I'm going to leave the phrase as is and let it be a challenge to me to live a life of comparable faithfulness. It prays that we who are now living on earth will be as consistent in seeking and doing what God desires as an inhabitant of heaven would be. I have come to see these few words as a petition for help in becoming what I hope to be: Right now, I may be an imperfect, very human, being, but I can aspire to perfect faithfulness and I can ask God to help me achieve it.

My petition:
Help me to be faithful.

Yours:

Petition 6:
Give us this day our daily bread

Do not store up treasures on Earth. . . .
For where your treasure is, there will
your heart be also. (Matt. 6:19, 21)

At first glance, this looks like a simple request for food. And it's a pretty specific one: give me bread "this day" and, looking to the future, give it to me "daily." A lot of the prayers I said as a child sounded like this:

"Give me a bike."
"Let me pass this test."
"Don't let me get caught."

These are the kinds of prayers I can no longer say—it feels presumptuous to think I can tell God what I really need. Surely God knows my needs better than I do.

In considering this petition, I have learned not to be too literal—in both Greek and Hebrew the word for bread can mean any kind of food. More than that, I have come to read it as a metaphor for all the things a person needs to live.
And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us

If you forgive others, your heavenly Father will forgive you. (Matt. 6:14)

Asking for forgiveness is essential to spiritual health. To say, “Forgive me,” I must admit that I am in need of forgiveness because I have done something wrong. For a long time, I thought that was the purpose of this petition—to get me to see that I had done wrong and then to ask for and obtain forgiveness. But hidden in this phrase is something much harder than admitting my own wrongs and asking for mercy. In the second half, the meaning of the petition is dramatically unusual:

One of the stages of the grieving process is bargaining. A person at this stage might say, “God, if you make me well, I’ll go to church every week.” Sometimes, we try to entice God into doing something we want by offering to do something in return that we think God wants. We act as if we can reward God for good behavior.

This petition turns the bargain on its head. Rather than saying “God, if you forgive me, I will forgive others,” it puts the burden on us to forgive others first.

When it came to rewriting this petition, I found that it was easy to say something abstract. Forgiving anonymous “others” is easier than forgiving the people I live with and work with every day. In order to be honest with myself, I often need to be more specific:

“Forgive me as much as I forgive my boss for making me work on a Saturday.”

“Forgive me as much as I forgive the committee that passed me over for the job I wanted.”

“Forgive me as much as I forgive other drivers on the highway.”

“Forgive me as much as I forgive my mother.”

“Forgive me as much as I forgive my son when he defies me.”

“Forgive me as much as I forgive people who leave the seat up on the toilet.”

Sometimes, I need to remind myself what is required of me. On those days, I recast this petition as, “If I don’t forgive others, you don’t have to forgive me.”

Petition 8: And lead us

He restores my soul: he leads me in the paths of righteousness. Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for you are with me; your rod and your staff, they comfort me. (Ps. 23:3-4)

Usually when the Lord’s Prayer is recited, these three words flow right into the next few without the slightest pause. When I first took up this work in 1997, I did the same thing, but the more I considered that longer phrase, the more I came to believe that there was something missing. There seemed to be two different ideas entwined in it. I needed to separate each of them. When I did, I felt that in these three words I had found the heart of the prayer and the heart of my response to its message: Lead me.

It’s easy to think that “lead me” is the same as “show me the way and I’ll follow it.” In my meditations, I discovered that I had two problems with such an interpretation. First, it seemed to imply that there might be times when God does not show me the way. This may sound like a good excuse when I haven’t been faithful, but in my heart I know it isn’t true. Although I might not always pay attention or want to hear what God is telling me, I am never on my own. “The way” is always visible.

More serious is the presumption that in saying “lead me” I am telling God that, if the paths of righteousness are revealed, I will walk in them. If it were only that easy.

One prominent image of God as a leader or guide in the Scriptures is as a shepherd. It is useful to remember that a shepherd doesn’t just point out the way for the sheep; they need to be actively...
FRIENDS JOURNAL... Right for the Times

No matter what is going on in the world, FRIENDS JOURNAL brings a unique Quaker perspective on it. Each month we put together thought-provoking articles that you’ll want to read more than once. Now is the time to subscribe.

- Yes, send me one year of FRIENDS JOURNAL for $35.
- I want to save more. Enter a two-year subscription for $65.
If I am not satisfied, I can get a full refund for all unmailed copies.

Name: ___________________________________________ Payment enclosed ______
Address: ___________________________________________ Please bill me ______
City: ________________________________________________
State: ______________________ Zip: ______________________

For faster services, subscribe online:
www.friendsjournal.org
Call Toll Free: (800) 471-6863
Petition 10:  
But deliver us from evil

He lifted me out of the slimy pit, out of the muck and mud, and set my feet upon a rock. He gave me a firm place to stand.  
(Ps. 40:2)

What is “evil”? Two thousand years ago, horrible things happened to good people every day. Innocent babies died. Diseases swept through the population, taking some and leaving others for no apparent reason. The rains wouldn’t come when they were needed and whole communities faced starvation. Or, the rains would fall for days on end, causing floods and drowning the land. A Roman (or Persian or Egyptian) army would march through the land, killing, raping, and pillaging as they went. The highways were haunted by thieves and murderers. As the apostle Peter wrote in his epistle, evil stalked the land like a roaring lion looking for someone to devour.

My world is a safer one. I personally don’t worry too much about being the victim of war or famine. Where I live, crime is infrequent and diseases are rarely long-lasting, crippling, or fatal. But I can’t fool myself into believing that I am completely safe, even on a purely physical level. Or that the world at large shares even the degree of safety that I enjoy. For this, I am grateful, but I don’t think danger in the world around us is what this petition is about.

We may pray that God will protect us from external evil—from natural disasters or the evil acts of others—but these are far less dangerous than the evil within us. External evil may threaten our physical safety, but the evil we do ourselves threatens our spiritual safety.

Most of the time, we are not in serious danger. To act in a truly evil way is difficult. It requires that we know what we are doing is seriously wrong and it will estrange us from God, but we choose to do it anyway. To truly do evil is to completely turn away and sever your relationship with God. I pray God will be with me if I ever face such a choice.

In my everyday life, this petition serves to remind me of a much more prosaic difficulty. Eating an extra chocolate eclair is more foolish than evil, but excusing my foolishness—indulging my foolishness—makes each new challenge easier to evade. Likewise, if I practice faithfulness in these
little things, I am strengthened for the test
when it comes.
This petition is a reminder of my
capacity for self-deception.
My petition:
Save me from my own stupidity.
Yours:

Petition 11:
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever
My kingdom is not of this world. (John 18:36)

This petition has always been the hardest for me to sort out. Being brought up Catholic, it was never part of the prayer I said or heard recited in Mass. It felt like it was tacked on and never quite fit for me. To me, these words were too formal. They seemed to portray God as a power-hungry, glory-mad tyrant. They didn't fit into the personal, intimate conversation with my Abba that preceded them.

When I found out that most Bible scholars do not believe that these words were part of the original prayer (it's not included in most modern translations of the Bible), I was relieved—perhaps I could just ignore them. But the phrase continued to challenge me. Why, I wondered, would they have been added? Did they have something important to say to me?

My first breakthrough was in reminding myself that I didn't have to accept the image of God as an earthly king or the basileia as a kingdom of this world. The basileia is God's vision of creation as it can be and should be. Saying that the basileia is God's reaffirms that vision. That affirmation reminds us where our greatest treasure lies and reinvents God to live within us.

Second, I realized that this whole prayer is not concerned with God's power over us, but with the power from God that empowers us. It is about the strength we receive from God to grow into our truest selves. Acknowledging the source of that power recognizes the foundation of our spiritual strength.

Finally, admitting that all true glory is God's requires us to look honestly at our own claims to fame. Without God's gifts, we build passing dreams with limited abilities to achieve momentary recognition. We remain trapped in our mortality. When we use the power God grants us to build the basileia, our lives become glorious.

When I remember all that, I can give up my feelings of oppression and declare my gratitude joyfully.

My petition:
Thank you for all your blessings.
Yours:

Using this Article for Religious Education

For use by a group, I suggest the following approach. At the start of each session, have different people in the group read the passage, Scripture verse, and reflections aloud. Take 10 or 15 minutes to contemplate the petition in silence and to write individual interpretations of it. This may be difficult for some in the group. We live in a world that abhors silence and quiet contemplation. Some people will have immediate reactions and want to share them, but others need time for the petition to speak to them. Even after the last person has stopped writing, there are often stirrings of the Holy Spirit that still need time to settle.

In a first round, give each person the opportunity to share his or her personal rewording of the petition. As each person speaks, the others can help by giving the speaker their complete attention without interrupting. A little time between speakers will allow everyone to reflect on what was said and to jot down any notes before going on.

After each person has had an opportunity to speak (some may choose to pass), a second round of comments and reactions will give each person a chance to share any thoughts or feelings that arose during the period of meditation. This is also an opportunity to build on what others have said or to pose questions for the group. This process is intended to be contemplative, not academic—there is no single right answer. Each person's job is to share his or her own reflections as clearly as possible. If another person's thoughts are different from your own, it isn't necessary to reconcile the differences. Diverse offerings represent various ways that individuals have heard the text, and each of those ways may provide an opportunity for others to hear something new. As in the first round, it is helpful to pause after each speaker has finished for note taking and quiet reflection on what has been said. A third round, or general discussion, will finish the session.
from the sacred to the profane, it was a commitment to carry the sacred forward into the everyday world. It was a promise to make what had just been said happen.

It's easy for us to think that we are honoring God when we set aside certain times as holy times, certain places as holy places, and reserve special words for prayer, but when we do so, we are implicitly claiming all other times, places, and language for ourselves. "Amen" shouldn't mean "I'm done praying now," but "Now I'll put my prayer into action."

I have found several valuable restatements of this petition in popular culture: In Star Trek, Captain Jean Luc Picard says, "Make it so!" In Dr. Seuss's Horton Hatches the Egg, Horton the Elephant says, "I meant what I said and I said what I meant; an elephant's faithful, one hundred percent." This is an example I try to live up to.

**My petition:**

**So help me, God!**

---

Put it Together

When you pray, do not use empty repetitions. (Mat. 6:7)

Now that you have put the various pieces of this prayer into your own words, it's time to pull them all together and see how it works as a whole. Here are my petitions:

---

**Heavenly Mama, Papa of us all! Just to call your name is a blessing.**

**There is a home for you in my heart.**

May your love for all creation be answered.

**Help me to be faithful.**

Give me only what I need for today.

Forgive me as much as I forgive others.

**Be my guide;**

Help me to face my weaknesses and

**Save me from my own stupidity.**

Thank you for your blessings.

**So help me, God!**

---

But my work isn't over with this compilation. This was my prayer as I was writing, but it might not be right for any other day of my life.

---

To obtain copies in booklet format for personal or group use, send an e-mail to <buckley.spohr@att.net>. Cost is $2 per copy, including shipping.
A kitchen tells you a lot about a home and the people who live there. Grandmother Corpening's kitchen in rural Burke County, North Carolina, was that kind of place. There was always a friendly fragrance around—the wonderful smell of biscuits, country ham, or freshly baked apple pies. Though simple, Grandmother's kitchen was clean, well-kept, and orderly, reflecting her heritage. The cane-bottom chairs around her long table had been sat upon for generations.

But that was long ago, and now here is another kitchen.

It's early morning, and no one else is up. I'm sitting at the table in the kitchen of Friends who live up north. It's a warm and spacious room, airy and light, with two large windows looking onto the backyard. The table is large and honey-colored—maple wood, perhaps. It holds six people easily, ten if it needs to. I have sat at this table off and on for almost 40 years, so it feels like home.

This early spring morning is cool and cloudy. There was a little rain during the night, and the birds haven't yet ventured to the bird feeders beyond the kitchen window, near the forsythia bush, which is about to bloom. I'm glad my friends don't trim their forsythia or try to shape it into a ball, but just let it alone. That way, its long arms can fling out its yellow, flowery flames wherever nature leads.

There is order and beauty in this kitchen, and indeed all through the house. The dignified old furniture that has been cared for through several generations knows its place well, in room after room, and still comfortably serves our friends today, as well as their circle of friends and family, a circle so large it stretches all the way from the Mason-Yancey Common Times Journal.

A beautiful circle tile of the infant Jesus, looking unmistakably like a colorful della Robbia sculpture, is hooked into a corner of the bulletin board. The mottoes for this month focus on the meaning of success:

Our own success, to be real, must contribute to the success of others.

Eleanor Roosevelt

To know even one life has breathed easier because you lived—this is to have succeeded.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

We are united with all life that is in nature. Man can no longer live his life for him alone.

Albert Schweitzer

A kitchen with a view

by Anne Morrison Welsh

A kitchen tells you a lot about a home and the people who live there. Grandmother Corpening's kitchen in rural Burke County, North Carolina, was that kind of place. There was always a friendly fragrance around—the wonderful smell of biscuits, country ham, or freshly baked apple pies. Though simple, Grandmother's kitchen was clean, well-kept, and orderly, reflecting her heritage. The cane-bottom chairs around her long table had been sat upon for generations.

But that was long ago, and now here is another kitchen.

It's early morning, and no one else is up. I'm sitting at the table in the kitchen of Friends who live up north. It's a warm and spacious room, airy and light, with two large windows looking onto the backyard. The table is large and honey-colored—maple wood, perhaps. It holds six people easily, ten if it needs to. I have sat at this table off and on for almost 40 years, so it feels like home.

This early spring morning is cool and cloudy. There was a little rain during the night, and the birds haven't yet ventured to the bird feeders beyond the kitchen window, near the forsythia bush, which is about to bloom. I'm glad my friends don't trim their forsythia or try to shape it into a ball, but just let it alone. That way, its long arms can fling out its yellow, flowery flames wherever nature leads.

There is order and beauty in this kitchen, and indeed all through the house. The dignified old furniture that has been cared for through several generations knows its place well, in room after room, and still comfortably serves our friends today, as well as their circle of friends and family, a circle so large it stretches all the way from the Mason-Yancey Common Times Journal.

Dixon Line to the mountains of North Carolina and to Nepal.

The likes of this house might never be found in House Beautiful, yet it is beautiful, and deeply pleasing to body, heart, and soul. Countless friends who have come through its large front door and been comforted would have given it first prize, had there been a contest. Such a prize might read: “This home belongs to friends.”

The living room, though a bit formal, is truly hospitable, the kind of place where a guest can fall asleep on the couch or in a recliner chair in front of the fireplace. I discovered the magic of the recliner almost 40 years ago, after the sudden, tragic death of my husband, when life for our family turned upside down in a moment. From then on, for many an evening the children and I were invited over to dinner with these dear friends. We sat around the kitchen table and found that we could still eat and laugh at the same time.

After supper, the kids would go upstairs to play with the toys and the gerbil, or out back with Frinces, the stray dog who came and stayed forever. And I would stretch back in a recliner and talk quietly about things with my friends for a little while. Before long, without intending to, I would be closing my eyes, and that was quite all right. The Chinese say that it is a compliment to the host if a guest falls asleep in their home.

Another time this home was a haven for our family. Some years after we had moved back down south, our son Ben developed dreadful bone cancer. The treatments took us to Memorial Sloan-Kettering. For an eternity, it seemed, we drove Ben back and forth from North Carolina to New York City. Our friends' house became a welcome stopover on the way, but of course much more. If I let myself, I can still see Ben gamely mounting the steps up to the big front door, crutches flying ahead, not holding him back. For another sweet moment, we were home again.

Fourty years later, I find that our friends' home is still that kind of place. It has offered needed rest and solace for many other souls over the years.

I could write a volume about these friends, who happen to be Quakers, and thus Friends. Maybe someday someone will. I hope so. Perhaps it will suffice to return to the kitchen for a look around. The kitchen is usually the heart of a home.

On one wall there is a large bulletin board, which is pinned with dozens of photos of friends and family, including several of our friends' new grandson. There is a photograph of four young men in crisp uniform, fresh and hopeful. One is the son of a friend, and he is now in Iraq.

Not surprisingly, the bulletin board announces upcoming meetings and program calendars, and there is also a reminder: the kind of foods needed by the local food bank.

A thumbtack holds up the Quaker Motto Calendar, opened to March 2004. The mottoes for this month focus on the meaning of success:

Our own success, to be real, must contribute to the success of others.

-Eleanor Roosevelt

To know even one life has breathed easier because you lived—this is to have succeeded.

-Ralph Waldo Emerson

We are united with all life that is in nature. Man can no longer live his life for him alone.

-Albert Schweitzer

A bright invitation to a party announces:

For all my wonderful helpers—A thank-you party in my new home.

Over to the side, the refrigerator holds...
a large Quaker poster, which states simply: “There is no Way to Peace; Peace is the Way.”

And there is a little picture of a Byzantine Madonna, dark-skinned, entitled, “Mother of the Streets.” The Madonna looks like Mother Teresa.

At the top of the refrigerator there is a prayer: “Come Holy Wisdom, lead us on the path of justice.”

If I stretch my arm to the end of the table I can reach Peterson's Field Guide to the Birds (a male cardinal is now at breakfast at one of the feeders), or browse through a folder on environmental pollutants, or look at A Guide to Healthier Eating Out.

On a window sill is a dainty row of tiny cream pitchers, some of them doubtless inherited from a mother long deceased, who took excellent care of things, four children and an ailing husband, yet also found time to care for the world's ills.

I could say much more about these two Friends, but I should at least mention their years of parenthood, work in the steel mills, service to the homeless and needy, love of home, Quaker peace work, and love of nature and travel. Now retired, they volunteer every week at a local ministry to some of the city's poor.

The cardinal has almost finished his breakfast, reminding me to stop and get mine. A woven-grass basket on the kitchen table holds oranges, apples, and pears—symbols of the hospitality here. It doesn't matter which fruit I choose, or if I choose none. I can go hunting for cereal or tea. Or make myself an omelette. It doesn't matter. I am welcome. I am at home.

Below: Friends (and friends) Nancy Gideon Clark and Herbert T. Clark share their kitchen. They are members of Baltimore (Md.) Meeting—Homewood.
The title of this talk is taken from that passage in the Bible which says, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen."

In our two trips in the last four years we have seen much that is disquieting and that has made us wonder how men could be so cruel to other men and how governments could go on building power that would seem to have no termination except in destruction. It is easy enough to be pessimistic and disheartened and to feel that the substance of things hoped for leaves little room for faith, and that if you have any faith, it surely must rest in the things unseen, for it would seem that the ocean of darkness and death all but overwhelms the ocean of light and love.

The Substance and Evidence of Hope

Some of you have heard me say that years ago when I went to college my father and I had a talk which I have never forgotten. We had been discussing the struggles you might encounter going off on your own for the first time, and at the end of the
conversation he looked at me with great tenderness and said, "Dorothy, you will always find what you are looking for." He was thinking especially of people and groups and organizations. In the years that have followed I have learned that there is a great deal of truth in what he said.

Much of what you see does depend upon what you are looking for. But does that make it an illusion? My daughter has expressed the danger of refusing to admit the darkness and hopelessness if you are intent on seeing the things which make for hope. But in a world like ours, with journalists and politicians and men of affairs shouting gloom from every newspaper and broadcasting company or giving us words which send us first up and then down in our moods or elation or anguish, it is important that we not lose sight of the substance and evidence of hope. One's faith helps one to see this hope, but seeing the substance of things hoped for also increases faith. It works both ways.

There is nothing worse than a sentimentalist who wears a forced smile and goes about being sugar-sure when the world seems tumbling about us. But there are those who select despair only, and they are just as hard to endure. It is necessary to be realistic, but that doesn't mean blinding ourselves to the evidence of good in people or the world. Hope and vision are both necessary to keep the people from perishing.

I expect that one of the most difficult things for us as a young nation and for the young of our nation is to keep from insisting that unless good things come to birth and are realized in their lifetimes, they are of no use. I am not at all sure that modern young people would agree with Wordsworth when he says,

Enough if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the hour
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.

To "feel that we are greater than we know" "through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower" isn't enough for people who want to see results here and now, or at least before they leave this life. It is hard to work for the good as if it were coming tomorrow, and at the same time to realize without losing heart that our goals may be years and even generations away, or that they may be known only in an eternal order of things. "There may not be time for this kind of future hope," we cry—not with all the forces of destruction we have at our disposal.

It is here that our faith needs to be strongest. If we can believe that there is a God working in the processes of history, that He is operative in our world and in our lives, and that He longs for our good, we can feel that we are in His hands, and that "in some good time, His good time, we shall arrive." Because of our faith in a loving, caring God who holds us in the midst of anything that may happen to us, we Christians should say as Paul said to Timothy, "God hath not given us the spirit of fear but a spirit of power and love and of a sound mind."

No Lost Good

I believe that more of us could bear the uncertainty of having positive goods come into being in our lifetime if we could feel that there is no lost good. I am not sure where this conviction of mine has come from. It probably is a composite of the Bible and Browning and a number of other books and persons who have strengthened my own intuition of the way a good God must work. But I believe with all my heart that every act, every word, every attitude and longing that is creative is caught up in the heart of the Eternal and is preserved. In this sense man is greater than he knows. He is more than he seems. What each one of us does is more important than it would appear, and hope can "spring eternal," for its triumph, if we are in the hands of God, is ultimate.

Faith in God

The "reason of the hope there is in you," as far as the Bible is concerned, comes from one's faith in God. Do you remember how the psalmist cries, "Why art thou cast down, oh my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God?"

In the faith of everything that might happen to Israel, to the chosen people, in the face of all that cast them down and disquieted, the prophets knew that their hope lay in God. The people often strayed and sinned and fell short of His commandments, but with Him there was still hope of salvation.

God is our hope! But man is not hopeless as long as there is that in him which was put there by God, that spark of His own being which can be kindled and ignited and can burn with a flame that is not his own. Men and women with this flame have lived in every generation and have played their part in keeping men's consciences uneasy about the evil and the suffering and sickness in the world about them; they remained uneasy until something was done to alleviate conditions as they found them. God will not let us go until we work not only to perfect ourselves but to perfect the world we are placed in, and to make it a comfortable place for others besides ourselves.

But often enough our minds and souls are besieged with numbing or nibbling fears, and pessimism holds us inert. And so we need to share the hope which we have with one another "and be ready," as the Bible says, "always to give an answer to everyone that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear."

In De Purry's Journal From My Cell, which tells so graphically the substance of the prisoner's hope, he says, "Despair consumes you, but hope is the stronger," and he goes on to say, "The Church is well-founded on the joy human beings take in sharing their hope."

A sick and faithless generation, just as a sick and faithless person, tends to select

Continued on page 26
Doorways are so commonplace in everyday life that we scarcely give them a thought, unless a door sticks or a lock is balky. But a doorway may have more meaning for us symbolically or metaphorically. Many who have enjoyed reading aloud to children will remember Frances Hodgson Burnett's classic for children, *The Secret Garden*, in which a doorway is the very first important feature. A little girl, the protagonist, discovers a strange key under mysterious circumstances. Soon afterward she spies a doorway, hidden behind vines covering a high brick wall. The key unlocks the door and she steps into a delightful secret world.

As adults we are better able to handle abstractions. Life thus offers us the possibility of discovering metaphorical, archetypal, or exploratory doorways. Some of these doorways open onto new vistas of secular knowledge. Others can offer us access to long-sought experiences of expanded spiritual awareness. But if an archetypal doorway has no resemblance to a literal, physical doorway, it may escape our notice. Thus we need to be more “doorway-conscious,” lest we miss some once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

Years ago a reference to a book title was an exploratory doorway. I purchased and read the book, and thereafter never ceased being interested in, curious about, and fascinated by people's accounts of their illuminative spiritual experiences. Thus the first year I went to New York Yearly Meeting at Silver Bay on Lake George I was, in psychological jargon, “primed” for possible anecdotes of illumination.

There must have been 400 or more people present that year. Between sessions, while strolling about the conference grounds, I chanced (or was it synchronicity?) to fall into a casual conversation with a young woman I'd never seen before, who proceeded to relate an unusual spiritual experience. Having been “primed,” I listened with much interest to her account of how her husband had been stricken with a mysterious paralysis. He became less and less able to function at his office and eventually lost his job. As the paralysis progressed he became more and more helpless, and eventually bedridden. His wife had to give up her job and stay home to take care of him. With three children and no income, their financial situation was becoming desperate.

This young Quaker woman was caught in an incredibly stressful situation. She had to care for her paralyzed husband around the clock, keep the children going, and worry about the family's precarious finances. On top of that, she was frustrated by the medical profession's inability to diagnose or prescribe for her husband's paralysis.

At this juncture, she learned of a church-sponsored retreat in her area, and decided to attend—as a last resort—for desperately needed spiritual support. Somehow, she was able to arrange for another person to take care of her husband and children for a week so she would be free to go.

She found the quiet, relaxed atmosphere and the daily routine of prayer and meditation at the retreat to be of considerable help, but even by the final day of the program she still did not feel sufficiently restored to go back and face the stresses of her home situation. Then, just a few hours before the retreat ended, one of the retreat leaders approached her and...
asked if she was now ready to "receive the gift of the Holy Spirit."

Her instant reaction was quite negative. She said she was not worthy to receive such a gift. The retreat leader chided her and reminded her that it was not up to her to judge her worthiness or unworthiness; only God could make that judgment. So, as instructed, she sat in a chair and the retreat leader offered a brief blessing for her.

Instantly she experienced a dramatic transformation of attitude, and began to weep, not from self-pity, not from joy or ecstasy, but from a sudden comprehension of the all-rightness of everything in Creation. When she arose from the chair, her perceptions were radically altered. Everything she looked at seemed to be pristine and new and suffused with a glow of rose-colored light. (This reminded me of Revelations 21:5: "Behold, I make all things new.") And every person she looked at seemed to arouse in her a feeling of total, unconditional love. She felt as if she were walking on air. Somewhat later she realized that she had lost her customary interest in food, and she went for days without experiencing normal hunger. Also, she discovered that she no longer felt fatigue, and she was satisfied with sleeping only an hour or two a night.

Her sole concern, she confided, was that this utterly blissful state would not last. And after some months it did indeed gradually fade away. However, the experience left her a changed person, and the memories of it were so vivid that she was continually sustained by them.

Incidentally, she reported that her husband had recovered completely, leading me to speculate that, like a Friend I knew in Fifteenth Street Meeting in New York City, he had been afflicted with a transient form of paralysis which is known today as Guillain-Barre syndrome.

A statistician could have a headache trying to figure the probability that among some 400 people wandering over many acres of conference grounds, the person I encountered on my stroll that particular afternoon would be the one person with the kind of story for which I had been primed. Jungians, on the other hand, would no doubt attribute the encounter to synchronicity.

Whether by chance or synchronicity or Providence, the next time I went to yearly meeting at Silver Bay, I found myself conversing between sessions with another young Quaker housewife who had a somewhat similar retreat experience. I'd like for my hypothetical statistician to estimate the probability that on two separate occasions a year apart I would by coincidence encounter, among the 400 or more people present, the one special person who would have the story for which I had been primed. Again, Jungians would probably say it was a matter of synchronicity.

Anyway, this second young Quaker woman had also gone to the same retreat center. The difference was that she had not gone because of being in great distress, but simply out of a very ardent desire for further spiritual growth and development. And during the retreat she, too, had the experience of receiving what the retreat people called "the gift of the Holy Spirit."

She said that when she returned home people were amazed at her appearance. All the care lines on her face had either been softened or erased, and everyone said she looked years younger. She felt younger, too, and full of energy. But what she considered most important was the wonderful way her retreat experience had enhanced her relationships with her husband and her children. And like the young woman I had met the previous year, she felt that her attitude toward life and all her relationships, outside the family as well as within the family, had undergone a phenomenal and permanent transformation.

Because I had still another such encounter, my statistician by now should be on tranquillizers and my Jungian acquaintances should be smugly satisfied that synchronicity is the only possible explanation for what had been occurring.

(Personally, I would be inclined to go beyond either probability or synchronicity and attribute my information to the enigmatic workings of Divine Providence.)

My third encounter came about as the result of a retreat I attended at Pendle Hill. Although this was Quaker turf, the retreat was sponsored by an outside group and the format was basically Japanese Buddhist. The retreatants came from diverse backgrounds, and Friends were a small minority. Anyway, after a week of total silence, people resumed conversing, and one of the first topics of conversation was the rumor that someone in the group had, as certified by the retreat leader, experienced a very profound spiritual realization. But nobody seemed to know who it was, and the individual in question wasn't talking.

After the concluding ceremony of the retreat I was walking from Pendle Hill to the Wallingford railroad station to catch my train home. On the way I encountered a woman I recognized as one of the retreatants. She also was on her way to the railroad station, so we chatted as we walked. I commented on the rumors about one individual's having had a profound spiritual breakthrough and she admitted that it was she. She could discuss it privately, but had been reluctant to mention it in front of the whole group.

Although all three of the aforementioned incidents involved retreats as doorways, that doesn't mean that doorways lead exclusively to retreats. I'm just relating a few of my own personal experiences, which happened to involve retreats. Actually, the number of doorways we could enter in a lifetime must be infinite. They're all there, but perhaps we have to be primed and doorway-conscious in order to spot them.

The book that sparked this discussion was written over a century ago, and it's still in print. It was written by a Canadian psychiatrist, Richard Maurice Bucke, and the title is Cosmic Consciousness. At the time it was published it was praised by the great American psychologist William James, author of The Varieties

Continued on page 26
by William G. Alberts

On a clear, cool Friday afternoon several months ago, I led a small group of third-graders up to the ham radio room above the Admissions Office. We were going to try to make a contact. Radio PMFS, The Voice of Plymouth Meeting Friends School, was going to go on the air.

Jonah, Alexis, Dominique, Sarah, Sam, Grace, and James all scuttled up the steps and arranged themselves in a semi-circle around the radio. Lights, dials, and knobs beckoned. Over to the side, an ancient Commodore 64 computer decoded Morse code conversations. With the sound turned off, letters appeared silently, one by one, across the screen.

To our right, another computer was running a GeoChron program. It is a clock in the form of a Mercator projection-style map of the world. The continents move across the screen from left to right—west to east—synchronized with the real-time movement of the Earth. Superimposed on the display is a shad-
“We’re going to have to call CQ,” I said. “Does anybody remember how?”

Seven hands shot up.

The origin of this particular call comes from the early days of radio, when telegraphers would send the Morse letters “CQ” (I am seeking you) as a way of saying, “I’m here—does anyone want to talk to me?”

We talked about what we were going to do. Then, I checked to be sure that the transmitter was tuned up and ready. The kids watched the dials as needles jumped.

“Is the frequency in use? Is this frequency in use? This is KC3PX, a school station in Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvania. We’re about to call CQ. Is this frequency occupied?”

When I released the button, all we heard was more static crashes and hissing.

“I think the frequency is clear,” I said.

In which third-graders at a Friends school make contact with the far-outside world.

“Who wants to go first?”

That was a loaded question of course. Amid the general jostling and the chorus of “I do!! I do!!” Sam raised his hand.

As he stepped up to the microphone, we reviewed the procedure. I again asked if the frequency was clear and then modeled:

“CQ ... CQ ... This is KC3PX ... Kilo Charlie 3 Papa X-ray ... calling CQ.”

Then it was Sam’s turn.

“CQ ... CQ ... CQ.”

He stood right up to the mic and spoke clearly and loudly—not shouting, but not holding back. He projected.

After Sam called, he released the push-to-talk button and the speaker hissed. Eight pairs of ears listened expectantly, but no voice answered.

One by one, all seven children stepped to the mic and repeated the process. After we had gone one round and gotten no response, I was about to announce that it looked as though we wouldn’t be getting one, but decided to ask instead:

“Does anyone want to try again?”

Grace raised her hand and smiled. She stepped up to the mic and when we were ready, she began:

“CQ ... CQ ... CQ.”

One of the things I have always loved about this is the randomness of the potential response. Our signal circles the Earth at the speed of light. Anyone, anywhere on Earth might answer! On this particular Friday afternoon, when Grace released the button, a voice crackled into the room over the small speaker. It was Bob, WA1DXU/VO2, in Labrador.

I explained that we were a school station and that I had seven third-graders in the radio room with me. If he wouldn’t mind taking the time, I said, each of them would like to say hello to him.

Bob laughed and said he’d be delighted to take the time. So, one by one, Grace, Jonah, Alexis, Sarah, James, Sam, and Dominique stepped to the microphone and spoke.

“Hello Bob,” Dominique said when it was her turn. She stared past the microphone and out the window.

“My name is Dominique . . . Delta, Oscar, Mike, India, November, India, Quebec, Uniform, Echo—Dominique—and I’m 9 years old. Over.”

She heaved a sigh. Her name is a tough one to spell phonetically.

Sam smiled to himself.

“Hello Bob,” he said, “I live in a 16’ x 16’ log cabin that he had built himself. By coincidence, it was about the same size as the room in which we were sitting. He said that the wind outside was blowing 40 miles an hour and it was snowing heavily. In fact, it had snowed two feet that day!

The kids shot excited glances at each other. A snowstorm! Sounded like fun!

Bob laughed when he described the

owed area that indicates which part of the Earth is in daylight and which is in darkness at any given moment.

Everybody got settled. There were a few questions and comments, and then we began:

“Take a deep breath,” I said. “Then, let it out slowly . . . and listen.”

Amid the exhalations, I tuned the transceiver across the 20-meter band. In the background we heard the static and miscellaneous noise caused by lightning in Indonesia, or Peru, or Africa (or, coincidentally, by the largest solar flare that has ever been recorded).

The air bristled with possibilities.

Of course, I knew that this sort of suspense holds currency with third-graders for about 30 seconds tops. By then, something had better happen!

More static . . . more odd beeps and whistles . . . the kids were shifting restlessly.

Friends Journal February 2005
weather and added that he hadn't seen the sun in three weeks! He also said that he spent the day outside on his snowmobile.

"That's the way I get around up here," he announced, adding, "I've seen caribou and martens and polar bears today!"

I asked him where, exactly, his cabin was located. "What's the nearest town?" I asked, so that we could pinpoint him on the map.

His answer surprised even me.

"I'm roughly 200 miles north and east of Labrador City. That's the nearest town. My nearest neighbor is 60 miles from here."

He said it casually, but as he did, I looked around the room at the faces. I'm sure mine mirrored theirs. It was beginning to sink in. Bob was in the middle of nowhere! In a snowstorm! With polar bears outside!

Stranger still, he sounded happy!

Then, James came to the mic and asked the question that was on all of our minds: "Why are you there?"

Bob chuckled as he answered in a sincere and enthusiastic voice, "Because I love the winter!"

Some of the kids nodded to each other as if they understood, some looked skeptical, some were incredulous. It was hard to imagine!

Alexis told Bob that we would like to send him one of our special postcards. (They're called QSL cards—another abbreviation from the early days of short wave radio when all communication was in code. They are a physical confirmation of a radio contact.) Maybe, she asked, he could send us his card in return?

Bob responded with another bombshell: "There's no mail up here. There aren't any roads. There's no phone, no TV, no electricity. This radio is all I have if I need to make contact with the outside world. It's powered by a battery that I recharge with a generator driven by a lawnmower engine!"

Eyebrows raised all around the group.

Bob announced that, just then, he had his feet up by the wood stove. He was enjoying talking to us and when our conversation was over, he planned to take a nap.

We asked more questions. Bob told us that he comes to his cabin every year, in October, to winter over. He added that in Labrador, winter lasts almost nine months! In the summer, he lives in Windham, Maine.

Unfortunately, time was getting short. I needed to get the kids back to their classroom. Reluctantly, we wrapped up our conversation and bade Bob goodbye.

"73! 73!" (Another phrase left over from the days of Morse code.) The kids called out to Bob. "Goodbye!"

"73" Bob laughed back to us. "Study hard. Have fun!"

And he was gone.

As we walked back across the campus, Alexis asked, "So what happens if Bob gets sick?"

"We all thought of that."

"He has to take care of himself," answered Jonah.

That said it all.

Right now, I'm sitting at my desk. My house is a comfy 68° Fahrenheit. It happens to be snowing outside as I type. I can hear the cars as they make their way slowly down the hill. The lights are on in this room. The phone is next to me on my desk. My car is parked in the driveway. The tank is full.

I wonder what Bob is doing.

Over the past few weeks, I've thought of Bob on several occasions. Recently, when I sat in the returns/exchange area at IKEA, I thought of him. I was there with half a dozen other people as we waited our turn to be helped. I was holding ticket 97. A sign on the wall read, "Now Serving." Beneath it flashed a number in red lights, keeping us orderly in our queue. There would be no butting in line. We were all relieved of that.

"92... 93... 94..."

The cell phone of the woman next to me went off, blaring the first bars of an electronically generated version of the 1812 Overture. She glanced at the caller ID, punched a button and answered curtly, "What?"

"95... 96..."

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes. I imagined a man trudging to his cabin in the snow. It's dusk. He's wearing snowshoes. The only sound is the wind and the crunching of his footsteps. The cabin is dark, but he'll soon light the oil lamp. He'll shake the snow off his coat and remove his boots. He'll stir up the wood stove and get it crackling. He'll make his dinner.

Then, he might just put his feet up by the fire, turn on the radio, take a deep breath, let it out slowly, and listen... for a small voice... calling.
“Moral Values” and FCNL’s Legislative Agenda

by Elizabeth W. Hofmeister

There has been a good deal of post-election discussion of the role that “moral values” played in the outcome of last fall’s national elections. At Friends Committee on National Legislation’s annual meeting last November, members of the General Committee were clear that Friends must reclaim moral values from those who would use them for their own political purposes. Friends also must actively proclaim that our values are “based on Jesus’ message of peace, forgiveness, and justice, and his call to give succor to the poor, the helpless, the scapegoated, and the outcast.”

I have attended the FCNL annual meeting for at least a dozen years, first as a representative to the General Committee, later as a committee member and volunteer, and since July 2003 as an FCNL staff member. Over the years I have been consistently impressed with the nonpartisan discourse that has characterized these meetings. I have rarely heard gratuitous partisan comments about particular members of Congress or the shortcomings of the administration from the podium or floor of the meeting.

But what would be the feeling this time, so soon after such divisive national elections? Many of those who came to annual meeting in November had been deeply engaged in pre-election registration and get-out-the-vote activities, and with political campaigns. These people were disheartened that all their efforts had been for naught and that we now face a deepening quagmire in Iraq, an endless “war on terrorism,” and the continued neglect of many important domestic programs. Coming together allowed these Friends to vent their frustrations, and also to be encouraged and supported by others of like mind.

FCNL has lobbied on Capitol Hill for more than 60 years, and many of those attending the meeting have been actively engaged with the organization for years if not decades. They know that the legislative issues on which FCNL lobbies, like nuclear disarmament and reduced military spending, will not be changed in one election cycle. They recognize that this is not the time to give up in despair.

Elizabeth W. Hofmeister, a member of Bethesda (Md.) Meeting, is FCNL’s publications manager.
Hanging Out Laundry With My Sister In Fallujah
by Janeal Turnbull Ravndal

Monday morning I woke to news of the siege, speculation as to who was still in the city. At least the poor were. Bombing was imminent if not already begun. Some of our soldiers had already died. Fallujah went with me to Pendle Hill worship. But when we shared prayer requests at close of meeting I said nothing.

Then laundry. The early November morning was so warm I hung out sheets and towels and T-shirts amid still gold and crimson trees. And I thought, "How can I enjoy this glory when they are fighting in Fallujah?" Then, "But how can I not exult in this beauty when there is such suffering in Fallujah?"

Tuesday the news reported that heavy metal music was being blared in Fallujah, loud enough to drown out any calls to arms. It seemed the ultimate attack on civility; and of course it would also drown out, five times a day, the call to prayer. After our worship someone requested we "hold in the Light" everyone in Fallujah.

That afternoon I tried to write down my hanging out the laundry and heavy metal blues. The poem began as a grouchy, whiney try, full of election dejection. It included the thought that no one in Fallujah was hanging out laundry. I deleted most of it and took a nap. I was just plain depressed.

When I complained to Chris as we took our evening walk, it was about what a spoiled brat I am. He said not to be so hard on myself, that I was allowed to be sad about Fallujah. He recommended that I stop listening to the news. That made me more grouchy. I always listen to the news. I want to know what's going on. What's more, I don't like being told what I should do.

But the next day I did try a "news fast." And when I returned to try again on my Fallujah poem it occurred to me that I did not know, could not be absolutely certain, that no one was still hanging out her laundry in that city. The question entered the poem, addressed to a woman lifting whatever is clean into the sun's light.

Then, somehow, before the next day's meeting for worship, I knew the woman was real. She was a sister, carrying on somehow the age-old ceremony of determined cleanliness. Maybe there was not a clothesline. Perhaps the garments were not even scrubbed, just aired on a courtyard fence or shrubbery. But there might be a line. She might even use the same kind of cheap, imported clothespins I got at the dollar store.

Hope was a theme at that day's worship. And my new sister in Fallujah visited me and gave me hope. My spirits lifted. Later I wondered, "Is she helpful because she is singular, so that I do not have to confront the whole bloody city?" Perhaps it's more that she is part of a creative process, both as I think of her and as she deftly continues to spread her clothes in the sun. I admire her as she embraces the ordinary in a climate of fear and horror. To me her actions express faith, the opposite of fear.

These days I am listening to the news again sometimes. I know about the numbers of dead in that city with its beautiful-sounding name, and in other places in our troubled world. It makes me sad, but I am a little less locked into my sadness. And I continue to visit the woman who is still hanging up her wash in Fallujah, to call on her. I wonder sometimes about her family, her education, what she prays for. I think how her black veil will dry, how she feels its dark warmth as she gathers it up again. I am not sure that I want to know my new sister's age or class, or whether she is a beauty or very plain. But somehow I am absolutely certain of one thing. She will not—she cannot—die. Dying is just not among her options. She will carry on. And for the time being, she and I will continue to hang out our laundry together.

Janeal Turnbull Ravndal lives and teaches at Pendle Hill in Wallingford, Pa.
Wyoming Snipes Kashoff passed away two years ago, on February 22, 2003, at the extraordinary age of 38. At the end of his life a presence at Buckingham (Pa.) Meeting, Wyoming was previously associated with Falls (Pa.) Meeting, and appeared regularly for 20 years. Members of Falls will remember him as the light redhead who trotted in front of Sam Snipes's carriage. In addition to driving the Snipes family to meeting on Sundays, Wyoming traveled to Trenton every Saturday, often with members of the George School faculty. He participated in many local events, including Bristol Township's 275th birthday parade and Newtown's 200th bicentennial parade, with his daughter, Monday. Generations of Young Friends rode on wagons and sleighs behind Wyoming when visiting the Snipes farm. Upon their maturity, many of them were then carried to their nuptials in his carriage. Wyoming was also an avid gardener and pulled a horse-drawn cultivator, as Sam assisted.

At the age of 22, Wyoming semiretired and came to live with the Kashoffs. There, Wyoming hung up his harness, but continued an active life, teaching Dave Kashoff to ride, and carrying another Young Friend, Dave's daughter Meredith (Steen), over fences to win several blue ribbons. He enjoyed many trail rides through the woods and fields, and occasionally gave flying lessons—but only to the more confident riders.

There are many stories of Wyoming's exploits—the time he jumped over the graveyard wall with carriage in tow (this one landed Sam in the hospital); the time he tried to squeeze through two police cars (the carriage didn't make it); and how, at 34 years of age, he leapt over (and through) a three-rail fence to wander the neighborhood with his new female stablemate in hot pursuit. One of Sam's fondest memories is of a high-spirited and thrilling race through the snow on a moonlit holiday eve with Wyoming and Monday, each hitched to their own sleigh.

Wyoming came to Quaker circles at the young age of one year, when James Brooks, a young man close to the Snipes family, brought him back from the State of Wyoming as a gift to Sam. James went on to a successful career of cowpunching and now teaches horsemanship to movie stars. His gift to Sam was a gift to Bucks Quarter Friends, and Wyoming will be remembered with great fondness by many.

Judy Kashoff is a member of Buckingham (Pa.) Meeting. Samuel Snipes is a member of Falls (Pa.) Meeting.

The Sanctuary Experience: Voices of the Community
A unique oral history of the sanctuary movement including founders, volunteers & refugees.
www.sanctuarybook.com
But those whose faith in God is living have a health that communicates itself to others, and a confidence which comes from confidence in God and His spirit operative in man.

**Evolution in Awareness**

We have progressed in our world to the place where many have caught a vision of the kind of world we might be living in. Our consciences have evolved. We have come to the place where we see not only that physical violence is abhorrent, but that psychological violence is also abhorrent. We feel this in many areas of our life, in child labor laws, in changed sweated-labor practices, in the treatment of the insane (although there is a long way to go yet in this field), in prisons, in discriminatory practices, in our uneasiness that war is the solution to conflict. There is this "evolution of awareness," as Claude Bragshaw says in *The Delphic Woman,* "an increasing realization, through fret and friction of time and space, of that which is timeless and spaceless," or, one might say, of that which is necessary, enduring, and good.

Lillian Smith, in her little book *Now is the Time,* reveals more clearly than I realized before in her writings the quality of her own inner motivation for the work she has done against racial discrimination and where she pins her faith. Speaking of an America which had its democratic roots in Christianity and yet practiced segregation and discrimination, she says, "We were torn to pieces. Here was a moral problem, an earth-sized ambiguity that would give our souls and our world no peace until it was solved. . . . the long cold war with our consciences had begun." And Lillian Smith shows her faith when she says, "The power of integrity and truth is so strong, even a few speaking out at a critical time can close off the wrong path and start men on the right one... [This might be the great historian Toynbee speaking!] There is no situation in the world today that is too difficult to solve. If we could only believe it! Our difficulties east and west lie in our state of mind. . . . Faith in our moral strength will return to us too; as the old guilts grow small, hope will grow large.

---

**Moving?**

Please let us know 8 weeks in advance. Send us your address label if possible. Otherwise, be sure to include your name and old zip code as well as your new address.

**Friends Journal**

1216 Arch Street 2A
Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835
Phone: (215) 563-8629
Fax: (215) 568-1377
info@friendsjournal.org

---

**We need to be more "doorway"-conscious, lest we miss a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.**

---

February 2005 Friends Journal
Mary Penington (1625–1682)
by Brian Drayton

Mary Penington's name is usually mentioned first because she was married to Isaac, secondarily as mother of Gulielma, William Penn's first wife. I encourage you to make her acquaintance in her own right, however, because she was a brave, articulate, and fervent spirit whose autobiography is good reading and who gives good company to the modern seeker.

Born into a Protestant knightly family, Mary was orphaned early and fostered by a good wife. I encourage you to make her acquaintance in her own right, however, because she was a brave, articulate, and fervent spirit whose autobiography is good reading and who gives good company to the modern seeker.

While thriving under the kindness of her foster family, Mary was engaged from youth in a search for an authentic spiritual life. It is significant that the first Scripture verse she recalls is the beatitude, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." This stands as a motto for the most significant thread in her life thereafter: consistently, it is the depth and life of prayer that is Mary's main concern.

Her search took her into Puritanism, causing tension with her family; but her foster mother's son, William Springett, was led into the same kind of search, and he and Mary found deep companionship in a brief, loving marriage. William was lost to a "consumption," and their infant son to an early death. Mary bore their daughter, Gulielma, a few months later, and entered a period of alternately fervent and dissatisfaction. Not finding relief in all her religious exercises, she passed into a time of self-indulgence, though she found no rest: "I frequented... places of pleasure, where vain people resort to show themselves and to see others in the like excess of folly in apparel, riding about from place to place, in the airy mind. But in the midst of all this, my heart was constantly sad, and pained beyond expression... To all this excess and folly I was not hurried by being captivated by such things, but sought in them relief from the discontent of my mind."

Her seeking was not finished by her happy second marriage to Isaac Penington, already a mature scholar and seeker of wide experience. Neither had yet found rest in the Spirit among all the crowding sects and preachers of the age, of which they tasted broadly. Together they sought a sense of truth, and explored into the nature of life under the deeper and more radically open guidance of the Spirit. Mary was gifted with powerful dreams in which she believed she saw a foreshadowing of her later encounter with Friends, inviting her to meet with Christ, a wise and welcoming companion.

The first few times the Peningtons met Friends, they were intrigued by their direct earnestness, but put off by their roughness. Furthermore, Isaac, a deeply learned and controversial writer, was inclined to engage these simple apostles at an intellectual level, and easily overcame them in dispute. As Mary wrote about one encounter, "my husband [being] too hard for him in the fleshy wisdom." Yet something kept the Peningtons interested. It was characteristic of Mary to feel that in shared prayer she would be able to test the quality of this new revelation: "Though I despised these people, I had sometimes a desire to go to one of their meetings, if I could, unknown, and hear them pray, for I was quite weary of doctrines; but I believed if I was with them when they prayed, I should be able to feel whether they were of the Lord or not."

In about 1658, the Peningtons made their commitment to the movement. While Isaac...
We manage Investment Portfolios from a socially responsible perspective

Investment Advisory
Socially Responsible Investment Portfolios that perform
Charles Schwab custodian
Securities offered through
Capital Portfolio Management,
Member of NASD/SIPC, cleared through
Bear Stearns Sec. Inc.
norval@gostem.net

Mary continued a little longer, dying in 1682.

For further reading
Mary Penington’s own account, with a useful introduction, is in print as Experiences in the life of Mary Penington (written by herself): the spiritual autobiography of Mary Penington c 1625–1682, edited by Norman Penney (1911), reprinted by Friends Historical Soc., 1992. Maria Webb, in Penn and Peningtons, wrote an account of early Quakerism through intertwined biographies of Mary and Isaac Penington, and William and Gulielma Penn. Finally, Douglas Gwynn’s Seeker’s Found has a chapter on the Peningtons that puts them in the context of the spiritual ferment of the 1600s, and makes clear how the Quaker Gospel came as daybreak to these deep souls.
An Introduction to the Old Testament: The Canon and Christian Imagination


This book will be an eye opener for anyone who has ever thought about the Bible. For those who have been hurt by the Bible, it shatters the authoritarian narrowness that twisted the text into a whip. For those who are indifferent toward the Bible, it reveals the deeply human and timely nature of the text. For those who distrust the Bible, it offers a perspective marked by honesty and clarity. And for those who revere the Bible, it uncovers new depths of richness in the text.

The book's broad reach reflects the author's range of expertise. Walter Brueggemann is a social critic with a sharp eye for contemporary oppression and injustice. His style of writing combines clarity and precision, along with profound insight and occasional bursts of eloquence. He is a renowned biblical scholar. His encyclopedic grasp of cutting-edge studies and of broadly accepted foundational works informs his own thoughtful grappling with the text.

Teacher, scholar, preacher, and prolific writer, Walter Brueggemann commands our attention not just because of his credentials but because of his personal commitment to the text. For him, the Old Testament focuses unceasingly on the God whose words and deeds call us to live in right relation with our creatureliness in all its aspects, and who promises constant companionship as we journey along that path.

In this introduction, he deals with each book of the Old Testament, briefly explaining origin and outline, then providing key insights that bring the book to life and beckon us to the biblical text itself. Sometimes these insights are based in scholarship, other times they make contemporary connections that reveal how close the text is to our present-day concerns.

Brueggemann puts to rest many common objections to the Bible—not by refuting them but by demonstrating that they are based on an antiquated understanding of the biblical text. Take the matter of historical accuracy. He forthrightly asserts that "the capacity to accept the textual material as imaginative rather than historical is a necessary prerequisite for reading intelligently."

Like many biblical scholars, he uses the four consonants of the Hebrew name for God, YHWH, as does the original text. That this renders the name unpronounceable is precisely the point: According to some Jewish traditions, the name of God should not be spoken. In its place they use the Hebrew Adonai, usually translated as "Lord." Other scholars write the name as "Yahweh."

"What purports to be 'history,'" Brueggemann explains, "is a venturesome act of interpretive imagination whereby the will and purpose of YHWH is defining—in judgment and in grace—for the life and memory of this community." The text, then, is not a source of proofs or a challenge to science. It is a deeply engaging description of the ever-shifting interplay of the Divine and the human, as expressed through the lens of ancient Israel.

To see how Brueggemann applies this understanding of "history" (and to confront the issue of biblical violence that puts off many Friends), consider how he treats the book of Joshua. This book purports to tell of the Israelites' conquering of Canaan. One of its signature passages is Joshua 10:40:

"So Joshua defeated the whole land; . . . he left no one remaining but utterly destroyed all that breathed, as the Lord God of Israel commanded."

The verse is from the part of Joshua (ch. 2-12) that describes the taking of the land. (The rest, ch. 13-25, is mostly a numerically detailed account of who got which parcel of land.) Scholars now acknowledge, he explains, that the first part "does not reflect significant footnotes in 'history,' but is to be understood as an imaginative creation designed to provide ground for a theological-ideological claim upon the land." He continues, "The 'historical' element of the narrative has little force and occupies little interest for the textual tradition."

The text, then, is an after-the-fact (probably hundreds of years after) demonstration of the power of the God in whose land the Israelites are dwelling.

Though the Israelites may be cleared, God is not. The text still says that the destruction occurred "as the Lord God of Israel commanded." Few scholars maintain the literal meaning of the text; most propose varying credible interpretations that distance God from the destruction. Walter Brueggemann is not so sanguine: "In my judgment we are bound to say that YHWH is here implicated in the violence." Though acknowledging that such an interpretation is "deeply problematic for us," he maintains that "any other reading is
An Adventure for the Summer... Memories for a Lifetime

Unique multicultural communities where every child feels important

CAMP REGIS
Co-ed 6-12

APPLEJACK TEEN CAMP
Co-ed 13-16

Family owned and operated, specializing in first time campers. Friendly Quaker leadership since 1946. Mature, nurturing staff, close supervision, ratio 1 to 3. Rustic cabins with fireplaces overlooking a majestic Adirondack lake.

Warm, supportive, relaxed environment where the fun never stops. Over 50 activities to choose from including sailing, water skiing (superb 3/4 mile private waterfront), all land sports, tennis (7 new courts), music, dance, drama (large theater), art, gymnastics, wilderness canoe and mountain trips, nature/ ecology (farm with animals), mountain biking, and much more!

Teen Adventure Programs include tours to Canada, Cape Cod, and Maine. 4- and 8-week sessions available with introductory 2-week program for younger, first-time campers. ACA accredited. For video and brochure:

Michael F. Humes
60 Lafayette Road West
Princeton, NJ 08540
(609) 688-0368
www.campregis-applejack.com

Come to Pendle Hill

February 12-20
Family Life: Living Our Faith
with Harriet Heath, Danielle Beauvais, Lanie Evans

Launching Your Spiritual Autobiography
with Helen Horn and Janet Carter

March 4-6
Contemporary Quaker Writing
with J. Brent Bill

March 6-11
Beyond Diversity 101
with Niyonu D. Spann

March 11-13
Developing Coalitions
Across Class and Race
with George Lakey

PENDLE HILL
A QUAKER CENTER FOR STUDY AND CONTEMPLATION
338 Rush Mill Road - Wallingford, PA 19086
www.pendlehill.org

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

likely to be a dishonest cover-up.

This example of how he deals with a controversial text shows his willingness to pull no punches. His clear vision and respect for the biblical text do not lessen his willingness to grapple with that text. Readers who are repulsed by passages like Joshua 10:40 will find that Walter Brueggemann shares their feelings. But for him the Bible remains open. And he moves on to explore—and elucidate—the beauty, the pathos, and the problems that emerge from its pages.

For me, Walter Brueggemann’s most penetrating insight is what he calls “the traditioning process.” By this he means that most stories and beliefs, far from being eternal and unchangeable, are often reinterpreted and even rewritten to address current issues, and that current events are often couched in words and images that link them to pivotal past events. This dynamic flexibility maintains a linkage between past and present faith experiences. The process is rarely evident in the biblical text; Walter Brueggemann’s explanation helps bring it to light.

One of the delights of reading Brueggemann’s book is that his own writing mirrors that “traditioning process.” He presents his material with a dynamic that builds on what has come before; ideas and interpretations previously presented morph and shift in light of the current topic. The book seemed to flourish in my hands, both explaining and demonstrating the traditioning process that gave rise to the present Old Testament.

For Brueggemann, two core terms are “canon” and “interpretation.” “Canon” refers to the Bible as we have it now, as distinct from the back-story of how it got that way. The sequence he selects is the canon of the Jewish Scripture, which identifies and arranges its books differently than does the Christian Scripture. Thus his work is divided into three sections: Torah (from Genesis to Deuteronomy), the Prophets (from Joshua to The Twelve—also called the Minor Prophets), and the Writings (a varied collection that he groups as follows: Psalms, Job, and Proverbs — “the three great books”; Song of Songs, Ruth, Lamentations, Ecclesiastes, and Esther— “the Five Scrolls”; Daniel—“the quintessential book of hope”; and finally the books of Ezra-Nehemiah and Chronicles—“the History Books” [that are not “history” in any modern sense of the term]).

Why use the Jewish order? Because, Walter Brueggemann explains, it better establishes the relative gravity of the biblical books. Torah—better translated as “instruction” than “law”—is “foundational”; its complex combination of narratives and commandments provides the inspiration and discipline that are normative for faithful living. The Prophets
“derivative,” applying Torah to Israel’s everyday expression of its faith and practice. The Writings, also “derivative,” is a stylistically diverse group of books, each in dialogue with “the older traditions of the Torah and the Prophets,” as set within the context of the community’s fragmented cultural and historical circumstances.

Just as “canon” provides the structure of his book, so “imagination” provides its common theme. For me, this was the most enlightening aspect of the book, especially because it seems to contradict the words of the Bible as we read them. Walter Brueggemann sees the biblical stories as, by and large, the product of Israelite imagination. The writers are interested in conveying a faith experience of God’s action in the concrete events of life, and they do this by using their imagination.

The stories are not pure fantasy, however; they do have historical aspects. But those aspects are put in the service of imaginatively conveying the divine experience. The writers do “tell what happened,” but they use literary styles and techniques, not factual reporting. (Friends might say that they are writing experientially, but in an imaginative manner.) This approach has strong communal advantages. The imaginative aspect encourages communal participation in how the stories are told; their historical aspect ties the community to other people’s faith experiences. “Imaginative expression” calls the listening community to how, in certain times and places, God’s presence and action were known—and can be known in their own lives as well.

Brueggemann puts no time limits on this imaginative expression of a faith-based experience. It is active throughout the development of the biblical text, usually by writing or revising texts that are set in the past. Nor does this imagination cease with the final book of the Old (or New) Testament. Though he maintains a sharp distinction between interpretation and “undisciplined, uncritical fantasy,” he sees imaginative expression as an ongoing process. It is, he says, “an act of receptivity through which new interpretations ‘come to us’ and are ‘given to us’ in ways that lie beyond our own generativity.” It is “a fertile arena in which God’s self-disclosing power calls us beyond our own interpretive horizon so that ‘new truth’ may arise in interpretation.” (Is this, perhaps, what Friends mean by “continuing revelation”?)

I think a word needs to be said about the New Testament. Though it is outside the scope of this book, Brueggemann includes it from time to time. But never as “coming attractions” for the age of Christianity or even the life and work of Jesus. Today’s biblical scholars, many of whom are Christian, maintain that the Old Testament has an integrity
and impact of its own. Its words are relevant to the text itself. They are not mysterious hints of what will happen centuries later, nor are they murky code that can only be deciphered with the "key" of Christianity.

Nonetheless, the ties between the Testaments are fundamental. Brueggemann affirms that the Old Testament, "is indispensably important in a Christian reading of the New Testament." In a way similar to George Fox's use of biblical words and ideas in his writings and sermons, the New Testament writings, especially the Gospels, are replete with Old Testament phrases and references. What's more, the Old Testament's witness to centuries of God's presence and action is the rootstock from which two traditions grew, rabbinic Judaism and Christianity, and each of them looks to that ancient text for enlightenment in its present situation. After all, for the communities of the New Testament, "the Bible" was the Old Testament. Because the Old Testament is part of their history, Christians cannot afford to ignore or even minimize this huge section of the family album and what it says about their ancestors.

Walter Brueggemann's book is not a casual read, but nor is it overwhelmingly complex. The serious reader will find it both engaging and enlightening. There are a few places, however, where someone unfamiliar with developments in biblical studies may find the going rough. I can only counsel perseverance—and the assurance that he, as a seasoned teacher, repeats key ideas and explanations throughout the book.

Brueggemann has done a masterful job of bringing clarity and engagement to what is sometimes a confusing and even boring biblical text. This is no mean task, given the Old Testament's separation from us in time, custom, literary style, and worldview. But for anyone who has ever thought "I'd like to know more about the Bible," or wants to dig beneath a familiar text to find even richer messages, I can think of no better single volume than this one.

—Tony Prete

Tony Prete, a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, has been engaged in biblical studies for the past 12 years.

The Prayer of Fire:
Experiencing the Lord's Prayer


This easily read book, which deals with what the author refers to as "the fountain from which all Christian prayer flows," is
packed with evidence of the author's in-depth work. Interwoven into her text are meaty passages from 48 authors whose own insights have helped her shape and hone understanding of the substance of this familiar prayer.

Central to the author's emphasis is teaching readers to allow this prayer to act upon the "prayer," rather than merely praying the prayer. Interestingly, she incorporates the words of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, "Watch and pray," as a part of this process, and repeats this theme throughout at key points. She integrates the invitation for allowing change through the prayer into each section of the book, as phrase by phrase she points out how the prayer has been undervalued over the centuries. The "now-ness" of the prayer is also a theme as she encourages participants in understanding and grasping the essence of this timeless connection with Christ.

Lorraine Kisty points out how the "movements of the Spirit are subtle and silent," demanding that readers rethink appropriate responses to truths; the prayer may open to them in realizing how the power of the prayer can be utilized most effectively.

The practical application of the book is based on the author's suggestion that "the Lord's Prayer is a laboratory for watching and praying." The evidence is in an extended passage regarding setting up a definite routine for prayer, suggestions for ways to utilize the prayer itself, attention to physical aspects of participating in the prayer, and an entire section in the appendix on body movement to the various sections of the prayer.

Friends will find this book particularly useful aside from the helpful text. Kisty bases her remarks on allowing the prayer to teach "as Christ is teaching it to each one of us" through repeated exposure in times of quiet meditation. In addition, as the phrases of the prayer are introduced, her probing questions, queries into the attitudes and receptivity of the reader, seem a familiar vehicle for deep contemplation. Fans of the writing of Richard Foster in Celebration of Discipline may welcome this small but meaningful volume.

—Ann Carter
Ann Carter is a songwriter and recorded Friends minister who lives in Russiaville, Ind.

How the Bible Came to Be: Exploring the Narrative and Message
You can't trust titles any more. Only in the broadest of strokes does this book tell "how

Display Ad Deadlines

April issue: Reserve space by February 7.
Ads must be received by February 10.

May issue: Reserve space by March 7.
Ads must be received by March 10.

Ad rate is $38 per column inch.

Reservations are required for display ads in FRIENDS JOURNAL.

Call (215) 563-8629 now with your reservation or questions.
E-mail: adsales@friendsjournal.org
Moorestown Friends School is a community dedicated to the pursuit of educational excellence for a diverse student body, within an academically rigorous and balanced program emphasizing personal, ethical and spiritual growth.

110 East Main Street Moorestown New Jersey 08057.
Call (856)235-2900 or visit our website at www.mfriends.org.

FRIENDS JOURNAL offers the classic book

BENJAMIN
The Meetinghouse Mouse

by Benjamin, as told to Clifford Pfeil, with illustrations by John D. Gummere

If you remember the Benjamin stories in past issues, you will be happy to share them—now in book form—with your children, grandchildren, and Friends!

Look for Benjamin in Friends bookstores or order directly from FRIENDS JOURNAL:

Please send me __________ copies of Benjamin @ $6.00 each, plus $2.00 shipping and handling ( $3.50 for shipping and handling outside U.S., Canada, and Mexico). My check is enclosed.

Name _____________________________
Address _____________________________
City __________________ State ______ ZIP ______
Country, if other than U.S. ____________

Please mail to FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1216 Arch Street, 2A, Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835.

In Brief

This Was Not Our War: Bosnian Women Reclaiming the Peace.
By Swanee Hunt. Foreword by William Jefferson Clinton. Duke University Press, 2004. 304 pages. $29.95/hardcover. Clearly incensed by the myopic efforts of contemporary historians to reduce the last decade’s events in Bosnia to statistics and the exploits of male political leaders and warriors, Swanee Hunt, former U.S. ambassador to Austria and currently director of the Women and Public Policy Program at Harvard University’s Kennedy School of Government, has heard the voices of 26 Bosnian women and offered them an opportunity to counterbalance some of the gender-skewed, postwar analysis that has blatantly ignored the experiences of more than half the Bosnian population. “Top-down policies should be critiqued by ground-level actors,” writes Swanee Hunt. In this book, she creates the framework for that to occur. Keenly reported, intelligently reasoned, and passionately presented, This Was Not Our War is a must read for policy makers, historians, cultural anthropologists, and peacebuilders.

—Ellen Michaud

Ellen Michaud is Friends Journal’s book review editor.

February 2005 FRIENDS JOURNAL
A new ten-room school building in Panjab, Afghanistan, funded with $50,000 from Abington (Pa.) Quarterly Meeting in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, is expected to be ready to receive its first classes of students in March. Abington QM pledged last year to raise $50,000 for construction of the school in a project supervised by American Friends Service Committee. At the session of the quarterly meeting on October 3, 2004, it was reported that over 80 percent of the $50,000 goal had been achieved. Contributions came from the ten monthly meetings and several schools in the quarter, from individuals, and from Friends at Foulkeways. This response was described as a "highlight of the year" for the quarter. Panjab, with about 6,000 residents, is in the mountains 100 miles west of Kabul, Afghanistan's capital. An existing school in Panjab has an enrollment of 670 girls in grades 1 to 11. Because of overcrowding, these students can attend school only for half days. The new school will allow for larger enrollment and enable students to attend full days. Meanwhile, funds received by Abington QM in excess of $50,000 will be used to provide needed equipment and furnishings for the school.—Abington (Pa.) Meeting and Norristown (Pa.) Meeting newsletters

Multnomah (Oreg.) Friends held a news conference on August 2, 2004, in support of same-sex marriage. Multnomah Friends believe that their concerns extend beyond the civil rights issue—believing in the spiritual nature of marriage between two loving persons. They are distressed by the appropriation of the religious argument by "defense of marriage" adherents, and seek the opportunity to affirm the spiritual equality and value of all loving relationships. "We want to keep the dialogue open," said Bonnie Tinker, who convenes the North Pacific YM committee on marriage and equality. "We hope to arrange for roundtable discussion with others from different religious backgrounds." —Friends Bulletin, October 2004

Jews and Palestinians can live together in Peace. In 1978 when Abdessalam and Aishe Najjar moved to a barren hillside halfway between Tel Aviv/Jaffa and Jerusalem, they hoped to create a different reality for their children—that Jews and Arabs could live together. Abdessalam and Aishe raised their four Arab children together with Jewish children in the "Oasis of Peace." Abdessalam is instrumental in developing educational facilities in the community and serves as the mayor. Aishe has worked as a kindergarten teacher in the bilingual and bicultural school. Their daughter Laila's best friend is Adi Frish, who is Jewish and also grew up in this "Oasis."
Friends Academy
Located on scenic Long Island, less than 30 miles from New York City.

Celebrating our 125th Anniversary

Founded in 1876 by Gideon Frost for “the children of Friends and those similarly sentimented,” Friends Academy is a Quaker, coeducational, independent, college preparatory day school serving 750 students from age three through the twelfth grade. The school awards significant financial assistance.

Friends Academy • Duck Pond Road • Locust Valley, NY 11560
Phone: 516-676-0393 • Fax: 516-671-2025 • work@fa.org

A Century of Quaker Care

Featuring: Skilled Nursing Care
• Physical, Occupational and Speech Therapy
• Activities and Special Events • Patient, supportive staff

Medicaid/Medicare Certified

Friends Home will soon become a Continuing Care Retirement Community

Coming soon: Assisted Living with Alzheimers Floor

Introducing: the Village Apartments and cottages for independent retirement living

For more information on our current or future services call:
Friends Home at Woodstown: 856-769-1500 • The Village: 856-769-5035

PO Box 457 1 Friends Drive  Woodstown NJ 08098

On Sunday, November 21, the Ramallah meetinghouse reopened. After being unused for almost nine years, the meetinghouse, built in 1909, opened its doors for worship. Despite bomb damage in 1967, the meetinghouse was used until 1995. At this time Friends chose to meet instead at the Friends Girls School because of needed repairs. In 2002 it was severely damaged again during the Israeli Army incursion into Ramallah. Any thought of abandoning it was quashed by a municipality ruling that it was an historic building. Help from Philadelphia and Baltimore yearly meetings and other Quakers worldwide has since helped to restore the building. Ramallah Meeting is located near the center of the city, serving to welcome and befriend locals and visitors to witness, and provide a space for worship and community development of nonviolent activism in the pursuit of peace and justice. Among the more than 30 people at meeting this day were local families and overseas visitors, Palestinians, Americans, British, Danish, Swedish, and South Africans.

To mark the occasion, over 100 trees were planted in the meetinghouse garden after worship. Ecumenical Accompaniment Program in Israel and Palestine (EAPPI) acknowledged gratitude for its close link with Ramallah Quakers, and donated two olive trees. The long-living olive tree symbolizes endurance, and its fruit is a mainstay of the Palestinian rural economy. Quaker Peace and Social Witness—working with and on behalf of Quakers in Britain—is a partner of EAPPI, which recruits volunteers to accompany Palestinian and Israeli peace activists in nonviolent actions and advocacy efforts to end Israeli occupation of the West Bank and Gaza Strip. —Arlene Kelly, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

February 2005 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Upcoming Events

- February 27—Friends Schools Day of Peace
- March 20–26—Europe and Middle East Young Friends (EMEYF) annual Spring Gathering
- March 23–27—Southeastern Yearly Meeting
- March 24–27—Annual gathering of Europe and Middle East Section (EMES) Quakers
- March 25–27—South Central Yearly Meeting
- March 31–April 3—Philadelphia Yearly Meeting
- March 31–April 3—Ireland Yearly Meeting

Opportunities/Resources

- American Friends Service Committee's 2005 Mexico Summer Project is now accepting applications. The workcamps have brought together young people from different countries in the Americas, Europe, and the indigenous communities of Xilitla, Mexico, since 1939. The 2005 workcamp, from June 26 to August 15, will focus on migration, indigenous rights, and environmentally appropriate technologies. Applicants must be between 18 and 26 years old and able to converse comfortably in Spanish. Cost: $1,250. Application deadline: March 18. Scholarships are available. For more information and an application, go to <http://www.afsc.org/latinamerica/int/mexicosummer.htm>.

- Quaker Institute for the Future (QIF) will be hosting a Summer Research Seminar for 8–12 participants, July 1–31, 2005, at College of the Atlantic, Bar Harbor, Maine. The research is intended to deal with empirical, conceptual, ethical, and spiritual issues at stake in furthering Quaker testimonies on questions about economics, ecology, and public policy. The role of communal discernment will be of special interest. The Summer Research Seminar will take seriously the conviction that Quakers have important discoveries to discern more clearly, and share more explicitly, concerning epistemology and methods for research on public policy. Friends interested in doing research in economics, ecology, history, philosophy, ethics, public policy, governance, social development, communication, and other related fields are encouraged to consider joining this experiment. Research dealing with the role of corporations is of special interest. Contact Gray Cox at <gray@coa.edu>; or Keith Helmuth at <khelmuth@mindspring.com>, (215) 545-3417, or 2038 Spruce St., Philadelphia, PA 19103.

Scattergood Friends School

Scattergood Friends School, founded in 1890, is committed to fostering lifelong and self-directed learning, developing a sense of personal responsibility and cultivating global citizenship.

- All recent graduates have gained college acceptance
- Student-to-teacher ratio: 4 to 1
- Innovative block scheduling
- Community service graduation requirement
- Shared work program
- Organic garden, farm
- Comprehensive, exciting Arts Department
- Daily Collection, weekly Meeting for Worship

For information, call toll-free at 1-888-757-4656, or e-mail admissions@scattergood.org

1951 Delta Avenue
West Branch, Iowa 52358

www.scattergood.org

College Counselor

Sidwell Friends School, co-educational Quaker day school, seeks a talented educator to serve as a counselor in the College Counseling Office. Knowledge of the college admissions process, excellent communication skills, willingness to work with the counseling team, and ability to work closely with students and families in a dynamic, fast-paced environment is expected. The Counselor's time will be divided between the College Counseling Office and other teaching, coaching, and/or administrative duties. Part-time applicants will be considered. Graduate degree and at least five years of experience at a university or college preparatory high school preferred. Starting date is flexible, but no later that July 1, 2005.

Sidwell Friends School is committed as an institution to the ideal of diversity with regard to race, ethnicity, religion, economics, gender, sexual orientation, and physical disability in its student body, faculty, and staff.
Personalized Care in the Quaker Tradition
Since 1896
A Quiet, Home-Like Setting in a Beautifully Landscaped Atmosphere

- Private Rooms, Suites and Apartments
- Assistance with Activities of Daily Living
- Emergency Response System
- Three Nutritious, Home-Cooked Meals Served Daily in Elegant Surroundings
- Linen and Housekeeping Services
- Recreational Activities
- 24 Hour Security
- Some Financial Assistance Available

For information please call 856-235-4884
28 Main Street, Moorestown, NJ 08057

Deaths
Doehler—Cheryl A. Doehler, 60, on June 21, 2004, in Montclair/Glen Ridge, N. J., after a difficult illness. Cheryl was born on December 28, 1943, in Cleveland, Ohio. In the late 1970s she came to Montclair, where she purchased a house and was introduced to the Religious Society of Friends by a member of Montclair Meeting. There she raised her sons and provided a welcome retreat for young people and visiting friends who benefited from her warm smile and nurturing ways. Many Montclair Meeting Friends, as well as family and neighbors, remember vividly the way this unabashed hugger welcomed them when they first came to meeting. Cheryl always seemed to have time for a cup of coffee with a friend, to listen and laugh, and to get to the heart of joys or sorrows. She became a member of Montclair Meeting in 1981. She loved the fellowship of Powell House and New York Yearly Meeting sessions at Silver Bay. She played an active role in Junior Yearly Meeting for many years, and she was involved in the beginnings of the Alternatives to Violence Project. She was a longtime participant in a spiritual nurture group at Plainfield (N.J.) Meeting. She volunteered, then joined the staff of the First Ceremonial Paly Center School of New Jersey in Belleville, where she served as human relations coordinator and as a computer and literacy teacher with adult clients. Montclair Meeting became her family, and she gave unstintingly of her energy and enthusiasm, eventually serving on every committee and eagerly devoting herself to religious education both for children and adults. She revitalized the adult discussion time on First Day mornings and gave untold hours of service as clerk of the Library Committee, using her computer skills to create databases of the library holdings. Whether on the Reception and Advancement Committee or not, Cheryl was a consummate welcomer. Many meeting attenders and eventual members recall that it was Cheryl who opened her arms and heart, and made them feel welcome at Montclair Meeting. A deeply spiritual person who lived from the center of prayer, over the years and in her final illness Cheryl faced difficult health problems with courage and determination. She lived her life in the same way she worked at her beloved weaving; by setting a strong warg of faith and love, and then gathering the many-hued strands into the beautiful and unique fabric of her life. Cheryl is survived by her two sons, Francis Doehler and William Doehler, and the extended family.

Richards—Frederick H. Richards, 84, on December 12, 2003, at his home in Reading, Pa. He was born in New York City on November 16, 1919, the oldest of four children born to Edward C. M. Richards and Elizabeth C. Richards. He grew up on a farm near West Chester, Pa., where he attended Westtown School. Fred read widely. His father, a forester, went to Europe for graduate studies in forestry and game management, so Fred and his siblings attended an international school near Geneva, Switzerland. Then the family moved to Norris, Tenn., where his father was chief forester of the Tennessee Valley Authority for its first five years. Fred was the lead in an opera, interlocutor of a minstrel show, and reporter for the Norris Spillway, when he had the opportunity to interview...
Eleanor Roosevelt for the school paper. He went to college at Swarthmore, but became ill, learned Spanish, and worked with American Friends Service Committee. He eventually graduated from Swarthmore College, where he was captain of the swim team. After a devastating earthquake had destroyed much of the town of Taxpan, Mexico, Fred worked with AFSC to help rebuild homes there. As a Quaker, a Christian pacifist, and a patriotic U.S. citizen, Fred returned to the United States just before Pearl Harbor in 1941 in order to protest the draft. He believed strongly that conscription was undemocratic. He was sentenced to federal prison for one year and a day, which he served in Danbury (Conn.) Federal Correctional Institution. Fred was drawn deeply into Quaker principles by reading early Quaker journals; attending meetings for worship and family discussions and visits from Quakers, pacifists, and conscientious objectors to Nur Mahal, a 52-acre farm and family home near Westtown School outside West Chester, Pennsylvania. The name, suggested by an uncle who worked in India, means “House of Light.” At Nur Mahal the first AFSC agricultural workcamp was organized, and it was there that the post-World War II Food for Europe program, partly initiated in Yellow Springs, Ohio, got on its feet. Yellow Springs students left their studies in order to cultivate a “Pacifist Farm” to make it known that they cared about all people who were hungry as a result of the war. The students gathered at Fred’s family home for a 24-mile public walk to Swarthmore, pushing a cart of food and letting it be known that human suffering knows no nationality. After graduating from Temple Medical School, Fred accepted the position of chief medical officer with the American Independent Oil Company in the Neutral Zone in the Persian Gulf. He practiced medicine there until the company struck oil in 1956. He did further medical and surgical studies and worked in Muscat and in British hospitals before returning to the United States, where he practiced medicine in Pennsylvania, Nevada, New Mexico, and North Dakota. Wherever he lived, he insisted on learning the language, so he made close friends, and kept them. Fred was a loyal friend to his younger siblings. He had five children and adopted a sixth. He took part in demonstrations against conscription, for amnesty for imprisoned conscientious objectors, against the Vietnam War, against nuclear arms testing on Shoshone land at the Nevada nuclear test site, and against the invasion of Iraq. He wrote letters to senators, members of congress, and editors, and a pamphlet, Why Repeal of the Patriot Act Is Important. As a young man, he had three godchildren before he had any of his own. Just after the war he visited Germany with suitcases full of powdered and condensed milk for the children. He married a British Quaker woman and cycled through Europe, across the desert, and to Baghdad. He was preceded in death by a son, Benjamin Words Richards. He is survived by four children, Malika Richards, Aurelia Payne, Rafael Richards, Amanda Jones, and Stacy Collins Richards Adams; a brother, William L. Richards; two sisters, Elizabeth R.S. Richards and Annette Richards Parent; five grandchildren; two godchildren in Germany and France; and Jennifer Richards, his former wife.

Charlie was born on September 15, 1920, in Gap, Pa., to Joseph Lewis and Mina Coates Walker. He graduated from Paradise High School in Lancaster;
Summer Camps that Specialize in Kids
Five Quaker-based overnight camps and the Barn Day camp for girls and/or boys ages 3-17
"Splendid, wonderful, excellent, miraculously human and rich!" —Parent


Plymouth, Vermont
802.422.3761 • www.fandw.org • email: fandw@fandw.org

Friends’ Central School
Beyond the Classroom
- Quaker co-educational day school for students in pre-kindergarten through grade 12
- Challenging academics with a focus on social and emotional growth and development
- Dynamic program in the visual and performing arts
- Outstanding athletic facilities
- State-of-the-art Science, Math, and Technology Center
- 25% of the Class of 2004 were named National Merit finalists, semifinalists, or commended students

www.friendscentral.org

February 2005 FRIENDS JOURNAL
A message from the "Green Man"

I am grateful to have received your complimentary special issue on "Friends and the Environment" (October 2004); it spoke to my condition. The human relation to the natural world has become the crux of my spirituality. I experience it as kind of backward metamorphosis in which the wings of my faith need to become caterpillar feet in order to practice a gentler way to walk over the Earth.

I now serve as a volunteer garden coordinator at the Harlem elementary school where I had taught, as I pursue a PhD in Ecological Learning—focused upon how children need nature to learn. I also do performances as "The Green Man"—the archetype that roots the human back into the Earth.

New York (City) Quarterly Meeting’s Friends Committee on Unity with Nature (or Quaker Eco-Witness) has become my primary support group for ten years; together we seek a joyful and sustainable way to live with the whole Earth community.

EarthLight, the magazine of Spiritual Ecology begun by Pacific Yearly Meeting in 1988 (and now nondenominational), has shaped my thinking. I believe Quakers could have a significant role in discerning our response to the Earth crisis in this time of "The Great Work," as ecologist Thomas Berry calls it.

New England Yearly Meeting of Friends

Friends Camp is a residential camp for young people ages 7 to 17. Program choices include drama, ceramics, photography, games, and waterfront activities. Our programs are creative and fun. Campers take part in morning worship and evening vespers. Values and ethics are the foundations of our community. Tuition for a two week session is $625. We offer a one week camp for younger campers.

Nat Shed, Director
Friends Camp, 25 Burleigh Street, Waterville, ME 04901
www.friendscamp.org - director@friendscamp.org
Winter: 207-873-3499 Summer: 207-445-2361

The employment of children

I was pleased to receive the November 2004 issue as the first of my new subscription. The diverse topics of the feature articles provide useful insights into the lives and work of other Friends, with the implied queries for my own enrichment. The Forum reflects briefly into past topics; "Testing a Father’s Faith" in the September issue seems to have been particularly provocative. And the Special Book Section points to a variety of works, of which I might otherwise not be aware.

It is Lee Thomas’s article, "Global Partnerships: Opening the Way toward Economic Justice and World Peace," which prompts me to write. The suggestion that international business can be influential in improving working conditions around the world makes good sense, as does working toward an established standard. What struck me, though, was the first point of the...
Kendal-Crosslands residents nurture an array of life-affirming opportunities:

• 140 resident-directed interest groups
• lifelong learning at the University of Delaware and West Chester University
• two 11,000-volume, resident-run libraries
• 300 acres with trails, woods, ponds
• on-site concerts and lectures
• local community volunteer opportunities

Named as one of the nation’s top 25 continuing care retirement communities, Kendal-Crosslands is not-for-profit and Quaker-related. Full services, lifetime restraint-free health care.

KENDAL-CROSSLANDS Communities

610-388-7001 • 1-800-216-1920
P.O. Box 100 • Kennett Square, PA 19348
www.kcc.kendal.org

Are some Quaker perspectives on the wrong track?

Do you want to know what sincere Quakers think, who truly advocate peace, justice, and helping the poorest of the poor, but who think many Quaker perspectives are on the wrong track?

Try reading The Quaker Economist, a free weekly online news commentary on peace, justice, and world affairs, somewhat different from the usual Quaker line.

Over eighty letters have now been published and appear on the e-mails of over 600 subscribers, mostly Quakers. To see them all online, visit http://tqe.quaker.org. To subscribe (free), send an e-mail to tqe-subscribe@quaker.org.

Are Republicans not welcome as Quakers?

With regard to politics, my Inner Light just doesn’t seem to shine in the same direction it does for most Quakers—if the political opinions expressed so often in major Quaker publications such as FRIENDS JOURNAL, FCNL Newsletter, and the British publication, The Friend, are, in fact, representative of the political views of most Quakers, I believe they are.

John van der Meer
Bridgewater, Mass.

Are Republicans not welcome as Quakers?
Consider the advantages of investing in the future of Friends Journal.

With a planned gift, you can help ensure that the Journal continues to be a vital resource for Friends far into the future, and realize capital gains and income tax savings while providing lifetime income for yourself and a loved one.

For more information, check the items you would like to see and mail this card, or call Gretta Stone, Development Coordinator, toll free at (800) 471-6863.

☐ our booklet on charitable gift planning  ☐ a gift annuity illustration for the
☐ sample bequest language for your will birthdates below

Name: ___________________________ Birthday: __________
Name: ___________________________ Birthday: __________
Address: __________________________
City: ___________________________ State: __________ Zip: __________

Name: ___________________________ Birthday: __________
Name: ___________________________ Birthday: __________
Address: __________________________
City: ___________________________ State: __________ Zip: __________
Decision-making queries

Having read some pamphlets about discovering the sense of the meeting, it seems to me that we can reasonably formulate an illustrative decision model something like the following. Consider these three illustrative queries, each query supported by the same set of feedback questions.

Illustrative Queries

Release: Have we released all of our personal feelings on this issue?

Clarity: Have we reached clarity on the short-term and long-term consequences of this issue?

Harmony: Have we reached a sense of harmony on this issue?

Feedback Questions

Fyes, how do we know? Do we need to make a list of our understandings? If no, is there more we need to say on this issue today or do we need to lay it aside and let it season some more? Does this idea make sense to other readers of FRIENDS JOURNAL? How would they improve it? I would like very much to know what others think of this illustrative model.

Tom Loudenback
Louisville, Ky.

FRIENDS JOURNAL February 2005

Friends Center with unprogrammed Christian orientation, Barnsville, Ohio, offers quiet, welcoming space for personal and spiritual growth with optional spiritual consultation. Weekend group retreats also offered: March 4–6, 2005 Opportunities and Challenges of Growing Young Adult Quakers, led by Catherine Jacobson. March 22–24, 2005 Gospel Lives—Learning from the Quaker Journals of Ohio Yearly Meeting Ministers with Bill Taber and Doug Walsh. Write to Friends Center, 6138 Olney Lane, Barnsville, OH 43713 or call (740) 426-2853.

Jouralin: Host an Intensive Journal Workshop at your Meeting, Vic Kriston of Goose Creek Meeting, a certified leader of the Ira Progoff Intensive Journal program for over twenty years, will come to your meeting and conduct a workshop. Contact him: (540) 820-5607, <vickryston@mac.com>.


The Carpenter’s Boat Shop in Pemaquid, Maine, is offering free, one-year apprenticeships in wooden boat and furniture building. The Boat Shop is an icumenical community school based on the Benedictine tradition. It teaches the skills of carpentry, boatbuilding, and boat use while living in simple community. For further information please write or call Rev. Robert Lifer, 440 Old County Road, Pemaquid, ME 04558. Phone: (207) 877-3789, e-mail: <boathshop@midcoast.com>.

Costa Rica Study Tours: Visit the Quaker community in Monteverde. For information and a brochure contact Sarah Stuckey: 011 (506) 945-5436; write: Aqdo. 46-5655, Monte-Verde, Costa Rica; e-mail: <ccostudy@cacs-inc.co.cr>; or call in the USA (502) 384-8954.

Quaker Writers and Artists: Quakers used to shun the arts—but no more! Join the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts and get our quarterly, informal newsletter, "Types and Shadows," keep in touch with other artistic Friends around the country and help create a Quaker arts community in history. Memberships: $35 y. FQA P.O. Box 58565, Philadelphia, PA 19102. e-mail: <fqap@quaker.org>. Web: <www.quaker.org/fqa>.

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

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

Personalized Single Booklovers, a national group, has been getting unattached booklovers together since 1970. Please write P.O. Box 1698, Andalusia, PA 19020 or call (800) 717-5011.

Concerned Singles


Positions Vacant

ARTHUR MORGAN SCHOOL Development Coordinator
Seeking experienced development person for full-time position including donor & alumni relations, event-coordination, recruitment of students, fund raising, and capital campaign planning.

Modest salary and extensive benefits.

Strong interpersonal, communication, planning, and organizational skills needed.


Sierra Friends Center, Nevada City, California
Executive Director opening July 1st, 2005
Sierra Friends Center is a rural educational community offering a semester program for high school juniors and seniors, summer youth, the other for a specialized course. Candidates should exemplify the principles and values of Quaker process and spiritual leadership and possess skills in the following areas: administration, finance, fundraising, communication, and staff development. Deadline for applications: February 28, 2005.

Applications include an informal resume and letter to: Sue Torrey, 5393 Barredena Avenue Unit A, Atascadero, California 93422 email: <sttorrey@charter.net>. (800) 466-9046.

Phinfield, Indiana, Friends Meeting is seeking a full-time,免 4-year in-service teacher for a Quaker congregation in the midst of a growing community. Immediate opening. Send resume to: Mary Hubbard, 530 East Avenue, Plainfield, IN 46168 Phone: (317) 839-7653.

Real Estate

Quaker REALTOR specializing in Buco County, PI., and Marion County, IN. Has the ability to exceed your expectations. Mark Fulton, Prudential Fox and Roach Realtors, 83 South Main Street, Yardley, PA 19067. (215) 483-0400 ext. 131.

Rentals & Retreats

A Quaker Family Farmlet on Maui
Enjoy the simple elegance of nature’s sub tropical wonder: A fully furnished stone cottage, very cute, beautifully furnished house with wraparound deck, two beautiful electric golf carts, 14 miles of beaches, championship golf, tennis, swimming, canoeing, etc. Close to beaches and Maui’s commercial attractions, 1,000 per day. For illustrated material, write to Linda Bowers, clw Wm. Vitarlei, 375 Kawelo Road, Haiku, Maui, HI 96780. (808) 573-2672.

Pendle Hill High School Youth Camp Leaders (3): Facilitate and help plan weekend Pendle Hill high school program. Service projects, field trips, discussions, games, Quaker values and history. July 10–17, 2005, plus planning day in May.

Summer Youth Programs Co-Coordinator: Plan and co-lead 1-week youth adult service and spiritual enrichment program, weeklong high school program. April-August (negotiable). Room, board, and salary provided. Contact: Elizabeth Del Ziglio, 745-7341, ext. 129; <elizabethdel@pendlehill.org>.

Camp Dark Waters

Summer Employment

Staff needed. Quaker owned/directed camp since 1946. Located in one of the most spectacular areas of the U.S., in Atriodrondacks near Lake Placid, NY. Positions available for cabin and specialty counselors as well as some department head and administrative positions. Good salaries and some accommodations. Single or married, children of staff warmly welcomed. See our ad on page 30. Call Mike at (609) 866-0268.


The John B. Hurford ’60 Humanities Center of Haverford College invites applications for a 2-year Mellon Post-Doctoral Fellowship in the Humanities to begin Fall 2005 from scholars prepared to explore the representation of violence and terrorism in literary, autobiographical, philosophical, political, or religious discourse. Candidates should exemplify the principles and values of Quaker process and spiritual leadership and possess skills in the following areas: administration, finances, fundraising, communication, and staff development. Deadline for applications: February 28, 2005.

Applications include a letter, vitae, and two letters of recommendation. Send application materials to: Prof. William Ellis, Department of History, Haverford College, 370 Haverford Road, Haverford, PA 19041. Fax: (610) 966-4507 . (800) 566-4507 Fax: (610) 966-4507.

Attention Birders and Hikers

Cottage on the foothills of the Chiricahua Mountains in Arizona. Available February through April. Famous birding and hiking trails in the beautiful Cave Creek Canyon. By week or month. Call (520) 555-2078.

Bald Head Island, NC. Panoramic view of ocean, dunes, lagoon, and golf course from four-bedroom, two-bathroom, beautifully furnished house with wraparound deck, two electric golf carts, 14 miles of beaches, championship golf, tennis, swimming, canoeing, etc. Close to beaches and Bald Head Island’s commercial attractions, 1,000 per day. For illustrated material, write to Linda Bowers, clw Wm. Vitarlei, 375 Kawelo Road, Haiku, Maui, HI 96780. (808) 573-2672.

Guernavaca, Mexico: Families, friends, study groups enjoy this beautiful Mexican garden and orchard close to beaches and Guernavaca’s commercial attractions, 1,000 per day. For illustrated material, write to Linda Bowers, clw Wm. Vitarlei, 375 Kawelo Road, Haiku, Maui, HI 96780. (808) 573-2672.

 rents & Retreats


February 2005 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Summer Rentals


Journey’s End Camp Farm is a farm dedicated to children for sessions of two or three weeks each season. Farm animals, gardening, nature, ceramics, shop. Nonviolence, simplicity, reverence for nature as emphasized in our program centered in the life of a Quaker family farm. For 62 boys and girls, 7-12 years. Welcome all races. Amy Ellis, RR 1 Box 136, Newfoulden, PA 18454. Telephone: (716) 866-3911. Financial aid available.

Advertise in FRIENDS JOURNAL

For information contact Advertising Manager at 1216 Arch Street, 2a
Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835
(215) 563-8629
adsales@friendsjournal.org
www.friendsjournal.org
unprogrammed meeting for worship 9 a.m. and 11 a.m. and 1:15 p.m. Forum 9 a.m. and 11 a.m. Call (610) 522-0183 for information.

Philadelphia Meeting for worship 11 a.m. except summer months. Babysitting provided. Meetinghouse Lane at Montgomery Ave.

MIDDLETOWN- Meeting for worship 11 a.m. First-day school 10:30 a.m. - 11:30 a.m. Adult education 10:30 a.m. - 11:30 a.m. Delawaret County, Rte. 352, N of Lima, Clerks, Thomas Swain (610) 899-1377.

MIDDLETOWN AT LANGLEHORE (Bucks Co.) First-day school 9:45 a.m. (except summer), meeting for worship 11 a.m. in Second Days (first eight months) on First days, and the last Sunday of each month in May.

MERION- Meeting for worship 11 a.m. First-day school 10:15 a.m. except summer months. Babysitting provided. Meetinghouse Lane at Montgomery Ave.

Newtown Meeting for worship 9 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Meetinghouse for summer months. Babysitting provided. Meetinghouse Lane at Montgomery Ave.

NEWTON (Bucks Co.) First-day school 9:45 a.m. (except summer), meeting for worship 11 a.m. in Second Days (first eight months) on First days, and the last Sunday of each month in May.

NORRISTOWN- Meeting for worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. with worship 11 a.m. and 1:30 p.m. Adults meeting for worship 11 a.m. in Second Days (first eight months) on First days, and the last Sunday of each month in May.
Why is planned giving important to FGC and the future of Quakerism?

Friends General Conference is working to nurture a vibrant future for Quakerism. FGC nurtures individuals, meetings, and the Religious Society of Friends as a whole by providing a wide range of practical and spiritual resources that help to make the presence of God real to seekers and Friends. By remembering FGC in your estate plan, you will help to nurture Quakerism beyond your own lifetime.

How can I include FGC in my estate plan?

- Include FGC as a beneficiary in your will.
- Make one bequest that supports both FGC and your monthly, quarterly, or yearly meeting.
- Name FGC as a beneficiary of your IRA, retirement plan, or life insurance policy.
- Establish an FGC charitable gift annuity that offers you both income for life and generous tax benefits.
- Include FGC in your charitable trust.

How can I find out more?

Please contact Michael Wajda in the FGC Development Office at 215-561-1700 or michaelw@fgcquaker.org.

"Friends General Conference fulfills my need for diversity of spiritual enrichment. I want to ensure that the work and outreach of Friends General Conference goes on into the future, so I have included FGC in my will."

— Louise E. Harris, Membership Friends Meeting, Winston-Salem Worship Group, North Carolina