Dorothy Hutchinson on Jesus and Quakerism, from FRIENDS JOURNAL, August 1957

The Passion of the Christ: Thoughts Prompted by a Discussion about the Film

The Kingdom of the Committee and the Garbage Dump of God

Digging to China
Taking Steps Towards Peace

For me, Easter is a particularly powerful time to reflect on the teachings and example of Jesus. Living during a period of harsh, despised political oppression and deep collective yearning within his community for a transformed reality, his life, teachings, and ultimate sacrifice spoke directly to this circumstance, and more broadly to the human condition. His witness was so powerfully at the core of Truth that it has spoken down through the millennia to people throughout the world, across cultures, who are struggling with overwhelming challenges and yearning for transformation. He speaks as vividly and directly to us today as we struggle with oppression and threats from outside and within our culture, and—yes—essentially from within our own hearts.

I count myself a Christian, but Friends, I could not do so without Quakerism. Descended from Quakers, my family was two generations removed from Quakerism as I grew up attending liberal Protestant churches from the Northeast to the Midwest. My own search for a spiritual home, begun in adolescence, took me as a young adult into exploration of mysticism in other faith traditions—Judaism, Buddhism, Hinduism, Native American spirituality, Islam—that ultimately led to my own epiphany about Jesus. I am a believer, but an unorthodox one, who finds in Quaker practice the most meaningful access to Spirit and in Jesus’ teachings the most meaningful guide for living my life. Without direct experience of and some understanding of mysticism, Christianity would not be an intelligible or a living faith for me.

In this issue, you will find the testimony of other Friends who’ve reflected on the meaning of Jesus in their lives. Fortunately, Spirit speaks to each human heart recognizing its uniqueness. It is not necessary, or perhaps even possible, to be dogmatic about those promptings, but they are at the core of what our lives are about.

While traveling in New Zealand, British Friend Tanya Garland found herself reflecting on Jesus’ death following a meeting for worship that focused on the film The Passion of the Christ (p. 9). “I’m glad I was led to think through just what his death means,” she writes, “And, to be honest, I’m rather surprised at just how much it does mean to me.” Chip Thomas, in “Shake before Opening” (p. 14), shares his leading to travel among Friends reminding us to “sweep away preconceived notions before seeking.” Raised in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, Thomas experienced a spiritual awakening among Ohio (Conservative) Yearly Meeting Friends. Living now in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, he travels among Friends to witness to his concern that Friends stay open to all promptings of the Spirit. In her article, “The Kingdom of the Committee and the Garbage Dump of God” (p. 6), Kat Griffith offers wise appreciation of the differences between evangelical and unprogrammed Friends—and what each tradition can bring to the other. I recommend each of these personal reflections to you.

These are challenging times in which staying open to the promptings of Spirit could not be more necessary. Reaching out and building bridges amongst ourselves is the beginning of the real peacemaking task. If we cannot move beyond uneasy tolerance to genuine appreciation for our fellow Quakers, whatever their sincere persuasions, how can we begin to offer the world a model for living peace?
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A view from Hengshan, considered a sacred mountain, in Hunan, China.

Cover photography by Danna Cornick
Not out of fear

I am thankful that Friend Benjamin Lloyd shared his concern for the spoken ministry (“The Divine Source of Vocal Ministry,” FJ Dec. 2004). His thoughts lead me to read queries, readings, and prayer. However, I am troubled by the framework of his argument, specifically that the “disconnect spells doom for our society.” When we act out of a sense of impending doom, we invite fear and acrimony into our hearts and into our meetings. I hope we can hold his concern in the Light while being sure that love, not fear, be the “first motion.”

Wendy Gavel La Capra
New York, N.Y.

Not just ministry

In Benjamin Lloyd’s article, “The Divine Source of Vocal Ministry” (FJ Dec. 2004), I disagree with the word “only” in the highlighted statement: “Only by ensuring that what is spoken in meeting rises to the level of ministry—communication that deeply affects and moves others—will we attract others to stay.”

Rather, I would envision our meetings as places where people come and stay for many different and often overlapping reasons. An excellent religious education program, good fellowship, joining with kindred souls in seeking peace—the list goes on and on. It is important that we learn how to invite newcomers in with love, helping each discover their contributions to, and gifts from, the larger group.

Mary Snyder
Wentworth, S.D.

Overcoming linear thinking

I think I got an insight as to why mysticism is so hard for me from Chris Ravndal’s article, “Meetings for Learning,” and the complementary article by Benjamin Lloyd, “The Divine Source of Vocal Ministry” (both FJ Dec. 2004). I wonder if other newcomers with a similar background might have the same problem. I also wonder if explaining the insight would let those for whom mysticism is not so challenging better lead those who are challenged.

First, I want to explain my condition. From kindergarten to my 40s, up to the time when I started regularly attending a local worship group, I only rarely set foot in a house of worship for anything besides a funeral or a wedding. I had said that I saw little evidence of God. I still suspect that I might be deaf to the Spirit.

My education was in technology, business, and computer programming. I can’t think of anything more left-brained than computer programming besides mathematics. Worse, I find computer programming relatively easy.

But I don’t do art. I hate creative writing. A blank sheet of paper to be filled without a specific point, or beginning, or end, can cause panic. Obviously, my right brain is in danger of withering away into a vestige. Silence is like a blank sheet of paper. The instruction to wait for God is rather unspecific for someone accustomed to thinking in literal, linear terms.

Inspirational, intuitive thinking is difficult for me at best. I find myself lost looking for something I can’t define.

Perhaps this is an experience common among other technocrats who are newcomers. They have trouble discerning the Divine because they are not sure what it is.

I think Benjamin Lloyd’s suggestion to overcome excessive linear thinking by noticing and responding to feelings expressed by the body is an excellent one. In my case, it may be easier said than done. Nevertheless, I think it’s worth a try. Linear thinking is definitely not going to get me anywhere.

Patricia Witt
Berkeley Springs, W.Va.

The Peace Testimony and police

In “Police and Community: Building Peace” (FJ Jan.), Paul Hamell joins with William Hanson in the latter’s scholarly article (“Police Power for Peace,” FJ Aug. 2004) to propose that the Friends Peace Testimony not bar Friends from making common cause with our fellow humans in support of a police function—inevitably violent at times—to protect us all from the violence of our violent world. In so doing, both must perceive the testimony as not carrying the absolute quality of divinely proclaimed dogma that George Fox’s 1660 proclamation can be understood as giving it. Can we welcome a broadened, if relative, human applicability?

In terms of human consequences, the absolute quality of divine edict has been readily seen reflected in the absoluteness of the extinguishing of human life. Descending from the absolute, we all see, only too readily, the relative consequences of violence and war in the pain and disruption of individual lives and societies of surviving victims. Paul Hamell points to a consequence only recently prominent in the secular literature, the posttraumatic psychological consequences for the perpetrator of violence, the killer. His article directs primary attention to urging our support and sympathetic understanding of police, hoping such support to be contributory to minimally violent police methods. He also gives passing attention to what must be very personal distress to him, the psychological pain and disablement of his fellow officers—and by implication to a matter of which we may take serious account in our testimony against violence, the destructive traumatic experience accruing to many of those who kill.

Lindley Winston
Malvern, Pa.

The responsibility of voters

There could hardly be a clearer instance of tripping over one’s feet than Paul Buckley’s letter in the Forum, “Should Quakers Vote?” (FJ Jan.).

The question posed is: By voting, am I binding myself to accept the resultant actions of those elected? The obvious answer to that question is no. If the question had any real substance, there could never be a second election. If election to public office means that the winner is entitled to universal voter acceptance of anything and everything the winner does, how could there be any contest for a second term? Citizens are as fully entitled to oppose official policies and actions the day after losing an election as they were the day before.

A named elector does not bear responsibility for every official act. True, the supporters of an official are more responsible for what he or she does than are their adversaries. But participating in the electoral process does not disqualify one for being in the opposition. Members of the opposition can be as truthful as anyone else.

Alfred C. Ames
Fort Myers, Fla.

The celebrating has stopped

On the November morning I am writing this, as word comes of 10,000 U.S. soldiers amassed around Fallujah, and of our president’s military planners engaging in war games simulating our invasion of Iran, my mind drifts back to a day in August 1945 in Albuquerque. I was nine years old and can vividly recall being sent out into the yard to beat on a pan with a large spoon to celebrate the instantaneous annihilation of 100,000
Is Modern Marriage a Fraud?

I have practiced family law for more than 20 years. More recently, I have tried to reduce that aspect of my practice, because I find it too painful. Like Anne Barshall ("On Marriage and Divorce—With a Proposition Bound to Be Controversial," F June 2004), I do not believe in divorce, except where abuse or addiction is involved. But that position is a hard one to maintain in a society in which even our revered role models—even the public advocates of "family values"—not only accept divorce but get divorced.

Indeed, possibly as a result of misguided interpretations of feminism, many "family values" advocates stated a few years ago that Hillary Clinton was demonstrating her scorn for morality by not divorcing her unfaithful husband. From a society in which women had to struggle to leave abusive marriages, we have evolved into one in which a woman must justify staying in a less-than-perfect union.

I consider myself a feminist. I consider "wife-dumping"—the tendency of some financially successful aging men to discard their aging first wives for younger women—a women's issue. And I do not believe that the proper response to that issue is husband-dumping.

Part of the problem is that children, the main victims of divorce, have almost no power in the divorce situation. They can do nothing to keep their parents together. Usually, they have almost no say in which parent they end up living with, or in what kind of arrangement. They cannot control visitation—two Illinois girls who refused to see their father were actually jailed by a local judge for violating his visitation order. And they certainly cannot require the noncustodial parent to visit them, if that parent is not so inclined. Nor can they require either parent to pay child support or defray college costs. They are, for all practical and legal purposes, property.

Another part of the problem is that even though most people today marry at much later ages than they did 40 years ago, they still have no real vision of any kind of lifelong commitment. Most people getting married cannot imagine growing old at all, much less growing old with one particular person. They—we—cannot get our minds around the real meaning of "for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death separates us."

Nobody requires us to do so, even in the course of preparing for marriage. Nobody tells us, "For richer or for poorer means you're probably going to be broke at some point and you'll argue about money, not about whether to buy a Mercedes or a BMW, but about whether to buy medication or pay the rent."

Nobody tells us, "In sickness or in health means that one of you will probably have to take care of the other through some long-term or chronic illness or disability. One of you will have to become a caregiver. Marriage means you are committing yourself not to leave if the other becomes unable to earn a living, do the housework, or even have sex."

Nobody tells us, "Until death separates us means that one of you will probably have to make the final decisions about end-of-life care for the other, possibly including terminating life support."

Nobody tells us, "You are getting married at what is probably the best time of your life, when both of you have earning power, health, and good looks. Marriage means you are committing yourself to stay together even when life gets hard. And it will. If you both live long enough, there is a considerable likelihood that one or both of you will lose earning power, health, good looks, or all of them. You will need each other. Marriage means being willing to meet those needs. If you don't want to think about it, or you just plain don't want to do it, don't get married. Marriage, like the old age which is one of its components, is not for sissies."

So people get divorced under almost any kind of predictable life stress. Poverty, unemployment, illness, disability, the death of a child, multiple births, the death of a parent, natural disasters that destroy a house—statistics tell us that any of these can increase the likelihood of divorce. We seem to feel that, if we can't make any of these bad life events un-happen, we can at least take control of one other major area of our lives—by getting divorced. The fact that we almost never benefit from doing so is beside the point. To be a good American is to have control of one's life and to be able to make choices, even bad choices.

To be a good American, in fact, is to run away. We are a nation of runaways. It is programmed into our genes. Our ancestors are the ones who chose not to stay on the other five continents and make their lives work there. When the going gets tough, the tough get going—and they keep going until they are safely out of town. If we can't run away from poverty, illness, or disaster, we can at least run away from the other person who lives with us in poverty, illness, or disaster.

So honesty in marriage—"unfraudulating" marriage, if you will—requires honesty about life. Any religion that cannot require of us that kind of honesty is a fraud whether or not it presides over the beginning of the marriage. Any religion that cannot give its members a vision of the entirety of life needs to reformulate itself; without that vision, it is not a solution—it is part of the problem.

—Marian H. Neudel
Chicago, Ill.

human beings in Japan. How good it felt to be an American!

Eleven years later, almost to the day, I was in Hiroshima with a girl I had fallen in love with, looking at the exact spot where her parents had vaporized while I was sitting on that pain in Albuquerque. Some years later the beating on pans was replaced with rifle shots at Kent State as my country celebrated the annihilation of tens of thousands of Vietnamese and U.S. soldiers.

And now, almost 50 years later, the beating on pans has become the drum roll accompanying "The Star-Spangled Banner" at hundreds of stadiums and sporting fields where we celebrate the annihilation of tens of thousands of Iraqis and hundreds of U.S. soldiers who will never love again.

A few days ago, 59,000,000 U.S. voters sanctioned a future of perpetual war, while George Bush vowed to "stay the course" of mass killing and wanton destruction in order to keep us free as we enslave ourselves to the yoke of death in the name of moral values and material gain. And now, 60 years beyond Albuquerque, I will throw away my spoon and pan for it no longer feels good to be an American.

Sam Sperry
Helena, Mont.
The Kingdom of the Committee & the Garbage Dump of God

And a Nine-year-old’s Modest Proposal for Achieving the Kingdom

by Kat Griffith

For the last few years, Northern Yearly Meeting (FGC) and El Salvador Yearly Meeting (evangelical in character) have been building a relationship together. Rich cross-fertilization has occurred through annual intervisitation of various kinds—supplying all involved with moments of joy, shock, transcendence, bewilderment, belly laughs, and opportunities for growth! The author traveled to El Salvador in January of 2003, and serves as an interpreter at NYM annual sessions.

I read somewhere that research measuring self-declared happiness around the world found Salvadorans to be among the happiest people on Earth. Now, if you know anything at all about El Salvador, this is a head-scratching bit of news. The El Salvador of living memory has suffered an almost unbroken litany of political and economic repression and violence. Public schools and public health are a disaster. Nominally a democracy, El Salvador’s government is ridiculed—when it is not being cried over—by most citizens. Deforestation and erosion have destroyed huge swaths of the countryside. The rivers are garbage-clogged sewers that advertise their presence olfactorily long before they can be seen. There is trash everywhere. Most people seem to eke out a living on the ragged edge of subsistence. Nearly a fifth of the population has emigrated to the United States and Canada in the last 25 years.

And yet... Salvadorans are among the happiest people on Earth. Salvadoran Friends are no exception. They worship with genuine joy; they find unlimited reasons to give thanks and praise. In my recent experience among Salvadoran Friends, I don’t believe a day went by without tears of joy. They have a huge repertoire of praise.

Kat Griffith is a member of Winnebago Worship Group in east-central Wisconsin, and a home schooling mother of two. She and her family are currently in Monteverde, Costa Rica.
God on Earth

songs, and the music is exuberant, upbeat, and loud. There is no mistaking it: it is happy music, and it reflects and spills over into their lives. Their experience of the Spirit is vivid, life-giving, and cause for daily celebration.

Now try a snapshot of Friends from el Norte.

We are among the wealthiest people on the planet. Our educational opportunities are generally excellent. Most of us live in relatively safe, attractive neighborhoods. Most of us have access to areas of natural beauty. Most of us earn a dignified and fairly reliable living; at the very least, few of us would consider emigrating for economic reasons.

And yet, I see Friends in the United States suffering under the weight of near despair. Yearly epistles are often sad, pessimistic, or only laboriously hopeful. Many feature long lists of depressing realities: war, injustice, poverty. So many of us seem weighed down by the ills of our society, the misdeeds of our government, and the enormity of the tasks before us: preventing war, making peace, saving the environment, feeding the poor, housing the homeless, confronting racism, achieving some measure of economic justice. . . . There is so much to do.

So here we are, living lives that are by any historical or international standard lives of opportunity, health, and wealth; and yet we seem on the edge of despair with some regularity. Salvadoran Friends (like most Salvadorans) often lead lives of insecurity, foreclosed opportunity, to environmental contamination. And Salvadoran Friends are energetically hopeful and upbeat.

We worship the same God, and we both call ourselves Friends, but we seem to inhabit separate spiritual universes. What's going on?

I remember my very first experience of a Salvadoran Friend commenting on Northern Yearly Meeting business. "I am very surprised," he said (in what I now know to be a breathtaking understatement) "by the matters you address." He had just witnessed us work on a minute condemning the War on Drugs, another minute on an environmental issue, and an initiative addressing racism. I think he wondered if he had come to the wrong meeting.

U.S. and Salvadorian Quakers worship the same God, and we both call ourselves Friends, but we seem to inhabit separate spiritual universes. What's going on?

"Excuse me, por favor, but is this the Religious Society of Friends?"

Some time later, I was translating a conversation between the clerk of a long monthly meeting and the Salvadorans, one of whom had asked about our monthly meeting committee structure. The clerk started in on the list of committees, concerns, and projects, explaining a bit about each one, and the Salvadorans listened . . . and listened . . . and finally looked at each other, slack-jawed. In that one monthly meeting, there were 28 committees!

I have translated into Spanish our yearly meeting discussions on everything from organizational zeal, a love for justice. In a typical hour, we talk about everything except what the Salvadorans discuss in their meetings: how to increase the number of worshipers, and how to strengthen the faith of their members. Period. Everything they do in their yearly meeting has one or both of these ends.

How is it that we can have such different ideas of what it means to be a Friend? I believe that our different conceptions of what our faith calls us to do lie in our different understandings of the Kingdom of God—what it is, and how to get there.

If you are a Salvadoran Friend, the Kingdom of God is the community of believers, in heaven. The greatest gift you can give anyone is a ticket to the Kingdom of God—and so you share your faith with others, evangelize with love and enthusiasm, and court your success in the number of converts and their growing faith. Success can be attained by anyone in any circumstances—poor or rich, educated or ignorant, oppressed, unemployed, or otherwise. Achieving the Kingdom of God does not depend on Congress or the labors of a committee—it depends upon prayer and faith. It is the most important—and most joyful—thing in life, and almost the only concern of the church.

If you are a liberal U.S. Friend, the Kingdom of God is waiting to happen here on Earth. You are God's hands, and you must help build the Kingdom. It cannot be pleasing to God that some of God's children are hungry, that some wield tyrannical power over others, that creation is being abused and destroyed. The greatest gift you can give the world is your passionate concern for realizing the Kingdom of God here and now. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness" (Gal. 5:22)— and clean government and clean rivers and social justice.

Make sure the nominating committee has your phone number.

If you are a Salvadoran Friend, to a significant extent your faith allows you to transcend the difficulties and miseries of everyday life. You achieve joy despite your surroundings. For the most part you do not take upon yourself the burden of . . .
tained— but you have faith in the power of God to work in the hearts of individuals, and in the power of your faith to bring you salvation and joy.

If you are a U.S. Friend, your faith would seem to burden you with a Sisyphean task—making the world all that you believe God would like it to be. You are surrounded by the evidence of work undone, work that God may be calling you to do. You know your thick Rolodex better than the Bible or your meeting’s Faith and Practice, you attend more committee meetings than worship sessions, and you might know more protest songs than praise songs.

Okay, these are caricatures of both communities. But when your faith doesn’t bring you the peace that passeth all understanding, when it doesn’t bring you joy, when it allows no rest for the weary, there’s something wrong. Have some of us North American Friends put our faith in our committees, not in our God? Do we trust in our own hands more than in the One who guides them? Do we think we can create the Kingdom of God in the world when it does not reside in our own hearts? Do we think that we can attract newcomers and grow our meetings if our “to do” list of good works undone overshadows our “ta da!” list of blessings shared and celebrated together?

And how about the Salvadoran side? I have two pictures in my mind: one is of a passionate congregation of Salvadoran Friends I am visiting in the little mountain town of San Ignacio. The spirit is palpably among us; truly many of these hearts are lifted up to God. The other picture is the first thing you see when you arrive in San Ignacio: a sprawling, casual garbage dump on the edge of town, turning what could be a lovely creek into a reason to avert your eyes and plug your nose. Hyperactive, take-charge, can-do U.S. Friend that I am, I wonder, can it be pleasing to God that we sing praises and let that canker on the landscape persist and grow? If the Spirit truly resides in our souls, won’t we also find it in ourselves to fix that eminently fixable problem, in part as an act of devotion to God and love for Creation? And might devotion not come more easily to our hearts if our senses were assaulted with a lovely view rather than assaulted by the desecration of it?

It seems to me that Friends in the United States have sometimes turned their faith into an exhausting fix-the-whole-world enterprise. And perhaps Salvadoran Friends, with their all too depressing political history, have found it easier to downplay the collective nature of the Kingdom of God and its attainment here on Earth, and focus only on preparing individual souls for the hereafter.

I will venture to say that we U.S. Friends have created the Kingdom of the Committee—busy, productive, often discouraged, and too often rather faithless. Salvadoran Friends have—no, not created, but allowed to persist often unchallenged, the Garbage Dump of God.

As Marcus Borg asserts in The Heart of Christianity, salvation is both personal and collective. The Kingdom of God is meant to be in our hearts and in our society. “The New Testament . . . emphasizes personal issues, personal sins, and the need for personal transformation. . . . It also emphasizes political issues, political sins, and political transformation.” It isn’t either/or—it is both/and.

I find that the relationship between NYM and ESYM is the edge where the Kingdom of the Committee and the Dump of God join. And I find that this is a living, growing edge—a place of deeper faith and deeper transformation than many of us on either side have perhaps yet experienced. This edge is where the Salvadorans show us the pure, expressive surrender and joy of their worship. It is where we show them the practical application of Friends testimonies in low-income housing projects, environmental efforts, and prison visitation. It is where they demonstrate lives of spiritual simplicity, focused on family and faith community, and where we share our concern for national and world affairs. It is where they sing, loudly, songs of praise, and where we sit silently, trying to discern a non-obvious call or season a concern. It is where they share weekly testimonials of personal transformation through obedience to the Gospels—ta da!—and we show them the power of the Gospels to shape our activism in the world—to do!

My nine-year-old daughter, Savannah, gets it. One day after a Northern Yearly Meeting annual session, we had a long conversation about the ironies of the NYM/El Salvador Yearly Meeting relationship. She finally said thoughtfully, “You know, I think about half of the Salvadorans should come to this country and about half of us should go to El Salvador. If we did that, they would have cleaner rivers and better schools and we would know God better.” Amen, sister!
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The Passion of the Christ

THOUGHTS PROMPTED BY A DISCUSSION ABOUT THE FILM

by Tanya Garland

At a local cinema, in a small town in New Zealand, The Passion of the Christ was showing. While I was staying in a four-bed dorm at a backpacker's hostel one Saturday night last March, a young Canadian girl, also traveling alone, came to bed very distressed. She had just been to see the film and said she had covered her eyes for so long that the people sitting on each side of her had asked her if she was okay. She told me that she had been raised in a fairly religious home but had moved away from her Christian faith, and so, when she saw the film was playing, she thought that maybe she ought to go and see it—perhaps it would have a spiritual message for her. Instead, the experience had proved to be traumatic, due to so much graphic brutality and violence portrayed on the screen.

The next morning, at the communal breakfast table, the local newspaper was spread open. I read a review of the film, which questioned the film's historical accuracy and the motive for adding violence to the biblical accounts where the Bible does not record any. This point was illustrated by giving the example of a scene in which a crow pecks out the eye of one of the robbers crucified with Jesus—for no reason, it seemed, other than to subject the audience to an additional horror. The article also included quotes from an interview with the actor playing Jesus and the effect it had had on him. One of the comments he made was that since the film had been released, people were coming up to him and calling him Jesus, in all seriousness, and he was feeling very unworthy and uncomfortable about it.

After breakfast, I walked through the pretty and peaceful town, with the flower baskets hanging in the sun along the pavements, to the Friends meetinghouse up the road. It was peaceful and welcoming in the way so characteristic and familiar to me from other meetings I have visited. I sat down, with the others there, with my mind open to whatever would come. I was seeking some hint of the direction I needed for my spiritual life to advance, and was glad of the company sitting with me.

After half an hour in silence (which seemed quite a long time for some reason), a gentleman rose to his feet and said with some feeling, "I don't want to go and see The Passion of the Christ. I don't know why I don't, but I don't." And he sat down again. This was followed by another member rising to her feet. She said she felt it was pornographic, big business, and no way was she going to give her money to such a film. I think the question of "morality" was raised: that it was morally wrong to make a box-office business venture on the subject of Jesus' death. She said she had known about the death of Jesus since she was a small child and did not need to see it acted out with all the base cruelty of the crucifixion displayed before her.

A visitor to the meeting, like myself from England, stood up and said he believed that Mel Gibson's motive was pure and that people had the choice not to go if they didn't want to. A short silence followed. Then another Friend drew our attention to the fact that people are suffering from torture in the world right now and torture is "alive and well" today. Her feeling was that we should be looking to see what we could do about it in our time rather than focus so much on Jesus' suffering 2,000 years ago. Each speaker had a valid point and so it went on. It seemed that the subject aroused a response from everyone present.

I was thinking: What will people think about Christianity from this film, especially those from cultures that do not have a Christian background? How could the central message of God's love be conveyed through this film, with its preoccupation with violence and brutality and this graphic portrait of a good man being tortured to death because God wanted it—"his Father's" will? I have just been in China and I told a group of students there that I was a Christian. One student said, "Oh, Christianity. That's a religion that worships a God being tortured, isn't it? You have statues of him with blood and everything in the churches. In China, we are taught the truth of the No God Theory." How could I have answered? What would it take to convey what the death of Jesus meant to Christians? Where would one start in the long history of changing doctrines of atonement that even Church scholars throughout the ages have struggled to make sense of? But in the New Zealand Quaker meeting, I did not express any of this.

After a bit, someone else stood and said something along the same lines as my thoughts—which often happens in meetings. I find. She said she didn't understand why Christians put such emphasis on the
suffering and death of Christ. For her, what was important was his teaching and his example on how to live with love and compassion and peace, nonviolently and with a forgiving heart.

Without really meaning to, I then found myself standing up too. I said I felt that the great teachers, such as Jesus and Buddha, had all spoken about a way of living that would triumph over the evil around us and free us from suffering and death. Jesus (and later, his disciples) really believed that their teaching—the passing on of the knowledge they had acquired or received—would change the world and change the way people lived. For them, this had been worth dying for. They taught that there is a way of being, of enlightenment, at-one-ment (atonement) with the source of life, of living at a level of love for God and for others (our neighbors), which even physical torture could not destroy. They showed it is possible for the human spirit to be pure enough (or advanced enough) to remain constant and faithful to this level of living, and the very heart of their message is that this way of being is the way to eternal life—that it is eternal life. I probably wasn't quite as clear as this in what I said about it then, but I did say that perhaps we should look to Jesus' attitude towards his own death—beyond the Church's teaching that this death was in some way necessary for our redemption and resurrection (a vicarious punishment paying for our sins). Just possibly, we could learn to live at that level too.

The discussion continued after the hour had passed and the notices had been read. One Friend told me that he had only been a Quaker for three years and was amazed at how varied the attitudes and beliefs expressed in just one gathering could be. There were only eight of us present that Sunday morning.

The day after the meeting, I picked up the January 2004 issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL and read the article "Making Peace: Telling Truth" by Paul A. Lacey. It reminded me again of the man who said that to witness to the truth was the very reason he had been born: "And all who are of the truth will hear me." And I remembered Pilate's response, "What is truth?" Like many others, I wonder what it has to do with suffering and pain, sorrow and rejection; and why did there have to be a "suffering servant" anyway? This Christian embracing of suffering ("Pick up your cross and follow me" teaching) seems so far removed from Buddha's teaching—the way of detachment from personal desires and freedom from suffering. And yet, is it so different? Rather than understanding the words "Pick up your cross and follow me" as embracing your suffering, perhaps the point was, "Keep going and follow my way, which ends suffering."

On rereading the biblical passages where Jesus is tortured and dying, I found they portray a man with authority and, one might even say, in control of his life to the end. In spite of the Christian churches' emphasis on his suffering (the Passion), surprisingly, there is no mention of him suffering in these passages; and only rarely is his suffering mentioned in other parts of the Gospels. John's Gospel does not mention Jesus' suffering at all. In the few places where Jesus speaks of suffering in the other three Gospels, where the passage could refer to himself, he doesn't do so in the first person, almost always removing himself from the statement by saying, "The Son of Man must suffer" (see Matthew 17:12, Mark 8:31 and 9:12, and Luke 17:25). Only in Luke...
I BELIEVE THAT IN SOME GREAT, MYSTERIOUS WAY, IN THE SPIRITUAL AND COSMIC REALM, MUCH MORE THAN AN EXAMPLE WAS TAKING PLACE DURING JESUS' LIFE AND DEATH IN JERUSALEM 2,000 YEARS AGO.

22:15 is the first person used. In the resurrection discourse recorded in Luke 24:46, a passage from the Jewish Scripture is quoted where the title “Christ” is used: “He told them, ‘This is what is written: The Christ will suffer and rise from the dead on the third day, and repentance and forgiveness of sins will be preached in his name to all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. . . .’” Although Luke presents these words as having been quoted by Jesus, he does not use the first person as he does elsewhere in relation to other statements. Jesus does not say “in my name” as one might expect, and the passage is recorded as said after the death and resurrection have taken place.

So, what can we learn from the accounts we have of Jesus on his way to his death and while he was dying on the Cross? Except for a brief mention of Jesus by Josephus, who wrote a history of the Jews in the first century C.E., we only have the Gospel accounts written by early Christians. In these we are told that Jesus is master over his own pain to such a degree that he can show concern for the women among the crowd lining the road, crying in pity for him. We are told that on his way to the place of crucifixion, having just been whipped, falling down, and too weak to carry the Cross, he stops to tell them not to weep for him but to look to their own safety and that of their children. His words are like a warning, a premonition that the Roman Empire would soon crush the whole nation, as history tells us it did over the following years and up to 70 C.E., when Jerusalem was totally destroyed. The Jewish nation and its religion, based as it was on the sacrificial system of the Temple, were never to be the same again from that time on.

On the Cross, Jesus was able to console another man hanging beside him and to think of that man's future salvation, promising him his suffering would soon end: “This very day you will be with me in paradise.”

While dying, Jesus was still thinking of others—thinking of the grief and torment felt by those who loved him. He sees his disciple John and his mother Mary standing near him and tells them to be a son and mother to each other. While dying, he makes arrangements for them to care for each other in the future, and the Bible record says that from that time John took Mary into his house to live with him (John 19:27).

Jesus also concerned himself with the well-being of those killing him. He prayed to God to forgive them, saying they were living at a level of ignorance: “Father, forgive them. They don't know what they are doing.” One remembers his teaching, “Love your enemies and pray for those who despitefully use you.”

As well as his concern for others while he was dying, Jesus speaks about his own condition and his commitment to God. He quotes Jewish Scriptures. His cry to God, “Why have you forsaken me?” is a direct quote from the first lines of Psalm 22. This psalm, known as a psalm of lament, speaks of a man of God, dying without help, yet affirming that God is holy and has been his God since he had been in his mother's womb. The psalmist says that he will continue to praise his God, even though he does not understand the reasons why it appears that he has been abandoned. The lines of Psalm 22, which Jesus did not quote but which are referred to by inference and were known to the crowd (see John's account where the crowd recognizes he is quoting the Scriptures), speak of what is happening to him at that moment: “All who see me laugh and scorn . . . I am poured out like water and all my bones are out of joint . . . They pierce my hands and feet . . . They look and stare on me . . . They part my garments among them and cast lots,” etc. This is a psalm written hundreds of years before the Romans had invented execution by crucifixion. Such a death was certainly not known in Israel at the date the psalm was first included in the Jewish Scriptures, (possibly in the time of King David), yet it describes what is happening to Jesus on the Cross in detail. The psalm ends with the declaration that in spite of his sufferings, “God will be praised, all the ends of the Earth shall remember and turn to the Lord and generations yet to be born will declare his righteousness.” It is a pretty impressive message even if one does not agree that the rest of the psalm's content is relevant. But in that case, why did Jesus think of this psalm and begin to recite it while he is dying, if it had no relevance to his situation or to those of us who seek to understand what was happening? The Gospels say that the crowd recognized he was quoting the Scriptures and wondered why he did not save himself. In my view, he must be applying the whole of the psalm to what was taking place at that moment at the very end of his ministry on Earth. In a similar way, according to Luke 4:21, at the beginning of his ministry, when Jesus was present in the synagogue at Nazareth, he stood to read a passage from Isaiah chapter 61, “The Spirit of the Lord is upon me.” And he had told the congregation, “This passage has come true today as you have heard it being read,” which clearly states that at the beginning he was applying the text to himself. The time of his death also seems to be according to his will, to some extent. The end is when he himself says it is enough: “It is finished,” meaning, “I have completed what I came to do. It is accomplished.” In Luke's Gospel we are told that he said, “Father, in your hands I place my spirit.” This makes it clear that Jesus' life was not taken from him; it was a voluntary act on his part to give it up.

Apparently, three hours on the Cross was a relatively short time for someone to die from crucifixion. The other two who were crucified with him had to have their legs broken to quicken the progress because the Sabbath was approaching (Friday sunset). It was against the Jewish law to touch a dead body on the Sabbath because the person was then considered unclean and excluded from the Sabbath. Jesus had already died when the soldiers checked on him and thrust a spear in his side to make sure he was dead in time to take him from the Cross before sunset for Passover.

So looking at the Gospel accounts as they have been handed down to us, we see that they are not drawn-out details of the cruel death. Nor do they dwell on the physical torture Jesus was undergoing while he died, in spite of all those statues.
and paintings of the man in agony. Although his asking for a drink reminds us in a gentle way of what he is going through, the references to crucifixion are mininal and rather dignified and do not mention his suffering at all. Did the Gospel writers want us to imagine the suffering for ourselves, or did they not mention his suffering at all?

I am glad I was led to think through just what his death means. And, to be honest, I’m rather surprised at just how much it does mean to me.

While watching this death to say, “Surely this was a good man.”

These are the thoughts that came to me concerning the passion of Christ after the Quaker meeting discussion. I do not want to reduce Jesus’ death, as some do, to only an example of how to die or even of how to live. I believe that in some great, mystical way, in the spiritual and cosmic realm, much more than an example was taking place during his life and death in Jerusalem 2,000 years ago. There are those words at the last supper that the Son of Man came to give his life as a ransom for the many (gave his life as an act of love), and those words in Matthew’s Gospel when he gave the cup and spoke of the new covenant for the remission of sins as though by love sins are “cleansed.” At the last supper in John’s Gospel (13:34) Jesus washes the disciples’ feet to demonstrate the way to serve others, and gives them a new commandment “to love one another.” Also at the end of his life in John’s Gospel, Jesus speaks about his death being necessary and in some way connected with the Holy Spirit being made available to the disciples and to us, to have a new spirit, to transform us, to change us spiritually so that we, too, will have this “life.” (See the earlier passage, John 7:39, which says, “At that time the Spirit had not yet been given because Jesus had not yet been raised to Glory.”) So, in the Gospels at any rate, this death is not represented in the way of the “lamb of atonement” derived from Jewish culture, and the tradition of a goat that carried the sins of the nation away into the desert as a “scapegoat” so that the Israelites could live. Nor do the Gospel accounts present the death of Jesus as necessary in order to appease a wrathful God who demands a human blood sacrifice, even though it was a self-sacrifice through love. Instead, the Passion narratives speak only of the divine and human love and the giving of the spirit of Love, which draws others to Jesus and has the power to transform any who commit themselves to following in the same way—as it changed the man dying beside him, the centurion, and millions of others down through the ages.

I still wonder, though: Did it have to be such a horrible way to die? Perhaps it didn’t. Perhaps he wondered too, when he prayed to his Father to take this cup from him: “But not my will, Lord, but Thine.” Was he also unsure of what God’s will was for him at that moment? Could it have been different if he had been accepted by the “establishment,” as a Messiah—a Savior? I don’t know the answer, but I do know that I have been given something wonderful by his life and death. I am offered a choice to live in this way of love and forgiveness, too, and also given help to do it. It must be possible for those who have given their lives to teaching and demonstrating it would not have done so. It must be possible to love in his way, to forgive and be free, without having to carry around old hurts and resentments that often pop back into the mind repeatedly to block our freedom and peace. There are many people who live “goodness” on a plane of being that incarnates such divine qualities of truth, knowledge, compassion, joy, peace, and love without self-interest. So it must also really be possible for my life too, to be made new, to let go of past hurts, and to follow in his footsteps and to live it.

I don’t know if I will go to see the film or not, but I am glad I went to that Quaker meeting and was part of the discussion that led me to thinking through just what his death means. And, to be honest, I’m rather surprised at just how much it does mean to me. I feel newly committed to try again to live it, one step at a time at the pace it takes me. Not to pick up my cross and follow him in suffering so that it destroys me in the effort, but the very opposite: to start again, with renewed determination—or faith, if you like. And, with new resolve, to keep going on that old road that “Pilgrim” took to freedom in Pilgrim’s Progress, and to keep in my mind’s eye a goal ahead—to attain a level of being where it is possible to be subjected to suffering and yet free of it; to continue to function and live in love, in spite of what comes. And surely, it is not insignificant that Matthew’s Gospel ends with the promise, “And I shall be with you always,” and, in John, “I will ask the Father, and he will give you another counselor to be with you forever—the Spirit of Truth.”
Another beheading
From Iraq
Paul Johnson
The man's name
I shake my own head
perplexed

Innocence
It seems
Is nowhere
to be found

Thursday
The Lord's prayer
"Thy will be done"
broadcast:
Egg Harbor
New Jersey

(notice it does not say
God's will be known
understood
pleasant)

Friday
a man hunches
squish bellied
red faced
wedging letters
into place
on a sign
"Paul Johnson will live forever
unlike those cowards"
His condemnation
illuminated
in fossil fuel
outrage

I scramble for the keyboard
To condemn
Self-righteousness
The rattle tap
cadence of keys
outrage
anxiety
Stutter forth
hastily
Tiny words
Inadequate

My own condemnation
illuminated
in fossil fuel
outrage

We are bound together
In more ways than we know.

"forgive us our trespasses
as we forgive those who
trespass against us"

Collin Taylor attends Cincinnati (Ohio) Meeting.
Most of us experience an internal struggle before participating in vocal ministry. The shy child within us can hold us back. I have the opposite problem. My child is much too eager, like a student who calls out to the teacher to be chosen before being sure that the answer is ready.

For this reason, I was particularly cautious when I sensed a leading to carry a message beyond my own meeting community. At first, my caution prevailed, but the leading grew into an urging that would not let me go. At times it seemed insistent, even impatient. It is odd that at times like this we will debate with our Caller. My argument to myself was that this sort of thing requires a clearness committee. I might have had a point, if I had actually requested such a committee. But I did not, and the urging continued and strengthened, until I found myself visiting meetings without the discernment of other Friends. I had even established a monthly visiting routine by the time I requested a committee, and several months had passed before we finally gathered.

Shake before Opening
by Chip Thomas

Our meeting is very small, so the size of my clearness committee reflected this. Only two Friends were available to help discern if my calling was true. Yet I found their wisdom compelling. They saw some authenticity in the fact that the urging had continued over a long period of time. After silent consideration, the committee felt it right that I should continue in my travels. It was then that a member of the committee did what is obvious in hindsight. He grabbed a copy of Faith and Practice and looked up the pro-

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To understand the message that I feel I am to share, it is best to understand my spiritual path. I grew up in Woodbury (N.J.) Meeting in Salem Quarter. It is odd to remember those years as a young Quaker. I knew that my “church” was unusual. I knew that other places of worship had fancy trimmings such as stained glass windows. I knew that church buildings would have a cross or crucifix placed in a central location. But my parents explained to me that just because there was no cross in our meetinghouse, it did not mean that Christ was not present in our midst. This was typical of the environment of my youth. We did not frequently speak of Jesus, or Christ. But our Christian roots were evident, even to children.

My father taught me First-day school and tried to get me to memorize the names of the books of the Bible. He also read me stories from Scripture and offered a critical eye while doing so. Above all, continual revelation was emphasized, and I was urged to listen in the silence for that “still, small voice” and be ready to hear the voice of God through vocal ministry.

I must say that I was proud of being a Quaker. This pride only grew during the Vietnam era. I felt I was part of one of the few denominations that was not schizophrenic with respect to war. We did not have to reconcile God and country. Christian soldiers were not to join an army of violence. It was clear that God wanted us to love our enemies and do good to those who hated us. And, of course, in those days peace was fashionable! Unfortunately, as the years went by the word “peace” was used more and the word Christ less. I must admit that I did not notice the change.

In my late 20s, I met the woman who would be my partner in life. I am ever thankful that Penny felt ready to attend meeting with me, and we became a regular pair at Woodbury. Like many new to Quakerism, Penny had many questions. Chief among them was the role that Christ played in our religion. I felt comfortable in assuring her that while not all Friends were Christocentric, deeply committed Christians played a key role in the life of the meeting. I did not realize it at the time, but this applied more to the meeting of my youth than the community that welcomed her in the late 1970s. Although she became involved, at times she also felt a disconnect. More often than not, when someone invoked the name Chris, it was to proclaim loudly that he was not divine, but just a man. This gave Penny a sense that Friends would not be so welcoming if they knew what was in her heart.

Fortunately, this disconnect played little role in our deepening love, and in 1981 we were married under the care of the meeting. The meeting was good to us, and our family grew alongside several other young families. In time, Penny felt it right to join, and she was accepted into membership. Our two sons grew up in the meeting.

Looking back, I see this period in my life as spiritually calm. I felt I understood my relationship to God. Worshiping each week in the meeting that I was born into was a central part of that relationship. I had little doubt that I would stay there my whole life and be buried with my father and grandmother in the Woodbury Meeting graveyard.

Recently, Penny had prepared for me a breakfast to eat in the car on my way to work. Driving down the road I glanced at the small bottle of orange juice she had included. Some sediment had settled to the bottom. There were instructions printed on the bottle that said, “Shake before opening.” After 40 years of living in South Jersey, my life was to be shaken.

During the late ‘80s and early ‘90s “corporate America” was experiencing a wave of buyouts and consolidations. For many years the company I worked for had its corporate headquarters in Pittsburgh. In 1993 I was informed that my job was moving to the corporate center. I was invited to join it. The economy was such that I dared not decline. In Eighth Month Penny and I, our two small sons, and two dogs left our small South Jersey farmhouse for a suburban development north of Pittsburgh.

The obvious meeting for us to attend was Pittsburgh Meeting. For about half a year we did just that. Pittsburgh is an excellent meeting, but a few things prevented us from making a connection. The location in the city seemed awkward for our family. Parking was not easy, especially in the snow. The meeting was very large, and our kids seemed to get lost in the shuffle. Some Friends were impressed when our youngest preferred to stay with us through meeting for worship rather than participate in First-day school. Little did they know that it was not the Silence that drew him, but the hubbub of the class that frightened him. And Penny’s struggle with her Quaker identity did not improve. If anything, Pittsburgh seemed less inviting to a Friend with a Christian point of view.

For these reasons, a search began for other meetings. After a few phone calls Middleton Meeting in Columbiana, Ohio, was suggested. Middleton is a part of Ohio (Conservative) Yearly Meeting and was quite a distance away. I must admit that I was a little hesitant. I knew that this yearly meeting was firmly Christian. To me, that meant narrow-mindedness and proselytizing. I agreed to
go, but inside I was readying myself with a host of arguments to rebuff the onslaught that was sure to come.

For some reason, I have little memory of the first time we walked into the Middleton meetinghouse. I know that we were greeted by many warm smiles and that we presented a letter of introduction to the clerk. But this is not an unusual experience among Friends. I do remember how easily a silence formed when worship began. This silence was deeply comforting and homelike. In that worship I felt myself drawn to Paul’s essay on Love in 1 Corinthians, chapter 13. I do not remember if I had brought my Bible, or if there was one on the bench beside me. But I found myself standing and reading that essay. These words from Scripture settled easily into the meeting, and I was comfortable that I had done as I was supposed to do. However, I was slightly taken aback when an elderly Friend knelt and prayed soon after the reading. The prayer was heartfelt, the speaker was almost in tears. His prayer carried me and the meeting before the Almighty. We became a gathered meeting.

The welcoming atmosphere did not dissipate as we continued to attend Middleton. Meeting for worship never failed to ease into a deep and powerful silence. I felt a strength in worship that I had not felt since childhood. I had not noticed that it was missing. This is not to suggest that worship in Middleton is superior to worship elsewhere. But it spoke to my condition in a way that I could not have predicted, and still do not understand.

One First Day I felt that I should speak out of the Silence. It seemed I was asked to point out that while we can wander away from God, God does not leave us. I realized before I stood that I might confess that I am one of those who wander. But when I came to that moment of confession, I found myself racked with sobs and could barely speak the words. At the rise of that meeting, the old and wrinkled farmer sitting next to me did not shake my hand, but embraced me.

It is not surprising that First-day school was held with a firm Christian perspective, but all the arguments I had prepared to defend my understanding of God were never used. Instead, it was I that turned.

Eventually I came to an understanding that the best way for me to be close to God was to worship in the name of Christ. Ironically, all those old arguments still lie in my head. I can easily recall them and explain why worshiping in anyone’s name is imposing preconceived notions on God. Nevertheless, I have found Christ at the center. Cerebral arguments are not helpful.

My spiritual life deepened and I came to other truths. Understanding that Christ was and is divine was a powerful tool. If the Spirit of Love were to take fleshly form and walk among us, would it not call us to love our neighbor and our enemy, to do good to those who hate us and spiritually use us? Would it not heal us, and remind us of God’s love? Would we not be invited into the Kingdom of God? And if this Word of God were publicly humiliated and put to death, would it not arise? In my heart, I know that that Love could pass through this trial and resurrect. I have found it most profitable to embrace a history that actually saw this event.

Part of me still finds it unreal that I would publicly declare myself to be Christian. My deepest understandings have been shaken. But the shaking was followed by opening.

While my spiritual life was in full bloom, I was fairly unhappy at work. In the late 1990s the economic picture improved, and a new position was offered to me in the Philadelphia area. It was difficult to uproot the family again, but my discomfort with my job was very great. Penny was concerned about moving away from the place that had been such an asset to our spiritual lives. There was also a fear that (despite the best of intentions) the atmosphere in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting is not always conducive to Friends with a Christian understanding of God. But we stepped out in faith. We searched for a new home in a good school district. The choice of a monthly meeting was not a factor as we looked. There are times when the hand of God is hard to ignore. We ended up in a house half a mile from Marlborough (Pa.) Meeting. Marlborough is known for its beautiful setting in Chester County. But its spiritual orientation also reminds one more of Ohio Conservative than Philadelphia.

It was after we had moved back to the Delaware Valley that Penny and I heard another calling. The overwhelming majority of Ohio Conservative Friends have laid aside plain dress. Yet there are still a few who believe that their clothing should reflect the simplicity of Quaker gray. Our journey to plain dress is a story unto itself. But the fact is that this is now our condition.

The Christocentric approach has been a tremendous asset to my spiritual life. It seems unlikely that I would have found this path outside of Ohio Conservative. It might have been possible in the meeting of my youth, but the current state of the Religious Society does not encourage this view of God. It is unreasonable to think that others could profit from the inward Christ as I have. I feel led to do what I can to make the way easy for these Friends. But I fear that I will be misunderstood in the process. I fear that the message I have been given to share will be confused with any number of Protestant views of Christianity.

Like George Fox, my understanding of Christ is one I have come to experientially. It stands in stark contrast to the theological representations of Jesus held by organized religions. More importantly I am not called to share my understanding of Christ. Rather, I feel called to remind Friends to sweep away preconceived notions before seeking. We should lay aside both the notions of who God is and notions of who God is not. It is true that we should plunge into the spiritual depths without carrying any words with us. But we should not fear any words that are given to us in those depths.

Our spiritual communities must be supportive of all messages that come out of that experience. Too often we become
way, the truth, and the life,” then the tolerance can shift to prejudice. Ironically, it is just this sort of prejudice that Friends have historically worked to prevent.

I try to set aside every third First Day of the month for travel. As the appointed day approaches, I often feel the burden of leaving the security of my own community. But each visit has been a fantastic experience. I must admit that there have been several times when my fears of prejudice appeared justified. There have been occasions when a Friend has felt it necessary to labor with me over a message. Fortunately, the overwhelming number of times I have been warmly welcomed. But the real treasure that I have discovered is a vast diversity of Quaker communities. All have so much in common, yet each is quite distinctive. I have felt a real depth of worship in many places and occasions when a Friend has felt it necessary to labor with me over a message.

I have visited Germantown Meeting in Philadelphia. It was a particularly powerful experience. Germantown is a large meeting. I would not have guessed that a meeting of that size could be so spiritually led. There was a lot going on, and many messages. Yet the movement of the Spirit was evident to me. I must admit that one Friend was so uncomfortable with my message that she labored mightily with me at the rise of meeting. Even so, I count it as one of my most memorable and positive visits. The following is what I understand God was to have me say:

Friends, I have a concern that I would like to lay before you today. I hope the tone does not seem harsh, for believe me when I say that it is just this son of prejudice that Friends would say that I have worshiped with. I have found that the way to peace is a way of peace? And we would do this, even though, by doing so we might be considered traitors in our own country. We would do this because we know that speaking truth to power is the very essence of U.S. patriotism.

My experience at Germantown is representative of my overall experience traveling in the ministry. Some seemed comfortable with my message. Others openly struggled with it. But it was only one message among other Words of God that were spoken that day. I do not know how much others profited from what I said, but I know that I came away deeply enriched both by the silence and the words.

I would urge other Friends to listen carefully to that still, small voice. You may be called to share a message beyond your local community. Even if you do not find this call, consider visitation to other meetings. We may be struggling with numbers, but our foundation is rich and diverse and healthy. We would do well by experiencing as much of it as we can.

For some reason we hesitate to don the title Christian for fear that we might be mistaken for a very narrow and particular Christian theology with which we do not unite.

Friends, if we are able to reclaim our Christian identity, we would be in a better position to explain to the world that the way of peace is a natural outcome of the teachings of Jesus. We would be better able to point out that if one feels the need to say that Christ is the Way, one must also be prepared to say that peace is the way.

But if we cut off our Christian roots, if we hide our Christian identity, we hide these truths even from ourselves.

Friends, you are the Light of the world! But no one lights a light and hides it under a bushel.

Friends, you are the Salt of the Earth! But if that salt loses its saltiness, if it loses its savor, it is no longer effective because it is no longer used. It is simply laid aside or cast away.

I hope it has not been inappropriate for me
Jesus and Quakerism

by Dorothy Hutchinson

Because we have no creed, Quakers cannot claim uniformity of belief about the facts of Jesus' life or resurrection or about their theological interpretations. Because we have characteristically tended to respect the validity of diverse beliefs both among ourselves and in world religions, outsiders sometimes question whether we are or consider ourselves Christians.

The writings of Quaker leaders, from the beginnings of the movement onward, justify the generalization that Quakerism always was and still is a Christian movement of which Jesus Christ is the cornerstone, as he is for all the rest of Christendom. George Fox's calling was no vaguely general religious opening. He "heard a voice which said, 'There is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition.'" And thereafter he conceived the purpose of his preaching to be that his hearers "might all come to know Christ to be their teacher to instruct them, their counsellor to direct them, their shepherd to feed them, their bishop to oversee them; and might know their bodies to be prepared, sanctified, and made fit temples for God and Christ to dwell in."

[...] What, then, is the scope of our present attitudes toward this Jesus around whom we build our faith?

Although there are among Friends many gradations of belief, I can best clarify what I feel to be our distinctive interpretation of Jesus if I relate it to the two extremes of belief which an individual can hold and still be comfortable within the Religious Society of Friends.

At one extreme are those who believe that Jesus was the greatest of spiritual teachers but with nothing of the supernatural either in the facts of his life or in his powers. At the other extreme are those who can accept the creed of most of Christendom that Jesus was God's "only Son our Lord: Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary: Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried: He descended into hell; The third day he rose again from the dead: He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty: From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

This creed places major emphasis on certain miraculous physical aspects of Jesus' birth, death, and powers and omits mention of his teachings.

People outside the Society of Friends who adhere to the first belief usually see no value in "accepting Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior." Adherents to the second...
[Friends] regard salvation not as abolishing the price of our sins but as giving us the desire to pay it; not as saving us from the consequence of our sins but from the sins themselves.

belief usually see
no hope for a man
aside from "accepting Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior." What, then, enables Quakerism to encompass both?

I believe that the secret lies in a special emphasis of ours which makes these differences relatively unimportant. We are held together by our belief that the historical Jesus was a unique revelation to men of God's nature and will and that there is a spiritual element in men which corresponds to this nature and will and which, therefore, responds to the spirit of Jesus by growing. This we have called the eternal Christ or the Christ within to differentiate it from the man Jesus. Our

earliest Quaker theologian, Robert Barclay (1648-1690), expressed this mystical concept:

A divine, spiritual, and supernatural light is in all men;... as it is received and closed within the heart, Christ comes to be formed and brought forth... and with the Apostle thou mayest say, ... It is no more I, but Christ alive in me; And then thou wilt be a Christian indeed.

This concept accounts for the fact that Friends have generally put less emphasis on the physical facts of Jesus' life than on the spiritual meaning. It enables us to feel that acceptance of the miraculous recorded facts about Jesus, while permissible or perhaps even desirable, is not of paramount importance. The basis of our Christianity is not these facts but the spirit revealed in Jesus' acts and teachings. And the essential power of Jesus is not to be sought in the physical miracles but in his transforming power in lives with which he comes into contact. This we test and testify to by our own experience.

Jesus' spirit is self-giving love. This love is not to be understood as affection, which is a spontaneous response of person to person and cannot be commanded. Nor is this love a vaporous good will, which is likely to be misguided or passive because it fails to make the effort to understand the other person's needs. Self-giving love can be felt for those toward whom one feels no natural affection and leads toward beneficial action because its essence is imaginative identification with all men—that I love my neighbor as if he were myself and that I do unto others as I would have them do to me, if I were they with all their past experiences, individual tastes, and needs.

What does all this add up to in terms of such basic Christian concepts as those of salvation and forgiveness of sin?

Quakers have tended to regard Jesus as savior in a sense quite different from that preached by many other branches of the Christian Church. We regard salvation not as abolishing the price of our sins but as giving us the desire to pay it; not as saving us from the consequence of our sins but from the sins themselves.

Salvation As Transformation

The story of Jesus and Zacchaeus exemplifies this concept of salvation. When one brief contact with the spirit of Jesus caused the grasping, cheating tax collector to say, "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have defrauded any one of anything, I restore it fourfold," it is not recorded that Jesus told him not to bother paying for his sins, since Jesus by his life and death would cancel the debt. It is, on the contrary, recorded that Jesus exclaimed, "Today salvation has come to this house. ..." And this is Jesus' only use of the word "salvation" recorded in the Scriptures!

The spirit of Jesus transformed Zacchaeus into a man who wanted to do the will of God. The spirit of Jesus still gives men this desire. And the promise of forgiveness of sin gives them the power to throw off their slavery to sin. Is not forgiveness of sin misinterpreted by many Christians as a promise to blot out all the consequences of our sins? Jesus did not promise the adulteress any such thing. But when he said to her, "Neither do I condemn you; go, and do not sin again," he gave her the essentials of divine forgiveness—freedom from the paralyzing sense of guilt which binds us to our past, and the assurance that we have the power to make a fresh beginning and "sin no more." This power is surely as great and mysterious as any promise of orthodox Christianity.

So we Quakers can continue to hold a wide variety of beliefs about the physical facts of Jesus' life and still be unified in the belief that Jesus has limitless power to bring men into harmony with God, and with each other; to transform their lives; and, through them, to transform the world.
Relax. Take a moment to think about what you know about China. How do you know it? Who taught you? Why?

While living in China, I was often asked these questions. People wanted to know what people in the United States are taught about China. They wanted to know what interests us in China and what kind of relationship we want with China. I had a difficult time answering because I really couldn’t remember being taught anything about China. I had images of dragons, rice, and a big wall, but I probably learned more about China from shopping trips to Wal-Mart and Chinese restaurants than I did in school. Though connections to China were all around me, it was an unknown, mysterious place.

As a child, I actually tried to dig to China. Though this method of travel did not prove effective, I managed to make quite a deep hole in my parents’ backyard, which is still there. Twelve years later I started studying Mandarin Chinese in college, and 15 years later I moved to Changsha, the capital city of Hunan Province. I taught English in Hunan University Graduate School from September 2002 through July 2004. I also studied Chinese at the university and passed the Chinese government-sponsored Chinese language exam, the HSK.

In total, I have spent 21 months in China. I worked in Changsha for 17 months, during which time I visited many cities in Hunan province including Yueyang, Hengshan, Shaoshan, Fenghuang, and Zhangjiajie. I spent the other four months traveling. At the risk of including too much detail, here is an almost complete list of the places I visited: Guilin, Yangshuo, and Sanjiang in Guangxi Autonomous Region; Leping, Kaiyi, Guizhou, and Anshun in Guizhou province; Yichang, Wuhan, the Three Gorges, and the Shennongjia region in Hubei province; Kunming, Dali, Lijiang, the Tiger Leaping Gorge, and Lugu Lake in Yunnan province; Xian in Shaanxi province; Lanzhou and Linxia in Gansu province; Haikou, Sanya, and Lingshui in Hainan province; and the municipalities of Chongqing, Beijing, and Shanghai.

While in China, I learned from conversations with my students, friends, and strangers as well as from my own observations of the society around me. Sometimes, what I learned in this way differed from what I have learned about China from history books and official media sources. In this article, it is my intention to share what I learned by observation. I believe there is validity and importance in the kind of learning that comes from daily life and talking to common people. I do not consider my observations inaccurate just because they do not all line up with everything that I have read about China in books. However, they are not meant to be broad generalizations. China is a vast and diverse society of which I have experienced only a small slice. I do not mean to speak about all of China or to speak for the Chinese people; I intend merely to be true to my own individual experiences. Even after two years living there, I still can’t say what I expected to find at the end of my tunnel to China; but I would like to share with you a few things that I definitely didn’t expect.

I didn’t know that China was such an ethnically diverse nation. Officially, there are 56 different minority groups in China. That number lumps together some groups that consider themselves distinct but which the Chinese government considers
Minority groups in China are afforded some legal protections. They are allowed to have more than one child, as long as they don't move to a big city. They are guaranteed representation in the People's Congress. Many of the areas where they live are called "autonomous regions"; that means that they have control over the region's government and can shape the laws to fit their own culture as long as they follow the policies of the party and federal law. The autonomous regions, put together, total a bigger area than the rest of China. In other words, the minority groups together hold a larger territory than the Han Chinese. At the moment, the government is pushing to develop the west of China, which means developing the minority regions. This will bring greater wealth and better education to the minorities, but the policies also encourage Han Chinese to move there, which will increase Han control over the areas.

My students were convinced that racial and ethnic discrimination did not happen in China. After all, they asked me, how could we have racism when we are all Chinese?

My observations suggested otherwise. Aside from the obvious discrimination, both positive and negative, that my friends and I experienced as foreigners and people of other races, there was clearly prejudice against the minorities. For one thing, they were always spoken of as "the minorities" and rarely recognized as distinct groups. In one class, I discovered that I could list more names of different minority groups than 20 Chinese PhD students could. The minority people who knew requested that I keep their ethnicity a secret, but didn't explain why that was important. Only once did I have a student who openly admitted being from a minority. The majority of the beggars who I saw on the streets were wearing traditional minority clothing.

When I started planning to travel to the autonomous regions, I was often advised against it. I was warned that they were chaotic places with little economic development and uncivilized people. It seemed to be a common belief that it wasn't safe to travel there. My Chinese female friends were afraid of traveling there alone. Once I ended up in tears in a travel agency in Lanzhou, Gansu, because the agents refused to sell me a ticket to the Hui Autonomous region, which is also in Gansu, because they felt it was too dangerous to travel there alone. I went anyway. While there, I became desperately ill. The man who owned the hotel where I was staying cared for me like a daughter.

Instead of being in danger as the Han warned, I was received warmly in each of the minority areas.

I discussed race and ethnicity with all of the students who took my class, a total of about 500 over two years. My students came from all over China and from a variety of economic backgrounds, but almost all were Han Chinese. Usually we talked about it in a U.S. context because my contract stipulated that I could not discuss politics with my students; but I usually managed to slip in the parallels that I saw in China and ask them what they thought. One reply has stayed with me. The responder said that there was discrimination and prejudice in China, but not along the lines that I saw. He felt that people who were wealthier were treated better and respected more in general, and that poor Han Chinese were treated just as badly as the minority groups. This has reminded me to keep in mind my own biases as I learn about a new culture. Perhaps I define the tensions I saw as ethnic tensions because I grew up in a society with many conflicts over race and ethnicity, so I was looking to see conflict in that way. Either way, there was a great deal more diversity in China than I expected to find.

Another thing that I didn't know before I went to China is that Islam is a major religion in China. I read a Chinese government publication on religion in
China today, which said that Islam has the highest number of actively practicing believers of any religion in China. My students disagreed with this information, claiming that Buddhism was the largest. Though I saw many people praying at the temples that I visited, none of my students knew any Buddhists personally and all of them knew at least one Muslim. Most likely, they knew the same Muslims that I did. There were several local families who had immigrated from Xinjiang and Qinghai provinces and ran excellent local restaurants. Like most of the Chinese Muslims that I met, they were not Han Chinese, but members of the Hui minority. Both their head coverings and their lighter skin made them stand out in the community. The restaurants were popular with foreign students and teachers because the Hui treated foreign strangers warmly and equally. In contrast, the Han often made a strong distinction between Chinese and non-Chinese, especially when dealing with strangers. Inspired by my friendship with Sophia, who ran one of these restaurants, I read the Qur’an and visited the local mosque with my neighbors, who were from Iran, Yemen, and Egypt. The community of Muslims around me was an essential part of my spiritual life in China. Whether or not Islam is actually the largest religion, the number of Muslims in China is a small percentage of the population.

Chinese people are permitted to choose a religion, and they are permitted to practice it in government-approved locations in accordance with government regulations. Only members of the Communist Party are not permitted to have a religion. The church that I attended was always full and no one seemed at all worried about being there. On holidays, so many people attended the services that police were present to control the crowds. They did not interfere in the service in any way. The church itself was undergoing a complete renovation due to 1,000,000 yuan that the government paid the church as reparations for the surrounding land and hospital, which had been seized when the Communists came to power. The local mosque was also given government money for renovations. The churches, temples, and mosques that I visited all seemed to be thriving, but it was rare to hear people talking about religion or exhibiting religious behavior outside of them. Almost all of the people who I talked to had no religion and all agreed that most Chinese people did not have a religion.

I only talked to one of my classes, about 25 students, about religion directly because it was a violation of my contract to do so. This class asked me specifically to talk with them about religion. They wanted to know how one could believe in God when everyone knew God didn’t exist. None of the students in the class had a religion, and almost none of their parents did; but their grandparents had all been Buddhist or Christian. They said that they thought that religion was a good way of helping people with difficult lives or emotional difficulties. A couple of them believed in God, and they all agreed that it was important to teach people morals and ethics.

I found that the people I met assumed that I was Christian. While traveling in Guizhou province, I sat next to an elderly man on a bus who tenderly pulled his Bible out of his coat and excitedly talked to me about Christianity. I found myself constantly explaining that not all people from the United States are Christian, but I didn’t have the heart to tell this man because he was so passionate about it. Chinese people, especially Chinese Christians, seemed happy to meet and welcome Christians. However, in general I encountered a negative attitude toward people who come to China to convert people to Christianity. Many of these people come saying they will teach English but actually intending to teach the Bible. Teaching about Jesus instead of teaching English is a violation of contract, and proselytizing by foreigners is illegal in general. It also doesn’t seem to be effective. Instead of becoming Christian, most of the students become irritated and resentful of teachers who are not teaching them what they want to learn.

In my conversations with English teachers who came to teach the Bible, and with Chinese people who had encountered them, I realized several things. For one thing, missionaries should have training. It is probably not a good idea to get on a plane and fly to a foreign country in a surge of religious conviction without first carefully reading the Bible. It is probably also not a good idea to try to convert people with little or no experience with religion, in a country where it is not encouraged, without having the skills needed to help people with the emotional and social effects of conversion. It is not a good idea to take people to illegal gatherings in your home instead of a legal church. It is also not a good idea to show up, excite people about Jesus, and then leave in a month.

I did meet one foreign man who I felt was doing excellent work as a missionary in China. He was a Catholic priest. He had lived in the city for years and intends to continue living there. He did not talk...
about religion in his English classes. He taught English. He did not start his own illegal church or try to bully people into believing. Instead, he was a regular attender of the local Catholic Church and he brought interested people there to see what it was like and to talk to the Chinese priests. I myself was so impressed with the two Chinese priests in this church that I took communion and wept at the Christmas Mass last year. Both men are over 80 years old, and both spent over 20 years in punitive workcamps for refusing to renounce their faith. The strength of their conviction made mass a ritual that took communion and wept at the God.

Everyone went completely silent, and even I stared at her. I was amazed that no one told me it was happening. When I ended up on foot at the scene of a terrible bus accident and started giving basic first aid to the victims, I also ended up on the news. Not only did I rarely see Chinese people give money to beggars, they often tried to stop me from giving, saying that these people were only lazy and that they would not be poor if they didn't want to be.

A young Chinese man came up to me in the airport one day, panicked because he did not have the 50-yuan airport tax that he needed to get on his connecting flight. He had just returned from studying in New Zealand and had only New Zealand money, which he couldn't change in that part of the airport. He had asked some other Chinese people for help, but no one would help him. He asked me for help on the off chance that I was from New Zealand. I would have just given him the 50 yuan, but he insisted on giving me New Zealand dollars in exchange. I didn't even know the correct exchange rate, but I later discovered that he had given me the correct amount. He said that if I hadn't helped him, he would have been stuck in the airport and would have lost his ticket for the last leg of his journey home because he was convinced that no Chinese person would have believed his story was true.

Whatever the situation, people didn't seem to stop and help other people. My students explained that people did not get involved because they either suspected that the person asking for help was just trying to trick them, or were afraid of the consequences that they might face if their own involvement was misrepresented. They said that government broadcasts on the television and radio discouraged them from giving money to beggars. Though I did not expect to hear this kind of attitude in China, it was not new to me. I have also heard and seen this attitude many times in the United States.

In contrast, I was happy to find that the relationship between people who knew each other was much closer than it is in the United States. My closest friends in China, who were all Han Chinese,
Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting and Association

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

Attendance at the Gathering numbered around 240, about the same as in other recent years. This reflects the population of our yearly meeting, which has remained quite stable, showing an increase of about 3 percent this year over last year’s census. Our yearly meeting is blessed with 33 monthly meetings and worship groups spread over a wide geographical area, including Charleston, W. Va., Berea, Ky., Boone, N.C., Columbia, S.C., Atlanta, Ga., Oxford, Miss., and Memphis, Tenn.

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

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

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

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

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

Rather than hearing all of the State Society reports at once, we heard two to four reports at each of the first three business sessions, some of which were read by SAYMA teens and young adults. We were inspired by reports from some of the wider Quaker organizations in which SAYMA Friends are active, including American Friends Service Committee, Right Sharing, Alternatives to Violence Program, Friends Journal, and Friends Peace Teams. Our meetings for business were not without difficulty and we did occasionally engage in wordsmithing, but for the most part we accomplished our work in good Quaker order, finding the sense of the meeting in many cases and referring back to committee those matters we were not able to settle.

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

Young Friends Epistle to SAYMA

Southern Appalachian Young Friends is a group of teens ages 12–18 who gather periodically for weekend retreats in various locations around the Southeast. We Rock—and that’s about all you need to know. So what do we do on these retreats? We’ll tell you.

August: We went back to Wren’s beautiful house in Black Mountain, N.C. for a joint steering, oversight, and nurturing committee retreat to start off the year. One of our numerous accomplishments was to establish a clerk discernment process.

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September: Friends gathered at Chapel Hill for a retreat on diversity. Activities included trust and diversity games, a thought-provoking question series and a dance.

October: We went to South Carolina for our annual Penn Center Work Camp. Aside from doing our usual service projects we went to the beach and had a potluck with the wider community.

November: We gathered in West Knoxville for a retreat on the theme of mindfulness. Activities included a fun workshop, a silent lunch, and a healing circle. Friends also decorated the meetinghouse with favorite quotations.

January: Asheville hosted our retreat with a theme of fellowship. Many group games were played and led by members of Asheville Meeting.

February: The steering, oversight, and nurturing committees met at Kathleen Mavournin's house for our midyear meetings. We formulated an official method (or madness) for recording minutes and making them available at retreats.

March: Friends gathered in Chapel Hill to discuss health, both physical and spiritual. Activities included a workshop and two silent walks through the woods. We also had a blast roller-skating on Saturday night.

April: The final retreat before SAYMA took place in West Knoxville, focusing on the theme of creativity. Relating to the theme were a service project for hospice, a workshop on pottery making, and worship sharing on creativity. We also had kabobs for dinner on Saturday. Yum!

SAYMA: Finally, we gathered this weekend at Warren Wilson College to enjoy an extra-long retreat with the wider community, a.k.a. you fabulous folks! We spent part of the weekend holding in the light a young Friend who lost a family member. We participated in workshops, went swimming, and had an uplifting and saddening graduation ceremony.

Thanks to everyone who made this possible! We love the SAYF community and hope you'll continue to help us support it!
The Phoenix School For Girls
by James Reilly and Wu Na

Early on an unseasonably cool, young September morning, a few firecrackers cut through the thick mist enveloping Xiaoshicun (Little Stone Village). Their call bounded along green rice fields and echoed against the nearby low hills. The Phoenix School for Girls was officially open. After a welcoming presentation, teachers led small groups of students on a brief tour of school facilities. By 9:30 AM, classes were underway.

These modest formalities masked the years of dedication, sacrifice, and hard work by countless supporters and volunteers that made this day possible, nor did they give any sense of the visionary nature of the school. However, for a school long supported by Quaker institutions and dedicated to practical education for those who need it most, the simplicity was fittingly appropriate.

The Phoenix School for Girls is a nonprofit, technical training school for girls who have completed at least a middle school education. Approximately half of the 23 students are 16 years old, having just graduated from local middle schools. The other half range mostly from 18 to 21 years old, and have either attended technical high schools and/or worked outside the home (usually in factories in Guangdong province). About half of the students board at the school, while the rest live nearby.

The school curriculum focuses on building practical skills in English, computers, and Chinese language, with physical education and art. Visiting lecturers teach classes on gender, women's health, legal rights, business development, and related subjects. After one to two years, students will be placed in internships in office jobs or the service sector (such as hotel desk clerks or tour guides) in nearby cities.

This dream, which began with Wu Na's mother and aunt talking with us about the changing conditions for girls in the countryside in 1999, has become a reality. As we learned from Wu Na's relatives in 1999, the educational equality that had existed between girls and boys, and young men and young women is rapidly disappearing. Attending high school has become expensive and rural families are only able to send one or two children to high school. Dependent upon sons to care for them in their old age, families tend to support boys' education, while daughters either stay home to work in the fields or go into the cities to work as nannies or as assembly-line workers.

No longer are rural young women "holding up half the sky," as Mao Zedong had promised in the heady early days of the Chinese revolution. Instead rural young women have become the engine that drives the miraculous Chinese economic growth machine. Their cheap labor in dirty, dangerous factories makes possible the wealth of Shanghai and Beijing, generating owners' profits as they send inexpensive products to markets around the world. The costs are heavy. As one of our students said in her self-introduction on the first day, "In the factories, I found out that we are the modern-day 'woles' (literally 'bitter labor')."

Our dream of an all-girls school in Xiaoshicun, which would open up the path to another life for local girls, began when Wu Na's mother and aunt took us to an old school building that had been abandoned when the school district consolidated. The building was available but needed a lot of work. We took this dream to Westfield (N.J.) Meeting in 2000. The meeting provided some seed money for us to start working on the building to make it habitable, and also supported our application to the Chace Fund and our request to Haddonfield Quaker for financial support.

The Chace Fund provided $5,000 in February 2001, which enabled us to build kitchen, shower, and bathroom facilities; repair the roof; and paint some of the rooms. We created one of the few modern composting toilets in rural China, and worked out a pipe system so that cooking facilities in the kitchen heated water for the showers. We realized that we could not do the required work ourselves; so after talking with staff at Philadelphia Yearly Meeting we decided to create a workcamp that would rehabilitate the building. We met with staff and volunteers from the Young Friends Program and the Workcamp Program of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and we were able to attend the PYM International Workcamp to experience a workcamp firsthand.

In July 2001, 12 people from the United States, ranging in age from 17 to 40, signed up for the China Summer Workcamp. They
came to rural Hunan Province, and along with 15 Chinese college students began working to fix up the school. Westfield Meeting and Haddonfield Quarter provided funds that allowed the Chinese students to participate. Many of the U.S. Quaker students received grants from International Outreach Granting Group and their own meetings. In addition to plastering, painting, weeding, planting gardens, and cleaning buildings, the volunteers also taught English and environmental issues to local middle school students (both boys and girls). The workcamp was a success—but the building needed more work.

After the first workcamp, we took up a position with American Friends Service Committee as the East Asia Quaker International Affairs Representatives. AFSC encouraged us to continue to work on the workcamp project, and to try to start a school for girls. In the summer of 2002, 14 people from the United States participated in the three-week China Summer Workcamp along with 15 Chinese college students and 6 Korean university students. The participation of the Chinese students was again made possible by funds from Westfield Meeting and Haddonfield Quarter. A grant from the Bequests Granting Group of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting funded new floors, blackboards, and walls, and allowed the purchase of tables and chairs. The workcamp was becoming international and the building was becoming a school. Middle school students flocked to attend the “Summer Camp” where they learned English and studied environmental issues. The volunteer teachers learned about each other and each other’s cultures.

By 2003 the school building was ready, but the local bureaucracy was still uncertain about approving an all-girls school co-founded by foreigners and based in rural China. We continued meeting and talking with officials in China and kept the workcamp going. Again in 2003, 15 young people from the United States (mostly Quakers from the Philadelphia area), 15 Chinese college students, and 5 Korean college students went to rural China and taught English and Environmental Studies to middle school students. In 2004, the fourth China Summer Workcamp included participants from Japan along with Chinese, Korean, and U.S. volunteers, ranging in age from 17 to 65.
At this workcamp in late August, local officials suddenly approved our request to establish the school, recommending only that the name be changed to Phoenix School for Girls (from our original name of High Bridge). We readily agreed, and we hastily made preparations to begin classes. One of the China Summer participants agreed to stay on as the first English teacher. We quickly hired three other teachers, retained two local staff, recruited students, and readied the facilities. On September 6, classes got underway.

Naming the school Phoenix is, despite its origins, strikingly appropriate. As we told our students on the opening day, the phoenix in Chinese mythology symbolizes the empress, and so demonstrates our respect for women and what they may become. In Greek mythology, the phoenix lives for eternity, engulfing itself in fire only to rise anew from the ashes. Regardless of their pasts, we told our students, at this school they too can rediscover within themselves the strength and vision to reshape their own future.

The Phoenix School for Girls has become a reality thanks to the cooperation and support from the many above-named Quaker groups and organizations, and the many, many people involved with all of these organizations who have supported this dream with time, energy, ideas, and funding.

It also relied on the cooperation and support of the Chinese government, a number of Chinese universities, local government officials, and organizations throughout East Asia over the past five years. Most significantly, this dream could never have been realized without the support of the residents of Xiaoshicun who have allowed us to teach their children and live among them as neighbors, and who have taught us so much in return.

Despite all of this support and the recent success in opening the school, there is still much work to do. The job placement office has to become successful so that the graduates of the school obtain decent paying positions. We need to raise funds to keep tuition fees low enough to allow rural girls the opportunity to attend. We need to obtain textbooks and supplies. We are confident with the help and support of the groups that have supported this project for the past five years, we will meet these challenges.

Everyone who has been involved with this project in some fashion should realize that their support is making a significant change in young women's lives in rural China. Meaningful social change always comes one step at a time. We have all taken such a step together. The next step will come during the first annual graduation of the Phoenix School for Girls, to be held in Xiaoshicun in June 2005. You are all cordially invited.

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Did you know that a number of over-the-counter children's vitamins contain aspartame, an artificial sweetener that has been known to cause cancer in rats? As a mother of two young children I have to decide whether a) to give them the vitamins and hope for the best; b) to eschew vitamins and force more broccoli down their throats; c) to take out a home equity loan to pay for expensive and "safe" vitamins; or d) to run screaming out the door. This is just one of the thousands of decisions a parent of young children is faced with almost every day.

To say that my husband and I consider ourselves Quaker often seems a dichotomy of beliefs. In our 20s we were drawn to the nondidactic teachings of Quakerism that seemed very opposite to the religions in which we had grown up (he was Lutheran, and I, Catholic). I originally felt so attracted to the Quaker queries and testimonies, and often read them out loud to my husband, as a way to reaffirm that I felt motivated by the spirit of Quakerism. Social responsibility? I was a volunteer and did mission work in Costa Rica. Education? I'm a teacher! Peace? I love it!

The testimony that has always given me pause, however, is simplicity. Before we had children, my husband and I tried to tell ourselves that we lived simply: we had one car; my husband took the train to work to show concern for the environment; and our favorite, we were great at spending Sunday afternoons lying outside with books.

But now, as parents, the testimony of simplicity seems almost as untenable as holding mercury in your hands. How did life become so crazy? I actually catch my breath if I see my name next to "Simplicity" as the topic to be taught by me in our First-day school. What do I know about simplicity? My life is anything but.

Every day we are faced with so many decisions that life does not seem simple anymore. It is today's U.S. culture and lifestyle that presents so many choices, all of which we can investigate and make a decision about or, decide not to even make the choice to begin with. Of course, to say that one will choose to live a simpler life is all well and good, but what does that mean? How can we ignore the great and many complicated decisions we are faced with every day?

It is with a heavy and confused head that I approach my day. I want to go to the grocery store to buy fruit. Fruit is healthy, right? Well, fruit can have salmonella on it, so it's not enough to wash it with water, you have to use a fruit and vegetable washer. You want fish, that's "brain food," right? That's what my grandmother used to say. Well, it turns out certain fish has mercury in it—that's bad. So you can only eat tuna once a month. And salmon? You have to buy the wild salmon, not the farm-raised. Oh yeah—and they don't carry that at my grocery store, so I have to go to a specialty store for that.

I want my son to go to preschool. Well, luckily we live in an area that has a number of Quaker schools to choose from. Luckily, right? Well, each one offers a slightly different curriculum. Do I want Spanish lessons or guitar? Do I want to do lunch bunch? Which one has afternoons and which has mornings? It is enough to make me batty! And of course, very tired and stressed.

And don't even get me started on Christmas, birthdays, or holidays. My son wants a pirate/medieval knight birthday party. Of course, we're "Quaker," so I have to try to explain to him why we won't have swords at this birthday party of 15 children, 5 pizzas, 4 games, and a cake that I'm trying to keep "simple." And at Christmas, I just want to forget that I "have" to have presents for my cousins-in-law, roll myself up in a big blanket and tell everyone we're now Jehovah's Witnesses.

The idea of living a "simple" life in the 21st century, middle class, suburban United States seems ludicrous. In many ways, the steps away from simplicity have really improved our lives: we are better educated, and perhaps, more in touch with the world around us. I wonder though, how we can ever truly simplify and de-stress our lives so that it doesn't seem as if we are taking steps backwards rather than just resting.

Heather Riley attends Goshen Meeting in West Chester, Pa.

Friends Journal March 2005
**Parent Involvement**

by Bard Paul Michaels

As the cofounder of a parent-cooperative, early childhood education, community-based program that grew to become a school, I offer some comments about my experiences and the philosophy of education that grew out of these experiences, and I will attempt to summarize my thoughts about schools as places of empowerment for children, their parents, and their communities.

I think it is really important, a primary commitment for Friends in our Spirit-led places of learning, to consider the necessity of having a declaration of the rights of the children in our care. I have used “The Declaration of the Rights of the Child,” as unanimously adopted by the General Assembly of the United Nations on November 20, 1959, as a starting point.

I began my endeavors way back in the mid-1970s in San Francisco. Inspired by the collective intention to place the rights of children as a guiding principle for the many ethnically and culturally diverse families who joined together to create Mission West Parents Cooperative Preschool—a part of San Francisco Community College’s Parent Education Program with six community-based Parent Cooperative Preschools—I simply displayed a copy of the UN declaration front-and-center on the wall across from the entryway to our school. This declaration was placed at eye level for children. It was a humble beginning. And yet, standing next to it and reading to myself on many mornings as I waited at the door to greet the children, their siblings, and parents, I began to notice that more and more parents and children would also stop to read the words in their comings and goings.

I cannot, in all honesty, say that I had the intention to develop a set of guidelines about our educational mission, its purposes, goals, and objectives when I put my “39 theses” on the wall that first morning. But I began to realize that something was stirring in the parents when a bilingual mother, Anna Maria, commented, “I would love to see this declaration in Spanish and several of the other languages that are spoken in our school.” I asked

Bard Paul Michaels was a cofounder of Mission West Parents Cooperative Preschool in San Francisco Community College’s Parent Education Program, he now works with the Healing Arts Institute in Portland, Ore.
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of time and planning was needed for the development of the curricula activities so that the parents could actually function as teaching team members. The third, and most important, was that at the end of each school day, the parents who had participated that day sat down with me and the formal teaching assistant to talk about what had happened during the day for them. In this context, communication about every imaginable issue, sensitive topic, and, most of all, preconception that each of us had, based on our own culture of origin and early schooling experience, was opened. The format that evolved from this daily evaluation was actually a simple one: “What worked well? What didn’t? Why do you think or feel it did or didn’t work?” All principles of early childhood in an intercultural setting were discussed.

The challenge of involving parents as representatives and as fully participating members of their children’s educational learning process is a vital endeavor, second only to developing an educational experience that is truly worthy of each child. This endeavor of extensive parent involvement needs to be nurtured, wooed, and courted, beginning within the entire teaching staff. The leadership of the school community needs to have a genuine commitment to making this remarkable potential a reality, taking into account the many ways that participating parents can be perceived as threats to the school leadership, and to the teachers’ domain.

It’s my experience and belief that the confidence to undertake this kind of long-term, developmental approach to parents as allies and advocates comes from being open to finding the ways and means to let the process reveal itself. And if there is a genuine openness and receptivity, I have the greatest of confidence that the door will make itself known. Through the door, conflicts of interest and the everyday difficulties that occur when loving, caring adults are gathered to teach children become opportunities for these adults to share in a mutual learning process.

A school is a collective organism. It has a life of its own. It is interdependent upon all of its collective parts and organs. A school community that does not see its parents as an integral, dynamic part of its entire mission, goal, purpose, and function is an organism without one of its basic organs. To me, the organ that is missing without the parents as allies and advocates, is the heart.
On the Peace Testimony

by Richard Hathaway

This is the text of a speech by Richard Hathaway to an interfaith service in Poughkeepsie, New York, on November 1, 2004. I find in it a statement on the meaning of the Peace Testimony that is satisfying in its brevity, clarity, and accuracy. Nonviolence and pacifism do not mean passivity and platitudes. This reflection is a good example of the value of speaking truth to power—in this case, the power of peacemaking by symbol. —Elizabeth Morrison, Poughkeepsie Meeting.

Three weeks ago, when I was invited to stand up here and talk about the Quaker Peace Testimony, I thought I would “make nice nice” and say something that everybody would agree with. I thought I would read you a nice poem, one that begins, “We are waiting for peace to break out; we are waiting for flowers to bloom.” But peace is not everybody agreeing with each other. And so I have decided to say something challenging, something you may not agree with, and something that even my fellow Quakers may not all agree with.

There is a movement afoot around the world to spread a simple, attractive message: “May peace prevail on Earth.” You can order note cards, a tote bag, a bumper sticker, a T-shirt, a button, a hat, an apron, and a Big pen, all emblazoned with this message. You can spend anywhere from $175 to $1,400 to have the message printed in eight languages on an eight-foot pole for planting in a park, a garden, or your church’s front lawn. Two hundred thousand of these poles have already been planted. “May peace prevail on Earth.” Sounds good. Very peaceful. Let’s plant it!

But... I would like to tell you why I think that is the wrong message. I would classify it as a pious platitude, one that everyone, or almost everyone, would agree with. Indeed, it is selling very well. It is a prayer, a prayer of the kind that we can so easily say without doing anything about it. We can give lip service to it, and leave the rest vaguely to God. George W. Bush, just before invading Iraq, could have uttered that prayer, and he probably did. He doubtless thought he was advancing the cause of peace, sweeping away some of those bad people out there who were preventing peace.

In 1917, Woodrow Wilson, praying that peace might prevail on Earth, took us into the greatest war humankind had yet seen, saying that it was a war to end all war. And you know what: the chief result of that war was the
emergence of Communism and Fascism. Then we had an even greater war to defeat Fascism, and two more wars, in Korea and Vietnam, to try to hold back the rising tide of Communism. War, as always, produced war after war. Let's look at the Christian Scriptures. It says, "Whatever a man sows, that will he reap." If we sow violence, we will reap violence.

People argue about what helped most to turn back the tide of Communism. I think the crucial factor was the heroism of Lech Walesa and the Solidarity movement in Poland that defied Communism, but did it with nonviolent resistance. In the Soviet Union the thing that tipped the balance was the heroism of Boris Yeltsin, who stood on top of a tank in Moscow and dared the Soviet army to push him off. These people did not utter pious platitudes. They took big personal risks, nonviolent risks, and they made peace prevail.

The Quaker message is that peace begins with an individual, an individual in communication with the Holy Spirit, an individual living peace, and exemplifying it at all costs. In 1651, George Fox, the founder of the Quaker movement, was offered a commission in the Puritan army. He refused it. Then he went home and wrote in his journal, "I told them I lived in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all wars." Peace must be inward before it can become outward. Then you have to do something about it. For instance, you have to feed the hungry.

That's why American Friends Service Committee, a peace organization, spends a lot of its time and money feeding the hungry. Hungry people are ripe for war and revolution. And then look at those incredible words of St. Paul: "If chine enemy hunger, feed him." He was following the injunction of Jesus to exemplify love unconditionally, even if you die for it, as Jesus in fact did.

Quakers in 1660 sent a message to King Charles II, saying, "We utterly deny all outward wars and fightings with outward weapons, for any end, or under any pretence whatsoever; this is our testimony to the whole world... The spirit of Christ, by which we are guided, is not changeable, so as once to command us from a thing as evil and again to move unto it." That is not a pious prayer. It has consequences. And it did. George Fox and hundreds if not thousands of Quakers spent years in cold, filthy prisons for daring to hold to their unconventional beliefs; for daring to worship without a paid, professional, authorized ministry; for daring to witness against the cruelty and rigidity of an absolutist society. It was an example of nonviolent protest, standing up for Truth, just as early Christians had done in defying the Roman empire and all its bloodthirsty power.

Luckily, the Quaker triumph came faster.

It came in 1689, when Great Britain adopted the Toleration Act. The most precious civil liberties we have, freedom of speech and freedom of religion, can be traced to that same, sublime moment in 1689 when peace prevailed in England and its colonies. It prevailed not because of platitudes but because some people had suffered for Truth nonviolently and others had had enough—enough of religious wars and religious persecution.

Jesus said: "You will know them by their fruits. Are grapes gathered from thorns, or figs from thistles?" If you sow peace, you will reap peace. If you sow violence, you will reap violence. We need to learn this lesson. It is the lesson that we need to be guided by tomorrow as we go to the polls. It is the great lesson of what is happening in Iraq. It is the lesson of what will continue to happen if we don't learn to live, to live in that life and power that takes away the occasion of all wars.

Richard Hathaway is a member of Poughkeepsie (N.Y.) Meeting.

Wait on the Lord

by Jim Whitmoyer

A Friend remarked in meeting that he felt uncomfortable with the notion that, in the immortal words of John Milton, "They also serve who only stand and wait." This Friend was obviously a man of action, and felt it was his duty to perform any work that would prove his commitment to God. He had kept his health strong, despite his age, with continuous physical activity like working to maintain the meeting building and grounds. I admire people who have tireless energy for fulfilling the needs of the community. Yet, to understand how our efforts may be put to best use requires an awareness of the particular circumstances of a specific situation so that our actions are not misguided. Impartial observation, patient contemplation, discussion with knowledgeable people, sensitivity, and openness of mind are necessary to be receptive to the best course of action. The attributes of awareness and skillful action are inextricably linked together. The apparent duality of these aspects transcended by realizing the omnipresence of God. Quakers have a long tradition of silent contemplation on the Divine Presence within all beings. When we take the time to listen to the leadings of our hearts, we can experience the undeniable truth of our innate wisdom, and use that revelation to inspire our compassionate actions.
John Milton’s poem, “On His Blindness,” from which that quote is taken, describes the dilemma Milton faced with his own blindness, and his conclusion. His worry is that his physical impairment will inhibit his service to God. He refers to the “one Talent which is death to hide,” from the parable of the talents in Matthew 25:14–30. In this parable, the servants are given measures of wealth, called Talents, in varying amounts according to their abilities. The servants who were given more than one Talent invested their wealth and earned back twice the principal; but the servants who had only one Talent hoarded it by burying it in the ground. Upon the master’s return, those who lent their wealth were rewarded and praised, but those who clung to it were stripped of their wealth and were cast out. The dictionary defines the word “talent” to mean natural ability or creative aptitude, in addition to being a measure of gold or silver. The parable can be interpreted to mean that, as servants of God, we are behooved to put our talents to use for the service of others, no matter how meager we consider our abilities or aptitude. The performance of this selfless service will cause our abilities to bear fruit and enrich the world more than if we hide our talents, or fail to practice them. We often hear people remark what a sin it is that someone who was very gifted gave up their craft.

Milton first rationalizes that God wouldn’t expect more from him than he was physically capable of performing. But, after reflection he realizes that “God doth not need either man’s work or his own gifts. Who best bear his mild yoke, they serve him best.” So, it is our ability to surrender our ego which pleases God most. At this point in the poem the rhyming scheme changes from abba to abab. The shift in meter reflects his shift in reasoning. Initially he is concerned that he must labor to be of service; then he resolves his dilemma by seeing the virtue of attending to God’s message. The attention required to hear God is indicated by Milton’s choice of words in the last line: “They also serve who only stand and wait.” If we remain standing while waiting, it means that we are constantly ready and eager to hear any message. The meaning is totally different from sitting and waiting, which implies comfort and boredom.

The Bible has numerous references to the advantages of waiting upon the Lord:

- Isaiah 40:30–31  Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall fall; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.
- Psalms 37:34  Wait on the Lord, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land: when the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.
- Psalms 130:5  I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

Before any procrastinators rejoice, be forewarned that laziness will not bring enlightenment. Milton continued to write prolifically after becoming blind, producing Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained. Milton’s blindness did not prevent him from creating beautiful poetry any more than Beethoven’s deafness prevented him from composing powerful symphonics. They were forced to work harder to release their creative energies, but they didn’t give up. It is hard work to retrain the mind to perceive the Divine Will instead of our habitual egocentric outlook, and requires persistent effort. Restless activity, without useful purpose, is to be avoided as much as laziness. It is following the middle path, devoting ourselves to selfless service, while at the same time maintaining awareness of our true intentions and the effects of our actions, which has the most benefit. Wisdom and compassionate action go hand in hand, making our lives joyful and helping to relieve the suffering of others.

Jim Whitmoyer is a member of Newtown (Pa.) Meeting.

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**BOOKS**

The memoir may well be remembered as the most prolific literary form of the late 20th and early 21st century. Quakers, with our long tradition of publishing journals as a way to see the Light moving through our lines, have contributed to this outpouring in amazing numbers. If 2001 and 2002 were the years in which many men eloquently wrote of their roles as conscientious objectors, 2003 and 2004 appear to have been the years in which women headed for their laptops. A sampling of their work appears below.

—Ellen Michaud

**The Oriole’s Song: An American Girlhood in Wartime China**

By BJ Elder. Eastbridge, Signature Books, 2003. 239 pages. $29.95/hardcover; $15.95/softcover.

Born in Changsha, Hunan Province, in 1933, BJ Elder spent the first 16 years of her life in China with her parents. Her father worked for Yale-in-China, while her mother cared for the family and volunteered at the school—first in Changsha and later in Yuanling, where the school moved for added safety during the continual warfare of the period. This memoir commemorates those years, BJ’s love of the country, and her need to come to terms with her sense of duality.

“How can I reconcile the past and the present?” she writes. “How can I bring together the two worlds I have known so as to form a single vision?”

The years BJ spent in China were consumed with almost continual battles between warlords and Chiang Kai-Shek’s Nationalists, between both groups and the invading Japanese, and between the Nationalists and Mao Zedong’s Communists. BJ early learned to take refuge in bomb shelters and to watch the skies for enemy aircraft. She was twice evacuated to the United States. Despite these troubles, she had a serene and happy childhood, with a close relationship with both her parents and a deeply rooted love of her surroundings—including the song of the oriole in a tree outside her first home.

In prose that is at times lyrical, BJ describes her schooling and friendships in Changsha and Yuanling, the food, social customs, and always the physical environment. Her descriptions of Gulang, the summer colony where they took refuge from the heat of Changsha, and later of a small house in the valley of Shih Qiao, where they summered while in Yuanling, are particularly vivid. And though she does not write of joining the Religious Society of Friends as an adult, her early experiences, the contemplation of nature, as well as the natural piety she shared with her parents appear to be forerunners of her later religious experience.

Most of BJ’s schooling was by her mother using the Calvert system. For high school she attended the Shanghai American School, where she found others with backgrounds like her own. It was a happy time, unfortunately terminated by the outbreak of the Korean war and the necessity to return to the United States. Her father, left behind for almost two years, was humiliated before an audience of 2,000, forced to listen to anti-American slogans, and accused of being a counterrevolutionary spy. A radio was planted in his luggage as he left the country, and he might have been detained at the border if the border official had not seen an old student of his.

An important thread in the story is BJ’s coming to terms with the conflict between her love of China and the periodic rejection she and her parents experienced by its people. Returning in 1974, while the Cultural Revolution was still raging, she saw old friends of the family but was unable to connect with them in any meaningful way because they were afraid to talk. Eight years later, on a second trip back, she reestablished relationships and was able thereafter to make frequent visits to the people and places she loved, along with her husband Dave Elder, who represents American Friends Service Committee in China and other Far Eastern lands.

This beautiful and inspiring book deserves to be widely read and savored by Friends and non-Friends alike.

—Margaret Hope Bacon

**Call of the Bell Bird: A Quaker Travels the World**


In 2001, British Quaker Jennifer Kavanagh and a companion undertook a yearlong journey around the world. Before embarking, she wrote in her journal her purpose for the trip:

To gain a new perspective, from seeing how life is in developing countries, away from the spoliat affluence of this insular part of the world; to learn to be less busy, to respond to the Spirit, to be more spontaneous; to be useful, humble, learning and contributing, to try to live in the present and respond to the needs

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With this promising opening, I was eager to read more about the journey that led the author through South and North America, Thailand, India, Mongolia, Russia, and a number of other stop-offs that included stays with friends from around the world, volunteer work with developing communities, and sojourns in ashrams and monasteries. I anticipated much in the way of shared discovery and insight.

Mostly, I was disappointed. The book fails to deliver on the promise of that early paragraph. I do not even know what kind of a book to call it. It is more descriptive than a mere log, but lacks the intimacy of a memoir. It is filled with the author’s opinions, but very little of the author herself, who somehow remains at arm’s length, frequently mentioning but rarely revealing much about her interior life. I wanted to take the author’s word for it that this journey was a profoundly meaningful and spiritual occasion for her, but she didn’t give me much to work with. Perhaps the experience overwhelmed her ability to capture it in words, or perhaps the writing was attempted too soon and too quickly.

In Silence and Witness, Michael Birkel says of historic Friends journals: “Some Quaker journals read like travelogues with a sprinkling of platitudes and Quaker jargon. But best of Quaker journals are fresh in insight and a former book review editor for Quaker Monthly.”

It is more descriptive than a mere log, but lacks the meaningful and spiritual occasion for her, but she didn’t give me much to work with. Perhaps the experience overwhelmed her ability to capture it in words, or perhaps the writing was attempted too soon and too quickly. The platitude and Quaker jargon are all the best ones, but they rarely rise above superficial predictability.

Chel Avery is a member of Goshen (Pa.) Meeting and a former book review editor for Friends Journal.

Grace Notes: The Waking of a Woman’s Voice


This book shimmers with the undaunted willingness to say, “Here am I, Lord.” That theme is spoken and re-spoken despite the many barriers within singer and voice coach Heidi Hart’s human environment—barriers that would have stayed the search of a lesser soul. Nor, when she felt that she was totally alone, did she pour wax into her ears so that when the “still, small voice of God” whispered to her in unexpected times and circumstances, she was able to hear its faintest breath. At mundane moments, as Hart recounts the various way stations along a spiritual journey from Mormon to Friend, her readers’ eyes be-

come suddenly moist with tears of recognition and empathy. This is an authentic account of an almost crushed spirit that continues, with the support of those around her, to seek her truth. It’s a journey that most take—some with not so much angst, but few are as willing to share with others and bare the inner soul. It also has a particular message for outwardly reaching Quakers. Had Heidi Hart not accidentally discovered a lateral Quaker ancestor and her diary, the young woman would never have visited Salt Lake Monthly Meeting and found her spiritual home.

—Sally Rickerman

Sally Rickerman is a member of Mill Creek (Del.) Meeting.

Driving By Moonlight: A Journey Through Love, War, and Infertility


When four-year-old Kristin Henderson’s father stomped out of meeting and swore never to return, she never dreamed that when she herself finally returned it would be as a grown woman with a Lutheran pastor as her husband—or that that said pastor would eventually become a Marine Corps chaplain serving in the Gulf War.

Kristin writes in a contemporary voice that perfectly captures the sense of apparent whimsicality that characterizes many of our spiritual journeys: “Way opens, way closes, and then way opens again.” The thoughtful Washington Post writer recounts how she traveled from pastor’s wife to antiwar demonstrator and rediscovered her inner Quaker. Of course, she hints, it was all her husband Frank’s fault.

So I got in the Cougar and drove up to Washington for a big protest march. . . . I joined the crowds of people who gathered on the mall below the Capitol. I hooked up with a group of Lutherans from Milwaukee who needed help carrying their banner, and let myself be carried along with them past the White House shouting antimarriage chants, surrounded by thousands of others just as sure as I was of the rightness of our cause . . .

Rounding a corner beyond the White House, I saw a woman in an old
coat and sensible shoes standing quietly on the sidewalk, holding a poster above her head with both hands: Quakers Believe All War Is Wrong. And I thought, Yes! Yes, that's me! That's me! I, too, believe there's a spark of God inside every human being, shedding its perfect light on our consciences, showing us the road we should follow to arrive one day at heaven on Earth, a world without war, without inequality, greed, or poverty. This buoyant hope for the future, this faith for optimists, that's me!

Soon after, I visited my Quaker grandmother in Iowa. Sitting beside her in the familiar stillness of the Quaker meeting where my father grew up, I realized this was my church.

All Friends understand the sense of rightness, the sense of homecoming Kristen felt. As did her husband Frank. But soon Kristen's evolving spirituality began to challenge the very roots of his faith. Was Jesus simply a good guy whose behavior we should emulate, or was he God made flesh? "If you don't believe in Jesus as Savior, then you're rejecting me and all I stand and work for... you're saying I'm wasting my time," said Frank. "Oh I am not," [Kristen] snapped, suddenly exasperated. "I don't think you're wasting your time any more than I think a Buddhist monk is wasting his time. What you're both pursuing is very worthwhile. You're just pursuing it in different ways. As am I."

Throughout the book, Kristen and Frank's differing beliefs are thrown back and forth across the rough-and-tumble of daily life by two deeply honest, deeply loving, and deeply spiritual people. The questions and challenges they hurl at one another are no different than those we hear in our meetings every time the First-day school committee meets to plan the year's curriculum. But expressed and sometimes thrown as they are between two such fiercely honest people, the point and counterpoint of Kristen and Frank's exchanges serve as a thrilling session on which all of us are privileged to eavesdrop, hear our own pain-filled voices, and perhaps gain a new perspective.

Unfortunately, Kristen and Frank's theological dialogue is interrupted when Iraq invades Kuwait and Frank's 26th Marine Expeditionary Unit is called in. Frank ships out to the Gulf and Kristen—lacerated by her fears for Frank, the inability to conceive the child she craves with all her soul, and the tension she feels between her Quaker pacifism and a bombed-out Pentagon on 9/11—piles into a third-hand Corvette with her German Shepard, Rosie, and takes off across the continent to sort things out, see life clearly, and find that still, small center that should be...
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In Brief

In presenting the practice of Group Spiritual Nurture to us through this pamphlet, Daphne Clement gives us an opportunity to deepen our spiritual lives together.

Group Spiritual Nurture, as described here, combines aspects of Spiritual Direction (from the Christian monastic tradition), worship sharing, clearness processes, and meeting for worship, with some structures and elements common in therapeutic support groups. Daphne Clement gives us a detailed description of how a group of individuals wishing to explore spiritual nurture may meet together on a regular basis and in so doing support not only their own and one another’s spiritual lives, but also deepen the spiritual life of their church or meeting community.

Along with practical suggestions for forming Spiritual Nurture groups, the pamphlet includes interviews with participants in such groups, and a tacit invitation to explore further in our home communities, to commit ourselves to listening to one another as we listen also to the silence and mystery at the heart of our lives.

"Being together with this kind of spiritual connection is an experience most of us long for, yet at the same time fear," she writes. "It may take sincere effort and practice to slow things down to a pace in which, in the present moment, we can feel fully our affective responses with each other and with the multi-dimensional world around us."

—Kirsten Backstrom

Kirsten Backstrom is a writer and member of Multnomah Meeting in Portland, Ore.
American Friends Service Committee is providing an initial grant from its Crisis Fund for immediate relief in Indonesia after the tsunami in December 2004 and resulting widespread deaths and devastation. The funds are to be shared between Mennonite Central Committee, which has staff on the ground, and the Society for Health Education and Environment for Peace (SHEEP), a local Indonesian organization. The grant to SHEEP will support sending a team of 40 medical doctors to the Aceh region to join or relieve some of the 75 doctors already there. AFSC has had a presence and contacts in Indonesia for more than 35 years through its peacebuilding efforts and international conferences and seminars. For more information, visit <www.afsc.org>.

American Friends Service Committee joined in the filing of a nationwide series of Freedom of Information Act requests in December 2004. Citing evidence indicating that the FBI has targeted particular groups and individuals for surveillance—not because they have any connections to terrorism but solely because they have policy differences with government agencies—AFSC joined the American Civil Liberties Union and a host of religious, environmental, and civil rights organizations hoping to shed light on the scope of these activities. At a series of press conferences across the country, ACLU officials accused the FBI Joint Terrorism Task Force of collecting e-mails and license plate numbers from peaceful activists. "There is mounting evidence that groups and individuals who exercise their First Amendment rights are being unfairly targeted and scrutinized," according to Mary Ellen McNish, general secretary of AFSC. National organizations participating in the effort include the American Arab Anti-discrimination Committee, Greenpeace, the American Indian Movement, and Catholic Peace Ministries. "Trampling upon the Bill of Rights is not the answer to stopping terrorism. As Americans, we need to honor and uphold our Constitution by not eroding the very principles upon which our country was founded," she said. —AFSC

The International Crisis Group, an independent, nonprofit, multinational organization working through field-based analysis and high-level advocacy to prevent and resolve deadly conflict, has released a probing policy update on the next steps needed in Iraq. Addressed primarily to U.S. decision-makers in Washington, the recommendations call upon the U.S. government to acknowledge the extent to which the ground beneath its feet has shifted since the onset of the occupation, and to develop a comprehensive strategy.

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and timetable adapted to this reality. Crisis Group has concluded, on the basis of extended fieldwork in Iraq and wide-ranging interviews in Washington, that despite ongoing coercive efforts, the transition process no longer can succeed as currently fashioned. The United States must satisfy the expectations of a population now largely hostile to the United States, and encourage the emancipation and independence of Iraqi institutions whose credibility will depend on their distancing themselves from it. A gradual U.S. political and military disengagement from Iraq and a clear Iraqi political disengagement from the United States is now required. The full report, and recommendations to the U.S. government and the newly elected transitional National Assembly and forthcoming transitional Iraqi government, can be viewed at <www.icg.org>.

Israeli Draft Resister Noam Bahat is touring the United States. He is one of five refuseniks—Israeli soldiers who refuse to participate in defending the occupation of Palestine. Noam Bahat spoke at Swarthmore College on October 27 with planned engagements at Temple University and University of Pennsylvania. Sponsored by AFSC and Refuser Solidarity Network, his speaking engagements include cities in Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Indiana, Boston, and Washington. For more information contact AFSC’s Youth and Militarism Program at (215) 241-7046.

On March 16, 2004, a tree was planted in Rachel Corrie’s honor at the My Lai Peace Park in Vietnam. Rachel Corrie, a 23-year-old student from Olympia, Washington, traveled to Palestine with the International Solidarity Movement in January 2003. Their intention was to nonviolently try to prevent the destruction of Palestinian homes by Israeli bulldozers. On March 19, she was crushed by a D9 Caterpillar bulldozer while trying to prevent the destruction of a Palestinian family’s home. —Winds of Peace, newsletter from Madison Quaker Projects in Vietnam, October 2004

Honolulu (Hawaii) Meeting is undertaking two projects recommended by its Peace and Social Concerns Committee in response to concerns about militarization. Both projects were approved by Honolulu Friends in September 2004. One project establishes a registry of self-proclaimed conscientious objectors. Modeled on such a program already begun by Indiana Yearly Meeting, the registry would not be limited to Quakers, males, or a specific age group. Honolulu Friends agreed that this would be useful if the draft were reinstated. The second project calls for the establishment of a counter-recruitment center similar to
Quaker House near Fort Bragg in Fayetteville, NC. The center would offer counseling on conscientious objection and other concerns to potential recruits, and to men and women already in the military. Honolulu Meeting is seeking to secure a coordinator to train volunteer counselors and to seek grants and other sources of funding for the center.

-Honolulu (Hawaii) Meeting newsletter

Friends General Conference has united in a minute on sexual orientation and gender identity. Over 150 Friends from more than 16 yearly meetings and regional groups were present in New Windsor, Md., for the annual session of FGC’s Central Committee when the minute, brought forth from its Executive Committee, was approved in October 2004. The wording is as follows: “Our experience has been that spiritual gifts are not distributed with regard to sexual orientation or gender identity. Our experience has been that our Gatherings and Central Committee work have been immeasurably enriched over the years by the full participation and Spirit-guided leadership of gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgender, and queer Friends. We will never go back to silencing those voices or suppressing those gifts. Our experience confirms that we are all equal before God, as God made us, and we feel blessed to be engaged in the work of FGC together.” In a letter to clerks of affiliated yearly meetings and to those yearly meetings that appoint observers to FGC, Marian Beane, presiding clerk, wrote, in part: “As we heard this minute, we sensed God at work in our midst. . . . Out of deep worship, Friends spoke movingly of how they were tendered, liberated, and uplifted by this message of affirmation. . . . Friends General Conference is not a denominational body. The Central Committee of FGC may speak to but not for its affiliated meetings. In this minute we have tried to describe our own experience of how God is working among us, as a corporate body gathered in worship. The precise wording of our minute grows out of our long association with the worship community known as Friends for Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, and Queer Concerns, a name carefully and prayerfully chosen by that community.”

According to William DiMascio, executive director of the Pennsylvania Prison Society, incarceration is a failed strategy in the war on drugs. In an article in Correctional Forum, the society’s quarterly newsletter, he writes, “The war on drugs has had little impact in reducing the use of addictive substances.” Meanwhile, “Between 1982 and 1999, the Bureau of Justice Statistics reports that the federal, state, and local expense on corrections went from 

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Friends Historical Society has planted a Franklinia Alatamaha at Jordans (England) Friends Meetinghouse. The treelike shrub was named after Benjamin Franklin, who was a friend of the 18th-century Pennsylvania Quaker plant hunters and botanists John and William Bartram. Today all examples of the plant, which produce fragrant, 3" white camellia-like flowers in October, come from seeds the Bartrams took back to their botanical garden near Philadelphia. The plant is not far from where William Penn is buried in the Jordans cemetery. David Sox, of the historical society, said, "Franklin has joined Penn at Jordans." —The Friend

John Templeton Foundation announces increase in prize money for spiritually uplifting movies and TV. The two Epiphany Prizes for the most inspiring movie and television program of 2004 will be increased from $25,000 to $50,000 each. "We hope this increase in prize money...will inspire even more people in Hollywood to make spiritually uplifting movies and television programs," said Jack Templeton, president of the foundation. The Templeton Foundation's Epiphany Prizes are intended to encourage spiritual wisdom, knowledge, and growth. Awarded annually, the winners were scheduled to be announced on February 24. "The media affects everyone," he added. "Over the years, the Epiphany Prize winners and nominees have strengthened the religious faith of many people." Past winners include: Dead Man Walking, Amistad, 7th Heaven, Walker Texas Ranger, DOG, JAG, Touched by an Angel, The Prince of Egypt, and The Gospel of John. —Good News Communications, Inc.

$9 billion to $49 billion, an increase of some 440 percent. And these expenses fail to consider the indirect costs from expanded welfare systems to care for families, lost tax revenues, and other items." He cited the American Bar Association report of the Justice Kennedy Commission, which concluded, "It is not even clear that the increased use of incarceration has enhanced public safety, although lawmakers for 20 years have acted in reliance on the claimed crime-preventive effect of harsh and certain punishments." He added that "pollsters are beginning to see signs of a shift in public sentiment." He said that in a survey by Hart Research Associates, in 2002, "two out of three residents favored strategies that addressed the roots of crime rather than the stricter sentencing, tough on crime approach." —Correctional Forum

Friends Hospital announces 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! Activities to choose from include 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!

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Correction

May 21—The rescheduled date for the lecture and full-day program with Elaine Pagels at Arch Street Meetinghouse in Philadelphia. For ticket applications and questions, contact Sally Rickerman at (610) 274-8856 or <sshrr@earthlink.net>.

Upcoming Events

• April 14–17—Annual meeting of Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas, in Tempe, Arizona. It is open to all interested Friends; preregistration is required. English/Spanish interpretation is provided for all sessions and events. Register online at <www.fwcamericas.org> or by contacting the FWCC office at 1506 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, (215) 241-7250, e-mail: <americas@fwcamericas.org>.

• April 16–18—FCNL Young Adult Spring Lobby Weekend. To register, e-mail <jennifer@fcnl.org>.

• April 21–24—“Fostering Vital Lifelong Learning: Developing Quaker Readers of All Ages,” Quakers Uniting in Publications annual meeting at Twin Rocks Camp, Oregon. For details, visit <www.quaker.org/quip/>.

Opportunities/Resources

• Quakers Uniting in Publications is still gathering essays by young Quakers for its collection, Young People’s Experience of Quakerism. The new deadline for submissions is April 1. For more information visit <www.quaker.org/quip/>.

• Friends United Meeting is sponsoring a two-week work trip to Ramallah Friends schools in late June/early July 2005. Estimated cost is $2,000, including roundtrip airfare from New York City, ground transportation, fees, meals, and lodging. Contact Max Carter at (336) 316-2445 or <mcarter@guilford.edu>.

• For the past 60 years, the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Friends Workcamp Program has been engaging participants by providing spiritually based experiences in low-income communities to increase awareness of economic, racial, and cultural differences and inequalities, as well as the discovery of similarities. A workcamp is a unique educational experience that combines hands-on service work, community building, reflection, and history. There are ten weekend workcamps each year and a month-long workcamp in China. Participants must be at least 15 years old for weekend workcamps and at least 16 for China workcamps. For more information e-mail Arin Hanson at <arinhh@pym.org>, call (215) 241-7236, or visit <http://www.pym.org/workcamp/>.

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Friends Journal March 2005
China

continued from page 23

have never experienced before. From tolerating my relentless questions, to teaching me to cook strange vegetables I’d never even heard of, to buying me train tickets so that I didn’t have to deal with Chinese people in lines, my friends helped me with every detail of my life. I was often overwhelmed because I didn’t know how to give back. Nothing I have learned about friendship in the United States prepared me for the intensity of friendship in China.

A very basic example of the difference between my friendships with people in the United States and with Chinese is as follows: When I left the United States, my U.S. friends stopped communicating with me. None of them called, wrote, e-mailed, or responded in any way to the letters that I sent them. They were all happy to welcome me when I came back to the country, but when I was out of it, it was as if I didn’t exist. No one made the time for someone so far away even though they knew I would be back in a few months. Now that I have left China, all of my Chinese friends and some of my students are communicating with me even though they know that there is little chance that we will see each other again. Most of them even take the time and effort to write me in English. They do this because, to them, friends are still friends when they are far away.

They also write because they see a U.S. friend as a special opportunity to learn about the rest of the world. For most of my friends and almost all of my students, I was the first non-Chinese person that they had ever met. In my experiences I found that Chinese people really want to reach out in friendship to people in the United States. If you are willing to respond, then it is easy. If you can’t manage to dig there, then I suggest taking a few minutes to chat with one of the millions of Chinese students on the Internet who would love to talk with you. Through simple friendships we can learn a great deal more about the world and develop sensitivity and understanding toward seemingly distant lands. Perhaps you can answer some of the questions I couldn’t. After all, what do people learn about China?
MILESTONES

Deaths

Coffin—Gordon Reid Coffin, 85, on September 30, 2004, in Minneapolis, Minn. Gordon was born on September 2, 1919, in Minneapolis, the youngest son of Roscoe and Isabell Coffin and a descendant of nine generations of U.S. Quakers. Gordon was a member of Minneapolis Meeting throughout his life. At the age of 17, Gordon signed the National Peace Pledge. He became a conscientious objector during World War II and was assigned to forestry work at a Civilian Public Service camp in Coshocton, Ohio. Gordon's assignment to forestry work was frustrating, since he felt detached from the needs of the larger world. So after his discharge, he signed up as a truck driver with the European Transport Unit of American Friends Service Committee. From 1946 to 1948 he drove his beat-up truck all over Europe, transporting refugees, furniture, chickens, firewood, mattresses, hospital supplies, food, lumber, and even cows. He had as many as three flat tires in a single day. He taught himself French and German; contracted frostbite and dysentery; lived on oatmeal, dark bread, and iodine-treated water; and was exhausted much of the time. But he knew that he was truly making a difference in the lives of hundreds of refugees. When he was sent home with hepatitis in 1948, he brought with him a German accordion, hundreds of photos of the resettlement work and the people he served, and a medal of appreciation from the French government. In 1949, at a square dance, Gordon met Barbara Knight; they lived in Orono, Minn., for 44 years, raising their daughters there. Gordon's reputation for integrity and accuracy brought him great success in his surveying and engineering business. He also raised apples and made hand-pressed cider. He was loved by children and created delightful playhouses, full-sized trains and cars out of scrap materials, and rehabilitated an abandoned carousel horse. He collected folk songs from around the world, transcribing them by hand into many thick notebooks. He was an accomplished pianist. For 30 years, he and his accordion led square dancing for Minneapolis Meeting and for 4-H and other community events. He chose dances and music that made it possible for everyone to participate, even small children and seniors. In his 70s, Gordon taught himself to play the flute. In retirement, Gordon and Barbara traveled widely, visiting remote and obscure castles in France, Spain, Turkey, Portugal, and Ireland. Gordon's passionate interest in castles inspired a huge collection of castle books, notebooks, photographs, and posters. His large pen-and-ink drawings of castles displayed both artistic talent and a deep knowledge of the subject. When his hand began to shake later on so that he could no longer draw straight lines, he created huge illustrations composed entirely of small dots (pointillism). Gordon is survived by his wife of 54 years, Barbara Knight Coffin; daughter Linda Coffin and her partner, Kathy Webster; and daughter Sandra Coffin.

Haines—Lenore Beals Haines, 95, on October 8, 2004, in Grand Junction, Colo. She was born Abby Lenore Beals on September 1, 1905, in Argonia, Kans., to Estella Myrtle Kerr Beals and Frank Everett Beals. She graduated from Argonia schools, then attended Friends University in Wichita, Kans., Woolman School in Swarthmore, Pa., and Temple University in Philadelphia. She married Robert Reid Coffin, who died in 1975. She was the recipient of a medal of appreciation from the French government. She was a member of Minneapolis Meeting throughout her life but lived in Minneapolis, Minn., for most of her life. She was a conscientious objector during World War II and was assigned to forestry work in Coshocton, Ohio. She later worked as a truck driver with the European Transport Unit of American Friends Service Committee. She raised apples and made hand-pressed cider and was a skilled musician. She was loved by children and created delightful playhouses, full-sized trains and cars out of scrap materials, and rehabilitated an abandoned carousel horse. She collected folk songs from around the world, transcribing them by hand into many thick notebooks. She was an accomplished pianist. For 30 years, she and her accordion led square dancing for Minneapolis Meeting and for 4-H and other community events. She chose dances and music that made it possible for everyone to participate, even small children and seniors. In his 70s, Gordon taught himself to play the flute. In retirement, Gordon and Barbara traveled widely, visiting remote and obscure castles in France, Spain, Turkey, Portugal, and Ireland. Gordon's passionate interest in castles inspired a huge collection of castle books, notebooks, photographs, and posters. His large pen-and-ink drawings of castles displayed both artistic talent and a deep knowledge of the subject. When his hand began to shake later on so that he could no longer draw straight lines, he created huge illustrations composed entirely of small dots (pointillism). Gordon is survived by his wife of 54 years, Barbara Knight Coffin; daughter Linda Coffin and her partner, Kathy Webster; and daughter Sandra Coffin.

For more information contact Robert Dockhorn, Senior Editor.

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Lee Haines on July 12, 1926, in Argonia, Lenore was committed to Quaker education, and was active in theatre. As a member of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting’s Indian Committee, she had a long association with the Seneca Indians of New York State as well as the Cayuga, Osage, and Kickapoo tribes of Oklahoma and the Choctaw in Alabama. She and her husband were adopted by the Seneca Nation in New York. In 1952 she joined the family business as a bookkeeper. A longtime resident of Moorestown, N.J., Lenore returned to Argonia for 16 years before relocating to Grand Junction in 1997. She is survived by a son, Everett Lee Haines; a daughter, Sally Haines; an adopted daughter, Hazel Dean; two granddaughters; and two great-grandchildren.

Neumann—Nancy Wales Foster Neumann, 89, on September 12, 2003, on Butternworth Farm in Maineville, Ohio. She was born on January 9, 1914, to Thomas and Louise Stevenson Foster, and grew up on Butternworth Farm, with brothers Tom and Gordon and several grandparents. In 1934 she graduated from Swarthmore College, where she had majored in Political Science and Economics, and she began her teaching career. When the United States implemented the draft, Nancy left her teaching position to volunteer full-time for American Friends Service Committee (whose Philadelphia office she would later manage), feeding thousands of conscientious objectors in Civilian Public Service camps.

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Lee Haines on July 12, 1926, in Argonia. Lenore was committed to Quaker education, and was active in theatre. As a member of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting’s Indian Committee, she had a long association with the Seneca Indians of New York State as well as the Cayuga, Osage, and Kickapoo tribes of Oklahoma and the Choctaw in Alabama. She and her husband were adopted by the Seneca Nation in New York. In 1952 she joined the family business as a bookkeeper. A longtime resident of Moorestown, N.J., Lenore returned to Argonia for 16 years before relocating to Grand Junction in 1997. She is survived by a son, Everett Lee Haines; a daughter, Sally Haines; an adopted daughter, Hazel Dean; two granddaughters; and two great-grandchildren.

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Neumann—Nancy Wales Foster Neumann, 89, on September 12, 2003, on Butternworth Farm in Maineville, Ohio. She was born on January 9, 1914, to Thomas and Louise Stevenson Foster, and grew up on Butternworth Farm, with brothers Tom and Gordon and several grandparents. In 1934 she graduated from Swarthmore College, where she had majored in Political Science and Economics, and she began her teaching career. When the United States implemented the draft, Nancy left her teaching position to volunteer full-time for American Friends Service Committee (whose Philadelphia office she would later manage), feeding thousands of conscientious objectors in Civilian Public Service camps.

When the war was over, she joined the first AFSC team going to Finland, north of the Arctic Circle, to try to rebuild what the war had destroyed. After two years in Finland, she was sent to a relief project in Ludwigshaven, Germany, for child feeding; there she met Lewis Neumann, and they were married. Nancy’s years in CPS, in Finland, and later in Germany provided the crucible which clarified her spiritual and social conscience. When asked a few months before her death what period of her life might have been the most definitive for her, she decided that it would be that year in Germany “because it was fun getting to know Louis and we were doing useful work.” Nancy and Louis began married life working for AFSC in rural Mexico. In 1956, financial responsibilities required them to return to Butternworth Farm. Nancy then began two decades at Loveland High School, primarily teaching American Government, drawing from her own experiences and never limiting the lessons to a textbook. Her graduating seniors needed to know not only how the government was set up, but also how to practice the values and responsibilities that make democracy possible. After retiring in 1976, Nancy and Louis kept busy with Miami Monthly Meeting in Waynesville, Quaker committee work, gardening, and canning. The year 1983 brought the first of eight grandchildren, and the much cherished role of Grandma Nancy. In 1996, Nancy and Louis returned to Germany as guests of the German government, honoring AFSC’s war relief work. Louis died a few months later, at the age of 87, and although Nancy’s strength and eyesight were diminishing, her interest in life continued. She taught a homescool class on American history in her last year of life, told stories about the Underground Railroad activities on Butternworth Farm, and continued to nudge legislators whenever she felt they needed it. She is survived by her daughter Katharine and husband, Jeff Richman; daughter Gretchen and husband, Phil Stone; son Paul Neumann and wife, Arloa Eckels; and grandchildren, Nancy and Nora Richman; Katie, Woody, and Peter Stone; and Alex, Lisa, and Julia Neumann.

March 2005 FRIENDS JOURNAL
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**Opportunities**

**Events at Pendle Hill**


For more information, contact: Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallington, PA 19086-6099. (600) 742-3150, extension 3 <www.pendlehill.org>.

**Woolman Hill Quaker Center**

Stepping Into the Heart of Quakerism with Martha Margieledott & Will Taber, March 4–6
Bible Stories in Our Lives with Anne Anderson, March 18–20
Pastoral Care with Cornelia Parke and Nancy Rose Logan, April 1–5
Recognizing Gifts with Joe Wood, April 29–May 1
Magical Ridge-top Sanctuary with cabins available for individual or group accommodations.

Contact: Woolman Hill, 107 Keets Road, Deerfield, MA 01340; (413) 774-4341; <www.woolmihill.org>.

**Young Adult Leadership Development Program at Pendle Hill**

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Social and Public Witnessing Internships: A Sept.–June service internship for young adults and seasoned activists. Room, board, tuition, and health insurance provided. Ground your activism in spiritual community!

Contact: Bobbi Kelly, (610) 906-5077(800) 742-3150, ext. 137. <bobbi@pendlehill.org>.

**Books**

Do you care about the future of the Religious Society of Friends? Support meetings and a spiritually vital Quakerism for all ages with a deferred gift to Friends General Conference (quaker.org), charitable gift annuity, trust.

For information, please contact Murriel Wajda at FGC, 1216 Arch Street, 2B, Philadelphia, PA 19107, (215) 617-1700; <michaelw@fgcquaker.org>.

Teach English in China. YangwenTeach, a Friendsucker organization, seeks adventurous souls to teach conversational English for long- or short-term (2, 3, or 4 weeks). Chinese schools provide salary, low housing, and more. Contact Shaw @ফিফিমিতেংটেচ.


**Friends Center with unprogrammed Christian orientation**

Barnesville, Ohio, offers quiet, welcoming space for personal retreats and optional spiritual conversation. Weekend group retreats also offered: March 4–6, 2005 Opportunities and Challenges of Growing Older with Ken and Katharine Jacobson; April 22–24, 2005 Gospel Lives—Learning from the Quaker Journalists of the Early 20th Century with Curt Taber and Doug Walsh. Write to Friends Center, 6186 Olney Lane, Bemus, PA 14713 or call (716) 425-2853.

Journalizing: Host an Intensive Journal Workshop at your Meeting. Vicki Krysten of Goose Creek Meeting, a certified leader of the fra ProGroff Intensive Journal program for over twenty years, will come to your meeting and conduct a workshop. Contact: Vicki (940) 822-5607, <vickystonton@mac.com>.

Costs Rica Study Tour: Visit the Quaker community in Monteverde. For information and a brochure contact Sarah Stuckey: 011 (506) 645-5436; email: Agdo. 46-5565, Monteverde Center, Costa Rica; Avenida 2-B , tel: (506) 645-5436; email: <www.crsudtours.com>, or call in the USA (920) 384-8664.
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

STUDY TOUR – BOLIVIA, PERU. Meet some of Bolivia’s 40,000 Aymara Indian Quakers. Visit local Quaker and Catholic churches, private and public schools, and a Quaker-based health clinic. Yungas valley and mountain views. Call Sue Temes, 539-813-2933, or Mats Bergman, California 95422 email: <sjetty@charter.net.> (385) 496-6048

The Carpenter’s Boat Shop in Pernamdu, Maine, is offering new, one-year apprenticeships in wooden boat building. The Boat Shop is an ecumenical community school based on the Benedictine tradition. It teaches the skills of carpentry, boatbuilding, and boat use while living in simple community. For further information please write or call Rev. Robert Ives, 440 Old County Road, Pernamdu, ME 04658. Phone: (207) 677-5766. email: <boatshop@me.coast.com>

Quaker Writers and Artists! Quakers used to shun the arts—but no more! Join the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts; get our exciting, informative newsletter, "Types & Shades," and be part of this renaissance of Quaker art. Active in the arts? Join now! Write to: Lisa Eshleman, P.O. Box 1658, Andalusia, PA 18012.

To consider mountain view retirement property, near a Friends center, visit <carolfriends.com/> or write Roy Joe and Ruth Stickey, 1192 Horne Road, Sabina, OH 45169.

PERSONALS

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

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

Positions Vacant

Volunteer Internship at Ben Lomond Quaker Center, a retreat and conference center near Santa Cruz, Calif. Register now for the August retreat. Great opportunity to grow spiritually and work in all areas of this Quaker non-profit. Mountain, woods, housing, stipend, and benefits provided. Singles and couples both welcome. Application deadline April 1: call (805)336-6333; e-mail may@quakercenter.org for info.

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Walton Retirement Home, a nonprofit ministry of Ohio Yearly Meeting since 1944, offers an ideal place for retirement. Both assisted living and independent living facilities are available. For further information, please call Nirmal or Diana Kaul at (740) 425-2344, or write to Walton Retirement Home, 1254 East Main Street, Lewistown, OH 43731.

The Hickman, a nonprofit Quaker-sponsored community in historic West Chester, has been quietly providing excellent care to older persons for over a century. Call today for a tour: (484) 760-6000, or visit www.thehickman.org.

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

Frankford Friends School:

Schools


Lansdowne Friends School—a small Friends school for boys and girls through grade 12. Call for a tour and to learn about our admissions process. Anderson Retreats, Lambert, The Kendal Corporation, P.O. Box 100, Kennett Square, PA 19348. (610) 388-5581. E-mail: info@kfcoop.kendal.org.

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

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Sandy Spring Friends School Five- or seven-day boarding option for grades 9-12. Day school pre-K through 12. College preparation. A small, connected community. Sandy Springs Friends School, 5 Laniando Road, Havertown, PA 19083. (610) 461-3144.

Stratford Friends School provides a strong academic program in a warm, supportive, ungraded setting for children ages 5-13. Small classes and an enriched curriculum answer the needs of the whole child. An at-risk program for five-year-olds is available. The school also offers an extended day program, tutoring, and summer school. Information: Stratford Friends School, 5 Laniando Road, Havertown, PA 19083. (610) 461-3144.

Visit the Quaker Wedding website! Recently updated! Photos of Illustrated and calledigraphed Wedding Certificates realistically hand-drawn in colored inks. Ketching, gay celebrations of commitment and non-Quaker examples: Joanne and easy online form for fast estimates. E-mail Jennifer Snow Wolff, a birthing friend, for sample vouchors. <snowwolff@att.net>. We don’t spank. Allow one month for finished work.

Custom Calligraphy: Marriage Certificates; celebrations of commitment; naming documents for newborn or adopted children. Visit my website <www.makethewelry.com> or call me to discuss your needs. (415) 634-5676.

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Request information from camp director Paul and Ketra Rehm. 22 Timberv Point Road, Greencliff, WV 24048. Phone (540) 960-5066. E-mail <ukrehm@aol.com>.

Camp Woodbrookico, Wisconsin Make friends, experience community, develop skills, and learn about the environment. Daily sessions for boys and girls. Summer and year-round. Contact: Kay Bainbridge, M.A., (610) 296-5489.

Journey’s End Farm Camp is a farm dedicated to children of seasons of two or three weeks each summer. Farm animals, gardening, nature, ceramics, shop. Nonviolence, simplicity, reverence for nature are emphasized. Located on 400 acres centered in the life of a Quaker farm family. For boys and girls, 7-12 years of age. W籁 available all races. Apply early. Kristin Curtis, R.R. 1 Box 136, Newfound­ land, PA 18445. Telephone: (570) 689-3911. Financial aid available.

Summer Camps

Camp Dark Waters Summer Camps

Camp Dark Waters offers one- and two-week sessions for boys and girls ages 7-14. Focusing on fun, growth, spirituality, nonviolent resolution, stewardship, equality, and integrity. Camp Dark Waters: diverse community helps children build new friendships in a family atmosphere. For more information, please call Tristi at (609) 561-8846, P.O. Box 263, Medford, NJ 08055. <www.campdarkwaters.org>.

Night Eagle Wilderness Adventures, in Vermont’s Green Mountains, is a unique summer camp designed to build a boy’s self-confidence and foster a better understanding of native peoples and their relationship to the Earth. Activities lead to spring from the natural environment and teach boys to rely on their own ingenuity. Through community living and group decision making, boys learn to live and play together in a spirit of cooperation rather than competition. For boys ages 10-14. Two-, three-, and six-week sessions. Please visit our website: <www.nighteaglewilderness.com> or call for a brochure: (800) 773-7886. Accredited by The American Camping Association.


Pendle Hill’s High School Youth Camp, for ages 15-18, July 10-17, 2005. Young people from all over the country in service projects, Quaker community, exploration of social justice issues; sessions in our art studio, field and funk, and travel. Contact: Amy Cooke, Pendle Hill Friends Center, 13075 Woolman Lane, Nevada City, CA 95658; (530) 273-5183. ext. 137; or write <bobbi@pendlehill.org>.

The Peace Camp at Camp Medusa


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