TRAINING
FOR NONVIOLENCE
DURING WORLD WAR II

KENNETH BOULDING ON
QUAKERISM AND THE ARTS

LOOKING FOR QUAKERS
IN THE NEWS

POETRY ISSUE
Among Friends

Friends Journal Is about People

One of the most remarkable things about Friends Journal is the people who help it to happen, month after month. This year, as we’ve produced our anniversary issue and reprinted articles from our archives, we’ve hoped that Friends would get some sense of the wonderful people who are our greatest resource and whose efforts make this magazine possible. Last month, my favorite part of our special issue about the Journal was the section that began on page 36, “The People of Friends Journal.” There readers had the opportunity to learn a little about each person who contributes in a very significant way to our work.

It has been some time since I have publicly thanked our regular volunteers for their efforts on our behalf. Now, having properly reintroduced them to you in July, I’d like to say that we would not be able to produce this magazine without their diligent assistance. Ellen Michaud, Brent Bill, and Joan Overman do wonderful work with our book reviews, selecting and acquiring titles, matching reviewers to books, and getting the written reviews to us—a complex process at best! Robert Marks and George Rubin do a terrific job of scanning other Quaker publications and monthly meeting newsletters for the News department of our magazine, keeping many of us informed of Quaker activities around the world. For many years, Judith Brown has given very personalized responses to poets who submit their work to us, offering encouragement and advice—a rare thing from publishers these days! Christine Rusch has put her sensibilities as a dramatist and writer to good use in preparing our Milestones column, working with families and friends to develop the information so many readers tell us they find inspiring. Marjorie Schier plays an important role at the end of each production cycle, finding errors that we editors have missed and catching them before they are printed. Kara Newell has given generously of her time, as a columnist writing profiles of still living Friends and as a volunteer in our offices, helping us with editorial matters. Kay Bacon and Ruth Peterson have been mainstays of our monthly renewal mailing process, turning that chore into a pleasant task, complete with good conversation and snacks! Karen Cromley has provided much-needed assistance to our editorial department, particularly with help in moving manuscripts through our pipeline. Young adult Friend Julietta Bekker joins us again this summer, providing assistance to our editors, bringing her love of poetry into the mix. For the huge contribution of each of these folks, we are tremendously grateful.

Last month our development coordinator, Gretta Stone, left us. She and her husband, Jacob, have been invited to be Friends in Residence at Chena Ridge Meeting in Fairbanks, Alaska. We wish them well and hope to hear reports about their year up north! Two new staff have joined us to take up and expand upon Gretta’s work. Margie Garrett joins us as development coordinator. A native Philadelphian, she earned her BA at Chestnut Hill College and has more than 20 years’ experience in fundraising, as a volunteer and a professional. She and her husband reside in suburban Philadelphia and have two adult sons. Anne Adriance joins us as advancement coordinator. She has raised individual gifts for University of Pennsylvania and been a fundraising consultant for several organizations in the greater Philadelphia region. Originally from New England, she and her husband live in New Jersey where they sail boats, ride horses, and garden. We are delighted to have both Margie and Anne with us and invite you to give them a warm welcome.

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The May issue was liturgical.

I am grateful to the Holy Spirit for the breath of life in your May issue—particularly in "Becoming an Instrument of Peace" by Anne Hightburch—and the editorial decision to place "The Refugees" poem on the same page. Indeed they belong together.

It always strikes me how inwardly liturgical FRIENDS JOURNAL is. As other churches are celebrating Ascension and Pentecost, and Roman Catholics have dedicated May to honor Mary the mother of Jesus, so this little JOURNAL arrives with stories of the fruits of the Spirit. Because of Friends' insistence on listening rather than talking (like the disciples at Pentecost) and pondering deeply in the heart (like Mary) rather than pontificating—suggesting that "it is helpful" rather than "you ought to,"—I find true nourishment for my soul. I am encouraged to: a) keep my mouth shut more often, b) "waste" time with God regularly, and c) feel some glorious springtime hope and gratitude in the midst of all the chaos of life in this American empire, 2005.

Roberta Nobleman
Dumont, N.J.

Queries on consumption

Thank you for the variety of topics and perspectives reflected in FRIENDS JOURNAL. Naturally, some will speak more directly to my current condition than others, but all are inspiring. The May issue included two articles that inspire me to respond.

The first is Gray Cox's article "Meeting God Halfway," which suggests a quantifiable goal for reducing one's consumption. As I thought about putting this plan into practice, I concluded that simplicity isn't that simple.

Is consumption the same as expenditure? If I walk to my neighborhood restaurant and buy dinner, I will spend a lot more than if I stay home, prepare a comparable meal for myself, and clean up after. But have I consumed more? Roughly the same amount of food, water, cleaning supplies, and energy to cook the food and heat the water will have been used. The additional expense pays for the convenience of avoiding the work of preparation and cleanup, and contributes to the employment of the staff at the restaurant. It also pays for the expertise of the cook, who can provide a more delectable meal than my limited culinary skills can manage. Is simplicity served by eliminating the employment of people whose work makes our lives more convenient and enjoyable? Budget, more than concern for simplicity, limits my use of restaurants.

Some of the other questions I've been thinking about as a result of this article are: In a society where the material needs of all can be satisfied by the work of a small percentage of the population, how should the rest be employed?

How do I recognize recreational costs (expenses or consumption), that are entirely optional, so most easily reduced? Do any of the arts not fall into this category?

How do I choose between items produced by machine in the next town and ones produced by hand across the globe?

What is the measure of simplicity? When the cost in resources and the cost in money weigh in opposite directions, which should prevail? How do working conditions and environmental impact figure into this?

As I've meandered through several drafts of this letter, failing to satisfactorily develop these ideas, I have to thank Gray Cox for starting the process.

Spencer Cox's article, "Reflecting on Coleridge," also inspires me to comment. I would guess that I am not alone in differing with much of his worldview, but will comment only on his interpretation, with which I do disagree, of the Coleridge quote which he starts. He suggests "that it is more important to seek what is good than what is true." But the Coleridge quote thrice qualifies preference for the "good" (Cox's term; Coleridge refers to "opinions . . . which promote our happiness"); some "evidence" is required (even if only "slight"), "the contrary . . . cannot be proved," and we must believe "without hampering our intellect." All three qualifications require truth to prevail. Can what is truly "good" ever be untrue?

John Van der Meer
Bridgewater, Mass.

Opposition to growth is not the solution

I have read the letter from Errol Hess in the May issue and am moved to share with you my perspective as a political economist on the issue of "a growth economy." Unfortunately, it isn't just "the notion of growth" that is a problem. Actually, our economy is based on a history of more than 700 years of growth that has served as the basis of our modern civilization. Growth from clans to city-states moved us to develop the rule of law, property ownership, improved transportation, and improved communications. The growth of city-states to nation states and then to a world economy resulted from the ascendance of reason, science, and technology and the innovations they have produced. But change seems to be on the way, whether we like it or not. Population growth, which has powered both production and consumption throughout our economic history, is apparently in process of reversing. The UN Population Division has projected in its revised 2004 Report that within 35 to 50 years (within the lifetimes of our children) worldwide population growth will be flat and then will begin to decline. That phenomenon has already been observed in most of Western Europe and in the countries where Western Europeans are the majority population. Russia is losing population at the rate of about 1,000,000 people a year. This seems to be due to a decline in the birthrate and an increase in the mortality rate from the effects of "surplus wealth," to use Errol Hess's term; we are dying in great numbers of obesity, alcoholism, street drugs, and sexually transmitted diseases such as HIV-AIDS. We are, in fact, beginning to suffer the results that rats experience in scientific experiments that measure their responses to overcrowding and overfeeding.

By the time Western Europeans are clearly in decline on the planet, population decline may have become obvious in less developed countries (LDCs) as well. The first major effects could be felt in the number of workers available in Europe and North America to staff the means of production and pay the taxes that support our whole system. I believe that for a while, refugees and immigrants will be admitted to the United States and Canada as well as Western European countries (either legally or illegally) to pick up the slack in production and consumption and to pay the taxes. Because refugees and immigrants wish, first of all, to have the possessions that others have now, they would then become the market for products that Western Europeans will consume less and less due to advancing age. Social and human services programs such as Social Security, Medicare, Medicaid, Education, and Veteran's Benefits will be (are) under attack; and public services are likely, eventually, to begin a long steady decline.

While, ultimately, these potential changes would be beneficial to the environment and the animals and plants with which we share this planet, they would also make the lives of human beings far less comfortable and more like the miserably hard lives of our ancestors who struggled upward from caves, mud huts, and outhouses to the comfort we live in now. People who recognize the environmental and crowding problems that we now face often speak rather glibly of
changing our economic system. The difficulty is that a major change in our economic system would be costly; drawn out; full of violence; and would do the greatest harm to the poor, the weak, the very young, and the elderly—the people who suffer the most now in tumultuous changes such as tsunamis, hurricanes, wars, epidemics, and famines.

No one in power wishes to have this bleak projection for planet Earth, taken seriously. A violent response to anyone who wishes to make a significant change in direction is likely. Simply being opposed to growth will not solve these problems; they are far too complex and far-reaching. I hope this helps Friends see what is happening from the perspective of one political economist. I hope we Friends can, as Errol Hess suggests, begin to get together and come to agreement on how we can respond most effectively.

Janet Minshull
Douglasville, Ga.

Comforting words

I’ve just read Elizabeth Watson’s article on healing (“Only the Wounded Can Heal,” FJ May), and on Heraclitus (who unfortunately took his dropsy lying down, so to speak). Why should we be “haunted” by comforting words? What was the comfort offered to the Israelites: wasn’t it the promised Messiah? He is not an eternal wounded healer—Jesus was wounded, bruised, and put to death, but in his rising we are promised new life and healing—and the ultimate reversal of the law of sin and death we once chose. Therein is the comfort, and the promise of wholeness.

Jonathan Krutz
Horsham, Pa.

Simplicity yields Truth

For me, testimonies, like queries and advice, histories and journals of Friends, act as aids to mindfulness and self-examination, not as doctrines to be obeyed. Some Friends once misunderstood simplicity to mean austerity; but modern Friends seem to understand it as sufficiency. Truth, integrity, taking from nature only what is sufficient to our needs, and avoiding the waste of resources by gratuitous decoration or by using goods of poor quality or discarding goods that still have useful life all fit into this idea of simplicity.

If other Friends have the problem Caroline Lanker evidences in her article “Simplicity: A Testimony?” (FJ June) of confounding simplicity (“the state or quality of being simple; absence of complexity, intricacy or artificiality”—The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language, 1976) with simplism ("the tendency to oversimplify an issue or problem by ignoring complexities or complications"), maybe we need to be more careful to explain its meaning. This is not unlike the experience of many Friends who must constantly explain the difference between “pacifism” and “passivism.”

Simplicity is not so much in conflict with complexity as underlying complexity. A simple four-part code underlies all the complexity of genetics. A few elementary particles underlie all the chemical elements. We seek to be simple to open ourselves to the truth underlying our complex world. If we are accepting that there is that of God in every person and that we are all sisters and brothers, the seeming complexity of human relationships becomes more comprehensible, and we are more willing to make the effort to understand them.

John Daschke
Bloomington, Ind.

Thoughts on simplicity

Caroline Lanker’s article (FJ June) had excellent thoughts on simplicity. What are its virtues and what are its negative restrictions? The Buddhist concept of “narrowing the path” has always been helpful. This spiritual exercise is designed to remove time-wasting distractions for practitioners who feel urgency in developing understanding and compassion.

Hopefully, the increasing complexity of our world and its subsequent needs don’t distract or overwhelm our spiritual growth. How else can we be truly helpful in this world? Keep it simple?

David Bender
Linwood, Pa.

Thinking beyond the food chain

As a soon-to-be member of San Jose Meeting in Costa Rica and a reader of FRIENDS JOURNAL, it was much to my sorrow to find some of the views contained in the June Forum in response to the April article “Are Animals Our Neighbors” by Gracia Fay Ellwood, most disappointing, going as far as taking for granted the role of animals by viewing them as no more than part of the food chain and claiming a natural justification, such as that in Nelson W. Babb's letter suggesting that it is only normal and part of evolution for us to “enjoy the present,” careless of what toll this approach may take on our environment.

I find these attitudes to be retrograde, especially in an era in which we find species (such as tuna) that now face a looming danger of becoming extinct by no other cause than the offer-demand ways of the animal food industry.

It is certain that as intelligent animals we are in a privileged position compared to our fellow animals, but on a biological level we are of no greater importance to the planet’s ecosystem than plants are.

If anything, it behooves us as intelligent beings not to take stances that are potentially dangerous to our habitat and justify them with notions of survival of the fittest, but to act intelligently when addressing issues that require more insight than a self-justifying, laissez-faire mentality of what is natural according to evolution. After all humanity has acted in counter-evolutionary manners in the past (e.g., Hiroshima), this doesn’t always have to be nocice.

As humans we are social and intellectual beings and our capacity of restraint against self-destructive instinct differentiates us from our hominid ancestors and other animals.

In the ‘90s the first-recorded war/genocide event between chimpanzees was reported by Jane Goodall and we know the Cro-magnon displaced the Neanderthal humans, but let us not use these examples as natural justifications to violence. As the sapien member of the genus homo, we should avoid making such assumptions.

It is sad to find comments such as that of Friend John Breyer in his Reflection, “A Quaker on Omaha Beach” (FJ June), labeling the goal of “rэмidicating aggression from our species” as unrealistic, especially when we consider the important role the Peace Testimony has had for the
AHIMSA
Training for Nonviolence during World War II

by Margaret Hope Bacon

F or a short time, in the early days of World War II, my husband, Allen, and I lived in a commune. I do not hear much from my grandchildren about communes (as opposed to a bunch of people sharing a house), but when our children were young during the Vietnam War, and during the youth revolution in the 1960s, there were many. Communes (people living together, united by a common political or religious purpose) proliferate at times of social change. In the 19th century, among the radicals interested in the abolition of slavery, there were many communes, though they were not called that at the time. Several were devoted to the study of nonviolence, what we today call nonviolence.

In the late 1840s, there was an intentional community in Hopedale, Massachusetts, headed by Adin Ballou, whose publications inspired Leo Tolstoy. Tolstoy corresponded with Ballou, and later Mahatma Gandhi corresponded with Tolstoy when he was developing his concepts back to the United States. Gandhi believed such centers would become places where women and children would be safe while their husbands and fathers demonstrated against the harsh racial laws of South Africa and were imprisoned for their noncooperation.

The first problem the members of Ahimsa faced was finding a place to live. The tenants of the farmhouse had not moved out when commune members first arrived, and the latter were forced to spend their first three weeks in a goat house. When the farmhouse was finally empty, it was found to need extensive repairs, including a new roof. Moreover, Bronson Clark wanted to build a small, separate house where he and his fiancée, Eleanor Meanor, could live after their marriage in December. So, much of the energy of the group during the first months was devoted to learning carpentry, bricklaying, and other skills.

One of the first things the members of Ahimsa did was to plant a garden, hoping to become self-sufficient. They grew corn, wheat, and hay for sale, and kept goats, chickens, and—for a time—a cow. They were aided in these enterprises when the Craigs, a pacifist family consisting of a husband and wife with four children, arrived in November and lent experience and stability to the enterprise.

Ahimsa was run as a true commune, with each member contributing to a community fund and receiving money from the common fund for their needs. Since Antioch College was based on a work-study principle and every student was expected to spend about ten weeks on a job, some of the Antiochians worked at jobs in Cleveland and had less time to give to the work of the farm. However, they had more money to contribute to the common fund.

As in any commune, things did not always go smoothly. Once, two members of the group were assigned to buy chickens, and given the money that had been collected for that purpose. On their way to the chicken farm, the two experienced a flat tire in the old car they were driving. They stopped at a gas station to have the tire repaired. While waiting for this to be done, they noticed a small group of men gathered in a circle around a shell game. The men were betting on which shell had a pea underneath. One of the Ahimsa members thought he understood how the deception worked and, just for fun, began betting. Soon he had lost not only the

Dr. Chatterjee gave the group $5,000 to begin their effort. Here in the late spring of 1940, students from Antioch and other interested pacifists attempted to live communally—to raise their own food and study nonviolence, following a pattern developed by Gandhi in South Africa. Gandhi believed such centers would become places where women and children would be safe while their husbands and fathers demonstrated against the harsh racial laws of South Africa and were imprisoned for their noncooperation.

Margaret Hope Bacon, a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, is an author and lecturer.
Ahimsa members devoted their evenings to study and discussion. They were much inspired by three books: Krishnalal Shridharani’s *War Without Violence*, Richard Gregg’s *The Power of Nonviolence*, and Aldous Huxley’s *Ends and Means*. Several members of the group traveled to New York to meet with pacifist leader A. J. Muste, and members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation (FOR) came to visit the farm.

Hampered by lack of money and time constraints, Ahimsa never entirely lived up to its promise of demonstrating “aggressive pacifism.” But it produced several notable achievements. In the fall of 1940, when Allen was living there, he helped organize a Food March to the Sea, to raise public awareness about the damage the Allied blockade of the European continent was doing to a helpless civilian population. And during the experiment’s second summer, members worked with FOR member Jim Farmer, later of Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) to integrate a local swimming pool using nonviolent methods.

Ahimsa was organized before Allen and I were married or even had found each other. Allen spent ten weeks at Ahimsa in the fall of 1940, helping build the small house for the Clarks and organize the food march. He also spent many weekends there. I was less involved, but I went up for one work weekend. Back at Antioch College I participated in a number of seminars on the Ahimsa idea with Mannmatha Chatterjee.

After the Draft Act of September 1940 was passed, and when more and more of the young men connected with Ahimsa had to decide whether to register as conscientious objectors or go to prison, the number able to spend time at Ahimsa declined; and the entry of the United States into the war in December 1941 reduced numbers still further. By early 1942, most of the remaining Ahimsa-ites had withdrawn to Yellow Springs, the Ohio village where Antioch College is located, and together they rented a tiny farmhouse not far from the college, which they called Ahimsa II. The original Ahimsa continued in skeleton form until the summer of 1942, when BronsoN’s mother decided to take back her property. For a while, four couples considered jointly buying a farm where the Ahimsa experiment might be continued, but this dream never came to fruition.

Ahimsa II consisted of a small house with a screened-in porch, a bedroom, a bathroom, and a large kitchen. There was a small barn, and a chicken coop that had been converted—more or less—into living quarters. Here lived our recently married friends, Bronson and Eleanor Clark; a single man, Phil Minor; and, for a while, Allen and his friend Bill Heffner. After the Clarks left in the spring, Max and Marjorie Ratner took their place, occupying the cottage’s one bedroom; and John and Kay Wood moved into the former chicken coop.

A few weeks after we were married, in June of 1942, Allen and I moved in, sleeping on a mattress on the front porch and keeping all our possessions as neatly as possible beside us. Like any commune, Ahimsa II was plagued by domestic problems whose turn it was to cook, who had failed to clean up the bathroom after use, etc. At group meetings we discussed these things, along with larger issues of war and peace. Phil Minor had grown a crop of soybeans on land next to the little farmhouse the preceding summer, and had canned them. Something went wrong with the canning process and the beans were spoiled. Phil insisted on serving them anyway, so we had to find tactful ways to resist eating them.

Max Ratner had refused to register for the draft and was in daily danger of being arrested for draft resistance. He suggested that we develop ways of keeping in touch in case the country went fascist—as we thought it might—and in case we all went underground. Many years later, during the Vietnam War, when some radical young people called the Weatherman went underground, I remembered our naive discussions of the idea.

We continued to read and discuss books, and we tried to envision what a nonviolent army would be like. At one point Bronson Clark thought we ought to have some sort of a uniform to distinguish us. He envisioned a sort of cape, thrown over the shoulder in dashing fashion. Mannmatha Chatterjee wanted some group—perhaps AFSC—to send 20,000 students committed to nonviolence to Germany, and a like number to Japan to persuade the leaders to give up militarism. This seemed rather impractical now that war had actually broken out. We were unaware of the extent of the persecution of Jews or the existence of concentration camps. In fact, we, like most people in the United States, didn’t get the whole picture until the end of the war.

Allen and I were young and happy in our new marriage, and none of the petty problems of Ahimsa II bothered us much. We rode our bikes every day to jobs and classes at Antioch College, taking a shortcut by traveling along the gravel embankment of the railroad. I was a less skilled biker than Allen, who was always ahead, and once or twice I slid down the gravel into the weeds. But I didn’t hurt myself,
though I reproached Allen for never looking back.

After a while the Woods bought a trailer, which they parked in the backyard, and we moved into the chicken coop. We decorated it with some Van Gogh reproductions Allen had acquired by clipping coupons from the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin while he was a student at Haverford College. We found some sort of rug, and Allen erected crude shelves for our books and possessions. We were entranced by our new home.

Sometime in August two federal marshals arrived to pick Max up and take him to jail to await trial for draft resistance. I was coming out of our chicken coop home when I saw them leading him away. Max was walking between them, slouching a little, and one of the marshals had his hand on Max's elbow. At that moment they were just rounding the back corner of the little farmhouse and heading for the road, where their vehicle was parked. I wasn't near enough to say goodbye. It was a scene that burned itself into my memory. Sixty years later, when we found the little farmhouse deserted and overgrown with weeds, I could see that corner of the house and the way the sun shone on that hot August day.

After this, the Woods found another place to park their trailer, and Allen and I moved to a tiny apartment in downtown Yellow Springs. We had a year together before Allen was drafted into Civilian Public Service, first in a forestry camp in Michigan, and later in a state mental hospital in Maryland. Several years ago I published a memoir, Love Is the Hardest Lesson, about our discovery that nonviolence actually worked in the violent wards.

Other members of Ahimsa refused CPS and went to jail. For a number of years we received a round-robin letter that was sent from person to person, each adding his/her bit, which kept us up-to-date with the experiences of those either in jail or in CPS, and even a few who decided after all to join the medical corps of the army. When Bronson Clark was paroled from prison, having refused the draft, he was given a job placement in a medical facility about 25 miles from our hospital, and we were able to visit back and forth, and sometimes babysit their first daughter, Mallory. We maintained a

The Power of Feet and Trees:
A Survival Strategy in Wartime

For Eloise and Proctor Houghton

In the woods, far from the ten thousand thuds
—and many more—of the Boston Marathon, I observe
Patriot's Day, our local nod to America's founding revolt
and I wonder: what frayed & aging sinews connect
the ancient god of war with sport, & with this nation's birth,
& now with foreign war to liberate Iraq,
& an Iraqi insurgency to free the land from liberators?
This tangle's thicker than the pine scrub and brambles
blocking my field of vision
and far less pleasant to behold or undo.

Yet, it's thicket won't let me go. As I hike I remember
marchers clogging the streets for peace
chanting until we were hoarse, jamming a spoke in the wheel
of that Trojan horse as it rolled blindly toward Baghdad.
And I remember too the wild-eyed sage in an attic who wondered,
What if? What if you just blocked the Boston Marathon?
Sat in as the runners approached the finish line?
You'd rain down fire, for sure, but they'd have to pay attention then!

Now a year later among the barren trees by the shore
I walk alone, feeling small
in the face of a war stretching on
beyond the reach of reason or hope.
Pausing beside a stand of white pine saplings,
I laugh to myself: "These are even shorter than I am!"
Yet they too stake a claim to light.

The words of an old Quaker lady drew me home,
demanding I sit still beside the reservoir:
"Wake up!" she cried from the silence, "Wake up!
Listen to the birds around you singing new songs.
Don't abandon what hope you have. You're never alone.
Look at me! I'm alive! I should have been dead long ago.
And now my husband and I live on the third floor,
you wouldn't believe it, so high
so high among the trees."

Alexander Levering Kern

Eyes Wide Open, July 2, 2004


Eight hundred and sixty Mothers’ memories aligned on the mall, Arlington style.

Across the walk,

Hotdog and cheesesteak vendors set up tents and hang price banners, decorated red-white-and-blue,
drawing off the onlookers.

It makes an easy path away, the reason, the excuse, To turn aside.
To not look. To not think.
To not feel. To deny

This

For too many, it seems, Hotdogs are much easier to swallow.

Ken Thompson

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Ken Thompson is a member of Seaville (N.J.) Meeting.

Pacem in Terris

Summer has forgotten last winter’s war.
Ruined landscape, ice-shattered trees, all are hid behind the folds of thick green velvet everywhere.

The heavy air today, dreaming of tomorrow’s showers, no longer remembers the cold downpour that flattened grass.
In fits of ecstasy, the cherry tree tears off its bandages and throws away its crutch as a host of birds descend to feast upon the blood-red pips dangling from each and every branch.

It’s too warm to march, too quiet to shout slogans. If we joined hands and formed a circle now shyness would overcome us like a gas.
So, sleep on, friends, in the nodding sway of afternoon. The rumbling in the west that made us pause and hold our breath was nothing but a bout of thunder.

Richard Broderick

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Richard Broderick attends Twin Cities Meeting in St. Paul, Minn.
Each year, members of Southeastern Yearly Meeting gather at a Methodist retreat center on Lake Griffin in central Florida. The grounds of the center are filled with magnificent old oaks, elms, and maples. Alligators glide by silently in the lake. Early in the morning we worship outside, and this year, though we were frequently immersed in fog, we were nourished by the messages inspired by the beautiful setting. Even when laboring over difficult issues, we become connected to one another and the Divine, and yearly meeting becomes a "very thin place."

Evelyn Underhill (1875–1941), the English mystic, liked to tell the story of a woman who visited the island of Iona. Upon her return, she was told by an old Scotsman that "Iona is a very thin place. There's very little between Iona and the Lord." In her book, The Life of the Spirit and the Life of Today, Reverend Alan Jones writes: "Evelyn Underhill lived and died in 'a very thin place' and she teaches those who read her that we all live, did we but know it, in a 'very thin place.' The 'thin place' is the point of interpenetration of two worlds, and it

Fran Palmeri lives in Nokomis in southwest Florida. She is a dual member of Sarasota (Fla.) and Annapolis (Md.) meetings.
is at the point of intersection that life and peace reside.” Throughout history, humans have constructed permanent structures in their yearning to find this “point of intersection.” When we worship in our meetinghouses, we sometimes reach that place of peace as we connect with each other and the Divine in a gathered meeting. At the same time, certain places in nature have been held sacred. Warm Mineral Springs, in Northport, near my home, has a history that goes back 10,000 years. Amazingly preserved artifacts and the bones of mammoths and saber-toothed tigers have been found in the caves off the springs. People come from all over, as they have for centuries, to bathe in the small lake that has been formed by the springs. They attribute their well-being to the healing powers of this very ancient place. Most evenings, the locals from my neighborhood sit on the beach, waiting for the sun to disappear into the Gulf. For some, it is so important to be there that if they’re in a hurry, they simply pull into the parking lot and roll down the window. My friend, Iris Ingram, is often out there at sunset. She says that the light on the water fills her with peace. Others claim they are looking for the elusive “green flash,” which only a few have seen over the years. For most, this ritual fills an inner need.
Some places transform us. Each day I walk my dog in Oscar Scherer State Park near my home. I took him there a year ago, just after he had been badly injured in an accident. Now he bounds up the trails on our long walks. At first, I was consumed by my worries, by politics, and by the war. But after a while, I, too, began to thrive in the beautiful surroundings. Wanting to give something back to the place that had nourished us, I became a “Friend of Oscar Scherer Park,” photographing and writing for the local papers.

Sometimes we encounter the Divine in surprising places. Sarasota Friend Mimi McAdoo told me a story on the ride home from yearly meeting this year. Like many of us, she was deeply affected by the hurricanes that came through Florida. When Charley hit, she worked with the Salvation Army in Arcadia, helping to feed the many people who had lost their homes. One day, in the crowded dining tent, an old man approached her, offering a gift. When she saw him reach into his pocket she thought he was going to give her a check. Instead, he handed her a small, exquisitely painted Madonna, telling her that it had been given to him at a very difficult time of his life and that he wanted her to pass it on to someone there. Looking down at the Madonna, she wondered how to accomplish this. When she looked up, the man had disappeared and, somehow, the place had emptied out. Off in a corner a woman remained with her stair-step children ranging from a baby-in-arms to a young teen. Knowing this was the right person, Mimi approached her and handed it to her. Weeping, the woman accepted the gift and with it made the sign of the cross on her face and on the faces of each of her children. The sanctity of the moment embraced them.

Another time, a friend told me about her work with inmates in the psychiatric unit of a Detroit jail. Often she went home enriched by her experiences. She was there to help the inmates but ended up being the recipient of what seemed like God’s grace.
and the mundane. The poet sees heaven in a wildflower; the painter calls up a whirlwind in a starry night; the psalmist tells us that God can even be found in the depths of hell. Brother Lawrence, the 17th-century mystic, said: “In the noise and clutter

Today at the park, I found a four-year-old, Bianca, down on her knees looking at the flowers in the butterfly garden. Like Wordsworth’s “Lucy” she had the clear, sweet vision of the very young. I was transfixed. Sometimes, I feel as if I am moving back and forth between heaven and Earth, and the world becomes a “very thin place.”

**FORAGE**

Even the plants have more faith. We bruil our brains but scarce perceive the pattern of a day much less a weave of weeks, a lifetime, a family, or a history. Daisies track the sun across the sky and sleep away the dark, enfolded in cool confidence.

We toss in troubled slumbers, doubting light, mistaking manna for luck or fluke, suspicious of our outer senses and inner compass too.

Here, lost in the thicket of our own devising, I have left my self to forage in wonder at the fortitude of foxglove, the grace of common grass.

Denise Thompson-Slaughter

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

**AT MEETING**

Not seeking, but making myself available—as close as my breath—to the source.

Edward A. Dougherty

Edward A. Dougherty lives in Corning, N.Y.

**A SMALL MEETING**

Just a handful, We gathered together In the Meeting House. But with the windows Flung open, birds’ Carols, insect songs, And the freshening wind Came to swell Our congregation.

Elizabeth Schultz

Elizabeth Schultz is a member of Oread Meeting in Lawrence, Kans.
Quakerism and the Arts

by Kenneth E. Boulding

The relation of Quakerism to the arts—painting, sculpture, architecture, music, theater, opera, poetry, literature, and dance—is ambiguous and difficult. Historically, one has to see Quakerism in two aspects. It is a unique expression of religious experience and culture, in a certain sense independent of time and place, something that has always been in the potential of human life and experience. Quakerism also has to be looked at in the context of its time and place, as an offshoot of English Puritanism in the 17th century.

One does not have to be a Marxist—which I am certainly not—to see this whole movement as part of a process in class differentiation, in the development of a conscious subculture not willing to be subservient to and sharply differentiating itself from the culture of the aristocracy. This was largely made possible by rising technology, improved cultivation and food supplies, and general enrichment. Early Quakers, much like the Puritans, were yeoman farmers, craftsmen, a few shopkeepers at first; then occasionally a member of the upper class, like William Penn; and a few small-propertied people like Isaac Penington and Thomas Ellwood.

This whole movement of what later came to be called "nonconformity," which at the time of George Fox's early ministry consisted of Independents (Congregationalists), Presbyterians, and Baptists for the most part, with a few strange marginal sects like the Muggletonians, represented the rise of an independent culture isolating itself from that of propertied people, the aristocracy, and, of course, from the Church of England, which tried to take in everybody as a symbol of an integrated society. Even my grandmother, an English countrywoman who was a Methodist, told me how she used to sing, "The rich man in his castle, the poor man at his gate, God made them high and lowly, and gave them their estate." In a way, the discovery by both the Puritans and the Quakers was that God had given them an "estate" that was by no means "lowly," with a culture of its own and a life of the spirit which was internally rich. I remember again that my Methodist grandparents had a text on the wall, engraved somewhat like a Bank of England note, that read, "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory." And the "riches in glory" was a very real part of the Puritan, Baptist, and Quaker experience of the 17th century, as it was part of the Methodist experience of the 18th century.

It is not wholly surprising, therefore, that what today we would call the "arts"—painting, sculpture, stained glass, magnificent buildings, theater, dance, the novel (not really invented before the 18th century)—were rejected as part of "this world" and, what was worse, for being of the flesh and the devil. Puritan and Baptist churches were plain, and Quaker meetinghouses even plainer, coming a long way from the great cathedrals, where the architectural and artistic riches of this world had somehow in the eyes of nonconformity veiled the "riches in glory." The Cromwellian period in England, out of which Quakerism grew, exhibits slight similarities to the "Gang of Four" and the Cultural Revolution in China in its destruction of ancient buildings, statues, stained glass, and so on.

Quakerism, of course, pulled out from this violence into peaceableness, plainness of dress and lifestyle and meetinghouses, the rejection of the worldly arts. This rejection lasted almost until the 20th century. Margaret Fell protested a little against what she called "gaudy drab," and seems to have worn a red gown. Thomas Ellwood was a friend of Milton and persuaded him, so the story goes, to write Paradise Regained. Quakerism developed a very distinctive form of literature in the Quaker journal, which flowered in John Woolman. Edward Hicks was a painter (although somewhat ashamed of this, as he felt it was not really the most acceptable way to earn a living; he was a failure at farming), and he wrote one of the most charming Quaker journals ever written.

The problem with the Puritan style of life and its simplicity, however, is that it has some tendency to produce riches simply through hard work, innovation, and thrift. In the 18th and 19th centuries, Quakers made enormous contributions to technological change. Abraham Darby.
of Coalbrookdale, England, discovered how to smelt iron from coal and may well have had more ultimate impact on the world than any other Quaker. Then, of course, probity and trustworthiness got Friends into banking, insurance, and finance, where again they made very large contributions in the 18th and 19th centuries. In the 18th century came Joseph John Gurney ("I became as rich as the Gurneys," says Gilbert in *Trial By Jury*), the Frys, the Cadburys, the Rowntrees of England, and the Biddies of Philadelphia. It is not wholly surprising that with increasing riches a little worldliness, including the arts, crept in. Joseph John Gurney is particularly interesting in this regard. The prosperous Victorian banker, master of Earlham Hall, traveled in almost triumphant procession with his sister, Elizabeth Fry, to the crowned heads of Europe. He was invited to preach before both houses of Congress in Washington, honored and feasted (I have been told that in some rural meetings in the United States leftovers were called "Joseph Johns" for decades after he passed by)—he seems the epitome of Victorian prosperity. Yet his diary reveals a constant tension between his sense of inner spiritual weakness and failure, and the impressive "worldly" outward presence.

Coming into the 20th century, we find a new kind of Quakerism inspired to a remarkable extent by Rufus Jones and his reinterpretation of Quaker history in terms of a sort of practical mysticism. It is reflected in American Friends Service Committee, the "new meetings" (largely in the university centers), Friends Committee on National Legislation, Friends World Committee for Consultation, and so on. The plain dress and plain language disappear. The home of a Quaker professor becomes not very different from the home of any other professor, with art books, reproductions, novels, plays, and recordings of classical music. The new meetinghouses, however, are plain, with some tendency to center around a fireplace, and the silent meeting for the most part excludes even hymn singing; Bach and Handel are listened to at home. It is not surprising that in the noisy and information-overloaded world of academic life, the blessed, silent, gathered meeting has been the central experience of new Quakers, just as it is not surprising that the isolation and quiet of rural America produced the evangelical revivals and the pastoral meetings, some with robed choirs and stained glass. And in the 20th century we see Quaker artists, Quaker novelists, Quaker poets (these go back into the 19th century; at least to Whittier), I suspect Quakers are rather thin on ballet, but folk dancing has become almost universal.

What is perhaps most remarkable is that the mid-20th century produced a distinguished U.S. composer of Quaker origins, Ned Rorem, who in good Quaker tradition has written and published journals. These are moving accounts of his life experience in Paris, Morocco, and New York, within the worldly world of the arts (and to that world, I think, we

Continued on page 34

**JAZZ AT THE RIVERSIDE**

These guys play like ancient Quakers with the Spirit upon them.

As they rise, the entire audience settles into expectant waiting.

The kitchen is closed and the conversation at each table has stopped.

The service is traditional. Yet, while these musicians echo the gospels of Coltrane, Mingus, and Monk, the Holy Spirit fills their voice with fresh revelation, renewing old melodies and, occasionally, breaking through in riffs never quite heard before.

My thirteen-year-old son watches as these ministers sing praises. He can barely bide the time until he is called to speak this music before a congregation. His foot taps on sacred ground.

**Steve Chase**

Steve Chase is a member of Keene (N.H.) Meeting.
by Valerie Leiman

"I wish to speak with thee after meeting today." That was the voice of Ward Harrington at Flushing (N.Y.) Meetinghouse. Clerk of the meeting, he constantly spoke calmly and quietly, and I was always somewhat in awe of this dignified and highly respected Friend. In the talk we had that day he made me aware of a most marvelous opportunity. It began with a telegram dated May 21, 1968, from Kay Horton, director of the Personnel Projects Office of American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia:

WE HAVE AN OPENING FOR
PROJECT ASSISTANT LAME DEER
MONTANA WITH COLLEGE
STUDENTS ON INDIAN
RESERVATION. HONORARIUM,
$300 PLUS TRAVEL AND
MAINTENANCE. PLEASE CALL
COLLECT IF INTERESTED AND
AVAILABLE.

I was interested and available, so I called her. Then, in a letter that followed, came a caveat: "I should mention that we do have one other candidate, so I hesitate to encourage you to arrange to get off until we have had a chance to consider your application along with hers." A gathering of documents followed: records of my master's degree and experience in social work, my volunteer teaching at First-day school, my participation in an AFSC work weekend in Chicago—everything was carefully reviewed. In interviews with AFSC staffs in New York and Philadelphia, I also met Jack and Ethel Haller, AFSC staff working on the Northern Cheyenne Reservation, who were especially interested in hearing of my grandmother, a Lakota Sioux born on the Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota.

The letter finally arrived: "The staff here and in the regional office as well as the Lame Deer leadership couple enthusiastically unite in offering you the summer project assistantship in Montana..." I was going!

I arrived in Billings, Montana, on Friday, June 21, 1968. The unobstructed view of Montana's brilliant blue skies, vast stretches of sagebrush, and distant mesas and buttes appeared an alien world to me compared to the skyscrapers, heavy traffic, and crowded streets of New York City.

Tim Visscher, an Antioch College student-intern, drove me to Lame Deer, 110 miles from the airport, explaining that this was his first AFSC college workcamp. We shared our anticipation of the coming experience.

I marveled at the immense stretches of land rolling before us, mile after mile, empty of any cars or trucks accompanying us on the endlessly long highway. At last, slowing down along the exit ramp, buildings suddenly appeared. A small store came first, its open front porch displaying bulging sacks. Further along were several small, sun-faded shacks sharing a packed dirt road. Next, a few scattered trailers, and then finally a house with a large tipi in front. Nothing seemed to move.

A different world existed on the opposite side of the highway. Neatly trimmed green lawns and freshly painted two-story houses with pretty, contrasting trim were evident. Bicycles and baby carriages lined concrete sidewalks, and family cars were parked on paved driveways.

"Those houses are where the white families live," Tim said, as he turned off the highway and parked before a green trailer where the leadership couple, Jack and Ethel Haller, lived.

"I wish I could leave you with a family, but Ethel stressed that I should not become involved with the Cheyennes, and I haven't," Tim explained. Then, wishing me well and waving goodbye, he drove off.

Exhausted from excitement, the transcon-
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continental flight, and the long, hot drive to the reservation, I fell asleep on the ground, in the shade of the leadership couple's trailer—still wearing my city dress. We had been cautioned by Ethel: "Cheyenne women wear dresses, not pants."

There were 14 students: 7 men and 7 women. Two men were from Japan, two from Africa, two from the United States, and one, who had not yet arrived, from Great Britain. All seven women were from the United States: from Florida, California, and Massachusetts.

The two Japanese students, Tamio and Toshiki, were slightly older than the others. Both lived in Tokyo and were majoring in Veterinary Medicine, Tamio, outgoing and lively, spoke fluent English. Toshiki, serious and reserved, was teased by the group for his excellent cooking. He blushing explained that his mother had no daughters to help her, so she taught him cooking and other things that girls learned. Some of those "other things," we discovered later, were graceful origami models called habataku tori—flying cranes that Toshiki and Tamio folded for an informal party.

The two African students were from Nigeria and Ghana; they also had contrasting personalities. One, quieter and serious, majoring in Veterinary Medicine, shared his wish to make a valuable contribution to his country's progress; he expressed his concern about being lured into "becoming a society doctor who only treats rich women's Pekinese dogs." The other student, majoring in Economics, was talkative and lively, frequently speaking of his family's political and social connections as advantages for his career in politics. This habit irritated the male U.S. students, who complained, "He's always trying to impress the girls!"

The "girls" meanwhile related quickly, informally, and with practiced facility. Chris, a quietly observant woman from California, seemed destined early on to be a natural leader. Donna, a student from Massachusetts, irritated the others with her frequent display of linguistic skills and athletic abilities. When Anthony arrived from England he related immediately and was friendly and informal, showing none of the stiffness and reserve expected of all British people by the group.

We moved our belongings into our tipis and the house where we were to cook, eat, wash, and meet, and which belonged to the daughter of the Tribal Council Chief, John Woodenlegs. We also met Ted Rising Sun, an ex-Marine and director of the Community Progress Administration. He had served in Japan during the war and spoke some Japanese, which delighted Tamio and Toshiki.

Pastor Joe Walks Along was a Mennonite minister who, describing himself as a traditionalist, admitted that he dislik ed white U.S. women because "they talk straight in your face instead of looking away." This would have been traditional Cheyenne women's behavior, but he admitted to preferring that white U.S. women talk "to the back of my head."

Carol Whitewolf, manager of the trading post, spoke so softly that one needed to listen closely to catch her words. She demonstrated her natural tact on a "buying day" when a Cheyenne woman brought in some paint she had made from a carefully guarded mixture of native materials, but in a quantity too small to be easy to sell. Carol told the woman, "You set the price"—by this strategy avoiding an argument and preserving harmony.

Every item sold in the Craft Center was made by hand, including gourds, drums, beaded moccasins, traditional game materials, women's dresses, and men's shirts of tanned deerskin, all showing the skilled level of crafts found in museum collections. These included very large items such as an Indian woman's soft, white, tanned deerskin dress, beautifully beaded, and trimmed with colorful feathers that I instantly fell in love with, but ruefully realized that I couldn't afford; besides, I had no place to wear it in New York City!

The "Indian Pipeline" was a Cheyenne nickname for communicating reservation news; it had earlier sent along information about the workcamp and about my Sioux grandmother. Some of the young women expressed a wish to talk with me away from the students; and one, Ruby Sookis, told me that the women felt related to me "because our tribes were allies." I was amused at first, because that era had ended so long ago. But I found, nevertheless, that negative feelings were still alive among some Cheyennes. The reason for this was economic: the poor quality and dry clay of Cheyenne soil, as contrasted with the lush, fertile soil of the Crow Reservation—given to the tribe by the federal government for Crow cooperation in the federal wars with other Indian tribes—offered less agricultural opportunity than the Cheyenne needed and felt they deserved.

The Cheyenne Tribal Council, when asked by AFSC about specific service ideas suitable for the workcamp, had suggested helping with the Parents' Headstart classes; helping with landscaping in the Tribal Court; working with Cheyenne in a communal house-building program; classifying books in the library; and assist-

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One day I observed a large, freshly cut tree being lassoed, and lifted up onto a truck to be driven to the encampment site. I was puzzled at first, then suddenly experienced a flood of memory.
opposite side of the highway that divided the reservation into two separate areas—that one constituting the "best side" of the neighborhood—housed the white government employees of the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA). Over there were lawns, spacious and green from regular watering; the young trees had been carefully selected for shade and adaptability. There, houses were two-storied, sporting bright paint, colorful trim, and matching garages for cars, bicycles, and carriages.

Tim's words echoed in my mind: "Those houses are where the white families live."

On the other side of the highway, where we lived with the Cheyenne people, there were few trees, no lawns, no front yards, and no garages. Most of the homes were old, rundown, one-room cabins with no electricity or running water. Families living in the one-room cabins used oil lamps and hauled water from centrally located pumps. A small body of water nearby provided a place to swim or fish.

There was hope, though—in one section, things were changing. A housing cooperative had been organized! New houses for the Cheyenne people were being built, using Cheyenne communal labor. The number of work hours contributed was added up for personal equity in their homes. No one would move into a house until all of the units were completed. Our workcamp labor would be contributed to a common pool, the total hours to be shared equally among the participating families.

We worked with the families, inspired, optimistic, and proud to be a part of this project. We painted the outside of each house differently, using fresh, bright colors with contrasting trim. The homes were spaced well apart for light; front yards were given the interesting treatment of using small rocks in the style of Japanese rock gardens.

I was surprised and pleased at the minimal amount of griping among the students, especially as we were living so close together in the quarters of a small, four-room house with one bathroom for 15 coed adults. The diversity in nationality, religion, ethnicity, age, and personality could easily have erupted in many conflicts and tensions. Yet, the climate was positive and characterized by cooperation and consideration on this little cultural island in the middle of an isolated Indian reservation, which had its own unique political, cultural, and economic problems.

Ruby Sootks invited me to share her family's tipi at the coming Sun Dance Ceremony, joining the large number of native people expected to attend. I was delighted. She told me that their ceremonies continued for two days and two nights. Her family always participated, she said proudly; they knew the "Head Man," the Cheyenne spiritual leader—never called "medicine man" as in the movies.

Then one day soon after, I observed a large, freshly cut tree, its branches and leaves intact, being lassoed, dragged, and lifted up onto a truck to be driven to the encampment site by some Cheyenne men. I was puzzled at first, then suddenly experienced a flood of memory. As a young, restless child, sharing a double bed with my grandmother, she would tell me stories to help me lie still and fall asleep. One story was that of "the capture of the Tree," a part of the Great Hoop Encampment. It is a special tree that forms the center of the Great Hoop, always located in the wide-open area of the reservation reserved for an encampment. Several trees are cut down and their branches and leaves removed. Then they are pulled to the encampment area where deep holes have been dug. There the trees are planted in the ground to form a tremendous circle called the Great Hoop. Small branches and leaves are woven in and out of the trees' tops to create a cool, latticed arbor. This is the start of the Sun Dance Ceremony. I would now witness that sacred ritual.

The long-awaited ceremony began while it was still dark, when I was told, the sun was "danced up." This symbolized the replenishment of the exhausted energy of the universe. The ceremony extended over two days and nights, when two young Cheyenne men, their bare bodies painted and decorated, enacted a ritual inside the open arbor formed under the Tree. The Head Man had applied something powerful to their faces, arms, torsos, legs, and feet, enabling them to engage continuously over that period in a sacred ritual of dance and song. The rhythmic stomping of their legs and feet was an echo of pounding buffalo hoofs; the shrill gusts of breath through the eagle-wing whistles in their mouths were the powerful cry of the Thunderbird. This dramatic enactment evoked a strong response from all present.

I understood that though the Ancients saw many buffalo, many eagles, and many people, they believed all to be related, and all to be participants in the universe as One. There were many buffalo and many eagles, but each was a manifestation of one Great Spirit, and they could represent that Spirit of One with their moving bodies and life's breaths in the Great Hoop of the Sun Dance.

For me, this deeply felt experience has been unforgettable.
The York Retreat
OFFERING FRIENDLY TREATMENT TO THE MENTALLY ILL
by Ingrid Fabianson

Members of the Religious Society of Friends have long been known as active partners in social change in the world. While I was aware of Quaker influence in the women's movement, prison reform, and the civil rights movement, it was not until I visited York Retreat in England that I realized Friends also influenced changes in the care of the mentally ill.

During my solo trip to Ireland and England in April 2003, I planned to visit York Retreat, a Friends Psychiatric Institute in the borough of York, England. I had heard about it as a student at Earlham School of Religion, but I didn't really understand its deep history until my visit. I arrived, tired and a bit apprehensive, to a warm greeting and gracious hospitality that far surpassed my expectations. I stayed three days, during which time I was given a daily tour of the different wards, the gardens, and the programs. I met many of the patients and most of the staff. One patient showed me her room and the key she could use on the door; another woman held my hand and wanted to sit with me. A man stormed over to me and asked “Are you one of those Quakers?” When I said “yes,” he stomped off, muttering, “I feel sorry for you then.”

I was served delicious food in the comfortable staff dining room. My bedroom on the third floor in the visitors' section had a wonderful view of the front gardens as well as access to a kitchen, laundry, and living area shared by friendly visiting staff. The Director, Jennie McAleese, gave me access to the Retreat as well as information about its history.

It is a fascinating story. In 1792, a Leeds Quaker, Hannah Mills, had a mental crisis and was placed in the York Asylum. Members of her meeting were not allowed to visit her. When she died a few weeks after her admission, Friends investigated the asylum's conditions. They found that the patients were neglected, chained, beaten, bled, and exposed to filth. According to the emerging philosophical emphasis of this latter half of the 18th century, people who were “mad” were nearer the status of a beast than human because they were devoid of the ability to be rational and ordered in thought. They were presumed to be sub-human because they could not understand divine logic and thus needed to be cruelly subdued to allow for the control of their supposed animal nature.

When these Friends discovered the horrors of the asylum system, they enlisted a Quaker tea merchant, William Tuke, to create a place for Quakers who needed to recover from mental distress. He first visited the Asylum, after which he persisted in exposing the inhumane conditions...
of the Asylum system. He was successful in doing so before a court of law; and the resulting exposure influenced and re-shaped perceptions and attitudes toward the mentally ill from that day forward. At the same time, he appealed to Friends for financial support and found the backing needed to build the York Retreat.

The Retreat was built in the countryside outside York and was surrounded by well-planned, spacious gardens. There were no manacles and no bars or grates on the windows. Patients were not punished. The Retreat's care was based on the then healthy food and we re taught the principles walk and be in nature. They were fed shaped perceptions and attitudes toward mental health treatment. 

The Retreat has also developed new alcohol/drug treatment modules. In June 2003, a second-stage provision was made for brain-injured people at York House, a facility providing intensive neurobehavorial assessments and rehabilitation for people suffering behavioral changes after brain injury. This second-stage provision has added more beds and more opportunity for long-term care in a domestic environment. There are approximately 130 beds at the Retreat, and 50 or so of these are for the elderly. There is also a nursing home in the community run on Retreat lines for 20 elderly people. Other services include inpatient and outpatient care for people suffering from psychological trauma and posttraumatic stress disorder.

There are 350 staff members at the Retreat. When new senior staff (psychiatrists or a new CEO) are to be hired, there is rigorous interviewing by groups from all areas of the hospital, not just managers. This includes an hour-long interview conducted entirely with patients (and a record-keeping chaplain) who represent all the hospital programs. If the patients do not like a candidate, he/she will not get the job regardless of expertise or qualifications.

I attended a small Quaker meeting one morning at the Retreat. The people present were neither staff nor patients but other community members who came specifically for this worship group. The Retreat is deeply connected to the community. While most employees are not members of the Religious Society of Friends, the chaplain, Annie Borthwick, is a Friend. The Retreat remains a Quaker ministry through the Yorkshire General Meeting of Friends, whose burial ground is also on the grounds of the Retreat. One feels that the Retreat is "home," not in the sense of a nursing home, but in the true sense of what home means—a place of beauty, harmony, love, and respect.

My three days as a visiting Friend left me with a feeling of deep regard. I witnessed the ethical roots of faith in action. The Retreat is a living, 210-year-old example of the Quaker values of wise stewardship, equality, service, kindness in daily living, integrity, good business practice, the promotion of social justice, and the support of each other's search for that of God within.
We Friends have an inside view of Quakerism. We don’t think of our Religious Society as isolated, or “in a box,” but we do maintain a sense of being a cohesive religious body through participation in meeting and by the inner workings of our business affairs. Do we know as well our exterior: the side that the public perceives?

What if we could get “outside the box” — get atop of our inward communities — and look at the face of Quakerism from this other perspective? Would our decentralized community do things differently on local levels if we had access to an ongoing, comprehensive, and timely outside view of our wider Religious Society of Friends, so I don’t want those results returned to me; but one problem with this “beta” or “in-testing” search engine, which is free, is that the service does not allow more than a small number of delimiters in the query.

This beta news-search service is far from perfect. There is plenty of room for improvement in search technology as the information age progresses. Still, these results are useful, and I send the results of Quakers in the News to an expanding group of Friends via electronic mail as they are published.

Friends now have the ability to look at Quakerism in a new way, from a new viewpoint. Will this tool or “mirror” change the way we feel about our outward Quaker activities? Will it affect what we do in the world? Will this view from outside the box affect our inward selves?

What I’ve Learned by Compiling Quakers in the News

First, since the fraction of Quakers in the world’s population is very small, it is not surprising that the fraction of news stories about Quakers among total news stories is also very small. Despite this, Quakers continue to make a unique and important contribution to the wider world. The fraction of Internet news pages

How Quakers in the News Is Collected

I used a single query over the Internet for a one-year intensive period (May 2003 through April 2004) to retrieve news about or mentioning Quakerism. The query looks like this: quaker -“quaker state,” -“quaker foods,” -“sports,” -“chemical,” -“pepsi,” -“bancorp,” -“oats.” It means: search for any article with the word “Quaker,” and without “Quaker State” (to eliminate Penzoil-Quaker State Company), without “Quaker Foods” (as in Quaker Foods, a subsidiary of PepsiCo), without “Chemical” and “Bancorp” (as in Quaker Chemical Co. and Quaker Bancorp), and without “oats.” Because Quaker-founded college sports teams are often named “Quakers,” I eliminated the word “sports,” to exclude most search results about college games. Other names such as Quaker Fabric, Quaker BioVentures, and Quaker parrots don’t relate to the Religious Society of Friends, so I don’t want those results returned to me; but one problem with

by Glenn L. Reinhart

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FRIENDS JOURNAL August 2005
(2,600,000) in the total number of Internet pages (8,000,000,000) is also very small. Concerning religion in the news, if one searches for the word “Catholic,” one gets back around 25,000 Internet news page results. “Methodist” returns about 10,000 results, “Presbyterian” about 5,000, “Unitarian” about 5,000, and “Buddhist” also about 5,000.

If one simply searches for the word “Quaker,” one finds around 1,500 Internet news page results—still too many through which to wade. The modified query mentioned earlier with what not to report back narrows the results to around 700, depending on how active Quakers are in any two-month period before a query is submitted.

Second, it is evident that Quakers spread their very limited numbers and time over many areas of concern.

To explore this, I began to compile data showing the range of Quaker attributes in each news article addressed. The chart quickly encompassed so many columns that the task of naming and logging the results of a one-year collection within my own lifetime would have been impossible. Concerning this, the automation of the naming and logging of Quaker attributes to each article would be impossible to fully code into software. Some amount of time-consuming manual work will always be needed.

The numerous columns of Quaker attributes in my study were marked with headings like: Historical, Quaker School, Anti-War, Peace Activity, Protest, Business Integrity, Simplicity, Iraq, Slavery, Underground Railroad, Immigrant Rights, Civil Disobedience, Conscientious Objection, Prison Reform, Death Penalty, Book Review, Gambling, Alcohol, Christ, Conflict Resolution, Raised-a-Quaker, Real Estate Development, William Penn, and many others.

Third, I learned that activities related to Quaker peace concerns are alive and well, but those related to other Friends testimonies are mostly not reported. Can Friends find a way to equalize or integrate our commitment to community, integrity, truth, equity, simplicity, and care of the Earth—and to allow these to be as widely covered as our peace activities?

The Most Widely Reported Stories

During the one-year collection period from May 2003 to April 2004, the most widely and frequently reported story was about Nathaniel Healwile, who in October 2003 was arrested and arraigned in Federal Court for planting box cutters and other apparently dangerous materials aboard commercial jet airliners. He was reported on TV, and in large and small newspapers worldwide, to have attended a Quaker college, Guilford, in North Carolina. He claimed that his was an act of civil disobedience to improve airline safety. The net effect to public perception was that “Quaker” is associated with higher education, and with civil disobedience. Some Friends found doubtful Nathaniel Healwile’s understanding or interpretation of civil disobedience. In June 2004 he was given a suspended sentence after pleading guilty to a lesser charge.

A distant second, but important, story came from Friends Committee on National Legislation and its senior fellow on military affairs, retired Col. Daniel Smith. He is a Purple Heart recipient and a graduate of the Army War College. In a June 2003 article, he publicly ques-
tioned the U.S. military's strategy and logistics in Iraq as unsafe for U.S. lives and unsound in pure military terms. FCNL, like American Friends Service Committee, sometimes adds a tag line in press releases including the word "Quaker" in a brief description of its mission, assuring that these stories are picked up by my search.

Stories including Quakers and war resistance were likely more numerous in the news during the time of my search than they would have been in a period without U.S. military action.

A Strange Story

The Catholic Church, from coast to coast, has recently been rocked by sexual abuse scandals. The Religious Society of Friends also suffered a shocking story, which came and went without wide national coverage. The story, published in June and August 2003, was about a Friend from the Cincinnati area who was charged with 48 counts of "creating and receiving child pornography."

The remarkable aspect of this story, in my opinion, was that the Friend pled guilty to 49 counts on the condition that the Federal judge double his sentence. The female judge accommodated him, and his sentence was changed from 35 to 70 years in prison. The Friend was reported to have said of his request that it was the only way to stop "the evil monster" possessing him.

I recounted this story to a Catholic work colleague as we walked through the slush of a New York City winter afternoon. We had been talking about sexual abuse scandals in churches. My colleague lifted his glance from the slippery sidewalk, looked me in the eye, and said, "At least he's honest."

An Inspiring Story

March 2004 brought forth the story of George Ellis, a South African mathematician, cosmologist, and Quaker who won the $1.4 million Templeton Prize for "progress Toward Research or Discoveries about Spiritual Realities," religion's version of the Nobel Prize. Some said that George Ellis's prize-winning theory of kenosis, or self-sacrificing love, scientifically codified optimism. According to him, kenosis is a force permanently embedded in the universe and capable of inspiring humanity to reach higher heights. He gave an example of his theory: "In the history of our country, there was very good reason to give up hope for the future. But in fact, the right thing to do was to hope it would come right. And hoping it would come right was already part of the force that helps to transform."

He cited other examples of spiritual power being capable of overturning rational expectations for the future, including the civil rights movement in the United States in the 1960s and India's war for independence from Britain.

In Ellis's view, Christian, Jewish, Islamic, and even scientific fundamentalism all have a similar effect in how they polarize. In response, he said, "What I really about is trying to get people not to have fundamentalist positions. You claim partial truth as the whole truth and you therefore dismiss the partial truths that other people might offer."

Limits of this Search

The Quakers in the News intensive survey began in May 2003, two months after the invasion of Iraq. The results I obtained in this time period were skewed in that I did not search on complementary queries such as "Friends Church," "Society of Friends," "American Friends Service Committee," or "Friends Committee on National Legislation." Sometimes a reporter will omit the word "Quaker" from a story about AFSC or FCNL. I now use all of the above-mentioned queries in my searches.

About that "Box"

Will our outward Quaker testimonies and actions continue to bind us together even though Friends, at times, see different inward truths or parts of the Truth? If we take all the partial views and look at them together, from "outside the box," will we become Quakers in the news with more diverse concerns or more focused ones? Will we become Quakers in the news less or more often?

The future of electronic searching is wide open. Will more thorough searching allow Friends to make better sense of the ever-expanding universe of knowledge? Will improvements in search software advance us in our spiritual quest? In this regard, maybe knowing what we seek will someday be harder than finding it.
ANALYSIS

Quakers, Ideology, and Government Policy
by Nancy Milio

"Ideology" has become a frequent label in public discourse in recent years. It warrants some discussion to differentiate the basis for policy positions that are advocated by various groups, including Quakers.

Ideologies—strong beliefs based on untestable assumptions—are the antithesis of science. Science does not claim to be "truth," only to reveal plausible, testable hypotheses. Whether economic (the "invisible hand of the market") will solve economic inequities "in the long run")(religion (we hold the sole truth of a Divine Entity), or political ("ours" is the best form of governance), such ideologies are acceptable in individuals—indeed their right to espouse. But they are weak, even counterproductive, as guides to government policy.

I would argue that Quakers are not ideologists. We are continuous seekers of truth, looking for Light through ever-changing and complex times and places. We look to our collective and individual experience in the world to discern the ways of peace.

Our empirically based, ongoing search makes us different from many other spiritual and religious groups, and provides us with an uncommon basis for policy advocacy. Like scientists, with whom we share much, and on whom we draw, Quakers can help develop, assess, and uncover potential consequences of policies. We thereby can help clarify the moral and economic choices facing decision makers. Unlike ideal science, we can advocate choices that move humankind toward peace and justice, and work to bring antagonists together.

Ideologies preclude the input of new information or compromise with nonbelievers.

As I examine the U.S. administration's budget plan, I find a statement of its beliefs—in the market, in one kind of religion, in military solutions, allocating $2.6 trillion of national life and measure accordingly. I see people in the United States experiencing the results of ideologically driven policies, with sharp impacts on health and welfare, the environment, and much of the world.

One theme is promotion of a mainly fundamentalist brand of Christianity under the label of "compassionate conservatism." The administration believes "faith-based" programs—now receiving $2 billion yearly—are cheaper, because they rely in part on church volunteers, and more effective, because of their religious commitment. Yet, no federal effectiveness studies have tested these assumptions.

The budget plan favors the agenda of "faith-based" groups that worked for and voted for George W. Bush in the 2004 presidential election. The Bush Administration increased funds—to $170 million—for abstinence-only sex education for youth. The Centers for Disease Control were told not to monitor the birth rates for girls in abstinence-only programs, but only their attendance and attitudes, and to emphasize the failure rates of condoms in its educational material. More of these funds are now going to faith-based groups than to traditional health education groups, according to an expansive study by the Roundtable on Religion and Social Welfare Policy of the Rockefeller Institute of Government.

Faith-based funds are administered by numerous government departments, including Agriculture, Housing, Health, Justice, and the Veterans' Administration—which now allows its health practitioners and counselors to exert "religious influence" on troubled veterans. These faith groups also have growing influence on U.S. international aid programs, especially regarding birth control, HIV/AIDS prevention, and drug abuse control.

This new federal bureaucratic infrastructure, headed in the White House and called a "parallel government" by the Rockefeller study, is aimed to help faith-based groups "penetrate agency operations," to "enlist, equip, enable, empower, and expand" their role in federal health and social services.

A second budgetary theme is marker-oriented privatization of government. The White House's stated policy is to privatize as many public functions as possible, including redirecting primary school funds to private and religious schools, and diverting Social Security funds to Wall Street brokers. The government will spend $100 billion on outside service contracts next year, more than it spends on Federal employee salaries.

As studies have revealed in recent years, privatization brings less transparency and accountability for tax dollars. For instance, contracting organizations can claim their operations are "proprietary," information that would compromise their competitiveness if made public. This secrecy makes external evaluation difficult or impossible. It also allows a weakening of civil rights guarantees, partly...
because monitoring is rare. Religious groups who receive government funds are granted special privileges to discriminate against hiring persons with incompatible beliefs.

Commercial and religious program outsourcing also results in poorer-quality jobs, as unionized government jobs are shifted to ones without union representation, with fewer benefits, lower or uncertain pay rates, and less possibility for worker grievance appeals.

By definition, industry must first satisfy investors—versus the client service priority of nonprofit and public services. When profits are not high enough, a provider can end any service program with little warning. Commercial health maintenance organizations recently dropped over a million federally financed elderly beneficiaries when profits from them were too lean. Companies also factor in marketing costs and top salaries for their executive pyramids, increasing taxpayer costs.

Combined with continued growth of military spending (at least $500 billion for 2006), the administrations plan will cut further into an already frayed social safety net for mothers and children, elders, workers, the disabled in health and nutrition programs, education, employment, and housing. The plan hollows out parts of the public and private health and science infrastructure and backs away from workplace and environmental protection—25 percent is to be cut from environmental and land conservation programs over the next five years.

Budget plans no longer favor science. Research on public health threats, such as syphilis and tuberculosis, has been cut by 27 percent since 2001. There is a scientist shortage, as foreign-born scientists find other countries' universities more inviting and less expensive, and as U.S. college entrants decline due to rising costs and diminishing federal funds for students—as ordained by the budget plan. Research is being increasingly walled off by government secrecy and corporate funding restrictions on academics. Religious fundamentalists are challenging science education in several states by successfully getting Creationism or Intelligent Design taught alongside Darwinism in basic science classes.

Ideologically driven government policies are unworthy of democracies and detrimental to public health and welfare. Quakers have long spoken against policies that waste lives and the heritage of our country and our world. I believe we must actively educate ourselves, our children, our communities, and our policymakers on the consequences of how our wealth is shared out. While we do not agree on every issue, we have found and can find common ground sufficient to move forward together in advocating life-affirming, Earth-friendly policies.
Sails on the Horizon: A Novel of the Napoleonic Wars


Like any epic worth its salt, Quaker author Jay Worrall's new novel commences in media res, or amidships, so to speak, moments before a sea battle begins. While this tale of a British navy captain's career and marriage is certainly no *Iliad*, the author does set Charles Edgemont's individual story against the backdrop of an epic conflict (the Napoleonic Wars, from February 1793 to June 1815), one that other historical novelists like Patrick O'Brian have already charted in panoramic scope.

We first meet Charles as the second lieu­tenant aboard His Britannic Majesty's *Argonaut*, commanding a group of cannons at the height of the battle of St. Vincent, St. Valentine's Day, 1797, off the coast of Portugal. He only stays a second lieutenant through page 13, however. A full-bore engagement with the *Santa Brigida* not only disables the *Argonaut*, it kills both that ship's captain and its first lieutenant, and young Charles must step into the captain's role with no preparation and a great deal of trepidation.

A knot in fare's rope—not military genius—twists circumstance to make it look like Charles has saved the day, and he becomes an instant celebrity on sea and land. None other than Captain Horatio Nelson (whose column towers above Trafalgar Square today in London) stops by to congratulate him on his "display of tenacity and sheer bull-headed determination."

The *Argonaut* had been Swiss-cheesed by Spanish guns to the point of requiring many months in dry-dock, so Charles puts her to port at Plymouth and heads home to Chester—his first time in six years—for a little R and R, buoyed by a (provisional) promotion to commander and a fortune in prize money, awarded for his capture of three Spanish warships.

Arriving at the family farm, he finds the place in shambles and learns that his father died months ago. But Charles moves through the hallways of banking and commerce with greater ease than he does through the world of women, and in short order he has put his newfound wealth to use salvaging the estate his father left encumbered by debts, and purchasing an adjoining property to his own. He manages everything thus far in the novel so adroitly, one begins to wonder when the real conflict will arise.

Jay Worrall delivers the novel's major obstacle in the form of Charles's collision with a woman—literally, at first, and figuratively thereafter. He first meets Penelope Brown when his galloping stallion sideswipes her horse-drawn cart, turning it over and breaking her arm, which he gallantly sets on the spot, having observed such operations aboard ship more than a few times.

It's a scene that recalls Jane Eyre's encounter with Edward Rochester on an icy path en route to Thornfield Hall, with one important difference. In Charlotte Bronte's novel, Rochester's horse slips, dumping him onto the ground; Jane must offer her timid assistance for him to remount his steed. In Sails on the Horizon, the man over-rides the woman, a fact that remains significant. It's love at first sight, though, for "their eyes meet, hers large and round, a startling clear gray, and unwavering." She's mesmerized here—and pretty much for the rest of the novel.

Charles begins paying court to Penelope, meeting her parents and generally hanging about her when not purchasing new equipment for his estate. But a summons arrives from the sea and he's off to Whitby to take command of another vessel, the *Lamond*, whose proper captain seems to be off for a while at the Georgian equivalent of the Betty Ford Clinic. Charles finds the ship covered in grime and peopled with whores (who visit the sailors onboard while the ship is in port), and he sets about immediately to get it fitted up, ordering more scrubbing and painting and polishing than the ship has seen in a long time. Once all's in order, Edgemont sets out to sea and soon comes back with a French prize in tow, having brilliantly acquitted himself.
And so it goes for the remainder of the book, Charles alternating his time on land and sea, quelling the French and Spanish on the bounding main, and trying to conquer by love in the drier environs of Chester. I suppose it's no accident that we see him finally in command of a ship with a female name, HM Frigate Louisa, for eventually he succeeds both in winning the prize at home and exacting his revenge upon the dreaded Santa Brigida, which he stalks until the novel's final battle.

You might well be wondering why a review of this tale of studdingsails, mizzenmasts, and twelve-pounders has appeared in FRIENDS JOURNAL. It turns out that Penelope Brown is a Quaker, and her objection to Charles's profession turns a good bit of the novel's plot. Despite Charles's maiming of her upon their very first encounter, Penny turns out to be rather feisty—not at all a retiring woman dressed in gray. Having fallen for Charles, she labors with him, as does her father, over the violence of his day job. Quaker pacifism proves a difficult reef for Charles to circumnavigate, though Jay Worrall presents him as much more enlightened than his navy peers: he will not flog his men; he wants to pay them well; and he even rescues Penny's brother from a press gang, the 18th century's crude and violent selective service, who roamed about the countryside arresting unsuspecting men and forcing them to work on naval ships.

The novel seems to be seasoning Charles up for a convincement, but if you expect a conventional, happy Quaker conclusion, you will be surprised.

While the romance plot lags a bit lackluster in the novel, the scenes aboard ship simmer with action. The battle set pieces, like those in contemporary films such as Gladiator, that have mined a new aesthetic in their violence, swash and buckle with gripping language. For instance, a poor sod on the Argo, one Billy Bowles, meets his maker when a cannon shot makes him “dissolve into a mist of gore.” There is no comparable rhetoric of love within this novel.

This book's a great read for the beach, in part because you'll have sea air up your nose while chasing Charles's exploits twixt Gibraltar and the Irish Sea. There's definitely the tang of salt here. But I'm still searching for that tale that shows us Quakers any way but odd, the one that dares to find the drama in our subtle and demanding worship and the conflict in—at least what ought to be—our passionate way of life.

—Jim Hood

Jim Hood is an associate professor of English at Guilford College.

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Voyageurs


It's hard to think of Canadian voyageurs, the War of 1812, and earnest Quakers coming together for an exciting read. Interesting maybe, but not exciting. Yet this novel provides precisely that.

The story begins when Margaret Elphinstone finds a manuscript in the attic of her house during a remodeling stint. "I would be content even now were it not for my sister Rachel"—these haunting words from ancient pages lead their reader into an adventure with English Friend Mark Greenhow.

Early in Mark's found manuscript, we learn the tale of his lost sister Rachel. A strong-willed young Quaker, Rachel is called to missionary work in the remote woodlands of Canada. There she meets a smooth, non-Quaker fur trader named Alan Mackenzie. They marry. The Quakers—still very much a peculiar people in the early 19th century—find out about this. She is promptly disowned. She loses her first baby. She disappears into the wild.

Unable to accept what seem to be brutal facts, Mark resolves to make the journey from England to Quebec and then on to the Great Lakes to search for his sister. It seems to be just another—though major—step in his lifelong journey of looking after his sometimes difficult sibling, and he ventures forth with both affection and resentment.

So Mark sets off across Canada with a team of fur traders. These fellows, who paddle 40-foot canoes for two-thirds of the day.
and carry packs weighing as much as they do, are far removed from polite English Friends society. They’re rough in talk, work, manners, and morals. Canoeing through the Great Lakes, Mark is tested as he struggles with Quakerism, its meaning on the frontier (especially “plain dress” and “plain speech”), his faith, his responsibilities to his sister, and the Friends Peace Testimony in a time of war.

We learn through his experience that 1812 was a particularly dangerous time to be canoeing around the Great Lakes. That’s when the trade war there became a real war between the British, Americans, and Native Americans. Mark is caught in all this—a peace-loving British Friend trying to live his faith in a truly hostile environment. In the process he becomes a man, physically, emotionally, and spiritually.

Margaret Elphinstone is a Friend and, as a novelist (The Sea Road, Hy Brasil, and others), she had long planned to write a novel about Quakers. A professor of writing at University of Strathclyde in Glasgow, she says, “I was drawn to the Quietist period precisely because it was the hardest to empathise with. I guess I needed to come to terms with what I, living now, would see as the narrower aspects of 18th and 19th-century Quakerism. It’s easier to understand Fox’s reaction to a corrupt and war-torn England than to understand a more established people who choose to withdraw from society and reject all the arts (including writing novels, of course). At the same time I was drawn to the plainness and simplicity of their lives—which modern Quakers don’t manage as our ancestors did. . . . I started to think what would it be like to be a Quaker then; and also, of course, I wanted to put my character, Mark, into a world at war and see how he dealt with it. That seemed to me the most relevant question at all times, and of course it hasn’t changed a bit—neither the incessant wars nor the Quaker Peace Testimony. I wanted to explore that too.”

Filled with love, intrigue, hope, and despair, Mark’s story is one of ultimately finding something far different from what one wishes, and how one Friend deals with it. And as his actions show, journeys undertaken in faithfulness and trust can be successful in ways that we would not think possible sitting in the safety of Friends meeting.

—J. Brent Bill


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The Preservationist

I must build a boat.
A boat, she says.
A ship, more like. I'll need the boys to help, he adds as an afterthought.
We're leagues from the sea, she says, or any river big enough to warrant a boat.
This conversation is making Noe impatient.
I've no need to explain myself to you.
And when you're done, she says carefully, we'll be taking this ship to the sea somehow.
As usual, Noe's impatience fades quickly. We'll not be going to the sea. The sea will be coming to us.

I admit it. I'm a sucker for retellings of Bible stories. I appreciate anything that gives me some insight and feeling for the people who lived the lives I've read about since I was a little boy at Highland Avenue Friends Church in Columbus, Ohio. Noah's is one of my favorite stories—sin, flood, animals, and a big boat. It raises lots of questions: what did they eat, what did they drink, what did they think? What was God thinking?

David Maine helps us think about all that in his debut novel. He tells how visitations from God are a mixed blessing for Noah and his family. I wonder if George Fox and Margaret Fell felt the same way? The heart of Noah and his family's story is like Fox's and Fell's—what's it like to live touched by God, while struggling against things that seemingly cannot be controlled or rationally explained?

In this story, Noe (better known as Noah by most of us) is scared to death when he meets God and gets the instructions to build an ark. Yet he gets busy doing it—enlisting his family and others in the process. His boys build the big boat, and the daughters-in-law collect animals and prepare for the trip. Those mystifying giants of Genesis make an appearance. (I've always wondered about them and how they got in the first book of the Bible.) We're introduced to the sarcastic neighbors who ridicule Noah and clan, who are struggling with their own inner doubts about this project and God—who always seems to be hanging around.

Then there's Noe's nameless wife. She puts up with everything "Himself" (as she calls Noah—not God) does, with humor and wry realism. David Maine paints her as a character who's truly eccentric.

Though the beginning and ending of this story are well known, the author fills in the mysterious middle part—the voyage—with grace and imagination, and not a little bit of crudity. His is no nice, neat First-day school tale—these are real people living real lives who end up living in a crowded ship with a bunch of smelly, slimy animals and humans slip-sliding around. David Maine includes it all: the good, the bad, and the ugly along with the snakes, the goats, and the elephants. He uses eight voices to tell the story. A narrator tells the story in the chapters devoted to Noe, while the other characters tell their own stories in their own voices.

As these characters struggle to understand what is happening, what is God's place or God's wishes in this, they find themselves having answers they previously didn't know they had. For example, when a curious sea captain asks Noe's daughter-in-law, Beria, who is out on an animal-gathering expedition, how to worship her God, she replies, "Just let Him know you haven't forgotten Him, and tell him thanks. He loves to hear you say thanks." Stories and insights like this make The Preservationist a whimsical, happy, and sad story of faith, love, and survival.

—J. Brent Bill

In Brief

Quaker Views On Mysticism
By Margery Post Abbott. Pendle Hill Pamphlet #37, Pendle Hill Publications, 2004. 35 pages. $4. In Quaker Views On Mysticism, Marge Abbott brings her comprehensive knowledge of Friends' faith and practice, her wide and varied experience of Friends' community in the United States and Britain, and the fruits of her own spiritual journey to bear on the question of what "mysticism" means to liberal (unprogrammed) Friends. This pamphlet gives us many possible perspectives, gleaned from interviews with contemporary Friends, from the practical mysticism of Rufus Jones, from Quaker tradition and accumulated wisdom, and especially from the insights of direct experience. What is "mysticism," the pamphlet asks, "the essential thread—that the awareness of the Spirit will result in lives that speak of justice, mercy, and compassion." How do we speak about that which is beyond words? There is no literal answer to this question, of course, but Marge Abbott demonstrates here how our lives can speak for us, how an exercise of discernment can translate our spiritual "openings" into outward action that is not only the fruit of mystical experience but an essential feature of mysticism itself. The Spirit we may glimpse in our inward seeking (or see in a blaze of Light) is the same Spirit that may guide our choices, and so shape our relationship to the world around us. In its combination of vision and practice, this pamphlet expresses the Spirit beautifully.

—Kirsten Backstrom

Writer Kirsten Backstrom is a member of Multnomah (Oreg.) Meeting.
August 2005 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Before we buy their shares, we want them to share our values.

We refused to invest in a retail giant because they sold rugs made by children.

We divested our position in a Silicon Valley company because of the increased volume of their Defense Department business.

We intentionally invest in community development banks that work in low-income minority areas.

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In April, the United Nations eliminated the job of its top investigator on human rights in Afghanistan, Cherif Bassiouni, after he criticized violations by U.S. forces in the country. At a UN Commission on Human Rights meeting in Geneva, U.S. diplomats pressed the group to end the mandate of the position independent expert on human rights in Afghanistan." During a year in that position, Cherif Bassiouni repeatedly criticized the U.S. military for detaining prisoners without trial and for barring almost all human rights monitors from its prisons in the country. In a 24-page report to the meeting he noted reports from Afghans, international agencies, and the Afghan government's human rights commission of U.S. troops breaking into homes with no legal authority, arresting residents, and abusing them in ways that "fall under the internationally accepted definition of torture." International agencies working in Afghanistan "estimate that over 1,000 individuals have been detained," he wrote. Human rights advocates say the U.S. policies that undermine human rights reporting in Afghanistan seem to come primarily from the military rather than the Department of State. The Pentagon has not made public the results of its own investigation into human rights violations at its bases in Afghanistan, despite an initial promise to reveal them. —Los Angeles Times-Washington Post News Service

Friends World Committee for Consultation’s Central Executive Committee (CEC) met in May to make plans through the next two years. At FWCC’s 2004 Triennial in Auckland, NZ, extensive discussions about priorities and financial concerns continued with a mandate for the CEC to review FWCC’s finances over the 14 months leading up to the CEC meeting at Woodbrooke Quaker Study Center in Birmingham, UK. Revenue for foundational funding increased with many Friends responding over this period; but the 2004 level of giving is not likely to be sustained, and the funding increases anticipated in the budget adopted at the Triennial are not likely to occur. The position of associate secretary has been temporarily eliminated through 2007, and an overall reduction in full-time staff and the revised budget is expected to halt and reverse the depletion of FWCC’s general fund. On another note, earlier in May, the CEC approved a new Memorandum of Understanding between FWCC and American Friends Service Committee concerning the management of Quaker United Nations Office (QUNO) in New York. FWCC is the holder of general consultative non-governmental organization status at the United Nations on behalf of Friends. This document memorializes the practice of AFSC management in place since the QUNO New York office was set up. A new practice will be the naming of half of the Quaker UN New York Committee from FWCC sections.

The annual meeting of Quakers United in Publishing (QUIP) brought together 28 Friends from the United States and Great Britain in Rockaway, Oreg., April 24–27. Co-chaired by Elizabeth Cave and Barbara Mays, the theme was “Fostering Lifelong Learning: Developing Quaker Readers of All Ages.” Gil Skidmore of British Yearly Meeting spoke on “Past and Present Voices: Encouraging Lifelong Learning Using Spiritual Autobiography,” leading participants in understanding the virtue of communicating personal journeys through biography. Michael Birkel, of Clear Creek Meeting (Ind.) and professor of Religion at Earlham College, spoke on “Inviting the Reader to Spiritual Growth.” A panel of young Friends, assembled at the QUIP conference to arrange and edit 89 submissions for a book on young Friends’ experiences with Quakerism, shared on “How do they get their Quaker/Spiritual learning? What resources have been most helpful?” QUIP members were challenged to ask how they, as publishers, writers, teachers, and older Friends, can improve the connection between generations. Of the 89 submissions, only two mentioned the name of Jesus Christ, one coming from an unprogrammed Friend. Workshops were led on “Using Book Groups,” “Decision Makers in Book Purchasing,” and “Lifelong Learning Through Non-print Media.” A business session included a discussion on the move to add book reviews to the QUIP website and eventually have a slate of QUIP reviewers to submit them.

New York Yearly Meeting is offering its affiliated monthly meetings a packet of materials to encourage discussion around “How can we support our children to becoming peace-makers in a violent world?” Prepared and distributed by the Nurture Coordinating Committee of the yearly meeting, the packets include books, research material, and articles on how to talk with and listen to children about bullying, toys, and video games that emphasize violence, and Quaker religious experience and witness against violence. —Spark, New York Yearly Meeting News

Honolulu (Hawaii) Meeting has joined American Friends Service Committee to support development of a Peace Project in Hawaii. The project will strengthen the ability of both Honolulu Meeting and AFSC in Hawaii to provide information to military personnel about conscientious objection and other options regarding military service. Interested persons will be trained as counselors for a GI Rights Hotline, and a GI Rights workshop will be organized with trainers from the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors. —Na Nakamura, News of Friends in Hawaii

August 2005 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Upcoming events

- September 1-5—North Carolina Yearly Meeting
- September 9-11—General Conference of Friends in India
- September 30-October 2—Missouri Valley Friends Conference

Resources

- Since 1999, "PeaceTalks," founded by Barbara Simmons under the care of Newtown (Pa.) Meeting, has been producing radio shows for public radio "in order to tell the courageous stories of victims of violence who dared to turn the other cheek by responding with programs to help alleviate further violence." In August the latest production, "Lessons of Hiroshima 60 Years Later," produced by Reese Erlich and narrated by Walter Cronkite, will be offered for airing to Public Radio International's 350 stations. The one-hour radio documentary looks at the history of the A-bomb and its implications for today. It features contemporary interviews and archival tape and music, highlights different opinions about the bomb, and looks at how the United States censored media coverage of the bomb and its aftermath. For more information, contact Barbara Simmons, <peacevoice@enter.net> or Norval D. Reece, <norvreece@comcast.net>.

Opportunity

- Growing inequality and increasingly dire environmental outcomes have provoked many Friends organizations to question the sense in our society's common measurement, allocation, and decision-making tool: economics. Understanding the faulty assumptions that go into economic policy and theory is integral to being able to engage with the academic and policy community in an intelligent and productive way. With this in mind, the Quaker Institute for the Future was created. Its goal is to identify and assemble Quaker academics interested in researching the issues of neglectful economics and malfoundation. Workshop groups are being put together now and will begin this fall with an in-depth focus on the purpose, scale, distribution, institutional design, and the role of money. A conference will be held during the summer of 2006, or as work progresses. Email Meghan Stock at <meg.stock@mail.mcgill.ca> for a copy of QIF's charter and a detailed project outline. Workshop proposals are encouraged, maximum 500 words, by September 1.
Quakerism and the Arts  
continued from page 15

must add the flesh and the devil). His journals are terrifying accounts of something very close to a descent into hell, of sexual freedom and an endless struggle with alcoholism, and of coming very close to ultimate despair. The worldly culture of the arts, as he describes it, totally liberated from the restraints and inhibitions of Puritanism, is one in which there is little place for the heavenly kingdom, where the price of glory is earthly restraint.

There is a deep unresolved dilemma here. What might be called “classical Quakerism” up to the 20th century represented a kind of Franciscan voluntary poverty in the arts, inspired by a vision of a divine community of love and simplicity. In the 20th century comes liberation from these older taboos and an embracing of a vast, expanded complexity and richness of human experience. As an amateur painter, photographer, poet, and composer for the solo recorder, I have participated in this expansion. I have traveled all over the world and received its plaudits and honors, and it is almost another person who goes to meeting for worship and is caught up in the experience of oneness and almost terrifying simplicity. How do we preserve that simplicity and at the same time enjoy our newly found riches? How do we break out from what was perhaps a cultural prison without falling into the hands of the world, the flesh, and the devil, the hell on Earth that seems to follow so many liberations—political, economic, sexual, cultural?

There is no simple answer to these questions. We must continue to wrestle with them. The world, the flesh, and hell, at least on Earth, are terribly real. How can they be redeemed without a redeemer, or at least a redeeming experience? The world takes a lot of redeeming, and it is not surprising that, when the world seems irredeemable, those who experience the call of redemption retreat from the world into monasticism, Puritanism, or even classical Quakerism. Quakerism seems to have had a peculiar genius for having been able to keep one foot in this world and one in the other. This may lead at times to an uncomfortable straddle—but, then, who says we have to be comfortable! And what the redemption of the arts means in the modern world is a question we should not be afraid to ask.
Ahimsa
continued from page 8

close, lifelong friendship with the Clarks, who are now both deceased.

Many years later we visited Gandhi’s home, Phoenix, near Durban in South Africa, where we met his daughter-in-law and granddaughter. We began to read about Gandhi’s development of the principles of nonviolence while he was fighting apartheid in South Africa, and about the concept of establishing communes, such as Ahimsa, for training in nonviolence. Though the African National Congress eventually turned to violence in its fight against apartheid, nonviolent methods—the international boycott, huge work strikes, crowds marching in the streets—had much to do with the victory over racial oppression.

As opponents to the war, we felt ahead of our time in our interest in nonviolence in 1942. Ahimsa may not seem to have accomplished much, but it remained a focal point in the lives of all who participated. All the participants devoted their lives to some form of social change. Bronson Clark became head of American Friends Service Committee. Lee Stern helped develop the Alternatives to Violence Project while working in the New York office of AFSC. Max studied architecture in prison, and became a well-known architect who designed and built low-cost housing. Allen worked for AFSC, and then for settlement houses in poor neighborhoods.

As for me, I studied and wrote about nonviolence as it first developed in the 19th century as a way of protecting runaway slaves from recapture. It later emerged in the early 20th century as a means to fight for women’s rights. Indeed, Alice Paul, a Quaker from Moorestown, New Jersey, while battling for the 19th Amendment led her followers in a classic nonviolent action—accepting arrest, going to prison, and while there refusing to eat, as Gandhi so often did, until outraged public opinion demanded the release of the women.

We both participated in many nonviolent protests—against racism, against the war in Vietnam, for women’s rights—and we closely followed the development and successes of nonviolence in the civil rights movement. We read and applauded the use of nonviolence in liberation struggles in Serbia, Czechoslovakia, Ireland, the Philippines, Thailand, and Latin America. We were encouraged when we read of governments, such as that of Sweden, that developed departments for the study and use of nonviolent methods of conflict resolution.

Some years ago I was speaking at a Quaker gathering in southern California. I talked about my experience at the state mental hospital, and my discovery that love and the message of nonviolence could reach even the most deteriorated patient. I then mentioned that I had first started to study nonviolence seriously when I attended a seminar at Ahimsa. I spoke about the little commune, and how it influenced lives far beyond its borders. A man spoke up in the audience. “I was there too,” he said. It was Paul “Happy” Smith, one of the original Ahimsa pioneers, whom I had failed to recognize after more than 50 years—a welcome stimulation of old memories.
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MILESTONES

Birth

Daily—Caroline Elizabeth Daily, on March 12, 2005, to Sharon and Greg Daily. Sharon is a member of Gunpowder (Md.) Meeting.

Deaths

Cadbury—B. Bartum Cadbury, 91, on April 6, 2005, in Hanover, N.H. Bartram was born on September 8, 1913, in Moorestown, N.J., to Benjamin and Anna Moore Cadbury. He graduated from Moorestown Friends School, received a bachelor's degree in Biology from Haverford College in 1935 and a master's in Zoology from Cornell University in 1936. In 1940 he married Mary Virginia Thompson. He taught science at Friends Select School in Philadelphia and Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Conn., where he became chairman of the Science Department in 1956. He first taught marine biology at the National Audubon Society's Ecology Camp in Maine in 1948, and served as director from 1958 to 1968. The camp was for adults who were teachers or Audubon activists. During the 1960s and 70s he led ecology tours to Florida, Bermuda, the Bahamas, Trinidad, Tobago, and the South Pacific and spoke in the Audubon Lecture Series. After retiring to Cushing, Maine, he continued his Audubon association, serving as an officer and director for the Mid-Coast Maine Chapter and on the board of directors for the national organization. In Cushing he served on the town planning and conservation committees, was a trustee of the Maine Chapter of the Nature Conservancy, and was a founder of Friends of Hog Island, a support group for the Audubon Camp of Maine. His work helped the Audubon Society to maintain the natural quality of the North Woods as well as adequate habitat for migratory birds. Born into a Quaker family, he was a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting. After moving to Kendal at Hanover in 1995, he became clerk of Kendal Quaker Worship Group. Bartram was predeceased by a brother, Joseph M. Cadbury. He is survived by his wife, Mary Thompson Cadbury; two daughters, Elizabeth and Margaret Cadbury; and four grandchildren.

Dart—Leonard Dart, 86, on July 12, 2004, at his home in San Antonio Gardens in Claremont, Calif. Leonard was born on August 24, 1918, in Angola, Africa, to missionary parents, and often spoke fondly of his nearly idyllic childhood. He came to the United States for schooling and was a conscientious objector during WWII. He and his wife, Martha, met as counselors at a summer camp and were married in 1943. They became convinced Friends, joining Swarthmore (Pa.) Meeting in 1949, and moved to Claremont (Calif.) Meeting in 1955. Leonard served on the College, Discussion, Peace and Social Order, Ministry and Counsel, and Property committees. Over the years, he served as meeting clerk and clerk of Ministry and Counsel Committee. After moving to California, his dedicated work continued in Southern Quarter and in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting where he was active in the Friends in the Orient Committee. Later, he served as representative to FWCC. Leonard helped to clear stones and roots to prepare for the building of Claremont Meeting's meetinghouse, then cut and laid the cork flooring in the meeting room. Years later he planned and helped install equipment for
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the hard of hearing in both the meetinghouse and at Mt. San Antonio Gardens, where he lived. In 1986–87, Leonard and Martha were the last Brin­ton Visitors to travel in all the States that made up Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, Intermountain Yearly Meeting, and Northwest Yearly Meeting (around 7000 miles, by his count), bringing news of their growth and activities. He and Martha were yearend residents at William Penn House in Washington, D. C., and at Woodbrooke Quaker study center in England. Leonard and Friend Freeman Bovard were co-founders of the Joint Science Department at the Claremont Colleges, known widely for their exemplary practice of cooperation and inclusiveness, and shared this knowledge with a university in India. He gave advance notice and information about astronomical activity, setting up a telescope to view eclipses and comets. He spoke with fascination of equipment he had invented to measure the tensile strength of spider web thread. Leonard and Martha built an enormous network of Friends in India, England, and the United States. As Martha’s hearing disappeared almost completely, Leonard wrote notes for her whenever people spoke, and found other methods of adapting the way they lived in order to sustain their independence. He was a quiet man, serene and constant, radiating a Quaker presence wherever he was, and with quiet humor. Speaking out of silence, he possessed a rare ability to expand from his experience, connecting it to the experiences of those gathered. He is sur­vived by his wife, Martha Dart; three daughters, Mary, Ruth, and Sarah Dart; his son, David Dart; six grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

Esmond—William (Bill) Esmond Sr., 92, on April 6, 2005, in Camden, Maine. Bill was born in Galway, Maine, on September 4, 1912, to William J. and Laura Macdonald Edmond. He graduated from Schuyler High School and worked at Saratoga Hospital for many years before taking the job of assistant caretaker of Nashawena Island, 12 miles off the Massachusetts coast. Bill was an active member of Saratoga Meeting before and after World War II, but with increasing deafness he did not attend meeting for several years. He served as clerk, overseer, trustee, and as chairman of the Finance Committee. Bill was active with Young Friends and First-day school, accompanying young Friends to conferences in New York, New Jersey, and Illinois. In 1941 he attended a New Yearly Meeting Peace and Service Committee Conference, and was named secretary to keep the meeting informed of the work and needs of the Foreign Service Section. He and his wife, Martha, attended both the Orthodox and Hicksite Yearly Meetings in New York City when both bodies were concerned with American Friends Service Committee’s operation and financing of Friends Civilian Service Camps. Bill instigated and edited a meeting newsletter to inform members of a peace gathering and of a petition regarding maintenance of conscientious objectors in the workcamps. He represented Saratoga Meeting at Easton-Saratoga Half Yearly Meeting, and New York Yearly Meeting, attending both the Orthodox and Hicksite Meetings. In 1954, when it was proposed that Saratoga join with an Ortho­dox meeting, Bill and his Martha were in unity with Saratoga Meeting’s decision to remain separate and maintain the Hicksite principle. He worked for many years restoring and preserving the meeting­house, and in 1967 he built the large shed in the
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Fitz-Hugh—Ernie Lee Fitz-Hugh, 84, on Oct. 11, 2004, near Hawthorn Woods, Ill. Ernie was born on December 10, 1920, in West Palm Beach, Fla. He received his bachelor's and master's degrees from University of Chicago, where he also met his first wife, Ann Kronquist. They were married in April 1945, the same year Ernie was drafted and made a request for conscientious objector status. Raised Episcopalian, he asked his minister to write a letter of support. The minister refused, and Ernie left the church unhappy with the inconsistencies he had experienced. Later he found that Friends matched his values for peace, hope, and freedom of the human spirit. He was granted only noncombatant status by the draft board and sent to Korea at the end of WWII. While stationed there, he nearly lost his life to a fever. Back from the war, he returned to University of Chicago. He became a psychologist and was delighted to have studied under Carl Rogers. He left school to raise a family before achieving his PhD; he and Ann had two daughters. For 30 years he served in the Illinois State Mental Hospital. In 1971, his beloved Ann died of breast cancer. He remarried in 1973 only to divorce in 1974. In 1976 he married a third time. Ernie was first a member of 57th Street Meeting in Chicago, Ill., later transferring his membership to Lake Forest (Ill.) Meeting, and was an attendant of McHenry County (Ill.) Meeting. He had a great love for classical music and lived a very simple life. Ernie was predeceased by his first wife, Ann Kronquist Fitz-Hugh. He is survived by his wife, Pat Fitz-Hugh; two daughters, Lynn Fitz-Hugh and Fay E. Anderson; four grandchildren, Bridget, Scott, and Elizabeth Anderson and Sara Greend; and his sister, Carol Jacoby.

Fuglister—Cecilia Bowerman Fuglister, 98, on January 14, 2005, in Falmouth, Mass. Cecelia was born on June 16, 1906, at her family home in Falmouth to Albert and Lois Henderson Bowerman. Cecelia grew up within West Falmouth Meeting, a dynamic, programmed meeting that welcomed her enthusiasm and activity. She was educated in a simple village school, and was valedictorian of her high school class. She earned a bachelor's degree in Mathematics from Earlham College and one in Library Science from Columbia University. By the 1920s, West Falmouth Meeting, severely affected by the movement of many people to the west and to the cities, was struggling. There was no longer a regular minister, and meetings themselves began to be held only in the summertime. Cecelia helped to organize what became well-attended summer programs, bringing interesting professors and ministers to the pulpit. In 1939 she married Frederick (Fritz) Fuglister, a WPA artist who came to Falmouth to paint a mural in a public building. Cecelia was working in the public library, as had her father for 47 years. Frederick went on to become a familiar figure in physical oceanography and expert on the Gulf Stream; and when their children were in col-

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Quaker, she was the picture of elegance and grace, and a member of West Chester Meeting for 35 years. She was active in West Chester Friends Community School, helping to plan a new wing and to rehabilitate the meetinghouse. In 2002, when she moved to Glen Meadows, Penelope transferred her membership to Gunpowder (Md.) Meeting, where she enjoyed the social gatherings and coffee hours, participated in quilting projects to sew a dozen lap quilts for ailing members and attendees. When she became ill, she was a grateful recipient of one of the quilts. As her illness progressed, she moved to her son's home in Pennsylvania, where she could receive care from family members. To everyone's delight, she made a remarkable recovery and was able to return to Glen Meadows. Penelope was preceded by her husband, Richard Kieselbach; and a brother, Stoddart Smith. She is survived by her daughter, Patricia K. Murphy; her son, Peter Kieselbach; five grandchildren; and three sisters, Nancy Wendell, Cynthia Roylance, and Virginia Smith.

Monreal—Ignacio (Nacho) González Monreal, 84, on March 2, 2005, in Mexico City. Nacho was born on May 25, 1920, in San Luis Potosí, Mexico, and was raised mostly by a grandmother, a godmother, and an aunt. At the age of ten he was sent to boarding school in Lázaro Cárdenas, to study under the tutelage of Catholic nuns. He received a bachelor's degree in Agricultural Economics from Chapango, where he learned to play American football and, because he was slow but unstoppable, was nicknamed “the tractor.” He later studied at National Autonomous University of Mexico and worked as an economist specializing in agricultural credit within the Mexican banking system. While studying at National School of Agriculture in Chapango in the late 1930s and early 1940s, Nacho was introduced to Quaker of Liberal Haas, who lectured there. With Haas’s guidance, Nacho visited workshops and traveled by AFSC. At a workshop in Tecate, Morelos, in 1944, he met a young woman from a Presbyterian family with Quaker ancestry. They were married in 1950 at Nacho’s parents’ home in Chevy Chase, Md., and then returned to live in Mexico. The couple began attending Mexico City Meeting in the early 1950s and joined the mid-50s because, as Nacho explained, “I discovered in Quakerism the great value of trying to have an honest and truthful life.” From 1960 to 1966 he served as AFSC’s director of rural development in Mexico, helping to coordinate activities at year-round workshops, during which time he was also president of the Instituto Nacional de Economía Agropecuaria. He was a valued link between AFSC’s foreign volunteers and their Mexican hosts, and was much loved for his kindness and good humor. In the early 1970s, Nacho and Ellen founded a Friends meeting in Guatemala, where he was working in another rural development program. From 1969 to 1985, while he and Ellen raised their five children, Nacho worked for several international organizations, including the United Nations and the Organization of American States, and in Honduras, Guatemala, Bolivia, Ecuador, and Brazil. Returning to Mexico, he worked briefly with the Secretariat of Agriculture in the State of Tabasco, always hoping that others would adopt his ideals. From 1990 to 1991, he spent a year in residence at Pendle Hill. Even as a member of Mexico City Meeting declined, Nacho remained absorbed in the life of Casa de los Amigos and committed to maintaining it as a locus of Quaker values. Sitting motionless with his eyes closed, his face deeply furrowed, he was a commanding presence at meeting. Nacho was predeceased by his beloved wife, Ellen. He is survived by three daughters, Nancy, Rebecca, and Sarah Gonzalez-Laucy, and two sons, Victor and Martin Gonzalez-Laucy.

Hollister—Katharine Maxwell Holister, 90, on April 13, 2005, in Yellow Springs, Ohio. Katharine was born in Chicago on April 13, 1914, the daughter of Donald Heckel Maxwell and Virginia Senseney Maxwell, a women’s right-to-vote activist. She grew up in Wilmette, Ill., received a BA from Antioch College, and an MA in Education from Northwestern University. She taught elementary school in Winnetka, Ill., and at the Antioch School in Yellow Springs. In 1939 she married David Penrose Holister. She was a devoted mother who focused on raising her four children. An active member of Yellow Springs Meeting since the early 1940s, she had a passion for religious education. She served as a Sunday School teacher and teacher training for several years before transferring her meeting back to the traditional, unprogrammed form that met throughout the year. Katharine maintained the meeting records, served as treasurer, ensured the maintenance of the buildings, and became the primary link to the future for Friends in the area. She played the violin in the community orchestra and, with Frederick, hosted evening chamber music in their home. And Frederick were also involved in the Cape Cod Symphony and other musical events. She was predeceased by her husband, Frederick Fuglister. She is survived by two sons, Frederick J. (Eric) Fuglister and Charles Fuglister; one daughter, Elisabeth (Betty) Steward; three grandchildren; five great-grandchildren; and several nieces and nephews.

Kieselbach—Penelope (Penny) Morgan Carpenter Kieselbach, 84, on March 6, 2005, in Glen Arm, Md. Penelope was born on November 29, 1920, in New York City to John Tilney Carpenter and Ruth Gardner Carpenter. She grew up in Montclair, N.J., and graduated from Smith College in 1942. She was in the Signal Corps during World War II, and married Richard Kieselbach in 1950. In the early 1960s she earned her master’s degree at West Chester University. She worked in the fashion industry as a travel agent, taught French at Hildene High School in West Chester, and was a clerk at the Chester County Court House. Born a Quaker, she was the picture of elegance and grace, and a member of West Chester Meeting for 35 years. She was active in West Chester Friends Community School, helping to plan a new wing and to rehabilitate the meetinghouse. In 2002, when she moved to Glen Meadows, Penelope transferred her membership to Gunpowder (Md.) Meeting, where she enjoyed the social gatherings and coffee hours, participated in quilting projects to sew a dozen lap quilts for ailing members and attendees. When she became ill, she was a grateful recipient of one of the quilts. As her illness progressed, she moved to her son’s home in Pennsylvania, where she could receive care from family members. To everyone’s delight, she made a remarkable recovery and was able to return to Glen Meadows. Penelope was predeceased by her husband, Richard Kieselbach; and a brother, Stoddart Smith. She is survived by her daughter, Patricia K. Murphy; her son, Peter Kieselbach; five grandchildren; and three sisters, Nancy Wendell, Cynthia Roylance, and Virginia Smith.

Scott—Ursula Marsh Scott, 81, on March 11, 2005, in Asheville, N.C. Ursula was born on March 16, 1923, in Washington, D.C., the daughter of Eleanor Taylor, an outspoken suffragette, and Benjamin Marsh, a grassroots lobbyist and antiwar activist. Ursula graduated from Friends Seminary, a Quaker high school in New York City. In 1942 she went to a workcamp in West Virginia. There she became aware of extreme poverty in the United States. In 1945 she graduated from Swarthmore College and went to work for the Congregational Industrial Organizations, and then for the housing program of American Federation of Labor. In 1949, she graduated from Radcliffe College with a master’s in Sociology. In 1954, she met her husband, Daniel J. Scott, and moved to Amherst, Mass. Three years later the family moved to Vermont where Wallace taught history at Bennington College for 20 years. Her concerns about nuclear weapons testing and convictions about civil rights reenergized her commitment to social activism in the 1960s, both local-
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August 2005 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Hider. George was turned down by the Washington State Medical Board because, they said, it was impossible during wartime to check whether University of Berlin had offered a reputable medical education. Having joined the Wider Quaker Fellowship in New York, Elsa attended University Friends Meeting in Seattle in its original, one-family house. It was Quaker attorney Arthur Barnett who convinced the governor to intervene with the license director. But the couple was still considered alien and was subject to the West Coast's wartime curfew and travel limitations. When they became citizens, George and Elsa Americanized their name to Sherwin. Elsa was on the board of the Seattle Church Council and attended both Friends meeting and Church of the People, a religious fellowship concerning itself directly with social action. As George established himself, Elsa ran a successful import business for foreign language books. Then she became a popular German teacher at University of Washington, initiating a German Club and a German House where students could live immersed in the language, and she took groups of students to Germany. She also instituted an adult German book club that continued long after she no longer could meet with it. George and Elsa loved the Northwest and were enthusiastic campers. It was only after Church of the People disbanded that Elsa became a full-time attender at University Friends Meeting, which she joined in 1963. Though sometimes impatient with Friends' hesitations on social issues, she was an active participant in the activities of the meeting until ill health prevented this. For a number of years, Friends met at home with her for meeting for worship and to offer the fellowship for which she hungered. Berlin remained the city of Elsa's heart, though she knew she would not be happy there away from American baseball, another of her passions. She is remembered for her aptly phrased insights and as a role model for what a woman can accomplish. Until her forced retirement she was a strong and colorful presence in the midst of the meeting. Elsa was predeceased by her husband, George Sherwin. She is survived by a son, Peter Sherwin.

Townsend—Ruth H. Townsend, 86, on December 18, 2004, in Newtown, Pa. Ruth was born Ruth Bender in Camden, N. J., on February 3, 1918. She had a distinguished career in banking. Following the death of her first husband, Harry E. Horton, in 1963, she married Horace P. Townsend in 1964. She joined Middletown (Pa.) Meeting the following year. She worked in several local banks and was recognized with the Tri-State Safe Deposit Associations' Honorary Life Membership and Woman of the Year Awards. Ruth represented Middletown Meeting on the board of Chandler Hall, Bucks Quarterly (Pa.) Meeting's nonprofit health service organization and nursing home, served as its translator, and was instrumental in acquiring funding for its expansion and growth. Just a month shy of her 80th birthday, at an age when many are cutting down on responsibilities, she began three years of service as clerk of Middletown Meeting. Her energy, sensible advice, and pleasant smile are missed. Ruth was predeceased by a son, Charles W. Horton. She is survived by two sons, Harry E. Horton Jr. and William R. Townsend; seven grandchildren; John Townsend, Scott Townsend, Sarah Townsend, Lisa Wallace, Brian Horton, Sandi Rapp, and Harry Horton III; seven great-grandchildren; a niece, Joyce Shepherd; and a cousin, Paul Lucha.
development of the Religious Society of Friends since the beginning.

Sebastian Ortiz
San Jose, Costa Rica

**On “The Alternative to Giving up Meat”**

Thank you for praising the research of Weston A. Price, in the Viewpoint “The alternative to giving up meat” (FJ June). Weston Price’s *Nutrition and Physical Degeneration* is to the body what the Christian Scriptures is to the soul. Both spring from genuine love.

Teresa Lindsey
Flat Rock, N.C.

A labor of love

I was delighted to read Phyllis Taylor’s review of *Compassionate Listening and Other Writings*, by Gene Hoffman, in the June issue. I heartily agree that Gene is a “remarkable woman who lived her life with honesty, passion and commitment” and made important contributions to the peace movement through her pioneering Compassionate Listening work.

The review contains a rather serious error, however. The reviewer says that “in the first part of the book, Hoffman describes the wonderful and difficult parts of her life with an honesty I find courageous and refreshing.” Actually, Gene did not write the first 56 pages of this 350-page book, nor did she write the introductions to each chapter. I did. That’s why the opening section is called the “editor’s introduction and biography” and is written in the third, not the first, person. As editor, I worked closely with Gene for two years to collect her writings into publishable form. It was a labor of love. I spent many hours getting to know her and her amazing story. At the end, I felt as if I were part of her family.

I feel honored to be associated with Gene and to consider her my teacher and friend. She has exerted a significant influence on me as well as on many others in the peace movement. Thanks to Gene, I became involved with the Compassionate Listening (CL) Project, which was founded by Leah Green, a Jewish woman who regards Gene as her mentor. Leah, a deeply spiritual person who is fluent in Hebrew and Arabic, takes groups to Israel/Palestine and trains them in CL. Last fall I was privileged to go to Israel/Palestine with a group led by Leah, and received CL training. It was a life-transforming experience.

Gene herself can no longer travel or give workshops, due to failing health. The good
news is that the legacy of Gene’s work continues through her friends and students. If anyone is interested in learning more about Compassionate Listening, please go to <compassionatelisting.org> or contact me at <friendsbulletin@aol.com>.

Anthony Manes
Torrance, Calif.

What is the meaning of marriage?

I found your recent material on marriage to be particularly relevant for me. I am getting married this fall under the care of Lansdowne (Pa.) Meeting, and it has sent me on a journey to consider the spiritual meaning of marriage and its relationship (if any) to the state’s concept of marriage (defined as a legal contract only). I had intended to be married under the care of the meeting, but to not apply for a license, and then ask to have the marriage recognized by Pennsylvania. But Pennsylvania abolished common law marriage as of January 1, 2005. So I will be getting a license to get married, just like folks have to get a dog license or a driver’s license. But at least for a driver’s license, the state requires some exhibition of capability with respect to what it is allowing. How can the state “allow” marriage at all? Governmental history in this regard is abysmal—less than half a century ago, interracial marriage was still illegal in Virginia (until this was overturned by the U.S. Supreme Court). In the first half of the 20th century, many states (not just in the South) had miscegenation laws regarding marriage.

Paul Sheldon
Drexel Hill, Pa.

Consider Quakerism 101

Our monthly meeting conducted two series of the Quakerism 101 class this past winter, and we are so glad we did. All who participated, from new attenders to longtime Friends, said it was a very valuable and worthwhile activity. Our faith was strengthened and our knowledge increased. We learned things about Quakerism that we never knew, or remembered what we had long ago forgotten. We learned how to verbalize concepts that previously we couldn’t adequately put into words—like explaining to non-Friends just what Quakers believe and why we do what we do.

I recommend that all monthly meetings consider running a Quakerism 101 class from time to time. It requires only a six-week commitment of two hours per week with about 60 pages of reading assignments for each week. The curriculum is very easy to follow, the topics for discussion are clearly explained, and the class does not require great Quakerly wisdom or in-depth knowledge of all things Quaker to be the leader. The volunteer “teacher” is really just a facilitator who leads the class by following the curriculum outline. It is not at all difficult.

Quakerism 101 was developed under the aegis of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. The entire course outline is available for $15 from the FGC Bookstore.

Lisa Stewart
Lake Worth, Fla.

War is not the answer

A copy of this letter was sent to Gazette Newspapers in Gaithersburg, Md.: 

Because of our religious faith, disappointment in our government’s choices of policy, and desire to express our support of our son’s choice of military service, our family mounted a sign in our front yard that read “War Is Not The Answer.”

Some months ago, I wrote to the Gazette to report the unfortunate disappearance of this sign from our front lawn. This sign has disappeared and been replaced many times. The fifth sign is now in place. Once it disappeared and was returned highly modified: neatly carved with the flag of the Confederacy in silhouette and “USA” carved in the middle. I marveled at the juxtaposition of a symbol of slavery with that of one of freedom.

The signs are relatively inexpensive. But I worry at the theft of property and the apparent desire to censor. What could the “borrowers” be trying to accomplish? I would like to speak with them about the basis of their action. Do they have a faith to profess? Are they in total agreement with our government’s recent actions? Is it just abject vandalism? Disagreement in the United States should not result in theft or destruction of property. I hope all people would agree on that.

We are endeavoring to teach our children: first, to be true to their religious faith; second, to not be afraid to express it in their lives; third, to respect and understand those that may hold a different faith; and fourth, to insist that they respect ours.

In the meantime, we pray for God’s guidance, firm in the knowledge that we are not alone in believing that if war is thought the answer, then the wrong question is being asked.

James Lehman Jr.
Laytonsville, Md.
Books and Publications

Consider yourself published! Your book has a home with us. Marple Press, 130 Church Street, #273, New York, NY 10007.

The Tract Association of Friends (founded 1818)
Offers pamphlets and books on Quaker faith and practice. 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102-1479; <www.tractassociation.org>; phone: (215) 357-3927; e-mail: <tract@comcast.net>.

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Quaker Books: Rare out-of-print journals, history, religion, inspirational. Contact us for specific books of topics. Vintage Books, 181 Hayden Rowe Street, Harvard, MA 01456. (908) 435-3499. E-mail us at <vintage@glis.net>.

For Sale
Tapestry Treads CD. Original songs by New Zealand Quakers based on Rondal, England’s Quaker tapestry. $16 postpaid. Roena Cestin, P. O. Box 180844, Corndale, CA 92178; <roenest@yaohn.com>.

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Opportunities

Quaker Writers and Artists! Join the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts ($25/year), and share your work with Friends in our exciting virtual gallery: FriendsPublishing.org. "Seeking short fiction and non-fiction, poetry, drawings, BW photos, and NEWS of Quaker artists. Help create a new chapter in Quaker history Info: FQA, coco PVM, 1515 Cherry St, Philadelphia, PA 19102. E-mail submissions QK@qiquaker.org. <www.qiquaker.org/fqa>.

To consider mountain view retirement property, near a Friend’s center, visit <connozionfriends.org> or write Roy Joe and Ruth Stuckey, 1182 Hornbein Road, Sabino, AZ 85619.

Costa Rica Study Tours: Visit the Quaker community in Monteverde. For information and brochure contact Sarah Stuyve: (511) 203-540-5495; write: Apdo. 48-5635, Monteverde, Costa Rica; e-mail <cristalstudy@racsa.co.cr>; <www.cristalstudytours.com>; or call in the USA (520) 364-8564.

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

Walton Retirement Home, a licensed Residential Care Facility (Assisted Living), has a current need for the following positions:

- Activities Director
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For more information, please visit <www.mmajmmt.org> or contact the Walton Retirement Home, 1254 East Main Street, Barnesville, OH 43713. Phone (740) 425-2944

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Real Estate

Interested in Joining a Thriving Intentional Quaker Community? One of six houses in a wooded setting outside Ashland, Virginia, is for sale. Ashland Intentional Community has been in existence for twenty years. A beautiful, large house with four bedrooms and a peaceful mother-in-law suite, shared wild and woodland field, trail. <Ashdahammer@aol.com>.

CAPE COD REALTOR—specializing in the Falmouth and Bourne areas. I will be happy to help my fellow Friends find a special property on the Cape. Nancy Hollander, Coldwell Banker Weirgeist Realty, Inc. Direct Voice Mail: (508) 307-0767. E-mail: <nolland@cape.com>.


Quaker REALTOR specializing in Quincy, Ma., and Mercer County, N.J. I welcome the opportunity to exceed your expectations. Mark Fulton, Prudential Fox & Roach Realtors, 99 South Main Street, Yardley, PA 19067. (215) 493-5400. <fgr@qfgr Hunger.org>.

Rentals & Retreats

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Ohio YM Friends Center, based in Christian unprogrammed worship, offers a welcoming, quiet, rural setting for personal or group retreats. Contact: Friends Center Coordinator, 1935 Clay Drive, Barnesville, OH 43713 or (740) 425-2853.

Pennsylvania Pocono Mountains, Lake Naomi at Pocono Pines. Single house, 3 bedrooms, 2 1/2 baths, with large deck, canoe, and football at introductory prices. Club dining, beaches, trout fishing, and heated pool included. $1,000.00/week in summer. Call (215) 886-3637.

Round House by the Sea in Ireland available mid-May 2005 until mid-May 2006. Near Waterford Meeting in the sunny southeast of Ireland (it’s all relative!) 4BR, 2 bath, fireplace, a mile from beach. Perfect for writers, sabbaticals. E-mail: <lynnscraize@icloud.com> or phone: 00353-51-391-713.

Cape May, N.J. Beach House; weekly rentals; weekend rentals available for September through October. Great home for family reunions! Block from beach. Close to mall. Ocean views from wraparound porch. Call: (718) 395-3561.

August 2005 Friends JOURNAL
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