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FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker Thought and Life Today

Facing Evil:
GENOCIDE IN DARFUR

Light Beyond the War Clouds

Peace Culture:
The Vision and the Journey

An independent magazine serving the Religious Society of Friends

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■ **AMONG FRIENDS**

Good Use of the Internet

In 2001, when we launched our website, I knew it was the beginning of finding ways to supplement the work of FRIENDS JOURNAL. In those days we wanted to get enough material online so that we could render service to Friends and seekers, and to give viewers a little taste of what FRIENDS JOURNAL contains. Over the years we've added information about our internships, posted job openings, added submissions guidelines, online ordering capability, and put up a calendar of events related to our 50th Anniversary. Until recently, perhaps the most compelling thing we've done online was to post an article by Charlie Clements, "The Faces of Collateral Damage," early in 2003, prior to the commencement of the war in Iraq, more than a month ahead of its appearance in the April issue that year. Our goal was to help mobilize opposition to the war. That article continues to be a part of our website that gets the most hits. It's still having an effect.

Last month we posted David Morse's "Facing Evil: Genocide in Darfur" with similar intentions. When we made it live, we sent out press releases to a broad list of recipients in the hope that this thoughtful and compelling piece of writing, with its long list of resources and avenues of possible action, would help to make a difference for the suffering people of Darfur. You can read the article in this issue (p. 6). You can also see it, with the photos in color, online at <www.friendsjournal.org>. I hope you will tell people about it and pass the word on. The Internet is an amazing tool, with potential for very wide distribution. In this case, I invite you to help to publicize this important article. If we succeed in mobilizing support for the people of Darfur, lives can be saved.

Two additional features have been added to our website in August that are compelling in different ways. One is an archival article offered as part of our 50th Anniversary celebration. Written by Elbert Russell and serialized in the *Friends Intelligencer* in 1927, "The Separation after a Century" was read with so much interest when it first appeared that it was reprinted as a pamphlet when back copies of the issues in which it appeared were threatening to run out. While too long for inclusion in the magazine today, we offer it online in the hope it will again gain a broad audience. We editors feel it has much to offer in understanding the differences between the branches of Quakerism, even today. The reprint is in PDF format for easy downloading. I recommend it to you for personal study, use with discussion groups, or for distribution to newer Friends. You can find a link to it on the homepage of our website at <www.friendsjournal.org>.

The other exciting feature we've put online is a section called "Quaker Youth Speak Out." (Look for the link near the top of the stack of links on the right side of our homepage.) Breeze (Luetke-Stahlman) Richardson came to us with a query quite some time ago. She was going to attend "The Quake that Rocked the Midwest"—and would we like her to interview the young Friends attending and to send us the audio files for our website? "You bet we would!" was our response. Those interviews, expertly done by Breeze, have been combined with a flash presentation by our web manager, Peter Deitz, and page design and portraits of the young Friends by young Friend and artist Matt Corson-Finnerty to create a very colorful and accessible part of our site that is about and for high school and young adult Friends. Have a look at this lively section and listen to thoughrful responses from Quaker youth—we hope you enjoy it as much as we have!

Susan Corson-Finnerty

FRIENDS JOURNAL

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Cover: Darfurian in a Sudanese refugee camp; photo by Gerald Martone

Above: Woman and child in Abu Shouk camp in Darfur; photo by Caroline Irby. Both photos courtesy of International Rescue Committee

FORUM

May is for contemplation

As I read the May issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL, I realized that I was experiencing lectio divina. When I finished my contemplative reading, I compiled a list of friends and family members with whom I intend to share many of the articles.

Clearly, I was in "holy company" as I read. I wish to thank the staff of the JOURNAL for the work you do.

Nancy L. Rosenberger
Phoenixville, Pa.

Alternate words for "simplicity"

My thanks to Caroline Lanker for her provocative article, "Simplicity, a Testimony?", in the June issue. She starts by suggesting that our Testimony on Simplicity "seems to be a surrogate" for humility, putting priorities in order, and good stewardship. I don't see that myself, but can believe that some might. She eventually comes to the idea that "the most generic opposite of 'simplicity' is 'complexity,'" but opines that complexity is not something to be avoided in the name of our Testimony on Simplicity (I am simplifying here). Taking that thought in a different direction, I wondered what is the opposite of the "simplicity" of our Quaker testimony. Perhaps "excess" or "extravagance"?

From there, several images came to mind. The first was Overeaters Anonymous. Unlike in some other 12-step programs, abstinence is not an option. We need to eat. But compulsive eating and eating to excess are very real problems for some people. Apart from the emotional problems behind any kind of compulsive behavior, though, "simplicity" has something to say about what we eat, and how much. While enjoying what we eat is not inherently wrong, is it ever appropriate to eat solely for enjoyment?

The next image came from the old *Kung Fu* television series, which I enjoyed because it looked at the practical implications of some of the beliefs embodied in the Quaker testimonies. In that series, Master Po (the blind monk who taught the main character, Cain, as a child) admitted to one desire: to visit a particular place of religious and historical significance. It wasn't a big thing, but it was something he wanted which was beyond the bounds of "simplicity." Ironically, while making that long-awaited pilgrimage, Master Po runs afoul of an immaturely selfish member of the royal family, who kills him. Enraged by this, Cain, who has encountered Master Po on the journey, kills the young royal without thinking, establishing the premise of the series.

The final image that came to mind was John Woolman's hat. At some point in his life, Woolman decided to stop buying hats that were dyed, selecting natural-colored hats instead. He had learned that the dye used on hats presented health problems for the workers who applied it. When his current (black-dyed) hat finally wore out, he replaced it with an undyed one. Some of his fellow Quakers berated him for his affectation, but he stuck by this particular personal interpretation of

VIEWPOINT

More on animals: "Taking the view from below"

In response to the critics in the June Forum of my essay "Are Animals Our Neighbors?" (*FJ* April), limitations of space prevent me from replying to every point made. This should not be taken as meaning that I "seem to avoid" any of them, as Friends Sally and Bill Moore claim in regard to the reality of nature's pecking order, not treated in my article. The essay was already longer than the JOURNAL's usual limit, and there will always be much necessarily omitted in such cases.

The fact that there is callousness, aggression, and violence in nature is emphasized wherever one turns; nature is "red in tooth and claw." Less ofren stressed is the fact that there is also much nurturance, friendship, and deep attachment—love—in nature, in varying degrees. The same opposite themes are of course also found among human beings. In calling ourselves Friends we affirm that the latter theme is ultimate.

The nature of God is self-giving love: God gives us life ultimately not for the sake of what God gets out of us, but for our sakes. Because Love is ultimate, Friends have always opposed exploitation and violence in regard to human heings, but still tend to assume a barrier between human animals and other animals: the latter are assumed to remain essentially under the principles of the greater devouring the lesser. It may seem quixotic in the extreme to claim that the barrier in question is only a human construction, that humans whose hearts are informed by divine love may and should relate to the "higher" animals at least with justice, or even as neighbors to be loved as ourselves. Bnt it surely appears equally quixotic for us to hold to our Testimony of Peace/Nonviolence in regard to humanity, when the vast majority of those from the Christian tradition have long abandoned it as impractical.

Despite appearances, choosing love over violence, whenever possible, increases the forces working to change the course of spiritual evolution, to return all beings to the divine Heart from which we came.

This is not to insist on perfection here and now. Hnman socieries are complex; there are many ways in which even Friends cannot help being implicated in the many abuses and violent acts in our society, but we try to minimize these wrongs to our fellow humans. I am urging that we take the same stance in regard to the "higher" animals, those with central nervous systems making them capable of physieal pain and pleasure, and the capacity for some degree of psychological life. Of course we must eat, build houses, clothe ourselves, and much more, for which we can tnrn to plants whenever possible. It is important that we respect the plant kingdom as a whole. but individual plants (and creatures such as insects) do not have a claim for justice. They may have a degree of awareness, but they are almost surely not in pain anything like that of cows and sheep when killed, nor do they have nearly the capacity for love.

In regard to the issue of human health, Friends George and Suzanne Lamborn say that dairy products are proven to be the best source of calcium, presumably in part for the prevention of osteoporosis. If this were the case, countries with a high rate of dairy consumption, such as the U.S., Sweden and New Zealand, would be those with the lowest rate of bone fractures. In fact, epidemiological comparisons have shown that it is the other way around; nutrition specialists Neal Barnard, John MacDougall, and especially T. Colin Campbell in *The China Study* have shown that countries where little or no dairy is consumed have far fewer fractures. This is probably because animal protein in milk (and meat) is a major contributor to calcium drain (meaning that after we consume it, we excrete calcium in our urine). Similar patterns prevail for

the Testimony on Simplicity.

At this point, I am thinking that our Testimony on Simplicity might best be summarized by the word "uncluttered." But clutter, like simplicity, is in the eye of the beholder. Caroline Lanker is bothered by the use of "simplicity" to name a testimony, because the word "requires a lot of explanation and some restriction in meaning." Personally, I think the value of our Testimony on Simplicity comes precisely from the complexity of understanding what it means for our daily lives, which requires that we continually re-evaluate the choices we have made.

John van der Meer
Bridgewater, Mass.

Testimonies apply to animals

Quaker Concern for Animals, Britain, would like to thank you for printing Gracia Fay Ellwood's excellent article, "Are Animals Our Neighbors?" which we have belatedly read in your April issue.

In our group, we are currently working very hard to establish and support the concept that we are all animals and that, even as it is unjust to discriminate against individuals of another sex, another faith, or another race, it is unacceptable to consider other species as existing only for our use and as having no intrinsic benefit.

Very many people in Britain call themselves "animal lovers." We in QCA and other organizations contend that it is not merely our love and sympathy that other species need, but our respect.

Our Quaker testimonies on peace and justice should surely extend to all those sentient beings who share our planet.

Marian Hussenbux
Wirral, Britain

Birthrights of animals

I was not surprised by the strong reactions to Gracia Fay Ellwood's article, "Are Animals Our Neighbors?" *(FJ* April*)*. Decades of working on the role-of-animals issue have shown me that this is a topic that touches us all to the core and challenges our long-held sensibilities of how things are and should be done. Questioning the foods we consume and how we treat animals sounds so innocent and straightforward. But instead it is generally perceived as an attack on our mothers' lovingly prepared Thanksgiving feasts, our grandparents' magical farms, and a host of other cherished traditions and memories. Eating is one of our remaining daily pleasures in this world where so many other politically correct behaviors are asked of us. Perhaps then, it is logical that we resist questions that might threaten our food choices.

As a vegan, I frequently wind up in discussions on animals. And like my discussions, the many letter-writing protesters to Gracia Fay Ellwood's article call upon "logic" and "facts." But the point-counterpoint approach disguises the

Continued on page 51

many degenerative diseases. Campbell shows, by both his own decades of research and that of others, how animal food, especially its protein, operates to increase our risk of major cancers, coronary heart disease, diabetes, and other crippling and/or killing disorders.

Friends Sally and Bill Moore are no doubt correct that at present the quantities of milk that cows produce would sicken their calves if they nursed freely. This situation was rare on our farm in the 1940s and '50s, and is, I suspect, partly the result of widespread selective breeding for heavy milk production. We humans must of course deal with the problems we have created, working in the most compassionate manner practicable. I have spoken with a representative of a religious farming community who does so by limiting nursing time, but allowing cow and calf to be in sight of one another to reduce their distress. The farmers find that they have enough milk for their group, but that it is no longer feasible to sell to the public.

Some of my critics agreed that factory farming is deplorable; all who are farmers described their operations as kindly, themselves as devoted to the welfare of their animals. I do not dispute that they are conscientious and generally benign, their farms a far cry from the horrors of factory farms. But wherever one whole class of sentient beings holds another in a chattel or near-chattel state, whether it be women, African-Americans, children, or animals, there will be a range of treatment of the chattels. Our farm was not so kindly a place; the animals' physical needs were never neglected, but disturbing abuse sometimes broke out. In pre-motorized times, horses and oxen who served as beasts of burden would as often as not be beaten and otherwise abused. Past practices in killing animals for "tender" meat, and contemporary scenes in many slaughterhouses, are not such as FRIENDS JOURNAL readers will want to hear about. The point is that the animals seen as property have little choice; they must take the treatment handed out, whether it be kind, callous, or cruel. And even where kindness has prevailed during their lives, the last word will nearly always be a violent one: it is financially impractical to maintain nonproductive property on a pension. Ultimately we keep them for our benefit, not for theirs.

It is sometimes said, with Friend Heike-Marie Edwards, that animals may be killed in a reverential manner, with gratitude for their sacrifice so that we can live. Sacrifice usually means a voluntary and costly gift—of one's substance, of one's life—for another's sake. But when we try to take the view from below, this is not what we see in such a killing. The animal does not give herself willingly and heroically; she experiences herself as suddenly attacked by the trusted keeper, she protests, and she is silenced.

It is better to resist the human inclination to sanctify bloodshed. If an act looks violent, and feels so to the victim, then it is violent, and incompatible with our Peace Testimony. This is true whether we wield the knife ourselves, or in effect pay for the deed that we may eat the body.

It seems ironic that what I have called "taking the view from below" has been expressed by Friend Betsy Erickson as "assum[ing] the high moral ground." My condemnation of violent deeds against animals seems very much like condemnation of the doers as well, but that does not necessarily follow. The moral high ground is too slippery a place for anyone to stand.

As Paul says in Romans, when we condemn another, we condemn ourselves. The Light is one in all of us, human and animal, and thus we all participate in infinite Love, just the way we are. Willy-nilly, we hold one another in a spiritual embrace. If we consciously will the embrace, we can help warm and ignite the coals of the Light in one another's hearts, and thus find new ways to reduce the elements of violence and exploitation in our deeds. We can come a little nearer to the Divine heart.

Gracia Fay Ellwood
Ojai, Calif.

Facing Evil: GENOCIDE IN DARFUR

by David Morse

Gerald Martone/International Rescue Committee (IRC)

"Do you feel old enough to make this decision?" I asked Micah Allen-Doucot.

The 12-year-old was sitting next to his father, Chris, at their dining table last April, a few days before their planned trip to Darfur. Micah had removed his Boston Red Sox baseball cap.

"Yes," Micah said. "My aunt doesn't think so. She thinks I'll see things I'm not ready to see. She's worried. But I think I'm old enough."

"Are you concerned about the risks?" I asked.

"Risks?" He screwed up his eyebrows. Micah has an open, trusting face; brown eyes and a mobile forehead much like his father's when Chris drops his mask of quiet determination and becomes quizzical.

"You could be attacked by the Janjaweed," I ventured.

"Attacked?" Micah's brow swam with bewilderment. "I've never been attacked." In the end he concluded, "I'll be okay, I'll be with my dad."

This would be Chris's second trip to Darfur. But Micah had never traveled outside the United States.

I was left with the feeling that Micah did not really understand the risks. He was relying on Chris, as a child would who truly trusts a parent.

Darfur raises questions for us all.

At what point does an individual start to care about people suffering in another part of the world?

David Morse is a member of Storrs (Conn.) Meeting. His novel, The Iron Bridge, *is about to be reissued in paper as* Bridge Over Time *(RockWay Press).*

kindled into a passion deep enough and hot enough to lead a person to action?

My own interest in Darfur was first sparked by a small article in the back pages of the *Guardian Weekly* in the spring of 2004. It seemed that as Sudan's decades-long civil war was winding down, the conflict between the Khartoum government in the north and rebels in the south had spread into the western region of Sudan known as Darfur. Arab militias, called Janjaweed—meaning "devils on horseback"—were driving black African farmers, who were also Muslim, from their land in an organized campaign of "ethnic cleansing." Their rampage of killing and raping was supported by the Arabist government in Khartoum.

By the time that article appeared, this brutal campaign had been going on for more than a year. Tens of thousands of Darfurians had been killed, more than a million driven from their land. Why was I only now hearing about it?

Because it was happening in Africa, I thought. Indignation lodged in me for months. It was an outrage, but a distant outrage, like a small pesky splinter festering somewhere. Not enough to provoke me to action.

By July of last year the word genocide was being used in the U.S. House of Representatives, with reference to Darfur. Later, in September, the word was used by Secretary of State Colin Powell when he visited Sudan. However, he qualified his assessment by saying the U.S. would take no action because it had no strategic interests in the region. I was appalled at the qualification, but at least he had used the word.

Still I did nothing. And I was supported by the surrounding silence. I saw little about Darfur in the progressive magazines I read, heard nothing from any Quaker organizations. By late October the silence was eerie.

Then in December came the tsunami in the Indian Ocean, which claimed as many as 300,000 lives, followed by the answering wave of sympathy from around the globe.

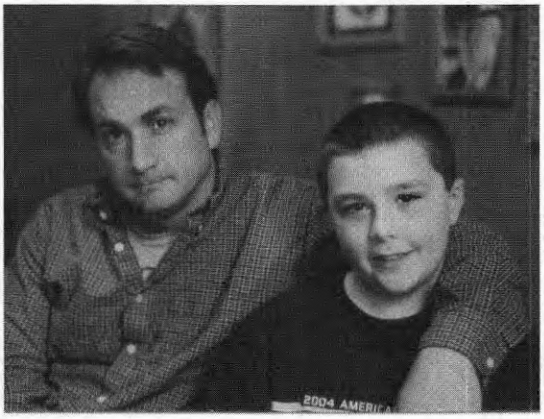
Somehow we could all relate to this natural disaster. So massive was the charitable response that MSF (Médecins Sans tributions for tsunami victims when MSF lacked resources to address the acure suffering elsewhere.

At about that time an article in *The Hartford Courant* caught my attention, this one with a local twist: Chris Allen-Doucot, a founding member of the Catholic Worker team in Hartford, had returned from a three-week visit to Darfur.

Knowing of Chris's work a few years earlier—when he led several delegations to Iraq to witness the impact of sanctions upon Iraqi civilians—and knowing him to be an effective speaker, I was finally moved to take my first small step. I contacted Chris and organized a Darfur evening under the sponsorship of Storrs Meeting, my meeting, in eastern Connecticut, this past January 28. I worked hard to publicize the event, which evolved into a panel discussion. Chris and I appeared on a radio talk show beforehand. Members of the meeting pitched in to distribute fliers and direct parking.

The January event drew nearly 100 people, most of whom signed petitions di-

Below: Chris and Micah
Facing page: Children in Darfur



Gerald Martone/IRC

I realized this was larger and more terrible than the tsunami and was happening right now, in Africa.

a Sudanese refugee, Mohamed Ibrahim, who had been active in the struggle for civil liberties under the radical fundamentalist Islamist dictatorship that seized control of Sudan's democratically elected government in 1989 and that is still in power. Tortured by Sudanese authorities, Mohamed Ibrahim had fled the country and eventually came to the United States, where he worked with other torture survivors. Today he is a U.S. citizen, working for American Friends Service Committee on refugee and immigration issues. I heard about him through Amnesty International.

During the panel discussion, Mohamed drew a sharp distinction between Islamic culture and the Islamist movement, the political expression of Islamic fundamentalism that seeks to impose its theocratic vision on the Islamic world. Beginning in the 1930s and 1940s with the Islamic Brotherhood, this movement morphed into the National Islamic Front (NIF), which took control of Sudan in the 1989 coup and turned Khartoum into an international center for guerilla activities elsewhere. Osama bin Laden lived in Khartoum for five years before leaving for Afghanistan in 1995. Today the NIF is trying to impose its Islamist and Arabist worldview on all of Sudan, at the expense of indigenous farmers, mostly in the south and west, who identify themselves by tribe and for whom Arabic is a second language.

Roughly speaking, the conflict is ethnic more than religious. Fewer than a third of the African farmers practice animist African religions, and a small minority is Christian. But the Muslim majority is considered inferior by the privileged Arabist minority centered in Khartoum and, in a comparison drawn by Gillian Lusk, deputy editor of the London-based fortnightly newsletter *Africa Confidential*, was "in the way," much as the Jews, Roma, and other "others" were for the Nazis.

Historically, racism plays a part. Arabs refer to darker Africans as "abeed," roughly equivalent to "slave." These ancient antipathies go back to the Ottoman Empire, when conquerors developed the north of Sudan and neglected the more inaccessible south—and earlier, under Egypt, when northern Arabs raided the south for ivory and slaves. Slavery continued as a powerful undercurrent in the

rulers kidnapped young Africans and forced them into military service.

What is driving the present genocide, however, is a new struggle for resources—chiefly oil. Water was always contested between nomadic Arabs and African farmers. But when oil was discovered by Chevron in 1978, the zone of conflict moved south. Chevron was forced out. Khartoum redrew Sudan's internal boundaries to seize the oil finds and exclude the south. Thus began the north-south civil war.

The government in Khartoum has relentlessly exploited the ancient rivalries, arming tbe Janjaweed and claiming that it cannot control their predations. Today, oil rigs drill on land seized from African farmers. The wellheads are encircled by bermed earth and military guards to protect against rebel attacks. Chinese and Indian companies pipe the oil to tankers waiting in the Red Sea, to fuel those countries' expanding economies. U.S. oil interhence our State Department's declaration that no vital U.S. interests are involved.

"Sounds like the major powers have cut a deal," a member of the audience observed during the January discussion. "You get this country's oil. We get that country's oil."

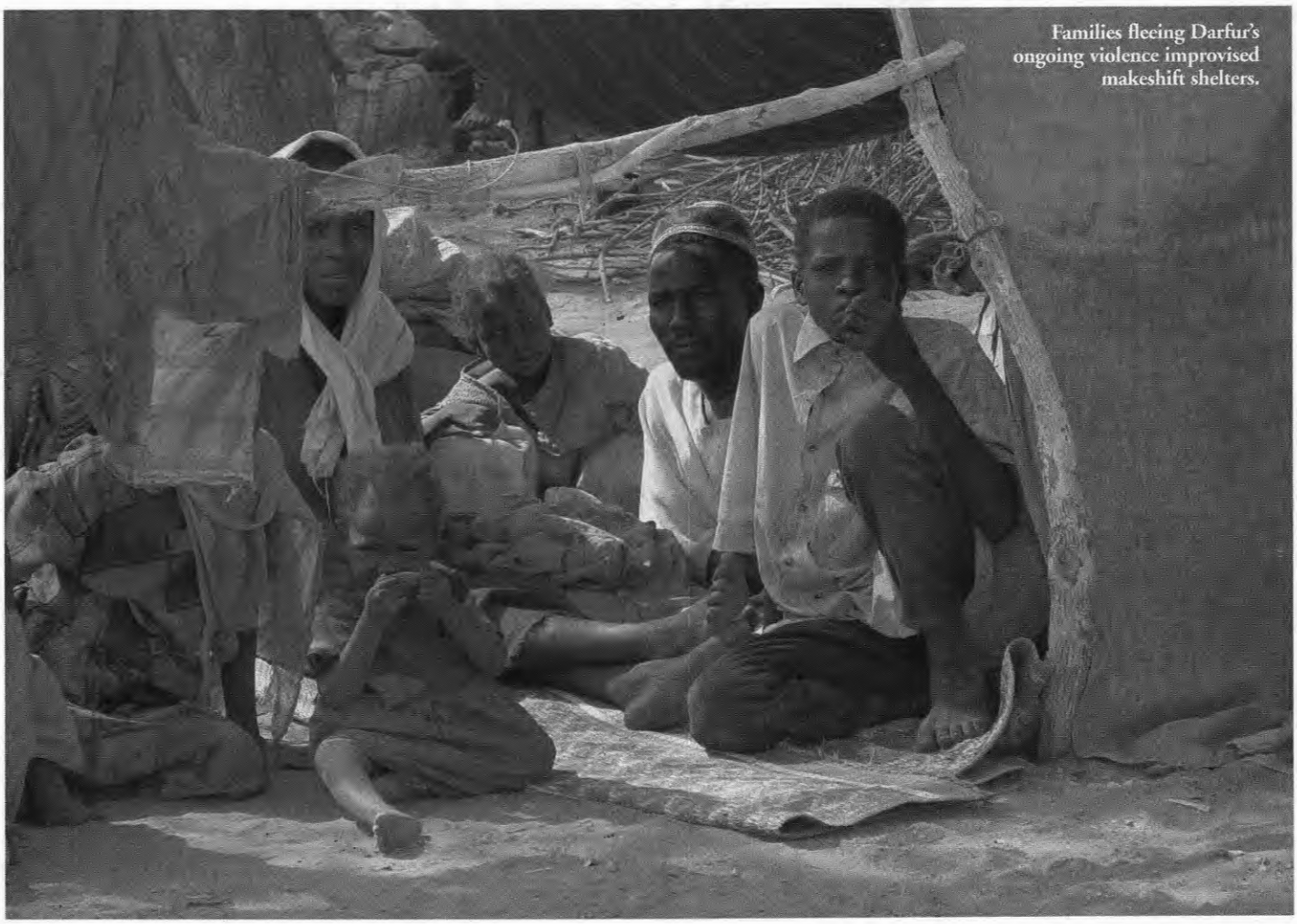
The Sudan regime uses roughly half of the $1,000,000,000 in annual oil revenues to buy weapons to use against the rebels in the south and in Darfur. Thus one of the poorest countries in Africa is locked into an impoverishing cycle of violence.

Chris showed slides from his travels among Darfurian refugees. He talked about the atrocities—how villages are attacked by the Janjaweed, often with support from Sudan government helicopters and troops; how the men in the villages are killed, often castrated and left to bleed to death; how women and young girls are raped; how crops and buildings are burned; how the attacks continue—at refugee camps, when women and chil-

devastated villages and farms.

This glimpse into the horror might have been too mnch had he not also described the resilient spirits of the survivors, though they've lost everything and live in shelters cobbled together with twigs and scraps of plastic, and how children stranded in the desert with nothing but the clothes on their backs somehow find joy in their play. Chris announced his plan to return with his 12-year-old son Micah, along with another Connecticut father and his son, who was Micah's age. They would distribute soccer balls, along with food and water. If they were arrested or otherwise prevented from making this simple humanitarian gesture, it would call world attention to the barbarity of the NIF regime.

For weeks afterward, those who attended the event spoke of how informative and influential the evening had been. I myself was moved in unexpected ways. Some of it was the energy I had



Families fleeing Darfur's ongoing violence improvised makeshift shelters.

Gerald Martone/IRC

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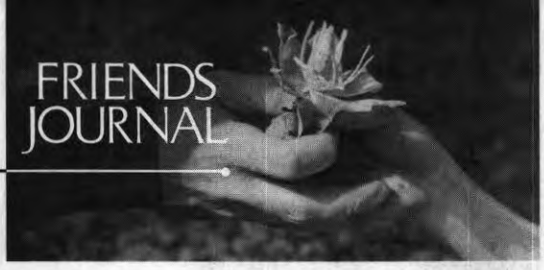

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something larger and more terrible because it was human-created was happening right now in Africa. Some of it was the force of Chris's firsthand testimony. All these things combined perhaps to create an opening for me.

And then, a few days after the panel discussion, I saw the powerful film *Hotel Rwanda*, in which actor Don Cheadle plays the role of Paul Rusesabagina, the hotel manager who by cunning and compassion saved more than 1,000 Tutsis taking refuge from the genocide in Rwanda that claimed 800,000 lives in the span of 100 days, while the world turned its back.

Two days after that, I e-mailed Chris: *I want to go to Darfur. . . . Would it be appropriate for me to go with you and your companion and your sons, or would I be in the way? Please think about it and let me know.*

He e-mailed back quickly: *You would be more than welcome to join us. To do this you must immediately get a passport (cannot have a stamp from Israel) get me a copy of the front page. . . .*

His friend Jory—the other father—and his son had applied for visas two weeks earlier. The trip was planned for mid-April. Chris estimated my portion would cost roughly $2,000 for airfare and ground expenses. Any more money I could raise would help with the purchase of food and water to distribute at the camp.

I overnighted my visa application to the Sudanese embassy. According to the embassy's website, I could expect to receive my visa in ten business days.

This was in early February. Just about that time, a United Nations special commission issued a report on Darfur that documented war crimes but famously stopped short of using the word "genocide." For anyone able to read between the lines, the commission's pretzel logic was an abdication of responsibility. A declaration of genocide would have required the UN to intervene. For the NIF regime in Khartoum and the military officers who were carrying out the genocide, the report must have brought a sigh of relief.

In retrospect, I suspect that the head of state in virtually every country, from Europe and the Middle East to the United States, breathed the same sigh of relief. The UN commission had legitimatized the world's inertia.

For all of February, I waited for my visa. Little did I know how long it would

force of love. I don't know how else to put it. It was not the outrage that propelled me, but a caring so deep that it lay beyond me and surrounded me like a tide of light. This was the second time in my life that I felt called in that way. I surrendered to it. My life, I knew, was about to change.

Chris's plan was simple. We would fly into Khartoum, then take a small plane west to Nyala, the regional capital of Darfur. There we would buy food and other humanitarian supplies to deliver to Derej—an unofficial refugee camp located two or three miles north of Nyala that Chris had visited in his earlier trip. The approximately 5,000 inhabitants—mostly women and children; the men had been killed—were technically not refugees; they were, in the lexicon of international relief agencies, Internally Displaced Persons (IDPs), since they had fled across no national borders.

We hoped to deliver the bulk of the supplies without calling attention to our-

What is driving the present genocide is a new struggle for resources—chiefly oil.

selves. In the meantime we would contact members of the international press corps in Nyala, so they could be present during a final, more brazen delivery of supplies aimed at provoking our arrest.

The Khartoum government bad not recognized Derej officially. Chris supposed this was because it was located only a couple of miles from Nyala, and could not be attacked with the same impunity as more isolated camps. But I have learned since then of many such unofficial camps, and I believe they are a calculated part of the genocide. Even in the officially sanctioned camps, IDPs are surviving on less than the UN-prescribed minimum of 1,900 calories per day. For those herded into places like Derej, the malnourishing aid workers from unofficial camps like Derej because human rights organizations—especially service organizations like International Rescue Committee, Oxfam, Catholic Relief Services, and Doctors Without Borders—who are engaged in servicing tens of thousands of IDPs—are wary of doing anything that might get them expelled. This includes criticism of the regime and the taking of photographs. Khartoum is thus able to restrict the flow of information to the outside world.

By traveling on tourist visas and delivering food and water to the camp, we would be doing what aid organizations were prevented from doing. The amount of food and water we could provide was token, measured against the hunger and thirst of so many people, but it was a calculated act of nonviolent confrontation with the Sudanese authorities. If they arrested us or otherwise stopped us, it would call international attention to the plight of Derej. Pressure might be brought to bear on our own government, and consequently on Khartoum, to open the camp to aid agencies.

If the plan worked, it would be a tiny accomplishment in the larger scheme of things. Was it worth the risk? One has to weigh one's life and physical well-being.

The more I learned about Darfur, the more unsettling the possibilities. We might be attacked by Janjaweed. We might be kidnapped or thrown into jail by the Sudanese secret police.

On the other hand, our act of conscience might save a few lives. Our witness would speak our truth not only to the Sudan government, but to our own government's assumption that Darfurian lives were not worth U.S. intervention. And for me as a writer, this witness would allow me to write about events firsthand. It would give power to my efforts to make Darfur's plight known in the world.

When it came to the two children, my feelings were more complicated. Chris's willingness to take Micah into this situation was underlain by a belief, based on his travels in December, that the level of risk was reasonable. "Our white skins will protect us," he said. "It's racism in reverse. And the Sudanese government has no interest in getting the U.S. involved. The biggest risk, as far as I'm concerned, is if they don't arrest us—if they just ignore us."

I wondered, though, whether Micah

asked whether I thought the two fathers were exploiting their children. I did not. Nevertheless, there were times in the weeks that followed when an image flew unbidden into my mind: the Old Testament prophet Abraham, prepared to sacrifice his son Isaac.

I could not imagine taking my own sons on such a venture at Micah's age. Yet I did expose them to dangers, known and unknown, and this is true for most of us—whether from idealism: the parent who takes a child to a potentially violent political rally; or whether mundanely: the smoker who exposes a child to secondhand smoke. As I write these words I am aware of children Micah's age being propagandized by Army recruiters in the schools.

Chris's choice was mindful. Whether or not it was the choice I would make, I respected it.

Chris is quick on his feet. He has "street smarts" honed by past travel to areas of unrest, and by the life he and his wife, Jackie, have chosen, basing their Catholic Worker organization in the poor and largely black Clay/Arsenal section in the North End of Hartford. They operate out of two frame houses, one painted purple, the other green. They are living a life of voluntary poverty in the tradition of Dorothy Day, who founded *The Catholic Worker* newspaper in the 1930s and inspired a loose network of such houses, based on Jesus' injunction to care for "the least among us." Chris and Jackie and their cohorts offer a safe haven for kids in the neighborhood whose homes are sometimes fragmented by drugs and violence, who need a structured environment where they can hang out safely and get an occasional hot meal.

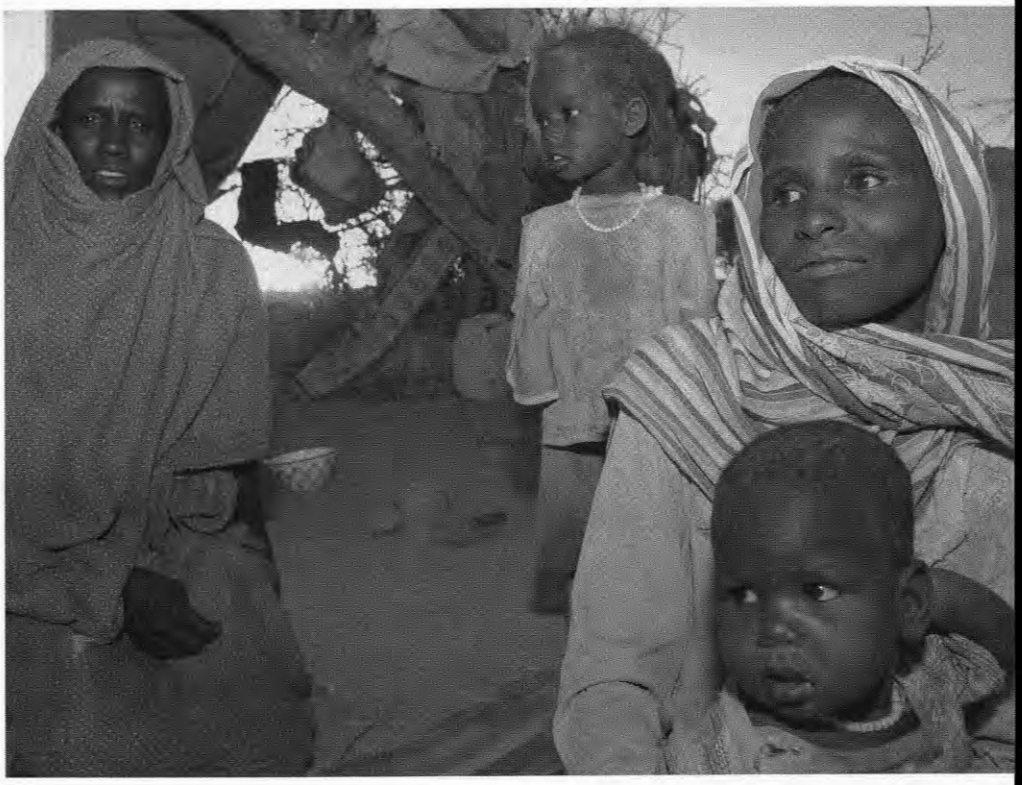
Chris has a scar running from his hairline down to his right eyebrow, compliments of a drug dealer pursuing a young man who burst into the house and took refuge behind Chris. Chris got out the words "The Bible says 'Thou Shall Not Kill'" before the pistol slashed at his head and he dropped to the floor, unconscious. The drug dealer spared his quarry.

Another time Chris was leading a group in Iraq that included a photographer, Brad Clift, who had been assigned to cover it for *Northeast*, the Sunday supplement of the *Hartford Courant*. Chris and Brad were to be driven into Iraq from Jordan by a minder, a man who would arrange for their visas and accompany them on their travels. Chris had been in Iraq before, and he knew that the minder would be under pressure to keep his charges out of trouble. Chris also knew that the photographer would be under pressure to get the kind of photos that would sell newspapers. Chris's job was to keep the minder happy and to keep the photographer out of trouble.

Brad Clift was a veteran photographer who had covered many wars. He was also a man of strong opinions. He wanted to photograph Iraqi children in the streets, and he wanted to photograph them in the kind of dramatic, high-contrast light that would make for striking images. He was not interested in the flat, overcast light that was typical of Iraq in the winter. He wanted to wait for the sun to break through the clouds and cast the scene into stark light and shadow. The photographer insisted he needed early morning light. However, the Iraqi "minders" were not available at such an early hour. One time at dawn Chris—who had several days' growth of beard and could pass for Iraqi—put on his very best clothes, polished his shoes, and acted like a minder while Brad Clift got his shots.

I was impressed with Chris's ability to proceed pretty much autonomously in the Darfur venture, in contrast to the more collective approach favored by Friends. He networked; he consulted with the Bishop of Hartford and the Council of Catholic Bishops of Sudan; but he was accustomed to making quick decisions on the spot.

We agreed that certain key decisions, affecting our ability as a group to stay together, would be made by consensus.



Peter Biro IRC

Still, Chris and I had very different operating styles, coming from very different traditions and probably from my being some 20 years older. He sometimes took my suggestions as challenges to his leadership.

I was operating within the more cumbersome constraints of Quaker process. Part of my leading was to involve my meeting as fully as I could. I asked for a travel letter, a support committee, and a

experienced several years earlier when I felt called to shepherd the process of building a substantial addition onto our meetinghouse. That had been a humbling and exhilarating period in my life. It found its way into the novel I was completing at the time, in which the heroine thinks of herself as "the foremost molecule at the crest of a great curling wave."

Alas, the slowness of the collective process was at odds with the speed of events in Darfur. First there was the newness of the venture—a far cry from our meeting's long-seasoned interest in enlarging its own physical space. Darfur was far from most minds. John Woolman's challenge in "Some Considerations on the Keeping of Negroes, Part Second" came to mind: how to make vivid the kidnapping of Africans "some thousand miles off" to his mostly comfortable middle class audience.

A second field of resistance arose from competing concerns. I experienced this myself whenever someone asked me, "Why Darfur? Why not Togo or Uganda?" My instinct was to stay tightly focussed on Darfur, lest the clarity of my leading be diluted. Feeling that self-protectiveness, I understood how Friends wedded to their own causes might resist mine.

Between early February and late March, my mission changed outwardly at least three times. At the core it remained the same: to help the people of Darfur. But as the situation changed, I felt like someone trying to stay on a bucking horse.

In February I queried my editor at *Northeast* about a story. This would partly finance my trip, and would guarantee a ready audience. Chris and I met with the editors, and I pitched my own role as that of a photojournalist, since photography was not Chris's long suit. We left the meeting by way of the *Courant's* news desks, Chris talking all the way—"chumming," as he later called it, referring to the practice of throwing pieces of fish in the water before putting in a line. Their interest was piqued enough that *The Hartford Courant* itself decided to take over the story, sending its own staff reporter and its felt at this turn, I welcomed it. Darfur would have more impact on the front page of *The Hartford Courant*, and the story might get picked up by the parent company, *The Tribune*, for national syndication. I could still write something for FRIENDS JOURNAL, as I had always planned.

In the meantime, the wait for our visas stretched to three weeks, then four. My phone calls to the Sudanese embassy became a daily ritual. Each time the receptionist put me on hold and left me to listen to taped wooden flute music, only to report that approval had not yet arrived from Khartoum.

In March, Chris's visas arrived. He went ahead and purchased plane tickets for himself and Micah, since flights on the London leg of the journey were filling up fast. Jory and I were left waiting. Presumably Brad Clift, who had a reputation

The waiting became ever more stressful. I asked Senator Chris Dodd's office to intervene at the Sudanese embassy. "They're closing the country to visitors," I said, "while a genocide is going on." I received little encouragement. Countries grant visas at their discretion. As the wait stretched from five weeks to six, the price for my airfare was becoming prohibitively costly. In the meantime, my elderly father feared for my safety. *The Hartford Courant* editors seemed to be having second thoughts. My blood pressure, which had always been good, was suddenly elevated.

As my chances of going to Darfur began to fade, I felt almost relieved. Still, I could not let go. I sent letters to every Quaker organization I could think of, seeking others to join me in a small fact-finding delegation. AFSC had no pres-

A grandfather and women at Touloum refugee camp in Chad

Courtesy of the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum

Peter Biro/ IRC

Resources are rapidly running out for the refugees stranded in the Bahai and Cariari areas, housing nearly a fourth of the Darfur refugees in Chad. The few remaining trees here are chopped down to be used as shelter material or firewood.

ence in Darfur. I tried to make the case that such a delegation could serve as a conduit for Quaker concern.

Briefly, toward the end of March, I entertained the possibility of going to Chad, which shares a border with western Darfur, and where some 200,000 Darfurian refugees are encamped.

"Chad?!" I will never forget John Plank's response to this last-ditch effort. He was a beloved and weighty member of Storrs Meeting, a spiritual father to me, for whom I felt a world of affection. When I broached the idea of Chad at a meeting for business, his eyes narrowed. "Chad? David, do you have any idea of the logistics involved in getting across the desert? How would you carry food?" He grilled me unmercifully. I could feel the love behind his fierce skepticism, and I treasure it now with his passing. But at the time I felt the meeting's rejection bear down on me with the weight of lead.

"Maybe you're trying to slow yourself down," a Friend said, hugging me after the meeting, "by trying to get the meeting's support."

Maybe.

Slow was a painful word for me to hear, in the context of the slaughter raging through Darfur. All I could think of was Darfurians dying at a rate estimated at 6,000 per month while Quakers deliberated.

By April, the situation was deteriorating. Aid convoys were now being attacked in Darfur and Chad, a truck driver killed. Banditry was commonplace, as well as attacks by Janjaweed. The scene was chaotic enough that UN agencies and other organizations were pulling out their workers.

One night, when my wife and I were driving home from Hartford, our headlights surprised three fox kits about to cross the rural road—caught them falling over each other awkwardly in their adolescent haste to stop.

I thought of Micah.

By now Khartoum was restricting the movements of diplomats. Chris and Micah might turn out to be the last tourists to get through the door before it slammed closed.

Do you still plan to go? I e-mailed Chris.

He did.

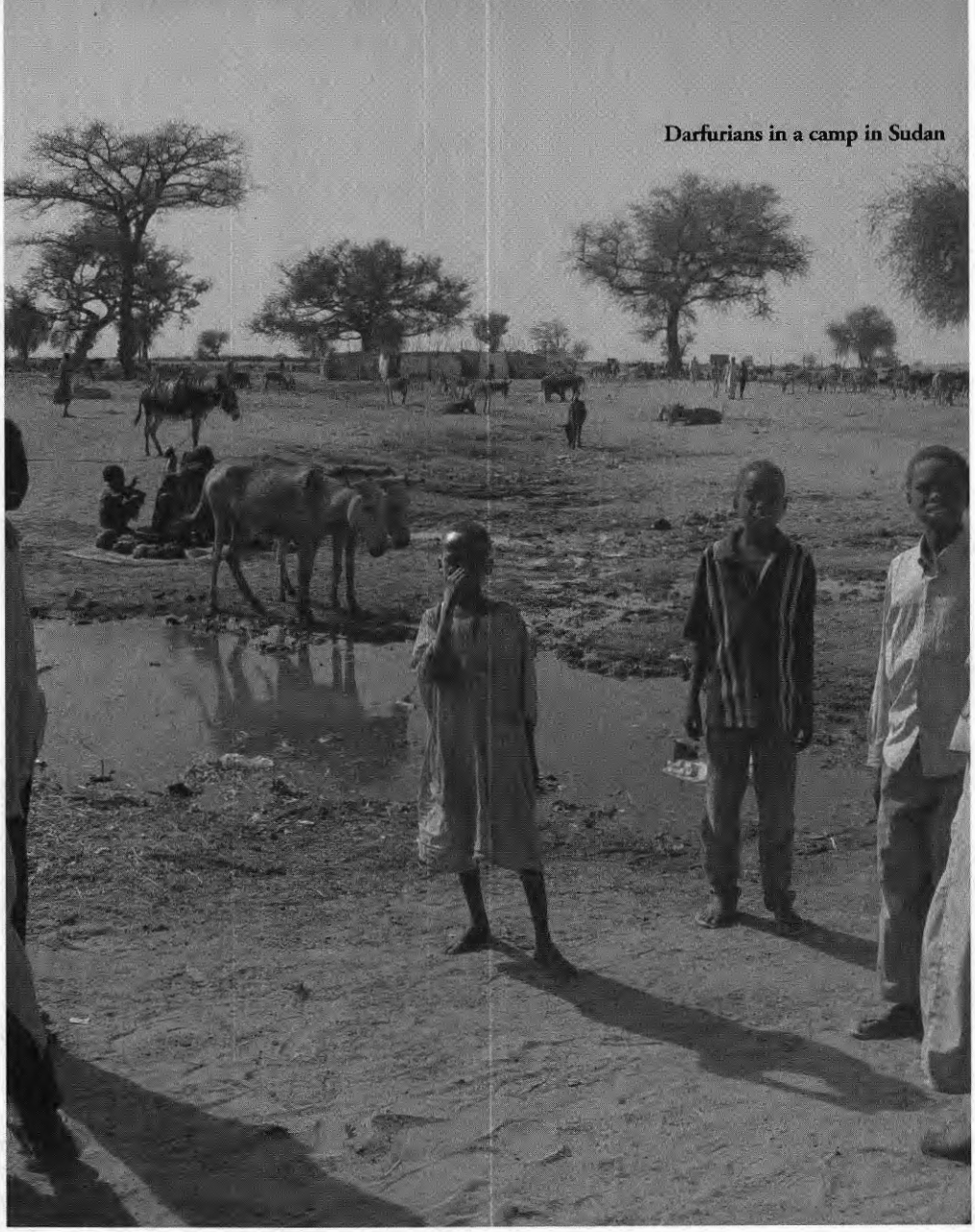
I interviewed them a few days before they left. That was when Micah told me he thought he was old enough to make this decision, when it seemed to me he did not fully comprehend the danger, but was going on trust. Chris believed the trip was still viable. He assured me he would not leave Micah's side. And he and Jackie had told Micah he was free to change his mind any time before the scheduled departure.

For Chris, the journey to Darfur was an opportunity for "faith formation" in Micah. In a formal statement that later appeared in *Northeast*, he spoke more eloquently about his reasons for taking Micah, his belief that taking action was an antidote to despair. "My wife Jackie and I refuse to surrender ourselves or our children to the debilitating ethos of fear that has overtaken our society. We are attempting to raise our sons to be disciples of the intrepid man from Galilee who said: 'Fear is useless, what is needed is faith.'" (Luke 8:50).

"What good is it to know of the suffering of others if we are not going to do anything about it? The suffering in our world is so great it is not possible to shield our children, nor ourselves, from the ugly brutality we often wreak upon each other. In my mind the more dangerous course of action is that of inaction. To do nothing in response to genocide is a tacit admission that evil is a force more powerful than us, that is, more powerful than Good, because in the end that is what we are: Good."

How do we face genocide?

The query is immense.



Darfurians in a camp in Sudan

International Rescue Committee

I'm not sure that as Quakers we are facing it.

We are few in number, and busy with existing concerns. The response to my inquiries about a delegation was meager. From Jessica Huber, who works the "Emerging Crises" desk at Quaker United Nations Office in New York, I learned that QUNO's slender resources were focussed on Northern Uganda. She confessed she was shocked to realize that no Friends organizations were involved in Darfur.

Fortunately, a Friend on leave from Friends Committee on National Legislation proved extraordinarily helpful last spring, when legislation came before the U.S. Congress in the form of the Darfur Accountability Act.

But "we" are larger than Quakers, obviously. We are U.S. citizens. We are spiritual and political beings, apart from our particular sect. We are humans sharing the planet.

Author Samantha Power pursues the question from a national historic perspective in her Pulitzer Prize-winning book, *A Problem from Hell: America and the Age of Genocide*. After examining each instance of genocide in the past century—inflicted by Ottoman Turks on Armenians; by Nazis on Jews and other "undesirables"; by Serbs on Bosnian Muslims; by Hutus on Tutsis in Rwanda—she concludes that our record as a nation is not only poor, but "astonishingly similar across time, geography, ideology, and geopolitical balance." Mostly we stand idly by.

"Despite graphic media coverage," she observes, "American policymakers, journalists, and citizens are extremely slow to muster the imagination needed to reckon with evil. They assume rational actors will not inflict seemingly gratuitous violence. They trust in good-faith negotiations and traditional diplomacy. . . . They urge cease-fires and donate humanitarian aid."

"In each case," she notes, "U.S. policymakers in the executive branch (usually with the passive backing of most members of Congress) had two objectives. First, they wanted to avoid engagement in conflicts that posed little threat to American interests, narrowly defined. And second, they hoped to contain the political costs and avoid the moral stigma associated with allowing genocide." Not only has the suffering of victims "rarely been sufficient to get the United States to intervene," but this country's inaction has generally emboldened the perpetrators of genocide.

"We" are larger than Quakers. We are spiritual and political beings, apart from our particular sect. We are humans sharing the planet.

From my own experience, we Quakers seem not very different from the public at large.

A recent Zogby poll showed that 81 percent of people in the United States support tough sanctions against Sudanese officials; 91 percent support U.S. cooperation with the International Criminal Court in bringing these officials to justice. These people are responding more sympathetically than their government.

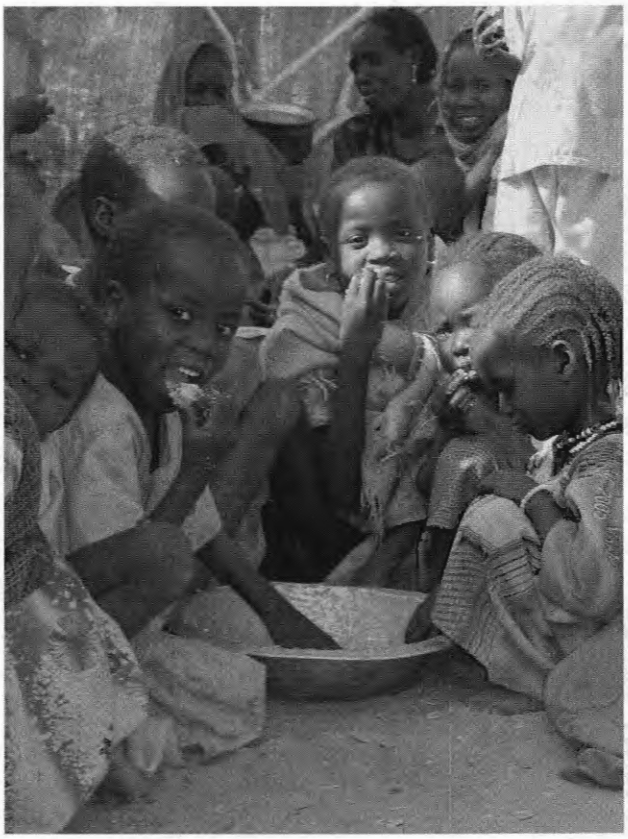
Recently (and ironically) the George W. Bush administration has been dragging its heels on Darfur ostensibly on the strength of Khartoum's cooperation in sharing anti-terrorism intelligence! Whether this speaks to the willing credulity of our own government or to the sophistication of the NIF leaders—some of whom hold advanced degrees from London and Paris—it is of a piece with

the scenarios described in Samantha Power's book. Our own government is going to stand idly by.

"The world is failing Darfur," UN Undersecretary-General for Humanitarian Affairs Jan Egeland announced recently. "We're only playing the humanitarian card, and we're just witnessing the massacres."

Whatever our sympathies for the people of Darfur, as U.S. citizens we have not raised our voices sufficiently to make our government's inaction politically untenable.

I am pleased that Storrs Meeting did pass a minute supporting the Darfur Accountability Act 2005 and sent letters to Connecticut's Congressional representatives as well as to newspapers. The Darfur Accountability Act took a stand against the genocide. It provided for sanctions against the Sudanese officials responsible for the genocide, including restrictions on their travel, freezing of their assets, and prosecution before the International Criminal Court. It also called for beefing up the African Union peacekeeping forces and broadening their mandate to include protection of civilians. It has been replaced by a similar bill called the Darfur Peace and Accountability Act.



Gerald Martone/IRC

Adjacent page: Micah with a Darfurian family
Above: Refugee children sharing a meal

Please let me be clear. If ever there was a body of legislation that Friends should be able to rally around, it is the Darfur Peace and Accountability Act. It is as relevant today as its counterpart was last April. And yet, as of this writing, I know of only one other meeting—South Berkshire Monthly Meeting in Great Barrington, Massachusetts—that has taken this simple step.

Earlier in this account I described three obstacles I encountered in trying to gather my meeting around Darfur: the newness of the idea, the resistance we may all feel if committed to other causes, and the fluidity of the situation in Darfur. But in the end I have come to feel the greatest threshold of resistance is more rudimentary than that. It is our inability to confront evil.

As Friends, we believe in goodness; we strive to see that of God in others. But if we fail to acknowledge the evil of genocide, if we look away when confronted with the slaughter of innocents, then we have discarded our finest aspirations. If we do not confront this genocide head-on, if we do not actively seek nonviolent interventions before it is too late, then our posture of nonviolence has no moral standing and is only a posture.

When Chris and Micah entered Derej on April 21, they found the camp more crowded than before. Its population had swollen to an estimated 14,000 people. Without Jory and me there to help, and the need to protect Micah, Chris was hard-pressed by the desperate condition of the IDPs. Many had gone several days without eating, having walked across the desert from a town burned to the ground by Janjaweed and government troops.

Distributing the food was difficult. On his previous trip, Chris had depended on local sheiks to make up bundles, and an old woman who commanded special authority to make sure the bundles were distributed fairly and with dignity. This proved impossible. They tried various ways. Taking the food around in their rented pickup truck didn't work, because of the crowds that gathered. Members of the African Union peacekeeping force ended up helping.

At one point Chris and Micah were inside a round house made of thatch interwoven with acacia thorns for protection, in which their food was stored: bags of rice, dates, beans. Members of the AU peacekeeping force stood guard. Surrounding them was a sea of several thousand people. Micah could barely see out. It was dark and stifling hot inside the hut, whose walls swayed and bulged under the pressure of the crowd.

"Suddenly this woman dives through the thorns," Micah said. "To get food for her children."

"And we would all do the same thing, wouldn't we?" I said. The three of us were sitting at the picnic table in the backyard with play equipment that serves neighborhood kids. This was a few days after their return to Connecticut.

Chris nodded. "I would dive through thorns for you, Micah."

Micah recalled the day they left, throwing food from the truck, and his joy at seeing kids kicking the soccer balls around.

Altogether they had managed to distribute several tons of rice and lentils, a couple of cows and some chickens, tarps, containers of water, and a couple dozen soccer balls.

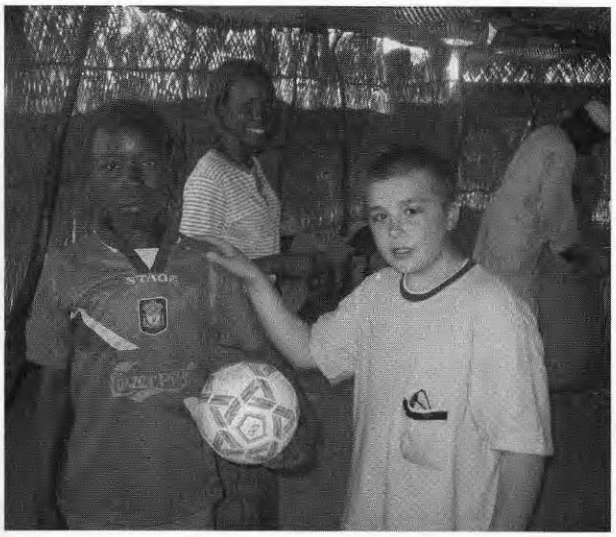
Near the end of their stay in Nyala, the photographer Brad Clift arrived. Although *The Hartford Courant* higher-ups had backed out, Brad had traveled to Khartoum at his own expense and, once there, managed to obtain a visa. Chris and Micah accompanied him to Derej camp, where he took photographs. However, after Chris and Micah flew back to Khartoum they learned that Brad had been arrested in Nyala. His camera and film were confiscated. He was being charged with espionage.

Back at the hotel in Khartoum, Micah was scared. "I was scared because the secret police were looking for us. I was scared because we might be detained at the airport." An official at the U.S. Embassy arranged their transport to the airport, however, and they successfully boarded their plane.

Later, Brad described his ordeal. I felt a bond with him, knowing it could have been me. He described being held for ten

days, being told, "We want to find you guilty and we want to hang you." With the help of two lawyers he was finally freed. He returned home traumatized, with intestinal problems, and a $10,000 debt, mostly in legal fees.

"You look at the power of images," he said, "and you see why they don't want photographs."



More arrests followed. Two officials with MSF were arrested, also on charges of espionage. Their offense was delivering a scholarly paper in the Netherlands about Sudan's systematic use of rape as a weapon. The MSF report confirms what others have documented as well—that ethically targeted rape, inflicted on tens of thousands of Darfurian women and children, is a continuing and brutal feature of the genocide. The victims are stigmatized and the entire society disrupted and demoralized.

By now it is clear that I cannot go to Darfur. What I have written here in FRIENDS JOURNAL is grounds for "espionage" in the eyes of a highly manipulative and essentially fascist regime.

The perpetrators of genocide do not make it easy for people of conscience to intervene or even to bear witness. Or, to put it another way, the perpetrarors of genocide make it all too easy for people of conscience to acquiesce.

Where does my leading call me now?

I cannot turn away from Darfur. The slaughter continues. It is not over, as the mass media have been suggesting for months. More than 2,000,000 Darfurians have been driven from their homes. Civilian deaths are conservatively estimated at 370,000 as of this writing. According to the latest UN assessment, starvation threatens 3,500,000.

Darfur has taught me to explore my faith.

I know better than I did that love energizes me more than outrage. I don't think one has to believe in God to experience this kind of embracing love. Or maybe that experience *is* God.

Whatever the words we use, we can open ourselves to its transformative power. And experiencing it, we can't turn our backs on it. We can only listen for that still, small voice within.

How do I kindle the flame in others? For me as a writer and occasional speaker, there is the magpie's art: the humble task of collecting testimonies and images from the likes of Chris and Micah, from the image of that mother diving through thorns; or the dilemma described to me by a MSF official, who said "Imagine yourself in one of the camps. If you go outside for firewood, you will be killed. If your wife goes, she will be raped or beaten. So, if they are young enough for the Janjaweed not to bother with, do you ask one of your children to go?"

In confronting evil, there is the possibility of love. For each of us, if we are willing to confront this genocide, there is some small step we can take.

We can educate ourselves, organize events, write letters, contribute to relief organizations. We can gather support for the Darfur Peace and Accountability Act vigorously enough to make it a force in U.S. politics. We can join the nationwide grassroots and student-led movement to get pension funds and college endowments to divest from companies such as PetroChina that are doing business with Sudan.

We must be unstoppable. Unlike the tsunami, this is a preventable humanitarian disaster. To face it, I believe, requires a recognition of evil and a belief in the power of love. ❑

Resources on Darfur and Sudan

DarfurInfo <www.darfurinfo.org>
Good all-purpose website with historical background, links, and updated postings.

Save Darfur Coalition
<www.darfur@democracyinaction.org>
Offers a weekly summation of the latest news pertaining to Darfur. Surprisingly comprehensive, it draws from diverse sources—from mainstream news sources such as Reuters to specialty news sources such as UN News Centre, to websites such as <www.allAfrica.com> and in-country papers such as *Sudan Tribune*. Best single source for staying up to date.

Eric Reeves' website
<www.sudanreeves.org>
Darfur-watcher Reeves, who teaches English at Smith College, offers trenchant analyses of events and independent data concerning number of civilian casualties in Darfur.

Sudan Organization Against Torture (SOAT) <www.soatsudan.org>
Operating much like Amnesty International, SOAT publicizes attacks on Darfur civilians by Janjaweed and government troops, arbitrary arrests and cases of torture, government censorship, and intimidation. At the end of each dispatch is a list of Sudanese authorities to whom you can write.

Human Rights Watch <www.hrw.org>
Reliable watchdog of human rights violations the world over, with up-to-date tracking of Darfur. Excellent source for following UN efforts, including its delays, toward taking action in Darfur.

International Rescue Committee (IRC)
<www.theirc.org>
One of the preeminent service organizations, along with Oxfam, Catholic Relief Services, and other

Continued on page 50

FRIENDS JOURNAL at 50

Each month this year, FRIENDS JOURNAL is reprinting an article from a past issue of the magazine.

Peace Cul

THE VISION AND THE

by Elise Boulding

For some time I have been haunted by the realization that over 100 years ago, the 20th century was envisioned as the turning point for humankind. The Hague Peace Conference in 1899 was called to put an end to war. New ideas, new institutions, and wonderful new networks of transnational, nongovernmental organizations all aiming at making the world a better place kept blossoming through the decades in spite of the eruptions of World Wars I and II and the long Cold War. Still, in these last decades violence is out of control on every continent and there is a strong temptation to despair.

Are there any grounds for hope? George Fox spoke of coming into the "covenant of peace, which was before wars and strifes were." That which was before wars and strifes was the love that begot creation. We must never forget that love was the first motion. Every human being who comes into the world is capable of that love, but how to give expression to it has to be learned. Learning is a complicated process, both for individuals and societies, and that is where our problems lie. The culture of peace, the embodiment of the covenant of peace, has to be learned. It has to be learned because every human is unique and different from every other human. We are born needing each other, but because we are also born different, we have to learn how to give each other space, how to deal with our differences. That is what the culture of peace is about. It consists of a mosaic of identities, attitudes, values, beliefs, and institutional patterns that lead people to live nurturantly with one another without the aid of structured power differentials, to deal creatively with differences, and to share resources. Through the centuries we have done better at certain times than at others in getting the hang of the social learnings needed to deal with our differences.

The grounds for hope lie in recovering our

Elise Boulding, a member of Wellesley (Mass.) Meeting, is the author of Cultures of Peace: The Hidden Side of History. *This is the unrevised text of an article that appeared in the September 2000 issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL.*

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JOURNEY

understanding of the human capacity for love, coupled with the realization that we cannot take it for granted. That capacity needs to be nurtured. What each of us is doing with our lives is finding ways to develop the skills of loving across differences, conflict, and violence—the skills of peacebuilding.

The history books are against us, presenting a false image of humanity as being essentially war-ptone. In fact, humans spend most of their time in essentially peaceful activities; utopian longings for peace and actual practical works of peacebuilding are even more central to lived human history than the wars that crowd them out of the history books. The restorative justice movement and the truth and reconciliation movements of today are between them uncovering more and more of that reality. Ancient practices of community gatherings to deal with conflicts and wrongdoing through patient listening, public acknowledgment of wrongs, restitution, and reconciliation are being revived in war-torn societies in Africa, Asia, and the Americas as an alternative to the retributive justice systems of the West. The process is slow, but it may be the most important movement of the 21st century.

Can we say that the concept of the covenant of peace is being reborn in the new term "culture of peace"? Edward Hicks's vivid paintings of the Peaceable Kingdom, now newly popular, give a wonderful symbolic embodiment to the covenant as he brings the words of Isaiah to life:

The wolf shall dwell with the lamb,
and the leopard shall lie down with the kid,
and the calf and the lion and the fatling together,
and a little child shall lead them. . . .
They shall not hurt or destroy
in all my holy mountain.

The beauty of the concept of the culture of peace is that we know culture has to be learned. The peace capabilities are there, but so are the capabilities for violence. UNESCO's famous Seville statement that warfare is not genetically determined laid the groundwork for the UN declaration of the year 2000 and the decade 2001–2010 as a time to educate for a culture of peace and nonviolence in all the 189 member states of the UN. What an opportunity for us as Friends!

> We are born needing each other, but because we are also born different, we have to learn how to give each other space, how to deal with our differences. That is what the culture of peace is about.

How are we using it? It is a time for deep reflection on the kinds of learnings that need to take place to move public discourse away from a preoccupation with military solutions and the use of force in situations of conflict, and toward mutuality and problem-solving. Committed Friends have undertaken a searching examination of past and present peacebuilding work in many parts of the world. How can we relate the extraordinarily creative conflict transformation work Friends are now carrying out in specific local settings, such as the Balkans and the Great Lakes Region of Africa, to the macro-level abuse of the planet itself by military and corporate alliances?

On the one hand each local peacebuilding activity is a living example of what can be. Kenneth Boulding always used to say, "What exists is possible." Every local area of reconciliation is testimony to the possibility of a world at peace. But the culture of peace is a mosaic of attitudes, behaviors, and institutions—so complex! That means we have to pay attention to every aspect of the culture, from our own individual selves, families, and local communities to school systems, courts and prisons, political and economic institutions, and human behavior in relation to the living biosphere. The transformation of age and gender roles and relations between races and ethnicities in a culture of peace is as big a challenge as any of the other features of our current social order. All these problems are in addition to the extremely difficult reconciliation work so many Friends are doing among people engaged in brutal physical conflict in war zones.

It is overwhelming. It is too much. How shall we think of what we do? Yes of course we must begin where we are and do what comes to hand in our daily lives and where we live. There is also much to be said for attending to the development of better working relationships between the growing number of peace, development, environment, and humanitarian NGOs that are crowding the world scene. Skills of collaboration are unfortunately in short supply. How to develop listening partnerships with those who would be our competitors in doing good works is a serious challenge. Also gaining access to macro-level processes through developing working relationships with intergovernmental institutions such as the Organization of American States, as our European sisters and brothers are doing in working with the Council of Europe, is an area we have not sufficiently explored. We have ignored the possibil-

possible nuclear-weapons-free zones around the world from Tlatelolco to Raratonga to Pelindaba. They can be the foundation of a planetary zone of peace, with nuclear weapons forever banished from the Earth.

No, we can't do everything, but we must be open to opportunities to make connections, keeping alive at all times our sense of the interdependence of all life systems on the planet, biological aud social. We can celebrate the growth of the Truth and Reconciliation movement around the world. Fifteen countries that have experienced grievous internal violence now have such commissions. At last there seems to be a growing realization that cycles of vengeance and counter-vengeance can completely destroy the societies involved and must be stopped. There is a space, somewhere between vengeance and forgiveness, where enemies can live together again and societies can begin to heal.

Such commissions are not panaceas, but they involve a deep spiritual searching process for a significant number of social groups within the countries undertaking this process. Public acknowledgment of harm done and public grieving are critical to rebuilding relationships involved in re-creating a viable peace culture in torn-apart societies. The whole process is intensely local at the same time that it is national in scope. As Friends we have a special responsibility for carrying through this acknowledgment of harm done and undertaking the work of grieving in our own countries. For example, in the United States we have never adequately acknowledged and grieved over the unleashing of nuclear bombs over Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and we as a nation remain an unrepentant advocate of nuclear war. So many deeds to grieve over! Some Friends retrace the steps of the slave trade back to Africa in a journey of repentance. Others continue to work with our Native American brothers and sisters for the return of lands forcibly rorn from them. Voices in the Wilderness would lead us to restitution for the barbarous bombed Kosovo. But the United States as a nation does not grieve. And it never apologizes.

There is a very difficult spiritual journey to be undertaken if we are serious about contributing to the development of a durable peace culture in our own country. A very special part of that journey is the process of visioning how things would be, if we indeed came into the covenant of peace rhat George Fox spoke of. We are so distracted by the violence in the world that we don't even see how much actual peacebuilding goes on every day. Even worse, we don't see in our imaginations how things could be if more of that peacebuilding energy were released into the world. We are forgetting that it is the overall quality of peace culture in everyday life that determines national policy and international behavior. We can't expect diplomats to engage in a type of cooperative, interactive problem-solving between states and at the United Nations that is alien to our local behaviors. So what would a world look like that had viable local peace cultures on every continent? We can't work for something we can't imagine! We urgently need, individually, in our families, in our meetings, and in all the groups we work with, to spend significant periods of time in deep reflection about and envisioning of an Earth-world that has become the peaceable garden it was created to be. A more local Earth-world, in which all living things are attuned to one another and learn from one another. A world full of music, the joy of work, and the joy of play. Our vision will empower our action as each of us begins to use the tools we have, in the settings in which we move, in ways that will sustain the peaceable garden. We are all gardeners, and the vision is the journey. ❑

THE MILL OF VIOLENCE

If things were otherwise
And hunger should grow restless in the mill

And anger just refuse to grind the flour
and the great wheel should rest

So that no human hand would harm a beast
Nor canine brow

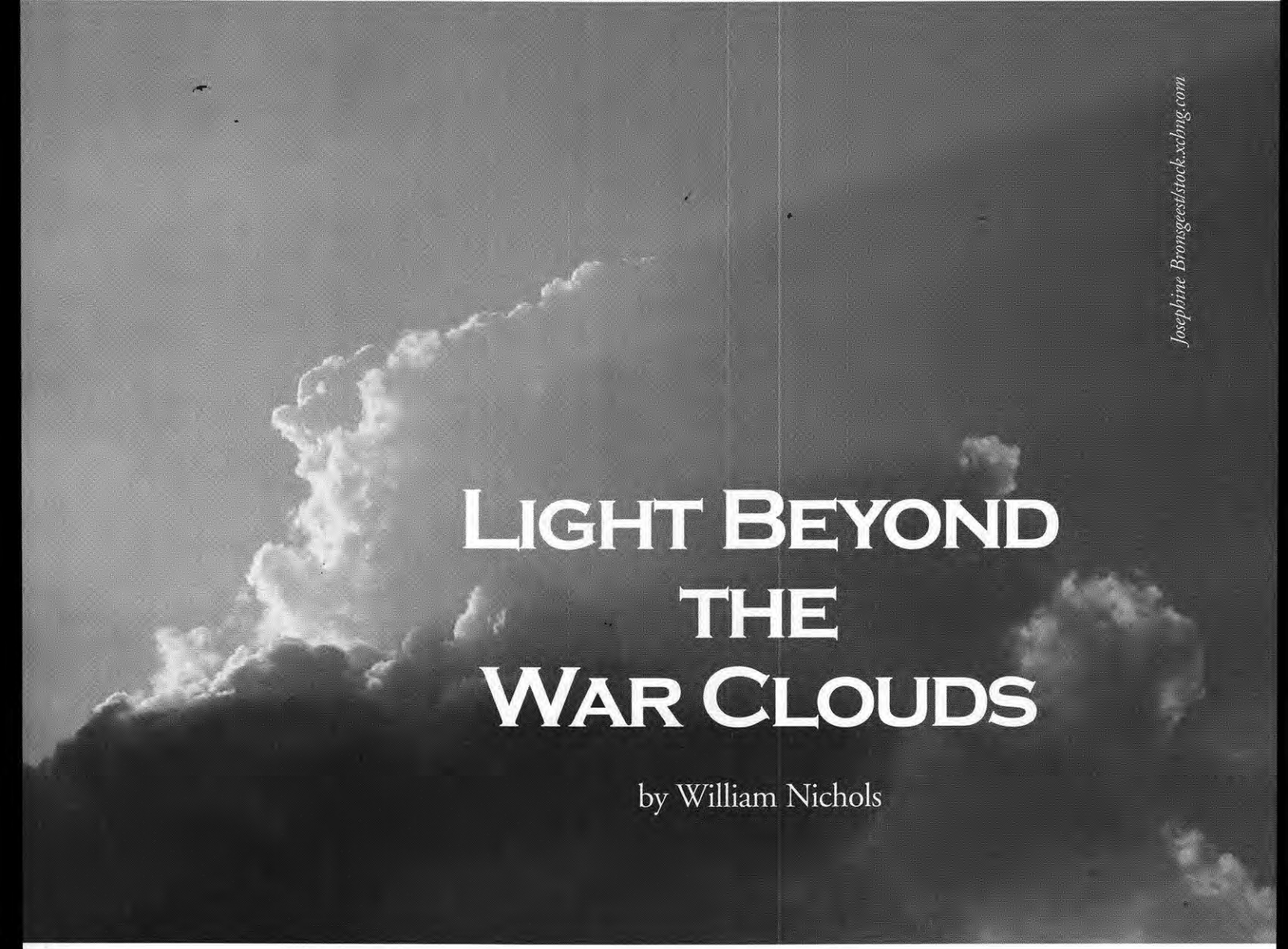
Grow furrowed at the presence in the bush
Of something poised to kill

I think the wounded bird would learn to fly
And look out from his nest

At weightless clouds
That had been walking on his wing again.

Peter Meister

Peter Meister lives in New Hope, Alabama.



Josephine Bronsgeest/istock.xchng.com

Light Beyond the War Clouds

by William Nichols

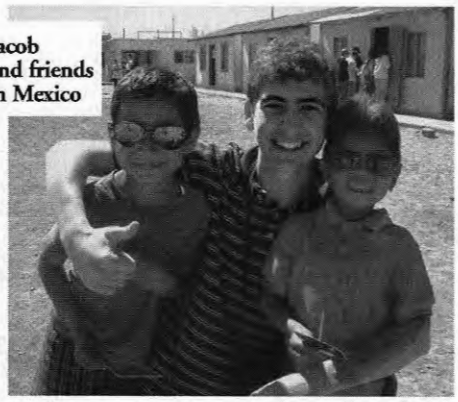
Two weeks before our country's Inauguration in January, when many of us were feeling the burden of living in a society that understands "war on terror" literally, my wife and I met Jacob, a senior at Oakwood Friends School in Poughkeepsie, New York, where our granddaughter is an eighth grader. Jacob told us about a journey he made last year to visit workers in Mexican factories along the border. He was part of a small delegation from a student club, No Sweat, that delivers money and medical supplies to workers. Jacob comes from a long line of rabbis, and beneath an affable, satirical edge I detect a serious, scholarly spirit. The trip to Mexico changed his life, he said, but he found no simple answers; just try to improve the quality of Mexican workers' lives with a boycott, for example, and the corporations take their factories to China or India.

As we talked with Jacob and other Oakwood students who have done community service in the poorest neighborhoods of Poughkeepsie and New York City, I began to see a paradox: students who have known firsthand some of our society's grim failures were offering eloquent testimonials to the survival of hope. They explained how they are learning to do small things that make a difference. They talked about peace marches where they find themselves among thousands of people who share their views. They told about studying and interpreting the USA Patriot Act for others in their school. And they insisted that they found moral courage among poor people who know they are victims of injustice.

The surprising light these young people found in the midst of bleak circumstances reminded me of a theme running through Paul Rogat Loeb's recent book *The Impossible Will Take a Little While: A Citizen's Guide to Hope in a Time of Fear.* The many hymns to hope that Paul Loeb has gathered include essays and poems by such people as W.H. Auden, Nelson Mandela, Marian Wright Edelman, Vaclav Havel, Wendell Berry, Pablo Neruda, Martin Luther King, Maya

William Nichols serves on the executive committee of American Friends Service Committee in the Great Lakes Region. He is retired from Denison University, where he was a teacher and administrator. He recently published York's Journal: A Novel, *an imagined account of the Lewis and Clark Expedition by the only slave to make the journey.*

Angelou, Alice Walker, and Desmond Tutu. But it is historian Howard Zinn's essay, "The Optimism of Uncertainty," that suggests most clearly the theme I have in mind. Zinn looks back over the past century, considering how unexpected were many of the good things that happened. He asks, "Who foresaw that, on that day in Montgomery, Alabama, in 1955, when Rosa Parks refused to move from the front of the bus, this would lead to a protest of black working people, and a chain of events that would shake the nation, startle the world, and transform the South?" In a frightened society that



Jacob and friends in Mexico

STUDENTS WHO HAVE KNOWN FIRSTHAND SOME OF OUR SOCIETY'S GRIM FAILURES WERE OFFERING ELOQUENT TESTIMONIALS TO THE SURVIVAL OF HOPE.

longs for predictability, it may be important to acknowledge that hope is partly a matter of recognizing the limits to what we know about the world.

The connection between unpredictability and hope has much to do with human limitations, and in *The Impossible Will Take a Little While*, Rabbi Arthur Waskow considers the significance of accepting our physical vulnerability. In "The Sukkah of Shalom," he describes the ceremonial building of a *sukkah*, a fragile hut with a leafy roof, as a way of thinking about the horrors of September 11, 2001, the event that undergirds our society's literal interpretation of "War on Terror." "Only a world where all communities feel vulnerable," Arthur Waskow says, "and therefore connected to all other communities, can prevent such acts of rage and mass murder." A sukkah, then, might remind us of that brief period after September 11 when people in many countries around the world spoke of us not as the world's only superpower, but as a society that shared their vulnerability, their common fate.

Authentic hope may be inseparable from such humility, and our Amish friends in Ohio's Holmes County, David and Elsie, embody both. When my wife and I visited them after last November's election they seemed to be feeling a different kind of sadness than we were. Elsie was at work preparing to host a worship service and dinner at their farm, and David had just gone out to repair a fence. We sat down in their kitchen with Elsie to meet their new grandson, Noah, and David walked in with one of his dogs, saying he was glad he'd forgotten his pocket knife because now he'd found us. Their sadness focused on a painful conversation with friends and relatives about a Mennonite congregation that held a prayer meeting to plead for the reelection of George W. Bush. The Amish hold firmly to the separation of church and state, and the local church's partisan prayers troubled them as much as the election results.

When I said our country seems to have lost its way, David reminded us that anyone elected president in 2004 would be haunted by the mounting horrors in Iraq and our faltering economy. We probably need to admit, Elsie said, that good people were on both sides of our nation's recent election, and most of those who voted to continue a government that seeks answers in violence and bravado made their choice on the basis of fear rather than hatred.

David and Elsie have a way of making the world's goodness visible when it seems to have disappeared, a gift I've considered partly a result of their daily work on their organic dairy farm, where they try to make Earth a good place for living things. The students who have found hope by embedding themselves briefly in communities weighed down by poverty and injustice gave me another perspective on David and Elsie: their work as farmers leads them to acknowledge the power of necessity. They know how unpredictable shifts in the weather can alter the results of their work, and they accept the limits on their power to make the earth do what they desire. Four years ago, David and Elsie started *Farming Magazine: People, Land, and Community*. Their purpose, I think, is to help people reclaim the humility of a true agriculture, as opposed to the arrogance of an agribusiness that tries to make the natural world operate within the constraints of industrialism. Theirs is a magazine filled with hope.

Another friend, Bob, an Iowa-farm-boy-turned-philosopher, has created a website, <www.farmlit.tripod.com>, with a similar purpose. More recently, Bob suggested that people respond to their electoral disappointment by inviting their friends, both Democrats and Republicans, to declare their independence from political parties, a case he makes at another website, <www.independentstrategy.info>. His claim that the political parties aren't really addressing the crucial issues anymore appealed to me, so I hit the "forward" button, and sent Bob's proposal to another friend, Fred, a writer just retired from *Newsday*. He was not impressed. "Implicit in [Bob's] proposal," he wrote, "is a charming—though, sorry, daffy—notion that The World Can Still Be Saved, or at least that portion of the world occupied by the United States. Very '60s, very nostalgic."

Fred's world-weary, dismissive back-of-the-hand bothered me, and I felt a hint of dread when, just a few days before my wife and I were to visit Oakwood Friends School, we climbed aboard a Metro-North train in Poughkeepsie and headed south along the icy Hudson to see Fred. As we walked west on 42nd Street and down Seventh Avenue, I was not as attentive to the New York City bustle as I wanted to be. Instead, I was thinking of what it would mean to tell my old friend he has become a cynic. I rehearsed brief, cordial speeches and prepared to warm him up by talking about how valuable Pedro Martinez might be to the New York Mets, Fred's team after the Dodgers left Brooklyn. I sensed trouble immediately when Fred told me he considers the acquisition of Martinez a major mistake that may doom the Mets to several more years of mediocrity.

At dinner, Fred revealed his growing belief that our society might easily be

talked into going to war with almost any nation. If we're told a foreign leader is evil, he said, and our own leaders stir up the necessary fear and hatred, we'll applaud them as they bomb Iran, North Korea, or even France. We argued for a while, but I didn't call Fred a cynic because I saw that his anger with our government had become deep disappointment in the people of the United States. In fact, I grew uncharacteristically quiet, because I didn't have an answer to my good friend's deep despair.

Since then, as I have attempted to assemble my answer, I've been drawn back to my own family's religious and political history. My mother grew up in a working class, Democratic home. Her father, a union man, drove a city bus, and their family attended a conservative Baptist church. As a married adult, my mother joined a more liberal Presbyterian church and became a conservative Republican. Her younger sister, who moved from their home in Portland, Oregon, to Boise, Idaho, took political positions well to the right of my mother's, and for several years left Idaho to work for Jerry Falwell in Lynchburg, Virginia. This is the man who, having said the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001, were a result of God's anger at feminists, homosexuals, abortion rights supporters, and civil liberties activists, later sought to soften his indictment by saying it was "ill-timed." As working class Democrats move to the right, often by way of an evangelical Christianity that seems increasingly attuned to the fear and loathing implied in Jerry Falwell's words, my parents' story, from the middle years of the 20th century, has come to have a contemporary flavor. It is a complex knit of religion, politics, economics, and class; and many of the recent political shifts in our society must be similarly complicated.

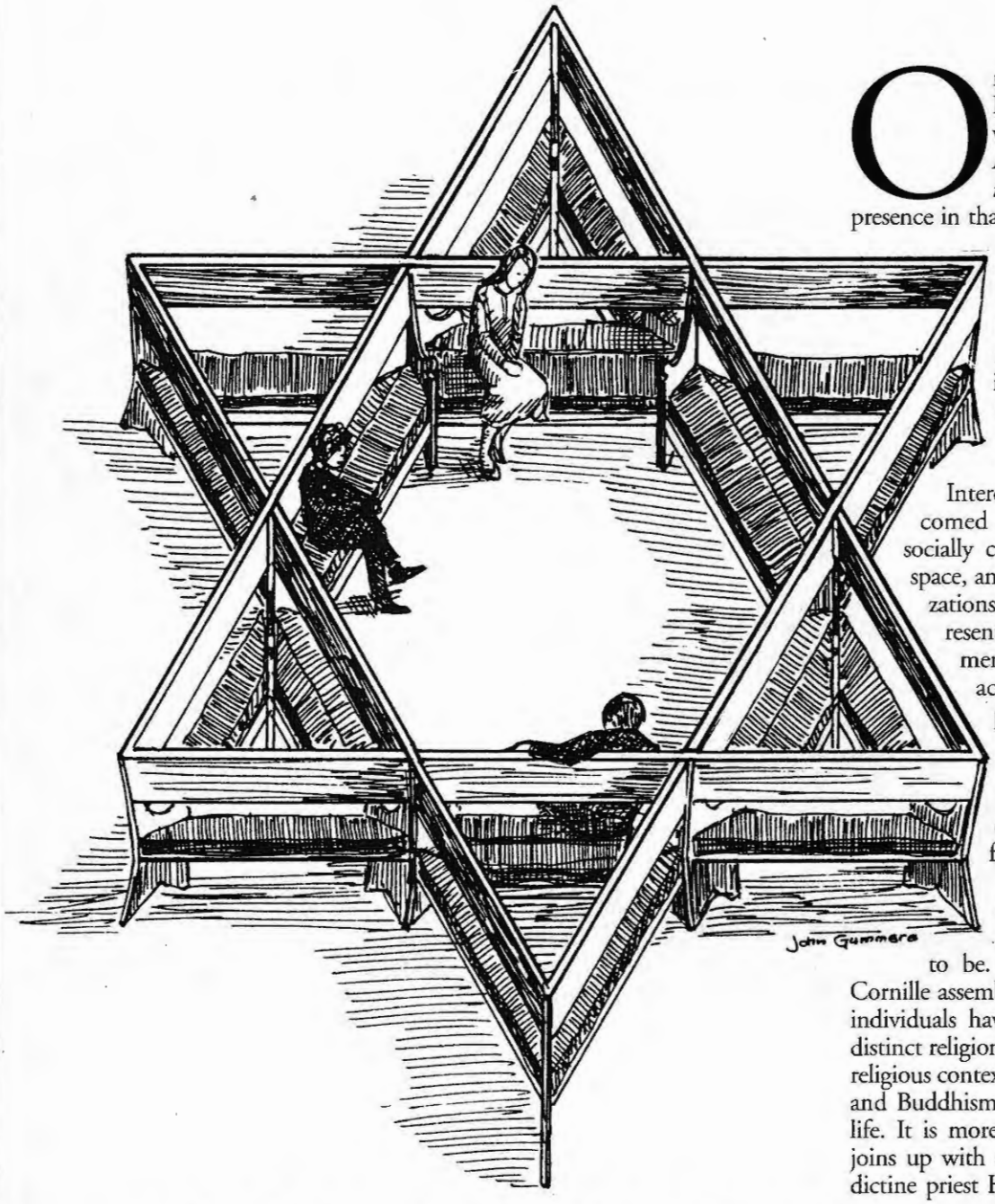
My own early religious and political development was consistent with our family's history. As a preadolescent I attended a religious camp chosen by my grandparents, a two-week session devoted primarily to saving campers' souls. I wasn't reborn at any of the camp's many revival meetings, perhaps because I felt I didn't need saving; but I remember taking my Bible to an outdoor chapel in the woods and preaching to a cabin mate who then borrowed the book to preach back at me. I didn't rebel against the camp's fervent godliness; and in 1956, when I went off to a small Presbyterian college in Missouri, I was a young Republican who prayed silently each night before I went to bed. As a senior, I was an elder in the campus church, where I met an Irish Democrat from Massachusetts who would become my wife. Under her influence, my views began to change in the 1960s; and when my younger brother went to Vietnam as a Marine reconnaissance officer, discussions of religion and politics in our extended family became unbearably painful.

How my parents and I ended up as Quakers is a very long story, but one ironic, unpredictable twist is crucial. In the early 1970s my parents joined Bible Study Fellowship, an organization that would be important several years later to George and Laura Bush in Texas. The Fellowship, founded in 1958 by a woman named A. Wetherell Johnson, a Baptist missionary who was ejected from China, grew to be more important to my mother than her church. She became a discussion leader in the organization, structured with a strict chain of command: from small group discussion leaders to teaching leaders to area coordinators to the executive director in San Antonio. My parents, who lived in a modest mobile home just outside Portland, Oregon, came to know quite wealthy families in the Bible Study Fellowship. On a visit to my parents in the mid-1970s, I met one of these women when she invited our family to her beautiful home to use her swimming pool. In the woman's living room was a large, red-white-and blue sofa, above it a large painting the woman had commissioned of her sofa's patriotic floral pattern. I remember my mother's obvious discomfort that day even though she was this woman's discussion leader. The uneasiness seemed a result both of their difference in social class and my mother's fear that I might say something to reveal my apostasy, for by then our political and religious views had diverged considerably.

Although the Fellowship is committed to the Bible's "inerrancy," fundamentalists have criticized the organization's emphasis on leadership roles for women. "Evangelical feminism" is the phrase they use. Recent critics from the religious right have argued that the leadership roles assumed by Fellowship women can produce gender role confusion and even homosexuality. This was already a matter of controversy in the 1970s, and I remember my mother saying that women in the Fellowship were not allowed to assume positions of leadership without seeking their husband's permission. She added that a Christian woman was expected to obey her husband even if she was saved and he was not.

In the last years before my mother died in 1982, it seems to me the Bible Study Fellowship had unpredictably had a profoundly liberalizing influence on my parents. In addition to its "evangelical feminism," for example, the organization takes pride in its ecumenical inclusiveness. In her autobiography, *Created for Commitment*, A. Wetherell Johnson tells of Catholic participation in the Fellowship and adds: "Members from Jewish, Christian Science, Jehovah Witness, Mormon, and other congregations have become interested in Bible study. Seeing that all denominations are welcome, BSF has a truly ecumenical fellowship." My mother and father seemed to be responding in part to this ecumenism when they moved from their Presbyterian church to join a congregation of Quakers. The pastor of their programmed Quaker meeting encouraged my parents to give me a subscription to *Sojourners* magazine, published by a progressive, Bible-based community committed to peace and justice. Remembering this growing openness in my parents' thinking, I remember telling my wife (when my parents were younger than I am now) that I feared they were too old and set in their ways to change their thinking about religion and politics.

We live in a time when many millions of people in the United States have been frightened into following a president whose authority seems to depend in part on the kind of certitude offered by Bible Study Fellowship. Who could have known that my mother and father would find their way through the same terrain to a more inclusive religious vision and more genuinely compassionate politics in the last years of their lives? I know my parents would have found much in common with our Amish friends and with the students we met at Oakwood Friends School, although I could not have imagined such a possibility until very recently. This recognition is humbling, and it gives me hope. ❑



DUAL LIGHTS:

On Being a Jew and a Quaker

by Ernest Rubinstein

On a shelf of the Ecumenical Library of the Interchurch Center in New York City, where I am librarian, sits a book called *Many Mansions? Multiple Religious Belonging and Christian Identity*. It is a welcome presence in that little library, which serves the 60 nonprofit organizations that occupy the "God Box," an epithet the Interchurch Center holds because of its resolutely square architecture and the predominance of religious tenants since it opened in 1960. Founded on a vision of Protestant ecumenism, with the intention of providing homes for national offices of mainline Protestant denominations, the Interchurch Center has from the start welcomed sundry other Catholic, Jewish, and socially conscious secular groups into its rental space, and today includes several Muslim organizations. The persons who staff these groups represent a still wider range of religious commitments, including Pentecostal and social-activist Protestants; Catholic laity, and priests; all variety of Jews; white and African American Muslims; Sufis; Hindus; and Buddhists. And so, insofar as the building belongs to those whose offices are there, it does indeed exemplify multiple religious belonging.

Of course, it is one thing for a building to be committed to multiple religions, but quite another for one person to be. In *Many Mansions?* editor Catherine Cornille assembled an array of essays on different ways individuals have claimed to belong to two or more distinct religions. This is hardly news within an Eastern religious context, where Confucianism, Taoism, Shinto, and Buddhism can comfortably reside in one human life. It is more noteworthy when an Eastern religion joins up with a Western one, as in the case of Benedictine priest Henri Le Saux (1910–73), who became the Hindu teacher Abhishiktananda, and in what might have become the case with Thomas Merton had he lived longer. But multiple religious belonging is perhaps most noteworthy when it joins two of the Western monotheisms, for these religions of the one and jealous God are not accustomed to sharing space within a single human soul.

The historic occurrences of it, at least between Judaism and Christianity, have been shortlived, unhappy, or judged aberrant by leaders of the religions themselves. I am not thinking of Jewish converts to Christianity who continue to identify ethnically with the Jewish people without significantly observing Jewish religious practices (for example, Cardinal Jean-Marie Lustiger, archbishop of Paris, who spoke eloquently of his Jewish identity in a March 20, 1983, *New York Times*

Ernest Rubinstein, the librarian of the Ecumenical Library at the Interchurch Center in New York City, attends Morningside Meeting in New York, N.Y. This is a slightly edited version of an article that first appeared in Commonweal *on January 16, 2005.*

ity. I am thinking, rather, of such folk as the medieval Marranos, the Spanish and Portuguese Jews who converted to Christianity under duress, and who maintained, some of them, a tense imbalance between a public Christianity and the private, homebound Judaism they continued to observe.

And so I cannot but feel defensive about my own recent experiment in dual religious belonging to Judaism and Christianity. Let me say upfront, and as the leading claim of my defense, that the versions of these two religions I have come to practice are among the most leftward-leaning expressions of each of them: in the case of Judaism, its Reform branch; in the case of Christianity, a Quaker meeting. This constitutes a defense because Reform Judaism has, from its inception in 19th century Germany, borrowed significantly from Christian-style worship, and the Quaker meeting I attend is only occasionally overtly Christian. It is a point of discussion among Quakers today whether a Quaker must be Christian (some are, some are not, even within a single meeting). It is not as though I'm trying to be a Hasidic Jew and a Church of God Pentecostal (though these have their Spirit-inspired affinities). Still, for many good reasons, Judaism and Christianity, even in their most radically post-Judaic and post-Christian shapes, do not easily cohabit one spiritual life.

The chief reasons are historical. To quote from the title of a book popular in some Baptist circles, the history of Judaism under Christian auspices may be characterized (with some distortion) as a "trail of blood." It is an unhappy history, for the most part, alleviated by occasional instances of exceptional goodwill, as in Thomas Aquinas's respectful references to his Jewish predecessor in medieval philosophizing, Moses Maimonides, or in the friendship between the learned Enlightenment thinkers Moses Mendelssohn and Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Only in recent decades, thanks in many ways to Vatican II, has Christianity charted a new way to its parent religion that has opened up prospects for each of them to affirm

> ***Praised be the Lord our God, Ruler of the Universe who . . . gives light to the Earth and all who dwell there.***
>
> *—Gates of Prayer: The New Union Prayerbook*

In my own fantasies, I sometimes imagine a different history. The key component of my Utopian alternative, which might have unfolded in some parallel universe, is Hellenistic Judaism. This was the Judaism that flourished in Alexandria around the time of Jesus; that translated the Hebrew text of Scripture into Greek; and that, in the hands of its preeminent philosopher Philo, inrerpreted the biblical stories as allegories of Platonic teaching. The Alexandrian Jews, like those of ancient Palestine, rebelled against the Roman state and suffered catastrophic defeat; but unlike Palestinian Judaism, Alexandrian Judaism never recovered. Instead, the community declined, bequeathing its spiritual treasures to Alexandrian Christianity to such an extent that the cosmopolitan Philo was taken by later Christians for a Christian philosopher. If Hellenistic Judaism had nor eased into Christianity and had maintained its own identity, it might have served as a bridge between the second-century religions of church and synagogue. I can imagine a single, overarching religious body, comprising what we now call Jews and Christians, but going by a name we will nevet know, that allowed for a spectrum of beliefs and practices rang-

> ***The principle of the Inward Light . . . illumines for us every corner of religion, philosophy, ethics, morals, daily living, social relationships, and international relations.***
>
> *—Faith and Practice: The Book of Discipline of the New York Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends*

Christianity—in much the same way that we find, today, among the Quakers (and Unitarians, for that matter) a spectrum of beliefs ranging from pantheism or even atheism at one end to creedal Christianity at the other.

Like Jews and Christians today, all members of that hypothetical alternative religion would reverence Hebrew Scripture, but there would be a range of options of additional texts through which to interpret it: the New Testament, the Talmud, or Greek philosophy. All members would acknowledge a mediating agent between themselves and the one God, but this figure would be variously conceived as either the Jesus of the New Testament, the Shekhinah of rabbinic theology, or the Logos of Philo's philosophy. The language of the liturgy would be multivalent enough to accommodate diverse readings of its referents, just as, even today, Jews entertain different understandings of God and Christians respond in different ways to the figure of Christ. Members would shape worship houses and specific liturgies that spoke most directly to their own understandings of the religion, but would accept the viability of alternatives and take them for different expressions of the same religion, just as Lutherans do Catholicism, or Conservative Jews, Reform Judaism. The mediating philosophical strand, descending from Hellenism, would work to moderate fanatical tendencies within the religion, and the commonaliries among the diverse members of it would preclude much of the violence that has in fact characterized Christian relations to Judaism. This single religion, embracing what turned out to be the two distinct religions of Judaism and Christianity, lost its chance to exist in Western history. But the Quakers, who count among their members both Evan-

breadth of scope, bursting the bounds of historical Christianity, they span a space in which some Jews and Christians can routinely pray together.

My fascination with that small denomination began decades ago when as a high school student, I occasionally attended Quaker meeting. Later, in graduate school in Ann Arbor, Michigan, the Quaker meeting became the first religious congregation that I regularly attended as an adult. I never officially joined a Quaker meeting. This was in part because, over time, my leadings (as Quakers would say) toward Christianity became suspect in my own mind. I could not be sure if it was the spare aesthetic or the theological substance of Quakerism that moved me. I began to doubt the viability of Jewish flirtations with even so precipitously non-Christian a form of contemporary Christianity as Quakerism. And I began to take seriously, as I had not done before, the religion that went naturally with my given Jewish ethnicity, namely Judaism. I spent a summer in Israel, studied for two years at Hebrew Union College, a Reform Jewish seminary in Cincinnati, and became active in Reform synagogues as a member, adult education teacher, and occasional darshan (preacher, or better, pulpit interpreter of Torah). And so I have remained. Over time, I have come to understand Jewishness as that inalienable part of my identity that Judaism serves to express. Judaism channels an ethnic identity that does not so much chatacterize a self as define it. To invoke a hallowed Jewish category, Judaism is the religion that my Jewish ethnicity commands of me. I could no more part with it than with my own soul.

But two years ago, the Quakers came back into my life. The opening was an aching that may come to many on their way to advanced middle age, for an outward manifestation of less, for paring away. I would occasionally talk with friends at the synagogue about the silence of the Quaker meeting I fondly remembered. Some co-congregants had attended Quaker schools or colleges, and had similar memories. In the synagogue, we even experimented with some prolonged periods of silence. But these did not catch on. My unambiguously Jewish partner, who knew my inclinations toward some styles encouraged me to attend a Quaker meeting. And I began to do so, while retaining my practice of participating regularly in the Friday evening synagogue services.

I represent this dual religious observance to myself by way of a unique status Quakers accord those who, while drawn to Friends' distinct worship style, do not formally join their ranks: the status of attender. Attenders are, according to the book of *Faith and Practice* of New York Yearly Meeting (the official guidebook for Quakers in New York State and northern New Jersey), "those who manifest a continuing interest in the life of the meeting." As one Quaker friend explained to me, the attender status offers an avenue of participation in a meeting. And, as another added, it carries no necessary strings of attachment toward ultimate membership. Attenders are included in almost all aspects of meeting life; and certainly, where I attend, the gap between them and official members is unnoticeable. There might be any number of reasons why a person who attends a Quaker meeting does not officially join it. And one of those reasons is implied by a further statement in *Faith and Practice*, that members are "to enter wholeheartedly into the spiritual and corporate activities of the Society." The same might be expected of any member of any religious congregation (including a synagogue), which is where the genius of the attender status shows itself. It allows for a participation that, by virtue of simultaneous commitment to another religion, cannot be unambivalently wholehearted, and will inevitably exhibit some sign of so formally accommodates and inclusively approves such a permanent status of unexclusive religious commitment to itself within its ranks.

It strikes me as an allowance that is both magnanimous and humble. Something similar may have appeared in Judaism in the early centuries of the common era, when non-Jewish "attenders" of synagogues enjoyed the designation of "God-fearers," or indeed, earlier, in biblical times, when even non-Jews sojourning among the Israelites shared in the Sabbath rest. It is as though the Quakers knew their silent worship would appeal to some members of other religions or denominations and devised the attender status, in part, to accommodate them. At least I find that, thanks to it, I can hold both active membership in a synagogue and a participatory place in the life of a Quaker meeting.

The Quaker meeting I attend is unprogrammed. I typically begin my weekly hour with Quakers by conjuring an image from my past, of the Protestant chapel at Brandeis University, where I was an undergraduate 30 years ago. The three chapels at Brandeis—Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish—were designed to symbolize religious inclusiveness. The Protestant chapel was my favorite because it was used the least. I would sit there with my books and studies, or sometimes engage in my own form of contemplative prayer. The décor of that chapel was the simplest of the three: a cross hung in front of a large glass wall, behind the altar, opening out on a view of trees. This is the image I call to mind. The image reinstates for me a time of life—college years—that in retrospect I have idealized; and it lends a subtle support to my alternative vision of Jewish relations to Christianity by recalling, too, the context for that Protestant chapel: a secular university with Jewish affiliations, offering hospitality to Christianity (a kind of mirror image of the Interchurch Center).

Though a bare cross figures in this image, it merges with the trees that, seen through the window I picture, provide the backdrop for it. My worship in this particular setting is not Christian any more than it is noticeably Jewish. If a single word can capture the messages Quakers deliver at the meeting I attend, it is not Christ, but Spirit. That term enjoys a rich

JACOB PRAYER

Give me the strength, O Lord,
To wrestle through the long darkness
Until I behold
Your angel in my arms.

Christopher B. Fowler

Christopher B. Fowler is a member of Frederick (Md.) Meeting.

for Christian Quakers today, that Spirit is the Holy Spirit, the third person of the Trinity. Christian Quakers understand the messages they deliver to be inspired by the Holy Spirit, who is as close to them as Jesus was to his disciples. But for non-Christian Quakers, a range of interpretations inform the idea of Spirit. For my part, the apophatic tradition within philosophical Judaism, whose chief spokesman was Maimonides (1135– 1204), provides my own interpretive lens on Spirit. Maimonides, whose thoughts on God were more ascetic than Thomas Aquinas's, taught that no positive predicates applied to God, but only negative and relational ones. The Spirit I understand myself to worship in Quaker meeting went, in the Neo-Platonic Judaism of Maimonides's day, under the name of Active Intellect. Intellect there was not what we commonly understand by that term, but rather the means by which human knowledge rose to its highest intuitive levels, where knower and known were one. It was that expression of the incomparable and indescribable deity that lent itself to human approach and, indeed, to union with the upper reaches of the human soul. The silence of Quaker meeting is an appropriate expression of the teachings within apophatic Judaism (and Christianity, for that matter) on language's poverty before the transcendence of God. With the medieval Jewish philosophers, what I find myself seeking in worship is a fulfillment that is simultaneously an extinction. When, after 20 or 30 minutes of silence, the meeting enters into what Quakers would call its "state of being gathered," it is as though we are sitting in the presence of something that is One and common to us all.

On rare occasions, I break the silence to offer my own messages. A delicate decorum informs Quaker thinking on rising to speak in meeting for worship. It is understood that whatever is spoken comes from beyond the confines and exclusive interests of one's own self. The classic Quaker criterion offered for identifying words that constitute a message meant for speaking is that they present themselves inwardly with an irresistible force that induces an emotional tremor (or quaking) if support must couch them in biblical verses. I take this for a sign of my Jewishness, which, in normative Jewish settings, would most likely find expression in the context of Torah study, where the words spoken are not prescribed by prayer books but prompted, inwardly, out of response to biblical texts that, Judaism would say, preoccupy the mind.

But it is mainly for the silence that I appear most Sunday mornings at Quaker meeting. It is not that Judaism does not value silence. We have many appreciations of it in our Scripture, our liturgy, and our philosophy. Apart from the verse from the 65th Psalm, "Silence is praise to you O God," we have the marvelous suggestion from Maimonides, in his Guide for the Perplexed, that, just as spoken prayers superseded the animal sacrifice of ancient Temple Judaism, so, at some advanced future moment, contemplative silence will succeed the spoken prayers of the synagogue. And the Reform liturgy, as though to anticipate that time, incorporates some moments of communal silence, just after the central prayer of multiple blessings, the Tefillah. But Quaker meeting is the only form of Western religion I know that positions silence at the center of public worship. In light of that silence, I become more acutely aware of the places in Jewish ritual where a kindred silence breaks through. The modern Jewish theologian Franz Rosenzweig (1886–1929) taught that liturgical language was itself a form of silence. As a sustained address to God, liturgical language is silent between the human beings who speak it. Both the form of it (ancient Hebrew and Aramaic) and the content (prayers) disqualify it from serving any communicative function between me and my companions in synagogue. But it nonetheless unites us before the shared focus of address. I can even imagine that if, in my selectively observed Reform Judaism, I fail to keep the Jewish Sabbath, I nonetheless experience an echo of it in the silence of Quaker meeting, where the ultimately irrelevant social distinctions between human beings fall away, and a stance of attentive listening replaces the busyness of the work week.

This at any rate is my apology—I use the word in its technical theological sense—for my inevitably suspect dual authentic unless it is integrated and whole. There are various signs that a life simultaneously Jewish and Quaker cannot be that. I realize this when I wonder how, on the issue of conflict in the Middle East, the AFSC and an Israeli peace organization I support, Peace Now, relate to each other (if at all, for I rarely see their names conjoined); and how the gap of difference between the ultimate loyalties of those two organizational peace advocates might play out. Perhaps because of these unclarities, I still look for signs of affirmation of my spiritual location between these two quite different and only occasionally interrelated religions.

Victor Turner, an anthropologist of religion, taught about the spiritual import of liminality (from a Latin word meaning threshold). Liminal states occur within rites of passage. When a child becomes an adult, or a single person coupled, in the time during the change of status, that person lacks the identifiable social position that exists at either end of the passage. That in-between station invites a surge of spiritual energy, according to Turner. It is as though, in the absence of accustomed supports of social identity, a space opens up for nothing to sustain but God. Can it be that the spaces between religious traditions are liminal, too, attracting a divine attention and support uniquely their own? Can expressions of Judaism and Christianity learn to cohabit in one religious life, after the pattern of Buddhism and Taoism, perhaps by channeling different spiritual needs within a single life? I hope so.

When my partner and I visited London in 2003, we enjoyed a tour of the oldest synagogue there, Bevis Marks. I was intrigued by the building itself because, as it happens, its master builder was a Quaker—which, our guide explained, accounted for the hard wooden pews. I wanted to know what sort of relations that Quaker builder had with the 17th-century Jewish community in London. Was there, I wondered, some special understanding between them, belonging as each did to the margins of London society? But there was no answer. And so I was left to reconstruct the relationship for myself in the alternative religious history of the parallel universe that I like, from time to time, to imagine. ❑

Photos courtesy of American Friends of Neve Shalom/Wahat-Salam

OASIS OF PEACE

by Elizabeth Walmsley

We the willing
Led by the unknowing
Are doing the impossible
For the ungrateful.
We have done so much
For so long
With so little
That we are now qualified
To do anything
With nothing.

-Anonymous

Every time I write down this poem, it provides a new meaning for me. Sometimes it refers to experiences in my own life, where I feel I have been called to do something very difficult, given the situation and limited or no resources. At other times it refers to other people or societies, where I feel they are the ones in a difficult situation—doing their best to make it work. I don't mean to suggest that anyone in any of those situations is ungrateful—far from it. Rather, the line that speaks to me most strongly in this poem is at the end: "Qualified to do anything with nothing."

In 2004 when I wrote down that poem, I had my own situation in mind. I was in the middle of a year in which I was teaching high school English to 118 pupils between the ages of 12 and 16, with no previous experience, no programs, five different ability levels to cater to, and totally inadequate professional supervision. I was in Esperance, Western Australia, which is near the Nullarbor Desert, and 600 miles away from the most isolated city in the world: Perth. I had been given a week to fly from England, pack my belongings in Perth, and move to Esperance. When I got there, the house I was to share with two other women was not ready, and we were put into a hotel for two weeks, living out of suitcases. During this time we started our teaching jobs—we were brand-new as professionals, with no real hands-on experience. I was absolutely floored on my first day, when the head of department asked what I was going to do with my students. Surely she was joking. Didn't they have some basic programs from which I could at least borrow some inspiration? Apparently not! I went home to my suitcase in the hotel that weekend with five books to read, so that I could start teaching them to my five new classes on Monday morning. I had never heard of any of the books.

The next day I totaled my dad's car on a dirt-and-gravel road half an hour out of Esperance. Both of my future housemates were in the car with me. The accident was the result of a speeding tandem trailer and my complete inexperience with gravel road driving. We were extremely lucky to survive, let alone escape almost entirely uninjured—the car ended up lying sideways on top of some poor farmer's fence, next to a ditch. We had had to crawl out of the hatchback trunk in order to escape. Kind fishermen drove us back to the hotel, the only place we could call home at that particular

Elizabeth Walmsley, a member of Chestnut Hill (Pa.) Meeting, wrote this essay while an intern for FRIENDS JOURNAL *this past spring. She has recently begun work as the middle school Friends coordinator for Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.*

this adventure, and I felt like giving up. I wanted my mommy and daddy, and my own comfortable bed in my own room back home. But at the time, Mom and Dad were "Friends in Residence" at Pendle Hill in the United States, where, I learned later, the whole community was praying for me. Was it too childish then to want a teddy bear?

Although the year did get better, it remained very difficult throughout, and so far has been the hardest year of my life. I felt sorry for myself and desperately tried to do something educationally valuable for average-ability children from broken homes who had trouble staying seated in the classroom. It should be clear why I wrote down the poem in my journal then and clung to it. "Qualified to do anything with nothing," indeed!

Now, in 2005, in the middle of an internship at FRIENDS JOURNAL, I have written down that poem again, as I pursue an assignment to consider a completely different situation and experience: that of the people involved in Neve Shalom/Wahat al-Salam, or the Oasis of Peace, in Israel. In a way, I feel it would be presumptuous to compare my experience to theirs at all, as I have lived in two peaceful, unified countries for all of my life, and have never had to deal with border politics, religious conflicts, or danger from people with guns. For the lack of all of people of the Oasis of Peace.

A man named Father Bruno had a dream, which he first put into action in 1972 by renting some land for 25 cents a year for 100 years on a hill between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. He camped there with no electricity, sewerage, or running water until the first family arrived to join him in 1978, bringing with them the money that was necessary to organize these things. His dream was of peace and harmony between all of the different people in Israel and Palestine; for everyone to have respect and appreciation for each other's lifestyles, cultures, and beliefs, and for everyone to have the skills and sense of calm that are needed to work out differences peacefully, rather than fighting. As Michel Zak, a mother of three living in the Oasis of Peace, said to us during her talk on April 8 this year, at a meeting about Neve Shalom, held at Temple University in Philadelphia, almost everyone around at the time said, "You're crazy."

Crazy or not, the Oasis of Peace has become a reality, on the same piece of land where Father Bruno originally camped. It is now host to 50 families who live there permanently, and to four major projects: the School for Peace, a primary school, a guest house, and the Doumia/Sakina Pluralistic Spiritual Center. The families and the schools are made up of an equal number of Israelis and Palestinians, as are Abdessalam Najjar and Michal Zak, both of whom have lived there with their families for more than 20 years, and who have recently visited a number of cities in the United States to talk about the projects and experiences of the people of the Oasis of Peace.

Abdessalam Najjar, a Palestinian, spoke to us about the primary school, and then Michal Zak, an Israeli, spoke to us about the School for Peace. The primary school started out with teachers who had no bilingual teaching experience. The goal was to have a school where two languages (Arabic and Hebrew), two nationalities (Palestinian and Israeli), and three religions (Islam, Christianity, and Judaism) could exist and be celebrated together. This was unheard of, said Abdessalam Najjar, because there is always

a clear separation in Israel and Palestine between Israeli Jews and Palestinians of any religion. As a result of such a new educational model, much support and research came from bilingual schools in Europe and other outside sources. All of the teachers learned on the job, and did so well that the school attained "experimental" status in 1997 as a result of its innovative methods, some of which have been adopted by three other schools in Israel.

The school is now the only official bilingual/bicultural school recognized by the Israeli Ministry of Education. It draws 90 percent of its almost 300 students from the communities surrounding the Oasis of Peace. Classes are conducted with about 24 students, half of whom are half-Palestinian and the other half-Israeli, and with two teachers, one Palestinian and

Center, a state-of-the-art laboratory where all students are taught both Hebrew and Arabic and how to manage in real-life situations, such as buying groceries or going to the doctor with both of these languages. Another feature is the Teacher Training Curriculum program, in which teachers with years of bilingual education experience train other teachers and principals from outside schools in curriculum development. The three schools mentioned above as having adopted the primary school's methods have been especially involved in this: they are located in Galilee, Jerusalem, and Jaffa. All teachers starting at the primary school in the Oasis of Peace are given a training course too, in order to help them be aware of the kinds of challenges that they can expect to face when working in a bilingual/bicultural environment.

Michal Zak explained that over the 20 years that she has lived in the Oasis, and in running the School for Peace, she has learned it is not enough, as an Israeli Jew, to have goodwill towards the peace process between Israelis and Palestinians. She emphasized that one must "train" oneself in the mentality of equality, which involves giving up the notion, as an Israeli in Israel, of being the senior decision-maker who owns the land, as compared to the Palestinian. Abdessalam Najjar had mentioned a few minutes earlier that this is "quite impossible," because adults arrive at the Oasis with certain rationales, decision-making habits, and types of responsibilities, simply as a result of having lived in a country where the two cultures are carefully kept separate. Michal pointed our that all of this makes the process of "introducing change through dialogue" extremely hard work. This work is what happens at the School for Peace in the form of Youth Encounters, university workshops and courses, and other encounters and training. As their informational brochure states, "Participants are encouraged by trained facilitators to examine each other's opinions and emotions and to listen to those from the other side, thereby developing tools to manage conflict. While these facilitations are not expected to solve differences, they provide rare opportunities for both sides to hear each other; interactions with a constructive impact on the society at large."

Michal Zak explained that they use the away from a workshop having "met one nice Israeli/Palestinian"—this does not change one's perception of people within society at large. Instead, the model explores what happens when the two groups retain their own unique characteristics or advantages, without generating conflict. This means that they are practicing peace in a much more realistic social context than if two individuals put aside their differences to sit down and talk. The result that is hoped for is a more lasting framework for peaceful dialogue to address the many differences between Palestinians and Israelis that have generated conflict in the past, and continue to do so now.

Youth Encounters is a program that brings together 1,000 Israeli and Palestinian high school seniors in two different types of workshops: binational, which involve both nationalities together; and uninational, which involve only one nationality in order to prepare people for the binational workshops. The university workshops and courses go from weekend-long to semester-long and include four universities: Ben Gurion, Haifa, Hebrew, and Tel Aviv. Finally, the other encounters and training feature "Israel-Palestine workshops." These can be the most difficult to achieve at certain times, as they reach those under the jurisdiction of the Palestinian Authority; whether or not the workshop can take place depends on whether it can be held in a third, neutral country such as Cyprus or Jordan, and the political situation at the time.

The achievements of the Oasis of Peace project over the last 33 years leave me marveling at how much can be done by people who have a dream and are "qualified to do anything with nothing." When one has a dream that is out of the ordinary, one is going to become a pioneer of some description, doing things that may have been considered impossible. And the world may be just that little bit closer to peace because of Father Bruno and his dream. ❑

RIPENESS & YIELDING

A Meditation

by Helen Weaver Horn

FRIENDS JOURNAL *files*

Picking raspberries at sunset into the pail hanging from my belt, I sense deep in my bones what yielding is. The damp air is yielding up the rich scent of manure from the lower pasture. The day is yielding to night; the summer to autumn. But what I feel most intimately is the yielding of these berries as I pull them from their cores. Some are still translucent scarlet, catching the sky's afterglow.

Many are dead ripe, dusky purple, opaque. They give up their grip without a struggle.

They fall into my hand, mounding up mutely in my bucket. When I am tempted by a giant berry, yield, and pop it in, the simple winepress of my tongue against the roof of my mouth releases its essence.

Despite my impulse to milk these berries into my pail with both hands, I must honor each cane by holding it steady with one hand while I pick with the other. Twig ends are brittle and easily snap. Shaking the cane by plucking off berries too vigorously will make the ripest fall into the litter below. I must submit to a slower pace to keep from harming plants and wasting fruit. I must accept the fact that some berries will fall anyway. Many will mold and shrivel. I must ignore the bindweed and sandvines twining up and interloping. Weeding time was then; gathering time is now. And I must forgive my sometimes fumbling fingers, dropping beauties into the dust.

Living close to the land, I yield to its realities. There are no two ways about it. Berries not picked will rot. Laundry left on the line will get wet. Weather tests my mettle. The turning seasons take my measure. It's now or never. Sometimes it feels like a contest. Really, though, it's give and take. I yield to Earth's demands; it yields its bounty. And we rest in winter together.

I am swept with thanksgiving for this land I have counted on for years, solid under my feet. As I work down the row, I admit to myself how earthbound I am. How much tougher it is for me to count on Spirit, the promise unseen at the heart of its leadings. I know it is second nature for the ripest souls to yield to God's nudges. It comes to me that ripeness and yielding go together. Seasoned souls turn aside from other urgencies. They know the difference.

Soundlessly, a golden garden spider yields her place as I blunder by. She drops by a newspun thread from a twig into the shadows below. Oh, may I heed my Guidance. May I weather my inner pulling and hauling. May I feel the Presence as I brave the unknown. May I live up to the Light that I have. These berries are sweet in my mouth, their picking a labor of love. May I give myself fully to work where the yield is unseen. May I trust that in yielding to Spirit I will, in the end, grow fruitful. ❑

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

Observing Ramadan as a Friend

by Anthony Manousos

Quakers generally do not make a fuss about holy days, but sometimes continuing revelation surprises us with new insights that lead us in unexpected directions. Much to my surprise, observing the fast during Ramadan has been one of the most important spiritual practices that I have ever undertaken as a Friend.

The commitment to this practice started after the September 11 attacks. To deal with my feelings of anger, confusion, and fear, I decided to pray and to fast. This led to a decision to fast during Ramadan as a way to reach out to and become better acquainted with the Muslim community.

To reach out to Muslims, I had to reexamine my Quaker faith and learn how to discuss it with those who are unfamiliar with its theology and practices. I eventually came to incorporate some Muslim practices into my spiritual life, such as praying five times a day and reading the Qur'an along with the Bible as part of my regular devotional life. Because I have written about this work in a pamphlet called *Islam from a Quaker Perspective*, I won't go into detail here about what I experienced and learned.

Suffice it to say, these spiritual disciplines have helped deepen my feelings of connection with God, with those who are poor and hungry, and with my Muslim brothers and sisters. It has also led to my becoming more deeply involved with many interfaith projects and groups.

Fasting as a Peace Testimony

The importance of observing the Ramadan fast as a part of my Quaker Peace Testimony was confirmed in the spring of 2004 when I had the chance to meet an eminent Palestinian scholar/peace activist named Mohammad Abu Nimer, who was speaking at the Pendle Hill Forum in Wallingford, Pa. After introducing myself as the editor of a Quaker magazine, I mentioned that I observe the fast during Ramadan. He asked me why.

"To express my solidarity with Muslims and for my spiritual benefit," I explained. Then I added, "I hope to continue to fast during Ramadan, Allah willing, until there is peace in the Middle East."

This was the first time that I had stated my intention "to fast until there is peace in the Middle East," and I have no idea where these words came from, unless it was from the Spirit. But once these words were said, I knew that I would have to abide by them.

"That's very nice," replied Mohammad. He seemed pleased, but not until later did I realize the effect that my words had had upon him.

That night he spoke to a large gathering at Swarthmore (Pa.) Meeting and shared with us the desperate plight of his people. He was asked if he could think of anything hopeful during this current crisis in the Middle East. He reflected for a moment, and replied,

"Over dinner I met a Quaker who is fasting during Ramadan until there is peace in the Middle East. This gave me goose bumps."

Many in the audience, including myself, were surprised at his answer. That's when I realized that fasting during Ramadan, even just for one day, could be a powerful tool for peacemaking.

I have come to look forward to fasting during Ramadan in the same way that runners look forward to running the marathon. Each year there are new challenges—and miracles.

One of the latter occurred in the fall of 2004 when I went with a peace delegation to Israel/Palestine. On our last day we went on a silent peace walk through the streets of Tel Aviv with an interfaith group called "The Middle Way." It happened to be the first day of Ramadan, and it was very hot, and I became very thirsty. What sustained me and filled me with a sense of inner peace was knowing that I was not alone: I was fasting with my Muslim brothers and sisters who were walking with their Jewish brothers and sisters, in worshipful silence. How much more Quakerly can you get?

Interfaith Worship and Witness

Over the past few years, I have become involved with several interfaith groups that have helped me to expand my spiritual horizons beyond my sometimes parochial Quaker perspective.

I have come ro realize that no faith, not even Quakerism, has a monopoly on peacemaking. It is gratifying to see that people of all faiths are working and yearning for the same things that we Quakers work and yearn for, and it feels good to be part of this larger spiritual community.

The most enjoyable part of my interfaith work is going to special worship events. One of the most interesting of these takes place each year during the month of Ramadan at a Japanese Buddhist Temple in Los Angeles. Ever since 9/11, Japanese, Muslims, and Mexican Americans as well as a host of others have come together to celebrate *iftar* (the breaking of the Ramadan fast). You might wonder what these groups have in common. It turns out that all have suffered at the hands of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, so a common theme has been opposition to the Patriot Act and other violations of civil liberties. As a Quaker, I am delighted that there is a social justice as well as a spiritual component to these gatherings. It is also delightful to meet new people and to savor a smorgasbord consisting of Middle Eastern, Indian, Japanese, and Mexican food. At the end of the evening we often form a huge circle and dance a Sufi dance as Muslims chant "*La illa illaha*" ("There is no God but God.")

During events such as these, I feel as if a door has opened and I have a glimpse of what heaven must be like.

Being in Solidarity with Muslims

With this blissful vision of heaven comes the responsibility for helping to make it a reality here on Earth. To this end I have become committed to serving on the board of an ecumenical organization that decided, after 40 years, to become an interfaith council. The members of our organization are very excited because now every faith receives equal treatment. Our current president is a rabbi. One of our first vice presidents was the wife of a local imam.

Unfortunately, this story doesn't have a happy ending, at least not yet. Soon after I joined the board, we learned that the INS had sent a letter to a local imam threatening to deport him and his family on a technicality. They had been living in the United States and serving the Lomita (Calif.) mosque for five years. They were pillars of the community. The imam's daughter had received a full scholarship to go to UCLA. But *la Migra* insisted that they must leave ASAP. I called the imam's wife and offered to write letters and to involve the ACLU and AFSC on their behalf. Other Board members offered similar help.

But the imam and his family chose not to fight. Their lawyer convinced them that their chances of winning were remote. It was a very sad moment for all of us on the Interfaith Council. We held a farewell party for them and let them and the Muslim community know that we stood with them.

Sometimes that's all we can do during these dark times of ignorance and fear. But even though our Interfaith Council couldn't stop the stupidity of *la Migra*, we were willing to fight the good fight. That's an important step in the right direction.

I look forward to continuing to support and befriend my Muslim neighbors as best I

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can. We have a long, hard struggle ahead to bring sanity and good sense to our misguided government, but I am convinced that our acts of kindness and support will ultimately make a difference.

God's "October Surprise"

The month of Ramadan offers many extraordinary opportunities for interfaith worship and fellowship, but this year will be extra special. Both Ramadan and the sacred Jewish month of Tishrei, which includes the High Holy Days, begin October 3-4. October 4 is also the Saint's Day of St. Francis of Assisi, and October 2 is Mahatma Gandhi's birthday, as well as Worldwide (Protestant) Communion Sunday.

The Shalom Center, a progressive Jewish group centered in Philadelphia, call this convergence "God's October Surprise." Along with many other interfaith groups, it is planning special events, including an internation-

■ **REFLECTION**

Thuzar's Path

by Mardie Smith

I had just come back from a home visit and was grabbing a quick lunch in the teachers' room when one of my colleagues shocked me by saying, "You went to visit Thuzar? What in the world are we expected to do for that child? She's a vegetable! What a waste of taxpayers' money! Speech therapy for a child with no eyes, no hearing, and who is fed through a stomach tube? Physical therapy for a kid who will never walk, doesn't even have a hypothalamus, and can't regulate her own body temperature? They have had round-the-clock nurses for that baby since the day they brought her home at 11 months. She wasn't expected to live a week; and in my opinion, it would have been better for her and everybody else if she hadn't!"

Luckily, this overwrought teacher grabbed up her belongings and left, muttering, "Vegetable!" before I could even begin to reply. How could I tell her of the enormity of my visit and how wrong she was about Thuzar being a vegetable?

Thuzar was my neighbor, the first-born child of a Burmese couple, marine scientists who came to the East End of Long Island to work at a marine research center in Montauk. By the time the center closed, the Hamptons had already become their home, and Thuzar's father found a new living selling real estate and her mother became an after-school math and reading instructor.

My colleague was right about one thing. Thuzar was never expected to last very long with the enormity of her birth defects, let alone go home and continue to live with her family, which soon included a beautiful new sister. But live she did, due to the devoted care of her parents, grandparents, and nearly 50 health care workers from the community.

My first visit to Thuzar was not as a neighbor but as a representative of the district's Committee for Special Education where I worked as the school psychologist. Thuzar had turned five years old and it was time for our district to assume responsibility for her needs. I had never visited a child with such significant handicaps and did not know what to expect. I'd had many enjoyable conversations with Thuzar's parents, on our driveways, while raking leaves, or in town, so I immediately began to relax when Thuzar's mother answered the door with her warm and welcoming smile.

I was apologetic about my intrusion but Thuzar's mother assured me that she was used to the many health care workers that walked in and out of their home in the last four years. She led me to Thuzar's room, which managed to have a warm, cheery feel to it in spite of the large number of machines and hospital equipment housed there. I was somewhat prepared for my first contact with Thuzar and can best remember the soft, creamy texture of her flawless skin and the warmth and radiance that seemed to surround her.

Her mother told me how the speech therapist was getting good results in helping Thuzar develop a swallowing reflex and the physical therapist was helping her keep up her muscle tone since she couldn't walk or sit up on her own. All of the many therapy exercises done several times a week with the professionals were repeated daily by family members.

According to her mother, Thuzar particularly liked fish, prepared with Indo-Asian spices and other family favorites. Everything had to go in a blender so that it could pass through Thuzar's feeding tube. I asked how anyone could know what tastes this helpless little child enjoyed, particularly through a feeding tube!

This gentle woman replied to my bold question with a tiny smile, "I always put a lit-

Mardie Smith, a member of Shelter Island Meeting in East Hampton, N.Y., is a school psychologist.

al day of fast, on October 13.

I urge Friends to become involved with this and other interfaith events in your community. Local actions such as these can have global implications. When Muslims, Christians, Jews, and people of other faiths dialogue, worship, and work together, it sets an example for the rest of the world that helps promote a more peaceful world. As Friends, we can play our part in this process of peacemaking and reconciliation. ❐

tle food on her lips for her to enjoy. I can tell she likes it the same way you know that she likes what you are doing!" I looked so startled she laughed, realizing that I was not fully aware that I had been stroking Thuzar's chubby little leg from the moment we had joined Thuzar on her comfy pallet on the floor.

I learned that the family took pride in the care they provided their daughter and did not dwell on the inevitable prognosis. They did not question why Thuzar's burdens were so great, nor did they consider their care for her as a burden. Thuzar was on a journey, her time with them a small part of that journey, and they considered it an honor for them to be a part of her path. How different from the western world's response to people with handicaps, where feelings of anger and sorrow dominate!

I walked away from my visit with Thuzar feeling neither sadness nor pity. I felt elated and full of awe.

Less than a year later, Thuzar passed away and a Burmese monk came, by way of Brooklyn, N.Y., and performed a memorial service for Thuzar that was attended by family and friends and probably every healthcare worker who had evet spent a moment in this tiny girl's life. An endless length of twine wound round and round the room, held delicately between the fingers of all of us, from many religions and many parts of the world, all literally joined together chanting and praying. The priest guided us to do good deeds, every day, to help Thuzar find her way.

At the reception, the nurses, doctors, therapists, and aides all compared our experiences and the wonder we felt when working with this child and her family. Through this small girl we learned to do our best at times when once we would have had no hope. Thuzar never spoke to us with words but told us everything through our hearts.

Like her parents, we too felt honored and enriched to have been a part of Thuzar's path.❑

■ ANALYSIS

To Peace or Not to Peace

by Barbara Birch

Many of us feel despair over our inability to have an effect on the political and social decisions that are being made for us elsewhere. We are frustrated by the perception that no one listens to us.

Yet there is a sociopolitical area where we can consciously exert some control over our lives—our language.

Political and social changes both precede and follow linguistic changes; the civil rights and the women's movements are recent examples. In each case, specific words or usages both symbolized and nudged changes in the status quo. People began to use black instead of Negro and Ms. instead of Mrs. or Miss.

What happens is that a small innovation in one sector catches on and spreads throughout society. Sometimes there is a backlash. For instance, when someone attempts to use inclusive language, he or she is sometimes accused of being too politically correct.

Friends are, of course, old hands at trying to change society through speech. Much of the impetus among early Friends for plain speech was to draw people's attention to inequities in society, away from flattery and puffery, and to truth. Friends were urged to "take up the cross" of plain speech as a testimony to their beliefs and an outward emblem of their faith. Although plain speech did not catch on among the general population, it is not possible to calculate its ultimate effect on English and U.S. society.

The media have recently been occupied with a debate about the inability of the political left to take control of the symbols (i.e., the flag) and concepts (i.e., "pro-life") that are framing social and political movements of our day.

I think it is time for a small group of people to use language to create change.

Recently I read a quotation from Dennis Kucinich: "If you believe that humanity has a higher destiny; if you believe we can evolve, and become better than we are; if you believe we can overcome the scourge of war and someday fulfill the dream of harmony and peace Earth [sic], let us begin the conversation today."

A blogger took the words "peace Earth" to be a grammatical error because, if there isn't a typo, Kucinich used a noun as a verb: <http://isntapundit.com/?date=20020402>.

However, I was struck by the force of Kucinich's neologism. The active image of "peacing Earth" left me agape.

Pursuing this a little further, I found that if Kucinich was intentional here, he was not the first to notice that there is a lack of symmetry in our language. "War" is both a noun and a verb; but "peace" is only a noun, conveying a static sense of abstractness.

In his book, *The Ways of Peace*, Gray Cox put it this way: "We think of war as an activity in which people can purposefully engage. It is something soldiers can learn how to do. In contrast, we think of peace as a kind of condition or state which is achieved or simply occurs. Unlike warring, peace is not thought to be something we can do."

However, in English it is not a grammatical error to use a noun as a verb. In fact, it is a common word formation process called conversion. Conversion is based on the fact that we have very common and frequent doublets:

Give him a hug. Hug him.

You are my love. I love you.

Plants need water. I water them.

On analogy with these, English speakers usually have no qualms about creating verbs from other parts of speech: to impact, to conference, to cocoon, to glue-gun. Although sometimes they are jarring at first, most of the time they become acceptable.

If we seem unable to control the political and social direction of our society, we can at least once again reflect our testimonies and faith in our language, despite the accusations of ungrammaticality or PC hacklash that people might fling at us.

I suggest that we all begin using peace as a verb to see what it can do to change the path our country is on.

We are peacing if we work for a sustainable future. We are peacing if we drive small or hybrid cars. We are peacing if we recycle. We are peacing if we protest war. We are peacing if we practice nonviolence. We are peacing if we teach conflict resolution to children. We are peacing if we donate money to peace groups. We are peacing if we promote social justice. We are peacing if we help the disadvantaged.

How many ways can you peace today? ❑

Barbara Birch, a member of Fresno (Calif.) Meeting, is a professor of Linguistics at California State University Fresno.

Child Time is Quaker Time

by Benjamin Lloyd

I pull into the driveway and stave off the creeping panic. It's Griffen and Ella and me for the afternoon. At the earliest, dinner is still two hours away. I have a six- and a two-year-old—and nothing planned. The whining has begun: "Dad, can I watch something?" It's tempting. Plant them in front of PBS for a couple of hours—it's educational television, right? I could get so much done: work on some job applications, clean the house, do some writing, answer e-mail. But as I lift Ella out of her car seat she holds on to me just a little bit longer than usual; and in her lingering hug I know I am called. I am called to enter child-time.

After I quell the outrage resulting from the denial of TV, we all sit on the front steps and enter child-time together. Everything begins to slow down. Ella is on my lap and we begin to notice the world. She points, I name, she repeats. Griffen gets really interested in some ants. Ella does too, and we follow them to the little hill they are working on near the border of the sidewalk. Griffen feels like stepping on a few, which leads to a good conversation about God being in all living things. Ella wants to hold one, and freaks out when it begins climbing up her arm. And then from Griff: "Hey Dad! Batting practice!"

In the back yard, Griff is nailing some of my soft pitches pretty well, and Ella is deeply involved in digging a hole in the vegetable garden. I glance at my watch and am amazed. We sat together on the front steps 45 minutes ago! I haven't thought about jobs or e-mail once. Standing in the sun in my backyard, looking at my children, feeling the baseball in my hand, I am overwhelmed by a dreamy serenity. I am immersed in child-time. Life is slow but time passes quickly, because it has been removed as a concern.

Ken Miller

That serenity lasted straight through dinner and my wife's return from work, through baths and bedtime stories. The afternoon included wrestling in the grass and a walk aronnd the block with Griff on his bike. After a delightful afternoon outside, PBS did make an appearance—as a way to unwind while Dad made dinner. Lying in bed that night it hit me, softly: child-time includes God. Child time is worship time. That serenity was the warm hand of the Great Spirit leading me to gratitude—my children, my home, my health—a hand I cannot feel when I race around in adult-time.

Friends, I sense that many modern Quakers feel this struggle. Our lives demand that we multitask and move at a 21st-century, information-superhighway pace. This pace is decidedly unquakerly. Like so much else about our Religious Society, our historic relationship to time is radical. It used to be that things took as long as gathered Friends felt they needed to—but no longer. I often wonder what damage we are doing to our Religious Society by slavishly obeying the prompting of tbe clock rather than the Inner Teacher. Is your meeting really free to extend beyond the hour allotted for it? Or, like mine, is the meeting closed automatically at 60 minutes, no matter what has transpited in the room?

And what of our social hours and meetings for business? Which is more important at those gatherings: an encounter with the Holy Spirit through others, or the clock's second hand? Our First Days are jam-packed with committee meetings, forums, and other gatherings, all rushed through so that we Quakers can get to the next thing we have to do. In the battle between our modern era and our radical relationship to time, the modern era is winning. But, Friends, God doesn't care about the clock, and by making the clock more important than our own experience, we deny ourselves the chance to experience God in God's time, which is child-time, which takes as long as it needs to.

This is my lesson as much as anyone's. I have recently learned about faith in God's time, which may speak to your condition. I am in the middle of a professional transition that is taking an agonizingly long time to clarify. I long to know where I am going. I want to know now: on my time. But my life is in God's hands. I am being asked to have faith that I am cared for even as my family and I march into the unknown. It's my attachment to my own schedule that stresses me out. But when I let my children teach me, I learn that I'm not in charge. When I allow myself to transition into child-time, I feel loved. Now, if only I can do it when the kids aren't around.❑

Benjamin Lloyd is a member of Haverford (Pa.) Meeting.

2004 State of Society Reports

A year of "losses, transitions, and disappointments" was experienced by **Portland (Maine) Meeting** during 2004. Yet the meeting also experienced, during the past year a vibrant First-day program, a new teen group program, "healing at times of political divisiveness," movement forward in awareness of our environmental responsibilities, and focus on a more centered relationship to the Peace Testimony. New members and a growing number of attenders were welcomed into the fabric of meeting life, and, Portland Friends affirm in their State of Society Report for 2004, "the life of our meeting flourishes. . . . We have come together when our hearts have been tender; and we have also come together to celebrate marriages, births, and other gifts of life; and we see that the Spirit lives and moves among us."

Similar themes of divisions, renewal, and a strengthened sense of God's love and living Presence appear in other State of Society reports for 2004. **Meetings from Maine to Hawaii** express their concerns about the continuing war in Iraq, divisions over the presidential election last year, witness to the Peace Testimony, sex and gender issues, outreach in local communities and to the wider world, relationships in meeting, the experience of meeting for worship, and what it means to be a Friend and answer to that of God in everyone.

"We desire to be a community of seekers," **Wellesley (Mass.) Meeting** states in its report. "We commit ourselves to examining all aspects of worship, including ministry, prayer, and healing. . . . We commit to taking a leadership role on important social issues. . . . How do we learn to speak truth to power? We look toward more focus and less drift, with a corporate commitment towards peacemaking, protecting the environment, and overcoming racism and homophobia. We seek to truly be a 'witness in the world,'" Wellesley Friends assert.

Friends at **South Berkshire (Mass.) Meeting** focus on the role of meeting. "If there is a commonality among the Friends in our meeting, it is the commonality that encompasses our diversity," they state. "To some, that of God in all humankind is mystical, ineffable, and undefinable. But wrestling with the same or similar issues, full commitment and communication with compassion are our overriding concerns. We are trying to be a healthy, nurturing, and compassionate meeting. . . . Attending meeting seems to bring a marked peace and direction to the lives of our members and attenders. Gradually, meeting has become a safe haven for seekers of the commonality of truth."

At **Montclair (N.J.) Meeting**, Friends have seen "Light breaking forth in our meeting in gratifying ways in the past year." The Light was seen in the meeting's care for a Friend in the last days of her life, in the rejuvenation of First-day school, and in the organization of "Seekers' classes" for adults each First Day before meeting for worship. Montclair Friends also acknowledge that "the anguish of the world has very much been with us in our worship, our committee deliberations, in our relationships with each other, and in our family and individual lives. . . . At some points along the way we have heard the Divine Friend calling us to be a 'Voice Crying in the Wilderness,' exhorting ourselves and the wider communities to which we belong to live the Peace Testimony as fully as we possibly can."

To increase their outreach and deepen their own faith community, Friends of **New Brunswick (N.J.) Meeting** support a witness to "students and to the faith organizations of the Rutgers University campus. Our information table is now staffed every few weeks at one of the student centers; and we are represented at gatherings of campus pastors and New Brunswick's Faith-based Collaborative. . . . We are reaching toward the Light both inwardly and outwardly."

Palo Alto (Calif.) Meeting in its State of Society report describes a similar outreach program. "Seeking ways to witness publicly for peace in these troubled times, we settled on the idea of holding some meetings for worship in outdoor, public places. So far we've had five such meetings at city hall plaza and on Stanford's campus. These have been spiritually grounded events." Palo Alto Meeting also experienced last year an all-day Saturday retreat, "Understanding Islam," in association with the local Muslim Community Association. "It is obvious very quickly that Islam isn't Quakerism, yet experiencing our shared humanity and religious devotion is truly heartwarming," Palo Alto Friends realized.

Sexual issues continued to be a concern for many meetings. **University Friends Meeting, in Seattle, Wash.**, has worked for the past two years as a community "to address emotions raised by a convicted child sex offender who asked to worship with us as part of his rehabilitation program." According to its State of Society Report, University Friends learned "that many among us are survivors of sexual abuse; our process of seeking Light has helped create a care committee to support survivors. We also provide support for the offender while addressing concerns of those who are disturbed by this person's presence."

One of the major decisions by **Baltimore (Md.) Meeting, Stony Run**, last year was approval of a minute "stating that the meeting is not in unity with Friends United Meeting's policy toward gays and lesbians and recommending that Baltimore Yearly Meeting withdraw financial support of FUM." The meeting's State of Society report concludes, "As we reflect on the work of our committees and of the meeting, we can see in some measure that our committees look inward toward the spiritual nurture of our Stony Run family, and at the same time are mindful of inviting the world in and supporting engagement in the issues of our time. We must always ask ourselves, 'Are we Light bearers?' Do we deal tenderly with others and are we continually seeking to serve in the world?"

Broadmead (Ohio) Meeting describes itself, in its Srate of Society report, as a "geographically dispersed group of Quaker worshipers who maintain a viable and spiritually close monthly meeting. The strength of our meeting is thar we care about each other and we try to be a community for one another. People feel that they can bring their longings and their questions to the group. . . . We desire also to extend our care for community to our wider Quaker fellowship. Most of those who attend meeting for worship regularly are active on committees with Lake Erie Yearly Meeting and as representatives to FGC, AFSC, and FWCC. In addition, we think it important as a monthly meeting to use and financially support their programs."

Finally, in its State of Society Report, **Bloomington (Ind.) Meeting** affirms "the power of the Spirit in our meeting for worship, in our faith community, and in our service to others. . . . Our Light calls us to stand firm and take positions that are not shared by many in our contemporary society. In our meeting for worship we are led to express despair and doubt as well as conviction and strength. We understand that there will be many more arduous climbs; but we have faith that with divine assistance we will, like George Fox on Pendle Hill, find refreshing streams and glimpses of glorious vistas along the way."

—Robert Marks

Robert Marks, one of FRIENDS JOURNAL's volunteer News editors, is a member of High Point (N.C.) Meeting. He has recently moved to Ohio, where he attends Broadmead Meeting in Toledo.

■ BOOKS

Works of James Nayler, Volume 2

Quaker Heritage Press, 2004. 604 pages. $25/hardcover.

This is the second of four projected volumes of James Nayler's complete writings. It mostly concerns controversial tracts from 1655—both Nayler's and the ones he was writing against. Thus, as in the first volume, a large proportion of this book is not written by Nayler but by his opponents. This allows us to see Nayler as a theological duelist as well as a creative and prophetic writer, committed fellow-worker, and correspondent.

The reading is challenging, not only because the theological debates are subtle, but also because they have an air of street fighting. The language is often very strong; and a lot of time is spent in straight accusations of lying, misrepresentation, slander, and avoidance of the heavy blows from the opposition. This is as trne in the Nayler sections as in his opponents'. Nevertheless, real substance is discussed; topics that recur very frequently include the nature of the Church and the ministry, the role of Scripture, the doctrine of perfection, and the nature of Christ's work.

A valuable exchange happens between Richard Baxter, a great Puritan divine, known in other writings as a deep, committed, and compassionate shepherd to his flock, and Nayler. Upon reading this debate, one gets the impression that in many ways Nayler and Baxter are speaking different languages, and therefore are unable to reach each other at all. Baxter is outraged that earnest Puritan pastors such as he are reviled for their work—that Quakers can preach perfection, can claim to have seen Christ, and that their Light is anything divine. He believes that Quakers are largely Papist in their doctrines and are altogether furious and blind guides.

Nayler does not hear Baxter's reasonable points about the necessity to interpret Scripture to address current needs because Nayler is deeply embedded in the experience of Christ come in his saints, the power of the Light to salvation, and the absolute reliance on the present leading of the Spirit—which present in any measure is pure and perfect in itself.

For Baxter, this seems license and folly. For Nayler, it is a cause of fierce joy. When Nayler claims that he has seen the flaming sword that guards Eden, that he has seen Christ, and that the Light makes clear that the Quaker approach to worship is what will be most pleasing to God, he might as well be from some other planet as far as Baxter is concerned.

Nayler's experience is too overwhelming, and Baxter does not share it. It is interesting to compare Nayler's extensive and complex replies to Baxter's tract with George Fox's *The Great Mystery of the Great Whore*, where Fox seems more direct, does not try a comprehensive answer to all of Baxter's points, but still sounds clearly a trumpet of confidence in the necessity of the present work of Christ to bring us free from sin. George Fox and Nayler do not disagree, but the polemical styles are different.

The collection includes some other tracts of value, most particularly the "Salutation to the Seed of God." We associate Isaac Penington with a doctrine of the Seed—George Fox spoke of it as well—and it is a pervasive idea for Nayler, too. He makes it palpable that it is the Seed of God that enables us even to know that we are in darkness: "O unwise people, yon have but one thing that lers you see your evil, yet will you not turn to that for teaching. . . . You cry that you have nothing good in you, yet will you not own [acknowledge] that which lets you see it is so." This tract is a powerful setting forth of the doctrine of the Light, and shows how lucidly Nayler can convey the Quaker Gospel when speaking on his own turf.

Finally, there are 27 letters, some of them news reports, some of them including personal experience and counsel to others. It is notable that the commonest recipient is George Fox, mostly addressed as "brother." Margaret Fell is also often addressed. In these letters there is warmth and sometimes passages of great beanty:

> Dear Hearts, you make your own troubles, by being unwilling and disobedient to that which would lead you. I see there is no way but to go hand in hand with him in all things, running after him without fear or considering, leaving the whole work only to him. If he seem to smile, follow him in fear and love; and if he seem to frown, follow him, and fall into his will, and you shall see he is yours still.

Anyone interested in the message of Quakerism from early times will find much of interest in this volume, as in its predecessor. I highly recommend both for meeting libraries. And frankly I am having trouble waiting for the next two volumes, which will include the major theological tract, "Love to the Lost"; the great "Lamb's War"; and "Milk for Babes," from the troubled and triumphant last stages of Nayler's life.

—Brian Drayton

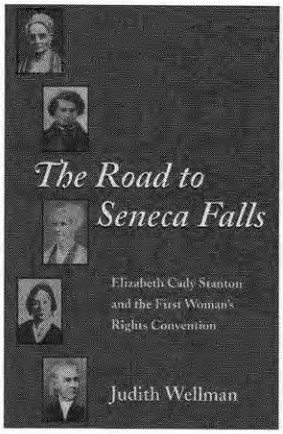
Brian Drayton, a member of Weare (N.H.) Meeting, is a recorded minister in New England Yearly Meeting.

the First Woman's Rights Convention

By Judith Wellman. University of Illinois Press, 2004. 297 pages. $55/hardcover. $25/softcover.

The Seneca Falls Woman's Rights Convention of 1848 was a landmark in the struggle for the rights of women. It was also a landmark in Quaker history.

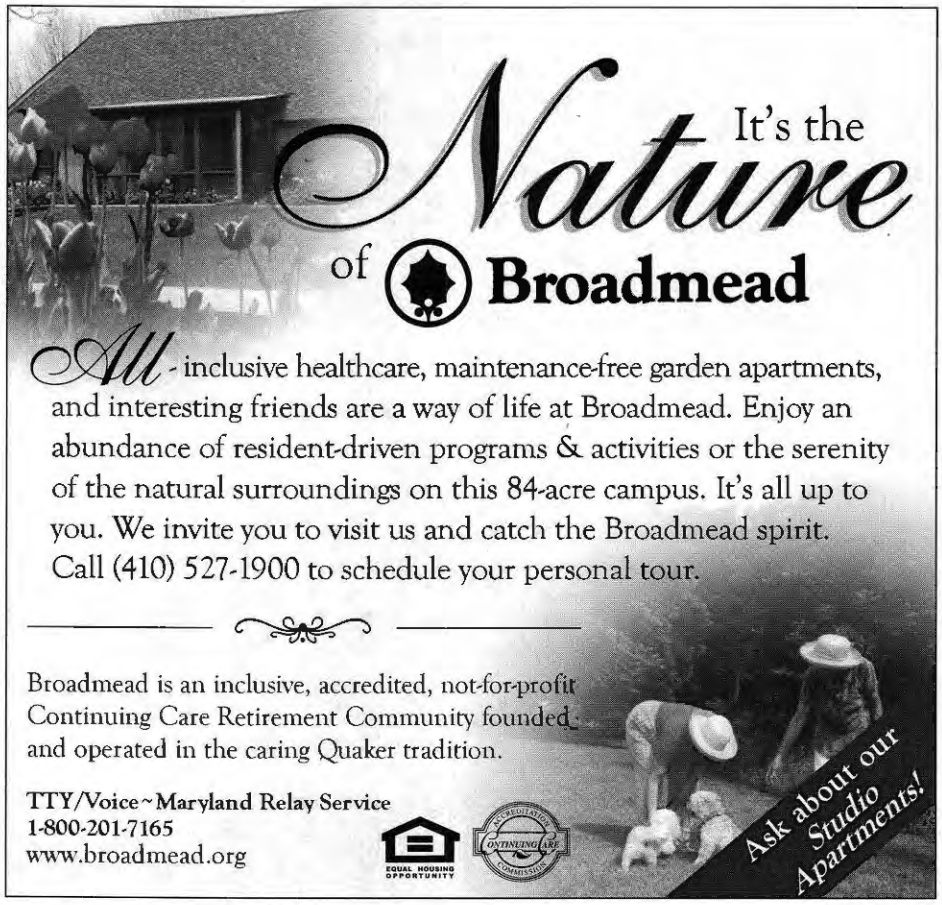
Four of the five women who gathered in Jane Hunt's parlor on July 9 for a tea party—that turned into a revolution—were members of the Religious Society of Friends: Lucretia Coffin Mott; her sister, Martha Coffin Wright



(raised a Quaker but disowned for marrying out); Mary Ann M'Clintock; and Jane Hunt herself. The fifth, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, was raised a Presbyterian but may have belonged briefly to the Junius Meeting of Congressional Friends. Moreover, the largest single group of attenders at the Convention of July 19–20, which these five women organized, were members of the Religious Society of Friends.

Judy Wellman, professor emerita of History at State University of New York, Oswego, and former park historian at the Women's Rights National Historic Park in Seneca Falls, N.Y., has written what will be long considered the definitive book on the Seneca Falls Convention, tracing three major influences: the radical Quaker belief in equality; the antislavery movement; and the campaign for legal reform in upstate New York and elsewhere, which came together on those hot July days in Seneca Falls.

Her knowledge of the area—its Native Americans, its settlers, its roads and canals, its farms and industry—help us to understand its development into the very epicenter of social reform in the mid-19th century. Called "the Burnt-over District" for the waves of religious, political, and spiritualist movements that



Elizabeth Cady Stanton sat down to tea.

One of the forerunners of the Seneca Falls Convention organizers was Quaker Abby Kelley of Lynn, Mass. In 1840, the American Anti-Slavery Society had split over the appointment of Abby to a committee, the more conservative component forming the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Committee (to which Elizabeth Cady Stanton's husband, Henry, belonged). In 1843, Abby's fiery anti-slavery speeches in Seneca Falls had a profound effect. "She fertilized the seeds of an emerging movement for women's rights and left a legacy that would change Seneca Falls—and the world—forever," Judith Wellman writes.

The story of Seneca Falls is also the story of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the chief organizer of the Convention, and the author has skillfully woven the story of Elizabeth's childhood, her interest in law, her independence, and her marriage to Henry Stanton throughout the book.

Elizabeth's trip to England as Henry's bride, and her encounter there with Lucretia Mott and women's rights, changed her life forever. Her move to Seneca Falls in 1847 and the isolation she experienced as an overwhelmed mother in a new town brought to a boiling point her frustrations with the restrictions of a woman's role, and led her to an outpouring at the now famous tea party that galvanized the women into action.

In the final chapter, "The Road from Seneca Falls," Judith Wellman brings the story of women's rights from 1848 to the present, including the struggle for suffrage and the Nineteenth Amendment (a struggle in which Quaker Alice Paul played a crucial role), the introduction and defeat of the Equal Rights Amendment, and the advances made by the feminist movement beginning in the 1960s.

Written in an easy, conversational style, this book deserves to find a place on the reference shelf of Quaker historians, feminists, meetings, and all who find inspiration for today from our many pioneers.

—Margaret Bacon

Quaker biographer Margaret Bacon is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting and the author of Mothers of Feminism.

Biodiesel: Growing a New Energy Economy

By Greg Pahl. Chelsea Green, 2005. 241 pages. $18/softcover.

After a truly scary introduction on the

coming end of the oil economy, Quaker Greg Pahl's *Biodiesel* morphs into a cheery, upbeat presentation of the potential of biodiesel. We quickly learn that biodiesel is a proven and less-polluting substitute for diesel fuel that can be made by a simple chemical process using any of a variety of oils (canola, sunflower, coconut, soy, etc.) and put directly into the fuel tank.

It was gratifying to find Greg Pahl's description of the process clear enough for a non-scientist many years past high school chemistry to understand. Although he makes it clear that biodiesel can never be produced in the quantities that we now use oil, he whets our appetite with its potential. A recent report in the *New York Times*, for example, says that it would take only one-fifth of the waste cooking oil produced in New York City to run its entire public transit bus system.

In the middle sections we get a tour of the industry, starting in Europe where biodiesel was first developed on a large scale, traveling around the world, and ending up in the United States, with descriptions of every significant production facility in existence. As tours often are, it is mind-numbing, including more detail than anyone would ever want to know. Yet, scattered among the exhausting lists of industry and place names, capacity and production numbers, are some exciting glimpses of possibility.

In India we learn that some of the feedstock for Indian Railways locomotives—the Jatropha bush—could be grown on either side of the tracks.

In Japan we find local, small-scale community cultivation of rapeseed (canola) in crop rotation with rice. After oil pressed from the seed is used in food preparation, it is collected by local housewives and converted into biodiesel, while the remaining seed cake is used for fertilizer or animal feed.

In Brazil we discover that more than 40 percent of the country's automobiles already operate on 100 percent ethanol, which is produced there from sugar cane.

And in Maui we meet a mechanic who had been contracted to maintain the diesel-powered electrical generators at the central landfill. Noticing the landfill being swamped with tons of used restaurant grease, he ended up converting it into biodiesel.

Greg Pahl has written an easy and informative read on an important topic. I'm thankful for what I learned, but his focus as a biodiesel historian and booster makes for limitations. Candidly admitting that they are beyond the scope of the book, he leaves critical issues to the last five or six pages. With large-scale soy farmers as the major drivers of the U.S. biodiesel industry come questions

about agribusiness. Is the promotion of genetically engineered monoculture commodities like soy the best use of our farmers and our land? Does it make sense to withhold prime farmland from food production? With the cost of transportation a growing issue, where is the work being done on regional economies and economies of scale?

The fact that biodiesel can fit so easily into our current system seems like a mixed blessing. With no need to change anything except the fuel blend in the tank, all the major rethinking and retooling will have to be done somewhere else. Yet this may make it valuable as a bridge, helping us move from today's almost total dependence on fossil fuels to tomorrow's broad range of renewable energy sources, conservation measures, and transformed transportation strategies.

Ultimately, biodiesel will be a small part of the energy solution. But if local and regional economies can harvest feed oils from unused land and pool waste cooking oil to even marginally increase energy self-reliance, that's a very good thing; and I thank Greg Pahl for bringing it to our attention.

—Pamela Haines

Pamela Haines, a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, is passionate about the Earth and a rightly ordered economy.

Looking for God in All the Right Places: Prayers and Poems to Comfort, Inspire, and Connect Humanity

Edited by June Cotner. Loyola Press, 2004. $13.95/hardcover.

What do Quakers William Penn and Stephen Grellet have in common with Mother Teresa, Chief Seattle, and Lao-Tzu? They all make appearances in *Looking for God in All the Right Places.*

June Cotner has pnt together an aptly titled little collection (chosen from more than 3,000 submissions) containing poems, prose, and prayers centered around the themes of love and kindness, peace, tolerance and forgiveness, compassion, spirituality, nature and the environment, children, friends and family, community and worldly concerns, wonder and appreciation, praise and celebration, hope for the future, and inspiration.

If it sounds like a book of faith and practice, in many ways it is. The writings therein are filled with the writers' experiences of faith and God in these various areas. And the themes are ones that will resonare with Quaker readers.

Interwoven with pieces by well-known folks like Martin Luther King Jr. are poems and prayers by largely unknown writers and children as young as nine. Their writing gives this book a freshness that other compilations lack.

"I created *Looking for God in All the Right Places* as a book that would help embrace the universal connection between everyone and everything in the world," June Cotner writes. "The commonality that bonds us helps us appreciate our similarities instead of our differences."

In this fragmented world, that's a noble reason for writing indeed.

—J. Brent Bill

J. Brent Bill is the JOURNAL's assistant book review editor and the author of Holy Silence: The Gift of Quaker Spirituality.

The Right Use of Money

Edited and with an overview by David Darton. The Policy Press/Friends Provident Foundation, 2004. 148 pages. £9.95/paperback.

"This book is about money. Not about how to make it, but about how to use it and use it well." So David Darton describes the purpose of *The Right Use of Money* in his overview of this brief book published in Great Britain.

Money was commissioned by the Friends Provident Foundation, a charitable foundation established in 2001 by one of Btitain's leading financial institutions. Sixteen contributors help inform the Foundation about the right use of money, consistent with Friends Provident's Quaker founders' ideals—recognizing the significance of each individual, social justice, peace, equality, simplicity, truth, integrity, and fair dealing.

Five major themes are explored in the book: philanthropy, empowerment, stewardship, transparency, and social change. The contribntors come from a variety of backgrounds and include academics, economists, journalists, activists, business people, staff of religious institutions, and executives. Two are identified as Friends, and the "other-than-Quakers" express opinions that are consistent with Quaker testimony. One non-Friend, for example, urges corporate social responsibility "not because it is in your economic interests to do so, but because it is right to do so."

There is broad agreement among the writers that fundamental adaptations to our financial and economic systems are needed, clear moral and ethical principles should drive our decisions, and we need to think carefully about what sorts of expenditures are

NINE AWARDS FOR QUAKER LEADERSHIP PROJECTS WERE MADE THIS YEAR BY THE TRUSTEES OF THE CLARENCE AND LILLY PICKETT ENDOWMENT

Holly Baldwin—Midcoast MM, Camden, ME, participating in the World Gathering of Young Friends in England.

Evan Welkin—Agate Passage MM, Poulsbo, WA, will travel among Eastern Seaboard Quaker Meetings to build understanding.

Christina Repoley—Charlotte MM, NC. The Quaker representative on the Young Adult Advisory Board of the National Farm Worker Ministry working for justice.

Martin Kelley—Atlantic City Area MM, NJ, developing an independent online publication for older Young Friends.

Anna K. Crumley-Effinger—West Richmond, MM, Richmond, IN, WGYF and Work Camps with Friends in Africa.

Katie Walsh—Willoughby Hills Friends Church, OH, participating in Malone College Service- Learning trip to Dominican Republic.

Aja Bryant—Newtown MM, PA, participating in the World Gathering of Young Friends in England.

Christina H. Freeman—Wilmington MM, Wilmington, DE, developing a collaborative photography and journaling project among youth of Xilitila, Mexico.

Dorsche Pinsky—Central Philadelphia MM, working with economically challenged residents of Guadalajara, Mexico.

Trustees: Allen Bowman [Coordinator], Gretchen Castle, Carolyn Pickett Miller, Bridget Moix, Michael Moyer, James Newby, Doris Jean Newlin, Wilmer Tjossem [Clerk].

Stipends average around $2,000. Leadership nominations are now open [from individual Friends, meetings, and organizations] and must be received by *January 15th, 2006*. Contract Allen Bowman, coordinator, Wm.Penn Univ., Oskaloosa, IA 52577. Phone 641-673-4190 or e-mail <abmb4190@kdsi.net> or go to www.quaker.org/pickettfund.

truly empowering.

Each section of brief essays in the book is preceded helpfully by a summary of the authors' main points. Guided by these interpretive introductions, even an economics-impaired person such as I could follow the presentations easily. A little jargon creeps in, but it doesn't get in the way. Nor does the foreign language of British English impede, although people from the United States should still be warned that a "Christmas cracker" is not a saltine or Ritz!

Key points in the book are made about the Bible's clear admonition against making an idol of *Mammon*, the importance of making financial decisions within the context of community, the seduction of credit, the wisdom of the Quaker testimonies in revealing the true nature of God, and the need to assess what businesses destroy as well as create. Yet in spite of some clear criticism of the free market system and a pervasive tone that "many make money the point of life rather than the means of life," this is not a book that will cause a capitalist to blanch. Asceticism is not preached here, nor is "voodoo economics" of various sorts encouraged. There is enough to please and displease the utopian and the realist.

Perhaps this is a book that could only be published in Great Britain. Books with "money" in the title make big money in the bookstores, but typically because they encourage the popular "gospel of wealth." When Quaker Richard Foster wrote *Money, Sex, and Power* a few years ago, he found that he had to change the title to *The Challenge of the Disciplined Life* if conservative Bible bookstores were to carry it. Ostensibly, that was because "sex" was in the title. I wonder, though; Christians seem to be more willing to talk about their sex lives than about their use of money.

In Britain, however, there is an enduring memory of the "chocolate conscience" of those wealthy entrepreneurs such as the Quaker Frys, Cadburys, Rowntrees, and other philanthropic evangelicals. As is pointed out in the book, "Running a corporate entity according to good principles of social responsibility will most likely help it to perform better. That was the experience of Quaker traders."

Perhaps more businesses and aspiring millionaires in the United States should pay attention to this lesson. They could do worse than be apprentices to this book.

—*Max L. Carter*

Max L. Carter is director of Friends Center at Guilford College.

On July 7, when four bombs exploded in central London, killing at least 55 people and injuring over 700, Friends House, located on Euston Road, a 15-minute walk from King's Cross Underground Station, found itself quite literally in the middle of these events. Police had closed off large sections of the city, including Friends House, and people could neither leave nor enter those areas. From 10 o'clock that morning, Friends House, London—meeting place for such Quaker organizations as Britain Yearly Meeting (BYM) and Friends World Committee for Consultation (FWCC)—opened its doors, and a sign appeared outside announcing: shelter, free tea/coffee and phone use, and a quiet room for reflection. All Friends House staff were involved in looking after the people who had gathered inside and outside the building, many of whom looked shocked and were shaking. Tea and coffee were served; and fruit salad, sandwiches, and hot meals were provided in the restaurant later on. Radios were set up so people could listen to the latest news; staff also prepared handout updates as the outcome of the evenrs became more clear. A counselor was also on duty for those in trauma. Several thousand people took advantage of Friends House's hospitality; office workers, tourists, witnesses, and all sorts of people were there, even staff and guests from the nearby Hilton Hotel, which had earlier been evacuated. Each section of Friends House was full, and each even had its own atmosphere—rooms with radios were eerily quiet as people strained to hear the news; the restaurant and reception were lively and chatty; the second floor was almost silent; the Peace Garden was communal and the quiet room was calm and placid. Local, national, and international media, both print and electronic, were present. Large numbers of journalists were inside and outside the building, filming and interviewing. Friends House stayed open until 10 o'clock that evening, until it was assured that the thousands of people grouped in Friends House had found somewhere to spend the night. Two days later, on Saturday afternoon, a Peace Vigil was held in the House's Peace Garden. Two thousand people came together in silence, shoulder to shoulder because it was so full. *—Lynne Shivers, based on information from Nancy Irving, general secretary of FWCC, and Eudora Pascall, media relations officer of BYM.*

The Intergroup on Peace Initiatives (IPT), for which the Quaker Concil for European Affairs (QCEA) acts as secretariat, arranged a discussion on the issues of military bases in Europe at the European Parliament in Brussels, Belgium, on June 14. IPI functions as a

forum where members of the European Parliament (MEPs) affiliated with different political groups can discuss and further political debare on peace and conflict issues. Approximately 55 people met to discuss the infrastructure that is used for wars. Although many of the troops who were used for the war in Iraq were already in the Middle East, the military infrastructure of the United States, Britain, and other countries involved in the war continued to play an important support role for the war: military supplies, food, munitions, and soldiers were flown to the Gulf, planes took off from air bases in many countries, and U.S. and NATO surveillance systems all over the world were used to guide the attacks on Iraq. Even if a country is not directly involved in the war, its infrastructure might be used for war, or its troops might replace those troops of countries participating in the war on missions elsewhere, such as Afghanistan or the Balkans. Stephanos Stephanou, general secretary of the Cyprus Peace Council, spoke on "British Military Bases in Cyprus: An Obstacle for Peace in Cyprus and in the Middle East?" The two UK military bases there are not part of the EU. The UK gained sovereign rights to these as part of the Zurich-London Agreement, which led to the establishment of the independent Republic of Cyprus in 1960. The UK pays no rent for these bases and there is no time limit for their abolition. These bases house sophisticated on-land radar devices as part of an international spying network and act as launching pads for military action by the United States and the UK. The World Peace Council and the Cyprus Peace Council are working to get the bases and any nuclear weapons that might be stored there removed. Pol D'Huyvetter from For Mother Earth, an NGO in Belgium that works on issues related to disarmament, human rights, and the environment, spoke about U.S. nuclear weapons in Europe. The U.S. is the only nuclear weapons state to deploy nuclear weapons on foreign territory. According to an independent nuclear weapons policy analyst, Hans M. Kristensen, 480 U.S. tactical nuclear bombs are stored at eight NATO airbases in six NATO countries. Failure of the recent Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty Review Conference calls for urgent new initiatives for nuclear disarmament. Stability is undermined by the presence of nuclear weapons in Europe for which there is no longer any justification. Neither European citizens nor MEPs can get any information or confirmation about deployment and nuclear bases with U.S. nuclear weapons in Europe. Hans-Peter Richter, the editor of Pax Report magazine and a member of Achse des Friedens (Axis of Peace) in Berlin, Germany, said that the United States has deployed about 150

nuclear bombs in Germany, 20 in Büchel and 130 in Ramstein. On June 9, the German Minister for Defense asked for the withdrawal of U.S. nuclear bombs from German territory but was refused adamantly by Donald Rumsfeld on the grounds that nuclear policy is part of NATO policy and nuclear weapons are part of NATO defenses. On March 18, the German Parliament passed the Parliament Participation Law, which makes it legal for the German government to send troops to war immediately and then for the matter to be debated by Parliament afterward. Pilots will be given nuclear bombing training at the Bombodrom, one of the largest troop exercise areas in Europe, 80 percent of which is on nature reserves acknowledged as EU Habitat. All U.S. military bases are de facto extraterritorial areas governed by Status of Forces Agreement (SOFA), which means that national courts do not have jurisdiction over U.S. military personnel. International law and national constitutions are disregarded by all SOFAs and additional agreements. Chair of the meeting, Tobias Pflüger, MEP and co-president of the Intergroup for Peace Initiatives, said that the meeting was the first step in bringing about a whole series of resolutions against military bases in Europe, all of which provided the infrastructure for war. At the same time, the peace movement should be made aware of the ever-growing globalization of the EU's military activities. *—(QCEA)*

The Chicago Fellowship of Friends has laid down its inner-city ministry. Steve and Marlene Pedigo, its directors for 30 years, are now co-superintendents of Western Yearly Meeting in Plainfield, Ind. The Pedigos began their ministry with Western Yearly Meeting on July 1. "It was time to move on," Steve Pedigo said about the end of the ministry and outreach programs in the Cabrini-Greene high-rise public housing complex near downtown Chicago. Changes in the community affected the ministry, he said. The high-rise apartment buildings are being replaced by mixed upscale private housing, replacement homes, and some new public housing. "With these changes, membership in the Fellowship ministry was down to five persons," Pedigo said. The Chicago Fellowship of Friends was formally laid down as of May 31 and its building placed for sale. "This ministry has now fulfilled its mission," Robert Garris, clerk of the Fellowship of Friends board, stated. "It is with gratitude that we thank all Friends who have so generously supported this demanding, creative, and important ministry. Truly it has been God's work." *—Indiana Yearly Meeting Communicator, and telephone conversation with Steve Pedigo*

Baltimore (Md.) Meeting, Stony Run, approving a recommendation from its Peace and Social Order Committee, has joined Baltimore Regional Initiative Developing Genuine Equality (BRIDGE). Representing a wide range of social and economic backgrounds from several congregations of different faiths, BRIDGE promotes education and affordable housing and is addressing de facto economic segregation in the Baltimore metropolitan area. The Peace and Social Order Committee, in its recommendation, expressed its favorable impression of BRIDGE for its grass-roots organization, its encouragement of individuals to take on responsibilities in their congregations, and its commitment to building community among persons from other faiths. As a member of BRIDGE, Baltimore Meeting, Stony Run, will provide some financial support; and a five- to six-member core team will represent Stony Run, which plans to coordinate activities with other Quaker organizations. —*Newsletter of Baltimore (Md.) Meeting, Stony Run*

Friends House Moscow is working to alleviate some of the difficult circumstances of life in Russia today. This Quaker ministry in Russia was recently described to Ridgeway (N.J.) Meeting by Judy Harlow, a representative of Friends House Moscow. With a traveling minute from Pacific Yearly Meeting, she spoke at Ridgeway Meeting during one of her cross-country trips to encourage support for Friends House Moscow. According to its mission statement, Friends House Moscow is "an initiative of Friends worldwide which seeks to encourage spiritual growth and development of a civil society based on mutual trust and community cooperation . . . as we express the unique faith and practice of the Religious Society of Friends. We put this faith into action by working for social justice based on our fundamental belief in the presence of God in each individual." In its ministry, Friends House Moscow offers classes in Quaker spirituality, supports nonviolent conflict resolution programs, responds to the needs of refugees, supports alternatives to military service, and promotes understanding between religious and ethnic groups. —*Newsletter of Ridgeway (N.J.) Meeting*

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Upcoming Events

•October 1–2—Friends World Committee for Consultation: Lower Great Lakes Region Regional Gathering, hosted by Ohio Yearly Meeting. Theme: "From Whence Cometh Our Joy?" For more information, contact Susan Lee Barton, <SusanLeeB@fwccamericas.org> or (765) 939-1449.

•October 14–16—Young Friends General Meeting in Bristol, England.

•October 29–30—Denmark Yearly Meeting.

Opportunities

•The next Quaker Youth Pilgrimage to be held in the Americas will take place mid-July to mid-August 2006. Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas, would like to hear from or about possible pilgrims (16–18 years old) and leaders (adults experienced in volunteering with young Friends). For more information contact FWCC Section of the Americas at 1506 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102; (215) 241-7250; or <americas@fwccamericas.org>.

Resources

•A newly revised edition of *A Quaker Leadership Directory: A Resource of Retreat and Workshop Leaders from throughout Pacific Yearly Meeting* is now available from the Ben Lomond Quaker Center in California. The directory lists short descriptions of over 45 workshops and titles for an additional 60 workshops. The descriptions are sorted into five categories: Family and Community; Spiritual Practices; Quakerism: Our History, Faith, and Practice; Social Issues; and Other Themes. Short biographies and contact information are for leaders, most of whom have indicated a willingness to travel outside of California. The cost is free; contributions toward production costs and distribution are appreciated. Contact BLQCA, P.O. Box 686, Ben Lomond, CA 95005; <mail@quakercenter.org>; or (831) 336-8333.

•The latest revision of *Resources for Peace Page* is now online at <www.givewings.com/ peace/ index.html>. Begun in 1997, this resource features a list of more than 150 links to peace and social justice groups.

Darfur *continued from page 15*

stalwarts of Humanitarian relief, IRC has a particularly strong presence in Sudan, and claims that 90 percent of donations benefit recipients directly. The IRC media center (<www.theirc.org/media/>) offers photographs and video footage, as well as statistics useful in raising awareness of Darfurian refugees.

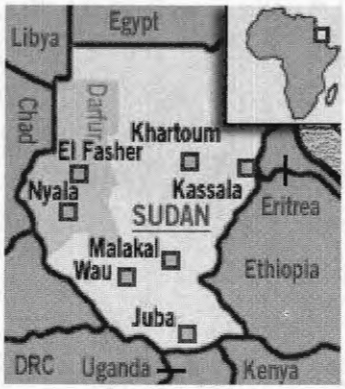
Embassy of the Republic of Sudan
<www.sudanembassy.org>
This is the party line of the Sudan regime, replete with headlines such as "Allegations of bombing turned to be totally untrue." Don't let the heavy-handedness of its propaganda blind you to the more subtle and violent methods the regime has of controlling the flow of information out of Sudan.

Survivors United to Save the Women of Darfur <http://www.survivorsunited.com/the_au.html>
Offers videos and photos, testimony of survivors, links to African Union and other websites.
Another organization focused on women, but with a broader agenda is <www.globalgrassrootsnetwork.org.

Doctors Without Borders
<www.doctorswithoutborders-usa.org>
A gutsy on-the-ground volunteer-based operation that successfully delivers medical services to survivors of the genocide in Sudan and Chad. The organization's director of operations in Sudan and its Darfur Coordinator were held for three weeks in June on charges of "espionage" because they protested the widespread use of rape as a weapon of war.

Genocide Intervention Fund
<www.genocideinterventionfund.org>
Impressive list of sponsors, slick graphics (more suitable for broad-band access than dial-up), advice on letter-writing campaigns, etc.

International Crisis Group
<www.icg.org>
This group's mission is to prevent conflict worldwide. It has been vigorous and creative in publicizing the Darfur cause.



www.theirc.org

Student-oriented websites:
<www.studentsagainstgenocide.org>
<www.standarfur.org>
<www.bcs.harvard .edu/~hcdag>

Divestment-oriented websites:

<www.divestsudan.org>
A good grassroots-oriented resource with a strong mission statement, model letters to corporations and elected officials, etc.

<www.sudandivestment.com>
Based at Williams College, instrumental in getting Massachusetts State Senator Andy Nuciforo to sponsor legislation in his home state. The site has a clickable map, for determining whether your state's pension funds are involved, etc. However, the list is far from complete.

<www.conflictsecurities.com>
Charges a hefty fee for its determination of whether a particular firm does business with Sudan; has connections with the Center for Security Policy, a conservative think tank.

Faith-based projects:

<www.sojo.net/darfur>
Sojourners magazine's efforts to raise prayerful consciousness of Darfur and call on the U.S. president to oppose the genocide.

<www.faithfulamerica.org>
Petition to President George W. Bush declaring faith-based opposition to the genocide.

Articles:

Jan Feter-Degges, "State Legislatures Considering Sudan Divestment," *Corporate Social Issues Reporter* May 2005. An excellent look at efforts in various states to pass divestment legislation, published by IRRC's Social Issues Service.
<http://www.irrc.com/company/news_fulltext.htm#Sudan>

Gillian Lusk, "The Sudan & The Darfur," *Covert Action Quarterly*, Spring 2005. This offers a tough-minded analysis missing in most U.S. commentaries.
<http://www.covertactionquarterly.org/sudan.html>

Médecins Sans Frontíeres, "The Crushing Burden of Rape: Sexual Violence in Darfur," Amsterdam, March 8, 2005.
<http://www.doctorswithoutborders.org/publications/reports/2005/sudan03.pdf>

Samantha Power, "Dying in Darfur," *The New Yorker* August 30, 2004.
<http://www.newyorker.com/printables/fact/040830fa_fact1>

Samantha Power's 2002 book, *A Problem From Hell: America and the Age of Genocide* (Harper Collins/ Perennial), now available in paperback for $17.95.

Robert I. Rotberg, "Sudan and the war in Darfur," and other writers contribute to the Foreign Policy Association. Good overviews.
<http://www.fpa.org/topics_info2414/topics_info_show.htm?doc_id=256145>

emotional undertow of this issue. Further, it traps the discussion on a level of calcium intake (which, believe me, I can talk about until the cows come home!) and keeps the tough spiritual queries at bay. Some of these queries might be: Can we safely presume that there is not that of God in nonhuman animals? Is it possible that we of Simplicity take more than we need in using animals? Did the Creator make animals for humans or for themselves? (Is cows' milk for humans or calves or both?)

Raising the animal rights topic is a sure way to become unpopular as demonstrated by the letter writer who said that the printing of Ellwood's article made her want to cancel her subscription to FRIENDS JOURNAL. And so, while I am in good company with FRIENDS JOURNAL, I invite you to spiritually explore—while holding your strong emotions in the Light and up to the Light—the birthrights of nonhuman animals as intended by the Creator.

Elizabeth Killough
Glenside, Pa.

Happy anniversary

Congratulations! The 68-page July issue was extra special—greatly enhanced by the historical columns and the batch of biographical data.

W.L. Hammaker
Camarillo, Calif.

Yes to communing

I just want to take a moment to let all of you know how much I have loved the 50th anniversary issue.

Two tibdits have stayed with me, so I just want to reflect them back to you. On page 31, the pull-quote reads, "We believe that a publication that is beautiful, can be held in your hands, and read at your own pace will always have a place in Friends lives." On my copy, there is a huge red "YES!" written in the margin. And on page 2, Liz Yeats writes in the "Among Friends" column: "When it arrives monthly in my mailbox, I relish the chance to curl up and quietly commune with my religious community." YES!

Tom Hoopes
Wayne, Pa.

Marriages/Unions

Kushner-Wolff—*David Wolff* and *Joel Kushner*, on May 29, 2005, under the care of Santa Monica (Calif.) Meeting, combining Jewish and Quaker traditions.

Deaths

Davis—*Mary Brooks Davis*, 89, on January 10, 2004, in Langhorne, Pa. Mary was born on February 28, 1914, in Tamaqua, Pa., and graduated from Drexel University where she was a member of the women's basketball team. She was an avid golfer and bridge player, a member of the Doylestown Country Club, an early member of the Langhorne Garden Club, and a valued member of Middletown (Pa.) Meeting. Mary was predeceased by her husband, Milton I. Davis. She is survived by two daughters, Mary Ellen Kreps and Brooke Marness; five grandchildren; and 11 great-grandchildren.

Feeney—*Robert Griffith Feeney*, 87, on March 16, 2005, in Claremont, Calif. Bob was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on March 28, 1917. After attending a local high school with a progressive approach called the "seven year study," he entered University of Pennsylvania and earned his bachelor's in Chemical Engineering in 1938. He married Georgianna (Georgie) Magargal, and they had four sons and two daughters. Bob worked in the East following university, including work on the Manhattan Project in Oak Ridge, Tenn. After World War II, he did graduate work at Yale University. In 1965, he moved west to establish and develop a department of chemical engineering at California Polytechnic State University at Pomona. He was a successful and beloved teacher there until his retirement in 1983. Bob and Georgie became Friends in 1966, and were active participants in Claremont (Calif.) Meeting until their deaths. In the '60s and '70s Bob served on various committees including the Peace and Social Order and Nominating committees. For a number of years he clerked the Finance and Property committees. He also served on Ministry and Counsel for nine years. Georgie died in 1975. In 1979, Bob married Frances (Fran) Madden, an attender at Claremont Meeting, and together they started weekly meeting Wednesday night potluck dinners in their home. Bob and Fran moved to Mount San Antonio Gardens retirement community in Claremont in 1991. Bob was active there and with the local Democratic Club for many years. Bob returned to Steuben, Maine, for part of each summer, where he had a summer cottage. Bob is predeceased by his first wife, Georgianna Magargal, and a son, David Feeney. He is survived by his wife, Fran Feeney; five sons, Griffith, Bronwen, Douglas, and Robert Feeney and Tim Madden; three daughters, Pamela Feeney, Tina Van Wert, and Deborah Bradford; 15 grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

Gonzales Monreal—*Ignacio Gonzales Monreal*. See "Monreal" in the August issue.

Parry—*William B. K. Parry*, 81, on October 8, 2004, in Newtown, Pa. Bill was born on November 7, 1922, on Glen Grove Farm in Langhorne, Pa., the son of Henry C. and Mary Knight Parry. A lifelong resident of Langhorne and Newtown, he

was a third-generation member of Wm. B. Parry and Son, Ltd., an insurance agency. Bill was born a Quaker and served as clerk of Middletown Meeting. He carried on many Parry family traditions, including providing fresh flowers for meeting. For his memorial meeting, daughter Lydia created three floral arrangements commemorating each generation of the family in attendance. Bill had a special sense of fun and style, and was active in community organizations. He was predeceased by his wife, Evelyn Johnson Parry. He is survived by a daughter, Lydia P. Lewis; three sons, William B. K. Jr., John T., and Henry C. Parry II; ten grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

Rhoads—*Richard H. Rhoads*, 95, on February 26, 2005, peacefully, at Crosslands, Kennett Square, Pa. Richard was born on October 6, 1909, in Moorestown, N.J., to William E. and Ruth E. Rhoads. He was a graduate of Westtown School and University of Pennsylvania and married Mary E. Gaunt on June 12, 1937. Richard was partner, president, and chairman of the Board of J.E. Rhoads & Sons, America's oldest company, founded in 1702. He was employed there for over 50 years. His major interests were education, peace, and social justice. He was a member of several school committees including Westtown School. Among other organizations, he actively supported Friends Committee on National Legislation, American Friends Service Committee, and Wilmington World Affairs Council. For six months, in 1949–50, he coordinated a food program for Palestinian refugees in the Gaza Strip, a project of American Friends Service Committee. He was a founder of Runnemeade, an integrated housing development near Wilmington, Del., and founded Pacem in Terris, a peace and social justice group in Wilmington. He was also a Rotarian for over 35 years. Richard was a lifelong gardener. One of his proudest gardening moments was when he and a colleague grew gigantic pumpkins. Their largest pumpkin, which weighed over 230 lbs, was significantly larger than the largest pumpkin grown at nearby Longwood Gardens that year. He was a lifelong Quaker, most recently a member of Kennett (Pa.) Meeting. In his later years, he compiled several geneologies of his family. It gave him great joy to collect brief biographies from hundreds of descendents and cousins in the process of tracing his ancestry back to 16th-century England and Wales. He was devoted to his family. A favorite quote in his later years was "Getting married to Mary Rhoads was the best day's work I ever did." He is survived by his wife of 67 years, Mary E.G. Rhoads; his son, David Rhoads; two daughters, Ruth Engler and Winifred Givot; five grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

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Opportunities

Events at Pendle Hill

October 14–16: **Integrating Core Beliefs with Action at Work,** with Donald Mick, Emmett J. McTeague, and Martha Summerville
October 24–27: **Speaking from the Heart: Enhancing Relationships with Conscious Communication,** with Erva Baden
October 28–30: **Couple Enrichment,** with Gretta and Jacob Stone
October 28–30: **Self-Care and Your Spiritual Center: A Weekend for People of Color,** with Valerie Barlow and Kimberly McNair

For more information, contact: Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086-6099. (800) 742-3150, extension 3. <www.pendlehill.org>.

Quaker Writers and Artists!
Join the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts ($25/year), and share your work with Friends in our exciting quarterly,"Types and Shadows." Seeking short fiction and non-fiction, poetry, drawings, B&W photos, and NEWS of Quaker art/artists. Help create a new chapter in Quaker history! Info: FQA, c/o PYM, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. E-mail submissions OK. <fqa@quaker.org>. <www.quaker.org/fqa>.

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

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

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

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

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

Personals

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

Concerned Singles

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

Positions Vacant

Redwood Forest Friends Meeting seeks ***Resident Friend(s)*** starting October 1, 2005. Small living quarters provided. Located 60 miles north of San Francisco and 25 miles from Pacific Ocean. Write to: Resident Friend Liaison, Post Office Box 1831, Santa Rosa, CA 95402; or <avboone@sonic.net>.

Friends General Conference seeks part-time ***Junior Gathering Coordinator,*** possibly other part-time positions. Send résumé to General Secretary, FGC, 1216 Arch Street, 2B, Philadelphia, PA 19107, or <bruceb@fgcquaker.org>.

Youth Director/ Minister needed for part-time position at Wilmington Friends Meeting (Quaker). The position includes developing activities and ministry programs for children and youth based on the mission of the Meeting, and under the care of the Christian Education Committee and pastor. Please send cover letter and résumé to Wilmington Friends Meeting, 66 N. Mulberry Street, Wilmington, OH 45177. For more information, please visit <www.wfmeeting.org>. Resumes will be accepted until the position is filled.

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

MMA: Insurance and Financial Services
Are you looking for a career that combines your professional skills and your Christian faith values?

If so, MMA wants to talk with you. We are a church-related organization whose primary mission is to help people manage their God-given gifts. MMA is seeking sales professionals to help provide insurance and financial solutions to individuals and businesses, primarily associated with Christian denominations.

Openings in Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Kansas, Oregon, and other states. Excellent compensation and benefits packages. To learn more, visit <www.mma-online.org/careers>. Fax or e-mail resume to (574) 537-6635 or <hr@mma-online.org>.

Real Estate

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 Holland, Coldwell Banker, Joly McAbee Weinert Realty, Inc. Direct Voice Mail: (978) 307-0767. E-mail: <holland@cape.com>.

Quaker in the Real Estate world offering professional help with selling and buying your home. Minutes from Pendle Hill, Delaware County, Pa. Referrals accepted. Questions welcomed! Gloria Todor, (610) 328-4300. Century 21.

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

Rentals & Retreats

AFFORDABLE RENTAL ON SMALL QUAKER FARM
Furnished two-bedroom apartment with covered sleep porch. Spectacular view of Pacific. King, Queen, and double beds; modern kitchen; jacuzzi tile bath. Use of organic garden and orchard. Available October, year's lease—negotiable. Write: Wm. V. Vitarelli, 375 Kawelo Road, Haiku, Maui, HI 96708. (310) 709-0146.

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

Ohio YM Friends Center, based in Christian unprogrammed worship, offers a welcoming, quiet, rural setting for personal or group retreats. Contact: Friends Center Coordinator, 61388 Olney Lane, Barnesville, OH 43713 or (740) 425-2853.

Round House by the Sea in Ireland available mid-Oct 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: <lynnsaoirse@eircom.net> or phone: 00353-51-391-713.

Coastal Rhode Island, historic English Tudor home. Large manor living room with full library and fireplace. Three bedrooms and three full baths. Large country kitchen with fireplace and updated appliances, including washer and dryer. Fully furnished throughout. Quiet community. Small private beach with mooring. Private roads for walking or biking. One hour from Boston, 30 minutes to Providence, 20 minutes to Newport, 4 hours to New York City. Available: August '05/monthly or yearly. Phone: (530) 518-5690, (530) 864-7352, or (530) 534-7891.

Cape May, N.J. Beach House—weekly rentals; weekend rentals in off-season. Sleeps 12+. Great for family reunions! Block from beach. Close to mall. Ocean views from wraparound porch. Call: (718) 398-3561.

Loxahatchee Riverfront Home; Jupiter, Florida. 3 bedrooms, 3 baths. Small sand beach and dock. Ten minutes to ocean, 25 minutes to West Palm Beach Airport, 30 minutes to Palm Beach Meeting. Available for 2005–6 season (2 to 4 winter months). Peaceful, tastefully furnished retreat perfect for retired "snowbirds." Please call Lucinda at (914) 693-2083; <acfive@mindspring.com>.

Tranquil Topsail Island, N.C. New, 2-story house. Three bedrooms, 2.5 baths, sleeps 6. Overlooks marshlands and Intracoastal Waterway. Two blocks from beach. Polite dogs welcome. Weekly rates: 3/5–5/14 **$625,** 5/14–8/20 **$850**, 8/20–10/1 **$750,** 10/1–10/29 **$625**. Off-season daily, weekend, and long-term rentals available. For information, visit website: <www.VRBO.com/31024>. Call (610) 796-1089, or e-mail <Simplegifts1007@aol.com>.

Pocono Manor. Beautiful, rustic mountain house suitable for gatherings, retreats, and reunions. Seven bedrooms. Three full baths. Beds for 15. Fully equipped. Deck with mountain view. Hiking trails from back door. Weekends or by the week, April through October. Contact Melanie Douty: (215) 736-0948.

Cuernavaca, Mexico: Families, friends, study groups enjoy this beautiful Mexican house. Mexican family staff provide excellent food and care. Six twin bedrooms, with bath and own entrance. Large living and dining room, long terrace with dining area and mountain and volcano views. Large garden and heated pool. Close to historic center and transportation. Call Edith Nicholson (011) 52-777-3180383, or Joe Nicholson, (502) 894-9720.

A Quaker Family Farmlet on Maui
Enjoy the simple elegance of nature's sub tropical wonders: A fully furnished stone octagon cottage on a bluff overlooking the Pacific; use of org. garden and orchard; close to beaches and Maui's commercial attractions. $100 per day.
For illustrated material, write to Lisa Bowers, c/o Wm. V. Vitarelli, 375 Kawelo Road, Haiku, Maui, HI 96708. (310) 709-0146.

Retirement Living

KENDAL COMMUNITIES and SERVICES FOR OLDER PEOPLE

Kendal communities and services reflect sound management, adherence to Quaker values, and respect for each individual.
Continuing care retirement communities:
Kendal at Longwood; Crosslands • Kennett Square, Pa.
Kendal at Hanover • Hanover, N.H.
Kendal at Oberlin • Oberlin, Ohio
Kendal at Ithaca • Ithaca, N.Y.
Kendal at Lexington • Lexington, Va.
Kendal on Hudson • Sleepy Hollow, N.Y.
Kendal at Granville • Granville, Ohio
Independent living with residential services:
Coniston and Cartmel • Kennett Square, Pa.
The Lathrop Communities • Northampton and Easthampton, Mass.
Nursing care, residential and assisted living:
Barclay Friends • West Chester, Pa.
Advocacy/education programs:
Untie the Elderly • Pa. Restraint Reduction Initiative
Kendal Outreach, LLC
Collage, Assessment Tool for Well Elderly
For information, contact: Doris Lambert, The Kendal Corporation, 1170 E. Baltimore Pike, Kennett Square, PA 19348. (610) 388-5581.
E-mail <info@kcorp.kendal.org>.

THE Hickman

The Hickman, a nonprofit, Quaker-sponsored retirement community in historic West Chester, has been quietly providing excellent care to older persons for over a century. Call today for a tour: (484) 760-6300, or visit our brand-new website <www.thehickman.org>.

Friends Homes, Inc., founded by North Carolina Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, has been providing retirement options since 1968. Both Friends Homes at Guilford and Friends Homes West are fee-for-service, continuing care retirement communities offering independent living, assisted living, and skilled nursing care. Located in Greensboro, North Carolina, both communities are close to Guilford College and several Friends meetings. Enjoy the beauty of four seasons, as well as outstanding cultural, intellectual, and spiritual opportunities in an area where Quaker roots run deep. For information please call: (336) 292-9952, or write: Friends Homes West, 6100 W. Friendly Avenue, Greensboro, NC 27410. Friends Homes, Inc. owns and operates communities dedicated to the letter and spirit of Equal Housing Opportunity. <www.friendshomes.org>.

Walton Retirement Home, a nonprofit ministry of Ohio Yearly Meeting since 1944, offers an ideal place for retirement. Both assisted living and independent living facilities are available. For further information, please call Nirmal or Diana Kaul at (740) 425-2344, or write to Walton Retirement Home, 1254 East Main Street, Barnesville, OH 43713.

MEDFORD LEAS

Medford Leas Continuing Care Retirement Community

Medford Leas welcomes you to visit our CCAC-accredited, Quaker-related continuing care retirement community! Blending the convenience and accessibility of suburban living with the unique aesthetic of an arboretum and nature preserve, Medford Leas continues the long tradition of Quaker interest in plants and nature and their restorative qualities. A wide range of residential styles (from garden-style apartments to clustered townhouses) are arranged amidst the unique beauty of over 200 acres of landscaped gardens, natural woodlands, and meadows. With campuses in both Medford and Lumberton, New Jersey, the cultural, intellectual, and recreational offerings of Philadelphia, Princeton, and New York City are just 30 to 90 minutes away. In addition, many popular New Jersey shore points are also within similar driving distances. Medford Monthly Meeting is thriving, active, and caring. Amenity and program highlights include: walking/biking trails, tennis courts, indoor and outdoor swimming pools, fitness centers and programs, computer center, greenhouses, very active self-governed residents' association with over 80 committees, on-site "university" program, and much more. Extensive *lifetime* Residence and Care Agreement covers medical care, prescription drugs, and future long-term nursing and/or assisted living care *without caps or limits.* For more information call (800) 331-4302. <www.medfordleas.org>.

Beautiful Pleasant Hill, Tenn. Affordable and diverse activist community. Full range—independent homes to nursing care. Local Quaker Meeting. (931) 277-3518 for brochure or visit <www.uplandsretirementvillage.com>.

Schools

Stratford Friends School provides a strong academic program in a warm, supportive, ungraded setting for children ages 5 to 13 who learn differently. Small classes and an enriched curriculum answer the needs of the whole child. An at-risk program for five-year-olds is available. The school also offers an extended day program, tutoring, and summer school. Information: Stratford Friends School, 5 Llandillo Road, Havertown, PA 19083. (610) 446-3144.

Sandy Spring Friends School. Five- or seven-day boarding option for grades 9–12. Day school pre-K through 12. College preparatory, upper school AP courses. Strong arts and academics, visual and performing arts, and team athletic programs. Coed. Approximately 480 students. 140-acre campus less than an hour from Washington, D.C., and Baltimore, Md. International programs. Incorporating traditional Quaker values. 16923 Norwood Road, Sandy Spring, MD 20860. (301) 774-7455, ext. 375. <www.ssfs.org>.

Junior high boarding school for grades 7, 8, 9. Small academic classes, challenging outdoor experiences, community service, consensus decision making, daily work projects in a small, caring, community environment. **Arthur Morgan School**, 60 AMS Circle, Burnsville, NC 28714. (828) 675-4262. <info@arthurmorganschool.org>, <www.arthurmorganschool.org>.

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

Lansdowne Friends School—a small Friends school for boys and girls three years of age through sixth grade, rooted in Quaker values. We provide children with a quality academic and a developmentally appropriate program in a nurturing environment. Whole language, thematic education, conflict resolution, Spanish, after-school care, summer program. 110 N. Lansdowne Avenue, Lansdowne, PA 19050. (610) 623-2548.

EARLHAM
SCHOOL *of* RELIGION

Peace with Justice—this graduate emphasis is a focus in both the MA Religion and the M Div/M Min programs. The M Div emphasis calls for five courses with a Peace and Justice focus, integrated within the larger curriculum. The MA in Religion is for those interested in research, continuation toward a PhD, or another form of educational ministry. For further information contact: <axtelsu@earlham.edu> or (800) 432-1377.

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

Services Offered

Marriage Certificates

* Calligraphy
* Illustration
* Graphic Design

Ahimsa Graphics, 24 Cavanaugh Ct., Saunderstown, RI 02874. (401) 294-7769 or (888) 475-6219. <www.pennyjackim.calligraphicarts.org>.

Quaker lawyer in solo practice available for Estate Planning and Elder and Disability Law issues. Legal services with commitment to Quaker values. Evening and weekend appointments available. Reasonable rates. Call Pamela Moore at (215) 483-4661.

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

Custom Marriage Certificates and other traditional or decorated documents. Various calligraphic styles and watercolor designs available. Over ten years' experience. Pam Bennett, P. O. Box 136, Uwchlan, PA 19480. (610) 458-4255. <prbcallig@netzero.com>.

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Centerville, IN 47330
765-939-6910
HFreeAssoc@aol.com

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

Marriage Certificates and custom-designed calligraphy for all occasions. Many decorative borders available. For samples and prices, contact Carol Sexton at Clear Creek Design, (765) 962-1794 or <sextoca@earlham.edu>.

Moving? Maybe David Brown, **a Quaker real estate broker**, can help. Contact him at <davidhbrown@mindspring.com>.

All Things Calligraphic

Carol Gray, *Calligrapher* (Quaker). Specializing in wedding certificates. Reasonable rates, timely turnarounds. <www.carolgraycalligraphy.com>.

Summer Camps

Journey's End Farm Camp

is a farm devoted to children for sessions of two or three weeks each summer. Farm animals, gardening, nature, ceramics, shop.

Nonviolence, simplicity, reverence for nature are emphasized in our program centered in the life of a Quaker farm family. For 32 boys and girls, 7–12 years. Welcome all races. Apply early. Kristin Curtis, RR 1 Box 136, Newfoundland, PA 18445. Telephone: (570) 689-3911. Financial aid available.

Summer Rentals

Provence, France. Beautiful secluded stone house, village near Avignon, 3 BR (sleeps 5–6), kitchen/dining room, spacious living room, modern bathroom. Terrace, courtyard, view of medieval castle. Separate second house sleeps 4. Both available year-round $1,200–$2,900/mo. <www.rent-in-provence.com>. Marc Simon, rue Oume, 30290 Saint Victor, France, <msimon@wanadoo.fr>; or J. Simon, 124 Bondcroft, Buffalo, NY 14226; (716) 836-8698.

Programs for You at Pendle Hill

October 14–16
Integrating Core Beliefs with Action at Work
with Donald Mick, Martha Summerville and Emmett J. McTeague

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October 28–30
Couple Enrichment
with Gretta and Jacob Stone

October 28–30
Self-Care and Your Spiritual Center: A Weekend for People of Color
with Valerie Barlow and Kimberly McNair

Nurture Your Quaker Spirit

November 11–13
Inquirers' Weekend: Basic Quakerism
Co-sponsored with Philadelphia Yearly Meeting
with Ben Pink Dandelion and Deborah Shaw

November 14–17
Behind the Silence: Understanding the True Nature of Quaker Worship
with Ben Pink Dandelion

November 18–20
Clerking: Serving the Community with Joy and Confidence
with Arthur Larrabee

November 28–December 1
Cultivating the Great Action of Generosity
with Larry Ward and Peggy Rowe Ward

December 9–11
Prayer and Peacemaking
with Dan Snyder

PENDLE HILL

A QUAKER CENTER FOR STUDY AND CONTEMPLATION
338 Plush Mill Road · Wallingford, PA 19086
www.pendlehill.org

Contact us to find out more

610.566.4507 ext. 3 or 800.742.3150 ext. 3
registrar@pendlehill.org