

November 2005 • \$5

# FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker  
Thought  
and  
Life  
Today



## ANNUAL BOOKS ISSUE

*Whispers of Faith by Young Friends*

*Fritz Eichenberg:  
Advice to a Young Artist in America*

*FGC Gathering Report*

An  
independent  
magazine  
serving  
the Religious  
Society  
of Friends



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FRIENDS JOURNAL (ISSN 0016-1322) was established in 1955 as the successor to *The Friend* (1827-1955) and *Friends Intelligencer* (1844-1955).

- FRIENDS JOURNAL is published monthly by Friends Publishing Corporation, 1216 Arch Street, 2A, Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835. Telephone (215) 563-8629. E-mail [info@friendsjournal.org](mailto:info@friendsjournal.org). Periodicals postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and additional mailing offices.
- Subscriptions: one year \$35, two years \$65. Add \$8 per year for postage to countries outside the U.S., Canada, and Mexico. Individual copies \$5 each.
- Advertising information and assistance is available on request. Appearance of any advertisement does not imply endorsement by FRIENDS JOURNAL.
- Postmaster: send address changes to FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1216 Arch Street, 2A, Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835.
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PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER  
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Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835 • (215) 563-8629  
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■ AMONG FRIENDS

# Our Most Precious Resource

It is my good fortune to belong to a large, urban meeting that has quite a few families with young (and not so young) children attending. When the children leave us after the first 20 minutes of worship each First Day, there is a very perceptible exodus, as dozens of young people, accompanied by First-day school teachers, leave the meeting room. I love to open my eyes during that moment and watch them trooping out with their teachers, fondly remembering the years when I helped with childcare and First-day school. I am very grateful to those who develop or work with curriculum and make real efforts to engage young minds with the particulars of our religious faith.

I'm convinced that, whatever other work I've done in this lifetime—and there has been plenty of other work—nothing has been so challenging or as important as giving birth and being present to my three now-adult children. My offspring are amazing and wonderful to my maternal eyes, but not without presenting huge challenges to me and my husband, Adam. I sense that this may be the case for many if not most parents, and it is in the work with my evolving children, who are spiritual beings on their own journeys, that I have learned the most, and found life's greatest challenges and the most joy and satisfaction.

Perhaps because I believe that nurturing the next generation very well is such a pivotal task in bringing peace and social justice to our suffering world, I am convinced that we Friends, as a Religious Society, should give very high priority to nurturing young Friends (and other young people) in their spiritual journeys. I wrote years ago in this column about the immense importance of youth programs run by yearly meetings or other Quaker bodies, such as the Friends General Conference Gathering. The connections that Quaker young people forge in these programs are seminal to their independent embracement of Quakerism and defining its importance in their own lives. The friendships forged can last for many years and provide a cohort of Quaker peers that can support an emerging young adult Friend during some of life's big challenges. I know from listening to my own 20-something offspring that such a Quaker peer group can also provide immense joy and relief to young Friends who feel isolated in our mainstream culture from others who share the values with which they grew up. I feel strongly that we older Friends should do all that we can to support quality programming for our young Friends. Beyond that, I also believe that Friends organizations, even small ones like Friends Publishing Corporation, should do everything within their power to find and mentor young adult Friends into positive encounters with Quaker work and preparation for assuming leadership in our Religious Society.

For all of the reasons mentioned above, I am very pleased that this month we are printing excerpts from *Whispers of Faith: Young Friends Share Their Experience of Quakerism* (p.6), a new publication by Quaker Press of FGC and Quaker Books of Britain Yearly Meeting, in cooperation with Quakers Uniting in Publications (QUIP). This book was written and illustrated exclusively by Quaker youth, and was edited by a very capable panel of Quaker youth. We have included only a few excerpts from the book in this issue, but were impressed by the maturity of perspective and the quality of writing and photography to be found in it. I encourage you to read these selections—and also to have a look at the new youth-oriented web pages on the FRIENDS JOURNAL website (at <http://friendsjournal.org/quake/index.html>) to hear from the next generation of Friends, and to see the excellent work of which they are capable.

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*Cover photo by  
Milam Smith*

*Photo on this  
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Sigmond, taken  
at the 2005  
Friends General  
Conference  
Gathering*

## Cadbury still speaks to us today

I have been reading Henry Cadbury's letters in *Friendly Heritage*. Some of those letters could stand reprinting. Even after all these years, many of them are pertinent today. I was especially struck by No. 43: "Christmas—Every Day or Never?" I think Friends need to take another look as to how we are celebrating that day as well as season and return to simplicity and common sense. So I am suggesting that this message be reprinted. Take a look at some of these remarkable bits and republish one occasionally. The JOURNAL has been excellent, issue after issue.

Alice Brown  
Asheville, N.C.

## Quakerism helped me

I read with interest "Light Beyond the War Clouds" by William Nichols (*FJ* Sept.). I was especially riveted by the section about the author's view of Oakwood School.

I was a student and graduate of Oakwood School in the late 60s. I found a warmer atmosphere there, and an ability to study that I had not had in my previous school, terrorized by bullies who were sports heroes and who, along with teachers, had a warped sense of moral behavior toward others. I found the Quaker belief in respect of others and a search for peace like a breath of fresh air and something to strive for. I felt that it is too bad there are not a majority of people in power who ascribe to the Quaker philosophy or similar moral ideals, instead of the leaders who say they are religious, and moral as a result—yet advocate war and other societally destructive things. I can say that I found true peace and harmony during my short time at Oakwood and have been more successful in social relationships, leadership activity, schooling, and work as a result of the rehabilitation of my thinking with the Quaker philosophy as a working model for my dealings with others.

Daniel Herzog  
Newark, N.J.

## Responding to Darfur

Thank goodness for people like Chris Micah Allen-Doucot of the Catholic Worker Team in Hartford, Conn. (written about in "Facing Evil: Genocide in Darfur," *FJ* Sept.) who take action instead of just words-words-words!

At the very least, please send a check to the International Rescue Committee,

P.O. Box 98152, Washington, DC 20077-7355.

Nelson Babb  
Summerfield, N.C.

## Being a Quaker and a Jew

I was touched to read Ernest Rubenstein's reflections about being both a Quaker and a Jew (*FJ* Sept.). Coming from the direction of being a Christian Quaker, I have also been drawn to a similar place. First, Jesus was a devout Jew and there is little evidence that he ever intended his friends and followers to abandon Judaism or create a new religion. The early Jesus movement in first-century Palestine was a Jewish renewal movement that called people away from the false worship of wealth, power, and social rank and back to the mystical and liberating insights of the Hebrew prophets such as Isaiah and Micah. Jesus' major innovation within first-century Judaism was to reject the tempting, but spiritual dead end of a violent, monarchial vision of liberation from the sins of empire, greed, and selfishness—what Mennonite theologian John Howard Yoder calls "the Zealot Option." In contrast, Jesus repeatedly urged his friends and followers to find a way towards personal and social liberation that did not involve either submission to evil or violent retaliation.

Many of the early friends and followers of Jesus saw him as a profound and inspiring Jewish teacher and prophet, someone who profoundly embodied the Spirit of God and clearly revealed what a justice-loving, Spirit-centered life would look like. For them—and for me—Jesus revealed "the way, the truth, and the life." Some early followers even saw Jesus as a Jewish messiah, the suffering servant of God, anticipated by some early prophets. Some others, who couldn't fully grasp Jesus' own teachings and life example, saw him instead as the long-promised conquering messiah-king who would come again and violently butcher Israel's enemies and set up a Jewish-led kingdom throughout the entire world—an understandable, but tragic fantasy among an oppressed people. Yet, whatever the differences, all these ways of viewing Jesus were still Jewish ways to understand him.

It was really only after his death that non-Jewish notions about Jesus being the only begotten son of God or God incarnate became an increasingly common belief about Jesus. This was particularly true among the growing numbers of converts among the pagan gentiles who lived outside of Palestine in the second and third centuries. It was also

during this period when many who professed to be Christians began to downplay the Roman Empire's role in Jesus' execution and began demonizing not just some Jewish priestly elites for their role in his execution, but all Jews. By the fourth century, the radical Jewish renewal movement inspired by Jesus became completely transformed by gentile priests and a Roman emperor into a violent, anti-Jewish, imperial religion aligned with the Roman Empire's idolatrous worship of wealth, power, and social rank. All Jewish and anti-imperial ways of viewing Jesus were systematically suppressed at this point in history. Indeed, the faithful friends and followers of Jesus who refused to accept the Nicene Creed commissioned by Emperor Constantine as an accurate reflection of



Jesus' life example and teachings were intensely persecuted. These people faced being attacked, tortured, having their homes and houses of worship burned, and many were even executed or murdered as heretics by the "orthodox" Christian church—just as Quakers were persecuted by "orthodox" Christians in the 1600s.

What I have always loved about Quakers, besides their manner of silent worship, is their heartfelt attempt to reject all imperial versions of Christianity and revive instead the prophetic faith and practice of the early Jesus movement. From this vantage point, it is quite hard to imagine how one can be a faithful friend and follower of Jesus today and not personally identify with prophetic Judaism in a very strong and intimate way. Thus, coming from a very different direction, I too have arrived at the unusual

## Special Issues for 2006

Most FRIENDS JOURNAL issues offer feature articles on a variety of subjects. But periodically we publish thematic special issues. For 2006, we invite submissions for the following:

**Quakers and Money** (July 2006)—Please send submissions by February 15, 2006.

**What Are Friends Called to Today?** (October 2006)—Please send submissions by June 15, 2006.

Advance inquiries from prospective authors and artists are welcome. Contact Robert Dockhorn, senior editor, by e-mail at <senioreditor@friendsjournal.org> or by postal mail, telephone, or fax, information for which can be found on our masthead.

parallel universe that Ernest Rubinstein likes to imagine from time to time. In some very real ways, I am both a Christian and a Jew.

Steve Chase  
Keene, N.H.

## Strength in marriage

Having pondered for some time the recent comments in FRIENDS JOURNAL about the purpose of marriage, in case it is helpful to someone I would like to share my own experience. I was fortunate to have married an exceptionally intelligent and skilled, lovely, strong young woman. We were both 22 years old.

In my innocence I thought I was mature. Wrong. For example, I had not the slightest comprehension that when a woman becomes pregnant she needs consistent material support to allow her to focus on the nest-building process that has taken over her life and will continue even after the young have fledged and left the nest. We had so little that she could only call her best friend once a week because it cost ten cents. But she was mostly patient with me.

During the early part of our marriage I fumbled around trying to find a satisfying career, working for others in industry, starting my own business, failing, recovering, constantly trying new avenues of expression and employment. My soft-core religious myopia was an early hindrance in our marriage. It is not a practical support for a young family to think of being, with no preparation, a missionary sailing in and out of the Canadian northwestern seacoast coves!

However, one of the strong, constant, healing bedrock factors in our marriage has been our mutual spiritual exploration of the Judeo-Christian worldview, especially when put to practical purposes by application in our lives and those of our children and others. Jesus' imperative to love God with our whole being and all others as well as ourselves must come first. Judging the results of my actions (obtaining needed feedback) by observing what Paul calls "the fruit of the Spirit"—love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, self-control—has been helpful, and oftentimes, for me, jolting.

For me, one of the most rewarding and instructive factors in our marriage has been our ongoing male-female interaction, the flashing interplay of anima and animus—and shadow—in their often startling, mind-boggling, fast-changing, joyous complexities. I would not have missed it for the world. It has certainly not been humdrum.

Has it been easy? Serene? No way. Long

ago we each walked out on occasion. We each have taken extended time away—I longer. What brings us back? Our promises. The joy of conversation—two minds unafraid to explore the furthest crannies of existence. Mutual learning and growing. Companionship. Children. Grandchildren. Perhaps great-grandchildren.

For me, marriage has been companionship—a helpmeet. Growing confidence born of sharing a new understanding with someone who will not only really listen, but hear; and who, unafraid, will mirror back to me both my frailties and strengths.

Some vignettes: Our five-year-old younger son coming home late again for dinner, interestedly watching his mother as she gives him a round verbal thrashing, and then, when she stops for breath, saying to her, "You are an exciting woman when you're mad." Our thrill at our sons' various university graduations. Watching the incredible power come on in now-grown, independent children whom one has held as newborns.

It has been 54 years. I am much the better for it.

James Arnold Baker  
Nelson, B.C.

## Protesting "Quaker" Foods

I am distressed about a distortion of our public image and I wanted to bring it to your attention. The latest advertising campaign by the PepsiCo Corporation for Quaker Brand Foods is completely humiliating to Friends and I think we must watch this corporation more closely.

Their latest advertising campaign is, "Have you Had Your Quaker Today?" I was so insulted by this bizarre query that I wrote to PepsiCo and asked if they thought, "Have you Had Your Jew Today?" or "Have you Had Your Catholic Today?" would be equally appropriate. They wrote back with a brief note informing me that my opinion will be "shared with corporate management for consideration as future advertisements are planned." Clearly they have no intention of altering the current offensive advertising campaign in question.

I believe the PepsiCo Corporation has no association with the Religious Society of Friends and it seems likely they are not even aware that we continue to happily exist worldwide. We do keep a low profile. However, ignorance can be no excuse when they are representing our Religious Society's common name as their brand. I hope Friends will consider this situation within

their individual meetings, perhaps write to PepsiCo as I did, and if they continue to misrepresent us, contact local media outlets.

Jennie Raab  
New York, N.Y.

## Encouragement in isolation

I recently received notification from you of a six-month subscription to FRIENDS JOURNAL from a donor I do not know. But I am thankful for her thoughtful and loving gift, and to you who have passed it on to me.

It's true: I am rather isolated out here in this land of "any sort of behavior is justified, and even noble, as long as you wave an American flag over it." I have actually heard the rumblings of dissent in village restaurants recently, though, which has to be a good sign. That and the spray-painted message that appeared on a local oil storage facility about a month ago: "How many lives per gallon?" Also a good sign.

Receiving FRIENDS JOURNAL will reinforce my beliefs. I'm not the only one here who believes we are an evolved species capable of living in peace, or at least capable of maintaining a certain level of decency and not collapsing into a quivering mass of fear. To my mind, the media are the worst terrorists, but people have to buy into the lies and fear-mongering for it to work.

Thanks for all you do to "keep the peace" through publishing.

Martha West  
Kaleva, Mich.

## Friendly criticism

It may be partially my weariness that I do not find as much in FRIENDS JOURNAL as I used to. I like it when you offer more than one point of view. I like articles on music, nature, literature, art, social ethics and spirituality, as well as personal stories of spiritual striving and insight. I also enjoy book reviews, classifieds, and special issues. Occasional articles on aging (I'm now 60) are appreciated although I know you want to attract younger readers! I, a Unitarian Universalist minister, read FRIENDS JOURNAL each month, while my Quaker wife tends to read *Guideposts* magazine. "I declare myself a channel for the Divine Being, may all my thoughts, words, deeds be done in the name of the Most High, the Eternal. May I do my work each day, love my family, and work for the good of the whole." I find this simple affirmation helpful for Friends and Universalists, who tend to intellectualize a lot of things.

Loring Prosser  
Indianapolis, Ind.

# Whispers of Faith

## I hear God singing within me

by Lily Press, age 16

New York Yearly Meeting, USA

*The following excerpts are from Whispers of Faith: Young Friends Share Their Experience of Quakerism, which was written and edited by young Friends. The photos, from the book, are also by young Friends. It is published by Quaker Press of FGC and Quaker Books of Britain Yearly Meeting. ©2005 Quakers Uniting in Publications*

I always sit in the same spot during meeting for worship. Nestled in the corner of the cherry bench my father refinished, I sit quietly, my head turned slightly to the left, where 200-year-old moldings frame a 12-paned window. Since I was a tiny baby, my family has occupied that bench. As I've grown older and my little sister also started attending meeting, I have fought for and won the corner seat by the window. The view I have seen outside of that window has changed only slightly over the past 16 years. I have changed though, and as I grow, how I see the view outside the window has changed as well.

I'm five years old and it's springtime. A bluebird hops from branch to branch of the leafy oak outside the window. I squirm on the bench, wishing I, too, could be out in the gentle sunshine, hopping and skipping and yelling. The heavy silence in the meeting room pounds in my ears. Impatiently, I look at our First-day school teacher. She looks at me sternly, admonishing me to be still. It is not time to leave yet. I again turn my attention to the window. As I look at the bird more closely, I see a little nest filled with baby birds. I can no longer contain my excitement. I stand up, ready to proclaim to the silent meeting room the miracle of life outside the window, when the First-day school teacher, ascertaining my intention, hurriedly ushers me from the room.

riedly ushers me from the room.

It's the Sunday before Christmas, and I am eight years old. Greens hang on the window, giving off the fresh winter scent of pine and snow. My friend Gina and my sister Madeline sit on the bench next to me. The three of us have recently learned the sign language alphabet in First-day school, and we use our new knowledge to painstakingly spell out messages to one another. I eventually turn away in frustration, and study the bow tied around the evergreen on the window. Its intricate curls and gold trimming remind me of my own life, which has become more and more complex over the years. In school my math workbook is now filled with multiplication and my class is reading longer books with bigger words; I'm a big girl now, and I no longer have time to color and paste. I look past the ribbon to the outside where it is beginning to snow. I hope that there won't be school tomorrow. And since it is near Christmas, I say a little prayer for the well-being of my family and friends and the speedy arrival of the gifts I want. I don't know if God can hear me, but in the silence of the meeting room, I feel more listened to than anywhere else.

The summer sun pours in through the window and beats heavily on my 13-year-old head. I sit, my eyes closed, trying almost too hard to find God in the swirl of thoughts that throng my brain. Finally, I give up and open my eyes in exasperation. Resorting to my favorite meeting-house pastime, I look out the window and begin to dream about my future life. Rather than the quiet simplicity of Quakerism, my daydreams involve elaborate mansions and movie stars. While I watch the adults silently worshipping, I keep my mind busy, making plans for when I'm



Photo: "Midnight Glare," by Milam Smith, age 15, Northern Yearly Meeting, USA

“grown up” and philosophizing about the nature of God. My Lutheran teachers have told me that God is in the Bible. My Quaker family tells me to look for God inside myself. I defy them both and look for God outside the window. The summer wind in the oak tree and the sound of cars on the nearby highway combine to create a siren song of reality. I don't need to find any God-force right now. First I have to find me.

I'm 16 years old this autumn, and this is my first full-length meeting for worship. I do not try to think this time, and I do not try to plan anything. Instead I sit quietly, my eyes slightly closed, and allow my mind to slowly empty. Any thought that pops into my head meets a whisper of “thinking” and then dies away. Before I close my eyes completely, I glance out the window at the thin fall sunlight. I allow

this light to fill me, washing away everything else, and then, with a silent thanks to the window, I sit waiting for God. I do not find a miracle, no bright lights or angels. Instead, I find a deep cleansing peace, and I realize that life is just that simple. Theology and religion aside, I find in the sunlight from the window a simple feeling of pleasure at being alive and being me, and for now, that is all I need.

When I open my eyes after 30 minutes of silent worship, I find that I cannot quite recapture the peace I had found. Perhaps next week I'll be able to last a little longer. For now I simply turn my head a little to the left and allow my thoughts to drift up and out. And for a moment I think I hear God singing within me as together we float up into the vaulting blue sky outside my window.

Photo by Claire Reddy, age 18, North Carolina Yearly Meeting (Conservative), USA



## God can speak to each of us

by Hayo Daniella, age 15  
Burundi Yearly Meeting

*M*y name is Hayo Daniella. I am an African Quaker. I have recently found out that there are about 140,000 African Quakers, which is more than the United States, Canada, and the United Kingdom combined. My father was born a Quaker, and my grandfather was one of the very first Quakers in central Africa. My home is in Bujumbura, the capital of Burundi. Burundi is one of the smallest countries in Africa, but it has a population of about six million.

I go to school in Uganda, which is two countries away from home. I take a bus to Uganda, and it takes two days to reach there. I started studying in Uganda when I was only 13. It was hard at first because I was homesick but eventually I got used to it. Right now I am 15 years old in the third year of secondary school. I get to go home three times a year. I don't spend lots of days at home but I really like it. Burundi is a fine country even though it has been at war for my entire life, and you can't go a week without some shootings and rebels stealing things from people.

In Burundi, our church is known as Eglise Evangelique des Amis because French is the official language. My father is the pastor of the church. The church

has seven choirs and they all sing on Sundays, it is always fabulous. I sing in a big choir named Zaburi, which means “psalms.” It's a choir made of 45 teens and adults. There are choirs for women, and children, and college students. Each choir is a spiritual group and has their own discipline. In Zaburi, girls put scarves on their heads to show respect to God. Everybody fasts at the same time whenever God tells us to do so. On Saturday we all spend the night praying and sometimes fasting. Being in a choir is about community and commitment.

Worship service always takes place for three hours, from nine until noon. It starts with everyone singing a song that everyone knows, and then the person leading on that Sunday comes up front and calls each choir to sing. After that it is a worship time where everyone sings. Then they pray for the pastor as he prepares himself to preach. The pastor often preaches for an hour. After that someone will put down a straw mat in the front of the church and the pastor will pray for the ill people and the people who have changed their lives and want to follow Christ. Two choirs will come again and

sing when it's offering time. At last every one holds hands and they pray for the coming week and their way home. All Quakers in Burundi, Rwanda, Congo and Kenya worship in this way.

I do personally experience the presence of Christ. Usually when I am singing. And sometimes when I am praying or even occasionally during the preaching. I feel the presence in my body but it's not like any other feeling I ever have. I feel closer to God and close to other members of the choir. We often all feel the feeling at once but in different ways. I forget the rest of the world in that moment. It is just me and the choir and God.

It is good that we forget the world at these times. Often members of my choir lead hard lives. Some have been chased out of their house at night by war. But they come to church and sing. Singing heals us. I have recently learned that some Friends call this “being gathered,” and that they experience it in the silence. It amazes me that you can have this without singing.

The first time that I really experienced God for myself came through prayer. I



Above: "Spring," by Milam Smith  
Facing page: "Graveyard," drawing by Sonja Kincaid, age 18,  
Wilmington Yearly Meeting, USA

started praying on my own when I was nine years old. One day I prayed for protection and I really saw a response from God. Since then, prayer has become important in so many ways. I feel good and peaceful after talking to God. God always puts feelings in my heart to warn me of danger.

In Africa there are pastors and others who claim to be prophets and sometimes when you go and speak to them, they tell you crazy things and at other times good things that can help you. Often they will try and scare you with what will happen to you if you do not believe them. It is challenging to try and decide if they are telling you a truth from God, or something of their own mind. Praying for myself has helped me because I believe God can speak to each of us. I am learning to test what I hear from others by what Christ says to my very own heart. I also let God's Spirit open Scripture to me,

to test what I am told by others.

This spring I have been visiting in the United States attending a Quaker meeting called Freedom Friends Church. At first I thought it was strange because they sing a little, but then they sit in silence and it seemed to me like they were doing nothing, because no one was preaching. I wondered what you learn from sitting in silence. One thing that Freedom Friends has is a box with little cards in it that have questions, or advices, or Scripture verses on them. So each Sunday I pick one. And that is what I ask Christ to teach me about during the silence. I like this—it is a way for God to speak to me in the silence.

I am learning a lot about Quakers. I am learning that we all listen to God—that we can all feel the presence of Christ, even without a pastor or a prophet. I am learning that we feel this presence in different ways. I am glad that I am a Quaker.

## I felt God

Caitlin Caulfield, age 17,  
Alaska Yearly Meeting,  
USA, written in  
Shanghai, China

Well, I've been doing a lot of thinking. Meditating, more like it. Today in my first class, it came to me that what I should be doing is making origami cranes for Mumma. And now, after having made 100, I know why. It's partly for the cranes, partly for Mumma. But mostly, the folding allows me time to go inward.

My life has been amazingly uncomplicated until this year. This year, I have left home to live in China, a land foreign in every way. This year, the two worst things in the world have happened to me: my best friend died, and my beloved mother was diagnosed with cancer. Yet I am still here. I am strong. I am stronger.

This I realized: I have no control over things like this. No matter where I am, no matter what I do, there are some things that are out of my control. I have to believe that there's a reason. I know now that I believe in God, because I don't just think that this is a coincidence. I don't believe it's coincidence that these things happen while I'm so far away from home. I guess I believe that somehow, there is a reason for all this. Not a good one, maybe. I certainly don't believe that God meant for my friend to die, or for Mumma to get cancer. It's more a feeling that since these things happened, there is an outcome... and that outcome, that result, is God.

Maybe when people are faced with huge stuff like this, they either "get religion" or lose it, depending on where they started. For me, it's neither. I haven't "got religion." But I felt God while I was folding cranes.

I also had an epiphany of sorts about the concept of "holding in the Light." I always had this vague idea that it was praying, asking, "Please, let Mumma get better" (for example). As I was folding, I realized that I was truly holding Mumma, and my friend who died, in the Light. I started out by thinking, "Please, let Mumma be well and don't let anything else bad happen while I'm away!" Then I realized that I didn't want to say that. The



and feel and grow. Would I not want that: Well, I'd rather have my friend alive and Mumma perfectly healthy. But three months ago when my friend died, I wrote in my journal that I couldn't stand it if anything bad happened to Mumma. I wrote that specifically. Now it's happened, and I'm still here.

As for holding in the Light, it's not about praying. It's about saying, "Look here, God. This stuff is devastating. Right now, the world doesn't make sense. But I can't make it make sense. I wouldn't even know where to begin. So whatever needs to happen—that is what should happen." Holding in the Light is an act of complete surrender, completely letting go and just trusting. Just trusting.

I often refer to a poem given to me when I became a member of my month-

*As swimmers dare  
to lie face to the sky  
and water bears them,  
as hawks rest upon air  
and air sustains them,  
so I would learn to attain  
freedfall and float  
into Creator Spirit's deep  
embrace,  
knowing no effort earns  
that all surrounding grace.*

It would be glorious if we could forget religion and remember God. I have found God. Not Jesus, not Yahweh, not Allah, not Buddha—none of these. Instead, God is

positive creative force in the world.  
(Note: I wrote this in December 2003. I'm happy to report that my mother is currently in perfect health, the diagnosis being a false alarm of sorts. At least it made me consider my beliefs, and I got some good inner reflections out of it!)



## The schism chart

W. Geoffrey Black, age 17  
Northern Yearly Meeting, USA

It is strange to think that a single piece of paper has had such a large influence on my spiritual development; but when I look back, I am quite confident that without the schism chart, I would not be who I am today.

I first remember seeing the chart around the time I was 12. It had lived at our meetinghouse for years, inconspicuously rolled up in a corner, but that day someone spread it out on the floor to look at, and it instantly captivated me. I sat there and pored over it for at least half an hour, fascinated, even though it was a work day and I should have been helping clean the meeting room or take down the storm windows.

It was three-and-a-half feet tall, two-and-a-half feet wide, and printed in brown ink. Across the top it was labeled "The Society of Friends in North America, 1661–1989," and beneath that was a tangled, confusing mass of diverging and rejoining lines, making roughly the shape of a tree. Around and between the lines, in every available space, were notes, explanations, statistics, and comments.

Each line was labeled with the name of

a yearly meeting. At the bottom of the page, in the 1600s, there were just a handful of lines; as they made their way up the page, they branched, and branched, and branched again. Some lines wandered off to the side and fizzled out into nothing; others formed spontaneously partway up the page, unconnected to anything before. Sometimes when a line split in two, there was a little bulge with an X in it. That meant there had been a schism; if there was no X, it had been a peaceful separation.

It was an astonishing, overwhelming thing to look at. It was full of words I had never heard before: Wilburite, Gurneyite, Hicksite, Beanite, Otisite, Updegraffite, Keithian, just to name a few. The notes were brief and terse, but they hinted tantalizingly at layers of complexity I had never suspected lurked beneath the surface of my quiet, peaceful religion. A whole new world opened up for me that day. I think I had heard it vaguely mentioned, before this, that there were Quakers somewhere who called their meetings churches, and had pastors who stood up and gave sermons instead of simply worshipping in silence. But seeing it on

the chart—seeing that Friends General Conference, which I had assumed included every yearly meeting in the country, was just one little cluster on one side of this very large piece of paper—gave the diversity of Friends a reality it had not had before in my mind. I had always thought of Quakerism as a small, comfortable family of like-minded people; but now, suddenly, it was something much bigger and more complicated, and I was full of questions about it.

That started me on a quest to learn more about Quakerism. Our house had always been full of Quaker books; now, for the first time, I began reading them. Here I found smaller, simpler charts, stripped down to a few lines: Hicksites, Gurneyites, Wilburites. I learned new acronyms—FUM (Friends United Meeting), EFI (Evangelical Friends International)—to add to the alphabet soup of Quakerism already stored in my head. And I learned the stories that went along with some of those little Xs on the chart.

They were sad stories. Stories of communities torn apart because Friends—on all sides—were too impatient to look for

those marks of strife and disagreement, made me angry and sad and confused. I couldn't understand why Quakers, who have been witnesses for peace in the world for 350 years, should have so much conflict and division in our own history. I wanted to single-handedly bring about healing and reconciliation everywhere there had ever been a split among Friends. I knew that I couldn't, but it is still what I wanted. At some point I learned that there was an organization—Friends World Committee for Consultation—that included representation and participation from every branch of Quakerism. It gave me hope to know such an organization existed, and when their newsletter arrived in the mail every few months, I read it eagerly. Like the schism chart, it helped open my eyes to the diversiry of Quakerism, but raised as many questions as it answered.

Over the course of several years, though, by picking up little scraps of information from lots of different sources, I memorized enough names and dates and amusing anecdotes to become the family authority on Quaker schisms. I even named my chickens after them—Hicks, Orthodox, Gurney, Wilbur, and Bean. But for all the facts I knew, I could clearly feel that something was missing. Eventually I realised that I wasn't going to find that missing piece in books or newsletters. I wanted experiences. I wanted personal connections. I didn't want the "other" Quakers to be simply lines on a chart to me anymore. I wanted to know them as people.

When I was 16, I made a choice. I decided to overcome my fear of the unknown, and go out and experience the diversity of Friends firsthand. This decision became clear in my mind over several months, but the first time I officially acted on it was in January, 2004, when I put my forms in the mail to apply for the Quaker Youth Pilgrimage the next summer.

I did go on the pilgrimage, and it was a wonderful experience; but when I look back over the steps I have taken since I set out to explore Quakerism, there is another step that stands out more for me. Not because it was big, but because it was small, and tentative, and undertaken with great trepidation.

In March 2004, before I knew if I was

meant to bring together teens from all branches of Quakerism in the midwest, but I ended up being the only teen there from an FGC-affiliated yearly meeting. It was the first time I had met any programmed Quakers face to face, so I was rather shy, and I think the other young Friends there weren't quite sure what to make of me. I had taken the bus all the way from Wisconsin (about 12 hours) to be with a group of people I had never met before in my life, all from Indiana; and I think it was that act of peculiar dedication, more than the fact that I was from an unprogrammed meeting, that made me seem strange in their eyes. I spent the weekend watching, and listening, and not saying much. On Sunday morning I attended my first ever programmed meeting, but had to leave to catch my bus home just before the sermon started. I learned a lot, but I came home still full of questions.

I look back on that weekend now and smile, remembering how fearful and uncomfortable I was. It was an awkward, difficult first step on a journey that has grown more beautiful with each step since. That first step has led me to some of the richest moments of my spiritual life. As a result of it, my experience of Quakerism is broader, deeper, and more varied. I have still experienced only a tiny fraction of the full range of Quakerism, but even that little bit has made a huge difference in my life. A few weeks ago, I sat and worshipped with about 100 Friends from a large evangelical Friends church in Oregon. I had no idea what to expect when I walked in. I only knew one person in the room; the songs they sang were all unfamiliar to me; the form of worship was not the one I am used to. Yet the spirit I felt in that room—the love, the trust, the spirit of seeking together as a community—was the same spirit I feel in my own small, unprogrammed meeting. It brought me great joy to be there, lifting my voice along with others in those unfamiliar songs, and knowing that although this was not my home, I was welcome here.

Each time I step outside my own branch, I learn more, not just about Quakerism, but about myself. I gain more self-confidence, I become more comfortable talking to those with different beliefs, and I am filled, every time, with a

own branch of Quakerism; I will always come home to silent worship; but I am glad to know that I can venture out into the wider Society of Friends and be greeted in the spirit of love. I still hope for healing of our broken, fragmented Society. But instead of hoping our disagreements will all go away someday, as I did when I first learned about our history of schisms, now I hope we'll learn how to learn from those disagreements. I have learned that if we are willing to talk about them, and listen to each other, our differences can be a strength as well as a weakness; and if we enter every experience with an open heart, there is as much joy in the unfamiliar as in what we have grown up with.

This August, I will represent my yearly meeting at the 2005 World Gathering of Young Friends, in England. This event will bring together about 300 young adult Friends, from all over the world and from every branch of Quakerism. Nothing like it has happened since 1985. I look forward to this gathering with excitement and trepidation, and the expectation that it will be one of the most important things I've ever done. I have great hopes for the effect it will have on Quakerism, and I feel honored that I will be a part of it. My expectations have changed, though, since last fall when I applied to go. Then, I saw it as a way to finally fulfill my desire to build bridges among Friends. I realize now, that desire will never be completely fulfilled. It doesn't want to be fulfilled; it just wants to be followed. And as long as there are more Quakers in the world that I haven't met yet, it will always be there, leading me on in new directions that I can only imagine right now. I might never have woken up to that desire at all, though, if one big, dusty piece of paper hadn't sparked my interest and curiosity one warm Sunday afternoon a few years ago. A dusty piece of paper with a complicated, powerful picture on it. Truly, God works in mysterious ways.

*(Note: What I call "the schism chart" is The Society of Friends in North America, by Geoffrey D. Kaiser [with help from Bruce G. Grimes]; 14th revised edition, 1989.)* □

*Note: The current version, a 30- by 42-inch wall chart, is available from <quakerbooks.org> for \$10. —Eds.*

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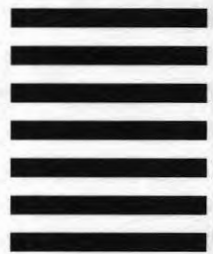


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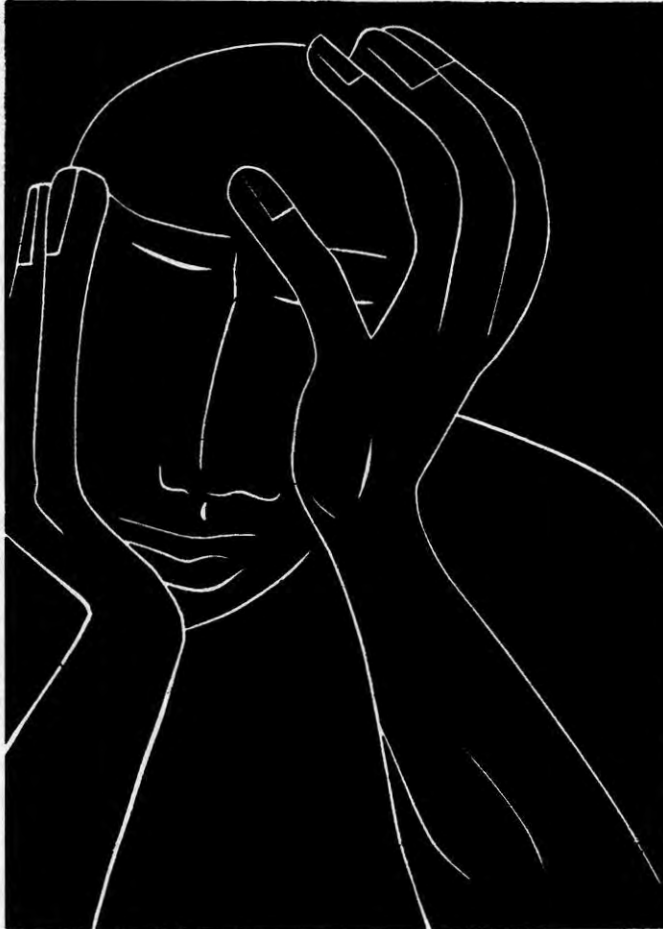
by Lance Wilcox

**M**y son and I, separated by half a continent, had been talking on the phone for 30 minutes when he asked if he could break for dinner and call me again afterwards. I suggested I get back to him the next weekend, but he really wanted to talk some more, "about all this war stuff and what Bush is doing." I knew how he felt and why it was important, so I agreed. When we were back on the phone an hour later—he in his tiny apartment, I on a back deck in suburbia—I tossed the topic over the plate and let him swing, which he did with admirable verve.

He hated it, the entire war: the shabby justifications, the refusal to face facts, the secrecy and spying, the vilification of dissent, the U.S. public's vacuous knee-jerk support for the president. Thin-skinned, raw-edged, and 20, he poured forth a torrent of frustration and rage, waxing eloquent on the mindlessness of people still believing Saddam Hussein bombed the Towers. What was that about? What could I do but listen and confirm that, yes, things were fully as bad as he believed? I couldn't contradict a thing he said, and he would have dismissed any attempt to cheer him up as patronizing.

As he talked, however, it seemed to me that his rage was bordering on despair, if not misanthropy. His grief and fury at human self-destructiveness were tempting him to wish others suffering as punishment for their folly, as if their own folly

*Lance Wilcox is a professor of English at Elmhurst College, near Chicago. He has in the past attended Friends meetings in Seattle, Minneapolis, and Downer's Grove, Illinois.*



**Thin-skinned, raw-edged, and 20, he poured forth a torrent of frustration and rage—he hated it, the entire war.**

weren't causing them suffering enough. I struggled to find something to say to mitigate this near-despair, but in the end I had to confess that I had no answer. His fury had awakened my own, no longer sedated by half a century's endurance. I had been battling the same rage, the same rancor, for 30-some years on and off, and the lunacy of the past few had ignited it again. I could only recommend patience, feeling the defeat of a doctor dealing with

a chronic pain patient who cannot really be helped.

People can be destructive, unthinking, vicious, and false; and sometimes whole nations go mad. Not the whole truth, surely, but surely truth in part. Every morning's paper brings grim tidings of bad news that shall be to all people, whether in the guise of senseless crimes or as outbreaks of national aggression. But for all that, I still fear that the rancor in my heart, the rancor that resonates so loudly with that voiced by my son, qualifies as sin, as rebellion; it hurts, and it just seems wrong.

For months I had written letters to editors, sent e-mails to legislators, taken part in rallies, all in the attempt to stop the president from launching a preemptive strike against a country that never threatened us. I had hoped and believed I was doing God's will. The result: tanks rumbled across the desert, black plumes rose over cities, children lay shattered and bandaged, the faces of the dead covered the paper. So now I sit in the long silence of meeting, my heart a smoking coal within me. To sound it for decay, I test it with little experimental pokes where God and I can observe the results.

What do I wish for? The war to end? Yes, of course! Yesterday!

Bring back the troops and to hell with the chest-thumpers! But is that all? What if I had the president before me—the two of us, alone? A blue flame ripples over the coal. I want to scream at the president: "How dare you! How dare you! Every death in this war is your fault! Yours!" I want to shout at him to repent! As I allow my fantasy its head, both appalled and thrilled by it, I suspect that I might even prefer screaming at him to having him

Nathan Zobrow OSB/Catholic Worker

repent. Could I, after these past heart-sickening years, even stand his repentance? Or would I sit under my flourishing gourd, furious that the Lord had spared Washington, that wicked city?

It would be something even to know for sure that my fury was sinful, but I'm not even sure of that. I am reminded of the prophets, filled with anguish and rage, weary of holding in. I think of the Baptist castigating the viper's brood (Matt. 3:7-10). I think of Jesus beside himself at an adulterous generation or exasperated beyond measure at the obtuseness of the Apostles. There's a precedent here for outrage, but is it a warrant? Before I accept a license for my rancor, I remember other warnings: The anger of humans does not accomplish the ends of God. Whoever says "You fool!" shall be liable to gehenna [hell] (Matt. 5:22).

It is one of the great consolations of the Lord's Prayer that it constitutes one long admission of ignorance: "Thy kingdom come." Rather than my second-guessing the route to a just world order, I hand the wheel back to God. Your politics, not mine.

"Thy will be done." I read and read, think and think, and have no sure idea what to do, not even what to hope for. I could use some direction.

"And lead us not into temptation." I think rancor qualifies as a temptation, but if God wishes me to strive for justice, and if God afflicts me with this fury to drive my efforts, perhaps I should not be so quick to renounce it. A better person, perhaps, would seek righteousness purely out of compassion; the refractory mule needs whipping.

So I murmur the Lord's Prayer, comforted by the ignorance it admits. I also—but only because Jesus said to—try to pray for those who brought this war upon us. I make one good, earnest attempt to hold them in the Light, and then I rest.

Whatever else happens, it's hard not to regain some sort of composure after an hour in meeting of shutting up, holding still, and attending to the still small voice. By 11:30 I can count on being somewhat less fractious. It's something.

But now it's Wednesday. I have no hour of silence today to still my heart. Instead, I read the paper over breakfast, pouring caffeine on the flames; and then, my heart smoldering once more, I try to go about my day's affairs as constructively as I can. And it's difficult. I can hardly think for the crackling in my brain. Then,

as I walk to the train or drive to the grocery or sit in my office, I realize that, for the moment at least, I am calm, genuinely serene, even cheerful. I discovered years ago, in a time of personal suffering, that these hurricane eyes occasionally do pass over, that in the midst of storm there are circles of calm.

So here it is again: a blessed, perhaps even holy, lull. The calm I experience feels like spring, something fresh and still, like a mountain pool at dawn. I reach this place often in worship, but it abides—God's Walden—the other six days of the week, though often tantalizingly out of reach. Now and then, however, to my surprise and relief, I really do rest beside still waters. It's a safe place, ethically speaking. I am at my most generous when I am here and for the time wish no one harm. The waters of this place seem to me to enjoy some direct underground connection with God, some access to the peace beyond all understanding. From this place I move with measured, precise gestures, achieving what I can through the most mundane of tasks to further the Peaceable Kingdom. I counsel a student, I feed the cat, I send another \$50 to a worthy cause; and I am, generally speaking, better company, for others as well as myself. To be cheerful while bombs are falling, serene while children are dying, seems almost a sacrilege; but this is not anesthesia, it's a gift of peace, and I'm not such a fool as to reject it on moral grounds.

I also know, however, that this is a calm both after the storm and before it. The eye will pass; the hurricane winds will return. So is the storm my true home and the mountain pond a temporary grace? Or is peace my element and the storm an aberration? I do not know for sure. It seems to me, though, as I explore my rancor under the eye of God, that I must never either lose sight of it or give way to it, if I am ever to do any good.

Perhaps God leads me for a time beside still waters precisely to send me back into the lightning. Or perhaps we really are chronic pain patients, after all. Given our capacity for both destruction and compassion, perhaps such pain is the sentence (or the therapy or the purgation) we undergo for our rebellion. If we accept the pain, without seeking to avenge it, perhaps we draw off some of the poison in the world.

It would mean a lot to know. Since, though, this may never be granted us, there is nothing for it but to take another long breath—and start again. □

## BLACK BIRDS

the spatter  
of black  
against  
blue sky  
expands  
into a wave  
undulating up  
  
over the windbreak  
  
then as  
if on command  
they pivot  
a notch  
higher  
and flow  
back over  
  
the cedars  
  
with a quick flip  
they turn  
and go  
south  
  
like a Venetian  
blind  
  
flashing  
black to nothing  
to black

—*Sheryl L. Nelms*

*Sheryl L. Nelms has over 4,500 poems, articles, and short stories published in Readers Digest and Country Women, among others. She lives in Clyde, Tex.*

at 50

Each month  
this year,  
FRIENDS JOURNAL  
is reprinting  
an article from  
a past issue  
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"The Artist and the Seven Deadly Sins," © 1977 by Fritz Eichenberg

by Fritz Eichenberg

**Y**ou ask me: "What is the fine artist to do in America today? Where is he to find his position? How can he benefit society?"

Let us start with a few potent definitions of art (and I cannot quote the originators). "Art is a way which leads to moral perfection," "a way to create order out of chaos," "a search for truth." It has been a persistent urge of man since the Stone Age to lift himself beyond his earthly existence, to placate the gods or to glorify them, and to immortalize men's deeds on Earth. Like religion, art is too strong an impulse to be suppressed by inimical forces; it will go on as long as this world exists.

#### **A Fine Artist**

An individual does not become an artist; he is born one. All he can do from the moment of recognition is to perfect himself spiritually, to learn how to handle his physical tools to perfection, to sharpen his perception and become sensitive to the world around and beyond him.

That is my conception of a "fine artist." Such a creature has to realize from the very beginning that no matter where he lives, he will have to struggle hard to maintain himself spiritually and physically because he is, by the nature of his calling, a nonconformist.

Society resents the dreamer or prophet who dares to hold up a mirror reflecting mankind's and his own weaknesses. Society distrusts the person who dedi-

*Advice  
to a  
Young  
Artist  
in  
America*

*Fritz Eichenberg was a member of Scarsdale Meeting, N.Y., and was a Professor of Art at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, where he was chairman of the Illustration Department of the Art School and director of the Graphic Arts Workshop. His work as a book illustrator is internationally known. This is the unrevised text of an article that appeared in FRIENDS JOURNAL, June 9, 1956.*

intangible world of ideas. The true artist is usually way ahead of his own time and pays the penalty for it. Look at the lives of most great artists, poets, philosophers, or religious leaders—and weep!

The rewards, then, lie in the artist's own breast, in the exaltation of creating, of perfecting, of developing gifts, joys which hold in balance the frustrations and agonies inevitably connected with the limitations of human capacities.

Financial rewards are purely coincidental, following the crazy-quilt pattern of fads, fashions, and vaguely felt spiritual needs of the human community, fluctuating with the social and economic pressures exerted upon it.

What an artist creates may be of great benefit—but not necessarily to this or the next generation.

### **Artists of Different Colors**

There are artists of many different colors. I started my definition on the highest level, but there are also artists who have the ability to entertain, to cater to the more immediate human needs and human senses.

These artists may find a ready place in our society if they are able to anticipate the market in which commodities are sold with the help of visual aid. This includes not only the advertising field and the popular magazine, but also the art gallery which gears its sales to the decorator's demands. Somewhere between the high and the low there is the field of book illustration, deeply rewarding to the interpretative artist who loves to associate himself with the great works of literature, or, through the illustration of children's books, with the child who is so close to the artist's heart.

Without passing judgment, I will only say that the artist takes his choice, according to his own lights, gifts, and conscience.

### **As a Nation**

That industry has become the most powerful art patron is evident in predominantly industrial America. (I hear that in Italy the artist is still able to sell directly to the man in the street who shares his life and his tradition.)

We have little or no national tradition in American art, which began as a hodgepodge of European leftovers. As a nation we show little or no interest in art. Our

art, unless it be the officially sanctioned neoclassical mural or monument in stone. Our leaders in politics, labor, and education pay little attention to art, domestic or foreign, unless it be of the calendar or magazine variety; and the so-called common man follows the leaders.

Who, then, supports the handful of fine-or-easel-variety of artists, scarcely able to support themselves? They are prevented from starving by a handful of museums and galleries. These in turn are supported by a few handfuls of appreciative art lovers, intellectuals, professional people, actors, and such, who seem to prefer the uncertain value of contemporary art to the gilt-edged security of the old or recent masters.

"Finally," you ask, "how do you think America can develop a heritage of art appreciation and creativity in its people?"

Doubtless the machine is here to stay and will spread its power and influence over a steadily widening area, producing not only more and more consumer goods but also more deadly weapons of mass destruction. It may provide more good reading matter to more people, but it also may spread more fear, crime, and horror through visual mass communication. The machine may ultimately transport us to other planets, or it may wipe us off this one.

It seems to me that raising the cultural level of a nation is not synonymous with the raising of its standards of living. Many nations with insignificant natural resources and small industrial capacities have arrived at a much higher cultural level than ours.

If we permit the machine and its material values to rule our lives, I see little hope for the spiritual revival which is necessary to stimulate interest in the appreciation and practice of art.

To whom to turn? Religion has not always been beneficial to the arts. It has sometimes stifled and has often corrupted them. But it is my contention that the aspirations of religion are so much akin to the aspirations of art that an alliance between the two might again provide a renaissance for both. I do not necessarily allude to the sponsorship of organized churches, synagogues, or religious movements, Eastern or Western. But I do believe in a spiritual alliance which could provide a mighty stimulus to the appreciation and creation of art forms capable of

giving new meaning and dimension to our place in the universe, the world, the nation, and the community.

All this may sound Utopian to the practical people. To me it sounds like the only way to salvation, to peace among nations, to a recognition of the dignity of the individual, to a richer, fuller, more joyful life of creativity for all people, artists and laymen alike. We recognize that on our present course we are bound, jet-propelled, for perdition; Utopia might be worth trying.

The fate of the artist is linked to the fate of mankind at large. It follows, then, that no artist can possibly seclude himself without losing touch with his fellow men, whose yearnings the artist is trying to express through his own peculiar gift.

Retreat for meditation, study, and work is the necessary concomitant in the artist's constant effort to give voice, form, and expression to the problems of his time. But he has to come back to the world we live in, assume his place, work tirelessly on himself to perfect his insight and outlook, his mind, his heart, and his hands. Only then can any individual reach the point where he can influence or educate others. Only then can man dare to hope that his little taper may light others among those around him and from there spread light among the people in the larger communities of men.

Once we have built a better society, not only in terms of physical comfort but in terms of ethical, spiritual, and cultural attainments, art will become a necessity because in its many creative forms it can best express man's deepest and noblest desires, the search for the Eternal, transcending his animal existence—call it God, Truth, or Perfection.

All this may sound highly unattainable, but it comes from an individual who has been an artist all his life, who has had his share of joy and suffering, failure and success, and who has never regretted that experience. A member of a seemingly indestructible species, the artist in his creations has survived the work of the kings and the merchants who have claimed to rule the world. □





# A JOURNEY OF LOVE AND ENTREATY

by Dorothy J. Mock

We received this article with a cover letter by Anne Morrison Welsh. Here are some excerpts from her letter:

*"I am forwarding to you this narrative by Dorothy Mock, to see if you might be interested in sharing it with a wider circle of Friends. I first met her a year after my husband, Norman Morrison, sacrificed his life at the Pentagon in protest of the Vietnam War, November 2, 1965.*

*"Soon after Norman's death, I received a letter from Dorothy, along with letters from many other Friends and strangers. Around the first anniversary of his death, Dorothy came through Baltimore, stopping at Stony Run Meeting, where she met with a group of Friends and visited with us in our home. She was on a personal mission to the Pentagon to hold a silent vigil in Norman's memory, and to deliver a handwritten letter to Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara.*

*"Recently, Dorothy told me the full story of her trip to the Pentagon, then sent me this narrative, which describes it in detail.*

*"At the end of Dorothy's four-hour vigil, a group, the Committee for Nonviolent Action in New England, gathered for a commemorative vigil, with candles, flowers, and a picture of Norman, at the same spot. The group vigil is depicted in the recent HBO film on McNamara and Johnson, Path to War."*

To be down on my knees, scrubbing and waxing the kitchen floor, is a good prayer posture, one that yields mutual benefits to the appearance of the house and the state of my soul. For it was thus, on Tuesday, October 18, 1966, that my thoughts centered upon Norman and Anne Morrison for the first time in many weeks. Soon, I realized, it would be a year since Norman's self-immolation before the Pentagon, and I felt keenly that the first anniversary of this catalytic act should not pass unremembered by the Pentagon and Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara.

Five days later I had occasion to speak of this with Marjorie Swann of the Committee for Nonviolent Action (CNVA) Farm, only to learn that for a far longer period she had been hoping and planning to vigil at the Pentagon, possibly for ten days, November 2 through 11. But things were extremely complicated at the Farm following the fire that had destroyed the barn and its contents a week previously, and it now appeared impossible for Marjorie to get away.

During the following week I continued to ponder the idea, mentioning it only to my husband, Jesse, who was noncommittal, and to my two teenagers, who felt that Norman Morrison's action should not be forgotten. I took no actual steps toward carrying out any plans of going to Washington.

On Sunday morning, October 30, I called Stony Run Meeting in Baltimore and spoke with Sam Legg, who told me a silent meeting would be held with Anne, in remembrance of Norman, on Tuesday evening. In my own hour of meeting for worship that followed, I sought divine guidance. On Monday I spent a

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*Dorothy J. Mock lives in Brevard, N.C., where she is a member of Brevard Meeting. Norman Morrison died 40 years ago this month.*

joyous day with my parents. I made the very minimum of preparations both personal and for my household during my brief absence.

Tuesday forenoon my parents departed, and that afternoon I took a 2:15 bus to New York City and purchased a round-trip bus fare to Baltimore. While waiting for a 4 o'clock departure, I wrote a letter to Secretary McNamara [see sidebar]. Having no stamp handy, I carried the letter with me, and sometime during the four-hour ride, I decided I would try to deliver my letter to the secretary myself.

Arriving in Baltimore at 7:45 PM, I telephoned the meetinghouse, and a gentle voice assured me the meeting was in progress. I took a taxi—it was raining slightly—and arrived at the meeting shortly after 8:00.

I recognized Anne Morrison immediately, having seen a picture of her last year. She was sitting quietly, relaxed, inwardly composed, outwardly serene, and deeply engaged in meditation. I was conscious of one thought: "An angel, beautiful like an angel." Others arrived after me, quietly enlarging the silent circle. Some departed softly, reverently.

A distant clock chimed ten, and a kind gentleman at the far end of the room arose, voiced appreciation for what this meeting meant to those gathered, and broke meeting. He came to me, and as he spoke I recognized his voice as the one that had answered the phone. "I'm Henry Niles, and you are the person who called." "Yes, and I am so deeply grateful to have shared a part of this meeting with you all, for I have wanted for a whole year to come to Stony Run, and to meet Anne Morrison."

He took me to her, and I will forever remember that bright and shining moment. Her wondrously responsive face was radiant, her clear-eyed gaze direct and perceptive. Her entire being was warm and outreaching; her melodious voice was—I discovered later—a North Carolina accent, like my Jesse's.

I told Anne that I had discussed with Marjorie Swann the idea of vigiling at the Pentagon the next day; and the idea met with her approval, although she knew of no such plans on the part of Friends in Stony Run. With no hesitation she invited me home with her for the night, and without hesitation I accepted her kind offer of hospitality.

Henry and Mary Cushing Niles accom-

panied Anne home, where I learned that these lovely people are the parents of Alice Lynd. Before I retired to the quiet, third-floor bedroom, Anne placed in my hands several folders containing only a fraction of the some 500 letters she has received from people all over the United States, and the world, who were moved by Norman's action. Before going to sleep, I helped myself to a few memorial folders stored in a carton at the foot of my bed.

Next morning Ben, now seven, and his sister Tina, six, came upstairs in search of a toy, and we talked a bit. They were beautiful children, friendly in a most appealing, natural manner. At the breakfast table I met little Emily, almost two. I felt an immediate, special bond with this family as we clasped hands around the table for silent blessing—exactly the same as we do at home.

The children departed for school, and then a friend came by, quietly prearranged by Anne, to drive me to the bus terminal, but not before Anne had advised me to contact Gelston McNeil at the Peace Action Center located in the Florida Avenue meetinghouse in Washington.

## AS I STOOD SILENTLY FACING THE PASSING THROINGS OF SHOPPERS AND LUNCH-HOUR STROLLERS, THE THOUGHT CAME: "YE ARE TEMPLES OF THE LIVING GOD."

I arrived in Washington a few minutes before 11 o'clock and called Gelston McNeil, who informed me about the weekly vigil for an end to the war in Vietnam that was held every Wednesday during the noon hour in downtown Washington. He invited me to join. I told him my plan to vigil at the Pentagon, and he said he'd heard vague reports that some would be vigiling between 5 and 6 PM.

As I hung up the phone I was struck with the idea of going to the office of James Reston of the *New York Times*, only

a few blocks from the bus terminal. He was not in, but I was cordially received by his assistant. Explaining why I had come to Washington this day, I offered him one of the folders bearing Norman's picture on the cover. "Oh, yes, I believe we received something in the mail on this," he said, whereupon he swiveled about, reached down into the wastebasket behind him, and produced an identical folder. "Ah!" I exclaimed softly but deliberately; "Too often such good and significant things land in the circular file before one has the opportunity to discover and really understand them." I urged him—with what I hoped was "Friendly persuasion"—to take one of these folders home with him and in a quiet moment read it. I explained that I did not vigil alone; I vigiled on behalf of others who desired but were unable to come. I recalled for him a visit Marjorie Swann had paid James Reston in the spring of 1963—and how, after he'd listened to her awhile, he made the comment, "What you seek is a renaissance of the human spirit."

Leaving James Reston's office, I walked toward the midday vigil, pausing on my way to buy some white chrysanthemums—the most exciting, exquisitely beautiful fire-burst blossoms I'd ever seen! I held the flowers, together with Norman's picture, as I stood in the vigil with other Washington Friends, including longtime friends Sally Cory, David Hartsough, and Frances Neeley. As I stood silently, facing the passing throngs of busy shoppers and lunch-hour strollers, the thought came: "Ye are temples of the Living God." If only, and whenever, people truly comprehend this, our lives will be revolutionized. In such a concept, this busy street would become as sacred as a cathedral.

The bus, which leaves from 12th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, deposits you 13 minutes later at the Pentagon, underground. I disembarked, and followed those ahead of me up some steps and through a door, where I found myself in vaguely familiar surroundings—the concourse, where I'd been in May 1965 for the spectacular CNVA-sponsored "Speak-Out." I gained my bearings from a diagram on the wall, and I began retracing the path I'd taken 18 months ago through the long corridors, past the mall, and finally to the River Entrance. But I didn't exit through the huge doors. I knew from previous vigils that Secretary McNamara's offices were directly above these doors. Up

to this point I had been apprehended by no one. A guard, hands clasped behind his back, stood some 25 feet down the hall. I walked in his direction, found the stairway, turned, and went up the stairs to the second floor. No one called, "Who goes there?" On the second floor I turned left and walked 15 or 20 feet down the corridor to an open doorway above which were the words, "Secretary of Defense." I entered the spacious reception room where a large desk stood unattended. No one was in that room. I walked across it to gain someone's attention, then I walked back to the side where I'd entered. A painting of the Polaris submarine USS *Thomas Jefferson* caught my eye. That was the one our friend Bill Henry had boarded in protest five—or was it six?—years ago. Ten or twelve seconds elapsed. Then from the next room a young woman in a natty military uniform stepped forth. "May I help you?" she asked graciously.

"Yes, if you please. I have a letter for Secretary McNamara. Will you please see that he receives it?" and I handed it to her, tucked within the pages of Norman Morrison's memorial folder. "With this flower," I added, breaking off one of the exquisite blossoms. "Oh, how nice. And where shall I say this is from?"

I paused for emphasis, then said, "This is from me. And my name is right here on the letter."

"Thank you very much."

"Thank *you* very much."

No fanfare. No commotion. It was all as civil and as simple as leaving a copy of the Fellowship of Reconciliation Statement of Purpose with the secretary to the nonpacifist Methodist minister in Ridgewood.

The first part of my mission accomplished, I proceeded unnoticed through the giant doors, down the steps, across the parking area, and took up my vigil, facing Secretary McNamara's office windows. It was about 2 o'clock.

During the next 90 minutes I was approached by three persons, approximately 30 minutes apart. First, a security officer in an official car drove by, noted the white flowers and Norman Morrison's picture in my hands, and asked if I was there in his memory. I answered that I was. He asked if I knew whether others were coming. I said I did not know of others. He drove on.

Next, a young man in civilian clothes bounced up to me with a confident,



Norman Morrison

diplomatic smile spread across his face. "You're kinda early today, aren't you?" he asked. "Early?" I was puzzled. "Yes. They aren't coming until 6 o'clock." I explained that I knew nothing of "they"—that I was vigiling on my own, for myself, and on behalf of some others who were unable to come. "Oh, it's okay; no problem," he beamed, and bustled off.

Later, a different security officer rode by in a car, stopped, and asked if I'd mind giving him my name. I replied I didn't mind, and I said it to him. He thanked me and drove away.

I welcomed these small intrusions upon my solitude; indeed, I would have welcomed opportunities to talk with anyone, but no one seemed interested in engaging in conversation. It was a pensive, pussywillow sort of day—gray, mild; the air a soft and gentle caress upon the cheek.

Photo courtesy of Anne Morrison Welsh

November 1, 1966

Secretary of Defense McNamara  
The Pentagon  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Secretary McNamara:

One year ago, Tuesday, November 2, 1965, Norman Morrison died outside the windows of your office, victim of self-immolation. Generally, public reaction was, "How could a man in his right mind burn himself alive?" and efforts were made to forget him as soon as possible.

But some of us cannot forget him. His penitential act, his redemptive suffering for all God's children, haunts us still. For his act was addressed to you, and to all of us, saying, "How can we, in our right minds, burn our brothers—men, women, and innocent children—as we are doing, day after day after day, in Vietnam?"

Norman Morrison cried out against this madness with his very life whereas for most of us our weak whisperings of protest are drowned out by the thunder of more bombs, more fire, and more death!

I feel sure that, if forgiveness be required for what he did, Norman Morrison is the first to be forgiven before Almighty God. But I cannot be so sure that we can ever be forgiven for waging this unthinkable war, paying for it, and allowing it to grow larger and more terrible with each passing day.

Tonight I will join the Friends in Norman Morrison's Meeting in Baltimore in a meeting in his memory, a meeting of prayer and intercession, of pleading for a light sufficient to penetrate the darkness through which we are groping. You and our President will be uppermost in our prayers.

Yours truly,  
Dorothy J. Mock

At around 4 PM hesitant raindrops fell, like tears in remembered sadness.

Still later, two men with cameras walked up to me. One said, "Pardon me. I am employed at the Pentagon, for a news service. Do you mind if I take your picture?"

"I don't mind, but tell me, what news service does the Pentagon have?" "Pentagram News Service," he replied, and clicked his Polaroid, pulled out the print, and grasped it gingerly between thumb and forefinger until the count was finished. Then he peeled off the negative and thrust it out for me to see. "How's that? That suit you?"

"It really doesn't matter to me at all," I said.

"Let me take another," he said, and he moved in for a mug shot. His companion did not use his camera and merely stood by a bit awkwardly. After two shots the men returned to the Pentagon.

They are helping to bring the file on one Dorothy Mock up to date, I thought.

Aside from these minor distractions, the four hours were an intense personal experience. Without going to the lengths taken by Norman Morrison I nonetheless sought to remind the Pentagon, and particularly Secretary McNamara, of the solemn intent of Norman's act. I was there

to reiterate the appeal to conscience that he had expressed far more eloquently, powerfully, and compassionately than I was able to do. From time to time I could see Secretary McNamara through the high windows. I am sure he was aware of my witness, whether or not he actually saw me standing there. Without benefit of a lettered sign, I, by my lone vigil, besought him anew to turn from the foul, self-destructive business of plotting and enlarging the cruel war in Vietnam.

I tried to say a loving little prayer for every person who passed in my direction. Very few met my gaze; fewer still returned my smile. They seemed, civilian and military alike, so rigid—so walled-in, so very "boxed up"—I thought: like dozens and dozens of "little boxes . . . full of 'ticky-tacky.'" But I kept trying to send forth a love signal. I thought of Herman Hagedorn's wonderful God speaking in the desert: "If I can just crack open that tough outer shell and release the love-force hidden in the nucleus!" Yes, there is power in the human soul, the only power in the world that can cope with the powers of the nuclear age. How to release this power—that is the question. How can humanity reclaim its lost soul and thereby illumine its dark and dangerous road back to sanity?

The gray twilight deepened into a blue-black night. No flaming autumn sunset rang down the curtain on this day's quiet episode. No flame—not even of the tiniest candle—to remind us of Norman's immortal outcry. I attempted to light a candle as dusk enveloped the dismal scene, but my matches would not ignite in the humidity-laden air. While I was trying to light my candle, a voice said, "Hello, Dorothy"; and I looked up to see David Hartsough again, with two young co-workers from Friends Committee on National Legislation. Once more we tried to light the candle, but the breeze from the river was just enough to foil our efforts. More people came, two carloads from Baltimore; and, later, four more, making a total of 15. This growth from a single individual to a line of people was closely observed by the secretaries of Secretary McNamara behind the tilted venetian blinds.

Our vigil ended at 6:30. One of the vigilers offered me a ride back to Baltimore—a rainy and somewhat hazardous journey. I returned to Anne Morrison's home at about 9 o'clock. She made a pot

November 2, 1967

Dear Secretary McNamara:

A strong inner compulsion directs me today, as it did a year ago, to attend the site of Norman Morrison's self-immolation on November 2, 1965. Though generally misunderstood by his fellow Americans, his act of complete self-giving has made this young Quaker father a national hero to the people of Vietnam, both North and South.

For over 300 years Quakers have lived according to a belief in "that of God" in every man, which manifests itself as "The Inner Light," revealed through acts of love and mercy, contrition and compassion.

In the supreme speech of self-immolation, Norman Morrison has cried out, with the pity of God, to you and to me to stop bombing and killing of our brothers, and to gather the frightened children in our arms to save them from the fierce burns of napalm.

Earlier in the day of his sublime act, Norman Morrison wrote, "Quakers seek to begin with life, not with theory or report. The life is mightier than the book that reports it. The most important thing in the world is that our faith become living experience and deed of life."

Norman Morrison made his supreme testimony here, before your eyes, because he knew that you possess such immense power over mankind. And he hoped to establish direct contact with that of God which dwells within you, so that your immense power could be released for good, not the destruction, of mankind.

The purity and power—the "spiritual radio-activity"—of his final deed draws me to the spot where he spoke out to you and to the entire world. Bearing afresh his witness, I would seek to reiterate his impassioned entreaty: "Turn, this day, away from evil, and while there is still time (We have no time, save this present moment!) let our living be for deeds of life, not death."

May God bless you and speak within your heart.

Respectfully yours,  
Dorothy J. Mock

of tea, and we sat down to review the day's events. Soon, four friends from the meeting arrived—the Nileses and the Clarks. By now the rain was beating down outside, while around the table a deep, warm, quiet peace enfolded us.

It was midnight when we retired. I took with me again the folders of letters Anne had given me the night before. Tonight I read them for over an hour. Norman's act spoke so directly and forcefully to so many of us! I was most moved by the letters from the North Vietnamese women, widowed by the war, embittered toward "that devil Johnson" and his "cruel henchman, McNamara." One particularly passionate letter was from a bride of nine days whose husband had been executed for attempting to assassinate McNamara.

Thursday morning's breakfast included apple cider that Norman had made a year ago. The last two weekends before he died, he had taken his family and a treasured old cider press that had belonged to his grandfather out into the country to the farm of a friend, and all together they had had the fun and joy of gathering up the last of the apples and pressing them into cider. Nothing more vividly illustrates Norman's zest of living and his wholesome enjoyment of the good things life gives.

As Anne drove me to the bus terminal that morning to catch the 10 o'clock bus for New York, my heart was filled with joy and humble thanksgiving for the experience of these past two days. To those persons who might regard this mission of love and entreaty as a futile waste of time and energy I can only answer that I felt a strong inward urging to do what I did, and I am glad that I did it. To meet Anne Morrison was more than ample justification.

We make pilgrimages for self-renewal—which is why I made this one. For me, Norman Morrison is like a Lourdes shrine, from which I gain healing and strength for the tasks that await the living. I am thankful for the deepened insight and further commitment to the ways of peace this journey has afforded me.

God have mercy upon us. May God have mercy on all his faltering children everywhere! □

## WHAT IS THE ESSENCE OF AN ACTIVE FAITH?

by Peg Morton

*Along with 27 others, Peg Morton trespassed onto Fort Benning property in November 2003 as a part of the effort to close the Army School of the Americas (SOA), now renamed Western Hemisphere Institute for Security Cooperation. About 190 people have served in prison as a result of nonviolent civil disobedience in this large, Gandhian-style movement. Eugene Meeting gave her sustained spiritual support throughout. Strawberry Creek Meeting in Berkeley, Calif., near where she was in Prison Camp Dublin, also supported her, and she received letters of support from many Illinois Yearly Meeting meetings and individuals (her former yearly meeting). This statement (with slight changes) is the one that she presented during an interfaith service in Eugene in August 2004.*

There is no question in my mind that, for me, the essence of an active faith is to seek to live in openness to the Divine, the Holy Spirit, that is within me and enfolds me in its embrace. As I live into my elder years, this message has come to me increasingly strongly.

In the summer of 2003, I entered a week-long juice fast, as part of the giant effort to save the human services and education in our state. Many of you, undoubtedly, have experienced the miracle of a spiritual fast. Sitting on the steps of the state capitol, with expanses of time for quiet reflection, my body, cleaned of toxic wastes, opened itself to the Spirit. A blind friend of mine said, "Peg, you are surrounded by light." That is how I felt, and I know that this is the way I am supposed to be.

In the spring of 2004, I was privileged to be able to experience three months in prison. Intense and difficult as it was in some ways, it was also a time totally away from my usual daily life. I joined many other inmates who use this time for deep reflection and prayer, who seek to use the time to transform their lives.

I am known as a busy person. The message coming from deep within me is to slow down, to let the adrenalin energy drain away, to allow space for the Spirit to seep in, to listen to the messages, the leadings that will come,

to learn to respond to life more from my heart.

And my experience is that, to the extent that I am able to live and act in the Spirit, I am not discouraged. I feel hope, strength, and often joy in the community of others who are on a similar path. And we often have fun!

This country, our dear sick country, is perhaps the most high-pressured country in the world. From government officials to CEOs to church committees, to political activists, we run at high speed. I believe that many, many of us, to the extent possible, need to slow down and allow space so that we can listen to and be led by the Divine. As a country, we need to find our Heart.

I am not describing a passive life of sitting in spiritual bliss. I believe that active, yearning prayer can be a strong component of our work. And I believe that as individuals, interfaith communities, and in other groups, locally and worldwide, we may, we must, we will be led in creative and courageous ways to act and to take risks, just as others encourage our young people to risk their lives in war. Interfaith communities can and must provide leadership towards healing in our deeply troubled world. Let us try what love can do. □

*Peg Morton is a member of Eugene (Oreg.) Meeting.*

# The 2005 Friends General Conference



There were over 1,500 Friends, arriving in Blacksburg, Virginia, on the Virginia Tech campus on July 2, in blazing heat. Construction and detours had changed the landscape that many of us remembered from four years ago. On Saturday evening, after most Friends had arrived and registered, we were treated to a concert by singer/ songwriter Diedre McCalla, from Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting. She eased us into beautiful, inspiring, and political songs to begin our week of loving witness to the state of Virginia, which had enacted a law denying civil rights to same-gender unions.

On Tuesday, Friends for Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, and Queer Concerns organized a large outdoor witness called "Let Love Choose," located right next to the main street of the town of Blacksburg. Particularly touching was the sight of over 200 high school Friends silently filing in to join us after they decided to give up a field trip that was scheduled at the same time. Some couples shared their marriages—and their children—with us, and then, during the meeting for worship that followed, a woman dressed in a local business uniform spoke and thanked us for allowing her to feel some support.

On Wednesday, American Friends Service Committee's "Eyes Wide Open" exhibit was installed in a large gymnasium. The grim rows and rows of military boots, many with photos or mementos placed inside them, washed over by sad music or chanting, brought home the human loss of this war with a stark, indelible image. Another long row of shoes, representing the approximately 100,000 Iraqi civilians and children killed in the war, snaked up and down staircases in the ROTC cafeteria. Much like the black Vietnam Wall in D.C., this exhibit respectfully honors the dead and invites emotional and spiritual reactions.

The plenary speakers added to my knowledge of Quaker history, Native American culture in Virginia, and the role of peacemakers in healing the tribalism of religions, denominations, and political groups. I was most impressed by Jonathan Vogel-Bourne speaking of our prophetic vision of *Inner Light* that we need to use

## The Gathering in Appreciation

This Gathering was an opportunity to be gathering in the spirit with multiple witnesses and a spectrum of Friends, beliefs, and practices:

- a sense of larger life, among and beyond us
- the strength of community that we are together
- warm, inclusive, and appreciative greetings
- listening and learning from a rich assortment of others' experiences
- informal, spontaneous moments of lending a hand
- expanded thought that wakes one up
- new awarenesses bursting open like 4th of July fireworks
- good finding in each and all regardless of circumstances and conditions
- a safe and evoking place
- an awesome time to give and receive love in its many forms

There were many workshops and events (with a schedule that seemed designed so that there was a more

relaxed pace than usual at Gatherings). Some workshops and events were clearly and easily nurturing, while others required more from us, so as to be accepting and understanding. In one sense, it didn't matter, given that we can always learn from our experience, and do better the next time. Most important was the spirit in which we gathered, and we were reminded of our oneness—*yes!*

A vast array of Friends have been faithful and labored long to create this container known as the Gathering. And for the opportunities their work has made possible, and the resulting potential ripple effect, I am deeply grateful.

*Margery Mears Larrabee  
Medford, N.J.*

*Margery Mears Larrabee, a member of Mt. Holly (N.J.) Meeting, is an elder and minister in Friends General Conference's Traveling Ministries Program.*

# Gathering



in these days of millennialism that ignores the preservation of the Earth and scoffs at present suffering because the “hereafter” or “rapture” will somehow save people.

Among the many activities, workshops, dance, songs, and yoga, the young people were weaving themselves into the whole Gathering. I attended an interest group for high school Friends, adult young Friends, and adults where we played “mixer” games that had us communicating on a deeper level with Friends across age groups. Great plans were formulated that night, including the idea of creating a listserve and young adult ministry to our meetings. On Wednesday, Junior Gathering children visited each morning workshop and gave a written invitation to join them at 11:30 the next morning.

Thursday was cloudy and drizzling from the remnants of Hurricane Emily; but at 11:30, when all the workshops left to join the children, the rain stopped for a moment. What we found was a grove of trees woven with colorful yarn, feathers, sticks, and beads, with a paper igloo underneath. As we approached, we were given more yarn to weave. We all stood in silence, then someone started singing. It was all very eloquent, expressing the theme of the Gathering, “Weaving the Blessed Tapestry.”

*Louise E. Harris  
Winston-Salem, N.C.*

*Louise Harris is a bilingual attorney, member of Friendship (N.C.) Meeting, attending a worship group in Winston Salem, N.C.*

FRIENDS JOURNAL November 2005



## Musings on Golf Carts

Gathering Friends have a passion for golf carts, both as passengers and as drivers. Those who partake of this form of transportation have various motivations. Some need assistance in navigating because of physical challenges. Others take pleasure in rolling around the pastoral campuses rather than exercising in July heat. The carts assist some in making it on time to meetings. And others depend on the carts to move supplies for workshops, or very tired children.

Drivers of golf carts are led to providing their services for a variety of reasons as well. Some Friends consider it as their ministry. One such Friend received a traveling minute from his meeting and asked his riders to sign this minute. Others enjoy the sense of freedom that being behind the wheel affords.

At the Blacksburg Gathering, 58 individuals trained as golf cart drivers. However, the majority of the transporting was carried out by a much smaller group of dedicated souls.

Sending these ministers of mobility out is the responsibility of coordinators and dispatchers at “Golf Cart Central.” Much planning goes into this effort, but the success of this ministry depends on volunteer drivers and dispatchers. Some of their experiences this year involved challenges that ranged from the humorous to the outrageous. Of nine carts rented from the university for the general

*Continued on next page*



Photos: Page 20 and all above by Laurence Sigmond; top left by Bonnie Zimmer

attenders at the '05 Gathering, four lapsed into silence due to mechanical problems. A lost key was a huge nuisance. Soaking rains were another challenge—even with a roof on a cart, drivers and passengers were drenched.

The Virginia Tech campus was huge, and golf carts were at the mercy of stairs and ongoing construction that necessitated detours. One young lady became confused when her driver was not going the same route that she had walked, and after several attempts to find a route that suited her, she was returned to Golf Cart Central.

One otherwise dedicated driver took a needed cart away on silent Wednesday afternoon to facilitate a tubing excursion.

Small children also presented a problem for dispatchers in that the tiny containers of coffee creamers for drivers proved irresistible to small fingers. Occasionally a child was left to watch television with the presumption that the volunteers at Golf Cart Central were watching him or her. Although the volunteers wanted to tune in to the London bombing situation, they were sometimes at the mercy of cartoons.

In spite of these problems, the golf carts rolled with the punches. The moral of this story is that if carts are available at the next Gathering, hold the volunteers in the light!

*Judith Greenberg*

*Judith Greenberg attends Guinnett Meeting, a preparative meeting under the care of Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting.*

## Soul Gardens

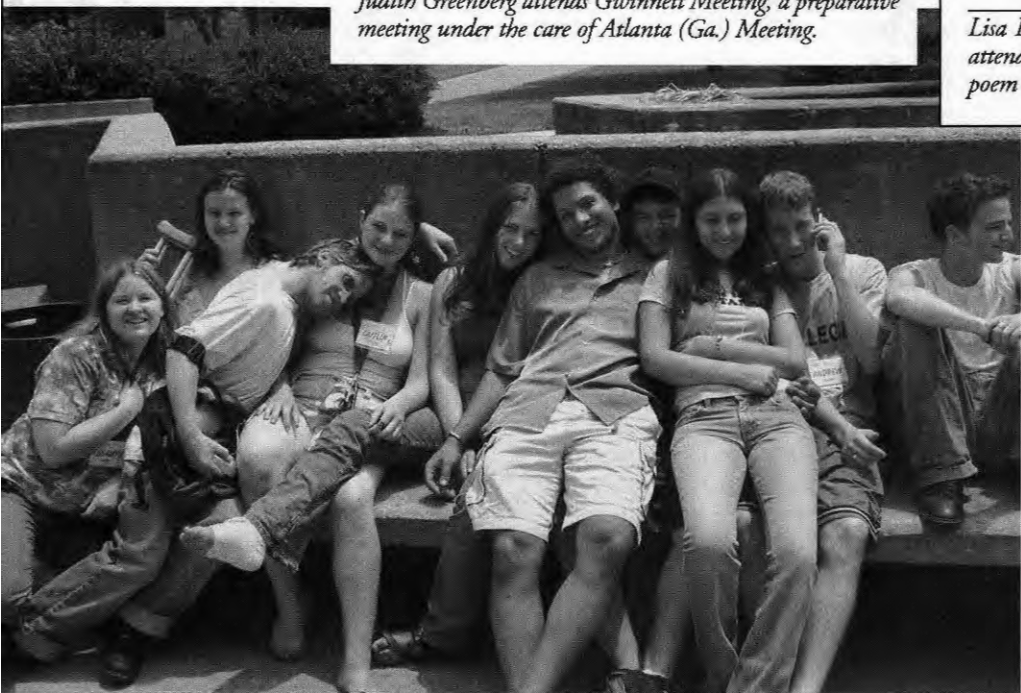
When I walked into this Virginia garden  
it took my breath away:  
greens deep as ocean shadows  
dotted with luscious blooms in the still moist air.  
Here is planned order:  
built waterfalls, timed sprinklers,  
the crisp, defined intersection of mulch and lawn.

I sat on a cool concrete bench  
and closed my eyes.  
Before me, the high desert prairie of the West  
stretched like a turbulent sea,  
wild grasses riding the gusty winds.  
Only the heartiest of sun-lovers make it here—  
grouped in colonies for support,  
their deep roots intertwined in the rocky soil  
in a common thirst for water.  
In my mind's eye, this prairie sea  
also took my breath away.

I know the wonders of wildness,  
the comfort of order.  
My heart flies between the two  
like a violet tree swallow  
gliding from open skies to nest box.

—*Lisa Lister*

*Lisa Lister lives on the high prairie east of Pike's Peak and attends Colorado Springs (Colo.) Meeting. She wrote this poem in the horticultural garden at the Gathering.*



Photos: top left by Laurence Sigmond;  
center and bottom photos by Richard Regen



# Bayard Rustin. Out from the Shadows of History

by Brian Ward

*Time on Two Crosses: The Collected Writings of Bayard Rustin. Edited by Devon W. Carbado and Donald Weise. San Francisco: Cleis Press, 2003. 350 pages. \$16.95/softcover.*

There was a time, not so very long ago, when Bayard Rustin was a shadowy, barely discernable presence in most histories of the Civil Rights Movement and other social upheavals of the mid- to late-20th century. An occasional reference might acknowledge his role as an important advisor to Martin Luther King Jr. Sometimes he might garner a little more consideration as the co-organizer of the 1963 March on Washington where King delivered his famous "I Have a Dream" speech. Occasionally, Rustin might even merit a mention not directly related to his association with King—as an avid proponent of black political organizing and progressive coalition building, as an impassioned voice against the Vietnam War and for nuclear disarmament, or as a consistent advocate of the rights of labor, or—late in his life—as a campaigner for gay rights and greater AIDS awareness.

Yet, although Rustin appears to have been everywhere, involved in just about every major social and political cause of the mid- to late-20th century, historians initially seemed reluctant, unwilling, or unable to put flesh on the bones of the man.

That is changing. In recent years several biographies have shed increasing light on Rustin's contributions, and editors Devon W. Carbado and Donald Weise now offer *Time on Two Crosses*, a thoughtfully compiled collection of some of Rustin's most important writings, speeches, and debates. The book's subtitle, "Collected Writings," is rather misleading since some of the entries were not writings at all.

It is a book that accepts the interpretive framework of an earlier biographer, John D'Emilio, who created a new model for understanding Rustin by arguing that Rustin's

homosexuality was as important as his race in defining the trajectory of his public career as well as the contours of his private life. As the editors note early on, "It is impossible to understand the man—his ideological commitments, his political activism, his institutional affiliations—without considering his 'time on two crosses': that is, how his race and sexuality shaped his political life, nurtured and sustained his indomitable spirit, and helped him to conceive of civil rights as a struggle for 'the human family.'"

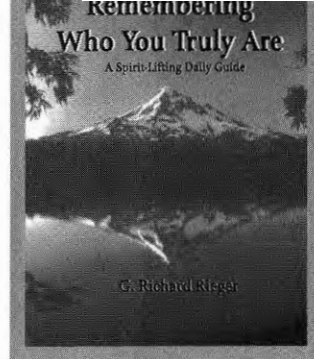
But reading Rustin's own eloquent, shrewd, passionate, and sometimes quite funny words in *Time on Two Crosses*, it is also clear that it is difficult to understand Rustin as man, philosopher, activist, or symbol without paying attention to the role of Quaker teachings in shaping his attitude towards his fellow human beings and fueling his commitment to social justice. While all of his recent biographers have dutifully acknowledged this aspect of his intellectual and moral education, none have really done justice to the myriad ways in which Rustin's exposure to the tenets of the Religious Society of Friends informed his sense of self, brotherhood, community, and duty, let alone to the ways in which his long-standing relationship with Quaker-based organizations such as American Friends Service Committee provided a crucial practical and ideological framework for much of his activism. Even when he departed from some of the more traditional Friends' beliefs—for example, when refining his views on the political value of pacifism in the mid-1960s to put more emphasis on the importance of defending democratic freedoms—his Quaker background was woven into the warp and weft of his private and public life.

Born to a young unmarried woman in West Chester, Pa., in 1912, Bayard Rustin was raised by his grandparents, only learning in adolescence that they were not his real parents. A member of the Religious Society of Friends, his grandmother was especially instrumental in conveying the core humanitarian values that would animate his entire career. Julia, who belonged to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and several other organizations devoted to "racial uplift," passed to her grandson a steadfast belief in the essential dignity and brotherhood of all humans, regardless of race, class, reli-

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*Brian Ward is a professor of American History at University of Florida where he specializes in the history of the modern American South, African American history, and the history of mass media and popular music.*

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gion, gender, or sexual orientation. Moreover, with Julia's personal example as a practical inspiration and the Quaker edict to "speak truth to power" as a philosophical mantra, Bayard inherited the moral imperative to confront and challenge social, economic, and political injustice wherever he found it.

"My activism did not spring from being black," he flatly stated. "Rather it is rooted fundamentally in my Quaker upbringing and the values instilled in me." Whether condemning individual or state-sponsored violence, working for peace, pursuing black rights and economic opportunities in the United States, or campaigning for social justice, democratic representation, and economic rights for all peoples around the globe, Rustin invariably measured his world and determined the appropriate response to its shortcomings according to Quaker precepts.

The chapters in *Time on Two Crosses* are organized thematically into six categories: The Making of a Movement; The Politics of Protest; African American Leadership; Equality Beyond Race; Gay Rights; and Equality Beyond America. Although it would have helped if the editors had provided a note explaining the context and provenance of each entry (and an index!), the book offers a good introduction to the range of Rustin's preoccupations and a fascinating insight into the evolution of his social and political views. Along the way, it also offers clues as to why Rustin languished in the penumbra of movement history for so long.

*Time on Two Crosses* contains dozens of stimulating chapters. There is a gripping first-hand account of the chilling racial climate of Mississippi in the mid-1950s, and a famous 1964 essay on the future of black protest and politics, which ponders the likely consequences of restoring African Americans to the electoral process in the South: "It may be premature to predict a Southern Democratic party of Negroes and white moderates and a Republican party of refugee racists and economic conservatives," Rustin wrote, "but there certainly is a strong tendency towards such a realignment." One can also read his rather haughty and disdainful dismissal of the Black Nationalism and identity politics of the Black Power era as a meaningless distraction from the real business of political organizing and campaigns for full employment and a minimum wage. Conversely, there is much wisdom still in his shrewd analysis of the need to integrate affirmative action measures into a more broad-based program of social, economic, and educational reform in America. And there are some very perceptive critiques of U.S. policies and black attitudes towards Africa and Israel, written between the late

1950s and the early 1980s.

In many ways, however, the most fascinating and revealing pieces in the book are those from very early and late in Rustin's career. The collection starts with a couple of 1942 essays, steeped in the language and values of Gandhi, the Religious Society of Friends, and the black church, that explain the potential of nonviolent protest as a technique of African American struggle. This was some 13 years before the start of the Montgomery Bus Boycott brought the tactic to popular attention and 18 years before the student sit-ins made nonviolent direct action the preeminent strategy of the southern Civil Rights Movement. Indeed, it is worth emphasizing that one major consequence of all the recent attention on Rustin has been to reclaim him as perhaps the single most important strategist of the nonviolent direct action campaigns that destroyed statutory segregation and disenfranchisement in the American South. This tactical emphasis, honed through his involvement with AFSC and other pacifist organizations, was anchored to a basic Quaker abhorrence of violence. But it was also tethered to a practical sense that while moral suasion and good example—the idea of conviction—could stir even the most slovenly of consciences into recognizing and responding to injustice, it helped to have laws that outlawed discrimination and restrained the actions of those who were slow to recognize, let alone do, the right thing. Throughout his life, Rustin fused a keen appreciation of the power of power—economic, ideological, political, and social—to constrain the freedoms and opportunities available to people with a firm belief that mass action could be used to change existing and oppressive power structures.

By the time the Montgomery Bus Boycott began in December 1955, Rustin was not just a sophisticated theoretician of nonviolent protest, but also a seasoned practitioner. In 1947, he had been on the Journey of Reconciliation, an integrated bus ride through the upper South organized by the pacifist Fellowship of Reconciliation to protest segregation on interstate transportation. Rustin's chronicle of his experiences on the journey, which served as the model for the 1961 Freedom Rides, is included in *Time on Two Crosses*. So, too, is a compelling account of the time he spent on a brutal North Carolina chain gang as a consequence of his presence on this pioneering ride. What is most striking about Rustin's recollection of his sojourn on the chain gang is his refusal to allow his self-respect and, just as significantly, his respect for others to crumble in the face of cruel verbal and physical abuse. Again, it is hard not to see the imprint of his Quaker upbringing. Even

# TIME ON TWO CROSSES THE COLLECTED WRITINGS OF BAYARD RUSTIN

In 1956, he taught Martin Luther King, Jr. strategies of nonviolence, forever changing how African Americans viewed social protest. In 1963, he organized the March on Washington, forever changing how the world viewed social protest.

Edited by Devon W. Carbado and Donald Weise

in the most oppressive and demeaning of circumstances, Rustin insisted on recognizing the basic humanity of his fellow inmates and jailers alike.

Rustin wrote many of King's most important early statements on the boycott and its emerging philosophical commitment to non-violence, including an influential article entitled "Our Struggle" that appeared in the progressive *Liberation* magazine. Even more crucial was the speech Rustin wrote for King to deliver to a mass meeting at the First Street Baptist Church on February 23, 1956, shortly after the arrest of dozens of the boycott's clerical leadership. The following day, the speech was featured on the front page of the *New York Times*. King's address, with its insistence that the boycott was "not a war between the white and the Negro but a conflict between justice and injustice," and calls for "compassion and understanding for those who hate us," dripped with Rustin's Quaker conscience and concerns.

Clearly Rustin's presence was proving both instructional and inspirational for King and the Montgomery movement in general. Yet, within a couple of weeks he was compelled to leave town. Not for the first time, forces hostile to black rights had seized on his homosexuality and his radical political background in an effort to discredit the movement; not for the last time, forces within that movement had capitulated to the pressure of those bigots and ushered Rustin into the shadows, from where he continued to advise and ghostwrite for King.

FRIENDS JOURNAL November 2005

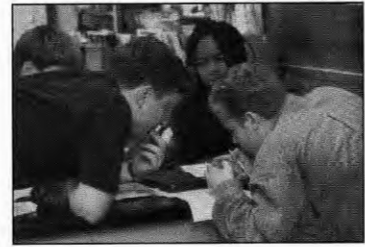
When the boycott ended in victory over bus segregation in Montgomery, Rustin secretly helped King to write much of *Stride Toward Freedom*—his autobiographical account of these events. The book systematically ignored Rustin's own role in defining the nonviolent agenda of the protests, in facilitating King's emergence as the nation's foremost civil rights leader, and as the primary architect of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the organization formed to continue the nonviolent struggle against Jim Crow. Although hardly a shy, retiring, or especially humble man in many ways, Rustin put the civil rights cause above his own celebrity and was thus complicit in the partial erasure, or obfuscation, of his many contributions to the movement. As a consequence, when early civil rights historians read King's published accounts of the boycott and

his path to nonviolence, they did not find much evidence of Rustin's influence, simply because Rustin agreed that it would be perilous to the movement for his role to be acknowledged publicly.

This theme emerges strongly in a series of statements and interviews in *Time on Two Crosses* drawn from the mid- to late-1980s. This was the period when Rustin first began to talk openly about his homosexuality and the impact it had upon his political and social activism. In addition to making sensible points about the linkages, parallels, and differences between the struggles for black and gay rights in America, Rustin acknowledged that his own homosexuality had circumscribed his role in the Civil Rights Movement in various ways. Because he was gay, some of his contemporaries refused, or felt unable, to work with him; and many of those who did work with him often felt compelled to downplay the extent, or even deny the existence, of any such association.

Perhaps inevitably, there is a bittersweet quality to reading Rustin's appraisal of how homophobia, alongside racism and anti-radicalism, stymied some of the opportunities he might have had to work for peace and justice in the United States and abroad. Yet, in the end, the wonder is that he was able to contribute so intelligently, creatively, and decisively to such a variety of humanitarian and progressive causes despite those impediments, not that he could not do more. *Time on Two Crosses* is a good place to start exploring the range of those contributions. □

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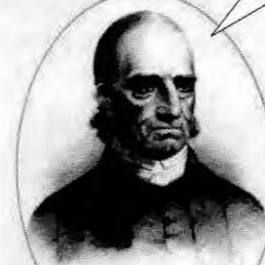
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# Reading Rufus Jones

by Brian Drayton

It feels a daring undertaking, in a brief article, to articulate, for those who have not encountered Rufus Jones, why he can and should be read, not only in his personae of historian or activist, but as a devotional writer, whom it is good to seek out from time to time as a spiritual companion. Jones' is a distinctive and (at first) apparently "undevotional" voice; but it is worth getting to know him, because very many Friends over the past century have found Jones' writings encouraging, challenging, and full of hope and energy.

Born in 1863 into a Quaker community in central Maine, educated first in Friends schools and then at Haverford, Jones sought out a path whose first step was a teaching position at a Friends school. It was characteristic of him that, when faced with the chance to advance his academic career out of college, or work in a small, rural boarding school, he chose the latter. As his Aunt Peace put it, the basic question was not what job he should take, but what kind of person he wanted to become. During this period in his 20s, he also became aware of his gift as a minister, and he diligently worked to improve this service. He felt that though much of the ministry he'd heard was "sanctified" and bore evidence of personal experience, much was also stereotyped, and made little use of the resources of reason and culture that he felt were needed to speak vitally to the present day. The engagement of spirituality with psychology and science, he felt, was necessary if Friends and other Christians were to bear an authentic and effective witness (in word and deed) in the modern era. The work of reconciling science, psychology, theology, and personal spiritual experience resulted in two of his most important works: *Social Law in the Spiritual World*, and *The Double Search: Studies in Atonement and Prayer*.

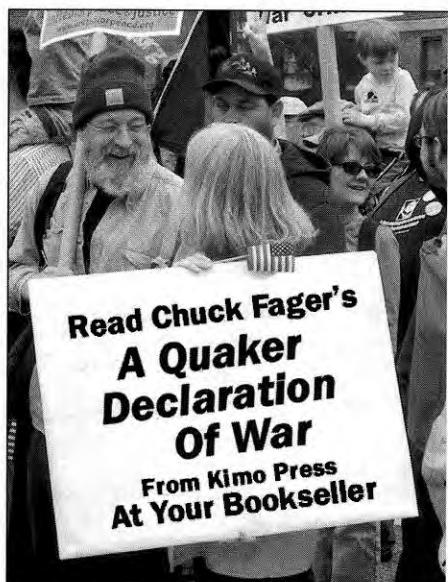
Over the next several years, Jones returned to academic studies, but also plunged into work for the Religious Society, as editor of *Friends Review* (and its successor, *The American Friend*), the publication most widely circulated amongst Gurneyite Friends. His quest for a renewal of Quakerism drew him into Quaker ecumenism (with the founding of the Five Years Meeting, later FUM). He became convinced that Friends needed to reengage with early Quaker writings, and to

believed that a unique contribution of Quakerism lay in its being a mystical movement, akin to others in medieval and early modern Europe. Seeing Quakerism as a kind of Christian mysticism was a way to place it in a larger context, and it allowed Jones to articulate a psychology of everyday immanence that he called mystical, though others disagreed with him.

Out of the concern for Quaker renewal, and shaped by his view of Quakerism as a mystical movement, he and John Wilhelm Rowntree of Yorkshire conceived the idea of a complete history of Quakerism. The resulting Rowntree series became a remarkably comprehensive statement of Quakerism's origins and development.

Meanwhile, as part of his editorial work for *The American Friend*, and his ecumenical work amongst the various Quaker factions, Jones was traveling on an epic scale across the country, and may well have visited and spoken to the majority of meetings then in existence, from every part of the Quaker spectrum. Despite the growing desire for reunification or at least cooperation across divisions, this was also a time during which very contrary trends were at work, among them the shift from evangelicalism to modernism in London Yearly Meeting, and the continued growth of evangelical revivalism in the United States, and the employment of pastors in the majority of Quaker meetings. Jones, while deeply sympathetic with the modernist movement, continued to reach out to all kinds of Friends; but his insistence on using the best of modern scholarship, and his determination to speak with his own voice, and from his own experience, meant that he was seen as doctrinally unsound, and thus unwelcome in many circles.

Yet many others loved him, and not only among Friends—during the first decades of this century he was speaking and writing very widely. His most popular books, such as *Testimony of the Soul*, *A Call to What is Vital*, *The Luminous Trail*, and *New Eyes for Invisibles*, carried both Jones' distinctive, bracing mix of learning, common sense, personal testimony, and lively confidence in the presence of God at work in all. Though he was an advocate of earnest seeking, he sounds far more clearly the note of discovery and invitation. Though I have sometimes wondered if in fact he was a mystic, rather than a historian of the mystics, the writings brim with Rufus' joy that he has been able to prove in his own experience the truths of Christianity, as found in the Christian Scriptures, and held by Friends at their best—and his contagious belief that this experience is there for all who seek it.



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Many of Jones' views on the nature of Quakerism and mysticism have been debated, challenged, rejected, or superseded. Nevertheless, Jones' testimony to the life of the soul, the nature of the church as the Body of Christ at work in the world, and his determined efforts to cast in fresh language the Christ of John's Gospel and the "Aegean Gospel" of Paul, continue to stimulate and refresh his readers. He advocated that a true Christian is one who is called to service in love. This, Jones held, was an effort that required personal transformation and the courage and resilience that faith makes possible—a faith grounded in the intimate relationship between each of us and God.

"Prayer, whether it be the lisp of a little child, or the wrestling of some great soul in desperate contest with the coils of habit or the evil customs of his generation, is a testimony to a Divine-human fellowship. In hours of crisis, the soul feels for its Companion, by a natural gravitation, as the brook feels for the ocean. In times of joy and strength, it reaches out to its source of Life, as the plant does to the sun. And when it has learned the language of spiritual communion, and knows its Father, praying refreshes it as the greeting of a friend refreshes one in a foreign land. . . . It is the utterance of an infinite friendship, the expression of our appreciation of that complete and perfect Person whom our soul has found."

**For further reading:** Remarkably few of Jones' many writings are in print now; but many meetinghouse libraries hold some of his books and pamphlets. In addition to those mentioned above, be on the lookout for the first volume of his autobiography, *Finding the Trail of Life*. An anthology drawing from Jones' devotional works has recently appeared: *Rufus Jones, Essential Writings*, edited by Kerry Walters, and published by Orbis Books. Mary Hoxie Jones drew on notes from many of her father's talks to create the Pendle Hill Pamphlet, *Thou Dost Open Up My Life*. Jones' *The Faith and Practice of The Quakers* is also still in print, through Friends United Press. The best biography is still Elizabeth Gray Vining's *Friend of Life*, and now there is also the video *Rufus Jones: Luminous Friend*, which does a good job at conveying his personality as well as his life story (and is accompanied by a small anthology of excerpts from his writings). □

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

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War, peace, faith, violence, disaster, genocide—however we are called, however we earn a living, however we are interwoven into our meetings, communities, and the planet upon which we stand, these six issues have occupied much of our attention and our hearts in past months.

Even here in Vermont, where God's goodness and grace is everywhere apparent in the abundance of our fields, the beauty of our mountains, and the caring of our neighbors, we gather in silence around the meetinghouse woodstove this First Day, heads bowed, hearts burdened with the ills of the world.

I've been grieving since the first bomb fell on Afghanistan, and today I look out past the wavy panes of glass in our tall, impossible-to-wash windows toward the ancient churchyard beyond. Despite our occasional conscience-stricken efforts, its stones are covered with moss, the ancient gnarled hydrangea bushes have escaped our shears to reach upwards as bold and brassy as any oak, and depressions in the leaf-mulched grass in front of the old tombstones have grown deeper and more likely to trip Elise, our eldest member, as she thumps among the stones with her cane.

Simply carved with old Quaker names like Sarah Orvis, Mary Hoag Morrison, or Elisha Purinton, the depressions must, I realize with a start, mark empty graves. A few bones may remain, but given the passage of time, the bodies that once resided there have long ago been returned to the dust of the Earth. Yet what of that which is of God? What of the part that loved these hills, nurtured this meeting, and sat with tears on their cheeks as they contemplated war, peace, faith, violence, disaster, and genocide back then?

My eyes return to the old room in which I sit. Slowly I look around the benches. At Sam and Jane, two elderly Friends who sit side by side near the woodstove. At Patti nearby. At Peggy. At Joy, Greg, Jill, Kerry, Elise, Anne, and, beside me, my beloved husband, Wayne. I can't see Jason, Kevin, and Tage because they're behind us, but I feel their deep, focused silence as clearly as I sense the Presence that surrounds and enfolds us.

As those who have worshiped here for centuries before us, we will sit with tears on our cheeks for months and years to come. Perhaps for whole lifetimes. But as our silent neighbors in the churchyard can testify, and as the authors of those books reviewed here on these pages make clear, as Quakers we will draw strength from the Light and move forward in peace and faith. War, violence, disaster, and genocide will be grieved. But they will not slow our step. There's too much to be done.

—Ellen Michaud, book review editor

The Renovaré Spiritual  
Formation Bible:  
New Revised Standard  
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Deuterocanonical Books

Edited by Richard J. Foster et al. Harper San Francisco, 2005. 2,346 pages. \$39.95/hardcover.

By all accounts, *The Renovaré Spiritual Formation Bible* is set to make a huge splash, nationally and internationally, for readers of Scripture and any interested in the life of the Spirit. Edited by (arguably) the most visible Quaker in the world today, Richard J. Foster, this book represents a remarkably broad and ecumenical venture. Additional editors include Gayle Beebe, Lynda Graybeal, Thomas Oden, Dallas Willard, Walter Brueggemann, and Eugene Peterson.

This new edition makes several innovative contributions. First, the intentionally devotional focus, aimed at bolstering the spiritual formation and development of the reader, is a refreshingly direct approach to the primary interest of most Bible readers. Rather than being overlaid with doctrine, defenses of tra-

ditional views, or explanations of what critical scholars think on various subjects, the main focus is furthering the "With-God Life." Arguing that humanity's relation with God (having direct implications for our relations with others) is the prime theme developed throughout the Bible, this resource comments directly on those relationships from beginning to end. This is why most people read the Bible, and readers are well served by the direct focus on this particular interest.

Such being the case, the story of "the People of God" is developed in the introductory essays, introductions to each book, text notes at the bottom of the page, and 48 character profiles along the way. From the call to individual communion with God, to becoming a family and a nation, to being a people in travail and rebellion, to exile and restoration, to the Immanuel presence of God in Christ, to mission and community—even into eternity—stories of "the People of God" drawn into human-Divine relationship in the past provide helpful guidance for the present and future. In that sense, this work facilitates an experiential engagement with Scripture in ways that few other resources do, and this experimental feature will especially be welcome among Friends.

When you reflect on your life, what will you see? Will you see a challenge you took and the triumph you felt when you succeeded? Will you think of the people you met and the places you visited? Will you think of all the choices you had and the decisions you made?

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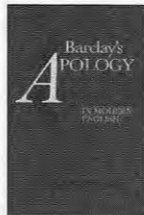
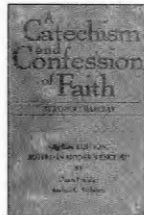
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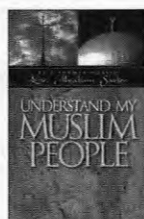
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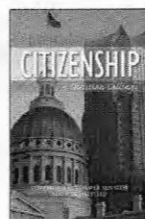
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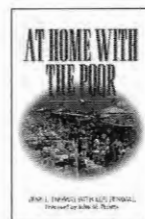
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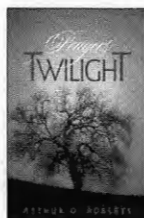
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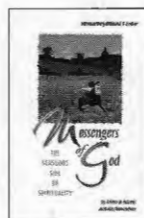
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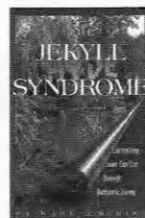
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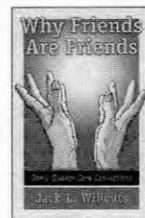
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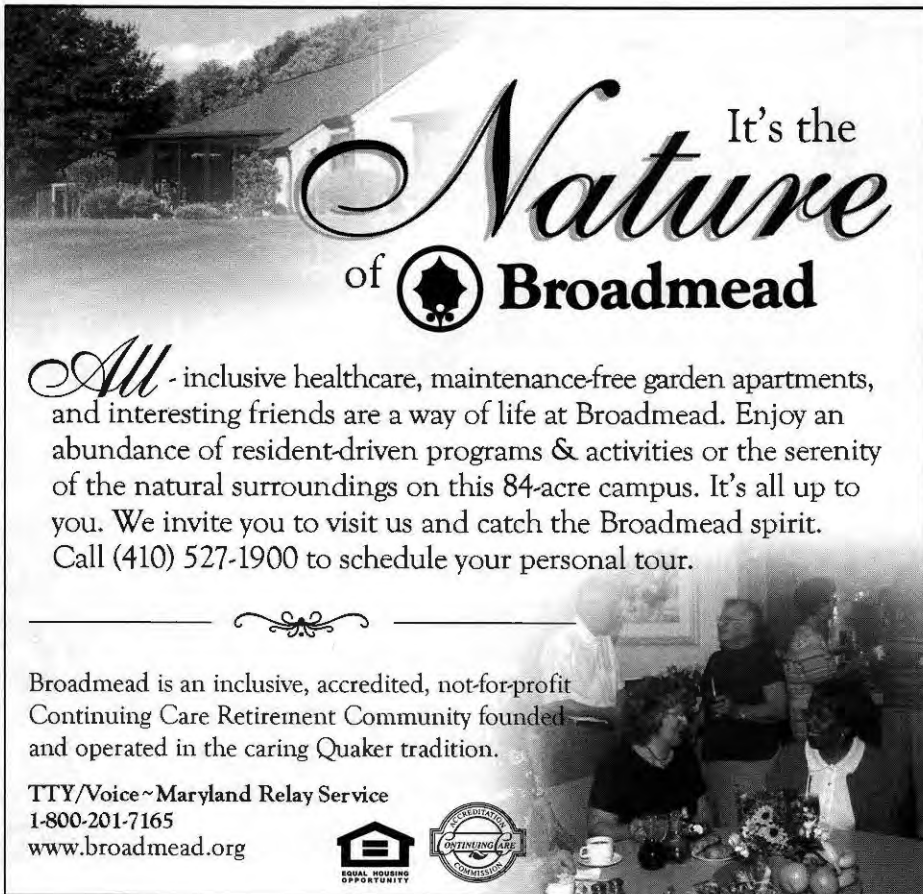
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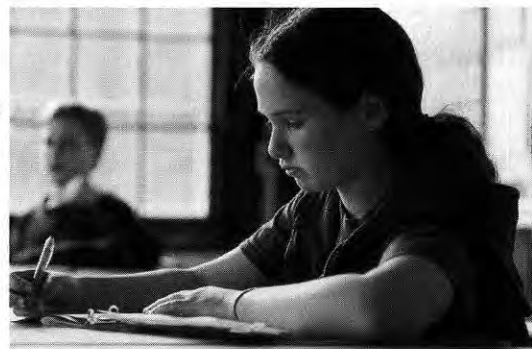
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A second feature that deserves comment is the way this text steers a middle path between present alternatives. Against more scholarly study Bibles, *The Renovaré Spiritual Formation Bible* focuses on the personal and spiritual meanings of texts and themes. On the other hand, against more popularistic paraphrases, the choice of the New Revised Standard Version marks a move in favor of scholarship. The NRSV (1989) is the version most English-speaking scholars prefer, especially because of its sensitivity to gender-inclusivity and accurate translations of pronouns. The point is that a text with scholarly integrity is combined with applicational engagement, and this is a powerful combination.

Another example of the middle path involves the decision to include the Apocrypha, or the Deuterocanonical Books, involving over a dozen literary pieces written in the intertestamental era. While retaining their secondary status in terms of canonical authority (as Protestant and Catholic traditions have maintained), the reader is helped by having access to the books of Esdras, Judith, and Maccabees, for instance, as well as worship and wisdom material and several additions to Daniel. If one desires to get a sense of the world into which Jesus came, and from which the writers of the New Testament emerged, the intertestamental literature offers an unrivalled resource. Traditionalist readers may be a bit taken aback by this move, but such introductory essays as "A Panoramic View of God's Purpose in History" (pp. xxxvii-xxxix) and the inclusion of maps from the NIV Study Bible (pp. 2331-2346) will be reassuring.

A third feature worthy of comment is the many particular ways in which *The Renovaré Spiritual Formation Bible* furthers its goal of deepening the spiritual life and experience of the reader. In addition to the above, several others deserve mention. First, the introductory essays set the stage well for a personal and spiritual reading of the Bible. Again, this is the main reason most people find Bible reading of value—they experience the same Spirit who inspired the Scriptures bearing witness to their life and experience—and the essays at the beginning of the collection and before each biblical book alert the reader as to how this might happen as one reads. Second, the character essays within the text connect present-day readers with ancient subjects. When considering the real-life challenges faced by women and men of Bible days, the text itself becomes all the more relevant. These features help the Bible come alive for readers new and old alike.

An additional contribution to the spiritual life of the reader is the set of tools availed for reading the Bible meaningfully, including



suggestions for how to develop a reading plan—for one day, one week, one month, a season, or for a year or more. Also helpful is an index at the end, contributed by Dallas Willard, where he connects hundreds of biblical texts with particular spiritual disciplines (the With-God Life, Celebration, Chastity, Confession, Fasting, Fellowship, Guidance, Meditation, Prayer, Sacrifice, Secrecy, Service, Silence, Study, Submission, and Worship). That index itself is nearly worth the price of the book!

As this new edition furthers the mission of *Renovaré*, its goal is a furthering of the With-God Life characterized by six great Christian traditions. These include Contemplative (The Prayer-Filled Life), Holiness (The Virtuous Life), Charismatic (The Spirit-Empowered Life), Social Justice (The Compassionate Life), Evangelical (The Word-Centered Life), and Incarnational (The Sacramental Life) strands of Church vitality. Rather than picking one at the expense of the other, as Christian (and sometimes Quaker) history has tended to show, a vision of the well-balanced spiritual life is posed as a means of Church renewal across the boundaries of time, culture, and space. This study Bible is designed to further that aspiration, and it does so well.

While a student and teacher of the Bible (such as myself) might wish for more historical- and literary-critical information to be included in this text, criticisms of *The Renovaré Spiritual Formation Bible* are far outweighed by its strengths. Some of the fine introductions written by first-rate biblical scholars (such as Walter Brueggemann, Howard Macy, David de Silva, Bonnie Thurston, and Ben Witherington III) show the helpfulness of literary-critical content, although introductions and notes written by first-rate pastoral leaders are also marked by spiritual sensitivity and meaningful insight. All of the introductions are excellent and helpful, and contextual information sets a solid platform for doing meaningful interpretation. One also might question the suitability of identifying too clearly a progression throughout the Bible regarding themes of redemption, but then again, the God of Israel is believed to have acted in history, so the progressive unfolding of God's saving-revealing work indeed deserves consideration.

In all, *The Renovaré Spiritual Formation Bible* is a text that deserves to be owned and used by Friends, and it will be especially welcome among readers of FRIENDS JOURNAL. The special attention given to spiritual formation and a prayerful reading of the text is sure to bear fruit, and that fruit will especially be evident in the changed and changing lives of those who read the inspired text itself. This

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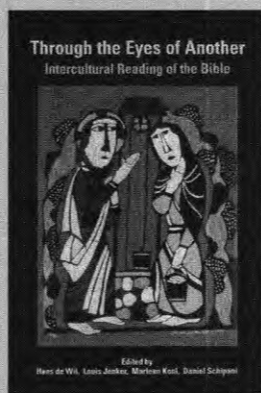
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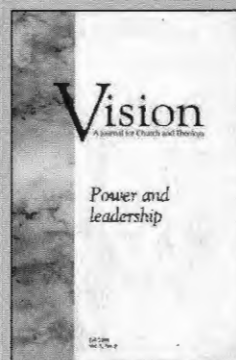
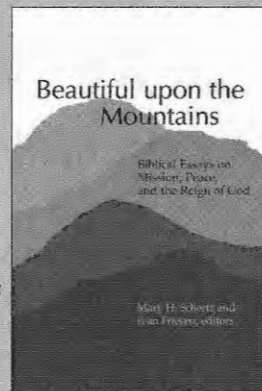


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—Paul Anderson

*Paul Anderson chairs the Department of Religious Studies at George Fox University and is a professor of Biblical and Quaker Studies.*

**Wrestling with Our Faith  
Tradition: Collected Public  
Witness, 1995–2004**

*By Lloyd Lee Wilson. Quaker Press of Friends General Conference, 2005. 231 pages. \$18.95/softcover.*

This collection of words spoken over the past decade enlarges and builds on the ministry offered by Lloyd Lee Wilson in his *Essays on the Quaker Vision of Gospel Order* (1993).

The underlying theme articulates living into what Wilson calls "classic Quakerism." This he defines as "the living tradition that has honored its roots in 17th-century England while opening itself to change through the struggle of those who have wrestled it with integrity." (p. 165) The ten chapters are divided into two parts, "Faith" and "Practice," although he would be the first to decry this as an artificial distinction. His ideal is that together we act as best we can, then we reflect together on our actions and their consequences to learn more about the world, God, ourselves, and how God wants us to be in the world. From these insights we choose the next actions, and the cycle continues.

Wilson explores three characteristics of "classic" Quakerism. First, it is an apophatic spirituality: it strips away all that interferes with listening to God. It values self-denial and service, as expressed in the old phrase "taking up the Cross daily." Second, it is based on the experience of unmediated—i.e., direct—relationship with Christ. Third, it requires community. A meeting community is crucial for the quality of corporate (as opposed to individual) worship; to be the place where a changed person can practice changed behaviors and ways of being; as a witness to the world of how people love and care for one another; and as the locus of discernment.

Bible study informs each chapter. For those who are leery of the Bible, it provides a liberating, exciting way into these ancient yet still living stories that "are true, and some of them really happened." He understands the violence and inequalities as the context for God's story of love intervening in our imperfect human societies. He finds two themes throughout the Bible: God intervening to relieve suffering, and our fallible but persistent efforts to be "non-Egyptians in the land of

pharaoh" (to be in the world but not of it). He draws on the work of Ched Myers and liberation theology to give some exciting new interpretations to familiar sayings of Jesus.

A continuing theme in the book is that God is the center of the Big Story and we must connect (subordinate) our little individual stories to God. In contrast, the dominant culture around us stresses individualism. The dominant religious culture is also individually oriented, with its obsession for personal salvation. In reality, Wilson writes, our lives have meaning in so far as they are anchored in God's story. Putting God in the center revises the question from "Are you personally saved?" to "Why is the world like it is, and what am I called to do about it?"

Enriched by his work at Norfolk Quaker House, Wilson is able to share a deep understanding of the Peace Testimony. It is so much more than refusing to kill someone because there is "that of God" in each person. It is the consequence of the changes Christ has made in our inward nature. Paraphrasing George Fox, we now live with the Spirit of Christ that erased the personal motives for going to war, i.e. obsessing over that which is not rightly ours, be it power, money, sex, or oil. Wilson goes on beyond this essentially individual stance to ask us to work actively to bring about the kingdom of God—to work for systemic changes to do away with oppression and injustice that breed violence.

There is some repetition, as is natural when offering ministry to different groups. The same truths are repeated in a variety of ways to fit the condition of the hearers. Each chapter stands alone, but together they support each other powerfully and build up an image of the great spiritual gift Friends have been given. It comes with a responsibility to understand it, and to live it increasingly faithfully, so that God's love can shine through us to heal and transform this hurting world.

Every meeting should own this book. It will serve as an excellent springboard for discussion and study.

—Marty Grundy

*Marty Grundy is a member of Cleveland (Ohio) Meeting.*

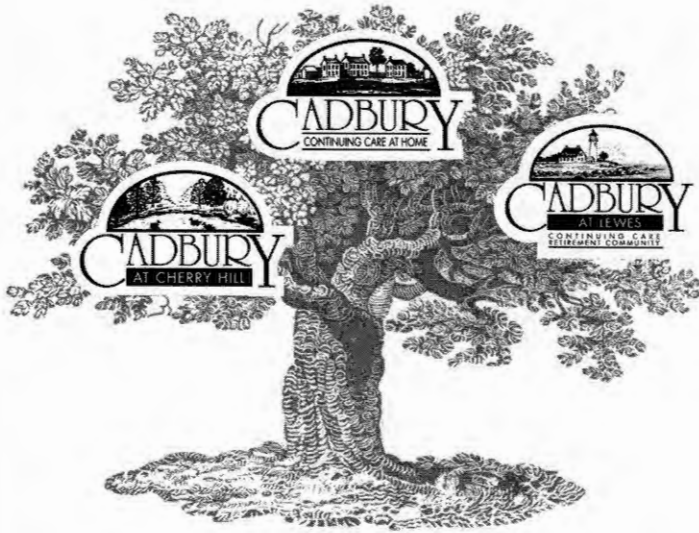
**Taking a Stand: A Guide to  
Peace Teams and  
Accompaniment Projects**

*By Elizabeth F. Boardman. New Society Publishers, 2005. 161 pages. \$10.95/softcover.*

Some of the most serious peace activists are the least visible. Around the world, members

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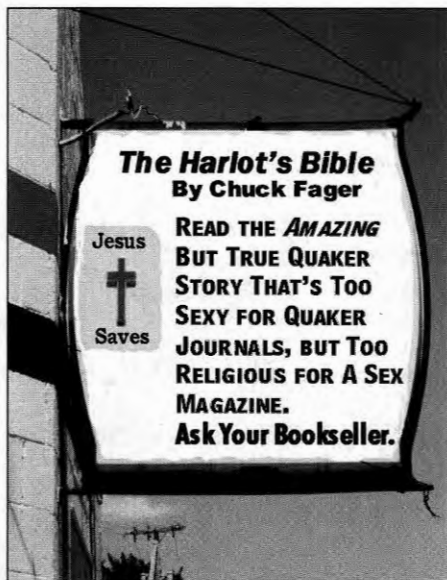
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of international peace teams and accompaniment projects are taking serious risks to stand in the way of violence and injustice. Written by Quaker Elizabeth Boardman after she returned from a stint with the Iraq Peace Team, just before the attack on Iraq in March 2003, *Taking a Stand* describes who these people are and what it's like to join such a project.

Leaving her administrative job running programs for frail elders in San Francisco, Boardman had used vacation time to make the trip, which was sponsored by Voices in the Wilderness, because "I could not bear to sit safe at home while my country prepared to sacrifice its own young men and women in a war against other innocent people," she writes.

When she returned home and began to share her stories she found her audiences filled with questions about the experience as they tried to imagine themselves in her place. What was the application process like? How much did the trip cost? Where did the team stay? What did your daughter say? Weren't you scared? Do you think it was worth it?

*Taking a Stand* answers these questions and others like them. A lifelong Quaker pacifist, currently clerk of San Francisco Meeting, Boardman was able to pull together responses to questions like these from 10 to 12 project sponsors, some 30 peace team travelers, and many supportive or critical friends.

She clarifies the difference among peace teams, accompaniment projects, and delegations, and offers chapters describing Voices in the Wilderness, Christian Peacemaker Teams, Peace Brigades International, and others. There is also a substantial chapter about soldiers who may be encountered by pacifists involved in such projects.

Written in a colloquial and easy style, with pictures and sidebars, the book inspires readers to join such a project themselves. Proceeds from the book will be contributed to the Nonviolent Peaceforce, an organization that is described in the last chapter.

—Marie Schutz

*Marie Schutz is a member of Redwood Forest (Calif.) Meeting.*

## Friends Peace Witness in a Time of Crisis

*Edited by Nancy Irving, Vicki Hain Poorman, Margaret Fraser. Friends World Committee for Consultation, 2005. 177 pages. \$18/softcover.*

Sixteen months after the September 11, 2001, attacks, Quakers from all over North America gathered in Guilford, N.C., for a peace conference sponsored by Friends World Committee for Consultation called "Friends Peace Witness in a Time of Crisis."

Now, in a book of the same name, Nancy Irving, Vicki Hain Poorman and Margaret Fraser have gathered together presentations made by 19 Friends from a variety of theological backgrounds.

In January 2003, the United States had already removed the Taliban government of Afghanistan and was moving quickly toward war in Iraq. The conference talks recorded in this volume convey some of the feelings conference attendees brought with them in response to these events, but more than anything else, these essays communicate the deep sense of spiritual seeking that accompanied them.

Clearly the conference attendees came together to listen to God. Speakers addressed a host of topics, including Friends history, biblical interpretation, personal spiritual journeys, and spiritual resources for stressed-out peacemakers. And they allowed themselves to be troubled by difficult questions. What does the living Christ say to us now, in a time of terrorism and a military response to terrorism? How should peacemakers respond to terrorism? Is nonviolence the same as peacemaking? Is the 1661 testimony of George Fox (a withdrawal from outward wars for a peculiar people) consistent with William Penn's 1693 blueprint for international activism? Can Friends appeal honestly to Scripture for pacifism? How does one choose between so many right things that all need to be done now? What are the seeds of war sowed by our own manner of life?

The seeking spirit here produces honest questions, the questions of people who have heard the call of God before and want to hear it again. It is not a spirit of despair but of faith and hope. It's worth reading.

—Philip Smith

*Philip Smith teaches at George Fox University.*

## War Is a Force that Gives Us Meaning

*By Chris Hedges. Anchor Books, 2002. 212 pages. 12.95/softcover.*

## Losing Moses on the Freeway: the 10 Commandments in America

*By Chris Hedges. Free Press, 2005. 208 pages. \$24/hardcover.*

For those who stand with our heads bowed and candles lit at peace vigils in the world, it

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is nearly impossible to understand what allows one man—particularly one we know to be a caring husband, tender father, and faithful Christian—to violently attack another human being and tear him to shreds with bullets, grenades, bombs, and bulldozers.

We have 19 excuses and 27 rationalizations for the criminal in the street who commits murder—no moral upbringing, barracuda economics, bigotry, poor education, desperate need—but for the next-door neighbor who voluntarily joins the army or National Guard and heads off to Afghanistan or Iraq, we simply don't get it.

Unfortunately, that lack of understanding can render many of our antiwar activities ineffective, cause us to irritate rather than persuade, and rob us of the ability to reach out in love and compassion to those who go to war.

Now, however, former *New York Times* war correspondent Chris Hedges has delivered a pair of books that may help us move forward in both faith and understanding. The first is *War Is a Force That Gives Us Meaning*, a fast-paced, hard-to-put-down account of battles won and battles lost that provides insights into how and why our friends and neighbors kill.

Hedges is not a pacifist. In *War Is a Force That Gives Us Meaning*—a finalist for the National Book Critics Circle nonfiction award—the veteran reporter notes that he wrote the book not to dissuade us from war but to understand it: "It is especially important that we, who wield such massive force across the globe, see within ourselves the seeds of our own obliteration," he writes. "We must guard against the myth of war and the drug of war that can, together, render us as blind and callous as some of those we battle."

With that as his mandate, he retraces the wars and conflicts that had made up the timeline of his life for 15 years, and offers a riveting account of life on the ground in the struggles of El Salvador, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Columbia, the West Bank, Gaza, Sudan, Yemen, Algeria, the Punjab, Romania, "the Gulf," Turkey, Iraq, Bosnia, and Kosovo. "The hurling bits of iron fragmentation from exploding shells left bodies mangled, dismembered, decapitated," he writes of one conflict. "The other reporters and I slipped and slid in the blood and entrails thrown out by the shell blasts, heard the groans of anguish, and were, for our pains, in the sights of . . . snipers, often just a few hundred yards away."

This is heavy going for those of us who feel the cry of a frightened bird as a razor through the gut. But the brutally honest language serves to focus our attention on one particular insight Hedges gained that is frequently obscured in a patriotic culture shaped by advertising executives who manipulate words to justify its violence:

I learned early on that war forms its own culture. The rush of battle is a potent and often lethal addiction, for war is a drug, one I ingested for many years. It is peddled by mythmakers—historians, war correspondents, filmmakers, novelists, and the state—all of whom endow it with qualities it often does possess: excitement, exoticism, power, chances to rise above our small stations in life, and a bizarre and fantastic universe that has a grotesque and dark beauty. . . . Fundamental questions about the meaning, or meaninglessness, of our place on the planet are laid bare when we watch those around us sink to the lowest depths. War exposes the capacity for evil that lurks not far below the surface within all of us.

The enduring attraction of war is this: Even with its destruction and carnage it can give us what we long for in life. It can give us purpose, meaning, a reason for living. Only when we are in the midst of conflict does the shallowness and vapidness of much of our lives become apparent. Trivia dominates our conversations and increasingly our airwaves. And war is an enticing elixir. It gives us a resolve, a cause. It allows us to be noble.

Such plain speaking strips away the flags and yellow ribbons with which one political regime after another has cloaked the truth. It demands that we as a culture minutely examine our every action—and that we who oppose war on religious grounds offer not only vigils, petitions, and political action, but that we go beyond these activities and find viable ways to offer our society purpose, meaning, and a reason to live.

As Quakers, most of us can do that in our sleep—at least once we've overcome the Friendly reticence that tends to leave spiritual formation to the Spirit and ignores the fact that we are God's tools, forged in the Light.

Hedges, a graduate of Harvard Divinity School, is not so constrained. In his second book, *Losing Moses on the Freeway: The Ten Commandments in America*, the former war correspondent goes where so many of us too often fear to tread. In a passionate challenge to every person of faith in the United States the intrepid journalist offers a contemporary riff on the Ten Commandments as guideposts that will identify the false steps that lead many of us to seek meaning and purpose in war and other "false covenants."

Whether you think the Ten Commandments are the word of God, an inspired bit of storytelling, or the simplistic guideposts of a primitive people long gone, there is no way to escape the searing clarity with which Hedges uses each commandment—and the stories of those who violate them—to rip apart the myth of America as a moral power, demand its atonement, and catapult us toward a new understanding of meaning and purpose.

The book, which was recently trashed by a review in the *New York Times Book Review* that was curiously vindictive in tone, calls us to

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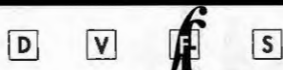
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understand that the commandments work to keep us from revering false covenants that, as Hedges writes, "become our pathetic statements of being."

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*Losing Moses on the Freeway* is not just a restatement of some long-ago book of rules. It is a gift from the heart of one man to a nation that has forgotten the very foundation on which it rests.

—Ellen Michaud

*Ellen Michaud, a member of South Starksboro (Vt.) Meeting, is the JOURNAL's book review editor.*

## Abolishing War: One Man's Attempt

*By Nicolas Gillett. Sessions of York, 2005. 335 pages. \$34/softback.*

Nicholas Gillett, a British Quaker, was a conscientious objector in World War II, and continued to be active in the peace movement into his 90s.

Born into a family that contributed several famous reformers in its ranks, including John Bright, Gillett was particularly proud of his mother who had been active in South Africa during the so-called Boer War. Nicholas began organizing workcamps in 1934; was a conscientious objector in World War II; worked for UNESCO in the Philippines, Thailand, and Iran; and represented Quaker Peace and Service in Northern Ireland during the Troubles, and in Geneva among the international diplomats.

Trained as a teacher, Gillett was interested in the concept of the community school, which he attempted to implement in his overseas assignments, relating the students learning to community projects and involving parents and others in the functioning of the school. A related concern was fostering the functioning of democracy on the grassroots level, and developing local leadership.

Serving on several family-related trust funds, he used his extensive knowledge of overseas communities to direct some of the funds to developing democracy at the grassroots level. He was also a board member of Oxfam, which distributes aid worldwide, and of the United Nations Association, which works to strengthen that organization.

Throughout his long and varied career as a pacifist, Nicholas Gillett read, studied, and wrote about the fundamentals of peace,

## Mediation: Positive Conflict Management

Quaker principles of plain speaking, integrity and seeking for peaceful solutions underlie these case studies. Family, business, education, and neighbors provide the settings for two leading mediators, who have trained professionals world wide. John Haynes was a member of Westbury [N.Y.] Monthly Meeting.

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## Mediation: Positive Conflict Management

John M. Haynes, Gretchen L. Haynes, Larry S. Fong  
State University of New York Press, 2004; 320 pp. index



always approaching new ideas with an open and searching mind. His most recent goal has been building a culture of peace, a concept pioneered by Elise Boulding.

Written evidently when he was in his 90s, Nicholas Gillett's memoir is full of personal incidents of his long life, portraits of co-workers, bits of poetry, photographs, and the like—all of which help to make it lively reading. For those who have lived through some of these long years, his continuing optimism will be particularly refreshing.

—Margaret Bacon

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

## Blessed are the Peacemakers: A Christian Spirituality of Nonviolence

By Michael Battle. Mercer University Press, 2004. 256 pages. \$30/softcover.

Michael Battle takes a unique approach to the relationship of Christian belief and peacemaking: that of it being a spiritual practice. This book is less a theological rationale or an apology for the way of peace than it is a look at how violence is the antithesis of Christian spirituality and that if we are to understand peacemaking we must see it as a personal spiritual discipline. At the same time, he also holds that spirituality is a communal activity and that "Peacemaking, the essence of building community, should always be at the heart of Christian spirituality."

Battle, an Anglican priest who was recently named associate dean of academic affairs and vice president of Virginia Theological Seminary (following his work as assistant professor of spirituality and African American church studies at Duke University's Divinity School), presents a lively, though somewhat academic at times, case for becoming "saints through practices of nonviolence."

—Brent Bill

J. Brent Bill attends Plainfield (Ind.) Meeting, and is the author of Holy Silence: The Gift of Quaker Spirituality.

## Silence and Witness: The Quaker Tradition

By Michael L. Birkel. Orbis Books, 2004. 164 pages. \$16/softcover.

Michael Birkel, who teaches at Earlham College in Richmond, Ind., has written a wise




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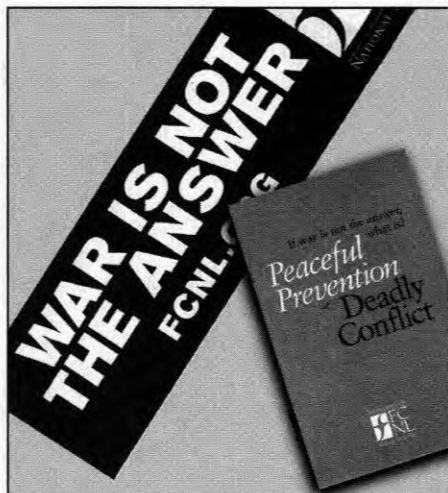
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**Chuck Fager, Director**

and insightful introduction to Quaker spirituality that covers silent worship, prayer, discernment, the testimonies, and inner growth. It's no easy task to cover the breadth of Friendly spirituality in one volume, but it's a task the author accomplishes with aplomb.

Highlights of the book are chapters two and six. Six is titled "The Facing Bench" and features the voices of weighty Friends addressing weighty topics. Rufus Jones and Dorothy White speak to the immediate presence of God, and Howard Brinton and Isaac Pennington address the experience of worship. Doing this perfectly illustrates the personal relationship between faith and practice in our Religious Society and how the life of the Spirit truly is experiential.

Chapter Two is on worship and is simply (in the best Quaker sense) stunning. Michael Birkel helps readers sense the power of God at work in communal worship—even in the annoyances. "What otherwise would be distractions can be woven into a prayerful frame of mind," he writes. "A baby's babbling moves one to joy and gratitude for newness of life. A neighbor's coughing inspires a prayer for her health. Gladly received, such sounds lose their potential to distract, so the task is to cultivate a disposition of grateful receptivity."

Michael Birkel's welcoming writing style is complimented by his obvious depth of knowledge on his theme. As a result, *Silence and Witness* invites its readers to practice, in Birkel's words, a "genuine hospitality that has characterized Christianity at its best."

—Brent Bill

**Whispers of Faith**

*Edited by W. Geoffrey Black, P. Zion Klos, Claire Reddy, Milam Smith, and Rachel Stacy. A project of QUIP, published jointly by Quaker Press of FGC and Quaker Books of Britain Yearly Meeting, 2005. 159 pages. \$12/softcover.*

This slender volume of contributions in poetry, prose, and photography from 46 young Friends seeks to represent answers to the query "What does Quakerism mean to me, in my heart?" Contributions are gathered in sections titled worship, Quaker testimonies, community, spiritual journeys, and walking on water (attempting the "impossible": living according to core Quaker beliefs in contemporary society).

Quakers Uniting in Publications encouraged this effort following its 2002 meeting in Greensboro, N.C., to offer a platform for young Friends to share their faith experiences more widely in a book written and edited by them. In large part, they have succeeded. All contributors to the volume are between the ages of 12 and 20. The book presents, un-

tered through older adult analysis, how teenage Friends articulate their faith and their understanding of Quakerism.

Certain commonalities emerge from this collection. The writers are comfortable with "God-talk," even if few display even a passing acquaintance with traditional Christian or theological language. Typical of their age group, they tend to express themselves as spiritual rather than conventionally religious. Quakerism is important to these Friends, and being in fellowship with others who share their values and commitments is a high priority. Many describe childhoods—even in Quaker homes and meetings—bereft of adult guidance in matters of religious belief. Catching Quakerism by osmosis and "making it up as they go along" seem to be the pattern, especially among unprogrammed Friends. A faint yearning for more than this can be detected.

Given the book's genesis in Greensboro, N.C., it is somewhat disappointing that the vast majority of contributors are from liberal, unprogrammed meetings (only one-fifth can be identified as coming from programmed or evangelical backgrounds). With a large and broadly diverse population of young Quakers in the city, at Guilford College, and throughout the state, a more evenly distributed spectrum of voices would seem to have been available. (I would recommend Betsy Blake's and Coleman Watts' excellent DVD *Can We All Be Friends?*—a representation of many young Quaker voices from Greensboro's FGC, FUM, EFI, and Conservative meetings.)

With that caveat, I certainly recommend this anthology, especially for those who feel there is a black hole sucking in Quaker youth. Be not discouraged. *Whispers of Faith* demonstrates that young Friends are still seeking, committed, vital—and ready to raise their voices.

—Max L. Carter

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

**The History of Thomas Ellwood, Written by Himself**

*Edited and introduced by Rosemary Moore. Altamira Press of Rowman & Littlefield, 2004. 227 pages. \$69/hardcover.*

Thomas Ellwood was a skilled writer with a light touch, a gift for turns of phrase, and a good eye for interesting anecdote.

His life furnished material enough, for sure: he came among Friends around 1659, and had his conviction tried by the persecutions of the next two decades. Convinced

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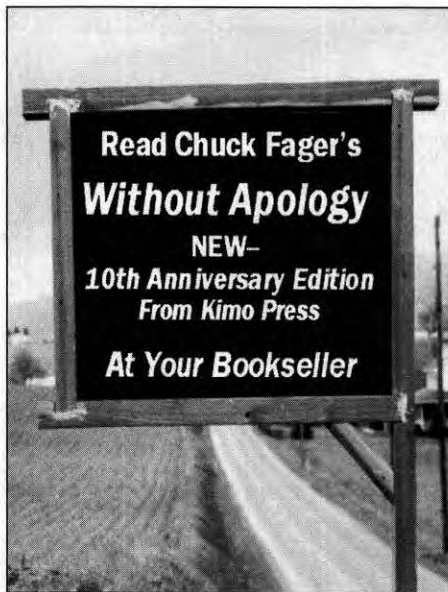
—Diego Perez Lopez  
 President of CIRSA Cooperative, Chiapas, Mexico



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 (Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685)

Publication title: Friends Journal, Publication number: 0016-1322  
 Filing date: October 1, 2005  
 Issued Frequency: Monthly, 12 issues  
 Annual subscription rate: \$35 per year  
 Known office of publication, general business office, publisher, and owner: Friends Publishing Corporation, 1216 Arch Street, 2A, Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835.  
 Publisher and Executive Editor: Susan Carson-Finnerty, 1216 Arch Street, 2A, Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835. No stockholders. No known bondholders, mortgagees, or other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities. The purpose, function, and nonprofit status of this organization and the exempt status for federal income tax purposes have not changed during the preceding 12 months.

Publication title: Friends Journal	Extent and nature of circulation:	
	Avg. no. copies 12 months	No. copies of single issues: Sept. 2005
Total No. Copies:	8321	8500
Paid/requested-county mail subscriptions stated on form 3541	6495	6314
Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, counter sales, and other non-USPS paid distribution	323	330
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Total paid and/or requested circulation	6997	6690
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Percent paid and/or requested circulation	87%	82%

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 Susan Carson-Finnerty, Publisher and Executive Editor

by his encounters with Friends at Isaac and Mary Penington's house, he had a protracted struggle with a disapproving father, which he recounts in lively detail. Eventually he takes refuge in the Peningtons' house, where he becomes fast friends with the whole family—including their daughter Gulielma.

The Peningtons were supportive through all Ellwood's times of trouble, and he was able to return the favor more than once. The friendship with Guli is a fascinating thread throughout *The History*, and though she was destined for another—William Penn—they remained close. Not long after his own marriage, Thomas accompanies Guli and others on a journey, and we are given a lively account of his shielding her—nonviolently but doughtily—from highwaymen. Later in life, Thomas is given a recess from a trial because in a severe illness Guli calls for his comfort, at a time when William was abroad in Pennsylvania. The appearance and disappearance of this friendship is woven with novelistic skill throughout Ellwood's recollection of his life.

Ellwood was jailed and tried several times during the period covered by this history, and his accounts of trials and of prison life are vivid and full of detail. He took some part in the pamphlet wars of the time, and although he was not a major Friends' advocate, people like Fox, Burrough, and Penington were glad of his company and collaboration. Many will be intrigued by his account of the turmoils and reconciliations surrounding the Perrot controversy, one of the periodic struggles between individual inspiration and the group's discernment that powerfully shaped Quakerism in its second period.

Ellwood was a good but careless scholar, and confesses that he lost almost all the learning he'd had as a boy, so that he avoided reading aloud lest he mispronounce some Latin phrase that he might perchance encounter. Later, when in young manhood he wished to recapture some of his learning, Penington arranged for him to act as amanuensis to the blind John Milton, who tutored him in return for his assistance. A few years later, Ellwood saw *Paradise Lost* in manuscript (loaned by Milton); he tells us that he suggested that Milton should write about Paradise found—and hence stimulated Milton to write the sequel, *Paradise Regained*.

Ellwood was himself a lifelong poet. His most important works, in his own mind, were book-length narratives, selections of which are not inviting; but he wrote much shorter verse as well. Rosemary Moore, whose editing is skilled and unobtrusive, says that he sometimes sent letters in verse to his friends, and includes a touching poem, which may have been written about Guli, recollected with

some warmth in later life.

The history stops with events around 1683; Ellwood lived until 1713. Moore provides a nice summary of Ellwood's life after the narrative ends. Thomas appeared rarely in ministry, but was very valued for his wisdom in meeting business. He seems to have been a gifted recording clerk and composer of epistles and such things, and to have been very effective in controversial situations. Moore suggests that he may have been the editor or at least chief collector of Isaac Penington's *Works*. This foreshadowed his later labors in editing Fox's *Journal* for publication. This version, still to be found in the eight-volume version of Fox's *Works*, has long been known to have been bowdlerized in important respects. Ellwood, either on his own or by direction of the Morning Meeting, improved Fox's very rough style. More seriously, however, he was concerned to remove things that might smack too much of Quakerism's most exuberant and untrammelled expression, including many of Fox's miracles. This was a time when Friends, grateful for tranquility after the storms of suffering they endured under Charles II and James II, were eager to be seen as among the "quiet in the land," and Fox's account was too lively to suit their temper at that time. Thus, Ellwood served his contemporaries as they hoped, but did not serve to make Fox's authentic accents heard as they could have been.

Of all the famous life stories of early Friends, Ellwood's stands out as being a history and autobiography of a rather modern kind, rather than a journal as that genre developed among Friends. Moore sums up the case for the book neatly: "There are many greater Quakers than Ellwood, but few more likeable." I encourage Friends to make the acquaintance of this engaging personality; his book is informative, for sure, but large stretches of it are just plain fun.

—Brian Drayton

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

## The Secret Colors of God

*By Nancy Thomas. Barclay Press, 2005. \$10/softcover.*

I took this book of poetry to read on a backpacking trip because it was small. I didn't expect to enjoy reviewing it, and I was wrong. These poems are not only replete with evocative images and original, commanding ways of presenting universal truths, but one of them even made me laugh aloud sitting cramped in a tent with rain pounding on its roof.

*Secret Colors* is a compilation of what

appear to be four of Nancy Thomas' former collections, and in it she proves herself to be an exciting poet. Some of her religious poems are perhaps a bit personal, but they may well be inspirational for some in a way they might not be were they not so personal.

Let her poems speak for themselves. Here's one about us, as Quakers:

### A Reasonable Request

*Don't bother us, God.  
We paid our dues three centuries ago  
with George Fox, Elizabeth Fry, James  
Naylor  
and all those martyrs.  
There's blood on our records  
if not on our limbs.  
We're exempt now not only from taxes  
but from forced labor in difficult places  
and all forms of suffering and/or persecution.  
We've become a strictly non-prophet  
organization.*

These last nine lines of a poem about tropical fish give the book its title:

*Sliding through the shallows  
I startle three yellow angels  
Whose synchronized and sudden escape  
In three-stooges-style  
Makes me laugh.  
A mouthful of salt water,  
Their revenge.  
Under the sea's surface  
I learn the secret colors of God.*

Or laugh with these lines from A Mouse Ate My Poem:

*It's morning now, but all I find are nibbled  
margins,  
a few Sanskrit footprints in the dust,  
and down on the carpet,  
barely visible, one small grey poop of a  
metaphor.*

Nancy Thomas thrills to the colors of God. I hope many JOURNAL readers will experience more of God's brilliance by giving her little book more than just a glance.

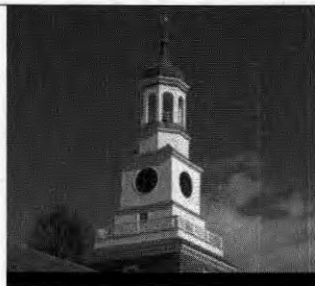
—Judith Brown

Judith Brown, the JOURNAL's poetry editor, is a member of Agate Passage Friends Worship Group in Bainbridge Island, Wash.

### Sarah: Mother of Nations

By Tammi J. Schneider. Continuum, 2004. 146 pages. \$24.95/hardcover.

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Hebrew, grab your grammar book and Hebrew Bible as well. Then brew a pot of coffee, and settle in. Tammi Schneider takes us deep into the wonderful story of Sarah's life and times, but oh my the details!

Schneider's book is written primarily for a scholarly audience, although a sufficiently motivated lay reader interested in Sarah could profit immensely by following along in Schneider's description and analysis. Her prose is clear, her exposition helpful, and her discussions of Hebrew grammar are to the point and perhaps fairly intelligible even to the uninitiated.

Everyone knows that the Bible is "androcentric"—primarily about males, written for males, from a male perspective. Readers often want to try to fill in the missing details about the women characters described so sketchily in the biblical text; women, particularly, may despair of gaining spiritual nourishment from a story that seems to think so little of us. The tremendous gift I found in Schneider's book is her fearless searching of the biblical text itself, teasing out the subtle riches embedded yet often invisible to us readers today.

There is no magic here. Schneider hasn't discovered some long-lost archaeological treasure or extrabiblical text. She works with the same raw material, the same Masoretic Hebrew text that biblical scholars have had all along. But she takes every sentence and sits with it, thinks about it, turns it this way and that, considering everything with an eye toward what it says of Sarah. And what seems almost magical is the way the character of Sarah emerges from Schneider's painstaking labors.

A couple of Schneider's techniques are worth a brief mention here. First, she does not refer to God, or G\_d, or YHWH, or Yahweh. She speaks of the biblical character usually called by one of these names as "the Israelite Deity" or just "the Deity." As she explains in an early footnote:

This is not done to insult the Divine but rather to protect people's personal relationship with the Divine. YHWH is the only character in Genesis with whom most modern readers have some sort of a personal relationship. As a result, God is the one character in the book whom people "know." It is much more difficult to gain a clear understanding of how this character functions in the book, especially in relationship with the other characters, when using this particular character's modern name (God). Using the term "the Deity" distances that specific character from our personal relationships and places the character on a footing more similar to the others in the book.

Schneider also does a masterful job of opening up a variety of interpretive possibilities. Without trivializing the importance of seeking answers, she helps the reader see the many places where there is simply no way to definitively choose among the available options. Equally important, she helps us see that the Bible doesn't necessarily portray figures like Abraham as moral paragons, despite what we might recall from childhood Bible stories or even what we might gather from parts of the Christian Scriptures.

Schneider's approach is literary and canonical, which means she is interested in the "final form" of the biblical text more than its hypothetical antecedents. She frequently names the interpretive possibility of "foreshadowing" which she means in a literary sense, taking the book of Genesis as a literary unity which is part of the larger literary unity of the canon. She also invites us to try on different starting and ending points for various stories, and to see for ourselves what difference the boundaries make.

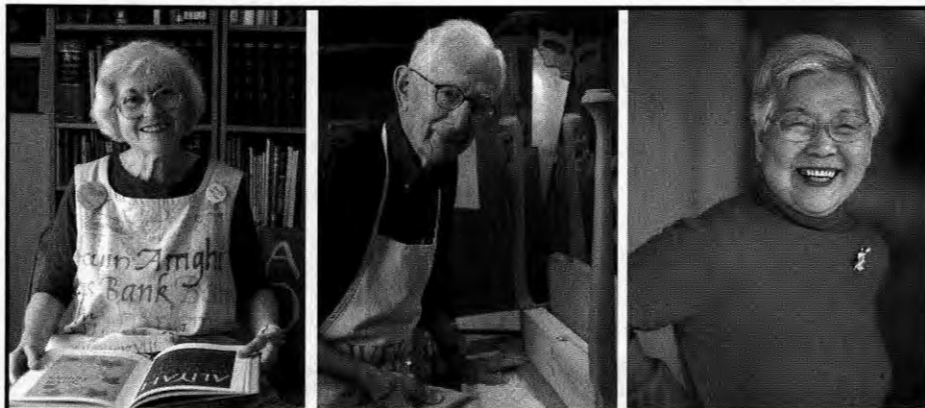
Perhaps the most important lesson of this book for Friends is the opportunity it affords to participate in a genuine, informed "close reading" of some important Hebrew Scriptural stories. Schneider ends up seeing Sarah (and Abraham) in quite a different light from most commentaries; however, I believe the journey is far more valuable for Friends than her specific conclusions. We need more practice reading closely and thinking deeply. As Schneider writes:

Despite thousands of years of scholarship on the Hebrew Bible, the text still fascinates and confounds most readers. The text provides enough information about the characters and their situations to draw the reader into the narrative, and yet provides enough gaps in the stories to leave the text open for numerous possibilities and interpretations. This volume is one more offering in the long tradition of engaging the text seriously, a task that hopefully will continue for the next few thousand years.

Bible study can offer Friends the same rich spiritual growth as engaging in (other) Quaker processes. Schneider's book is a worthy conversation partner in our sitting with the text as we sit with one another, "waiting on the Lord" and a fresh Word of the Spirit.

—Susan Jefferies

*Susan Jefferies, a member of Ann Arbor (Mich.) Meeting, is a graduate of Earlham with a master's degree in Biblical Studies.*



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## WITNESS

# Obtaining a U.S. Visa in Uganda

by Barbara Wybar

After the African Great Lakes Initiative (AGLI) summer workcamp in 2004, several of the workcampers from Germantown (Pa.) Meeting had invited my two dear African friends Hellen Kabuni and Teresa Walumoli to come to Philadelphia to become better acquainted with Quakers here and to help us raise more funds for the Children of Hope orphans' project. We worked hard on this endeavor and planned a busy schedule for them, only to find that the U.S. Embassy in Kampala had denied them visas twice, having taken the required \$100 fee per person each time. Stunned and disconsolate, we rallied our local politicians to support us. Their staffs were as helpful as they could be. With the help of Joseph MacNeal in Allyson Schwarz's office, Mary Faustino in Rick Santorum's office, advice from Ilona Grover in Chaka Fattah's office, and e-mails from Arlen Specter's office, we did get a response from the visa officer in Kampala. He quoted section 214 B of the immigration law and made no apologies for requiring all applicants to demonstrate to his satisfaction enough ties to the homeland that they would return to Uganda.

Inwardly, I raged at this decision and felt it was unfair and, in a word, racist. These women earned \$60 a month as schoolteachers, which was not considered enough of a tie to the homeland. The many children they would be leaving behind did not seem to be taken into account. My Quaker meeting wrote letters and I sent e-mails. Then I decided on a very personal approach.

Just before I was to return to Uganda this summer, I sent a passionate e-mail to the visa officer and asked to see him when I arrived in Kampala on July 6. I picked up his return e-mail in Addis Ababa on July 5. He would see me.

I arrived at the U.S. Embassy in Kampala feeling some distaste for this institution that had dealt such a blow to two such worthy and innocent Africans. It was a bit scary: armed guards, bulletproof glass, high walls, locked gates, electronic screening, lockers for cameras. When I was through all that, I was sent to another section of the embassy with more

*Barbara Wybar is a member of Germantown (Pa.) Meeting. She has been a work camper with AGLI for the past three summers in Bududa, Uganda.*



armed guards and more bulletproof glass. I was embarrassed that my being a U.S. citizen resulted in my getting special treatment.

In the end I did see the visa officer, and what a disappointment that was. He left me with very little hope that my friends would ever be admitted, despite the intervention of all four politicians' offices, a letter of support from my Quaker meeting of 400 strong, and a letter from the AGLI coordinator. It did not matter that they had 19 children, including orphans, between them to return to, or that, unlike most of the population, they had jobs. The fact that they were property owners was dismissed on the grounds that they were probably small four-room houses of little value. Equally, the visa officer took no interest in their personal bank accounts. In the end I asked, "What can we do to prove to you that these women will return?" As if to give me the tiniest shred of hope, he answered that perhaps if they can convince a visa officer of their devotion to the project they might be allowed a visa. That was it. I left.

On July 20, I returned to Kampala and the embassy with Hellen and Teresa. It was a six-hour journey by bus and we stayed overnight in Kampala in order to be at the embassy at 6:45 AM on July 21.

A few days before this visit I had traveled to the nearest big town, Mbale, to e-mail the visa officer, explaining in detail our project and why these women should be granted visas. My North American workcamp team made suggestions to improve the e-mail and were as supportive as they could be.

At 6:45 AM there was already a line of about 50 well-dressed but nervous Ugandans outside the embassy. The armed guards were there, but otherwise the embassy was closed. At about 7:25 AM the visa officer arrived, got out of his car before driving through the iron gates, and hurriedly stated that he would be seeing only 45 applicants, and no second-time applicants. There was a collective gasp from the line. I peeled off from the line and started the whole security rigmarole again: bulletproof glass, scanners, confiscated camera, etc. Hellen and Teresa lost their place in the line.

Eventually I got up to the next building and (thanks to being a U.S. citizen) saw the visa officer. Again he was dismissive: "Why should I see these women again? What news do they have to report?" I answered that I thought we could prove devotion to the cause, this worthy project, and I gave details. He agreed to see them.

I returned to the line with my African friends. Once again we were told we would not be admitted because they had their quota of 45. Once again I broke out of the line and pleaded for Hellen and Teresa. The personnel were always polite and helpful. They phoned

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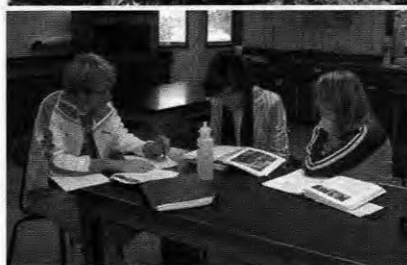
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through to the visa officer and after a short amount of time, Hellen and Teresa were allowed back in the line.

So we paid the nonrefundable \$100 for each woman and waited from 6:45 AM until 2:30 PM, with no food, only water. Hellen and Teresa were dreadfully frightened. They read their Bibles. I tried to reassure them, but they remained very quiet. As the hours passed, I began to get a bit nervous myself. I sat in the waiting room and watched and listened as each applicant was called to be interviewed. Almost all of them were denied visas. I could sense what each of them must be feeling. For a Ugandan to put up \$100, be denied a visa, and lose the money to the U.S. Embassy must be a terrible blow.

At 1 PM it was almost our turn. We were numbers 41 and 42. The visa officer, after finishing with number 38, drew the blinds and went to lunch. We sat and I doled out water, which Hellen and Teresa did not want. They sat quietly and with great dignity continued to read their Bibles.

At 1:45 PM the visa officer returned and saw two others before it was Hellen's turn. Hellen hardly had a voice, she was so nervous. She showed the bank statements for the project. That seemed to make him sit up and take notice. He asked difficult questions. Finally, he asked something that Hellen did not seem to be answering. I was quaking in my seat. The dear, compassionate, armed Ugandan guard who was stationed near the door, but between Hellen and me, silently indicated that I ought to go to the window and support Hellen. I hopped over to the guard to ask him if that would not be detrimental to her case. He pushed me over to the window. I found my nerve and spoke for Hellen. The questions continued, and in the end a visa was granted. The visa officer told me that my name would be on the visas and that if they did not return, I would be held responsible. Inwardly, I grinned. I should have thanked him, but at that point I just couldn't bring myself to do it. To me, the whole process had been unnecessary from the start. I did understand that he was just a functionary, trying to do a job under difficult circumstances. Teresa got her visa and we left the embassy.

We returned to our lovely village of Bududa late that night. As we sat in the matutu (the public bus/taxi) that would take us out of the chaos of Kampala, I asked Teresa how she was feeling. She said in her clipped Ugandan accent, with a big sweeping smile on her face, "I am perfect." Then I asked Hellen how she was feeling and she said, "I am the same."

I looked out on the vibrant African scene of the Taxi Park in Kampala and wondered what these women would think of North America when they arrived in October. □

## NEWS

Baltimore Yearly Meeting has begun its inter-visitation program to open dialogue with other yearly meetings. "In the season of a concern" regarding policies of Friends United Meeting on sexual diversity, "the broad purpose of this idea is to be truly present with each other," says Marcy Seitel, clerk of the ad hoc Inter-visitation Committee of Interim BYM, which set forth a statement of purpose and guidelines for the program that were approved by BYM in April. The first yearly meetings to be visited were New England and Indiana Yearly Meetings. One of the first monthly meeting visitations was scheduled for Winston-Salem (N.C.) Meeting in North Carolina Yearly Meeting. "We are aware of the concerns of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, and the inter-visitation program was discussed in our monthly meeting for business for worship; and monthly meeting was in agreement to be a part of the program," Judith Dancy, pastor of Winston-Salem Friends, said. Frank Massey, general secretary of BYM, said, "We are moving forward and expect to be at full throttle with the program next year." He also acknowledged, however, that division among monthly meetings in BYM over whether to withhold funds from FUM has not been resolved by the yearly meeting. The ad hoc Inter-visitation Committee report explains in its mission statement that the concern over sexuality and gender issues "has awakened us to the fragility of the relations among yearly meetings and monthly meetings of FUM. . . . We encourage, prepare, and support Friends to travel with the faith that we can listen, strengthen our relationships, offer care for each other, build our faith community, and lay a groundwork for discussions around sexual diversity and other issues as they arise. Our purpose is to strengthen the Religious Society of Friends in the hope of leading us toward a clear sense of what it means to know and live in the beloved community of Friends. The purpose of traveling is to share our life experiences and faith experience. We hope that this program will change peoples' hearts and their lives. We may find that we don't agree on some important things, but that we can live together." Invitations and suggestions from yearly meetings or monthly meetings are welcome. People will travel "in pairs or in larger numbers" on visitations. Those interested in traveling should first request a clearness committee with their own meeting and, if there is clearness, receive a traveling minute from the meeting. Next, there will be a meeting with members of the ad hoc committee for endorsement and for orientation about FUM meetings. After each visitation, those traveling will be asked to report to the ad hoc committee about how the visit went, the major concerns of the meeting visited, and what was accomplished



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by the visit. FUM's response to the intervisitation program by BYM appears in the "Viewpoints" section of the June 2005 issue of *Quaker Life*, which is published by FUM. Following a letter from a lesbian describing her experiences as a Quaker since her conviction 31 years ago, and how she is "deeply troubled" by the "FUM context" on sexual diversity, there is a note from Retha McCutchen, general secretary of FUM. The note cites a minute approved by the FUM General Board/Richmond in October 2004, and affirmed by the General Board/Africa in March 2005. The minute affirms, in part, "We take seriously the messages from Baltimore Yearly Meeting. We are greatly heartened by Baltimore Yearly Meeting's considerations and movements toward intervisitation between Baltimore Yearly Meeting and other yearly meetings. We would encourage all yearly meetings in Friends United Meeting to accept their visits and...to reciprocate. . . . There are many important issues causing concerns among Friends, gender issues being one of them. . . . It is only through seeking God's will together that we hope to find a place to stand. As Friends we seek to hear the totality of God's word." Retha McCutchen's note concludes with the statement that "*Quaker Life* will not be printing additional letters to the editor on this subject at this time as we allow personal conversations and intervisitations to build relationship and understanding."

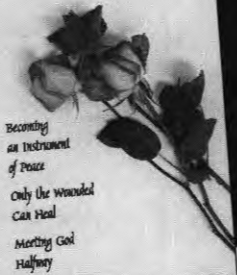
—From "Intervisitation Program of Baltimore Yearly Meeting," report by the ad hoc Intervisitation Committee of Interim BYM; telephone conversation with Frank Massey, general secretary of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, and Marcy Seitel, clerk of the ad hoc Intervisitation Committee; telephone conversation with Judith Dancy, pastor of Winston-Salem (N.C.) Meeting; and *Quaker Life*, June 2005

On September 2, three days before Hurricane Katrina hit the Gulf Coast, American Friends Service Committee made an initial \$1 million contribution to assist evacuees in Houston. AFSC staff have been in close contact with Quaker meetings and individual Friends in Baton Rouge, Lafayette, Houston, and other areas that were either affected by the storm or received evacuees. AFSC has stated that responding to this disaster will be a matter of years, not months; and that AFSC's mid- and longer-term response plans focus on vulnerable populations—poor and immigrant communities who were forced to remain in harm's way for lack of resources. AFSC is also addressing the larger systemic issues that contributed to making Hurricane Katrina so deadly. For relief work updates and ideas that can help you advocate for the hurricane survivors, visit [www.afsc.org/hurricane](http://www.afsc.org/hurricane) or write 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

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•December 2–4—Friends World Committee for Consultation's Europe and Middle East Section Peace and Service Consultation

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• The conference of Quaker Historians and Archivists will hold its 16th biennial conference at Guilford College, N.C., on June 23–25, 2006. The conference invites proposals for papers on any aspect of Quaker history. Send a one-page abstract and vita to Christopher Densmore at <cdensmo1@swarthmore.edu> or c/o Friends Historical Library, 500 College Ave., Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, PA 19081, by January 15, 2006. For more information call (610) 328-8499.



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## ■ MILESTONES

### Deaths

**Bell**—*Ruth Avis Bell*, 82, on January 20, 2005, in Pocatello, Idaho. Ruth was born on July 2, 1922, in Milford, Mass., the daughter of Albert Moorehouse and Lois Blanchard. She received her Bachelor's of Music from New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, and performed under many noted conductors, including Serge Koussevitzky and Boris Goldovsky. During World War II, when gas rationing prevented the Boston Symphony from performing at Tanglewood, Ruth was one of the student musicians hired by Koussevitzky to play there under his direction during the summer. This was unusual in an era when women were not even allowed to audition for major symphonies. Her mother, aunts, and grandmother were all serious musicians. An accomplished cellist, Ruth gave music lessons on cello and piano wherever the music of her life led her. She was an avid bird watcher, and anyone who hiked with her became aware of her wit and humor and enthusiasm for life. In 1944 Ruth married Harold Johnson, a Harvard medical student. They were married for 30 years and had five children. In 1974, after her divorce, Ruth moved to Tucson, joined the Tucson Symphony, and earned a Master's in Music at University of Arizona. In addition to the symphony, she played in the Croyden String Quartet, other chamber groups, and the Tucson Opera Orchestra. Her first attendance at Pima (Ariz.) Meeting was in the company of Art Bell, whom she later married in 1979. A free-spirited force of nature, Ruth is deeply missed. Her contributions to meeting were always with depth of spirit, generosity, and a commitment to the highest service. She served on several committees, co-clerked with Art, and was always available for Talent Nights at Intermountain Yearly Meeting. Her love of music is also reflected by her gift of a piano to Pima Meeting, a resource that has inspired a weekly singing group. Ruth was predeceased by her husband, Art Bell. She is survived by one son, Paul Johnson; four daughters, Dorothea Jensen, Carolyn Pollak, Martha Johnson, and Louisa Wise; and 15 grandchildren.

**Damon**—*Paul E. Damon*, 84, on April 14, 2005, in Tucson, Ariz. Born March 12, 1921, in Brooklawn, N.J., Paul received his bachelor's degree in 1943 from Bucknell University and served in the U.S. Navy during World War II. In 1949 he earned a master's degree from Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy, and was an assistant professor at University of Arkansas. In 1957 he received his doctorate from Columbia University and joined the faculty at University of Arizona. Paul was a geoscientist whose work helped make University of Arizona internationally famous for isotope geochemistry. His work covered subjects ranging from atmospheric evolution to paleoclimatology. In 1968 he and colleagues at University of Arizona dated the Shroud of Turin, a centuries-old linen cloth bearing the likeness of a crucified man, and later the Dead Sea Scrolls. Paul and his wife, Maty Janet, joined Pima (Ariz.) Meeting in 1971, after many years of involvement in the Presbyterian Church. An extraordinary individual who was so well loved in Mexico that he had been called "San Pablo" by residents near his study sites, he personified scholarly dedication to intellectual pursuits in methods never marked by narrowness. The author of over



200 scientific papers, Paul was the recipient of many awards, including a Fellow of the Geological Society of America and an honorary Doctor of Science degree from Bucknell University. Paul is survived by his wife of 58 years, Mary Janet (Jinx) Winter Damon; two sons, Timothy Winter and John Edward Damon; two grandsons, Edward Angus (Ned) and William George Damon; a sister, Lucille Damon Gallo; and nieces, Ellen Gallo Verdi and Bonnie Burchardt Corcetti.

**Edwards—J. Earle Edwards Jr.**, 89, on July 16, 2005, in Kennett Square, Pa. Earle was born on October 13, 1915, in Greenville, Pa., to Joseph Earle Edwards Sr., a liberal Baptist minister, and Carrie Allen Edwards. Because of his father's profession, the family moved frequently during his early years, residing in Connellsville, Pa.; Bloomfield, N.J.; and Taunton, Mass.; before settling in Queens Village, N.Y., in 1925. His father's social concerns influenced Earle's decision to devote his life to humanitarian causes. Earle joined the youth group at his father's church and became known for his strong convictions both at Jamaica High School, where he graduated in 1932, and at Swarthmore College, where he earned a degree in economics and political science in 1936. There he met Marjorie Van Deusen, whom he married upon her graduation in 1938. While Marjorie finished college, Earle's activities included studying at Union Theological Seminary for a year, working as a clerk in the Swarthmore Cooperative grocery store, and traveling across the country with American Friends Service Committee's Emergency Peace Campaign to show films about how to avoid war. Earle and Marjorie became Quakers, spent a year in Great Britain studying adult education, and then joined the staff of Scattergood Refugee Hostel in Iowa, which was endeavoring to teach World War II refugees the skills they needed to build new lives in the United States. After 19 months at Scattergood, Earle registered as a conscientious objector to war and enrolled in University of Chicago's School of Social Service Administration. After a term as a caseworker for United Charities of Chicago, he joined the staff of American Friends Service Committee as a fundraiser in Chicago in 1943. He was drafted in July 1944, and was assigned for his alternative service to a Civilian Public Service program operated by AFSC. As part of this work, he traveled around the country visiting places where conscientious objectors were working, helping to prepare 12,000 men for post-CPS studies or employment. After the war, Earle worked for American Friends Service Committee as head of its Chicago regional office. He left AFSC briefly to serve as general secretary of Friends General Conference in Philadelphia, and at that time his family—by then including four children—joined Swarthmore Meeting. In 1954, AFSC offered Earle a new position as coordinator of national and regional efforts in its head office in Philadelphia. His ability to relate to people helped him in that role, and as chief fundraiser, a position he held until his retirement in 1980. During those years, Earle also volunteered with race relations programs and housing desegregation efforts in the Swarthmore area, helped to raise funds for community projects, and was instrumental in converting an old house in Swarthmore into a temporary home for refugees. After he retired, Earle spent a year as acting director of devel-

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opment and alumni affairs at Westtown School in Westtown, Pa. Besides his professional life, Earle and Marjorie traveled often, both in the United States and around the world. Earle also spent time using his handyman skills to fix houses and upgrade the family's vacation home. He enjoyed cooking, gardening, and listening to classical music—avocations he and Marjorie continued after moving in 1989 to Crosslands, a Quaker retirement community in Kennett Square, Pa. Earle is survived by his wife of 67 years, Marjorie VanDeusen Edwards; two sons, David VanDeusen and Stephen Earle Edwards; two daughters, Barbara Edwards Banet and Janet Edwards Alexander; ten grandchildren; and eight great-grandchildren.

**Folwell**—*Robert Cook Folwell III*, 85, on January 10, 2005, in Wayne, Pa., of cancer. Bob was born on January 13, 1919, in Philadelphia, Pa., to Elizabeth Sellers Pennock and Robert Cook Folwell Jr., the oldest of three. Bob and his brothers attended Mullica Hill (N.J.) Meeting. When Robert was eight years old, his father, the owner-manager of fruit farms in Mullica Hill, N.J., died unexpectedly. The young boys helped their mother with the farms. Following graduation from Glassboro High School, Bob attended Westtown School for a year, which enabled him to attend Haverford College, where he majored in biology. He played on the cricket team and made friendships that lasted a lifetime. For four summers, he worked as a "camp boy" at Back Log Camp, a Quaker-run camp in the Adirondacks. He was a staunch pacifist when he graduated from Haverford in 1941. After Pearl Harbor, he felt that he had to serve his country and enlisted in 1942. Commissioned a second lieutenant in the U.S. Army Medical Administrative Corps, he was sent to the Far East as a battalion surgeon assistant, but worked in public information in the Philippines and Japan. Discharged in 1947, Bob was accepted into medical school but lacked the financial resources to attend. Instead, he went to work for a variety of peace and progressive causes. Bob was an organizer of the board of the Powelton Village Development Corporation, which renovated properties in an integrated residential community in West Philadelphia, where he lived. He organized and was the first executive director of the Philadelphia Chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, 1948-49. Elected Democratic committeeman in West Philadelphia, he campaigned for Mayor Richardson Dilworth during the reform years. Together with other Philadelphia Quakers, he opposed the loyalty oath during the McCarthy era, and organized large public forums at the Academy of Music during the outbreak of the Korean War. In 1959-60, he was a lobbyist for the Philadelphia Hospital Council, directing a state campaign to win state aid for indigents. In the 1950s, he worked as a public information officer for the Rohm & Haas chemical company. For the next two decades, he worked as a public information officer with several regional planning groups in the Tri-state area. Robert married Justine Arné. In 1961, they became the parents of Robert Arné Folwell, adopted at two weeks of age. Following a divorce, Robert married his second wife, Nancy Sennott, a social worker in the Philadelphia anti-poverty program. In 1980, they formed Folwell-Sennott Associates, consulting with small nonprofit social service agencies, hospitals, and Quaker organizations. From 1980 to 1995, Bob was

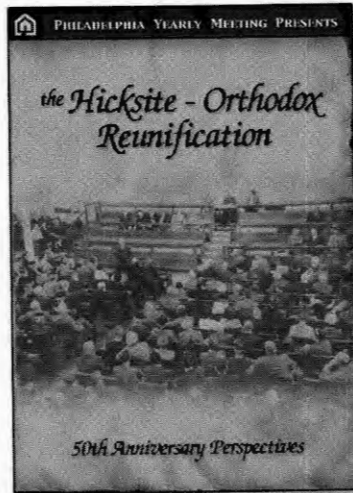
adjunct professor at Rowan University in Glassboro, N.J., teaching public relations, fundraising, and grants management. Over the years, he mentored many prospective fundraisers and was active in numerous professional activities. Bob served on the boards of numerous Quaker and community organizations. He was a founding member of the Philadelphia Chapter of World Future Society. Bob was an active member of Central Philadelphia Meeting until 1991. He was involved in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, serving on Representative/Interim Meeting as well as on several committees. Bob was widowed in 1988. He met his future wife, Kathleen Pokstefl, at Pendle Hill. They were married in 1991 under the care of Radnor and Central Philadelphia Meetings. Bob transferred his membership to Radnor at that time and the couple moved to Wayne, Pa. Both were deeply involved in the life of Radnor Meeting. He was proud that his "last fundraising hurrah" was as one of the leaders in a drive for a new annex. At age 85 and in a wheelchair, he proudly marched with Bryn Mawr Peace Coalition in the Memorial Day Parade. Bob is survived by his wife, Kathleen Folwell; one son, Robert Folwell; two grandchildren; and two brothers, Nathan and George Folwell.

**Reedy**—*Billie Lou Hurt Reedy*, 84, on March 7, 2005, in Newtown, Conn. Billie was born on April 9, 1920, in Indianapolis, Ind., the daughter of William Larkin Hurt and Mamie Bevins Hurt. Educated in Indianapolis and at Indiana University in Bloomington, she went on to a career in real estate. In Harvard, Mass., she was a real estate broker for 25 years, managing the office for six years. A member of State College (Pa.) Meeting since 1949, she was secretary of the Heart Association there. For the last two years of her life she was a resident of The Homesteads in Newtown, Conn. Billie is survived by her husband of 64 years, John H. Reedy; two daughters, Carolyn Benston and Judith Scott; two sons, Robert Larkin Hurt and John H. Reedy IV; two sisters, Gertrude Mehl and Bettye Jane Miller; a brother, Paul T. Hurt; five grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

**Smith**—*Paul Hugh (Happy) Smith*, 86, on March 5, 2005, in Tucson, Ariz. Paul was born on December 23, 1918, in Washington, D.C. His gentle manner and way of life belied the effects of a tragedy in 1930, when, at 12 years of age, he lost both his parents and his brother in a car accident. Seriously injured and the only survivor, Paul was raised by his older sister, Iantha, and her husband. Paul's brother had been called "Happy," and after the accident and for the rest of his life, the family called Paul "Happy Smith." On Christmas Eve of 1941 he married Virginia Craig. Paul graduated from Antioch College and University of Arizona, and did further research towards a PhD. He worked at Hughes Aircraft and had a career of over 30 years in education. Paul was dedicated to working for civil rights and nonviolence throughout his life. While living in Yellow Springs, Ohio, he was active in the civil rights issues of his own town, helping to integrate the public swimming pool and teachers in the schools. In 1995, after many years of dedicated attendance at Pima (Ariz.) Meeting, Paul decided to join. He served consistently on the Peace and Social Concerns Committee. He cared for toddlers and taught the meeting's youngsters how to paint and rake during work days. A long-

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time and active member of Fellowship of Reconciliation, he served on the Arizona area committee of American Friends Service Committee. His meeting will long remember the light that shone in and from Paul. In the meeting library is a 2002 video of Paul speaking about his life and spiritual journey. Paul is survived by three daughters, Peggi Ishman, Amy Dodd, and Paula Smith; his son, Jeffrey Smith; three grandchildren; and seven great-grandchildren.

**Taber**—*William P. Taber Jr.*, 77, on April 15, 2005, at his home near Barnesville, Ohio. Bill was born on October 29, 1927, to William P. and Sara Negus Taber in Cadiz, Ohio. Although his early Quaker experience was in Ohio Yearly Meeting (Conservative), when he was ten years old the family moved to Pittsburgh and became active in a meeting that would become a part of Lake Erie Yearly Meeting. Bill valued this experience that taught him early to move in a variety of Quaker worlds, while feeling that his spiritual home remained in Stillwater (Ohio) Meeting of Ohio Yearly Meeting, where he was a member for nearly all his life. He graduated from Olney Friends School and from William Penn College and did graduate work in English at University of Pittsburgh. As an 18-year-old non-registrant for Selective Service just after the close of World War II, Bill served a prison term at Sandstone, Minn. His first teaching position was at Olney Friends School, which he served for a total of 20 years, two of them as principal and six of them concurrent with his service as a Released Friend in Ohio Yearly Meeting. He also taught at Pennington Boys School in Pennington, N.J., and at Moses Brown School in Providence, R.I. In 1956, two weeks after his marriage to Frances Irene Smith, the couple were directing the New England Yearly Meeting children's camp in South China, Maine. In 1966, after spending a year doing research at Haverford College to complete his thesis on the history of Ohio Yearly Meeting, Bill received an MA degree in Religion from Earlham School of Religion. His thesis was later published by the yearly meeting as *The Eye of Faith*. He also wrote the history of Olney Friends School, "Be Gentle, Be Plain," and two widely used Pendle Hill pamphlets, *The Prophetic Stream* and *Four Doors to Meeting for Worship*. Bill was recorded as having a gift in vocal ministry in 1966. In 1977-78, during an interval in his Olney teaching, Bill served as Friend-in-Residence at Pendle Hill, where he and Fran moved in 1981, team-teaching Quakerism in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting's Quaker Studies Program, and where Bill taught Quaker Studies and Spirituality. He was often asked to speak or lead retreats in Friends meetings across the country, and as time went on Bill and Fran often worked together. Both at Pendle Hill and among varieties of Friends around the country, Bill's strength was in "translating," the word he used to describe how he would interpret the spiritual life in a way that could be heard by those to whom he spoke. In 1991 he presented a paper at a conference at Lancaster University in England held to commemorate the 300th anniversary of the death of George Fox. In 1994 Bill and Fran retired to their home near Barnesville, Ohio, where they were active in Stillwater Meeting and in the yearly meeting. They served as coordinators of the Friends Center, a new retreat and conference center that is an outreach of Ohio Yearly Meeting. As clerk of the board, Bill served a pivotal

role in making possible the transfer of Olney Friends School from the yearly meeting to an independent board organized by alumni and under the care of the Friends Council on Education. Bill's ministry in meeting for worship was characterized by encouraging Friends in their spiritual walk, and at times by a gift for speaking specifically to the

condition of an individual. He was clerk of the yearly meeting for Ministry and Oversight, and remained actively concerned for the life of his meeting throughout his own 14-month journey with cancer. Bill is survived by his wife, Frances Irene Taber; two daughters, Anne Marie and Debora Hope Taber; and five grandchildren.

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**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 Sought

**Quaker and recent graduate of the Harvard Real Estate Development Masters program** seeks a challenging position working on well-intentioned development projects of any type (residential, educational, commercial, etc.). Location is flexible. Please contact John Chamberlain at: <JRBC@post.harvard.edu>, (863) 763-4063 (home), or (617) 721-7446 (cell) for more information.

## Positions Vacant

**Conference Coordinator, Friends General Conference** for Annual Gathering of Friends. Works with several committees, many volunteers, and university staff, requiring some weekend work, travel. Manages \$1 million budget; supervises two regular plus seasonal staff. Administers complex operations and logistics, solves problems, manages crises, consults extensively with volunteer leadership. Should be active in Friends meeting. Send resumé to General Secretary, FGC, 1216 Arch Street, 2B, Philadelphia, PA 19107, or <bruceb@fgcquaker.org>. Deadline 1/20/06.

**The Monteverde Friends School**, Monteverde, Costa Rica, seeks a director to begin July 2006 or earlier. For details visit <www.mfschool.org>.

**Santa Fe Friends Meeting.** Resident Friend(s) to live in garden cottage on historic meetinghouse grounds beginning September 1, 2006. Resident performs basic caretaking in exchange for free rooms and utilities. Inquiries for information packet and application to Susan Robinson, 207 Irvine Street, Santa Fe, NM 87501. E-mail: <Subert2@netzero.net>. Applications due January 1, 2006.

**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?

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**Monteverde Friends School** seeks director, pre-K-12 teachers and volunteers. School year begins in August 2006. MFS is an English-dominant, bilingual school with multi-graded classes in Costa Rica's rural mountains. While salaries are low, the experience is rich. Simple housing included for teachers. Application deadline February 15, 2006 or until position filled, volunteers any month. Contact Tim Curtis, Monteverde Friends School, Monteverde 5655, Puntarenas, Costa Rica. Tel/fax +011 (506) 645-5302. E-mail <mfsteach@racsca.co.cr>. Visit <www.mfschool.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

**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>.

**Blueberry Cottage** on organic lavender, blueberry, and dairy goat farm in the mountains of N. Carolina. Pond, mountain views, protected river. Sleeps 8+. Family farm visit or romantic getaway. Near Celo Friends Meeting. By week or day. <www.mountainfarm.net> or (866) 212-2100.

**Italy.** Ideal location in the woods on an Umbrian hillside, for writers, artists, musicians, or families. Modern cottage in traditional stone: large living room, kitchen/dining room, one bathroom, three bedrooms (sleeps maximum 6). Non-smoking. Weekly or monthly. Contact: Allison Jablonko. Email <jablonko@tin.it>.

**Bald Head Island, N.C.** Panoramic view of ocean, dunes, lagoon, and golf course from four-bedroom, two-bath-room, beautifully furnished house with wraparound deck, two electric golf carts. 14 miles of beach, championship golf, tennis, croquet, swimming, and fishing. 13,000 acres of maritime wilderness. Many birds and wildflowers. No cars on island. Peaceful, friendly. Rental by day or week. (215) 699-9186.

**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.

**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.

**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)318-0383, or Joe Nicholson, (502) 894-9720.

## Retirement Living

**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.

**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>.

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

# 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>.



## 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>.



**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>.

## Schools



William Penn University provides a quality liberal arts curriculum with a leadership focus, dedicated faculty, a diverse student body, and a friendly campus. Located in Oskaloosa, Iowa. (800) 779-7366. <www.wmpenn.edu>.

**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.



## EARLHAM SCHOOL of RELIGION

**Plan for an ESR Access Intensive Course January 2-13, 2006!** *Exegesis of Hebrew Narrative; Christian Reconciliation: Conflict Resolution in Church and World; Christian Ethics; and Quaker Beliefs.*

Courses are given in Richmond, IN; Greensboro, NC; Pasadena, CA; and Marshalltown, IA when numbers of students allow. For further information contact Sue Axtell, at <axtellsu@earlham.edu> or (800) 432-1377.

**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.unitedfriendschool.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.

**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

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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.

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

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## 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.

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**Make friends, make music: FRIENDS MUSIC CAMP at Olney.** Grow musically in a caring Quaker community. Ages 10-18. Brochure, camp video: FMC, PO Box 427, Yellow Springs, OH 45387. (937) 767-1311. <musicfmc@yahoo.com>.

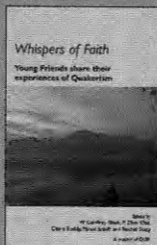
## Summer Rentals

**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 14225; (716) 836-8698.

# QuakerBooks

of Friends General Conference

New from QuakerBooks of FGC!



*Whispers of Faith: Young Friends share their experiences of Quakerism*

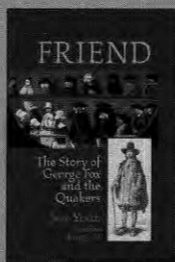
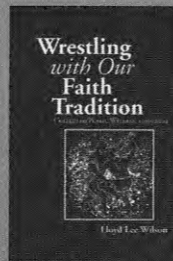
edited by W. Geoffrey Black, P. Zion Klos, Claire Reddy, Milam Smith, and Rachel Stacy

Quaker Press of FGC/Britain Yearly Meeting in cooperation with QUIP, 2005, 168 pp., paperback \$12.00

*Wrestling with our Faith Tradition: Collected Public Witness, 1995–2004*

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by Jane Yolen, foreword by Larry Ingle

Quaker Press of FGC, 2005, 192 pp., paperback \$13.95

*No Extraordinary Power: Prayer, Stillness and Activism*  
2005 Swarthmore Lecture

by Helen Steven

Britain Yearly Meeting, 2005, 111 pp., paperback \$20.00



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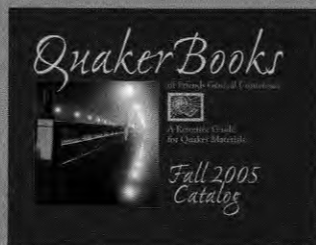
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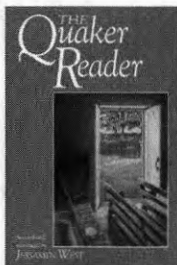


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# Gifts from Pendle Hill

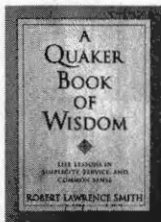
## New edition of a popular Pendle Hill Publication



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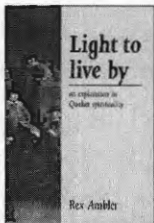
Includes extracts from the writings of Margaret Fell, George Fox, William Penn and many other faithful members of the Religious Society of Friends. **\$21.00**

## Popular Books from Our Bookstore



### A Quaker Book of Wisdom *Life Lessons in Simplicity, Service and Common Sense* Robert Lawrence Smith

Inspired by nine generations of Quaker forebears, Smith speaks to all of us seeking a simpler, more meaningful life. He explores ways to guide personal choices, live and speak truthfully, and listen for and act on our conscience. **Quill, \$12.00**



### Light to Live By *An Exploration in Quaker Spirituality* Rex Ambler

British Friend Rex Ambler tells of his development and use of a personal practice of meditation which he discovered in early Friends. **Quaker Books, \$10.00**



### Finding One's Way with Clay Paulus Berensohn

This 25th anniversary edition by a beloved Pendle Hill workshop leader offers help and inspiration for those who work with clay. **Biscuit Books \$26.50**



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