The Wounding and Healing of the Human Spirit

Liberal Quaker Journal Publishing to 1955

Not Another Holiday Letter
Christmas Reflections

My husband is fond of kidding me about how crammed my dresser drawers always seem to be. In fact, they may be symptomatic. I lead a jam-packed life. Between job, family, meeting, community service, friends, personal pursuits, and self-care, it’s always a balancing act. I often feel that optional, but not unimportant, things on the home front get short-changed. Stress is a constant companion, one with which I’ve worked out a reasonable relationship. Good diet, regular exercise, spiritual practice, attention to aches and pains, no alcohol or tobacco—and stress stays at a manageable level, permitting me (so far) to keep that jam-packed schedule. But at what price?

Recently, an over-65 colleague commented on how rapidly time is going by these days. His comment prompted me to reflect on this common phenomenon, the “speeding up” of time as we grow older. Perhaps our lives become increasingly like my dresser drawers—full of utilitarian, important, or precious activities with which we feel we cannot part—and consequently we are denied the simplicity of fewer demands, fewer obligations, and a more focused perspective on our days. It may well be that there are things in there that we easily enough can do without, if only we take the time to investigate the full contents we’ve assembled.

The holiday season is a good time to reflect on cumber—material and circumstantial—and its cumulative effect upon us. Many of us feel great pressure at this time of the year to do more than is truly comfortable for us, to add more to our load of obligations. If these comments strike a chord for you, I invite you to have a look at Henry Cadbury’s “Christmas—Every Day or Never?” (p.26), an archival reprint in which this venerable Friend reflects on the practice of earlier Friends in relation to the celebration of Christmas. There is good sense to be found there, although I admit I do enjoy some of the festivities earlier Friends surely would have frowned upon. For a more contemporary approach, read the insights of Sean Crane in “Not Another Holiday Letter” (p.18) or “Christmas Light” by Eleanor Wright (p.24), as each shares recent Christmas experiences and the spiritual insights they gained. They lead me to reflect that unpacking overstuffed drawers can leave space for the Spirit to fill with wonder. One does have to make the space.

This year has seen phenomenal destruction wrought by a tsunami, major hurricanes, and earthquakes. The images of total devastation we have seen these past 12 months, both here and abroad, gave us an opportunity to reflect on how fragile and fleeting life can be—and upon what is of true value and cannot be replaced. Our lives do not depend on those things that jam our drawers—not our appointment books. But surely they do depend on the kindness, charity, generosity, and love we give and receive.

Jesus arrived here in the humbleness of circumstances, with just those things that matter the most: a roof over his head to shelter him; the warmth, comfort, and protection of his parents; and the kindness of strangers to succor him and his family. We do him—and that vast majority of humanity who live in humble circumstances everywhere—a disservice when we make our lives unnecessarily complex or encumbered. Might our gift this year to ourselves and others be to open up a space that Spirit can fill? But most certainly not in our dresser drawers!
FEATURES

6 The Wounding and Healing of the Human Spirit
Daniel Gottlieb
A family therapist and radio talk show host, Dan spoke at Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Sessions this year.

10 Tree Trust
Alicia Adams
During her very difficult early years, trees offered more than inspiration.

14 Liberal Quaker Journal Publishing to 1955
Thomas D. Hamm
A historian chronicles the stories of several publications, including FRIENDS JOURNAL’s two predecessors.

18 Not Another Holiday Letter
Sean M. Crane
The author writes about his friendship with blind blues musician Jerry Burruss.

21 The Father
Florence E. Taylor
Joseph may have inspired Jesus in envisioning God as a father.

POETRY

12 Our Afghansists
Katherine Prince

13 News of the War, October 2004
Joanne Rocky Delaplaine

twelfth month
Pamela Mackey

Rally for Peace
Maura K. Leahy

DEPARTMENTS

2 Among Friends
4 Forum
24 Life in the Meeting
Christmas light
26 Quaker History
Christmas—every day or never?
28 Epistle
World Gathering of Young Friends 2005
29 Books
A Young Friends’ bookshelf
36 News
Bulletin Board
41 Milestones
43 Classified
46 Meetings

Cover photo by Sam Sargent
A unique educational experience

Last spring there was an article on The Meeting School by Shoshanna Brady ("Finding Home in The Meeting School," FJ April). She described the present TMS very well.

My class was 1965. Founded in 1957, the school was still in a new stage. All that was new is now mainstream in private schools. TMS remains unique in some ways.

Please continue to update TMS, a school that has made a difference in many Quaker and non-Quaker lives.

Lincoln Cory
Vienna, Va.

Correction to letter

In the letter, "Noam Chomsky’s disagreement with Quakers" (Forum, FJ May), it seems the details of the letter’s first paragraph were not completely researched.

The New Yorker study in question reviewed citations in the social sciences alone, not "cited sources of all times." And the Bible did not even shake out as the number one source. The New Yorker list was, instead: Marx, Lenin, Shakespeare, Aristotle, Bible, Plato, Freud, Chomsky, Hegel, Cicero. The Bible was fifth.

David Myers
Sayville, N.Y.

Bring back the Quaker sweat lodge to FGC

We are a group of Adult Young Friends writing to bring to your attention a serious problem in the Friends General Conference. For over 13 successful years, the Quaker sweat lodge was abruptly canceled. We want it back next year.

The Quaker sweat lodge is a powerful and transcendent experience of worship, community, and connection to the Earth. We build a shelter, fill it with steam and heat, enter with a prayerful spirit, and spend as much as two hours chanting, singing, and praying. Over the years several hundred young Friends and adults have participated; and for many it has had a profound, life-changing, and positive spiritual impact.

The Quaker sweat lodge has roots in Native American and other cultural sweat traditions, but has become an authentic Quaker spiritual experience. The Quaker sweat lodge is led by George Price, and grew out of his training with Native American teachers. George was led to bring it to the gathering beginning in 1989 and was encouraged to do so by his teachers, provided that he make it clear (which he does every time) that it is not a Native American ceremony.

In 2004, the sweat lodge was abruptly cancelled after a single Native American accused it of being "a flagrant example of racism" and "cultural appropriation." There was no evidence presented to support these allegations, and the cancellation decision was made with extreme haste. We believe that both the process and decision were flawed.

After much consideration of these accusations we do not believe that the Quaker sweat is racist or exploitative. We are sensitive to the concerns that have been raised, and are open to dialogue and further adaptation of the experience if needed to promote better understanding. We find the Quaker sweat lodge to be an authentic, culturally respectful, and thoroughly Quaker experience. Its cancellation has caused a great deal of pain and spiritual loss to many Friends. We have heard of many who have not returned to the Gathering because of the cancellation.

We hope that many other Friends will inform themselves of this problem and bring the Quaker sweat lodge back to the Gathering. The Quaker sweat lodge is an important piece of our spiritual future, and the future of the FGC Gathering.

—Krista McKinnon (Hillsborough, N.C.),
Lisa Peterson (Mechanicsburg, Pa.),
Ben Stetel (Stevens Point, Wis.),
Tom Dix (Oak Park, Ill.),
Alana Riemermann (Minneapolis, Minn.),
Coleman Frick (Ann Arbor, Mich.),
Alice Jacoby (Des Moines, Iowa),
Ed Watisman (Ann Arbor, Mich.),
W.R. Jamison (Phoenix, Md.),
Paul Fowler (Wichita, Kans.),
Asa Fager (Seattle, Wash.),
Russell Rick (Washington, D.C.),
Andrew Barker (Durham, N.C.),
Tim Shea (Brooklyn, N.Y.).

Note: During fact-checking of this letter, Bruce Birchard, general secretary of FGC, wrote to us that the "single Native American" who challenged the sweat lodge at the Gathering was Alice Lopez, who is a member of the tribal council for the Mashpee Wampanoag and who (as became clear when Jean-Marie Prestidge Barch and I visited the Mashpee Wampanoag at their tribal council headquarters in Mashpee, Mass.) clearly speaks for, and with the support of the tribal council." —Eds.

A too hasty decision

I want to alert Friends within Friends General Conference to what I feel to be an injustice done to those who support the Quaker Sweat Lodge. I ask Friends to make individual requests to the Long Range Planning Committee (LRCP) to reopen the subject and to follow Quaker practice.

In the spring of 2004, the LRCP abruptly cancelled the Quaker Sweat Lodge workshop planned for the Amherst Gathering. The three workshop coordinators were told by the LRCP not to submit a workshop proposal for the following Gathering, which was just held in Blacksburg, Va.

As many may know, George Price started the Quaker Sweat Lodge almost two decades ago as an adjunct to the High School Program at the Gathering. Over time, the event developed into what I believe is an authentic expression of Quaker spirituality. Recently it had been added as a workshop, which was held at the Gathering three times before its cancellation. (For full disclosure, I should add that one of the workshop leaders was Cullen Carns-Hilliker, my only offspring.)

I feel that the cancellation of the Quaker Sweat Lodge was not done after the manner of Friends, I want to ask the LRCP to reopen its consideration, for three reasons. The initial decision was made, not in the manner of Friends, in only a few days. It did not adequately consult the people most involved with the Quaker Sweat Lodge. The decision was followed up by some "listening sessions" which do not seem to have resulted in peaceful management of this conflict. As Friends, we all need to wait together, centered in the Spirit, over enough time to give us true guidance in this matter.

The assertion is that the Quaker Sweat Lodge is "racist" and an example of "cultural appropriation." Although the Quaker Sweat Lodge has roots in Native American spirituality, since George Price was trained, and specifically asked to perpetuate it, by Native Americans, it has explicitly not been presented as a Native American ceremony. Its evolution into a uniquely Quaker spiritual experience has involved, for example, the inclusion of menstruating women. Over time, some parts of the original ceremony have been changed, as Friends felt through continuing revelation that some parts were less consistent with Quaker values. I feel strongly that when we allow the charge of racism to guilt-trip us into making a decision, we are not following the leading of the Spirit.

December 2005 FRIENDS JOURNAL
This year, when I attended the Gathering, for its second year without the Quaker Sweat Lodge, I did so with an awareness of the Friends we have driven away by this decision. My own son, as well as the other two co-leaders of the Quaker Sweat Lodge workshops, did not attend. Cullen says he may never come back again. Many spiritually grounded young people have taken deep offense at the manner of this decision and have not been to the Gathering since. I am also aware of several older individuals who have made the same decision. For those of us who remain active in other aspects of FGC Gathering, this issue has been a source of deep pain and alienation.

—Janet Lee Hilliker
Milwaukee, Wis.

Note: In regard to the statements in this letter: "The initial decision was made, not in the manner of Friends, in only a few days. It did not adequately consult the people most involved with the Quaker Sweat Lodge." Bruce Birchard responded: "In fact, as soon as we received the letter from Alice Lopes, George Price, Cullen Carsey-Hilliker, and Breece Luecke-Stahliman were each notified and invited to respond to the letter from Alice Lopes, either in writing or by attending the meeting of Long Range Conference Planning (which was scheduled to take place three days later) to respond in person. None of them was able to attend the meeting, but George wrote a letter that was read to the committee." —Eds.

Thanks for the commemorative issue

I have been immersed for a month in the July issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL. It has been difficult to lay the issue aside even for a moment. Reflecting commitment to a strong editorial vision, the issue speaks to "Quaker Thought and Life Today" in commemorating 50 years of FRIENDS JOURNAL with historical data and spiritual insights. The result in the commemorative issue is an independent, unifying voice that speaks of the experience, witness and faith of the Religious Society of Friends.

There, among all that I appreciate in the issue, is the concise history of FRIENDS JOURNAL in the Friends Publishing Corporation’s Timeline. Articles by James Lenhart and Larry Miller recall the early years and subsequent growth and influence of FRIENDS JOURNAL. Articles by editors Susan Corson-Finnerty and Bob Dockhorn explain current editorial policies and procedures guiding FRIENDS JOURNAL. Paul Landskroener in his article then looks to the future for FRIENDS JOURNAL.

"Reading 50 years of FRIENDS JOURNAL," by Thomas D. Hamm. "FRIENDS JOURNAL," he writes, "is the logical end of the Quaker insistence on intellectual and spiritual independence... its existence is, of course, a reflection of one of the great achievements of 20th-century Friends, the reunion of the two Philadelphia Yearly Meetings in 1955." I underlined these, and other passages, in Thomas Hamm’s account of 50 years reading the JOURNAL.

Meanwhile, there are the articles by those who describe what FRIENDS JOURNAL has meant to them personally in their faith journeys. (Thanks for the space you gave to my comments about the JOURNAL.) The photographs and brief biographies of the editorial and business staff, interns, volunteers, and board members deepen the personal relationships with FRIENDS JOURNAL.

Finally, what I consider to be further evidence of a strong editorial vision is the inclusion in this issue of the Viewpoint article, "Looking for the bridge builders," by Gladys Tiffany, and the letter, "A renewal of vocal ministry," by Dwight Harriman, both of which speak to concerns of faith, experience and unity among Friends.

Thanks to all for this commemorative 50th anniversary issue. On entry into its second half-century, FRIENDS JOURNAL remains a strong witness and encourager of Quaker life and thought today.

Robert Marks
Bowling Green, Ohio

Henry Cadbury’s tuxedo

First let me say how much I appreciate FRIENDS JOURNAL every month. It comes and deepens my spiritual growth, enriches me, helps me to have hope for the U.S., and cheers me up when the articles resonate with how I am thinking at the time. Half of my family comes from or lives in the U.S., so I weep with people there when others create problems there. I hold Friends in the U.S. in the Light as they struggle with all sorts of things.

The purpose of this letter is to add a bit to the story of Henry Cadbury and the tuxedo he needed for accepting the Nobel Peace Prize in 1947 ("Reflections of a Former Editor" by James D. Lenhart, FJ July). The reason there were so many tuxedos from which to choose was because they were being collected to send to the (I think) Vienna Orchestra. The orchestra had to wait for their tuxedos until Henry Cadbury accepted the Peace Prize. I heard this story years ago and hope it is not apocryphal.

Alison Burnley
Edinburgh, Scotland

Ahimsa again

I very much enjoyed reading the article about the Ahimsa commune ("Ahimsa: Training for Nonviolence during World War II," by Margaret Hope Bacon, FJ August). In her introduction, the author says that she "doesn't hear much about communes" from her grandchildren, who are now presumably young adults. I wanted to let her and others know that communes, and their perhaps-more-respectable cousins currently known as "intentional communities," are alive and thriving today.

The Fellowship for Intentional Community is a networking group of almost 1,000 such groups. They are about to publish the 5th edition of the Communities Directory, and they offer an extensive webpage at <www.ic.org>. The Directory and website provide information about communities of all stripes: spiritual, secular, rural, urban, from small groups to villages of over 100 people, and they include communities of Friends. Actual communes that share resources and income are much rarer but we're still here; the commune where I live is part of the Federation of Egalitarian Communities, whose members hold nonviolence as a primary value. Information about us can be found at <www.thefec.org>.

Thank you again for printing information about people putting their values into action.

Valerie Renwick-Porter

The commitment comes first

The epistle of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting called "Session on Climate Change," which you reprinted in your October issue, may represent a milestone in the evolution of our Religious Society. For if I'm not mistaken, this is the first time that the gathered members of any Friends yearly meeting have consciously and deliberately committed themselves to develop both a collective public witness and a concrete corporate self-discipline vis-à-vis any specific major environmental challenge.

Continued on page 43
I want to tell you a bit about who I am. I'm a person. I breathe. Sometimes in the middle of the night, when everything is dark, death feels near. I fear. I wish. Sometimes I pretend to be strong and smart when I don't feel it.

The Wounding and Healing of the Human Spirit

by Daniel Gottlieb

I feel joy. I feel reverence. I feel terror. I struggle with faith. I pray for those I love. I have done things about which I feel great shame and regret. I laugh often, and I cry often. I hate. I love, make love, fear love, want love. I long to be understood—but dare I share everything?

Sometimes when I'm tired—almost too tired—I can't sleep. I want more food for the world and less suffering. I feel confusion, sadness, gratitude, and awe. I live; I am a person; I long for safety and happiness. I'm also a white, liberal, Jewish, widowed, crippled orphan. I'm a psychologist, father, grandfather, radio host—but those are just details; they come and go.

To me, to talk about the soul is to address matters of the Spirit and the Divine. I don't think we can face our divinity until we face our humanity—and maybe they're both the same. For 25 years now, I've been wondering and exploring what it means to be human. Twenty-five years ago, I had my accident and became a quadriplegic. Everything changed then. People looked at me differently, they spoke to me differently. Even my loved ones treated me differently as I could hear their voice go up a half a decibel. I could feel their anxiety in my presence. So I wondered, what does it mean to be human? Was I human? After all, I couldn't survive without a wheelchair, drugs, nurses. Does a human need to walk—is that part of the definition? To dance? To stand up for one's beliefs? Does a human need to be independent, strong? Does a human need to be powerful to be all that one can be? What does it mean to be human in a world that says, as a car commercial I heard on the radio said, "Good enough is no longer good enough." What does it mean to be human in that world—in a world where average has become a four-letter word? So, what does it mean to be human? I think each of us has to answer that for ourselves.

I'll tell you some of my answers. To be human is to live with paradoxes. We long to belong, to be a part of, and yet we need to be unique. We need to be fully understood by others. As I say frequently, the hunger to be known exceeds the hunger to be loved. More important even than love, we need to be fully understood by others, yet dare we ever fully open up to someone else? Dare we do it to ourselves? Love is necessary, and it's terrifying. Hatred is destructive, yet it is a part of our fiber. What does it mean to be human? It
Talmud says, "with-I don't know who-my God, Abbot said.

"Okay, I'll live with it, but give me hope that one day I won't be so sick." That's what it means to be human. Being alive means that one day we'll die. Being human means we know we will die. What we do with that knowledge changes everything.

My buddy and his wife just had a baby, and they also have a four-year-old son. The little boy insisted on spending time alone with his new brother. They didn't know if he wanted to use his little brother for a speed bump—you don't know those little minds, they can be scary. But they did what parents do. They gave in and they peeked through the door as they let their four-year-old son go into the nursery and run up to his brother's crib. He looked through the slats in the crib, and he said to his brother, "Quick, tell me what the angels look like, I'm starting to forget." This story is true at every level. We're born knowing what the angels look like, and by four, we start to forget. There's a wonderful little parable a rabbi told me, that before infants are born, God imbues them with all the wisdom they need to get through life, to solve all their problems, and to answer the difficult questions. Then God says to the child: "It's a secret." This dent under our noses is God's fingerprint. Sweet story, huh?

At the core of our humanity, we know the angels. We have the ability to love, to show empathy and compassion. The poets tell us that the essence in this country that we can live without compassion, that we can judge people in a millisecond, even harm them? We all do it. I was driving before the November 2004 elections, when anxiety was sky-high and there was more divisiveness in this country than I can ever remember there being. I was behind a car or truck with a National Rifle Association sticker on it. I could have told you in 15 seconds all about that driver. Not only about how he was going to vote, but how...
How can we do that? How can we live in a world where we're so quick to judge people, to harm them? We grew from the children who knew the angels, to adults who know how to hate, hurt, and judge. We grow to adults who, out of fear, turn a blind eye to their own insecurity and vulnerability, let alone that of others. We who know how to hate, hurt, and judge. Almost all human behavior is motivated by vulnerability, let alone that of others. We kill. We saw my wheelchair, not my humanity. I can no longer hear that quiet voice in our souls. Most of our lives are about the same things—diminishing suffering, finding happiness and peace, and having the ability to give and receive love. I think if we all think about it, that's what our lives are about. Here and now, in every home, and everywhere—that's what lives are about. Here's an example: Several years ago, I was sitting in a hospital lobby, waiting to meet a colleague. I had a case on my lap and a cup of coffee on my case, and a woman walked by and put a dollar in my mug. Then she tried to get her dollar back, would you believe? So, I learned two lessons. One is, as long as I've got my mug I can make a living. And the other is, people don’t look at people in the eyes. She saw my wheelchair, not my humanity. I didn't see hers, either.

We go by street people, and we don't look at them. It's funny—when a street person sees me, we nod at each other. It's like we know something or we're in a club that we work too hard. We ignore our physical, emotional, and spiritual needs too much. We reflect too little, we consume too much of our world, and our children get wounded in the process. A recent study found that the rate of depression in affluent communities is double that of the inner city. Anxiety rates in girls are triple.

How many of us have done dangerous or self-destructive things in our lives to avoid the pain of feeling alienated or insecure? How many of us have lied or manipulated someone in some setting so we wouldn't be alone, so we wouldn't be judged? We can't talk about healing the soul without talking about wounding it. I think there are two kinds of wounds: major traumas (death, disability, illness, loss), and everyday wounds. And frankly, I'm more concerned about the everyday ones.

Here's an example: Several years ago, I was sitting in a hospital lobby, waiting to meet a colleague. I had a case on my lap and a cup of coffee on my case, and a woman walked by and put a dollar in my mug. Then she tried to get her dollar back, would you believe? So, I learned two lessons. One is, as long as I've got my mug I can make a living. And the other is, people don't look at people in the eyes. She saw my wheelchair, not my humanity. I didn't see hers, either.

We go by street people, and we don't look at them. It's funny—when a street person sees me, we nod at each other. It's like we know something or we're in a club.
one we're not. One of my supervisors said that the world is filled with people trying to be filet mignon when deep down we know we're meatballs. (Maybe today meat metaphors aren't the best.) When the gap between who you are in your soul and what you do with your life every day is too big, it's a kind of spiritual death. That's why I'm most concerned about the everyday wounds. They are small wounds to our souls.

Now here's why I'm not as concerned about the major traumas. Victor Hugo said that, in darkness, the pupil dilates as if searching for light. In adversity, the heart dilates as if searching for God. In major traumas the heart dilates, everything is open, and everything is possible, and we are vulnerable at our purest. That really didn't happen to me after my accident—I still had some defenses there. But ten years afterward, I found myself at the epicenter of my worst nightmare. My fear after my accident was that everyone would leave me and that I'd spend the rest of my life in bed with a nurse who was on the clock. Well, ten years later, my wife did in fact leave me, my kids left for college, my beloved sister was diagnosed with a terminal brain tumor, and I developed an decubitus ulcer, which is a bed sore in my buttocks. And I found myself in bed, alone, with a nurse on the clock, in the middle of my worst nightmare. The doctor said I had to be in bed for 30 days 24/7. That 30 days turned into 18 months.

A friend came over to visit, and I said to her, "I don't think I can go on much longer." She touched my shoulder and said, "Dan, what you're about is more important than who you are." I was in too much despair to understand those words—they had an impact, but I didn't understand them. That night I dreamt that three men came to me and produced a butterfly. It was a living butterfly with a wingspan of about three inches, and they said, "This butterfly is your soul. In order for you to be a complete human, you have to inhale it." And I said, "I can't do that, it's a living butterfly." But they told me I had to inhale it, so I put it in my mouth and the thing flapped around and I took it out. "I can't do that," I said. "But you must." "But if I do it, I could choke—I'll die," and they said, "That doesn't matter either, wholeness is what matters." So I put the butterfly in my mouth, and I inhaled, and when it got to my throat, of course I woke up—a true story.

Something changed after that. Lying in bed, I found a kind of peacefulness, a kind of companionship within myself that I'd never experienced before. It was a mixture of spirituality and gratitude. When someone walked into my room, I could physically feel their presence in my chest. It's as though they walked into my heart and I didn't feel like a Dan or a person or a man, I felt like simply a being. It was as much peace and serenity as I've ever experienced. What died? My ego died, and I discovered what's on the other side of despair. I discovered what happens when you don't try to repair despair, or cure it, fix it, medicate it, or avoid it. Beyond the despair where my heart was fully open, I experienced a kind of love I'd never had before, and I developed a relationship with a God I never did before. I learned that my God asks only one thing—faith—and in return promises only companionship. I figure it's a pretty good deal. When the heart is open, it's alive; it's open to joy, to vulnerability, to pain, to grief. When the heart is open we discover our demons, and we live with them. We don't have to fight them anymore. We discover our voice, our love, our God. When the heart's open, we understand our humanity. We are closer to the Divine and to each other.

So what closes our heart? Think about it; nobody's heart stays open. I talked about this to a group of cardiologists. If your heart stayed open all the time, you'd die. And so the spiritual heart also opens and closes. What closes the heart? Anxiety? Shame? Insecurity? Grasping for more? Fear of failure or vulnerability? Failure doesn't close the heart, fear of failure does. Judgment, envy, prejudice, all close the heart. The demands of the ego close the heart. I close the heart. So what ultimately closes the heart is when we try to be someone we are not because we are afraid of discovering who we are. The wounded heart is closed and when the heart is closed, the voice of the soul is silenced.

When I went to the doctor for my skin breakdown 15 years ago, I was suffering all these losses. And he looked at my skin, at my wound, and he said "It's broken," referring to my skin. And I said, "I know," referring to my heart. He said, "Too much pressure," I said, "I know." And you know what the medical term for a wound is that is unhealthy and moist? Weeping. He said, "It's weeping." And I said, "I know." So he said, "I want you to go to bed for 30 days and cover it with this patch." And I said, "But why am I covering it, I thought wounds need oxygen to heal." He said, "Your wound does need oxygen to heal, but the oxygen is in your blood, not in the air." Everything your wound needs to heal is already in your body.

So what heals the soul? Put it in a healthy environment and it will heal itself. It's perfect. Stop harming it, and it will heal itself. What contributes to a healthy environment? One thing is faith. I'm not talking about belief. A poll showed that 93 percent of Americans believe in God. Probably single digits is the number who have faith. I've got a poem in my office called "Daydreams." It says, "Come to the edge," he said. "No, we might fall." "Come to the edge," he said. "No, it's too high." "Come to the edge," he said. And we came, and he pushed, and we flew. That's the story of faith. It doesn't have to be faith in a higher power or a supreme being, it just has to be faith.

When I was preparing for last year's Seder, I did some research and found that the number of slaves that followed Moses out of Egypt—we assumed everybody—was 20 percent. The other 80 percent were content with predictable suffering over an unpredictable tomorrow. I think that fits. It fits with most of us.

Humor also provides a healthy environment. The Mel Brooks movie History of the World depicts Moses walking down from the mountain with three tablets. He says, "God has given us 15 commandments," and then he slips on a rock and

Continued on page 40
What are the root causes of war that Friends would address?
We work on many fronts, addressing conditions of poverty, injustice, illness, and violence of all sorts. Could there be one root cause of all these ills? These issues, so crucial in every age, mask the underlying condition giving rise to them all. Fear seems closer to the root but is not a first cause: it is derivative. Fear is evidence of a lack. What is it that we lack that causes us to fear?

After much searching, inner and outer, I began to open my experiences as a very young child. Here I found the ground we must gain if we are to come into wholeness, individually and collectively. I also found the reasons I was immediately at home among Friends.

Could our earliest intuitive understandings and attitudes point our way to create the Peaceable Kingdom on Earth? Is this what Jesus meant when he said that a little child will lead us?

Alicia Adams is a member of Berkeley (Calif.) Meeting and has previously attended several meetings—in British Columbia, Arizona, Nevada, and elsewhere in California. Now retired, she previously worked in business administration, law, counseling, and community development. She is the author of several articles, including "The Gift of Chemical Awareness" (FJ March 2003). She has not been able to attend any public gatherings, including Friends meetings, since mid-2002 because of increased MCS—multiple chemical sensitivity.

I'm sitting under the dense canopy of a Mexican elderberry tree. There are two such trees in the front yard of our southwest New Mexico home. They are old trees by elderberry standards. Until we moved here I'd never experienced an elderberry tree. Where I grew up, in Ohio, we had dense thickets of elderberry bushes. We children would pick clumps of berries that our mother made into delicious pies and elderberry jelly. I'm not as industrious as my mother; I leave the abundant berry crop to the birds. It's the tree itself that I admire.

Both these trees are old for their type. They have thick trunks with rough bark and gnarled limbs. Their dense canopies of leaves and spreading branches with trailing ends create islands of shade and coolness in our sun-baked yard. I identify with one of them in particular. Its growth pattern reminds me of my own.

The other tree grows straight up, spreading crooked branches from a vertical trunk. This one, the one sheltering me today, has distinct kinks in its directional orientation. It started leaning north, toward our house, then abruptly headed straight up. In a short time, though, it kinked to the southwest. This orientation was apparently not optimal to its growth, as it split into three vertical trunks that go straight up, into the light. Success! Their growth ends in an upper canopy spread to maximum width to eat light. "The story of my life!" I think. Once again, a tree has...
When I was young I climbed the tall elms and maples around our farmhouse. Each one was a friend. I named them from a very subjective perspective: "My Shoelace-Broke Tree" and "Merry-Go-Round Tree" are two whose names I remember. The latter was named because I climbed it by going around and around on appropriate branches. In time and with association, trees and I became merged. Our boundaries became defined not by form but by experience. In experience and wisdom the trees were far ahead of me. I then related to them as both individuals and as "Tree," the general essence of them all. It was in my relationship with Tree that I began to repair my shattered trust. Through them, I discovered the source of trust.

Initially I began to climb trees in a desperate attempt to escape my life then and to go Home. I was five. I'd not been able to fly Home since age three and a half. Until then, from infancy, I'd been able to leave my body behind and fly into the Light. In the Light were my friends and my true Home. I'd experienced the Light and Home as "up." Hence, I chose to climb those trees that went straight up, the taller the better. I cried when I found that even when I was able to reach the highest branches I was still a long way from Home.

I've read statistics, which I immediately forget, of the percentage of girls and boys in the United States who suffer sexual abuse. The numbers are staggering. Most of the time the abusers are relatives or close family friends. This happened to me. When I read of all these children who suffer as I did, my inner child cries, "Where do they go for comfort?" I know that in today's world there are few children who are as free as I was to climb big trees. What can replace what I was given in my time of need? What can replace the steady nurturance and assurance, the wisdom and vision, of old trees?

I first experienced sexual abuse in infancy. This type of abuse continued until I was three and a half. I would not have known what to call this, nor did I experience it as abuse; it was just what it was. Today it would be called oral rape. It was the painful part of being "Daddy's Big Girl." Because of this I experienced numerous near death experiences (NDEs in today's terms). During these near-suffocation experiences I left my body and loved all of us. We depended on him for our food and our home. How could I make her believe that he turned into a different person at night, in the dark? It was "our secret," he said—but I didn't want to keep this secret. I tried to tell my mother but she couldn't hear me. Wouldn't, and didn't, anyone believe me?

I first climbed trees in a desperate attempt to escape my life then and to go Home. I was five. At that time I began raping me at night, while I slept. I began to climb trees in an attempt to escape my life with my father. Unlike my Home, I'd discovered that it was not safe to love in this place.

My father had turned into a dual personality. During the day he was the same as usual; pleasant but distant, he was the most important person in our lives. We were told by our mother how much he was born in this self: I'd been in my Home, with my friends.

When my mother discovered my father thus abusing me, my father retreated from me. Physically he was in my life but emotionally he was not. He never held me in his arms again the way he had when I was little. He'd been everything to me—I'd not seen myself as separate from him. I was devastated by his new coldness. This had a far greater impact on me than his abuse.

My father's physical contact with me was resumed when I was five. At that time I began raping me at night, while I slept. I began to climb trees in an attempt to escape my life with my father. Unlike my Home, I'd discovered that it was not safe to love in this place.

My father had turned into a dual personality. During the day he was the same as usual; pleasant but distant, he was the most important person in our lives. We were told by our mother how much he

I see my experience as a pattern repeated in our culture: the trust of childhood is often broken. Until recently, most people in our culture taught their children that God caused all events in our lives. I was told by parents and in Sunday school that God gives us life, God takes away our life, and God rewards and punishes us. God, in this image, seems a lot like my father, and like the fathers and other trusted relatives of many—all too many—other children. No wonder so many of us are confused and fearful. Very early, I rejected this concept of God.

My relationship with the trees sustained me and nurtured me during this time. Through deep experiences when I was cradled in their branches, I began to feel compassion and pity for my father. I saw him as divided—not his true self. I agonized over this. How could I help him, restore him to who he really was: the father I knew and loved?

I pleaded with him to stop and finally, when he did, I fought with him to protect my younger sister. He was too much for me. I knew that only God could help him—the God I knew from my Home. Love was safe and God was powerful, in my Home.

I began to pray for my father. I prayed, "Dear God, please help the good people to stay good and the bad people to get good so they can stay good." It covered everyone, I thought. People could be both bad and good, at different times. My prayer was for all such people as my daddy, who did things that were not what they would do if they were one piece, if they were truly themselves. I taught my younger brothers and sister this prayer and we said it together nightly for years.

How did the trees and my relationship with them help me in this? It wasn't by direct guidance, it was rather by inference. Our human relationships are so fragment-ed and often destructive. The trees gave me comfort, nurturance, and a vision of place in this world. They extended the spirit I'd known in my Home into this world: the world of the physical, the world where we are often hurt, where we are usually lost to our true selves. I became more myself, as I'd been in my Home. In time, I was able to forget what my father did to me and to continue to love him. These memories surfaced when I was strong enough and wise enough to comfort the child I'd been, and release her trauma.
If you are a helpful assistant.

RAW_TEXT_END
NEWS OF THE WAR, OCTOBER 2004

No troops are kicking down my door with steel-toed boots, carrying A-K 47 rifles yelling. “Down, now or we’ll kill you.”

No troops are cutting off my lights, looting the Smithsonian, jailing me or taking pictures of me hooded, naked with a leash around my neck.

I hear the helicopters fly by as I walk my second grader down to her corner bus stop at quarter to nine on a fall morning.

Pausing, I look up. The choppers split the air with their eagle cry, Bloody, bloody, bloody, bloody, bloody, bloody, bloody, bloody, bloody.

They are flying injured troops to the Bethesda Naval Hospital. As they flap, flap, flap their wings I send out three prayers:

To the wounded: may your healing take.
To every mother in Iraq: may yours be spared. To the green metal birds above: may you call, call, call, call, your sons and daughters home.

—Joanne Rocky Delaplaine

Joanne Rocky Delaplaine is a member of Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.).

twelfth month

light street
and moon washing a crust of yesterday’s snow blue air so thin the stars sparkle through a vacuum cold sealed endless universes beckon in twelfth-month far beyond this beyond time our concrete steps echo like hollow skins under rubber boots empty glitter ice milk of the season more than the heart could bear without redemption

—Pamela Mackey

Pamela Mackey lives in Herkimer, N.Y.

RALLY FOR PEACE

These rallies will only grow colder as the dark season trembles on. All the better, I tell my mother, for stomping feet, hollering no more war to passersby happy to flick us the bird.

Mama grins by her candle’s light, held low in a plastic cup. Damn! she says, I hope so, and tests one stiff, bare finger against her little lick of heat.

When wind strikes the flame out she lights it (still shouting) again, and cozies me for warmth. I think, I am here because women like her will light all the matches they must against this late fall chill.

—Maura K. Leahy

Maura K. Leahy, who is from Wisconsin, wrote this while serving as a Social Action–Social Witness intern at Puddle Hill study center in Wallingford, Pa.
One of the reasons that historians like Quakers, and why historians have given Quakers attention out of all proportion to our relatively small numbers, is that we have always been writers and publishers. “Publish,” of course, is a word whose meaning has changed over time. In George Fox’s day, it meant to proclaim, vocally or in writing, so early Friends often referred to themselves as Publishers of Truth, even if they never wrote a word.

But as you know, Friends did write and publish. Fox’s writings, for example, come to eight substantial volumes of rather small print, and the output of other Friends was nearly as great. With more parallels than we probably want to admit now to James Carville or Karl Rove, the first generation of Friends seldom let any attack go without a response, usually in language that, to put it charitably, lacked restraint. Often we find in Fox’s journal sentences like this: “the which I answered and after I writ a booke to it.”

By the 1670s, as part of what we historians see as a bureaucratization or institutionalization of the Quaker movement that included the organization of monthly and yearly meetings, Fox and other leading Friends asserted authority over publishing. Now it was expected of individual Friends that if they wished to publish on religious subjects, they should first submit their works to the Second Day Morning Meeting in London. Approval was by no means automatic—even Fox was subject to its authority—and to proceed without approval was an offense that could bring disownment. It is easy for us now to see this as some historians have, as an authoritarianism cracking down on free spirits, forcing them to follow a line set by Fox and his coadjutors in London. But only a few perceived it that way at the time. It had been routine for Friends to consult Fox or other Friends before going into print, and this simply regularized what had long been practice. Philadelphia Yearly Meeting followed suit when it established a body of Overseers of the Press in 1709. Again, it is hard to view these overseers as anything but censors; but if Friends complained, even privately, we have few records of it before 1800.

The Great Separation of 1827–1828 destroyed this consensus about publishing. Indeed, as Quaker historians have long recognized, publication and communication were at the heart of the schism. Here a very brief reminder of what happened may be useful. By the early 1820s, the elderly Long Island minister Elias Hicks had become controversial because of his ministry, particularly his views of the nature of the divinity of Jesus Christ.

Hicks argued that Jesus became the Christ and the Son of God because he was the only human being who ever lived who was perfectly obedient to the Life Within. He and his supporters saw themselves as simply carrying on traditional Quaker teaching. Moreover, when they looked at contemporary Quakerism, they saw de-
clension that was attributable to the erosion of plainness and peculiarity and a lust for power on the part of certain leaders. They traced this at least partly to growing ties with non-Quaker evangelicals in various business, missionary, and political enterprises. Hicks' opponents, however, argued that Hicks was really a Unitarian or even an infidel, led astray by forces outside Friends. Although both sides simply considered themselves Friends, Hicks' opponents branded their adversaries "Hicksites," while the Hicksites labeled their opposers as "Orthodox." As we all know, the names stuck.

What galled the Orthodox was not just that Elias Hicks traveled widely and preached frequently, but that from about 1823 onward numerous of his sermons and letters appeared in print. Ironically, these publications were usually the work of non-Quaker printers who saw a market and tried to take advantage of it. As the Quaker tensions became more notorious, they sent shorthand reporters into meetings where Hicks or other well-known Hicksites would be present, as well as opponents, especially traveling English Friends, and took down their sermons. These were then rushed into print as pamphlets, and, when enough had accumulated, reprinted in book form. By 1827, the most enterprising of such publishers, Marcus T.C. Gould of Philadelphia, was putting out a regular series, rather like a magazine. (Incidentally, Friends today who think ministry that lasts 20 minutes during meeting excessive will be struck by how Friends like Hicks, Thomas Wetherald, and others preached for an hour or more.)

Non-Quaker printers were also critical on another front in the 1820s. Just as many Friends today are regular contributors of letters to editors in their local newspapers, Friends on both sides made use of newspapers and even journals of other denominations to carry on their disputes. A good example is Benjamin Ferris, one of the most articulate of Elias Hicks' supporters in Wilmington, Delaware. When a Presbyterian minister used the columns of a local journal, the Christian Repository, to argue that Quakers were not really Christians, an outraged Ferris rushed to Friends' defense. Their exchange extended over almost a year and eventually was collected in a volume of 512 pages of very small type. Yet Ferris' defense of Friends was so "Hicksite" that the Orthodox leaders of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting found it just as offensive as the Presbyterian attacks, opening yet another front in the controversy.

Finally, Friends, seeing the utility of religious journalism (here I mean periodical publishing, rather than the diary keeping that had been Quaker practice since the 17th century), set up their own publications. Dozens of denominational periodicals were being published in the United States by the 1820s, made possible by technological changes that were reducing the costs and increasing the speed of printing. In 1824, Dr. William Gibbons of Wilmington, a staunch supporter of Hicks, began publishing the Berean to spread the Hicksite message. For reasons that are not clear, Orthodox Friends waited until 1827 to respond with their own weekly journal, which they significantly labeled The Friend. In January 1828, the Berean gave way to The Friend or Advocate of Truth. The identical names are not coincidence. Orthodox and Hicksites accused the other of rushing into print to claim the name and confuse and mislead readers. For clarity, I will concede The Friend to the Orthodox and refer to the Hicksite publication as the Advocate of Truth.

What distinguished these Quaker efforts from other denominational publications, however, is that they were the work of individuals. When Presbyterians or Methodists or Catholics launched journals, they were usually under the ownership and sanction of a synod or annual conference or diocese. Quaker publications, in contrast, were undertaken by "an association of Friends," or an individual like William Gibbons. The Advocate of Truth was the enterprise of the ever-enterprising Marcus T.C. Gould.

What is clear is that both sides used printing and publishing to spread their own messages, communicate with supporters, and attack their opponents. Writing to Elias Hicks in 1828, Rachel Hunt apologized, in a time of "so much paper, currency, and so many pamphleteers," for burdening him with one more thing to read. One of the most common laments of Orthodox Friends was how their neighborhoods were being flooded by Hicksite publications. Orthodox Friends in Indiana, for example, explicitly condemned circulating the Berean and the published volumes of Hicks' sermons. The Orthodox were equally industrious in circulating their own publications, but there is a critical difference. By 1828, Orthodox Friends were disowning members who read or circulated Hicksite publications. Hicksite Friends, who claimed to be advocates of freedom of conscience, never followed suit.

Once the dust of the Separation had settled, Hicksite Friends, for reasons that are still unclear, failed to sustain a periodical press. The Advocate of Truth ended in 1834, having become involved in an obscure controversy between its Quaker editor, Evan Lewis, and its publisher, Marcus T.C. Gould, in which vague accusations of bad faith were exchanged. Concerned Friends mourned this, and called on those able to support a periodical to subsidize it. As John Mott, a minister in upstate New York, wrote in 1836, "If some of our more wealthy Friends would part with a few hundreds or thousands of their rustling riches for some such purposes ... every family of this society might be furnished with a weekly messenger of interesting and instructive import." To be sure, Friends continued to communicate through yearly meeting minutes and epistles and the occasional pamphlet. In 1831 John and Isaac Comly of Byberry, Pennsylvania, began a monthly, the Friends Miscellany, which eventually reached 12 volumes. This had the virtue of preserving a mass of letters and anecdotes that might otherwise have been...
lost, but since one of the Comly's criteria for inclusion was apparently that the author must be deceased, one can read all 12 volumes with almost no sense of what had happened among Friends since 1800.

In 1838 a new periodical appeared, entitled the *Friends' Intelligencer*. It was issued not in Philadelphia, however, but in New York City. The proprietor was Isaac T. Hopper, a printer who specialized in Quaker works. He had published Elias Hicks' *Journal* as well as a collection (highly edited) of Hicks' letters. The occasion for launching the *Intelligencer* apparently was another Orthodox project, the *Friends Library*, which was intended to be a standard reference collection of significant Quaker journals and memoirs. Its editors, Thomas and William Evans, had led the Orthodox in the Separation in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and Hopper made it clear that he was dubious whether anything under their direction would be faithful to authentic Quakerism.

Under Howard M. Jenkins, the *Intelligencer* gradually assumed the identity that it would retain for the next 70 years, denoting a Hicksite Quakerism that was becoming more comfortable with "the World." Hopper was committed to providing an alternative to what he called a "periodical press subsidized by vice." "We must have a literature free from the corrupting influence of the times." No advertisements for such deplorable influences as theaters, for example, would appear in the *Intelligencer*. On the other hand, Hopper also was committed to free discussion. "By conflict of opinion, truth is elicited," he told readers in 1839. "Shall we stifle inquiry in the outset, lest we be found to differ in minor and non-essential matters?"

Ultimately, Hopper's *Intelligencer* proved another false start. The journal stopped late in 1839. Hopper's timing was probably the problem. He launched his enterprise in the midst of a major economic depression that began in 1837 and lasted into the early 1840s. But Hopper may have also fallen afoul of another contemporary issue.

That issue was how Hicksites would respond to the radical reform movements of the 1830s, especially abolition and nonresistance. Quakers, of course, were opposed to slavery; but many Friends looked with suspicion on Friends joining non-Quakers in reform movements, even in good causes. Such ties, many feared, would corrupt Friends just as similar associations had corrupted the Orthodox. The same objection applied to nonresistance, an extreme form of pacifism that condemned all forms of human government as contrary to the will of God. Other Hicksites, most notably Lucretia Mott in Philadelphia, and large groups in Chester County, Pennslyvania, upstate New York, Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, were sympathetic to radical reform. By the mid-1840s, a new round of separations was beginning, as radical reformers left or were disowned and formed groups that became known as Congregational or Progressive Friends. Among those forced out for their radical sympathies were Isaac T. Hopper and his son-in-law James S. Gibbons, who had assisted him at the *Intelligencer*.

This ferment, and the return of prosperity, led to an effort to revive a Hicksite periodical. On March 30, 1844, the Friends' Weekly *Intelligencer* printed its first issue in Philadelphia. The proprietors were Josiah Chapman, a Friend, and one Jones, a printer who was not. We know that Edward Parrish, later the first president of Swarthmore College, wrote the first editorial. Over the next decade, a variety of other Philadelphia Hicksite Friends became involved, mostly relatively young, but mainly of conservative sympathies. Their mission was much the same as the old *Intelligencer*: to provide a "guarded" publication that would share Quaker and other news. Unlike its Orthodox counterpart, however, the *Intelligencer* did cautiously admit debate and controversy to its pages. In its reports on yearly meeting sessions in the 1840s, for example, it acknowledged that abolition was producing division, and while not sympathetic to abolitionists, was not blatantly unfair to them. Similarly, it admitted articles to its pages that questioned certain rules of discipline and called for reform. For example, by the early 1850s, Friends were debating whether tombstones should be admitted to burying grounds, whether rules against marriage out of meeting should be softened, and whether reading certain kinds of fiction could be beneficial.

Nevertheless, the existence of the *Intelligencer* was precarious. At the end of its first year, it had only 300 subscribers, not enough to meet expenses. A few years later, only the unpaid editorial work of Samuel M. Janney, a Virginia Friend, kept the periodical afloat. Finally, in August 1853, after long discussion about whether the *Intelligencer* should continue, a group of Philadelphia Hicksite women—Jane Johnson, Ann Townsend, Deborah Wharton, and Susanna M. Parrish, and...
others—took over its management. All were well-known recorded ministers from well-to-do families—Whaton's son Joseph would, among other things, endow the Wharton School at University of Pennsylvania. Under their direction, the Intelligencer achieved financial stability (mainly because they worked gratis) and became an institution.

While the new management may have been an early feminist victory, the women editors pursued a cautious course. They were not sympathetic to radicalism of any kind. Editorials continued in traditional courses, advocating plainness and peculiarity and condemning the theater, intemperance, hireling ministry, and "the world" generally. While the Intelligencer was critical of slavery and what it saw as the aggressiveness of the "slave power," it shied away from the disunionism of some abolitionists. Much of the matter consisted of excerpts from "the standard works of Friends." More contemporary contributions came from safely conservative Hicksites or from official yearly meeting statements, usually lamenting the many shortcomings to be found within their bounds. Lucretia Mott called the Intelligencer "simon pure," and she did not intend a compliment.

Still, the Intelligencer did show some openness to change and innovation. It early opened its columns to proponents of First-day schools. While Orthodox Friends had embraced them in the 1830s, it was not until 1857 that Hicksites followed suit, and then only after considerable trepidation. Critics warned against them as supplanting the Light with "scholastic theology" and "head knowledge." Similarly, the Intelligencer gave considerable attention to the movement to found and open Swarthmore College, which was of course a revolutionary break with the traditional Quaker suspicion of higher education. And during the Civil War, while of course decrying violence, the Intelligencer applauded emancipation and called for education and equality for the former slaves.

For some, the Intelligencer was simply too conservative. One Friend labeled it as appealing to "the quiet and aged class." In 1866, a New York City Friend, John J. Merritt, began publishing yet another journal entitled The Friend. Merritt was a fascinating person. Once an outspoken critic of radical reform, by the 1860s he was blasting Hicksites for stultifying conservatism and was calling for ties with other religious liberals, especially Unitarians. New York Friends did not look kindly on his activism. In 1867 they disowned him for "disunion." By the end of 1868, The Friend was gone.

More successful was another enterprise launched in January 1873, simply entitled The Journal. Its editors, Joseph and Marianna Gibbons, were members of the little Lampeter Meeting in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Marianna was a cousin of Lucretia Mott, and the Gibbonses lived in an area where support for radical reform and Progressive Friends before the Civil War was strong. The Journal was a weekly, and it packed an enormous amount of material into its pages—letters, histories, biographies, and detailed accounts of monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings. Although they refrained from directly criticizing the Intelligencer, anyone comparing the two will see striking differences. The Journal gave voice to a growing liberalism. Here one finds, for example, Friends in the 1870s objecting to identifying "the blessed Jesus" as "Lord and Savior" or the Bible as "holy." Similarly, the Gibbonses were relatively candid in describing debates and conflicts in business meetings, the kinds of detail that almost never made it into the Intelligencer. It is thus just the sort of resource that gladdens the hearts of Quaker historians like myself, but doubtless troubled some Friends, who were pained to learn of controversy and have it made public, a sentiment with which I think we can also sympathize.

Change came in the 1880s. The women who had managed the Intelligencer since the 1850s were now elderly or dead, and control passed into the hands of Howard M. Jenkins, a Friend from Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, who had spent much of his previous life with Republican newspapers in Delaware and Pennsylvania. The shift from "concerned Friends" to someone with a professional journalistic background is significant, denoting a Hicksite Quakerism that was becoming more comfortable with "the world." In 1884, Joseph Gibbons died, and Jenkins purchased The Journal and its goodwill from Marianna, creating the Friends' Intelligencer and Journal. (It went back to being just the Intelligencer in 1893.)

Under Jenkins, the Intelligencer gradually assumed the identity that it would retain for the next 70 years. Three characteristics are striking. The first is a conscious commitment to liberal Christianity. For the writers and readers of the Intelligencer, that was usually not explicitly defined, but had several characteristics. Some were positive: the universal, Inner Light as the central doctrine of Quakerism; a sense of the desirability of Quaker distinctiveness; a respect for the Bible, but a subordination of it to the Light and Continuing Revelation; a focus on God as love, rather than as judge; and a commitment to social reform. The last ranged from support for women's suffrage and temperance to the abolition of capital punishment, to arbitration of international disputes. Some were negative, such as a repudiation of evangelical Protestant formulations of salvation through faith in the efficacy in the Atoning Blood of Jesus, Biblical literalism, and premillennialism. Again, one sees debates taking place in the columns of the Intelligencer, or debates taking place in quarterly or yearly meetings being reported. This would continue as long as the Intelligencer survived. To be sure, a few more conservative,
2004 was an unusual year. I wrote a Christmas letter on time. After a year’s hiatus from writing one, I was led to write and, encouraged to do so by a Friend from Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting, I actually finished it on time, yet I was certain I was not to send it. So, I did not.

Despite the request from Atlanta, I knew the completed letter was not what was to be sent. So I started another letter on December 20, but somehow it didn’t seem done either. With guests to prepare for, I finally gave up on letter writing, mystified why it was I did not send either.

In hindsight: it wasn’t procrastination. Shortly after Christmas I sat with what happened on Christmas Day. The events of that day flowed out of me and into the letter with a comfort and ease I found surprising.

In a brief preamble to the letter I named several people who had offered me encouragement in my writing, and who had patiently modeled listening during the year. In the preamble I said thank you to all. Edited to respect the privacy of some of those involved, I offer you the story I offered them.

Though 2004 had its bad news, and health issues, I have time ahead to think of and deal with them, if I choose to. For now, a story.

My greatest joy in 2004 was the birth of a new creative life. In January I began writing part-time for a newspaper. I freelanced three dozen articles, got some photography credits, and started playing music again. Then in July I met a frail, arthritic, blind, black, blues guitarist named Jerry Burruss.

At 69, Jerry touched me beyond words—but that didn’t stop me from writing a Jerry piece for a local paper anyhow.

Through the remainder of the summer and fall of 2004, I began to take Jerry out to play his guitar. His blindness, arthritus, an uncommon voice, open tuning, and an overhand playing style created something of an organic aura about him. He wowed audiences in Chester, Delaware, and Philadelphia counties in Southeast Pennsylvania. He played Del Stock, the Coffee Club, the Mushroom Festival, the Point, and at Linvilla Orchards.

Once they heard Jerry play and laugh, my musically inclined friends were unable to resist him: they flocked to him. People who had heard about his playing showed up to see him. Person after person hopped on the growing juggernaut that was our bandwagon. We practiced and recorded on Thursdays and played at Linvilla Orchards, the local pumpkinland place, from 1 to 4 PM every Saturday and Sunday all through October.

As our ranks swelled from two to eventually six folks 30-to 50-something, plus a photographer and some partners, a light shone through and from Jerry Burruss. In nearly all he said and did, a warming kind of eternal sunshine came from his very core. Jerry’s sunshine warmed us until we opened, and in opening ourselves to his sweet, warm light we found gratitude for what is, for what we have, for who we are—powerful lessons, powerfully lived by frail, unassuming, nearly childlike Jerry.

I know that in his light I was

Sean M. Crane is a member of Media (Pa.) Meeting and attends Providence Meeting in Media. A freelance periodicals and grants writer, he “hears prison work and playing music with Jerry Burruss as callings.” Sean and Jerry can be reached at <frontporchmusic@comcast.net>.
Jerry Burruss poured his heart into the place where he had first poured out 55 years of heart into recording.

The house was filled warmly with Christmas music and laughter. Behind the steamy window on the front door were the scents of coffee, home fries, sausage, bagels, and a fresh tree. Frail and hungry, Jerry ate with us at the ugliest kitchen table in the world.

With breakfast done, we opened gifts. In his eager sightlessness, Jerry groped and tore at paper with a child's abandon, and he clumsily moved without reference or landmarks. Once an object was opened and he felt it, we would describe it to him.

In the warmth of his bathing light, our understanding of who we each were grew, and our ability to communicate with each other, especially while playing music, blossomed. Sometimes too, it flopped comically, and we were not too full of ourselves to laugh at our more inept, unpolished moments.

For 55 years Jerry Burruss sat in his house playing music alone. In his loneliness he taught himself to play guitar and piano while mimicking country and blues artists on the radio. Jerry possessed a willingness to play off key, often rushing into a number without checking to see if we were all in tune. We laughingly began to call this playing in the key of J.

The laughter was a salve for old wounds—his and ours.

We played through the fall and fell into the habit of recording him in a house I was rehabbing to move into. He sat on an old, hand-painted chair on a finish-worn wood floor among cratered, plastered walls. There, in a room that held nothing more than design dreams, drawings, and drywall dust, after being pent up for 55 years, Jerry Burruss poured his heart into the single microphone that first recorded his bluesy grit.

With the rehab done in November, we moved in over Thanksgiving. On Christmas Day, Jerry was temporarily without biological family. His only sister, a Jehovah's Witness, had gone off in an Assembly (a rest she needed after 25 years of caretaking Jerry). She left him in an assisted-living facility, knowing we would come for him.

Lisa, our group photographer, picked him up at 9 AM Christmas morning and drove him to our newly renovated digs. And for Christmas, Jerry Burruss came home to the place where he had first poured out 55 years of heart into recording.

Invaryably he cackled his approval through crooked teeth or bobbed his gray-white head while asking questions. The last gift Jerry received that morning was a new guitar: at age 69 a new “axe” presented Jerry with a new problem: what to name it.

With the gift-giving done, we did what I had looked forward to most about Christmas: we played together. Jerry had his new guitar. Josh and Wayne found guitars. Lisa gingerly tried her new mandolin. And I broke out the harmonicas. With a bit of fooling around aside, the music began. We played for more than an hour, laughing, singing, and storytelling. About the time I felt completely energized, it became apparent Jerry needed a rest. I gave him a glass of juice and tilted him back in the recliner. He rested there, and guests floated in and out for two hours while I cooked.

Eventually it was time to leave for dinner. At John's house nine of us gathered at 7 PM at a long, formal table for Christmas dinner. Jerry sat at one end. Despite his apparently frail condition, he ate half a pheasant and large amounts of wild rice stuffing and veggies. There are rumors he had a glass of wine as well. He finished his meal with a piece of chocolate cake and, of course, a smile.

After the meal, we gathered in a big living room before a
Jerry plays, with Wayne (in background) on sound

woodstove. Here, we each picked up an instrument and unwrapped for Jerry our understanding of the gifts he had given us through the fall. Glad to be together again, John, Tom, Wayne, Jerry; and I all played. In a pulsing wood heat that warmed to the marrow, old bones were made young.

The night throbbed with the magic music of instrumental conversations: simple, impromptu solos; and one excellent ending that diminished to harmonica and string voices whispering each other to a unified hanging rest—leaving the woodstove sizzle as the only sound in the thick, stunned silence that often follows random, unintended perfection. Tom broke that silence and said what most of us were thinking: "Wow, we should have recorded that one." Jerry agreed in childlike enthusiasm.

After a bit I took Jerry up to the bathroom. Up the stairs, one at a time, Jerry went slowly. I got him in the bathroom and left him there to do his thing. I stood on the landing listening for his call with my hand on his shoulder I felt it.

With almost pizzicato crystal clarity, the fundamental building blocks of "Silent Night" emerged from between incredibly gentle caressing runs of fill notes created with three fingers and a thumb. What we heard was beyond even Tom's musical gifts; what we heard was his love for Jerry. It is almost as though "Silent Night" was laid or placed like a blanket and a kiss, just so, over the eight expectant listeners seated in the cordwood cradle of the warm, still room. The song ended and I remained still and thinking deeply, as though snuggled under the covers in a waking state.

I don't know how much time passed before my thoughts were interrupted by Jerry's hand on my shoulder told me not to do. I did not lay him down. Somehow, a sense came over me that he had given too much of himself, and that if he was in the presence of the group again, we could give some of it back and he would be okay. Hollow, yet weighted with fear I held this frail, shaking man until the seizure was done. As he began to come to, I moved him down the stairs to be with the others.

I sat him in a chair and offered him water. He accepted it with gratitude, and I felt the fear pass suddenly out of me. It felt as though I had offered the fear no home, and the fear had just left knowing it had no place to stay. Even with the weight of the fear gone, uncertain looks passed between the eight of us; Jerry looked more frail and spent than any of us had ever seen him.

In the exchange of looks Theresa suggested to Tom Mullian that he play something—a Christmas song he had been working on. Friend Tom is the person among us who is a world-class artist, both a natural and a well-studied musician. Tom looked unsure but turned to the steel guitar in his hands, and from it came back some of the sparkling light Jerry had given to Tom throughout the fall. An impeccable, heartfelt, silken instrumental melody of Christmas songs filled the room. I know in this world guitars do not emit light, but from the steel guitar this night came a light of Tom's, and I am clear that in that moment it was exactly what Jerry Burruss needed to hold himself together. With my hand on his shoulder I felt it enter him.

He didn't name the light. He didn't brand it. He didn't push it, haw it, or sell it. He simply peeped back layer upon layer of his own human frailty until the finest core piece of him was exposed, and he left it there for us to see, to hear, to feel, to play music with. I realized what was left, what Jerry shares best, is what Quakers call "that of God in every one." As the car dipped across the Brandywine River under a Christmas moon, I came to an understanding. Despite his grizzly lack of musical polish, his voice, his guitar, and his music consistently turned heads; earning awe and praise—that of God is indeed awesome and praiseworthy, and turns heads.

And I now realize, Jerry Burruss has done for me what God did for humanity in the Christmas story. For Jerry so loved us that he gave us his child; his inner, creative child. And I learned that living faithfully means exposing and giving voice to our most vulnerable inner, creative child even if the acts of giving our inner child's light, and of speaking our inner child's truth, is ultimately the cause of its death. As Jerry lives it, Faith is knowing the inner child will rise again. I was blind, but now I see.
FRIENDS JOURNAL
at 50

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

How is it that ye sought me? Did you not know that I must be in my Father's house? And they did not understand the saying he spoke to them.

—Luke 2:49,50

THE FATHER

by Florence E. Taylor

Personal Experience

On what, then, did Jesus build his concept? Could it have been a personal experience? I think it was.

He was reared in a strict Jewish home, the eldest of a fair-sized family, where "Honor thy father and mother" was a natural habit springing from mutual affection. The father's love for this son was of particular quality arising from the unusual circumstances surrounding the times before and after the lad's birth.

We are deeply indebted to Matthew, in the first and second chapters of his gospel, for the clear picture he gives us of Joseph, a man of great strength of character. Consider how this love triumphed over doubt and uncertainty when he was betrothed to Mary and "resolved to divorce her quietly." Read Matthew 1:18 to 25. Love is surely the "Angel of the Lord," whether it speaks in a dream or by the voice within. Here love won by faith.

The next dream demanded faith plus great courage and unselfishness. Just when Joseph and Mary, with the precious babe, expected to return to their new

Florence E. Taylor was a member of Green Street Meeting in Philadelphia, Pa. This is the unrevied text of an article that appeared in the December 24, 1955, issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL.

FRIENDS JOURNAL December 2005

Luke, are the only ones uttered by the youthful Jesus of which we have an account. They are simple and direct. Why were they not understood, especially by his parents, who surely knew the boy's habit of thought? Or did they? He was found in the temple, sitting among the teachers, "listening to them and asking questions; and all who heard him were amazed at his understanding and his answers." Evidently he, too, was being asked questions and making replies quite out of the ordinary.

In a late issue of the Friends Intelligencer it was recommended that we read the Bible with "imagination," not to distort truth but to give it life and vitality. In this spirit let us seek what was amazing in the answers Jesus gave both to his parents and to the teachers.

I think it was his confident way of speaking of God as "My Father." Jesus was a sensitive lad with a keen mind and by the time he was 12, he had been well started on the study of the Law and the Prophets that he later expounded with such insight and wisdom. Did he find in them the beautiful relationship of Father and son that became the heart of his own teaching?

Reference to a concordance shows very few times when God is considered in a direct and individual relationship. He is the "Father of Nations," or in a comparative expression, "Like as a father pitieth his children" (Psalm 103). In Jeremiah 3:19 we find, "Ye shall call me My Father and shall not turn away from following me." This again is a relationship with Judah and Israel as a chosen people, not individual sonship.

The "Father of Nations," or in a comparative expression, "Like as a father pitieth his children" (Psalm 103). In Jeremiah 3:19 we find, "Ye shall call me My Father and shall not turn away from following me." This again is a relationship with Judah and Israel as a chosen people, not individual sonship.
home and settle down, he was warned of danger, not for himself or his wife, but for this new child that had come into their lives. How easy to persuade himself that it was yielding to an unreasonable fear to entertain the suggestion of fleeing into Egypt to avoid the temper of a king who did not even know them, to forgo home, an established trade, normal living, to travel across weary miles of unknown difficulty and danger to a foreign land! Was this required of him?

And he rose and took the child and his mother by night and departed to Egypt and remained there until the death of Herod.

—Matt. 2:14, 15a

When Herod died, an angel of the Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph, saying, "Rise, take the child and his mother and go to the land of Israel."  

—Matt. 2:19

Another dream led them back to Nazareth, to the long-delayed normal life. Such devotion is the outward sign of great love that grew as the child grew.

When the father taught this son the art of carpentry, is it too much to suppose that some of the experiences of these journeys were retold in the long hours together? Do we hear echoes in the parables where long journeys are the background? Jesus' recurrent surprise at the "little faith" he found in people might easily come from association with Joseph, whose faith was as perfect as a child's. Such faith is contagious.

Obedience

Another of the fundamentals of Jesus' life and teaching that he learned from his parents was obedience (Luke 2:61). He does not use this term, but over and over he speaks of the "will of my Father." We are so apt to think that such power was in Jesus that he had no struggle to practice the virtue, but here we get more than a glimpse of the training of a very strong will to yield to guidance. The story of the temptations, as told in both Matthew and Luke, though in an oriental, dramatic setting, is really an inner struggle to set a right aim and course of procedure for the coming ministry. It seems like a bit of autobiography, or its equivalent, for Jesus, we are told, was alone "in the wilderness." There is a close relationship between his return to Nazareth after the youthful visit to Jerusalem, the temptations, and the final triumph in obedience in the Garden of Gethsemane (Matt. 26:39; Mark 14:36; Luke 22:42–44).

It is evident that the parental training was strict but loving, for Jesus has a great deal to say about rewards. Reread Matthew chapters 5 and 6 and see the emphasis laid not only on personal conduct but on the right relationship of child and parent. The latter quietly observes the growth in spiritual quality and gives praise and encouragement. This was in all probability Joseph's method, and Jesus carried it forward into his teaching.

Jesus also has much to say about punishment, but there is no evidence that it was a personal experience, and it is likely that it was based on the teaching in the synagogue and was an accepted premise of those days. Read his mother's gentle rebuke when he was lost as a boy (Luke 2:46).

The Golden Thread

The Nazarene home was built on the sure foundation of love, and this spiritual quality runs like a golden thread through all of Jesus' public life. "The hairs of your head are numbered," "Your Father knows whereof ye have need before you ask Him," and the beautiful parables of protection like the Lost Sheep and the Sparrow's Fall betray this.

We know not when the earthly bonds between Joseph and Jesus were severed, but it is reasonable to think that the love and understanding of Joseph's character and worth deepened in Jesus with maturing years.

The concept of God as Father was established early and expanded into an ideal that burst the bonds of Judaism and included Samaritans, Greeks, and all mankind in "Our Father, who art in heaven."

The faith, hope, and outpouring love of the father in the parable of the Prodigal Son is a finished portrait of what a father may be. For those who have not known such tenderness in earthly experience, Jesus offers by implication the greater, more abiding, and permeating love of the Heavenly Father.

Joseph was the point of departure from which Jesus gave an entirely new interpretation of the relationship between the human and divine elements in life.

These thoughts are suggestive and there is no desire to press the point too far.
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FRIENDS JOURNAL December 2005
Christmas Light

by Eleanor Wright

Last year I was not in the mood for the Friends' holiday party, though it is usually a highlight of the season, involving a festive potluck, a program from the children of First-day school, and carol singing. But last year a dear friend died suddenly right after Thanksgiving, casting a darkness over Christmastime. We were just doing the minimum that year.

Because I had to work the Sunday of the party, my family and I arrived just as the group was joining in a silent thanksgiving before the meal. But the first face I saw was a beloved friend who moved away several years ago, but was back in town for the holiday. What a joy it was to see Francie's smiling face. As we stood in line for the generous potluck dinner, we caught up on the hardships and rewards she had experienced in bravely moving to a new home. Looking around I saw a young Friend just returned from his first semester at college—how much older and more confident he looked! I caught sight of my college-student daughter who had come on her own and felt glad that this tie holds. I saw children who hadn't come to meeting in a while and I marveled at their growth. Perhaps I would enjoy this party after all, I thought.

At dinner we talked about politics, holiday plans, the local economy. After tea and dessert the tables were put away and the chairs reorganized to face the small, bare stage. Three of the youngest members of the First-day school, ages two and three, accompanied by a teacher, a mom, a grandfather and a guitar, led us in singing "Silent Night." We enjoyed singing the song so much, we sang it over again.

For the second act three members of the kindergarten-through-second-grade class trooped on stage, three little girls wearing gaily colored headscarves and carrying large gift-wrapped boxes. It was plain to see that Ana, Emily, and Clara loved wearing the beautiful scarves. The teacher announced, "We bring you the gift of . . . life!" The three little girls cavorted happily around the stage, bringing soft laughter from the audience. "We bring you the gift of . . . funniness!" The girls hopped about, perfectly expressing their funniness, much to the audience's delight. "We bring you the gift of . . . dancing!" Dancing came naturally to these three, we all could see. "We also want to share the mural we've been working on." The girls and their teacher

Eleanor Wright is a member of Mountain View Meeting in Denver, Colo.

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unfolded and displayed a large collage that looked like a scene of Bethlehem. The audience applauded enthusiastically.

The third-through-fifth-grade class (all boys) enacted a skit with two gangs, one “lost boys” and the other “loved boys,” causing us to reflect on the needs of the angry and the forgotten. Next the Christmas story from Luke was read aloud and spontaneously acted out by a group of volunteers. Joseph, Mary, the baby, the shepherds took their familiar places. Christmas was beginning to happen again.

The last act was a skit by the Senior Young Friends in which two FBI officers “infiltrate” a Friends meeting but come to find the Quakers infiltrating their own hearts. The SYFs exhibited their usual barbed political insights, and the audience showed its approval.

Finally, the time for singing carols arrived. Song books were passed out and one of our teenagers led us on the old piano. How much more powerful it felt to sing the words together, rather than listening to carols performed by others.

Now to the Lord sing praises
All you within this place
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace.

Singing the carols linked me to my childhood, my Catholic girlhood, my own children’s childhoods, all the years of Christmas strung together like glowing lights. Memories of my dear friend were present within me too.

And ye, beneath life’s crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow.

Look now! For glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing
O rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing.

Our group of Friends may not have wings, but together we sounded as beautiful as angels singing.

I think now how childish it would be to imagine there would be no tragedy, no sadness at Christmastime. Sadness and loss will be a part of what fills our hearts this season. I bring my friend’s memory with me into the holy season; I do not forget him. The lights of Christmas can yet shine, and the beloved music can bring us comfort and joy in a dark time.

And besides, I have received gifts of life, funniness, and dancing, haven’t I?
QUAKER HISTORY

Christmas—Every Day or Never?
by Now and Then

No doubt an old-fashioned Quaker Christmas was a cozy time according to some traditions or records of family memories, but in the beginnings of our history the day was a pretty grim occasion. Like other dissenters, Friends felt no religious unity with a festival whose very name implied a "popish mass." It was part of the superstition of an apostate Christendom, from which all seekers for the primitive Christianity should abstain. So, with the peculiar Quaker obstinacy which often outstripped the dissent of other non-conformists, they demonstrated their protest by doing business as usual on the holiday.

Nearly all the references I can find in Quaker records to "Tenth Month 25th" (as it was then) are to arrest and imprisonment, or to suffering overt violence for working or for keeping open shop on that day. From Aberdeen to Cornwall, from Denbighshire to Kent, instances can be cited. "The magistrates of the city caused the officers to pull down and take away the signs which were hanging before Friends' shops." "Some of the troopers of my Lord of Oxford's regiment ... forced them to shut their shops." "For working upon the day called Xmas day . . . put in the stocks." "Twenty yards of linen cloth taken for setting open her shop windows on that day called Xmas day." "For opening of her mother's shop windows on the day aforesaid . . . put in a cage."

"Now and Then" was a pen name used by Henry Joel Cadbury for 266 columns that appeared in FRIENDS JOURNAL and its predecessor, Friends Intelligence, between 1941 and 1973. This is the unrevised text of one that appeared in 1963. It is being reprinted at the request of Alice Brown—see "Cadbury still speaks to us today" in last month's Forum.

At Norwich in 1676 a special committee was appointed to take an account of the sufferings of such Friends as opened their shops on the day.

A second aspect of the early Quakers' feeling about Christmas was their objection to its frivolity and license. An unpublished paper of George Fox in 1656 (mostly in cipher, or shorthand) is extant, addressed to:

"You that be observing the day you call Christmas, with your fullness, with your cards, with your playgames, with your disguisings, with your feasting and abundance of idleness and destroying of the creatures . . ."

More than twenty-five years later George Fox's stepson-in-law, William Meade, expressed a concern to the Meeting for Sufferings about "the unruliness upon the day called Christmas" and apparently offered to go himself and speak to the Lord Mayor of London about it. There were printed protests by various Friends against the luxury and frivolity of the day. Just today as I write this letter there has come straight from England Violet Holdsworth's attractive new brochure, The Shoemaker of Dover, and I find that Luke Howard, whose acta sanctorum our Quaker hagiographer here recounts, was the author or joint author of a long epistle condemning both the practices of Christmas observers and the attempt to coerce non-observers.

Sometimes Friends themselves were guilty. It was no other than the well-known George Keith who informed his monthly meeting of "the public offense given by William Steven, weaver, and Elspeth Spring, his wife, in going upon the 25th of the tenth month [1672] to his wife's mother's and remaining idle all that day and keeping it in feasting there." Though the culprits at first justified their conduct, the
minutes recorded next month that they acknowledged their guilt to the Friends deputed to go to Tillakerie and ‘speak with these persons anent their scandal.’ The marginal entry, still avoiding the hated word, runs: ‘Anent two professing Truth countenancing the debauched time called Yule.’

Since those early days Friends’ attitude to Christmas has probably changed a good deal. The old Puritan objection survived most conspicuously and longest in the Quaker boarding schools, which deliberately set their winter holidays (if any) so as to avoid including Christmas. Bootham School in York first made Christmas a holiday in 1857, and Ackworth School a few years later. If I am not mistaken, the boarding schools at Westtown and at Barnesville did not recognize Christmas until the 20th century.

There are valid objections to the present day observance, especially to its commercial exploitation, but they are not the old charges of popish superstition or profane excesses. One feels that, while it may be well to think Christmas thoughts at least once a year, there would be less hypocrisy if one made every day a day of remembrance of the Prince of Peace.

The most recent and not most inaccurate of the many popular articles about Quakerism—‘They Call Themselves Friends—and Mean It!’—shocked me by its boxed headline, ‘The Quakers recognize no Sabbath . . . ,’ until I read in the text a more satisfactory explanation: ‘They reason that God can speak more clearly in silence . . . they feel that such speech can come on any day of the week and that one day is no holier than others.’

And so with Christmas. By the good Friendly principle of leveling the secular up to the sacred we ought to make every day a Christmas day, whether we concur in a formal one-day holiday or not. Yet there is danger that we assign to no special time is as good as never done. For example, what was I to reply to the friendly High Churchman who one day suddenly said to me: ‘I know you Friends celebrate the Lord’s Supper inwardly and not with bread and wine, but it never occurred to me to inquire just when and how often do you keep it?’ Was I to say: ‘Oh, any time, that is, it may be, never?’ Perhaps the most honest answer would be merely ‘Now and then.’
World Gathering of Young Friends 2005

Greetings from the World Gathering of Young Friends 2005. Two hundred twenty-six Friends gathered together at Lancaster University, United Kingdom, from August 16 to 24, 2005. Our theme was "I am the vine, you are the branches. Now, what fruit shall we bear?" taken from John 15:1; and William Penn's challenge "Let us then try what love will do." Among us, 38 yearly meetings and 9 monthly meetings and regional groups were represented, with speakers of more than 20 different languages. We were called to be gathered together at the place where our Quaker movement first bore fruit, the heart of 1652 country. We returned to our shared roots, to the birthplace of our collective spiritual identities. Through climbing Pendle Hill as a community, to live out George Fox's vision of a great people gathered together, we found a unity with the place and one another, among the bright green hills, surrounded by grazing sheep.

We felt great joy in being together and many Friends gave thanks for being here. However, our hearts were filled with sadness too. In the hall where we met there were many empty chairs, and we were always aware of those Friends who could not join us here in Lancaster. Many were absent because they were denied visas, others because they found when the time came that they could not join us after all. Their loss is our loss as well, for without their presence we could not feel their truth reflected in their words, their experiences, their faces, and their smiles. However we could feel their presence in our hearts. We have selected two representatives from each region to go to a post-WGYF gathering in Kenya to share with these brothers and sisters the Love and Spirit that we felt in this gathering.

Twenty years have passed since the last World Gathering of Young Friends, held in Greensboro, North Carolina, USA. To what purpose were we summoned once more?

Here we tried each others' forms of worship, silent and programmed, songs in many different languages, scriptural readings, hand holding. We were open, amazed, stretched, and blessed. We learned that the great presence in our lives can be called by many names, Jesus, Christ, God, Inner Light, Spirit, Love, or many others. Ultimately, through listening to the Spirit that moved us, not the words in which we expressed our movement, we strived to become one organism, one body made up of many different parts (1Cor. 12:13). We were united not so much in the expression of our faith as in our common desire to be unified, and by the power of the Spirit amongst us during these nine days. We were challenged to put aside the labels we hide behind, programmed, unprogrammed, liberal, evangelical, and come together as Friends of the Truth, seeking together for the common truth behind our language. We have not finished this process. We are only at the beginning of a long path; but the love and joy we have felt in being in this place together have allowed us to come this far, and we pray that they will lead us further yet.

The time here has been a chance to reflect on our lives. We have been challenged to recognize ourselves as God's children, and respond in willing devotion. The love we have found here is not for us to own but to share. We desire to show our love by doing good and avoiding harm to all people and to all the Earth. We must let others see this love and know its source so that they may come to share it.

The Spirit present in our gathering summoned us to be a gathered people, and spoke through the many different people and cultures here to remind us of its glory, power, and purpose. The Spirit is at work in all of us, and it is calling us not to judge one another's forms of worship but to examine our own hearts, find our own calling. We are called to take what we have experienced here and give it back to our communities.

Far-away meetings now have faces, stories, and friendships that make them real to us. Bridges have been built at our Gathering that we call on Friends everywhere to nurture and support. We will keep this contact alive through exchanges, more frequent gatherings, and opportunities to work together. Through this contact we will give strength to each other and share our gifts. We must face the future challenges of the Religious Society of Friends together.

Where we explored the theme of the vine and the branches we found that its fruits are born from love. We have experienced what Love can do in this Gathering, now let us try what it can do in the world.
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**BOO KS**

**A Young Friends' Bookshelf**

Twice a year FRIENDS JOURNAL offers reviews of books for young Quakers. This month we look at four children's books—two of which are particularly of interest to Friends who celebrate Christmas—plus two very special books for parents.

—Ellen Michaud, book review editor

**Ages 3 and up**

**What Does PEACE Feel Like?**


What Does PEACE Feel Like? is that rare children's picture book that speaks to preschoolers in a pastiche of evocative words and bright images that actually communicates the concept of peace—a term they hear bandied about above their heads on a daily basis by adults—in a way that they can understand.

"What does peace smell like?"—the author asked a couple of dozen children from around the world. "Like a bouquet of flowers in a happy family's living room. . . . Like fresh air that makes you want to go out and sleep in the sun. . . . Like pizza with onions and sausage that just came out of the oven." And, "What does peace feel like?" "Like hugs your friends give you when you cry. . . . Like the fur of my adorable cat Alice. . . . Like the fur of a baby mouse." So say Taitiana, age nine; Bhavana, ten; Fenna, nine; Erika, nine; and Irene, eight.

"What does peace look like?" "Like a cat and a dog curled up together in a basket," say Maxson, age ten; Silvia, age eight; Bruno, age eight; Giulia, age nine; and Claire, age eight.

Perfectly concluded by an appendix that lists words of peace in nearly 300 languages, this is one book that belongs in the hands of every child in the world.

A portion of the profits are being donated to CARE.

—Ellen Michaud

**God Believes in You**


God Believes in You is an enormously affirming book that relates the adventures and misadventures of Buddy, the bull mastiff. Buddy goes through his day, often beset by fears and uncertainties as he copes with, among other things, his master's absence, a walk in the park, Dalmatians at a fire, and a barbecue where temptation is all too present. Buddy may get confused, unsure, or make bad choices, but no matter what, God always believes in him, and so ultimately, things will work out for Buddy.

This is a wonderful message for children—and adults! Told in rhyming verse, the book makes its point that God is always supporting us, even when we become disappointed in ourselves. The text is accompanied by sweet and goofy illustrations of Buddy against a colorful riot of flowers and other animals. This book would be a sweet pick-me-up for any struggling kid, as well as a good reminder for all children that there is a great source of strength and security on their side.

—Abby McNear

**A Friend from Galilee**


A Friend from Galilee is a beautifully and realistically illustrated, centers on the questions posed by a young boy as he ponders how Jesus' life compares to his own. The gently rhyming text describes feelings and situations common to many children: competitiveness, loneliness, hurt feelings over the actions of a friend, sharing, obedience, etc.

Jesus, Jesus, growing up in Nazareth,
Living like the rest of us,
Did you sweep the floor?

Jesus, Jesus, playing down in Galilee,
Were your friends all like me?
Was your family poor?

One refreshing element is the mention of the narrator's material poverty, a state in which many children live, but which is rarely recognized in a matter-of-fact way in children's literature. But the book's primary value lies in its invitation to children to think about Jesus in a personal way and not simply as a remote historical/spiritual figure. By doing this, A Friend from Galilee reassures children that the struggles and triumphs they face in their lives have merit and are of importance to God as well.
The book also includes a list of Biblical references to help answer the questions raised in the text. This is a wonderful resource that offers many avenues for parent and child to investigate the themes raised in the book.

—Abby McNair

The Librarian of Basra: A True Story from Iraq


"Alia Muhammad Baker is the librarian of Basra, a port city in the sand-swept country of Iraq," begins this true tale of a courageous librarian who rescued 30,000 books from the intransigence of Iraqi officials and the bombs of U.S. aircraft during the second Gulf War.

"Her library is a meeting place for all who love books," it continues. "They discuss matters of the world and matters of the spirit... now they talk only of war."

Worried that fires from the approaching invasion will destroy her books, Alia asks local officials to move them to a safe place. The officials refuse. So every night, armload by armload, she loads them into her car and takes them home.

Unfortunately, Iraqi soldiers and the local government move into the library and make it a target for a U.S. attack. But when the bombs fall, they run away—and it is left to Alia to beg her next-door neighbor, restauranteur Anis Muhammad, to help her remove the remaining thousands of books and hide them in his restaurant. Not only does Anis help, but so does every other shopkeeper and neighbor in the area. All night long they haul books over the seven-foot wall that separates Anis' restaurant from the library's grounds. Nine days later it is burned to the ground.

When all is finally quiet in Basra, Alia hires a truck to haul all the books to her house and the houses of her friends. Then she waits for the war to end, dreaming of peace and a new library.

Although the war has not yet ended, Alia will get her library. A portion of this book's proceeds are being contributed by Harcourt to the American Library Association's Iraq Book Program, which is actually working with Alia to select books. (Contact Delia Guerra, <int ala.org> or (800) 545-2433, ext. 3201, for further information on the program.)

Wonderfully illustrated by its award-winning author, The Librarian of Basra is a spare, simply told tale of the difference one person's courage and a community's collaborative action can make in the life of a nation. Efforts were made not to demonize the United States—people from the United States are not named and the invading warplanes and soldiers do not bear insignia. Only war itself is demonized, and rightly so.

One brooding scene of a gun-carrying soldier talking to Anis through a half-closed door makes me uncomfortable, however—particularly in a picture book aimed at our youngest readers. Implying that the invading soldiers would take the books if they knew they were in Anis' restaurant, the scene instills fear in the reader and is a cheap literary device to drive the story forward and maintain a young reader's wide-eyed interest. It does both Alia and the reader a disservice and, hopefully, will be rethought in future editions.

—Ellen Michaud

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

Ages 4 to 8

Asleep in the Stable


One Night in a Stable

There are many excellent books that tell the story of the nativity in a straightforward way. Sometimes, however, it is helpful to look at this joyous story from a fresh perspective. One Night in a Stable and Asleep in the Stable offer two such perspectives, both of which happen to involve birds.

Asleep in the Stable tells the story of the nativity to young listeners through the eyes of a baby owl. Baby Owl's observations on Jesus' birth will prove laugh-out-loud funny for preschoolers, as he questions his mother on the baby's birth:

"WHOOOO," said Baby Owl, "forgot to give his Holy Child feathers to keep him warm!"

"God, his Heavenly Father, has given him the warmth of his love instead of feathers," said Mama.

"WHOOOO," asked Baby Owl, "gave me my feathers?"

"The same Heavenly Father, who made you too," cooed Mama.

What is nice about Asleep in the Stable is that it articulates some of the important concepts of God's love and care in an understandable way for very young children. The warm use of humor and perfectly adorable illustrations of the owls do much to move the story forward. This would be delightful to read on Christmas Eve while snuggled up to a young person near and dear to your heart.

One Night in a Stable describes the events occurring in anticipation of the nativity at the stable where Mary and Joseph stop. In this book, a dove is critical to the progression of events as he helps a generous ox, chained in the stable, by serving as the ox's eyes onto the larger world. As the evening progresses, the ox invites more and more animals into the stable...
“Sometimes I feel as if we have our own life-time learning establishment.”

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December 2005 FRIENDS JOURNAL
ment dominated by play structures rather than natural elements, they established their social hierarchy through physical competence. But after an open grassy area was planted with shrubs, the quality of play was very different. Children used more fantasy, while their social standing became based less on physical abilities and more on language skills, creativity, and inventiveness.

Nature nurtures creativity in many ways. As Louv writes:

Nature—the sublime, the harsh, and the beautiful—offers something that the street of a gated community or computer game cannot. Nature presents the young with something much greater than they are; it offers an environment where they can easily contemplate infinity and eternity. A child can, on a rare clear night, see the stars and perceive the infinite from a rooftop in Brooklyn.

Immersion in the natural environment cuts to the chase, exposes the young directly and immediately to the very elements from which humans evolved: earth, water, air, and other living kin, large and small. . . . [Without that experience] we forget our place; we forget that larger fabric on which our lives depend.

Unfortunately, while people in the United States encourage team sports, we don’t just let kids explore and interact with the natural world. In fact, traditional forms of outdoor play—catching tadpoles, building tree houses, rearranging the stones in a creek—are now against the rules in many parks and open spaces.

Why? Last Child in the Woods outlines these reasons:

- Land development, urban sprawl
- Structured and commercialized play
- Schools fixated on achievement test scores
- Parents afraid to let their children explore on their own
- Lack of knowledge leading to fearing or romanticizing nature

Richard Louv brings these issues to a personal level. He does not want his child to be the last one in the woods. With this book he has issued a challenge to all of us to give ourselves and our children the space and the freedom to come to personal terms with the natural world—to be restored in spirit by interaction with creation to a saner approach to life.

In the final chapters Louv sketches a vision of a world in which civilization and nature coexist and the arts flourish. He says he may be “out on a limb”—but “that’s where the fruit is.” As a result, Last Child in the Woods is nothing less than a sequel to Rachel Carson’s Silent Spring. It should serve as a clear call to let our
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Sandra Moon Farley, a member of Palo Alto (Calif) Meeting, is the primary author and illustrator of Earthcare for Children and one of the editors of Earthcare for Friends.

A Change of Heart: A Harmony Novel

Professor Roy's class on literary criticism did not prepare me for Philip Gulley. I realized this about two seconds after I curled up with the Quaker pastor's latest book A Change of Heart—his fifth novel in the series about Quaker pastor Sam Gardner and the members of Harmony Friends Meeting—and fell so totally in love with its characters, its themes, its humor, its style, its sense of place that I lost what little objectivity I'd managed to hang onto after reviewing the last Harmony book.

The thing is, Philip Gulley got me hooked on the folks at Harmony Friends Meeting early on. They're people that I know—good people who can generally be counted on to trip over their own ecclesiastical shoes and end up facing the direction from which they came rather than the direction in which they want to go. I also know their long-suffering and somewhat reluctant pastor—the guy who's supposed to help them shake off the confusion that going in circles can engender and point them toward the path they really meant to take.

Yet, although the novel is packed with the author's humorous subplots as Harmony Friends run the Friendly Women's Circle annual noodle supper or help the Sausage Queen's driver transition into a new role within the community, Gulley gives us that warm, comfortable feeling of visiting a community we know well without trotting out the stories we've heard from previous books. Instead, he follows the trials and tribulations of two families—minor characters in previous books—as they move front and center to make major life changes they, like many of us, neither sought nor anticipated.

Ellis and Miriam Hodge, hard-working farmers just outside of town, struggle with the possibility of losing their daughter, Amanda, to Ralph and Sandy Hodge, the girl's biological parents. Ralph is Ellis' brother. But no two brothers could be more different, and when Amanda was five, Ralph and Sandy used to spend most of their time getting drunk. Occasionally they'd smack the girl around. So Ellis gave them $30,000—his life savings—to get children connect to the Earth and to encourage us reengage with the natural world.

—Sandy Farley

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Children connect to the Earth and to encourage us reengage with the natural world.

—Sandy Farley
out of town and leave Amanda with him and his wife, Miriam. Now, 12 years later, Ralph and Sandy are back—sober, reformed church-goers who love their daughter from the bottom of their hearts. And Ellis, good Friend that he may be, is not handling the situation at all well.

The second family undergoing big changes is that of the elderly Dale and Dolores Hinnshaw. Dale, a flag-waving, self-appointed hair shirt who publicly corrects Sam when he or his sermons stray from the path dictated by the Mighty Men of God, a group of righteous men modeled on the Promise Keepers, needs a new heart. Literally. And Sam, while struggling with guilt engendered by his feeling that it might not be the worst thing if Dale dies, nevertheless cuts the man’s lawn, holds his hand, and ferries him to the hospital for his transplant—all the while listening to the outward manifestation of Dale’s amazing thought process.

“Sure hope those doctors are Christians,” [Dale] said. “What’s their religion got to do with anything?” Sam asked. “There are plenty of wonderful surgeons who aren’t Christian.”

“I read in my Mighty Men of God magazine about this pastor in Alabama getting operated on and his doctors was Muslim and they found out he was a Christian while he was bein’ operated on and they tried to kill him right there on the table and would have if one of the nurses hadn’t been Christian and shot ‘em dead.”

Holy bigotry! Dale doesn’t believe that anyone who’s different than he is should be left alive! But in case you ever doubt God’s—or Philip Gulley’s—sense of humor, you should know that the cocky little bigot is now walking around Harmony Friends Meeting with the heart of a card-carrying member of the ACLU. He may never be the same.

A Change of Heart is Gulley’s best book in the Harmony series. No one does a better job at preaching forgiveness and acceptance or holding up a mirror for us to see how lacking we are in each. What’s more, as his characters have matured, so has Gulley’s ability to draw forth the contradictory nuances of their beautiful, convoluted humanity. They are, as their pastor finally realizes, something for which to thank God.

—Ellen Michaud

Correction:
Over the Highest Mountain, by Alice Resch Synnestvedt, which was reviewed in the October issue, is published by Intentional Productions, 2004.

Position Announcement
Executive Director of Sierra Friends Center
Nevada City, California

Sierra Friends Center is an educational community under the care of the Religious Society of Friends, located on a 230 acre rural campus in Northern California’s Sierra Nevada foothills. This beautiful site offers diversified programs, including the Woolman Semester for high school juniors and seniors, summer youth camps and adult residential courses. The campus is within a 1 hour drive from Sacramento, and 2.5 hours from the San Francisco Bay Area.

We are seeking an Executive Director to begin July 1st, 2006.

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Deadline for completed applications: February 1, 2006.

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News
The Quaker Initiative to End Torture (QUIT) has gained support from meetings for its June 2006 Conference on Torture at Guilford College in Greensboro, N.C. (See Bulletin Board, p.37.) In a minute approved in May, South Central Yearly Meeting affirmed unity “with John Calvi’s concern that now is the time for the Religious Society of Friends to study the matter of torture and how it is to be treated and prevented. As Friends we feel led to vigorously oppose the calculated brutality that is torture, and to reaffirm our belief in the dignity and precious worth of every human being.” Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative), in a minute approved in July 2005, expressed its support for “the proposed Quaker conference focusing on our responsibility as Quakers to address the issue of torture from our spiritual center... We endorse the goal to strengthen laws and policies banning torture.” In a minute approved in August 2005, Baltimore Yearly Meeting called “upon all governments and combatants both to declare their rejection of torture and abuse and adhere strictly to the conventions for the humane treatment of all detainees... We join those meetings, and Friends World Committee for Consultation, which have endorsed the call by Friend John Calvi of New England Yearly Meeting for a Quaker conference to seek ways that Friends can work actively for an end to torture everywhere.” Approving a minute in May, Frederick (Md.) Meeting stated, “We abhor torture and mistreatment of prisoners of any classification any place. We must not sink to this level of inhumanity... We think the time has come for a public conference on torture... Friends’ history as a peace-loving people leads us to ask for such a conference.”—From telephone conversations with and information from John Calvi and Spark: New York Yearly Meeting News, Sept 2005

Bulletin Board
Upcoming Events
• December 27-30—“Celebrating Nonviolent Resistance,” international conference organized by Nonviolence International, a decentralized network of resource centers for nonviolent action, at Bethlehem University, Palestine. This event is endorsed by AFSC, Fellowship of Reconciliation, and many other groups. For information, see <www.celebratingnv.org> or call (202) 244-0951.
• January—Peru Yearly Meeting
• January 1-3—Pemba (Tanzania) Yearly Meeting

December 2005 Friends Journal
• January 5–9—Bolivia Yearly Meeting
• January 6–8—El Salvador Yearly Meeting
• January 7–14—Australia Yearly Meeting
• January 8–Bhopal (India) Yearly Meeting

• June 2–4—Conference on Torture at Guilford College, Greensboro, N.C., arranged by the Quaker Initiative to End Torture (QUIT). The conference has the dual intentions of education and long-term action against the use of torture worldwide. According to John Calvi of Putney, Vt., a longtime advocate for such a conference, the program will include legislative updates from Friends Committee on National Legislation and reports from American Friends Service Committee staff members about torture in prisons in the United States. “We will have speakers to learn the basics of current legislation, international law, treatment of survivors and perpetrators, and the recent history of torture. Then we will focus on creating and choosing actions to end torture,” he said. “Programming is just beginning to take shape. We encourage Friends to send us ideas for workshop topics and names of potential presenters.” For more information and updates visit <http://home.ix.netcom.com/~quit>, e-mail <calvi@sover.net>, or call (802) 387-4789.

Resources

• The Peace Issues Working Group (PIWG), an ad hoc committee of Friends World Committee for Consultation (FWCC), Section of the Americas, formed at SOA’s annual meeting in 2002 as a way to respond to the shock of September 11, and to the moving speech of Mary Lord, “Can Love overcome Violence and Hate?” PIWG planned the Friends Peace Witness in a Time of Crisis conference held in January 2003 at Guilford College. Many came away energized from this spirit-led conference. Since then, PIWG has supported an interfaith seminar held in 2004 at Guilford College and the Plowshere Conference in Indianapolis in 2005. The proceedings of the 2003 conference are available in print and on CD. The material is being used as a peace study guide by many meetings. PIWG is open to new ideas and new ways to express the Quaker Peace Testimony. All Friends who are interested are encouraged to join PIWG. For more information, write or call FWCC, Friends Center, 1506 Race St. Philadelphia, PA 19102; call (215) 241-7250; e-mail <americas@fwcc.quaker.org>; or contact co-clerks Scilla Wahrhaftig, (412) 371-3607, <peacesseeds@verizon.net> or George Rubin, (609) 654-3064, <mgrubin@medlees.com>.

**FRIENDS JOURNAL December 2005**
mainly elderly Hicksite Friends complained that Friends were flirting with disbelief and infidelity; a few even tried to make common cause with Orthodox Friends in publishing a new periodical called The United Friend. It was united in conservatism rather than a commitment to reunion, but proved short-lived.

The second characteristic was support for the new institutions that Hicksite Friends were establishing. I have already mentioned the attention that the Intelligencer gave to Swarthmore College and First-day schools. This was routine by the 1880s, as reports on Swarthmore's commencement often took up the better part of two issues, and Swarthmore faculty became regular contributors. The establishment of George School in the 1890s received extensive coverage. By the 1890s, the Intelligencer also became the venue for sharing “lesson leaves” for use in First-day schools, as Hicksites followed the lead of other denominations in trying to establish a uniform curriculum. The Intelligencer also gave extensive coverage to the meetings of various conferences and unions, such as the First Day School General Conference and the Friends Union for Philanthropic Labor, whose merger in 1900 would form Friends General Conference. This commitment diversified between 1900 and 1950, as Quaker organizations multiplied. After the formation of American Friends Service Committee in 1917, its activities became a staple of the Intelligencer's columns, as did newer groups like Friends Fellowship Council, Friends World Committee for Consultation, and Friends Committee on National Legislation.

Finally, in some ways more than earlier, from the 1890s onward the Intelligencer became the medium by which Hicksite Friends communicated with each other. Vital statistics had been a feature since the beginning, but by the 1890s reports from traveling Friends ceased to be chronicles of spiritual trials and triumphs and more reports on individual well-known Friends and their activities. Isolated Friends especially depended on its columns. By the 1920s, as interest grew among such Friends in forming new, unprogrammed meetings, a notice in the Intelligencer became the most efficient way of determining if other Friends could be found in Pittsburgh or Ithaca or Indianapolis or Seattle or one of a hundred other places.

As the Intelligencer found its identity, its Orthodox Philadelphia counterpart, The Friend, or “the square Friend” (because of its shape, not its lack of “cool”), continued to appear weekly. Change came slowly there. When Orthodox Friends divided into Gurneyite and Wilburite persuasions between 1835 and 1855, the Friend became the voice of Wilburism, skeptical of all change, convinced that only in Philadelphia and Ohio yearly meetings, with a few pockets of Orthodoxy elsewhere, had real Quakerism survived. A reader in 1900 would have found little change, really, since 1827. When change did come after 1900, however, it was still guarded. Probably the most radical innovation was in 1935, when Elton Trueblood, a Johns Hopkins PhD with a pastoral Friends background, began to edit it from Stanford. Even then, its dominant notes were caution and avoiding controversy.

By the 1930s, however, the issues that had been so important a century earlier had lost their urgency, at least in Philadelphia. As Hicksites and the Orthodox Arch Street yearly meeting moved toward reunion, discussions began in 1948 about a possible union of the Intelligencer and The Friend.

Discussions began in 1948 about a possible union of the Intelligencer and The Friend.
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Wounding and Healing
Continued from page 9

one of the tablets breaks, and so he says there were 10. I'm thinking maybe Number 11 was, "Thou shalt not take thyself too seriously."

I had a wonderful experience a couple of years ago when we were doing a show on terminal illness. My producer and I went to University of Pennsylvania to interview a woman who was terminally ill and agreed to be interviewed. We had to crowd up at the head of the bed because there was only one microphone. We were talking about her life, and I waited until the end of the interview to ask her some of the most difficult questions. "So what is it like now, are you beginning to mourn your own death?" And in that pregnant pause, I heard what sounded like water trickling somewhere. Now, it was a very sensitive microphone and that background noise could have ruined the interview. So in that pause, I looked over my shoulder in the bathroom to see if there was water leaking. There wasn't. Then I looked down at the floor, and I saw what had happened. Because the three of us were so close together, my producer's leg knocked my catheter tube out and I was dripping on the floor. Now, I never read a book of etiquette about this, but what do you do? I said to her, "I hate to interrupt such an awkward moment, but I just peed all over your floor." She said, "It's okay, don't worry about it." I said, "I'm really embarrassed." She said, "Don't be embarrassed, it's okay." I said, "Well, since I'm embarrassed and you're not, when we get a person to clean it up, can we say you did it?" We laughed so hard we cried. And then we cried some more, about her life trickling away. We did both, and that's what makes for a healthy environment.

I think healing the soul is ultimately about one other thing. The marquee of a church down the street from my house says, "God is love." I didn't understand that until the last decade. I think the Beatles were wrong when they sang, "Love is all you need," but Andrew Lloyd Webber was right when he said, "Love changes everything." Love does change everything: love promised, love withdrawn, love betrayed, love lost. More than anything, altruistic love opens the heart. Altruistic love—loving the other just for the sake of the other—opens the heart more than anything you can receive.
MILESTONES

Deaths

Jenkins—Hugh Montfort Jenkins, 90, on June 29, 2005, in Costa Rica, while he and his wife were visiting their son. Hugh was born in Leicester, England, on December 29, 1914. While doing refugee work in Europe during World War II, he met Juanita (Juanita) Manuela. They were married in September 1942 in Guildford, England. A conscientious objector, Hugh worked for Friends Relief Service and was one of the first aid workers to enter Bergen-Belsen concentration camp, five days after its liberation, to help feed survivors. There was much that needed immediate attention, so it wasn’t until later that the enormity of what he’d been through became clear to him. Hugh and Juanita moved to the United States in the 1940s. Their son was born in 1948. Hugh served as assistant secretary of the Foreign Section of American Friends Service Committee. During this time, Hugh, Juanita, and their son were regular attenders at Upper Dublin (Pa.) Meeting. In 1950, Hugh became director of International Student House in Washington, a position he held for six years. ISH was founded as a place where people of all races and religions could mingle. Hugh and Juanita applied for membership at Friends Meeting of Washington in 1953. By 1956 Hugh and his family were living in Boston where he worked as director of Children for Palestine, which had an educational program serving both Jewish and Arab children, working toward reconciliation. In 1957 Hugh took a job as director of the new Foreign Students Service Council in Washington. His subsequent career was devoted to international student programs. He had a long and extensive role, including serving as executive director and as president, in what is now called the Association of International Educators, promoting the exchange of students and scholars to and from the United States. During the 1960s, Hugh served on the meeting’s Social Order Committee for many years and was active in draft counseling. Hugh Jenkins was a generous and compassionate man with a fine sense of humor. Friends and non-Friends alike ask themselves what they would do if faced with the ultimate horrors of war. Hugh Jenkins answered that question for himself by serving, recovering, and then devoting the rest of his long life to helping young people from around the world create a better future for all of us. He is survived by his loving wife of 63 years, Juanita Jenkins; their son, Michael D. Jenkins; grandchildren, Guanina De La Torre and Sara M. Jenkins; and a niece, Francis Chesson.

Montgomery—Martha Wheeler Montgomery, 91, on April 5, 2005, in Fort Collins, Colo. Born in New York City on April 21, 1913, Martha was educated at Ethel Walker Boarding School and Smith College. Later, she pursued graduate studies in psychology at City College of New York and University of Chicago. In New York City, she organized women laundry workers, who at the time were earning $8.30 a week compared to the $12.50 that men were making. To become further engaged in and educated about the labor movement, she moved to Mena, Ark., a progressive community and home of Commonwealth College. There she met Wayne Barker, her first husband. Together, they helped organize steelworkers and garment workers in St. Louis. After the war they engaged in and educated about the labor movement.

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divorced, and Martha married J. Seymour Montgomery, of Princeton, N.J. In New Jersey, Martha became a psychologist for the school district and worked in several guidance centers, becoming the director of one for a time. She taught psychology at Trenton State College, maintained an extensive private practice, and became a faithful attender, and later a member, of Princeton (N.J.) Meeting. Martha’s spiritual life included a strong interest in the Sufi tradition. She regularly attended Dances of Universal Peace in Princeton, and visited the Abole Retreat Center in upstate New York. Her seeking took her on pilgrimages in Egypt, Jerusalem, and India, and led her to participate in a drumming ceremony on a beach in Portugal, and a Sufi retreat in the Himalayas. Several of these adventures took place in her late ’70s and early ’80s. At age 85, Martha gave up her private practice and moved to Fort Collins, Colo., in order to be nearer to family and to live in a cohousing community. As a member of Fort Collins meeting, she attended meeting regularly and served on committees, including Faith in Action, Ministry and Counsel, and on various clearness committees. She brought to Ministry and Counsel a strong spiritual foundation over a period of several years. She was a spirited and engaging person with a warm smile, who touched people’s lives with her humor, intelligence, and care. Martha is survived by two daughters, Lynn Root and Shelly Baker; a son, John Montgomery; two brothers, Charles and Edward Wheeler; and her sister, Ann Weathers.

Squires—Richard (Dick) Squires, 95, on August 13, 2005, in Fort Myers, Fla., of heart failure and complications from leukemia. Dick was born on October 21, 1909, in Zanesville, Ohio, the second of five children. His father, Walter Squires, had an oil well business, while his mother, Edith Lombard Squires, raised and taught the children. Through her influence Dick gained his lifelong passion for music and the arts. From his father he learned the pragmatic perspective of an engineer, as well as a strong sense of compassion and honesty. The family moved to Richmond, Ind., where Dick graduated from high school. He earned engineering degrees from Purdue and Yale universities. He married Janet Harris in 1932. Their three children were brought up in the Philadelphia, Pa., area as members of Radnor Meeting; Dick later was a member of Ames (Iowa) Meeting, Stuart (Fla.) Worship Group, and Ft. Myers (Fla.) Meeting. In 1956 Dick took a three-year teaching position with the College of Engineering in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. He then joined the faculty of Iowa State University and taught engineering until 1976, taught at Prairie View A&M, and was a summer consultant for the Northern Pacific Railway. Later he helped tape books for the Iowa Department for the Blind, and served on the board for Story County Housing. He continued his travels with trips to China, Australia, the Galapagos Islands, and an unforgettable ride on the Trans-Siberian railway. He lived the last three years of his life in Fort Myers, Fla., with his daughter Barbara. Dick had a lively sense of curiosity and enjoyed reading the Harry Potter series, Civil War books, about UFOs, Sherlock Holmes mysteries, and biographies of people associated with civil liberties. He wrote several books compiling his life’s activities and adventures, and reviewing the lives of people he admired. He loved opera and sympho-
Ministry, hospitality, and diversity

Signe Wilkinson's delightful “Field-guide to Quaker (unprogrammed) Ministry” in the October issue got gender balance right, with four women and four men. But racial diversity made no appearance, sad to say. All eight faces looked to be European-American. This may well be an accurate reflection of how her own meeting and even her own experience with Quakerism beyond her meeting. In reality, that is all too likely. Yet there is racial diversity among Friends in the U.S. If we are lucky, and if we nurture what diversity we have, it may even grow.

Including images of one or more African-American or Asian or American Indian Friends in such a depiction would reflect the hospitality that Nancy Fennell, in her article just a few pages before, urges us to embrace.

Elizabeth DuVerlie
Baltimore, Md.

I have long felt that calling ourselves Friends should mean committing ourselves to such a concrete discipline-and-witness so as to preserve shalom with all creatures, the nonhuman as well as the human ones. After all, God who made all creatures and loves them, who is shalom, and who has drawn us through God's Spirit into God's community, would hardly expect anything less of us as God's Friends! The minutes approved at this “called session” appear to be a big step in that direction. If they truly are, it is cause for celebration.

I wouldn't want to overstate what's been accomplished here. Clearly, we're still short of the point of actually practicing any such concrete corporate discipline-and-witness. And getting to actual practice will require a lot of growth in spiritual maturity. We'll need to learn how to help each other rise to such practice and stick with it. And I'm not sure how many of us really understand how to do that. (I know I still have much to learn!) Still, for most Friends communities, the challenge now is simply to do what Philadelphia Yearly Meeting has just done—to make the conscious shared commitment; to pledge ourselves to such discipline-and-witness as a conscious goal. I am delighted that Philadelphia has done so.

Marshall Masey
Omaha, Neb.
Events at Pendle Hill
December 9–11: Prayer and Peacemaking, with Dan Snyder
December 9–January 1: New Year Conference
*The Art of the Great Interpreters,* with Karl Miller
Open Heart, Peaceful Mind: A Silent Retreat, with Valerie Brown (leader) January 20–22: Gandhi, Dorothy Day, and Malcolm X: The Quest for Personal and Social Transformation, with Sudeshan Kamper
January 30–February 4: Howard Thurman: In Search of Authentic Community, with Dorsey O. BlakeFebruary 3–5: Kazantzakis' *Zorba the Greek* and Nietzschean Parable, with Peter Elsser

Teach English in China. YingwenTeach, a Friendly Tucson organization, seeks adventurous souls to teach conversational English for long- or short-term (2.3, or 4 weeks). Chinese schools provide salary, free housing, and more. Contact Shane at <info@yingwen teach.com>.

Quaker House Ann Arbor has periodic openings in a person-inhabited community based on Friends principles. (734) 761-7435. <quakerhouse@umich.edu>; <www.ics.org>. This is a Quaker community with Sudarshan.

Do you care about the future of the Religious Society of Friends? Support growing meetings and a spiritually vital Quakerism for all ages with a deferred gift to Friends General Conference (bequest, charitable gift annuity, trust). For information, please contact Michael Wajda at FGC, 1216 Arch Street, 2B, Philadelphia, PA 19107; (215) 661-7000; michaelwajda@fgcquaker.org.

Conferences, retreats, and programs: Contact Shane at information@fgcquaker.org, and see <www.ics.org>.


Sanctuary House of the Quaker Meeting, 1221 Arch Street, 2B, Philadelphia, PA 19107. For more information, please contact: FFA, 1216 Arch Street, 2B, Philadelphia, PA 19107; (215) 661-7000; michaelwajda@fgcquaker.org.

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Positions Vacant
Faculty Position in Ministry of Writing
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ESR has about 100 students and shares its campus with Earlham College. Students and faculty represent a wide range of theological, political, and social perspectives. Candidates from the Religious Society of Friends, women, and minorities are especially encouraged to apply. Teaching responsibilities will commence in the 2006–2007 academic year. An explanation letter expressing interest in the position, vita, and names of three references to: Lorraine Valentine, Earlham School of Religion, 820 College Avenue, Richmond, IN 47374 or <valentine@earlham.edu>.

Conference Coordinator, Friends General Conference for Annual Gathering of Friends. Works with conference committees, many volunteers, and university staff, requiring some travel, manages $1 million budget, supervises two regular plus seasonal staff, administers complex operations and logistics, solves problems, manages crises, and maintains relationships. Must have an A.B. from a Quaker institution or four years of experience; certificate of ordination from a Religious Society of Friends Ministry; a Quaker lifestyle; and experience working with educational institutions. Send a letter explaining interest in the position, vita, and names of three references to: Lennie Valentine, Earlham School of Religion, 820 College Avenue, Richmond, IN 47374 or <valentine@earlham.edu>.

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Monte verde Friends School seeks director, pre-K-12 teachers and volunteers. School year begins in August 2006. MFS is an English-dominated, 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, 2005 or until position filled. Volunteers any month. Contact Tim Curtis, Monte verde Friends School, Monte verde 5656, Puntarenas, Costa Rica. Tel/fax: +506 (805) 645-5202. E-mail: mtcurtin@ti.com.net. <WWW.mtfschool.org> visit暖气法。<br><br><br><br><br>Real Estate<br>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: -cholland@cape.com. <br><br>Quaker in the Real Estate world offering professional help with selling and buying your home. 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MEETINGS

A partial listing of Friends meetings in the United States.

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Notice: A small number of meetings have been removed from this listing owing to difficulty in reaching them for updated information and telling purposes. If your meeting has been removed and wishes to continue to be listed, please accept our apologies for any inconvenience.

AUSTRALIA

The Australian website (www.quakers.org.au) lists meetinghouses, worshiping times, and accommodation facilities. See the list for more information. Phone +61 (3) 5734 0155.

BOTSWANA


CANADA

OTTAWA—Worship and First-day School meeting, 11 a.m. at The Friends Peace Center/Guest Hostel, (613) 323-6165. <www.ottawaquakers.org>.

GHANA

ACCRA—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m. Sundays, Hill House near Animal Research Institute, Achimota Golf Area, Phone: (303) 230-2369.

NICARAGUA

MANAGUA—Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. 2nd Sundays, El Centro de los Amigos, APDTO 5930, Managua, Nicaragua. Fax (505) 850-3129 or (505) 850-3129.

PALESTINE/ISRAEL

RAMALLAH—Unprogrammed worship, Sunday at 10:30 a.m. Meetinghouse on main road in Ramallah. Contact: Jean Zara, phone 02-2852471.

UNITED STATES

Alabama

AUBURN—Unprogrammed meeting, Sundays, 9 a.m. Room 205, 132 N. Gay Street, (334) 879-3968 or 826-0045.

BIRMINGHAM—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m. Sundays, 4413 5th Ave. S., Birmingham, AL 35222. (205) 328-0270.

FAIRMOUNT—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m. Sundays, Friends Meetinghouse, 9261 Fairhope Ave. Write: P.O. Box 319, Fairhope, AL 36532. (205) 929-0982.

HUNTSVILLE—Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m. Sundays in various homes. Call (256) 857-3327 or write P.O. Box P 3530, Huntsville, AL 35810.

Alaska

ANCHORAGE—Call for line and directions. (907) 567-0700.

FAIRBANKS—Unprogrammed meeting, 1st Day, 10 a.m. Hidden Hills Friends Center, 2682 Gold Hill Rd. Phone: 479-3766.

HOME—Friends Meeting, unprogrammed worship, 10:30 a.m. First days at Flex School. (907) 245-8688.

JUNEAU—Unprogrammed 11 a.m. Sunday at the Juneau Senior Center, 865 W. 12th St. Contact: (907) 789-6885.

Arizona

FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting First day, 10 a.m. 402 S. Beaver, 86001.

MOREL—Cochise Friends worship group at Friends City Center, Hwy 191, m.p. 16.5, 86011 Swor Sunday 11 a.m. except June. Sharing 1st Day 10 a.m. Call 462-0109.

Phoenix—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. 1702 E. Thunderbird, Phoenix, AZ 85020. 48215-9381 or 955-1878.

Tempe—Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 121 S. 15th St., 85281, (480) 980-9896. <www.tempequakers.com>.

TUCSON—Pima Friends Meeting (unprogrammed), First- day worship and school, 8:15 and 10 a.m. and Wednesday at 11 a.m. 531 N. 5th Ave., 85705-7723. Information: (520) 363-2283.

Arkansas

FAYETTEVILLE—Unprogrammed worship 9 a.m. Sundays, 6 p.m. Wednesdays 902 W. Maple, (479) 827-3936.

HOPE (Caddo Four States) Unprogrammed worship, Saturdays 10 a.m. in Texarkana, AR. For information call (870) 777-1689.

LITTLE ROCK—Unprogrammed meeting. Discussion, 10 a.m. First day worship at 11 a.m. at 3415 West Markham, Phone: (501) 674-7223.

TEXARKANA—Unprogrammed meeting for worship, Saturdays 11 a.m. in Texarkana, TX. For information, call 903-792-3598.

California

ARCATA—11 a.m. 2050 1st Street. (707) 826-1948.

BERKELEY—Unprogrammed meeting, Worship, 9 a.m. and 11 a.m. at 2151 Via Del Sol, 94709-9729.

BERKELEY—Strawberry Creek, P.O. Box 5065, Berkeley, CA 94705. (510) 584-1946. Unprogrammed worship and First day school, 10 a.m. At Berkeley Alternative High School, Martin Luther King Jr. Way and Derby Street.

CHICO—9:45–10:15 a.m. singing; 10:30 a.m. unprogrammed worship, children's classes. Hillwood and 14th Street. (530) 865-2315.

CLAREMONT—Worship—9:30 a.m. Classes for children. 727 W. Harrison Ave., Claremont (909) 621-2894.

DAVIS—Meeting for worship, First Days, 9:45 a.m. 345 L St. Visitors call (530) 758-8492.

FRESNO—Unprogrammed meeting. Sunday, 10 a.m. 2219 San Jose Ave., Fresno, CA 93721. (559) 277-4102.

GRASS VALLEY—Meeting for worship, 9:45 a.m.; discussion/time, 11 a.m. Sierra Friends Center campus, 13075 Woolman Ln. PO Box 993 (530) 265-9090.

LA JOLLA—Meeting 10 a.m. at 3780 El Cid Ave. Visitors call (858) 456-1090.

MARIN COUNTY—10 a.m. Falkirk Cultural Center, 1406 Mission Ave. at E St., San Rafael, CA. (415) 435-5755.

MARLON—LONG BEACH—10 a.m. Ocranza at Spaulding. (562) 514-7730.

MENDOCINO—Worship 10 a.m. at Caspar Shalt, halfway between Mendocino and Ft. Bragg. (707) 937-0200.

MONTEREY PENINSULA—Friends meeting for worship, Sundays, 10 a.m. Call (408) 373-7222.

NAPA—SONOMA—Friends Meeting, Sundays 10 a.m. at Aldea, Inc., 1901 Oak St., Napa. Call: (707) 253-1505. <nvquake@napaweek.net>.

OJAI—Unprogrammed worship, First Day, 10 a.m. For meeting place, call Quaker Dial-a-Thought (805) 646-9930 or may be read and heard on <http://www. ojaifriendsindex.html>.

ORANGE COUNTY—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. 117 W. 4th St. Ste. 200, Santa Ana, CA 92701-4010. (714) 286-4100.

PALO ALTO—Meeting for worship and First-day classes for children, 10:30 a.m. (650) 323-0744.

PASADENA—Orange Grove Monthly Meeting, 530 E. Orange Grove Blvd. First day school 10 a.m. meeting for worship (626) 970-5029.

REDLANDS—RIVERSIDE—SAN BENEDICTO—Inland Valley Friends Meeting, 10 a.m. at 4051 Mission Inn Ave., Riverside, CA 92507. (909) 788-6110.

SACRAMENTO—Meeting 10 a.m. 899-57th Street. Phone: (916) 457-3966.

SAN DIEGO—Unprogrammed worship, First Days, 10:30 a.m. 3850 Westgate Place. (619) 878-5474.

SAN FRANCISCO—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. 65 9th Street. (415) 431-7443.

SAN JOSE—Sunday Worship at 10 a.m. Fellowship at 11:30 a.m. 1041 Morse St., San Jose, CA 95128. (408) 245-0224.

SANTO DOMINGO—Meeting for worship, First Days, 10 a.m. 899-57th Street. Phone: (916) 457-3966.

SANTA RITA—Redwood Meeting Forest Worship. 10 a.m. 1646 Guerneville Rd. Phone: (707) 767-3327.

SEASTAB—Apple Seeds Meet, Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. at Garzzi Bed, Santa Rosa (near Santa Rosa College and Peaceful Hill Rd.). (707) 573-6075.

STOCKTON—Delta Meeting, Unprogrammed, 10 a.m. 2nd Day, 645 W. Hardaway Ave. (near Center Medical Center). For info call (209) 478-8423.

VISALIA—Worship 10:30 a.m. 1728 Ave. 296, Visalia. (559) 754-6275.

WHITMAN—Whitman Monthly Meeting, Administration Building, corner Painter and Pennsylvania. Worship 9:30 a.m. P.O. Box 122. Phone: 860-7959.

December 2005 FRIENDS JOURNAL
MAINE

BAR HARBOR AREA- Acadia Friends. Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m., 2nd Wednesday, 1st and 3rd Sunday, 10 a.m., 2nd Monday in January through March, 2nd Monday in December (except Thanksgiving), 6 Chestnut St., Bar Harbor, ME 04609. Phone: (207) 288-8210. Www.acadiafriends.org.

BELFAST AREA- Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. (call for directions). New Morning Friends Meeting, 266 Grand Ave., Belfast, ME 04915. Phone: (207) 725-4766.

PORTLAND- Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. (call for directions). Portland Meeting House, 100 Forest Ave., Portland, ME 04102. Phone: (207) 773-5548.


GLOUCESTER- Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. (call for directions). Cape Ann Friends Meeting, 192 Main St., Gloucester, MA 01930. Phone: (978) 283-2055. W www.capecollinsfriends.org.

BOSTON- Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. (call for directions). First Friends Meeting of Boston, 6 Chestnut St., Boston, MA 02108. Phone: (617) 547-2689. W wW.firstfriendsmeeting.org.


STAMFORD- Meeting for worship, 9:30 a.m. (call for directions). First Friends Meeting of Stamford, 907 Savin Street, Stamford, CT 06902. Phone: (203) 322-3455. W www.stamfordfriends.org.

NEW HAVEN- Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. (call for directions). First Friends Meeting of New Haven, 261 Orange St., New Haven, CT 06510. Phone: (203) 426-1866. W www.newhavenfriends.org.

SANDY SPRING- Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. (call for directions). Sandy Spring Friends Meeting, 10450 Georgian National Dr., Laurel, MD 20724. Phone: (301) 927-9027. W wW.sandy SPRING.org.

GRAND RAPIDS- Meeting for worship and school, 9-10 a.m. (call for directions). Meeting House, 502 N. Michigan Ave., Grand Rapids, MI 49503. Phone: (616) 443-4713 or 454-1624.

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SANDY SPRING- Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. (call for directions). Sandy Spring Friends Meeting, 10450 Georgian National Dr., Laurel, MD 20724. Phone: (301) 927-9027. W www.sandySPRING.org.

KALAMAZOO- Meeting for worship and school, 9-10 a.m. (call for directions). First Friends Meeting of Kalamazoo, 501 N.Established 1905, 205 East Michigan Ave., Kalamazoo, MI 49007. Phone: (616) 384-4574.

KALAMAZOO- Meeting for worship and school, 9-10 a.m. (call for directions). First Friends Meeting of Kalamazoo, 501 N. Establishment 1905, 205 East Michigan Ave., Kalamazoo, MI 49007. Phone: (616) 384-4574.
New Jersey

ARNEY’S-Meeting for worship on the first Sunday at 11 a.m., 205 Ocean Road (Nor1hem Dutchess County) 1/4 mile E of Olde Dutchess Rd., Amenia. (607) 535-2856. (answering machine)

BARNEGAT -Worship program and meeting for worship on the first Sunday at 11 a.m. 158 Olive Street. Visitors welcome. (609) 536-3524.

CROPWELL -Meeting for worship and First-day School 10 a.m., 119 Main Street. Discussion, 5 p.m. 223 Washington Ave. at E. Third St. (609) 758-3720.

NEW YORK

ALBANY-Worship and First-day School 10 a.m., 727 Madison Ave. Phone: 436-4612.

AMAWALK-Worship 10 a.m. Quaker Rd., N. of Rte. 22, Pleasant Valley, Shawangunk, (845) 569-6385. (voice mail; answering machine).

BROOKLYN-Worship and First-day School 11 a.m. (childcare provided). 110 Schoenhorn St. For information call: (212) 777-5806, 9-5 a.m. Mailing address: Box 20123, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

BUFFALO-Worship 10 a.m. 72 N. Parade near Science Museum. (716) 625-4465 for further information.

CATSKILL -10 a.m. 501 Bull’s Head Road (Nor1hem Dutchess County) 1/4 mile from I-90 West, Route 30. (518) 453-3170.

CHATELAIN-Worship and First-day School 10 a.m. 1105 Fourth Ave. at E. Third St. (609) 243-7077.

DEER-Rutland friends Meeting, Quaker Church, Quaker Rd. and Quaker Street. (609) 866-7029.

DOVER-First meeting for worship the third Sunday of the month at 10 a.m., 827 Main Street, Millville, N.J. (609) 756-6840.

GREAT BRIDGE-Worship and First-day School 10 a.m., 1600 Great Bridge Main Street. Contact: Board of Managers, P.O. Box 345, Great Bridge, Va. 23947 (757) 488-2453.

GREENWOOD-Worship and First-day School 10 a.m., 300 Basket Ball Road, Lower Greenwood, N.J. (506) 556-3607.

HADLEY-First meeting for worship, 10 a.m., every Sunday, 216 Locust Street, Hadley. Contact: Board of Managers, P.O. Box 213, Hadley, N.Y. 12835 (518) 794-7461.

HUNTINGTON-Worship and First-day School 10 a.m., 302 County Rd. K, Old Huntington, Huntington, N.Y. (516) 359-4125.

JOHNSTOWN-Worship and First-day School 10 a.m., 300 Broad Street, Johnstown, N.Y. (518) 762-2442.

LATROBE-Worship and First-day School 10 a.m., 1000 Main Street, Latrobe, Pa. (724) 539-2017.

LAKEVILLE-Worship and First-day School 10 a.m. 221 Lakeville Main Street, Lakeville, N.J. (609) 465-3533.

LONG ISLAND QUAKER ORGANIZATION-Worship and First-day School 10 a.m. 300 New York Avenue, Huntington, N.Y. 11743 (516) 359-4125.

MAHOPAC-Worship and First-day School 10 a.m., 223 Church Street, Lakeville, N.J. (609) 465-3533.

MANNES-First meeting for worship, 10 a.m., every Sunday, 204 County Rd. K, Old Riverhead, Riverhead, N.Y. (516) 727-6849.

NEW MEXICO

ALBUQUERQUE-Meeting for worship and First-day School 10 a.m., 1500 Old Coors Road, Albuquerue, N.M. (505) 224-8970.

WOODSTOWN-First meeting for worship and First-day School 10 a.m., 1151 Broadway Street, Woodstown, N.J. (856) 328-4588.

New Mexico

ALBUQUERQUE-Meeting for worship and First-day School 10 a.m., 1500 Old Coors Road, Albuquerue, N.M. (505) 224-8970.

WOODSTOWN-First meeting for worship and First-day School 10 a.m., 1151 Broadway Street, Woodstown, N.J. (856) 328-4588.

North Carolina

ASHVILLE-Unprogrammed meeting for worship and First-day School 10 a.m., 1000 Main Street, Asheville, N.C. 28801 (704) 722-4903.

BEAUFORT-Unprogrammed. First and third Sundays, 2:30 p.m., St. Paul’s, 209 Ann Street. Discussion, fellowship, Tom (704) 232-2800.

BLACK MOUNTAIN-Swannanoa Valley Friends Meeting. Unprogrammed worship 9:30 a.m. (828) 966-4888.

BOONE-Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. Michael Horsfell, clerk, (828) 263-0007.

BREVARD-Unprogrammed meeting for worship, 11 a.m. (828) 847-7900.

CELO-Meeting 10:45 a.m., near Bunnville, off Rte. 112 S, 455 Hannah Branch Rd., (828) 675-4456.

CHAPEL HILL-Meeting for worship 9 a.m. and 11:15 a.m. First-day School 11 a.m. on Tuesdays. Childcare during the summer months. Call for information. (919) 968-8242.

GREENSBORO-Friendship Meeting (unprogrammed), 1100 New Garden Road, Greensboro, N.C. 27408, (336) 648-4888.

GREENSBORO-New Garden Friends Meeting, 11th St. Worshlp and childcare at 1:30 p.m. Call: (336) 648-4888.

HENDERSONVILLE-Meeting for worship and First-day School 10 a.m., 1201 Hendersonville Rd., #202, Hendersonville, N.C. 28791 (828) 694-1700.

JACKSONVILLE-Meeting for worship and First-day School 10 a.m., 1201 S. Washington St., Jacksonville, N.C. 28540 (910) 261-9458.

LANDOVER-Friendship Meeting, 10 a.m., 1002 Washington Street, Raleigh, N.C. 27609 (919) 832-1842.

MORGANTOWN-Meeting for worship and First-day School 10 a.m., 1182 Main Street, Morgantown, W.Va. (304) 292-5377.

NEW MEXICO

ALBUQUERQUE-Meeting for worship and First-day School 10 a.m., 1500 Old Coors Road, Albuquerue, N.M. (505) 224-8970.

WOODSTOWN-First meeting for worship and First-day School 10 a.m., 1151 Broadway Street, Woodstown, N.J. (856) 328-4588.

LEWISBURG - Meeting for worship and children’s first-day worship 10:30 a.m. Sundays. Email dewatsonfriends@yahoo.com or call current location.

LONDON GROVE - Meeting 9:30 a.m. childhood/first-day meeting 10:30 a.m. Newark rd. and rd. 826, 5 miles W of Kenneth Square. (610) 566-6255.

MAKELFE - Worship 10-10:50 a.m. First-day school 10:30-11:30 of E of Doolington on Mie Eyre Rd.

TROY - Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. in Fellowship Hall.

BIRMINGHAM - First-day school 10:30 a.m. in Fellowship Hall.

WASHINGTON - Unprogrammed worship. Worship at 3:30 p.m. Germantown Pike and Ninth St. (412) 683-3725.

FRIENDS JOURNAL - Friends’ Journal of Quaker Meeting and worship 11 a.m. (September 2005). For more information, call 202-263-8500, or visit www.friendsjournal.org.

Luton - Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. in Fellowship Hall.

WASHINGTON - Unprogrammed worship. Worship at 3:30 p.m. Germantown Pike and Ninth St. (412) 683-3725.

FRAMED - Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. in Fellowship Hall.

WASHINGTON - Unprogrammed worship. Worship at 3:30 p.m. Germantown Pike and Ninth St. (412) 683-3725.

FRIENDS JOURNAL - Friends’ Journal of Quaker Meeting and worship 11 a.m. (September 2005). For more information, call 202-263-8500, or visit www.friendsjournal.org.

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Nurture the Future of Quakerism

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

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

How can I find out more?
Please contact Michael Wajda in the FGC Development Office at 215-561-1700 or michaelw@fgcquaker.org.

“Friends General Conference fulfills my need for diversity of spiritual enrichment. I want to insure that the work and outreach of Friends General Conference goes on into the future, so I have included FGC in my will.”
— Louise E. Harris, Friendship Friends Meeting, Winston-Salem Worship Group, North Carolina