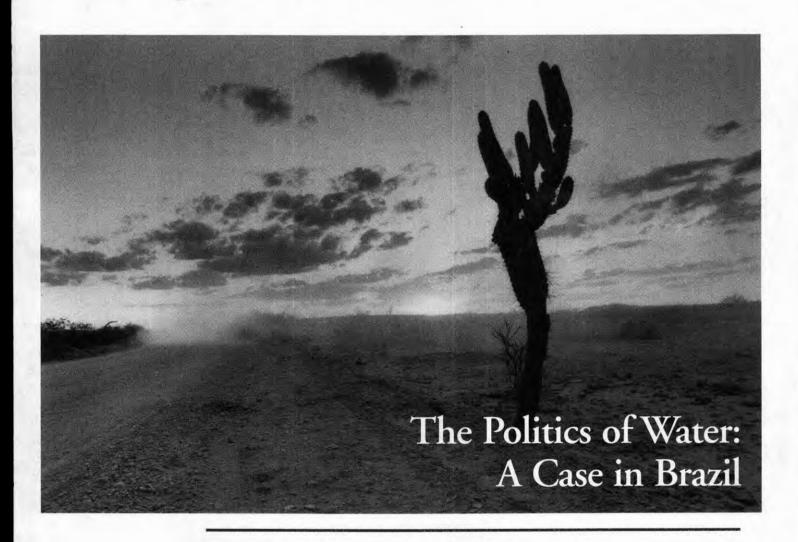
# JENUS JOURNAL

Thought and Life Today



Another Reflection on Marriage among Friends Jesus as the Second Option

#### independent magazine serving the Religious Society of Friends



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# A Rare Treasure

his past year, we've been celebrating the 50th Anniversary of FRIENDS JOURNAL. It's been quite a time, with cakes and speeches galore. For us at the JOURNAL, both staff and Board members, it's been a remarkable year. I hope that you have enjoyed one aspect or another of our celebration.

Several things have been on my mind during 2005, throughout this celebration. While we're clear that the articles published in FRIENDS JOURNAL are not the same as vocal ministry offered in meeting for worship, the words in our pages do in fact minister to our readers. It is quite common for Friends to approach me with comments about individual articles or whole issues. Elizabeth Yeats, clerk of our Board and a widelytraveled Friend, has similar experiences as she travels among Friends across the U.S. I gather from the feedback we receive that many individuals look to the JOURNAL for spiritual inspiration and connection to the wider Quaker community—and find it. One of our faithful volunteer news editors, Robert Marks, pores over hundreds of monthly meeting newsletters each month, culling information to be shared in our news department. He also regularly reports to me that FRIENDS JOURNAL is often mentioned in these newsletters, frequently with suggestions about how to use a particular article or encouragement to take note of something that's appeared in our pages. The volume of manuscripts volunteered to us for consideration each year is about 400, continuously challenging us editors to keep up with reading and responding to them all.

I believe this vibrant engagement implies several things. Friends care deeply about many topics and find comfort, encouragement, and release in sharing their concerns with other Friends. Additionally, Quakers are accustomed to taking large personal responsibility for the functioning of their religious community, which leads many individuals both to a sense of personal empowerment and to little patience with approaching religious experience as passive "consumers." An empowered community is far more likely to want to share what it has to say. Quaker enthusiasm for seeking also implies sharing what we find as we proceed. The *Journal's* long history, going back 179 years if we include our predecessor publications, bespeaks a deep need felt by Friends over the decades to communicate with each other and to speak Truth as plainly and eloquently as we are able in a format that is readily shared with others.

As we've celebrated 50 years under the bannet of FRIENDS JOURNAL, I've often reflected on how rare it is for a publication to survive for so many years. We are currently living through very hard times for independent publishers. Large progressive publications, such as Utne Reader, have openly struggled to stay afloat. Other independent magazines with long histories, including some award-winning stalwarts among religious periodicals, have closed down in the past couple of years. Some large denominations have closed or reconfigured their publications, a further sign of trouble for those of us that are independent. Even among Friends, reading and writing enthusiasts that we are, publishing operations are being cut back or eliminated in various places across the branches of Quakerism.

These observations cause me to realize just how precious the existence of FRIENDS JOURNAL is. In a world where large corporations control most of the channels of public information; where freedom of speech is threatened along with individual civil rights; where the need to address the issues of injustice, inequiry, sustainability, human rights, and freedom is rapidly escalating; the need for outlets for thoughtful, independent voices could not be greater. We Friends are in possession of a very rare treasure, one that I hope we guard carefully, particularly in such an environment.

Sulan Ordon Some

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Cover photo by Debora Setenta

### Shame on us

Some years ago I lived 15 years in India, in an area where "untouchables" removed sewage, tanned hides, and were avoided and oppressed by the upper caste power structures. Now I see the U.S. facsimile of that caste system. Hurricane Katrina exposed our untouchables: the aged, the black, and the Native Americans of our Gulf Coast states. I wonder, after this, why 38 out of 100 Americans still support President George W. Bush. His calling Katrina an "act of God" evades acknowledging that his policies cut out any pretense of concern for the poor. Meanwhile favored corporations get no-bid, lucrative contracts to rebuild.

Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal, hated by free-marketers, lifted Louisiana out of an almost feudal social system. But Ronald Reagan's "revolution" turned back the clock and its two-Bush aftermath led to our experience of a callous White House squandering tax dollars on a disastrous Iraq war rather than making lives better, or even protecting us at home. (How apt that Environmental Protection Agency staffers—those who had been spared from budget-cut prunings of agency staff—named flooded New Orleans "Lake George.")

We live George Orwell's nightmare: Government, the one entity with resources large enough to handle catastrophes, has been despoiled by this administration. Programs to create healthy people in a healthy environment were declared to be "socialist." CEO salaries soared; wage-earners accepted Reagan's fictions about aid going to undeserving "welfare queens." Now, many hard-working people in the United States meekly buy into the need for a bloated and growing military-industrial complex and the idea that "patriotism" requires supporting costly, mistaken wars in Vietnam and Iraq. The fallacy of such thinking is now exposed: it will cost billions more now to rebuild New Orleans than protecting it would have required-and our current folly in Iraq, according to Donald Rumsfeld, will go on

So I feel shame. The public suffering of frantic evacuees makes graphic the face of a nation growing poorer—as well as less ethical. Forty-five million of us can't afford health insurance, and last year, more than a million working people joined the 36 million already on the poverty rolls! In short, the rich have been getting richer and the rest of us have been getting the shaft.

What God do we worship? Might it be the God of personal comfort? Or could it be Greed? Ask the developers, who moved into the protective marshland around a now ruined city. Didn't they believe that an unregulated economy will "float all boats"?

But remember, "We have seen the enemy and they are us." How have we judged the candidates in the midterm elections? Are the same candidates again trusted to represent the people? Can we allow more of the same? Will we answer with our pocketbooks, or with our hearts, spirits, and souls?

Helen Corneli Santa Fe, N.Mex.

## Outcry

It's time to tell the truth about the moral and spiritual crisis facing the United States today.

When the president and his chosen appointees offer lie after lie to the people of the U.S., it is time to cry out, "Stop!"

It's time to pull the curtains on the economic gangsters who have taken over the government of our country and who now control many of the power centers of the world.

When a single mother manages to squeeze out a few dollars beyond her welfare check, she is liable to be convicted of fraud. When a desperate unemployed urban teenager resorts to selling drugs, he may land in prison for many years. But when the Halliburton Company defrauds us by millions, perhaps billions, of taxpayer dollars, the White House seems oblivious of such horrific crime.

Of course, there is a moral crisis in our country. Ask anyone who needs healthcare for her family and cannot afford a doctor.

Ask anyone whose job has been downsized and who faces infinite unemployment. Ask anyone who has been forced to resort to food banks and homeless shelters to keep his children alive.

However, the men who are running our government, and their friends in the Religious Right, are preaching the wrong message. They quote the Bible but they don't seem to pay much attention to what it has to say.

Anyone can search the Bible for an update on our moral and religious crisis. You will need to look hard for references to abortion or same-sex marriage, but you can find more than 300 admonitions to care for the poor and the vulnerable. The Bible is a prophetic book and it speaks directly to our time.

It's time for a new voice to arise in the United States: a centrist spiritual voice that comes neither from the left or the right. A voice that reaffirms the values the United States was built on, those very same values that have made us a great nation and that we need to honor today.

It's time to turn our backs on profit margin and double talk. Let us reaffirm the values of charity, truth, love, generosity, and compassion.

> Ann Herbert Scott Santa Rosa, Calif.

## The effort is worth it

When regulations aimed at helping the poor have the practical effect of enriching the affluent, some reformers seek modifications. One of the humorous quotations discouraging attempts such is this is, "Them that has, gets."

Those choosing not to increase their frustrations can recognize that systems featuring giant bureaucracies are inherently complex and lack the simplicity that common sense would require. Accepting that "them that has gets" can be comforting to those reluctantly acknowledging that systems featuring giant entities are inherently complex and ever-changing.

Bigness breeds the "guidance industry" whether concerning governmental taxation, private sector choice of college, or healthcare. The clout of the guidance industry

for 12 more years.

collaborating with the bureaucrats assures success in creating a dozen new loopholes whenever reformers attack a particular loophole.

It takes much altruistic voluntarism to create and maintain small organizations. Those seeking to organize a relatively small Friends Hospice Project recognize the risks that the existing regulations might be changed in ways jeopardizing the viability of their project. The big chain hospices have great clout. The effort of those organizing Friends Hospice Project is commendable whatever happens.

John Ewbank Southampton, Pa.

# It's all about community

I greatly value the recently received issue (October 2005) on The Meeting Community, especially in light of a portion of a message recently offered in our meeting: "People need each other more than they need anything else."

In the beginning, and at the end, indeed, what more need be said? Thank you.

Charles B. Woodbury Lexington, Mass.

# Cover photo interpreted

The October 2005 special issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL on "The Meeting Community" has just reached me. There is a front cover photo that tells a story of its own. I would like to explore the topic of the Meeting Community from what the photo reveals, my objective being to help us see ourselves by making us, heginning with me, aware of the obvious. I have not read anything but the cover.

I assume this is a gathering of Friends, perhaps with guests. They are wearing what appears to be name tags. They do not know one another well. I see no people of color.

There seem to be more men than women. A man is speaking at the moment and from his posture I conclude that he is a selected leader. Are women busy preparing dinner?

I see no one who could be called young, or youthful. The picture is inconclusive on this matter.

I see a number who seem to be obese or at risk of unhealthy weight. I see no autos did some Friends walk?

Those present are seated in commercial chairs. I conclude that rather than making them as a personal or normal community

activity that they earned money with which to purchase them, including some with a heavy environmental footprint. The same could be the case with purchased clothing. Does the economy contribute to the



FJ cover photo, Oct. 2005

community? What economic activity do members share?

There is an obscure figure in the rear, which might be someone who needs to be included.

The site looks comfortable. It is a good arrangement in which to talk about community.

Jack Ross Argenta, B.C.

# Inspired thanks

I feel led to comment on the October 2005 issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL. There is spiritual nourishment from cover to cover.

Thank you for a truly inspiring issue!

Jeannette Botha Fort Myers, Fla.

# Another good magazine

I recently had the opportunity to read the September 2005 special issue of *Scientific American*, which included a set of articles under the title "Crossroads for Planet Earth." I found much resonance of the issues raised in these articles with traditional concerns of Friends. I recommend this magazine to Friends—for new insights and ideas that might be found there, as well as connections to compatibly inclined experts in a variety of disciplines.

John van der Meer Bridgewater, Mass.

# Evolution and God: theories

Years ago I wrote this poem and recently, during all the debate about evolution in biology textbooks, I added the last line:

I think, therefore I am

In 1637 Rene Descartes wrote:
"Je pense, donc je suis."
In 333 B.C. Aristotle wrote:
"Cogito, ergo sum."
In the beginning God said:
"I think, therefore you are."
Therefore, Creation equals Intelligent
Design plus Theory of Evolution.

Nancy Corson Plymouth Meeting, Pa.

# Special Issues for 2006.

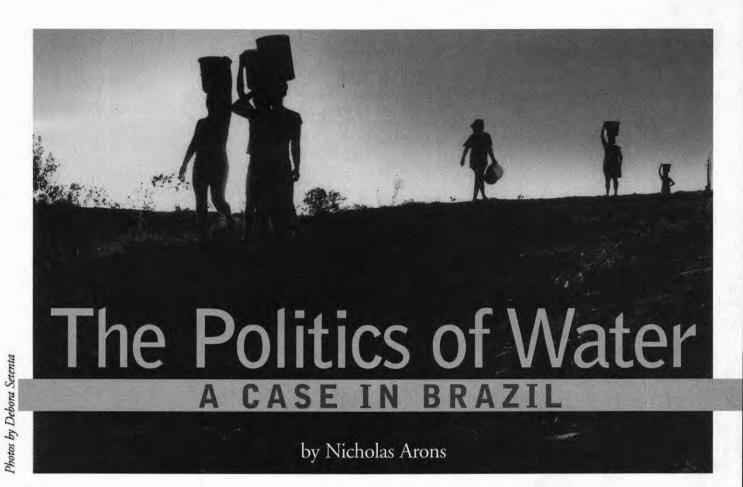
Most FRIENDS JOURNAL issues offer feature articles on a variety of subjects. But periodically we publish thematic special issues. For 2006, we invite submissions for the following:

Quakers and Money (July)
Please send submissions by February 15.

What Are Friends Called to Today? (October)

Please send submissions by June 15.

Advance inquiries from prospective authors and artists are welcome. Contact Robert Dockhorn, senior editor, by e-mail at <senioreditor@friendsjournal.org> or by postal mail, telephone, or fax, information for which can be found on the masthead on page 2.



he Cedar Reservoir of Quixadá, Ceará, is one of the most beautiful spots in Brazil. I sat there for hours with my friends Jaymes and Oclesiano, staring up at the mountains and down at the water. I listened to stories about Indians who had once walked this land, of slaves who fought a war over water against Paraguay on behalf of their owners, of children who too early became adults.

Jaymes and Oclesiano had children before they completed puberty, or, more accurately, before puberty completed them. But that day we all behaved like children, awash in the smell of decaying grasses, the cool breeze, and panoramic view. We aimed our slingshots at the few cows wading at the southern bank, though we also tried to hit rocks and trees, missing badly. Cloud-bent sunlight illuminated the low water of the reservoir,

Nicholas Arons is a graduate of Sidwell Friends School in Washington, D.C. He carried out the research for this article while working in Brazil as a public health worker, as a Fulbright Scholar, and as a fellow in New York University Law School's Institute for International Law and Justice. He is the author of Waiting for Rain: The Politics and Poetry of Drought in Northeast Brazil.

hawks and vultures soared overhead, and trees grew right out of the water, fading into the distance on the part of the reservoir hidden by a mud bank. Homeless children played on one end in the *mangue* (swamp), singing songs about *manguetown* and *mangueboys*, penned by the late pop star Chico Science.

On one end of the reservoir is a giant rock formation called the Galinha because it looks just like a giant hen. The Galinha keeps watch over the entire reservoir, protecting the water from invaders and fulfilling the local need for folklore. Some say that slaves were forced to design it, chipping away each day until it looked like a hen. Others, including geologists, argue that a sedimentation process lasting millions of years rendered the stone animal. According to Jaymes, it was probably one of God's final touches: "He is a good artist. The best." On the road leading to the reservoir are the casa grande and senzala, once the master and slave homes, respectively. Now they are preserved as museums so that the people "never forget."

A distant mountain range is visible above the northwestern banks of the reservoir. In 1967, a plane carrying Brazil's first military dictator, Humberro de Alencar Castello Branco, crashed on the mountainside. Castello Branco did not survive. Now the mountain is home to a resort, where one awakens to cold temperatures despite being close to the equator. It is one of the few spots in the world where one can stand in a tropical forest and look down on a desert.

Standing on the narrow bridge above the reservoir, you have to be careful not to fall over the low railing; it is at least a 100-meter drop. If you look up and to the east, you can just make out a church sitting on the edge of a cliff, standing taller than anything else and gazing over the reservoir to its west, the mountain range to the north, and semiarid hinterland everywhere else. Farther east, the lights of Fortaleza, Brazil's fifth-largest city, shine even in the daylight, emitting a fluorescent glow.

At Easter and Christmas, the 20-kilometer path leading to the church is packed with pilgrims carrying banners and crosses, and from afar they look like an ant army marching. If the wind blows in the right direction, Mass can be heard echoing off the water, off the giant granite walls of the reservoir, off the mountains in the distance. It is said that a word spoken on one side of the reservoir is

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the end of the walkway, you can eat a *peixe* de açude (reservoir fish) and drink a cold beer, all for a dollar. Children wash clothes and play on the sharp rocks just beyond the eastern bank, where the reservoir's excess water should wash over into a river leading to farmlands below. But on the day that I sat there, the river was completely dry.

On the day that I sat there, July 30, 2000, the *New York Times* printed the story "Chinese Farmers See a New Desert Erode Their Way of Life." Erik Eckholm

reported from Agan, China:

Tse Rangji fitfully tries shoveling away the waves of sand that menace her home, half engulfing it like some artifact of a lost civilization. Then she gives up in frustration.

"The pasture here used to be so green and rich," said Ms. Tse, 46, waving toward a tat-

despite the efforts of 27,000 courageous firefighters. More than \$1 billion was spent fighting the fires, and economic losses were estimated to be \$10 billion. In Afghanistan, United Nations officials reported that between 500,000 and 1,000,000 people could die because of prolonged drought. One quarter of the U.S. experienced moderate to severe drought, with experts predicting longer and stronger droughts to come.

The degradation
of worldwide
water resources
is evident everywhere.



tered landscape of anemic grasses, weeds, and dirt among which dunes have erupted like a pox. "But now the grass is disappearing and the sand is coming." She and her husband and seven children have already moved into a tent for fear that their house will buckle under.

The rising sands are part of a new desert forming here on the eastern edge of the Qinghai-Tibet Plateau, a legendary stretch once known for grasses reaching as high as a horse's belly and home for centuries to ethnic Tibetan herders.

Meanwhile, Africa's Kalahari Desert had only just recovered from its worst drought of the century. In Texas, 10,000 fish washed up dead around the bayous, killed in part by drought and in part by ten days of 100-degree temperatures. By August 2000, 73,000 blazes had burned nearly 6,300,000 acres in the United

They came one year later; 2001 was the second-hottest year on record (the hottest was 1998). In the first six months of 2002, nearly 2,000,000 acres burned in the United States. A U.S. government worker responsible for monitoring fires reported in the *New York Times*, "In terms of largeness and complexity, I do not recall this many fires this complex this time of the year." In autumn 2003, California experienced the worst fire in its history.

In 2002, glaciers in Alaska were melting at more than twice the rate previously thought. Janine Bloomfield, a climate expert, exclaimed, "We're getting to the point that this melting is affecting human society." Nearly every state from Nebraska westward, excluding Texas, Oklahoma, and Washington, experienced "conditions that range from abnormally dry to exceptional drought." In Arizona, thousands of residents were evacuated as the biggest fire in the state's history raged on. "Signs of drought are everywhere," reported The Economist. Arizona Governor Jane Dee Hull, speaking about the biggest forest fire in her state's history, exclaimed, "This is like a freight train coming at us."

We are no longer merely approaching a disaster of global proportions. It has arrived. Scientists have found that the Sahara Desert is expanding; the level of the Dead Sea has

four decades; the Athabasca Glacier has receded two kilometers in 100 years; Lake Chad is shrinking at a rate of 100 meters per year; and northern China loses a meter of its water table annually.

The degradation of worldwide water resources is evident everywhere. But my personal path led me to wirness its effects in Brazil, where the Cedar Reservoir of Quixadá was filled to only 1 percent capacity in July 2000. Nearby, the smaller White Rocks Reservoir, serving the rural parts of Quixadá, stood at 5 percent capacity and would have dried completely if the December rains had not come.

Fortunately, there was no drought during the 2000 winter. Nevertheless, both reservoirs were near empty. There was barely enough water for the taps to continue running. Farming, the only source of employment, had become a dead-end career. According to the regional newspaper Diário do Nordeste, 5,000 rural workers were unemployed in the White Rocks region "because there [was] no water in the reservoir for irrigation." Another 2,000 rural workers were unemployed in the region fed by the Cedar Reservoir. The head of the state government's project Path of Israel explained, "There is not enough accumulated water to liberate any for irrigation."

In July 2000, several attacks were waged on food trucks destined for a large supermarket in the Quixadá county seat. Farther south, nearly 1,400 pilgrims arrived in Juazeiro do Norte, Ceará, to pay homage to their padrinho (spiritual godfather), the late Padre Cícero Romão Batista. Most pilgrims traveled hundreds of miles on foot to fulfill "promises" for wishes already granted or sought. Among the crowd were two cadres from Quixadá, who hoped that their trek would bring rain ro rheir reservoir. Others simply needed an object from the holy city, such as a fork, a spoon, or a glass. July is in the fora de época (off-season) for visits to the padrinho. But the absence of rain caused religious tourism to flourish.

In July 2000, more than 1,000 landless farmers marched on the Bank of Brazil in Iguatu, demanding money that they had not received for water bills. They had spent five months without water for irrigation and had not received the subsidies that the government had promised for their beans, rice, and corn. In the nearby



state Pernambuco, 71 farmworkers were injured while protesting against the intransigence of the Instituto Nacional de Colonização e Reforma Agrária, Brazil's land-reform agency.

On this same day, Francisco Augusto da Silva, a 48-year-old, un-schooled farmer, released the 21st annual edition of the Yearly Almanac. He predicted that the 2000-2001 winter would begin in December with great rains, floods, and dam breaks. Da Silva admitted that although he is half prophet and half astrologer, his predictions all came down to mathematics. He foretold drought and hunger in some parts of the region and predicted that women would have more power in the upcoming year. In da Silva's 21 years of assessing weather patterns and human behavior, he has been wrong only once-owing, he insisted, to an error in mathematical calculations.

a Silva's predictions proved correct yet again: thousands of people were left without homes or shelter when for four straight days floods swept through the coastal cities of Recife and Maceió, southeast of the dry regions of Crato, Juazeiro, and Quixadá. There was so much rain that the city drains became clogged and water poured onto the streets, at times forming five- to seven-foot waves. Poor, urban squatters saw their precariously perched homes wash down steep slopes and float away. By August 2000, dozens of people had died. One particularly bad storm on August 3 destroyed 6,500 houses and killed 18 people, including five-year-old Jeferson João da Silva.

Brazilian president Fernando Henrique Cardoso flew over the flood-stricken areas and at the same time looked down on droughr-ravaged plains. Imagine, just for a moment, a region where you can view flood and drought simultaneously from the air. Imagine a land where you can stand in a tropical forest and peer down on a desert. Peru has its Nazca lines; Brazil has this contradiction of drought and deluge. On the day that floods killed 18 in Recife, the northeastern state of Piauí declared that 25 of its municipalities were in states of emergency owing to drought.

Every day the Diário do Nordeste conveys evidence of regional devastation. One article tells a story about rural unemployment in Crato, which explains why so many rural farmers are wasting their money on slot machines. It basically comes down to boredom and a regional predilection for the gambling lifestyle, given the precariousness of subsistence farming and the fleeting nature of coins in the pocket. And farther down the same page is the story that inspired me to travel to Brazil to study the drought. This story is about a farmer named Francisco Mesquita de Soares, who died in Ocara, not far from Quixadá, on his way to Mass. There is a graphic photograph of a dead man lying in a pool of blood with a straw hat in his hand. The hat has a red bow tied around it. His arms are at his sides.

I read this story and visited Francisco's family one week later. The events discussed here are real. Francisco's wife asked that his story be told, but that his real name not be used. I have respected this request.

Twenty-eight-year-old Francisco was

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# FRIENDS JOURNAL

1216 ARCH ST STE 2A PHILADELPHIA PA 19107-9370 NO POSTAGE NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES him. They were homeless and landless because their adobe house was built on squatted land. Francisco was the sole provider for his family. He worked his entire life, never attending school, taking a vacation, or owning his own land to farm.

rancisco is one of approximately 1,600 rural farmers who have lost their lives in violent land disputes over the 15 years that the Pastoral Land Commission has been collecting data. More farmers have died in land disputes under democratic regimes than did political dissidents during the most recent Brazilian military dictatorship, which lasted from 1964 to 1988. On the surface, it would appear that Francisco's death is a mere footnote to a much larger phenomenon. But a closer look reveals a personally compelling and tragic story, a story with a plot and theme inextricably tied to the politics of water. It is a story that requires a retelling.

Francisco was shot through a hole in a fence that separated a wealthy landowner's property from a piece of "occupied" land

We are no longer merely approaching a disaster of global proportions.
It has arrived.

housing 30 families. The assentados (squattets) were waiting to find out whether they would obtain the land under Brazil's agrarian policies, which allow people to squat on private land that has not been cultivated—"made productive"—for five years. The fence was erected the day that the landless arrived. They were considered dangerous.

No source of water was on or near the occupied land, except a reservoir on the private property of 78-year-old Jacinta Nascimento, the *fazenda* (large, rural estate) owner who built the fence. The *assentados* had no choice; if they could not make the land productive, they would have no right to it. But to make the land productive, they needed water.

make a huge difference. Though on private property, the reservoir was built with government money, which, incidentally, constitutes an illegal use of public funds. Parents instructed the children to sneak through the hole in the fence to fetch water. The landowner warned them repeatedly that stealing water was a crime, and indeed it was, but it was a crime they committed out of necessity. In the absence of water, life stops.

July 25, 2000, the day of Francisco's death, was a typical dog day in the dry interior of northeast Brazil. Dust blew everywhere. Men and women had on their best Sunday clothes, and though they looked like poorly fitting rags, the shirts were tucked in carefully. No one could stop sweating. Flies were everywhere, the sky was dark blue, and the sun was inescapable, even in the shade. Francisco and several friends were on their way to Mass when eight men came toward them from the other side of the fence. Without warning, the men released more than 30 bullets, instantly killing Francisco and injuring several others, including eight children. This small operation was intended to drive the peasants from the occupied site because the landowner was tired of their water pilfering. Five of the attackers were fazenda employees, and the other three were hired for the job.

The day of the murder was not Francisco's first encounter with the five fazenda employees. Some months earlier Francisco's daughter was harassed for stealing water. A farmer protecting the fazenda spit on her. Francisco walked up to them to ask why his daughter was being targeted. As he approached the men guarding the fazenda, however, he realized he knew all five of them. They were old friends. They had played together as children. He asked how they were, and one, it turned out, had a sick child. They did not realize they had been spitting on Francisco's daughter. In fact, the assault was never discussed because Francisco ran eagerly back to his home, told his wife he needed some medicine, and asked his daughter to take it back to the fazenda guards, his old friends.

Months later the five men were ordered to fire on the squatters to punish them for stealing. They killed their old friend, with whom they had played at the Clearly, this was not a personal vendetta—a common enough occurrence in the region—either on the part of the fazenda owner or the guards. It merely was intended to teach the squatters a lesson. The men firing the pistols were instructed to "injure, but not kill," as landowner Dona Jacinta explained to a reporter. She was taken into custody for questioning, but soon released to a hospi-

tal because, in her words, "The whole

ordeal made my blood pressure rise."

piece of faild to faill.

The murder of Francisco confirmed his wife's conviction that they should never have become involved in the politics of land reform. She understood that they had to squat-they had dreamed their entire adult lives of owning a spot of land they could call their own. She understood that the local code was such that a family is nothing if it does not own its own land. And Francisco was tired of working for others, ending each month in greater debt than before. When an organizer from the Movimento Sem Terra (MST, Landless Workers Movement) came through town announcing that there was unused, vacant land to be squatted, they did not think twice. They knew the possible dangers because the owners living in the capital city would not like losing their land, vacant or not. But they also knew they had little to lose and little ones to feed. In the previous year, one child had died of malnutrition, and Francisco and his wife, appraising the family status, realized two more could easily follow. But no politics, his wife had said, and he had promised.

When one is dealing with water politics, danger is not obvious until it is too late. Francisco grew up on another fazenda, where his father had worked. His father died from "old age" in his 30s, leaving Francisco his life savings, about \$200. Shortly after his father's death, the landowner informed Francisco that his father still owed about \$200 to the fazenda. Francisco had no choice but to squat, and squatters have no choice but to get involved in the politics of land reform.

Hundreds of people attended Francisco's funeral, including the leaders of the MST from Fortaleza. The community

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# on Marriage among Friends

by Georgana Foster

wo FRIENDS JOURNAL articles reflecting on marriage—renewing vows and speaking plainly to those divorcingappeared just as my husband and I were getting ready to celebrate 50 years since we were married under the care of Friends. [The articles were "On Marriage and Divorce-with a Proposition Bound to Be Controversial" by Anne E. Barschall (June 2004) and "Saying 'I Do' Anew" by Nancy Wick (Sept. 2004). —Eds.] In planning our meeting for worship we consulted not only with our meeting's Ministry and Worship Committee, but with four other couples who had recently marked their 50th, two of which had done so in the meeting. One couple had chosen to use Friends vows, as they had not been married in a meeting originally; while the others chose a celebratory meeting for worship. We chose to have our original certificate read in the meeting by

To have five couples married for 50 years, plus two others in the past, make it seem that we have a meeting with great marriage stability. However, accounts of the struggle and controversy over divorce and remarriages of beloved members of our meeting, and the unsuccessful marriages of many of our children who were married under the care of the meeting, tell another story. For 48 years of our marriage, we have been part of Mt. Toby Meeting, seeing new patterns of divorce and remarriage, and the care of same-sex marriages. Last year we celebrated the fact that seven couples in our meeting, two

Georgana Foster has been a member of Mt. Toby Meeting in Leverett, Mass., for 48 years and is the meeting historian. She has a degree in South Asian Studies, focusing on the worship and folk art of female deities in India, earned when she was 60. She has researched New England Quaker women, and taught a workshop on Quaker women at the Friends General Conference Gathering.

whose marriages we have taken under our care since 1992, can now be legally married in Massachusetts. Yet still we are forced to ponder what is the best way to bring under our care couples who divorce after coming from another meeting, the single parents, and the custodial parents who seek support in the meeting.

"Love makes a family," we say, as we look at the First-day school children sitting on the rug in the middle of meeting when they join us for the last ten minutes of worship. They are a rainbow of adopted children from China and Vietnam; one child whose parents are from Latin America and Asia; one whose parents are of the same sex; some who have interracial, interfaith parents; children who are with one custodial parent. The stories of our marriage and of our meeting's experience of living through a period of great change in the Religious Society of Friends and the surrounding culture in relation to marriage is a story of continuing revelation.

I first read of the way Friends marry from a book by William Wistar Comfort, Just among Friends (1941 edition), which I borrowed from the Calcutta, India, Friends Centre in 1952, which stated that Friends believe that "marriage is too serious an undertaking to be solemnized by the hands and the words of any man. God alone can bless such a union, but the meeting is duty-bound to exhaust every effort to provide for the happiness and welfare of the parties."

We used this quotation, and more from the book, to open the meeting for worship for our anniversary.

I borrowed this book about Quakers from the Centre to learn about the religion of the man I had met two months before at a Himalayan resort, during a folk dance at a missionary school. And this John Foster, while visiting Calcutta, had borrowed a bicycle from the Centre and rode to visit me at my missionary

bungalow. We went on a date, going by tram to the botanical gardens. We call it luck that we met just as John had been in India a few months, with AFSC, and I was ready to depart after three years. (What we were doing in India we now call "early Peace Corps," and both of us had a strong religious motivation to do this-

but that is a another story.)

A visit I made to the Friends Centre at Rasulia to see John before I left India marked the first instance of Friends helping us toward a deeper intimacy when they gave us time to spend exploring the village and the temples, feeding the sacred fish in the Narmada, and sitting in the moonlight in the quietness of evenings with no electricity. They also showed me a group of British Friends' families living according to the principles of Mahatma Gandhi, whose nonviolent way of getting independence they had supported, and who were vegetarian, homespun-wearing, "universalist" Quakers.

On the foundation of these three days, we built a relationship with 200 letters exchanged over two-and-a-half years. John posed queries-how do you spend money, what do like to do for fun, what is your job, what is your family like? So that in spite of being together for only about eight days in India, we confirmed our decision to get married two days after I met John at his parents home on his return. And although I had been a Methodist missionary, thanks to William Wistar Comfort's description, I knew I wanted to be married in the manner of Friends.

The logical place was Providence (R.I.) Meeting, an independent meeting formed less than 20 years before, which united the Wilburite/Gurneyite yearly meetings in New England a decade before. We would be the first to be married in their new meetinghouse.

We applied to the meeting to be married under their care, submitted letters of

permission nom our parents (another custom no longer followed), and the committee embarked on approving the marriage of a son of a Wilburite family, who had married only within Friends for seven generations, with a Methodist from Iowa.

The committee, following Friends procedures, wrote to Conservative Friends in Iowa asking to visit me to ascertain that I was clear for marriage, i.e. that I had no other engagements. I had attended my mst meeting for worship among them, heard plain language in their homes, and found that they remembered the family of John's mother who had been born there (my first inkling of the tight-knit Quaker community). One Friend came to visit me, and standing beside his school bus in front of my apartment house, he interviewed me.

I knew our wedding should be very properly Quaker. John's family had fol-

lowed joint wildur out of frew England Yearly Meeting when he was put out by the Gurneynites in 1845, and for more than 60 years they were the Foster Family Meeting of the Wilburite New England Yearly Meeting, worshiping each First Day in their own front parlor only with Fosters. The older generation wore plain clothes until 1936 and used the plain language. Two brides came into the family from the proper caste of Wilburite Friends in Ohio. College-educated and with a strong sense of how women's speaking was "justified by the Scriptures," they moved the parochial Fosters into an independent meeting in Providence. Now a generation of Fosters could marry "out of meeting" without being disowned.

I knew that a Friends wedding did not include music, but suggested that the hymn "Oh, Perfect Love" could be sung. The committee told me they tried hard to find a soloisr, and they felt, since Friends did not know the hymn, that if they tried to sing it, "the result would not be fondly remembered." So we had the hymn read

as a poem.

A certificate with the form described by Comfort was handwritten on parchment, in the style of certificates from many generations of Fosters. John's mother arranged for the reception with exquisite letters to bridge the gap between the practices of New England Quakets and Iowa Methodists. I bought a short yellow dress with lacy gloves and cap.

Thyra Jane Foster was to become my mother-in-the-spirit and my model of a Quaker woman. And in marrying her son, I learned how naturally the attitude of partnership for women in marriage comes to a young man raised in a Quaker home and monthly meeting where women had equal education and took equal roles in ministry and leadership.

In August we drove from Iowa, a three-day trip scheduled to get us there just in time to fulfill the legal requirements to marry. We had not figured correctly and had to get a waiver. The next & day a large, disastrous hurricane hit & Rhode Island as I lay in bed sick with an allergic reaction to eating Rhode Island clam chowder for the first time.

I tell these stories to illustrate how hard & Friends worked to care for our wedding; they cut up a fallen tree on the walk to the meetinghouse, and prepared the reception as planned, without electricity in the meetinghouse. And as I entered on John's



arm on the sunny post-hurricane day, there were all the thunderous organ marches I had once dreamed of for my wedding, playing in my head.

I signed the certificate as it states— "she according to the custom of marriage, taking the name of her husband," a phrase which, being only custom, has since been easily removed from Friends practice. (John's mother, at her wedding, had firm-



John and Georgana Foster celebrate their 50th anniversary at Mt. Toby Meeting, where they have been members for 48 years.

ly signed her own name, then, remembering she was supposed to change, added "Foster" in the margins.)

On the matter of exchanging rings, I found that John's parents, faithful to Quaker testimonies, had never worn them; but, in accommodating what his non-Quaker bride might expect, John bought me an engagement ring with his AFSC severance pay. We exchanged our rings privately after the ceremony, as John's sister told us she had done. When John lost his ring while picking apples, paraphrasing Penn, we called it a "wear thy ring as long as thee can" situation.

After a frugal but blissful honeymoon in a rustic cabin rented from Foster cousins in the New Hampshire mountains (John paid for it by working in corn fields and at an Iowa fair), we were off to Cornell University for John to be in a PhD program. We went to Ithaca (N.Y.) Meeting at once, where we were welcomed by another couple who had been told to look for us. I became a member of the meeting. We joined with seven other couples who arrended the meeting in a fun social group. Our friendships have lasted for 50 years, and six of us have had our 50th wedding anniversaries. One of

those couples was a pioneering interracial couple, who after being expelled from a Quaker college for dating in a state where interracial marriage was not legal in 1950, came to Ithaca Meeting to be married, as their marriage would be legal in New York State (a historical point to keep in mind in regard to same-sex marriage).

But our longest home among Friends was in Middle Connecticut Valley Meet-

ing (now Mt. Toby), founded as an independent meeting in 1939 and now in the united New England Yearly Meeting. The four preparative meetings met only once a month, and the group of young families, most of whom had come to the fast-growing Universiry of Massachusetts, felt they must unite the meetings and build a meetinghouse in 1964 for our children to meet every First Day.

In our new meetinghouse, we gloried in our community of families

with an average of three to four children each. But we almost immediately were faced with opposing the Vietnam War. Many men among Friends had been conscientious objectors in Civilian Public Service Camps while their wives supported them. Ar the same time we began to live with the societal change called the sexual revolution and a strong movement of communes in our area.

The divorce of a family that was central to our meeting brought the sobering realization that our meeting, too, was being torn apart by the decision of which partner to support. Some of our members joined with those in other Massachusetts meetings who were faced with the same situation to discuss this issue, and then write Living with Ourselves and Others, a book of queries for marriage, divorce, and remarriage. First published by NEYM Ministry and Counsel in 1979, the book is in its fourth printing, with many chapters added. I think that the use of this book illustrates one answer to Anne Barschall's claim in her June 2004 article that Friends say nothing to couples who are divorcing. Using this book of queries, our meeting asked hard questions of those who were marrying and remarrying.

In March 2005, my husband was on a marriage committee in our meeting, for which the reading list for the committee and the couple was a page long-which caused my husband to comment that the couple might feel like not getting married after reading it! Although I am saddened that so many in a new group in our meeting are young divorcees, I believe our meeting has grown by welcoming this new group of people to whom we may be able to to offer a spiritual community and fellowship, which may help their healing. Most of them have come to us from other meetings, and we do not know the histories of their marriages. We are also able to encourage couples who have been living together to apply to marry under the care of the meeting.

I cannot agree with Anne Barschall that there is almost no kind of suffering that couples (usually just one of them) should endure in order to not divorce. I think that Friends have had enough disownment for not marrying the "right person." As to her favorable comments about arranged marriage, I am very familiar with this kind of marriage as it is done in India, and I know it is mainly for caste purity—as, indeed, it was among Friends, who not only had to marry only Friends, but ones of the correct subcaste in theology. Arranged marriage is accepted as a good way to marry even by modern Indians, but the epidemic of "dowry deaths" of burned brides is also a contemporary fact. And I believe the concept of "enduring suffering" in marriage, which was done mainly by women, is one that Quaker women such as Susan B. Anthony worked hard to eliminate. For as well as working for the vote for women, she and her colleagues worked for the rights of women not to stay with abusive, alcoholic husbands, to keep their children, and to own property.

When we marked our 25th anniversary in the meeting in the 1970s, I felt defensive in the face of a younger generation who seemed to be saying that staying married was a silly thing to do if you wanted to be happy. But on the celebration of our 50th, I felt eager to share the story of how we had met and were married among Friends, and how our marriage had lasted for 50 years. When our committee reported to the monthly meeting, they said, "This is a good example of how we tend to marriages under our care. In this case, we care for them by letting

them care for us."

# Towards Deeper Communion across Our Theological Divides

## by Wendy Sanford

ive years after Friends Meeting at Cambridge approved taking same-sex couples under its care, my life partner, Polly, and I still had no plans to marry. After 19 years as a couple, we were "married" already. The institution of marriage had hurt a lot of women through history. I had been married once and seen the bonds fray and disintegrate. And my son, who had never fully accepted our relationship, might take our wedding as an affront.

The possibility awakened in us as a kind of nudge. About a year before our 20th anniversary as partners, first one of us, then the other, felt a yearning for our friends and family to pray with us for our ongoing life together. Polly's father, our only remaining parent, was having memory problems. A beloved friend had died at 49, another at 59. Neither of us would say that a "voice" whispered in our ear that we should get married, but that's the effect of whatever happened inside and between us. Praying together, we realized that this was a leading. On May 1, 1999, under the care of Friends Meeting at Cambridge, in the presence of more than 200 family members and friends, we promised with divine assistance to be faithful and loving partners for as long as we both should live. My son, who had at first said he couldn't come to a same-sex wedding and stay true to his values, felt his own nudge—of duty, of love-and attended.

The leading to marry, and the wedding worship itself, were powerful spiritual

experiences for me. I stand now in that memory, as I seek to say something useful about the words I use to express my faith. To me, God (whom I most often call Spirit) was the source of the nudge I felt. In following the leading to marry Polly, I believe that I was following Spirit's guidance, which expressed itself within me as a yearning, a growing sense of rightness, and trust. I came to believe that, should

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Polly and I fall on difficult times in our relationship and our lives, divine assistance (coming through loving friends, worship, prayer, the Quaker clearness and support process) would help us.

The Spirit I understood to be leading me into marriage with Polly isn't a white-haired old white man up in the sky. It is, she is, he is, a spirit of love that yearns for us all like a lover, a spirit that yearns for justice, and suffers with us when tragedy and cruelty occur. The God I have glimpsed needs us to be God's hands and feet and voice, needs us to be the face of Love in our families and in the world

around us.

I learned of this Spirit of Love through growing up in the Episcopal church, through studying the Bible, through celebrating the life of Jesus and his relationship with God, whom he called Father. I came out of youth with a sense of God's presence in my life, but not as father; with an appreciation for Jesus' example, but not as savior. When I moved towards the Religious Society of Friends, I did not miss the bread and wine I had learned to take as Christ's body and blood. I welcomed the communion of love and justice, the nourishment of gathered worship, the feast of community. I found, in short, that I was a Quaker. I didn't bring with me, nor have I found in Quaker worship, a striking personal relationship with the historical Jesus or with Christ as most people speak of Christ. Although as a child I belted out "God in three persons, blessed trinity" with my fellow Episcopalians in our Sunday hats and gloves, I sense God moving in me not as triune but

As I became more politically minded (political in the sense of paying atrenrion to power and its consequences in the human community), I began to notice that Christianity as an institution has done its share of evil. The Crusades were fought in Christ's name, and today many U.S. soldiers head to Iraq in a spirit of holy war, believing God to be on their side. The Christian Bible, specifically the letters ascribed to St. Paul, were quoted to legitimize the enslavement of African Americans in this country two centuries ago, and are quoted to counsel battered wives to stay with their husbands roday. Biblical texts are used to condemn homosexuality in ways thar surely contribute to anti-

Wendy Sanford is a member and presiding clerk of Friends Meeting at Cambridge, Mass. This essay grew out of her meeting's experiments with communicating across theological differences on the topic "The Languages of Our Faith." my own meeting took to find unity on the question of same-gender marriage, Friends knew not to cite Sodom and Gomorrah (a story often wrongly interpreted as a condemnation of homosexuality), but Adam and Eve made frequent appearances.

I have recently become aware of the tie between Christian Scripture and anti-Semitism. Certain passages from what Christians call the "New Testament" reflect attempts by the new first-century Christian sect to argue that the Judaism it sprang from was passé and inferior. Familiar passages suggest, for instance, that the Jewish God was one of punishment and the Christian God one of love, that salvation comes not through the law but through Christ, that new wine can't go into old skins, that Christians became "the true Israel." According to theologian Rosemary Radford Ruether in Faith and Fratricide, evolving Christian theology during the first few centuries placed Jews on the negative side of every dichotomy until they "became the embodiment of all that is unredeemed, perverse, stubborn, evil and demonic in the world." In Paul, the term "the Jews," Ruether writes, "became a hostile symbol for all that resists and rejects the Gospel." The suffering of Jewish people, which increased exponentially when Christianity became the official religion of Rome, came to be understood by Christians as God's proof of the rightness of Christianity. In every century since then, anti-Judaic passages in Christian Scripture have fueled anri-Semitism and deadly discrimination against Jewish people.

To paraphrase a message in worship given by a Jewish Friend recently, the religion of Jesus is a gift; the religion about Jesus has done considerable harm.

Surely every major religion has been brandished as a banner for war-making and other cruelties. I focus on evils done in Christ's name because I grew up as a Christian; because I belong to a faith community with deep Christian roots; because to a person from another faithsay, Islam or Judaism—I am certainly more Christian than not, regardless of my own finer distinctions; because I want to hold my beloved Quaker faith community accountable. The Jesus I learned about as a child, and meet through my Christcentered Quaker friends today, is not someone in whose name war or slavery, domestic violence, gay-bashing, or anti-Semitism can rightfully be conducted. I

I believe that we Christians have a responsibility to be aware of how our religion has been used for evil as well as for good. It's our responsibility to be aware of the passages in our Scriptures that have been used as justification for causing (or ignoting) suffering in others. I believe that no one in my meeting today would quote—to ourselves in prayer, or aloud in spoken ministry-passages that urge slaves to obey their masters, or wives to be subject to their husbands. Even though in my unprogrammed meeting Friends occasionally rise to sing in worship, I haven't yet heard "Onward, Christian Soldiers." But we do, unwittingly, quote passages springing from that early Christian sect as it attempted to assert its superiori-

Are we Quakers
letting the Right
define Christianity
for us? I believe we are.
I know I am.

ty over Judaism. I am aware of the pain and sense of exclusion this causes some Jewish members of our community, and of the restricted understandings these passages can foster in us and in our children.

Censoring ourselves will not help any of us on our spiritual path. But I believe that those of us who turn to Christian Scripture for guidance and inspiration have a responsibility to know the dynamics that shaped some of the passages, the ways these passages have been used for ill as well as good, and how they might land for others in our worshiping community. I ask that we open ourselves to a deep form of education. If we Friends do our homework and pay attention to the origins and biases of the scriptural passages we quote as we seek to convey what powerfully moves us; if we seek humbly to understand which passages have landed heavily on other communities, like the Jewish people or the gay community; if we explore our own relationship to these passages in light of this understanding; if we help each other tenderly to do this learning and make these discernments;

worship, the power of our shared lives, will expand immeasurably.

The environment for speaking our faith out loud is a charged and troubled one in the United States today. Perhaps it has always been, but today, the so-called religious Right seems to be in a kind of ascendancy, having as it does the ear of the U.S. president and many legislators. (I don't speak of all evangelical Christians here, only those bent on wielding political clout in order to enforce their agenda on others.) The "religion" of this politically motivated Right tends to be moralistic, patriarchal, and selectively literalist about Scripture. It claims belief in Jesus Christ to be the only way to God, and tends to focus on personal salvation more than love for neighbor. The Christian Right as a whole (and these are all generalizations) tends to produce hawks rather than doves, death penalty advocates rather than opponents, "faith-based initiatives" as political ploys rather than as works that spring from the heart of love. The Right pushes its agenda in Jesus' name and, in doing so, has given Jesus a bad reputation among many liberal, unprogrammed Friends.

Are we Quakers letting the Right define Christianity for us? I believe we are. I know that I am. Are we letting the distortions of the "Christian" Right weigh on us as we seek our own relationship with the historical Jesus, with the inner Christ, with a spirit of love, with the inner

teacher, with faith itself? I am. I want a kind of exorcism at my meeting. I want us to notice how the rightwing Christianity of President George W. Bush and many others has slipped into our thinking and even our praying. I want us to uproot this distorted form of faith, and to cure ourselves of its influence. I want us to reclaim Jesus, to reclaim the Christ. This doesn't mean I think I'll become a Christ-centered Quaker. But it does mean that when my Christ-centered Quaker friends speak freely out of the power of their own spiritual experiences I'll be able to hear and be touched by the mystery to which they seek to give words. I'll hear them, free of the bad associations that the Right has given to some of the words they are using. What has power for these Christ-centered Friends will touch me, too-not in conversion but in illumination, as part of a mutual strengthening that we all need for the work of love and justice that calls us into the world.

#### SIDE STREET IN COLOGNE DURING THE YOM KIPPUR WAR

A thin rain drizzles streetlights, and the chill night cloaks itself more tightly still. We pause outside the palings of a roofless church, perhaps intentionally left this way for any praying here before the heavy altar, lofting orisons to God more readily without a dome above, not fifty yards from the Cathedral and its thousand shell pocks still unhealed.

And in the haloed, dreary light we can discern a couple kneeling on the misted *prie dieu*, heads bent, palms tented, sending up whoever knows what plea—forgiveness for their crimes against humanity? Or *Eli, Eli,* a cessation of the killings everywhere. Egyptians slaying Jews, Jews Palestinians, the endless food production for the maw of Mars.

But wait. These praying figures are outsize, too stationary to be real. And then we see that Kollwitz beats her bronzes into tears and ours fly in the rain, this pain too real, too proximate, too near some deathcamp to be real, too many lynched or burned oh *Eluhanu*, too many killers still abroad. My God, atone tonight? For what, when we'll go up into tomorrow's dawn with daggers drawn.

Earl M. Coleman

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Trauernde Eltern (Grieving Parents), a stone sculpture by Käthe Kollwitz, 1932. The original is in a Belgian graveyard; this copy is located in Cologne, Germany. Photo courtesy of Käthe Kollwitz Museum, Cologne

FRIENDS JOURNAL January 2006

# Jesus as the Second

by John Pitts Corry

imes change. Perhaps certain aspects of reality don't change, but times do change. As a poet I'd like to have lived in a matted hut on the misty, sloping mountains with Tu Fu and Wang Wei as neighbors, during the Tang dynastasy in China, but it's not going to happen. As a Friend I'd like to have lived during the early days of the Quaker awakening in mid-17th-century England, but that's not going to happen. I can't go back to my ideal mountain retreat with a community of exiled poet-monks, or sit in a large, hushed, low-ceilinged room with George Fox and Margaret Fell at Swarthmore Hall, while Judge Fell listens attentively from a secluded side study. Their lifechoices were made in a culture far removed from my own. But I wonder if there is not some link between us, something that endures from their time to our time. Something earlier Friends might have to communicate to us today. Let us focus on one of the major differences.

The first thing that strikes me is that for liberal Friends (I'm not fond of labeling Friends but for our purposes here I must make some distinctions) Jesus is no longer the first option in their lives. When early Friends began to come together as a distinct community, Jesus was the first option. In their mystical experience and as a prophetic example, Jesus was the figure around whom they gathered. He was their Inner Teacher and guide. Later, during the Quietist period, Jesus was still "in the midst," i.e. the central presence in their meetings and their lives. That was back when Quakers wore gray bonnets and dark, distinctive clothing and, like my grandmother, said "thee" and "thou." But those quaint trappings came out of their Christian beliefs, which weren't about what name to call Jesus. Theirs was an operational, not a creedal, faith in Christ, but they did talk about Jesus. They dis-

John Pitts Corry is a member of Middletown Meeting in Lima, Pa., and an "appreciative and sporadic attender" of Albuquerque (N. Mex.) Meeting. cussed his life and teachings, and how people had honored or not honored that life and teaching, how they experienced Jesus in their own lives. He was part of the fabric of their everyday lives. Whether they referred to Jesus as the Light, or the Seed, or the Inner Teacher didn't matter, Jesus was an integral part of their lives.

For many Friends today, that is no longer their experience. Whatever else is going on in our meetings-and some wonderful, Spirit-led things are going on there—Jesus is no longer the first option. A respected figure, even a revered figure, but not the first option. Peace and justice perhaps, caring for Mother Earth, finding a personal spirituality, or wanting to raise our kids among like-minded friends in a self-glorifying, often violent, culture these are some of the first options I sense driving our meetings. All worthy goals. Joining with other peaceful Quakers to demonstrate and take political action to protest injustice and war makes me proud to be a Friend. I have no doubt that the same Spirit thar awakened George Fox, Margaret Fell, Elizabeth Fry, John Woolman, Elias Hicks (my own family's special hero), Rufus Jones, Henry Cadbury, Howard Brinton, and Douglas and Dorothy Steere, is pleased with the courage and love present among Friends today.

oes that mean we no longer need Jesus as our first option? Yes, and no. Until we perceive a need, individually and as a body, I don't believe we do need Jesus as a primal option. As long as we continue to lead Sermon-led lives, faithful to the teachings and example of Jesus, I believe the Spirit will sustain our efforts. Historically Friends have assumed a role as peacemakers, fighters for justice, and reconciling healers. I can't imagine the Spirit having Friends abandon that role in today's world. I also expect the Inner Light (which has taken on a new meaning in today's post-Christian world) will continue to speak to each of us in a manner suited to our condition. Despite our earlier history many Friends do lead worthy lives without Jesus as the first option. That's just the way things are today, and that's a major change from earlier Friends.

A few of us, however, still seem to need Jesus as our first option. We're called Christ-centered Friends, (another label that can oversimplify the complexities involved in defining religious faith). Some of us have experiences that remind us of the experiences of John Woolman, or Thomas Kelly, where Jesus has become a visceral part of our lives. When we share our encounters with Christ among Friends, we discover times have changed, and many Friends seem embarrassed and ill at ease, unable to relate to the significance Jesus has in our lives. It's just not their experience. Often we remind other Friends—unintentional on our part—of the repressive Christianity they've left to become Friends or that they've ontgrown in a more scientific age. But there we are, still part of our meetings, talking about Jesus in our own life, or in Scripture and earlier Quaker writings, or in the life of Martin Luther King Jr., or Mother Teresa, or Bishop Desmond Tutu. This can be awkward at times; for some liberal Friends it must seem as if they were stuck in a dead-end conversation with a zealous old-line Norman Thomas socialist who hasn't moved on since the Great Depression. With a few good friends I've been able to get past these differences, and move into a deep sharing of the glimpses of the eternal reality that we both treasure. Generally however, the conversations end in a stalemate, for which I can see no immediate solution.

At the individual level I think we can only continue as we are now, tolerating and perhaps learning from each other's primary options. As we listen to the joys as well as the suffering and pain Christianity has caused in our lives, those with more joys than sorrows may need to be consoling to those who've been wounded by their experience with Christianity. And perhaps those who've experienced

Option

mostly sorrows might listen to the pent-up enthusiasm some Friends still have for Christianity. In time the Spirit may speak to us more directly; but for now, since no one can-or shouldchange his or her primary options for the sake of tradition or somebody else's experience, we must be patient with one another. Though we-well, I, speaking for myself-can sometimes be defensive, none of the Christ-centered Friends I know takes a hard-line, Christ-is-theonly-way approach. Nor does our commitment to Christ dim our appreciation for Spirit-led saints from other traditionsthe Dalai Lama and Gandhi, for example. Nor can we be answerable for all the doctrines and attitudes being championed by less peace-minded Christians. All the Christ-centered Frieuds I know are as disappointed in the present, strident religious climate as early Friends were with the Puritans and other religious sects of the day. It pains us in a very deep way to hear our cherished Jesus enlisted in a support of war and economic exploitation of the poor.

believe all Friends might reconsider Jesus as the peaceful but authoritative inner presence who enlivened so many of our predecessors: as a resource, not a requirement; available if needed; a reminder and challenge perhaps, not a model. If religion is about aspects of reality that don't change over time, then earlier Friends may still have something to communicate to us in addition to the testimonies on Peace and Simplicity, and being silent when we worship together.

Our Quaker heritage speaks not only about being an effective witness to truth, patient, kind, and courageous, but also

Friends might reconsider Jesus as the inner presence who enlivened our predecessors.

> about what to do when our aspirations and efforts don't succeed. In my own life I found that eventually my efforts failed to produce the results I hoped for. I couldn't be consistently kind, patient, and courageous. I couldn't do it by myself; my selfabsorption, my temper, my selfish inclinations eventually wore me down; and I needed to find a backup to my own nature in order to become the person I wanted to be. With Christ I can be more loving, more honest with myself, more courageous in caring for the needs of others because I know it's not me doing it, but Christ in me. My being a good person doesn't depend now on my own efforts but on God.

I do believe I share the same enduring

resource that was available to Dr. King when he put his head down on the table in his Montgomery kitchen, groaning as the death threats poured in, pressuring him to move his family and give up the boycott. "Stand up," the Inner Guide said, S "Stand up for justice, and I will be with you to the ends of the

Earth." I believe that Inner Teacher, that enlivening Spirit, is still available to us in our times of most need. I know that Jesus, the Holy Spirit of Jesus returned from death, wants me to live a good life, a Sermon-scented life. That is my operational faith, my deepest experience. Jesus is the most real person I've ever met. I rejoice in the fullness of life I sense coming from the humble Jesus, who takes me into his care when my burdens grow too heavy for me to bear. I wouldn't claim that my limited understanding of God's nature is definitive in others' lives but Christ is my backup, my hope, the great joy of my life. How could I not want to share that with people I love and respect? My friends in the Religious Society of Friends?



within is an immediate, direct experience. We know that the inward Light, that the Divine Spirit, is in each person—single, married, men, women, and children.

And yet, the struggle of many single persons is finding comfort and peace in the stillness that may be pregnant with an inherent separateness. We gather together in silence, in God's presence, knowing that God does not distinguish between those who are single and those who are married. We know that God's love is always present and available to us. Our true nature is luminosity, clarity, and kindness.

When my heart feels crusty as day-old bread from not enough laughter and not enough loving, how can I reconcile my faith in this Divine Presence with the deeply felt longing for companionship? I turn to meeting to provide the ground for sensitive support, to be part of my life passages, and to witness my journey toward wholeness. Do we as Quakers set an in-

viting table for childless, single adults to feel in solidarity and in well-being with our meetings?

As Quakers, we call Spirit to guide us, relying on the virtues of equality, stewardship, fairness, and kindness, for example. This Spirit-led conduct is often particularly tested for single Quakers who often cannot rely on family support structure for guidance and comfort, and

# ON BEING SINGLE AND QUAKER:

by Valerie Brown

s I look off into the horizon of a youthful 50 that is drawing near, my mind fast-forwards into the future, wondering about issues of companionship, children, family, health, and so many others. I look back at checkered relationships,

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a failed marriage—all difficult lessons in life's journey.

For me, being single is both by choice and by circumstance. I struggle with the tension of a faith community that eagerly welcomes families and oddly seems uncomfortable in its embrace of single, childless adults.

As Quakers, we are called to be sensitive to our higher virtues, to bring tender understanding and sensitivity in relations with others. We join in meeting to share a bir of our private lives with others, always relying on our faith in God and our fundamental belief that the Light

must use creative approaches to nurture, care, love, and affirmation of family.

I often fell into the well of self-pity, wishing for a mate that did not exist, hoping that if I found the right person, my life, my spiritual house would be in order.

It's said that people come into our lives for a reason. I struggled with that part of me that was convinced, if I found the right mate, my longing would be answered, I would be complete and fulfilled.

I realize now that these beliefs were a necessary part of my spiritual growth. I needed to go through the phases of looking outside myself for the answers, for fulness that I sought in another. Seeking completeness outside myself was what I had been taught to do from an early age, looking to formalized religion, to Scripture and books for the inward knowing. While these are all good places to seek divine guidance, intimacy with God, spiritual maturity comes, in part, from letting go of the need for answers and becoming receptive and open to the mystery of human longing.

Looking within came unexpectantly, out of silent worship, as I began to focus less on what was absent in my life and focus more on what was present. My prayer shifted from asking God for something to being thankful for God's outpouring and abundance and infinite love. It was a quiet, inquisitive deepening prayer that led me to seek less the need to reconcile desire with reality and to appreciate more the gifts of single life.

With seasoned insight, I realized that my task as a single person was to live the unresolved conflicts and the longings for family and mate with grace and dignity. I discovered the nature of human longing. It pointed to my deepest desire and is sacred ground, a place to direct my prayerful attention, to ask my soul for guidance.

In settling into this sacred longing, I began to look beyond the obvious aspects of finding a mate and looked deeply at what a soul mate represents-intimacy,

As we grow deeper in faith, we open to the fullness of our Quaker legacy. The Quaker adage "celibate in singleness, faithful in marriage," may resonate divine will, but does ir provide realistic guidance to those who have never married or who remain single for many, many years? Knowing the sacramental nature of the body and the power and pleasure of sex, is it appropriate to simply remain celibate in a sexually charged culture? Instead, for single Quakers, the more relevant question may be preservation of our body integrity for long-term happiness and enjoyment versus short-term pleasure. We need to continually discern where the presence of God is in relationships and to hold those places renderly because they contain the seeds of care, desire, and hope.

It is important to keep a faithful and open heart as a single Quaker, aware that alone does not mean without presence of the ever-available love of God.

We can practically cultivate this open and generous heart by focusing on the gifts of single life, giving generously of our time and resources to those in real need and nurturing intergenerational relations to create a substitute for the family we may not have.

As Quakers, we together make time in meeting for worship to recollect the

> heart of God in silence, to be open to the nuances and leadings, the longings and directions. In our hearts, our words, our meetinghouses, we must look to a heart that is open, dedicated,

and alert to the needs of all members, attenders, families, and single persons, caring for them all in a spirit of affectionate interest and gratitude.

# OPPOSING FORCES?

care, love, belonging, security. In letting go of the intellectual need to figure it all out, to reconcile my longing and what it represents with the reality of my life, I came to understand the profound nature of the human struggle for completion, a universal tension in all people. My prayer, meditation, and reflections turned from wanting the longing to disappear to embracing the unfulfilled desire, to be kind, generous, and happy despite the incompleteness, uncertainty, and longing. In this embrace, what had been seen as deficiencies in my life became a place of acceptance and thankfulness, allowing

### QUERY

Do all adults and children in our meeting receive our loving care and encouragement to share in the life of our meeting, and to live as Friends?

-Faith and Practice, 1997

# A TEACHING

I have been so often mute when I wanted most to have you hear me. But I have studied speech with the mole and the crow and the unsilent dead who speak to us daily with their mouths of clay and their tongues of grass, as they drill us in the old and necessary lessons. And what do they teach? I have no trick for telling you all of what I think they say, but I believe it comes to this: There is no law but that of love. That takes courage and we often fail. Because we fail forgiveness is basic as bread. We fail there too. And so the world is sad. If I could have the voice I wanted once. I would be your bard. I would bind you to me with firelight tales of struggle and discovery that would drive back your darkness for an hour. But I have only this small voice with which my father voiced me a voice with the reed and rasp of the crow. And I fear it is much too small.

Even so, I tell you There is no law but the law of love.

Take courage. Take courage.

-Michael Henson

Michael Hensen lives in Cincinnati, Ohio.

# by Elizabeth Claggett-Borne

hen I woke up one morning last winter, it was five degrees. The cold was paralyzing. At 6:30 AM, an early gloom draped my window. I couldn't drag my feet out from under the quilt. Some wise person wrote that the greatest pleasures in life are to see, to eat, and to sleep undisturbed. Having a thick quilt rates high, too.

The window was blanketed with frost from the humidity of many people breathing in one bedroom. I watched the pattern of frost emerge outside the windowpane. An opaque haze turned to beauty as the sun bounced and sparkled off the frozen water. The curves of crystals on the pane looked like a geothermal map covering an ancient river shoreline. Individual crystal drops, some as big as a fingernail, stopped my breath. My mattress squeaked as my elbow cranked my head to get a better view. Did you ever see how similar an ice crystal is to the twinkling rays of Venus in the evening sky?

Beauty surpasses even cold weather; but 20 years ago I told my parents I was moving to Boston, not Siberia. I'm scared at the extremes of weather we have, and so unpredictable. How can scientists convince me that this temperature is due to global warming? I'm angry that it's too cold for my son to go skating on Frog Pond. I'm upset that a hot drink from the bakery only stays warm about five minutes and ten minutes later it's starting to congeal. I worry about frail adults, parents with toddlers, the elderly who can't shop or can't get out to see a doctor. I'm furious that people with no home, people who prefer their freedom to the shelter regimen, are liable to freeze to death.

As I rolled over in bed, I remembered Patti. Patti is a diabetic who braved the cold last week to come to the health clinic. She is a homeless woman whose total possessions fit into two shopping carts. She is overweight and solemn. She used to only come to the health clinic every other Friday to have Clara, her nurse practitioner, check her insulin. Patti would wheel one cart up the street, park it on rhe corner, then scuffle back down the block for the second cart. She wore layers and layers of shirts and sweaters and an Andes wool hat with a pompom hanging down. Her thin hair was shiny, anchored in place

by the striped hat.

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After Patti parked her shopping carts behind a dumpster, she waited patiently to see her trusted Clara. Once I watched Patti carefully brush the dirt off her shoes with a Zoloft brochure. Clara politely accompanied Patti into her office. Clara has been at this health center for 15 years. Clara gave Patti complete attention, as much interest as she gives any patient in a coat and tie. Over the years, Clara has listened to Patti's complaints and disjointed stories. She has adjusted Patti's medicarion, given her encouragement, and sometimes ushered her to the lab for blood tests. That day Patti left with her medicine in hand and Clara opened her window to clear out the smell.

Early last February nurses saw these same two shopping carts parked outside the clinic on Tuesdays. This was odd-Tuesday is a day Clara doesn't even come to work. Soon they saw Patti sitting in the waiting room, not expecting an appointment. Puzzled, the staff asked Patti why she came. Patti didn't need a doctor, but she asked if she could return to Clara's consultation room. Patti approached the room slowly and stood a minute in the doorway with her head cocked. Then she heaved a deep breath and turned away. That was enough. Patti had wanted to be in the room where she was listened to, and where she felt hope. Clara bad offered her a well of care and respect, until all Patti needed was to touch that place of hope. Patti found a calmness in what seemed to be a chaotic, wintry life. Then she left without a fuss. The perplexed nurses shrugged and called the next patient.

Winter is a temporary shell. But it claims a stiff price. You can't escape the power of its steely grip: Earth unforgiving as iron, gurgling water arrested by the fin-

gers of ice. Trees hibernate; mammals bury deep in dens. Insects go into suspended animation. Teens lean against storefront doorways, their steamy breath

fogging the glass.

In winter, death hovers closely around our shoulders. I listen to friends' stories: someone falls and breaks a hip, mothers use an open oven to heat the room while kids do homework, an aggressive cancer recurs after unsuccessful surgery. What can I do? Hiding from winter is like hiding from bankruptcy; it doesn't work in the long run.

My joints are stiff, for sure; but to feel cold does not register high on the body's pain scale. Cold is only a sensation on the skin. Do you want to know the truth?-I tremble more because of fear than because of cold. The cold doesn't touch my spiritual life. As I shiver, I am aware

how great it is to be alive.

My mind is alert, racing against the inevitable waves of cold outside my quilt. The sun pierces the window ice with a strong gleam. I can stay hidden in bed. I

Elizabeth Claggett-Borne, a member of Friends Meeting at Cambridge, Mass., works with patients at Boston Medical Center.





have a choice; I can decide to call in sick at work. People like Patti haven't the ability to control their time or warmth. Lying in a warm bed is a privilege for which I rarely thank God.

I'm anticipating those blasts of cold shaking my body. Arctic weather is debilitating. Some are afraid of slipping on ice, or of catching the flu, both of which are health risks. But you and I also know it's more dangerous to drive down Interstate 95. Have you ever heard someone say: "Nope, there's too many fatal car accidents; I'm not going out to drive today"? Few of us stay inside because it's dangerous outdoors. We stay inside because it's uncomfortable to be cold, but maybe a little bit also because winter is laced with the knowledge of death.

I know God's Creation includes death. Maybe others aren't intimidated by that, but I'm too squeamish to appreciate death. The pain of dying fills me with dread. With so many scales on my eyes, I only can accept death in theory. Like the idea of intelligent life on Mars, life after death sounds good; but I, personally, am not up for the side effects.

Winter brings out bodily quaking. I

shiver and stamp my feet—my muscles tensed, my chin tucked. This quaking is from cold, but also from fear—a fear that gives homage to death and allows pain to overtake my body and rule supreme.

Winter quaking isn't the only kind, of course. Another kind happens when I'm taken aback by an extraordinary event. I shiver when I'm in awe of a magnitude I don't understand; some call it the Power of the Lord. It has the outward appearance of fear, but awe has a totally magnificent quality that's different. When I first saw a humpback whale breach, I was mesmerized and then quaking in wonder. "Did you see that?" I repeated over and over to my kids; "Did you see SEE that?" Pigeons circling in a flock around Boston skyscrapers give me the same thrill. Have you ever quivered after hearing a recording of Martin Luther King's "I Have a Dream" speech? This is a power that commands respect with its tones of beauty and truth. It makes my skin jump and the back of my neck tingle. Bur it doesn't make me weak in the knees; nor does it make me want to run for warmth. It's quaking in the best sense. As a Friend, I do not find quaking just in worship.

Winter is a tough season. It may bring brittleness, crankiness, and loneliness. When these fears rack my mind, I shiver with death at my side. I remain under the bedcovers. My arm tentatively stretches over my head, then I snap it back under the quilt again.

As I squirmed under the covers that morning, I was still thinking of Patti. Her survival has caused me to shudder in wonder; do I appreciate how much of a miracle her life is? I don't pity her, but I'm trying to learn the lesson often blinded by my privilege. At the clinic Patti finds an island of healing. Yes, she needs medicine and she needs protection from the vicious winds, but she finds healing with just the knowledge of someone's past caring. After Clara carved the way, Patti discovered God's presence even without her. Pain is temporary; Love is ever-present.

I hopped out of bed, slapped on layers of clothes, and started scavenging for breakfast. I reached on the shelf for some oatmeal and raisins. And I wondered: can I reach for seeds of Love and Hope and yet not deny the truth of winter?



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#### WITNESS

# A Visit to Kamenge AIDS Clinic

## by David Zaremkba

n January 19, 2005, I visited the Kamenge aids clinic in Bujumbura, Burundi. The program is run by Friends Women's Association of Burundi, and supported by Friends Peace Teams. I was there with Elie Nahimana, General Secretary of Burundi Yearly Meeting, and Adrien Niyongabo, coordinator of Healing and Rebuilding Our Communities program. I vis-

ited for only five hours.

Cassilde Ntamamiro, coordinator of Friends Women's Association in Burundi, was our host on this day, which was set aside for the clinic's monthly communal meal. Cassilde says she would like to do this once per week if the funds were available. The clinic has about 70 people who are HIV positive registered in their program. And according to their meticulous records, five of these have already died. Approximately 30 of the HIV-positive clients attended the gathering—most were young women, four with small children; five were men, four of whom were older than 40. When we arrived, the women were preparing a substantial meal. Cassilde showed us around the clinic—the large waiting room, the consultation room, the small shop for selling items to the public, the haircutting business on the side, and the store and medicine rooms. She also showed me three tooms that were unfinished. In one of these rooms was a bed for patients who needed extra care.

As people were gathering, the first activity was a public meeting that was part educational, part organizational, and part advisory. One topic was about the importance of good nutrition. Questions about vitamin pills came up and various varieties (including the one for children) were displayed to the clients. There was also discussion on a better method to notify all of the clients-who come from a rather large catchment area of Bujumbura about the clinic's gatherings. Almost half did not attend, but if they had I don't know where they would have fit, as the room was filled almost to capacity. There was also discussion of electing a committee for the group. Those present decided to postpone this until every-

one could be informed.

Those who are able are asked to pay 200 francs (less than 20 U.S. cents) per month to the association. These funds are used for hos-

David Zarembka is coordinator of African Great Lakes Initiative of Friends Peace Teams. A member of Bethesda (Md.) Meeting, he is sojourning at St. Louis (Mo.) Meeting.

pital trips and funeral costs. Cassilde wanted them to "buy in" to their organization so that it didn't seem like complete charity. As to advice, one man said that he was afraid to go upcountry to tell his wife that he was HIV positive. So the group counseled him to bring his wife to Bujumbura where he would tell her. She would be tested at the clinic, and advised according to her test results. I don't know if this happened, but the meeting demonstrated the variety of help that such a clinic provides.

The most shocking thing for me was the story of one of the women clients who had brought her husband to the clinic. His first wife had died of AIDS, his second wife had died of AIDS, his third wife had died of AIDS, and now his fourth wife was HIV positive. From other data I had received it seemed that men lived much longer than women when they became HIV positive. Cassilde explained that the reason for this is that the men had more access to meat, milk, and medicine. With the better nutrition, they lived longer.

Denial of AIDS runs very deep in Burundian society. A student at Great Lakes School of Theology, named Fidele, had died a few days before. Cassilde knew he had died of AIDS; but the student did not admit it and had postponed testing until it was clearly too late. The previous year his wife, Bernadine, who was also a student at the school, had died of AIDS. Burundi Yearly Meeting has a little over 15,000 adult members. Probably 1,500 to 2,000 of them are HIV positive. Cassilde lamented the fact there was not one person willing to publicly stand up in church and tell people that she/he was HIV positive.

The clinic also sees regular patients who are sick with malaria, intestinal problems, and other illnesses. Its log at the time showed that they had received about 1,500 visits in less than a year and a half. While we were there about ten people came with these types of conditions. They meet with the nurse who prescribes appropriate medicines as necessary.

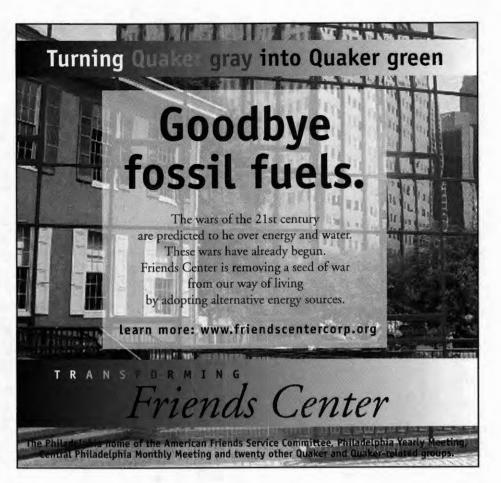
It was moving to be in a room full of people who are destined for an early deathmany very young, including teenagers. I had read that HIV-positive people in Africa die much more quickly than those in the United States, for example, and it became clear to me that the reason for this was lack of proper care and nutrition. Living HIV positive, if one follows healthy living habits, one can continue with a normal life for many years. With neglect, poor nutrition, and poor living habits, however, an HIV-positive person dies quickly. The kind of work that this clinic is doing is important because it offers the resources and

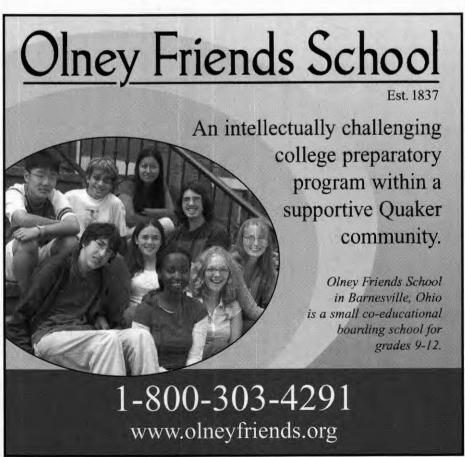
support that HIV-positive people living in this part of the world are not otherwise able to get.

Cassilde asked me if I would stay for lunch with the clients. She seemed delighted when I answered yes. Everyone was served mounds of rice, beans, greens, and a piece of meat. While we at the head table were given our own plates of food, the clients sat in groups of five or six and were served large platters. Each was then given a kilogram of rice and a half kilogram of beans to take home.

Later, Elie, Adrien, and I went upcountry to Gitega. There, a woman named Felicite Niyonzima told Elie that she was HIV positive and willing to speak publicly about it. When we asked if we could rake her picture, she declined. Later we met, and her story spilled out-as tends to happen the first few times those who have had a traumatic experience tell their story. She was married with two children and her husband died of AIDS in 1998. It took her a year to be tested, which was when she found out that she was HIV positive. She is the assistant to the Gitega provincial educational inspector. She had quietly told her family and her employer. Clearly she had the means to continue with healthy living and so, although seven years had gone by, her viral load level was still too low to require medicines. When I asked her what she expected would happen when she spoke out publicly in the church, she replied that she expected many people who were HIV positive to come to her for advice and support. I suspected that she would quickly be overwhelmed by the number of people approaching her. Elie immediately invited her to speak at the next Burundi Yearly Meeting pastors' meeting in April. When we finished, she agreed to have her picture taken with us. A meeting was to be arranged quickly between Felicite, Cassilde, and the person responsible for AIDS awareness in the yearly meeting, to discuss how to support and help Felicite in her witness.

Two days later, as we drove back into Bujumbura from Gitega, we saw two pickup trucks full of people. The first one was carrying a decorated cross in front. Elie honked and waved to the people in the trucks—it was the funeral for the Great Lakes School of Theology student who had just died of AIDS. Later in the day, when we were leaving the church compound in Bujumbura, Adrien pointed out seven children, dressed in their Sunday best, walking down the street. Their ages were approximately 5 to 17. They were the orphans of the two students who had died.







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#### ANALYSIS

# Quakerism, Community, and Katrina

by Nancy Milio

am compelled to speak to the meaning of Hurricane Katrina and its aftermath. It warns: discard the "ownership society"—the on-your-own-society—work toward a sharing, caring society. Quaker faith and Quaker practice know the strength and -vitality of community, equality, simplicity, and respect for environments. Such values should be, and sometimes are, embodied in representative and responsive government. They are basic to security and nonviolent conflict resolution.

But Katrina revealed a twofold tale of our impoverishment. It exposed the poverty of power when leadership fails to act in the public interest; compassion must be underpinned by the will to serve. And it bared the longtime denial of equal opportunity to humane living

for all our people.

The people of the Gulf suffer more than necessary because they—like millions of other people in the United Stares—have had their lives degraded by continuous government budget cuts. They were vulnerable because of policy failures: to reduce poverty, now growing again; poor emergency planning and resource development, despite years of warning; and environmental impoverishment from lax regulation to protect coastal wetlands. The question now is whether these damaging wrongs will be made right.

All major policies that sustain people who cannot work or find jobs that pay more than poverty wages have been steadily underfunded in recent years and are to be cut further. These include income support, food, health

coverage, and housing.

The emergency planning setup had been changed in unprecedented ways, especially since the September 11 terrorist attacks could

be used as justification.

FEMA, the Federal Emergency Management Agency, praised in the 1990s, was enveloped in the huge, 23-agency Department of Homeland Security (DHS), and headed by a political appointee instead of an experienced professional. It became vulnera-

Nancy Milio is professor emeritus of Health Policy at University of North Carolina and a member of Chapel Hill (N.C.) Meeting.

ble to program cuts, and, under DHSimposed work rules, staff are moved from one agency to another, diluting expertise. Many tasks are outsourced to commercial firms, making DHS oversight and coordination difficult at best.

Another agency for public health and safety, the Public Health Service, had its Preparedness Office moved under DHS, becoming similarly compromised. Other pieces of the network, which are supposed to support state and local health counterparts—the Centers for Disease Control and the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA)—had large budget cuts annually, shrinking efforts in disease prevention, environmental monitoring, and regulatory enforcement.

Recent reports found that preparedness financing will be \$100 billion short of meeting needed improvements, including workforce expertise and a comprehensive national information network for communication and coordination among local, state, and federal efforts.

Information ptior to Katrina was clear, presciently summarized in May 2005 by an investigative reporter, Chris Mooney, in "Thinking abour Big Hurricanes," American Project online edition, on May 23, 2005, reviewing government and academic reports:

A slow-moving Category 4 or 5 [170 miles/hour] hurricane . . . could generate a 20-foot surge that would easily overwhelm the levees of New Orleans. . . . The geographical bowl of the city would fill up with the waters of the lake, leaving those unable to evacuate with little option but to cluster on rooftops. . . . The water itself would become a festering stew of sewage, gasoline, refinery chemicals, and debris. . . . New Orleans could furnish perhaps the largest natural catastrophe ever experienced on U.S. soil.

The Army Corps of Engineers and Louisiana's Congressional delegation sought billions to shore up the levees and revive the coastal wetlands. But the George W. Bush administration had cut funding 80 percent by 2004.

The risks from poverty and poor preparedness were multiplied by the decline in environmental protection. The EPA, subjected to White House pressure, redefined regulatory terms such that "werlands"—which were not to be used for economic development—became open to commercial purposes in the Gulf, weakening the shoteline huffer against stotm surges. In line with the administration's policy to lighten government regulation of business, it focused on rewriting rules protecting drinking water and air, and as widely known, on global climate change.

Katrina, followed by Rita, revealed another aspect of climate change that policymakers are not acknowledging. The evacuees leaving Houston during Rita were caught in gridlock on the expressways because there were too many vehicles. People in New Orleans were caught in town because they had no cars. What they shared with everyone in the United States is a dependence on cars—the mark of "freedom" to move "whenever and wherever." That devotion adds to our oil dependence. which makes a large contribution to imprisoning the world's population under a thickening blanket of water-warming greenhouse gases, intensifying hurricanes.

The Republican Party's Study Committee proposed to cut billions more from the 2005-2006 budget to pay Katrina's costs. These cuts involve the services and protections that were already deficient and helped create the vulnerabilities of New Orleans and the coastal poor, including health and education programs, water quality, wastewater infrastructure, and energy conservation; high speed rail development and new public transit; and neighborhood and minority business development, legal services for the poor, and local emer-

gency worker grants.

Our leaders' allegiance has been to "free market" solutions to public issues. Let Quakers speak now to restore funds to reduce poverty; to rebuild adequate emergency and public health capacity; and to enable tools ro protect environments, moving toward a new energy future of new transportation options, linking small and large cities, energyefficiency technologies and buildings, new energy sources, and good jobs filled by reeducated workers.

Where would the money come from? Through asking more from those who have gained most; to invest in a renewed direction toward equity, freedom from oil dependence, and development of means that can prevent and resolve deadly conflict. The new emergency and other needed investments must not again be paid for by cuts in programs for poor and other vulnerable people in future budget deficits wrought by unfair tax policy and wars.





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#### REPORTS AND EPISTLES

# Friends Association for Higher Education 2005

The joy of seeing old friends and making new ones; deep conversations at the table and on sidewalks between sessions; buttons—"I think therefore I'm dangerous. . . ." Nearly 200 of us, 80 plus for the first time, gathered for the 2005 annual meeting of Friends Association for Higher Education at Haverford College, Pa., from June 16 to 19 to consider the theme "Centering on the Edge." Blue skies, sunny days, and Haverford's verdant garden campus hosted our 25th anniversary meeting days of reunion and new engagement.

In the first plenary, Habib Rahiab, Afghani scholar-at-risk, described his country's struggle to develop an adequate educational system. Risking his life, Habib witnessed for human rights and reminded us of our tradition to "publish truth." We were called to faith

by his gentle way.

The next morning, in the privileged company of elders who personally knew Haver-ford professors Rufus Jones, Thomas Kelly, and Douglas Steere, we studied their scholarship and discussed their lives to query ourselves. Are scholarship and research the same activity? Are "witness" and "testimony" terms that apply to scholarship? Is love a scholarly virtue?

With sound attention to scholarship, research, witness, and love, Michael Klare engaged us vitally, taking us to the heart of U.S. global oil policies. As John Woolman would remind us, so did Michael. The seeds of future wars for resources are planted. Are we bold enough to see the link between our way of life and Habib's world? If we are, then Anne Dalke's trust in modern technology, ably demonstrated in our final plenary, will lead the way. With her and the Teaching and Learning with Technology (TLT) Group, we will learn how ro mobilize one community through Internet links and "dangerous discussions."

Forty-two different sessions surrounded these plenaries, making connections and applying values. Experiential learning projects, liberation pedagogy, Quaker epistemology, death row photography, the environment, energy and the moral economy, clearness committees grounded in worship, George Fox in relation to Adam in Genesis, Wittgenstein and Chesapeake Bay-the range of choices reflected the depth and integrity of Quaker scholarly pursuits and the need for serious, sustained online discussions. A lively discussion among the presidents and directors of seven FAHE member institutions demonstrated leaders at the center, on the edge, translating Quakerism into structures and actions to support risk-taking scholarship and authentic spiritual seeking. . . .

We grounded out work in our worship each day. With T. Canby Jones we gave thanks, as he ministered to our sense of being held, awash in holy silence. And we closed our gathering with holy song in concert with Beats for Peace, young people whose rhythm and love of hip hop fostering social consciousness not only gave us hope for the future, but also reminded us of the relevance of the work we have shared and the friendships we have made and deepened.

With gratitude for each person who prepared and held this privileged time and space for us, we look forward to seeing one another

again next year, God willing.

—2005 Epistle Committee: Jim Anderson, Judith Jenner, Glenn Hinson, Rebecca Mays, Susan Schmidt, Caroline Whitbeck

## Friends of Color 2005

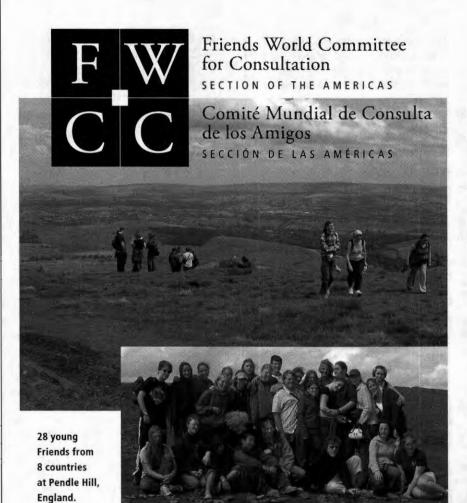
When the Spirit moves, the Spirit moves. Thanks to the vision of Paul Ricketts, Takashi Mizuno, Joyce Williams/Inspira, and David Yamamoto, on a beautiful hot summer weekend, the Spirit gathered 11 Friends of Color, who serve and travel in ministry, for a weekend retreat at Taylor Lane Farm, N.J. The attendees, who came from Pennsylvania, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, and Virginia, sought to better understand ministry in general, our ministries in particular, ministry in the Religious Society, and ways to better use the resources available to address the serious issues that are areas of witness and action.

Niyonu Spann opened the weekend with heartwarming, uplifting exercises that helped deepen our understanding of each other. This careful selection of material prepared our hearts for the worshipful sharing that would follow.

After the opening, we rook the time to carefully define ministry as the Spirit leading/calling us to be our best selves. From this inner place, we agreed that Spirit leads or calls us to ministry. Ministry may be oriented towards helping others understand and live as their best selves or work in areas that involve caring for creation. Each of us has at our disposal a wealth of resources available to facilitate the work that we are called to do.

The group started by ideutifying many Creator-edifying aspects of ministry. With this understanding, we took the time to share the nature of our individual leadings and calls. Some of us shared about our work in our meetings. Others shared about work that is beyond the meeting—reaching out to Friends and others nationally and internationally.

Presently, our messages of Quaker history, unity, and nonviolence are being carried to



# Quaker Youth Pilgrimage

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Anna Margaret Birkel, Ohio Valley YM Quaker Youth Pilgrimage 2004

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youth, adults in communities, and persons "behind the wall." Friend Deborah Saunders attended just briefly, as she was departing the next day to speak in England.

During our free time on Saturday, three of us visited the African American Museum in Philadelphia, where we viewed Lest We Forget: Glorious Legacies of Our African Past; Odunde: Preserving Cultural Tradition; Memories Go Round: The Photography of Jack T. Franklins; and Surviving Genocide: The Children of Darfur. These sculptures and images of common people and celebrities connected us in tangible ways to those who have brought joy through the years as well as those who suffer, unnecessarily, in many parts of the world.

When we reconvened, the Saturday afternoon plenary session included presentations by Joyce Williams and Takashi Mizuno, who shared with us the life and ministry of Howard Thurman and Ham Sok Hon.

Our celebration was informative and consciousness-raising. We began with Helen Garay Toppins sharing Marvin Gaye's "What's going on." After many years, this music is again being played on many New York radio stations, for it seems as relevant today as it was when aired years ago. War, drugs, unemployment, and killing are still what's going on. When listening to the words, we pondered our leadings and calls as well as ways that we can more effectively address many of these issues. We seek to better understand the past and present.

As a way of understanding the past, Vanessa Julye has done considerable genealogical research related to her family. She spoke of her maternal and paternal lineage, their origin, and their accomplishments. She also shared beautiful photos of her relatives and art work done by her great-grear-grandmother.

Jada Jackson shifted the focus to current issues. She spoke eloquently about the impact of nuclear weapons and a recent protest that she attended in Nevada that attracted people from around the world. All were strongly led to call for an end to the production and use of nuclear weapous. She also reminded us to consider not using bottled water, for the plastics are filling landfills, and multiuational companies are purchasing cheaply and sometimes stealing water from Third World nations, creating conditions that may result in drought.

In that all of us have a wealth of informatiou, Helen Garay Toppins volunteered to compile and maintain the list of resources. To ensure that we stay informed and active, we agreed on the value and importance of the Fellowship of Friends of African Descent listserve, bibliography, schedule of events, ongoing projects, organization, funding sources, scholarship and job banks, volunteer opportunities, and board opportunities. Because many of these resources may be used to support our work, all were encouraged to send her our submissions.

Helen Garay Toppins, Ernie Buscemi, and Vanessa Julye shared their experiences of the racial incidents at the NYYM Annual Sessions in the last session of the tetreat. Helen asked for some advice regarding their directions. Takashi Mizuno said at that time: "God will give you directions and we will support you."

As we pondered ways to communicate our concerns to the broader community, we were reminded that in the last three years, FFAD developed an agenda that could be shared across our Religious Society. During a workshop, at the annual FFAD gathering in 2003, participants did just that. We started with the assumption that defense, as an institution, is not changed in a vacuum. All other major institutions—education, entertainment, economics, labor, law, religion, politics, and family—are affected. To shift the balance towards wholeness and justice, every institution requires some adjusting.

requires some adjusting.

Consistent with noble values, the gathering participants identified the "as-is" and the "to-be" states for the institutions. To this material, they added straregies to achieve the "to-be" states. Many of the strategies spanned institutional boundaries and focused on wholeness, justice, peacemaking, and peacekeeping. In reviewing the prioritized strategies, relationships across institutions surfaced, making it possible to leverage resources and minimize negative effects. Rubye Howard Braye committed to compile the information so that it can be shared with other organizations across and outside the Quaker community to support and promote improved conditions for people of color locally, nationally, and globally.

Ernie Buscemi reminded us that our ministries involve service throughout the Society on various boards. This allows us to share our agenda in places to inform and leverage our efforts. We also discussed the fact that presently there are openings for service.

Before ending the retreat, we thanked our host, Takashi Mizuno and his family; then, individually and collectively committed ourselves to continuing to serve in ways that make a difference in the world.

-Friends of Color Ministry Retreat

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#### REFLECTION

# Visitation and Hospitality among Friends

# by Janet Means

fter I returned home from Continuing Committee of Illinois Yearly Meeting Lin the winter months of early 1999, my mind held the picture of the table spread for potluck supper prepared by members and attenders of the host meeting, St. Louis (Mo.). Community formed as we gathered to enjoy the food. Laughter, serious talks, people and ideas intermingled. Friends in St. Louis opened their homes to those of us who lived too far away to return to our own homes that evening.

My host family cheerfully gathered my friend and me into their van for the ride home. They opened their doors and opened their hearts. The warmth that filled this Quaker home was immediately evident as we were enthusiastically greeted by the family dog. We settled into the living room and the children shared their talents with gifts of dance, music, and jokes. While everything was low-key, I knew that this busy family had taken the time to change the beds, provide the towels, and set aside the time for hospitality. The next morning, after a good night's sleep under warm, wonderful blankets, I was given tea and homemade breakfast cake with apples and orange slices. The mother and I had time to talk; we shared our spiritual paths. The father took us to the airport, and again, we had time to open our journeys. It was a grand visit. I returned home feeling cared for and nurtured.

Thoughts of other visits with Quakers made over many years throughout Friends General Conference and Illinois Yearly Meeting started running through my mind. So many generous Friends have provided hospitality while I was traveling on committee work. I see that we shared not only bed and breakfast but our life experiences. We were often given opportunity to share from the heart and Spirit. I have grown aware that this tradition goes back to the earliest travels among Friends. It goes back to the first cen-

Janet Means is a member of Lake Forest (Ill.) Meeting.

tury of the followers of Jesus. Hospitality provides a ministry of love.

Travel combined with visitation has enriched my life. I remember the time when I shared a room with a Friend I had not met before. We were discussing the events of the day when we looked up and beheld the starry skies right over our beds! It was a glorious sight. Our delight and laughter broke any walls we had between us. We shared Quaker thinking and actions within our different yearly and monthly meetings until far into the night.

Each home presents an environment that is particularly its own. A recent widow and I sat in a blessed silence after she shared her journey of grief and loneliness. We were held in a gathered meeting with God. A peace flowed through us that I will not forget. To this day she remains a role model when adver-

sity knocks at my door.

I think of the couple who was struggling through the life transition of the empty nest syndrome. They lived in a suburb of Philadelphia. The feelings of out of balance were present in the home. We talked over tea, bit by bir opening our hearts in the common parent dilemma of how to fill in the gaps when the children are gone. We discussed the state of their meeting and the decisions they were facing as the meeting grew with new attenders and new focus.

One of my most tender memories springs from a visit to a home in the Midwest. Seedlings were sprouting on every windowsill well before planting time. There was a general happiness in the air. On Sunday morning we sat down for breakfast. After we held hands in Quaker grace, we sang hymns together. What a lovely way to begin the day. We shared memories of our individual experiences at Pendle Hill and

our present journeys.

Visiting provides those moments of opportunity for getting in touch with the lives of people you would never meet. It opens the opportunity for sharing inward journeys, for discussing the perceptions of the Truth, for speaking to someone from "away" concerning the joys and problems within the monthly meeting. Visiting provides a time for opening the heart as well as the door to make space for the wind of the Spirit to move through us.

I give thanks to the many persons in our community of Friends who have given the hospitality of their homes and families, who have shared their jonrneys, provided a bed for rest, food for the body, and nurture for

the soul.





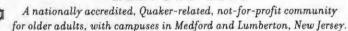


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#### MEMOIR

# Healing in Meeting for Worship at the 1995 FGC Gathering

by Rich Van Dellen

What is the ground and foundation of the gathered meeting? In the last analysis, it is, I am convinced, the Real Presence of God.

-Thomas R. Kelly, 1940

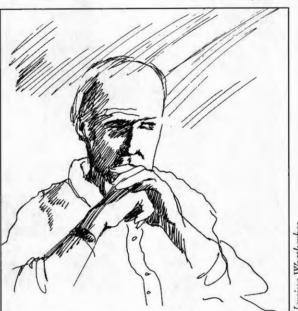
arrived at the Friends General Conference Gathering that Lyear, 1995, in Kalamazoo, Michigan, without any expectation of what would happen-a miracle of healing during worship. I had been having flashbacks of my wife's car accident, probably posttraumatic stress syndrome. I thought when I arrived the flashbacks were subsiding, but on Saturday evening at the opening ceremony they came back with a vengeance-vivid and painful. The next day was difficult; I had them all day. I went that Sunday afternoon to meeting for worship under the care of Friends for Lesbian and Gay Concerns [FLGC; now called Friends for Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, and Queer Concerns, FLGBTQC-eds.]. I had been

attending this worship every year at the Gathering since 1986. Worship was underway only a few minutes when the tears started. I cried the whole hour. I knew that it was safe to cry there. It is amazing in itself that one can cry safely in Quaker meeting for worship.

The next morning, at Bible half hour, the text was Jesus' words from the Cross: "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" The words cut to my soul. Why, God, had you forsaken me? Where were you for me now?

Marian's accident was on January 8, 1991. She was quadriplegic on arrival at the hospital from a spinal cord injury due to a neck fracture. She had other injuries including multiple fractures of her right leg and lung injuries. After major surgery, two weeks in the ICU, and then physical therapy, she slowly improved. After four months, she left the hospital in a wheelchair. She still could not bear weight on her right leg. We debated whether

Rich Van Dellen is a member of Rochester (Minn.) Meeting. He writes this in gratitude to FLGBTQC, and he expresses empathy for returning war veterans and others who have posttraumatic stress syndrome.



Varcissa Weatherbee

to go to the Gathering that year, and, after phone calls to the FGC office to see if the site was wheelchair-friendly, we decided to go. When we arrived Marian was taking a few steps on crutches so we managed quite well. By November that year she was walking with a cane, and by January of the next year walking without any aids. She had made a remarkable, miraculous recovery of about 95 percent of her function. We remain grateful.

I did well through all of this. I returned to work three weeks after the accident. I was able to minister to Marian's needs, visit her twice a day in the hospital, work full-time, and manage things at home. Then, about three years later, the flashbacks started: the phone call: "Your wife has been in a serious car accident and is in surgery. You had better come." Then the panicky drive to a hospital two hours away; seeing her for the first time paralyzed; the blood transfusions; seeing her labor to breathe and then put on a respirator; facing anti-abortion pickets going to the hospital the morning after the accident with signs saying, "This hospital kills"; and many more.

These flashbacks gradually increased in frequency and intensity and took over my life. I could work, and as long as I kept busy I could function, but during any quiet moments they were there. I knew I needed professional help, and I started counseling. We decided not to use medication, but nonetheless the flashbacks gradually lessened. I was improving when I arrived at the Gathering and thought they were gone for the most part, but it was not to be. They came back again: intense, distressing—as if I were there again.

One recurring flashback that week was precipitated by an early plenary session. Harvey Gilman, a Friend from Britain, spoke about angels. He probably said other things, but I only remember the part about angels. He suggested that we should function more like angels, messengers of God, to each other. The day of the accident, once I had gotten to the hospital and had taken care of the things one needs to do in these crises, the wait began. I felt terribly alone, desperately wanting someone with me. I had made multiple unsuccessful attempts to reach my son who lived about two hours away. I was sitting alone in the intensive care waiting room with my head in my hands, crying. The cleaning lady came in. After a few minutes of perfunctory cleaning she came over to me, sat down, put her arm around me, and asked what was wrong. After I explained, she suggested I call the police in the city where my son lived, and got up and left. I had never thought of that, did so, and soon Paul was on the phone and on his way to join me. An angel? No, a cleaning lady; but why did she not finish her cleaning?

I continued to attend FLGC worship each afternoon. The messages started reaching me. Some messages spoke of pain and anguish. The pain was different than mine, yet touched me. Out of the pain rose up other messages of comfort, forgiveness, thankfulness, hope, love, and joy. The messages spoke directly to me. I had told no one what I was going through—no one. Yet the messages were clearly meant for me. Healing started. The tears diminished. The flasbbacks lost their intensity and then stopped altogether. It was the miracle of the gathered meeting for worship. I am convinced

it was the real presence of God.

I have not had any serious flashbacks since then. When the Gathering returned to Kalamazoo in 1999, I had forgotten all about the previous experience. In my workshop on the second morning, a woman mentioned a friend whose child was in a serious car accident. The memories flooded back along with some of the flashbacks but they were brief. That year I was able to share for the first time what had happened four years before in FLGC worship, and to thank the FLGC community for their contribution to my healing. And I remain thankful.

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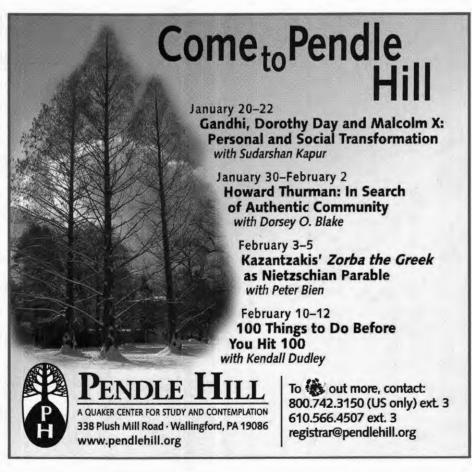
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# State of the World 2005: Redefining Global Security

By The World Watch Institute, Eric Assadourian, et al. WW Norton and Company, 2004. 245 pages. \$16.95/softcover.

The World Watch Institute, founded by Lester Brown in 1974, is a significant source of information on the interaction among environmental, economic, and social trends in the world. Its goal is to help the transition to an environmentally sustainable and socially

Each year World Watch publishes a State of the World volume containing current research on the global environment. Occasionally they also publish books that provide in-depth analysis of critical economic and social issues.

State of the World 2005: Redefining Global Security is one of the World Watch Institute's most recent publications. Since 9/11, there has been considerable discussion of the factors involved in global security beyond the arms tace and the threat of nuclear destruction. This book frames security in those broad terms, with chapters on population, infectious diseases, food security, water conflicts, oil dependency, and small weapons disarmament. The perspective is refreshingly global, so if you want to consider the impact of population bulges among unemployed youth in different parts of the world, or the history and future trajectory of oil needs in the United States and China, you can find a wealth of detail.

Redefining Global Security is more of a reference than an easy read, though there are nuggets of hope and insight scattered throughout. For example: China has announced plans to adopt a Green GDP (gross domestic product) measure that would subtract resource depletion and pollution from their economic growth indicators. Or, after the municipal government of Porto Alegre in Brazil gave local people the power to set government funding priorities, their health and education budget increased from 13 percent to almost 40 percent in just ten years. Or, consider the difference between thinking of energy as a service to provide, rather than a commodity

to sell.

Reflecting an impressive depth of knowledge and breadth of vision, the final chapters explore the potential for building peace through joint environmental protection projects, and the wide-reaching international protocols that already support development and cooperation.

-Pamela Haines

Pamela Haines is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting.

# Understanding the New Testament Accounts of Jesus' Life

By Steven L. Bridge. Hendrickson, 2004. 160

pages. \$14.95/softcover.

This slender volume sets out to explain some of the premises behind the Gospel accounts of Jesus' life and death, in order to make the Gospel accounts intelligible. It is not concerned with authorship of the Gospels, or which parts are more or less "authentic." The author, Steven Bridge, takes the narratives whole and helps the reader see what the stories might have meant in ancient context.

Getting the Gospels is an easy read, written for a popular audience with a minimum of scholarly jargon, footnotes, and tedious argumentation. The book proceeds chronologically through three sections spanning Jesus' life: The Early Years, Jesus' Public Ministry, and Jesus' Passion, Death, and Resurrection. In each section, Bridge focuses on several specific incidents or topics in turn, explaining premises, comparing different accounts, and generally rounding out the context for the reader.

One strength of the book is its concise hut specific comparison of the different treatments of Jesus' life in the four Gospels. Rather than using differences as evidence of which was written first, or which version is more likely "true," Bridge takes each Gospel as a narrative in its own right, with its own point of view and presentation style. His analogy of four different real estate agents showing the same property is interesting; one can easily imagine Steven Bridge the teacher using ir ro spark the interest of the students in a Bible 101 class.

Getting the Gospels could bring welcome methodological balance to our Friendly efforts to engage Jesus by way of the Bible (not our first choice for getting to know him, by the way; that would be encountering the Inward Christ, firsthand). Scholarly methodologies in the academic discipline of Biblical Studies could be very roughly grouped into pick-itapart methods and keep-it-together methods. Going through the Gospels deciding which passages are most authentic is a pick-it-apart method. Getting the Gospels takes a keep-ittogether approach, preserving the narratives' integrity and the differences among the canonical Gospels, while inviting the reader to notice the rough places and sit with them.

I have only one reservation in recommending this book to Friends. While the author often presents a few varying interpretations, he sometimes seems to rush past the possibilities to give his answers to the ques-



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ular writing to omit scholarly footnotes and disclaimers; still, I'd have welcomed a few more qualifiers like "perhaps" and "many scholars thiuk." I don't so much disagree with his answers; but I'd like to see more left open for the multiplicity of possibilities. A more extensive set of notes and references would also have helped the reader to pursue points of interest independently.

Getting the Gospels is probably most useful to Friends with some familiarity with the Christian Scriptures, particularly in meeting Bible study groups or adult religious education discussions. As always with books about the Bible, though, be sure to spend at least as much time with the Gospels themselves as with this book about the Gospels.

-Susan Jeffers

Susan Jeffers, who holds an MA in Biblical Studies from Earlham School of Religion, is a member of Ann Arbor (Mich.) Meeting.

### A New Way to Ride: Listening and Following

By Judy Ceppa. RonJon Publishing, 2005. 185

pages. \$12/softcover.

In A New Way to Ride, Judy Ceppa recounts the 11,367-mile journey around the perimeter of the United States she and her husband Fred made on their Gold Wing motorcycle. Instead of following a closely scripted itinerary, each day they'd pray to follow as God showed them the way, even fol-

lowing "God's detours."

The book's emphasis is on the path of learning to listen and follow or, as some might say, learning to be led. In a FRIENDS JOURNAL article some time ago ("Why We Dress This Way," Dec. 2000), Judy and her husband Fred told their story about being called to adopt plain dress. In that article, Judy mentions that they enjoy traveling by motorcycle, with the result that their plain dress can be "distinctive in the places where we find ourselves." Then, as people approached them, often with questions or stories about spiritual journeys, they witnessed by simple listening or storytelling.

A second emphasis of the book reminds anyone reading it of the natural wonders on the border of the United States, while a third revels in Judy's new-found sense of wonder and ease (though the dark spots are noted, too) of being with God in God's creation

through writing poetry.

I wonder how motorcycle enthusiasts might respond to the book; and I wonder, too, if many of our younger Friends might enjoy a trip between its covers. It would be a way of one grounded in nature and in physical journey.

As for me, I would someday like to see a book in which Judy presents her spiritual journey and witness in greater depth. Although there is occasionally a trace of the past or of the broader world in the book, there is little sense of the evil or indifference people might find on their journeys. The poetry is always exuberant; some of it is excellent; other poetic interludes could use a greater attention to craft.

-Sharon Hoover

Sharon Hoover is a member of Alfred (N.Y.) Meeting.



#### In Brief

# Creeds and Quakers: What's Belief Got to Do with It?

By Robert Griswold. Pendle Hill Pamphlet #377, 2004. 35 pages. \$4\softcover. In this pamphlet, Robert Griswold recalls us to the immediacy of what early Friends meant by Truth—not an idea, but a "reality . . . to be aware of, not something to be believed." He challenges present-day Friends to see what actually happened when George Fox was struck by this wordless, stunning Truth, and how he chose faith (a direct experience of spir-

itual reality) over belief (creed).

It is refreshing to be reminded of the powerful reality within and beyond religious doctrine; to be exhorted to listen, open, and, in the words of Isaac Penington "give over thine own willing, give over thine own running, give over thine own desiring to know or be anything, and sink down to the seed which God sows in thy heart." Robert Griswold writes with an inspired clarity, reflecting upon the original meaning of some expressions of Quaker faith—"that of God," the testimonies, etc.—that have been watered down to superficiality and distorted over the generations until they are sometimes brandished today as forms of Quaker creed.

The very idea of a Quaker creed is a contradiction of the experiential Truth that Friends are called upon to know for ourselves and in ourselves. As Robert Griswold writes, "It is my hope that this essay will encourage the reader to find another way to live other than grasping at beliefs. Giving up beliefs requires the discipline of feeding the Inward Light. It requires us to go into the silence again and again until we learn to let go of thinking about how we can make the world fit our

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desires. We need instead to be open to being filled by what is, and to let our actions be true to what has been made known to us."

-Kirsten Backstrom

Writer Kristen Backstrom is a member of Multnomah (Oreg.) Meeting.

# Henry J. Cadbury: Scholar, Activist, Disciple

By Margaret Hope Bacon. Pendle Hill Pamphlet #376, 2004. 38 pages. \$4/soficover. The working life of Henry J. Cadbury spanned the greater part of the 20th century, and in the course of it he was closely connected with many (if not all) of the significant expressions of Quaker witness begun or carried out during his years as a "scholar, activist, disciple."

As a biblical scholar, he emphasized the importance of understanding scriptural writings in the context of their own times, and as a modern activist he worked at the growing edge of the present moment, always encouraging Friends to evolve into the possibilities of "new Light":

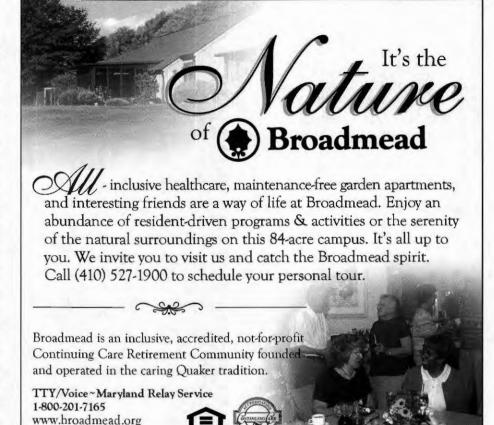
Our critics cannot understand a religion whose genius is precisely the continuity of change. . . . There is a living Christianity which, not only in the middle of the First Century, but also in the middle of the Twentieth, "turns the world upside down."

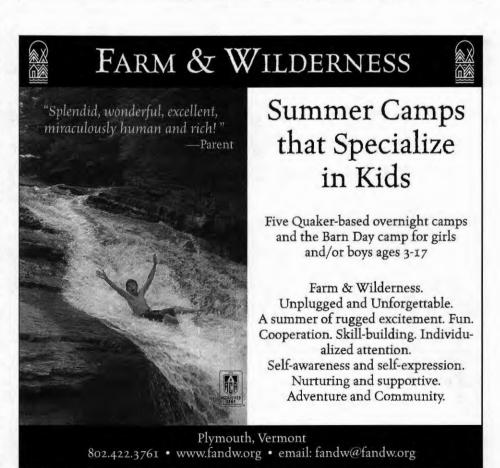
As Margaret Hope Bacon brings us the evolution of Henry Cadbury, she also brings us much of the evolution of modern Quakerism as peace work, refugee aid, relief work, and various Quaker institutions and organizations emerge to nurture our growth. This pamphlet conveys, by means of biography and history, how the deepest of spiritual commitments can not only be expressed but manifested in a life of activism. As Margaret Bacon writes, "Henry Cadbury felt that he had never experienced a mystical opening, and was convinced that many other Quakers through the centuries had also not been mystics. Instead, they had lived a religious life nourished by the Religious Society of Friends, translating their deepest beliefs into social action."

-Kristen Backstrom

In early October, Central America was devastated by a combination of tropical storm rains, flooding, mudslides, and volcanic activity. There was generalized destruction of homes, roadways, bridges, electric and phone systems, as well as food crops and animals, with the heaviest damage occurring in Guatemala, El Salvador, and the state of Chiapas in Mexico, with significant damage also in Honduras and Nicaragua. Estimates as of mid-October, while rising, were 1,400 dead in Guatemala and some 44,000 people in shelters, 65 dead in El Salvador with some 54,000 people in shelters, and 8 people dead in Chiapas with another 25,000 in shelters. The total number of people affected by the damage is in the millions. While AFSC currently has no institutional presence in Central America, it does have close, long-standing ties with partners that launched urgent appeals for assistance and which AFSC felt called to support. AFSC's response, as of October, focused on providing emergency assistance for the tens of thousands located in makeshift shelters. In Guatemala, AFSC works with Association for Education and Development (ASEDE). ASEDE is a longtime partner of AFSC working in community health and development in rural areas of Guatemala, primarily with people who were returnee refugees during the civil war. In El Salvador, AFSC cooperates in a similar way with three partner organizations that have significant experience in emergency work. The first is the Coordinadora Bajo Lempa, a campesino-run organization deeply involved in development, environmental, and peace issues. The second is the Foundation for Cooperation and Community Development in Él Salvador (CORDES), an established rural development NGO. The third is the Association of Community Promoters (APROCSAL), which focuses on community health programs in rural and marginalized urban areas. Contact David Bronkema at (215) 241-7146 or <dbronkema@afsc.org> for more information. -AFSC

Friends individually and as meetings responded almost immediately to the impact of Hurricane Katrina in Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama in late August. Their contributions went primarily to American Friends Service Committee, whose relief efforts are focused on the populations and communities devastared the most by Katrina. The American Red Cross, Salvation Army, and Friends Disaster Service are other groups whose aid for the Gulf Coast received support from Friends. At its business meeting in September, Reading (Pa.) Meeting heard from its Peace and Social Order Committee "a concern for the victims of Hurricane Katrina. . . . Discussion elicited support for three agencies







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who are providing relief: AFSC Crisis Fund; Mennonite Disaster Relief Fund; Live Oaks Meeting in Houston, Tex." Reading Meeting contributed \$500 to AFSC Special Crisis Fund and urged "individuals to support Katrina relief as they feel led." Haddonfield (N.J.) Meeting, during its business session in September, asked its Peace and Social Concerns Committee "to bring a plan for corporate giving for hurricane disaster relief to the October meeting for business." The quick response of Friends Disaster Service (FDS) to Hurricane Katrina is described in a report in the September newsletter of Evansron (Ill.) Meeting. FDS engaged trucks and purchased cans of heat and food in case lots for shipment to Gulfport, Miss., on September 1. The next week, FDS shipped a truckload of water and other relief supplies to the Mississippi Gulf Coast. According to the report in the Evanston Meeting newsletter, FDS will continue to make "immediate contribution to the feeding of the homeless, as funds and resources are available." -Reading, Haddonfield, Newtown (Pa.), and Evanston meeting newsletters

Bloomington (Ind.) Meeting, during its business meeting on September 11, 2005, endorsed a resolution calling for a moratorium on executions in Indiana. The moratorium would remain in effect until policies and procedures are implemented to ensure basic due process in death penalty cases, to eliminate the risk of executing innocent persons, and to prevent the execution of mentally disabled persons and foreign nationals whose consular rights have been violated. With the endorsement of a moratorium on the death penalty, Bloomington Meeting approved the following minute: "Friends believe that there is that of God in all human beings, that human life is sacred, and that it is wrong for the state to end human life. Bloomington Friends reaffirm their categorical opposition to the death penalty." This affirmation by Bloomington Meeting occurred during the month when the sentence of one prisoner on death row, scheduled to be executed on August 31, was commuted to life in prison without parole. The execution of another prisoner, however, was carried out as scheduled on September 28. -E-mails from Bloomington (Ind.) Meeting

Ten Friends from three monthly meetings in Baltimore Yearly Meeting traveled as an intervisitation team to North Carolina last October 7–9 for a weekend visit with Friends in Winston-Salem Meeting. The weekend visit was the first direct contact with Friends in a monthly meeting by an intervisitation

intervisitation program is to open dialogue with Friends in other yearly meetings affiliated wirh Friends United Meeting regarding the concern that FUM's personnel policy about sexual diversity and conduct is discriminatory. Winston-Salem Meeting is affiliated with North Carolina Yearly Meeting, which is affiliated with FUM. During the visitation weekend, conversations between the visitors and Winston-Salem Friends occurred over meals and in numerous conversations between individuals and among small groups. "There was discussion of the concern about the FUM personnel policy regarding the gender and sexual conduct issue; but there was also a wider range of discussion about relationships and the need to understand one another. This was a great experience for us and we hope also for the BYM visitors," said Judith Dancy, pastor of Winston-Salem Meeting. "This first visit with a monthly meeting was a wonderful experi-ence," said Marcy Seitel, clerk of the Ad Hoc Intervisitation Committee of Interim BYM, who helped plan the trip. "This was a first step. We are learning how important it is that we listen to one another." She added that the ad hoc committee was to meet in November to outline the Intervisitation Program through 2006. Ken Stockbridge, Patapsco Meeting in BYM, said, "The folks at Winston-Salem Meeting were very hospitable." According to Stockbridge, who is also a member of the BYM Intervisitation Committee, there was no specific agenda for the weekend visit. "There was worship sharing, and there was a sense of community among Friends. We discussed our concerns and strengthened our relationships," he said. Meanwhile, monthly meetings continue to express concerns about the FUM personnel policy. In a minute approved during business meeting in June 2005, Wellesley (Mass.) Meeting affirmed a "desire to remain in loving community with Friends United Meeting. . . . However, we are clear in our belief that the personnel policy regarding marriage is a hindrance to the ministry of FUM as it excludes many from full participation. Moreover, it diminishes the light of the entire Quaker community and is a cause of deep pain. . . . We are clear that this policy is not in concurrence with [Jesus'] ministry nor with the Quaker love of that of God in everyone." Wellesley Meeting further approved sending this minute to New England Yearly Meeting, which is affiliated with FUM. -Robert Marks

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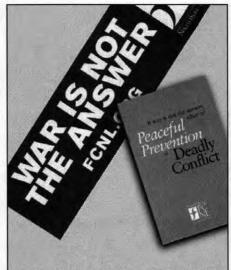
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School, Newtown, Pa., and Westtown School, Westtown, Pa. FSR is developing a new exchange program with Sidwell Friends School, Washington, D.C., and a new joint film project with Brooklyn Friends School, N.Y. "These opportunities couldn't be timelier, and make me more optimistic abour the rise of the global community, especially in the midst of occupation, violence, and political uncertainty," said Joyce Ajlouny, director of FSR. "Our students are comforted with new friends that listen and are refreshed by the rich, diverse cultural exchanges they experience." —Chronicles of Quaker Education

Kenneth Jacobsen has been appointed as interim executive director of Pendle Hill, a Quaker center for study and contemplation in Wallingford, Pa., starting this month. Known to many Friends through his service as head of Olney Friends School, Ken Jacobsen has worked closely with this wife, Katharine Jacobsen, in financial management, retreat leadership, and teaching in several Quaker organizations. Mary Ellen Chijioke, clerk of the Trustees, announced the appointment on October 22, 2005, to Pendle Hill's General Board. Ken Jacobsen succeeds Steve Baumgartner, who completed five years of service on August 31, 2005.

Friends Environmental Education Network (FEEN) has launched a "Friends Schools Environmental Audit," which more than 20 schools have completed. Participating schools rated their progress in water use, energy costs, grounds-keeping, and environmental awareness. "We hope that these initial results will serve as a baseline for institutions to take action steps for future improvement," said Doug Ross, Friends' Central School teacher and FEEN 2005 facilitator. For more information contact Doug Ross at <dross @friendscentral.org> or (610) 649-7440.

Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.) celebrated the 75th anniversary of its incorporation of Irving Street (Orthodox) Meeting and I Street (Hicksite) Meeting in June 2005. Among those at the celebration were several longtime members of the meeting. One, Jane Winder Ward, remembered President Herbert Hoover attending worship at the new meeting. He was always preceded by several Secret Service agents, who checked all the closets and basement rooms. Meanwhile, in the meeting room, one group of attenders left room for the president and his wife. When they sat down, another group of attenders quickly filled the other seats beside the president and Mrs. Hoover. The Secret Service agents, frustrated in their concern for the president, had to find seats elsewhere in the meeting room. Also remembered was the meeting's statement of unity expressed at the time of the incorporation and construction of the meetinghouse during 1930–31. Friends Meeting of Washington will continue to celebrate its incorporation and commemoration of the first worship service in its meetinghouse with the 75th Anniversary Meeting for Worship scheduled for January 15, 2006. —Newsletter of Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.)

A group of elderly women visited Times Square's armed forces recruiting station on October 17 to protest the U.S. war in Iraq. They were there to enlist. Berter, they said, to put the aged in harm's way than young people just starting out. They've led long lives, long enough to have grandchildren, even greatgrandchildren. "I'm a double grandmother," said Betty Brassell, who is 75 and lives on the Lower East Side. "I have a great-grandson. I'm sorry I forgot to bring his picture." The Army was not interested in signing them up. The same went for the Navy, Air Force, and Marines. The men who staff the Times Square booth had locked their doors, having been warned that the women would come. "One of them asked me, 'What happens if they accept us?" said Norma Siegel, the civil liberties lawyer who was the group's go-between with the police. "I told her: "Then you're off to Iraq. I'll have to get a habeas writ to get you out.' That proved unnecessary. These women understood that if you want the cameras and microphones to pay you and your cause some attention, a bit of street theater helps. It doesn't hurt, either, to march under banners like Raging Grannies, Grandmothers Against the War, and Elders for Peace and Justice for the Next Seven Generations. It had been arranged with the police that 15 or so would try to enlist and then, once that failed, hold a sit-in outside the booth. First in line was Joan Wile, 74. She carried a bucket of cookies. Behind her was Marie Runyon, a former state assemblywoman. At 90, she can barely see, but that did not stop her from banging on the booth's door. "Are you hard of hearing?" she hollered at the young men inside. "Let's get cracking here. We want to enlist. What's the matter with you?" After the door-banging went nowhere the women began their sit-in. A police lieutenant, Kevin Lee, approached with a bullhorn: "I'm ordering you to leave this pedestrian area," he read from a sheet of paper. 'We insist we enlist," the women chanted. Minutes later 18 women were arrested; and the recruiting station unlocked its doors. -New York Times, October 18, 2005



# Quaker Roots Run Deep.

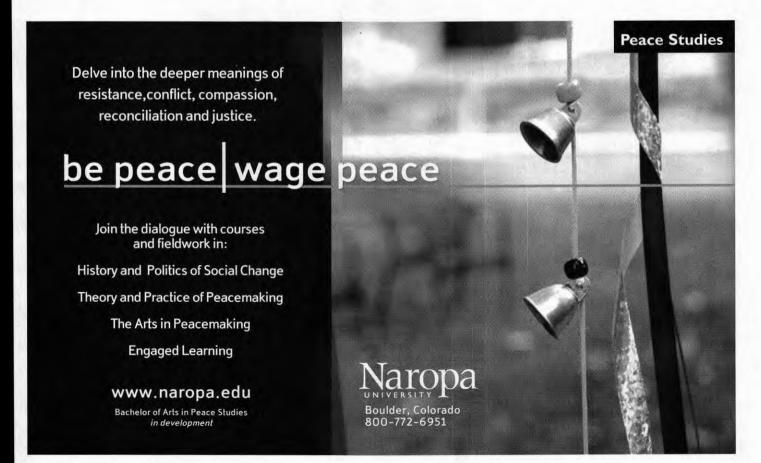
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- •January 4–12—Aotearoa/New Zealand Summer Gathering
- •January 15-The deadline for applications for the Quaker Youth Pilgrimage to the midwestern United States, which will take place July 14-August 10 this year. The Quaker Youth Pilgrimage enables young Friends ages 16-18 to learn about Quaker history and process, develop a stronger relationship with God, and experience the diversity of Friends' traditions and worship while traveling, living, and working together for a month during the summer. It is jointly sponsored by FWCC's Section of the Americas and Europe and Middle East Section and takes place once every two years. Download an application at <www .fwccamericas.org/whatwedo/youth.html>, email < QYP@fwccamericas.org>, or call (215) 241-7250.
- •February 17–20—Friends for Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, and Queer Concerns Midwinter Gathering at Camp Copneconic in Fenton, Michigan. Contact Joann Neuroth, (517) 372-5103.

#### Resources

- •Updates from the AFSC Katrina Assessment Team may be found at <www.afsc.org/hurricane/team-updates.htm>.
- •AFSC's Nobel Peace Prize Nominating Committee invites your participation in the quest for nominees for the 2007 Nobel Peace Prize. As a former laureate, AFSC is privileged to submit an annual nomination to the Oslo Committee. Among the qualities looked for in candidates are commitment to nonviolent methods; quality of character; sustained contributions to peace, justice, human dignity, and the integrity of the environment; and global impact. A candidate's relation to crisis areas in the world is also considered, as a Nobel Prize may, by its timeliness and visibility, offer valuable support to a solution to the crisis. Especially welcome are nominees who are not Friends and programs that were not initiated by Friends, in order for the nomination not to be only Quaker-serving. Nominations should be received by March 15. Please send supporting documentation, including biographical information, a description of the individual or organizational contribution to peace, and references to recommended published material by or about the candidate, to Nobel Peace Prize Nominating Committee, American Friends Service Committee, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102 or e-mail <Amenzel@afsc.org>.

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#### The Politics of Water

Continued from page 9

could not raise enough money to buy a coffin, so they rented one. Francisco was carried to the graveyard in the coffin, then removed and buried inside two flags: the green flag of Brazil and the red flag of the MST.

On the wall of Francisco's shack, I found a dirtied and disintegrated news clipping. It was an Associated Press story that had somehow made its way into the local newspaper. Tucked beneath an advertisement for a livestock auction, the article was an illustration of events transpiring thousands of miles away.

It showed a picture of Chinese students protesting in front of tanks in Tiananmen Square. "For Freedom," the caption read.

Scrawled in pencil underneath was the following statement: "They did this knowing they would fail; nevertheless they fought. Will they be remembered by this crazy world where so much happens each day? Were their actions futile? I myself decide they are not futile because the Chinese children inspired a Brazilian man to act for his children. I carry their spirits, for they walk on water."

At that moment, I realized that it is these actions, these seemingly futile actions—children carrying pails of water or standing up, fists raised, to tanks—that demand our attention. Actions that seem pointless to people like the woman from São Paulo, Brazil's largest city, who told me how revolted she was that the farmers would dare hold a protest in her shopping mall, Morumbi Shopping, which her daughter had to witness, "where those farmers cannot even afford a Coca-Cola, which, anyway, has nothing at all to do with land reform."

Actions that seem pointless to the Brazilian banker who asked me, "Why don't they just do what the rest of us do and get a real job?"

Actions that seem redundant and simplistic to all the human rights lawyers who counseled me to work for a corporate law firm in order to "understand how to produce."

I struggle every day to figure out how to honor Francisco, to make sure that he is not just another footnote—because there are many good people in northeast Brazil, and he was one of them.

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75	7.1%	\$710	\$4,006
80	8.0%	\$800	\$4,585
85	9.5%	\$950	\$5,017
90	11.3%	\$1,130	\$5,557

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#### MILESTONES

### Marriages/Unions

deRiel-Peters—Michael Shane Peters and Emily Ann deRiel, on December 18, 2005, on Whidbey Island, Wash., under the care of Haverford (Pa.) Meeting, where Emily is a member.

#### Deaths

Andrews-Lydia Evans Andrews, 90, on May 13, 2005, in Medford, N.J. Lydia was born on Aug 11, 1914, on Stokelan Farm in Medford. Even as a young girl she loved languages, and would sing out poetry while standing on the railing of the farmhouse porch where she grew up. She was educated at Westtown School and Earlham College, where she developed a lifelong interest in the German language and in American poetry. She met Albert Andrews, a young man from Moorestown, N.J., on a blind date arranged by her cousin and a friend of Albert's. The couple became engaged on a trip to the White Mountains, and were married in 1940. Lydia taught briefly at Moses Brown School and, from 1956 to 1974, in the Medford public schools, while assisting Albert with Friendship, their blueberry and cranberry farm. A lifelong member of Medford Meeting, Lydia was known for her gentle spirit and love of language. She is survived by her husband of 64 years, Albert Andrews; two sons, Thomas and David Andrews; a daughter, Alice Andrews; eight grandchildren; and four greatgrandchildren.

Alexander-Bernard "Red" Alexander, 96, on April 1, 2005. Red was born on December 2, 1908, in Denver, Colo. As a teen, he went to live in Philadelphia with the Atkinson family, who were to have a major influence throughout his life. In this way he was introduced to Quakerism. Red was the first student permitted to be married at Alfred University in upstate New York. The president found it amusing to send his grades to his wife, Anna (Nan). After graduation, Red went to work with Crane Company, and he and Nan moved to Pittsburgh, where their first daughter was born. The company then transferred them to Evanston, Ill., where their second daughter was born. Eventually the family moved to Arcadia, Calif., where Red became a partner in Bigelow and Associate, a company selling industrial valves and other plumbing items. The family joined First Friends Church where Red and Nan sponsored the young people's group and the entire family became involved with American Friends Service Committee. They later became members of Orange Grove Meeting. Red was an active member of AFSC, serving on its Executive Committee as clerk of Property and Finance. After Nan's death, he married Dorothy Hunter, in 1980. After retiring, Red volunteered in the emergency room at Arcadia Methodist Hospital, eventually donating over 7,000 hours of service. Red was predeceased by his first wife, Anna Leonard Alexander. He is survived by his second wife, Dorothy Hunter; five children, Susan Alexander, Jane Krause, Debbie Ritschel, Kate Lyall, and Tad Hunter; six grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

Belton—Noah Abraham Belton, 20, on August 26, 2005, in McLean, Va. At his passing, he had survived Alexander disease, a rare, progressive, degenerative neurological disorder, longer than any one

else known to have the illness. Noah was born on October 6, 1984, in Washington, D.C., and began to show signs of illness at 4 years, although the correct diagnosis came only after a six-year search. Despite this gradual, inexorable advancing illness, Noah's strength, wisdom, and courage enabled him to live an extraordinary life filled with love and happiness. He faced the ongoing challenges and dimin-ishment of his physical abilities with a cheer and courage that inspired his family and community. After attending for many years, he and his family became members of Langley Hill (Va.) Meeting in 2003. At the meetinghouse, obstacles and stairs prevented Noah, in his wheelchair, full access. A complete renovation is now underway, making all three floors accessible to people with disabilities. In the interim, Noah was lovingly carried up stairs to meet with young Friends, whose hearts he lightened with humor, spirit, and his ability to instill happiness with a simple smile. Noah lived in a state of grace that transformed those around him with his love. All who knew him were profoundly grateful to his devoted family and those who attended him at home-therapists, nurses, doctors, and teachers, as well as the special angels who worked with dedication and imagination. In 2001, in recognition of his gift of courage, Noah was made an Honorary Fire Fighter at McLean Fire Station Number 1. When presenting the Fireman's award, Lt. Tony C. Kostecka stated, "Courage isn't just a uniform that firefighters put on, it's something that we carry around in our hearts. Noah has more courage than any of us will ever know." Noah received several other local awards for his "gift of friendship" and humanitarian outreach. He helped inspire the legislation providing permanent Federal support for research of rare medical conditions like Alexander disease, the annual \$90 million Orphan Drug Tax Credit that now funds research into rare diseases. Noah hecame a profound spiritual center for his entire meeting community. His joyous sense of humor and transforming ability to make everyone laugh despite his own limitations nourished all who knew him. He taught his meeting that spiritual presence, without a word being said, can transform a whole community. Noah is survived by his parents, Hugo and Jennifer Belton; two sisters, Sarah and Julia Belton; and a wide circle of aunts, uncles, cousins, and grandparents who provided steadfast support for many years.

Dimicco—Charlene J. B. Dimicco, 83, on March 26, 2005, in Fox Chase, Pa., following a brief illness. Charlene was born on October 25, 1921, in Philadelphia, Pa. She attended Abington Friends School, Abington High School, Taylor Business College, and Bucks County Community College. She was a Daughter of the American Revolution. Widowed three times before the age of 50, Charlene worked as a graphic designer, illustrator, real estate salesperson, restaurant owner, and homemaker. She also bred dogs, and was a well-respected authority on German shepherds and a 56-year member of the Delaware Valley German Shepherd Dog Club, serving as secretary for 25 of those years. Her overriding passion, however, was for education. In 1964 she began what would become a 30year service to Newtown Friends School Committee, helping to guide the school as it tripled in size. As clerk of the Building Committee, she helped manage the construction and renovation of the



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present upper school, gymnasium, and art room. A longtime member of Middletown Meeting in Langhorne, Pa., in 1981 Charlene became a member of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Committee on Education, which nurtures 40 Quaker schools in the Philadephia area. She believed strongly that all Quaker children should be able to experience a Friends education, regardless of financial capability or academic achievement. Charlene also contributed much of her time to social concerns, serving educational, spiritual, and community institutions throughout her life. Charlene lived for nearly 50 years in a converted schoolhouse in Bensalem, where she was judge of elections for her district. Active politically, she was a member of Common Cause, and wrote regularly to government leaders. Until moving to Pennswood Village in 2002, she served on its board. She contributed much time to the Langhorne Ministerium and served as its treasurer. Her energy and enthusiasm, passion for life, and her creativity blossomed at her new home, with new friends. Charlene is survived by two sons, David and Bruce DiMicco; two daughters, Holly DiMicco Olson and Veronica Clime; and six grandchildren.

Huxtable—Benjamin Thomas Huxtable, 4, on June 19, 2005, in Lutherville, Md., tragically, when an errant baseball struck him in the chest. He was born on October 25, 2000, in Wilmington, Del. All who met young Ben knew that he was someone extraordinary. One of the most enduring memories family and friends have of Benjamin is his all-consuming passion for baseball. From the age of 18 months, he showed a keen aptitude for the game, and was happiest hitting and fielding the ball, making plays at base, and scoring runs for his team. Ben played in the Carroll Manor Recreation League and was his father's constant companion in the Over-30 League. In September, hundreds of people from all walks of life gathered in Phoenix, Maryland, for a fair that bore his name, celebrating his life and, raising over \$18,000 for the Ben's Ball Field Fund. At the end of the fair, players from the Over-30 Basehall League presented a baseball bat to Jon and Christine Huxtable, Ben's parents. Signed by the players, it read, "In Loving Memory of Benjamin Thomas Huxtable, #3, The Baltimore County Over-30 Baseball League." A student at Chestnut Grove Preschool in Phoenix, Md., Benjamin attended Gunpowder Meeting with his family. He was a beloved participant in First-day school and in the life of the meeting community. With his mother and brother, he was active in the MOMS Club of Parkton, Md. In his short life, he brought enormous joy and spirit to all who knew him. Benjamin is survived by his parents, Christine and Jonathan Huxtable; brother, Nathaniel Huxtable; grandparents, Linda and Harrison Monk and Peter and Alaina Huxtable; great-grandmother, Doris LaMonica; uncles, David Huxtable and Gage Monk; aunt, Tammy Monk; and many cousins, greataunts, and great-uncles.

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Events at Pendle Hill

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January 30-February 2: Howard Thurman: In Search of Authentic Community, with Dorsey O. Blake February 3-5: Kazantzakis' Zorba the Greek as Nietzschian Parable, with Peter Bien

February 10-12: 100 Things to Do Before You Hit 100, with Kendall Dudley

February 13-16: Activism and Contemplation: Where is the Meeting Place? with Kirin Mishra

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

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Contact: Blake Lipsett, (610) 566-4507/(800)742-3150, ext 160; <a href="mailto:doi:10.150/blacktong-noise-red">doi:10.150/blacktong-noise-red</a>.

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

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

Costa Rica Study Tours: Visit the Quaker community in Monteverde. For information and a brochure contact Sarah Stuckey: +011 (506) 645-5436; write: Apdo. 46-5655, Monteverde, Costa Rica; e-mail<crstudy@racsa.co.cr>; <www.crstudytours.com>; or call in the USA (937) 728-

#### Do you care about the future of the Religious Society of Friends?

Support growing meetings and a spiritually vital Quakerism for all ages with a deferred gift to Friends General Conference (bequest, charitable gift annuity, trust).



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

#### Personals

Golden Threads Celebrations for Older Lesbians, 20th annual gathering, June 22-25, 2006 in Provincetown, MA; music, books, sexuality, spirituality, dancing, ban-quet, workshops. <www.GoldenThreadsPtown.org>, Christine Pattee, 98 Brookline Rd., Coventry, CT 06238; <c2pattee@aol.com>

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

# Concerned Singles

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

#### **Positions Vacant**

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

William Penn House & Washington Quaker Work-camps Washington, D.C. Hospitality Intern, full-time. Spring 2006. Register and greet guests, work with Workcamps, peace studies, and international program seminars. Stipend, room and board, and health insurance. <a href="mailto:www.WmPennHouse.org">www.WmPennHouse.org</a>, <a href="mailto:display:di ton, DC 20003.

Volunteer Internship at Ben Lomond Quaker Center, a retreat and conference center near Santa Cruz, CA. Residential, one year beginning August. Great opportunity to grow spiritually and work in all areas of this Quaker nonprofit. Mountains, redwoods, housing, stipend, and benefits provided. Singles and couples both welcome. Application deadline April 1: call (831)336-8333; e-mail <mail @quakercenter.org> for info.

Friends School of Minnesota seeks staff for the 2006-07 school year. FSM offers an exciting model of progressive Quaker education through rigorous academics, conflict resolution, environmental education, and a commitment to diversity.

FSM is a fully accredited, 140 student K-8 school. Anticipated openings include:

Lower School Director (Half-time)
 Admissions Director (Half-time)

To apply, please mail cover letter, résumé, and statement of educational philosophy to Head of School FSM, 1365 Englewood Avenue, St. Paul, MN 55104. Summer Employment

Staff needed. Quaker owned/directed camp since 1946. Located in one of the most spectacular areas of the U.S., in Adirondacks near Lake Placid, NY. Positions available for cabin and specialty counselors as well as some department head and administrative positions. Good salaries and ac-commodations. Single or married, children of staff warmly welcomed. See our ad on page 34. Call Mike at (609) 688-

Pendle Hill High School Youth Camp Leaders (3): Facilitate and help plan ten-day Quaker high school program. Service projects, field trips, discussions, games, Quaker values, and history. July 13–22. **Contact**: Nancy Diaz, (610) 566-4507/(800) 742-3150, ext 161; <a href="mailto:rdf">rdf</a> childred with trips of the contact of the contac

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

Goshen Friends School, West Chester, Pa., seeking Head of School beginning July 1, 2006. Information on Friends Council on Education website, <www .friendscouncil.org>.

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

#### MMA: Insurance and Financial Services

Are you looking for a career that combines your professional skills and your Christian faith values?

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

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

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

#### Real Estate

Quaker Commercial Realtor specializing in income property sales and 1031 replacements nationally. Call Allen Stockbridge, JD, CCIM at (877) 658-3666.

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Nancy Holland, Coldwell Banker, Joly McAbee Weinert Realty, Inc. Direct Voice Mail: (978) 307-0767. E-mail: <a href="https://doi.org/10.1007/j.ce/">https://doi.org/10.1007/j.ce/</a>

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

#### Rentals & Retreats

Nantucket, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, near beach and Hummock Pond. Washer, dryer, dishwasher, deck, barbeque. Available June, July, and August, 2 weeks minimum. Non-smokers. (978) 462-9449 evenings or <br/>
or <br/>
vorken@comcast Blueberry Cottage on organic lavender, blueberry, and dairy goat farm in the mountains of N. Carolina. Pond, mountain views, protected river. Sleeps 8+. Family farm visit or romantic getaway. Near Celo Friends Meeting. By or day. <www.mountainfarm.net> or (866) 212-2100.

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

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

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

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

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

#### Retirement Living

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

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



The Hickman, a nonprofit, Quakersponsored retirement community in historic West Chester, has been

quietly providing excellent care to older persons for over a century. Call today for a tour: (484) 760-6300, or visit our brand-new website <www.thehickman.org>.



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

Continuing care retirement communities:

Kendal at Longwood; Crosslands • Kennett Square, Pa. Kendal at Hanover • Hanover, N.H. Kendal at Oberlin • Oberlin, Ohio

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Independent living with residential services:

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Nursing care, residential and essisted living: Barclay Friends · West Chester, Pa.

Advocacy/education programs:
Untie the Elderly • Pa. Restraint Reduction Initiative
Kendal Outreach, LLC

Collage, Assessment Tool for Well Elderly

For information, contact: Doris Lambert, The Kendal Corporation, 1170 E. Baltimore Pike, Kennett Square, PA 19348. (610) 388-5581

E-mail <info@kcorp.kendal.org>.



#### MEDFORD LEAS

#### Medford Leas Continuing Care Retirement Community

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

Friends House, a Quaker-sponsored retirement community in Santa Rosa, California, offers one- and two-bedroom garden apartments or more spacious three-bedroom, twobath homes for independent living. Immediate occupancy may be available. An assisted-living home, and a skilled nursing facility, are also available on campus. Friends House nursing facility, are also available off campus. Friends House is situated one hour north of San Francisco with convenient access to the Pacific coast, redwood forests, cultural events, medical services, and shopping. Friends House, 684 Benicia Drive, Santa Rosa, CA 95409. (707) 538-0152. <a href="https://www.benichause.com/">www.benichause.com/</a> .friendshouse.org>.

#### Friends Center City Retirement Community

Are you exploring life care retirement options and want to live in an urban setting? Are you interested in being part of a diverse community in Philadelphia based on Quaker values? If so, join us in developing a new model for retirement.

To learn more about Friends Center City Retirement Community and to add your name to our mailing list, visit our website at <www.centercityretirement.com>.



Friends Homes, Inc., founded by North Carolina Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, has been providing retirement op-tions since 1968. Both Friends Homes at Guilford and Friends Homes West are feefor-service, continuing care retirement com-

munities offering independent living, assisted living, and skilled nursing care. Located in Greensboro, North Carolina, both communities are close to Guilford Col-lege and several Friends meetings. Enjoy the beauty of four seasons, as well as outstanding cultural, intel lectual, and spiritual opportunities in an area where Quaker roots run deep. For information please call: (336) 292-9952, or write: Friends Homes West, 6100 W. Friendly Avenue, Greensboro, NC 27410. Friends Homes, Inc. owns and operates communities dedicated to the letter and spirit of Equal Housing Opportunity. <www.friendshomes.org>

#### Schools



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### Services Offered

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Wedding Certificates, Celebrations of Commitment calligraphy, illustration, custom design Contact: Penny Jackim: <ahimsa@earthlink.net>

Samples: <www.pennyjackim.calligraphicarts.org>

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

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

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

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Night Eagle Wilderness Adventures, in Vermont's Green Mountains, is a unique, primitive summer camp designed to build a boy's self-confidence and foster a better understanding of native peoples and their relation-ship with the Earth. Activities tend to spring from the natural environment and teach boys to rely on their own ingenuity. Through community living and group decision making, campers learn to live and play together in a spirit making, campers learn to live and play together in a spirit of cooperation rather than competition. For 40 boys, ages 10–14. Two-, three-, and six-week sessions. Please visit our website: <a href="https://www.nighteaglewilderness.com">www.nighteaglewilderness.com</a> or call for a full brochure: (802) 773-7866. Accredited by The American Camping Association

Pendle Hill's High School Youth Camp, for ages 15-18, July 13-22, 2006. Join young people from all over the country in service projects, Quaker community life, exploration of social justice issues, sessions in our art studio, field trips, and fun. Contact: Nancy Diaz, (610) 566-4507/(800)742-3150,

ext 161; <ndiaz@pendlehill.org>.

#### Journey's End Farm Camp

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

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

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

#### **Summer Rentals**

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

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endle Hill's Resident Program is a unique experiment. Here is a rare opportunity to step back from your routine and reflect on what matters most in your work and service. Pendle Hill offers community-supported time to open your heart and mind for deep listening, guided learning and Spirit-led discerning. Resident students join an innovative program that includes daily worship, inspiring and skillfully taught classes, weekly one-on-one spiritual nurture sessions and work that supports the community. Is Pendle Hill's Resident Program right for you? Please contact us to explore the possibilities.



Sharon MacDonald, a resident student from Canada who worked on her doctoral dissertation at Pendle Hill in 2004-2005, presents her research to students and staff.

#### **Spirit-Centered Service Scholars**

This new program is designed for people of all ages who are led to serve others in the community and world. Under the leadership of Pendle Hill's Dean, Niyonu Spann, and other staff, Spirit-Centered Service Scholars gather in worship, classes and reflection sessions to consider personal, community and societal issues. Each Service Scholar commits

# Who Comes to Pendle Hill- and Why?



As I examined my need to focus on important life decisions and to gather religious inspiration and strength, I came to understand that Pendle Hill was an ideal place for me to gather support for my next level of life. Pendle Hill is a community that provides a rich infusion of spiritual service, education and experience. As I've interacted with Pendle Hill's diverse population, I've been

enriched with their positive energy, insight and love. I'm grateful for the space and support Pendle Hill provides.

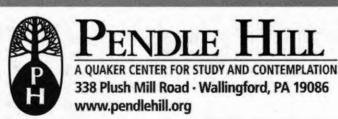
—Carmen Lamothe, Spirit-Centered Service Scholar, 2005–2006

to 20 hours of service per week. Some make a major commitment to housekeeping, hospitality, office work or meal preparation at Pendle Hill, while others are involved in youth work with the Social Action/Social Witness program in the nearby community of Chester. All Service Scholars join other members of the Pendle Hill community in daily jobs on campus. Ten full scholarships are available for Spirit-Centered Service Scholars in 2006–2007.

# Is this your year for Pendle Hill?

#### 2006-2007 Term Dates

Autumn: September 29—December 16 Winter: January 5—March 17 Spring: March 30—June 9



Contact Bobbi Kelly to find out more: 800.742.3150 (U.S. only) ext. 137 610.566.4507 ext. 137 admissions@pendlehill.org

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