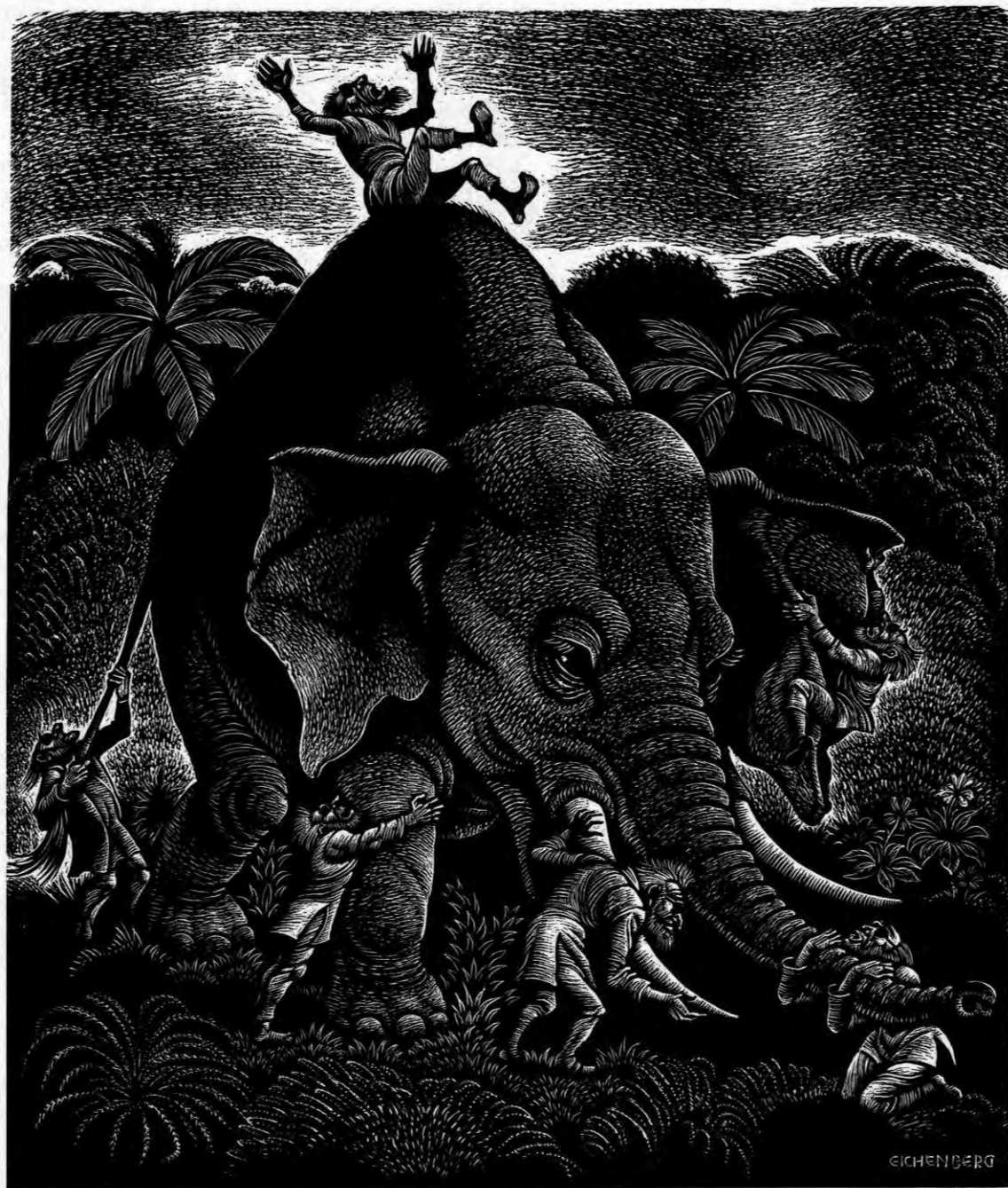


March 2006 • \$5

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today



"SEEING" DIFFERENTLY, SHARING OUR TRUTHS

An
independent
magazine
serving
the Religious
Society
of Friends



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■ AMONG FRIENDS

Faith and Discernment

One of the things that first attracted me to Quakerism was the openness of Friends to a variety of spiritual paths. I was not raised as a Quaker, and at the point in my early adulthood when I began to encounter considerable Quaker thought, I'd been actively exploring a number of traditions ranging from several Protestant denominations and the Roman Catholic Church to exposure to Hasidic Judaism, Zen Buddhism, Native American spirituality, and involvement with Sufism as practiced in the West. Mysticism had begun to stand out as a very real thread for me and was certainly central to my growing understanding of myself as a Christian, albeit a non-doctrinaire one. Quakerism with its emphasis on direct revelation spoke to my own experience powerfully, and the openness and honesty with which Friends offered their personal revelations was both refreshing and compelling. I appreciated Friends' understanding that revelation is ongoing, and that each of us has a part to play in human comprehension of the Divine. I still treasure these aspects of Quakerism, although there are times when I must confess I wish we were more of one mind with each other. Still, knowing that we can discern the Divine personally, that we can find Truth together—and that it will often exceed anything we can find individually—strikes me as a compelling reality of our faith.

In the pages of FRIENDS JOURNAL, we editors are entrusted to publish "Quaker Thought and Life Today." In this issue you will find several articles in which the authors give lengthy and strong explanations of their personal beliefs and place them within the Quaker tradition. They represent a range of belief from nontheism to finding Spirit in nature, to various Christian perspectives. Cathy Habschmidt, in "Shades of Gray: A Liberal Christian Quaker Speaks Up" (p. 21), says, "We are all familiar with the story of the three blind men and the elephant. Each person touches a separate part of the animal and concludes that it is something altogether different. None has the complete truth." She goes on to say, "I hope that by sharing a few of my beliefs I can spark more dialogue among Friends. We need to get over our concern that simply by talking about our faith we are passing judgment on the faith of others." I could not agree more.

While the authors of the articles in this issue may seem to be presenting widely varying points of view, I find that I can relate to much of what each has to say. Like Cathy Habschmidt, I share a personal belief in the physical resurrection of Jesus. Like Os Cresson ("Quakers from the Viewpoint of a Naturalist" p.18) and Bill Cahalan ("Opening to the Spirit in Creation: A Personal Practice" p.10), nature and natural occurrences have played an important part in my spiritual life. Like Harvey Gillman ("What Jesus Means to Me" p. 16), I experience Jesus as a teacher and revolutionary who did not think he was inaugurating a new religion (thus making my heart tender to Judaism, the faith tradition of my spiritual teacher). And like Thom Jeavons ("So What Can We Say Now?" p.13), I agree that modern, liberal Friends need to develop a much greater capacity to articulate the essential beliefs and convictions of our faith, particularly as affirmations, not declarations of what we do not believe or practice. Like the elephant on our cover, Truth is greater than each person's grasp upon it. I encourage you to read these personal statements with openness and to share your own point of view with others, to help us all better discern Truth.

Susan Corson-Finnerty

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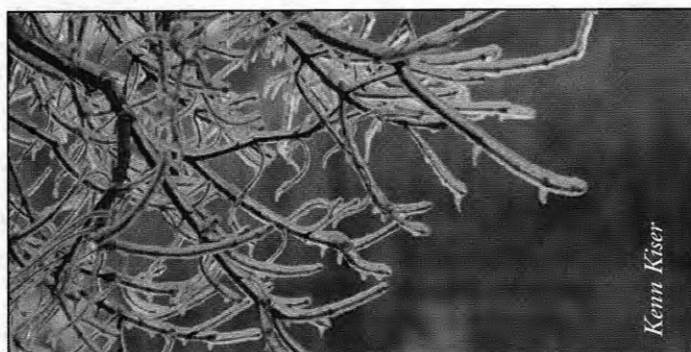
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"The Blind Men and the Elephant,"
wood engraving from Endangered Species,
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For quality time, try public transportation

I am somewhat behind on my reading, but just finished the September 2005 issue. I enjoyed both the articles "To Peace or Not to Peace" and "Child Time is Quaker Time." However, I couldn't help but notice that the option of not driving a car was not mentioned in the first article, and that, in the second, the writer mentions how much he enjoyed time with his children only after driving them home. It was interesting to notice, though, that the things he valued doing with his children did not involve going anywhere by private transportation. Actually, one of the observations I have made, in traveling almost exclusively on public transit, is that children on public transit are invariably happier, more relaxed and well behaved, than children who spend their travel time in cars. A frustrated, fussy, unhappy child just does not exist on public transit. If Friend Benjamin Lloyd really wants quality time with his children, I suggest he try taking them on the bus or train with him, rather than driving them places.

Marian Rhys

Portland, Oreg. [a city, she writes, "where one can live car-free"]

Worth the whole subscription by itself

Thank you for your work in giving us this remarkable publication, month after month. Our meeting was pleased that you ran the article on Darfur by our own member David Morse ("Facing Evil: Genocide in Darfur," *FJ* Sept. 2005). And let me add that Daniel Gortlieb's story in the December 2005 issue ("The Wounding and Healing of the Human Spirit") would by itself justify a whole year's subscription. But then, so would The Meeting Community special issue in October 2005, and many others.

Helen Armstrong
Storrs, Conn.

Let's not endorse destructive actions

I have read and enjoyed FRIENDS JOURNAL for years and thank you for publishing such a wide range of articles. However, I feel compelled to take issue with "A Journey of Love and Entreaty" by Dorothy J. Mock (*FJ* Nov. 2005), which

described the personal experience of a Friend honoring the memory of Norman Morrison, who burned himself to death in protest of the Vietnam War. I have sympathy for Norman's feelings of desperation in the face of atrocities committed by people from his own country, and it is hard to question the faith of someone willing to end his own life for his beliefs. Perhaps that is why even moderate Muslims have such a hard time speaking out against the "martyrs" of their religion.

That being said, I am deeply disturbed that FRIENDS JOURNAL would publish such a positive article about Norman's self-immolation, as if his symbolic gesture of suicide were something to aspire to or something condoned by Quaker beliefs. The basis of our faith is the life of Christ, who gave aid and comfort to the oppressed, spoke the truth against corrupt authority, and loved even those who persecuted him. Let us not forget that crucifixion was the brutal death imposed on Jesus by his fellow men, not something he sought out for its symbolic value. Let us also not forget that symbols of all kinds can be powerfully, even dangerously, attractive, which is why the early Friends shunned them as threats to true faith.

True Quaker values are upheld by those who bear witness to the testimonies of peace and love through positive action to help others, no matter the danger to themselves. In times like these, we cannot risk implying endorsement of destructive actions, no matter how well meant, which represent a contorted version of Christianity, much less Quakerism.

Shannon Hughes
Arlington, Va., and New Delhi, India

The Tree of Life with leaves for healing of nations

In Shiatsu massage—indeed in Eastern thought—the yin (female) life energy goes from Earth to heaven: from the feet to head, or the tips of the fingers.

Correction

In the Reflection "Moving Inward through Yoga" on pp. 30–31 in the February issue, the last line of type was inadvertently omitted. The last sentence should have read: "It recognizes a potential within each person—a potential that is too precious to label with a fixed destination." We regret the error. —Eds.

When that flow is violated in early life through sexual abuse, we cannot grow Grace-fully—and trust the yang (male) energy as our Creator desires.

Alicia Adams, in "Tree Trust" (*FJ* Dec. 2005) is right: trust is the root cause of much suffering.

Yet God does provide trees to grow for us, bearing elderberries and pomegranates! Providing us with beauty and shade, a haven to hide in, a wild life center to wander in. In the ancient poem of the Holy Rood the tree of the Cross speaks, welcoming the victim to her embrace, while she also is pierced with nails.

As a celebrant (not victim, not merely survivor) of childhood sexual abuse, I find trees, like good friends, stand as pillars—both yin and yang, wherever I must face the altar of my life, and offer sacrifice.

That is what Alicia did in writing her article for FRIENDS JOURNAL. I salute her, honor her, and thank her. It was a timely piece. In Christ, and with the hope of transfiguration.

Roberta Nobleman
Dumont, N.J.

Tails, not just a tuxedo

With reference to Alison Burnley's letter in the December 2005 Forum, I should comment that, when Henry Cadbury appeared in Oslo to accept the Nobel Peace Prize on behalf of AFSC, he would have been most out of place if he had appeared in a tuxedo. The Material Aids committee of the AFSC supplied a full-dress suit, with white tie and tailcoat, rather than a tuxedo (or dinner jacket), which would have been entirely too informal for the occasion.

AFSC was glad to supply appropriate full-dress for the occasion because it had collected formal clothes to supply the need of several orchestras of Europe for formal dress. When Henry Cadbury returned after the ceremonies, he re-contributed the full-dress outfit to the Material Aids Committee. The story is definitely not apocryphal; I had the pleasure of hearing Henry



March 2006 FRIENDS JOURNAL

The force of war and the force of peace: the same force moving in opposite directions?

by Tom Fox

It seems that there is a tendency to see war as a very active energy and peace as a very passive energy. We refer to peace energy in the negative—nonviolence or nonaggression—as if peace were a vacuum created when the force of war is absent.

The force of war has several aspects. First, it requires tremendous energy—both external, physical energy and the internal drive to carry out the external aspects. Second, it requires tremendous organization and teamwork. To take on the implementation of a war plan requires a large number of human beings working together. Third, it requires a unified vision of purpose. Goals must be established and everyone plays a part in their successful outcome.

These forces are evident no matter on which side of a conflict a country finds itself. The country that attacks or the country that defends uses the same force. As in chess, the rules of the game are the

same for the aggressor and the defender.

Is it possible that this force is in reality the force of peace? And is it also possible that the difference is whether this force spins and moves a person, country, or ethnic group away from God and towards the human ego, or spins in the opposite direction to bring that person, nation, or ethnic group closer to God?

To create the peaceable realm on Earth would require tremendous energy. Highly motivated and committed individuals and governments would need to expend a great deal of material resources to bring about peace. Economic disparity and material greed have fostered a great part of the war energy over history. To eliminate or at least level out economic disparity has been the stated goal of those seeking peace since the authors of Leviticus and the great prophets of Israel first called for radical economic reform. This call was picked up by Jesus and carried forth by the early Christian communities, and it still has a voice in groups like Quakers, Mennonites, and Brethren.

The force of peace would require a high degree of organization and teamwork. Imagine for a moment that the United States government had the same number of people working abroad and at home in the Peace Corps and Americorps as are in the military. And that would just create a degree of stasis: a balance point, not really moving us in the direction of God—just keeping us from mov-

ing in the ego-led direction of individual and national power.

Perhaps the most difficult aspect of this peace energy would be a unified vision of the peaceable realm. We seem to have such a huge range of vision on relatively mundane things like the form of worship in which we participate. Yet throughout the Hebrew Scriptures as well as the Christian Scripture (and the Buddhist and Taoist and—yes—even a good part of the Muslim sacred writings) there is a unified vision. Both Isaiah and Jesus used the metaphor of “the way” as did Buddha and Lao Tzu. Mohammed spoke of the “straight path.” Are they all talking about the direction in which the force of peace moves us to bring us closer to God?

Would it be possible to bring about the peaceable realm and still keep our unique modes of worship? Would it be possible to turn enough swords into plowshares to at least create the beginning of an energy reversal away from the human gods of nation, flag, and ideology, and toward the God of the universe?

The turbine of war can be reversed and begin to move as the turbine of peace; but it will take many, many people reversing their internal polarity so that all our energy is directed toward God and none toward our egos.

Tom Fox is a member of Langley Hill (Va.) Meeting. He has been held hostage in Iraq with three other Christian Peacemaker Team members since November 26, 2005. He submitted this Viewpoint more than two years ago, and he wrote then that he put down these thoughts on the evening of September 11, 2003.

Cadbury tell the story himself at Friends Meeting at Cambridge.

*Samuel B. Burgess
Medford, N.J.*

The word from the warehouse

I am responding to the letter in the December 2005 issue from Alison Burnley regarding Henry Cadbury's tuxedo. My mother, Eleanor Stabler Clarke, managed AFSC's clothing program for many years. For the April 5, 1967, issue she wrote an article titled “And Ye Clothed Me,” which was the 50-year history of the program. She started with the story of Henry Cadbury and the tuxedo, and that article included a full

page picture of him in his formal attire. Following his call to the clothing warehouse in December 1947, Mother wrote, “It just happened that AFSC was collecting dress suits to send to Hungary to outfit the Budapest Symphony Orchestra, soon going to London to give a concert. . . . Our warehouse had several on hand not yet baled for shipment overseas. A coat was found that was a perfect fit and a good match for Henry Cadbury's tuxedo pants. After receiving the Peace Prize, Henry Cadbury returned the tail coat to the warehouse where it was baled for Hungary. The musician who wore it little guessed that his coat had played a part in the music of world peace.”

*Cornelia Clarke Schmidt
Princeton, N.J.*

Who was first?

I was heartened to read the letter “The commitment comes first” by Marshall Massey in the December 2005 Forum, which commends Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in that they “consciously and deliberately committed themselves to develop both a collective public witness and a concrete corporate self-discipline vis-à-vis any specific major environmental challenge.” The writer described it as “a milestone” and a “first” for “any Friends yearly meeting.” There may be other yearly meetings that have made a public commitment before Canadian Yearly Meeting, but I would like to share with the readers of FRIENDS

Continued on page 45

Unclean!

by Charles David Kleymeyer

The sun was pressing down as hard as it could on the Earth that day, till it felt that my eyes might burst into flames. When my mother asked me to get water from the town well, thoughts of a thousand better things to do buzzed in my head. Then my stomach rumbled, anticipating the tasty soup she'd make for dinner.

So I ambled outside and slowly untangled the braided leather thongs on each of the goatskin water buckets. Hanging the buckets on the wooden yoke and hoisting it to my shoulders, I stood there awhile, dipping this way and that, pretending I was a giant walking on a long rope stretched between the sun and the moon, using the yoke for balance as I crossed the sky. To make it extra hard, I closed my eyes, and that's when a story popped into my mind. I had heard it many times before from my friend the carpenter, who lived next door. He had built small chairs for the village children so that we could come into his shop, and sit there listening to his stories while he worked and we dug our toes into the sawdust and woodchips. This story was one of my favorites, and with the first line echoing in my head, the next was already surfacing.

Once there was a frog who discovered a nice, deep, dark, cool well and decided he liked it so much he would keep it just for himself. So he set about scaring all of the other animals away. He would sit on a rock ledge way down inside the well, right at the water line, puff up his chest, and roar out a threat that echoed and swelled as it rose up the steep walls like a

thunderhead in full voice:

*I am a most terrible monster!
I make the lion turn tail and run!
I crush the camel under one foot!
I clean my teeth with the eagle's beak!
I have taken power of this well for myself!
I . . . am . . . in-vince-able!
Begone.
Begone.
Begone.*

Hearing this bold assertion, animals of all sorts gathered nearby. One by one they found the courage to creep up to the wall of the well and peer over.

Each time an animal approached, the frog would slide into the water and bob up and down, causing the water's surface to ripple, distorting the reflection of the creature above. Hearing the threat and seeing what appeared to be a terrible monster, each animal hastily withdrew.

First to try his luck was a plucky rooster who hopped up onto the stony rim of the well to see what the fuss was all about. In midflight he was greeted by the frog's next booming challenge:

*I am a most terrible monster!
I make the lion turn tail and run!
I crush the camel under one foot!
I clean my teeth with the eagle's beak!
I have taken power of this well for myself!
I . . . am . . . in-vince-able!
Begone.
Begone.
Begone.*

Crowing as if he had landed on hot coals, the rooster sprang backwards, flapping his wings as he fell against the ground. When he scurried back to the other animals, they asked what he'd seen. He just stood there shaking, saying nothing, not a peep, like a ghost.

Next a cow, a dog, and a goat tried it in succession, and they, too, ran in panic back to the others. Finally a sweet young

donkey couldn't stand it anymore. She had to know what was making all that bother. She clopped up, loud as she could, letting that watery monster know it wasn't the only big thing in the world. Peering into the shadowy well and hearing the threat, her ears stood straight up and she, too, turned and ran. Braying, her tail stretched out behind her, she crashed smack into a clump of bushes before turning to look back, only her trembling ears and wide eyes visible through the leaves.

This went on all morning. By noon nearly every animal who used the well, and some who normally didn't, had taken a turn. They huddled together nearby, reliving their screams, each reporting something more fearsome than the last.

The whole time, a small, chestnut-brown monkey sat on a stone at a safe distance watching the parade and observing the antics, scratching first her head, then her belly, then her head again. At last it was her turn to look into the well, and she did so with great fanfare, striding up to the wall with enormous steps, then bounding up onto the ledge, and of course making her monkey faces at the water below. With each funny face she laughed louder and louder, not so much at herself as at the foolish animals who had scared themselves half to death by looking at their own reflections in the shimmering dark water.

Then the monkey made a noose from a rope of woven vines, and she carefully fished out the frog-who sat blinking in the sunlight that bore down on the dusty clearing. Woefully he continued to proclaim his monstrous wrath:

*I am a . . . a most terrible . . . errr, umm . . .
I make the, the lion turn tail and . . . I, uh
. . .*

The monkey then called to the other animals to come up close and face the source of their fright.

"After all," the monkey told them, "You weren't completely wrong. Had you

Charles David Kleymeyer joined Madison (Wis.) Meeting in 1970 and has since attended Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.) and Langley Hill (Va.) Meeting. An author, performing storyteller, and international grassroots-development sociologist, he fashioned this story from his novel-length manuscript about a boy who grows up next door to Jesus. Another story from the same novel, "God is in the Mouth of the Wolf" appeared in the April 2004 issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL.

looking, isn't he?

Chuckling as I always did at the end of this story, I hefted the wooden yoke and buckets back onto my shoulders and looked down the road toward the well. The midsummer sun was merciless. It hadn't rained in weeks, and the streams and waterholes were nearly all dry.

The air shimmered in the distance, and I thought I could hear bells clanging and a low singsong chanting. I shook my head to clear my ears and realized with relief it wasn't me but the dirge-like voices of people approaching the well from the other side. At first, I couldn't understand the words. So, I took a few steps down the road, the buckets swishing. As I began walking, the voices grew clearer.

"Unclean!" they wailed slowly. "Unclean! Unclean!"

Fear stabbed me. What was unclean? The well! Could the water be polluted? We depended on that well.

I walked faster. The chanting was growing louder. Passing Yeshu's workshop, I glanced in. My carpenter friend was looking up, his eyes wide. I stopped and waited for him to put his tools down and come out.

to catch up. "What do they mean by 'Unclean!' Yeshu?" I shouted out. "What's unclean? The water?"

He said nothing, but the set of his jaw told me how determined he felt. But about what? By now I was breathing hard. "Yeshu?!" I repeated.

Looking down, he reached over and effortlessly took the yoke from my shoulder onto his. Freed from the weight, my heart gradually slowed as I caught my breath.

"Everyone is afraid of them," Yeshu went on. "Afraid of catching the disease. These people are cast out by their neighbors and even their families, and condemned to wander from village to village."

ragtag group of people milling in front of the well.

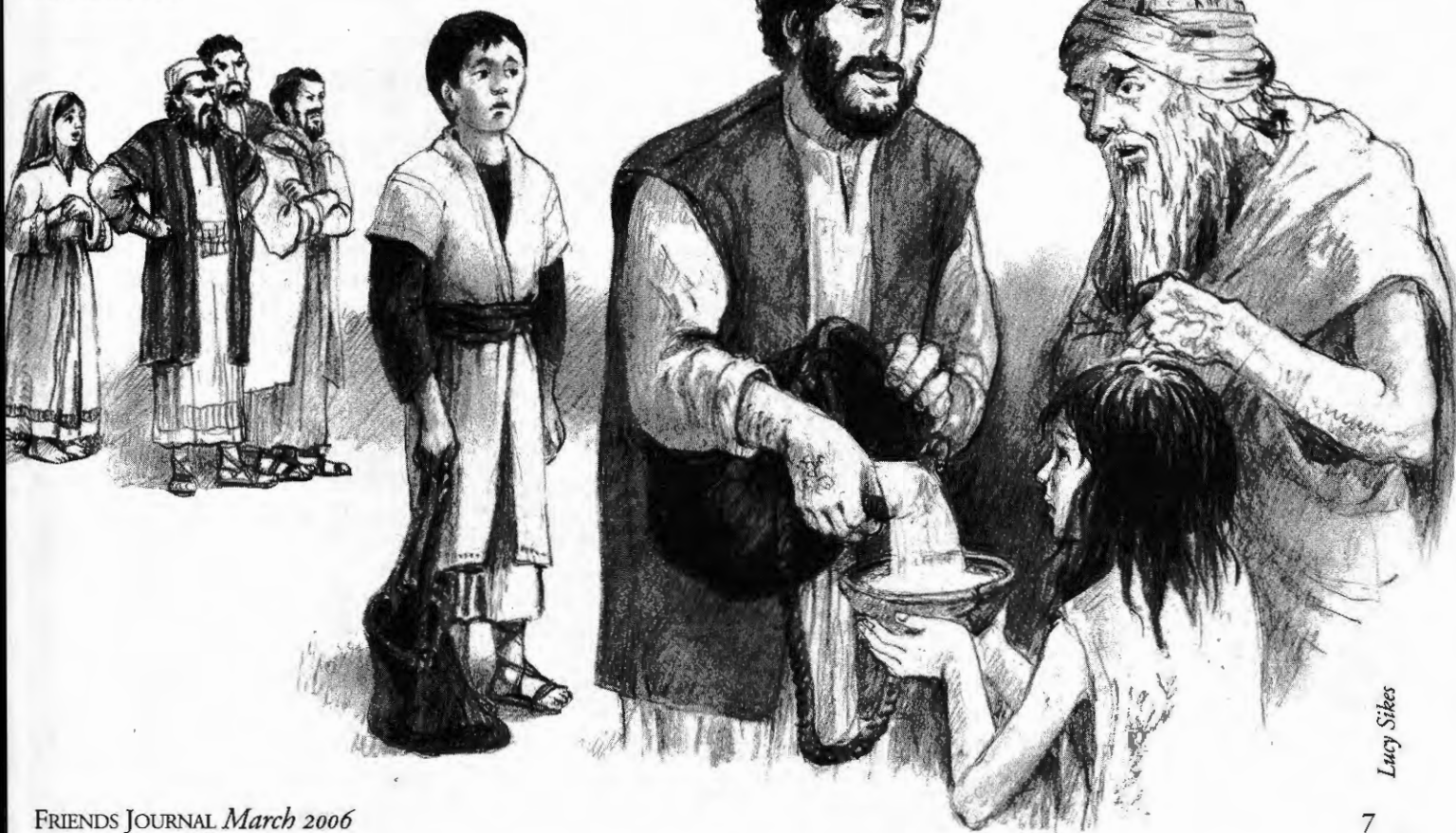
"Yeshu, I don't understand."

He seemed to be thinking out loud as he walked. "These people have a disease called leprosy. No one knows what causes it. The sickness is terrible, and the dread and rejection it brings makes the suffering even harder to bear.

"Fingers and toes rot on the body and fall off. Even a person's nose sometimes. Soon you'll see for yourself." He quickened his pace, and I had to break into a trot after every few steps, just to keep up.

"Everyone is afraid of them," Yeshu went on. "Afraid of catching the disease through touch or even through the air. These people are cast out by their neighbors and even their families, and condemned to wander from village to village. Unable to work, even when skilled. Homeless. Begging, and picking through trash for a scrap of food or a rag to wrap around their wounds.

"On top of everything else, they've lost their names. People call these wretched souls 'lepers,' as if leprosy was their mother and father. Or their home village. Those fortunate enough to escape this



Lucy Sikes



affliction force those in agony to warn of their approach with bell and voice. Adding to the injury, the sufferers must condemn themselves to live as outcasts. Those who choose to walk along in silence, who do not loudly brand themselves, could be stoned to death!

"So that's what you hear, Daavi. That and the pain of being shunned by others whom they have no desire to harm."

"What are you going to do?" I asked him.

"Whatever I can," he answered.

By then we were close. I could clearly see the band of strangers, standing together facing us. I forgot to look at the road and nearly tripped and fell. What I saw was more awful than anything Yeshu could have described.

They were painfully thin, these people, with stringy, long hair and tattered clothing. Many limped on sticks, holding in the air the stub of a foot bound in dirty rags. Some carried others who were aged or more severely crippled. They continued to slowly wail out their searing song: "Unclean! Unclean!"

I felt Yeshu wince as he gripped my arm.

Then I saw a boy, not much older than I, looking out from behind a woman's shoulder. I've never forgotten him because he had one blue eye and one brown, and I hadn't ever seen blue eyes before. He held a hand to his face, with several fingers missing. I felt overwhelmed with guilt and pity, and—yes—horror.

That was when I became aware of a crowd forming. My parents' friends, our neighbors, folks I saw every day were shouting. "Go away! Shame on you for endangering innocent people. Get away from our well!"

Some even picked up stones and threw them. But the forlorn group would not fall back. They began pleading for water, and for food.

I looked around for Yeshu. He was gone. For a moment I thought, "Could he be shrinking back? Was he feeling fear, too?"

Then I saw him over at the well, filling my buckets with water. He hefted the dripping buckets to his shoulders and began walking toward the band of outcasts. I frowned, torn in half. A voice in one ear whispered, "How could you have doubted him?" In the other ear I heard, "But what will Mother say when she hears I let Yeshu use our buckets for this?"

The townspeople were aghast, but no one had the courage to challenge this tall, willful carpenter. As Yeshu approached, the outcasts began backing away. Stones and taunts would not move them, but fear of physical contact with a "clean" person did.

"Put the water down over there!" one shouted. "Don't touch us!"

"I was touched by you the moment I saw you," Yeshu answered, smiling wryly. "If I am to share someday the burden you bear so bravely, so be it." He nodded his head once, firmly, then blurted out as if the thought were forming on his lips, "It would scar me far worse to do nothing!"

They stared back blankly, befuddled.

Then Yeshu brightened. What he said next revealed he'd found, in his mind, a middle ground where it was safe for these forlorn souls to approach. He asked, "Do you have water pots?"

Quickly, they produced partially broken pots and weathered gourds from inside their ragged packs. Yeshu walked from person to person, filling the out-

ed water for a week.

Yeshu filled their containers again.

After he finished, he turned to the townspeople. "Bring me bread," he asked. "Please. Even if it's a week old."

No one moved.

"For the love of God, lend a hand. These people are starving," he implored. "How many of us haven't struggled through a famine? Or a bad harvest? We have all known hunger." He waited, then said, "The Jubilee Year is coming. We can start early . . . today!"

Still no one moved. Most just stared at the ground.

Yeshu's face began to color. I could tell by the way people were standing that if he shouted they would all run.

"Yeshu," I called to him. "I'll round up your story group."

He understood instantly and relaxed, nodding slightly.

I ran through the town, rallying kids to bring Yeshu all the bread they could find. A mob of children soon formed at the well. We knew where every scrap of bread was, including pieces that had sat on a shelf for an entire phase of the moon. Many of us would have less to eat that night than we usually did, but it would be worth it.

Yeshu handed out the bread, dropping the hardest pieces into bowls of water that the outcasts extended to him. As soon as the bread softened, they snatched it up with cupped hands and slurped it down. Yeshu laughed, and they laughed back. Some had no teeth at all!

Then I saw the carpenter's shoulders rise and settle as he took a deeper breath and let it out. People in the crowd probably thought he'd been standing out in the sun too long when, one by one, he went up to each person in that group of lost souls and gave them something worth more than bread and water.

He touched each one.

This man on the shoulder. That woman on the hand. The young boy whose eyes had met mine—one eye brown, the other blue—received a stroke on the cheek. The boy smiled broadly and leaned his head back, showing his face to the sky.

"God bless you!" declared an old woman after Yeshu had embraced her and moved on to the next.

Yeshu returned and took her by the shoulders. "God continually blesses all

of us," he said. "The question is will you bless me?"

She stared at him for a moment, her mouth agape. Then she stepped out and blessed him, touching his forehead. The entire crowd cheered, and we kids

I glanced back

bors who now s

me, and it was f

He was standin

back against

almost corn

his eyes thr

too sad to

shoulder

Yeshu

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holding his scarred and wounded hands to his face, and looking at me with his one blue eye and one brown.

I wondered, "Was he sleeping now? If so, where? What kind of life would he have?"

I wished I had gone up and hugged

sleep finally swept over me, I

in a dark forest. I was so

darkness, I could

hands or

what I

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comes.

heart to help y

molding that white-

rage into love."

They seemed farther away, smaller.

That silence lifted soon enough. Many townspeople would complain for days afterward about Yeshu's foolhardiness. A delegation was even sent to talk to Mama Maria, his mother and the town midwife. "He shows no respect for rules!" they said. "Now we will be overrun by every filthy leper from miles around."

Mama Maria would have none of it. "Unclean is in our minds," she replied, her jaw set firmly. "It's a way of seeing, not being. None of us gets through life without illness. Illness is not a mark of sin." She shook her head adamantly. "It's a sign of bad fortune."

"You know my son has his own way of looking at the world. Why not ask him to explain?"

But they just went away grumbling.

As for me, I walked home that afternoon feeling like the hero of the Great Bread Raid. But that bravado soon faded. Late that night, falling asleep in bed, all I could think of was the boy I had seen,

I had b... him my cloa... him. And now I... failed him... and myself.

Yeshu tilted his head slightly... "When we see ourselves feeling such guilt or pity," he said, "we need to find other sentiments that can lead us to actually do something useful." He paused and looked me in the eye.

"In order to accomplish that," he went on carefully, "sometimes we have to look inside ourselves and ask our hearts to muster the compassion to leaven our outrage."

Yeshu was seeing what I had been unable to see, that my guilt and pity were covering over the deep anger and fear I had felt at seeing that boy and his companions in such misery.

"But how?" I asked. "How can I do that?"

Yeshu's gaze flew over my head to the horizon. I watched his lips move slightly inside that thick beard, as if he were testing different words. Then his eyes returned to mine.

"First, learn to recognize injustice. Don't turn away! Feel the anger that comes. Then ask your heart to help you begin molding that white-hot rage into love."

He walked back over to his workbench and picked up a freshly cut and reddish-hued cedar board. I watched and waited. He held the board straight out and sighted along its edge for a while. "It's like using a blazing oven to make dough into bread. Or firing clay into water pots."

Summer showers swept across his eyes. "Heat is like rage. Both can be used to do something."

...ed to understand, while Yeshu... little longer. "The love... has to lead us... must be construc... assion channel what... ing rage, so that the... you see, Daavi?"... but all I could do was... of words that were circling... big to grasp.

...my blank look and, setting... down on his workbench, ... a chisel and a wooden mallet. ... he was searching for words, ... d take up a tool and begin using... a long time he worked in silence, ... ng the board so that it would fit into... other pieces of the door he was mak... After a good while, he leaned on the... bench, still holding the tools, and stared... at the scarred surface of the bench top.

Then he looked intently back at the tools and said, "When I was growing up, my father, my Abba Yosef, taught me that life is a craft just like woodworking. But what I'm talking to you about doing is very hard. Much harder than making a cedar door. Harder even than building a Temple for God. Turning rage to love and love to action is a skill one learns by doing. And it helps to have a good teacher, don't you think?"

I nodded at him, and a smile pushed its way across my compressed lips.

His eyes brightened. "I've had many!"

"We are all of us still learning," he went on, "how to craft acts of love from rage. It hasn't been done perfectly yet. Or at least only rarely. But when we get it right, it will be like the most beautiful door you've ever seen. A door to an inn when you are tired and weary and, rather than turn you away, the owner welcomes you in. A door that is opened when you knock on it. A

Continued on page 29

Opening to the Spirit in Creation

A PERSONAL PRACTICE

by Bill Cahalan

I see myself within the Quaker Universalist tradition, which affirms that there are many paths to Truth, and that no one religious tradition could ever comprehend the whole Truth. I believe that we can always learn from each other. My particular path, although not involving belief in a personal God or a Creator, is one to which I have felt strongly called. I feel that this is a good time and place to share, with Friends beyond my immediate circle, the spiritual practice which is a part of this path.

My ultimate faith is in the evolving,

creative Universe, or the continuous Creation, as revealed by personal experience enhanced by cutting-edge 20th-century science, and whose spiritual dimension may be perceived through mystical experience. I have come to think of (and at times vividly experience) the Spirit as the self-organizing activity or intelligence which permeates the Universe. This Spirit of the whole manifests itself as sentient, self-organizing activity in each being, element or system: each galaxy, atom, flower, breeze, woodland, person, and gathering of persons. In this sense Spirit is the deepest essence at the heart of the dance of

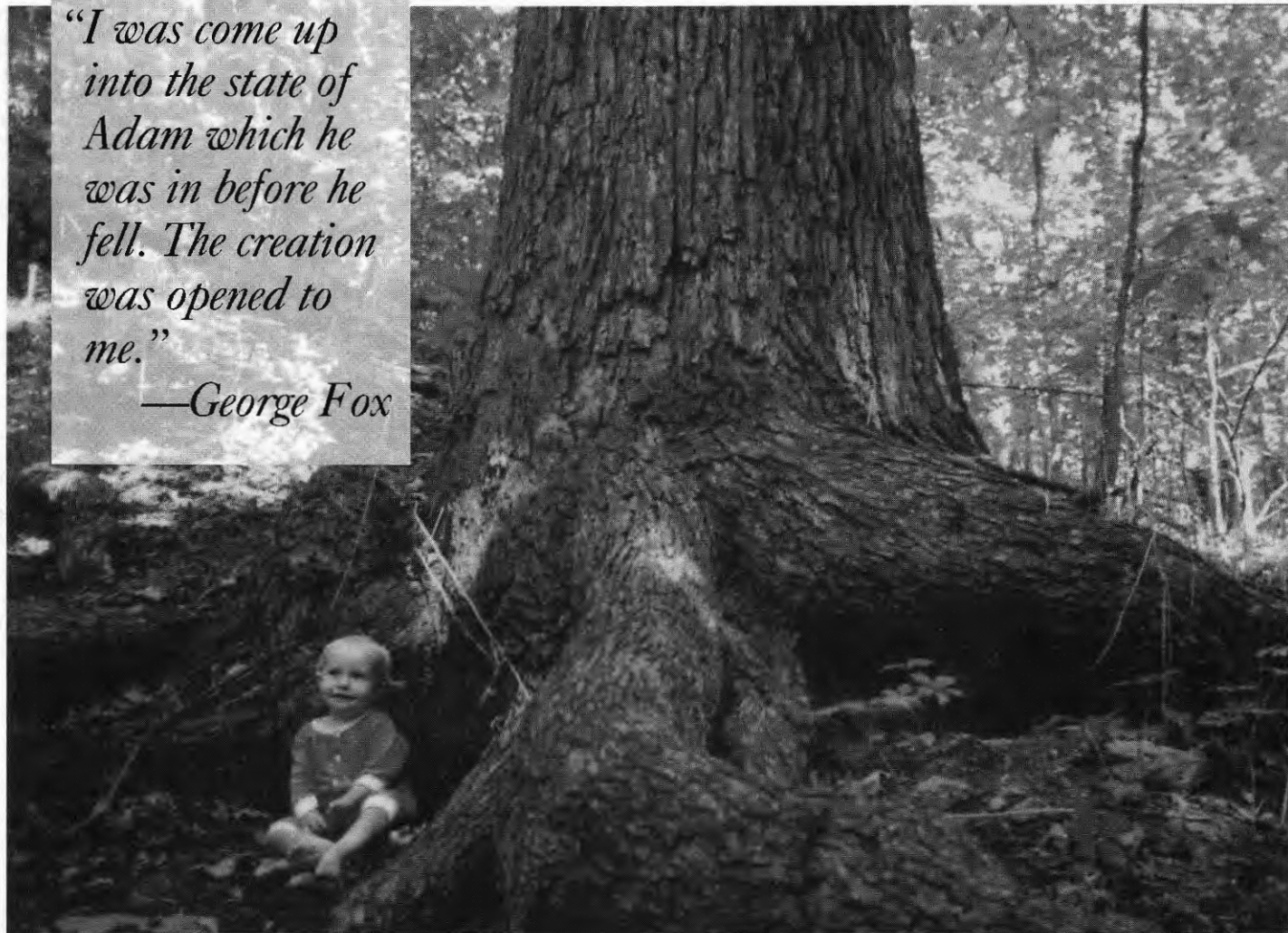
emptiness, energy, and form that constitutes reality or nature, rather than something outside of or above nature.

I have evolved a practice of worship in which I seek the Spirit or Light both in seated, usually indoor, worship with others, and in mostly outdoor solitary engagement with the natural world. Each of these ways of worship seems to interweave with and complement the other. The Spirit that I sense inwardly is the same intelligent activity present in the dandelion or the thunderstorm. I need to turn worshipfully both inward and outward to fully sense this Mystery.

*"I was come up
into the state of
Adam which he
was in before he
fell. The creation
was opened to
me."*

—George Fox

Bill Cahalan



So I share some of my practice and its fruits here, drawing a few experiences from a journal that I have kept for many years. Perhaps this will interest some Friends, however their theology may vary from mine, in entering into wild nature as part of their pursuit of the Divine. We live in a time when the inspiration and learning that may come from such deep engagement can help to ground us as we struggle with the growing fragmentation of Earth's integrity.

On my "deep listening" walks, I generally go slowly, leisurely scanning with a generalized attentiveness, opening my senses and heart to how I might be moved or addressed by the Spirit in nature and its many voices. Like Annie Dillard, I "retreat, not inside myself, but outside myself, so that I am a tissue of senses. Whatever I see is plenty, abundance. I am the skin of water the wind plays over."

My direction and pace vary according to my body's inclinations in response to land and sky. I stop often, as my scanning is drawn into narrower focus by particular places, things, or happenings. Pungent tree bark, a flower, or a rotting log may invite exploring through touch and smell. I am alert to which place, sunlight-dappled grove, cloud pattern, buzzing insect, or puddle on the path is inviting me to stop and gaze, entering into its particular motion, imagining what it is doing and sensing, within this land, community at this moment. What is this place or being saying to me? What gifts is it offering me? How is the Spirit moving me? But I try not to think much, staying mostly with sensation and emotion. Later journal writing, or sharing with a fellow seeker, may allow more reflection about such meanings.



Bill Cahalan is a member of Community Meeting in Cincinnati, Ohio. He leads retreats for Friends interested in beginning or deepening their practice of opening to the Spirit in Creation. He may be reached at <earthawaken2@yahoo.com>.

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Walking quietly on the damp wood mulch trail, I hear pairs and small flocks of Canada geese honking, see them through the trees circling above the lake. They splash together, honking excitedly, on the far side of the lake. I head downhill into the woods, turning left on Whitetail Trace.

The light is a blessing, illuminating the still bare trees and down leaves, warming my face, waking the still reluctant Earth, waking me up to the wonder of life. I weep, feeling that old longing, that sadness/joy of old lovers reunited, thinking "I belong here. Why have I stayed away this long?"

Although the field I am moving through is all brown, tan, grey, and rust tones, I feel the aliveness all around me, everything expressing the Mystery in its own unique way. Beyond the field, the woods' dark, grey-barked trunks reach into the blue sky.

—March 1996, birthday walk



It's a cloudy, at times drizzly day in the low 50s. I just returned from the meadow south of Enright Avenue. I found myself drawn to a big oak in the woods beyond the meadow, and then to two basswood trees near the oak. There were catkin-like flowers hanging all over these trees, silhouetted against the grey-white sky. Lingering and gazing for a while, I felt moved by this flowering life reaching out to the sky, out to the insects and winds, here on this slope above the muddy Ohio River on this sopping pre-spring day. I could feel the land waking, and myself, too.

—March 2004

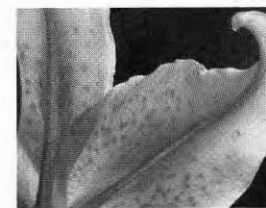
*Walking out from the house
into the gathering July evening,
dull with too much good
I finally leave sidewalk and traffic.
Treading on damp mowed grasses
I come to the hushed grove
silhouetted against softly lit
horizon after sunset.*

Mosquito nips my neck.

*Light breeze caresses face and nostrils.
I stand emptied, drawn into
the ripening stillness.*

*The grove's maples rise
dark in the fading sky,
nodding,
whispering in the cool breeze,
beckoning.*

—July 2001



In meeting for worship today a tall lily-like flower in a pot on the mantel was blooming white with blushes of pink. It was a bright, brisk, partly cloudy day, and the two blossoms seem to reach out to me and to the bright day.

I remembered someone saying in a recent meeting that each person is held in God's love. Do I feel or believe this? I'm thinking that love is a human experience, but that it does exist as part of a larger pattern of the Universe: the sentience and allurements of all things, the erotic communion of each atom with certain other atoms, of stars with other stars to form galaxies, of flowers (like the lily on the mantel) with light and with insects as the plant seeks to create seeds. So in this sense each being, element, and self, including myself, is held within the nurturing embrace of the Mystery, the generative matrix.

And spring, including this pre-spring day, is a perfect time to experience this more-than-human love directly. I felt myself being called to witness to this experience during meeting for worship, but looked at my watch and it was eleven o'clock.

On the way home we stopped for a walk in Eden Park. The sky was a pageant, a show of light and shadow, as puffy, flat-bottomed clouds sailed past. I later walked alone down the street and entered the trail into the woods. The clouds continued coasting through from the west, growing larger, more brilliantly gilded by the sun, dark-bottomed, laden with rain, which just now spattered on the window behind me here in the bedroom where I write.

I am being called out by the flower on the mantel, by the swelling red maple

Lynn Cummings

Henry Holman

Gerla Bruckee

Sergei Krassii
buds outside this west window, by the gusting wind and brilliant sky, by the Spirit, out of my winter house into the world again.

—March 2004

Andrew Briggmont



I am drawn south across the creek and into the ridge-top woods. There are a pair of piliated woodpeckers calling, flying away and close together through the trees. I hear them and others again and again. Later I see a pair of ducks burst from the pond. And soon after, a pair of turkey buzzards high in the sky, circling near each other and then moving into a long glide together, one just behind and above the other. They all seem to say something about Deborah and me. I'm gathering some lichen, bark, moss, and fern to bring her. I realize that I want to be more affirming of her and show her my love more often.

I step out of the woods into a meadow, part of a savannah-like mosaic of meadows, with autumn olives and red cedars, interspersed with patches of young woods and occasionally peninsulas of older woods. The sky is so vivid blue, up through the arms of the bare trees!

I stop and ask the trees, the woods, the birds, the All: "Should I, after these 12 years attending Community Friends Meeting, seek membership?" Immediately I see Jamie, Tim, Eric, Deborah, and the faces of others I care about. I feel supported by them and by this nonhuman community on my particular, strange journey, and sense a strong affirming response to my question.

—March 2004 birthday walk

Just before the autumn equinox this year, I was sitting silently with friends in an outdoor meeting for worship. We sat under an ash tree whose leaves were shimmering in the blue sky, filtering sunlight and shadow across our faces. Images flowed through me from the night before: singing around the wood fire, and walking away from the fire's warmth up the hill into the darkness to lie under the brilliant stars, gazing into the immensity and feeling a part of it. Then walking with others, occasionally shining a flashlight, to the lake, where we gazed again at the distant

Except a Seed Fall into the Earth and Die

Alleluia

The word sounds like it feels.

Handel must have liked the sense of it since he wrote a whole chorus to seal the tone of it in the ears of the world.

The very lilt of it thrills.

Alleluia

Alleluia

That's what the tulips bending their shrill green stems say.

Flower bulbs must all recall the day in the fall when shriveled and seeming dead they were dropped in their tombs to wait for spring to come awake, to be reborn in blood-red, fringed yellow, bloom.

Alleluia.

Alleluia

I need to sing after this dark winter when strife spread rot, ripped bodies, nations, rocks apart. The word insists that I recall seeds must fall into the ground, perish before they can flourish. Rebirth will come, have faith, the word sings.

Alleluia.

—Judith R. Brown

Judith R. Brown, a member of University Meeting in Seattle, Wash., is poetry editor of FRIENDS JOURNAL.

fires above and, looking down, saw stars in the grass all around us! They were glow-worms, maybe signaling to each other with their slowly waxing and waning lights.

Then I found myself speaking out loud to the worship group, saying something like the following, which I share now with you as an invitation:

Come into the wild! Come into the forest with me. We open to the forest within during seated, mostly indoor worship, to the untamed flow of images, to the whisperings of something vast from beyond ourselves.

Risk opening in like worshipful manner to the same untamed, wild intelligence moving through all the Creation: the breeze in the treetops, the brilliant stars, wildflowers in the meadow, the turning of the Earth toward evening and toward morning, the first subtle signs of fall.

We are all threads in this one fabric, members of this one flesh.

And if you feel a sudden pulse of joy, gazing into a bed of black-eyed Susans, don't fear that you're being caught up in pagan idolatry! The flowers can be windows opening into the Whole of things, expressions of the Divine Presence. Each galaxy, each butterfly, can be felt as a word spoken by the All, as a particular gesture of the Whole, or God—as can you and I.

There can be a wonderful rhythm between worshipfully turning within, turning to other people, and turning to the rest of Creation. Any one motion of worship is incomplete without the others.

So open the door, step from your safe house, and come silently into the wild, untamed world, waiting and listening for the breath of the Spirit . . . listening!



Teilhard de Chardin wrote, "By means of all created things, without exception, the Divine assails us, permeates us, and moulds us. We imagine it as distant and inaccessible, whereas in fact we live steeped in its burning layers."

May we open more often and more deeply to this fire, this Light, allowing our lives to be transformed. □

March 2006 FRIENDS JOURNAL

SO WHAT CAN WE SAY NOW?

Suggestions for Explaining Quakerism

by Thomas H. Jeavons

Margaret Fell, “the mother of Quakerism,” describes an occasion when George Fox challenged his listeners to recognize the experiential nature of “true religion.” He is quoted as saying, “You will say Christ sayeth this, and the apostles sayeth this, but what canst thou say?” An irony about this famous quote is that while it emphasizes the inward and experiential it also lifts up the need to be able to speak about what one experiences, to say something as well that describes the content of one’s faith.

As one of only a few people employed full-time to lead a Quaker organization with a public profile, I am frequently asked to explain Quakerism. Since another part of my job involves working with monthly meetings, sometimes when they are experiencing conflict over what they should do or how they should do it, I have also often witnessed what occurs when our members do not understand the basic spiritual vision and central theological tenets that should undergird and shape our practice. As a result of both these experiences, I am convinced that modern, liberal (or unprogrammed) Friends need to develop a much greater and more skillful capacity to articulate the essential beliefs and convictions of our faith. Moreover, for a number of reasons, most especially relating to effectiveness in outreach, we need to learn how to do so in concise, simple, and compelling terms.

We face a couple of challenges in this regard. First, Quakerism is a religion centered in experience, where doctrine has largely been of secondary importance—so much so that many of us have not both-

ered to learn about, much less think about how best to explain, the central tenets or core theological convictions of our faith. But this is often what people ask, i.e. “What do you believe?” Second, Quakerism is a complex and, in some ways, subtle faith, and we live in an era of sound bites, where any explanation of anything requiring more than one minute or one page is likely to lose people’s attention.

Now some argue that we should just not worry. Friends have said to me, “We should just let our lives speak, and trust that the rest will work out. If we live our testimonies, others will be moved by our example, or perhaps drawn by our way of worship, to join us.” This, of course, is precisely the approach that has led to the marked decline in the number of Friends of our type over the last two centuries, especially in relation to the total population, so that we now represent a statistically insignificant element of the U.S. religious landscape. So, if we do not want to die off completely, maybe we had better think more about how we present our faith to others.

Moreover, beyond a self-centered concern for survival, which may or may not be a good thing, there might be a question to be asked here about our responsibility to others, and to God, to share “the gift of faith” we have been given.

Quakerism had its origins in the experience of one person, George Fox, who was a religious seeker. It then set its roots in a movement of people who called themselves “Seekers.” What they all sought was authentic spiritual experience, the kind that answered the deep spiritual hunger they felt. Many people still feel that hunger today. What do we have to say to those we encounter, or who come

to our Quaker meetings, about what Quakerism has to offer them now?

The vast majority of Friends, I believe, understand—as the quote from Fox suggests—that the essential core of Quaker faith and practice is experiential. We know that the central, enlivening heart of Quakerism involves literally encountering and actually responding to an experience of the Divine Presence, the Holy, the Eternal Ground of all Being.

Moreover, those who have had such an encounter know that this experience yields, as one might expect, a vision and understanding of faith that can be dramatic, yet subtle and complicated, and so very difficult to describe or explain in a few words. Still, if we want others to begin to understand our faith, perhaps even join and share in our faith, then we have to communicate this somehow.

St. Francis of Assisi once said, “Preach the good news always; and when necessary, use words.” Do we want to encourage and support people in the practices of worship and service that might give them the same kind of direct experience of the love and grace of God and communion with the Divine that we ourselves have had, and which is the object and the ground of meeting for worship? If so—and I believe, we should—then we must learn how to speak of the good things we have experienced in our faith with our words as well as our actions.

Unfortunately, the way this seems to work now, if asked to say what we believe, modern liberal Friends have two strong tendencies that make us poor communicators. First, we are very likely to begin our explanation with a long series of caveats and disclaimers. (“Well, I can only speak for myself. . . .” “Not all Friends believe the same things. . . .” “Of course,

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Thomas H. Jeavons, general secretary of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, is a member of Swarthmore (Pa.) Meeting.

we have no creed. . . .") If a potential listener is not asleep at the end of that introduction, then (our second tendency) we are likely to launch into a long, complicated explanation that few have a chance of comprehending. "What we have here," as the prison camp warden said to Cool Hand Luke, "is a failure to communicate."

I recognize the challenges presented by who we are and the culture we live in, and the importance of being able to describe and explain our faith in ways others might want to listen to and be able to understand. Let me suggest what we ought to say when given an opportunity to describe who Quakers are or what Quakers believe. I recommend centering on five essential points. (I know not all Quakers would say this in this way. But what follows does, I think, fairly summarize what most Quakers have held to be essential features of our faith over most of our history.)

First: God is real. What the first Quakers found, and Quakers ever since have both experienced and taken as a fact, is that the Divine is real, and that spiritual experience is real. The most often repeated phrase in Fox's *Journal* is "the power of God was over all." Isaac Pennington, Thomas Ellwood, and other early Friends all describe their first experiences of Quaker meetings for worship as occasions where they encountered a Presence that was unlike any other they had known—undeniably there, all encompassing, challenging, comforting, and transforming.

We should note that this conviction is, in and of itself, actually a radical conviction in our overwhelmingly empirical, scientific, and materialistic culture. This secular culture tells us in many ways, "If you cannot see it, touch it, measure it, or (better yet) buy it and sell it, then whatever it is, it doesn't really matter." And the Divine cannot be seen, touched, measured or traded; but those who have experienced this Presence know that nothing could be more real or more important.

Second: God is accessible and knowable directly and immediately. The central elements of Quaker practice—the way we worship, make decisions, and look for direction even as we are engaged in service—are based on this as a given. We look for, expect, and (if we are faithful) act on "leadings of the Holy Spirit." Quaker worship is about "communion" just as much as any celebration of the

Mass is; but we believe that the presence of the Divine can be known inwardly and directly, without need for any outward, sacramental representation, or any intermediary (like a priest) of any sort. The ways we make decisions and seek guidance, both individually and corporately, simply make no sense unless one assumes God's presence and wisdom can always be known by those who seek the Divine "in Spirit and in Truth."

Third: There is a spark of the Divine, "that of God," in every person. This is one reason God is knowable to us in an immediate way. Scripture tells us we are all "created in the image of God" (Gen: 1:27). Because of this, there is that of the Divine in us that recognizes the Divine Presence, Power, and Love that is at work in the universe—"that of God," by far the larger part, that is transcendent, that is beyond us. This is also one reason we have (traditionally, at least) been so clear and strong about affirming the dignity and inherent worth of every human being.

Fourth: Jesus Christ has some very special, uniquely important role in revealing the nature of God to humankind. George Fox's transforming spiritual experience came as he heard a voice that said, "there is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition." Quakerism has always been strongly anchored in the Christian tradition. Quakers have long been certain that the Judeo-Christian Scriptures offer invaluable insights and present critical truths on which we should reflect and to which we must respond in order to live deeply spiritual and whole lives.

Now, whether we understand Jesus—as the Christ—as "the only begotten Son of God" (as the creed says), or "the Light that lights all who come into the world" (John 1:9), or "the Inward Teacher" (a favorite of early Friends) who helps us see and connect with the spiritual dimension of life may not matter so much. But that is true if, and only if, we at least see Jesus as a figure whose life and teachings we must reflect on and respond to in some significant way. To attempt to construct a version of Quakerism where Jesus—as the Christ—is unimportant is to engage in historical revisionism and create a spiritual text for Quakerism that is counterfeit in its content.

And Fifth: Being "faithful"—literally

"full of faith"—requires and creates a genuine community. Living a whole and spiritual life is not a solo act. Jesus sometimes encountered people one by one, sometimes in large groups; but he created a small community around himself in his life, and a larger one after his death. The occasion of Pentecost, when his disciples were given the gift of the presence of the Holy Spirit, was also the occasion when they were formed into a community of power and grace, a community where "everyone was filled with awe, and many wonders and miraculous signs were done . . . [and] all the believers were together and had everything in common." (Acts 2:43-44).

Quakers took that community, the early Church, as the model for their religious movement and community of faith. They looked to a community in which people were drawn into and nurtured in a living, transforming relationship with the Divine. And they believed—and created community practices, like the meeting for business that assumed—that the community of believers has a necessary role in helping each individual see God's truth and love and live by that revelation. Always affirming the centrality of an individual's personal relationship with the Divine, Quakers have also strongly affirmed the need for a community of believers to support and help guide individuals on their spiritual journeys.

So, here are five essential beliefs or theological tenets that shape and undergird modern Quaker faith. Now if I stop here, someone will surely say, "But *what about the testimonies?* What about the Peace Testimony, and the testimonies on Equality, Integrity, and Simplicity? Are these not essential elements of the Quaker faith?"

Not meaning to split semantic hairs, I would say, "No, they are not core elements, but rather vital fruits of our faith." The primary Quaker testimonies represent ways of being in the world that both depend upon and give evidence of our faith. They are ways of behaving and explaining our behavior that "testify to"—that is, point at and give evidence of—the core of our faith, which is our experience and conviction of the reality of the presence, love, and power of God that heals and transforms our lives.

If we really believe the five tenets I have described so deeply that they shape the

way we see the world and live our lives on a day-to-day basis, then the testimonies inevitably emerge. They describe the ways in which our lives should speak. And if that is true, they are surely features or aspects of our lives—corporate and individual—that should mark us as Friends. Let me be clear: to say this about the testimonies is in no way to diminish their importance. Indeed, to say this is to recognize that, besides being ways of living that should change the world for the better, the testimonies should be valued as well as another way of sharing our faith.

In the first Epistle of Peter (3:8-16), the disciples in the early church are urged to live lives that are so marked by compassion, humility, service, and love that other people will have to take notice of them. In other words, they are exhorted to let their lives speak of the love and power of God as they experience it. And then they are told to “always be prepared to give an answer to anyone who asks you to give a reason for the hope that you have” (3:15). In other words, to be able to explain who they are and what they believe in ways that will open the opportunity for a similar spiritual experience to others—to seekers, to fellow human beings who also long to know the transforming Presence of the Divine in their lives.

This, it seems to me, is the challenge we face as Friends today. Liberal Friends have often been good at preaching the Gospel with our lives, but too often unable (or unwilling) to use words effectively. Maybe this is because we do not know what words to use. Maybe it is because we have some unfortunate reluctance to share what we believe.

No matter what the reason, we have too often failed to offer others something they are looking for: the good news of the reality of God’s love and grace at work in the world and in our lives, and how the practice of faith can continue and extend one’s experience of that. So whether it is the words I have just used, or some others, I hope we will work at being better able to describe what we believe for ourselves and for others, better able to give a reason for the hope that we have. It is critical to our future as Friends, if we are to have one; and just possibly critical to the work that God wants done in the world. □

DISCIPLINE

Depression, indecision, chronic debilitating fatigue—why don’t these wrack CEOs and secretaries of defense?

Why aren’t thieves and torturers too sad to make eggs in the morning?

We know they don’t often crack their own eggs, don’t scramble or fry them or set the plate down for the dog to lick clean, but they are sad, I think: to the mitochondria of their cells they are sad

yet they rise at dawn, they work all day, work out, eat right, uplink and download more information before lunch than those of us who can read could read in a week. Always cramming for the final, fighting for the A, counting on the curve, with great discipline and the most up-to-date methods training their hands to the old work of devouring fields and orphans.

It’s the insanity of the Holocaust century running a cool-down lap, flag streaming behind, crowd mad with national pride. Let us who love life let life remove the caul from our faces. Let wounds inflicted in the past be past and wounds inflicted in the present be tended. Let us work hard too. Let no dawn find our eyes closed. Let us reconsecrate discipline to hope.

—Elizabeth K. Gordon

Elizabeth K. Gordon lives in Kingsley, Pa.

WHAT JESUS MEANS TO ME

by Harvey Gillman

AS AN ORTHODOX Jewish boy in Manchester, England, I was taught that Christianity was the religion of our oppressors. It was forbidden to go into a church, to read Christian Scriptures, or even to mention the name of Jesus. My ideas of Christianity were of the haziest. I would probably have answered, if asked (but no one did since all my friends were Jewish), that Christians worshipped three gods and blamed Jews for killing one of them. This probably sums up my ideas before the age of 11 or so.

But I have always been restless. The idea of God speaking to just one people troubled me. The idea that "one of the gods" of the Christians was Jewish intrigued me even more. So I ventured onto forbidden ground. I needed to make sense of the world around me, outside the Jewish area of Manchester, outside the prescribed books. The more I read and thought and met non-Jews, the more I realized the prejudices of various communities and the breathtaking untruths they held about each other.

Then came the 1960s, a time of new ideas, new theories of religion, new at least for me. I was challenged by the revolutionary attitudes towards religion of a Methodist religious education teacher in my sixth grade who made religious debate exciting. I read *Honest to God* and *The True Wilderness*, books by Christian theologians that sounded much more interesting than the narrow forms of Judaism I had met before. I was overwhelmed by Dostoevsky's Jesus in *The Brothers Karamazov* and how the Grand Inquisitor, rec-

ognizing how dangerous Jesus was for the church, decided he was safer on a crucifix than walking round the world disturbing his followers. So I wanted to know more about this Jesus about whom these Christians kept talking.

**IT CAME TO ME THAT
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BY THE INSTITUTIONAL
CHURCH.**

The problem was Jesus was Jewish and that so many of his later followers knew so little about Judaism. This led me to read the Christian additions (called by Christians the New Testament, as if the Jewish Testament had been superseded). It soon came to me that there were many different Jesuses depending on which bit of the Bible you preferred, which theory you followed; and I had the sneaking idea at the back of my head that Jesus himself would scarcely have recognized any of them. To me he was a brother, a teacher, a revolutionary who had somehow been kidnapped by the institutional church. He had been tamed, worshiped, made into a bourgeois; worst of all he had been made respectable.

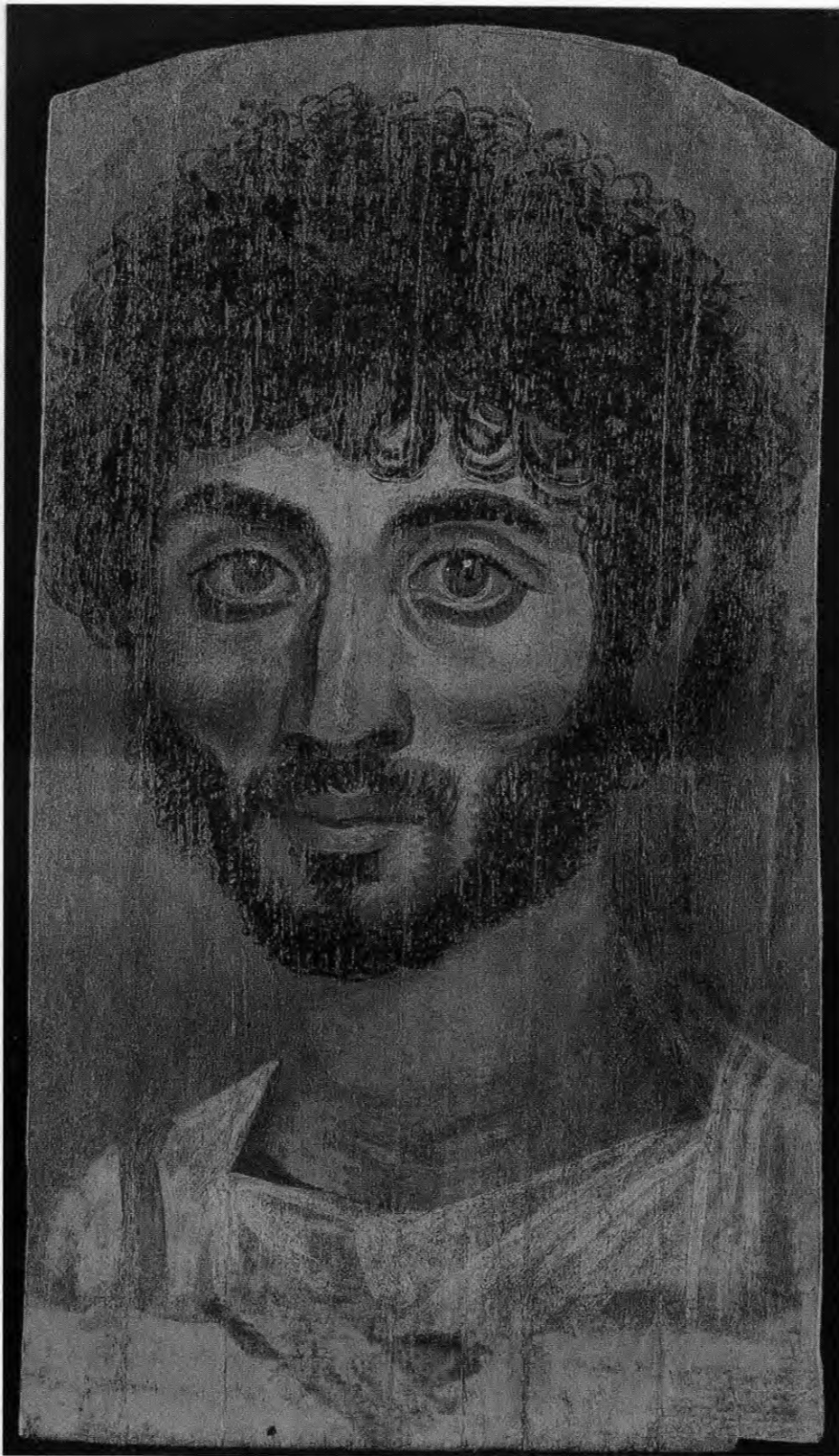
And then there was this "Christ thing." Christ means Messiah, the anointed one. In the Jewish Bible priests and kings were anointed to carry out special functions. The Messiah whom Jews were still expecting was not a divine figure, but someone who would inaugurate a time of peace

and justice. Christians, however, were using the word to mean strange things: that Jesus was the unique son of God who had reconciled the world to God by dying on the Cross (at the hands of his own people who had rejected him) and who had ended up somehow as God. This idea of Messiahship was totally incomprehensible to Judaism, even if it was based on a particular reading of the Suffering Servant of Isaiah. (In fact at the time of Jesus there were several differing understandings of the role of the Messiah, Judaism being much more fluid a religious path than it later became.) On the whole many Christians seemed to regard "Christ" as a surname and not as a function. It was only after I had read some theology that I could begin to tease out the various elements of all of this and then let them speak to me personally and affect my life. By this time, my late teens, I had started attending Quaker meetings for worship (though at first this lasted only for a brief period). This added a new depth to my own search to make sense of things.

So what does Jesus and this "Christ thing" mean to me today, after years of thinking, reading, arguing, studying other religions, listening to so many ex-Christians trying to make sense of what they had rejected? Jesus is first and foremost a historical character in the tradition of the prophets. He preaches against the established Jewish sects of his day in the name of a time or state of being he calls the Kingdom of Heaven, and which I call the Divine Commonwealth. He is from the margins, socially and geographically.

The preaching of Jesus has the effect of changing the lives of those who hear him, so much so that, after the manner of their days, they begin to see him as extraordinary and supernatural. He begins to express an age-old longing for a deeper way of living and relating, both to God and to the community. He does this in a way that is both in continuity with his tradition and radical in that he challenges some of the old teachings in the name of a deeper, more inward commitment—but he is not unique in this, as Jeremiah

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Left: a burial portrait dating from the first to third century in Roman Egypt may give us an idea of how Jesus looked.

that ancient world. I do not think Jesus thought he was inaugurating a new religion. The signpost pointing to a reawakened relationship became itself the object of worship for many. The miracle for me is that Jesus will not let the church keep him locked away in a building; he keeps bursting out of the theological concepts that strive to imprison him.

When I think of the word "Christ," I think of a universal anointing in a less historical, more mystical way. In Britain Yearly Meeting's *Advices and Queries*, the phrase "the spirit of Christ" is used, though few Quakers in Britain today use it in everyday speech. Jesus was, as it were, anointed to perform his task of prophecy and transformation, but that anointing is part of the condition of all those who, in Quaker language, are turned to the Light. Thus, Jesus as one filled with the "spirit of Christ" is an archetype of how it is to be a human reaching outwards (and inwards) to the Divine. Christ is not the object of worship, more a challenging way of living that has a cost, a way of living that I constantly betray and that is resurrected as a daily, this-world reality. However, we are not Jews of the first century; we have to find our own way, our own understanding of the spirit of anointing for the time and place in which we are now living. We have to find our own way of being Christ in and to the world. Jesus is historical and particular; Christ is timeless and universal.

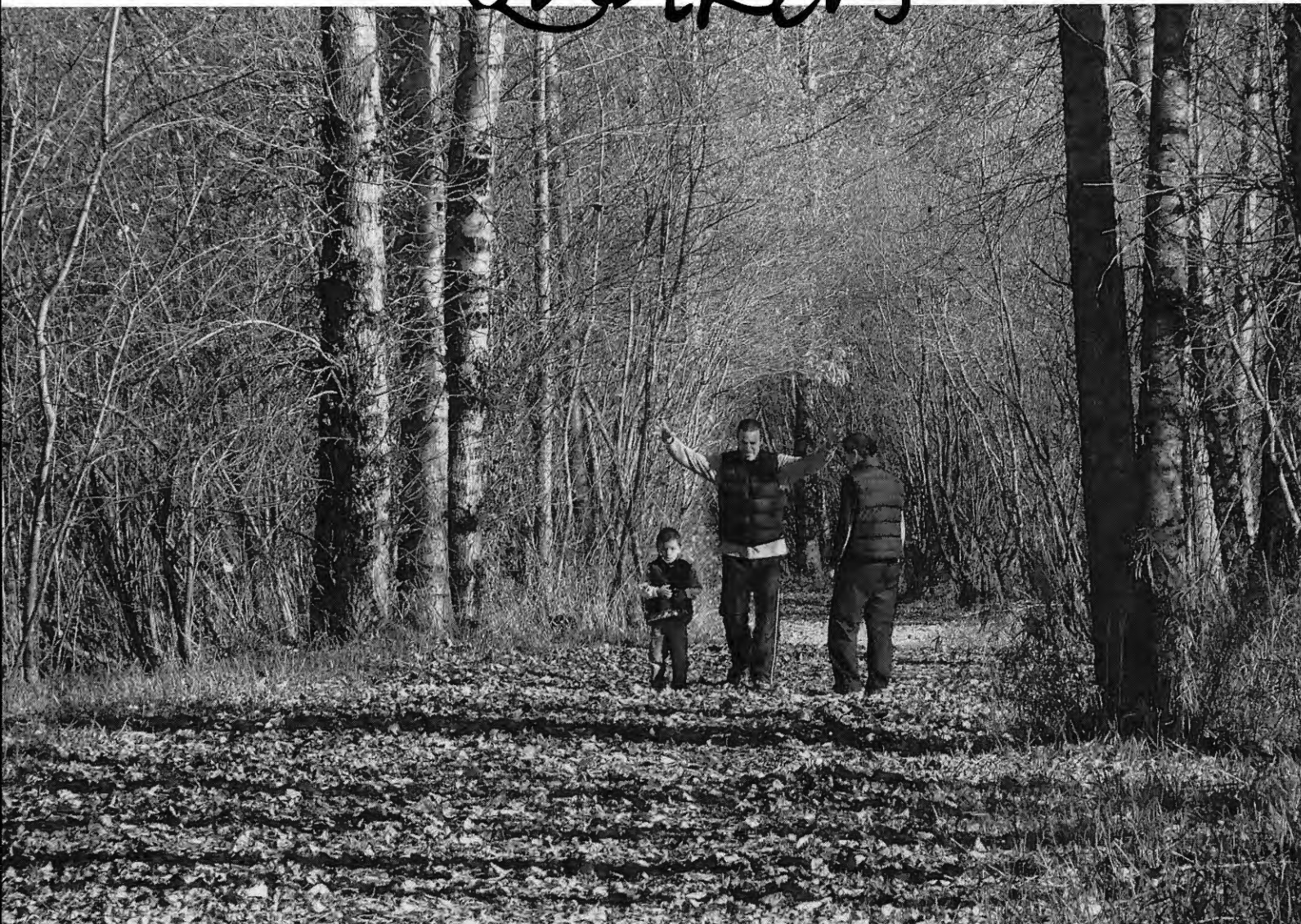
It is my conviction that simply by being born we have a role to perform, though it may be many years before we know what that role may be—if we ever know. This is our anointing. It does not matter what we call it or if we think of it as part of the Christian tradition or some other path. It is not a matter of which religion we follow, but which Kingdom or Commonwealth we are trying to live in and to bring about. □

Wikipedia.org

and Isaiah preached in a similar way. Some of his followers go so far as to break down the boundaries of the community in which they live, admitting those who previously were considered unclean and alien. Some even see him as a man-God, which I do not believe he saw himself to

be. Like many of the rebels against the status quo he is murdered by the authorities for challenging one kingdom in the name of another. After his death his earliest followers tried to understand his extraordinary life, and so little by little began a religion using the imagery and concepts of

Quakers



from the Viewpoint of a Naturalist

by Os Cresson

*Os Cresson is a member of Mount Holly (N.J.) Meeting, where he is the recording clerk and a member of the Worship and Ministry Committee. He wrote "A Quaker Family in Afghanistan, 1949–1951," published in FRIENDS JOURNAL in April 2002. He and other Quaker theists and nontheists have a website, <www.nontheist-friends.org>, and an e-mail discussion group that is described on the website. Also, an expanded version of this article can be seen at that site. He is one of the contributors to a forthcoming book of essays, *Godless for God's Sake: Non-theism in Contemporary Quakerism*.*

I grew up loving nature and feeling part of it—dirt, bugs, people, and everything. It was, and still is, amazing how the universe simply rolls along, no miracles required. You and I are orderly, physical events, like the weather.

People have always fascinated me. How surprising to see the cousins of apes doing all this! Unfortunately, a naturalistic approach to human behavior left me with a big problem: how to motivate myself when meaning isn't simply handed to me. The issue wasn't the existence of God, but

of free will. This took ten years to work out. Finally, I saw that it is enough to live meaningfully, behaving as do those who find meaning in other realms. I care just as much as they do and share many of their values and purposes even as I accept that my behavior is the universe dancing with itself, and nothing else.

I also grew up loving Quakers. About once a week we held a meeting for worship that we children called "quiet time." It was in our home or that of neighbors because we lived far from a meetinghouse.



Ours was a religion of daily life and I was allowed, even expected, to hold my own views. I was skeptical of the Quaker tradition of reaching beyond the physical to the spiritual and supernatural. This seemed unnecessary, but it was the way others find comfort in a difficult world—it was more of the marvelous diversity around us.

I noticed that Quaker behavior is available to all who would engage in it. This includes those who view it not as based in the supernatural, but as the behavior of an animal that has learned to wait in the silence and to follow leadings and so on. It is still wonderful and worthy of study and imitation.

As I have lived among Friends, certain characteristic Quaker behaviors have become apparent. I look at Quakers from the viewpoint of a naturalist. I see them in terms of observed behavior and the environments in which it occurs, rather than resorting to concepts from other levels beyond sense and reason.

We are passionate in our determination that each and every person merits our tender concern and that in each person is an element of goodness to which we can appeal. We search for what is essential in our lives, and we treasure what each other finds. There is no need for special training to do this.

These commitments affect all aspects of our lives. We wish to live lovingly and to love effectively. We witness to new possibilities in peace and education and human rights, to healthy communities and respect for the rest of nature, to simplicity and honesty and justice. We hope that our lives will speak of what we believe.

We accept people searching for truth and are not dissuaded by differences in the words with which we express the truths we find. We bind ourselves to no creed. Membership is a question of participation in the meeting community rather than how we talk about our faith. We are a diverse community.

Quaker faith is newly created in each of us. The results of our searches are colored by the conditions under which we search, the people involved, and the times. We commit to one another and we hold together as change goes on around and within us.

Collectively we worship, we celebrate

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communities.*



in joy and sorrow, and we carry forward the business of the meeting. While worshipping, we try to yield our personal agendas. In the shared silence we wait to respond. The silence leads to messages and common purposes and action in the wider world.

We encourage learning and seek understanding of how nature, including humankind, works and how to mend it

when there are problems. We seek to find appropriate ethical standards and to help each other hold to them.

We try to simplify our lives. This includes how we worship and think and relate to people and the rest of the environment.

This, then, is what I have seen Quakers doing. It is usually described in mystical terms, but some Quakers try to stick with what is obvious. Suns rise, birds sing, and Quakers worship. It is so simple.

For many years I was quiet about all this among Friends, not wanting to create a scene and doubting there were others who shared this approach. Even Quaker environmentalists seemed to be spiritualizing nature rather than naturalizing religion. This was one reason I held back from very much involvement in my Quaker meeting. Living as a Quaker was enough.

Then, in June 1992, as I walked into my parents' home, Mother thrust a copy of that month's FRIENDS JOURNAL into my hands, saying, "You'll want to read that!" It was a reprint of Jesse Holmes' 1928 appeal to scientists who might be interested in Quakers. He wrote, "It is a Society of *Friends*. Friends claim no authority but owe each other

friendliness. . . . Our unity consists, therefore, in having a common purpose, not a common creed. . . . God is . . . the name of certain common experiences of mankind by which they are bound together into unity."

Suddenly I realized there had been naturalistic Quakers in the past and there probably were many of them today. The issue keeping me from Friends became a reason to reach out to them. I shivered at the thought.

This led to a sojourn at Pendle Hill and a search for those who love nature above all else, and who love being Quaker too. It turned out there are many and they are welcome in many meetings. I began to speak up and was sharply criticized a few times, and I began to feel empathy for Friends who are margin-

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

What has happened to you
matters little
in the flow of this time
but is everything.
Every thought will be recalled;
every action remembered.
Still photographs
of your life will be spun,
and questions asked.
Everything matters
because it returns
as love—
or as unfinished business.

—John C. Morgan

John C. Morgan lives in Temple, Pa.

alized and to wonder how I could help.

Humankind today is being asked to consider a demotion, one in a series that have taken place during recent centuries. The question facing us is whether religion has to involve the supernatural. For me the experience of being part of the natural world is a religious experience. Atheists and other skeptics can lead good lives, good Quaker lives, and they can function well in our meeting communities. Quaker practices are available to us all, however we speak of them.

Sadly, naturalists who are not Quakers probably don't know they would be welcome in many meetings. Wouldn't it be a joy to declare this to the world?! Of course, we wouldn't want to limit it to one perspective. We could announce our commitment to diversity of all kinds including religious faith and experience. Many sorts of minutes might accomplish this; one is offered in the sidebar.

A minute like this would be an invitation to all who wonder whether their religious experiences are acceptable among Friends. It would say: come and let us worship together and get to know each other. Let us try being Quaker together. □

Let Each of Us Unite

To Friends Everywhere,

We, the members and attenders of this monthly meeting, gathered in a meeting for worship for attention to business on this day, unite in support of the following statements about membership in our meeting:

Decisions regarding membership are made by members and attenders participating in a clearness process. This includes the person or persons asking for membership. We seek to discern what is involved and what is appropriate for all concerned.

During this process we ask whether the applicant and the meeting are functioning well as a community. We look at how we live together as a monthly meeting and not at whether we have had the same religious experiences and hold the same beliefs.

We consider membership without being limited by the race, ethnicity, gender, sexual orientation, age, physical condition, education, economic

status, criminal record, political views, or religious beliefs and experiences of the applicant. We are committed to love that overcomes differences. Diversity in our meeting is a wonderful thing.

As a diverse community we speak in different ways. We expect speakers to speak and listeners to translate. We hope that members and attenders of our meeting will not bite their tongues, but will express themselves freely in their several religious languages.

When speaking with visitors, or writing materials for them, we try to make clear that each person is responsible for listening carefully to, and interpreting for themselves, the religious expressions of others. Writings published or distributed by our meeting are meant to serve as guides rather than rules. We are all called to express our religious views in our words and lives.

We describe the origins of this commitment to diversity in many ways. Some of us are led to it by the experience of the Divine in every person. Some are led by a conviction that all people are worthy. Some hold that the views expressed here are sufficient unto themselves and need no justification in other terms. All these approaches can work well for the people saying them and can address the same needs.

Amid diversity we seek and find unity. We join in a sense of the meeting even as we differ. We join in action inspired by our different faiths. We commit ourselves to love one another and to live together in harmony.

It is with joy in our hearts that we declare this to the world.

AD ASTRA

A great star dies. News of its demise reverberates throughout our universe, arriving light-years later to announce the devastation planets feel, when any sun expires in some flash catastrophe, their tears, like diamonds, washing half the sky.

Not so below, where news of death is instantaneous and trivial, and massive orchestrated weeping lasts no more than half a nanosomething, sorrow always forced to merge with commerce going on, while our ingenious spacecraft paradoxically transmits ad nauseum meticulous detail of temperatures of what may be dead rilles of the moon.

Why not aspire to a Morse of data from the nebulae which teaches us that it takes time for grief to fill and empty, time for gravity to operate, and time to love a son or brother, and, in the absence of the treasured other, mourn?

—Earl Coleman

Earl Coleman lives in Somerset, N.J.

Shades of Gray

A LIBERAL CHRISTIAN QUAKER SPEAKS UP

by Cathy Habschmidt

Cathy Habschmidt, a member of Clear Creek Meeting in Richmond, Ind., is the controller of Earlham College and is active in Friends World Committee for Consultation.

Liberal Quakers today often frame our discussions about theology as a debate between Christocentric and Universalist Friends. I'm leery, however, of viewing any significant topic in such polarized terms. There are many nuances and shades along the broad spectrum of belief within our branch of Quakerism. We do ourselves a disfavor when we try to pin people down as belonging to this or that camp, because we stop listening for the voice of God speaking to us through one another.

In recent years it seems many Friends have grown more tolerant and less fearful of those who hold a different understanding of Quaker theology than their own. Total unity is clearly not on the horizon, but mutual respect for each other and thoughtful exploration of the issues thankfully seem to be on the increase. I'm hopeful many of us will take advantage of this increased opportunity for honest dialogue about the matters that lie at the core of our faith.

None of us has the ultimate answer, of course, but we should all continue to search for God's truth with open hearts and minds. I'm convinced the health and indeed the future of the Religious Society of Friends depends on our willingness to speak our truths to one another in love and, most importantly, in humility. God is granting each of us new wisdom every day, and we need to remain open to receiving new insights and new leadings as we proceed on our spiritual journeys.

With the goal of speaking my truth as I understand it today, I'd like to share some thoughts about my faith. I am a middle-aged Friend, born into an FGC meeting, who began calling myself a Christian in my early 30s. The term "Christocentric" does not speak to my condition, and in fact I know very few Christians who use that word to describe themselves. "God-centric" might be more appropriate for me, because *God* is at the center of my life. Christ is one aspect of God; the Holy Spirit is another. But my primary personal relationship is with God as a whole, my Creator and ever-present Guide and Comforter.

In listening to Friends with various perspectives on faith, I have heard many people declare discomfort with Christianity because certain elements of Christian belief and practice are simply unacceptable to them. When people list their grievances with traditional Christianity, such

as its emphasis on the blood of Jesus or talk of eternal damnation, I often totally agree with them.

But there is at least as much diversity within Christianity as there is within all of Quakerism! If you or I find a particular version of Christian thought untenable, that does not mean that we must reject Christianity entirely. (If it weren't such an overworked cliché, I'd say not to throw the baby out with the bath water—but it is, so I won't.)

Before I go any further I'd like to stress that just because I have found my way to God along the path of Christianity does not mean I think you are wrong if you've chosen a different path. My faith is between God and me and I have no right to judge anyone else's spiritual journey.

At the same time, I do claim the right to affirm that I believe the traditional Quaker version of the Christian message to be essentially true. That is to say, I believe that the spirit of Christ is present in all people, even those who lived before the birth of Jesus or who are not Christians.

I'm aware that my belief in the universal presence of Christ is offensive to some non-Christians, but I implore you not to be defensive and feel that I'm somehow trying to force my beliefs on you or others. It seems among liberal Friends we are so fearful of giving or taking offense that we hesitate to share with one another our deepest thoughts on faith matters. What a pity! If we can't talk about personal spiritual issues within our faith communities, something is seriously wrong with us. Coming to a common understanding is not the point. Within the *dialogue itself* is where I find life, where I experience God working in our midst.

Lately I've taken to calling myself a "liberal Christian Quaker." What exactly do I mean by liberal Christianity, and how does it differ from more conservative versions? In many respects liberal Christianity as I understand it closely mirrors the theology of early Friends. I view the Bible as the inspired words of God, but not as the final authority in religious matters. The ultimate source of knowledge about God's truth is the Holy Spirit, which we can experience and test both individually and corporately. This same Spirit was at work in the writing of the Bible so we may accept that document as trustworthy, even if we know it is not always literally true in our modern, scientific sense. We know from literature that great truths can

be contained in stories that are not strictly factual.

It is clear that the Bible has been horribly misused over the centuries to oppress millions of people. The Bible is a powerful tool and in the wrong hands it can be used to commit great evil, supposedly in the name of God. I think the Bible is most dangerous when we expect it to reveal a clear and simplistic message. God, faith, and the Bible are all more complex than our human understanding can fathom. If we can learn to live with the ambiguity, with the shades of gray, then I think we can start to understand the kind of faith God calls us to have.

For a long time I struggled with the notion of the Trinity. Thinking of God as somehow "three-in-one" seemed contrived. As much as folks in the first millennium of Christian history struggled to clarify and pin down this image, it just didn't make sense to me. Then two concepts—the complexity of God and the relationality of God—helped move me to the understanding I hold today.

We are all familiar with the story of the three blind men and the elephant. Each person touches a separate part of the animal and concludes that it is something altogether different. None has the complete truth. I think that God is so complex that God's identity cannot be contained in one single image. The idea of God as creator, companion, and guide for me is more helpfully symbolized by thinking of God as multifaceted rather than as monolithic. We can never understand God completely, but by conceiving of God as a union of God, Christ, and the Holy Spirit, we are constantly reminded that God is not like anything else we know.

Relationality is the other aspect of God's character that is well represented by the idea of the Trinity. I've come to understand the essence of Christianity as *loving relationality*. The central biblical message for me is that we are to love God with all our heart, mind, soul, and strength, and to love our neighbors as ourselves. The significance of relationality is highlighted when we think of God's very nature as internally relational among the three aspects of God.

Okay, so what about Jesus? I believe



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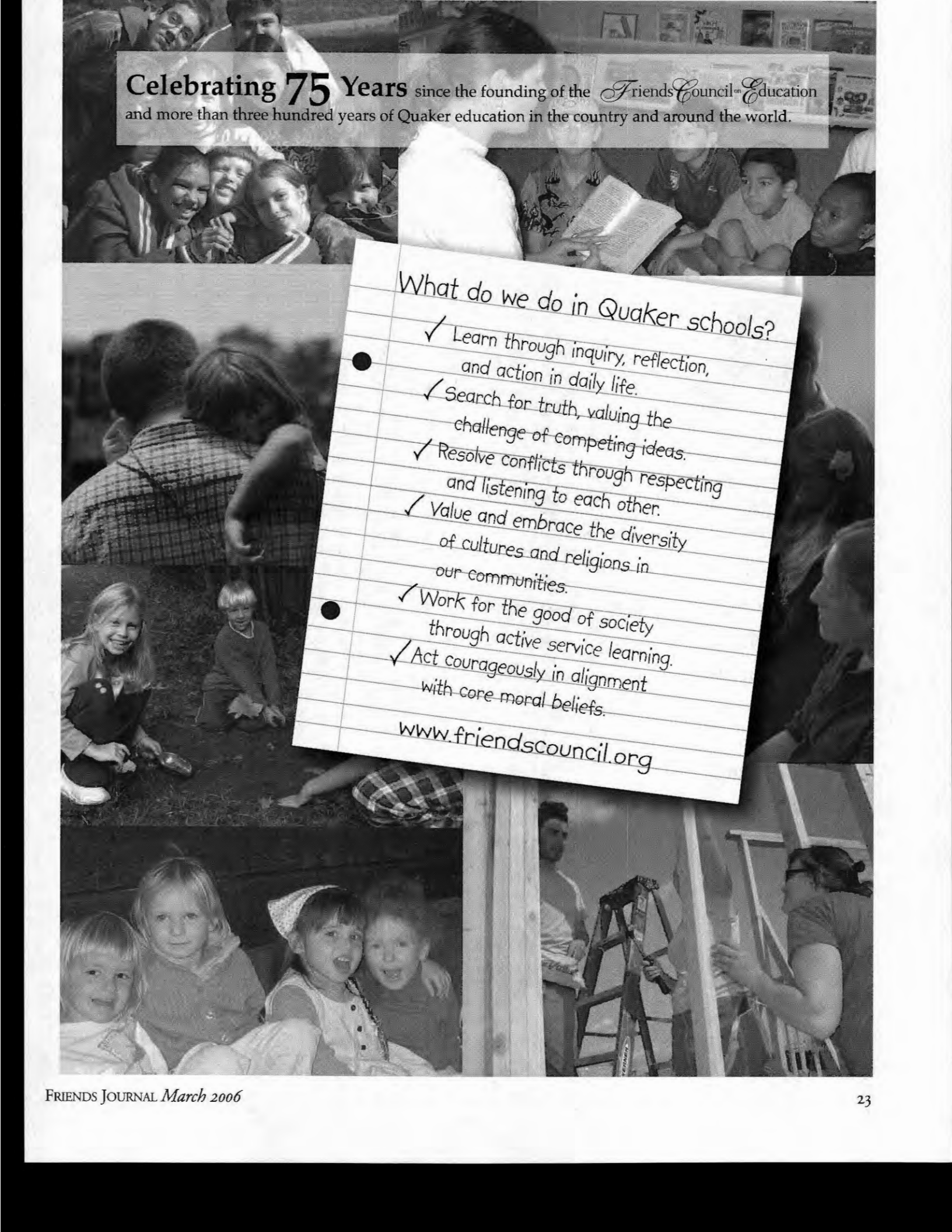
that Jesus is both fully divine (the Christ) and fully human (the historical Jesus). He is the human incarnation of the Spirit of Christ, the Logos, the Word of God, which has existed since the beginning of time. God loves us so much that God became human in order to teach us by example the lessons we so desperately need. Jesus fully experienced life on Earth, as we all do, except he had a relationship with God more perfect than any human could ever have.

Except for the bit about the divinity of Jesus, I'm probably not yet straying too far from typical liberal Quaker beliefs (if there is such a thing), but there's more. I also believe in the virgin birth and physical resurrection of Jesus. I'm quite willing to give up some traditional Christian beliefs, but these two somehow seem to cling to me. The primary reason I believe in the miracles of the virgin birth and the physical resurrection is because I have no reason not to believe them. I have trouble saying something is impossible for God, because I reject trying to limit God to only what I can understand.

The death of Jesus on the Cross is a different matter altogether. I don't buy a traditional assertion that his death was preordained by God and is somehow necessary for the restoration of humanity. Instead, I see the Crucifixion as a sign of Jesus' perfect faith. He was so faithful that he willingly bore the destructive human consequences for spreading his unpopular message. The Resurrection shows us that evil does not have the last word, but that God's love will prevail in the end. The Resurrection is the source of our hope.

All of these specific beliefs about God and Jesus are perfectly valid Christian convictions. You do not have to abandon Christianity if you are uncomfortable with certain parts of it. There are a lot of rooms in the Christian mansion, all with different sizes and décors. If we abandon Christianity to the fundamentalists, we effectively lock the doors to many of God's glorious rooms.

I hope that by sharing a few of my beliefs I can spark more dialogue among Friends. We need to get over our concern that simply by talking about our faith we are passing judgment on the faith of others. At the same time, we should listen deeply to the voices of each other to discern whether God might be calling us to move in a new direction. I rejoice that I am learning how compatible liberal Christianity is with my Quaker faith, and I invite any Friends who are uncomfortable with Christianity to take another look at it with an open heart and mind. Try to see where God might be calling you today. □



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- ✓ Search for truth, valuing the challenge of competing ideas.
- ✓ Resolve conflicts through respecting and listening to each other.
- ✓ Value and embrace the diversity of cultures and religions in our communities.
- ✓ Work for the good of society through active service learning.
- ✓ Act courageously in alignment with core moral beliefs.

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FINDING DROPT LETTERS

by Paul Hamell

The Religious Society of Friends contains a number of very active members who attend worship every week, yet do not believe in God. Some consider themselves agnostics, and some say they don't believe in God as God is commonly understood, but say they believe God is simply the good that is present in all people.

This brings to mind Mark Twain's statement that the difference between the right word and almost the right word is the difference between lightning and a lightning bug; God is the creator who is a potent and active force in the world even today, whereas good is human virtue. They are not the same thing.

Furthermore, if God is only the good found in humans, then God is less than a human being, not more, and certainly not God.

Some Friends have wondered why people who do not believe in God would devote a great deal of time and energy to a Religious Society that holds as fundamental that God is present in all people, and that if we sit together quietly, we may hear God whisper within us. On reflection, I, for one, have stopped wondering; it is because there is that of God in all people, and we do hear God whisper within us, calling. Even when our rationalism keeps us from seeing, we can still hear, at least well enough to know we are sought. And so, we continue to seek the God whose existence we doubt, for God stirs our souls to seek.

And so, Friends who are much older than I, and have been part of the Religious Society of Friends for a much larger portion of their lives, and are not at all shy about sharing their doubts, have told me that they envy my clarity on this question. Their envy is not really envy, but the universal yearning for God.

I have tried to share this clarity and light, but have seen no success to date. It is as if my soul is aflame, but can kindle no new fires. I have tried to let my life speak. I have spoken of what has been given to me, and what I have seen, not expecting others to see *what* I see in the telling, but hoping to teach others to see as I see. This, I know, is the key. As Thomas Kelly wrote in *Reality of the*

Spiritual World, "Arguments are devised subsequent to our deep conviction, not preceding our conviction. They bolster faith; they do not create it."

In the modern and postmodern world, we trust in science and the scientific method, rejecting everything that seems to depart from their rigor, without allowing ourselves to marvel that science has no answers for the most basic questions of our existence: What is consciousness and how did it come to be? What is time? What is matter and how did it come into existence? What is beyond our universe, which science tells us is finite? What is the context of our existence? Why does anything exist, rather than just nothing? Why do we see our world as beautiful?

It has been said that when the only tool in your toolbox is a hammer, every problem starts to look like a nail. Scientific method is a useful and important hammer, but the framework of our lives contains a lot of material that is not nails. We all need tools to handle the blocks and planks that make up the greater part of our lives. We need other ways of seeing and thinking, in addition to, but not instead of, scientific method. We need more, not fewer, tools.

Yesterday, I talked with a young woman who I know well, who has always described herself as an agnostic. Recently, I have sensed that she has become more open to belief, and during our conversation yesterday, she seemed to have crossed the tipping point where "Who knows?" becomes "I think so. . . ." I asked her why her perspective had changed and she replied, "Molecular biology."

She has been thinking about the mechanisms by which DNA molecules separate into individual strands, and use themselves as templates for synthesizing proteins that govern every aspect of development and function, at the cellular level and for the entire organism. She can describe and understand the processes and their effects, but she cannot begin to understand how molecules began behaving in this manner or why they keep doing it. Even if someone eventually describes such a mechanism, it is certain to deepen the mystery, not solve it.

The first tool we have to add to our toolbox is a sense of awe and wonder.

Although I cannot remember a time when I did not believe that God is, I can well remember the time before I *knew* that God is, the time before I was a Quaker. I remember that awe and wonder were in the foundation of that belief. So much of our existence remains inexplicable, and only becomes more so as our curiosity nibbles around the edges of our ignorance.

I also remember my sense of awe being stimulated by



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NOT FEWER,
TOOLS.

Paul Hamell is a member of Ridgewood (N.J.) Meeting.

March 2006 FRIENDS JOURNAL

or a parent caring for a child or a stand of white birch among green grasses have always brought a feeling of oneness, a feeling that I was also seeing with my heart. And while a skeptic can explain our capacity for loving as a naturally selected trait, enhancing our ability to survive as a species, I can see no such explanation for our ability to see beauty and our tendency to pause in its presence. The fact that we see each other and the world as beautiful is a gift and a constant reminder that there is a giver of gifts.

Awe brings humility, and humility brings gratitude. Our toolbox is filling rapidly.

For a large part of my adult life, I was working on a college degree in literature. I was reading a lot, including a lot of poetry, and I was beginning to write. This discipline brought a spiritual gift that I recognized at the time, and another one that I have only recently recognized for what it is.

I saw that, in reading and writing, I was participating in a vast conversation across the millennia. All of us, from the ancients to the postmoderns, share common concerns and common responses. I could read a bawdy joke written by Aristophanes more than 2,000 years ago and laugh the same as at a joke written yesterday. In fact, the gag was frequently the same. I found Shakespeare's characters and their problems as familiar as the people I have known, and found a kindred spirit in Anne Bradstreet, a 17th-century Puritan woman who wrote poetry. I came to see literature as a conversation, a call and response through the ages as we read, then write in reply. I was living the oneness of being human. Comprehension of the unity of existence is a tool we can use.

I also was beginning to see my life as a poem. At the time, I found it a little funny, even alarming, that I would catch myself thinking of real-life phenomena as metaphors or symbols, and I would caution myself that this was reality, not poetry; things are what they are, and there are no metaphors. It is only recently that I have realized that I was wrong, that the ability to see life as a poem is an important spiritual gift.

The most important difference between poetry and prose is in the use of language. In prose, language is used denotatively; we strive to be precise and to impart a very specific meaning—this sentence is prose. In poetry, language is used evocatively, to tease meaning out of the reader, meaning that may be very different from the literal, denotative meaning of the words used. This is done through what the French poet Charles Baudelaire called “the universal analogy”: the recognition that all experience is, in some way, similar to other experience. In poetry, meaning emerges from our feelings and thoughts like a tabby cat emerging from the fog in this passage from “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock” by T.S. Elliot:

*The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,*

*Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from
chimneys,
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.*

When we are able to perceive meaning between words, find meaning diffused through words, hear meaning in the breath that carries the words, then we are ready to perceive God in the poems of our lives.

There is a place for poetry in our toolbox.

Awe, wonder, humility, gratitude, awareness of unity, and poetry are probably the essential tools for building belief, and living with belief for a time is probably sufficient for finding faith. However, like many people, I required one more thing to turn belief into faith: crisis. There's nothing like a good crisis to make us humble, and nothing like good help in a crisis to make us grateful.

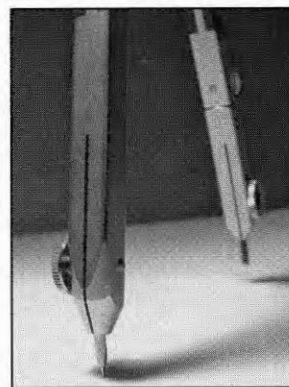
My personal crisis was precipitated by another's crisis, someone whose privacy must be respected. However, I can say this much: there came a time when it was clear that I had a responsibility to act, was compelled by love to act, and my own judgment was in agreement with all the advice I was receiving from friends and professionals. But, there was a part of me that disagreed violently about what should be done, was holding me back and asking me to trust someone who I knew to be completely untrustworthy. I didn't know which way to turn.

Then the thought came to me that the nonrational alternative that was pressing itself on me might be what I knew Quakers call the Inner Light, that the God I believed to exist, but not interfere very much, might be offering me help. Hoping that I wasn't just making an excuse to do what was emotionally easier, I went with what I felt, not what I thought.

The person I couldn't trust made a promise and kept it. A series of coincidences provided a course of action that started the mending and healing I was seeking. This healing began when an avowed atheist experienced a change of heart and reported feeling God catch him and hold him when he lost his footing atop a cliff. Way was opening.

While this was happening, I stumbled across an excellent book on Quakerism while shopping for someone else. I also had a series of small experiences that seemed highly relevant.

One evening, after dark, I was walking in a strange city when I encountered a homeless man; a very strange looking, obviously mentally ill, scary homeless man. As



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urge to speak to him, so I turned around, went after him, and asked if he was eating regularly. The madness went out of his eyes, and he said, "When I can." So I bought him dinner.

A short time later, I was speaking with an acquaintance who was going through a family crisis of her own, as her troubled teenage daughter was pregnant. She mentioned that she had decided to skip Christmas that year because she just couldn't get interested. The conversation continued, but I couldn't stop thinking about what she had said and the strange reply that wouldn't leave me except by being spoken. Finally, I said to her, "I know this is going to sound really strange coming from me, a Jew, but I was really bothered by what you said about skipping Christmas, and I wish you would reconsider; now, of all times, would be a good time for you to celebrate the birth of a child who brought hope into the world." She was quiet for a moment, then said to her husband, "I think we should go see Father Tom."

It was shortly after this that I found a Friends meeting within a reasonable distance, and became a regular attendee, then a member; for it had become clear to me that God is with us always, and may speak at any moment, either for our benefit or to benefit those around us. I have found that in the synergy of a gathered silent meeting, the presence of God is almost palpable.

If we go about our day-to-day business with our eyes open and our tools at hand—awe, wonder, humility, gratitude, oneness, and poetry—the world starts to look like it did to Walt Whitman when he wrote these lines, excerpted from "Song of Myself":

*I hear and behold God in every object, yet
understand God not in the least,
Nor do I understand who there can be
more wonderful than myself.
Why should I wish to see God better than
this day?
I see something of God each hour of the
twenty-four, and each moment then,
In the faces of men and women I see God,
and in my own face in the glass,
I find letters from God dropt in the street,
and every one is sign'd by God's name,
And I leave them where they are, for I
know that wheresoe'er I go,
Others will punctually come for ever
and ever.* □

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■ WITNESS

Friends of the Homeless

by Ann Herbert Scott

It all began very simply. By chance two old friends met at the square in Sonoma, California, and decided to have lunch together. "But let's not go out to lunch," one of them suggested. "Why don't you bring a sandwich and come to my house. Then we can give the money we save to the homeless."

Out of that chance beginning Friends have been gathering monthly in the same spirit of care for homeless persons for more than seven years now. We call ourselves Friends of the Homeless, and we meet at Friends House, a Quaker retirement community in northern California, to hear from guest speakers up-to-date information on the myriad issues that affect our neighbors and near-neighbors, the homeless people of our community.

Our structure is simple. We meet promptly at noon on the second Monday of each month. Everyone brings a lunch. One of our two volunteer coordinators clerks the meeting, making brief announcements and introducing our speaker. We then listen to a speaker working with one or more aspects of homeless concerns. Our guests have included representatives of a great variety of nonprofit organizations, city and county officials (including the mayor), experts on legislative and housing issues, and homeless people themselves. There is time for questions, and our questions have become increasingly informed over the years.

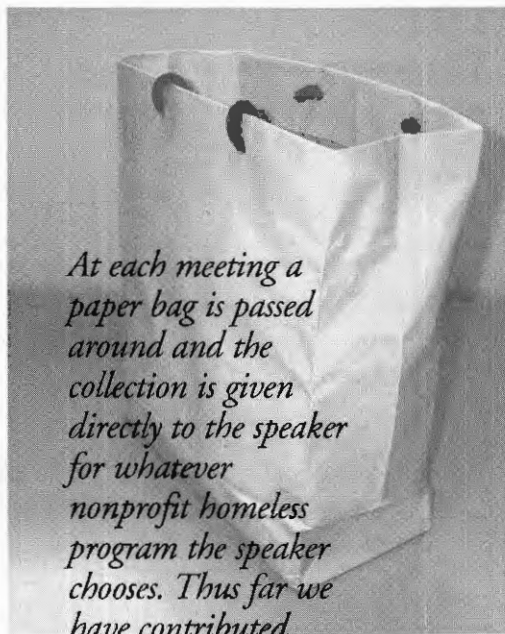
We have no treasury. But at each meeting a paper bag is passed around—and the collection is given directly to the speaker for whatever nonprofit homeless program the speaker represents or chooses. Many members bring their checkbooks and we have contributed more than \$34,000 thus far to the concerns represented.

Our meetings are lively. Many of the attendees from Friends House and Redwood Meeting have given their lives as professionals or volunteers in the fields of teaching, social work, and other forms of public service. For many, Friends of the Homeless provides our one opportunity to be in touch with the needs of our community. We are eager to be in touch with those needs. A number of us are in our 80s, and some faithful stalwarts in their 90s. One 97-year-old regularly pushed her walker

across campus to be on hand for our meetings, and once when she couldn't come, she called to see how she should make out her check.

Our attendance varies from month to month, usually from 15 to 25, but last month we had an all-time high of 34. We meet around a large square table and add extra chairs as needed. The group is co-sponsored by the Committee of Peace and Justice at Friends House and Redwood Forest Meeting. When we gather, except for the time for our speaker, the talk is nonstop.

The amount of contributions also varies from month to month. One time we gave more than \$400 to make possible the reprint-



At each meeting a paper bag is passed around and the collection is given directly to the speaker for whatever nonprofit homeless program the speaker chooses. Thus far we have contributed more than \$34,000.

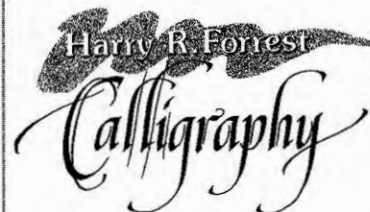
ing of hundreds of guides to homeless resources. Another time members provided more than \$700 to support a fine nonprofit agency in severe financial crisis. Individuals have also given substantial personal contributions to the work of the Sonoma County Task Force on the Homeless and to individual agencies. In addition, we raised \$10,000 to provide counseling resources as a special memorial to a former social worker in the Tenderloin district of San Francisco and her husband. This Sonoma couple inspired the formation of our group.

Perhaps our most important contribution is not a financial one. To the benefit of the wider community we lobby regularly for low-income housing. We discovered soon after we



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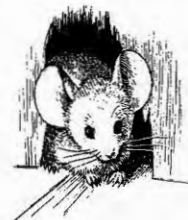
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Ann Herbert Scott is a member of Redwood Forest Meeting in Santa Rosa, Calif.

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had begun to meet that the lack of affordable housing is crucially related to homelessness. We learned that whenever a promising low-income housing project was being considered, the proposed project met with opposition from neighborhood groups, real estate people, and other self-interested folk.

We try to be a voice in support of public interest and affordable housing projects that are needed in the wider community. When we first appeared at a Santa Rosa City Council meeting, a member greeted us with enthusiasm. "We've been waiting for this for a long time," she said. It was good news to her to have a group supporting, rather than opposing, the affordable housing so badly needed in our city.

When we appear at meetings of the City Council, the Sonoma County Board of Supervisors, the Planning Commissions, and other appropriate governmental agencies, one or more of our number are prepared to give testimony. The rest of us sit patiently—sometimes impatiently—for a chance to show our support for the proposed project. Because most of us are retired, we can sit for three or four hours (on one occasion for five hours) waiting for the time when our concern comes up on the agenda, a luxury many younger folk do not have. Twenty or thirty of us can show up when we are needed and sometimes we carry cards signaling our support. At one memorable City Council meeting there were more Friends House people at the meeting than there were at home at Friends house.

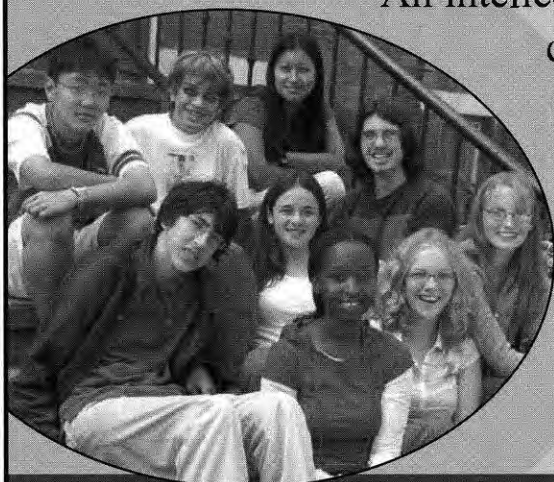
In addition to lobbying, we do what we can to directly support agencies serving homeless people. We collect and sort large quantities of clothing and bedding to send to a family service group. Several of us volunteer regularly at nonprofit agencies. Many of us worked on a major census of the homeless population. Two of us serve on the board of the Sonoma County Task Force on the Homeless. Three of us regularly attend providers meetings to stay in touch with the changing and relentlessly growing needs in our area.

I believe the model of Friends of the Homeless can be repeated in many places where a few concerned persons are willing to take responsibility for organizing and follow-up. Are such groups needed? Indeed, they are! □

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door into the heaven that is within us all, here on this Earth."

Yeshu was quiet for a long time. Then he laid the mallet and chisel down again, side by side, and began pacing back and forth through the wood chips and sawdust on the workshop floor.

"Those people we met yesterday—what they really need is fairness," he told me, "not charity. They need wells of their own rather than a few drops of our water to wet parched lips; worse yet, drops that had to be begged for."

He locked his fingers together in front of his chest. "Until the day arrives when they can return home and live among their own people, they must have not just wells, but land and farming tools so that they can live in a decent place together and feed themselves."

■ LIFE IN THE MEETING

Quaker Kids Say the Darnedest Things

by Patricia Smith

Teaching the young ones in our meeting, I think often of Art Linkletter's show that I watched when I was young. Because of the small number of youth and lack of volunteers the children meet together with ages ranging from 2 to 14. Most of the time the older children are wonderful at helping the young ones with crafts and games. However, there are hectic, unruly days when I wonder if anyone has heard a word I've said.

One morning when the kids seemed especially noisy and inattentive, I was trying to get the group to understand the concept of diversity. As I escorted the children in to join the adults during the final ten minutes of meeting for worship, I felt quite frustrated, even wondering, "Why do I bother trying to teach these kids?" After we settled into the silence a four-year-old stood. His grandfather looked anxious, trying to decide if he should grab his grandson before he took off running around the room. Instead, this wise little boy looked up at the ceiling and said, "I have brown eyes and Michael's eyes are blue, but that doesn't make me any better than him." Then he sat back down. My eyes welled with tears as I realized that, through all the turmoil during the lesson, some ideas still got through.

Patricia Smith is a member of Claremont (Calif.) Meeting.

He stared out the door and down the road toward our town well. "One day we will help them do this, you and I." He glanced back at me.

When he said that, whenever he said anything like that to me, although I felt pleased and special, ready to set off down the road that had been laid out, a moment later it seemed like walking over a cliff.

If only I could have seen into the future.

That night I had a second dream. It was dusk, and I was all alone in the desert. I felt deep hunger, and thirst. Suddenly a lone figure appeared before me and I tasted bread in my mouth. And cool water on my lips. I closed my eyes and opened them again.

It was the carpenter. □

On another occasion, I was going through my normal routine with the children before we headed into meeting for worship. This included a moment of stillness and a reminder that they need to be quiet when they enter the meeting room. I emphasized not talking aloud until the worship had ended. After the children had settled into their parents' arms, an elder member stood to minister. The moment this white-haired gentleman opened his mouth, one of my littlest ones hissed disapprovingly, "Quiet—you're not supposed to talk!"

Sometimes I underestimate the intelligence of our children, and how much they pick up from their parents and other adults in the meeting. One First Day, shortly before the start of the Iraq war, I taught a lesson on cooperation. We talked about working together and discussed various ways of cooperating. The children spoke of things like passing the ball in a basketball game rather than always trying to shoot. Then I asked for examples of *not* cooperating. One bright-eyed four-year-old declared loudly, "Bush doesn't cooperate with the UN." Once I swallowed my surprise, we continued with our discussion. I had become more aware of how influential our speech and actions are on our youth.

Spending time with these amazing children is a blessing and I often wonder who is the *real* teacher. □



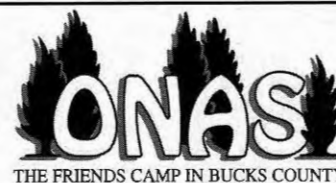
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Eat Here: Reclaiming Homegrown Pleasures in a Global Supermarket

By Brian Halweil. WW Norton and
Company, 2004. 235 pages.
\$13.95/softcover.

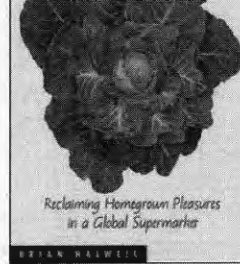
Can you imagine a successful burger chain that has seasonal shakes from local farms—chocolate hazelnut during the fall nut season, strawberry in the spring, blueberry in the summer, and wild huckleberry when the berries are ripe in the national forest?

Author Brian Halweil obviously can. And he encourages us to join him by laying out the situation in global agriculture today. Food travels incredible distances under the control of giant conglomerates. Even if a McDonalds is surrounded by potato farmers, for example, they often buy from across a continent or an ocean because fuel is (relatively) cheap and different contracts with small growers are complex. Farmers are reduced to hired hands on their own land, with an ever-decreasing share of the food profits. Raw ingredients often cost less than packaging. This is scary stuff.

Yet the author spends the bulk of his book talking about hopeful seeds that have been sprouting all over the world as a counterforce and alternative to this trend. We learn about the potential of urban and suburban farms, the Slow Food movement, local marketing and food processing initiatives, the power of an institution choosing to buy locally, local food policy councils, and incentives that can be used to get local food businesses off the ground.

I found this book scary, hopeful, and profoundly ethical. The very fact that this Earth provides us with the means of sustaining life is a mystery and a gift. A system that "degrades the craft of land stewardship into the crude labor of commodity production" and destroys local economies for the sake of profit is deeply immoral. Any steps we can take to reclaim our respect for the land and those who work it, and rebuild local connections that allow us to be a resource to one other, is a step toward right order. As Brian Halweil points out:

While the advocates of local food production aren't a major lobby group, they are gaining support from a growing segment of the population, a segment that potentially includes every person who plants a home garden, every farmer who wants to sell food to his neighbors, every parent who cares about the food served in school cafete-



rias, and every family that takes the time to eat home-cooked food together—all people performing small but powerful acts of rebellion against food that is increasingly transformed, sterilized, and removed from its source.

Many Friends know intuitively that our relation to what we eat is important. *Eat Here* provides a larger context that is truly nourishing.

—Pamela Haines

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

CDs

Regulars and Refugees

By Carrie Newcomer. Rounder Records, 2005.
\$17.98/CD.

Drunkard's Prayer

By Over the Rhine. Back Porch Records, 2005.
\$17.98/CD.

Food for the Long Haul

By Jesse Palidofsky. Carroll Street/Azalea City Recordings, 2005. \$17.98/CD.

Though my hair's about all gone and I haven't tuned my faithful guitar in a year or so, I still harbor illusions of making it big as a Friendly musician. Nowadays, though, I live that dream vicariously through others. Here are three Quaker-connected artists with new CDs that I think you'll enjoy.

Carrie Newcomer is a Friend from Bloomington, Ind., and *Regulars and Refugees* is her tenth album. It's very much a follow-up to 2004's *Betty's Diner*, which introduced songs from a fictional small town diner and the folks that inhabit it, as well as compiling some of her best previously released songs ("Gathering of Spirits," "I'll Go Too," and "Should Have Known Better"—the cover of which was featured on Nickel Creek's Grammy-winning *Sideways* album). *Regulars and Refugees* features this musician's luminous voice and compellingly spiritual lyrics to more fully introduce the folks who dine at Betty's. These include Olivia, a gay hospital chaplain, 90-year-olds Alice and Roy (a former AFSC relief worker), Bob the dog, and more. Short stories included in the liner notes introduce the characters and the songs, all of which have tinges of Carrie Newcomer's Quaker spirituality shot

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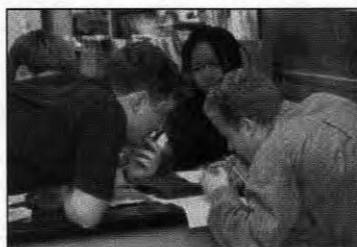
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through them. It's subtle, but very present. And it's not an easy spirituality—Newcomer wrestles with hard questions, like what will Jennifer do to put food on the table ("And I still hope and I pray/ For some thing, some day"), how we treat those who move transiently through our lives ("You never know what might blow through the door like a silent prayer"), and hope in the midst of despair in troubling political times ("There is a voice above the madness/ There is a spirit moving now"). This album is one of Carrie Newcomer's strongest efforts to date, and Friends and their friends will find comfort and challenge among the regulars and refugees who hang out at Betty's. Besides *Regulars* and *Betty's*, *The Gathering of Spirits*, *The Age of Possibility*, and *My True Name* are well worth a listen.

Over the Rhine, the mainstays of which are the Cincinnati songwriting duo of Linford Detweiler and Karin Bergquist, met at Malone College, a Friends school in northeastern Ohio. Their 15th album, *Drunkard's Prayer*, follows the successful 2-disc album *Ohio*. *Ohio* showcased haunting lyrics ("The last time I saw Jesus/ I was drinking Bloody Marys in the South") and musical styles from black gospel ("Till we lay these weapons at your feet, Lord/ How long, how long/ Till we call all hatred obsolete, Lord/ How long, how long").

Drunkard's Prayer is a quieter, more contemplative album than *Ohio*. It's centered around relationships and was fittingly recorded in the living room of their home. The arrangements are spare—mostly guitar, piano, and upright bass complementing Karin's poignant voice. You hear the realization ("And this ache is gonna break me love/ Until you come back home/ Right or wrong/ There is no home without you"), love ("Whether or not/ Your lips move/ You speak to me"), and ultimate hope ("I was born to laugh/ learned to laugh through my tears/ I was born to love/ I'm gonna learn to love without fear"). It's an album best listened to the way it was recorded—at home and with someone you love.

Jesse Palidofsky is a Maryland Friend and graduate of Earlham School of Religion who has shared his music at the National Theatre and at festivals like Common Ground on the Hill and the Washington Folk Festival. His newest release is *Food for the Long Haul*. This album is an eclectic mix of musical styles backed with guitars, clarinets, drums, fiddles, banjos, and more—from the playful Woody Guthrie-ness of "Personal Growth Blues" ("You know I got such a bad case of those /Personal growth /Cutting edge /Deep pearl diving /Individuation blues") to the earnest "Crossing the Poison River" ("Papa grieves for me /Old friends call me a fool /A naive dweeb trying to save the world /But to turn back now

/Would do murder to my soul"). If there's a problem with this album, it's not the production, backing musicians, or Jesse Palidofsky's voice. It's the over-earnestness of some of the lyrics. There's a bit too much of his telegraphing his point of view and feelings, and too little letting the listener get it. Still, there's a lot to appreciate in these 15 tracks.

—Brent Bill

Brent Bill, assistant book review editor for FRIENDS JOURNAL, is the author of Holy Silence: The Gift of Quaker Spirituality, and a former singer/guitarist with the barely known and rarely heard bands Sure Foundation and The Happy Establishment.

In Brief

Living Truth: A Spiritual Portrait of Pierre Ceresole

By Keith R. Maddock. Pendle Hill Pamphlet #379, 2005. 35 pages. \$4/softcover.

Who was Pierre Ceresole? Although he is not an especially big name among modern Friends, Pierre Ceresole's life was representative of many of the ideals of all Friends in the first half of the 20th century. This pamphlet tells his story as a "spiritual portrait"—emphasizing both the moral weight of his outward activism and the vital faith of his inward mysticism.

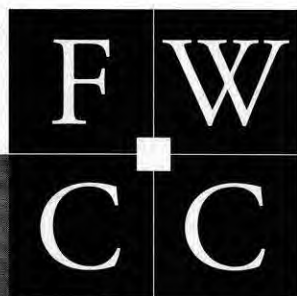
Outwardly, he worked for reconciliation and relief of suffering during and after both World Wars, and was imprisoned repeatedly for speaking truth to power and crossing borders illegally to bring aid and witness to people struggling under fascism. He was a founder of Service Civil International (SCI), dedicated to the reconstruction of communities devastated by natural disasters or war. Keith Maddock writes, "God came to represent for him a principle of integrity, a great mirror in which we see ourselves just as we are, with all our ugliness and with all our hopes."

In a sense, Pierre Ceresole himself was such a mirror. He used his training as a scientist to look upon the world around him with a clear eye, seeing its beauty and joy, seeing its pain, and entering into its complex life with his fear and hope fully engaged, witnessing with integrity, participating with sincerity and effort. May we all resemble him in his "striving for a fully integrated life that takes in the whole panorama of earthshaking events, simple everyday activities and moral behavior, beautiful vistas, and the intricate details of the natural world."

—Kirsten Backstrom

Kirsten Backstrom, a writer, attends Multnomah (Oreg.) Meeting.

March 2006 FRIENDS JOURNAL



Friends World Committee
for Consultation

SECTION OF THE AMERICAS

Comité Mundial de Consulta
de los Amigos

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ABOVE:

1937 Friends World Conference
Swarthmore & Haverford, PA

RIGHT:

1967 Friends World Conference
Greensboro, NC



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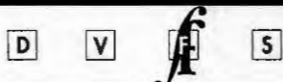
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NEWS

Live Oak (Tex.) Meeting received a \$25,000 grant from American Friends Service Committee to support participation in the Neighbor to Neighbor program, which provides personal assistance to hurricane evacuees adjusting to life in Houston. "With 125,000 evacuees, strangers to the city, Neighbor to Neighbor is intended to help find schools, government agencies, malls, stores, and other information about the city that will help them adjust to Houston," Barbara Cowan, clerk of Live Oak Meeting, said. The meeting's participation in Neighbor to Neighbor is just one of many ministries supported, individually and collectively, by the 70 members and 125 attenders of Live Oak Meeting. Among other activities, Live Oak Meeting joined with the Interfaith Ministry of Greater Houston in organizing six canteens to feed evacuees. Friends also worked with other religious groups arranging hospitality and housing for evacuees. According to Barbara Cowan, several evacuee families were provided homes by members of Live Oak Meeting. One member offered the home of her mother, who died recently, for an evacuee family. Another member made a large house with four bedrooms available as a home for three families of evacuees. In addition, Live Oak Meeting approved a contribution of \$10,000, from a bequest left to the meeting by a longtime member, to support assistance for the evacuees. Meanwhile, Live Oak Meeting coordinated responses from other meetings across the country to assist evacuees in Houston. "The assistance from other Quaker meetings, in money and clothing contributions, has been outstanding," Barbara Cowan said. One response came in a letter from Friends in Australia. "They wrote that they were keeping Live Oak Meeting in the Light. That meant a lot to us," Barbara Cowan said. —*Telephone conversation with Barbara Cowan*

Baltimore (Md.) Meeting, Stony Run, plans to sponsor a Peace Making Day in the spring or early summer. The purpose of a Peace Making Day, as proposed by the meeting's Peace and Social Order Committee and approved by the monthly meeting on September 6, 2005, is to "touch participants about the human costs of war and their sense of compassion, thus moving them to seek more information on how you really 'do' peace." One goal is to make the connection between a peaceful world and social justice at the local level. Focusing on the educational community, workshops and other activities could include sessions for First-day school teachers on teaching peace, for day care workers who need credits for accreditation, as well as public and private school teachers. Under



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consideration for a date are a Saturday in March, April, or May. —*Baltimore (Md.) Meeting, Stony Run, newsletter*

Baltimore Yearly Meeting is undertaking a self-examination of its needs and organization as it seeks a replacement for Frank Massey as general secretary. Massey, who served as general secretary of BYM for 17 years, has taken a position with Guilford College in Greensboro, N.C., where he will work with students and others in discerning gifts and callings. Meanwhile, Howard Fullerton, a member of Sandy Spring (Md.) Meeting, has been named interim general secretary. A former clerk of BYM Interim Meeting, Howard Fullerton is clerk of Representative Meeting and the Yearly Meeting Manual of Procedure Committee. He has just rotated off the general board of Friends United Meeting. The self-examination recalls the reevaluation experienced by BYM in 1988, when Massey was named general secretary. At that time, the future of yearly meeting and the role of staff and volunteers were considered. Now, according to a statement by Michael Cronin, Interim Meeting clerk, and Lauri Perman, presiding clerk of BYM, among issues to be considered are what monthly meetings want and need from yearly meeting, what is yearly meeting doing well, and where does yearly meeting need to make improvements. BYM includes 40 monthly meetings and 12 preparative meetings and worship groups in Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the District of Columbia. —*Telephone conversation with Howard Fullerton, website of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, and Baltimore Monthly Meeting, Stony Run, newsletter*

Salem Quarterly Meeting, within Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, has established a Child Safety Committee with responsibility to implement and maintain the new Policy and Procedure of Salem Quarterly Meeting For Child Safety. The purpose of this policy is to prevent any incident of sexual abuse or sexual misconduct with any child while attending or participating in any event or program under the care of the quarter or one of its committees. Among the requirements outlined in the policy, applicants for the position of "employee" with the quarter must undergo a criminal background check, and "volunteers" must have been approved for a position involving the care and supervision of children by a monthly meeting in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. During supervision of children, no employee or volunteer will be alone with one child. Two adults must be in attendance at all times when there is only one child present. All overnight events will be chaperoned by at least






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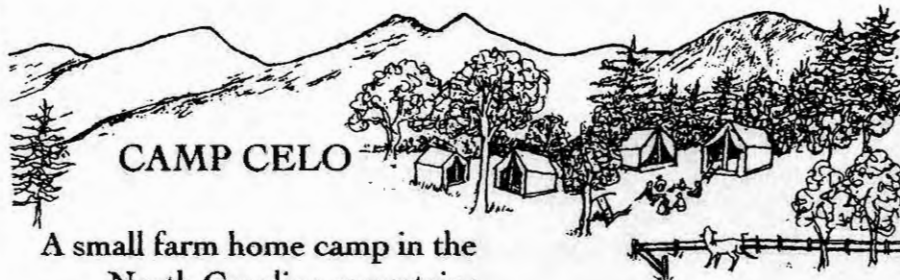
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two adult volunteers, and at least one volunteer must be of the same sex as any of the children involved. Copies of the policy have been distributed to the clerk of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting and to the clerks of each of the monthly meetings in the quarter. Salem Quarter comprises seven monthly meetings, including Greenwich, Mickleton, Mullica Hill, Salem, Seaville in Ocean View, Woodbury, and Woodstown Meetings, all in New Jersey. —Salem Quarter News, winter 2005

Quaker Earthcare Witness held its annual meeting October 6–10, 2005. This group, which consists of members from all parts of the United States and Canada, approved sending a letter to Congress and to all Quaker yearly meetings regarding its concern for proposed plans to extract oil from the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. Ruah Swennerfelt, general secretary of Quaker Earthcare Witness, writes, "We are writing to ask you not to approve any proposed extraction of petroleum resources from the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. . . . Oil production from this ecologically important area would not significantly add to the energy output of the United States. . . . We urgently need to put more emphasis in the development of renewable energy resources and energy conservation. . . . Should Congress approve petroleum development in the Arctic, we anticipate a likely expansion of existing boycotts against the products of oil companies that operate within the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge." —Quaker Earthcare Witness

Brother Roger Schutz, founder of the ecumenical religious community of Taizé, was stabbed and killed by a distraught pilgrim from Romania during evening prayers at the Church of the Reconciliation in Taizé, France, last August 16. Brother Roger died within 15 minutes, and his fellow brothers asked those in attendance to complete their prayers as they knew their prior would have desired. Located in the countryside of France outside the town of Macon, the community of Taizé, whose 90 brothers come from all Christian traditions, annually welcome thousands of pilgrims from across Europe and the world. Brother Roger, who began this community in 1940 during the Nazi occupation of France, believed that if people of different religious traditions and nationalities could share moments of prayer, dialogue, and communion, then a solid foundation for peace in a war-torn world could be laid. He emphasized community over structured institution and believed God could be met even in a broken community. Brother Alois Loser will succeed him as leader of the Taizé community.

HomeLink, Quaker Social Action's rent in advance scheme, reached a major milestone in 2005, housing 100 homeless people in east London in eight months. The project has housed and supported 1,225 homeless east Londoners since 1994. HomeLink works to house and support "non-priority" homeless people—those not eligible for emergency housing—in East London, and only takes clients who have been referred from local authority. Landlords are provided with two months of rent in advance, which is then claimed back through the housing benefit system, a guarantee against loss. Staff and volunteer resettlement workers support clients after they have been housed. On average, one in four newly housed people find themselves unable to sustain the tenancy. Nine in ten are more successful. Quaker Social Action is one of the largest independent Quaker charities in the United Kingdom, running five projects in London's East End. For more information, visit <www.quakersocialaction.com>, or contact QSA at +4420 8983 9199 or <qsa@dial.pipex.com>.

■ BULLETIN BOARD

Upcoming events

- April 12–16—Southeastern Yearly Meeting
- April 13–16—South Central Yearly Meeting
- April 13–16—FWCC, Europe and Middle East Annual Meeting
- April 13–18—Europe and Middle East Young Friends Spring Gathering in Barcelona, Spain.
- April 20–23—Ireland Yearly Meeting
- April 27–30—Quakers Uniting in Publications Annual Meeting at Powell House in Old Chatham, N.Y. Visit <www.quaker.org/quip> or contact Bruce Hawkins at <bhawkins@science.smith.edu> or Liz Yeats at <quip@2quakers.net> or (512) 719-4283.
- May 26–29—Alternatives to Violence Project United States National Conference, "Walls to Bridges," at Stonehill College near Boston, Mass. For more information visit <www.avpboston2006.org>, call Rubye Braye at (703) 864-3769 or (910) 681-0670, or contact Peg Erlanger at <perlanger@rcn.com> or (617) 558-5575.
- June 2–4—First Conference the Quaker Initiative to End Torture, co-sponsored by Friends World Committee for Consultation, at Guilford College in Greensboro, N.C., with keynote speaker Jennifer K. Harbury, author of *Truth, Torture, and the American*

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• August 27–September 1—Ninth International AVP Gathering, "Enabling Sustainable Transformation," near Johannesburg, South Africa. Now calling for papers and workshop ideas; send title and 500-word outline by May 30 to 8a Gill Street, Observatory, Johannesburg, South Africa. For more information visit www.phaphama.org, e-mail Rosie Aubrey at rosie@phaphama.org, or call Rubye Braye at (703) 864-3769 or (910) 681-0670.

Opportunities

The Quaker Institute for the Future, which began with the vision of helping to generate systematic insight and knowledge that can inform public policy with Quaker testimonies, is now accepting applications for its Summer Research Seminar to be held in Bar Harbor, Maine, from July 8 to August 6. This is an opportunity to work on individual research projects within the community of Quaker scholars and practitioners, and a unique research environment incorporating Quaker process and communal discernment. Visit www.QuakerInstitute.org. Contact Gray Cox, SRS Coordinator, at gray@coa.edu or (207) 288-3888.

Resources

• Friends General Conference has developed a new service for isolated Friends and seekers. QuakerFinder.org already provides seekers and Friends with the location of the nearest Friends meeting or church. But what if that meeting is too far away? The website's newest feature lets individuals register and search for others interested in Quakerism closer to home. For help starting a new worship group, or to sign up without Internet access, contact Martin Kelley, Advancement and Outreach Coordinator, FGC, 1216 Arch Street, 2B, Philadelphia, PA 19107; call (215) 561-1700; or e-mail martink@fgcquaker.org.

• A Spanish translation of Pacific Yearly Meeting's *Faith and Practice*, *Fe Y Practica*, is now available from the AFSC Bookstore at 980 N. Fair Oaks Ave., Pasadena, CA 91103.

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Marriages/Unions

Sheldon-Williams—*Fran Williams and Paul Sheldon*, on October 8, 2005, under the care of Lansdowne (Pa.) Meeting, where Paul is a member. In addition to traditional vows, Paul declared, "This love is intended not to encumber your freedom, but to support you along your life path, so that you may live fully and authentically."

Deaths

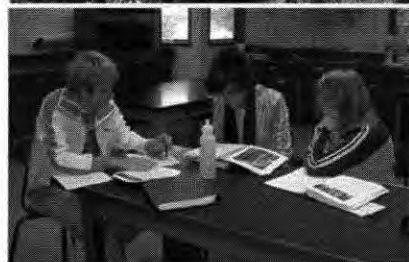
Bansen—*Elizabeth (Lisi) Mutch Bansen*, 40, on November 4, 2005, in Saint Louis, Mo., after being struck by a car. Although federal law makes wheelchair access a civil right, much of the sidewalk along her three-block route was either broken or choked with weeds, and lacked a curb cut, forcing her to use the street. A streetlight near the crash scene was not functioning. Lisi was born on April 11, 1965, in Philadelphia, Pa. The daughter of Richard Bansen and Shirley Mutch Bansen, Lisi attended Germantown Friends School from kindergarten through 12th grade, graduating in 1983. She worked for one year in the nursery at Germantown Friends, then attended Earlham College in Richmond, Ind. During her second year at Earlham, Lisi had a recurrence of a benign brain tumor that had been operated on twice before. The aftereffects of surgery left her motor skills and speech damaged, but her intellect and wit intact. The hardest part for this animated, perceptive woman was that her thoughts came much more quickly than her ability to express them. She earned her BA in Human Development and Family Studies from University of Nevada, Reno, in 1998, then moved to Columbia, Mo., where she was politically and socially active in organizations for disabled people and in the Religious Society of Friends. She started a support group for women with disabilities. In 2002 she moved to St. Louis and worked for a year as a disability counselor in the Missouri chapter of the federal AmeriCorps program. Most recently she was employed by the Metro Co-housing Group. She continued to be active as an advocate for the disabled, through political and social action organizations such as a drama group called The Disability Project. She was an active and beloved member of St. Louis Meeting and well known in her neighborhood. At the time of her death she was looking forward to being part of a collaborative housing development planned in the Central West End, and to starting her new job as recycling coordinator for the project. Lisi is remembered as an independent woman with lightning-fast wit, determined never to let her disabilities impede her from doing what she believed in. She had a deeply felt concern for others, and a commitment to improving the lives of people with disabilities. In her tragically short life, she enriched and inspired many who will always hold her in their hearts. Lisi is survived by her parents, Richard and Shirley Mutch Bansen; two sisters, Cynthia B. Travis and Sarah M. Bansen; and a brother, Peter A. Bansen.

Clark—*George Marvin Clark Jr.*, 82, on July 1, 2005, at home in Troy, N.Y. Marvin was born on May 19, 1923, in Pittsburg, Tex. Marvin served in the Navy during World War II, and earned his BS in 1944 and MS in Mechanical Engineering in 1947, both from University of Texas. While work-

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ing as an industrial engineer, he was inspired while participating in several Philadelphia workcamps led by David and Mary Richie. He and wife, Sue, moved into the Hill District of Pittsburgh, Pa., and started a weekend workcamp and housing rehab project with help from the local Quaker meeting and the Hill District People's Forum. He later studied management at the London School of Economics and, back in Texas, worked as an industrial engineer and stockbroker, and operated a cattle and timber farm. In Troy, N.Y., he was director of part-time studies. There, each winter for nine years, he and his sons designed and operated a neighborhood ice skating park in his yard that incorporated jumps, slides, and iced slopes. When students were killed at Kent State University while protesting the Vietnam War, Marvin had become a convinced pacifist. He was a member of Albany Meeting, where he served as clerk. He was part of a group from the meeting that gathered in Washington, D.C., to "hold Richard Nixon in the Light" and was arrested there for praying on the sidewalk in front of the White House. Convinced by taking polls that showed overwhelming support for eliminating all nuclear weapons in the world, he and Sue traveled through the Midwest for several months, talking to groups. They spent more than a month meeting with city council members throughout South Dakota, resulting in many of the councils passing resolutions for nuclear abolition. In the 1990s, the couple established a committee for global demilitarization that promoted sending monthly e-mail messages to heads of nuclear states, urging them to eliminate their weapons of mass destruction. In 1995 this group helped Nobel laureate and former President of Costa Rica Oscar Arias raise funds to publicize the desire of most Haitians to abolish their military, which the then president, Jean-Bertrand Aristide, put into effect. Marvin took great joy in observing natural wonders and learning to appreciate other creatures. In the woods near Petersburg, N.Y., he constructed bridges and built innovative structures including his own cabin. Marvin was predeceased by his sister, Margery Funderburk. He is survived by his wife, Sue Clark; two daughters, Linda Clark and Gabriella Bavrielle; four sons, Russell, Rex, Lee, and Dan Clark; and ten grandchildren.

Goertzen—Ernie Goertzen, 78, on July 22, 2004, in Deadwood, Ore., of heart failure. Ernie was born on February 14, 1926, in Marion County, Kans., the only son of Jacob S. and Pauline Unruh Goertzen. He had 40 first cousins. He grew up on the farm, and walked two miles each day to reach the one-room schoolhouse he loved. He was drafted at age 18 to serve in World War II, but became a Mennonite conscientious objector, working first for a civilian service center in South Dakota where he helped build an earth dam, then in an institution for the mentally ill. After the war, he entered Bethel College in North Newton, Kans., earning a one-year provisional teaching certificate that let him return home to teach in the one-room schoolhouse. He taught for a year before returning to college, where he met Mary Lou Rich, a fellow Mennonite. Ernie and Mary Lou were married in 1951. They took up singing duets, which they continued to do until the day before Ernie died. For two years they staffed a school in western Kansas, dividing six classes between them, then taught for three years at

a school in Henderson, Nebr. Thinking they were unable to have children, they adopted their first child, David, in 1955. After Ernie had completed a master's in Library Science at University of Illinois and won a position at Kansas State University, the couple found that Mary Lou was pregnant. Their daughter, Anya, was born in 1959; and they adopted a second son, Jonevan, born in 1961. Ernie was appointed head librarian at Kansas State, but after miraculously surviving a near-fatal car accident, he resigned his position. In 1965, he and Mary Lou moved to Berkeley, Calif., to try their luck as artists. Ernie quickly became a successful painter. The couple joined Berkeley Meeting in 1967. In 1970, they joined two couples from the Catholic and Unitarian fellowships to form a living community contiguous to Fort Hunter-Liggett, a strong military presence. Officers at the Fort came to respect and admire members of the community, and Ernie shone in his role as nonjudgmental peacemaker, his sense of humor and finesse becoming essential to the community. After returning to Berkeley in 1975, they learned of a new community called Alpha Farm in Deadwood, Ore., and they moved again. They then had a one-room schoolhouse on their own acre of land. They formed a home business called Schoolhouse Arts, and began printing their artwork for sale. The business expanded, and from 1983 to 1987 they ran a store in Eugene, Ore., called Simple Gifts. In time the store became Goertzen's Gifts and China, as Mary Lou's art was reproduced on fine china. They often sang duets for their customers. During the Gulf War, the Goertzens joined the Siuslaw Peace Force in opposing the war. Ernie's last art project was sketching homes for a Deadwood calendar. By then, his physical condition was getting worse. On the eve of his death, with Mary Lou and Anya joining in, Ernie sang his last song for the hospice nurses. A biographical sketch based on interviews with Mary Lou and their children, entitled "Memories of an Artist," was printed with many of Ernie's sketches. Wherever they went, they brought the joy of their music and their art. Ernie was survived by his wife of 53 years, Mary Lou Goertzen; two sons, David and Jonevan Goertzen; daughter Anya Goertzen Lecuyer; and a grandson, Collins Goertzen.

Jones—J. Parry Jones, 86, on August 10, 2005, in Newtown, Pa. Parry was born in Wrexham, Wales, on March 31, 1919, the third of four children of John M. and Catherine E. Jones. As an adolescent he lived in Machynlleth and often roamed the surrounding mountains, which he came to love. During his one year as an agricultural student at University of Wales, he formed friendships that strengthened his deep belief in pacifism. In 1940, after Britain entered World War II, he was granted unconditional exemption from military service as a conscientious objector, and joined Friends Ambulance Unit, first doing air raid rescue work in London during the blitz, and from 1941 to 1945 working in "Free" China as a truckdriver, delivering medical supplies to the civilian population. After the war he spent two years, again under Friends' auspices, working in Madras, India, on a famine relief project. In 1947 Parry came to the United States to take up a scholarship offered by Swarthmore College, where he received a BA in History in 1950. During this time he joined the Religious Society of Friends with a membership in Radnor

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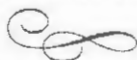
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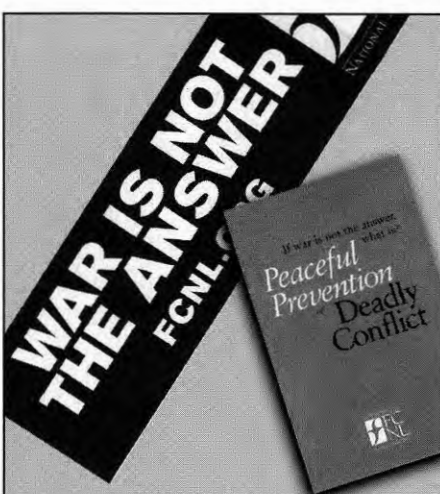
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(Pa.) Meeting. He began a teaching career in Philadelphia, and in 1953 married Elise Faulkner in Brookline, Mass. From late 1955 until early 1957, he worked in Lahore, Pakistan, as executive secretary of the Family Planning Association of Pakistan. He returned to the United States to teach, and, from 1958 to 1964, taught at George School, where he developed a course in Chinese and Indian history. From 1966 until his retirement in 1979 he taught history at Princeton Day School in New Jersey, specializing in European and Asian history. At various times he served on the Boards of ACLU of Pennsylvania, FRIENDS JOURNAL, and Planned Parenthood Association of Bucks County. In later years he transferred his membership to Newtown Meeting. Parry's sense of adventure and love of places and people gave him enjoyment throughout his life journey. From the Welsh mountains of his youth to the rutted roads of China, the jungles of southern India, and his classrooms in the United States, he always enjoyed experiencing at a very intimate level the diverse environments in which he found himself. His lifelong pursuits included Welsh nationalism, choral music, sheep farming, tennis, and his global concerns for civil rights and peace. First and foremost a Welshman, he remained in close touch with childhood contemporaries, colleagues from China and India, and former students going back to the 1950s. Parry is survived by his wife, Elise Faulkner Jones; three sons, Gwyndaf M., Dafydd P., and Owen F. Jones; four grandchildren; and his sister, Gwenllian M. Evans.

Millman—Mary Millman, 91, on January 7, 2005, in Eugene, Oreg., of kidney failure. Mary was born on April 27, 1914, to missionary parents in Podili, India. Her childhood there, as the oldest of four daughters, was a blend of fun, freedom, loneliness, strict discipline, and a constant striving for the moral high ground. She formed an early personal relationship with the natural world around her, naming the rivers and streams her sisters, the trees her cousins, and later, the ocean her mother. The Earth was her dwelling place. This love of nature would sustain her through the loneliness and depression she experienced at age 14, when she was left in the United States for seven years, while the rest of her family returned to India after a furlough. Mary also found sustenance in self-expression through writing. She was only 15 when her first article was published. Mary graduated from Wellesley College in 1935, and later earned a master's in Library Science. In 1937 she married Owen Booth, a free-spirited sign painter and cabinet maker. Their twins, Heather and Annie, were born in Taos, N.Mex., where Mary was employed by the Taos County Project of the Harwood Foundation, a social experiment in cooperative living. She began her active membership with Friends in 1947 in West Chester, Pa. She continued to write for herself and for others: book reviews, essays, articles, and poems for numerous Quaker publications. Her work reflected her intense connection to nature and her evolving sense of self. In 1974, Ram Dass stirred a great excitement in Mary about the difference between having to "do" and being able to "be." His work, and that of Thich Nhat Hanh, moved her to "the practice of presence." She believed she was meant to enjoy life—to love, to give thanks, to relate to others, to do what she could to alleviate any suffering she saw around her. After

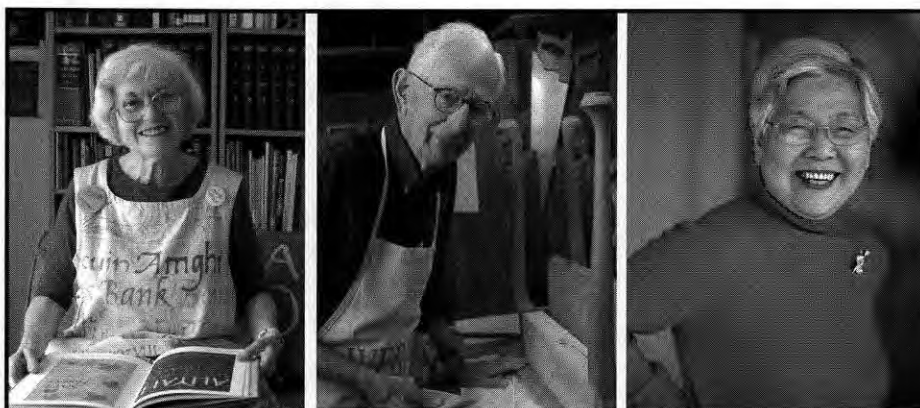
36 years of marriage and two years as a widow Mary met Arthur Millman. They were married in Santa Rosa, Calif., in 1975 and at various times were members of the Santa Rosa Meeting, Pima (Ariz.) Meeting, and Multnomah (Oreg.) Meeting, before joining Eugene (Oreg.) Meeting in 1985. Mary always held numerous offices and committee positions, gave faithful attendance at meetings for worship for business, and actively participated in meeting events. Mary's love of the outdoors led her to the Eugene Obsidians. Between 1985 and 2000 she participated in 242 hikes and summer camps, a significant achievement for which she received an award in February 2004. Mary knew her mind and spoke it; she was forthright, direct, and challenging. Mary is survived by two daughters, Annie Fine and Heather Booth; two sisters, Barbara Graham and Vera Bleasdale; and a grandchild.

Shamis—Richard Shamis, 85, on January 28, 2005, in Sacramento, Calif. Richard was born on December 16, 1919, in Chicago, Ill., to Estelle Blazek and John Adam Shamis. He spent his early years in Chicago and graduated from University of Illinois at Urbana with a degree in electrical engineering, then left for Washington, D.C., where he worked for the federal government. He became an expert in the use of radar. After World War II, he was active in the space program. He retired from the federal government when he was 47. After earning a master's degree in Public Administration, Richard went to work for the city and county of San Francisco, where he was placed in charge of Hetch Hetchy, San Francisco's water supply. In San Francisco he met Elizabeth Lawrence, and the couple was married in 1971. In 1977 Richard retired again, and moved with his family to England, returning 12 years later to Sacramento, where he worked for the state of California. He retired a third and final time in 2000. A member of Falls (Pa.) Meeting, for years Richard regularly attended Sacramento (Calif.) Meeting and Hastings Meeting in England. He rarely spoke in meeting, but was actively interested in Friends' concerns. He excelled in engineering problems, and Sacramento Meeting appreciated his expertise when building its meetinghouse. Richard had a great concern for his family, and all who knew him miss his steadfast presence. He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth Shamis; daughters, Helen Jordan and Deborah Schwartz; and grandson, Jasper Jordan.

Smith—Harriette Marie Smith, 89, on July 26, 2005, in Loveland, Colo. Harriette was born on March 5, 1916, in Navarre, Kans., to Harry Jason Smith and Mary Kaufman Smith. Harriette grew up in Topeka, Kans., where she attended public schools, then studied for two years at McPherson College. Harriette's gentle and kindly disposition and sincere concern for the welfare of others shaped her choice of work throughout her life, including secretarial work in the social work offices of the state of Kansas; at the Church of the Brethren Headquarters in Elgin, Ill.; and at the World Council of Churches in New York City. While in New York she underwent Jungian analysis, then worked as an educational assistant at Hartford Retreat in Connecticut. Returning to Illinois, she worked in the men's diagnostic ward at Elgin State Hospital. During World War II she assisted Nisei to find employment and housing at the Brooklyn Japanese

hostel. In 1947 she married Don Elton Smith and moved to California, where the couple began attending an unprogrammed meeting in Whittier. In 1951 they became members of Palo Alto Meeting. Harriette helped establish Monterey Peninsula Meeting and Grass Valley Meeting, where she served as clerk. She studied Library Management at Sacramento State College and worked in libraries at Hartnell and LaVerne University. She was a member of a group that planned and founded John Woolman Friends School in Nevada City, Calif., and in 1963 she established a library for the new school, where she served as librarian until her retirement in 1980. She led a number of off-campus service projects for students, taught a class about women in American history, and regularly visited shut-ins. In 1997 Harriette and Don moved to Colorado and transferred their membership to Fort Collins Meeting. Harriette always sought to deepen her understanding of the spiritual dimension of life. She enjoyed reading biography and devotional books, and regularly attended musical and theatre events. She appreciated the beauty of the natural world, and in younger years liked to cycle and hike. All of these interests were gifts that she quietly yet indelibly passed on to her daughters. Harriette is survived by her husband, Don Elton Smith; two daughters, Melinda Bart and Pamela Bolesta; four granddaughters; and two sisters, Ruth Miller and Wilma Shank.

Thomasson—Lawrence (Larry) Calloway Thomasson Jr., 61, on September 16, 2004, at his home in Philadelphia, Pa. Larry was born on September 19, 1942, to Lawrence and Sarah Thomasson in the Mt. Airy/Germantown section of Philadelphia. He graduated from Germantown High School, where he was an outstanding athlete and scholar. At 17, he joined the Air Force, became a medic, and then quickly turned against war. Upon returning to civilian life, he attended Temple University. In the 1960s and 1970s, Larry was a well-known singer/songwriter in the Philadelphia coffee house scene and on the East Coast. His unique blend of blues, country, and folk won him high praise. During the late 1960s, he also worked for American Friends Service Committee on civil rights issues. In the late 1970s, he began designing and managing water treatment systems for hemodialysis at Thomas Jefferson University Hospital and elsewhere. He married Joyce Rohde, and they had a son, Casey, whom they raised in Mt. Airy. In his 50s, Larry, always a strong athlete, had back surgery that limited his mobility. He spiraled into a deep depression that brought him to a veterans' shelter in West Philadelphia. As he emerged from despair, Larry felt the Divine had given him an opportunity to live in a state of mindfulness, prayer, and gratitude. He was inspired by Thomas Kelly's admonitions in *A Testament of Devotion*. During this time, Larry reunited with Kathryn Kitsi Watterson, with whom he had protested the Vietnam War, and worked on behalf of prisoners' rights. The couple united their lives, their work, and their children; got arrested together demonstrating against the War on Iraq; and felt blessed every day. Larry began playing his guitar and harmonica again. He was performing regularly and planning a European tour when he was diagnosed with gall bladder cancer in 2004. Larry played his last concert and recorded an album, *I'm Still Loving You*, the very next month.



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Larry served as co-clerk of Central Philadelphia Monthly Meeting's Ad-Hoc Committee on Race and Racism, was a member of the Friends General Conference Central Committee, FGC's Committee for Ministry on Racism, Vanessa Jule's Ministerial Care Committee on Racism in the community, and served on the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Working on Racism Committee. He was known to Quakers through his work on racism and modern-day slavery, and was particularly interested in what he saw as the slavery used in the production of perhaps 80 percent of the cocoa currently consumed in chocolate in the United States. Larry is survived by two sons, Casey Leland Thomasson and Zachary David Watterson; and his "heart-daughters," Leslie and Lauren Oshana and Charity Marshall.

Werle—Martha Grawols Werle, 82, on October 4, 2004, in Kennett Square, Pa. Martha was born on August 8, 1922, into a Quaker family in Evanston, Ill. The teachings of Quakerism profoundly affected her life. She attended Swarthmore College, where her love for learning and curiosity flourished. Fascinated by new ideas and new places, she traveled to over 60 countries, at one point prompting a British Immigration Office to remark "Trying to fit us all in, are you?" Martha relished that story because it so aptly captured her enthusiasm for exploration and her success in achieving her goals. In 1942, Martha married a young Navy doctor, Bert Kanwit. Together they had five children. Martha's lifelong interest in learning brought her back to school when her children were older. She earned a master's degree from Teacher's College of Columbia University and taught disadvantaged inner-city children in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. She later became a doctoral candidate at Columbia, before being recruited by her sister Marian and Marian's husband, Kenneth Roberts, to manage Harbor House Restaurant at the Worton Creek Marina, Md. For seven years she combined her love of food with a buoyant personality to make Harbor House a labor of love. In 2001, Martha moved to Kendal Retirement Community in Kennett Square, Pa. She immersed herself fully in the community, volunteering for numerous activities and committees. She made many good friends there and felt a true sense of belonging. Martha will be remembered, above all, for her enthusiasm, compassion, sparkling and engaged intellect, and her love. She is survived by two daughters, Elizabeth and Anna Kanwit; three sons, Glen, John, and Thomas Kanwit; a sister, Marian Roberts; 12 grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

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Kernika Gupta '05

Activities: Co-President of Religious Life Committee, Co-Editor-In-Chief of Yearbook, Indian Dancer

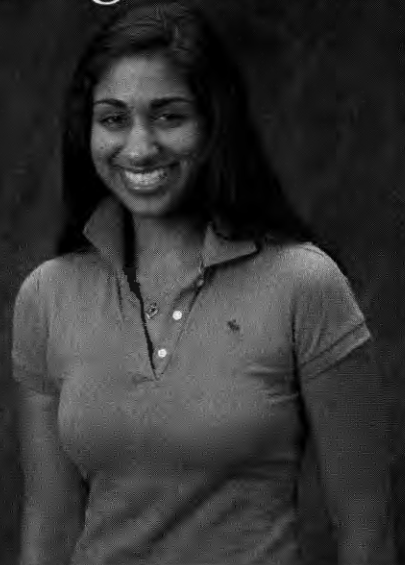
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Forum

continued from page 5

JOURNAL that we passed our first Minute on Sustainability in August 2001—see <http://www.friendsjournal.org/01minutes17A.htm>

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70	6.5%	\$650	\$3,401
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

I found "Another Marriage among Friends" by Georgana Foster in your January issue to be a particularly valuable addition to the JOURNAL's ongoing dialogue on this topic.

My own letter on the topic, "What is the Meaning of Marriage?" was in the August 2005 Forum, and my recent marriage sent me on a spiritual journey that I hope to have the time to put in writing at some point. In the meantime, here is a suggestion/observation on a different tack, for whatever it may be worth.

I find your Milestones often enlightening and inspirational, with their accounts of the lives of deceased friends. But the Marriages/Unions section has never seemed to contribute much. I'm not sure of its purpose and I certainly don't find it interesting. Do you want to liven it up, and perhaps find a way to contribute to the ongoing dialogue through a back door? Consider placing this:

"Sheldon-Williams—Fran Williams and Paul Sheldon, on October 8, 2005, under the care of Lansdowne Meeting, where Paul is a member. In addition to traditional vows, Paul declared, 'This love is intended not to encumber your freedom, but to support you along your life path, so that you may live fully and authentically.'"

I think this might be a way to liven up "marriages" and contribute to a very

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interesting topic that's come to the recent attention of FRIENDS JOURNAL readers.

Paul Sheldon
Drexel Hill, Pa.

[Note: We have followed Paul Sheldon's suggestion in this month's Milestones column. Comments are welcome. —Eds.]

An elephant in the room

Quakers, at times, seem to be so intent on being loving and kind that we are afraid to be forthcoming. We are often enablers because we allow people to hurt our feelings without letting them know. This leads us to harbor resentments and allows those whose behaviors are hurtful to continue them without becoming aware of their effect. We are timid under the cloak of kindness and nobody grows. Where is the benefit?

It truly takes a certain amount of bravery to face one another with these kinds of issues, but who ever said serving God was easy? Bringing uncomfortable issues into the open may be the most difficult challenge we have before us. It is much easier to grapple with issues concerning others than it is to be honest, face-to-face, with someone else about our bruised feelings. On these occasions we need to find a way to work with one another in a loving and forgiving way and learn to say with kindness, "My feelings were hurt when such and such happened, and I have not been able to let it go." When we avoid this difficult challenge, we allow our wounds to fester, our inner peace is lost, and our resentment becomes a problem for the whole meeting. Running away doesn't help you, and it doesn't help us.

This is not a naive message asking us all to be best friends. That isn't even necessary. One isn't expected to like everybody. This is a suggestion that, when relationships in meeting need healing, we communicate, work out the conflicts, and then lay them to rest. "Let go and let God." In order to live in the Light and achieve inner peace, it is necessary to learn to disagree without anger.

This is the elephant in the room that nobody wants to talk about.

Lisa Stewart
Greenacres, Fla.

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Looking for a creative living alternative in New York City? Penington Friends House may be the place for you! We are looking for people of all ages who want to make a serious commitment to a community lifestyle based on Quaker principles. For information call (212) 673-1730. We also have overnight accommodations.

Santa Fe—Simply charming adobe guest apartment at our historic meetinghouse. Fireplace, bath, kitchenette, very convenient to downtown and galleries, as well as our tranquil garden. One night—one month stays, affordable. Call (505) 983-7241.

Pittsburgh—Well located, affordable, third-floor (walkup) guest rooms with shared bath. Single or double occupancy. Kitchen available. Contact: House Manager, Friends Meetinghouse, 4836 Ellsworth Avenue, Pittsburgh, PA 15213. Telephone: (412) 683-2669.

Beacon Hill Friends House: Quaker-sponsored residence of 19 interested in community living, spiritual growth, peace, and social concerns. All faiths welcome. For information, application: BHFH, 6 Chestnut Street, Boston, MA 02108-3624, (617) 227-9118. Overnight and short-term accommodations also available. directors@bhfh.org, www.bhfh.org.

Chicago—Affordable guest accommodations in historic Friends meetinghouse. Short- or long-term. Contact: Sofia Community, Quaker House, 5615 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, IL 60637. (773) 288-3066.

Coming to London? Friendly B&B just a block from the British Museum and very close to London University. A central location for all tourist activities. Ideal for persons traveling alone. Direct subway and bus links with Heathrow Airport. The Penn Club, 21 Bedford Place, London WC1B 5JJ. Telephone: +44 (207) 636-4718. Fax: +44 (207) 636-5516. www.pennclub.co.uk.

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Ashland, Ore.—Friendly place in Southern Oregon for outstanding theater, rafting, fishing, birding, quiet time. **Anne Hathaway's B&B and Garden Suites.** <www.ashlandbandb.com>; (800) 643-4434.

Quaker Hill Conference Center—Richmond, Indiana. Overnight accommodations at Woodard Lodge and the historic Evans House are available year-round for travelers to the Richmond area. Our facilities are also available for retreats, meetings, family get-togethers, and other private gatherings. For details and reservations call (765) 962-5741, e-mail <quakerhill@parallax.ws>, or visit our website at <http://www.qhcc.org>.

Books and Publications

Voices from the Silence, by Stanford J. Searl, Jr. This is a book about Quaker silent worship in the United States and England. One reader said, "Lyrical, deeply moving"; another, "a powerful read"; and a third, "a must read." Buy directly at (888) 280-7715 or <authorhouse.com>, click on "Bookstore," put in "Searl," and there's the book.

ANIMATED CHILDREN'S BOOKS
Profits to Quaker Organizations. Wehr Animations, P.O. Box 7487, Boulder, CO 80306.
<www.WehrAnimations.com>

Rise Up Singing. Large 9X12 edition now available. \$25. New Annie Patterson CD, many other CDs, songbooks beloved to Friends, at Annie & Peter's website: <www.quakersong.org>.

PENDLE HILL BOOKSTORE
More than 2000 books on Quakerism, religion, spirituality, peace, art, and social justice. Also children's books, wind chimes, and hand-crafted pottery.

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Pendle Hill Pamphlets are timely essays on many facets of Quaker life, thought, and spirituality, readable at one sitting. Subscribe to receive six pamphlets/year for \$20 (US). Also available: every pamphlet published previously by Pendle Hill. (800) 742-3150 ext. 2 or <bookstore@pendlehill.org>.

Free Quaker Pamphlets
Older Pendle Hill Pamphlets, Quaker Universalists, William Penn Lectures, for study groups, workshops, educational programs, individual journeys.
<http://pamphlets.quaker.org>

Friends Bulletin, magazine of Western U.S. Quakers, subscription \$16. Sample copies free. *A Western Quaker Reader*. \$20. Pamphlet "Islam from a Quaker Perspective": \$4 (including postage). Friends Bulletin, 3223 Danaha Street, Torrance, CA 90505. <westernquaker.net>; <friendsbul@aol.com>.

You're in good company with Friends United Press authors, including Douglas Steere, Howard Thurman, Daisy Newman, John Punshon, Tom Mullen, Doug Gwyn, Louise Wilson, Wil Cooper, T. Canby Jones, D. Elton Trueblood, and, of course, George Fox, John Woolman, and William Penn. Inspiration, humor, fiction, and history that take you to the roots of Quaker beginnings, belief, and beyond. Write: 101-A Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374 for a free catalog or call (800) 537-8839. <www.fum.org>.

Quaker Books: Rare and out-of-print journals, history, religion, inspirational. Contact us for specific books or topics. Vintage Books, 181 Hayden Rowe Street, Hopkinton, MA 01748. (508) 435-3499. E-mail us at <vintage@gis.net>.

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

COMMON LIGHT MEETINGPLACE EVENTS

March 10-11 **Courage To Be at Home in the Body**, with Barbara Nerenz-Kelley
March 24-25 **Compassionate Communication: Two-day Intensive Workshop on Skills To Resolve Conflicts with Self and Others**, with Catherine Clement
April 12-May 31 **Wednesdays Non-Violence, Prayer, and Peacemaking: Deepening the Journey**, with Daniel O. Snyder

April 21-22 **Courage To Be at Work: The Power of Self**, with Martha Summerville
April 28-29 **Intuitive Painting: Exploring the Artist Within**, with Gaetana Friedman
May 19-20 **Poetry Engendering Courage**, with Beth and Mel Keiser and Guilford College Alumni



A Quaker-based initiative to deepen and integrate our well-being—spiritual, intellectual, imaginative, bodily—working together to cultivate personal wholeness and to mend the world. Swannanoa Valley Friends Meeting workshops here Sundays 9:30 a.m.

In Black Mountain, N.C. (137 Center Avenue), on a wooded site at the confluence of two streams—amidst stillness, simplicity, spaciousness, openness to nature—we address communal dimensions of local, national, and global society. First year theme Seeds of Peace/Seeds of War; 2005-6 theme Dialogues on Courage. <www.commonlight.org>; Beth and Mel Keiser: (828) 669-3616, <info@commonlight.org>.

Events at Pendle Hill

March 6-9: **Restoration**, with John Calvi
March 10-12: **Genesis 1-11: Working and Playing with the Biblical Overture**, with Georgia Fuller
April 7-9: **Alternatives to Violence Project: Basic Training**, with Stephen Angell, Nancy Diaz, Archana Gour, Viv Hawkins, and John Meyer
April 17-20: **The Rise of Liberal Quakerism 1650-1920**, with Thomas Hamm; "Home Is Where One Starts From"; **Literature of Place**, with Paul Lacey

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



Quakers in Pastoral Care and Counseling (QPCC) Conference 2006. We Shall All Be Changed: Exploring God's Love Through Health Changes. March 30-April 2, Quaker Hill Conference Center in Richmond, Ind. Peter Blood-Patterson, Elaine Emily, Bill Ratliff, Elizabeth Dearborn, Maureen Flannery presenting and responding. Additional information at <www.qpcc.us>.

Seeking Potter(s) and Family to share beautiful studios in the Adirondack Mountains. Farmhouse, wood/salt kiln, established pottery. Friendly rural community. A good living and a good life. Please Inquire to Paul at: Hurricane Mountain Pottery in Keene, New York; (518) 576-9121, <studio@hurricanemountain.org>.

Come to **Prince Edward Island** and indulge your creative spirit by taking a **one-week July '06 arts workshop** with a local artist, in an "experiential holiday" beautiful fishing village environment. <www.peischoolofhearts.com>. (902) 886-2369.

Yoga instructor available, southeastern Pa. I will come to your home, workplace, or meeting. Beginner & intermediate students. Also trained in prenatal/postpartum yoga. Available to lead retreats on yoga & prayer. Contact Lisa Rand (610) 369-0778 or <lisarand@alumnet.simmons.edu>.

Teach English in China. YingwenTeach, a Friendly Tucson organization, seeks adventuresome souls to teach conversational English for long- or short-term (2, 3, or 4 weeks). Chinese schools provide salary, free housing, and more. Contact Shane at <info@yingwenteach.com>.

**Vincula a los Amigos
Sobrepasa Barreras Culturales
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Contact Friends World Committee for Consultation Section of the Americas for information about planned gift opportunities ranging from life income gifts (such as charitable gift annuities) to language for including FWCC in your estate plans. Louise Salinas, Associate Secretary, (215) 241-7251, <louises@fwccamericas.org>.

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) 728-9887.



Friends Council on Education & Friends Association for Higher Education Conference at George School June 22-25, 2006, "Deepening Our Roots, Spreading Our Branches."

Exploring core Quaker values and the generative possibilities for our educational communities and the world, and celebrating the 75th anniversary of the Friends Council on Education.

African Summer Workcamps 2006—The African Great Lakes Initiative (AGLI) of Friends Peace Teams is sponsoring international workcamps in Burundi, Kenya, Rwanda, and Uganda. The two-day pre-service training begins on June 23 near Washington, D.C., and ends on July 29. Workcamps will assist with building or rebuilding homes, clinics, and/or schools. Visit our website at <www.aglionline.org> or contact Dawn Rubbert, <dawn@aglionline.org>.

Young Adult Leadership Development at Pendle Hill: Young people from diverse backgrounds live in community and explore Quaker practices of faith and service. In the interns' own words: "an amazing opportunity to live, work, play, study, and worship for seven weeks in a beautiful, resource-rich community...a chance to learn from and alongside inspirational people and reconnect with your spiritual center, and be supported in off-campus social justice work." Ages 18-24, June 18-August 6, 2006. Modest stipend.
Contact: Blake Lipsett, (610) 566-4507/(800) 742-3150, ext 160; <blipsett@pendlehill.org>.

Spirit-Centered Service Scholarships at Pendle Hill: Are you called to service? Pendle Hill offers ten full scholarships to study and provide Spirit-Centered Service on and off campus from September 2006 to June 2007. Several service scholars will be involved in peace work with youth in the Social Action Social Witness program in Chester, Pa. Room, board, tuition, and health insurance provided.

Contact: Bobbi Kelly, (610) 566-4507/(800) 742-3150, ext. 137; <admissions@pendlehill.org>.

Quaker Writers and Artists!

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

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>.

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

Personals

Golden Threads Celebrations for Older Lesbians, 20th annual gathering, June 22-25, 2006 in Provincetown, MA; music, books, sexuality, spirituality, dancing, banquet, 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



Pendle Hill seeks applications for two residential **Core Teachers** to begin September 1, 2006. The **Arts & Spirituality Teacher** is the principal Arts teacher. The 2nd position will focus on **Spiritual Nurture** for students and teach courses that enhance the Pendle Hill curriculum. Inquiries or résumés should be sent to Karyn Payton, (610) 566-4507, ext 129 or (800) 742-3150, ext 129; <Kpayton@pendlehill.org> or fax: (610) 566-3679. Deadline March 15, 2006. Pendle Hill is an equal opportunity employer.

Volunteer Internship at Ben Lomond Quaker Center, a retreat and conference center near Santa Cruz, Calif. 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.

RETREAT CENTER DIRECTORS

Ben Lomond (CA) Quaker Center. Two full-time positions providing spiritual leadership to West Coast Friends. Develop workshops; manage staff, finances, and facilities; fundraise; work closely with spirit-led Board. Compensation includes: salary, housing, utilities, benefits, glorious coastal redwoods. Seeking applications from couples or individuals. GLBT and persons of color welcomed. Check website to confirm opening, review job description, and download application. <www.quakercenter.org>.

ARC Ecumenical Retreat Community in central Minnesota's pine woods seeks year-round residents to welcome retreatants and share simple, sustainable, spiritual lifestyle. Room, board, stipend, health insurance provided. Contact <director@arcetreat.org>.

Community Friends Meeting in Cincinnati seeks **Resident Friends couple** beginning April 1, 2006. Second floor apartment and utilities provided in exchange for care of meetinghouse and beautiful wooded grounds. Located near Xavier University. Send letter of inquiry to Search Committee, 3960 Winding Way, Cincinnati, OH 45229, or e-mail to <rachelisa@erinet.com>.

New England Yearly Meeting seeks full-time **Young Friends/Young Adult Friends Coordinator** beginning 9/2006, to minister to the spiritual needs of high school and college-aged youth. Requires grounding in Quakerism, experience in youth work, skills in communication and retreat organizing. Applications accepted until position filled. Job description: <www.neym.org>. Contact: NEYM, 901 Pleasant St., Worcester, MA 01602-1908. (508) 754-6760. <fieldsec@neym.org>.

GENERAL SECRETARY

Baltimore Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends is seeking to fill a position recently vacated by its General Secretary. An ad hoc Search Committee is convening to discern how the Yearly Meeting will proceed. Details about the new position will be posted in the coming weeks on the Baltimore Yearly Meeting web site, <http://www.bym-rsf.org>.

Upper School Principal Sidwell Friends School



Sidwell Friends, a coeducational Quaker independent day school in Washington, D.C., seeks an experienced and dynamic educator to serve as Upper School Principal. The Principal is the chief academic and administrative officer of the high school (480 students, grades 9-12), having responsibility for all aspects of curricular and co-curricular programs. He/she supervises a staff that includes the Dean of Students, Academic Dean, Director of College Counseling and all Department Heads. The Principal works closely with a variety of student and parent groups and typically teaches one class. He/she is a member of the senior administration, reporting directly to the Head of School. The Principal serves on the Administrative Council, sits with the Board of Trustees, and is a key advisor to the Head of School.

A master's degree or doctorate is preferred, in addition to 7-10 years of both administrative and teaching experience in secondary or higher education. Familiarity with the tenets and practices of the Religious Society of Friends is highly desirable. The position is available July 1, 2006. Salary and benefits are highly competitive. Candidates should send a résumé, cover letter, statement of educational philosophy, and the names of three references to:

Human Resources Director
Sidwell Friends School
3825 Wisconsin Avenue, NW
Washington, D.C. 20016
Fax: (202) 537-2418
<HR@sidwell.edu>
<www.sidwell.edu>

Sidwell Friends is an equal opportunity employer

4th Grade Teacher

Sidwell Friends School, a coeducational Quaker day school with campuses in NW Washington & Bethesda, MD, has an opening for a **4th Grade Teacher for the 2006/2007 academic year**. Ideal candidates will have a sound understanding of young children, strong innovative teaching skills, gentle spirit, sensitivity to a multicultural curriculum, appreciation of the developmental differences among young children, and at least 3 years of experience.

Interested candidates should send a cover letter, current résumé, and contact information for three references to the Director of Human Resources at:

Sidwell Friends School
3825 Wisconsin Avenue, NW, Washington, DC 20016
FAX: (202) 537-2418
<www.sidwell.edu>
<hr@sidwell.edu>

Sidwell Friends School is committed as an institution to the ideal of diversity with regard to race, ethnicity, religion, economics, gender, sexual orientation, and physical disability in its student body, faculty, and staff.

William Penn House & Washington Quaker Workcamps 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. <www.WmPennHouse.org>, <info@WmPennHouse.org>. (202) 543-5560. 515 East Capitol St. SE, Washington, DC 20003.

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 accommodations. Single or married, children of staff warmly welcomed. See our ad on page 35. Call Mike at (609) 688-0368.

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 living 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.

Real Estate

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

CAPE COD REALTOR—specializing in the Falmouth and Bourne areas. I will be happy to help my fellow Friends find a special property on the Cape. Nancy Holland, Coldwell Banker, Joly McAbee Weinert Realty, Inc. Direct Voice Mail: (978) 307-0767. E-mail: <nholland@cape.com>.

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

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

Rentals & Retreats

FOR RENT IN SE ARIZONA. Friends SW Center seeking long term resident(s) who value peace, natural beauty, cooperation, self-sufficiency. Small, furnished farmhouse in 66-acre community. Exceptional climate, magnificent mountain views, birding. Proximity to Mexico, New Mexico. \$300/mo + utilities. References, one month deposit required. Assistive pets only. (520) 642-1648 or <azeveready@juno.com>. Eve or Mariah. Share the beauty!

Tranquil Topsail Island, N.C. New, 2-story house. Three bedrooms, 2.5 baths, sleeps 6. Overlooks marshlands and Intracoastal Waterway. 2 blocks from the beach. 2006 Rental Rates are: 5/6-5/20 \$675; 5/20-8/25 \$925; 8/25-10/7 \$810; 10/7-10/28 \$675. Off-season long-term rentals available. For information, visit website: <www.vrbo.com/31024>. Call (610) 796-1089, or e-mail <Simpleglits1007@aol.com>.

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

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 electric golf carts. 14 miles of beach, championship golf, tennis, croquet, swimming, and fishing. 13,000 acres of maritime wilderness. Many birds and wildflowers. No cars on island. Peaceful, friendly. Rental by day or week. (215) 699-9186.

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

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

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

Retirement Living



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

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>.



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

KENDAL COMMUNITIES and SERVICES FOR OLDER PEOPLE

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

Continuing care retirement communities:

Kendal at Longwood • Crosslands • Kennett Square, Pa.
Kendal at Hanover • Hanover, N.H.
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Kendal at Ithaca • Ithaca, N.Y.
Kendal at Lexington • Lexington, Va.
Kendal on Hudson • Sleepy Hollow, N.Y.
Kendal at Granville • Granville, Ohio

Independent living with residential services:

Coniston and Carmel • Kennett Square, Pa.
The Lathrop Communities • Northampton and Easthampton, Mass.

Nursing care, residential and assisted living:

Barclay Friends • West Chester, Pa.

Advocacy/education programs:

Untie the Elderly • Pa. Restraint Reduction Initiative
Kendal Outreach, LLC
Collage, Assessment Tool for Well Elderly

For information, contact: Doris Lambert, The Kendal Corporation, 1170 E. Baltimore Pike, Kennett Square, PA 19348. (610) 388-5581.
E-mail <info@kcorp.kendal.org>.

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



MEDFORD LEAS

Medford Leas Continuing Care Retirement Community

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

Schools



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Services Offered

Ahimsa Graphics

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.

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

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

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

All Things Calligraphic

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

Summer Camps

Journey's End Farm Camp

offers sessions of two or three weeks for 32 boys and girls, ages 7-12. One-week Family Camp in August. 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. Welcome all races. Apply early. Kristin Curtis, 364 Sterling Road, Newfoundland, PA 18445.
Telephone: (570) 689-3911. Financial aid available.

CAMP CELO: A small farm home camp in the North Carolina mountains. Under Quaker leadership for over 50 years. Boys and girls ages 7-12. 3:1 camper/staff ratio. <www.campcelo.com>. (828) 675-4323.

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 relationship 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 of cooperation rather than competition. For 40 boys, ages 10-14. Two-, three-, and six-week sessions. Please visit our website: <www.nighteaglewilderness.com> 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>.

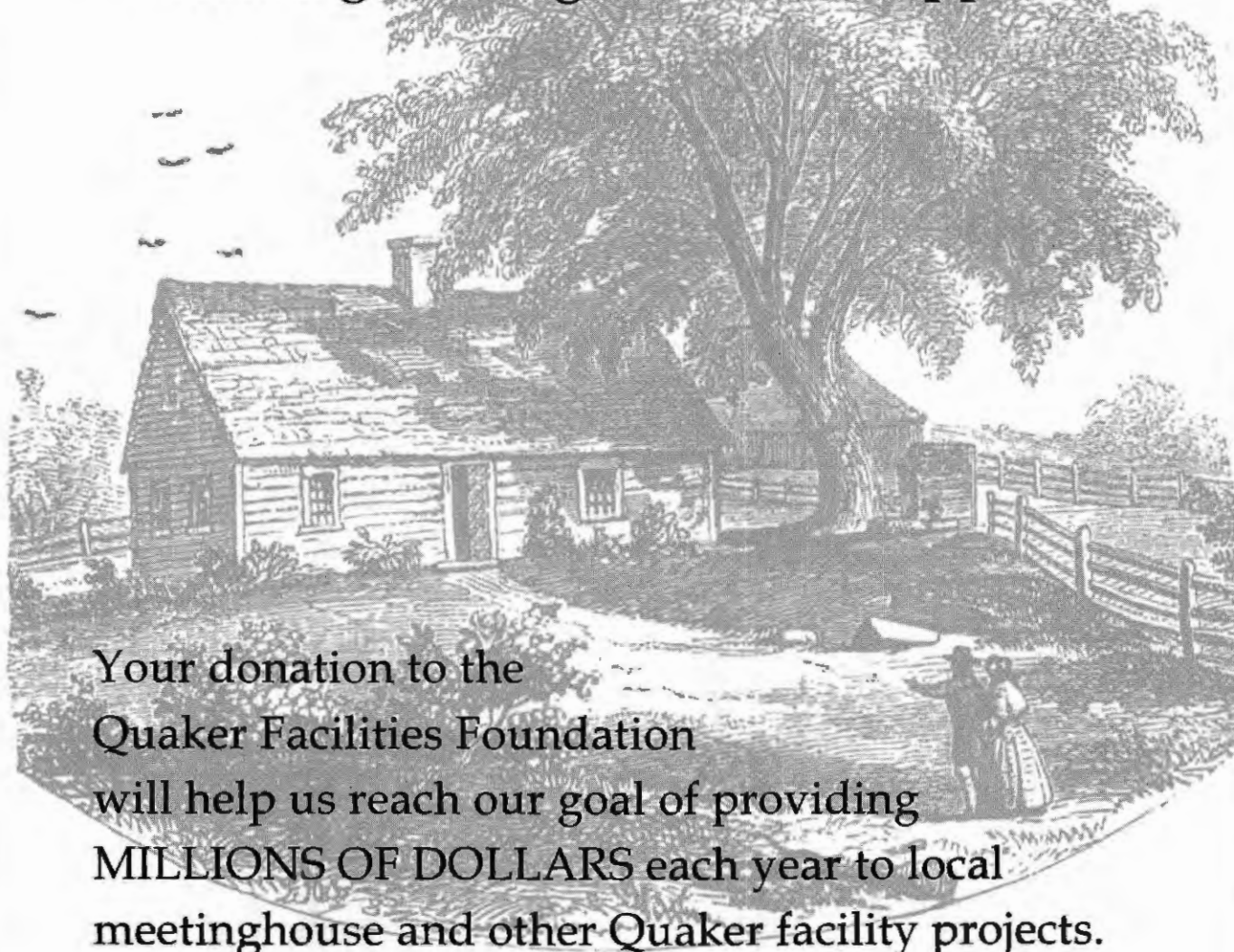
Make friends, make music: FRIENDS MUSIC CAMP at Olney. Grow musically in a caring Quaker community. Ages 10-18. Brochure, camp video: FMC, PO Box 427, Yellow Springs, OH 45387. (937) 767-1311. <musicfmc@yahoo.com>.

Summer Rentals

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

The Quaker Facilities Foundation

offering ideas, grants, and support



Your donation to the Quaker Facilities Foundation will help us reach our goal of providing **MILLIONS OF DOLLARS** each year to local meetinghouse and other Quaker facility projects.

If all U.S. Quakers contributed just \$5 each month, there would be \$20 Million each year available to build and expand meetinghouses.



www.QuakerFacilitiesFoundation.org

Donating is easy! You can sign up using our secure Web site for one-time or monthly contributions charged to your credit or debit card.

New! Summer Term at Pendle Hill

June 23–August 5, 2006

Are you one of the many people who want to be part of the Resident Program at Pendle Hill, but haven't had time? In response to your requests, we are introducing a six-week Summer Term, June 23–August 5, 2006.

Join us for the Summer Term and

- enjoy an extended stay on Pendle Hill's beautiful campus;
- take any (or many) of the nine five-day retreats or three weekend workshops we offer during the term, including weaving, yoga, spiritual discernment, prayer, songwriting, clay and writing, basic Quakerism, qi gong, Japanese paper dyeing, Chinese calligraphy and diversity training for trainers;
- take term-long courses in pottery and/or Quaker faith and practice with our resident faculty;
- participate in regular "drop-in" yoga sessions;
- eat nutritious, organic food—fresh from our bountiful summer garden;
- discuss your spiritual journey with a staff consultant for an hour each week;
- share work and prayer life as part of an intergenerational community (the Young Adult Leadership Development program is June 18 to August 6);
- use the pool, exercise facilities and library at nearby Swarthmore College;
- enjoy special community events designed just for the resident community . . . and more.

Our summer program provides a rich environment for spiritual, mental, physical and emotional stretching and revitalization.

You can be as relaxed or rigorous as you choose.



PENDLE HILL

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

Contact the registrar today for more information and an application.
Extension 3 at 800.742.3150 (US)
or 610.566.4507 (worldwide) or
email admissions@pendlehill.org