QUAKERISM FOR ONE
VISIONS OF QUAKER MINISTRY
WALKING WITH GANDHI
Taking the Long View

One of the greatest privileges of doing the work of FRIENDS JOURNAL is to receive more than 400 manuscripts volunteered annually in which Friends express their deeply felt convictions and share their experiences and insights. Since 1999, we’ve been publishing about a third of these submissions each year. It is humbling to be entrusted with publication of “Quaker Thought and Life Today,” with all of the complexity and variety that entails. We strive to make every issue incorporate features that are timeless, challenging, affirming, and sometimes quite compelling. We also look for ways to enable individual issues to become resources that can be shared and used for discussion on a myriad of topics. Friends place great importance on written communication—and their deep desire to maintain a community of kindred spirits through that communication.

In our spring funding appeal I wrote, “Do Quaker values have any importance today? I believe very strongly that they do, and I think it very likely that you agree. We can be quite specific about this question: Is there a need for greater truthfulness in the public domain? Should compassion play a stronger role in formulating social policy? Could a firm commitment to peace-building help make our world a safer place? Are there things that you and I, individually, can do to improve the tone in our public discourse, our national policies, and in our own communities and personal relationships? Does Spirit have a role to play in all of this?” These questions are not rhetorical. As I said in that letter, “Shall we continue this good work? You get to decide. You decide when you read our pages. You decide when you submit an article. You decide when you tell someone else about this publication or give it to them as a gift.” You also decide when you pay for and maintain your own subscription to this publication.

These are hard times for independent publishers—those that do not receive a significant subsidy from a source outside of their work. FRIENDS JOURNAL has from its creation been an independent publisher. In 1956, its first full year of publication, the JOURNAL published a total of 844 pages at a subscription rate of $.01 per page. When adjusted for inflation, that would be $0.07 per page in 2006 dollars. In 2005 the JOURNAL published a total of 680 pages at a subscription rate of $.05 per page. In other words, the cost to our subscribers per page of Quaker Thought and Life Today has actually dropped by 29 percent, even though we are maintaining a website as well! With these reflections and facts to consider, I must now share with you that we find it necessary to raise our rates, effective July 1, 2006, to $39 for a one-year subscription and $76 for a two-year subscription. I know that many readers will feel that this rate is a very high one. But such matters are relative—we all know how much more we’re paying for healthcare, food, and gasoline these days. For the sake of comparison, if we publish the same number of pages as last year, our new subscription rate will be $.06 per page, still a 14 percent savings over the 1956 rate! Please do not misunderstand—our budget at present is in the black, but it is increasingly difficult to keep it there. We do not want to reduce our service to Friends, nor to deny more worthy writers publication than is now the case. But we also must balance our budget.

The JOURNAL is an increasingly rare voice for peace and social justice in ominous times. Its pages are challenging and inspiring. We need your participation to keep it this way. I trust Friends will agree that the investment is worth it.

Gloria Peterson

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An appropriate rite of passage

I want to explore some of the issues that Jennifer Galloway raises at the end of her Viewpoint in the February 2006 issue. We need to look at what the Quaker sweat lodge says about the spiritual condition of the Religious Society of Friends. Have we so little confidence in the depth of our tradition that we have to seek elsewhere to provide liminal experiences? Why are Friends importing rituals when our practice is based on the idea of stripping away rituals in favor of the direct experience of the Divine? Quakers rejected the use of music in worship in part because they were aware that the emotional responses the song brought forth might replace the experience of God. Where is the similar care to distinguish the emotional and physiological reaction to the sweat lodge from the direct experience of God?

We have a powerful and authentic spiritual tradition of our own. If our young people need a rite of passage we need to develop one that grows out of Quaker tradition and teaches its values. A rite of passage should have an element of teaching about its tradition. A Bar Mitzvah follows extensive study of Hebrew and the Torah.

Confirmation follows completion of confirmation classes.

As a Young Friend I discovered the power of Quakerism by worshipping and seeking with Friends who were wrestling with the draft and how to oppose the Vietnam War. If I had a rite of passage it was demonstrating against the war and ultimately being arrested. Many early Friends talk about their struggles and their ultimate joy and relief when they started witnessing their new beliefs. For some it was adopting plain speech. For others it was adopting plain dress. For John Woolman it was deciding he couldn’t draw up a bill of sale for a slave. Rather than sweat lodges, perhaps we could examine how we are led to witness to the power of God in our own lives and support each other in making those changes that are required of us. This is a powerful rite of passage, suitable for all ages, which honors and grows out of our own tradition.

Will Taber
Arlington, Mass.

What is missing in Quakerism?

In the December 2005 and February 2006 issues are three letters about the discontinuance of the Quaker sweat lodge at Friends General Conference Gatherings. In their cries to not let this happen the authors unfortunately point out exactly how little thought has been put into the original inclusion of the lodge in Friends practice, and how little this tradition is understood by those using it.

I do not know George Price, nor have I attended any of these events; so I have no basis on which to speak to specifics other than to voice the reaction a native person feels to the items listed in the letters.

The letters state that George Price was taught to do the lodge and keep it alive by Native American teachers, but that it is not a Native American ceremony. This is quite simply a non sequitur. When one undergoes traditional teaching it is to be kept according to tradition in its practice. To do otherwise is to discontinue the teaching.

There is mention of a workshop. When Indians hear of ceremony being taught in a workshop it flat-out angers them. Lodge leaders and holy persons spend years—decades—studying what they do. We are constantly confronted with pamphlets or magazine ads offering such teachings in a weekend retreat, and our reaction is generally one of disgust. Ask Catholic neighbors how they would feel about a non-Catholic attending a church bazaar and then making some holy implements in their basements and conducting mass in their backyard and advertising it. There is a certain implicit arrogance in thinking something so special and sacred can be learned and used by outsiders in less time than we would allow our own leaders to master the art and adherents to practice it.

The inclusion of menstruating women mentioned in one of the letters would probably get you a good deal of trouble and ridicule from most natives. I won’t go further in this topic other than to say that you really appear not to know what this ceremony is about and why it is performed by American Indians. I suspect you don’t yourselves know why you are doing it.

Al Mytkowi cz
Burnaby, B.C.

The Quaker sweat lodge: a response

The Quaker sweat lodge has been a very powerful and transformative experience for many young Friends. Indeed, there are a significant number of young adults who credit this workshop as their first personal encounter with God or the Living Spirit, and others for whom this workshop was the catalyst for their adult commitment to Quakerism. Among Friends, there are far too few experiences and opportunities for our young people to have deeply transformative spiritual experiences. This workshop has been filling that void for many years. This is what it is all about.

Yet, what is the cost? Cultural appropriation is the process of a dominant group taking—without permission—some aspect of a non-dominant group’s culture or practice and modifying it to fit the dominant group’s needs. Our country is filled with examples of cultural appropriation—everything from the music of Elvis and Madonna to foundational elements of our Constitution, to the very land I am sitting on as I write this. The Quaker sweat lodge fits this definition: A Friend was trained and granted permission by a medicine man to offer the sweat lodge, and the Friend changed aspects of the traditional sweat lodge to fit Quaker practices. For example, traditionally, men and women do not participate in sweat lodges; together not do women participate while menstruating. This gender and sex division is counter to the Quaker understanding of equality and so men and women (men...
From their own cultural background are clinging so strongly to those from another culture that they are willing to express anger to one another about whether or not it is to be included in their gatherings.

Mention is made of a number of Friends who won't return to the Gathering because the lodge has been cancelled. This is saddest yet. Friends who won't attend a Quaker Gathering because a non-Quaker practice has been discontinued! Was there no other reason for their attendance in the first place? If there is nothing else of interest to do at

these Gatherings, you need to have much discussion on why the gatherings exist.

I am not personally opposed to Quakers doing a sweat. I long ago ceased to believe that an individual's practices should be limited to their parentage. These letters do, however, point out some very limited understandings of both the lodge and Quaker experience, and that is unfortunate. The Religious Society of Friends is a vital community and one I am glad to be at home in. We cannot allow this issue to be the kind of fractional event that has
dischored portions of our past and caused the splits among Friends that we are still working to heal. One thing that the authors of all three letters have right is that there needs to be a great deal of discussion, but this discussion should go much deeper than why the sweat lodge was discontinued at FGC Gatherings. Why was it included in the first place? What is missing from Quakerism that needs to be filled in? Why

Continued on page 38
A. J. Muste
THE 20TH CENTURY’S MOST FAMOUS U.S. PACIFIST
by Charles F. Howlett

In 1939, when war clouds over Europe became darker by the hour, *Time* magazine called Abraham Johannes Muste “the Number One U.S. Pacifist.” The designation was certainly appropriate and he wore the label proudly. From World War I until his death in 1967 at the height of the Vietnam War, Muste stood out in the struggle against war and social injustice in the United States. His leadership roles in the Fellowship of Reconciliation, War Resisters League, and Committee for Non-Violent Action, and his numerous writings filling the pages of the pacifist press, bear ample witness to the Quaker Peace Testimony. Reinforcing this view are many tributes detailing his remarkable career at the time of his death. David McReynolds of the War Resisters League observed that Muste’s Inner Light “was so central to him that his life cannot be understood without realizing that he was, even at his most political moments, acting out his religious convictions.”

Longtime labor radical and writer Sidney Lens commented that “for Muste the term ‘religion’ and the term ‘revolution’ were totally synonymous.” And one of his closest allies in the peace movement, John Nevin Sayre, noted with affection that religion was Muste’s “motivating force ... right up to the end of his life.”

A.J. Muste’s spiritual journey began with his birth on January 8, 1885, in the Dutch shipping port of Zierikzee. In 1891 his family left Holland and settled with relatives and friends in the Dutch Reformed community of Grand Rapids, Michigan. His childhood years were deeply influenced, according to biographer Jo Ann Robinson, “by the religious and pious’ home which his parents kept, where he was ‘soaked in the Bible and the language of the Bible,’ and by the teaching of his native church that you live in the sight of God and there is no respecter of persons in Him, and pretension is a low and desppicable thing.” In 1905 Muste graduated from Hope College; and in 1909, after attending seminary in New Brunswick, New Jersey, he was ordained a minister in the Dutch Reformed Church. That same year he was installed as the first minister of the Fourth Avenue Washington Collegiate Church in New York City. He also married his former Hope classmate, Anna Huizinga. They would have three children.

For a brief period Muste clung to the rigid tenets of his Calvinistic faith. But witnessing the ill effects of industrialization and urbanization in the largest U.S. city caused him to reconsider his role as preacher. His liberation from the theological restraints of Calvinism thus came with the onset of World War I. According to Robinson, his growing concern over “how to apply Christian precepts to political corruption and class conflict in America became compounded in the new struggle over how to come to terms with massive suffering and dying caused by the Great War.” Looking inward, he now felt, as he wrote in his “Sketches for an Autobiography,” that “I had to face—not academically but existentially, as it were—the question of whether I could reconcile what I had been preaching out of the Gospel and passages like I Corinthians: 13, from the Epistles, with participation in war.”

Deeply troubled by world events, Muste began searching for answers in the teachings of Quakerism. He was inspired by the first Quakers during the revolutionary turmoil of 17th- and 18th-century England. He asked himself: How do moral persons evaluate the courses of action they intend to pursue, and how will they know if they are right?

Gradually, Muste drew closer to Quakerism, and when he was voted out of his pulpit in Newtonville, Massachusetts, due to his preaching against the war, he became a Friend in March of 1918. What prompted this conversion was the influence of Quaker scholar and activist Rufus Jones. In his *Studies in Mystical Religion* (1909), Jones noted that mystical experiences have led to “great reforms and champion movements of great moment to humanity.” During the Great War Jones served as the first chairman of American Friends Service Committee and helped establish a U.S. branch of Fellowship of Reconciliation. Jones’ ability to apply his beliefs to action prompted the recently deposed preacher to consider what he might do to aid the cause of humanity. Consequently, Muste and his wife moved in with Quakers in Providence, Rhode Island, where he was enrolled as a minister in the Religious Society of Friends. There Muste started counseling conscientious objectors at nearby Ft. Devens, Massachusetts. He also defended opponents of war who were accused of failing to comply with sedition laws, and, according to his “Sketches,” began talking about “establishing urban and rural cooperatives from which they could carry on the struggle against war and for economic justice and racial equality.”

Throughout 1918 he traveled about New England, addressing the issues of war and social injustice at the annual session of New England Yearly Meeting in Vassalboro, Maine, and at Providence (R.I.) Meeting.

Shortly after the war, Friends from all over the world met in London to reexamine and explore the application of the Peace Testimony. A consensus was reached that it was insufficient to single out individual evil as the sole cause for war. Racism, poverty, oppression, imperi-
alism, and nationalism now had to be met head on. This perfectly suited the temperament of the recently converted Friend. In large measure, Muste's involvement in Quaker life and institutions was found in peace work and ant war organiza
tions rather than strictly in local and yearly meetings.

In 1919 he began carrying out his new commitment to the Peace Testimony as a strike leader during the bitterly contested textile walkout in Lawrence, Massachusetts. He jokingly remarked that "Becoming a pacifist and Quaker in wartime was bad enough, but to go around in a blue shirt and parade on picket lines—this is too much!" Two years later he assumed the directorship of Brookwood Labor College in Katonah, New York. There he helped train a number of labor activists who would promote the industrial union campaigns of the late 1930s. A factional split among the faculty, due to his growing militancy, led to his departure in 1933.

His involvement with the labor movement did not end, however. The deepening of the Great Depression caused Muste to rethink his commitment to nonvi
cence. His turn to the left would result in a brief association with the Trotskyite American Workers Party. From 1933 to 1935, he passively adopted the more radical tenets of Marxism, only to be reawakened by the power of pacifism. In 1936, after returning from a summer trip to Europe, highlighted by a visit to the Catholic Church of St. Sulpice in Paris, Muste traded in his Marxist ideology for nonviolence. He had been overcome by a feeling of not belonging among secular revolutionaries.

Now secure in his pacifist witness, he became executive secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation at the start of World War II. The Fellowship was widely known as an important religious peace organization by this time. The eminent Protestant theologian, Reinhold Niebuhr, once called FOR "a kind of Quaker conventicle inside of the traditional church." Throughout the war years, Muste constantly supported the rights of conscien
tious objectors and called for U.S. aid to those victims who were persecuted in Europe. He vigorously protested the internment of Japanese Americans. As FOR executive secretary he worked closely with those administering the Civilian Public Service Camps for conscien
tious objectors.

Proudly wearing the label "the Number One U.S. Paci
dist," Muste began promoting more daring actions in the name of peace and justice at the conclusion of the war. The advent of atomic warfare and Cold War fears drove Muste into utilizing the tactic of nonviolent civil disobedience. Direct action became his mantra. In the 1950s and early 1960s, he involved himself in a number of activities with War Resisters League and Commit
tee for Non-Violent Action. Throughout these years he often faced jail and prosecution for refusing to pay income taxes (he constantly followed the dictates of the 18th century Quaker John Woolman, who insisted that "The spirit of truth required of me as an individual to suffer patiently the distress of goods, rather than pay actively"), leading peace and civil rights protest marches, and trespassing on federal property. He played a pivotal role in helping to establish the Society for Social Responsibility in Science and the Church Peace Mission. In terms of providing visibility for the peace and antinuclear movement, he participated in three significant transnational walks for peace sponsored by CVNA: San Francisco to Moscow (1960–61); Quebec to Guantanamo (1961); and New Delhi to Peking (1963–1964).

Clearly, Muste's inner spiritual promptings governed his life decisions. Jo Ann Robinson points out that Muste's own mysticism was moved by out-of-the-ordinary experiences of the kind of "sudden invading consciousness from beyond." Such mystical experience empowered him to "stand the world better." It thus took him to places where, symbolically risking death, he would highlight the spirit of the "individual refusal to go along." For example, during a 1955 national civil defense drill, he, along with 26 others, was arrested while sitting on a park bench in City Hall Park in New York City, holding a sign that read, "End War—The Only Defense Against Atomic Weapons." At age 74 he spent eight days in jail in 1959 when he climbed a four-and-one-half-foot fence into a missile construction site outside Omaha, Nebraska. As Muste himself noted in his popular 1940 book, Nonviolence in an Aggressive World, "There is an inex
tricable relationship between means and ends; the way one approaches one's goals determines the final shape which those goals take." For Muste, the relationship between means and ends was simply his now widely quoted statement: "There is no way to peace. Peace is the Way."

While Muste would have enjoyed simply gathering with Friends at his home, his reputation, despite a quiet and reserved nature, required that he be in the forefront of direct action protests. Believing that peace is more than the absence of war, the 1960s activists, led by Muste, expanded their focus to deal with the issue Continued on page 34

Photos, left to right: A.J. Muste; Muste speaking at a rally, and Muste and Catholic Worker founder Dorothy Day, both events protesting the war in Vietnam.

FRIENDS JOURNAL April 2006
Once again I’m thinking back to the 16th of February, 2003.

By that time, my own journey and experiments with nonviolence had formed my lukewarm (at best) opinion of the marches and rallies currently in fashion. But it appeared to me that February 16 was not a day to let my skepticism reign. War was imminent and people were taking to the streets. I knew that I ought be among them. And while I cannot

claim that I stepped out on that winter morning with every bit of my hard-earned skepticism left at the proverbial door, I did step out. With an earnest and open heart, I stepped out.

Downtown, within blocks of our Quaker meetinghouse, I met up with a small group of Friends from my monthly meeting. Together we wove in and among thousands upon thousands of our fellow San Franciscans, adding our voices to a resounding, unified no, collectively and clearly pronounced in the face of the looming U.S. re-invasion of Iraq. It was an exhilarating day. It was a day of passion and purpose. Perhaps most dazzling and heartening was the knowledge that our voices were lifted in concert with millions of others the world over. Remember that?

We were experiencing a taste of the immense potential of people power, and of the great underlying solidarity that bound us together. It was a marvelous day.

And, it was one of the loneliest days of my life.

The profound loneliness I experienced on February 16 wasn’t simply a case of my skeptic shadow getting the best of me. On the contrary, it was the relaxed grip of my skepticism that opened me to the truth I encountered that day. The painful isolation I felt was of a piece with a powerful, newly focused sense of sight. I had that singular experience of clearly seeing something for the first time that at some level I had known all along.

Amidst the day’s exhilaration, passion, and purpose, it was plain to me that something essential was missing—that there was, in fact, a gaping void at the heart of the production. Deep down I knew that this marvelous day was a day of certain failure, that our massive mobilization to stop the war would inevitably and neces-

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This is certainly understandable given the drama of the "great march to the sea" that began the Salt Satyagraha, and the massive civil disobedience that followed it. Gandhi's open defiance of the British Empire, and of imperialism itself, dramatized by his 240-mile trek to the Dandi seashore, and his lifting of that now iconic fistful of salt above his head, represents what is perhaps the most potent touchstone in the history of nonviolent resistance. It's difficult not to become fixated on the power and drama of the scene, and to be swept away by the greatness of the man who orchestrated it.

But, if we look closely at "When I Am Arrested," we catch a behind-the-scenes glimpse of the inner workings and design of the Salt Satyagraha, and India's independence movement itself—a glimpse of critical importance to Quakers and other people of faith in our current U.S. context.

With his plan of action in place, Gandhi published "When I Am Arrested" to put the masses of India on alert, and to give them a final set of instructions. That said, this short article reads not so much as a list of instructions as an impassioned battle cry, culminating with Gandhi's declaration that a critical moment is at hand, and that this time "not a single believer in nonviolence as an article of faith for the purpose of achieving India's goal should find himself free or alive at the end of the effort." "When I Am Arrested" carried a charge to every corner of the nation, preparing the masses for their most important confrontation to date with their imperial occupiers.

It is in the midst of this clarion call to action that Gandhi placed the paragraph: "As a patron of the Ashram and those who have submitted to its discipline and assimilated the spirit of its methods, those, therefore, who will offer battle at the very commencement will be unknown to fame. Hitherto the Ashram has been deliberately kept in reserve in order that by a fairly long course of discipline it might acquire stability. I feel that if the Satyagraha Ashram is to deserve the great confidence that has been reposed in it and the affection lavished upon it by friends, the time has arrived for it to demonstrate the qualities implied in the word Satyagraha. I feel that our self-imposed restraints have become subtle indulgences, and the prestige acquired has provided us with privileges and conveniences of which we may be utterly unworthy. These have been thankfully accepted in the hope that some day we would be able to give a good account of ourselves in terms of Satyagraha. And if at the end of nearly 15 years of its existence, the Ashram cannot give such a demonstration, it and I should disappear, and it would be well for the nation, the Ashram and me."

What struck me so powerfully that day in San Francisco on the eve of our country's shameful reinvasion of Iraq was the clear and simple truth that we were entirely unprepared for the battle then at hand. In a word, our so-called "movement" lacked the depth necessary to sustain it. It came as no surprise, therefore, to see that after that new phase of the war in Iraq began, with a very few exceptions, we U.S. Quakers and other religious progressives basically returned to our lives—business, "progressive" though it may be, as usual.

That day, though committed nonviolent practitioners certainly dappled the teeming crowd, the marching thousands were not grounded by the presence of a core group such as that which galvanized and gave such depth to India's independence movement, exemplified so strikingly in the historic Salt Satyagraha. Nor do we currently have a core like that which was the heart of our nation's own civil rights movement, whose own strength drew so heavily on Gandhi's teaching and example. Try as we might to organize faithful and effective nonviolent resistance, if we...
proceed as though the battle at hand doesn't require that kind of depth, discipline, and training, our efforts to undo the domination system will necessarily continue to come up terribly short.

And where does such depth come from? In “When I Am Arrested” Gandhi offers us a most valuable clue: 78 people prepared by 15 years of community life, undergoing the shared training of spiritual discipline and constructive work of social uplift, were held “in reserve” for the moment made manifest by the Salt Satyagraha. This core, these 78, the very nucleus of the Salt March, is deeply significant to those of us seeking to turn the tide in our present context. Please do not misunderstand me to be saying that those 78 carried the Salt Satyagraha on their own. Nor at all. The great power of that movement was obviously many-layered, involving literally millions of individuals responding to the direction of a superlative leader. What I am saying, however, is that the role of that core of 78 was essential to Salt Satyagraha’s success and the ultimate success of India’s nonviolent struggle for independence.

If we want to truly benefit from Gandhi’s guidance here, we need to enter into a deep and soulful investigation of this ashram experience, and discover what Gandhi meant when he said that the Salt Satyagraha would only be started by those who had “submitted to its discipline and assimilated the spirit of its methods.”

Gandhi does not mince words or actions to make plain that true transformation calls us to trade in our old lives for new ones. What is so remarkable about Gandhi the teacher is not that he introduced some novel new concept—he said himself that nonviolence is as “old as the hills”—but that he so deftly systematized the transformative work of building a new, nonviolent life, and that he did it in a way that can be effectively translated for our time and place.

In brief, Gandhi’s approach to nonviolence, which was the foundation of his ashram communities, points us to three interrelated, mutually supportive spheres of experimentation. Gene Sharp helpfully distilled these three spheres as personal transformation, constructive program (work of social uplift and renewal), and political action. These three faces of nonviolence are best presented in that order because it most clearly reflects how Gandhi himself prioritized them.

At the heart of Gandhi’s approach to social change was his understanding that the building blocks of a nonviolent society are the vibrant, productive, nonviolent lives of individual men and women. It follows that a truly nonviolent movement is nothing more or less than the tapestry of such lives woven together. Effective nonviolent political action does not spring from a vacuum. It grows out of daily living grounded in personal and communal spiritual practice, and in constructive service to one’s immediate and surrounding communities. Nonviolence on the political stage is only as powerful as the personal and community-based nonviolence of those who engage in it.

The importance of the ashram experience flows from this understanding—a fundamental aspect of the Gandhian design that eludes us in our U.S. context. Here we most often employ the reverse order of Gandhi’s threefold approach, seeking a political response first, the building up of a constructive alternative second, and the stuff of personal, spiritual awakening third, if at all. This misguided reversal allows U.S. Quakers to sidestep, along with the whole of the peace movement, some of the most foundational aspects of Gandhi’s nonviolent recipe: namely, radical simplicity, solidarity with the poor, and disciplined spiritual practice. Because we do not believe that nonviolence requires these of us, we remain blind to the necessity of the ashram experience.

No one can build an integrated nonviolent life as an individual. I may be able to practice some measure of piecemeal nonviolence more or less on my own. But if I’m going to pluck the seeds of war from each part of my life that I possibly can, if I am going to renounce and abandon the violence of my first-world way of life, I need to be surrounded by others whose knowledge, wisdom, and experience will complement mine, and whose example and company will inspire me to stay the course. Indeed, if I’m going to build a life that is truly part of the solution, I need friends to show me the ropes of principles and practices spanning the entire spectrum of Gandhi’s threefold approach to nonviolent living.

The 78 members of Satyagraha Ashram who were the cadre of “foot soldiers” Gandhi chose to be the nucleus of the Salt Satyagraha were doing this for one another for a period of nearly 15 years. After those years of diligent practice, fraught as they must have been with the usual measure of human ups, downs, breakthroughs, and shortfalls, Gandhi discerned that these 78 satyagrahis were ready for the battle at hand, knowing full well the high level of self-sacrifice it would require.

Not a single believer in nonviolence as an article of faith for the purpose of achieving India’s goal should find himself free or alive at the end of the effort.

Until Friends meetings embrace this level of commitment and clarity of purpose, it is up to those Friends who feel God’s hand leading in this promising direction to seek each other out. We need to begin holding one another accountable to this magnificent charge. We need to begin manifesting our shared strength and leadership. I have no doubt that as we do so our Meetings will be readily supportive, and that they will be deeply enlivened and strengthened in the process.

The key ingredients in Gandhi’s nonviolent recipe—the stuff of radical simplicity, solidarity with the poor, and disciplined spiritual practice, for example—are not merely options nonviolent practitioners can choose or choose against according to personal preference. So it is that I’m here again, moving among the teeming crowd in our turn-of-the-century U.S. context, searching for others longing and ready to embrace the call to walk a long, disciplined, grace-filled path with Gandhi.

My hand is extended to you.
Friends Association for Higher Education
Serving Mind and Spirit

by Barbara Dixson

In 1993 I had recently received tenure as an associate professor of English at a state university with an undergraduate teaching mission. I had also recently become a member of a Quaker meeting. It was by carefully observing the rules laid out for me, to be a strong and conscientious teacher, to be dedicated to professional growth, and to serve the university community generously, that I had reached the tenure milestone. All this, while not in conflict with Friends values, seemed definitively separate from the spiritual path I was following. This division in my life, one experienced by many academics, kept me from being fully present to either part of my life.

It was at that point that a brochure about Friends Association for Higher Education landed somehow in my lap. FAHE is an organization that invites faculty, staff, and administrators from Quaker colleges; Quakers in higher education anywhere; and indeed all those who hold Quaker values to come together at its annual conference in order to share their concerns, their discoveries, and their work.

The then-upcoming FAHE conference offered an opportunity to present the work I'd been doing on novelist and birthright Friend Anne Tyler. I'd been to many academic conferences in my years as a graduate student and assistant professor, so I knew what to expect: faculty in formal clothing putting the best face on their research (in the longest words possible), and waiting to pounce on flaws in the work of others. A dim hope that a Quaker conference would be friendlier lured me. I sent in a proposal; it was accepted. My first clue that things would indeed be different here came on the long van ride between the airport and Earlham College, where the conference was held that year. The other people riding with me spoke of their lives so simply and honestly that I felt myself at once a part of a community (and only found out later that one of them was the keynote speaker). That each day began with meeting for worship was another lovely surprise, and when we ended the days in community (at Earlham that time, we sang, “with more enthusiasm than tunefulness,” one Friend laughingly observed), I knew I'd wound up where I'd always wanted to be.

Later, I learned that, as with most Quaker institutions, FAHE owes its existence to the leadings and actions of an inspired few. As early as 1975, T. Canby Jones and Charles Browning brought to a Quaker meeting at Wilmington College their concern over the weakening sense of Quaker identity at many of our historically Quaker colleges and the need to support individual Friends in higher education. Conversations at Quaker Hill in 1977, and then in 1979 among Friends who had come to the National Congress of Church-Related Colleges and Universities at Notre Dame University, led to action, and FAHE was founded at a gathering of Friends educators and meeting representatives at Wilmington College in 1980.

Surviving a crisis in its first decade, in which ambition exceeded resources, FAHE became a solid resource for Friends in higher education. Two international conferences have been highlights in FAHE's history, one at Guilford College in 1988, the other at Westtown School in 1997. At these conferences, Quaker educators from all over the world enriched each other with the gifts of their disparate experience. Also, the annual conference has frequently been held jointly with the conferences of other Quaker organizations. For example, a pattern has been set of holding a joint conference with Friends Council on Education, the organization of pre-K-12 educators in Quaker schools, every third year. This sort of cross fertilization, which will occur with this coming summer's joint FAHE/FCE conference at George School (June 22-25, 2006), revitalizes both groups.

Another strand in FAHE's history was the decade-long life of Quaker Studies in Human Betterment, a subgroup of

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FAHE Conference at George Fox University, Oregon, 2004
FAHE, it was inspired by the vision of Quaker physicist and poet Kenneth Boulding and by faith that the work of scholars can be used to better humankind. A number of young academics discerned their life work within the radiance of this group.

For its first decades, FAHE's administrative office was housed at Guilford College, which provided office space and support. With the retirement of office manager Jeannette Wilson in 1999, the Executive Committee saw an opportunity for FAHE to make connections to other Quaker organizations by moving to Friends Center in Philadelphia, Pa. FAHE now has a half-time paid coordinator, Kori Heavner, who makes possible our current endeavors: a quarterly newsletter, which includes not only news but also thought-provoking articles and essays; the publication and distribution of an occasional book; a website with information about matters of interest to Quaker educators such as jobs, Quaker campuses, and so on; an emerging series of real-time distance presentations/discussions, anchored by Steve Gilbert; and, of course, the annual conference, held each year on a different Quaker campus. At Haverford College last summer, FAHE celebrated 25 years in support of a mission that has grown to include all who share Friends values in higher education.

FAHE serves the Quaker academic community in a number of ways that those of us who return to the conference year after year find extremely valuable. One of these services is to help the Quaker colleges keep their Quaker heritage alive in ways that work for their contemporary missions. Those of us who do not teach on Quaker college campuses may not at first recognize the value of this service to the wider Friends community. Consider for even a moment, though, the backgrounds of those who serve as leaders in the Religious Society of Friends, and it's evident that all of us are indebted to the Quaker colleges. With a declining percentage of Quaker faculty and Quaker students on their campuses, and with undeniable financial imperatives, the easiest solution for some Quaker campuses might be to record their Quaker heritage as an interesting historical note and move on, but they choose not to do that. The FAHE conference sessions focusing on Quaker college concerns offer a place for people from different campuses to compare their challenges and their solutions, and for next steps to emerge. Each year, for example, presidents of several of the Quaker colleges hold a panel discussion focusing on a common question. There's usually a session offered by campus ministers, and another one by student life professionals. Each of these sessions gives those from Quaker campuses a chance to learn from and support each other, and gives people like me a glimpse of the value of these Quaker colleges and study centers.

But the heart of FAHE remains the community offered by the annual gathering, where Friends of all sorts open their lives to each other. For me, the annual conference is the only place in my religious life where I regularly meet pro-programmed Friends and evangelical Friends, and it's the only place in my academic life where I regularly meet physicists and alumni relations directors and college presidents. It was an evangelical Friend who gave me the courage to acknowledge

Upcoming 2006 conference:

"Deepening Our Roots, Spreading Our Branches"

(an FAHE/FCE joint conference)
at George School, Newtown, Pa.,
June 22-25, 2006
For more information visit <http://www.earlham.edu/~fahe/> or contact Kori Heavner at <fahe@quaker.org>.

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Middle School Friends Workcamp
by Carmen Berelson

Last September, my 13-year-old daughter and I participated in the Middle School Friends Workcamp, run by Philadelphia Yearly Meeting and facilitated by Arin Hanson. On a Friday afternoon we packed our sleeping bags and other gear and boarded the train. Arin picked us up at 30th Street Station in Philadelphia and we set off together to participate in a service project that was truly a life-changing experience.

The MSF Workcamp operates out of a row house on 46th Street in West Philadelphia. Reading the program description, I thought I knew what to expect: we were going to be helping underprivileged people in the community fix and/or maintain their homes, which can involve gardening, painting, cleaning, etc.

Little did I know that we were about to experience a lot more than just simple handiwork. On Saturday morning we were divided into two groups. Arin took my group, consisting of three teenage girls; two adult friendly presences (or chaperones); the MSF coordinator, Elizabeth Walmsley; and the community leaders to a small public park in the Belmont section of Philadelphia where we met Sister Muhammad, whose late husband and Malcolm X founded the first mosque in Philadelphia. Sister Muhammad founded a community organization with the goals of beautifying the area, keeping out gentrification that makes neighborhoods unaffordable for low-income people, enabling the black community to open businesses in the area again, and returning Belmont to the thriving community it once was.

The person in charge of gardening was Betty Ferguson. With her community group, she built the only playground and basketball court in the entire neighborhood, thus giving children and youths an opportunity to gather and play outdoors.

Our task was to help Betty clean up this small park—no easy task. This was not the regular garden cleanup one would expect. We had to deal with the most unappetizing trash of all kinds—half-empty beer cans, used tissues and condoms, decomposed and unidentifiable trash, and, worst of all, used drug needles. The latter gave rise to in-depth discussions with the participating MSF teens about drug use and its causes and consequences.

Faced with destruction, hopelessness, and despair of a magnitude none of our middle-schoolers had witnessed before, causing quite contradictory feelings and raising numerous questions, they were determined to stay at task.

Our next site was a private corner lot, owned by an elderly woman who could no longer care for it, but who wanted to return it to its former beauty for her and her neighbors to enjoy. The lot is known by the name Magnolia Garden, which in our minds meant a beautiful garden with magnolia trees that needed to be spruced up a little. When we first saw this lot with its hip-high weeds and trash strewn all over, we felt that the task was insurmountable. Nevertheless, we went to work, swallowing hard to overcome our disgust when faced with the worst pile of trash. Three hours later, we had filled about 20 huge garbage bags and were amazed that the seven of us actually managed to bring the lot into a condition where a gardening crew could turn it into a garden. The namesake of the garden, an old magnolia tree, is still there. Its main branches are dead, but there is new growth at the trunk—a sign of hope in this neighborhood of boarded-up houses and few glimpses of life.

We also met the owner of this lot, a delightful older woman, who had trouble walking due to an accident. She gave us some insight into her life and the history of the neighborhood. The most amazing fact we learned was that she and another woman are the only legal residents on this block—all the other people (adults and children of all ages) are squatters. This might explain why these obviously able-bodied people stared at us in amazement as we cleaned up the lot, and helped us to understand why they didn’t take pride in their neighborhood.

The workcamp ended Sunday with a tour through West Philadelphia and other parts of the city, including a worship
service at a Baptist Church. This was a special Sunday, choir day, so we got to hear a variety of wonderful gospel choirs.

Having reflected on my experience, I realize that I took away a lot more from this weekend than I was able to give. I am inspired that Sister Muhammad and Betty Ferguson are both well-educated women who have the means to leave the community and lead comfortable lives elsewhere, yet they both have decided to stay and work to improve their neighborhood. Their commitment taught me the real meaning of community. I had to ask myself whether I would be able and willing to do the same. Most likely, I wouldn’t have the strength.

My daughter turned 13 during the workcamp weekend. When she was faced with the daunting tasks we had to deal with, she felt despair and deprived of a “real” birthday. But in the evening we had a small birthday celebration in the workcamp house, and she concluded that this was the best and most meaningful birthday she ever had.

A deeper meaning of the term community was also illustrated by the woman who owns Magnolia Garden. Her children have moved to other—nicer—parts of the country and have invited her to live with them, but she decided to stay put because she knows people in this neighborhood, where she has lived for 50 years, while in her children’s comfortable homes she would be lonely.

The worship service at the Baptist church taught me what a faith community can do for its members. We were welcomed with amazing warmth. This church and the faith it inspires were obviously the center of the parishioners’ lives, giving them guidance and hope for dealing with the challenges they face.

It seems that faith communities—and community in a broad sense—take on a deeper meaning and play a central role for people living on the fringes of society. The rest of us seem to replace these values—at least to a certain extent—with the luxuries and services we can afford to pay for. Outreach like the MSF workcamp make it possible to reach across cultural boundaries, from a world of relative affluence to a world of need. Such experiences are essential to give meaningful expression to our core Quaker beliefs, and through participating in them, the lives of both volunteers and the community they serve are enriched and changed for the better.

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**ARK**

Outside the gale winds rip the sheets of rain that slake the thirst of early spring potent and poised for deadly beginnings. Means and ends collide in the mind’s eye yet her answering machine cheerily chimes “You’ve reached the baby hotline. Noah has arrived: and his mother is fine!”

This rain will not abate. Today’s headlines scream blood and murder: American bodies burned in Fallujah: hot ashes and dust stoking an unholy pyre lit long ago.

Wind whips righteous indignation as our home trembles on shaky ground. Flailing in quicksand, we can’t get our own house in order, much less another’s. In the living room, our toddler brandishes a long green ruler, measuring our days. Like a conductor he gestures toward Edward Hicks’ early American apocalypses: Noah’s Ark drifting under inkdark skies, The Peaceable Kingdom hanging gingerly crooked on a whitewash wall. Swimming in dark oil, the animals fall in line behind the musclebound child and the mad old man setting sail. “Neigh!” our son exclaims with unbridled glee. “Neigh!”

Daily headlines breed dreams of Trojan horses, their fury unfurled in sand-choked streets. A radio flash shakes the olive-drab dawn awake the commander intoning: “We will pacify this town with overwhelming force.” He intends no irony really, simply resolve, strategic ire, or even a shrill dose of hope.

My car ferries us through the morning flood as the calm demigods of public radio syncopate the commute with news of blood feuds roiling Shi’ite and Sunni, innocents offered as sacrifice to the miry spiral of sand and soot. Beside a sullen Cambridge Common swirls a pile of colorful rags waving on the pavement like flags discarded after a day of rage. A lone black dog wades through puddles gripping in his teeth a bright orange ball.

Behind this interminable gray I wonder will some merciful dove discover us here Does Noah’s rainbow still circle this smoky sky, thick with the powers of the air? Can this uncertain ark—so full of rats and fear and leaky buckets—deliver us at last to some unknown mountain, some Ararat we can’t yet imagine?

—Alexander Levering Kern
I'm writing here on the experiences I've had growing up as a liberal Quaker in the North and what I've learned since coming South and experiencing programmed Quakerism for the first time. I'm from Philadelphia. I was raised in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and, thanks to my mother's influence, I had all the traditional benefits and restrictions a good Quaker family provides. This means that my family was a loving, nurturing one, but that I didn't own even a squirt gun until I was about 13. Growing up, I was allowed to watch Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles and X-Men but not G.I. Joe because of its glorification of the military. I was raised with a deeply ingrained sense of equality and respect for people, but also a fairly deep-seated anxiety that I could offend someone with anything I said. All these attributes stem from my family and the Quaker communities of which we were a part, and there is no end to the appreciation I have for them, with one exception. While I was raised in a powerfully and avidly spiritual community, I think I could count on two hands the number of times I opened a Bible. It just wasn't something that was given a lot of emphasis as I grew up. The way I remember my religious education as a child is like this: In First-day school we'd discuss a Quaker value and what it meant in our lives, and sometimes they'd tell one of Jesus' parables about the subject. But more often it would be related to a story out of Quaker history, or an Aesop fable, or a Native American or African myth. You see, the Quakerism in which I grew up draws from a wide variety of spiritual practices. You're just as likely to hear someone speak in meeting about a favorite passage in the Tao Te Ching or the Qur'an, as you are to hear a Bible verse. I'm not saying that this is a bad thing; it's something that I find quite admirable in fact. The point is that in giving attention to all these worthwhile religious disciplines, I didn't learn a great deal about any of them. In my high school years, whenever I thought or talked about the Bible or Christianity, it was in very vague terms; and it wasn't until the end of my senior year that I realized that not only had I never read the Bible, I wasn't even sure if my family owned one. I've noticed that most every young Quaker from my area has had a similar experience. We have fairly similar grounds very similar to my own. I hadn't been dropped into the alien environment that I had expected, and this actually heightened my curiosity about Christianity and programmed Quakerism. I also had to take Max Carter's Quaker Social Testimonies class. After reading a few original Quaker texts and doing a little bit of Bible study, I came to realize how steeped in Scripture Quakerism really is. The Sermon on the Mount alone has all the testimonies in it. Curiosity grew. I've since become fascinated by Christianity, which, it turns out, is the basis of all my beliefs, yet was thoroughly absent and misunderstood by me as a child. I've met numerous Christians and Christian Quakers and, much as I expected, I found them to be as reasonable and interesting as everyone else.

A number of experiences in the past year have forced me to redefine myself. Some of these included reading a book for the Quaker Leadership Scholars Program called Meeting Jesus Again for the First Time by Marcus Borg, and seeing the film The Passion of the Christ. I know, I feel kind of corny having had a faith-defining moment come out of a movie by Mel Gibson, but it forced me to think about Christ with new appreciation. I've decided to start identifying myself as a Christ-
ian if only because in actually reading the Gospels I have yet to find anything Jesus said that I don't agree with wholeheartedly. I don't know if he was the Spirit made flesh or God's only son; but I do know that his wisdom is still applicable to my life 2,000 years after his death, and I have to appreciate that. So I'm a follower of Christ's teachings, and that makes me a Christian in my book.

Over the past year, I've begun to feel a leading towards ministry, and I've developed a kind of vision. This is something I would never have expected from myself. Up until two years ago, in my mind Quakers didn't have ministers. Oh, sure, Quakers in the Midwest and in Kenya do, but — I thought — they're not real Quakers. The idea of programmed worship was still just too Christian for me. During my freshman orientation, though, we went on a trip to Forbush Meeting in Yadkin County to meet the clerk of the Quaker Leadership Scholars Program, Michael Fulp, and his father, the pastor of Forbush Meeting. Their explanation of Quaker pastoral ministry struck something in me and I still think about it often. In Quakerism, every member of the meeting is a minister. When one member has a problem, every other member of the meeting should be available to lend whatever advice, assistance, and consolation is necessary to get him or her through it. But as much as they'd like to, they can't always. People have jobs, families, cars, taxes, and a slew of other responsibilities that usually keep them too distracted to help anyone but their close friends. It's one of many religious ideals that sounds good on paper but is much harder to practice in the real world. The solution is to free one person to care for the community. Remove a few of the concerns about money and housing by paying that person to be a resource to the meeting; the job becomes that of an open ear to talk to and a strong arm to lean on when times get hard. That person is the advisor, the counselor, the one who provides wisdom and direction for the community. That person also provides direction for the community. I'd never really enjoyed other programmed forms of worship. I have a strong inclination towards the expectant silence and meditative tranquility of silent worship. At the same time, I don't always get a great deal out of unprogrammed meetings. I have an active imagination and my mind wanders a lot during meetings. Since experiencing semiprogrammed meetings, I've come to appreciate the focus that a speaker brings to my worship. After having listened to a message, I'm still free to worship on whatever I am led to; but on days when my thoughts are shallow and my mind is in six places at once, I find that a message can help me get to a deeper place within myself.

This was the job I'd been looking for. I'd always felt a leading towards this type of service but never felt that the traditional jobs fit me. My vision of ministry just felt right. My problem then became where would I go to follow this leading. As much as I like Guilford and North Carolina in general, I still see myself returning to the North after college. But up north there are fewer ministers. This isn't from a lack of good ministers or good meetings. It's because when unprogrammed Quakers hear "minister" we think "priest." Unprogrammed Quakers have a vision of ministry that harks all the way back to our Protestant roots. I still believe that Quakers shouldn't have clergy; no degree or amount of training makes any one person more able to hear God's will. Quakers rejected the clergy because of our Testimony of Equality, and that state of equality in the eyes of God is as true today as it was then. But what I have come to see is that a minister is not a priest.

This is my vision and my life's aspiration: to bring ministry back to unprogrammed Quakerism. To do this I will need to redefine an entire culture's way of thinking. It seems an impossible task at times because, to quote the Great Gatsby, "It is invariably saddening to look through new eyes at things upon which you have expended your own powers of adjustment." In general people are anxious of change and Quakers can get very uppity when you ask them to change something that is traditionally Quaker. I'll be honest: Right now I'm really not sure how I'm going to accomplish this, or if it can even be accomplished. My plan for myself right now is to become what I see as a minister. Not a holy man. Not an interpreter of God. Not a man who knows God's message any better than anyone else. But, a man who gives the gifts of compassion and discernment. A man with an avid ear for the words of both humans and the Spirit. A person of clarity and devotion to community. A man not just of knowledge but of experience and of appreciation for all that this world and this life have to offer. A man of passionate stillness and dynamic silence. I hope someday I can become this man and then offer myself up to be a leader and a servant to all of Quakerism.
by Mariah Miller

"M ariah, come to the office! You have a letter!" My boss was as shocked and excited as I was. It was the only letter I had received in the seven months I had been in China. As I rushed to the office, I wondered whom the letter was from. I was pleased and surprised to discover that the letter was from my meeting.

I have attended Quaker meeting since before I was born. I went to meeting because of the creak of the furnace and the smell of the re-melting wax of candles from ceremonies long forgotten. I went to meeting to count the panes of glass and feel my mind relax away from the sunshine and falling leaves. I went to meeting when it meant traipsing around cities where I couldn't even ask directions. I went to meeting again and again and again.

When I moved to China, it was simply not possible for meeting to be part of my life on a regular basis. The nearest meeting was over 1,000 miles away in Hong Kong and, if I wished to return home after going to meeting, I needed to get a permit from the Chinese government to reenter the Chinese mainland. For the first time in my life, I stopped going to meeting. I received no communication from FWCC or any of the individual Quakers who had promised to stay in touch with me. My spiritual community vanished overnight.

The letter from my meeting was a welcome epistle. It read something like this:

Dear Member,

We are sorry that we did not receive a contribution from you last year. The time has come again and we hope that we will receive one this year.

Sincerely,
Treasurer

Below that was a handwritten note from the treasurer saying that she hoped I was well in China. The wording of the letter surprised me, as I did not know I was a full member of the meeting. Still, I was pleased that it occurred to the treasurer to include me on her mailing list. Unfortunately, it was impossible for me to send money to the meeting. Most of my income was legally blocked from leaving China. Even exchanging and wiring the permitted amount required a great deal of pleading and seemed to only happen because my boss once worked at the bank. I did want to support the work of my meeting, but receiving this letter made me wonder if they wanted to support me. Why hadn't they asked me if I even wanted to be a member of the meeting? Why did they spend the time and funds on mailing me a bill when they hadn't even bothered to send me a spiritually nurturing e-mail?

I am not a Quaker scholar. I have not read the writings of early Friends or even modern Friends. I have not attended seminary. I just grew up Quaker. For me, being Quaker was going to meetings—meetings for worship, meetings for business, young Friends meetings, potlucks, and other forms of sharing in community. Without the presence and support of other Quakers, religion simply ceased to be a part of my life. By springtime, I found myself asking again and again, "Does God even exist in China?" I certainly didn't feel God in my life. Instead, I felt empty and frustrated. I was angry, not with God, but with my religion.

Why had Quakerism only given me one way of fulfilling my spiritual needs? Why didn't any Quaker make sure I actually got the support and spiritual nourishment that I had asked for during my time in isolation?

Due to the outbreak of SARS in 2003, I returned home in May instead of July. I realized that this meant that I could attend Friends General Conference, and after eight months of isolation from Quakers, I was eager to do so. The application process was my first indication that the Gathering, far from being a refreshing
The shock that I experienced with my readmission to FGC Quaker culture was the greatest I have ever felt. I found myself irritated in meetings that lasted forever due to lack of preparation by leadership and what seemed to be an extreme concern for planning for unlikely emergencies. Once familiar comments now irritated me with their use of acronyms and vague Quaker terms, which I could see confused and excluded many, especially new attenders. I could hear a manner of speaking toned with political correctness as just another form of censorship used to dodge issues of race and class with a courtesy. I kept imagining all of the other things that I could be doing with the money that was being spent there. There was such a stiffness around the culture of FGC that I noticed people looking at me disapprovingly when I clapped instead of shaking my hands. Really, who cares how we choose to show appreciation for what is being said? Finally, I was uncomfortable with the number of white people around me. Where were the Asians? Did I really want a spiritual home that was so economically, racially, and culturally uniform?

Working with the Junior Gathering was a very good experience, but this positive experience with young adults did not carry over to a positive experience with adults. I went to FGC feeling spiritually tired and hungry, and I left feeling just as empty as I felt when I arrived—if not more so. My concerns about international relations, international development, and communicating through cultural differences had only deepened. I wasn’t even sure I was Quaker anymore.

The university where I had been teaching asked me to come back for a second year. I was afraid to return because I knew I couldn’t handle that kind of spiritual emptiness again, but I didn’t know how to have a better experience. I talked to my meeting and to my friends, but I didn’t want to leave relying on their support. After all, it had been promised and not given the year before. Around this time, I attended Cincinnati (Ohio) Meeting where I heard a sermon by Dan Kasztelan that ended with: “We start at the place where we start. But if we want more God, we explore the other paths also.” It seemed that for me, Quaker meeting was the place to start, but it was time to explore new paths. With the conviction that I could nourish my spirit without meeting and without support from home, I returned to China.

During my second year in China, I knew that Quakerism as I understood it was not able to fill my spiritual need, so I began to reevaluate Quakerism. I had learned about Quakerism by absorbing scattered lessons as I grew up rather than through careful study. As a part of this process, I wrote the following list. What I have labeled “Quaker idea” is what I think older Quakers were trying to teach me. What I have labeled “Quaker myth” is what I actually learned. What I have labeled “My idea” is what I have been thinking about recently and how that was part of my experience in China.

Quaker idea: We are all ministers to each other.
Quaker myth: Ministers aren't important.
My idea: It is important to cultivate and appreciate everyone's ability to minister, especially those around us with a gift of ministry. Though I am still definitely an unprogrammed Friend, I believe that my first year in China would have been better if there had been someone in my meeting who was focused on spiritually nurturing the community. It was far too easy for me to be forgotten by a bunch of committees with ministry as a sideline to their other work. All members, especially in unprogrammed meetings, have the role of minister and need to follow through with spiritual nurture and support to other members. Furthermore, the meeting can be especially enriched by maintaining dialogue with isolated members. Isolated Friends may learn a great deal from their experiences and may have quite a lot of ministry to share. Dialogue between meetings and isolated friends can minister to the condition of both.

Quaker idea: It isn't good to follow a book dogmatically.
Quaker myth: Religious books aren't important.
My idea: It is useful to read spiritual and religious writings, both Quaker and from other traditions. I enriched my second year in China greatly by ordering FRIENDS JOURNAL and, eventually, with the mailings from FWCC. However, it was in reading the Qur’an that I found the most peace and solace. Though it may seem obvious that you can learn a lot from reading religious books, as a young Quaker I was not taught this. When teaching children about Quakerism, we are often
vague and disorganized. Perhaps this seems preferable to adults scarred with memories of strict Sunday school. However, religious education for children is important. It is possible to read religious texts and discuss them with children without insisting that they believe them. You can teach skills and methods of reaching God without traumatizing children. The more ways that we teach our children to reach God, the more likely they will be to find some that appeal to them and that can sustain them in times of need.

Quaker idea: Coming together to follow the leadings of the Spirit is enriching.

Quaker myth: Sitting in silence in a room and listening to people talk is the way to come together.

My idea: Sometimes, especially when interacting with people from other cultures, coming together means doing things you thought you would never do—like studying a martial art, drinking rice wine, or spending the afternoon gambling with middle school students. All of these activities deepened my connection with the community around me in China, and this connection left me feeling more spiritually whole. We worship in many ways. It is the worship that is important, not the way.

Quaker idea: A community of Quakers can bring us a special spiritual fellowship.

Quaker myth: Spiritual fellowship is found only with other Quakers and people who choose to worship with us.

My idea: It is important to seek out and create spiritual fellowship with other people. "Isolated Friends" are just that. Isolated from Friends, but not isolated from a spiritual community because that can be found and created anywhere through patience and perseverance with people of a multitude of religious ideas or lack of them. In my second year, I was blessed to share my kitchen with a family from Yemen, one from Iran, and one from Egypt. Though they were all Muslims, just having a faith community around me was very strengthening. I was also more able to communicate on a deep level with my Chinese friends. Though they were not religious, they taught me many lessons. I think that my life will be greatly enriched when I understand how they care for their spirits without religion and without a belief in God. Even when not in isolation, we can remember that the Testimony of Community calls us not to build community within our meeting but to build community with everyone around us.

Finally, I realized that it was not the Quaker religion that wasn't able to nourish me in China, but my Quaker culture. The Quaker religion is something that can be practiced anywhere by anyone, with or without a community of other Quakers; but the specific practices of North American Quaker culture are not always transferable. When we see these cultural rituals as our religion, then we are inflexible to growth. We cannot spread as a religion to new regions, or to different racial, ethnic, and economic groups within our own country; and we cannot reach the greatest possible level of personal spiritual growth. Growth in all these ways comes from traveling other paths to God.

This does not mean that we should give up the testimonies that are central to our faith, but that we should examine carefully the relationship between our beliefs and our practices, and separate our religion from our culture. One place to start this process is to learn about Quakerism as it is practiced across the globe. Building friendships and working together with Quakers who are very different from ourselves can help us not only to deepen our own worship, but also to share our religion with more of the community in which we live.

With these realizations, I was able to fashion my own "Quakerism for One," which sustained me through the rest of my time in China. I developed my ideas further through a series of interviews with Friends on their individual spiritual practice that I conducted during a year I spent as a student at Pendle Hill. As a result, I have the following simple suggestions for you, if you are facing times as an isolated Friend:

First, develop a daily spiritual practice. This usually takes the form of reading, yoga, meditation, art, music, or one of many forms of prayer. Do not allow yourself to be intimidated by the thought that you have too little time for such a practice; even a couple of minutes is enough. It might help to read William Taber's Four Doors to Meeting for Worship.

Second, develop a spiritual friendship. It does not matter if the spiritual friend is Quaker or not, or if he or she is close or far away. For more information on Spiritual Friendship, there are short books and a Pendle Hill Pamphlet available.

Third, formalize contact with a meeting. If you have a meeting, ask for a support committee. If you do not have a meeting, make an effort to get to know one. Make a specific agreement with that meeting about what kind of support they will give you and remind them to actually do it. Remember that contact goes both ways. The more that you enrich a meeting with your experiences, the more likely they are to remember you.

Finally, participate in local spiritual activities. This does not mean convert, but it is often refreshing to have contact with other people of faith, even if they do not share your faith.

These practices have enabled me to continue to travel in a spiritually healthy manner. I have also been nourished by my further travels with Friends in Germany, South Africa, and Kenya.

As I anticipate returning home, I am still searching for answers to the following questions:

- How do I deal with the feeling of alienation from U.S. Quaker culture that comes from a deeper understanding of another culture? How can I share this understanding with Friends in a way that might diversify our culture and enrich our religious experience?
- How can I deepen my connection to God? How can I prepare myself for future periods of isolation? How can I support others who are currently isolated?
- Do we educate our children to know God in as many ways as possible? Do we teach them ways to worship without community? Do we make them aware of the rich variety of belief and practice within the Quaker faith?

As I continue to travel and worship with Friends across the globe, I will be constantly seeking other paths; constantly seeking ways to grow myself; and constantly seeking, with my solo wanderings, to bring growth to Quakerism through deeper tolerance, understanding and interconnectedness.
January 17, 1992
Wheatley, Arkansas

**DRIVING TO EL SALVADOR WITH HECTOR AND DOMINGO**

I never knew that I passed invisible in my own country
the double yellow lines of a two-lane highway leading me

to perhaps a cup of coffee
sitting down with hands clutching
a shiny brown mug
blowing steam with pursed lips.

I smile at the waitress
dressed in brown polyester, mousy hair
"Hi my name is Susan" welcomes her name tag.

But she does not smile back.

I look across the linoleum counter
and see that I am surrounded
by an army of men, dressed in checked shirts, caps,
talking of distances traveled in their rumbling trucks

I no longer walk invisible
in my own country

I am not white anymore

I travel today with two men,
that God has dressed in brown skin,
and a soft lilting language

that stands in contrast to their violent past
of Spanish conquistadores
and guerrillas and soldiers
of a long civil war.

I speak their language too, and
inherit the violence

it is within

and

It belongs to the waitress
in brown polyester
and the men in checked shirts

In their eyes I see
Atlanta burning

I hear them whistling Dixie.

But it's not the song of a
bird skimming above a sun-baked field
or a young boy kicking up clods of dirt
bare feet sinking in fresh loam

It is the death march of men;
hooded men in white

I hear a drum pulsing loudly and
see a shadowy figure swinging from a tree.

The sweat is gathering on my palms.
I look up and see the waitress in the brown dress.
"Your bill," she says flatly

I feel a prickling on my neck of curious stares
I feel the drum beat more urgently now.

I put three dollars on the counter
and we leave quickly

I open the glass door, the night air
biting my flushed cheeks
and
I dream of a world
without nations

—Lisa Sinnett

Lisa Sinnett is a member of Detroit (Mich.) Meeting.
I went from my spiritual home and the community that surrounds it, to a new and unfamiliar community. In a very short period of time I became totally disconnected spiritually. Sophomore slump was no joke!

I didn't become disconnected from my family, my friends, or even my home meeting. I was disconnected from the immediate spiritual community around me. I got very discouraged, and as this happened I became further disconnected from my own spiritual center. We joke at Haverford about living in the “Haverbubble,” where your life is so focused on school that everything else seems to fly by. It's not an uncommon phenomenon at college, but for me the Haverbubble took its toll. Getting up early on Sunday morning lost its priority. Taking time to center lost its priority. I was finding “that of good” in those around me, but not finding “that of God.” Sophomore slump was no joke!

Similar to finding that odd sock, years later, that the sock monster stole and put behind the washer, a year and a half after starting college I began to find spiritual connections again at Camp Onas. And just as having a pair of socks opens new opportunities not available to odd socks, finding just a few connections brought new opportunities, opened my eyes, and awakened my heart. I was extremely lucky to be selected to participate in a Youth Consultation facilitated by the Ad Hoc Youth Ministries Discernment Committee of Friends General Conference (FGC) in March 2005. (Since then, it has become the Youth Ministries Committee.) I went into the weekend at Camp Onas with no idea what to expect. I left the weekend overwhelmed, excited, and less lost. (Forget relaxation: If you ever need a spiritual and energy boost, find a group of people ranging in age, in hometown, in background, and all willing to share.) The weekend was an overwhelmingly powerful experience that is almost impossible to put into words to friends, and just as hard to express it to Friends. Never have I been part of a group so willing to share aspects of their lives that made them vulnerable, so willing to say what needed to be said, and so willing to come together so cohesively to achieve one goal. I qued at the power and energy of this group.

The goal of the Youth Consultation was to explore the needs of young people in the Quaker community and find ways to fulfill those needs. I felt I represented college-age YAFs, those coming from isolated meetings, and Young Friends (YFs—high school age Friends) and YAFs (18–35) who would like, but have not yet been able, to get involved with FGC. (The only time I attended an FGC Gathering was at Carlton College. I was two feet high and more interested in the grass and bugs than in the workshops, the worship, or the Gathering going on around me.) I do not represent everyone in these categories but I brought my story, as did each of the YAFs and YFs at the consultation, and we each had a very different story. We each brought a different perspective and a different journey.

I was not the only one who felt disconnected from one's immediate spiritual community, and not the only one having trouble feeling at home in a new meeting. YAFs in particular often reside in a state of coming and going, a state of transience. Membership in this state comes as one
realizes the disconnect stemming from leaving one home in order to find the place where we belong—a new home. A struggle to reconcile the home we grew up in and the homes we create, a home that is both physical and spiritual. I have only started this journey, but the consultation introduced me to others further along in their journeys, people who are still struggling to find where they belong, and the connections to a spiritual community that accompany it. Our journeys may take many years, require many moves, and involve many people, but the rewards of the journey are equally as valuable as the end result.

So what do we do? How do we make this state of transience less a state of disconnect? How do we turn the spiritual disconnect into connections? There were a lot of ideas thrown out at the consultation and some even implemented. But no matter what the topic under discussion, the theme of making connections was ever present: finding ways to create stability in transience. Our ideas came in two broad categories, intragenerational connections and intergenerational ones.

I am fortunate to come from a very active meeting. Though Alaska Friends Conference is small, it is constantly in motion. While I was growing up there were not many YFs in the state and no structured program for us at Yearly Meeting Gatherings. The first couple of Gatherings I attended we just hung out with each other, but this was the best structure we could have had. We became very close and created our own programs. We shared a deep longing to connect with others our own age. We longed to connect with others who were at similar places in their spiritual journeys. We sought that next layer of intensity and intimacy that “friendship” entails in order to support each other and to be supported ourselves.

Our group of Alaskan YFs wasn’t unique in the desire to make connections. I think it is human nature to reach out and relate with others, and no one grows out of it. In my experience it is in times of exploration and discovery that I have most needed and wanted to make connections. I see this as the common thread that brings adults back to yearly meeting and to FGC Gatherings, though it is not voiced as such. For adults, the emphasis is on workshops, on meeting for business, on worship, and on the exploration and discovery that gatherings may bring. There is perhaps less emphasis on making connections with people. For YFs and YAFs the emphasis on making connections with people may be most important. The exploration and discovery is already there, in our lives and our gatherings, but connecting with Friends to support that spiritual exploration and discovery is our focus.

One proposal brought forward at the Consultation was to create more frequent local, regional, and national YF and YAF gatherings, as well as for funding to support travel to such gatherings.

One major contribution to my spiritual disconnect at Haverford was not having elders whom I knew in my new meeting. I have been lucky to have some very special elders in Alaska who have supported and guided me a great deal. I truly missed them while attending meeting at college. It never occurred to me that this connection was a two-way street until some of the older participants in the Consultation expressed how much YFs and YAFs have impacted their lives. Prior to this I couldn't put my finger on why going to meeting with 18- to 22-year-olds at school just didn't feel right, why it didn't feel like a home. It was the intergenerational contact, having older Friends and young children in meeting, that made meeting complete for me. Intragenerational contact is important, but there is also a need for balance.

Many ideas were generated at the consultation to help increase intergenerational connections. One idea was intergenerational gatherings and workshops focused on increasing intergenerational connections, communication, and community. Such workshops and gatherings could help open the whole Quaker community to the ideas and spirit of young people, and help find a place for younger (eldering from younger Friends) as well as eldering. Following the example of New England YAFs, some Consultation...
Quaker Institute for the Future: Summer Research Seminar 2005

Quaker Institute for the Future (QIF) held its first Summer Research Seminar (SRS) in Bar Harbor, Maine, from July 1 to 31, 2005. The ten Friends who took part worshiped, worked, lived, ate, and recreated together in what turned out to be a productive experiment and a very promising model for future collaboration in Spirit-led research. Offices, library access, Internet connections, and meeting spaces were provided by College of the Atlantic. Very helpful support and oversight were provided by members of Acadia Meeting.

Participants focused on the following research themes: ethical behavior in corporations, managing biotechnology, values maturation and human development, agricultural policy and community life, the writings of African American Friends, experience of silence and forms of leadership among Friends, changes in the U.S. progressive religious movement, and comparative study of Quakers and Buddhists. A central theme of interest to all participants was the exploration of "a Quaker epistemology"—how, through Quaker practice, Friends come to know what they know. The seminar utilized several modes of Quaker practice for constituting a "meeting for worship for the conduct of research." Several research projects were developed to the stage of writing grant proposals. And the foundation for a network of QIF Research Associates emerged from the seminar.

Participants were uniformly enthusiastic about the month-long experiment and strongly recommended that it become a regular program of Quaker Institute for the Future. QIF has taken up Kenneth Boulding's understanding of "the evolutionary potential of Quakerism" with regard to promoting human betterment and ecological integrity, and the application of Friends testimonies to public policy. The Summer Research Seminar will be reconvened in 2006 [see Bulletin Board, EJ March—eds.], and will be further developed as a core program for the realization of QIF's mission. For further information contact Gray Cox, SRS Coordinator, at gray@coa.edu or (207) 288-3888. For a full report on the 2005 SRS and for more information on QIF, visit <www.QuakerInstitute.org>.
Science, Spirit, Wholeness: A Quaker Scientist's Sense of God


Surgery and Beyond


Ethical Business Relationships: Partnerships in Peace


Most Friends who hang out in their meetinghouse library and leaf through a volume or two of early Friends' journals quickly realize that the passion and integrity of these early authors transcends time and the printed medium. It leaps off the page, captures the browser's attention, and ignites a faithful fire within even the most casual reader's soul.

Today the Quaker memoir and its literary cousin the autobiography (though frequently self-published and often lacking the editorial polish of its more commercial brethren from mega-publishing houses) carry on the tradition of these journals and serve much the same purpose: to reveal in unflinching detail the choices made and the life lived in faithfulness to "that of God."

Three outstanding books—one by a scientist, one by a doctor, the third by a businessman—have landed on meetinghouse shelves in recent years. The first to arrive was Science, Spirit, Wholeness: A Quaker Scientist's Sense of God, by Haverford's Calvin Schwabe. Elegantly written by a tropical disease researcher who has served at the World Health Organization and the nation's most prestigious academic institutions, Science, Spirit, Wholeness begins with the revelation of an epiphany Calvin Schwabe had in his early 60's that allowed him, for the first time in his life, to understand what he calls the "inner synergy between Quaker spirituality and the practice of biomedical science."

The tension between religion and science is one that all scientists experience, particularly if they function in an academic/scientific world in which to admit to an awareness of the Light is tantamount to committing professional suicide. Yet studies reveal that scientists and doctors are spiritually hungry beings who struggle to find that of God on a daily basis. They may not talk about it at lunch, but

the daily work of life and death—whether under a microscope, in a drainage ditch, or beside the bed of a terminally ill patient—skewers them to that place in which the larger questions of God and God's place in the universe is constantly under discernment.

Science, Spirit, Wholeness frees these scientists from that painful place as it shares Calvin Schwabe's thought-provoking epiphany, then backtracks from his childhood through a prestigious career of scientific discovery and Quaker service to the present—weaving throughout a discussion of theology and scientific theory that presents, in the freshest and clearest terms, a synthesis of God and science. It is the work of a lifetime, and an amazing achievement.

Equally amazing is Surgery and Beyond, a memoir by surgeon Frank J. Lepreau. "My education as a physician began on a cold February day in 1934 when Bob Michelet was taken out of Dick's House and I was taken in with the same untreatable pneumonia that killed him," begins this absorbing memoir. It continues through the early years of the author's college and medical school experience; his life as a surgeon, family man, and budding Quaker in Massachusetts; then follows his adventures—beginning at age 50—as a medical missionary to the Friends Africa Mission in Kaimosi, Kenya, the Hospital Albert Schweitzer in Haiti; and finally the Frontier Nursing Service in eastern Kentucky.

As to why he spent his later years in such uncomfortable places, he speaks of his experience in Haiti:

When we turned people away from our front steps we knew they had no place else to go. We were treating people from early morning until closing, working from seven in the morning to as late as nine in the evening. We cared for as many as we could possibly handle, knowing that if we couldn't take them they had no other place to turn [given the illness and hunger that plagued Haitians]. . . . The classic question is, "Why let them live?" What about [those] . . . who say these countries and their people should be abandoned? [But] what about the influence of a fine mission station or a great medical school like Markoone, which has been destroyed by Idi Amin? What is permanent and what turns out just the way we planned? What does it all amount to? The gospel of Jesus was delivered to an oppressed world, yet he kept on and his Light still beckons through the forest of missiles and sidewinders. Gandhi's dream of a free, peaceful India occurred only after a long, bloody partition. Does this mean...
that he should not have tried?
I must fall back on the fact that I am a
Quaker physician, I must hoe it out on my
own compass. When I see a sick or dying
person, I see God in him. I have the skills
to restore him. Do I have a choice?

A third Quaker who clearly could not turn
away from those who needed his skill and
commitment is Kentucky businessman Lee B.
Thomas Jr. In Ethical Business Relationships: Par­
tnerships in Peace, he traces his business life
from one decision to another over a 70-year
career that saw him head the Vermont Amer­
can Corporation, Universal Woods, Inc., and
the Board of the Council on Economic Priori­
ties in New York. Preceding over companies
during the turbulent challenges of the '60s,
'70s, and '80s in particular, Lee Thomas relays
firsthand the subtle and not-so-subtle pres­
sures brought to bear on a business person
committed to Quaker principles of equality
and justice.

On a case-by-case basis with frequently
millions of dollars and people's lives hanging
in the balance, the author describes one inci­
dent after another in which making a decision
for what was right—refusing a military con­
tact, refusing to promote only white males
into management—looked as though it
would hurt people and companies in the short view, only to have the long view
prove that ethical decision-making is sound
business practice. As he writes about his expe­
rience working for a CPA company in Chi­

The facts speak for themselves: Enron is
gone. Arthur Andersen is no more. The
other CIIB firms have got to learn some­
thing from this.

In all three books, these are truly "Lives that
speak." We are fortunate that these men have
offered us a way to hear them.

—Ellen Michaud

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

Ringing True: The Bells of
Trummery and Beyond:
350 Years of an Irish
Quaker Family

By Bill Jackson. Sessions of York, 2005. 329
pages. $33/hardcover.

Among the many useful traditions peculiar
to Quakers—we do, after all, refer to ourselves
as a peculiar people—is our penchant for
keeping excellent records of our family
connections, and of our corporate behavior. No
matter that those records are often intention­
ally vague about who said what at any given
gathering, and that individual names are sup­
pressed in favor of the "sense of the meeting."
At least we often have carefully detailed
accounts of who was present at a given event,
and what decisions or resolutions arose from
the gathering. As a caretaker of Quaker
records, I am always deeply humbled by, and
grateful to, those who toil to produce and pre­
serve such records. I deem it a deeply spiri­
tual public service.

On occasion, someone will take loose
strands of those preserved records and weave
them into a narrative. So it is with Bill Jack­
son's Ringing True: The Bells of Trummery and
Beyond. Bill Jackson tells us at the
outset that he is not an historian, and as one
reads this volume that fact is obvious. But
within a few pages the reader ceases to care,
for the author—whose career has been in sup­
port of Oxfam and the United Nations—has
done due diligence among a wide array of his­
torical repositories to bring us the engrossing
story of 13 generations of a remarkable Quak­
er family tree, which has planted its tendrils as
far off as Australia, Canada, and the United
States.

The reader is gracefully drawn into the
recounting of Bill Jackson's forbears, the Bell
family, who began their association with the
Religious Society of Friends when Archibald
Bell (1617–1707) settled in Ireland's County
Armagh, where he heard the powerful Quak­
er preacher Thomas Loe speak. Through six
chapters (corresponding to the five-century
span of the narrative, plus a beginning orien­
tation to the Bell lineage, and a final section of "Reflections"), and five chapters (each near­
ly divided into enticingly titled segments), the
author spins stories of various births, wand­
erings, marriages, and careers that combine to
provide not only a strong family, but a pow­
ful backbone to British Quakerism and to
Friends' communities worldwide.

For the visual learners among us (I am
one), Bill Jackson opens his volume with an
easy-to-see map of the regions of Ireland where
the Bells originated and abound. Several
smaller maps scattered throughout the book
are more difficult to make out, but still useful.
But it is not the spatial orientation that makes the
story of this family such a fascinating read.
Rather, it is its remarkable capacity to pass down
so truly (as Bill Jackson puts it) their religious
commitments and values to generation after
generation, household after household.

Bill Jackson's stories make us want to
plumb the diaries, letters, and other docu­
ments from the family collection for clues
A Very Good Week behind Bars


Janael Turnbull Ravndal and her fellow imprisoned war protesters sure know how to put the civil into civil disobedience. This delightful pamphlet illustrates the effect that attitude (and companionship, and faith, of course) can have on experience. With grace, honesty, humility, and above all a playful sense of humor, this author takes us through her week in a maximum security cell, and leaves even the indignities and discomforts (of which there were many) with her perspective. Such perspective serves better than any abstract philosophical analysis ever could. We learn by example, rather than by instruction. Instead of hearing about the meaning of the experience from the outside, we are taken right into the prison with this intrepid little group of “disobedients,” and we share the author’s reflections while we are there. Those reflections do not lead to shallow conclusions about rights and wrongs, but to questions about the nature of privilege, an awareness of the many ironies of the situation, and a nuanced view of the human beings on both sides of the prison system and the war in Iraq.

The prisoner-protestors are so relentless in their good cheer and good faith that one can almost feel the guards’ eyes rolling, but Janael Ravndal herself recognizes this: her large spirit can hold absurdity and absolute sincerity at the same time, so she brings genuine laughter and genuine love together in the story she tells. Finally, she emphasizes that although there is much to be learned from such an experience (and such a telling of it), “the real challenge comes afterward. Now the daily homework is to continue, in this more complicated world outside prison, a journey toward faith, away from fear.”

—Kirsten Backstrom

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

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The Meetin House Mouse

by Benjamin, as told to Clifford Peisl, with illustrations by John D. Gummere

Emma Lapsansky-Werner

Emma Lapsansky-Werner is curator of the Haverford College Quaker Collection.

A Very Good Week behind Bars


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The Quaker Council for European Affairs (QCEA) plans to present a resolution, under Article 9 of the European Convention of Human Rights on Freedom of thought, conscience, and religion, to the Council of Europe. The resolution establishes the right for individual taxpayers to direct a portion of their taxes away from military uses and towards peace-building, international development, and other alternatives to war. In 1967, the Council of Europe passed a resolution stipulating that Article 9 applies to conscientious objection to military service. QCEA has argued that the logical consequence of Article 9 is that it also applies to the conscientious objection to the payment of taxes. The legal dilemma of this resolution is that 1) the state’s need to maintain a uniform tax system is deemed more important than designing a tax system through which some taxes are diverted for conscientious objection, and 2) in the absence of legislation that allows for the diversion of taxes away from military purposes, the courts have no power to rule in favor of peace tax protesters. For more information visit <www.quaker.org/qcea/peacetax>.

—Around Europe, Quaker Council for European Affairs, November 2005, and QCEA

Help Increase the Peace Program (HIPP) has measured positive effects on middle school students in Baltimore, Md. A rigorous treatment/control-group experiment conducted by Copper Coggins, PhD, showed that 20 sixth-grade boys from a Baltimore City middle school increased their self-sufficiency and decreased their victimization after taking a weekly, two-hour HIPP workshop for eight weeks in the fall of 2004. The young men in the group reported fewer incidents of being yelled at, hit or slapped, having things thrown at them, being pushed, being asked to fight, or being threatened with harm by peers after the HIPP intervention than an equivalent group of boys in the control group. The research was approved by the institutional review board of North Carolina State University and by Baltimore City School District.
and was funded by a grant from the Maryland Mediation and Conflict Resolution Office (MACRO). For a full report visit <www.afsc.org/hipp/05HIPPEval.pdf>—HIPPE News, AFSC, Fall 2005

American Friends Service Committee and Intermountain Yearly Meeting's Joint Service Project to Louisiana supported 21 people to work on Hurricanes Katrina and Rita disaster relief projects in January. Volunteers ranging in age from 15 to 72 served the Isle de Jean Charles band of the Biloxi-Chitimacha-Chocow Native Americans, located about two hours south of New Orleans, from January 3 to 18. Co-pastors of Bourg Friends Church Kim and Vanessa Voisin, along with the church community in Terrebonne Parish hosted participants from 12 states. Co-led by Mike Gray, Tom Kowal, and Amy Wagner, the team of volunteers took their lead from the native community, doing the work that was requested. Projects included constructing a building from the ground up in Dulac, patching roofs on a few area homes, priming and painting a kitchen ceiling, knocking down moldy dry wall in another home, distributing food and paint to a family, constructing kitchen cabinets for another family, sorting donated clothing and supplies (including unloading a semi truck full of gallon cans of paint and primer, which were then labeled and sorted), completing electrical repairs for a few homes, and doing general clean-up. Volunteers had much opportunity to practice patience, team-building, and worship sharing, and were able to attend meeting for worship with New Orleans Friends. For more information e-mail Mike Gray at <mgray@afsc.org> or call (520) 907-6321. Both skilled and unskilled volunteers are invited to e-mail <tomanddannette@comcast.net> if interested in ongoing service projects.—Barb Luetke, Penn Valley (Missouri) Meetings and Sabre Edison, Eugene (Oreg.) Meetings

AFSC's nominations for the 2006 Nobel Peace Prize are Ghassan Andoni from the Occupied Territories of the West Bank and Gaza and Jeff Halper from Israel. For decades these grassroots peace activists have worked to liberate both the Palestinian and the Israeli people from structural violence—symbolized most clearly by the Israeli Occupation of the West Bank and Gaza. They have opposed the Separation Wall that blinds people to one another's existence. They instead try to build bridges for recognition and celebration of a common humanity. Ghassan Andoni is a Physics professor at Birzeit University in Palestine, who has combined his teaching with peace activism since 1988. While a college student in Iraq, Andoni dropped out to work in refugee camps in Lebanon during the civil war there. Returning from Lebanon, he was arrested and jailed for two years for his supposed involvement in the military conflict. His Israeli judge refused to believe that he was a hospital worker and sentenced him for alleged membership in the PLO. During the First Intifada, 1987–1993, Andoni was an active participant in Beit Sahour's tax resistance. He expanded his understanding of nonviolence from being a personal position to a public one, which if successfully employed could lead to a mass movement of liberation. In 1988, after another jail term, he co-founded the Palestinian Center for Rapprochement between People. The Center's aim was to allow those in conflict to acknowledge each other's humanity. Later, he co-founded the International Solidarity Movement (ISM), coordinating international volunteers with Palestinians and Israelis in nonviolent actions that call attention to the Occupation and its effects. Jeff Halper is a professor of Anthropology whose discipline convinced him early on of the importance of trust in human relationships and the need never to treat humans as “other.” Jeff is from the United States, and went to Israel in 1973 after attending rabbinical school and becoming a Vietnam War resister. As an Israeli citizen he has refused to bear arms, even during his military service, and refused to serve in the Occupied Territories. In 1997 he co-founded the Israeli Committee Against House Demolition (ICAHD), which was among the first Israeli peace groups to work inside the Occupied Palestinian Territories. ICAHD stressed working in coalition and often partnered with other Israeli groups, such as Bat Shalom, Rabbis for Human Rights, T'ayrush, and Gush Shalom, as well as with Palestinian organizations such as the Land Defense Committee and Rapprochement. Jeff and ICAHD also organize Palestinians, Israelis, and internationals to rebuild demolished homes as acts of political resistance to the Occupation. ICAHD has been well ahead of other peace organizations in its appeal to the international community, disseminating information, networking, and analyzing the occupation and its effects. ICAHD has come to see that dialogue groups, while often having an important role in opening communication and challenging stereotypes, may put reconciliation ahead of the restoration of justice. Jeff Halper has in recent years spent a great deal of time traveling abroad to counter mainstream media information about the “realities on the ground,” and has established ICAHD chapters in the United States, Europe, and elsewhere. Both men have been asked to co-author a book on nonviolent resistance in the Occupied Territories. —Jami Shields, AFSC

April 2006 FRIENDS JOURNAL
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Jewish and Palestinian students in Israel voted together at Israel's first bilingual, bina­tional primary school/junior high school in the Oasis of Peace. With national elections in both the West Bank/Gaza at the end of January and in Israel in March, students have been focused on the democratic process, and on every person's right to express his or her opinion as long as it does not disparage, insult, or trample on the rights of others to live with dignity and in peace. Elections, held at the beginning of the school year for class committees and student council representatives, were an opportunity for the students to experience democracy firsthand. "The candidates were each given the stage to present their own political platform . . . and prepared slogans and posters and visited all the other classes for their election campaign," said teacher Ery Edlund. Founded more than 20 years ago, the school remains one of only a handful of schools in the region where Jewish and Arab children learn together in the same classes with equal respect for Arabic and Hebrew. "Certainly, this unique school faces many challenges with the ongoing tension and violence facing Israelis and Palestinians. Yet, as the students learn together and vote together, the walls of culture, religion, language, and ethnicity that divide them start tumbling down," said Ery Edlund. The elected student leaders have taken their responsibilities to heart. One of the challenges facing the school is improving the quality of Arabic language education for all students in a society where Hebrew is the dominant language. Students have taken on the challenge themselves by arranging an Arabic-only school break with special activities, which have included remembering the tenth anniversary of the assassination of Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, and other programs arranged by each class level where all students participate.—American Friends of Neve Shalom/Wahat Al-Salam (Oasis of Peace)

Thom Jeavons left his position as general secretary of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting on March 31 to accept a new professional opportunity. Over the last ten years, Thom worked to enhance PYM's regional staffing, fundraising capacity, and personnel practices. Thom has spoken on behalf of Friends in the aftermath of the 9/11 crisis, has represented Friends' witness to freedom of conscience in the PYM tax case, and has renewed PYM's presence in the National Council of the Churches of Christ as an avenue for spiritual partnering on peace and justice issues. He was instrumental in supporting the creation of the Spiritual Formation Program and the Making New Friends Project. Thom also took a lead­ing role in the yearly meeting's support for the renewal of Ramallah Friends' presence and witness for peace. Perhaps most challenging for Thom was his work to bring organizational integrity to PYM, an organization that functions as both a complex organization and a spiritual community. Though being a voice for change was not an easy path, Thom gave himself fully to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Thom will be the next executive director of ARNOVA, a national organization for the study and improvement of nonprofit organizations, voluntary action, philanthropy, and civil society. Thom will also serve on the faculty of the Center on Philanthropy at Indiana University, and will consult with the Lake Institute on Faith and Philanthropy at IU. Thom's family will be relocating to the Indianapolis area, and his wife, Gretchen, is hoping to enjoy some country living. Interim Meeting has taken steps to appoint an interim general secretary by April 1. A project group will also be appointed to assess current staff administrative functions, gathering perceptions and information from a broad base of staff and yearly meeting Friends on the effectiveness and challenges of these functions. Having approved any changes to the general secretary's job description, Interim Meeting will appoint a search committee. The clerks of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting and Interim Meeting see this transition as an opportunity to take some time to anchor the future of PYM in the healing power and strength of its spiritual community.—Gretchen Castle, clerk of PYM

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BULLETIN BOARD

Upcoming Events

• May 7—Friends Historical Association spring meeting, Little Falls Meeting in Fallston, Md.


• May 12–14—Netherlands Yearly Meeting

• May 16–18—Christian Quaker Renewal Fellowship 22nd annual gathering, Let Your Light to Shine: Christ in You, at Woodbrooke Quaker Study Center, England. Contact Beryl Bell at +020 8926 7853 or <colinbery @ntworld.com>.

• May 26–29—Britain Yearly Meeting

• May 26–29—Northern (U.S.) Yearly Meeting

April 2006 FRIENDS JOURNAL
• June 23–25—Quaker Historians and Archivists Biennial Conference, Guilford College.

• July 1–7—Friends General Conference 2006 Gathering at Pacific Lutheran University, Wash. Online registration is now open; visit <www.fgcquaker.org>.

Opportunities

• Friends Testimonies and Economics, a joint project of the Earthcare Working Group and Quaker Earthcare Witness, is seeking Friends to provide both leadership and opportunities for presentations and workshops about economics and Friends testimonies in monthly meetings and other settings. If interested, contact Ed Dreby at (609) 261-8190 or <drebymans@igc.org>.

Resources

• Friends Testimonies and Economics has developed a three-part resource called Seeds of Violence, Seeds of Hope: Economics in an Ecological Context. Parts one (“Planting Seeds”) and two (“Cultivating Seeds”) will be available online by early April; visit <www.fgcquaker.org/library/economics/seeds>. Part three will be posted later in the spring.

• Philadelphia Yearly Meeting has started a Substance Abuse Education Project. The Care and Counsel for Meetings and Members and Drug Concerns Working Group of PYM believe that it is important to help break the culture of silence around substance abuse issues so that those who suffer from the effects of addiction can more easily find help and support. Psychologist Carl Jung called addiction a "spiritual disease"; and these groups believe it is important that Friends receive support from their spiritual communities. Ted Spaeth, who was brought up in a Quaker meeting, has been active in Germantown Meeting in Philadelphia, Pa., since the 1970s, and has master’s degrees in Social Work and Law and Social Policy from Bryn Mawr College, serves as the project’s consultant. He is available to speak to meetings and other Friends organizations to share his understanding of the challenges that face substance abusers and their families and friends. For further information call Steve Gulick at (215) 241-7068, or Ted Spaeth at (215) 483-4959 before 9 pm. —Annette Benert, Clerk of PYM's Care and Counsel for Meetings and Members

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MILESTONES

Deaths

Litman—Guy Julian Litman, 58, on June 3, 2005, in Santa Rosa, Calif. Guy was born on August 24, 1946, in New York City, and grew up in Uxbridge on Long Island, N.Y. He majored in German at Hartwick College in Oneonta, N.Y., spending his junior year in Austria. He continued his education at Episcopal Divinity School in Philadelphia, Pa., earning his master's in Theology and running the bookstore. Guy's Clinical/Pastoral Education (CPE) was with disadvantaged youth in Philadelphia and Los Angeles, Calif., under the direction of John Fryer. After seminary Guy joined the Episcopal Franciscan Friars at Little Portion Friary in Mt. Sinai, N.Y., and was soon transferred to the San Damiano Friary in San Francisco. He served as assistant to the director of Henry Ohlhoff House (HOH), an alcohol recovery home in San Francisco. He left the Franciscan order and later became director of HOH. On October 30, 1974, Guy was ordained a deacon in the Episcopal Church and two years later, although he preferred the title "person," he was ordained as a priest. As such, he served as advisor to the San Francisco/San Mateo Cursillo movement for many years. In the spring of 1979, Guy married Kathy Lathrop Sheldon. Soon after, he left HOH and became assistant priest at St. Cyprian's Episcopal Church, where he was active in a number of ministries serving many people. When their son, Chris, was born, Guy decided to become a full-time parent while Kathy worked. When Chris was two-and-a-half years old, Guy began working for the California Human Development Center in Santa Rosa and after a few years began working at Friends House in Santa Rosa. He was there for 17 years and made many lifelong friends. Interested in Quakerism for a long time, Guy attended a pastoral Quaker church, but it didn't suit him. Eventually he found Redwood Forest Meeting in Santa Rosa and was an ardent supporter of that meeting for many years, helping to found a men's group that came to support him magnificently until his death. For his entire adult life Guy was a nurturer and touched many lives, some of whom he never even knew, and all this was preparation for his most important mission of fatherhood. He enjoyed every moment of raising and nurturing Chris, and was very proud of him. Guy provided resources for his home-schooling from second grade through high school. He was active in the HomeSchool Association of California. In his last months, Guy visited every one of the people who needed him, sometimes in dreams, spending as much time as necessary to connect and prepare each person and himself in the process. Blessed with many friends, he appreciated all prayers and the wonderful written, verbal, musical, and artistic support he received from them. Guy was a kind, dignified, and loving person with a wonderful, dry sense of humor. He loved his family, the cello, German a cappella, genealogy, Texas hold 'em, and the standup comedy of Margaret Cho. Guy is survived by his wife, Kathy Litman; his son, Chris Litmann; and Tenaya Hall, Fred and Kay Litman, Nancy Lathrop, Pat Lathrop, Steve Lathrop, Theresa Mitchell, and Julie Chubb.

Nadeau—Era June Nadeau, 83, on November 8, 2003, from progressively debilitating adult onset diabetes. Era June was born on June 22, 1920, in Marysville, Mo. The older of two children, Era June earned a degree in Northwest Missouri State Teachers' College, where her father taught, then became a teacher herself. In 1944, on a train trip, she met a Red Cross worker headed for Okinawa named Earl James Nadeau. For two years she and Earl corresponded by mail, and they were married in 1946. Era June became involved with Friends while living in Lancaster, Pa. A meetinghouse was established in her neighborhood in 1955, and she quickly became central to the activities of the meeting. Her son Randy remembers the family opening up the meetinghouse and setting up for worship each Sunday. Era June was editor of the meeting's newsletter for 20 years, her writing rich with wit and literary references. She was also active in the American Diablo Association and the American Association of University Women, though her family remained central to her daily life. In 1990, when her husband died, she moved to San Antonio to live with her son Randy and his wife and children. She lost her eyesight to diabetes, and during her last two years lost her ability to read the classics of literature that lined her shelves, read and reread, often with notations in the margins. Friends Meeting of San Antonio remembers Era June for her sweet gentleness, her humility, and a quiet radiance of spirit. She was constantly encouraging of others, took particular notice of young friends, and would occasionally remind Friends, gently but pointedly, of what they, as Quakers, should really be doing. Era June was predeceased by her husband, Earl James Nadeau. She is survived by two sons, Randy and Dana Nadeau; and two grandchildren.

Muller—Werner Ernst Georg Muller Sr., 93, on December 2, 2005, in Newtown, Pa. Werner was born in Hamburg, Germany, on August 24, 1912. A survivor of World War I and refugee of its aftermath, he immigrated to Philadelphia with his parents and sisters, Gerda and Elfriede, in November 1924. A graduate of Franklin High School in Philadelphia, he became a licensed optician, working for Morrison Guild Opticians and American Optical Company. His commitment to consumer cooperatives led to the formation of the Philadelphia Consumer Services Cooperative, which he managed and for which he provided optical services for more than 30 years. He was the personal optician at Girard College from the late 1940s through the mid-60s. Werner and his wife, Margareta, began their own family while living on Girard Avenue in Philadelphia. They relocated to the Olney area of the city, and then, in 1948, built a home in Bryn Gwedel Homesteads, an intentional community in Bucks County, Pa., where they lived for more than 30 years. Werner served as a board member and president for Bryn Gwedel, actively participating in the community with reliable guidance in fiscal planning and management, as well as establishing a community garden and home-heating oil cooperative. An active member of Southampton Meeting, he served on many yearly, quarterly, and monthly meeting committees. One of the original planners of Friends Village in Newtown, Pa., he was on the board of directors, served...
as treasurer, and was one of the last two original residents. He will be remembered for his year-round devotion to the bountiful community vegetable garden from which the dining hall was provided throughout the growing season. Werner touched the lives of many people with his attention to important detail, his diligence, and by his patient, personal guidance in dealing with life's challenges. He would point out which tomatoes to pick, adjust your glasses so comfortably that you weren't aware you were wearing them, and all the while impart a perspective on life that would actually enhance your vision. Werner was predeceased by his first wife of 69 years, Margaretta Roeger Muller. He is survived by his wife Lois Muller; two sons, Richard and Werner Muller; a daughter, Marjorie Sprouse; six grandchildren; and twelve great-grandchildren.

Rotundo—Barbara Ruth Bristol Rotundo, 83, on December 24, 2004, in Laconia, N.H. Barbara was born on May 21, 1921, in Swampscott, Mass., the daughter of Ralph and Ruth Munsey Bristol. She was the longest-standing member of Schenectady (N.Y.) Meeting, having joined shortly after the meeting was formed during World War II. The "living memory" for Schenectady Meeting, she led a remarkable and exemplary life, and maintained active membership even after retiring to New Hampshire from New York. The young widow of Joseph Rotundo, she raised three children alone, earned a master's degree at Cornell and a PhD in English at Syracuse University, and launched an academic career, first at Union College in Schenectady, and then at the State University of New York at Albany. Barbara relished the life of the mind and possessed a zest for public improvement. Her public service included working at a Girl Scout camp where she was a master at starting campfires, and serving as the elected president of the Schenectady School Board. A member of the boards of the local Neighborhood Youth Corps and the Carver Community Center, Barbara especially liked holding the babies at an inner-city day care center at Refreshing Spring Church in Schenectady. She celebrated her retirement by volunteering as an English professor for a semester at Tougaloo College in Mississippi; becoming an expert on the rural cemetery movement, gravestones, and related topics; served as a leader in the national professional societies of these fields; located and identified historic cemeteries; wrote research papers; took hundreds of photos of gravestones; and led tours at both Mt. Auburn Cemetery in Boston and at Highgate Cemetery in London. She also was an enthusiastic Elder Hostel participant and leader, conducting architectural history tours of Boston. A caring friend who was deeply involved with her family, Barbara was genuinely interested in those around her. In all facets of life she sought to improve the welfare of others. When Barbara walked into a room she brought the world with her, sharing her wide knowledge and travels. Endlessly interesting to listen to, she was a much beloved anchor of support and fellowship for her meeting. Barbara is survived by her daughters, Ruth Ann Whitney and Peggy Rotundo; her son, E. Anthony Rotundo; and four grandchildren, Barbara Rotundo, Peter Rotundo, Nicholas Danforth, and Ann Danforth.

FRIENDS JOURNAL April 2006

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of racial intolerance in the United States. In one of his popular essays on the role of the emerging civil rights movement, he observed that “a calm survey of the situation will certainly not lead to a verdict that justice and equality for the Negro people have been substantially achieved. On the contrary, there is still a long way to go.” Seeing a direct connection between imperialism overseas and racial injustice at home, Muste provided guidance to Martin Luther King Jr., after the latter’s emergence as the chief spokesman for the nonviolent wing of the civil rights movement. Muste encouraged him to read the works of Woolman, Jones, Gandhi, and Thoreau, and when King’s own growing resistance to the Vietnam War took center stage, Muste stood by him on all counts.

Social and civil unrest at home, marked by civil rights protests and growing opposition to the Vietnam War, demanded even more of Muste’s time and energy. In the mid-1960s, front-page headlines captured Muste’s picture as he led antiwar protesters down Fifth Avenue in New York City. He was instrumental in helping to organize national demonstrations against the war. In April 1966, he visited South Vietnam as part of a delegation from Clergy and Layman Concerned About Vietnam. Nine months later, despite ill health and warnings from his doctor not to go, Muste traveled to North Vietnam where he met with North Vietnamese Premier Ho Chi Minh. Along with two other clergyman, he returned home bearing an invitation from Minh to President Lyndon Johnson requesting that he visit Hanoi in order to discuss an end to the war. That was Muste’s final witness to peace. On February 11, 1967, he died.

It is almost 39 years since then. There have been books and articles written about his peace witness, but a younger generation may not know that his conversion to Quakerism during World War I was a seminal moment in his life. It directly enjoined him in the political and economic struggles of his day. His legacy is secure. And I am sure that he would heartily agree with one particular obituary notice observing his passing. In the antiwar newsletter, The Mobilizer, the following appeared: “In lieu of flowers, friends are requested to get out and work—for peace, for human rights, for a better world.”

A.J. Muste
Continued from page 7
and take responsibility for my prayer life. And it was a series of conversations with a college president that gave me a way to see the humanity of those in power in my own institution. Generations and genders mix, too, with an openness that still startles and delights me.

Perhaps the most important thing that FAHE does for its members is to help us discern how to live out our spiritual lives as we go about our academic lives. How does the Testimony of Equality apply in the classroom? How does the Testimony of Truth apply in research? In decision-making processes about promotion and tenure? How does the Testimony of Community apply in the faculty senate? How does the Testimony of Simplicity apply in the spiraling, conflicting demands of academic life? How can we be a channel of God's peace as we teach, grade, write, and serve on committees? These are the sorts of questions that emerge in our presentations and discussions, discussions that then go on to light the way in the months between conferences.

For me as for many, FAHE has allowed me to take down the wall between my academic life and my spiritual life. I've been to 13 conferences now, and I recently came off the Executive Committee after a decade of service, including terms in all the clerking positions. I've learned to look forward to FAHE e-mails, which inevitably provide an "e-hug" along with their business items. At the conferences, I find that the sessions stock me with new ideas on teaching, new directions in my own research, and a new awareness of my own
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growing edge each year. The conversations between sessions and late at night are a joy, one that I mull through the year and look forward to intently as June approaches.

FAHE's effects on my academic life have been far-reaching. For example, several of the research directions I've taken in the past decade emerged from FAHE, including primary research at Friends Library in London on Friend Janet Payne Whitney, and a book of essays on Quaker pedagogy, Minding the Light, which I co-edited with another FAHE member, Anne Dalka. As I look over my life in school, it seems to me that every decision I make about another person—students, colleagues, the high school principals I work with, administrators on campus—has been touched by what has been said and understood at the FAHE conferences.

My sense of FAHE's essence shows up in flashes of vivid memory: reading poems to one another in the Earlham graveyard; babies Tariq and Owen adding their music to lunchtime conversation in the Whittier dining hall; a celebratory birthday walk during which deeply felt discussion, emerging from an afternoon session on the moral sense, moved through ice cream-inspired playfulness back to the profound. Or consider this scene, two summers ago at Pendle Hill. We have a tradition of one evening's open mic, late, after the plenary has ended and the post-plenary conversations have woven themselves to closure. Twenty of us gathered that year in the Brinton House living room, a beautiful, quietly lit space with fireplace and windows onto the night woods. We went around the circle, taking turns. One person read a poem. One told a story. One read from a journal. One led us in singing Latin chants, writing the words on the whiteboard. Eventually, a young man holding a folder of papers nervously said he would venture, and he began to read. It was a play, one imagining the destruction and rape in Bosnia from the perspective of a young soldier who is leading his men in hurting. Silence deepened as we listened, as we ached, as tears fell. The young man's voice fell still. Silence gathered us up and held us in the flow of God's love among us.
participants set up intergenerational “spiritual buddies”: pairs of Friends in which eldering/youngerering is a natural part of the relationship, as pen pals stay in touch about what is going on in their lives and spiritual journeys. We also brainstormed ways college-town meetings could enrich themselves by increasing connections with YAFs, such as host families who would “adopt” a student and help introduce him or her to the area and meeting, or open houses where the whole community would come out to meet and welcome new students and those interested in Quakerism. All of these and many more are just simple first steps toward becoming truly intergenerational communities. If I’d had an adopted family or host grandparents in my college meeting, someone familiar who could help me establish spiritual connections in the community, I probably wouldn’t have become as disconnected as I did.

All in all, my journey would not be complete without my sidetrack, and the experience was definitely worth it as I appreciate my spirituality much more. My faith is now something that I have discovered within myself rather than something I simply grew up with. But I had the benefit of experiencing the Youth Consultation. For others, the possibility of YF and YAF gatherings and of intergenerational contacts in new meetings could help lessen the disconnect and make a world of difference.

We YFs and YAFs have many gifts to bring to the Quaker community. We bring fresh ideas and interesting views. We are a part of the wider community that can’t be forgotten! We are the future! We need support in our spiritual journeys, but we can also give back and provide support. It can be hard on both sides as we come and go; but if bridges can be built, the travel will be priceless and eternal.
do those who complain of the "single Native American" challenging the practice not reach out to other Native Americans in this discussion rather than having it themselves?

Here's something from both traditions (Quaker and Indian) that might prove useful: Sit quietly. Breathe. Be at peace. Let yourself wash away to be replaced with something greater. Listen.

Brian Windwalker
Hunlock Creek, Pa.

Is this a case of exclusivity?

Could Alice Lopez of the Mashpee Wampanoag tribal council possibly be recapitulating the principle of exclusivity, which has been characteristic of cultural exchanges according to modern anthropology?

This principle is certainly an important part of our Judeo-Christian religious tradition: The Old Testament refers constantly to the Jews as "the (exclusively) Chosen of God" as indicated by direct birth descent and circumcision (too bad about us non-Jews after all). The tribal names (like circumcised Jews could become Christians, which included the Catholics, Episcopalians, etc., who, according to the desirous brotherly fashion of this brotherly fashion, are viewed as part of our Judeo-Christian religious tradition, and Orthodox Jews are since then defined by matrilineal descent.

Though St. Paul was born a Jew (and therefore circumcised) he was educated in the Greek tradition of Inclusive brotherhood-of-man: anyone could "become a first-class Greek—later Roman—citizen" without being born a Greek (except for slaves), which he slowly transferred to "anyone" could become a Christian, even uncircumcised non-Jews, which was the big issue in Paul's early travels. (Historians tell us that Jesus' brother, James, led the Jewish sect that maintained that only born and circumcised Jews could become Christians, which competed with the Scribes and Pharisees. However, since James' sect was all massacred in a Jewish rebellion, only Paul's inclusivity was left to broaden Christianity).

If we learn anything from anthropology it should be that (1) almost all cultures believed they were exclusively chosen of God: the tribal names (like "Navajo") often translated to "God's People." And (2) that no cultural beliefs remained "pure" for long, being influenced by trading, war, and marital contacts with adjacent cultures, which were themselves "tainted" products of earlier cultures. Therefore, (3) doesn't any claim for purity and exclusivity smell of cultural (racial? ethnic?) "superiority," which is racist by definition?

We Quakers have a tradition of toleration of other cultures and religions, believing as we do in "that of God in all persons." But this tolerance may be stretched a little thin when we see some cultural practices: the exposure of Kenyan girl babies in the forest to die because the parents wanted a higher-status boy; the Islamic tradition of clitoridectomy, cutting out the female clitoris to insure female sexual fidelity; the Aztecan religious tradition of swiftly, surgically cutting out the beating heart of a sacrificial person for the placation of the gods, etc. So there are limits to how far most of us Quakers would go in respecting the religious rites/cultural practices of other cultures.

Would not practicing some benign, foreign cultural practices be a way of honoring or respecting in a brotherly fashion unfamiliar practices?

I have not done a systematic cultural investigation of sweat lodge practices, but I have heard that it may have been practiced by the Celts, Romans, Finns, etc. If other cultures have had a sweat lodge tradition, could it not have been tapping into some more primeval spiritual/body rites? What then are the Mashpee Wampanoag preserving? Ethnocentrism? Should we respect other cultures' ethnocentrism?

Bob Michener
Estes Park, Colo.

Three concepts of Christ or Jesus

I truly appreciate John Firts Corry's article "Jesus as the Second Option" (FJ Jan.) It is thoughtful and enlightening. However, I find myself confused when people refer indiscriminately to "Jesus" then to "Christ." Whom do they mean?

Although the early Quakers conflated three concepts that apply to Christ Jesus, I find it helpful to distinguish them, as later scholarship has done. Here they are, in no particular order:

The first is the historical Jesus, a person historians can study with standard historical tools. This is the man who grew up in Nazareth, preached about the reign of God through (and in) the details of first century Galilean life, angered and/or frightened the Temple authorities, and was crucified by the Romans just outside the gates of Jerusalem about 33 C.E. Historians reconstruct this figure from the synoptic gospels, the Gospel of Thomas, the Jewish historian Josephus, archaeological information, and socio-cultural and anthropological studies of religious figures.

The second concept is the Light or Fire, a Still Small Voice or a Rushing Mighty Wind. This is an experiential phenomenon. This is the power with(in) people across time and space, encountered before Jesus' birth and after Jesus' death, a power for personal transformation. It is not necessarily connected to the historical Jesus, and certainly no one needs to know about the historical Jesus, or even about the existence of the Bible, to experience its power. This concept—this experience—was at the center of early Quakerism.

Third is the doctrinal Christ, a theological concept, sometimes called the "Christ of Faith." This is the god-man, born of a virgin, only son of God, messiah and savior, who died on the Cross to save humankind from God's anger at the original sin of Adam and Eve and the individual sins of their posterity, ourselves included, then ascended to heaven. Many Christians think that to be saved from death, one needs to believe in—have faith in—this concept.

No conflict exists between the historical person and the experiential power. Indeed, the historical person may have embodied the experiential power as thoroughly as any human being can. Moreover, knowledge of the historical person and the will to follow him may enhance the experience of the power and increase our willingness, and even our ability, to be transformed by it.

In contrast, the doctrinal concept evokes conflicts. It clashes with science. The virgin birth is impossible now that we understand how conception works, that each parent contributes to each offspring half the DNA—chemistry, not Spirit. And, given modern cosmology, there is no place, "heaven," to which the risen Jesus might ascend—and no point, theological or otherwise, in his going to Mars. The theological concept also contradicts the hypothesis of a good God, offering an angry, punitive one, instead, who requires appeasement (the torture and murder of his son) to be able to forgive. In Christian theologies that claim Christ saves us from the consequence of sin, death, rather than from committing sins ourselves through personal transformation in this life, the doctrinal Christ also is incompatible with the experiential power, a power for...
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Do we have enemies?

The Among Friends column in the February issue swelled and grew like a lovely balloon, rising for all of us to admire and emulate, until it popped (devastated) with the use of the word "enemies"!

Would it not have been more appropriate to speak of "those with whom we disagree" since there is that of God in all God's children? Like Daniel Ellsberg (of Pentagon Papers fame), "For me the concept of 'enemy' no longer exists."

Bob Mabbs
Sioux Falls, S.Dak.

Unity and diversity

Silent worship is at the beginning and at the end of the faith of Friends. It is the miracle that lets God find us. It brings the experience that sustains us. It brings us to the Guide who can lead us in lives of integrity. But we need more if our meetings are to become what Isaac Pennington described as "heaps of living coals heating each other." We need a challenge in the middle as well as the beginning and end. And for Friends today, the middle is in a muddle.

Among liberal Friends today, many words are brought forth on the blessings of diversity. This is a prime example of the muddle in the middle. The faith of Friends is anchored in our experience of the Divine in our lives. And we know by experience that all can have this anchor—it is universal. So we exclude none from the Love or the Light. Our faith has room for all people but not all religious notions. We may have received different measures of Truth and we may have diverse gifts, but the experience of the Divine leads us to Unity or it is not an experience of the Divine. The fact that other religious traditions have some aspects that resonate with our understanding does not mean that we must fit those aspects or others into our practice. We are stealing small fruits from our neighbor's gardens when we have

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an unexplored garden of our own. Do we rush out to gather spiritual practices of others because they are easier to achieve than what is required by the discipline of our own tradition?

A faith that Truth is composed by creating the broadest possible amalgam of diverse religious notions has no Quaker historical or theological ground. The “conviction” of Friends has never led Quakers to believe that our contribution to the world is to gather all religious notions into one big pile. The Bible story of the tower of Babel should be a warning to us.

I understand that many of those who come to Friends today are escaping from false authorities that have wounded their spiritual sensibilities. I came to Friends as a wounded person. As wounded people we are likely to seek comfort wherever we can find it. We must be tender with each other to enable all to risk taking up the Cross that will lead to genuine spiritual growth. Part of what holds us back from seeking Unity is the knowledge that if we do get close to each other and are set on fire we will have to change. And there is no spiritual change unless it changes what we thought ourselves to be. We must come together to labor together to heat up our spiritual lives. With a faith that is written in our hearts and that we hold together with other Friends, our lives will speak and we can “walk cheerfully over the world, answering that of God in every one.”

Robert Griswold
Denver, Colo.

The redemptive power of self-renunciation

The Quaker blogosphere was abuzz, and properly so, over the kidnapping of Friend Tom Fox, a member of Langley Hill (Va.) Meeting. There has been a flurry of postings about faith, courage, what the Peace Testimony requires of us, what it means to be a true Friend and a true Christian from many Quakers who blog.

In one of these posts, a Friend makes use of an interesting phrase: “everyone... has been deceived by the Powers and the myth of redemptive violence.”

“The myth of redemptive violence”—the idea that violence can be redemptive seems inherent in U.S. culture. Look at a recent episode of nearly any popular science fiction show that comes out from the United States and one will see the notion that violence can be and typically is the only way to redemption or to solving the dilemma that the characters face. Certainly the George W.
Bush administration has used this ethos in defense of its preemptive strike doctrine in regards to the War on Terror.

A friend of mine alerted me to a provocative movie, *The God Who Wasn’t There*. It proposes the idea that Jesus as God or even Jesus as historical figure is a complete myth. Beyond this titillating proposition, the director discusses the idea that within traditional Christian theology, violence is part and parcel to redemption.

I have to agree. One could argue that the “redemptive power of violence” is inherent to the traditional Christian story, particularly if one accepts the theology of atonement. This refers to the idea that God the Father required the ultimate blood sacrifice—in this case from His Son Jesus—to atone for the sins of the world that had to be punished. Hence, the world finds salvation or redemption through the violent death of the “Lamb of God.” This label in reference to Jesus Christ was a favorite amongst early Friends, by the way. It had as much currency as the more recently popular “the Light.” But that’s a whole other discussion.

Of course, the Mennonites—the Friends, by the way. They propose that God is love and compassion, as He understood God to lead him both to live and teach, that doing so might lead him to the point of dying at the hands of those rabidly opposed to Him. His death was not as much an act of redemption as much as an act of self-renunciation. In fact, perfect love, perfect or whole-complete compassion, requires or elicits this act of self-renunciation out of those moved by such complete love and compassion. If one believes, as many Friends do, that Jesus is, or is an incarnation of, the Divine in human form, then we have an image of a God that embodies love to the point of ultimate self-renunciation.

I get this idea of self-renunciation from the book by Friend George Ellis and Brethren pastor and theologian Nancy Murphy’s book *On the Moral Nature of the Universe*. They propose that God is love itself. Love, by its very nature, requires an object or focus to express and give of itself.
And complete or ultimate love requires some element of self-renunciation. Jesus' story, his death in particular, demonstrates this ethos.

So what does any of this have to do with Friend Tom Fox and his three colleagues from the Christian Peacemaker Teams who continue in captivity as hostages at the time of this writing?

Many times, we hear of the "ultimate sacrifice" that military personnel make during times of war. And it's true. The man or woman who died in combat did make an ultimate sacrifice. The implication, however, is that those who don't serve in the military do not put themselves in "harm's way." Thus, it is only when one serves in the military that one has made the ultimate sacrifice.

This denies, makes invisible, the incredible and sometimes ultimate sacrifices that peacemakers have also made. Think of Gandhi, and not just of him, but of the millions of others who followed in his footsteps to bring about a more just and compassionate world. Some of these were jailed, wounded, traumatized, and, yes, made the ultimate sacrifice. Think of Martin Luther King Jr. and the thousands of mostly black who were beaten, harassed, threatened, injured, abused, and killed, to bring about a more just, equal, and compassionate United States. The world benefited from those who not only made the ultimate sacrifice but did so in a spirit of ethos of self-renunciation.

Taking up the sword is often advocated by a mainstream culture that views violence as the "final solution" or "redemptive" (partly due to the belief that an aggrieved God needed a sacrifice to be appeased). But, the folks mentioned above purposefully, consciously, and in a disciplined way put down the sword. Here’s an interesting point: Guess where these regular folks got this idea? Well, from Jesus, considered by most Christians to be the Lamb of God, who advocated the very same thing when soldiers came to arrest him.

Friend Tom Fox, as well as his teammates, decided to risk everything in the Spirit that takes away the occasion for all wars, that takes away the occasion for taking up the sword one more time. Imagine if the majority of Us Friends did the very same thing.

Joe Guada
Los Angeles, Calif.

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Opportunities

- “Art thou he that should come, or do we look
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Quaker-led camp with emphasis on simplicity, community, living in harmony with the environment. Have fun, make friends, 34 miles from Milwaukee, ages 7-12. Teen adventures, ages 13-15. (608) 489-2788. <www.campwoodbrooke.org>

Journey’s End Farm Camp

Offers sessions of two to three weeks for 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 family. Welcome all races. Apply early. Kristin Curtis, 364 Sterling Road, New Providence, PA 15445.

Telephone: (570) 689-9011. Financial aid available.


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 how 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 boys ages 10-14. Two-, three- and six-week sessions. Please visit our website: <www.nighteagleadventures.com> or call for a full brochure: (802) 773-7656.

Accredited by The American Camping Association
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**Colorado**

- **BOULDER**: Meeting for worship 8:30 a.m. and 10 a.m. Childcare available. First-day school 10 a.m. Phone: (303) 442-3638.

- **DENVER**: Unprogrammed worship, first and third Sundays 9:30 a.m. at 2121 Decatur Pl. Contact: Julie Keefer, 303-221-4077.

- **DUKE**: Unprogrammed worship, 1st and 4th Sundays 10:00 a.m. at 6754 E. 32nd Ave. Contact: Velma Allen, 303-758-3071.

**Connecticut**

- **HARTFORD**: Meeting and worship. First-day school, 10:30 a.m. Phone: (860) 987-8979.

- **STORRS**: Meeting 10:00 a.m., First-day school, 11:00 a.m. Phone: (860) 987-8979.

- **STAMFORD-GREENWICH**: Meeting and worship. First-day school, 10:30 a.m. Phone: (203) 987-8979.

- **THREE RIVERS**: Worship group unprogrammed. Meets 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month. 4:30 p.m. Contact: Barbara Katz, 203-544-0972.

**Delaware**

- **CAMDEN**: Worship 11:00 a.m. (10 a.m. in June, July, August.) First-day school 10:00 a.m., and 2 p.m. (Educational Office is open 8:30-4:30.) Phone: (302) 221-2341.

- **FORT COLLINS**: Meeting and First-day school, 10:00 a.m. Phone: 203-544-0972.

- **MIDDLETOWN**: Worship 10:30 a.m. For information, call (860) 347-6707.

- **NEW HAVEN**: Meeting and First-day school, Sundays. 10:30 a.m. 225 East Grand Ave, New Haven, CT 06513. Phone: (203) 544-0972.

- **STAMFORD-GREENWICH**: Meeting and worship. First-day school, 10:30 a.m. Phone: (203) 544-0972.

- **WOODBURY-Litchfield Hills**: Meeting for worship, 10:00 a.m. Main St. and Mountain Rd., Woodbury. Phone: (203) 267-6545 or (203) 397-6037.

**District of Columbia**

- **WASHINGTON**: Friends Meeting of Washington, 2111 Florida Ave. NW (north of Dupont Circle, near Conn. Ave.), (202) 436-3130. (www.quaker.org/dfm). Unprogrammed worship for worshipers who are regularly held at 660 16th St., NW.


- **OAKLAND**: 3100 16th St., NW. Phone: (202) 654-3130. (www.quaker.org/dfm). Unprogrammed worship. Worship at 10:00 a.m. in new location.


- **WASHINGTON**: 3100 16th St., NW. Phone: (202) 654-3130. (www.quaker.org/dfm). Unprogrammed worship. Worship at 10:00 a.m. in new location.


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WOODBURY-First day school 10 a.m., meeting for worship 11:15 a.m. 140 North Street, Telephone: (609) 646-5000, if no answer call 845-9515.

WOODSTOWN-First day school 9:15 a.m. Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m., 104 N. Main St, (609) 763-5933.

New Mexico
ALBUQUERQUE-Meeting and First day school 10 a.m. 1600 5th St, N.W., (505) 843-6400.

GALLUP-Worship Group. (505) 495-5693.

LAS CRUCES-Meeting for unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. 125 N. Mesilla. Call (575) 528-0045.

SANTA FE-Meeting for worship, Sundays, 9 and 11 a.m. Olive Rush Studio, 830 Canyon Rd. Phone: 883-7241.

SILVER CITY-Meeting for worship 10 a.m. First day school 10:30 a.m. (photocopy provided). 110 Schemirn St. For information call (505) 377-8666 (Mon.-Fri., 9-5). Mailing address: Box 22, Silver City, NM 88041.

SOCCORO-Worship group, first, third, fifth Sundays, 10 a.m. Call 439-2803.

TAOS-Clearlight Worship Group, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. at Family Resource Center, 1335 Guadalupe St, Ste. Q. (505) 793-6200.

New York
a ALBANY-Worship and First day school 11 a.m. 727 COWAN-Worship 8:15 a.m.

ALFRED-Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. each First Day in The First Presbyterian Church, West St. We visit at 8:15 a.m. and worship at 11 a.m.


BROOKLYN-Meeting for worship and First day school 10 a.m. (photocopy provided). 110 Schemirn St. For information call (505) 377-8666 (Mon.-Fri., 9-5). Mailing address: Box 22, Silver City, NM 88041.

BUFFALO-Worship 10:30 a.m. 72 N. Parade near Science Museum. (716) 892-6564 for further information.

Catskill-10 a.m. worship and First day school, 11 a.m. November-April in members’ homes. (914) 434-3444 or (845) 698-3514.

CENTRAL FINGER LAKES-Geneva vicinity/surrounding counties. Unprogrammed meeting and First day school. Call for time and place: (585) 535-5206 or (607) 243-7077.

CHAPPAGUA-Unprogrammed meeting and worship and First day school 10:30 a.m. Rte. 120 Quaker Rd. (914) 238-3170.

CLINTON-Mohawk Valley Meeting House, 1144 Main St, Austria Rd. (315) 853-3305.

CLINTON-CORNERS-BULLS HEAD-Cwayne Monthly Meeting. Worship and First day school 10:30 a.m. 325 Bull Head Rd. (Northern Dutchess County) 1/4 mile E of Taconic Pkwy. (845) 678-3750.

CORNELL-First day school and childcare for First day school, 10:30 a.m., Quaker Ave. Phone: 534-7474.

Easton-Unprogrammed worship and First day school 11 a.m. Rte. 40, 20 miles N of Troy. (518) 677-3369 or (518) 838-5609.

Elmira-10:30 a.m. Sundays. 155 West 8th St. Phone: 607-461-2543.

FLUSHING-Unprogrammed meeting for worship, First day school 10:30 a.m. 113-176 Northern Boulevard, Flushing, NY 11374 (718) 673-2023.

FREDONIA-Unprogrammed meeting 10:30 a.m. Call: (716) 672-4427 or (716) 532-6002. Summer season Chaussauk Int. 9:30 a.m.

Hampton-Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Upperville Meetinghouse, Route 80, 8 miles W of Smyrna. Phone: Chris Rossi, (315) 561-2552.

Hudson-Unprogrammed worship for every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. Telephone: (516) 537-6618 or (619) 537-6617 (voice mail). e-mail: birchwork@juno.com.

THACA-Worship 11 a.m. Arboral Taylor Hall, Oct.-May, worship school 10:30 a.m., Hector Meeting House, Perry City, June-Sept. Phone: 273-5421.

LONG ISLAND QUARTERLY MEETING-meetings normally at 11 a.m.

SETTAPAGIAM-second and fourth First Days

SIBBOUGH-9 a.m. by request.

BROOKLYN-10:30 a.m. First day school 10 a.m. meeting July and Aug., 9:30 a.m. Meeting for worship at 10:30 a.m. 109 Nichol Ave at Hale St. (732) 948-8969.

NEWTON-Meeting for worship 10-11 a.m. each First Day. Sundays, 3rd Sunday at 10:30 a.m. Cozy Cooper Center, Camden. Chris Roberts (603) 483-0402.

PLAINFIELD-Meeting for worship and First day school 10 a.m. 223 E. Main St. (732) 579-2014.

MOUNT HOLLY-Meeting for worship 10 a.m. and High and Goodland Sts. Visitors welcome. Call: (609) 281-7675.

MULLICA HILL-Main St.-May-First day school 9:45 a.m.; meeting for worship 11 a.m., June, July, and Aug., 10 a.m.

NEW BRUNSWICK-Meeting and First day school 10:30 a.m. Meeting only July and Aug., 9:30 a.m. 109 Nichol Ave at Hale St. (732) 948-8969.

OAKWOOD-Worship and First day school 10:30 a.m. Box 502, Oakwood 08868. (609) 792-0533.

RANCOCAS-Worship 11 a.m., First day school 10 a.m. Summer schedule—worry only 10 a.m., 6/5-6/15, 201 Main St., Rancocas (Village), NJ 08073. (609) 267-1285. E-mail: ed@jenny@aol.com.

RIDGEWOOD-Worship for First day school and First day school 10 a.m. 224 Highwood Ave. (602) 445-8450.

SALEM-Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m., First day school 9:30 a.m. East Broadway.

GREENVILLE-Meeting for worship 10 a.m. South Shore Rd., Ridgefield. Phone: (203) 624-1155. Beach meeting in Cape May–Grant St. Beach 9 a.m. Sundays, June–Sept.

GREENWOOD-Worship and First day school 10 a.m. Rte. 35 and Smyrna. Ridgefield.

CLAYTON-Meeting for worship and First day school 11 a.m. 104 N. Main St. (609) 763-5933.

SUMMIT-Meeting for worship and First day school 11 a.m. (July, Aug. 10 a.m.) 158 Southern Blvd., Chatham Township, Giants Path. Call: (973) 786-2517.

TRENTON-Meeting for worship and primary day school 11 a.m. 142 E. Hanover St. (609) 278-4651.

TUCKER-9 a.m. by request. Worship 10 a.m. 317-5421.

WICKLEFIELD-Meeting for worship 11 a.m. 120 W. Washington St. (908) 232-3232. No regular services held in this area.

WOODBRIDGE-Meeting for worship 11 a.m. 318 W. Main St. Phone: (973) 575-5446.

CHERRY HILL-Worship and First day school 10 a.m. 3361 Madison Ave. (856) 218-9900; (856) 665-5000, for information.

FRIENDS Journal April 2006
WASHINGTON D.C. - Unprogrammed worship. (541) 987-5678.

RALEIGH - Unprogrammed worship, 9 a.m. to 11 a.m. (828) 999-4234.

PORTLAND, ME - Unprogrammed worship, 7:30 a.m. to 8:30 a.m. at First Church. (207) 555-4224.

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Nurture the Future of Quakerism

Make a Planned Gift to FGC

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

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- Make one bequest that supports both FGC and your monthly, quarterly, or yearly meeting.
- Name FGC as a beneficiary of your IRA, retirement plan, or life insurance policy.
- Establish an FGC charitable gift annuity that offers you both income for life and generous tax benefits.
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How can I find out more?
Please contact Michael Wajda in the FGC Development Office at 215-561-1700 or michaelw@fgcquaker.org.

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