The Work of Many Hands

This issue arrives with an innovation—a removable cover wrap giving readers advance notice of our forthcoming special issue on “Friends and Money” (and the opportunity to make a pre-publication order at a discounted rate). Also included is information about a new book we are publishing, Answering Terror: Responses to War and Peace after 9/11/01, offered at a discounted cost as well. Both of these are possible for our very small staff to produce because of the extra help we receive from volunteers, both long-term and interns. Without the wonderful energy of up to seven interns each summer, our full special issues would be far slimmer. In addition to working on the magazine, they have been compiling articles previously published in the JOURNAL for use in anthologies. Answering Terror is the first of these to be published, and was initially compiled by Alex Koppelman and Sarah Sharpless, then the pages were designed and typeset by Melissa Minnich, interns all. Sharon Hoover, a retired English professor and member of New York Yearly Meeting, volunteered to do the organizational work and book and chapter introductions plus queries at the end of each chapter for this book. Without all this help, we would not have been able to bring together in book form the powerful writing about nonviolence that has appeared in this magazine over recent years.

While on the subject of volunteers, I’d also like to introduce Patty Quinn, who since August 2005 has been coming into our office several days each week, providing editorial and proofreading assistance. While not a Quaker, she comments that she admires Friends values. Her background and education is in writing and she reports that she “is glad to contribute to the robust exchange of ideas that FRIENDS JOURNAL offers its readers each month.” We are very glad to have her expert assistance to us.

In recent months we’ve had changes in our staff. Our former marketing and circulation manager, Anita Gutierrez, left us in December to take a full-time position with a business-to-business publisher. Following her departure, Gabriel Ehri was promoted from project and database manager to director of marketing, circulation, and special projects. Gabe is a native of the Pacific Northwest, who grew up attending University Friends Meeting in Seattle. After earning a degree in English from Haverford College, he spent time with an Internet startup before joining the JOURNAL in 2004. He brings superb skills to his new position, and we are delighted with the changes he is making. Gabe’s promotion left a gap in our databases and tech support staffing. In February, after considering 64 applicants and interviewing 9, Patricia Boyle was appointed as our new database manager. Patty has an undergraduate degree in Journalism from Temple University and an MS in Information Science and Technology from Drexel University. She was born in Philadelphia, but has lived in a variety of locations (including Germany, Maryland, and the Pacific Northwest). Currently she lives near Philadelphia with her husband and two young sons and is active in her community through various civic and volunteer groups. We are delighted to have her excellent technical skills and warm personality to assist us with the very important work of keeping our databases (and many of our business operations) working smoothly.

On page 35 there is an ad inviting applications to help our Milestones editor, Christine Rusch, with the preparation of that much-loved part of the magazine. If you are interested in volunteering in this capacity, I hope that one day in the not distant future I’ll be sharing a bit about you in this column!
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Philad., PA 19107
The author details the evolution of the disciplines he brings to meeting for worship.

10 Contemplating Torture
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The isolation and deprivation that is invading our prison system is proof of a growing acceptance of torture in the United States.

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Cover photo courtesy of Friends Peace House/ African Great Lakes Initiative
Tom Fox's lasting legacy

We were greatly saddened by the news that Tom Fox, a member of the Christian Peacemaker Team, had been murdered by those who held him captive.

Yesterday, a neighbor expressed the view that Tom Fox had thrown his life away worthless. I cannot accept that opinion. I believe that the witness he made for goodwill has not died with his demise. I feel sure that many thoughtful persons of various faiths, Muslims included, will be moved by the witness he made for goodwill.

Some practices are based on tradition and may not be logical. For instance, "Negro" (now no longer used except in historical contexts) is capitalized, whereas "black" and "white" as ethnic terms are not. "Native American" is capitalized, but terms using "native" in other combinations are not. The general practice of Friends Journal is to minimize capitalization across the board except where called for by our reference guides.

Note: For ethnic terms, as well as editing in general Friends Journal, choices are made in almost all instances, in usage in two standard reference works, the American Heritage Dictionary and the Chicago Manual of Style. Some practices are based on tradition and may not be logical. For instance, "Negro" (now no longer used except in historical contexts) is capitalized, whereas "black" and "white" as ethnic terms are not. "Native American" is capitalized, but terms using "native" in other combinations are not. The general practice of Friends Journal is to minimize capitalization across the board except where called for by our reference guides. - Eds.

Two clarifications in the interest of accuracy

I'm concerned about the accuracy of some of the statements made by Bob Michener of Estes Park, Colorado, in his letter to Friends Journal ("Is this a case of exclusivity?") April, April). In two cases he makes assertions that I know to be plain wrong. One is trivial: it is emphatically not true that Greek citizenship was open to non-Romans under certain circumstances, and part of the manumission process in ancient Rome involved conferring citizenship on newly freed men. Greeks, by contrast, tended to be extremely restrictive and exclusive in their citizenship practices: hence, in part, the expansion and stability of the Roman empire as opposed to that, for example, of 5th-century Periclean Athens. However, it was many years after Paul lived before Roman citizenship became common among non-Roman occupants of the Roman empire, and Paul's citizenship is a clear indicator that his family was one of status and substance.

Much more worrisome is Bob Michener's wrong statement about clitoridectomy, which he describes as an "Islamic tradition." A comparison with the use of the veil is instructive. Neither the veil nor clitoridectomy is prescribed by the Koran, but the veil is extensively associated with Islam. Muslim women around the world often wear the veil as a sign of their commitment to their faith. Clitoridectomy, by contrast, is confined to a band of Africa roughly approximating the area where the savannah meets the desert. In this area, clitoridectomy is carried out in many communities without regard to faith. It is not associated with conversion or commitment to Islam. The Muslim women who experience it do so because they live in this area, not because they are Muslim.

The current tendency to demonize Muslims makes it really important that information published about Islamic customs be accurate. I hope Friends Journal will publish a correction to Bob Michener's misstatement in the next edition.

Florence Mini

Cultural experiences are meant to be shared

In response to the Viewpoint by Lisa Graustein ("The Quaker sweat lodge: a response," April), I can only say: Elvis didn't limit—did not appropriate (the implied) black musical culture. Elvis took black music forward—made it "white,"—made it, dare I say, mainstream? Elvis made it possible for black music to become a shared U.S. experience.

We must share our human experience. Sometimes, in the sharing, we risk having our fundamental beliefs challenged, even destroyed. No problem.

My "beliefs" feel like the skin of a fava bean. Somewhere, the skin helped my inner core to develop, but at the most crucial time—when I must share my being, or die, fruitless—I find I must "let go." I must let go of the skin that nurtured me. "I" must become "us."

Native American sweat lodge practices must be like that. There is no way to restrain their beneficence to past history—the sweat lodge cannot be owned by any culture. If there's any truth to any sweat lodge, then such truth should be shareable—even if imperfectly. Experience—personal experience—is irreversible to lies.

Maria Victoria Ayarza
Gainesville, Fla.

Learning from other traditions

I have never had the opportunity to attend the Friends General Conference Gathering, so had not heard of the controversy over the Quaker sweat lodge.

About 15 years ago I had the opportunity to attend a few sweat lodge ceremonies hosted by a Lakota couple who were willing to teach some of the basic ideas and history of that tradition to non-Native Americans who were seeking ways of increasing their
Palm Beach (Fla.) Meeting Minute of Grave Concern

On November 13, 2004, Palm Beach Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends in Lake Worth, Florida, sponsored a meeting of Friends and other like-minded people working to counterbalance military recruitment efforts in area high schools. Our meeting supports this group, now known as the Truth Project, Inc., and its outreach to high school students and their parents.

Unknown to us, a Department of Defense (DOD) representative attended the November meeting to collect information for Pentagon records. We have since learned that the DOD classified this group as a "credible threat" to military recruitment and that other Friends meetings were similarly surveilled and declared credible threats.

We believe that we are being spied upon because our religious convictions include advocating for nonviolent solutions to conflict. The Religious Society of Friends has believed in and practiced nonviolence since our beginnings in the 17th century. The Friends Peace Testimony is based upon the sacredness of each individual and the unity of all; there is that of God in all people.

Our country’s strength is founded upon the right to freedom of speech, religion, and peaceable assembly. Government spying upon peace activists and invasion of a church are illegal, including during times of war. Friends participated in the founding of this nation. When we gather peacefully to act upon our beliefs according to our consciences, and in doing so disagree with our government’s actions, we are protected under the Constitution of the United States of America.

Freedom of religion is the primary reason that Friends and other groups emigrated to this country. In this spirit, we cannot and will not in right conscience surrender our religious beliefs. Practicing nonviolence requires great courage as we continue to speak our truth.

We hold our nation in the Light during these difficult times.

Joan M. Carney, clerk

Biology and unlearning war

Like Dale Berry (“Conflict and biology,” Forum, FJ Oct. 2005), I, too, am a biologist, an ontological one, with evolution beliefs. But I, too, believe universal peace is possible and not maladaptive, with family planning (see <www.popconnect.org>) and reduced consumption.

As far as a plan by God for creation is concerned, that is inconsistent with my beliefs. But I believe God created evolution as a constant design. Genetic heredity and selection are not necessarily self-created automats.

But more important is where we are headed: the sustainability issue must be addressed with more vigor. “Sustainability” as I define it entails efforts to curb overpopulation and overconsumption in macro ways that make a difference. Micro band-aid solutions are optimistic and

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Thanks to Strawberry Creek Meeting

In the October 2005 issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL, Perry Treadwell wrote an article, "Spiritual Discernment within the Nominating Process," that was based on the experience of Strawberry Creek Meeting in Berkeley, Calif. Our meeting decided to use this process instead of our usual process of having three members of the nominating committee present a list for the meeting to accept. We opened the meeting to any from our meeting who would like to attend. We have just used this process and all agreed how affirming it was. We highly recommend it and want to thank the Strawberry Creek Meeting for sharing this process.

Lucinda Antrim
Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

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Observations on idolatry and God

Some years ago, in the shared silence of meeting for worship, I spent perhaps two months of First Days watching thoughts rise in my mind and ask for consideration as meaningful. After some time, I recognized these thoughts as candidates for idolatry. As important as they may have been as messages, as ideas, as places to place myself in meaning, they were Not God.

Everything that we make, do, think, or feel is Not God. We are composed, in our bones, in our very humanness; and, I suspect, in our very animalness, of temptations to idolatry.

I do not know where in our continuing conversation about our practice of sweat lodges at the Gathering these temptations are being expressed, but they are there. They are everywhere. The wonderful thing is, as much as our myriad candidates for idolatry raise walls between us and God, we reach God through them. In our conversation, God holds us in his laughing belly and births himself through us. If it weren’t for idolizing silence, I would say silence pops God out.

Sherry Macnamahon
Colorado Springs, Colo.
Wait & Watch

Meeting for Worship as Spiritual Practice

by John Andrew Gallery

When I first began attending meeting for worship I did not know what to expect. I knew that Quaker meetings were silent and that there were no ministers, but I’m not sure I knew much more. Perhaps I knew that the silence was occasionally interrupted by speaking, but I’m not sure I knew even that.

It was very easy to adjust to the silence as a result of my on-again off-again Buddhist meditation, and I quickly learned that people spoke—randomly it seemed, and mostly from personal experience rather than from the Bible or some other religious text. In the first few months of my attendance many messages spoke directly to me and to my spiritual search. And so I stayed and began the process of learning what it means to be a Quaker.

My initial understanding of meeting for worship came both from the experience of attending meeting and from some reading. From Philadelphia Yearly Meeting’s Faith and Practice, I learned that the purpose of meeting for worship was to be in communion with God, and that this was achieved by stilling the mind and opening oneself to the Spirit. Other readings talked about meeting for worship similarly, in ways I could understand, but also in ways I found vague and unclear. It seemed that all that was necessary was to show up, sit in silence, try to eliminate distracting thoughts from my mind, and somehow as a result I would come into communion with God.

The one aspect of meeting for worship for which there were clear directions was knowing when and how to speak. I found many things written about this, almost as if this were the central issue on which I should focus my attention—determining when there was something I felt I should say and saying it in the proper way. An article in FRIENDS JOURNAL included a chart of questions to ask as a way to determine whether to speak or not; another later article described a meeting for worship as progressing through a series of stages and actually assigned times to each. I found these interesting and helpful, but too structured for me to actually use. And so I drifted along, learning from experience, feeling my own way.

My approach to meeting for worship changed after a Friend told me of her experience on a retreat at a Buddhist center. In her meeting with the abbot, he asked her: What is your spiritual practice outside of the temple? He meant, what other forms of spiritual practice did she engage in other than coming each morning to participate in communal meditation. This statement led me, as it led her, to ask what I did other than come to meeting for worship on Sunday. That was helpful, but the more important insight it provided was that meeting for worship itself is a spiritual practice—and I began to wonder what that meant.

“Practice” is an interesting word. My Oxford American Dictionary gives one definition of practice as an habitual action or a habit or custom. This is certainly a characteristic of meeting for worship for me; I make a practice (habit) of attending meeting for worship each Sunday. But the second definition offered defines practice as a repeated exercise in an activity requiring the development of a skill. As an illustration it says: to sing well needs much practice. To do that is to repeat something over and over again, trying to learn how to do it well before doing it, you might say, for real. There is singing practice and then there is the concert; there is batting practice and then there is the game.

When I started to think about meeting for worship as spiritual practice it was this second sense of the word practice that intrigued me. What am I practicing when I attend meeting for worship? What skills am I trying to develop? And what is the real situation for which I am practicing during meeting for worship?

Some of the Gospels tell us that Jesus went to the Garden of Gethsemane on the Mount of Olives on the night he was arrested. His disciples accompanied him and remained outside except for three whom he took into the garden with him. Each of the Gospels that includes this story, and different translations of the Gospels, use slightly different words to describe the instructions he gave to them before he went off by himself to pray. In the King James Version, Matthew and Mark use the phrase “tarry ye here and watch.” In Luke the phrase is “wait here and pray.” Other versions use the phrase “remain here and stay awake.”

I am not a biblical scholar; I do not know what the correct translation from Greek would be. But when I think of Jesus in that moment of his life, the words that seem most appropriate to me are “wait and watch.”

My dictionary defines the word “wait” as meaning to defer action for a specific time or until some event occurs. It also defines waiting as to be expectant or on the watch, as in “waiting to see what will happen.” Waiting is a kind of limbo state in which one form of activity has stopped and another has not yet begun. As a non-activity, it can often be frustrating, like waiting for the stoplight to change, waiting for the elevator to come, or waiting in the doctor’s office for your appointment to begin. Waiting carries with it the sense of doing nothing. (What are you doing? Oh, nothing; just waiting.) And so we often try to fill the time with thoughts or activities that distract us. We flip through magazines in the doctor’s office, or scan through the channels on our car radio, or run over in our mind the various tasks left to do that day.

But connected to the word “watch,” waiting clearly is not a time to be doing nothing. To watch means to be attentive, to be observant, to be vigilant and in an alert state. It means to be on the lookout for something unexpected. And so to wait...
and watch is to suspend other activity and be alert, expectantly on watch for something unexpected to happen.

My view of Jesus is that he was not able to predict the future. At that moment he knew that the Temple priests were unhappy with him, he knew that Judas had gone away to do something, but what that was or when it might happen was not clear to Jesus. Nonetheless, he was aware that something could happen and so he was cautious and guarded and wanted someone to keep an eye out while he prayed. If his disciples had asked "What are we waiting for, what are we watching for?" I don't think he would have said, "for Judas to return." It is more likely his answer might have been, "I don't know." Or he might have said "for God's direction, for my life to be revealed," for that after all was why he came to the garden to pray. He asks them to wait and watch because that is what he is doing himself.

There is no real indication in the Gospels that God ever speaks directly to Jesus in the way the Hebrew Scriptures portray God as speaking to the prophets. The baptismal voice of God is presented in many ways—one suggests that only Jesus hears the voice, another that John and others present hear the voice, but whether Jesus does, too, is unclear. At no time are God's instructions for his ministry made known by the type of direct communication God used to tell Jonah to go to Nineveh and preach. Some might say that as the incarnation of God all knowledge was already available to Jesus. But if he already knew the outcome, why would he go into the garden and ask for God's direction at this moment? He waits and he watches in a state of uncertainty.

These two words—wait and watch—have come to define the way I approach meeting for worship. I believe this is consistent with the early Quaker view of meeting for worship. Although we refer to it as silent worship, they described meeting for worship as silent waiting, "Turn thy mind to the light and wait upon God... wait in the light." In meeting for worship I am waiting in silence with the firm expectation that something will happen, and watching for God's presence to be revealed.

Waiting and watching require certain skills and it is these skills I try to develop in meeting for worship. The first skill I practice in silent waiting is being present—being fully aware of the present moment. This is often referred to as being centered, but I think that the Buddhist term of being present or "being here now" is more accurate and more helpful. To be present is to be expectant or on watch, as the dictionary defines the words wait and watch. My mind is constantly full of distractions. Even in my normal daily life I am often so engrossed in thought about something else I walk by people I know or fail to hear someone say hello to me as we pass. Sorry, I say, my mind was elsewhere, and the elsewhere is usually not a place so much as a time, past or future, never present. If my mind is elsewhere—distracted by thoughts of the past or planning for activities in the future—I won't hear God even if God shouts.

I find that it is impossible for me to be present in meeting for worship if I close my eyes. The darkness becomes a movie screen onto which my mind projects images, ideas, thoughts. To be alert and aware of the present moment means for me to be observant but detached. I find it easier if I keep my eyes open and notice everything, but focus on nothing. I allow my eyes to float around the room, allow my ears to be open to each passing sound, but let each vision or sound pass through my consciousness as smoothly and with the same detachment with which I watch the clouds pass across the sky. I see each thing, hear each, acknowledge and observe each, without trying to judge which is more important than the other. If my vision and my hearing are filled with the present moment, then there is no room for the past or future to creep in and block the awareness of God's presence.

The second thing I practice in silent waiting is patience. I do not know how long the silence will last, perhaps for the full hour. I do not know how long it will take for God's presence to be made known, perhaps not until the last few minutes of the hour, perhaps not at all even though I know that even in silence God is present. But whether I am learning to listen for God in meeting for worship or in the daily course of my life, patience is a skill I must develop. Lao-Tzu says: "Are you prepared to be like the puddle and wait until the mud settles?" I must have that much patience.

There is a third skill I practice in silent waiting, which I call remembering God. Remembering God is a Muslim phrase. I find it to be a more useful and more functional concept than the phrase "loving God," because I find it hard to associate the human quality of love with the intangible essence of God. But in silent waiting
I can try to remember that my purpose for being there is to be in communion with God. I can try to remember that God is present in the room, in the people, in myself, in the natural environment I can see out the window—God is everywhere present if I allow myself to remember.

But meeting for worship is not always silent. When someone speaks, if I am to hear what they really say and discern God’s voice behind it, then I need the skills that waiting and watching imply. I need to be present—aware and alert—to have patience, to be open to the unexpected, nonjudgmental. And so when I listen to others speak I practice all these skills.

I regularly attend the same meeting and am familiar with many of the people who speak. I confess that there are some whose messages I tend to think of as being less interesting to me, or who speak in ways that I find annoying, or who speak longer than I think they should. It is easy for me to give only half my attention to them if I am not careful or to think that their messages will not interest me. But I have learned over the years that it is often the person I think of as the most boring or the total stranger who walks in off the street for the first time, who brings a powerful message from God. To be open to the unexpected is to be nonjudgmental of both the messenger and the message; to learn that God’s truth comes from unexpected sources, in unexpected ideas; and to be careful not to dismiss too quickly something that seems irrelevant or contradictory to my beliefs.

But the skills implied in waiting and watching are most critical to me when it comes to determining whether or not God is calling on me to speak. Although the traditional Quaker guidelines and testing questions are helpful, they are no longer the key tests for me. My two key tests might be called circumstance and foreboding.

In the Gospel story, the three disciples find the task of waiting expectantly and watching alertly to be too much. They fall asleep. Jesus returns and chides them several times to no avail. But he is waiting too, and watching. He goes into the garden and prays, waiting patiently for an answer. Nothing comes; he waits, tries again, and again nothing comes.

When he returns from prayer for the third time it is he who sees the soldiers and Judas approaching. And Jesus, alert to the moment he is in, finds God’s answer in these circumstances. The soldiers are God’s messengers and their arrival is God’s message that the cup will not pass. His larger group of disciples outside the wall could easily have blocked and delayed the soldiers, giving Jesus enough time to escape. So could the three inside the garden with him. But to take that course would have been for Jesus a denial of God’s answer regarding the direction for his life, a denial of God’s leading. So it is Jesus who goes forward and greets Judas, and it is he who gives Judas the kiss of welcome by which he is betrayed; for he knows through these circumstances that this is the path to which God has called him.

In a similar way, I have found that in meeting for worship God speaks to me through circumstance. Messages, leadings, directions do not usually begin within me; they begin with something outside myself that makes a connection with something I didn’t know was there. I watch, quite literally, for a sign that will tell me what to do, when to speak, and what to say. The circumstance, the sign, might be a message someone else gives that creates a reverberating response in me. The circumstance might be something I see or hear coming into meeting; it might be the presence of another person in the room or the interaction between a child and a parent during opening silence. But whatever it is, it is always an external circumstance, something that happens then and there, in that very moment, not some interesting thought I’ve carried around and nurtured all week and brought to meeting hoping to find the right opportunity to deliver.

To hear God’s voice in circumstantial events means I must have all the skills waiting and watching provide: I must be fully awake, present, alert, open to the unexpected, nonjudgmental. These skills, practiced as I silently wait or silently listen as others speak, prepare me to discover when to speak myself and what to say.

Once, at the start of meeting for worship, a young boy entered the room. The week before he had announced that he was participating in the AIDS Walk and would be collecting money from sponsors. Immediately upon seeing him I felt: "something" ask me what AIDS might mean to him versus what it meant to me as a gay man, living with the possibility every day of my life. I had not expected to speak that day—or any day for that matter—of what it meant to live like that, to have friends and lovers die and to try to maintain the sense of God’s goodness through all that. And yet it was clear that this was what God was asking me to do. The circumstance of seeing the young man was the sign through which the message came. After I spoke I thought the message seemed too personal. But later one of the First-day school teachers told me my message had prompted much discussion among the children, and so I learned why I had been called to deliver that message that day.

Once, while seated in the corner of the room, I noticed an old friend enter and sit in the far corner opposite me. He was not a member of the meeting and this was his first visit. When I saw him I realized that a small incident had left us estranged from one another for many years. It was clear to me in that moment that though I thought...
the fault was his it was I who had hardened my heart to him. I felt a compelling need to speak about forgiveness—not forgiving, but asking for forgiveness, being the one who leaves his sacrifice at the altar and goes and finds his brother and initiates reconciliation. The interesting thing about this was that although I made no specific mention of our situation when I spoke, he knew exactly what I was saying. When the meeting ended we went up to one another and asked for forgiveness. It was the circumstance of his presence through which God spoke.

Once, I attended a meeting for worship for racial healing called by a few African American Friends. There were six of them and perhaps 50 or 60 white Quakers in the room. After opening silence, the messages came rather quickly from the white Friends. It seemed to me that they all expressed concern about the racial prejudices of “them” (people not in the room) versus “us” (those white people present). As I listened I grew impatient with this talk and tried to figure out how to create a message that would tell these folks that none of us were truly free of racial prejudice. At one point I turned and looked at the African Americans in the center and wondered how they were hearing these messages. And in that moment of looking at a specific message came so quickly that I stood without quite realizing I was doing so. The message I spoke was one that arose out of God’s asking me to consider what the African American’s present needed to hear for racial healing. And the message I spoke was addressed to them and not to the others. It was the circumstance of their presence, in the context of the previous messages, through which God spoke.

If messages come to me from external circumstance they are not mine and therefore it is never possible for me to begin a message with the word “I.” I try to use the phrase, “It comes to me from the Lord”—for that is what the experience is for me. If I can’t use that phrase, or at least to use it in my mind, and if I can only begin with the word “I,” then I am suspicious that the message is merely my own and not appropriate to speak. I also try to find the larger spiritual meaning in the message. I find I can’t just toss something out as if to say, see what you make of this. In some way I have to find a clear spiritual content; and I can’t find it, then I wonder if it is there at all and often remain silent.

But these tests don’t substitute for the strong feeling in my gut that the words are being pulled out of me. The actor Daniel Day Lewis, when asked how he knows when he’s going to take a role said: “I get a sense of foreboding... the sense that this thing cannot be avoided and so I’d better just go through with it.” I have the same feeling when being called to speak; I have the feeling I am being dragged to my feet against my better judgment. Most of the time I feel like Jonah who, on being asked by God to deliver a message, turned and went in the opposite direction until God was so insistent that Jonah had to relent and give in and speak. When I rise I feel as if I am saying to God, “Okay, okay, I’m getting up, stop hounding me!”

I’ve often read and heard others speak of the feelings experienced before speaking, but few things I have read describe what happens afterwards. For me this is a far worse experience. If I am inspired to speak, if it is the word, the breath of God that moves through me, that breath that to a mere mortal can be like a hurricane moving through the tropics. After I speak I am left trembling in the aftermath of the storm that has rushed through me. I am fragile, vulnerable, and drained; and I often feel the need to leave meeting immediately before anyone has a chance to speak to me. If someone speaks to me I say no, it wasn’t my message, I don’t know where it came from, and I flee.

“THee was well used, Friend” is the only proper comment to make in these circumstances, and to be used by God can be both a wonderful and terrifying thing.

Meeting for worship is the place where I practice these skills, these skills of waiting and watching. But I practice them in the safe confines of the meeting so that I can later take them out and apply them in my daily life. My goal, after all, is not to be a spiritual person in harmony with God for only one hour on Sunday morning, but to be so at all times in my life. So meeting for worship is practice for the main event: living my life.

At a certain point in my life, I grew tired of the work I was doing. I wanted to change, but did not know what I wanted to do instead. I did not have the financial resources to simply

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### SECOND-DAY SILENCE

Second-day silence: no hymn or cough and shift,  
No rite of restless child, no sacrament  
Of ministry will cause the still to lift.  
No clerk will shake this worship to an end.  
Alone, I tend the spark of First-day faith,  
No facing Friend to kindle, none to be  
The Spirit’s wind. No elder sighs the breath  
That blows my soul to flame candescently.  
What source this fire white-hot that lights, yet not  
The eyes—that burns, but not the flesh? Alone,  
Allied, the conflagrant self combines, cannot  
Be told from souls who shine in time unknown.  
Eternal meeting still, a distant glow—  
God-shaken worshiper, I rise to go.

Donna Dzierlenga
CONTEMPLATING TORTURE

by William Nichols

When U.S. political leaders debate the ethics and efficacy of torture, we need to consider how our country arrived at this chilling moment in our history. We've debated the death penalty for years, but despite wars and Red scares and spells of xenophobia, we have never before discussed as a nation the use of torture. Even those who favor the death penalty often oppose deliberately inflicted physical pain, arguing for lethal injection instead of the electric chair, gallows, gas chamber, and firing squad.

If our President were willing to talk frankly about it, he might say our nation is confronted by extraordinary evil, and if we had been willing to inflict severe physical and mental pain on suspected terrorists, we might have learned about the horrors planned for us on September 11, 2001. As a result, he might say during this imagined exercise in candor, that his administration found it necessary to define cruelty down, to say it is torture only when it causes pain equivalent to experiencing death or organ failure. We might assume this after reading Jane Mayer's "The Memo" (New Yorker, February 27, 2006), which describes how challenges within the administration to this view of torture have been quickly swept aside.

One consequence of the administration's deliberate ambiguity on torture, at best, is apparent in a Fort Bliss, Texas, military trial. Several soldiers and officers are being tried in the deaths of two young Afghan detainees, and one effective defense strategy has been the argument that low-level functionaries can't be expected to know the rules of interrogation if the President and secretary of defense don't know those rules.

I

Judging from what has happened in Ohio's prison system, I think our society began several years ago, half-consciously, to accept torture as just. This possibility first occurred to me in late April of 2000, about two years after the completion of the Ohio State Penitentiary, our "Supermax." The Supermax in Youngstown, like many other high maximum security prisons around the country, was designed to be an emphatically punitive environment: prisoners spend a minimum of 23 hours a day alone in small cells, and they can leave their cells for exercise or a shower only in shackles after a humiliating body search. Such an arrangement pretty well rules out riots and promotes suicides.

In April 2000 a friend and I were having breakfast at a restaurant in eastern Ohio and talking about the recent suicide of Richard Pitts, a prisoner in Ohio's Supermax, when a middle-aged truck driver asked if he could join us. He had overheard our conversation, he said, and he wanted to tell us something. He brought his coffee to our table, sat down, and before he could speak, quietly began to cry. He told us his son, a corrections officer at the Supermax, had been at the prison when Richard Pitts hanged himself in his cell. His son spoke of Pitts' suicide, he said, as "good riddance to bad rubbish." Coming out of the Army, his son had taken a job at the Supermax, hoping to accomplish something worthwhile. He had become a local expert on the influence of gangs in prison and was sometimes asked to give talks around Ohio on that subject. But after a year on the job he began to believe the phrase "the worst of the worst," which prison administrators and politicians use to describe Supermax inmates. He no longer considered them fully human, his father said, and his bitterness had begun to affect his treatment of his wife and children. The truck driver believed his family was being torn apart by his son's work in Ohio's new prison.

It is important to acknowledge that there are dangerous, violent men in Ohio's prison system. I correspond with a young man whose attorney has spoken to me of his heinous crime. When he was transferred back to the Lucasville maximum-security prison after more than three years in the Supermax, this young man attacked another inmate and was quickly returned to isolation. There are surely prisoners who must be isolated to protect others. But we have known for a long time that isolation is a form of torture, not rehabilitation.

Early Philadelphia Friends believed solitude could have healing power in prison. They thought time alone with a Bible and no diversions would allow criminals to understand themselves and the implications of what they had done. By the early 19th century, however, it was clear that isolation could be psychologically destructive. After Gustave de Beaufons and Alexis de Tocqueville came from

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William Nichols serves on the executive committee of American Friends Service Committee, Great Lakes Region. He is retired from Denison University, where he was a teacher and administrator. His essay "Light beyond the War Clouds" appeared in FRIENDS JOURNAL, September 2005. He is at work on a Vietnam-era memoir, Collateral Damage at Fox Creek.
France to study our prison system, they described what happens in New York's Auburn prison in their book The Penitentiary System in the United States (1833):

The northern wing having been nearly finished in 1821, 80 prisoners were placed there, and a separate cell was given to each. This trial, from which so happy a result had been anticipated, was fatal to the greater part of the convicts: in order to reform them, they had been submitted to complete isolation; but this absolute solitude, if nothing interrupt it, is beyond the strength of man; it destroys the criminal without intermission and without pity; it does not reform, it kills.

By the end of the 19th century, the U.S. Supreme Court had acknowledged the terrible effects of isolation. In Lucasville: The Untold Story of a Prison Uprising Staughton Lynd quotes an 1890 decision, In re Medley, describing the effects of extended isolation on prisoners:

A considerable number of the prisoners fell, even after a short confinement, into a semi-fatuous condition, from which it was next to impossible to arouse them, and others became violently insane; others still, committed suicide, while those who stood the ordeal better were not generally reformed, and in most cases did not recover sufficient mental activity to be of any subsequent service to the community.

Contemporary psychologists report that sensory deprivation can cause hallucinations, confusion, and psychotic behavior. They say isolation is especially destructive when people experience it as an arbitrary form of punishment with no fixed end.

When the chance to attend classes is withdrawn from the prisoners, as it has been to a great extent in recent years, inmates often create opportunities to gather and talk anyway. This impulse toward community organization can lead to gangs, and it is one reason why super.maxes have been built in most of our states. But I have met with two inmate-initiated groups that seemed less like gangs than like good college seminars. In the winter of 1994 I met several members of the National Lawyers Association at the Gus Harrison Facility in Adrian, Michigan. What most struck me about the Michigan prisoners was their civility. We had only an hour together, and several men seemed to want to tell about their prison experience. They deferred to each other, giving the quietest among them opportunities to talk. They talked about their loss of privileges in recent years, such as the chance to make art and music that would have been part of rehabilitation in a different era.

Four years after my visit to the Gus Harrison Facility, I met a class of long-term prisoners at Green Haven prison in Stormville, New York. On that visit, I accompanied several Vassar College students who were scheduled to teach the group of 20 inmates, a class normally taught by the inmates themselves. Midway through a two-hour session, one of the students lectured the class on environmental justice, pointing out that toxic waste dumps and polluting industries cluster around minority communities. Make a map, she said, of the most dangerously polluted parts of our country and another map of our poorest minority neighborhoods, urban and rural. Now superimpose the maps, and you will find they are almost the same. This was not news to the prisoners, all African Americans except for one Hispanic. They said they had noticed sewage treatment plants, toxic waste incinerators, and chemical plants in their own neighborhoods. They spoke of the importance of community organizing to resist such injustice and the development of what one prisoner called "community-specific programs." They talked about ways of holding local politicians accountable.

The student insisted on another view. The key, she said, is the power of the consumer. Careful, knowledgeable buying, she argued, can bring environmental justice. The young woman's insistence that careful consumerism is the answer for prisoners whose families and neighbors are poor seemed to flow from the innocence of great privilege. But the men spoke gently, without sarcasm, as they disagreed with her. Having studied together for years, they seemed comfortable with each other and confident of their ability to disagree without causing bad feelings.

By 1998, when I visited Green Haven, federal and state funding for education in prisons had dried up. But it would have been hard for anyone to sit through that long class meeting without seeing that such practice in civility and the lively exchange of ideas is beneficial for men who might someday return to their communities. Still, isolation was already the growing trend in criminal justice around the country, and Ohio's Supermax had just opened.

For several years Alice and Staughton Lynd have worked in Ohio to end the injustice that is inevitable when a state builds an institution designed to induce psychological disintegration. They helped to develop a class-action complaint filed...
on behalf of 29 inmates at Ohio’s Supermax by attorneys for the Center for Constitutional Rights and the American Civil Liberties Union. In February 2002 Federal Judge James S. Gwin ruled that Supermax inmates “face an atypical and significant hardship,” adding that almost 200 men were transferred to the Supermax from 1998 to early 1999 without an “adequate hearing.” The judge said the State of Ohio had violated the “due process of law” clause in both the 5th and 14th Amendments to the U.S. Constitution.

Although Judge Gwin did not put it this way, it seems to me true to say prisoners in Ohio’s Supermax have been subject to illegal mental cruelty—to torture. I’ve corresponded with one of the prisoners included in the class-action complaint, a young man I’ll call Lawrence. In April of 1993, at the age of 22, Lawrence began serving a sentence of 3 to 15 years for armed robbery, a first offense, at Ohio’s Orient Correctional Institution. In 1998 he was charged with assaulting a corrections officer while intoxicated. A discipline committee at the Orient prison placed him in isolation but recommended that his classification level remain the same and that he not be transferred to the Supermax. The Orient warden agreed. A criminal indictment against Lawrence, based on his alleged assault, was dismissed by the local prosecutor’s office. Despite the recommendations and the lack of an indictment, Chief Bernard Ryznar of Ohio’s Bureau of Classification raised Lawrence’s security classification three levels from medium to high maximum security, an extraordinary ruling, and moved him to the Supermax in October of 1998.

Judge Gwin writes that after one year of good behavior Lawrence was given an additional year at the Supermax by a reclassification committee at the prison. After more than two years the committee recommended that he be removed from the Supermax with his classification reduced, but they were overruled by Ohio prison administrators. Despite guidelines that recommend parole after 48 to 60 months for a first-time offender convicted of armed robbery, Lawrence could not be paroled after he had served over 90 months because he was classified as high maximum security. So ends the judge’s account, but within a few months of his ruling, Lawrence was transferred and then paroled.

Reading Judge Gwin’s summary of Lawrence’s case, one can’t help wondering why a state official would ignore a unanimous recommendation and put a first offender in a facility supposedly designed for the “worst of the worst.” The judge doesn’t answer that question directly in his ruling, but he does say this: “The opening of the OSP has created too much capacity for the highest level of security. . . After the huge investment in the OSP Ohio risks having a ‘because we have built it, they will come’ mindset.”

Judge Gwin suggests the state may be financially tied to a kind of imprisonment known to inflict mental pain, but Ohio’s continuing, unsuccessful effort to fill the 504 cells at the Supermax, while taking account of the judge’s insistence on due process, has led to a great fiscal irony:

we are moving our death row prisoners from the Mansfield Correctional Institution, where the annual cost per inmate is $22,063.14, to the Supermax, where they will be tortured for the rest of their lives at an annual cost per inmate of $58,353.80.

Torture of the kind I believe we have come to accept in Ohio has not been publicized in the way more spectacular cruelty at Abu Ghraib and Guantanamo Bay and various sites in Afghanistan has been reported. To my knowledge, no legislative body in the United States has seriously debated the use of torture in our prisons. The subject of torture can be discussed with a degree of comfort only when it is kept at a distance, as when it is attributed to other cultures, said to put less emphasis than ours on humane values. Even the most violent electronic games include much killing but no torture. And deliberately induced mental agony in our prisons has been kept in the shadows as just one part of the dark underside of a criminal justice system from which we have withdrawn the resources needed for rehabilitation.

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Few of us want to think about the possibility that we’re implicated in deliberately inflicting pain. This understandable distaste has been apparent in our public discourse on capital punishment. When the State of Ohio resumed executions in 1999 after a moratorium lasting since 1963, the first to be killed was Wilford Berry, a diagnosed schizophrenic and convicted murderer who volunteered for lethal injection. There was considerable public debate before and after his death, including arguments that Berry’s execution amounted to a mercy killing and claims that killing a man known to be mentally ill undermined the legitimacy of capital punishment. But as more people were executed in Ohio and the state got rid of the electric chair that had remained as a grisly alternative to lethal injection, public attention shifted away from capital punishment. Then a man named Lewis Williams physically resisted his execution. When Williams was killed by lethal injection on January 14, 2004, nine guards worked to restrain the 117-pound man. His screaming and writhing attempts to save himself while witnesses observed the preparations were unmistakable evidence of great mental suffering, and once more there was considerable public debate.

We know the people who administer executions suffer psychologically, and it would be astonishing if people who administer torture were not harmed as well. In fact, the best way to understand what happened to the truck driver’s son in his work as a corrections officer at Ohio’s Supermax may be to consider what it means to be a deliberate agent of another person’s suffering. I suggest an analogy. Like most teachers, I have known how it feels to fail at least as often as I succeed, but if I came to understand my work as a daily effort to keep my students from learning and growing, I might seek comfort by telling myself they deserved such treatment. Still, if I allowed myself to know my students and their potential for good, the daily act of driving them deliberately toward a sense of futility and hopelessness would lead me into despair. My confident guess is that the truck driver’s son was not disillusioned by his contact with “the worst of the worst.” Instead, he felt what Friends call “that of God” in the men who were his charges. As he came to understand that he was tormenting them, not caring for them in a way that might prepare them to live outside the prison, he must have lost his self-respect.

These are grim matters to consider. It is difficult to imagine a time when we will not be ashamed of talking about torture, let alone pursuing it as state and national policy. But the conversation has already begun at the highest levels of our government, and perhaps it offers an opportunity to discuss something that has happened unwittingly to us in our polarized, fearful society. As our leaders have talked of confronting evil before it reaches our shores and we have been reminded daily of the power of suicidal violence, perhaps we have come to see ourselves as desperate victims in a world that hates us. How else are we to account for our tolerance of leaders whose belief in the need to abuse prisoners corrupts us all? The far more hopeful lesson to be drawn from September 11, 2001, has escaped us: that we are as vulnerable as other people despite our enormous economic and military power, and our shared vulnerability is a basis for authentic international community.

In our desperate fear we have let our leaders turn to torture, hoping to learn what others’ hatred holds in store for us. Our willingness to allow torture in our name may be eased by the cruelty we have accepted as policy within our own prison system, cruelty that surely fosters more hatred. If we are able to talk with each other about the moral quagmire we have made for ourselves abroad, perhaps we will be able to look within our own prisons. And doing that, we might come to agree that we should never torture, whether our motive is learning about our peril or punishing people we consider evil.

CONTAGION

The incongruity that one man saw
caused him to laugh. And laughter then awoke
a recognition of the silent joke
in others. Laughter spread with lusty, raw,
unfettered peals until each aching jaw
gaped hungrily for one more
aching jaw
and destrudion dominate,
spread like a plague, grim, sick, and unconfined.

—Terence Y. Mullins

The Heart of My Enemy:

RWANDAN FRIENDS REBUILDING AFTER GENOCIDE

by Laura Shipler Chico

"If, for example, you see your children being killed by machetes and that stays in your mind, that can cause trauma." A woman with a bright orange headscarf is standing and sharing her thoughts with a group of community women. She is a participant in a trauma-healing workshop run by the Rwandan Friends Peace House. The participants in the workshop are all members of a long-term group called Women in Dialogue [see the article by Thomas Paxson in this issue, pp. 17-18—eds.] that brings together Tutsi widows of Rwanda’s 1994 genocide with Hutu women whose husbands are in prison accused of perpetrating acts of genocide.

"She is a genocide survivor," my interpreter whispers. "She lost almost all her children, and her husband was killed, too."

Laura Shipler Chico is a social worker who works for the African Great Lakes Initiative of the Friends Peace Teams as advisor for Friends Peace House’s Trauma Healing and Peace Building programs. She lives in Kigali, Rwanda, where she is part of a small worship group. In 2004, she biked from Washington, D.C., to San Francisco while her husband, Matthew Chico, ran the distance on foot to raise awareness for Friends work in Rwanda.

The women are answering a question posed by the facilitators: "What causes trauma?" Rather than simply listing things like war, rape, or accidents, the women are answering with stories. Although they seem to talk generally, everyone in the room knows that the examples they are sharing come straight from their own lives.

The woman in the orange scarf continues. "If you see your children killed, then you cannot sleep, you cannot eat; you think about how they would be now; you think of your children."

In the same breath, with the same passion, she goes on: "Also, another cause of trauma is if you kill somebody. For example, if someone kills your friend and then always thinks about his friend, or even carries the head of his friend with him to jail. And he is in jail and can only think about what happened, and that is very hard."

She sits down, and I turn to double-check: "She’s a survivor, right?" I whisper to my interpreter. "Oui, oui" she says, "Yes, yes." I feel the sting of sudden tears but then the next woman is speaking, and then the next and the next. From each side they speak out of their own pain but never forget the pain of the women sitting next to them. They do not minimize, they do not equalize, they do not dilute. To these women, pain is pain. It is not to be compared or competed with; it is only to be felt. In the face of Rwanda’s bloody history these women have sat with each other, until slowly, finally, they have found God in the hearts of their enemies.

Go to the library and do a literature search for "Rwanda." Most of what has been written about Rwanda in recent years is riddled with words like "hell," "Devil," "blood," "murder," and "killers." These are apt words, given that almost a million Tutsis and moderate Hutus were killed here in 100 days during the summer of 1994. It has been dubbed the "most efficient genocide in history" in spite of the grisly fact that the Hutu Power government did not use gas chambers like the Nazis, nor did they have access to a large number of firearms as in Bosnia, but instead relied heavily on grenades and machetes. The consequences are devastating. In 1995, UNICEF found that 99.9 percent of all Rwandan children had witnessed violence, 79.6 percent experienced death in the family, 69.5 percent witnessed someone being killed or injured, and 87.5 percent saw dead bodies or parts of bodies, and 90.6 percent believed they would die. With these statistics, one might imagine Rwanda to indeed be a living hell.

But live and work with Rwandan Quakers and you will find—in a nation filled with suspicion and distrust, in a country where most believe that people are fundamentally bad—a small but growing group of people who hold on to the radical notion that there is good in everyone. Live and watch the work of the Quakers here, and God begins to appear.

Healing Wounds

Solange Maniraguhawo watched her Tutsi parents being killed with machetes after the Interahamwe broke into their house through the roof. On April 11, 1994, five days after the genocide began, a relative working for the UN pulled her at the last
run by Rwandan Quakers in the wake of the 1994 genocide. In 2000, the Evangelical Friends Church established Friends Peace House to coordinate its peacebuilding and reconciliation activities throughout the country. Now, five years later, its staff and its programs continue to work closely with the church and are guided by the Quaker conviction that there is that of God in everyone.

Seeking Alternatives to Violence

Pastor David Bucura was only 29 when he saw Solange, 13 years old and suddenly the head of her household, walking down the street alone and dazed. He asked her if she was in school; and when the answer was no, he told her to go to the Friends school, that he would pay her tuition. She was one of at least four orphans Pastor Bucura took under his wing in the wake of the violence of that summer; and, by doing so, he, as a Hutu, stepped across the lines of hate and fear dividing Tutsis and Hutus. Pastor Bucura was instrumental in bringing the Alternatives to Violence Project (AVP) to Rwanda in 2001, and he served as its national coordinator for the past four years.

AVP was first developed by a small group of Quakers in New York in 1975, and has since been used around the world. When I arrived, I entertained private questions about the efficacy of a program that is imported from abroad, but after having conducted an in-depth evaluation of AVP's impact ("Peace Cannot Stay in Small Spaces") I am clear that the program has been thoroughly adapted to Rwanda's complex context by its creative and committed team of Rwandan facilitators. Using experiential and community-building activities, AVP quietly invites participants to begin to see the possibility of good in themselves and others, to seek Truth even when it contradicts strongly held beliefs, and to find a deep source of reconciliation and transformation.

"AVP can bring people to know that they themselves are people," remarked Nyiramajyambere Francoise, a genocide survivor from the mountain town of Byumba and interviewee for the evaluation conducted earlier this year. She continued:

Before, in Rwanda people could behave like animals. They behave like humans now. After AVP, people bring back love. ... We were people who lived without love after the war. When we see people, we see no good things in them. But after knowing Transforming Power [an AVP concept that proposes that there is a power that is able to transform violent and destructive situations and behavior into liberating and constructive experiences], people start to see the good in others. Now transforming power brings back the love. During the genocide, they killed my mother, father, and our relatives. It was our neighbors who killed them. The killers were our friends. I started to believe that no one is good. So I isolated myself from others. It was my pastor who told me to go to the AVP workshop. I didn't want to go because when you go to a workshop, you have to make friends, and to have a friend is to invite an enemy into your life. But I decided to go for just one day. Then I ended up staying for three days and saw how people started to bring back their hearts to love people, and how they talked to each oth-

Every trauma workshop brings together people from all sides, intermingling stories of survival with stories of violence, seeking to find the common human ground.

Photos: Participants in trauma-healing workshops learn conflict-resolution principles (page 14), discuss issues related to racism, and pray together (page 16).
er, and this started to change me in the workshop. [When the facilitators] asked people to tell where they worked, I didn't want to tell them about my work. I hid it from them. But with transforming power, you can start to believe in the good in others. It helped me to start talking freely. . . . Then, with the two trees [participants create two trees as a metaphor for understanding the root causes and the fruits of violence and nonviolence], I saw that nothing good can come from the tree of violence. So I decided to have that good tree. I started to have friends, speak freely and to not be alone. I made friends through AVP. I'm not sure how it happened, but it did. — Nyiramajambere Francoise, AVP Facilitator

After her first workshop, Francoise continued through the levels of training and is now an experienced AVP facilitator, using her own story of betrayal to plant new seeds of trust in her small mountain town.

Reintegrating Perpetrators

Large trucks have been rolling through our narrow dirt roads, kicking up clouds of dust so thick we squeeze our eyes shut and pull our shirts up to cover our noses. They rumble past us, top-heavy with loads of young and old men crowded into the back with no room to sit. They are the prisoners. They are a small fraction of the 36,000 accused genocide perpetrators that were released this past August in Rwanda. Most have been held in prison for five to ten years, without trial. Now, after having confessed, they await trial in Gacaca, a traditional form of community-based arbitration revived to handle thousands of genocide-related cases.

Many of the men we see crammed into the trucks are guilty of looting and destruction of property. Some are guilty of murder. Others are innocent. Some are both, because nothing is pure in Rwanda. People who hid Tutsis also killed Tutsis. One of the men who hacked Solange's parents to pieces told her and her sisters to run before they too were killed. Her parents' murderer saved her life. How can Solange and the countless others like her know whether to love or to hate? Whether to fear the killers or thank the rescuers?

These are the questions Friends Peace House grapples with through its Gacaca and Reintegration Program as prisoners return to their communities and new facts about neighbors and family members are uncovered by the Gacaca process. Sizeli Marcellin, coordinator of Friends Peace House and founder of the Reintegration Program, is himself a Gacaca judge and a survivor of the genocide. As he watched prisoners coming back to his community, he began to think of ways to encourage the released prisoners and the community members not only to interact, but also to actively rebuild their country together. Now, he brings prisoners and survivors together for intensive three-day seminars on conflict resolution, restorative justice, and peaceful coexistence. After the workshops, graduates form diverse work teams to build houses for vulnerable families in their communities. Friends Peace House provides the roofing, but participants find the rest of the materials themselves. What makes this project unique is that perpetrators and victims work side by side—not only to build homes for genocide survivors, but also for prisoners' families and families that have been affected by AIDS.

"I, I am a survivor sitting with people who killed my whole family," Sizeli quotes a recent participant in the program as saying. "My whole family is gone, but we are here together. And we are working together. And together we are sensitizing our community to Gacaca, urging people to tell the truth."

Finding God

Without forcing forgiveness, without pushing reconciliation, the Quakers in Rwanda simply bring enemies together. In a land where Tutsis were called "cockroaches" and "snakes," and now Hutus are sometimes viewed as "genocidaires" and "demons," Rwandan Friends look for the human being behind the hate.

They are reaching for each other: the woman with the orange head scarf, speaking with compassion for prisoners' wives; Solange, trying to heal those who tried to kill her; Bucura, reaching across the divide to help a hurt child; Francoise, venturing out and finding good in others; Sizeli, dreaming of a time when the hurt is finally gone; and the countless others, slowly finding their way toward one another, to sit and work and cry together, to listen across Rwanda's deep wounds, to reweave the fabric of a torn nation. In the wake of unspeakable violence, in the face of fear and grief and rage, they have stepped out into no man's land and found what makes us human: We all cry when we lose someone. We all love, or have loved. We all rage against those who hurt us. We all harbor guilt. We all harbor hope. There is that of God in each one of us.
Speaking across the Divide

CECILE NYIRAMANA AT ST. LOUIS MEETING, JUNE 29, 2005

by Thomas Paxson

Cecile Nyiramana, secretary to the legal representative (akin to general secretary) of Rwanda Yearly Meeting, visited the United States as a guest of the African Great Lakes Initiative of Friends Peace Teams. She was invited to discuss Rwanda Friends' work in her country, with special attention to Women in Dialogue, an organization she formed to help reknit her community in the aftermath of the genocide in 1994.

During the genocide, Cecile, a Tutsi, while pregnant, hid under a bed for three months in the home of some friends of her Hutu husband. Her mother was killed. After the genocide, she and her husband fled Rwanda, as so many others had done. After their return, they were struck by the terrible changes that had occurred. Cecile's husband was imprisoned in 1999. Someone had accused him, apparently, of being a perpetrator. He is still in prison. Cecile was left with her two children, not knowing how to provide for them. Most people in Rwanda, regardless of which side they were on during the genocide, were traumatized. Over 100,000 men (mostly accused of perpetrating the genocide) had been rounded up and imprisoned. Hutus and Tutsis had stopped talking with one another and avoided one another as much as possible.

Rwanda Yearly Meeting helped survivors and established Friends Peace House. In 2001 Alternatives to Violence Project (AVP) workshops were begun. But it became evident that a program was necessary to address people's trauma more directly. It was also necessary to help the prisoners who were being kept indefinitely, as the genocide had destroyed the nation's justice system.

In 2002 Cecile was sent to an AVP workshop by Rwanda Yearly Meeting. Thomas Paxson, a member of St. Louis (Mo.) Meeting, is a member of the Working Group of the African Great Lakes Initiative of Friends Peace Teams.

He expressed his bewilderment about why she was doing this for him. She told him it was the only way she could forgive him.

After attending the AVP workshop, and then a second follow-up workshop, she heard a calling to forgive those who tried to kill her and to forgive those who took her husband.

Given that she was both victim and a woman whose husband had been imprisoned, she felt called to bring together the two groups of women: widows of the genocide and wives of imprisoned husbands, Tutsis and Hutus. She thought that if she could change the women she could change the community. She gathered a group of survivors and asked them what they wanted for the future and suggested that they meet the killers' wives. They answered that they didn't want to understand these women, but they did want the prisoners' wives to come to them and tell them the truth about what happened. She then went to the prisoners' wives and tried to get them to meet with the widows. It was a tough sell. They were afraid to go to their "enemies."

Cecile took her vision to Friends Peace House. The people there were surprised at her proposal, but at length agreed and helped organize the workshop. When the participants came, the women in each side sat separately from the others and didn't speak across the divide. This standoff lasted the whole day. On the second day the "light and lively" game (an AVP staple) involved changing seats, thus engineering a physical integration of the two groups. Nonetheless, they wouldn't talk to each other. When the third day began, however, they began to talk to one another about trivial things. It was a real breakthrough. During all three days, the workshop involved people in sharing their experiences (even if ostensibly only with members of their own group, with the other group listening in).

After three months, the same group of women from the same neighborhood came back for a second workshop, women who had known each other well prior to the genocide, prior to the social division. On the third day of this workshop the women were asked what they wanted in the future. They wanted to meet more and to rebuild relationships. They had gotten past their almost ten-year-old stereotypes of the others as enemies. They also recognized that they
shared many responsibilities, including care of their own families. They decided to meet once a month to talk about reconciliation and peace, as well as to help one another in practical ways (food, shelter, etc. being major concerns). Each three months they invited other women (presumably from the same neighborhood) to join them. This group became the prototype. Cecile has now organized two other such groups, one in the north of the country and the second in the east. They have come to use dance and song to demonstrate reconciliation to other members of their communities.

Now Cecile is faced with the question whether to let the three groups grow in size, or whether they should be kept relatively small, which would require that many more groups be formed. She also wonders how these groups will be able to change the whole community, as she had originally hoped. With respect to this latter question, she hopes that the women can have a big impact by:
• being good models of reconciliation;
• helping their own (extended) families on the path of reconciliation; and
• helping the prisoners while they are imprisoned and then helping them when they are released to become re-integrated in society.

Cecile tries to show the women the good they have in common.
I asked whether the local Gacaca judges knew of the Women in Dialogue. Cecile replied that the Gacaca process is a community process. The whole community attends the Gacaca proceedings, so she was confident that the judges in the three communities were aware of the Women in Dialogue among them.

Someone in the audience asked Cecile how she could forgive those who tried to kill her. Her first response was that she prayed for God to give her love for those who tried to kill her. Then she recounted her experience with one of the men who had tried to kill her. He, too, had fled Rwanda; he left when the Tutsi army was making good its effort to end the genocide and gain control of the country. She had known this particular man when they were students at the university. When in 2001 she heard that he had returned to Rwanda, she sought him out. When she found him, he was surprised and frightened. No doubt he expected her to denounce him and to have him sent to prison. Instead, she told him about her life. Then, warily, he told her he was jobless and in distress. At length she was able to introduce him to someone who would train him in computer skills. Still he didn't trust her. Then she invited him to visit her family. He came, but expressed his bewilderment and his inability to understand why she was doing this for him. She told him it was the only way she could forgive him. After he finished his computer training she found him a job at a school in the North of Rwanda.

The amazing work of Cecile and her colleagues in the African Great Lakes region deserves our attention and support.
My daughter Alice's life was changed forever last summer when we returned home from an idyllic vacation in upstate New York to the incomprehensible news of her soccer teammate's death in a car accident.

In one breath, a ride in the car went from being an efficient if wearying passage to the pristine gorges of Ithaca and the baseball dreamscape of Cooperstown, to a tragic, fiery death. At Alice's request, my wife and I woke her sister, and together the four of us stared blankly into the early morning stillness of our already sweltering house, trying to comprehend how 15 years could mark the end of a life.

What doubtlessly proved helpful, though at the moment was most painful, was that Sara, her friend, was the epitome of optimism and a life lived well: all who knew her spoke repeatedly of her effervescence, her zest for life, and her indomitable sense of fun and good humor. How was Alice supposed to reconcile her friend's sun-filled smile with her sudden erasure from life?

The aftermath of any such tragedy is filled with poignancy and heightened significance; the ensuing hours of that particular day, however, were marked by events that, as a seeker of Light, gave me surprising and welcome hope that the beauty and magic of life and of literature were still there to console us.

Though the soccer game scheduled for that weekend in Rhode Island was canceled, we made a decision to go down the coast anyway and stay with dear friends in their summer place as planned. We arrived after dark and, wanting to invigorate ourselves a bit after more travel and on-and-off sobbing, walked down to the bay for a swim.

Once assembled at the dock and staring into the inky ocean below, our friend Bill led off and set in motion one of the most spectacular, natural displays I have ever witnessed. He dove from the dock, ten feet above the water, plunged into the blackness and immediately set aglow wave upon concentric wave of star-like lights through the water. As his arms swept out, the water sparkled magically as if he were casting fairy dust out of his fingers. As Bill swept through the water, the ocean became a watery firmament mimicking the star-filled sky above. The science behind the magic was tiny jellyfish, effervescents, startled into ignition by the intrusion. Each of us plunged in turn, creating our own magical auras, stunned, awestruck, delighted by this strange occurrence. Something of heaven was back on Earth.

We were quick to recall a children's book that had been a family favorite during our daughters' toddler years, Night of the Moonjellies, by Mark Shasha. It is the story of a young boy whose grandmother takes him out for a nighttime boat ride to release a jellyfish that he has inadvertently trapped in with its family.
“When she shall die,
Take her and cut her out in little stars,
And she will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.”

his beach treasures. Since the boy/narrator has captured the creature in daylight, the wondrous properties of his discovery are yet to be revealed. Near the conclusion, he tells of the moon jelly’s release:

Thousands of moon jellies stretched along the sea in every direction. I opened the bag and poured out our moon jelly. Now it was with the others. We stood on the deck and watched the shimmering sea.

There was certainly something of Sara in that story, who was now released in and through darkness, a darkness made more livable as her spirit continued to glow.

Our late-night swim was more than just a whim. We were rallying to stay up past midnight to herald another sure-to-be favorite family book: the next installment of Harry Potter. We packed ourselves off to the local bookstore minutes before twelve to join a large party of wizard wannabes, squealing with anticipation for what had been promoted repeatedly as a darker, sadder adventure for the beleaguered protagonist now just a year older than my daughter. Once home, we plodded up to bed thinking Harry would wait until dawn. Such was not to be the case. In a heartwarming reversal of traditions, it was my groggy wife and I who were lulled to sleep by the first chapter’s recitation from down the hall; my daughters and their friend took turns reading aloud into the night until sleep overtook even them.

As the next several days of reading and listening revealed, the adventure is indeed dark. Death does claim someone dear to the Hogwarts community and even the most cynical of readers have professed a certain stunned grief at the outcome. There is consolation, however, in the beauty of even the scariest of situations—a beauty that rang especially true for us as Dumbledore leads Harry through a particularly dark and watery passageway on their fateful, final mission. Dumbledore, the sage and wonderful friend and mentor to Harry, magically lights the way:

“You will not object to getting a little wet?”

“No,” said Harry.

“Then take off your Invisibility Cloak—there is no need for it now—and let us take the plunge.”

When Alice and her teammates met to memorialize their friend Sara several days later, they were all handed a memento from her family, a beautiful portrait with these words from Shakespeare’s Romeo and Juliet inscribed below. They were a prophetic message for our family’s personal experience of light and hope:

“When she shall die,
Take her and cut her out in little stars,
And she will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.”

My daughter has been singing the George Fox song since she was three—“Walk in the Light, wherever you may be...”—and now looks for Sara in and of the Light, looking to the stars and to the miracles of the sea to hold on to that friendship.
MEMORIAL DAY

Taste apple butter, ginger snaps, and rhubarb.
Touch Bible paper, patchwork, paraffin.
Smell coffee, sawdust, shaving soap, tobacco;
And sunlit laundry hanging on the line.

Then see, in memory, a treadle Singer;
Homemade preserves put up in Mason jars;
An afghan worked from scores of ends of yarn;
A workbench and a can of straightened nails.

And hear, in memory, a lathe and jigsaw;
A voice like gravel rumbling out the hymns,
And Psalms, and Lincoln's speeches, and the poems
Learned by heart a century ago.

The truth beneath the life is never spoken
But grows like patina on polished oak.
Save it. Patch it. Work and work again.
Bow to life's reverses and go on:
Endurance, cheerfulness, resilient faith.
And simple stubborn love add up to wisdom.

By their fruits you know them. Hand it down:
There are more ways than one to give a life.
Give thanks for food and health and home and blessings.
There isn't much? Then stretch it. It will do.
Save the scraps, and keep your tools in order.
Make enough to have and give away.
Watch the sun rise. Wonder at creation.
Walk. Read. Think. Love your neighbors and your friends,
Your children and grandchildren,
And then rest.

—Deborah Townsend

Deborah Townsend is a member of Eastside Meeting in Bellevue, Wash.
The Importance of Language

by Mary Ray Cate

The language kids hear and use certainly has changed since I was a youngster. What would have seemed shocking and extremely rude to almost everyone 40 years ago is now commonplace in the United States. Despite the prevalence of profanity in movies, music, and on the street, we parents do not have to allow offensive language in our homes. The problem for me was how to explain the reasons behind my “old-fashioned” rule to my “with-it” teenager.

When children are younger, simple explanations suffice: “We don’t use these words because they’re not polite.” Teenagers, however, glory in their ability to use logical arguments to confound and exasperate their parents. “They’re just words. Words aren’t intrinsically good or bad,” insisted our son Luke. Although these scenarios seem humorous years later, getting through what some call “the obnoxious years” can be a challenge. It’s hard to counter some of our kids’ clever arguments on the spot.

When Luke was about 12 years old, we allowed him to sign up for a mail-order music club, which he paid for out of his allowance. Every month he would receive a package of CDs, either the featured selection or an alternative he had chosen. What we didn’t realize for many months, since he played the CDs using head phones in his room, was that many of his choices were labeled “Parental Guidance: Explicit Lyrics.” It was only after I read a few articles in the newspaper about eminem (Marshall Mathers does not capitalize his stage name) and other popular recording stars that I became concerned about what Luke was listening to. When asked, he admitted to owning numerous CDs by eminem and other hip-hop and rap performers whose lyrics are violent, degrade women, and promote what in my opinion is a distorted view of sexuality.

So I had to think through and write down my reasons for wanting to censor my son’s listening choices. He has been a Friend since birth, although in our small meeting it has not always been possible to provide the kind of First-day school experience that I wanted him to have. Quakers have focused on the power of language since the beginnings of our Religious Society. Perhaps that is one reason I have been very concerned about the vocabulary to which my son is exposed.

My major argument was “garbage in, garbage out,” the effect of sensory input on the brain. What we experience, even vicariously through movies, music, books, magazines, television, and the virtual reality of computers and video games, affects our moods, our personalities, our outlook on the world, and our responses to other people.

When we unconsciously adopt the speech patterns of people we spend a lot of time with, as most young people do, we assimilate their values as well. When children hear derogatory or disrespectful language, they incorporate the words into their vocabularies and the accompanying attitudes into their personalities. Prejudices and habits learned early are hard to change. Recently a young mother commented to me somewhat ruefully that her two-year-old already says the F-word.

Hearing a group disparaged through jokes or disrespectful labels, such as when adult women are called girls or bitches, encourages the adoption of stereotypes. We may not even be aware of our racist, sexist, or sectarian attitudes.

I also wanted to persuade my son of the importance of language in general. He was not totally convinced of my point of view and our dialogue on this topic continues, but he reluctantly turned over the Parental Guidance CDs (for which we reimbursed him) and now makes an effort to use language that is acceptable to me.

This caused quite a stir among some of the other teens and preteens in First-day school. “Don’t let my mom hear what your mom did!” “Did she actually break them up and throw them in a dumpster?”

The words we use tell a lot about us. Language is not only how we express our thoughts; it reflects cultural norms and personal values. Using language that puts into practice our Quaker testimonies is a way of demonstrating to others what we believe.

One of the main Quaker values is simplicity. Simplicity to Quakers means truthfulness, sticking to essentials, and avoiding clutter and ostentation, in language and possessions as well as in actions. In 1691, according to Geoffrey Hubbard in Quaker by Convincement, Friends were advised to “take care to keep to truth and plainness in language, habit, deportment, and behavior.” The plain speech and plain dress of traditional Friends recognized the equality of all people. George Fox wrote in his Journal, “Moreover when the Lord sent me forth into the world, he forbade me to put off my hat to any high or low;

Mary Ray Cate, a member of Santa Fe (N.Mex.) Meeting, is an artist; her website is <www.sunlit-art.com>.

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and I was required to 'thee' and 'thou' all men and women without any respect to rich or poor, great or small." Quakers do not swear to tell the truth in court. As Jesus taught, that act casts doubt on the truthfulness of our everyday speech.

Another Quaker value is peace. Conflict can often be avoided by treating other people with respect, through our words as well as our actions. Compared to people from many other cultures, people in mainstream U.S. culture tend to be impulsive, impolite, and impatient. Japanese tradition, for instance, places great value on harmony in interpersonal relations. In fact, Japanese courtesy and formality may seem exaggerated to us. In my study of Japanese language and culture I came across these examples: On a package of ramen noodles, "Please place our humble noodles in your honorable pot." On a T-shirt, "This suit places much importance on the wearer." As a result of this emphasis on politeness, as well as for other cultural reasons, the Japanese live in a much less violent society than we do. Although crime rates in Japan are rising, they are still much lower than in the United States.

The Bible offers important guides for language. The Ten Commandments (Exodus 20:1-17) include, "Do not testify falsely against your neighbor" and "Do not misuse the name of the Lord your god." (New Living Translation). God's name is sacred and not to be cheapened with irreverent use. In our secular society, "God" as an expletive or exclamation is very commonly used, perhaps because God is not real to most people. Older Friends also frowned on the use of "minced oaths," expressions such as gosh, golly, geeze, gee whiz, and Jiminy Cricket, which are derived from the names Jesus, Christ, and God. One of the members of our meeting tells of being eldered years ago for using these apparently harmless expressions.

A parallel example is sexuality. Sex is used to sell all sorts of products from beer and tools to cars and clothing. Sexuality is no longer something special and private between two people, but a way of shocking and titillating people via magazines, movies, music, and television. The sexualization of language reflects our culture's exploitation of and disrespect for women and for the miraculous bodies we are blessed to inhabit. Again something special and sacred becomes cheapened by the casual use of irreverent language.

When obscenities are used frequently enough, they become meaningless to the speaker, just a habit of speech such as adding "you know," "like," or other empty phrases. But they still retain their offensiveness to many hearers and convey some of the worst attitudes and aspects of our culture.

Similar to the Ten Commandments are the Boddhisatva vows of Buddhism. Four of them concern language being truthful, not gossiping, not speaking poorly of others, and not making ourselves out to be better than we are. Talking about other people, especially when they are not present, is fraught with temptation. It is easy to be judgmental or to gloat over someone else's mistakes, to think or say, "I told you so." The standards of the International Rotary Club are worth considering. Here is the Rotarians' Four Way Test of the things we think, say, or do:

1. Is it the truth?
2. Is it fair to all concerned?
3. Will it build goodwill and better friendships?
4. Will it be beneficial to all concerned?

Taking the time to ask ourselves these questions before speaking would certainly slow down some conversations, but the results would probably be very beneficial.

Our son is now 21 years old, legally an adult, and I cannot monitor or control his environment the way I did when he was younger. I can only suggest that he pay attention to the kind of atmosphere in which he chooses to immerse himself. For the past three summers, to my great delight, he has chosen to work as a counselor at Farm and Wilderness, a group of six camps in Vermont that encourage Quaker values. One of the rules is no profanity. It was very encouraging when Luke wrote us and described one of the boys under his care who obviously impressed him, a 15-year-old who "is very helpful, obedient, and respectful. He is a great influence on the other campers. He does not swear as a matter of philosophy."

Even if our teenagers consider us boring and backward, our efforts to model what we believe and to influence them towards more conscious speech do have an effect. Luke still likes Eminem's rhymes and considers him a talented lyricist who tells good stories, but he admits that our dialogue has led him to pay more attention to language. So far he's taken two college linguistics courses and several psychology classes to learn how what we perceive affects how we think and how we relate to the world.

A most encouraging development in our family is that my son, my husband, and I are now all reading (and attempting to practice) Nonviolent Communication, an excellent guide to being more compassionate in our speech, written by Marshall B. Rosenberg. It is perhaps the best book I have read that promotes Quakerly values in language via an easy-to-understand format.

To be more conscious of what our words are saying to ourselves and to others takes effort and attention. When our language and actions are congruent with our values, that's integrity. Conscious, compassionate speech and writing are goals worth striving towards. Destroying our son's CDs was a very unsuitable form of parental guidance, but for our family it was the beginning of a valuable and continuing exploration of language.
REFLECTIONS

A Day Off in the Life of an Intern

by Janaki Spickard-Keeler

It's spring in Washington, D.C. There is a war on. I'm walking down the National Mall, surrounded by people, flags, and monuments to abstract ideas. I only wish we could live up to. I'm tired and my feet hurt; Tom Fox is dead; William Penn House is turning 40.

I'm upset about the news of Tom Fox and I'm trying not to think, so I attempt to lose myself in history and monuments. Usually, I'm not much for symbols, and the rather phallic Washington Monument has always amused me, but the reflecting pool intrigues me. Close up, I try not to take it as too symbolic that the water is fouled with chemicals and goose droppings. I back up until the water looks pretty again, and head for the Lincoln Memorial.

There's a rally going on at the bottom of the steps—when is there not? I'm wary: the news of Tom Fox's death is too fresh for me to face a pro-war rally right now. Just a week ago Tom was supposed to be in our living room, presenting on the Christian Peacemaker Teams to our monthly lecture and potluck series. After scheduling that, he left for Iraq and got kidnapped. We held the date, hoping.

One of the last e-mails he sent was to tell us he'd be here. I think he was, but it was two other CPTers who presented last Sunday. We lit a candle for the four in Iraq and I donated more than I can afford and wondered if I could be the sort of person Tom was. Whether I could be a soldier of peace.

It's not a pro-war rally after all. It's a protest against the Chinese Communist Party. I climb the steps of the Lincoln Memorial and try not to brood on a monument to a divisive, bloody civil war. Reading the Gettysburg Address, I know I've had an overdose of symbolism.

Everywhere on the Mall are the words "Freedom" and "Sacrifice." President Bush and I both believe that freedom takes sacrifice, but we don't agree on what freedom means. President Lincoln freed the slaves, but it took Martin Luther King Jr. and the March on Washington to bring the disenfranchised their rights.

At William Penn House we're working on an "I Have A Dream" Youth Seminar for this fall. In partnership with the Help Increase the Peace Program, we're holding a seminar on race and civil rights. Quaker youth and D.C. youth will spend the weekend living and learning together: learning about the civil rights movement of the 1960s, the history of race relations in D.C., how to build community and talk about difficult issues, how to lobby for civil rights legislation. I'm excited and a little intimidated.

Approaching, the Vietnam War Memorial looks like a vicious gash in the ground. Must everything today remind me that the nation is as divided now as it was then? I'm almost afraid to enter the monument. Maybe I don't have the right—I didn't live it. Last month's potluck lecture was by Mike Boehm, a veteran of the Vietnam War who has spent his life trying to heal. He works on micro-financing women's projects and building peace gardens in Vietnam. When my dad or Patricia talk about the war, I can see how it's still a sorrow deep seated. I'm not blind; I've seen that our country hasn't healed. Vietnam is the 800-pound gorilla of politics, especially now that we're in another unwinnable war.

But I enter, because my dad once said that this memorial was healing for him. Names, too many names. I descend until the columns

Zen and the Quakers: A Meditation

by Theodor Benfrey

At Friendship Meeting in Greensboro, N.C., a few years ago, our Friend DeWitt Barnett told of the time he was stationed in Japan with AFSC when Douglas Steere wrote him to arrange a meeting between Friends and Zen Buddhist monks. Those monks, we were told, meditate on koans, the best known of which is "What is the sound of one hand clapping?" What, I wondered, could possibly be of interest to Douglas Steere in a group that emphasizes strange questions? The peculiar aspect of that koan is that although there is no logical answer to the question, it is grammatically correct and it would not be questioned in a computer's spellcheck. I recently learned that koans are not essential to Zen practice. Guilford College organized a Zen retreat
of names are taller than I can reach. The stone is reflective; those names are etched on my own reflection. Too many symbols today. Too many names written on my body.

A guest told me recently about Arlington West, in Santa Monica, where they put up rows of crosses on the beach each Sunday for all those killed in Iraq. Tom Fox wasn't a serviceman, but I hope they have a cross there for him, too. He died trying to make the world a better place, sacrificing his life in the name of freedom and peace.

I'm stuck at the lowest point of the Memorial, overwhelmed by etched names, and I want to run away. It's too big and too scary and much too reminiscent of the here and now. Why did I set out for this place today instead of going to meet other Friends? Why did I think the Vietnam War Memorial would help?

But I don't bolt, and it's then that I experience the healing my father once spoke of. Because I've descended into this orderly hell of names, but the path leads back up. Out. I made it through. We made it through. Maybe not all symbols have to be depressing.

Fifty years is a long time to survive. Today, William Penn House is thriving. We have our seminar on teaching peace in the classroom in the works, Washington Quaker Workshops has formally become a part of William Penn House, we'll host FCNL's Young Adult Lobby Weekend at the end of this month. The Cory Room has a new ceiling and a fresh coat of paint. We're building a peace garden in our front yard. It's spring.

Janaki Spickard-Keeler is a longtime attender of San Antonio (Tex.) Meeting. William Penn House is a Quaker seminar and hospitality center on Capitol Hill. For information on its Youth Seminar or its Teachers of Peace Seminar, call (202) 543-5560 or e-mail info@wmpennhouse.org.
Parenting and “Childing”

by William Morris

When we say “Our Father who art in heaven,” we involve the image of parenting, an image that unites us all, whether babies, infants, children, teens, adults, or golden-agers, as siblings of our common parent.

What is the essence of this parental ideal whose guidance we seek? In most religions this transcendent parent represents creation, nurturing, protection, forgiveness, understanding, and support—in short, love.

We actually live in two dimensions of parenting: the physical and the spiritual. On the physical plane, we try to learn to be effective parents by taking classes, by reading books of advice, and by adopting, adapting, or avoiding our own parental models. On the spiritual plane, we have the complementary role; we must learn to relate to the parent.

Physical parenting implies relationship; relationship between each child and his or her creating parent. The verb “to parent” suggests, on the giving side, the loving role adults take in guiding their offspring. But in English, we lack a word for the receiving role of the learner. We don’t have a convenient term referring to the children’s assuming or improving their role in the relationship.

Perhaps we should invent a word like “childing,” a gerund parallel to “parenting,” which would refer to the trust, dependency, alertness, openness, and spontaneity that we associate with kids being kids, which could refer to the unsophisticated naturalness so easily acquired by youth before they take on the responsibilities of adulthood.

Schools and parents are usually intent on intense tutelage toward adulthood and often forget to cherish the flip side of the relationship, or to appreciate and develop the childlike receiving that enables adult giving.

On the spiritual level, religions have taken on this task of “childing,” the task of helping us (at any age) become receptive children of the Divine Parent. For some of us, the role may come naturally, nearly unconsciously; for others, the karmic school of “childing” involves long, difficult, and perhaps even painful lessons. Learning the appropriate way to relate to an immense, all-powerful Creator can overwhelm our ego-centered consciousness.

As we age from innocent childhood to responsible adulthood, we have the opportunity to accept complementary, and in some regards contrary, roles. Physically, we become parents—seriously and with awareness, parents who devoutly desire to give direction and strength to the offspring we have and are creating. Spiritually, however, as we outgrow childlike self-assurance, we adults at times devoutly yearn for direction and strength from our Creator.

To become as children to enter the Kingdom of Heaven is challenge indeed, even with the models of our own children and grandchildren tugging at our hems, reminding us of the magnificent metaphor.

As specimen or as species, our creation on the physical and spiritual planes remains a mystery of wonderment. Despite scientific description, our destinations in this life and beyond seem equally unclear.

It is this very sea of uncertainty, however, that presents us with our navigational challenge: to become oriented within our time and culture as sensibly as we can. We must creatively interpret our best way to lead—even as we learn to creatively lead; we must learn to parent and to child simultaneously in dynamic wholeness and balance.

May we, then, welcome the adult paradox of parenting while childing, uniting with ourselves the roles both of “parent” and “parent.” May we create a wholeness of sensitivity from which we can understand our Divine Parent even as we learn through the eyes of our children. May we humbly inform our worldly parenting by becoming skilled in childing. May we learn to both parent and child parts of our self. And may we strive to become sensitive to a realm even more grand than our dreams informed by metaphor alone. Through spiritual childing, may we stretch for our balanced best.

Parenting and childing across generations and dimensions is a special form of prayer.

William Morris, a retired reading instructor and professor of Education, is a member of Sacramento (Calif.) Meeting and attends Reno (Nev.) Meeting.

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Getting in the Way


Getting in the Way is the descriptive motto of Christian Peacemaker Teams (CPTs) and the title of a new book of stories about CPTs' work. Written in a straightforward and unpretentious style that feels appropriate to Christian witness, the book includes reports from five women and six men about their experiences in Haiti, Canada, Hebron, Chiapas, Mexico, and Iraq, among others.

Editor Tricia Gates Brown introduces CPT members as "people who choose to live in conflict zones to create space for local efforts of nonviolent resistance. They talk to soldiers, guerillas, and paramilitaries; they accompany schoolchildren and farmers; they advocate for human rights, support local initiatives...and disseminate reports of what they witness."

Several books about peace teams and accompaniment projects have been released in the last year or two. None, including this one, yet includes the murder of CPT member Tom Fox by kidnappers in Iraq in March 2006. Tom was one of four team members taken hostage in November 2005. One of the other three was Jim Loney, author of the first chapter in this book. Just as this review was completed, Jim and the other two surviving CPT members were released.

While the kidnappings and Tom Fox's death introduce a new historical turn into the literature about peace teams, members have always been straightforward about their willingness to take risks. Indeed, the organization was inspired at an international gathering of Mennonites when Ron Sider challenged the gathering to be "ready to start to die by the thousands in dramatic and vigorous new exploits for peace and justice."

Getting in the Way describes many such dramatic and vigorous projects. In Hebron, CPT members literally got in the way of raised rifles. On the Anishinaabe reserve in Ontario, they got in the way of huge logging trucks. In Chiapas, at the invitation of the Catholic diocese, the CPT task was to accompany the Akejas, a local peace community that was strong-minded enough to refuse free food and medical services offered by the government, "saying they wanted justice, not handouts."

There are 20 such stories. We would have liked to know a little more about each chapter's author—age, home state, religious affiliation, and his or her "day job."

You'll love Friends Home and Village, two small communities offering affordable retirement living with a personal touch.

Friends Journal, June 2006
The oldest Quaker school in the world, William Penn Charter School embraces tradition and welcomes innovation.

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The work of CPT is a continuing story—and a leap of faith. The work of any CPT project can rarely be tied into neat bundles of "accomplished" or "finished." We can never know...the full impact of the stories we have told. We do have hope, though, that our actions and our solidarity bear fruit far beyond our witness.

—Elizabeth Boardman and Marie Schutz

Elizabeth Boardman, a member of San Francisco (Calif.) Meeting, is the author of Taking a Stand: A Guide to Peace Teams and Accompaniment Projects. Marie Schutz is a member of Redwood Forest Meeting in Santa Rosa, Calif., and has been involved for many years with her meeting's Guatemala Scholarship Loan Program, shared with Guatemala Monthly Meeting.

Knowing the Mystery of Life Within: Selected Writings of Isaac Penington in their Historical and Theological Context


Much to our loss, no biography of Isaac Penington (1616-79) exists, but this valuable introduction, edited by two thoughtful and engaged scholars, will serve as an extremely useful substitute. It is also a valuable resource for anyone contemplating filling the biographical gap, for it lists relevant manuscript collections, published and unpublished works, and some "must-see" secondary sources.

Rosemary Moore has edited the historical portion, placing Penington's writings in their context and teasing readers with bits that cry out for a biographer—this one aches to know more about father Isaac's role in the trial and execution of King Charles I, for example, and its continuing impact on the son and family. Her selections, particularly from letters, tend to be longer and fuller than those in the theological portion and give much of the flavor of a man whose friendship would have been highly rewarding.

Penington was usually his own man, even when it came to reservations that led him to break with George Fox and at least temporarily side with John Porrett; likewise he had questions about the 1661 "Peace Testimony" and did not fear to make them public, to the embarrassment of his fellow Quakers.

Usually disdainful of theological speculation, to my surprise I found Melvin Keiser's larger part of the book to be gripping, occasionally riveting. His briefer selections from Penington's writings are most often placed in chronological order, allowing the reader to follow his author's progression; his commentary, if a bit modern in drawing parallels with contemporary thinkers, covers most areas that readers will find familiar and want to know about.

Here we find a mystic whose theological position is rooted in his experience of the divine reality. Penington does not shy from using words like "Christ" and "salvation," words that may turn off many modern Quakers, but Keiser stretches to make them accessible. It is a word like "life," the underpinning of it all that makes all meaningful, that gave Penington's writings the enduring influence of a man whose friendship would have been highly rewarding.

—Larry Ingle

Larry Ingle, a member of Chattanooga (Tenn.) Meeting, is emeritus professor of History at University of Tennessee-Chattanooga. His most recent book is First Among Friends: George Fox and the Creation of Quakerism.

Citizen: Jane Addams and the Struggle for Democracy


When the newly developed American Friends Service Committee sent a team into Germany in July 1919 to survey the needs of the German people, they chose three eminent...
women to represent them: Caro­lena Wood, a leader among young Friends; Alice Hamilton, a reforming physician; and Jane Addams, a world-famous social worker.

The starvation these women uncovered led to the massive child feeding program that established AFSC as a major relief organization. Friends also worked closely with Addams when she founded the Women's Peace Party, which became the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

In 1889, Jane Addams founded Hull House, the first social settlement, or neighborhood center, to be established in the United States. Originally pioneered in London, England, in 1884, with the establishment of Toynbee Hall, the settlement house movement brought concerned university students to live in the most impoverished areas of a big city bringing their expertise and their compassion to bear on the problems of their neighbors. Hull House attracted some of the most talented Quaker women reformers of the turn of the century. These included Grace Abbott, who became head of the Children's Protective Bureau, and Florence Kelley, crusader against sweatshops and founder of the National Consumer League, which fought against labor practices that exploited women and children.

Yet Jane Addams was never a Friend. Instead, she was baptized in 1886 and joined the Cedarville Church. She often said she was influenced toward Friends by her father, John Addams, a wealthy miller and banker, an abolitionist and friend of Abraham Lincoln who sometimes said that he was a Hicksite at heart.

Whatever his religious views, John Addams believed that he had the responsibility for raising his children, especially his daughters. This was especially true after Jane's mother died and he married a woman with two children who had strong ideas about the
upbringing of women. Jane wanted to attend Smith College, and then train to be a doctor, but her father thought she was not in good enough health for this (she had a disabling spinal condition) and sent her instead to nearby Rockford Seminary. After graduation, when she once more wished to go to Smith, he blocked her. Following his death in 1881, Jane enrolled in the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania, but dropped out because of ill health. For the next eight years she endured physical discomfort and depression, resisting the efforts of her stepmother to marry her to her stepbrother, George Haldeman. She traveled abroad during this period and visited Toynbee Hall, in London, the pioneer social settlement house.

Toynbee inspired her, and her period of depression came to an end in 1889 when she and a Rockford classmate, Ellen Starr, bought a decaying mansion on Halsted Street in Chicago, and founded Hull House.

Louise Knight devotes the bulk of her book to a narrative of how the Hull House experience changed Jane Addams' attitudes, moving her from an ignorant condescension to the lower classes and a belief in the importance of bringing culture to the working class, to a lively identification with the needs of workers, of the foreign born, and of African Americans. In time she began to sympathize with the movement to gain suffrage for women. Leading her political education in much of this was Florence Kelley, whose campaign against sweatshops conducted from Hull House raised the consciousness of many.

Though Addams took part in many of the campaigns that originated at Hull House, and even ran for and won the post of garbage inspector, she found her voice mainly in lecturing and writing about social issues. The Pullman Strike of 1894 was a great eye-opener to her, teaching her that good could come out of conflict. Her speech about it, in which she called George Pullman a "Modern Lear," revealed how far she had come in changing her upper-middle-class attitudes, and formed the basis of much of her latter writings.

Louise Knight ends the book in 1899, just as Jane Addams' true fame began. What the author has given us, however, is an understanding of the basis of that fame, a picture of the persons and experiences that had shaped Addams, from a rather conservative and provincial member of the upper middle class into an outstanding spokesperson for peace, social change, and democracy. The easy narrative style in which this book is written draws the reader into this process of change, and challenges us to rethink attitudes that might have been taken for granted.

There are a few minor historical mistakes, but on the whole Louise Knight covers complicated issues with grace and clarity. However, many books one may have read about Jane Addams, this is one not to be missed.

—Margaret Hope Bacon

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

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On April 10, ten cities around the country held demonstrations in support of immigrant rights and against harsh legislation like HR 4437, which passed through the House of Representatives in December and would make it a felony to be or assist an undocumented person in this country. The past several months have seen unprecedented outpourings of support for immigrant rights around the country: 500,000 rallied in Los Angeles, 300,000 in Chicago, 100,000 in Denver. American Friends Service Committee’s initiative, Project Voice, is one group working with immigrant rights, and combines local and national work to strengthen the voices of immigrant-led organizations in setting the national agenda for immigration policy and immigrants’ rights. The AFSC Board of Directors has stated: “Undocumented immigrants pay taxes and contribute to the economic, social, and cultural development of their communities in countless ways. A legalization program would recognize the equity undocumented people have built through their participation in U.S. society and acknowledge the inherent injustice of the secrecy, vulnerability, and exploitation imposed on undocumented women, men, and children.” AFSC’s perspective on immigration is that the growth of undocumented migration is a worldwide phenomenon. Although many people are propelled into migration for political and other reasons, labor migration clearly accounts for the greatest part of the migrant stream. In this sense, the growth of a transnational labor force is a structural feature of an increasing global economic integration. U.S. policies that are intended to deter undocumented migration have failed to achieve this objective, while increasing the violation of human rights, as well as aggravating anti-immigrant prejudice and hate violence. In addition, punitive measures such as increased surveillance and patrols at the border, raids on homes and workplaces, and detaining and deporting undocumented people do not address the underlying reasons that people migrate. Hundreds of migrants die each year trying to cross the Mexico-U.S. border, and U.S. communities that lie along the border with Mexico live a reality that is essentially different from the rest of the country. U.S. immigration policy has transformed the region into a militarized zone where the U.S. Constitution and international law are applied only selectively. AFSC maintains that it is essential for any debate that focuses on increasing the security of the U.S.-Mexico border be based on a strong commitment to accountability and human rights, including civil rights; and it is essential that the perspectives of those who live in border communities be included in such a debate. Remittances from migrant workers in the United States and other rich countries contribute approximately 50 percent more yearly to the economies of their countries of origin than all forms of development assistance. For many of the world’s poor, economic integration through remittances is the only form of economic globalization with a positive impact on their living standards. Sooner or later, comprehensive immigration reform will need to be carried out not just unilaterally, but multilaterally, in concert with the needs and interests of other countries that send migrants or refugees to the United States and whose cultures, peoples, and economic prospects are thereby bound up with the citizens and residents of the United States. For more information on HR 4437 visit <http://thomas.loc.gov/cgi-bin/bdquery/z2010h/bt04437/>. To read more about AFSC’s Project Voice visit <www.afsc.org/immigrants-rights>.—AFSC.

A coalition of human rights and religious groups launched an eyewitness Speakers Tour to raise public awareness about Sudan’s deepening Darfur crisis. Philadelphia, Pa., was the kickoff city for the Darfur Speakers Tour during the first week in April, where a series of community-wide programs were held in churches, synagogues, and schools across the city. The tour would be culminating in a "Million Voices for Darfur" rally on April 30 in Washington, D.C. While the roots of the Darfur crisis are complex, its results are plain: Some 2.5 million displaced villagers live in fear in refugee camps in Darfur and neighboring Chad; since 2003, some 400,000 black African civilians have died from murder, malnutrition, or disease; hundreds of their villages have been burned by warplanes and methodically torched; and countless women have been raped. The perpetrators are Sudan’s military and their allied paramilitary forces known as the Janjaweed. Though all sides in the dispute are Muslim, the government of Sudan has historically marginalized the villagers of Darfur. When Darfur resistance groups fought back three years ago, Sudan unleashed a ruthless scorched-earth campaign targeting Darfur’s civilians and driving them off their ancestral homeland. As of April, no one has been held accountable for the killings, lootings, and mass rape—all of which are in violation of the 1949 Geneva Convention that prohibits attacks on civilians. A U.S. Department of State fact-finding team concluded that Darfur is "the worst humanitarian and human rights crisis in the world today." A small force from the African Union has monitored abuses but has no power to halt the attacks. In February, Sudan successfully resisted efforts by the U.S. and other nations to strengthen the peacekeeping force and place it under United Nations auspices. Meanwhile, the latest news from the frontline is dire. In mid-March, the UN reported that relief groups were unable to reach more than 300,000 refugees because the marauding militias make the areas too dangerous. The aim of the Darfur Speakers Tour is "to assure that the disastrous world indifference during the Nazi Holocaust and the Rwanda genocide is never repeated," said Lou Ann Merkle of the Darfur Alert Coalition. "This tour will bring Darfurians and Americans together in face-to-face exchanges ultimately building a network committed to working with the Darfurians to reclaim their land, their lives, and their livelihoods." Other organizations sponsoring the tour are Amnesty International, the Jewish Community Relations Council, and the Genocide Intervention Network.

Sylvia Graves is serving as interim general secretary of Friends United Meeting. She follows Retha McClure, who retired on February 28 after 11 years of service. Sylvia was recorded as a minister of the Gospel by Western Yearly Meeting in 1997, and has led retreats and workshops as well as filled the pulpit in many meetings of Western Yearly Meeting. For many years she has been the director of the 5th- and 6th-grade camp at Quaker Haven near Syracuse, Ind. As elementary school principal for many years, she retired in June 2005, allowing her the freedom to pursue new interests. She and her husband, Dale, have recently returned from serving on a FUM workteam in Belize. She has attended all but one FUM Triennial in the past 25 years, including the 2002 Triennial in Kenya. Sylvia’s main responsibility will be to maintain communication and support for field staff and their projects. Her vision during her tenure would be to “join hands across theological and cultural differences to do the work of the church rather than doing the work for the organization. The organization needs to support the ministries of our believers.” Married for 38 years, Sylvia and Dale are the parents of two grown children, Eric and Maria.

During a time of transition from Native American tribal poverty to economic development, Friends Committee on National Legislation encourages opponents to listen to each other’s hopes and fears. The growing economic and political power of indigenous people throughout the world has been welcomed warmly by some communities, and perceived as a threat by others. Non-natives may care about sacred sites. They may respect tribal members, but be disappointed about or
resentful of the growth of gaming. For instance, a network of well-organized groups oppose what they define as Indian control and privileges, although often their stated complaints concern tribal government and rights spelled out in treaties, laws, court decisions, and the Constitution. Except in native-owned media, stories about tribal programs receive little coverage, and lobbyists for native issues find it hard to locate the type of information easily available to other lobbyists. The persistence of the Native American Journalists Association and of Unity: Journalists of Color, plus training programs for non-Indian journalists, sponsored by universities, brings hope for a change. FCNL will convene a symposium this spring to address how the media cover Native American communities, and the ways in which non-Native lobbyists collect information about Native Americans. — FCNL Indian Report, Fourth Quarter 2005

Last summer, 25 high school and college students, participating in Design Science Lab, developed a series of strategies for eliminating hunger from the world. Design Science Lab, a joint project of Big Picture Small World and the Buckminster Fuller Institute, develops solutions to global and local problems through a design and planning methodology often referred to as design science. This methodology is inspired by the work of R. Buckminster Fuller, the late-20th-century inventor, philosopher, and designer. This program recognizes the profound contribution ordinary citizens can make toward solving our most pressing local, regional, and global problems. Through direct experience, participants come to understand that individual initiative can and indeed must make a difference in creating a better world. The 2005 report that documents this effort is available at <www.bigpicturesmallworld.com/schools/images/2005DSLReport_complete.pdf>. This year’s program has been expanded to 100 students and two locations. The first will again be held at the UN and United Nations International School, and the second at University of North Carolina in Asheville. Participants at both sites will be briefed by UN staff at the start of the Lab, and will present their work to the UN when they are finished. The focus of the work this year will again be on ways of meeting the basic needs of everyone in the world, in the context of achieving the UN’s Millennium Development Goals. For more information on the UN’s Millennium Development Goals visit <www.un.org/millenniumgoals>. For more information on Design Science Lab visit <www.designsciencelab.org> or call (718) 290-9283. — Medard Gabel, BigPictureSmallWorld

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New York Yearly Meeting approved a statement against paying for war. The following minute was approved at their Spring Business Sessions on April 1: "The Living Spirit works to give joy, peace, and prosperity through love, integrity, and compassionate justice among people. We are united in this Power. We acknowledge that paying for war violates our religious conviction. We will witness to this religious conviction in each of our communities." This statement reflects Quakers' steadfast testimony that any participation in war, including payment of taxes for war, is a violation of our faith. By compelling support of war-making through taxation, our government and political leaders have forced many people of faith to subordinate God's Word to the dictates of the state. The statement seeks to uphold a foundational principle of our nation that freedom to practice our religious faith is a matter of moral imperative, and is not dependent upon the grace of rights or privileges granted by the legislature.

For nearly 350 years, members of the Religious Society of Friends have upheld a testi mony of peace and nonviolence that embodies the belief that God's spirit, present in every person, empowers all of us to resolve disputes without resorting to the machinery of war. Quakers, Mennonites, and people of other faiths came to the New World to escape per secutions in Europe for their religious convictions. The work of these "peace churches" in the United States eventually led to the legal recognition of the right of all persons not to be forced into military service in violation of their conscience. To date, however, the United States government has failed to respect the right of religious conscience, recognized by the First Amendment's guarantee of free exercise of religion, not to be compelled to support war through the collection of taxes.

The U.S. Congress has before it legislation introduced by Congressman John Lewis of Georgia and supported by 35 Representatives—H.R. 2631 (the "Religious Freedom Tax Peace Fund Bill") that would provide conscientious objectors (subject) to military taxation with an option. Individuals who establish a sincere religious objection would have their tax payments directed towards nonviolent and life-affirming means for protecting and promoting national security, consistent with their faith. Until that time, many Quakers and others are being forced to choose between being faithful to their religious convictions and being in compliance with our federal tax laws.

"As a religious body, we cannot in good conscience support war, and we have borne that witness for over 350 years," said Christopher Sammon, general secretary of New York Yearly Meeting. "We are clear that violence only begets more violence, in a never-ending cycle of horror that diminishes all humankind. Being required to pay almost half our taxes to support war-making is a violation of our religious convictions, and we will be seeking ways to redress this, individually and corporately." —Representatives of New York Yearly Meeting

BULLETIN BOARD

- July 1-7-Friends General Conference Gathering, Tacoma, Wash.
- July 6-9-Wilmington Yearly Meeting
- July 12-16-North Carolina Yearly Meeting Conservative
- July 14-17-Aotearoa/New Zealand Yearly Meeting
- July 22-25-Evangelical Friends International Eastern Region Yearly Meeting
- July 22-28-Northwest Yearly Meeting
- July 23-29-New York Yearly Meeting
- July 25-30-Philadelphia Yearly Meeting
- July 25-30-Iowa Yearly Meeting Conservative
- July 26-30-Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting
- July 26-30-Illinois Yearly Meeting
- July 27-29-Evangelical Friends International Mid-America Yearly Meeting
- July 27-30-Indiana Yearly Meeting
- July 29-30-North Pacific Yearly Meeting
- July 29-August 1-Western Yearly Meeting
- July 31-August 5-Pacific Yearly Meeting
- July 31-August 6-Baltimore Yearly Meeting
- August 4-6-"Rumi: searching for God in all creation," at Woodbrooke Quaker Study Centre; visit <www.woodbrooke.org.uk> or call +0 (121) 472-5171.
Deaths

Barton—Harold (Hal) Barton, 88, on August 1, 2005, in Eugene, Oreg. Hal was born on August 31, 1916, in Grants Pass, Oreg., the second in a family of 11 children, and the oldest son. When he was college age, his father’s illness left Hal as temporary breadwinner for the family, so in addition to classes at University of Oregon, he worked several jobs. Pursuing his father’s early involvement in mining, Hal attended the School of Mines in Butte, Mont., working in the mines to earn money for his tuition, but causing him to have such a serious case of mercury poisoning that during the Second World War he was listed as 4F by his draft board. He was determined to recover, and when he returned to the board to report his renewed health, he was drafted as a conscientious objector to Civilian Public Service. After his first assignment at a forest service camp in northern California, he requested a transfer to what he considered more significant work in a mental hospital. He was assigned to Philadelphia State Mental Hospital near Bensberry, Pa., and there he met his future wife, Lois Holloway, who was working as an attendant under the auspices of American Friends Service Committee. They were married on March 3, 1945, at Lois’s meeting in Winona, Ohio. Hal and the other Civilian Public Service men at the hospital were appalled at the condition of the patients, and decided to do what they could to improve the situation. They collected information from various hospital units across the country. Then Hal and three other men at the Philadelphia unit got permission from the hospital superintendent to set up the Mental Hygiene Program for Civilian Public Service, and began publishing a monthly magazine for attendants. Their work led to an exposition that was published in Life Magazine and Reader’s Digest, as well as two books, Out of Sight Out of Mind and The Turning Point, and eventually resulted in the establishment of the National Mental Health Foundation. In 1947, Hal, a Baptist until then, joined Gwynedd Meeting in Pennsylvania. In 1947, after receiving his discharge from Selective Service, Hal and his family moved to his home state of Oregon. There he established mental health chapters in two counties, and then served as field secretary for the northwest office of American Friends Service Committee. He and Lois were among the founders of Eugene (Oreg.) Meeting, where Hal served terms both as clerk and treasurer in the ensuing years. In 1952 the Barton family joined four other families and a single man to create an intentional community on 350 acres of farmland just south of Spencer Butte. Between 1955 and his retirement, Hal worked in the Bohemia Mining District, became a real estate broker, and helped with farming, all the time continuing his vigorous involvement in peace and social change activities, writing letters to the editor, and financially supporting political candidates and other causes. As he requested, his sons scattered Hal’s ashes on Grizzly Mountain in the Bohemia Mining District. Hal is survived by his wife, Lois Holloway Barton; five daughters, Edith Self, Margaret Ferguson, Mary Kirk, Rachel Barton-Russell, and Frances Klohn; three sons, David Barton, Stephen Barton, and William Barton; sixteen grandchildren; and twelve great-grandchildren.


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Please send your résumé and three references to Susan Conson-Finney, Publisher and Executive editor, Friends Journal, 1216 Arch St., Ste. 2A, Philadelphia, PA 19107.
Mohr—Norma Mohr, 74, on May 31, 2002. She was born on March 30, 1928, in Chicago, Ill., to Fieland Sanford and Juana Avant Foust. She became a journalist, and married another journalist, Charles Mohr, in Chicago in 1952. Norma’s son, Hank, was born in 1948; her daughter, Gretchen, in 1953; and her son, Hassan, in 1956. In 1963 Charles left Time Magazine and joined the New York Times. Within a year he was in Saigon, chief of the bureau covering the Vietnam War. They adopted a daughter, Mildred, in Saigon in 1966. For 15 years Norma managed her family in India, Thailand, Hong Kong, and Kenya as she studied languages and wrote freelance articles. When the family returned to the United States, Charles joined the Washington bureau of the New York Times, and Norma became a senior editor for Voice of America, where she focused on creating programming on women and health that were widely broadcast in Africa. After Charles died in 1989, Norma retired and moved to Seattle, where she worked on a book and became co-founder and then president of the Greater Seattle Vietnam Association. She and her colleagues established a sister-city relationship between Seattle and Haiaphong, Vietnam. In 1994, Norma transferred her membership from Bethesda (Md.) Meeting to University Friends Meeting in Seattle. Her book, *Malaria, the Evolution of a Killer*, was published shortly before her death. Norma Mohr was a woman of impeccable taste, exquisite courtesy, considerable tact, and indefatigable determination. Norma was predeceased by her husband, Charles Mohr, and by her beloved chocolate Labrador retriever, Pete. She is survived by her sons Hank Lanum and Hassan Mohr; and her daughters Julie Piwomski and Gretchen Kalonji.

O’Keefe—Mildred Hoadley O’Keefe, 95, on December 27, 2005, in McLean, Va. Mildred was born on August 14, 1910, in a dugout on a homestead farm in Stevens County, Kans. She was the daughter of Charles Elvan and Mary Adeline Kears, both Quaker ministers. She also had a sister, Margarette. After her grandfather died of pneumonia, Mildred moved with her mother and sister to Indiana. She graduated from University of Iowa in 1933, with majors in English, Religion, and Philosophy. Her 45 years of social service began during the Depression and included casework and policy development for the state of Indiana, where she worked and, in 1935, married a young attorney, Arthur Hoadley. She followed her career changes and moved to Connecticut, where she directed state polices and development programs. In 1965, Mildred moved to Washington, D.C., where she supervised assistance to retrenched citizens from World War II. She also served for five years as executive director of the Navy Relief Society. During this time, Mildred also earned two master’s degrees, in Sociology and Social Work, from Yale and Howard universities. In 1953, when Arthur became examiner of Native American inheritance claims for the Department of the Interior in North Dakota, the family moved again, and Mildred accepted the position of state director for social services and staff development. During this time she developed a deep interest in mental health and juvenile delinquency, and taught several courses for University of North Dakota. After directing a group of Native American children, she co-authored *Imprisoned Youth*. In 1963, Arthur’s declining health and her own opportunities for advancement took the family back to Washington. Mildred served as the AFSC staff officer at the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, as director of the Division of Program Payment Standards in the Office of Family Services. Arthur died in 1967. Some time after her 1978 retirement, on a bus tour of southern plantation homes, Mildred met a North Carolinian, Maurice O’Keefe. They were married in 1981. Maurice died in 2006. Mildred was predeceased by both of her husbands, Arthur Hoadley and Maurice O’Keefe. She is survived by a son, David Hoadley, a daughter, Maurine Eisenmenger; and several grandchildren.

Watson—Elizabeth Grill Watson, 92, on February 22, 2006, in Edina, Minn. Elizabeth was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, on January 7, 1914, and grew up in Lakewood, Ohio. At the age of seven, inspired by her Methodist minister grandfather, she felt a call to the preaching ministry, and went on to spend a lifetime working on projects grounded in her spiritual concerns. As a high school student, after attending a summer religious conference where a principal speaker talked about Mohandas Gandhi, she became convinced of the spiritual necessity of nonviolence, and she delved into Gandhi’s life and work. Over the next few years, Elizabeth gave several hundred speeches about Gandhi to luncheon clubs, high school assemblies, and church groups. In 1936 she graduated from Miami University in Ohio and went on to graduate study at Chicago Theological Seminary and University of Chicago Divinity School, often the only woman in her theology classes. She and George H. Watson were married in 1937. During graduate school they began attending 57th Street Mennonite Church, where a former tenant of George’s, while George completed 11 months of Civilian Public Service as a conscientious objector, Elizabeth moved into a Chicago settlement house and supported their three preschool children. Many benefited from her skills as a speaker, and especially her community organizing work dedicated to the racial integration of a University of Chicago neighborhood. The first meeting of the Congress on Racial Equality (CORE) was held in the Watson home. Elizabeth also worked for American Friends Service Committee as regional personnel officer, recruiting staff leadership for the entire AFSC program at home and abroad. The Watsons bought a big old Frank Lloyd Wright house in the community they worked to integrate, and raised their four children. The basic family was augmented by four foster daughters, including three sisters from Lubeck, Germany, who were pen pals of the Watson daughters and joined the family after the death of their parents in 1962. In 1964, Sara, the eldest Watson daughter, was killed in a car accident. Following the death of her daughter, Elizabeth wrote *Guest of My Life*, the story of six women whose insights helped move her through the process of grief. *Guest of My Life*
A distinguished Quaker theologian, Elizabeth followed her call to ministry, finding ways to express her commitment to justice and to manifest her knowledge of process, feminist, liberation, and Earth-centered theologies. Much of her work explored the theological dimensions of current issues, and her special interest in women in the Bible. Elizabeth was predeceased by her daughter Sara Watson. She is survived by her husband, George Watson; her daughters Jean McCandless and Carol Watson; her son, John Watson; nine grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.
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Wait and Watch
continued from page 9
stop working and pursue civic or spiritual interests. Yet I was deeply unhappy. During a week sojourning at Pendle Hill in the middle of a huge winter storm, I realized that I had to take a “leap of faith”—if I was to find what God wanted me to be doing at that point in my life, I had to stop doing the work that was making me unhappy. And so on my return I announced to my partners that I was taking a sabbatical leave of absence, with no idea how I would support myself in doing so. I simply went home and waited and watched.

A few weeks after I had packed up and moved out of my office a friend of mine called to say the nonprofit organization she ran was expanding and experiencing difficulty, and could I come and give them advice? Although what she asked was a continuation of the type of work I had just left, I went because she was a friend, attended a few meetings, and had the sense that I could help. I casually offered her my assistance, and as a result I spent the following three years commuting every other week between Philadelphia and Boston, helping to guide the expansion of her organization. It was one of my most rewarding and challenging work experiences. It is not something I would have even considered doing when I decided to take my sabbatical. But I felt that the circumstance of her calling for assistance at the precise moment when I was able to offer it was the sign that God was calling me in this direction.

I do not mean to suggest that meeting for worship is simply a means, merely a place to develop skills. The inspiring thing about meeting is that it is both means and end, both practice and performance. For if I practice the skills of waiting and watching during meeting for worship, God’s message is often revealed. Meeting for worship as spiritual practice can help us discern God’s leading in all aspects of our lives. But it will only do this if we are willing to wait: to practice silently waiting on God, with patience and in trust; and if we are willing to watch: to be alert and open in the present moment to the unexpected circumstances through which God speaks and thereby transforms our lives.

Wait, he said, and watch.
important, too, but will prove too little, too
too late as the pace of human destruction
outrrips conventional human efforts to save
the Earth. We may in the end have to rely
on ecological processes with or without our
own existence. Anytime between 2012 and
2030, oil supplies could plummet. Blackouts
and handicapped distribution lines of food
and medicine will follow. God has been
sending us the messages for decades—maybe
centuries—with plagues and wars, since
Malthus, and since the beginnings of
hominids. In bones in hominid collections
around the world—at the Cleveland
Museum of Natural History, for example—
evidence appears of pneumonia-like
episodes that wiped out the conspecific Homo erectus.
SARS and AIDS are nothing new to human
history as density-dependent, death-causing
diseases; they are taddlywinks compared to
what we’ve been through, and what may be
yet to come. AIDS is evolving faster than
history as density-dependent, death-causing
cures. At this rate, we’ll all
be dead by then.

I call for an equal emphasis on saving
populations, many individuals, rather than
helping a rich individual and the medical
establishment. We need mass intervention
in family planning, healthcare for women and
children, rights and education for women,
and the government needs to listen to what
masses of professional ecologists and First
Americans have been saying for centuries
about better environmental planning. The
U.S., whatever the government, must pay its
debt to the UN in general, and toward
sustainability in specific. The question is: do
you want your children and grandchildren
to live, or possibly die, without a chance at life?

Evolution states that human warfare
evolved when the benefits of cooperative
aggression to secure scarce (mostly
metabolic) resources like protein (or oil) to
maintain an un-infiltrated gene pool or
habitat outweighed the costs of warfare (i.e.
like killing). The reciprocal sharing of
resources has opportunity benefits that
aggressively gaining resources from other
cultures lacks. Excellent examples of the
latter are northwest Pacific First American
potaches, and the Oil-for-Food Program in
Iraq, as inefficient and immoral as it was.

Humans are not the only animal to
collectively aggress. A favorite tool used to
study collective aggression by the early
ethologists was to put it in an enclosed small
area two different classes of brown rats,
without which much of our understanding
of the psychology of our own collective
aggression would be remiss. Humans are
animals, and until we respect those drives
that have shaped our “culture” for its
existence and respect our relationships with
biodiversity, we will continue until we learn
the hard way—probably too late.

Culture, science, mathematics, and
language may be signs of “intelligence,” or
simply the advanced use of cognitive signals
most higher vertebrates (mammals and
birds) have to obtain the same needs.
Certainly, the degree of social organization
and technology in Homo sapiens, the “wise
ones,” is unprecedented. That in itself,
however, does not define us as intelligent,
except comparatively. Using our criteria to
determine that we are intelligent goes against
objective science. We do have the collective
cognitive skills. I believe, to unlearn war.
If we can advance technologically as far as we
have, we literally have no excuse but to do so.

Where to place our trust

I appreciate Roberta Nobelman’s response
(“The Tree of Life with leaves for healing of
nations,” FJ Forum, March) to my article
“The Tree Trust” (FJ Dec. 2005). It takes courage
to admit to being sexually abused, whether
as children or as adults. We are made deeply
aware, from childhood, that one who
experiences such is permanently
“tainted”: the evil shadow clings to the victims.
Roberta also voices a common conclusion
made by those so injured: “Trust is the root
cause of all suffering.” And yet, who can live
without trust? Life demands trust from us: to
grow, we must trust the process of growth.
Our problem—and it is not limited to those
of us who have experienced childhood sexual
abuse—is one of discernment. Where, on
whom or what, do we place our trust?

In my perception, we all suffer from
misplaced trust. From birth, we are taught to
mistrust our own perceptions and innate
modes of functioning: we are conditioned to
believe that we are weak, small, and
ignorant. Our physical limits reinforce this
message—we are dependent on our adult

Grant Stevenson
Bethlehem, Pa.
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caretakers. Adults must not only be obeyed, they must be trusted—with our very lives. When the adults caring for us warrant our trust, we grow in trust: we develop our strengths and inherent perceptions appropriately. Usually, though, the adults we must trust with our lives have lost touch with their roots— their natural trust in life, in Life’s flow, moving through them. We have all been conditioned to replace Tree Trust with trust in cultural norms.

Adults who lose their connection to Life, who feel thwarted by the unnatural limits imposed upon them from birth, often take their revenge on those smaller and weaker than themselves. Sometimes they seek to recapture what they have lost in childhood by attempting to absorb the innocence, trust, and life force of children. Childhood sexual abuse is often a distorted form of this impulse. I see adults who abuse children, or any who are weaker than themselves, as victims; their natural impulse to trust in Life has been destroyed. They (we) are encouraged to believe that all that comes to us in life is a result of our own power—or lack of it. We are taught that we must grab power in order to support our lives, even if in doing so we take it from others. What, or who, then, is to blame for the obvious results of this attitude toward our self and all life? Who are the “perpetrators”? Who are the “victims”? From this wider viewpoint, I see us as in Shakespeare’s line in Romeo and Juliet: “All are punished!”

Who is the punisher? Is it God? Is it Life? Fate? When I was a young child, the trees showed me that our lives—and how we live our lives—depend on the depth and ground of our supporting roots. We pull nourishment from the ground in which we are rooted. We then grow toward, lean toward, that for which we yearn, to which we aspire. When we sink our roots in the natural world, including our natural selves, and yearn for the Light—Life’s sustaining flow—we grow strong and tall. We experience the flow of our Creator’s energy moving through us—the yin and yang, masculine and feminine, as Roberta said. We rejoice! We need not seek our power from others: we have it from Life itself. Life, support of our unique essence and our webbed unity, is the appropriate place for our trust.

Alicia Adams
Mimbres, N.Mex.

On being a liberal Christian Quaker

Cathy Habenschmidt (in “Shades of Gray”)

June 2006 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Marc worked hard to draw together what it means to be a liberal Christian Quaker. This liberal Christian has moved on to the Church of the Brethren, also a Peace Church. I have avoided theological debates and also avoided discussion about my late, well-known Quaker parents. Quakers Bill Samuel, John Smallwood, and I founded “Friends in Christ,” hoping to share Christian ideas with others. We were met with much intolerance of our views.

My two concerns are for tolerance of differing religious views among Quakers and to avoid the word “Christocentric.” Instead let us use “Christ-centered.”

Maybe we have forgotten the words of George Fox, “There is one, even Jesus Christ, who can speak to thy condition.” Hopefully this dialogue will continue.

Lincoln Cory
Vienna, Va.

An exceptional issue

I read FRIENDS JOURNAL thoroughly each month and value it highly. However, I found the March issue to be an exceptional one.

The article on explaining our beliefs (“So What Can We Say Now? Suggestions for Explaining Quakerism” by Thomas H. Jeavons) was so helpful, I think I can now be more coherent when asked. In addition, I found the articles on finding the Spirit in nature and the cosmos fascinating (“Opening to the Spirit in Creation,” by Bill Cahalan, and “Quakers from the Point of View of a Naturalist” by Os Cresson). And as a Jewish Quaker I was able to read the article about the Holy Spirit (“What Jesus Means to Me” by Harvey Gillman) without feeling offended or excluded.

Thanks for a great issue!

Madeleine Littman
Cambridge, Mass.

An appreciation of Quakers reaching out

The March issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL provided exactly what I wanted, which is a better understanding of Quakerism. I am awaiting sentencing at Metropolitan Detention Center in Los Angeles, and am blessed with monthly visits from a volunteer named Elizabeth, a dear nonagenarian Quaker. She responded to my request for information by seeking assistance at her meeting. Anonymous

FRIENDS JOURNAL June 2006
Sacrifices are needed to address homelessness

While I was heartened to read about Redwood Forest (Calif.) Meeting's efforts to address the problem of homelessness, ("Friends of the Homeless," Witness, F//March), I was also disappointed in their lack of personal accountability for this problem. I commend these Friends on their confronting the major issue contributing to homelessness—the escalation of housing prices. However, I would draw their attention to the fact that many of them have benefited from this very escalation.

The last time I checked, it cost over $90,000 (nonrefundable) to move into Friends House. I am sure that many residents there were only able to afford this by selling their homes at exorbitant prices.

Like so many well-meaning people who consider themselves "progressive"—advocating for the rights of low-income people—these Friends are happy to do so only as long as they don't have to make any personal sacrifices. Like selling their own properties at affordable prices, for example.

Jeffrey DeVore
Los Angeles, Calif.

On "enemies"

In response to "Do we have enemies?" by Bob Mabb in the Forum, F//April:

The proposal to drop the word from our talk is a vexed one.

How shall we manage to "love even them" if we have none?

George Lakey

Further on "enemies"

In his letter "Do we have enemies?" (F//Forum, April), Bob Mabb voices his distaste for the term "enemies" used in the "Among Friends" column in the February issue. His proposed alternative "those with whom we disagree." Not being a member of the Religious Society of Friends myself, I am always wary about misunderstanding or misjudging its language and intent. However, this letter made me stop and ponder. The context in which the offending word was used in the original column left no doubt that the people thus described were the ones who sought to do harm—and did harm—to the innocent and the nonviolent. The sentiment of the column, as well as that of Tom Fox's message described in it, was of forgiveness and the non-seeking of retaliation. Not of "those with whom we disagree"—a term I find simplistic and not a little bit insidiously misleading—but, if we were to engage in semantics, it's "those who seek to destroy us, those who hate us and everything we stand for." I don't know if there is a better word here than "enemy," but I do know that these are not simply the people "who disagree with us," as if they were engaging others in an exchange of opinions instead of lethal tactics.

It seems to me that the fear of words is sometimes such that it clouds the meaning and the intent of the message.

Alia Podolsky

War resisters' reunion after the FGC Gathering

FRIENDS JOURNAL readers are invited to a very special event occurring this summer in western Canada reasonably close to the location of Friends General Conference. The Our Way Home Reunion is being organized.

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to celebrate and honor the contribution of U.S. war resisters who emigrated to Canada during the Vietnam War and to thank the thousands of Canadians that assisted them. The reunion will also honor the courage of those resisting current U.S. militarily by seeking safe haven in Canada now, during the U.S. war in Iraq. This cross-border peace event is being held July 6 to 9 in the community of Brilliant, British Columbia.

From 1965 to 1973, more than 100,000 draft-age U.S. citizens made their way to Canada. Many of them settled in rural areas, becoming part of the "back to the land" movement of the late '60s and '70s. Others gravitated to Canada's urban centers, and continued to work promoting and maintaining the kind of social justice they experienced upon their arrival.

The reunion will include workshops, a keynote speech by George McGovern, panel discussions, on-stage theatre performances, a film festival, and a major peace concert. Some of the confirmed participants are Arun Gandhi, Tom Hayden, Maude Barlow, Holly Near, Buffy Saint-Marie, and Rabbi Michael Lerner. Plans are also underway to provide an opportunity to promote healing and reconciliation between war resisters and Vietnam veterans in Canada. More information and ticket booking can be found at the web page <www.ourwayhomereunion.com>. We hope you will be able to join us in July and that you will pass this information on to others who would like to know of this event.

Tony McQuail
Lucknow, Ont.

Beware of a scam

Be aware that there is a person or persons who have been posing as a Quaker in distress in Canada needing plane fare home because of an accident. The scam artist is very persuasive and was clever enough to have foiled at least one smart and caring Friend in New York Yearly Meeting. He/she uses names gleaned from other calls made while posing as a person interested in the meeting or a nearby meeting. I'm the contact person for Morningside Meeting and for the Downtown Outdoor Meeting; and so, I'm sorry to say, I'm the one who inadvertently supplied the information that was used to con my fellow Friend.

In many Quaker writings it is advised we pray before taking on any major commitment of time or money. It is my suggestion that we all try to get into this habit. So if a person calls us in distress, we will automatically say, "Friend, I am very concerned for you and your need, but I would like to spend a while in prayer to consider what would be the best course of action. Please give me your phone number and I will call you back."

Sally Campbell
New York, N.Y.

Simplicity and technology

I attended a lecture recently on the topic of "Digital Democratic Institutions." The speaker dealt with how technology is making new kinds of collective action, like political action, protest, and dissent, possible. It made me think of Friends' political activism, and also of simplicity as practiced by Friends.

I understand that some Quakers don't use computers or other modern technology out of their observance of simplicity. It occurred to me that in the 21st century, Friends who shun modern technology but who also feel the obligation to protest policies like those of the Iraq war might be undermining their own efforts to oppose such policies effectively. I wonder if observing simplicity so strictly conflicts with Friends' call to activism? What does simplicity entail? How do Friends define it? And in relation to 21st-century technology, should it be redefined, or must it be, if Friends are to act on beliefs effectively? Should Friends expand the definition of simplicity to accommodate 21st-century technology so that they can work more effectively toward justice and peace?

Patty Quinn
Elkins Park, Pa.

Correction: In the article, "Opening to the Spirit in Creation: A Personal Practice" by Bill Cahalan in the March issue, two errors crept in. First, on page 11, in the first column, in the eighth line from the bottom (above the small photograph), there should be no commas around "within this land." And second, at the bottom of the middle column on that page, in the third line of the poem, "good" should be replaced by "food." —Eds.
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Costa Rica Study Tours: Visit the Quaker community in Monteverde. For information and a brochure contact Sarah Stuckey: <sarahstuckey@fqa.org>.

Summ er at Pend le H ill

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July 14-16: Qi Gong: Powerful, Simple Self-Care, with Kevin Greene.
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June 2006 Friends J ournal

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GENERAL SECRETARY

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Calligrapher (NEYM) creates individually designed marriage certificates, birth/announcing documents for newborn or adopted children, and other one-of-a-kind documents. See samples of my work at <www.nynelleweelyn.com>. Contact me to discuss your needs at (413) 634-5576. <wyme@nwynelleweelyn.com>.

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Java-Faceted Four States) Unprogrammed worship, Saturdays, 10 a.m. in Texarkana, AR. For information call (870) 777-1900.

LITTLE ROCK-Unprogrammed meeting. Discussion, 10 a.m. in Little Rock at 11 a.m. at 3415 West Markham. Phone: (501) 664-7225.

TEXARKANA-Unprogrammed Meeting for worship, Saturdays, 10 a.m. in Miller County Senior Citizen Center, 1007 Jefferson. For information call (903) 792-3589.

[Advertise Your Friends Meeting]


Arkansas

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California

ARCATA-11 a.m. 1920 Zondhern. (707) 808-1948.

BERKELEY-Unprogrammed meeting, Worship, 9 a.m. and 11 a.m. 2151 Vine St. at Whitt. (510) 645-9725.

BERKELEY-Strawberry Creek, P.O. Box 5005, Berkeley, CA 94705. (510) 524-6918. Unprogrammed worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. At Berkeley Alternative High School, Martin Luther King Jr. Way and Derby Street.

CHICO-9:45-10:15 a.m. singing; 10:30 a.m. unprogrammed worship, children's classes. Hemlock and 14th Street. (530) 865-2135.

clAREMONT-Worship, 9:30 a.m. Classes for children. 727 W. Harrison Ave., Claremont.

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

FRESNO-Unprogrammed meeting, Sunday, 10 a.m. 5219 San Joaquin Ave., Fresno. (559) 237-4170.

GRASS VALLEY-Meeting for worship, 9:45 a.m., discussion/sharing, 11 a.m. Sierra Friends Centre campus, 13075 Woodham Dr. (530) 674-1264.

LA JOLLA-Meeting 10:30 a.m. 7380 El Aliso Ave. Visitors call (858) 496-1020.

MARIN COUNTY-10 a.m. Falkirk Cultural Center, 1408 Valleydale Ave. at E. St., San Rafael, Cali. (415) 476-3568.

MARLORO LONG BEACH-10 a.m. Ortzbaz at Spaclding, (510) 311-1730.

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

MONTEREY PENINSULA-Friends Meeting, Sundays, 10 a.m. Call: (650) 342-9635.

NAPA SONOMA-Friends meeting, Sundays 10 a.m. at Aleida, Inc., 1601 Oak St., Napa. Contact: Joe Wilcox, 237-5500; <jwilcox@ispnext.net>.

OAH-Unprogrammed worship, First Day. For meeting place, call Quaker Dial-a-Thought (805) 646-6269, or may be found on <http://www.oah.org/meetings.html>.

OREGON-COUNTY-Meeting for worship 10 a.m. 117 W. 4th, Ste. 200, Santa Ana, CA 92701. (714) 538-6355.

PALO ALTO-Meeting for worship First Days, classrooms for children, 10 a.m. 500-967-0744.

PASADENA-Orange Grove Monthly Meeting, 1630 E. Orange Grove Blvd., Pasadena. Phone: (626) 730-6545.

RIVERSIDE-Friends Meeting, First Day school and worship, 9:45 a.m. and 10 a.m. First Day, 10 a.m. At Berkeley Alternative High School, 3415 West Markham. Phone: (501) 664-7992; or may be found on <http://www.oah.org/meetings.html>.

RIVERSIDE-For information call: (530) 865-3024.

SAN DIEGO-Unprogrammed worship, First days, 10 a.m. 3850 Westgate Place. (619) 867-5474.

SAN FRANCISCO-Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. Sundays. 37th Street. (415) 451-7440.

SEBASTOPOL-Apple Seed Friends Meeting, 10 a.m. Worship at 3415 West Markham. Phone: (501) 664-7225.

SANTA CRUZ-Meeting 10:30 a.m. Sundays, 10 a.m. 1647 Guerneville Rd. Phone: (707) 826-1050.

SANTA ROSA-Redwood Village Friends Meeting. Worship 10 a.m. 1647 Guerneville Rd. (707) 758-2327.

SEATTLE-Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m. 19th Century Meeting House. Contact: Brian Wood, 664-6269; or may be found on <http://www.oah.org/meetings.html>.

TEXARKANA-Unprogrammed Meeting for worship, Saturdays, 10 a.m. Miller County Senior Citizen Center, 1007 Jefferson. For information call (903) 792-3589.

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