Louisiana Journal

HIROSHIMA CHERRY BLOSSOMS & NAGASAKI AZALEAS
THE EXPERIENCE OF FRIENDS MEETING
POETRY • SUMMER PUZZLE
Facing a Challenging Future

Philadelphia summers are known for their unpleasant humidity and heat. Last year, we hit record-breaking temperatures over 100 on many days. This sultry weather is upon us again, and this time I find myself reflecting on how it compares to the summers I spent as a child in the same region, when, without benefit of air conditioning or even a fan, we managed to get through the days happily enough with only a wading pool to cool us off. I remember sweltering at night only a few times throughout my childhood in the 50s; now, 50 years later, it's a frequent occurrence. Recently I've had the opportunity to view the new Al Gore film, An Inconvenient Truth. With patient precision, Al Gore presents extremely convincing scientific research that traces the impact of population growth and related fossil fuel consumption in a way that is simultaneously alarming and reassuring—if we choose to do something now about the problem. I strongly recommend that everyone, but especially those of us who live in the United States, see this film.

As I look at the feature articles we've selected for this issue, a thread emerges for me. There is the human-wrought tragedy of the explosion of two atomic bombs, looked at from the perspective of survivors of those blasts, 61 years later ("Hiroshima Cherry Blossoms and Nagasaki Azaleas, 2006" p.6). During those 61 years, the world has understood, sometimes seemingly only marginally, that to engage in a nuclear exchange would mean the end of life as we know it on our planet. We have managed to avert that disaster, and by doing so, have proven that, imperfect though we and our governing systems are, we can avoid destruction of humanity by choices made around the globe, even when we harbor great fear of other peoples and nations.

In "Louisiana Journal" (p.13) and "It's Not About a Hurricane" (p.14), members of Goose Creek (Va) Meeting and our own art director, Barbara Benton, offer reflections on the devastation wrought by Hurricane Katrina in the fall of 2005. Like many before them, they write of the unspeakable, unimaginable destruction they observed in their trips to Louisiana to volunteer help in the clean-up efforts. They also write about the resilience of the human spirit and how far simple kindness can go in putting things right. The magnitude of this disaster was intensified by the issues of global warming, a fact clearly explained in An Inconvenient Truth. A Category One hurricane when Katrina hit Florida, hovering over the warm waters in the Gulf of Mexico caused it to pick up velocity and moisture, escalating to Category Five over the Gulf, hitting Louisiana as a Category Three storm, the costliest and one of the deadliest storms in U.S. history. The nearly yearlong aftermath of relief status, with one government agency finger-pointing at the next, gives a horrible example of what can happen when there is no political will to remedy a great tragedy. I find myself wondering about the destruction of property in Louisiana and how it compares to what happened to Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

In "Standing for Miss Rosa" (p.17), author Gerri Williams reminds us what the act of one humble but persistent and determined person can do. Rosa Parks chose to refuse to sit at the back of the bus at a time when events were converging to create a movement that would make major changes in U.S. culture. I'm old enough to remember the days of civil rights marches, little girls going to school with armed Federal escorts, and school busing to achieve integration. We've got a long way to go on race relations, but it's also true that we've come quite a distance. Change is possible—in fact, inevitable.

What may be needed in our collective near future, in order to continue to have a future, is individual awareness and courage, political responsiveness, technical ingenuity—and a lot of simple kindness. None of those things are beyond us, but the time to begin is now.
Hiroshima Cherry Blossoms and Nagasaki Azaleas, 2006
Lynne Shivers
On a recent trip she renewed connections with people affected by the atomic bombings 61 years ago.

An Invitation to Hispaniola
Elizabeth Eames Roebling
A Friend who moved there recounts her experiences and invites support.

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Goose Creek Friends Meeting volunteers
Several helped out after the devastation of Hurricane Katrina.

It’s Not About a Hurricane
Barbara Benton
She observed racism at work in the response to Katrina.

Standing for Miss Rosa
Gerri Williams
Many paid honor to Rosa Parks as she lay in state in the U.S. Capitol Rotunda.

The Experience of Friends Meeting
David E. Drake
Members and attenders have written to him about their experiences in meeting for worship.

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The Golden Flower
Ralph Slotten

A Haiku for Quaker Meeting
Denise DiMarzio

Untitled
Ruth A. Bradley

God
Julian Grant

Cover: New Orleans Lower Ninth Ward, April 2006
Photo by Barbara Benton
Jesus and his ministry to lepers

What a wonderful gift was Charles Kleymeyer’s story “Unclean!” (FJ March) about Jesus, lepers, and young Daavi. It brought tears to my eyes, twice, and truth to the heart of my mind. And so well written!

So I only want to expand the story’s important message when I talk about leprosy and the law in Jesus’ time. The leprosy described in the story, known today as Hansen’s disease, entered Palestine at the earliest when Alexander the Great returned from his Indian campaign about 325 B.C.E. More likely, it came back with Pompeii when he returned from his own Indian campaign in 63 B.C.E. Either way, the disease arrived centuries after the legislation in Torah governing “leprosy”; the disease was still relatively uncommon in Jesus’ time.

The word translated “leprosy” in Christian and Jewish Scriptures actually refers to skin rashes—eczema, psoriasis, acne, dermatitis, shingles, any condition causing chronic sores on the skin. This is why the law assumes that the condition can go away (as Hansen’s disease would not), and therefore the law provides for certification of the remission and a ritual to make you “clean.”

The idea of ritual purity and uncleanness was deeply pervasive in the Judaism of Jesus’ time because there was a temple thought to house God’s spirit, with obligatory cultic rituals that involved the temple, and requirements that included “purity” for anyone coming before God. But ideas of ritual purity were not necessarily associated with revulsion. They were a part of everyday life. Some body parts were chronically unclean—the genitals, (unwashed) feet (because of urine and dung in the roads and paths), and the left hand, which was used to do your toilet. Some people had to take the strictures involved with ritual purity much more seriously than others—scribes, priests, Levites, and anyone else who had regular dealings with the Temple and its personnel. And some, notably the Pharisees and Essenes, chose to voluntarily assume the discipline that was mandatory for priests. They originated the idea of the priesthood of all believers. For common people, care about these matters depended on lots of factors. Actual practice covered quite a range, just as degrees of religiosity do today.

But a rash, especially a prolonged one (like psoriasis can be), could become a serious social and especially economic problem. Ritual uncleanness meant that you couldn’t perform any rituals. You could not come formally before God in any of the ways prescribed by law. All the various offerings and sacrifices were denied you, and so was a lot of commercial activity, mainly because ritual uncleanness was contagious. Contact with an unclean person made you unclean.

So “leprous,” especially in prolonged cases, tended to impoverish you and your family. Too many people would not do business with you, buy your produce or goods, eat your meat, or share personal, let alone intimate, contact—unless they were willing to share your fate. Furthermore, getting clean again required an offering—it cost money. Not much money, but a little could be a lot to someone with nothing. “Lepers” were usually paupers, as Charles Kleymeyer’s story so vividly describes.

So “lepers” formed communities when—and where—they could. Jesus made one of these communities his primary base of operations while he was in Judea: Bethany (beth-ani = house of the poor). We know that Bethany was a “leper colony” from the Dead Sea Scrolls; it was apparently associated somehow with the Essenes. We also know of at least two household churches there—that of Mary, Martha, and Lazarus; and of Simon the leper.

Jesus’ ministry to the “lepers” had at least three aspects. As in Charles Kleymeyer’s story, he associated with them. He lived with Simon the leper. Second, he taught a version of the law that radically deemphasized ritual purity itself as a religious and social priority. Finally, and most importantly, he healed these people.

All of these skin diseases are psychosomatic in that tension and crisis could make them worse, or cause them in the first place. For instance, my brother three times developed a rash over his whole body when he lost his job a while ago. Thus, making someone inwardly whole can “cure” the sufferer of some of these skin diseases. But, as with my brother, outward circumstances must be healed. Since my brother got a job, he’s had no recurrences of his rash—the anxiety of unemployment is gone. These diseases pointedly demonstrate how the inward and outward life are one and tend to reinforce each other in downward spirals leading to impoverishment.

So I believe that Jesus brought a fourth ministry to these people, though we don’t see it described explicitly in the Gospels: he restructured their social and economic lives in caring household churches—fulfilling his promise of good news for the poor (Luke 4:18). He also relieved the ongoing anxiety of poverty that helped reinforce the disease by giving the sufferers a community and a safety net.

The models for how to take care of the poor are Zacchaeus (Luke 19:8-10) and Barnabas (Acts 4:36-37); people with surplus resources made them available to the community for the support of the poor. The good news for the “lepers” was not only would they be cared for, but they might also be “cured,” certified clean again, and then enter the economy to become supporters of others themselves. In the meantime, Jesus had set up communities that would insure that you lived a life of dignity rather than poverty, while he worked tirelessly to transform the social mores that made you untouchable.

None of this diminishes the message of Charles Kleymeyer’s story or the power of his storytelling. I hope it adds a dimension to it.

Steven Dale Davison
Hopewell, N.J.

Reflections on what we can say now

You kindly allowed us to reprint in our meeting newsletter, as the monthly reading for our discussion group, excerpts from Thomas Jeavons’ “So What Can We Say Now? Suggestions for Explaining Quakerism” (FJ March). I want to share with you some of the responses that came up in our meeting.

One of the most thoughtful responses grew from the idea that we are most successful at telling others about Quakerism when it grows out of an occasion for sharing with others how Quakerism changes our lives. An example: Jeannette Birkhoff, one of our clerks, described how, when Equality Ohio was having a joint meeting with the boards of its education fund and political action group, a new staff member was discussing political strategy in terms of campaign war chests, foot soldiers, battle plans, fighting on numerous fronts, etc. The education director interrupted him to say, “We don’t use military metaphors to describe our work. We follow Quaker principles to discuss our messaging.” He looked around the group incredulously and said, “You have got to be kidding me.” She replied, “No, we started it out of deference to our two Quaker members, but found that it was better messaging, that it was actually a clearer and better way to communicate our values and our goals.” The board president of the
The poetry of “God”
by Maryhelen Snyder

I greatly appreciated the wide variety of perspectives in your March issue on the nature of the Divine. As a Friend, I have long been curious about the dialogue we have among us about the mysterious experience that some of us call “God” and some of us prefer to simply call the “Light” or to allow to be nameless. When the dialogue is focused on sharing experience, it can never become argument. Only when it resorts to opinion or the error of thinking that language can adequately describe or finalize the phenomenon we are attempting to describe, do we become agitated, like the blind men in the parable of the elephant, by our differences.

The poet Rainer Maria Rilke wrote:

And then the Nameless One beyond guess or gaze.
How do you call it, conjure it?

This way of coupling experience with wonder and inquiry is a delightful way to approach the mystery of the Divine. It keeps the mind open to the never-ending in-pouring of Light and its applications to our lives.

After my husband died in 1996, I found Rilke’s poem “Death Experienced,” in which he writes of a beloved:

When you died, there broke onto this stage
A beam of reality straight along the crack
You left by: Green that was really green,
Real sunshine; forests that were real.

This so precisely describes my experience that I often wonder whether “Reality” is not as good a name as any for what we call “God.”

Another name Rilke (and others) gives to this experience is “the Void”:

Be, and yet know the great Void in which all things begin,
The infinite source of your most intense vibration.

So that, this once, you may give it your perfect ascent.
To all that is used up, all the muffled and dumb
Creatures of the world’s full reserve, the unsayable sums,
Joyfully add yourself, and cancel the count.
(from Sonnets to Orpheus; Part II; 13)
And in another of the Sonnets (I; 3), he speaks of the “Nothing” in describing something similar to speaking (or writing) from the Inner Light:

True singing is a different breath. About Nothing. A gust inside the god. A wind.

To a large degree all language is poetry. In the journey of human beings through history, we individually and collectively name our experiences and hypotheses and convictions and imaginings. Unfortunately, we then get caught up in arguing about our naming, in judging and excluding one another, and even in destroying, especially “in God’s name.”

For the sake of thinking, and of speaking with each other, we must name. But our naming is always contextual (no word means the same exact thing in every moment and circumstance and sentence), and no word is ever identical to the “territory” it describes. Furthermore, language is, as Wittenstein poetically noted, only a ladder with which we can climb in solitude and in dialogue to freshly created formulations and insights. It is useful to let this ladder go. Once-rigidified language is like any institution or ritual or belief: it constrains the infinite reach of mind-in-world.

I have atheist or nontheist friends who are totally at home with “God” in poetry. They know what it means to say, “The world is charged with the grandeur of God; / It will shine out like flaming from shook foil” (Gerard Manley Hopkins), or “Thank you God, for most this amazing day / for the leafing greenly spirit of trees / the blue true dream of a sky” (cummings), or “I have said that the soul is not more than the body, / And I have said that the body is not more than the soul, / And nothing, not God, is greater to one than one’s self is” (Walt Whitman).

Good and great poetry accurately describes lived experience and, since it is poetry, we relate to it as metaphor rather than confusing the word with the reality. It enters one’s brain as music and visual art, bypassing the need for literal accuracy for the sake of some experiential accuracy that “passest understanding.”

When I hear Friends argue about whether true Quakerism requires a belief in God, I am troubled. First of all, what we call “spiritual” experience seems to me to be beyond belief. It is in lived experience that we know. Many children have these moments of knowing. The first one I recall occurred when I was about ten, sitting on the grass in my back yard in Queens. Suddenly, without warning, the universe “pour’d” in, to borrow another of Rilke’s poetic formulations of the breaking through of reality. I knew immediately that I had been blessed with something that was so certain, it could never be contradicted or argued. And I knew it could not be named. In my feeble attempts to use language, I have said that I was part of everything and everything was part of me, and time and space were infinite or nonexistent, and death was without relevance. Neither the word “belief” nor the word “God” can do justice to such moments.

What is meaningful to us as Friends is that we can gather in silence and allow the Light to break through for us, however that might happen. Our calling is to make an infinite space in which that can happen.

Maryhelen Snyder is a member of Langley Hill (Va.) Meeting. The quotes are from memorized poems, so that often she cannot recall the source, but most of the quotes from Rainer Maria Rilke can be found in Stephen Mitchell’s translations gathered in his book Be Ahead of All Parting.

Quakerism is—and how different the various conferences are. They felt that the programmed meetings had better maintained the original Quaker theology, while the unprogrammed meetings had maintained Quaker traditions best, and in

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The Hiroshima Peace Park was bordered by cherry trees in full bloom when I visited the city in April. Their indescribable beauty softened the powerful impact a visit to Hiroshima has always had on me. Nagasaki, some 275 miles down the coast, was two weeks later in the growing season, and banks of azalea bushes were coming into full bloom just in time for Easter. This was my eighth visit to Japan, often with financial and moral support from my meeting, Central Philadelphia, and Philadelphia Yearly Meeting committees. It had been ten years since my last visit, and I wanted to learn how atomic survivors, hibakusha (he BAK' sha), were dealing with their challenges.

I learned some encouraging and some somber news that will interest Friends.

I first came to work for a year in 1966 at the World Friendship Center with Barbara Reynolds. She was a Friend from Yellow Spring, Ohio, who lived outside of Hiroshima with her husband, Earle, beginning in 1952. In 1958, they sailed into the Pacific testing zone when the “Golden Rule” yacht was forbidden to sail into the zone. In 1965, Barbara and Dr. Tomin Harada, a local surgeon who worked with the Hiroshima Maidens, started the World Friendship Center. Later, Barbara was given honorary citizenship by Hiroshima City, a rare honor.

The first atomic bomb, which exploded over Hiroshima on August 6, 1945, affected about 427,000 people. The second one, which exploded over Nagasaki on August 9, affected about 298,000. These two catastrophes left 725,000 hibakusha (including both those who survived the initial explosion and those who did not). At the end of 2005, an estimated 266,000 hibakusha, or 37 percent, were still living; their average age is now 74, with the youngest 61. After some years of pressure from hibakusha, the Japanese government began to offer welfare benefits to them in 1957, increasing the amount each year, with the total depending on the severity of their injuries or conditions. The U.S. government has never offered any financial aid to hibakusha.

Hibakusha have written numerous personal accounts—there must be at least 30,000—of how individuals experienced the blast and how they coped afterwards. In the early 1980s, survivors began to

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tell their stories face to face with small groups of people, often school children, who came to the cities to learn about the atomic blasts.

These experiences have a powerful effect on both speaker and listener, for the listener hears a firsthand account of the wrenching experience, and the speaker sees the story's impact on the audience. The storytelling movement, as it is called, has blossomed in both cities. In Hiroshima, there are 18 different organizations for survivors who tell their stories to live audiences. At the end of 2003, the Peace Culture Center reported that a total of 2,299 storytelling events had taken place since 1987, and a total of 3,846,250 listeners had heard hibakusha tell their stories. What an amazing movement!

In both cities, as first-generation survivors died, new storytellers have taken their place. I met a number of storytellers who were volunteering for the first time. When the anniversary of the explosions reaches an even decade (1985, 1995, 2005), it seems as though many survivors who were not active before then say to themselves, "Well, I made it to this anniversary, but I may not make it to the next one," and begin to take some sort of action, like telling their story or guiding visitors through the peace park.

One such person is Mitsue Fujii, who was six at the time of the bombing. Only in the past few years has Fujii-san been telling her hibakusha story. She was living with her aunts in Hiroshima when the bomb exploded. Her mother came into the city, and as they walked through Hiroshima they saw smoking trees and people asking for water. They returned to the farm outside the city, their own residence. Two years later, her mother died; her father, previously sent to Burma with the army, never returned and was presumed dead. She was living with her grandfather when he died in 1949. After that, she and her brother lived on the farm as orphans and took care of each other. Later she found work in a hair salon and married another hibakusha. They had two children. In 1995 she finally received her hibakusha identity card; this entitled her to welfare benefits and free medical care.

Others who are now telling their stories were infants at the time and have no living memory of the explosion, but they do have memories of being discriminated against. Potential in-laws were fearful about possible children, so marriages often were not permitted. And in the workplace, employers were fearful that hibakusha had health risks and would miss a lot of time on the job, so they often refused to employ them.

Second-generation hibakusha are beginning to tell their stories, too. The Japanese government does not keep statistics on second-generation survivors, so no one knows how many there are. But I found it interesting that one taxi driver I met was second-generation hibakusha, as was the Japanese man sitting next to me on the plane back to the United States. Second-generation survivors receive no welfare benefits.

Also, more hibakusha are traveling independently to take their stories abroad. An example is Michiko Yamaoka, a Hiroshima Maiden of the 1955 trip to receive skin grafts in the United States, who is currently a board member of the World Friendship Center. In May, she was invited to spend a week at Sandy Spring Friends School in Maryland to tell her story to students.

In Nagasaki, the storytelling movement was inspired by the visit in 1981 of Pope John Paul II. His speeches strongly encouraged hibakusha to work against nuclear war. He said, "War is the work of man... Humanity is not destined to self-destruction." According to Sumiteru Taniguchi, a leading hibakusha, three Nagasaki organizations currently sponsor storytelling: Nihon Hidankyo (a national organization of hibakusha), Nagasaki Testimony Society, and Nagasaki Peace Promoting Society. Nagasaki hibakusha are more active and better organized than I remember from previous visits.

In addition to a vigorous storytelling movement, there are other current energetic initiatives. The Global Citizens Assembly, an annual conference, gathers over 5,000 people for three days. The first assembly was held in 2002. It includes a hibakusha forum, a peace education forum (predictably a major hibakusha area of interest), a forum for local groups working on resistance to nuclear weapons, a forum that works on nuclear-free zones, and a forum of parliamentarians from foreign countries.

Another initiative involves youth. During my first few days in Hiroshima, I saw a national TV news report showing survivors standing in front of the peace statue in Nagasaki Peace Park. I noticed that there were about 50 teenagers in school uniforms also standing in the vigil line. Seeing this age group here was unusual! I learned that since 1998, Nagasaki has sent one or two teenagers to either the United Nations in New York or to the International Disarmament Agency in Geneva with 1,000 paper cranes as a symbol of world peace. The trip has become so popular that each year about 60 teenagers from Japan apply to go! A local organization has formed in Nagasaki to raise money for the travel expenses—such developments of infrastructure signal permanence and commitment.

From earlier visits to Nagasaki, I knew that the atomic bomb had exploded over the Catholic section of the city. Since U.S. military leaders did not know what effects the bombing would have, they wanted photographs of the damage. That day, Nagasaki was covered with clouds that parted only slightly above Urakami, the Catholic neighborhood, where the bomb was dropped. Near the epicenter was the Urakami Cathedral, which in 1945 was the largest Catholic cathedral in Asia. It was badly damaged, with the upper half of one of the steeples blown off. Since then, the cathedral has been rebuilt, and I decided to attend Easter mass there.

As I waited outside the front entrance of the cathedral on Easter morning for my friend Masahito Hirose, I had a lovely view of the Urakami valley. The once badly damaged statues that stood outside the cathedral had been cleaned, repaired, and returned to their places. I remember being told that Portuguese Jesuit missionaries brought Catholicism to Nagasaki around 1580, and I noticed that all the women wore lace mantillas—a continuation of
Portuguese tradition.

After mass, Hirose-sensei showed me a small prayer room one side of the main cathedral. Large brass plates hung on one wall, recording many of the 10,000 known names of the 15,000 Catholics who died in the 1945 atomic explosion. It is unusual for the Japanese to single our individuals, so the brass plates are an exceptional record. As we looked, an older couple searched for a relative’s name.

In 1986, after I had interviewed survivors in Nagasaki, I sought out and thanked the peace museum director for his help, and he asked if I had questions. I said that I did not understand why Catholic survivors had such a large impact on the total Nagasaki survivor population since they were only a small percentage of it. He replied, “You do not understand the full situation. The atomic bombing was the fifth time in Nagasaki history that the Catholic population almost collapsed.”

With a shock, I realized that the atomic bomb was in effect a continuation of systematic repression and pogroms against Catholics that had occurred in 1610, 1839, 1856, and 1868. These brutal attacks forced Catholics to go underground, but they did not give up their faith. The history of these “hidden Christians” is best portrayed graphically with small ceramic statues that show Kannon, the Buddhist goddess of mercy, holding an infant—blending the images of Buddhism and Christianity. Freedom of religion was established by 1840, and by then Catholics could worship openly once more.

During my trip this year, I uncovered somber information about suicides among Nagasaki survivors. There seemed to be more mention of hibakusha suicides in Nagasaki than Hiroshima, but I never saw any firm statistics. On this trip, I decided to ask questions directly. Of the six people I interviewed in Nagasaki, five said they, too, had heard rumors of suicides among survivors. In fact, one said he had tried to commit suicide, but his mother found him and took him to a hospital. Another said she had considered suicide, but her two sisters talked her out of it.

I was hearing that suicides were more common in Nagasaki especially between 1945 and 1957, before government welfare benefits started. I inquired about this. Hidetaku Komine told me that some people believed radiation was contagious and developed fierce prejudice against hibakusha. Permission to marry was withheld, employment was denied (hibakusha were considered too weak to work regularly), and housing was hard to find since most hibakusha were poor. They were also unable to receive medical care. “Given all this,” Komine-san said, “Most hibakusha believed that with this prejudice, it was harder to live than to die.”

During my visits to both cities over 40 years, I have frequently meditated on how Hiroshima and Nagasaki survivors have responded differently to their common experience. A frequently heard comment is, “Hiroshima is angry, and Nagasaki is peaceful,” referencing that Hiroshima survivors have, for over 60 years, organized marches, sit-ins and petitions for their benefits, while Nagasaki survivors prefer prayer for world peace. Some reasons that are heard for the latter response are that Nagasaki is farther from Tokyo; that it was hit by the second atomic bomb and not the first; and that fewer tourists visit. Another supposed factor is that the pogroms against Catholics in Nagasaki taught them to respond to crises with silence. Hirose-sensei offered another difference: Through the feudal period, when most of Japan was closed to the rest of the world, Nagasaki was open and many foreigners, especially Dutch traders, visited. This created a cosmopolitan atmosphere. The city developed a reputation for being open to foreigners. Hiroshima, on the other hand, had no contact with foreigners. After World War II, the regional newspaper in Hiroshima was interested in the effects of the atomic bombing and often carried articles, while Nagasaki newspapers were not interested. In addition, many professors at Hiroshima University became leaders and tried to understand...
Painting by Hiroko Yoshiyama, a survivor remembering her experience of the bombing of Nagasaki

the atomic bombing and its effects. In Nagasaki, professors were not so interested in the effects. Thus, Nagasaki did not develop leaders early on who helped survivors think about the meanings of the atomic bombing.

One highlight of my trip was tracking down an old friend, Ekimi Kikkawa, now 85. I interviewed her numerous times in 1986 and afterwards, when she and her husband were prominent hibakusha in Hiroshima. She joined the storytelling movement early on. Before I arrived in Hiroshima, I knew she was in a hospital, but did not know where. A friend and I decided to do some detective work. We drove to her neighborhood and knocked on doors. Finally we found someone who knew but was reluctant to give out information, wanting to protect Ekimi’s privacy. When my friend told her I worked at the World Friendship Center, her face brightened with a smile, and she told us where to find Ekimi.

We drove to the hospital, expecting resistance from the medical staff. But no: the staff pointed us to the end of a hallway where she was. Even though it had been ten years since we had seen each other, she recognized me right away. She had endured a liver operation last fall. When she proved too weak to care for herself, she was placed in a nursing home. During our meeting, she apologized, saying, “I don’t have a cup of tea to give you.” I quickly replied, “You are my cup of tea.” Although we were warned she had become senile, we saw no signs of it. She was slower than before, but still sharp and strong-willed.

I sensed that my visit meant a great deal to her and wanted to leave a memento. I emptied out a small plastic purse used to carry small objects and gave it to her, along with a photo of my cat, Lulu. I intend to send her a postcard each month.

When I left Japan in late April, my mind and heart were filled with images and reflections of what I learned, old friends with whom I spent time, and new people I met. The changing nature of the storytelling movement showed me that survivors still want to share their experiences, and people want to hear. I was excited to see teenagers and second-generation survivors joining the movement. The engagement of teenagers and the initiatives of the Global Assembly in Nagasaki are a new source of energy. Learning about suicides in Nagasaki in the early days was sobering and disturbing, while reconnecting with my old friend Ekimi Kikkawa was wonderful. Yet underneath all this news of energy and new initiatives was the constant reality of the massive, continuing pain, injury, and death of hibakusha that we always need to remember. Nevertheless, it seemed that the cities, and the survivors, were blooming. In spite of their terrible and shattering experiences, they remain our teachers.

flakes of falling ash
flutter to the sunburnt ground—
white chrysanthemums

—Dylan Pugh (England)

e to be the equal
of hurricane and earthquake:
whose mad wish was this?

invisible ink

Iris Bearhope (Sweden)

tears of widows and orphans
writing history

A-bomb Dome—
float to the sunburnt ground—

—N.P. Singh (India)

writing history

—Vanessa Proctor
(New Zealand)

The slain flower
did not cease to grow
in the heart of those still alive!

—Peter Vulić (Croatia)

From The 35th A-Bomb Memorial Day Haiku Meeting, September 2001, Kyoto Museum for World Peace, Japan
Could I find a corner in the developing world in which to live a simple life and make a contribution?

Three years ago, I was led to move to the island of Hispaniola, home to the Dominican Republic and Haiti. Thirty years ago, I lived in Haiti for six months and fell in love with her proud people. I could not, of course, even voice my current desire to return; it was madness to even think it. Haiti was under the protection of the United Nations peacekeeping forces, and even the Peace Corps had withdrawn. The Dominican Republic, however, was a suitable destination, host to thousands of tourists every year with a reasonably sized English-speaking expatriate community. Never mind that I had never been there. I had lived before in Grenada and then in Puerto Rico off and on. Friends urged me to visit first, but I knew that a few weeks as a visitor would not help in the long process of becoming accustomed to a new culture, and would perhaps give me enough pictures of piles of garbage, starving street dogs, and hungry children to dissuade me.

I was both pushed and pulled into exile. Having spent my life concerned with peace and social justice, my heart was cracked to breaking to see the state of my country. I could not envision that I had anything new to contribute to the discussion and imagined that if I remained, I would be led to such extreme civil disobedience that I might be imprisoned. I hoped to be more useful and feel more productive in another part of the Americas. I had long held a concern for the legacy of our slaveholding history, whose remnants reach at least down into Brazil and are particularly strong in all the lands of sugar cane. I speak reasonably fluent French and adequate Spanish, so Hispaniola seemed the perfect spot. I also had a growing concern for my extended family and for others in my generation, particularly women, who might be facing increasingly financially insecure retirement years, without much sense of usefulness. Could I perhaps find a habitable place, an interesting corner in the developing world in which to live? One where I could live a simple life in reasonable comfort and still have a sense of making a contribution?

"I have no doubt that you have a genuine leading," my elder Friend said to me, as she poured tea for the three other Quakers and me during a clearness committee meeting that I had requested. "What concerns me is your expectation that the meeting should follow you." This sound observation, made five years ago, still informs me. It was true then, when I was extremely burdened with my concern for Vieques, that I held the unreasonable expectation that the meeting would perhaps transform itself from a group of quiet contemplatives into a small army of activists and go with me into the bombing range. As I struggle a bit with loneliness, being far from the loving center of assembled Friends, I find that once again I cherish the hope that some Friends might also feel led to relocate here—to what for many might seem the edge of the Earth, but is in fact a very close neighbor.

Listening for the will of God, as expressed through the sense of the meeting, became a spiritual exercise in my ongoing quest for divine obedience. In the course of my four years with the Vieques witness, I learned that a leading is a burden not only to the concerned Friend but also to the entire meeting—and that a burden shared is a burden lessened. So I seek to share my enthusiasm and my concern for this island, and for others in my generation, particularly women, who might be facing increasingly financially insecure retirement years, without much sense of usefulness. Could I perhaps find a habitable place, an interesting corner in the developing world in which to live? One where I could live a simple life in reasonable comfort and still have a sense of making a contribution?

Elizabeth Eames Roebling is a member of Asheville (N.C.) Meeting.

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goddaughter be transported back there with me. Some of the treasure had to sit in the garage in boxes for months before I stopped mourning it. Friends comforted me with the thought that I could always get a storage shed; but I have always thought that they are God's way of telling you that you have too much stuff. I left the States with two suitcases, my guitar, and a laptop.

This detachment from my material possessions was good preparation for the more difficult challenges that occurred and continue to occur after leaving my familiar community of friends and family, language and culture, climate and trees. I am pushed daily into a more profound relationship with my Inner Guide, relying more deeply on the strength found in silence.

Inspired perhaps by Monteverde and visions of utopia, I had dreams of a dairy goat farm, making chocolate milk, not taking into account the stark reality that, having been raised in New York City, I had never even milked a goat. Unlike Costa Rica, there is no Quaker presence here. Yet I was definitely drawn to this Afro-Caribbean area, which seemed like a bit of New York.

My first placement here was in Las Terrenas, a small, recent settlement in the northeast Samana Peninsula, a predominantly Protestant area once populated by freed slaves sent down from Philadelphia. Via the Internet, I had made contact with one of the few U.S. expatriates who lived there. Over a six-month correspondence, we became friends. Once I arrived, I reveled in the spectacular beauty of the region, with the palm tree-lined white sand beaches rising up to the mountains. I set about the business of starting a new life, finding housing, making friends. For the first year, all was going well. There was a little free school set up by some of the French residents that needed help, a new children's library starting, a sense that there was a growing community of people with good intentions.

When I returned from a summer visit back to the States, seeing friends and family, collecting books for the library, and being in place to witness the devastation of Hurricane Katrina and the horrible racist consequences, I found my little apartment flooded, my clothes moldy, the concrete wall seeping water after every rainfall. I fled to a hotel and searched for a new home, but reasonable rental housing with indoor plumbing, my minimum requirement, was in short supply. I was forced into a lovely little villa that strained my budget and challenged my thoughts of simplicity. I comforted myself that I could stay for a year and family could come to visit and be reassured that I was doing well; then perhaps something more modest would open up.

One day, two young Haitians stopped me in the road. "Aidez-moi, madame. Ayuda me." One had been hit in the head with a rock by a group of Dominicans. The lump above his ear was obvious. He could not hear. I took them both home, laid the victim down with an icepack and called a doctor back home from Asheville Meeting. How serious was this? Did he need to go to the major hospital, two hours away? "Yes," my friend assured me after a series of questions asked, translated, and answered. "It is serious enough. He may lose his hearing."

So I went to the bank and withdrew money to pay for the hospital, a service free to Dominicans but costly to undocumented Haitians. He returned in two days, with his wound drained, his hearing restored, his eyes clearer, his spirit lifted, and his hand out for more money for prescription.
drugs. Two days later my house was entered and robbed for the first time. It was the first of what were to be constant robberies, every few days for six weeks.

I went to the police, who politely took down the information and did nothing. I went to the reporter of the little newspaper who said, “Sorry, we don’t print anything like that as we are supported by the real estate developers.” I became more concerned over the general lack of security and the growing problem of the distribution of crack cocaine in the village. I spoke to the ex-pats in the cafe. I went to the local political party whose officials came over and empathized. “We people of good conscience should surround the distribution houses and shut them down.” We agreed but in the end there were not enough of us.

Meanwhile, a series of Haitians in need started appearing at my gate. A cut foot, a burned face. I gave what I could in first aid and comfort, and more than I could afford in money for medications.

I did not know if the robberies were from the Haitians whom I had helped or the Dominicans who wanted me to stop helping and remain silent on security issues. One day I returned home to find my hammock cut down from my porch, my guitar and one suitcase missing, and three empty bullet casings beside my bed. I packed my remaining suitcase, had a pizza party with my friends, and was on the plane to the capital of Santo Domingo the next day, abandoning my remaining clothes and books.

The capital better suited my capacities. I soon located the ecumenical Protestant church, which also holds services in three languages and a reasonably silent worship on Tuesday evenings. I also found two English libraries, an English-speaking theater group, and a studio apartment two blocks from the Malecon, the beautiful park walk that lines the sea near the Colonial Zone, first capital of the Americas. Having learned that it is dangerous here to undertake any sort of solitary action, I started looking for the groups who were working on Haitian-Dominican issues. Through one of them, I was able to travel to Haiti across the northern border in Dajabon and see the contrast between these two nations.

Both these countries struggle with their visions of development. Both have substantial populations living below the global poverty limits of $2 a day. The predominant model of capitalism that is being exported is the free trade zone. One factory built on the Haitian border manufactures clothing for Levis and Sara Lee. Through the concerted efforts of the Haitian workers, supported by international solidarity groups, the factory wages were raised to $3 a day. This is not ideal, but there are jobs here for 1,300 people who work in a clean, well-lit place with ample sanitation, far better than the heavy construction jobs and the sugar cane cutting that await other Haitians. And jobs are precious for Haiti, which has now an estimated 80,000 salaried jobs for a nation of 8,000,000.

I struggle for a vision of economic growth without exploitation. Is this the best that capitalism can offer? As masses of new jeans leave the factory, the bottom end of excess floods back across the border in the form of factory overruns and Goodwill used clothing that are shipped to Haiti and sold in the market in the Dominican Republic. Haitian women choose from these the finest styles, manufacture them for themselves, and walk into the market wearing beautifully tailored $150 dresses. On their return journey they carry cartons for eggs, in flats of 48 stacked up to eight high.

There is a hazy alternative vision forming. I have met with the director of the Heifer Project for Haiti who looks to see the 235-mile-long border region developed as an ecotourist destination with small, self-sustaining villages; houses with guest rooms; alternative energy. Haiti has many advantages, despite the poverty, or perhaps because of it. Much of the area is pristine, with no industrial pollution. It is not petroleum-dependent, being barely electrified. Many international organizations stand ready to assist this poorest nation of the Western Hemisphere, in a rush to meet the UN Millennium Development Goals of cutting severe poverty in half by 2015.

I left some of my fine cotton clothing up on the border with three Haitian women for them to embroider so that I could take it back to the States and look for markets. The art of embroidery and crochet, along with all the visual arts, still thrives in Haiti. Perhaps Friends have seen the new style of jeans, imitations of the hand-embroidered ones that many of us wore in the ’60s? Some of these are being sold in the U.S. for more than $200 a pair. If the Haitian women were equipped with the materials they need—needles, thread, scissors, eyeglasses, all impossibly expensive and difficult to get in Haiti—could they not perhaps sew and embroider their way into some level of fair-traded development? Could not Friends, with their tradition of sending resource kits, start assembling these little kits for delivery through American Friends Service Committee, and through Plan International, which has workers well placed throughout Haiti? I already have offers from people in San Francisco and New York to help with the marketing. And there are millions of Haitian women who can sew. And thousands of pairs of blue jeans.

It is an ongoing process, this following of my leading; and it will shift and sift until it reaches the Light and its destination. One Friend alone cannot do much. But with your collective energy and Light, we could make a difference. I am sure that there is more than one among you who dreams, as I did, of leaving the bonds and confines of your current life and setting out on a new adventure. There is much available land on the border for sustainable development, should a community finally arise. Egg farming first, perhaps, before the chocolate milk. Or simply a school. Or even just a meeting. There is always room for one or two more in my studio apartment.

I ask that Friends hold me, this leading, and this beautiful island and her diverse, glorious, and cheerful population in the Light of God.
For the past two days we have been getting acclimated to living in one large room with about 20 other volunteers here in New Iberia, Louisiana. We are here to help the local folk rebuild their houses—good, hard, satisfying work. We have visited four work sites—we pried up a whole floor in one house. I have taken several photographs so far, mostly of the work crews, but have been able to sneak in a few portraits. I took one of Burke "Pops" Saucier and his family, and a few of Karen Rosser and one of her seven children. I am looking forward to doing her family's portrait on Thursday. So far I am really sore and tired, but the work is satisfying and worthy and the people are really wonderful. I'm looking forward to the days ahead.

—Sarah Huntington

My first impression was that the land is perfectly flat—how easily the water must have flowed over it. Sugar cane fields are everywhere, and I am hoping that Sarah's pictures can capture their spare beauty.

Visiting families and their damaged homes has been very moving. The little mongrel dogs everywhere remind me of my own rural home where everyone has them.

The weather has been balmy and beautiful, with an occasional shower. And, of course, there is water everywhere and funny old bridges to span it.

—Suellen Beverly

Today I learned what a vise grip is, and how to use it. I also learned how to pull up flooring, pull out staples—things I had never done before. Despite all the aches and pains, I feel good right now.

Today was beautiful, but the beauty is marred by piles of junk and debris lying on the side of the road in front of every house in Delcambe. The pile in front of the house I worked on contained an old toilet, boards, bags of garbage, shoes, boots, air conditioners, and a child's bicycle.

I also met Simone, a mother of four, busy managing her children's altered schedules. They now go to school every other day, their grades are not what they used to be, and she is worried about her daughter's adjusting to all the changes in her life.

Simone told us that she and her family had to get out of their home in the early morning hours, when the storm surge came up 11 feet. She and her husband put their four children, two dogs, and cat into their small boat. They couldn't go far because the boat was so loaded. The airboat that rescued them capsized. They were all able to touch bottom at that point and got back into the boat, which then took them to land; a dump truck took them to the shelter. Simone's mother, a school bus driver, picked them up in her bus along with others who were stranded.

They have now moved three times while trying to rebuild. Simone said, "This has brought us together; we will be better now."

—Debbi Sudduth

Here we are after two days of work, sitting around, gossiping and laughing. It shows me the rewards of coming and the luck of all of us being friends.

We've worked together well. Today was devoted to pulling staples out of floors, throw-
It's Not About a Hurricane

by Barbara Benton

I spent six mid-April days in New Orleans, working with a group called Common Ground. I lived in a Catholic school with 100 or so other volunteers and went out each day to the Lower Ninth Ward to help residents gut their houses; to find, listen to, and talk to those few who were able to get back to see their properties; and to prepare a bunkhouse for residents to sleep in while they made their houses habitable.

Coming from the airport, I was shocked to see miles and miles of boarded-up businesses and restaurants, and huge, deserted residential areas—even where none of the buildings looked badly damaged. Outside the city’s business center and the French Quarter, the infrastructure was nowhere to eat, purchase tools or construction materials, find a telephone, or use an ATM.

Orange writing appeared on almost every building: “TFW,” meaning toxic flood water had been in the building, with a date of inspection, usually in mid-September 2005. “OL/0D” would indicate that no one, living or dead, had been found in the building. Often, however, on a badly damaged Ninth Ward building, the lettering said, “NE,” not entered. During my time there, several bodies were found and removed, seven months after the flood had crashed over the levees from the industrial canal.

I was bewildered to see that so little progress had been made in seven months. What was going on here? Comparisons with the autumn of 2001 came to mind:

New York City police and firefighters were on the job 24 hours a day until every scrap of debris from the Twin Towers had been sifted and sorted and moved. Thousands filed by to pay their respects and leave flowers. Certainly no one would have expected building owners to clean out, gut, and “detox” their own properties without benefit of repaired sewers and electricity, and with the threat of properties being razed after a certain date if the required work was not complete.

As the week went on, I began to sense that the governments, from local to state...
Bringing the burdens of a busy, stressful job with me, I have such sympathy for the SMHA staff and want only to try to ease that burden while we're here. I see them working flat out every day and wish I could match their pace, but it's the nature of this huge catastrophe that they can hardly slow down to tell us how to help. Yet we are helping, one household at a time, even as we struggle to comprehend the depths of their troubles. These folks who have lost everything have such resilience that I can't use the word "despair." Their spirit is what kept their special culture alive and what drew me to federal, were playing a waiting game. If these houses sit here long enough; if the residents managed to get jobs and housing elsewhere; if breaks in the sewer lines prevented them from repairing their bathrooms; if the summer came and there was still no dependable electricity; if most schools were still closed—well, then the former residents just might go away. The 100-plus-year-old neighborhood, beloved to several generations of African American extended families, but recently rife with poverty and family breakdown, could be quietly razed and left to sink.

My monthly meeting has been giving a lot of energy to the issue of racism among Friends and in our communities. As I sat in the airport on the way home, I looked back a few months on the assumption I had made, based on media reports, that the Lower Ninth Ward was probably not "worth" saving. I knew I had found a place to plug in to the meeting's discussion.

Waiting. And I'm impressed at how remarkably well we get on as a group thrown together. We celebrated volunteer Ben's 24th birthday. When I went to bed last night, I so enjoyed hearing the laughter from Sheila, Charlie, and the Vermon ters playing a game.

-Virginia Ratliff

Oh what an experiment in social habitat—25 adults in the annex of a Methodist church! It's amazing to me how well it works.

The amount of devastation is bewildering. Some places look perfectly fine, and then right next door is a ruined house that floated out into a field. The immensity of the situation is too much to take in—so one house at a time is enough. Just to see one family return to normal living would be great. I feel so grateful that I can help someone out of this mess, while experiencing the camaraderie of this great group of volunteers, all with the same goal.

-Martha Semmes

I'm learning to get up early. I'm interested in the dynamics—who talks, who doesn't; how a crew gets things done—and amazed at how patient people can be.

Suellen and I cut shingles all morning, working outside on a beautiful day with cane fields stretching out all around. In the middle was a little pool of devastation. A family full of houses, all damaged, two totaled, one we are working on. Burke "Pop" Saucier's house (he is the patriarch) moved 30 feet off its foundation. But they will stay—this is home. Sarah told him it was like the Kennedy compound. He laughed but was pleased.

I am getting to know my friends in a different way. Sarah is a wonder to watch as she takes pictures—she so engages the people.

-Sheila Kryston

Continued on next page

Photos from the Lower Ninth Ward, New Orleans. Left: volunteers pose with Miss Maggie Caper during a clean moment while gutting her Victorian-style house (below right). Many houses made of wood were seriously damaged or destroyed, while brick houses remained standing.
I have particularly enjoyed getting to know the families and photographing them in the midst of all this: the Caldwells, the Sauciers, the Rossers, and Van Ella Vincent. What great spirit they have. It gives me much inspiration and hope. This whole experience has been profound for me both as a photographer and as a human being.

—Sarah Huntington

It's hard to leave. There is, it seems, an infinite amount of rebuilding to be done—miles and miles of misery—and stories that tear you apart. But the incredible joie de vivre of the Cajun and Creole folk and their sense of community lift our spirits. They are so resilient, so gracious, so appreciative of what others are doing for them—gutting and disinfecting the Saucer house beginning to seem possible. Raven and BJ—nice youngsters—help by shoveling up the mess left on their lawn. They are surviving and apparently, in good shape, sharing their parents' gratefulness for people helping out.

—Sheila Kryston

We saw one elderly couple who were having their FEMA camper installed that day and were expecting to stay in it that night. The wife did not realize she had to have electric, plumbing, and sewer connections and a final inspection before they got to go in. That sometimes takes a month—at least it had for a couple we saw later that day.

Our hearts go out to the man who lost all of his tools and can't find work. He had his own business doing carpentry and lawn work. "I did just what they told me to do when I put them all together, and the next morning they had been cleaned out—stolen." His wife is a kidney transplant patient. Their home was totaled. They bought a house but now have to get it moved and they don't have the resources yet. Her health is slipping. She told of their circumstances quite calmly, until a mention of her 17-year-old son brought tears. He has "lost his direction." He has gotten in with a bad crowd who live near their rented apartment. He is experimenting with drugs.

The next home we went to was that of an older couple who got an insurance payout to fix it up. The man has had a quadruple bypass and is trying to work alone. He needs someone to help him. Can we put two and two together? We were able to match the two men. Fred, who lost his tools and is strong, willing, and able to work, with Clarence, who needs help.

—Virginia Ratliff

I have particularly enjoyed getting to know the families and photographing them in the midst of all this: the Caldwells, the Sauciers, the Rossers, and Van Ella Vincent. What great spirit they have. It gives me much inspiration and hope. This whole experience has been profound for me both as a photographer and as a human being.

—Sarah Huntington

One little girl, 13, runs track, is talkative and friendly, and likes to help rebuild her bedroom. She's lost all her "stuff"—her full collection of Barbie Dolls, everything. But she is smiling and going on with her life. So it feels good to have hammered and set the nails in her room.

So many things to laugh at: Simon getting lost, Viki overwhelmed by Sean's snoring, jostling for the one shower stall.

It makes me sad that some volunteers are leaving and I may never see them again. Then I think that some day, in some unexpected place, I'll remember a face and how we camped out together at the annex of the Methodist church in New

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STANDING FOR MISS ROSA

by Gerri Williams

casket will lie in state in the rotunda of the Capitol building, and, from there, to its final resting place in Atlanta.

I've lived in Washington off and on for almost 20 years. I'm a veteran of many marches here, and I've become adept at avoiding traffic snarls and delays generated by numerous marathons, protests, public holiday celebrations, and the general tourist flow. Enduring big public gatherings comes with living in the nation's capital.

But this event is something different. For the first time in U.S. history, an African American woman will be accorded an honor reserved for a select few statesmen, generals, and presidents. This woman has been an icon of the nonviolent struggle for equality. I have to be there.

The Washington stop was not in the initial funeral itinerary, so plans were made hastily and information is sketchy. The time allotted for the Washington public to pay its respects is truncated—Sunday until 11:00 pm, then an additional three hours on Monday. I plan to leave my home at 9:00 pm; by then most of the daytime crowd should be dispersed. Parents will be shepherding their kids home; after all, the following day is a school and work day.

"I should be back in a few hours," I tell my husband. "But don't wait up for me."

I'm encouraged when I reach the Capitol South subway stop, about two blocks from the rotunda. While there are throngs of people, most seemed to be returning from the Capitol. I walk swiftly, past the blue canopy on the side of the building that leads visitors to the entrance and the rotunda viewing.

The U.S. Capitol, the highest building in D.C., dominates the cityscape. It is built on a hill that slopes down to meet the national Mall—the long wooded boulevard ringed by museums and monuments. I can't even see the end of the line, which extends down the hill. I continue walking down three more blocks—the big, ponderous blocks of official Washington. "How much longer can the line be?" I wonder.

The area is alive with people, lights, and police cars. But there is no jostling, no noise of sirens, just a low buzz of voices and muffled tread as hundreds on the line inch forward. Emergency lights illuminate the Mall, casting shadows and lending an eerie air to the night scene. To corral the crowd, temporary picket fence barriers zigzag up the hill.

At the bottom of the hill, I still can't find the end of the line, which curves westward, snakes back on itself in long loops, and extends as far as the eye can see. "Is this the end?" I ask files of people, who keep gesturing behind them. Just when it seems there really is no end, I suddenly find myself there; immediately dozens more people pour in behind.

I calculate. Far, far in the distance is the Capitol, with rows and rows of people ahead of me. Should I stay? I wrap my scarf tighter, settle in for a long wait, and survey my fellow line mates.

Although it is slowly changing, Washington is still a city divided by class and
FALL AND RISE

It was a baby grosbeak in the brutal August afternoon, fallen from the hostile smog-polluted sky, mute casualty of human intervention with God's canopy, that landed on my railroad-tied, tree-shaded path beside the hollyhocks, where they abutted covered trellises of grape. We're ever unprepared for death, deny it when we can, and panicked, seek a nostrum near at hand to cheat it, thrust our garlic in its hoary face.

In the event, although I doubted I could succor this poor fledgling lying on its back quite spent, I drew some water from an outside tap and doused it in some mad attempt to shock it back to shocking life. The righting of itself and taking flight were simultaneous, gone upon the instant, quick as light, while leaving me to cope as best I could with my own power as life-giver, Maker, rare revivalist.

--Earl Coleman

THE JOURNEY

At the cusp of the season, the mother skunk, Full of catfood, milk edging her muzzle, Drops herself off the deck and disappears from my vision. When she emerges, she fronts a long scarf—Black and white, silken, undulating—Of her five babies, all following her pace Past the side of the cabin, up the stone steps, Through the leveled grass, Then back again, featureless, flowing, instructed In the nature of stem, stone, wall Under the protectorate of summer.

--Mary Gardner

GOING FISHING

Jacob shows me a blueberry he has just picked. It is tinged with red, but mostly it is metallic blue.

He wants me to take him fishing but I have told him he must wait until after I finish reading my book.

I have just two more pages, but he has been patient long enough. "Here," he says, extending the blueberry toward me. His eyes are bright with expectation.

"It's not quite ripe," I say.

He withdraws his offering, pops the blueberry into his mouth and eats it.

"Is it bitter?" I ask.

"Sour," he says.

He is silent for a long time, then announces:

"I'm going fishing. I'm going to get my fishing rod and go fishing by myself."

As I continue to read, the ghost of the berry bites recriminations into my tongue, though it blooms there in Jacob's mouth, nurturing what he has already become.

--Michael S. Glaser

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we have gone counting in the Muir.
Unable to escape the academic lure
of numbers, we accept the rings of history,
the growth for what we know of glory.
Our calculator firmly in our hand
we whittle size to what we understand
of it. Precise, we circumscribe
a specimen in order to describe
on paper grandeur, mystery and awe,
as if by noting tonnage we can draw
with certainty the gravity of chance,
the music of the spheres to which we dance.

—Earl Coleman

LUNAR GAZING

Hardly a new dawn passes the window
that I do not flesh out a leftover moon.
Threads in a tepid sky like a sailing
shroud lists toward western slopes. For
all its curriculum of rolling time, a
Buddha face caves in with sorrow. Perhaps
too long she has been dumping ground
for lamentation. I am wedded to wonder
at how she prunes a radical sea, how at
the same time works treetops with ribbons
of light. There is no favor one can do
in return. Rapt gazes are a long-shot for
reaching her shores, but nightly when she
sings through my window lace, that is the
way I pray my dues.

—Sunshine F. Branner

GREEN

is coming home
tomato plants woven with light
warmth of things growing
hemlocks bowing in large fans
green like after dark
the relief of maples turned inside out.

when I was little
city bound to chestnut trees
I would fill my pockets
full of mahogany sheen
till my palms read
what came before cities
not knowing these plants
would be brought to their knees
in a few short years
carted away for firewood
a burning away of all future cycles

now I cherish aspens all aquiver
knowing nothing lasts
yet within me
chestnuts still reach for the sky
send out green shoots

every time I pick up a pen
phoenix and ashes rekindle
spring rises once again
both in me and in the land
even while the tomato plants today
hold the last drams of light
like candle flames of green

they believe there will be another day
another chance,

—Lynn Martin

Franchot Ballinger lives in
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Mary Gardner is a member
of Minneapolis (Minn.)
Meeting.
Michael S. Glaser lives in
St. Mary's City, Md.
Sunshine F. Branner lives
in Alexandria, Va.
Lynn Martin is a member
of Putney (Vt.) Meeting.
Franchot Ballinger lives in
Cincinnati, Ohio.
The Experience of Friends Meeting

RESPONSES FROM MEMBERS AND ATTENDERS

by David E. Drake

Starting in May 2005, I sent out a questionnaire to members and attenders of Friends meetings in Colorado, Iowa, Kansas, and New York—communities where I have lived or visited and attended meeting for worship. I wrote:

Perhaps like me, you have wondered how others in meeting experience and “use” the hour. When I look around during meeting, I notice that some have their eyes closed, some are reading, some are looking out the window, and some seem to take notice of everyone who enters. Clearly, the time is spent in different ways during any one meeting.

I asked for their assistance in documenting their experiences. I asked each to respond to the following questions:

1) Do you have a general routine of what you go through as you settle into meeting?
2) How do you generally use/experience the hour of silence?
3) Do you tend to leave the hour “open” or do you come with a plan in mind (e.g., something to read, something in particular to think about) come to a resolution about?
4) What difference does the hour of meeting make in your week/year?

Clearly the expectations, experience, and use of Friends meeting for worship are different for each of us, but have some similarities. I hope the responses that follow will elucidate some of the mystery that many of us may have been keeping to ourselves. I thank the respondents, and those who allowed me to include their edited answers.

This is the first time in my lifetime in Quakerism I’ve been asked such questions. My experience of hundreds of meetings for worship has been strictly personal and private. Over time, my focus in meeting has usually found me seriously reflecting upon my varying personal circumstances and life burdens—progressing from early childhood to family, career, and now retirement.

For me, “going to meeting” has generally meant more than engaging in purely intellectual and psychological exercises (worthy as those are). I’ve continually needed the precious hours of meeting to lift my spirits and provide what I yearn for: divine guidance that is enhanced by regular sharing with other kind and kindred souls. Going to meeting is an essential part of my week, and my wife shares this perspective.

—A lifelong Midwestern Friend

I rarely have the opportunity to experience the hour of silence. Sometimes I manage half an hour or so, but often I get maybe 10-15 minutes in the beginning, with my son wiggling beside me, then leave with him, later returning for a few minutes at the end. I am still looking forward to a time when I can experience the silence on a regular basis!

—An Iowa Friend

I sometimes have an “agenda” when I enter that space in time, but most often I just try to clear my mind of all of the happenings of the week. If I am having a hard time calming and centering my busy mind, I start by saying a prayer for each of the members in attendance, and that gets me on the right path.

—An Iowa Friend

The routine begins before coming to worship. I’m mindful of what needs to be cleared before arriving: unfinished work at home, the bustle of the day’s plan, unsettled decisions. No coffee, no newspaper, no radio—they engage my intellect too much.

At meeting, I choose seats for various reasons. Sometimes I sit close to people in hopes of feeling their presence. Other times it’s with unworshipful purpose, such as the need to sneak in late or jump out at break. Occasionally I feel drawn to a space, and accepting that tug is an act of trusting Spirit.

I look at each person to glimpse “that of God,” reminding myself that each one may provide a gift that day, spoken or not—and I might have something for him or her.

Then I close my eyes, try to sit with steady comfort, and accept the first task, shining away ideas. Some days it’s easy. Some days it’s impossible.

There’s a set of stages in my centering. They are cues to a shift from thinking to listening, from hearing my own voice to hearing a wordless Presence. It feels like dreaming while awake and alert, or melting into a lake that bathes everyone.

On a few occasions I’ve walked into worship where one can almost touch the gathered energy. It reminds me of science fiction’s “force field,” except the field embraces instead of repelling.

One part of the routine is to be honest about whether I’m good worship company. Some days I just buzz too much to commune. Sometimes I’m too sleepy. Sometimes if my negative emotions—like anger, gloom or estrangement—won’t settle, I sit in silence outside.

Reading interferes with my openness. It’s as if I brought a kazoo to the symphony, or blinders to the Grand Canyon. If I need reading to stay focused, I leave the worship room and sit outside.

I use meeting for worship to exercise getting out of my own way and welcoming God, eagerly anticipating change, and accepting “dry” days without discouragement.

—An Iowa Friend

David E. Drake, clerk of Des Moines Valley (Iowa) Meeting, is active with the Iowa Program Committee of AFSC, and maintains a family psychiatry practice in Des Moines.

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I am one of those folks who look around, making a note of who is and who isn’t present. I think that meeting for worship is a social event, in the sense that we are there for one another; so I like to make eye contact or nod when someone enters. I also like to wink at the kids or wave clandestinely, welcoming their presence. I like to try to note when folks aren’t there so that I can follow up on that later. Are they sick? Unhappy? On vacation? We are, after all, ministers to one another. After this ritual of presence, I generally meditate during the meeting.

I am led by the collective spirit’s presence in the meeting as a whole; or some still small voice—be it somebody speaking, or some still small voice. I don’t feel I’ve started my week off right unless I’ve been at meeting. Years earlier I noticed while looking out the large east front windows of our meetinghouse that when I closed my eyes I had a remaining visual imprint of the members sitting quietly. This is actually a visual image that I have been able to recall through the week, and it quiets my mind and gives me a calm that meeting imparts.

For the first ten minutes or so I quietly look around and experience my surroundings, especially the other people who are arriving. I find this very helpful for my later worship, and it keeps me from getting annoyed at latecomers. Then I close my eyes and do a centering prayer, which sometimes leads me to deep, expectant waiting—and sometimes not. If I can’t center, I just let my mind wander. Often messages help to center me, even if I don’t consciously “like” the message. On rare occasions, I am led to give a message.

Like therapy, no one hour (except once in a very long while) makes a big difference; but over time, that hour is transformative and extremely important in my life, so I try to be regular in my attendance.

Meeting for worship often feels like an hour’s oasis in a world that is filled with too much violence, incivility, hurriedness, and information overload. Being amongst others who are choosing to remove themselves—even for just an hour—from all of that helps me to recharge and to be able to face it all again for another week.

The difference that meeting for worship makes happens over a long period of time. I know, having been a Quaker for 35 years, that I am more centered, less judgmental, less prideful, and less anxious than I had been. Quakerism has taught me a process by which I can discern and make decisions.

I have come to associate the meeting room with a sense of connectedness and calm. I have experienced this sense of coming back to center on entering the room for other purposes—for example, setting up for a committee meeting or a social gathering; or when I have come to the meetinghouse alone when deeply troubled to find that sense of balance (leaving my office on 9/11, for example).

Usually I experience a sense of being present to the moment and connected to something outside myself, to other Friends, or something more cosmic. Sometimes thoughts or concerns surface and I am able to let them pass through and dissipate. When a persistent thought or concern demands attention, I try to
"turn it over" to the Divine by visualizing the person or activity and holding it in the Light without words. There are times when the meeting feels truly gathered to me, when I sense a strong connection to other worshipers and the cosmic "something else."

I respond to messages from others as I do to my own thoughts. Most just pass through and dissipate. At other times I feel an inner response, a sense that the message is meant for me.

I notice the importance of meeting for worship most during those times when I have skipped it; I have a sense of withdrawal, that something is missing.

—An Iowa Friend

I start my settling in before I get to meeting. As I make breakfast and drink my coffee, I think about trying to simplify the morning as best as I can. In meeting, I am so happy to be sitting in silence, I wiggle a little at first.

Then I tend to close my eyes and focus on the center, and I seem to whisk right into a warm, light place. My back straightens up, my arms tingle a little, and my kids tell me I get a silly grin on my face. I then I wait for what comes—images, ideas.

For me, meeting for worship is visceral; I feel Light in my body. Ideas come to mind while I sit and I follow them. And often when I "come back," I feel like I've had a little disembodied trip. I sometimes check on my children to see how they are doing. But most of the time I am sitting fairly alert, waiting to see what comes. If nothing new comes, then I tend to pray for guidance about a situation or conflict from the previous week to see if I come to any new understandings. I am in deep gratitude most of the time just to have the quiet time.

The joy in an hour of meeting helps me keep God in focus every day. When I am experiencing a difficult time, spiritually or otherwise, the loving support of the meeting buoy me, and the experience of waiting in silence together is healing. I am always glad I made it.

—A Colorado Friend

I like to look around the room and simply appreciate everyone's face. I feel like I'm sweeping the room with my outer eye in an honoring way and accepting everyone and everything as a unity before I close my eyes.

I become keenly aware of sounds and my own thoughts. I try to just let my thoughts settle on their own. I may pray The Lord's Prayer or become aware of a thought or prayer or concern that keeps arising.

I try to listen without judgment when messages are given, but sometimes find long ones distracting. I wish Friends could give brief messages.

I sometimes ask, "Lord, please gather us onto your lap," and usually a more united feeling follows.

—A New York Friend

I generally sit either in the first or second row so that I am not distracted by people in front of me.

My usual experience of the hour of silence is mixed. There are times when I feel somewhat restless and want others to speak so that I can focus upon their words and thoughts. There are other times when I appreciate the silence and the group therein, and find I can access my own inner self in a way that I can't or won't when left to my own silence without the group.

When I think of the meeting, I picture a room of people sitting quietly and seeming to be in a state of meditation, with the sun beaming in and an austere center marked by a plant on a stand for all to see. I feel its peace and its tendency to want the best for the world and the people in it and trying very hard to find alternatives to violence, aggression, and threats via peaceful methods.

—A Maryland Friend

Clearly, the power of silence in a community setting is what bring members and attenders together each Sunday around meeting for worship. This hour of "waiting on the Lord" appears to enhance the week that follows for many of us who have found a home with Friends.

-Julian Grant

—Julian Grant lives in Piermont, N. H.

A HAiku FOR QUAKER MEETING

at Quaker Meeting
oak leaves outside the window,
green spirits lifting

—Denise DiMarzio

Denise DiMarzio wrote this haiku while attending Providence (R.I.) Meeting.

A shining sea, shimmering with a thousand glimmering lights.
God.
A majestic eagle, soaring over rugged mountains, fierce pride glowing within.
God.
A calm river, placid and still, a silver mirror into within.
God.
A small flower opening its petals to the ever living day.
I look at all these beautiful images, deep pools of love, wisdom, and light.
I am held.

That unspeakable place,
beyond sadness or desire—
serenity, peace.

—Ruth A. Bradley

Ruth A. Bradley is pastor of Poplar Ridge (N.Y.) Meeting.

GOD

GOD

God.
A shining sea, shimmering with a thousand glimmering lights.
God.
A majestic eagle, soaring over rugged mountains, fierce pride glowing within.
God.
A calm river, placid and still, a silver mirror into within.
God.
A small flower opening its petals to the ever living day.
I look at all these beautiful images, deep pools of love, wisdom, and light.
I am held.
Thinking Again about God
by Gil Johnston

Near the beginning of meeting one morning a Friend spoke, saying that despite continuing efforts, she was still not able to come to a clear understanding of God. It seemed this question could not go unanswered, so toward the end of the meeting I gathered my thoughts together and tried to say something, though I confess to feeling very awed by the task. Here is a summary of what was said, plus a few other things—perhaps more important things—that weren't.

Quakers, unlike many others who believe in and worship God as something external to themselves, have always pointed inward and found God as an inner reality. This is not to say that Quakers have always agreed on how best to understand this inner reality. Frequently, we talk about God as a Light Within, or as an Inner Voice, or as a Spirit. Of these words, the one that comes most naturally to me is Spirit, and yet even Spirit—with its suggestion of disembodied, ghostlike beings—does not quite fill the need. When I try to understand what God means to me as an inner reality, I generally find it necessary to resort to images and metaphors. Paul, in writing to the Corinthians, did the same thing when he told them, "You are God's field, God's building." "You are God's temple." "God's Spirit dwells in you." I sometimes like to use the metaphor of a house, that is, my body as a house, my own consciousness as a special kind of space. I am not content to think of God as an occasional visitor who occupies the guestroom on Sunday. Instead, God becomes the spirit inhabiting this space.

What does it feel like, then, to discover God within this personal space? Can I only answer this question against the backdrop of images of those deprived of such a space—the victims of a hurricane, the refugees in the wake of an earthquake, the stranded survivors of a tsunami, the homeless man on a park bench. I am blessed in a way that must not be taken for granted in having a door to open, a roof over my head, windows to let in the light, a space to call home—a space, that is, where I feel safe, protected, and grounded, a space where I can simply feel free to be who I am.

This is a feeling not unlike that which one has upon entering a meetinghouse. What I'm saying is that such a feeling as this is an intangible something that is more than bricks and mortar. I may call it the spirit of the place, but the word "spirit," hardly does it justice. In a sense, this feeling of well-being can be seen as a gift of grace, something we didn't create, but have received over and above our own deserving.

Then, we move from the metaphor of the house, the meetinghouse, or the temple, and speak more directly of the inner space that is one's own consciousness. I have a similar feeling in this case, a feeling of discovering something larger than myself. Words fail me as I try to say how best to speak of it. A still, small voice? An inner light? A spirit? A presence? None of these is quite right, but the reality is there nevertheless. It's as though my body and my mind, my consciousness, and my unconscious self as well—all these together do not add up to all there is inside. They don't account for the sense of being inwardly cared for, upheld, guided, sometimes even driven, corrected, grounded, and set at peace. If God is the name for whatever it is that makes these gifts available, then so be it. For me this is the way that the word God comes to refer to something manifestly real. I refer to a reality that will never be easily understood or put into words in theologies, creeds, or philosophies. And even though children may know instinctively what all of this means, it may take us a whole lifetime to learn how to find the right words to describe it.

Gil Johnston is a member of Centre Meeting in Centreville, Del.
Genesis 1.0

by Paul Buckley

In the beginning, it was a two-day job, three at the outside; but you know how it is with construction. The original design was simple—light and dark, stars and rocks—very Zen, but things changed.

The specs said the site was without form and void, but when we arrived, there was water everywhere—abyssal water. Usually, you just rig up a couple of pumps and suck it out, but where could we discharge? In the end, some things you just have to live with.

And it was dark, so the first thing was to get some light in there. Simplest thing in the world, right? Who knew that darkness would be sticky? It took a whole day to divide the darkness from the light. From that point on, we were behind schedule.

Same thing the next day—here's the spec: "let there be a firmament." Remember the waters of the deep? "Deep" doesn't come close. It took evening and morning of the second day just to divide the waters from the firmament. We didn't get to dividing the waters above from the waters below, and get everything sealed until the morning of the third day. By that time, the budget was in the dumpster. (Yeah, I know there was a problem with the drains backing up—we had to redo the whole thing when Noah filed his claim.)

At that point we discovered erosion. No sooner had we gathered the waters together into seas and the land into the Earth, than it started slipping away. First, it was the waves lapping at the edges of the land; next it was the rain; then bang! there were rivers carrying a load of silt you would not believe. This is classic project creep and we had to make something up on the spot. I admit it was a kludge, but grasses, herbs, and trees worked out well. At the end of the third day, I looked it over and it was good.

Day four, we got back to darkness and one for the night. Oh! and stars, too; we almost forgot the stars. It was good and I thought we were done.

Early on the fifth day (this was going to be a day of rest), I could see things weren't going to be that simple. The algae alone were enough to make you cry—the plants were out of control. Another kludge—animals to eat the plants: whales and fishes in the seas, winged fowls in the air. It took a whole day, but it looked really good.

Day six, we finished the job: beasts of the Earth, cattle, creeping things—the whole lot. It was a little rushed; but then, every job is when you're close to the end.

Now remember, there was no maintenance specified in the contract. I guess it was all supposed to take care of itself, but you know where that leads—endless murmurings and costly fixes. To stave that off, I threw in a couple of caretakers. They should be able to handle any problems that come up.

And it was very good.
Changing the Rules of Scrabble
by Alice and Bob Mabbs

Cultural pressure seems to emphasize competitive achievement through conflict and winning. We would like to share how rule changes in one game, Scrabble, which might be extrapolated by similar principles in other games, can emphasize different values. Exceptions to manufacturers' rules of play are suggested; otherwise, original rules prevail.

Scrabble rules ban the use of dictionaries (except to resolve challenges), but since Quakers value the fulfillment of each person's potential, we changed the rules to open-dictionary play, with all players cooperating in research on behalf of each player during that person's turn. There is one stipulation: the player must remember the meaning of the newly researched word used through the end of the game, when all word meanings are reviewed. Scrabble rule limitations still apply: No capitalized, hyphenated, apostrophized words, etc.; if a word is in a dictionary, it is usable.

As Readers Digest urges, "It pays to increase your word power." These revised rules are really helpful. The scope of possibilities was suggested in a recent news item noting a South Dakota Scrabble meeting that used words in the Lakota Sioux language. Once we even experimented with a set of tiles with Greek characters, as these revised rules are applicable in any language.

To remove competitiveness in favor of cooperation, individual scoring is replaced by totaling the score of all players together. The scorekeeper notes the word(s) constituting that increment of the score beside each player's contribution, which facilitates the memory test at the end of the game. We strive for achievement, but it is a group effort encouraging maximum cooperation. Manufacturers have set "par" between 500 and 700 points. Over the years we have recorded our totals as indicated on accompanying graphs.

Cooperation can take a number of strategic forms:

1. A player can gain consensus to reserve certain spaces for the development of words with advantageous scoring.

2. Other players can help a player possessed of difficult letters (e.g., Q, X, Z, etc.) by deliberately tailoring words that will facilitate their use—for example, a U spaced for use by another player's Q.

3. A player can position a word to approach a bonus space along one axis, in order to afford another player the opportunity to pluralize it with a word along the other axis, and this achieves bonus points for both words.

4. Likewise players can plan to reuse short words with appropriate prefixes or suffixes to form completely different words. Such re-use boosts scores dramatically. For example:

5. The players can seek consensus on optimum placing of words where several options prevail, including the very first word in the game.

6. Playing with more than one dictionary offers simultaneous research from several sources on behalf of one person's turn. Besides the unabridged, we use special Scrabble and rhyming dictionaries. We have constructed a notebook recording especially helpful words. A recently acquired resource lists under each alphabetical letter words beginning with that letter, words with that as second letter, as third letter, and eventually as final letter.

Some general observations:

1. A standard Scrabble game (using the amended rules) runs about 1 to 2 hours for two players. Each additional player increases the length of the game.

2. A new Super Scrabble game has a bigger playing board, higher bonus space opportunities, an increased number of tile letters, about doubles playing time, and doesn't quite double the total score (using amended rules).

3. Cooperation must be sought from a player whose turn it is. Unsolicited help may be rejected initially, only to be asked for later (without hurt feelings or rancor). We are all in this for fun and for maximizing the potential of each person through skill development in cooperation as well as individual knowledge improvement.

4. Remembering meanings through to the end of the game can be especially challenging with Super Scrabble!
Q: What happened when the early Quaker climbed the stairs:

For our summer amusement, Susanna Thomas has sent us a set of word puzzles. Unscramble the words, one letter to each box. Then take the circled letters and unscramble them to solve the riddle.

—Eds.

A: C R E A G

H A F I T

T E N G I M E

F I L L Y S H O W P U R

Q: How not to bump your head:

Susanna Thomas is a member of Summit (N.J.) Meeting and attends Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting. She does the crossword puzzle every day.

A: S E E T H I N G M O U E

N I L G L A C

T R E D N E C E

the
Q: Why the sumo wrestler sat on the facing bench:

A: He was a

Q: What she had after eating the lo-cal substitute:

A: "

The solutions will appear in the September issue.
Any Approaching Enemy: A Novel of the Napoleonic Wars


Jay Worrall’s exciting and eminently readable new novel, Any Approaching Enemy, takes up where last year’s Sails on the Horizon left off, tracing the further adventures of British naval captain Charles Edgemoor, a man whose pluck and fancy continue placing him in situations where he must learn to master the ocean, the enemy, and the weavings of his own intrepid heart. In the first book (of what looks like it might become a series), we met Charles and his Quaker bride, Penny, and the central conflict between them was established. Though deeply fond of one another, Charles and Penny quarreled over his choice of profession: as a pacifist, she utterly denies his war-mongering and the value of martial conflict; he sees his work as honorable and, frankly, quite lucrative. (Prize money allows him to set up nicely back on land.) Once a reader accepts the highly improbable circumstance that a late 18th-century Quakeress would have married a navy captain, and the even more improbable fact that she would have been able to remain a member of the Religious Society of Friends—the novels skirt this issue like a frigate outrunning a 74-gunner—he or she can settle in for a good read.

Sails on the Horizon alternated its action back and forth between the land and sea, between Charles’ rising fame as a bold lieutenant and then captain, and his quest to claim the land prize of his life: Penny, the often emuere but sometimes fiery Quakeress. Any Approaching Enemy stays true to the entire time. How, then, does the book manage to continue the conflict with Penny’s pacifism? By bringing her aboard! The enterprising Penny realizes that she won’t likely get a family going with husband Charles’ granted shore leave once every two or three years, so she finds him resupplying at Naples and comes aboard to claim conjugal as well as other rights.

The novel’s main plot follows Charles and the Louisa circumnavigating the Mediterranean during the spring and summer of 1798. Following a dispersal of the British naval fleet as the result of a tremendous storm, Charles and his crew sail all over the inland sea looking for Rear Admiral Horatio Nelson and shadowing the French fleet, eventually locating both and participating in a tremendous sea battle with the French navy at Aboukir Bay off Egypt.

Jay Worrall is a gifted storyteller, and the novel sails over these waters crisply, pausing for various skirmishes, military and domestic. The novel renders the battle scenes adroitly; Worrall’s knowledge of the period and of sailing is impressive. (Can we ever get enough of those lovely words as “topgallant,” “binnacle,” and “cridge”?) He knows how to pace and tell an action scene.

The human interactions in this novel have less stir and grace. Once Penny has taken up her post aboard ship, her exchanges with Captain Charles devolve into the expected. She wants to develop a market and a mill on the property back home; Charles wants to avoid this topic and the expense, but her careful accounting and perseverance convince him that it will assist the locals as well as line his pockets. He gets a bit too bloodthirsty when battle looms, and she keeps suggesting nonviolent options.

As the crew of the Louisa prepare to torch and sink a French frigate they have just defeated, the men discover a four-year-old girl hiding in the ship’s hold and Penny adopts her, taking her over to the Louisa; she’s obviously practice for the biological child Penny and Charles themselves begot down in his captain’s quarters. Penny remains steadfastly a bit queer on warfare,” as Admiral Nelson puts it to Charles (in a phase I hereby nominate for best five-word description of the Peace Testimony to date!), yet she often refuses to go below decks as the cannonballs start whizzing through the rigging, such fearlessness (and her resistance against Charles’ exhortations) apparently required by her sedent feminism. Domestic turbulence and quietude seem predictable here, though not exactly formulaic. In a couple of vivid moments, the novel grapples with the ant январ message movingly.

One engagement of hard-hand, shipboard fighting toward the end of the novel results in a bloodbath, including the deaths of reformed prostitute Molly, Penny’s traveling companion, and Jacob Talmage, an officer with whom Penny has labored regarding his conflict with Charles. When Charles too calmly inquires for “the butcher’s bill,” Penny explodes in righteous indignation:

Men speak of a butcher’s bill as if it were sheep flesh. By this thou means the human beings killed and grievously injured. But even that is not the true bill. Each of them is a son and a brother, a father, a husband. They are gone. The many who nurtured and loved them remain. They are the ones who must pay thy precious butcher’s bill for all these dead, for this war, for all wars.

Penny’s Quaker and maternal presence in the novel consistently reminds the reader that the adventure of war always has its too-dar price back home, where lovers and relatives must mourn.

In the book as a whole, however, Penny’s “queer” message remains just that—an estranged, sidelined, noci-quite-normal undernote. As Charles and Penny part toward the novel’s close, he holds her close and says “Never doubt that I love you more than anything on Earth.” But we can see her disingenuousness here with astonishing clarity, for what she loves more than Penny is most assuredly the lure of the sea and the thrill of battle. Our checkbooks register always betray our real priorities and where we choose to travel tells us more about our deepest desires than anything we might say. Yet it does us well to remember that as Charles and his frigate head off with Nelson toward the coast of Egypt, the novel is receding into real history. Penny seems almost like a time traveler, a voice for peace dropped into a potent moment in European history from a distant realm. And like in all honest fictions about the boundaries of time, there can never be a return. Penny can proclaim her Quaker-queer testimony from the sidelines, but this can never change the real course that Nelson’s ships already ran.

What I found most disturbing about this novel was the unnerving recognition that I found myself, like Charles, longing for another battle, something to relieve the tedium of domesticity. With Penny out of the way, the book can get on with what it does so expertly: ring down the wild bells of action and adventure. I found myself a little too happy that Charles was on the move again, French warships in his sights.

I leave the novel wondering this: When can I ever live more fully in that power that takes away the occasion for war, that unseats the thrill-just buried in my brain? It remains all too easy to construct others as approaching
Almost Friends: A Harmony Novel


Last year I swore—well, affirmed—that I would never again review a Philip Gulley book. I just can’t be objective. Every time a set of galleys for one of his Harmony novels drops into my hands, it knocks me into an overstuffed chair and doesn’t allow me to come up for air until my fingers cramp, the dog howls to go out, or my husband starts to pass out from an inability to find the refrigerator on his own.

Philip Gulley’s latest book, Almost Friends, had the usual effect. So after chiding over Fern’s latest efforts to achieve total domination of the Friendly Women’s Circle, shaking my head at Dale’s amazing belief that God has led him to send recorded Scripture messages to meeting members via telephone every morning at 6 A.M., and empathizing with Quaker Pastor Sam Gardner’s inner struggles to do the right thing when his job is on the line, I started looking through my reviewer database for someone who might be more objective.

A couple of calls later, I was scratching my head. The Gulley Effect, as I was now calling it, was apparently widespread and my reviewers were honest enough to admit it. Wondering if this lack of objectivity was a Quakerly mutation of some kind, I checked out what Publishers Weekly—the book industry trade journal—recently had to say about Gulley, which at least helped me understand that the Gulley Effect was probably a cultural phenomenon.

“Gulley’s work is comparable to Gail Godwin’s fiction, Garrison Keillor’s storytelling, and Christopher Guest’s filmmaking...”

I sighed, picked up the book, and set to work. Somebody’s gotta write this review, or everybody will know about Philip Gulley except his fellow Quakers.

So, for what it’s worth, in my opinion Almost Friends belongs on every meeting’s bookshelf. The book starts out innocently enough, with a humorous introduction to life in a small meeting in the small Midwestern town of Harmony, then proceeds to tweak our Friendly biases, blind spots, and knee-jerk reactions to half a dozen different issues—Quaker evangelism, First Timothy, and the necessity for church noodle cutters, among others.

That’s pretty much par for the course in a Harmony novel. But this time it’s the sexual orientation of a student minister from Earlham, who substitutes for Sam, that really has the meeting in an uproar. Each Harmony Friend takes on a posture reminiscent of that taken on the issue by Friends from various branches of Quakerism during recent yearly meeting threshing sessions. But while it would have been easy to caricature all of us as we debated this weighty issue, and hoist us on our own petards, Philip Gulley (mostly) resists the impulse and instead allows the common sense of his steadier characters to show us precisely how downright un-Christian and unfriendly some of our positions on this issue have been—and what we should be.

Aside from humor and a first-class storytelling ability, the author’s gift is the ability to take a particular issue and have each of his characters represent a different segment within the Religious Society of Friends. I’m not about to get my mailbox jammed with Quaker ire by flat out saying which character represents which part of our Religious Society, but it won’t take much for any of us to identify ourselves in the words and deeds of Harmony regulars.

To his credit, Philip Gulley’s criticism of Friends is generally either a hilarious send-up or at least a gentle tweak, but he does occasionally let one slip below the Quaker belt. When that happens, the target is most likely Harmony Meeting member Dale Hinshaw, who reads the Bible somewhat narrowly and then informs meeting members when they fail to toe the line. Gulley’s view of Dale’s proclivities is clear throughout Almost Friends without pointing out that the man reads his Bible with his
The Messiah of Morris Avenue: A Novel


So what if Jesus did come back to Earth? Would it be like the fundamentalist Christians imagine—clouds parting, bloody wars, Armageddon? Or more like the first time—the people missing his coming because they were looking for a mighty, conquering messiah?

The second scenario is what satirist Tony Hendra (one of the founders of the National Lampoon and author of the best-selling Father Joe: The Man Who Saved My Soul) imagines in his quirky The Messiah of Morris Avenue. In this comic novel, Jose, son of Maria, drops into the Bronx of a very Christian United States of the near future. He’s come back to reclaim his message—to correct the “mis-teachings” of the Church. He has disreputable disciples, brings new beatitudes (“Blessed are the homeless, for they shall find their way home”), and totally repudiates war and violence. Jose undergoes his own passion—directed by a television evangelist who’s the high priest of the Christian movement in Hendra’s imagined America. As to the resurrection and post-resurrection appearances, well, you’ll just have to believe to see it. The Messiah of Morris Street is both hard and easy to read. It’s overdrawn, as satires tend to be, but powerful in examining just what Jesus would do in the United States today.

—J. Brent Bill


In her 1995 book, Poetic Justice: The Literary Imagination and Public Life, philosopher Martha Nussbaum argues that reading fiction is good for you—both individually and for public discourse. The alchemy of identification that takes place when one meets a compelling narrative helps to shape what she calls the compassionate imagination, “an essential ingredient” in ethics, that realm of inquiry in which we examine how we ought to live and how we ought to treat others.

With this book and an earlier one entitled The Fragility of Goodness: Luck and Ethics in Greek Tragedy and Philosophy, Nussbaum has joined a group of critics in creating what Lawrence Buell described in a 1999 essay as the “turn to ethics” in literary study. This “turn” might more truly be named a “re-turn,” for the relationship between ethics, morality, and reading was a founding feature of English as a discipline. Matthew Arnold—the 19th-century British poet, essayist, and educational reformer—laid claim to literature as the thing that would bind civilization together in the wake of Christianity’s demise, Darwin’s theories having shot gaping holes in Genesis. Arnold’s vision of poetry as religious-cultural replacement helped engender the study of Shakespeare and Milton in the mechanics’ institutes and women’s post-secondary institutions in England. Our children now study Beowulf and Romeo and Juliet in high school because Arnold and others found timeless truths revealed in their imaginative realms.

In a very broad sense, Towards Tragedy/Reclaiming Hope, a fascinating, cross-disciplinary application of the concept of tragedy to Quaker history and the recent history of England, can be seen as another text participating in the ongoing scholarly reconsideration of the intersections between literature and public discourse. The book’s fundamental premise is that the classical understanding of tragedy can function as an “interpretive process,” through which we can comprehend historical and cultural events and situations, thereby gaining a kind of understanding (technically, anagnorisis, the Greek term for discovery or recognition) that propels us out of mere suffering into deeper knowledge. The book examines how a literary conception assists us in making better sense of the world and, perhaps by extension, acting more wisely.

This book developed out of a course at Woodbrooke, the Quaker study center in Birmingham, England, taught by a diverse group of scholars refracting their different disciplines through the lens of a shared understanding of classical tragedy. As Pink Dandelion suggests in the book’s clear and helpful introduction, in contemporary parlance the word “tragedy” has devolved into meaning simply a very unfortunate event. The writers of this book return, however, to “the original and more nuanced sense of tragedy” handed down by Aristotle (in his Poetics) and playwrights like Sophocles, Euripides, and Shakespeare, for whom tragedy seems to have given “sense to a relationship between suffering and hope” and provided “a framework for making sense of the suffering implicit in the human condition.”

In ancient Greece, as Sturm explains, tragedy had a communal, religious, and spiritual function: purging the emotions of fear and pity and restoring faith in the future, even as it transferred its audiences in the horrifying grip of fate’s inexorability and the terrors of human failing. The book’s authors take this definition as their starting point as well as their

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common thread, and they weave together a compelling tapestry of its applications to 17th and late 19th-century Quakerism, the decline of the British Empire, the shifting class and cultural boundaries of 20th-century England, and the contemporary multicultural landscape of post-imperial England.

In the book’s initial chapter, Sturm explores various theories regarding the origins of tragedy in ancient Greece and discusses Aristotle’s classic formulation of its structure and purposes. (The word tragedy derives from the Greek tragodia, a noun combining “goat” and “song,” possibly referring to an original chorus of men dressed as goats.) This chapter functions as an excellent introduction to the concept of tragedy, and its definition and understanding anchor the remainder of the text. Sturm zeroes in on tragedy’s religious dimension, noting its function as “an affirmative experience of uplift or restoration, a positive sense of value or significance in the midst of suffering.” And he includes a substantial section that interprets the Christian Gospel story as a tragedy in this classical sense. He concludes his chapter with this compelling definition:

Tragedy, originally a particular art form [sic] in ancient Greece but today a more comprehensive term going beyond specific artistic expressions, is an event, expression, or experience of suffering that arouses sympathy and fear, evokes reflection on humanity’s deepest values and concerns, and ultimately affirms providence in the discovery of hope, justice, truth, or wisdom gleaned in and through that suffering.

Douglas Gwyn’s essay on the spiritual experiences of early Friends contextualizes that awakening expertly in 17th-century English and European history. Characterizing early Quaker spirituality as “a movement through tragedy” and the experience of the Lamb’s War as a tragic narrative, he examines two trajectories of tragedy in the life of early Friends. On the personal level, he says, the inward spiritual experience of suffering the loss of a constructed self but then being uplifted into a revitalized sense of being, burgeoning from the seed of God within, constituted for these Friends the kind of tragedy that blossoms into new wisdom. At the corporate level, the Lamb’s War—during which Friends traveled around Britain confronting others with their conviction of God’s judgment and the potential for redemption—played out a tragedy on the dramatic stage of Britain’s religious and political controversies of the 1650s and ’60s. Quakers bore much literal suffering in this period: before toleration became official in 1689, some 450 Friends had been killed in England and Wales and more than 15,000 had been fined, imprisoned, or persecuted in other forms. But even as they recorded their sufferings in great detail, these early Friends found hope springing through prison bars and martyrdom.

Brian Phillips’ contribution to the volume, “Apocalypse Without Tears: Hubris and Folly Among Late Victorian and Edwardian British Friends,” recounts a cautionary tale. Buoyed by commercial success, the general earnestness of the Victorian cultural moment, and the dreams of progress spawned by the Industrial Revolution and imperial development, British Friends at the turn of the 20th century did not see themselves engaged in a “tragic” enterprise. Phillips focuses attention on the “creeping hubris at work in much Quaker public discourse” at that time, a hubris that found its most problematic expression in the work of the so-called “Quaker peace elite,” eminent British Friends who became involved in high-governmental-level peace meetings prior to the First World War. He paints a less-than-rosy picture of this “coserie of rather flattery-prone Friends” who “were inclined to mistake success for real influence,” whose courting of heads of state, most particularly Kaiser Wilhelm II, resulted in nothing but the hollow assurances of good fellow-feeling. Duped by their own pride and ignorance of realpolitik, Phillips argues, these Friends had lost the sense of tragedy that might have given greater pause. But he does suggest that the “tragic narrative of the Lamb’s War was to be reclaimed for the violent century unfolding” through the absolutism of young Friends who kept the prophetic voice alive and the Friends Service Committee (FSC), which held Britain Yearly Meeting accountable to the Peace Testimony even as nearly one-third of eligible British Quaker males willingly signed up for military service in the First World War.

Pink Dandelion provides two subsequent chapters that shift focus from the experience of Friends to a broader historical analysis of England and English religion in the 20th century. Essentially, he interrogates the notion of English—not British—national identity and the alterations in that collective sense of self that resulted from the erosion of colonial power and the decline in influence of what he calls “the Establishment,” the once-dominant white upper class in England.

Framing his discussion of this decline through a metaphoric lens borrowed from Evelyn Waugh’s Brideshead Revisited (utilizing the somewhat clunky term “H hoopertization,” from a young Army officer in Waugh’s novel), Pink Dandelion investigates the shift in power from aristocracy to meritocracy and the so-called “loss of greatness” that came with relinquishing control of former colonies. He concludes that England felt the burden of these losses without possessing “an attitude of being able to find hope in the experience of suffering”; absent the mechanism of tragedy that would allow for suffering’s transformation, the nation lurched into melancholy and despair.

In part, this emptiness evolved, Dandelion suggests, as a result of a concomitant “loss of providence.” Having lost a sense of the transcendent working within or behind suffering, the English had scant resources to tap for hope. For Dandelion, the “humanizing of God and God’s powers,” a consequence of biblical, philosophical, scientific, and theological explorations in the 19th and 20th centuries, “undermined the possibility of one way of finding hope and empowerment from the experience of suffering by removing divine providence from the tragedy trajectory.” His chapters also include a fine analysis of consumerism’s effects on this loss of the tragic sense.

A final main chapter written by Rachel Muers looks toward the future. Her piece, entitled “New Voices, New Hopes?” directs attention towards hope, which she carefully distinguishes from optimism, the former being founded upon what is “not seen” (Rom. 8:24-5) as well as love, the latter on historical trends. She discusses hope in relation to Divine Providence and the story of Christ’s resurrection, commenting along the way on England’s new multiculturalism and the discovery and recognition (recall anagnorisis) made possible by hearing anew through the voices this opportunity provides. Her chapter is the theological contribution to the volume, broadening our considerations of tragedy both from this perspective and as it relates to the ethical. She looks at how we might locate hope in the space “beyond existing alternatives,” drawing upon Dietrich Bonhoeffer’s writing. She reminds us that those persons who act in hope in the face of apparently insurmountable opposition—like those who have campaigned for civil rights—do so with a consciousness that their charge derives from “a hope given from beyond themselves.” Their action in love is not entirely their own.

One remarkable feature of this book is the way it maintains continuity throughout its sections despite multiple authors. These writers have paid special attention to transitions between the chapters, and remarks within each essay point forward or hawk back to what their companions say. This structural unification strategy mirrors the study’s intellectual purpose: to utilize tragedy as a central, interpretive process through which disparate things might be better comprehended. Achieving such unity within a community of
voices is no mean feat, as anyone who has clerked a Quaker business meeting or written a report with other contributors knows.

Although this volume's intriguing thesis about using the tragedy concept as a way to interpret historical events and cultural circumstances deeply engaged me, admittedly I still could not quite shake part of the magnetic force of "tragedy" in its contemporary sense. Perhaps the implication of the title, that we ought to move "Towards Tragedy," made me skittish. Even though the writers rightfully and honestly insist that they are utilizing tragedy as a lens, an interpretive framework, a heuristic, I kept feeling I was supposed to invite tragedy—the actual occurrence of it, not merely the concept. The book hints that life's tragic periods are somehow better (richer? fuller?) than others. (I would allow that personal and corporate moments of crisis have been productive of great art.)

I suspect my discomfort here derives from an unwillingness to view life's occurrences as all part of some transcendent, not-quite-knowable plan. Aren't there more accidents? Part of the tragedy of tragedy is the random, blind-fatedness of it all.

Tragedy depends on us sensing that had the universe teetered differently, had the black swallowtail beaten her wings a little more to the left than the right, the hurricane would not have made landfall right there, or this house instead of that one next door would have felt the twister's roof-ripping wind. With its firm emphasis on the governing role of Providence in the tragic, Towards Tragedy does not address the peculiar salting fate throws into tragedy's wounds.

Perhaps I want to believe in the Divine, but absent the assist of Providence. Or I stand willing to construct a fiction of the Divine's transcendence, and to order my own life around that fiction, believing fully that I need to turn the other cheek, or return evil with good, or bless the stranger despite knowing that there will be no ultimate reason for doing so, and that this tale I live by is fiction.

But that's my tale and not this book's. Though the academic press price will probably keep most Friends from adding this volume to their personal libraries and the academic vocabulary in places ("adhocism," "post-colonial") may send some readers Googling, the book does offer a compelling and unified vision of how we might use the lens of tragedy to understand more richly various epochs in Quaker and English history. And in so doing, it returns us to considerations of how we ought to live. What more important task could there be?

—James W. Hood
William Penn House celebrates its 40th anniversary this year. In 1964, Ed Snyder, the director of FCNL, spent the fall at the Quaker UN Office in New York. He returned to Washington, D.C., convinced that Quakers should have a house on Capitol Hill similar to Quaker House at the UN, and so the Capitol Hill Property Committee was formed, and it found the property at 515 East Capitol St. As Bob and Sally Cory completed their assignment at the Quaker UN Office, they made themselves available to "host...visitors and serve as coordinators of the Seminar Program," which now included the Capitol Hill house, and moved to Washington with their children. Besides being a center for demonstration strategy and nonviolent training, William Penn House quickly became a place where Congressional staff members and citizen action leaders could meet to discuss public policy issues. As the decades went by the emphasis shifted toward education about public policy issues. Adult and youth groups came to learn from diplomats, government officials, researchers at think tanks, and leaders of NGOs. Today William Penn House continues to expand this legacy of witness and service and to provide affordable lodging to citizen activists. It also offers seminars on teaching peace and expanded service opportunities through the incorporation of the Washington Workcamps Program. William Penn House has restructured the Quaker Youth Seminar to include the work of AFSC and FCNL, and its internship program nurtures the spiritual lives of young adult Friends. —Penn Notes, March 2006
Upcoming Events
• September 7-10—Middle East Yearly Meeting
• September 8-10—General Conference of Friends in India
• September 8-10—Quakers Worldwide: Similar Testimonies, Different Witness, a conference for people who are interested in the wider world of Quakerism but have little or no experience of other yearly meetings, at Woodbrooke Quaker study center, UK. For more information visit <www.woodbrooke.org.uk>, e-mail <enquiries@woodbrooke.org.uk>, or call +44 (0) 121 472 5171.
• September 29-October 1—Missouri Valley Friends Conference

Opportunity
Observer applications for the Friends World Committee for Consultation Triennial, August 10-19, 2007, hosted by Ireland Yearly Meeting, in Dublin, Ireland, are now available. The Triennial is the world business meeting of FWCC. Representatives nominated by their yearly meetings gather to review what has been done in the name of FWCC and of Friends, and to consider future tasks and programs. Applications are due September 30. Application forms and more information are available at <www.fwcctriennial.org>, and by e-mailing <world@fwcc.quaker.org>, or by calling +44 (207) 663-1199.

Resource
A Foot In Both Places is an interactive educational toolkit, featuring stories, photographs, music, games, and more. Sponsored by AFSC’s Middle East Peacebuilding Program and by Project Voice, AFSC’s national initiative on immigrants’ rights, the toolkit is built around 25 interviews with Arab, South Asian, and Muslim community activists. It focuses on how communities have responded to the post-9/11 climate, and what types of alliances they have built to defend their civil rights and civil liberties. Designed for classroom or community use by faith and interfaith groups, educators, and activists, the kit includes a comprehensive listing of resources and links for further study and action. Visit <www.both-places.afsc.org>, e-mail <BothPlaces@afsc.org>, or call (215) 241-7000 for more information.

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Two organizations touched our lives every day. Southern Mutual guided our work, purchased most materials, and provided us with housing. Judy Herring, director of their Rural Recovery Task Force, is really dedicated. And First United Methodist was our co-host. They owned the annex, our home, and provided many wonderful meals. I am a lifelong Methodist and have known many warm and caring Methodist congregations, but none outshines this church.

—Charles Hatcher

The local extension agent said that we need a whole new attitude toward the Mississippi River and its wetlands. We cannot keep making mistakes with a river that winds through such a large part of our country and with the Gulf/Delta region, where so much of our food and oil come from. Wetlands are no joke. Neither is the fact that without silt to shore it up, New Orleans is sinking.

I remember an exchange that took place at the Yellow Bowl Restaurant. When I was talking to the cashiers she questioned me about what we were doing there, and her attitude seemed to ask why we'd want to be doing it. I blurted out that I felt compelled to come because I felt that in losing New Orleans and the Gulf Coast, we as a country were in danger of losing not just a region, but part of our national soul.

—Suellen Beverly
color. But in this line I immediately see that a lively meldange of age and races have spontaneously come together: A gaggle of young white girls sporting their school soccer jerseys; a young woman in strappy high heels stepping delicately through the muddy morass produced on the grassy mallow a thousand feet; a tough but dignified black matron pushed in a wheelchair; a baby napping blissfully on his father's back; multigenerational families with younger members in their Sunday best; Gen-Xers with the ubiquitous cellphone, messaging to friends, "You should see what it's like here!"

This is a vigil, but not a mournful one. From time to time, soft fragments of melody rise up—spirituals, freedom songs—moving up the line in murmurs, then fading. We offer our mufflers, plus gloves and cap, to a little boy who's left home without them. Strangers share bottled water, segments of fruit, and bites of candy bars for energy. Even the police, who are usually too grim in our security-obsessed city, are relaxed and joking.

I think of the lines from the spiritual: I ain't no ways tired, and move forward.

As we traverse another block, the National Museum of the American Indian comes into view. The sight of this building, with its undulating lines and pale Minnesota limestone—from my beloved home state—warms my heart. It was long in the making and opened only the previous year. Its central position facing the Capitol speaks symbolic volumes about a people who have long been oppressed and dismissed. Its presence affirms: We're still here. Their spirit, too, is a part of this special night.

Word travels down the line that viewing hours have been extended indefinitely and no one will be turned away. The news cheers and revives, though I'm still not sure what appears to be a quarter mile from the Capitol entrance.

I strike up a conversation with a woman ahead of me. She has driven seven hours from upstate New York and plans to drive straight back and proceed to work. "I couldn't have missed this," she tells me. "This is history." She gives me strength.

I've come too far to turn back now... We're approaching the south lawn of the Capitol. I know this view well. Soon after the start of the Iraq war, local Friends obtained a permit to establish a silent vigil here. The group continues to meet weekly, attracting both non-Friends and Quakers from the various meetings in the region. Occasionally I join the faithful few when they meet each Saturday at noon. We face the center of our government for an hour, displaying the group's blue banner, which simply reads, "Seek Peace and Pursue It." Through good weather and bad, through indifference, through expressions of support (and occasional hostility) from passersby, we continue our witness.

I reflect on Rosa Parks' patience and persistence, the inner conviction and preparation expressed in her public act. Nobody said it would be easy...

I move forward imperceptibly and suddenly reach the canopy that marks the long entrance into the Capitol building. We're herded through the usual security checkpoints, emptying backpacks and purses onto conveyor belts, sometimes standing with arms spread for a "wanding." An almost comical mountain of abandoned water bottles forms—security threats of the thirsty?

And then we enter the Capitol, blinking in the unexpected bright lights, taking in the burnished and spacious opulence of the rotunda. In the center, cordoned by velvet ropes, surrounded by floral tributes from the world's powerful, is the casket of the quiet, determined seamstress. Nearby is a portrait of the familiar, gentle face, framed by soft grey braids. I have only a moment to pause, to pray, to murmur, "Thank you, Miss Rosa."

Back into the cold night air, I head toward the Union Station subway. At the station, I share a cab with two fellow vigilantes—a young immigrant from Ethiopia and an elderly who survived the dark days of segregation.

At home I realize that more than six hours have passed since I left to bid goodbye to Miss Rosa Parks. A tub full of hot water eases the cold from my bones, and a soft pillow waits. As I slip into bed, the rosy-pink day is just beginning to dawn.

My feet are tired, but my soul is at rest...

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Deaths
Correll—Ruth Correll, 89, on September 24, 2005, at Fraser Meadows Manor in Boulder, Colo. Ruth was born on October 23, 1915, in Popcorn, Ind. She grew up on a farm during the Depression and graduated from Indiana University. In 1938 she married Malcolm Correll, who became a professor of Physics at University of Chicago. Despite advancement possibilities, prestige, and a scientific challenge at that historic time, Malcolm, after careful consideration with Ruth, decided to pass up the opportunity to work on the atomic bomb. In 1961 they moved to Boulder, where Malcolm taught Physics at University of Colorado until his retirement.

Pillars of the First Methodist Church in Boulder, and loving parents to their three children, the couple lived their faith. Ruth’s three decades of volunteer work manifested her ideals to live simply, work for peace in the world, and, hopefully, make a difference. Ruth was one of the founders of Attention Homes, served as the president of the League of Women Voters, served on American Friends Service Committee’s regional board, chaired the Human Relations Commission of Boulder, and was a member of the Boulder Housing Authority.

In 1973 she was elected to the Boulder City Council, and from 1978 to 1986 she was a much-beloved mayor of Boulder. In 1983, looking back on her life, Ruth said, “I believe in my family, my town, my country, education, good government, democracy; people, including myself; God. I believe in commitment and I am committed to loving and serving all of these.” In the late 1980s, her spiritual quest and commitment to world peace and nuclear disarmament led Ruth to Friends. She attended regularly, served on committees, and participated for over a decade in a Quaker study group.

In 1995 she became a member of Boulder Meeting, which continues to treasure her dedication and clear vision. Ruth was predeceased by her husband, Malcolm. She is survived by her daughter, Elizabeth Gray, sons Tim and Mark Correll, four grandchildren; and one great-grandson.

Thoke—Alice Shook Thoke, 87, on November 11, 2005, in Pasadena, Calif. Alice was born in Anaheim, Calif., on November 4, 1918, to Irene S. Walker Shook and Roy A. Shook. After attending John Muir High School and Pasadena City College, she graduated from UCLA and became a schoolteacher; she also became an interior designer for Bullock’s Pasadena. Alice’s younger brother, Gerald, died tragically during pilot training in 1943. In 1971, Alice married Charles Frederick Thoke, who had three young adult children from a previous marriage. They had 22 years together. Alice was a member of Orange Grove Meeting in Pasadena, Calif. She is buried in Orange Grove Cemetery with her family, who founded the cemetery.

Alice was predeceased by her husband, Charles F. Thoke. She is survived by her three stepchildren, David Alan Thoke, Janet Ellen Thoke Koenig, and Nancy Thoke Bien.

Thompson—A. Stanley Thompson, 91, on October 1, 2005, in Eugene, Ore. Stan was born on April 29, 1914, in Hackettstown, N.J., to Albert and Ethel Thompson. His early life was spent on three different dairy farms, an experience that impressed...
upon him the impoverishment of farm life at that time. Through a series of unlikely chances and a conviction that technology would help alleviate human suffering, he pursued higher education, graduating from Amherst College in 1936, and earning advanced degrees in engineering at Universities of Washington and Pennsylvania. During World War II, Stan worked as a mechanical engineer designing steam turbines for Victory Ships and jet aircraft engines. In peacetime, nuclear reactors became his field. He authored the first major textbook on nuclear power production, as well as many technical articles. But his pioneering studies of instabilities in nuclear energy reactors convinced him that atomic energy could not be safely generated, and in later years he was a vigorous antinuclear and peace activist.

Stan married Barbara Nice in 1937. She joined Stan in a life adventure that would involve many moves and partnerships pursuing righteousness, truth, and justice. In 1947, when they moved into a Los Angeles housing development and discovered that Mexicans were excluded, the couple led a homeowners’ revolt that opened the development to all. In the 1950s Stan hired Packard Motor Company’s first African American professional, and when the diner across the street from Packard’s Detroit plant refused to serve his new employee, Stan engineered the diner’s integration. Hoping to make a difference elsewhere in the world, he taught engineering at Robert College in Istanbul, Turkey, and later at Howard University in Washington, D.C. A lifetime member of the Sierra Club, Stan moved to Sperryville, Va., to manage a farm. In 1982 he left Sperryville and settled in Eugene, Ore., where he helped raise two granddaughters; made dear friends; worked on innumerable projects with his son, Michael; and labored tirelessly for the antinuclear cause. In Eugene, in late 1987, he lost Barbara, his wife of 50 years. He became a member of Eugene Meeting, where he met Milena O’Donnell; and in 1993 Stan entered into the last chapter of his life with a marriage that enriched the rest of his days. Stan was predeceased by his first wife, Barbara. Stan is survived by his second wife, Milena Thompson; three sons, Bruce, Steve, and Michael Thompson; a brother, Robert Thompson; a sister, Evelyn Kulich; and seven grandchildren.

Friends Journal welcomes Milestones from families and meetings. Please include dates, locations, and meeting affiliations of all parties. For death notices, include date/place of birth/death, meeting affiliation, highlights of the person’s life as a Friend, and full names of survivors. Please include your contact information. Milestones may be edited for length; and we cannot guarantee publication date. For guidelines visit <www.friendsjournal.org>. See p. 2 for contact information.
the process becoming unusually tolerant of differing theological views. We wondered how open-minded we can expect meetings in general to be—misgivings prompted by recalling instances of meetings split so severely that they were brought to deciding the division of property by vote.

We find that in our own monthly meeting we are often escapes from other denominations, people who, like Fox (but less literally), have been beaten over the head with the Bible, to the point where Jesus as Christ has become a stumbling block for many. So we felt Jeavons’ fourth suggestion, even though his wording is very careful, looked down on folks like us, whose careful endeavor is simply to appreciate the real importance of Jesus’ teachings.

We then considered to whom Quakerism is appealing, and members put it this way: some churches and religious groups tend to appeal more to emotion in their approach to religion, others less. Our message is more likely to be heard by those whose personal histories are somewhat similar to our own, and who are ready for thoughtful, individual answers to their questions. But we worried, as we often do, about how to make our meeting more diverse.

We found that we have trouble with placing any great emphasis on George Fox, or looking to him as an authority. He (like Jesus) said we are to look within; but instead we often look to Fox. We mulled over the facts that Fox was not a theologian, but a man who knew the Bible more thoroughly than most people then or now, and that he called the spiritual presence he felt “Jesus.”

Jeavons’ fifth suggestion—the importance of community—brought the comment that genuine community is of primary importance because we need the support and challenge it offers us to be all that we can be. If the heart of the matter is how to increase faith, what the meeting offers—the strength of friendship, the opportunity for quiet thoughtfulness, and a source of inspiration—is the best means each of us has to grow in faith.

Martha Maas
North Columbus, Ohio

Inaccuracies in a Milestone

I am disappointed in the way the Milestone about my late husband, Lawrence C. Thomasson Jr., was edited in the March 2006 FRIENDS JOURNAL. Particularly, I am upset by two major mistakes, and I would appreciate your publishing this letter in its entirety as a way of rectifying them.

In the original obituary for FRIENDS JOURNAL, I wrote that Larry Thomasson “was known to Quakers through his work on racism and modern day slavery—particularly the slavery producing some 80 percent of the cocoa currently used in American chocolate.” The last part of that sentence became: “…and [he] was particularly interested in what he saw as the slavery used in the production of perhaps 80 percent of the cocoa currently consumed in chocolate in the United States.” (Italics are mine.) “What he saw as slavery”? “Perhaps 80 percent”? Is the implication that Larry made this up? Or maybe he was a bit extreme? I find it offensive, even if it was unintended, that this subtle whitewashing could slip in unnoticed.

Eighty percent of the chocolate we eat in this country (including Cadbury’s, Nestlé’s, and Hershey’s) does come from cocoa beans picked by slaves, most of whom are children stolen or sold into slavery in the Ivory Coast and Mali. Twenty-seven million people are enslaved today in America and around the world. (For further reference, see Disposable People: New Slavery in the Global Economy, by Kevin Bales.)

The second edit that concerns me is more personal. I had written that at Larry’s death, “he was surrounded by the love of children, F/Friends and family, including his son, [Casey], his stepson, [Zachary], and his heart daughters [Leslie, Lauren, and Charity].” The edit, however, asserts: “Larry is survived by two sons, Casey Leland Thomasson and Zachary David Watterson, and his heart daughters, Leslie and Lauren Oshana and Charity Marshall.” Why insist someone is “survived by two sons,” rather than honoring what he saw as the “slavery” of others’ children? The edit is new to me, and I was obliged to humbly rise and gently share the thought verbally as succinctly as I could. There was, of course, the chance others might be experiencing the same leading.

Discernment always includes a step of faith, but these three tests have been helpful to me. Maybe other FRIENDS JOURNAL readers will find them helpful too.

Hopefully, Bruce Kellogg will consider Madge Seaver’s advice a constructive addition to his excellent article.

Eldon Morey
Motley, Minn.

Guidance on discernment

Thank you for publishing Bruce Kellogg’s “How Do You Recognize a Divine Revelation?” (FJ May). Probably no question of faith is more of a struggle than our personal discernment of the credibility of a possible leading. I have been convinced for a long time that such leadings occur and I concur that final verification is often validated much later, just as he stated. However, sometimes we need to make an earlier life action decision before that final verification is completely evident.

As I ponder Bruce Kellogg’s comments, I was reminded of the guidance given me by Madge Seaver, a Quaker who served as my mentor many years ago. She suggested the initial discernment of a possible leading could be made based on three tests.

1. Was the thought being examined an original or new thought, rather than one that we learned from some authors, speaker, our own brainstorming, or trial and error creation? If the thought was new to us, there is a chance that it was a divine leading.

2. Was the thought being examined one that had a good purpose and a likely service benefit?

3. Was the thought one that persisted even if we tried to forget it?

If the thought occurred during meeting for worship, Madge Seaver’s instruction was that I was obliged to humbly rise and gently share the thought verbally as succinctly as I could. There was, of course, the chance others might be experiencing the same leading.

The issue of patient privacy

As a psychiatrist, I read with interest Margaret Hope Bacon’s remembrance of a patient with whom she had worked and the lessons she learned from their relationship (“Remembering Agnes,” FJ May). I, too, value and try to live the two important lessons that were shared: first, to always try to connect with the person as a person first, rather than seeing the person as just a disease in a body (I treat patients with chronic pain,
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rather than “pain patients”); and second, that respectfulness, warmth, and care always get through at some level, even with patients with significant mental illness.

My concern with the article was the apparent lack of confidentiality, in that the patient's full name seems to be used. I didn’t see that the patient's permission was obtained or that the name was a pseudonym. When we as providers of healthcare write about our patients, it is imperative to preserve confidentiality—patients reveal their bodies, minds, and spirits to us with the understanding of privacy. The article’s impact would remain with this important right of patients upheld.

Sarah M. Whitman

We certainly agree that anonymity should be maintained in regard to secondhand accounts about other persons. In this case, the material had already appeared in book form, and we used this as our guide.—Eds.

Envisioning peace

Thank you for the article, "The Importance of Language" (FJ June). Mary Ray Care touches on an issue dear to the heart of modern mystics: the effect of sensory input on the brain. She reminds us that what we experience directly and vicariously affects our inner life. Modern physics teaches us that what we mentally envision affects our individual and collective outer life also. We live in the world we imagine. Some call it prayer.

As a pacifist I eschew all media, all the arts, which include the depiction of violence. When the pacifist community comes to understand that they do not have to bodily go to Washington to storm the gates of Congress, but that they can hold a more effective world day of prayer for peace, we may begin to make a difference. Where I worship, our unprogrammed meeting for worship is not always a pacifist action. The impassioned message during meeting for worship, which deplores "blood and destruction," enumerating all the horrors created by war, makes more horror a certainty.

Quite simply, let us give equal honor to the right side of our brain, give equal attention to the power of positive thinking on the left side, thereby, by becoming whole again, giving peace a chance.

Mary Hopkins
Kennett Square, Pa.

August 2006 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Respecting Native culture

North Branch (Pa.) Meeting requests that Friends General Conference discontinue the so-called Indian Sweat Lodge ceremony until a solution can be found that will please both Friends and Native Americans. While Friends understand that the original intent was to broaden religious experience and expand our cultural understanding of other people, such good intentions do not, and should not, obscure the objections expressed by some Native Americans. Given the history of white-indigenous relations, opposing the continued appropriations of Native culture should be the primary concern of all Friends.

Minster adopted at meeting for business 5/14/06, Jan Robinson, clerk, Pitston, Pa.

Quaker process and inaction

"Be careful what you wish for, you might get it!" Sound familiar? This is a popular cliché with newspaper columnists nowadays. It seems that we see it in print every day.

This popular cliché refers to the so-called "law of unintended consequences." It is said that making a change to our current practices, whatever they are, is riskier by nature than doing nothing. Your plans to change something had better be perfect. Otherwise you'll make things worse.

Of course, we know that doing nothing can bring unintended consequences too. Risk both ways in reality. We know that resistance to change is one of the paths to extinction.

Sometimes I worry that this old cliché has too much influence, consciously or unconsciously, on our Quaker consensus process. Many times we seem to be thinking that a prospective decision has to be "perfect" before we'll join the emerging consensus. Hour after hour passes as we know all too well. Some of us wait it out. Others give up. Maybe nothing gets done. Who doesn't have a funny story to tell about the meeting that took months to decide what to repair the leak in its plumbing?

So, I worry that the so-called law of unintended consequences is giving us false comfort in the notion that doing nothing is the next-best alternative to our personal perceptions of the perfect decision. It suffices our resistance to the possibility of compromise and other perceptions of perfection. And it isolates us from each other.

It seems to me that doing nothing is as likely as not to be the worst of three possible outcomes: your perception of perfection, someone else's perception of perfection, or nothing.

Would it be possible for us to agree that the so-called law of unintended consequences is not a useful idea?

Tom Loudereck
Louisville, Ky.

Correction: In the article by Mark S. Cary, "Friends' Artirade toward Business in the USA," in the July issue, on page 31, at the bottom of the first and the top of the second columns, the paragraph beginning "Far too often..." and ending "...than cooking it" should have been formatted as a continuing part of the quotation by John Punshon that begins with the previous paragraph.—Eds.

Unlikely protection

I am a Friend from the United Kingdom traveling in the United States. Enclosed are some photos of the immigrants' rally in Asheville, N.C., taken on 5/1/06. In my writing group, we had the subject "Overlooked" for a ten-minute "quick write," and these are the three lines that came to me:

The Mexicans took to the streets on Monday.
"We are one America," chanted in Spanish, Brown skins draped in stars and stripes, an unlikely protection from the weather.

Indigo Redfern
Burnsville, N.C.
Opportunities

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

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

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

Single Booklovers, a national group, has been getting together since 1970. Please write P.O. Box 1658, Andalusia, PA 19020 or call (800) 717-0011.

Positions Vacant

Head of School

Friends School of Minnesota

FSM, a progressive school serving 145 students grades K-8, seeks a Head to begin July 1, 2007. FSM has a diverse student body, a dedicated faculty, and a focus on the Quaker values of equality, integrity, and justice. Founded in 1968, the school is ISACS accredited and located in a vibrant urban neighborhood in St. Paul, Minnesota. Interested candidates can visit our website for more information and application instructions: <http://www.smn.org>.

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Maintenance: Full-time, residential staff person, experienced in hands-on work in the building trades, including carpentry, electrical, plumbing, HVAC, appliance repair, mechanical equipment. Troubleshooting equipment and system problems a must. Must be able to work autonomously, have good planning and time management skills.

Cook: Full-time, residential staff cook. Applicants need a practical understanding of traditional and natural foods, and an interest in connecting the garden and kitchen. Responsibilities include planning and preparing meals for groups of up to 120, training and supervising student help, and maintaining sanitation practices. Weekend work required.

Both opportunities require living in community and a familiarity with Quaker values. Benefits include salary, housing, meals, and medical insurance, paid vacation.

For a full job description: contact: Cynthia Vandenberge, human resources, (610) 566-4507, cindy@pendlehill.org, or Carol Sciarra, Director of Operations, phone (610) 566-7767 or csciarra@pendlehill.org.

QUARTERLY MEETING ADMINISTRATOR

New York Quarterly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends, serving the monthly meetings of New York City, seeks an administrator to manage our properties, finances, and staff, while working with our quarterly meeting coordinator. For information contact Barbara Brown at dbrownsearch@aol.com.

Woolman Hill, a Quaker conference and retreat center in Deerfield, Massachusetts, seeks an individual, couple, or family to serve as hosts (full-time residence and working 20-25 weeks a year required). Also sought are individuals to fill one or more of the following part-time duties: cleaning, maintenance, groundskeeping, cooking, office work, bookkeeping. Good people skills, versatility, and a strong commitment to spiritual and simple living desirable. Experience with Quakerism helpful. Salary, benefits, and hours negotiable. Review of applications begins immediately and continues until positions are filled. Applicants should submit a letter of interest, resume, and references to woolmanhill@comcast.net or 107 Kees Rd., Deerfield, MA 01342. For more information, see <www.woolmanhill.org>, or contact Margo Stuckey or Bruce Fraser at (413) 774-3431 or info@woolmanhill.org.

Job Openings at Friends General Conference

Major Gifts and Planned Giving Manager beginning January 2007. Duties include developing and implementing planned giving program, cultivating and soliciting major gifts, and planning major giving campaigns. Travel approximately 50%. Will consider experienced candidate working from home, with substantial time in Philadelphia office. Professional development experience, writing, and relationship skills essential. Major gift, campaign, and planned giving experience preferable. This is an exciting opportunity to become part of FGC's vital and dynamic development program. Work with Associate Secretary for Development and Interpretation and other staff. Application deadline 10/01/06.

Conference Associate beginning October 2006. Works with Conference Coordinator to support FGC Gatherings and other events. Strong organizational and interpersonal skills essential. Application deadline 9/01/06.

Both positions full-time, full benefits. Send résumé & letter to General Secretary, FGC, 1216 Arch Street, 2-B, Philadelphia, PA 19107, or cbruce@fgcquaker.org.

EARLHAM SCHOOL OF RELIGION

Attentive Writer/Editor at Earlham School of Religion's Annual Ministry of Writing Colloquium, October 27-28, 2006. Keynote speakers: Robert Olen Butler, novelist, screenwriter, and director of the Florida State Creative Writing Program; and his wife, Elizabeth Dewberry, novelist, essayist, and playwright. For registration information contact Rita Cummins, <rcummins@earlham.edu> or (800) 432-1377.

Events at Pendle Hill: Early Fall

September 8-10: Faithful, Effective Work for Peace and Justice, with Mary Lord, W. Clinton Pettus, Solita Wahrhaftig, Kathy Guthrie, Joan Broadfield.

October 15-19: Alternatives to Violence Project (AVP): Advanced Workshop, with Val Lewack and Katie Murphy.

November 20-23: Soul at Work: Spiritual Leadership in Organizations, with Margaret Benefiel.

October 27-29: Class Matters—In Community and in Coalition, with George Lakey and Nancy Diaz

For more information, contact: Pendle Hill, 358 Pulpit Hill, Wallingford, PA 19086; (610) 447-3152, extension 3; <www.pendlehill.org>.

Quaker House Ann Arbor has periodic openings in a facility intentional community based on Friends principles. Quaker House Ann Arbor has periodic openings in a facility intentional community based on Friends principles.

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Quaker Pamphlets

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


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**Independent living with residential services:**
- Conklin and Cartmel • Kendrick Square, PA
- The Lathrop Communities • Northampton and Easthampton, Mass.

**Nursing care, residential and assisted living:**
- Daily Friends • West Chester, Pa.

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- Unite the Elderly • PA. Restraint Reduction Initiative

For information, contact: Doris Lambert, The Kenda Corporation, 1175 E. Baltimore Pike, Kennett Square, PA 19348. (610) 389-5581. E-mail info@korp.kendal.org.

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The Hickman, a nonprofit, Quaker-related retirement community in historic West Chester, has been quietly providing excellent care to older persons for over a century. Call today for a tour: (610) 745-9090, or visit our brand new website <www.thehickman.org>.
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Australia


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TORONTO, ONTARIO-Worship 11 a.m. Lowther Ave. (416) 290-0934. 

COSTA RICA

MONTEVERDE-Phone (506) 845-5207 or 845-5202.

SAN JOSE-Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m. Sunday at The Friends Peace Center/Guest Hostel, (506) 233-618a. <wwwnoprogrampeacen.org>

GHANA

ACRA-Programmed meeting, 10 a.m. Sundays. Hill House near Animal Research Institute, Achimota Golf Area. Phone: +233 21(230) 569.

NICARAGUA

MANAGUA-Programmed worship, 10:45 a.m. 2nd Sundays, El Centro de los Amigos, APTDO 5391, Managua, Nicaragua. Info: (727) 821-2428 or 411(0)505 266-0964.

PALESTINE/ISRAEL

RAMALLAH-Programmed worship, Sunday at 10:30 a.m. in shop on main street in Ramallah. Contact: Jean Zuru, phone: 02-2952741.

UNITED STATES

Alabama

AUBURN-Programmed meeting, Sundays, 9 a.m. Reo 205, 132 E. Clay St. Phone: (334) 821-9060 or (334) 824-8455.

BRIDGMAN-Programmed meeting, 10 a.m. Sundays, 4415 5th Ave. S., Birmingham, AL 35220. (205) 552-0570.

FAIRHOPE-Programmed meeting, 11 a.m. Sundays at Friends meetinghouse, 8261 Fairhope Ave. Write: P.O. Box 319, Fairhope, AL 36533. (251) 945-1130 or (251) 943-1174.

HUNTSVILLE-Programmed meeting 10 a.m. Sundays in various homes. Call (256) 837-6367 or write P.O. Box 35330, Huntsville, AL 35810.

Alaska

ANCHORAGE-Call for time and directions. (907) 566-0700.

FAIRBANKS-Programmed First Day, 10 a.m. Hidden Hill Friends Center, 2862 Gold Hill Rd. Phone: 479-3795.

HOMER-Friends Meeting, unprogrammed worship. 10:30 a.m. First Day at Fish School. (907) 235-8469.

JUNEAU-Programmed meeting, 11 a.m. Sunday at the Juneau Senior Center, 926 W. 12th St. Contact: (907) 769-6003.

Arizona

FLAGSTAFF-Programmed meeting and First Day school, 10 a.m. S. Beaver, 86001.

McNEAL-Cochise Friends worship group at Friends SW Center, Hwy 191, m.d. E. Worship Sun., 11 a.m. except June. Sharing, 3rd Sun. (520) 450-5967 or (520) 643-1025.

PHOENIX-Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. 1702 E. Glendale, Phoenix, 85020. (602) 963-6931 or 955-1878.

TEMPE-Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 318 E 15th St, 85281. (480) 989-9896. <www.tempequakers.org>

August 2006 FRIENDS JOURNAL
unprogrammed worship every Sunday at 9:30 a.m. and 11 a.m., and every Wednesday at 6 p.m.; Manhattan Meeting at 15 Rutherford Place, Manhattan; programmed worship first, third, and fifth Sundays at 10 a.m.; Morristown Meeting at Riverside Church, 10th; unprogrammed worship every Sunday at 11 a.m.; and Staten Island Meeting worship 2nd and 4th Sundays at 10 a.m. Phone (718) 777-8686 (Ron. Fr.), 9-5 a.m. for first time. Business meeting and other information. Downtown Manhattan Allowed Meeting: questions in lower Manhattan. Thursday’s 6-7 p.m.; For exact location call (212) 757-5953.

A OLD CHATHAM Meeting for worship 11 a.m. Powell House. Rte. 13. Phone (518) 784-0859. ODOM–Buthan Meeting for worship 10 a.m. first Sunday. (502) 432-9205. Other Sundays: Coopertown, 547-5645. Del. 393-6702, Norwich, 241-3474. ORCHARD MEETING Meeting 1st, 3rd, and 5th Sundays at 11 a.m. at East Quaker Meeting at Freeman Rd. (716) 662-4749. POPULAR RIDGE Worship 10 a.m. (516) 354-8102. POTSDAM/CANTON–St. Lawrence Valley Friends Meeting. (315) 389-4464.

A DOUGHKEEPSE–Meeting for worship and Sunday school at 9 a.m. 249 Hooker Ave., 12033. (945) 454-8307. PURCHASE–Meeting for worship and social hour 10:30 a.m. Purchase street (Rt. 126) at Lake St. Meeting. Telephone (914) 946-2026 (answering machine).

A ROCHESTER–84 Slocum St., Brookville Ave., 11934. (716) 529-7707. SLEEPY HOLLOW–Worship Group, Meets 1st, 3rd, 5th Sundays at 10 a.m. 6062 River Rd., 10590. (914) 946-2031.

A ROCKLAND–Meeting for worship and First-day school 11 a.m. 5062 River Rd. 10590. (914) 946-2031.

A SCARBOROUGH–Meeting for worship 1st, 3rd, 5th Sundays at 10 a.m. 6062 River Rd., 10590. (914) 946-2026 (answering machine).

A SCHUYLER COUNTY–Meeting for worship and First-day school 1st, 3rd, 5th Sundays at 10 a.m. 946 Darien Rd. (585) 946-2026 (answering machine).

A SYRACUSE–Meeting for worship and First-day school 1st, 3rd, 5th Sundays at 10 a.m. 946 Darien Rd. (585) 946-2026 (answering machine).

A WESTBOURNE–Meeting for worship and First-day school 1st, 3rd, 5th Sundays at 10 a.m. 95 Old Mill Rd., 10590. (914) 946-2026 (answering machine).

A WORCESTER–Meeting for worship and First-day school 1st, 3rd, 5th Sundays at 10 a.m. 946 Darien Rd. (585) 946-2026 (answering machine).

A YONKERS–Meeting for worship and First-day school 1st, 3rd, 5th Sundays at 10 a.m. 946 Darien Rd. (585) 946-2026 (answering machine).

A ZENITH–Meeting for worship 11 a.m. 946 Darien Rd. (585) 946-2026 (answering machine).
Responsible Investing, Planned Giving

Friends Fiduciary Corporation (FFC) is an independent Quaker nonprofit. Our sole mission is to assist Friends meetings and organizations in the stewardship of their financial resources.

PROVIDING FINANCIAL SERVICES
GUIDED BY FRIENDS TESTIMONIES AND CONCERNS
The Consolidated Fund, a socially responsible investment fund for Friends Meetings and nonprofit organizations

Planned Giving Services, providing Charitable Gift Annuities and other planned giving services to support the development efforts of Friends tax-exempt organizations

For information, please contact: Constance Brookes, Executive Director at 215-241-7272, email: cabfidcorp@aol.com or visit our website at www.friendsfiduciary.org