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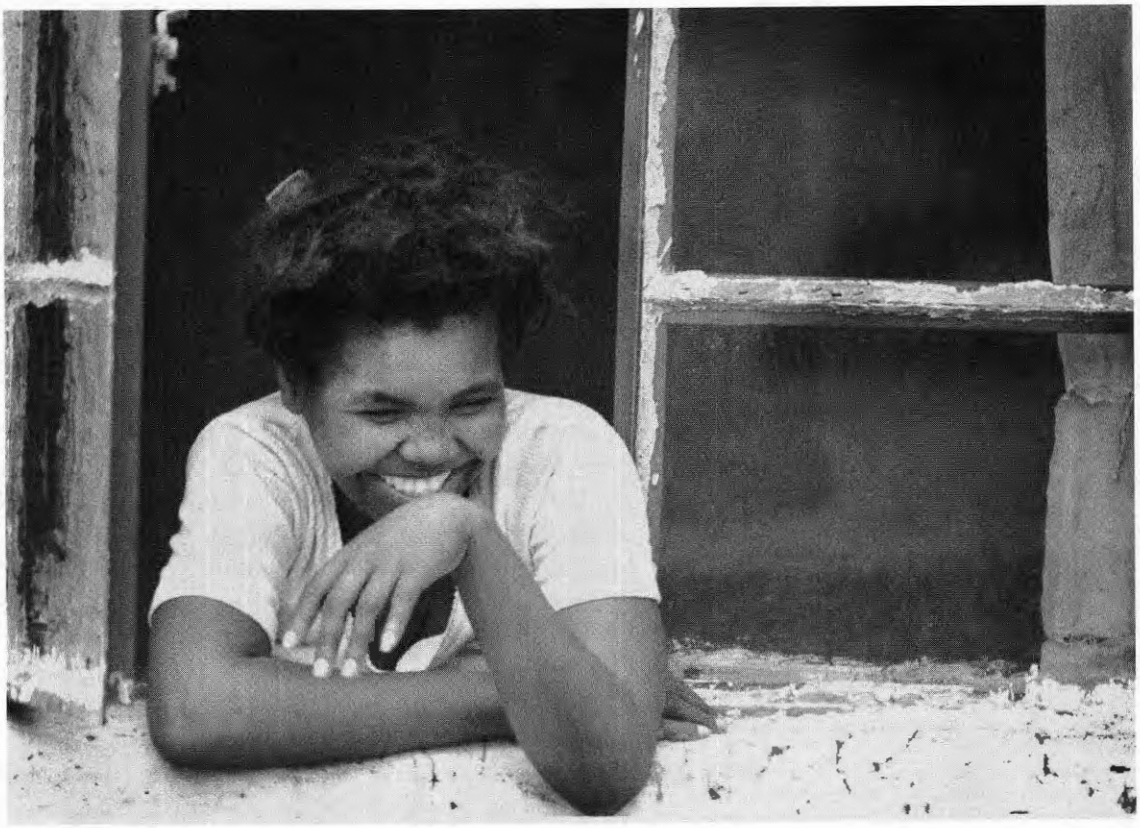
FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker Thought and Life Today



NOZUKO'S STORY

Facing HIV in South Africa

FGC Gathering Report

Annual Books Issue

An independent magazine serving the Religious Society of Friends

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■ AMONG FRIENDS

Counting Our Blessings

Here in the U.S., we celebrate Thanksgiving in November. It's a four-day weekend that sees one of the highest travel rates within the country, as families journey sometimes very long distances to reunite over food, shared stories, games, and prayers of thanks. As I think about the holiday and look at some of the stories in this issue, I'm struck by how stark the circumstances for giving thanks can be. And yet, there is always something for which to be thankful, even in circumstances most grim.

In "Nozuko's Story" (p. 6), Quaker photojournalist Susan Winters Cook tells us the moving story of Nozuko, a young South African woman who has been valiantly struggling with HIV in the midst of poverty, social stigma, and often limited access to antiretroviral drugs during the past eight years. One of her children is also HIV positive. Yet, this is not a story of tragedy, but one of courage and the triumph of the human spirit. Through her illness, Nozuko has become an AIDS activist, and her work to help others who have the disease has brought blessing and fulfillment into her life, and given her a deep calling. For me, this lifts up the reality that we can find transformational experiences within the most challenging of circumstances.

Dorian Hastings, in "Post-Katrina Reflections" (p. 12), shares with us how very difficult the road has been for members of Friends Meeting of New Orleans—and how appreciative they are for the prayer, support (financial and other), and physical assistance that has arrived from meetings all over the U.S. "We will be forever grateful to the clerk of Baton Rouge Friends Meeting, Pam Arnold, who—by September 4 [2005], less than a week after the disaster—had contacted as many as half of our members and frequent attenders. She continues to field the countless inquiries of concerned Friends across the country," writes Dorian Hastings. While sharing the immense pain and difficulty of living in the largest natural disaster area the U.S. has ever sustained, she also offers concrete suggestions for helping to meet New Orleans' most pressing needs. What could be more fitting for those of us who did not directly experience the calamity of this disaster?

At FRIENDS JOURNAL, we too have much for which to be thankful. I am always deeply grateful for the steady stream of outstanding manuscripts that are sent to us. Beyond that, I am intensely appreciative of the work of our many volunteers. There are now 17 of these good folk who offer regular assistance to us with many editorial and business-related tasks. I'd like to introduce—and thank—the most recent: Nancy Milio, of Chapel Hill, N.C., who has joined us as our web news editor. A professor emeritus of Health Policy at University of North Carolina, she helped start and chairs a nonprofit organization that develops rental housing for families living below half the median income, and serves on her town Planning Board. Guli Fager, of New York, N.Y., joins us as assistant Milestones editor, focusing on bringing more depth and detail to our coverage of marriages and unions, as a reader earlier this year suggested we might do. Also joining us to help with the Milestones department are Mary Julia Street, of Ambler, Pa., and Melissa Minnich, formerly one of our interns and now of Pittsburgh, Pa. Mary Julia and Melissa will help longstanding Milestones Editor Christine Rusch, of Ann Arbor, Mich., with the research necessary to write the Milestones department, which inspires so many of our readers. For the help of these new volunteers and particularly of our faithful longstanding ones, who've not been named here, we are truly indebted and deeply thankful. And we are thankful for you, too, dear readers. May many blessings be yours.

Susan Corson-Finnerty

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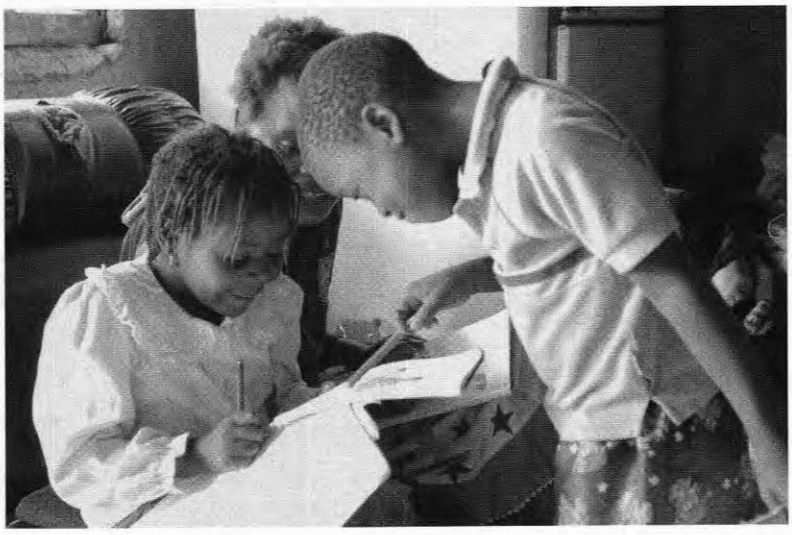
FEATURES

POETRY

DEPARTMENTS



Front cover and photo above taken in South Africa by Susan Winters Cook.
Cover: Nozuko looks out her window.
Above: Nozuko's children Nqobile and Azola enjoy teaching Nozuko's roommate Nthombikhayise how to read and write.

We're all baking and eating the pie

I was tronbled by Mark Cary's article, "Friends' Attitudes toward Business in the USA," in the "Friends and Money" issue (*FJ* July). I question his assumptions about what Friends believe, based on his surveys. If given the choice between only capitalism and socialism, I have no idea which is better, as capitalism extends across a huge range of options. Given the choice between U.S.-style capitalism (small-sized, deficit-funded social welfare system), Canada-style capitalism (moderate-sized social welfare system with balanced books) and Norway-style social democracy (large social welfare system with halanced books but extremely high taxation), I prefer the Canadian alternative.

But my bigger irritation is with Cary's claim that by working in the public or non-profit sectors, most Friends come from a sustained class, not a sustaining class. He suggests that we in these sectors are "eating the [economic] pie," not "cooking it." This is perhaps the most classic misconception by those in business of what those of us in the public and nonprofit sectors do, and I would have expected better of him.

It is true that the taxpayers of Ontario provide much of my salary (my students' tuition provides the rest). However, I do not indolently sit on their money, enjoying the fruits of their labor and turning it into lavish vacations. My salary is, instead, what I am paid to produce wealth: to impart knowledge to students and to produce new knowledge. I don't just eat the pie; I help produce next year's pie bakers, and the tools with which they will bake it.

Other parts of the public and nonprofit sectors do the same: immigrant services organizations prepare new citizens to participate in our economy, and help those who are struggling to get the chance to improve their lives. Securities regulators ensure that the pie actually exists, and is filled with real cherries, not artificial goop. The list, of course, goes on.

The distinction becomes utterly comical in other sectors, such as healthcare. Is my doctor (technically an entrepreneur) baking the pie, while the hospital down the street (public) is eating it? Is Halliburton (wasting taxpayer dollars by the billions, but still in the private sector) a pie baker, while Los Alamos greedily stuffs its face?

Modern economies have large state and nonprofit sectors, and in all developed economies, the fraction of the economy devoted to obvious production (agriculture, mining, manufacturing) is shrinking. Plenty of us are building a better pie; claims that those in the for-profit world are somehow morally snperior to those of us in nonprofits or the public sector are not helpful.

Dan Brown
Kitchener, Ont., Canada

How do we discern what deserves respect?

I want to thank David Zarembka and Gladys Kamonya (Forum, *FJ* July) for clarifying information about the examples I used in a previous letter (Forum, *FJ* April) to illustrate problems with uncritical respect for the values of other cultures. I am sorry that they were greatly disturbed by my letter, as we seem to have much agreement. Any cultural practices that seem eccentric and inhumane by our cultural values would have served to illustrate the problem of Quakers uncritically respecting the values and practices of any culture.

I regret I did not know of some Christian cultures practicing clitoridectomy. My question was: Should we "respect" such behavior from other cultures that appears inhumane to our cultural conditioning? Is it xenophobic bias to judge such cultural practices unacceptable?

Infant exposure due to preference for boy babies has been documented in other cultures around the world by anthropologists. I was referring to my doctor father's experience at the Kaimosi Mission Hospital from 1929 to 1939. The hospital ran an informal orphanage for these girl babies, among the many good deeds they were noted for. There were never any boys.

A more common example of cultural contrasts was the problem common to Third World countries, wherein treasurers entrusted with institutional funds would often divert them to family or clan use (in a "family values" way). This is the basis for much "corruption" (by Western embezzlement standards) seen in developing economies. The Kenyan solution was to hire Quaker accountants from England or the United Stares who had no such local family obligations.

Bob Michener
Estes Park, Colo.

Recognition of Korean hibakusha

Lynne Shivers' article "Hiroshima Cherry Blossoms and Nagasaki Azaleas, 2006" (*FJ* Aug.) held personal interest for me because I resided in Japan in 1990–93, teaching English at a women's junior college in Nagoya. During those years, I visited both Hiroshima and Nagasaki with Japanese friends. In 2002 I returned to Japan as a tourist and, with a friend from the United States, made a second visit to Hiroshima. This time I discovered in Peace Memorial Park one monument I had not noticed before: the memorial to the Korean victims and survivors of the atomic bomb.

This monument is a black monolith resting on the back of a stone tortoise. The colnmn is topped by a capstone carved with a phoenix and dragon—Asian symbols of life and immortality. A plaque explains that of the 200,000 killed by the bomb, approximately 10 percent were Korean—soldiers, students, and civilians. "The Korean victims were given no funerals or memorial services," the inscription states. "Then, on April 10, 1970, this monument was erected . . . by . . . Korean residents in Japan."

Shivers reports that the Japanese governmenr began to offer welfare benefits to hibakusha—survivors of the bomb—in 1957. During my three-year stay, I led a Bible class for English-speaking Japanese in a Nagoya church. One Sunday morning, flyers were circulated showing photographs of half a dozen elderly persons. A friend explained that the pictures were of Korean hibakusha—and that government benefits were not for them, even if they had been born in Japan. My friend attributed this neglect to longstanding Japanese prejudice against Koreans. The Christian churches of Japan were endeavoring to raise funds for these victims.

While I sojourned in Japan, I was often impressed hy efforts of the handful of Japanese Christians (only one or two percent of the population) to bridge the cultural gaps between the Japanese and their historic foes. Another example was the Asian Health Institute, headquartered outside Nagoya, which carried medical assistance into Asian countries that had suffered at the hands of the Japanese military during World War II.

The Korean monument proclaims a wish echoed by many other memorials: "that the A-bomb tragedy will never be repeated." By its very presence, it also bears witness to a hope that all traditional enmities will be replaced by peace and compassion.

Nancy E. James
Pittsburgh, Pa.

A great resource

In your September issue, reports on Friends working on Guantanamo, and on

Finding a way forward

The most remarkable event in the long, sad saga of the Quaker Swear Lodge (QSL) controversy took place at the Friends General Conference Gathering in Tacoma, Wash., in early July of 2006. It came in the form of a panel discussion of the QSL issue, in which three views were equally represented: one in favor of the QSL, one opposed, and one somewhere in between.

Speaking for the QSL was Breeze Richardson, one of the Quaker sweat's organizers. Breeze is a young adult Friend, currently clerk of her meeting in Chicago, and she grew up in the FGC Gathering—until the QSL's cancellation drove her away. The negative was presented by Lisa Graustein of New England Yearly Meeting, whose views were previously aired in FRIENDS JOURNAL in the April 2006 issue (Forum). The third perspective was offered by George Owen of Northern Yearly Meeting, a Friend with some Native American heritage.

This panel was remarkable first because it happened at all—it took FGC more than two years to set up such a fair, carefully "refereed" discussion.

The session was also remarkable in that none of those who urged the QSL's cancellation were prepared to join the panel and account for their action before the assembled FGC constituency, although most of them were present. (Lisa Graustein is not on any FGC committees and played no role in the QSL decision-making.)

But the panel was most remarkable in my view for two things: the eloquence and quiet force with which Breeze Richardson made the long-deferred case for the Quaker Sweat Lodge, and the absence of any justification for its cancellation. George Owen added to her impact by using his own experience with Native American communities to underline his conviction that FGC had dishonored its own spiritual tradition and integrity in the way the QSL ban was handled.

There were embarrassed giggles when Breeze read off a list of some of the many activities and workshops at the Tacoma Gathering that used other cultures' practices—Qi Gong, yoga, past lives, Buddhism, a sampler of Native American spirituality, and several more. Any of these could be considered "cultural appropriation." Yet all of them have been left undisturbed, she noted, while the QSL is forbidden, and as yet there has been no formal explanation or justification of this discriminatory treatment.

Besides the thunderous public silence of the QSL's FGC critics, Breeze pointed out the more important underlying point: with the QSL ban, FGC has taken on the role of telling FGC Friends what kinds of spiritual seeking and experiences are acceptable for us, and which are not. This might not have been the intention, but it is the result, and it is one that leaves many Friends very uneasy. We recognize this judgment-from-above role: it is a characteristic of the churches we left behind. And we do not want to go back. For FGC to be taking on such an authoritative role, even inadvertently, is a recipe for trouble.

In closing the session, Breeze made another telling observation: the group most hurt by the QSL ban, by the shoddy way the cancellation was pushed through, and by the refusal to be accountable for the action—is FGC itself. It is FGC that has lost credibility, shown no command of the issues involved, and alienated some of the best leaders among the rising Quaker generation. What a shame!

As for the Quaker Sweat Lodge, it is alive and well, taking place several times per year in other settings, benefiting the participants without complaints or interference.

Although the Tacoma panel was not for decision-making, there was little doubt that the "sense" of the 200 present was overwhelmingly supportive of Breeze and George Owen, and out of sympathy for the QSL ban, or the way it happened. Moreover, this sense was vocalized in a startling way: an Apache sweat lodge leader named White Bear, from a nearby Native American center, heard about the session and came to it uninvited. He stood during the question period to declare that stopping the QSL was wrong, explaining that it was meant to be shared and adapted, as part of the spiritual work of knitting the Earth's various peoples together.

White Bear's unexpected witness was synchronistic—as if the universe was trying to re-establish symmetry to this issue by bringing forth the polar opposite of the East Coast Native American whose letter denouncing the QSL as racist sparked this whole conflict. White Bear was also living proof that there is no united Native view on this matter to which Friends must defer on pain of being automatically convicted of racism.

The most constructive suggestion for a way forward came from George Owen, who urged FGC to "do it all"—return the QSL; offer traditional sweat lodges with Native teachers; carry on searching explorations of the issues of cultural appropriation; right relationship of white Americans to Natives and other racial groups; and trust the process to produce Spirit-led outcomes that can unite Friends rather than divide them.

The more likely alternative, however, is further delay, with some still hoping the QSL will simply fade away. This would be a tragedy.

In a follow-up session at Tacoma, one Friend pointedly asked whether there was enough humility among the FGC opponents of the QSL for them to stand aside and let the broadly supported process of unfettered seeking and discernment go forward. To this I would add: can FGC yet right itself and steer clear of the hazardous role of defining acceptable spirituality for Friends?

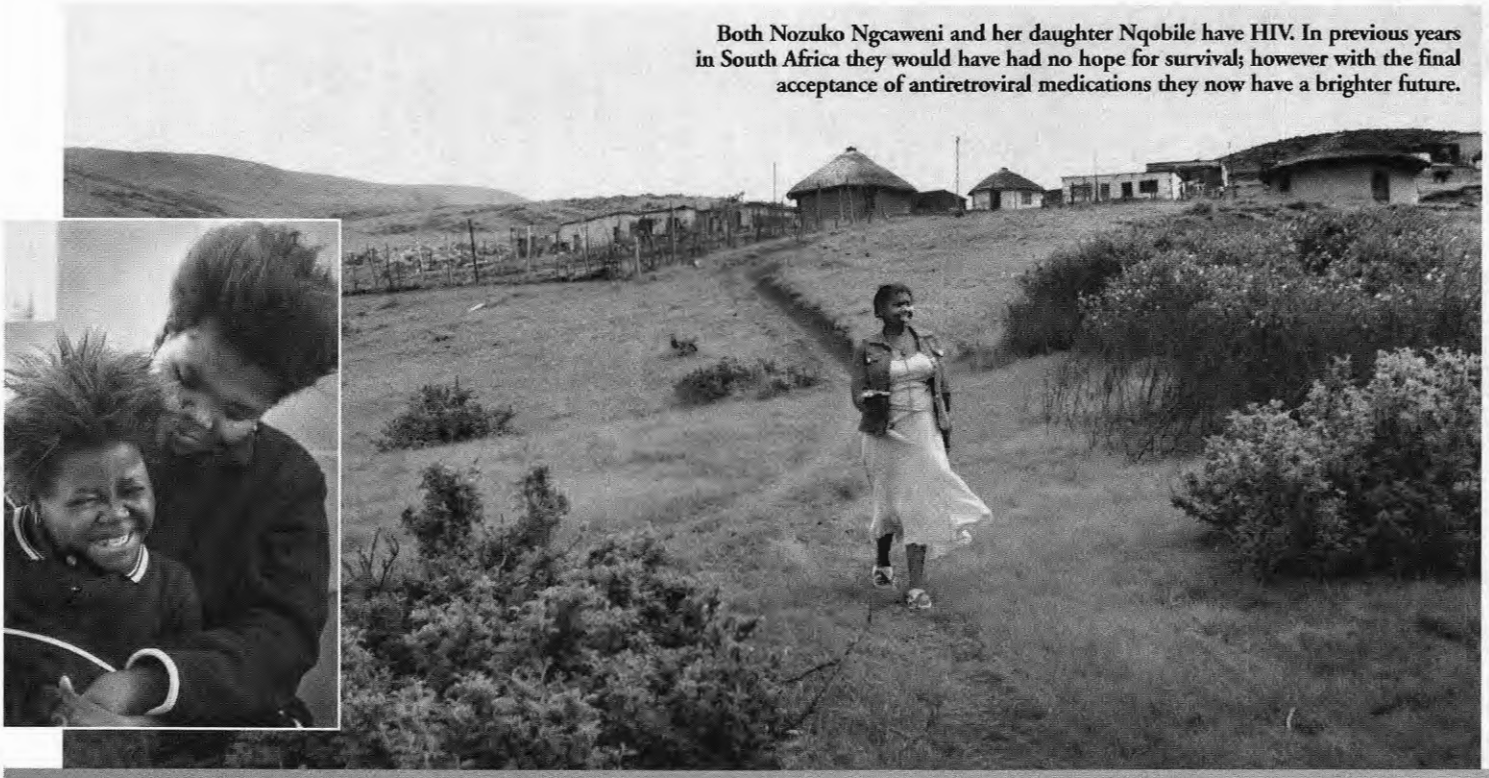
There were no answers to these queries in Tacoma. But for many Friends who have been devoted to FGC, we can only hope the answers will soon be forthcoming, and that they will be positive. Much is ridiug on the prompt and successful resolution of this unfortunate conflict.

Chuck Fager
Fayetteville, N.C.

torture, letters by Nils Pearson and Alice Hoffman, and the articles by Keith Helmuth, Newton Garver, and Paul Anderson—they all inform and give hope, I think, for this work of witnessing to our faith.

I want to lift up and quote entries I'm planning for the weblog I do for peace, justice, and an Earth restored at Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. In each of those I'd like to reference FRIENDS JOURNAL and link to your website, as an important resource for Friends.

Joan Broadfield
Philadelphia, Pa.



Both Nozuko Ngcaweni and her daughter Nqobile have HIV. In previous years in South Africa they would have had no hope for survival; however with the final acceptance of antiretroviral medications they now have a brighter future.

Susan Winters Cook, <sundance@pop.co.za>

NOZUKO'S STORY

text and photos by Susan Winters Cook

Susan Winters Cook is a former member of Mullica Hill (N.J.) Meeting. From 1981 to 1997 she was a staff photographer for the Philadelphia Daily News. *She traveled to South Africa several times between 1988 and 1994 on her own, partially funded by Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, to document Quaker development and empowerment activities as a response to apartheid and then during the intense time of transition from apartheid to democracy. She began documenting the HIV/AIDS situation in 1995, then returned to South Africa in 1997 permanently. She started a provincial-based AIDS education periodical* Ubomi *(Xhosa for "Life") in 1997 out of a realization that "the people who needed the information the most were those most at risk—and that was the rural poor." She writes: "The real tragedy of AIDS in South Africa for me was, having seen what the parents endured and sacrificed to ensure a better future for their children, to discover that many of those young people would not live to accept that gift of freedom."*

Fall 1999, Singisi, South Africa

It's an ordinary autumn day. The chilling wind announces the impending arrival of winter, snapping like a flag, rustling silvery mealie stalks. Outside her home, Nozibile prepares a supper of mealie pap and potato soup on a fire for her daughters and their children. Tomorrow, she thinks, she'll continue construction on the partially built addition to her house. It's a slow process of building frames from long, thin sapling poles, and filling the cracks with mud made from water carried in buckets from the river 30 meters below. She hears the sound of a vehicle approaching on the red sandy road that meanders through the steep slopes and valleys of the village, a path better suited for livestock than machines. The sound of the straining engine grasps her attention like a spotlight. This is not a place one stumbles upon in the course of regular travel. It's a destination, the end of a journey.

In this peaceful community, news trickles in via single voices, usually from the one available radio station or from visitors. The occasional newspaper is of value only to those who can read. Like the news, danger also comes from the ourside.

Surprised when the vehicle pauses at the bottom of the hill to her home, Nozibile stops to look more closely, worried that the van might be bringing bad news. "I was curious about what they were coming for, and I was happy to see it was Nozuko and the children because they are beautiful," she says.

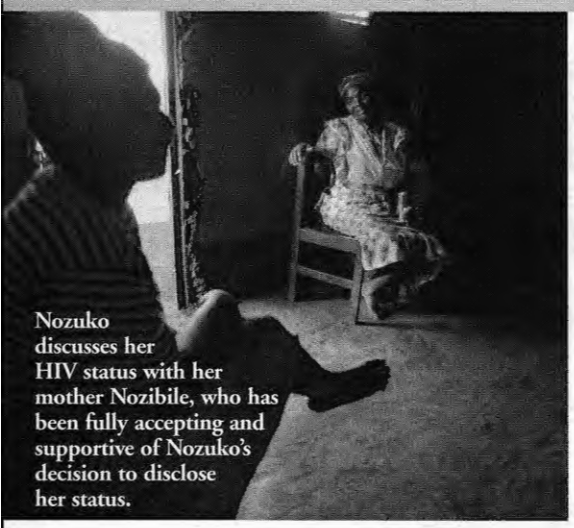
Nozuko Ngcaweni, Nozibile's eldest

daughter, has been in the hospital for over a month with her two children. "I thought of the sickness of the children when I saw the vehicle," Nozibile says. "I especially wanted to know how the children are."

The bospital is nearly 100 kilometers away. Nozibile knows diseases are found there—tuberculosis, typhoid, gastroenteritis—and she has heard abour other diseases sweeping through the counrry. There are no such epidemics here. If there were, there would be bodies all around, people crying in pain.

Instead, the baby-blue van that contains her family is loaded down with a motley, merry assortment of strangers. Nozibile wipes her sooty hands on a cloth and smoothes her skirt before meeting the unexpected guests piling out of the parked van. She focuses on her grandchildren, embracing them, clucking over them while she receives the strangers into her home where the rooms are warmed by the smell of smoke. Nozuko is mobbed by her five sisters.

Nozuko is a down-to-earth, what-you-see-is-what-you-get kind of woman. No pretense. Round face. Chirrupy and loose-jointed, she prefers scooting to walking. At 23 she has two children. The first-born is Nqobile, five, whose father works in a shop in Durban. It was a traditional marriage that didn't work out. "I moved to Durban with him but returned home again because of misunderstandings between us," Nozuko explains, but it's hard to imagine this mellow young woman having differences with anyone. Since 1997, Nozuko has lost contact with him.



Nozuko discusses her HIV status with her mother Nozibile, who has been fully accepting and supportive of Nozuko's decision to disclose her status.

Nqobile has been sick on and off since 1995. She has just been treated for TB at the hospital. Nozuko's son Azola, two, has been healthy but has been staying in the hospital with his mother and sister. Nozuko met his father, her longtime partner, in 1996 in Mt. Ayliff. They were both looking to return to school then.

Instead, she had their son, then returned to her mother's home in the village while Azola's father continued his schooling, and they met on holidays. "He knows his son even though he has a wife in Ixopo and three children by her. I am accepted by the wife who allows me to sometimes visit the home with the child," Nozuko says.

Nozibile sits on one of the beds against the wall with a grandchild in each arm. The unusual guests—representing four nationalities—sit on a bench on the wall opposite the happy granny. Nozuko stands center stage and makes the introductions in both English and Xhosa.

These are people she has met at the hospital, Nozuko explains to her mother and sisters, and everyone smiles. Then one of the visitors, Babalwa, a young Xhosa woman, crosses the room and sits down next to Nozibile.

She begins to tell Nozibile her own story; her words become a long, whispered song, about where she was raised, about her mother, and about how she became very ill and had to go to the hospital for a long time, as Nozuko had just done. Nozibile listens closely, her head tilted toward Babalwa's.

Babalwa says that while in the hospital she received positive results on her HIV test. "At first I thought to kill myself," Babalwa continues, "because the nursing sister who counseled me told me I was going to die from this HIV. Then I realized that God has a purpose and I have to find my own cure. The first part of the cure is learning to accept this illness. The second part is to know love, which I have received from my mother, and I have learned to love God. My mother accepted me and that's why I'm here today. I'm not an animal, I'm a human being."

Then Babalwa tells Nozibile that Nozuko has HIV.

Nozibile does not indulge in denials or tears. Holding her grandson in front of her she remains still, her head still cocked toward Babalwa. Nozuko has already slipped out of the room, summoned by her sisters, who have missed her. Babalwa continues to talk for a long time and Nozibile continues to listen. She's heard the disease is deadly and there's no cure, but right next to her is a tobust, young netball queen who also has HIV, and who declares she plans to continue to live an active life for a long time.

Nozibile is thankful for Babalwa's words on that day. "I was very worried when I heard, but when Babalwa explained it I felt better. She told me how my daughter can live longer. . . . I felt brave facing the need to help Nozuko."

As the sun falls low, Nozuko's sisters pile into the vehicle for a joyride to the other side of the valley. As the bulging van pulls away, Nozibile stands alone in front of the house, barely visible in the dusk, and waves goodbye.

Part of Nozuko's conversion to activism came from the counseling that she received with her test results. She and Nqobile were in the hospital for TB when they learned that the trouble would not end there. "When Sister first told me I was surprised and worried but she explained to me that I must do what I must do, and I can tell someone if I have to talk about it. I must not feel I'm going to die right away."

Then two volunteer women from National Association of People with AIDS (NAPWA), Mandisa and Babalwa, visited. "Mandisa told me about how the virus [HIV] had already become the disease [AIDS] in her, but when her mother gave her love, the right food, and good care, she was able to push the disease back."

Babalwa encouraged Nozuko to tell her mother about her illness to get the support she would need. She also counseled Nozuko that any sexual partners she has had should also be informed. Often, a woman is afraid to tell her partner she has HIV for fear of his reaction. Many women fear physical violence. Most expect denial, rejection, and scorn. Nozuko admits she is not ready yet. When the time came to tell her mother, Babalwa volunteered to accompany Nozuko: "At first I said I could go alone, but Babalwa said she should go with me so my mother can believe it and understand."

Nozuko plans to become an active NAPWA member. "I will stand up; I'm not afraid of that because I want other people to know about this. There's so much more to learn. It would be a good thing

because I must tell them to take it as it is, to comfort and to love." Nozibile agrees. "I would be happy to see Nozuko help other people, to bring them together so people cannot take their dignity away."

Nozuko finds herself in a position where her efforts can make a profound difference. It's a job requiring sensitivity, intellect, and a willingness to serve. She already has good examples to follow in Mandisa and Babalwa. Many people who do this kind of work must study for years. For Nozuko, it's the disease she will strive to survive that gives her the credentials to do this job, as well as an opportunity to develop some of her own latent gifts.

April 2000, Singisi

Nozuko discovers her talent for public speaking. Last December she disclosed herself to over 200 strangers at a funeral in Flagstaff. She explains, "When the man died, he told his family he did not want them to hide the reason that he died." So his family asked NAPWA for a person to talk and answer questions about AIDS at the funeral.

Nozuko's doctors supported her decision to disclose her condition. "I was nervous sometimes about doing this," she says as she pats her heart, "but when I starred my speech I didn't get afraid again. I told them that people must not be afraid, they must know all about it. Parents must not deny how their sons and daughters die, they must not say it was poison or other things. We have to talk about it because it is killing our nation."

Yet, her own community remains in denial about her status. "They said, 'You're joking, it's a lie.' They say I can't be like this with HIV." Nozuko invites eyes to acknowledge her healthy frame. "I told them they can't see it unless they go for a blood test." Her challengers reply, "There is no AIDS here, in our community. It's in Umtata and Joburg, or Durban, but it's not here." Nozuko shakes her head in amazement at their disbelief.

Nozuko and her family do their best to protect her health. There is little money for store-bought foods, but they grow their own vegetables. Nozuko's mother and sisters provide essential spiritual and moral support. "My mother is still calm. I can't hide my status [feelings] from them, they are all open. They support me. Sometimes when I'm not feeling well, I worry; maybe the time has come. When I'm afraid the time has come, I worry that I don't have the money to go to the doctor. I worry about what will happen to my children; who is going to look after them?

Because the family cannot afford to have an undertaker, they bury the baby in the family vegetable plot.

My mother and I, both of us together, we can cope. If I fall down, who is going to help my mother? They see I am worried and say, 'It is not yet, don't worry about it.' They remind me that I am still looking very well."

Nozuko is not the only person with HIV in that household; Nqobile also has HIV. The child "is on and off; she gets sick and then she gets right," explains Nozuko, looking down to her daughter, who hovers at her side. "She now gets the sores on her skin and she gets diarrhea."

Soon Nozuko will return to the hospital. Her tummy bulges with a child who may or may not be infected with HIV. Although accidental, this pregnancy is a happy event for Nozuko and Azola's father, the man with whom she has shared the past few years. Clare Hoffman, Nozuko's doctor, is not so thrilled. Pregnancy stresses a woman's body and Nozuko's system doesn't have the resilience, plus there is more than a 30-percent chance that the baby will have HIV. In 2000, the government has yet to approve the use of antiretroviral medications for treatment of HIV/AIDS, so the medications AZT and nevirapine are not available in the clinic and not affordable for Nozuko on the open market. Either drug could reduce the chance of transmission to the baby by up to 40 percent.

Sympathetic readers of *Ubomi*, a magazine about people living with AIDS, plan to have nevirapine available to Nozuko at the time of birth. Unfortunately, the baby arrives before the medicine. Nozuko, thrilled with the appearance of the fat baby girl, is not concerned. She names the baby Yanga, which means "may God be with us."

July 2000, Singisi

Nozuko has no warning her lifeline is about to snap. Although she has been sick with diarrhea for the past week, there has been no reason to be concerned for her baby daughter Yanga. Sheltered by the care of her mother, sisters, aunties, and granny, she has enough support to know the fat and easy-going baby is cared for no matter what. Every day Nozuko's sisters squabble over who will be the one to look after the baby. They all want the honorable task.

The only thing the sisters cannot pro-

vide for Yanga is Nozuko's milk. Doctors have instructed Nozuko that Yanga should receive no other food or fluids for the next three months, to ensure the baby's health. This is because recent research has shown that babies of HIV-positive mothers do best on an exclusive feeding program; whether it is breast-feeding or bottle feeding, the most important thing is to keep it exclusive for at least three months. Nozuko is being diligent about the breast-feeding.

She is so diligent that even though Yanga is sleeping peacefully in her midday nap, Nozuko insists on waking the six-week-old infant for her next feeding. Nozuko remembers, "I awoke before Yanga. My sister Zaba was keeping house outside. I talked to her, we made jokes. She told me I should allow Yanga to continue to sleep but I wanted my baby to have her feeding."

Nozuko returns to the bed to awaken Yanga in her customary way, to kiss her on the mouth. But on this day, Yanga does not give her customary yawn and stretch in response. Nozuko rubs the infant's hair and feels her face. It is cold. She listens to Yanga's heart. It is silent. She feels the hands, the toes. They are cold. Nozuko picks up her baby and gently shakes her. Still, there is no response.

That something would creep into her home and, like a thief, snatch this life, is impossible to comprehend. Doctors will never know the name of that thief. Unable to afford mortuary fees, Nozuko's family buries the baby in the vegetable garden. The grave is a mound of freshly turned soil surrounded by dry winter grass and harvested mealie stalks.

Nozuko eventually releases her daughter to God. "I give all things to God. I see the grave, but nothing has happened. God knows what he has done. I give this to God."

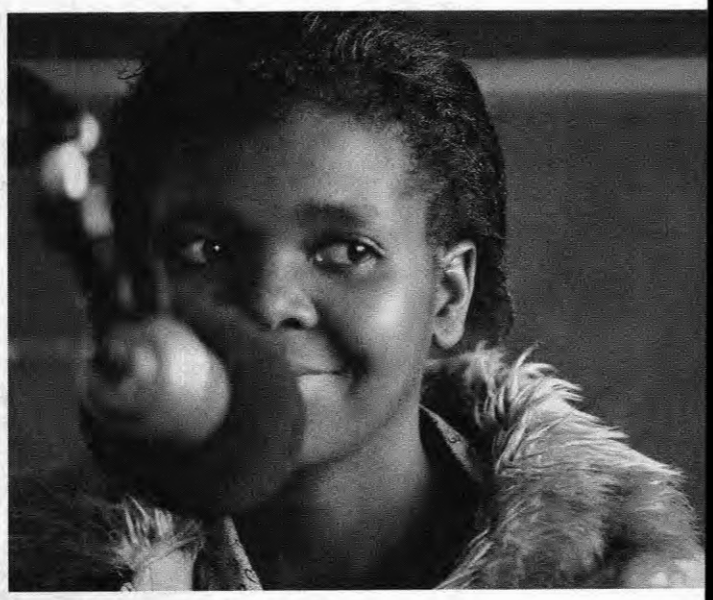
August 2000, Rietvlei Hospital

Although Nozuko's spirit is able to touch the heavens, her body caves in. Her family's care proves no match for the return of TB. Fever, cough, and diarrhea weaken her until she can barely walk. In the biggest fight for her life, Nozuko contemplates death. "I think about going to heaven. It seems like a big castle, I can see, maybe made of gold. To sing and pray, and to live with joy. I believe my baby is there. Maybe one day I'll meet her. I'm not afraid. When the time comes I'll see God."

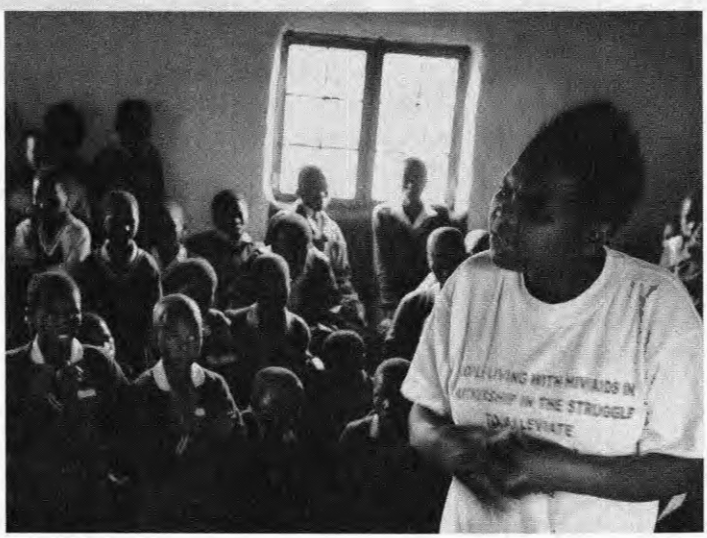
Though she spends weeks in a hospital bed, too weak to sit up, Nozuko does not lose her appetite. Her notorious devotion to food resounds through the Isolation Ward corridors. In a voice diminished by virus, the trademark refrain can still be heard, "I'm sooooo hungry!"

Before leaving the hospital, Nozuko renews her commitment to education. Six female employees from a local farm are so plagued by anxiety about HIV that they have requested a visit with Nozuko. The day of the meeting is not one of Nozuko's good days; she is so weakened by fever that walking down the hall to the meeting room with her walker exhausts her. For well over an hour Nozuko does what she does best, providing an example and information for those most in need. Her frail condition is not much of an inspiration. The real lesson for her audience will come later, when Nozuko is healthy and cheeky again.

However, when Nozuko's health does return, it is fragile. Her involvement with HIV is a roller coaster ride with opportunistic infections. A minor ailment could bring about a major crisis. She knows this. Meanwhile, she contemplates income-producing options. She's realistic about the weaving cooperative that has been built up by her mother, auntie, and granny, which would not produce viable income for some time. Recently she has been encouraged to open a counseling office near her community. The need for a quiet place for residents to visit and receive information and counseling is dire. Nozuko is a natural for the post. But there would be no salary.



Nozuko's activism includes radio interviews, which inspired a couple of concerned people in Pretoria to supply her with ARVs because, in 2002, the government still refused to make them available in the public health facilities.



After nearly a year of poor health, Nozuko recovers enough to return to her activities as an HIV/AIDS activist, disclosing her status to various gatherings, including schools.

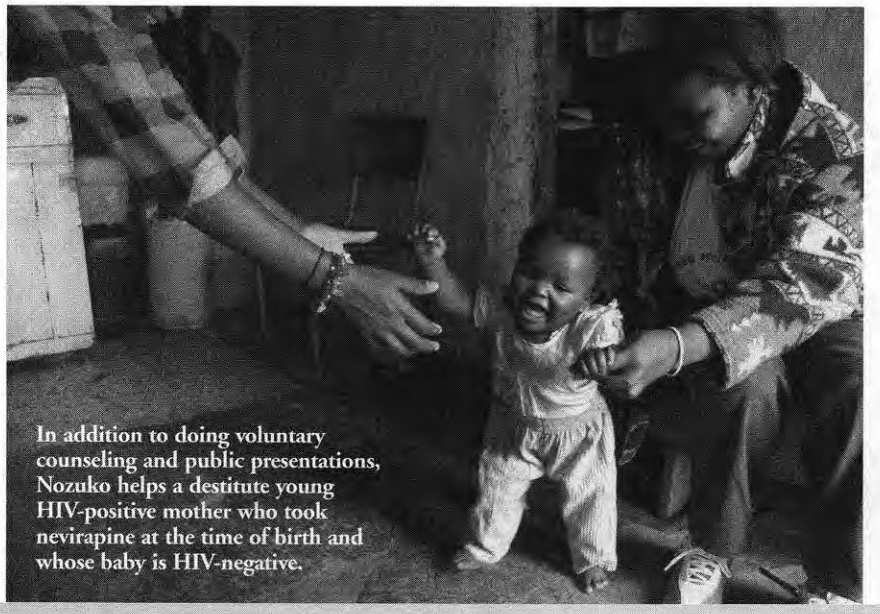
Nozuko decides to fall back on another skill, the operation of a casual hair salon in her home. With a few basic supplies, she can style hair. Meanwhile, she decides to contact NAPWA about a grants program. She resolves to send a fax to NAPWA right away. Then she decides to plant an additional vegetable garden.

October 2001, Singisi

Nozuko is fine. The children are fine. The vegetable garden is fine. Nozuko's attempts to find an additional source of income have not materialized.

Like anyone with a true calling, she chooses a course that is less practical but has a greater impact on the world. She

attends a weeklong training course to become a Mother To Child Transmission (MTCT) counselor. Every Thursday she and another volunteer, Nonjambulo, travel to clinics. On other days Nozuko meets with people in a nearby office for AIDS education and counseling. "The government counselors elected by the community gave the office to me because they recognize that my work is very important," Nozuko says.



In addition to doing voluntary counseling and public presentations, Nozuko helps a destitute young HIV-positive mother who took nevirapine at the time of birth and whose baby is HIV-negative.

Personal experience continues to be her most effective tool. In one of her disclosures she speaks of choosing a life of abstinence, "I'm not going to be involved in those things anymore because God didn't create me to destroy his world. But he created me to bring good life."

February 2002, Singisi

Nozuko has been involved in pre- and post-test counseling at the hospital. "Sometimes the counseling becomes very difficult," she says. "I tell myself I'm going to do it. I'm telling myself I'm going to succeed. It's giving and receiving. It has made me feel well, like something hard has been removed from my shoulders.

"The more you talk to people the more you find yonrself free," she adds. "It's because of the sharing of views. Sometimes a person comes with a problem. Then to try to talk about her problem helps me because it teaches me something I did not know."

Nozuko continues: "Hope—that's if you have hope, like 'I am going to be well': that is going to help you. Acceptance—that's if you have a problem and accept it as it is, you feel relieved. Because many people don't survive, because they lose hope, they deny the situation. When their mind has been disturbed, there is stress. It's important to talk about something; don't let it be a secret. That makes you feel much better."

In addition to the counseling and presentations, Nozuko also gives interviews on the radio. On one particular morning, her words make a deep impression on two individuals in Pretoria named Giles and Catherine. Giles, a 45-year-old attorney, is aware of the problems caused by HIV/AIDS, but has no direct contact with those affected. He says, "I have been removed from the circumstances of people like Nozuko." When he hears the interview on the way to work, something beyond Nozuko's voice reached deep inside of him. He holds on to that energy until he arrives at his office and immediately seeks the website mentioned on the broadcast.

Catherine, 48, an information technology specialist and company owner, responds to Nozuko's interview immediately. "She really touched my heart. That she and her family try to live on 100 Rand (about $14.70 U.S.) per month, I said, this cannot be true. Even if I give only R100 per month I would be doubling her income. So I took some trouble to contact her," she says.

Their separate searches lead them to Dr. Clare Hoffman. Dr. Hoffman puts them in touch with each other. In Catherine's first conversation with Giles, "We decided to do something, to help this woman. She is so undeserving of what has come her way. She was so uncomplaining about her story."

Nozuko is at a meeting of the Treatment Action Campaign in Khayelitsha Township near Cape Town when she receives a call from Catherine to offer support for antiretroviral medications. In what must be her first speechless moment, Nozuko can only say, "Thank you." Nozuko's family has been very grateful for Giles' and Catherine's support. The additional donations of food and clothes for the children have made a big difference.

On February 11, Nozuko receives her first month's supply of three antiretroviral drugs. ARV drugs help those with low CD4 counts. A CD4 count is the most important number in an HIV-positive person's life because it reflects the body's total of T-helper cells, essential to a healthy immune system. A healthy body has a CD4 count of about 1,000. If someone with HIV has a CD4 count of 200 or less, ARVs are essential. Nozuko receives Zerit, Stocrin, and Videx. Because the drugs have not yet been approved by the Department of Health, Nozuko receives them in Dr. Hoffman's home instead of the hospital. The cost is between R700 and R800 per month (about $100–$120 U.S.). Dr. Hoffman advises that Nozuko may experience fatigue, nausea, or rashes.

At the same time, Dr. Hoffman herself starts a course of the antiretroviral AZT for one month—while suturing a stabbing victim at the hospital, she received a needle prick. That patient's blood tested HIV-positive.

Healthcare workers in clinics and hospitals are vulnerable to HIV every day. Because of the potential for accidental transmission, many hospitals keep a supply of the antiretroviral medication AZT available to the staff. The course of medication must be started within 72 hours of exposure and maintained for one month.

Dr. Hoffman, a mother of four, braces herself for the predicted side effects of AZT. While she expects to take the medications for one month, Nozuko expects to have to take them for the rest of her life.

December 2002, Rietvlei Village

Nozuko's liver decides to act up, like one more kid jumping into a schoolyard

fray. It takes a month in King Edward Hospital in Durban to diagnose the ailment. It is difficult to separate Nozuko's symptoms from the side effects of the ARV therapy. Dr. Hoffman reluctantly stops all medications, including the ARV, giving Nozuko's liver an opportunity to recover. The doctor wants to resume the ARVs within a few months, hoping Nozuko's system will not develop resistance to both medications in the meantime.

Nozuko finds a small house to rent close to the Hoffmans' and the hospital so her health can be closely monitored. This enables her to keep her children with her. Two of Nozuko's sisters are with her as well. Her daughter, Nqobile, will soon join her and attend the local school.

Nozuko likes living in Rietvlei. She's near her sidekick, Nonjambulo, and has made friends in the community. "I didn't have any friends in my village," Nozuko says, smiling. "I only had sisters."

In addition to working as a counseling team for the hospital, Nozuko and Nonjambulo also conduct weekly support group sessions on Wednesdays. The first attendance was disastrous, but the numbers have been increasing since by three or four new members every week.

"We spend our time talking about problems we have and concentrate on making the other people feel at home. Some don't know what to do, and they are relieved when they see us talking. They see it's not only they who have problems."

Nozuko's own daughter, Nqobile, battles HIV, occasionally becoming seriously ill with a chronic upper respiratory infection.

March 2004, Rietvlei Village

Nozuko shoots from one end of the hospital room to the other holding the metal bedpan in gloved hands, thrusting it toward the retching patient like an outfield ball player desperately reaching for a fly ball. She had fetched the pan for her friend Tenjiwe who is in the hospital and nauseous with AIDS-related TB, but instead answered the more desperate call of the woman on the other side of the room. Fortunately, Tenjiwe ended up not needing the bedpan after all.

Nozuko comforts her friend Tenjiwe a few days before Tenjiwe's death to AIDS. ARVs were still not available through the public health system at that time.

Nozuko's round figure is out of place on this ward, in this room of five women who endure the days mostly in weary silence. Her T-shirt conveys silent irony with the telltale red ribbon on the front and the words glaring across the back, "I care enough to help—do you?"

Tenjiwe may not recover from TB, and she reminds Nozuko of this at the close of her daily visit. She cries and asks Nozuko, "What if this is the last time we ever see each other?" Nozuko can't answer that question with words, so she replies with a shrug. She doesn't jerk Tenjiwe around with promises of certain recovery. "We will see the morning when it comes, because it might not come." Nozuko has seen AIDS win too many times to deny the bitter taste of it.

She does try to cheer Tenjiwe with chatter about this and that, inducing an occasional smile. Then she jokes about how, despite the T-shirt's display of her HIV status, rumors once circulated that Nozuko was a prostitute. Tenjiwe grimly reports the latest rumor that Nozuko has been cured of HIV by a pill from overseas and now does nothing for the others. Nozuko shrugs these things off. More good than bad responses have come from her public disclosure. She offsets the negativity with small gestures, like flying across a hospital room with a bedpan for a vomiting stranger.

Nozuko struggles just to keep her own head above water. Recently she has been doing translating for the dentists at the hospital, which produces some income. Supporters of her efforts chip in for the children's schooling and the roof over their heads.

Meanwhile, Nozuko has taken a break from volunteer counseling. She had hoped to present her concern for the need for more counselors to the health minister, but the latter did not make it for a scheduled visit. "I was very, very disappointed," Nozuko grumbles. "Everywhere there are patients who are not getting the counseling they need because there is no one to do it. . . . Many of the women who come into maternity can't even get tested because there is no one to counsel them." Women who have not been counseled and tested do not have the opportunity to use nevirapine at the time of birth. The need for the counseling process will be compounded during the distribution of antiretroviral medications, which the government has promised.

Azola is now seven, and has excess energy that has been difficult to contain, sometimes leading to collisions with classroom structure and other embarrassments for his mother. In contrast, Nqobile, now ten, is a quiet, diligent pupil.

The HIV virus saps Nqobile's physical energy with a chronic cough and occasional bouts of diarrhea. When others run in play, she stays behind and watches, but recently has been brighter and eager to attend school even when she is not feeling well. Her teacher, Mrs. Ncokazi Sylbarose, has been supportive and has learned

Continued on page 52

Post-Katrina Reflections

by Dorian Hastings

Ninth Ward, New Orleans, January 22, 2006

Photos courtesy of Dorian Hastings

It is difficult to know where to begin; the catastrophe is of huge proportions and ranges from the most intimate to the regional—and, in time, from the frightening moments of August 2005 to more than a year that has passed since Hurricane Katrina hit New Orleans and the Gulf Coast. In Louisiana alone, Hurricane Katrina left nearly 1,500 people dead, 200 missing and presumed dead, and 200,000 people homeless; it impacted 71,000 businesses and cost 300,000 jobs. The damage estimate as of May 2006 was $22 billion just in Louisiana. The hurricane impacted over 108,000 square miles, almost two and a half times the area of Pennsylvania. This was a huge natural disaster. In New Orleans alone, 70 percent of the tree canopy was destroyed. If the levees protecting New Orleans had held, the lives lost and the assessed damage costs would have been but a fraction of the above. In fact, had the levees not failed catastrophically, the city overall would look much as tourists see it, the "sliver by the river," the 20 percent that suffered only downed trees and damaged roofs.

Madeline Haggans, of American Friends Service Committee, views an empty public housing project.

According to the July 2006 *Hurricane Katrina Index*, published monthly by the Brookings Institution, and the *Louisiana State University Hurricane Impact Atlas*, in a city where 80 percent of its housing stock flooded and 50 percent (over 105,000 units) were substantially damaged, rents have increased 39 percent. Utility rates have increased 30 percent and are threatening to go up to 50 percent. Just five of the 13 public libraries, 21 percent of the public schools, and 55 percent of the area hospitals are open. Only 17 percent of buses are operating, on 49 percent of the pre-Katrina routes. Meanwhile, the unemployment rate reached 7.2 percent in June. Of a pre-Katrina population of 463,000, estimates now place the city's population at about 200,000, of which as many as 80,000 may be undocumented workers. Only 21 percent of the pre-Katrina childcare facilities have opened. Without schools, homes, or childcare, workers cannot come home to help rebuild the city.

Despite the devastation, it is still very important that people continue to visit us, to witness the pain as well as the progress and bring that information home to their friends and congresspeople. The 20 percent of the city that was relatively unharmed is bustling and ready to receive you. Come experience our unique culture, support our local businesses, meet us, and talk to our neighbors.

In the wake of Hurricane Katrina, Friends in the region have had three main concerns: to find one another and reconstruct our meeting; to help others find us and reconstruct our connections with Friends nationally; and to evaluate how we saw and continue to see our role in the reconstruction of our city.

Friends Meeting of New Orleans is and has always been a relatively small meeting. Founded over 50 years ago, its membership has rarely numbered more than 12 to 15 over the decades, but attenders frequently find their way to our doors. The meeting met for many years in Friends' homes. We have been in our present quarters in the education annex of the Carrollton United Methodist Church for six years.

Though we are a fairly close-knit family, because of our small size, we rarely cross paths outside of meeting. We gather from the far corners of the city, and even the region, at our modest space on the second floor. We try to exchange visits with Baton Rouge Meeting, 60 miles away, on fifth First Days. Every October, some of us manage to attend Bayou Quarterly Meeting in Lake Charles, about a three-hour drive from New Orleans, along with Baton Rouge Meeting and the much larger Houston Live Oak Meeting. At Eastertime, fewer of us manage to get to South Central Yearly Meeting, which meets outside of Waco, Texas.

Yet it was just these tenuous connections that brought us back together: first virtually, then physically. Those who

Dorian Hastings, a member and recording clerk of Friends Meeting of New Orleans (La.), is a former community analyst with the City of New Orleans and a newly appointed project director for a New Orleans neighborhood association. In 2004, she finished her dissertation on the history of planning and neighborhood development in New Orleans.

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could, made their way to Baton Rouge for Bayou Quarterly Meeting on the second weekend of October 2005, and then, when reentry to the city was permitted, back to our home meeting space in New Orleans the following weekend. Though few of us were back in our homes, we gathered for attentive worship with very full hearts.

Of our 13 current members, few escaped even relatively unscathed. We welcomed our newest member, Rogan Obidiah Jupiter Schenck, born to member Ben Schenck and Ama Rogan on October 19, 2005, in Texas. Their house suffered severe roof damage, and with the new baby it was some months before they could return. Our clerk experienced significant roof damage as well, and he has health problems that may force him to leave the city—because the healthcare system here is so, well, *unhealthy*. One member's home took a hit on the ground level, but she was able to move into the upper story by Christmas. She lost her job, however, as principal of one of the top-performing schools in the city—her school was a block from one of the breaches and took in ten feet of water. She has only recently been hired back as a teacher.

One member stayed in the city during Katrina because she worked in the health department, and volunteered to tend to the fragile and disabled housed in the Superdome, then cared for them as they eventually were being evacuated. She spoke movingly at South Central Yearly Meeting of her experiences in that terrible week when no help was to be found. Her house was badly damaged by five feet of standing water, and she has relocated to Dallas, Texas, finding F/friends and comfort there.

One of our elderly members evacuated to stay with her family in Mobile, Alabama, where she continues to reside. Another elderly member, a founder of our meeting, lived in a condo apartment in one of the suburbs; her apartment was severely wind-damaged and she lost all of her belongings. She has had to move, though she remains in the area. The rest of us are slowly putting our homes and families back together where we used to be. Meanwhile, we have addressed the problem of post-disaster communication by creating and circulating an emergency contacts list amongst ourselves.

We will be forever grateful to the clerk of Baton Rouge Friends Meeting, Pam Arnold, who—by September 4, less than a week after the disaster—had contacted as many as half of our members and frequent attenders. She continues to field the countless inquiries of concerned Friends across the country from New Paltz, N.Y., and Tallahassee, Fla., to Honolulu, Hawaii. She worked with South Central Yearly Meeting to set up a virtual bulletin board for us, and accepted donations to establish the Baton Rouge Friends Katrina Fund. Over $20,000 was collected and dispersed to address the needs of Friends in New Orleans and the region, helping to make us whole and bring us back to pre-Katrina status. Funds have been given directly to our meeting as well, and following a worship sharing session we determined that they would be used primarily for community projects and for people outside of our meeting.

The expressions of concern and comfort have been overwhelming. Over the past months, our small meeting has swelled to two or three times its usual size, with volunteers visiting us through Intermountain Yearly Meeting, who were helping to repair a Native American community in Terrebonne Parish; other Friends volunteering with groups or on their own; and volunteers from local efforts such as Common Ground. We were extremely gratified to represent Friends Meeting of Washington, D.C., by presenting their check for $16,000 to the New Orleans Public Library to help open a branch in the 9th Ward. At the opening ceremony, local residents were present not only to celebrate, but to check out books and use Internet services. Many still have spotty electric and phone service, or none at all, so these links—and an air-conditioned respite—are vital for their recovery.

Still another meeting, Clear Creek, in McNabb, Ill., has adopted the Westwego Public Library, supplying the severely damaged facility with new children's books and materials and sponsoring its summer reading program. Little Rock (Ark.) Meeting has launched a "bunk bed" project to construct hundreds of beds for families throughout the region. Meanwhile, scores of individuals, some sponsored by their meetings, have arrived over the past year to help in the ongoing relief effort. It is an incredible and affirming representation of Quaker values and spirit that affords the Light to shine anew for many in this devastated region.

American Friends Service Committee allotted $10,000 of the more than $2 million that it collected to projects that we targeted as worthy and having the greatest impact. Through this, our meet-

Representatives of three organizations supported by Friends Meeting of New Orleans gathered for a January 2006 meeting while AFSC representatives were in town.

ing was able to direct $4,000 to Common Ground, which was the first organization on the scene with doctors and medical assistance—even before the Red Cross; and $2,000 each in matching funds to the following: Israelite Baptist Church, for a psychiatric social worker; Mary Queen of Vietnam for a large generator (the community lacked any electric service for months); and UNITY for the Homeless of Greater New Orleans to match a U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development grant for housing counseling. AFSC's General Secretary for U.S. Regions Madeline Haggans and Southeast Regional Office Director Betti Knott brought the checks to New Orleans, toured the city, and met with us and with the recipients.

Now, more than a year later, there are still many unanswered questions: How will our neighbors come home? How will they be afforded the protection of the UN Universal Declaration of Human Rights, which calls for the resettlement into their homes of all displaced people, including the residents of public housing, who have literally been locked out? Will a flood protection system be built to withstand a Category Five hurricane? Reconstruction will only work if the coastal wetlands and barrier islands are restored. Will home insurance companies withdraw from the state altogether, preventing the rebuilding of homes? Will there be the political will to address these and other problems of critical national importance? There's much legislative work to be done on such issues.

Robin Morris, a member of Friends Meeting of New Orleans, talks with clerk Brad Ott in front of her school, Jean Gordon Elementary. Robin was the principal of this top-performing public school before it took on 10 feet of water. The school has not been touched since the storm.

Despite all our hard work and the billions of federal dollars in the pipeline, we become discouraged and then angry when faced with well-wishers, even among Friends, who feel the city should be left to the sea. When an overhead cement panel in the Boston "Big Dig" underground highway recently failed and killed a woman, the spot was declared a

Continued on page 51

What are New Orleans' most pressing needs?

Housing

More than half of the city's housing stock has been destroyed. What is left is now priced far beyond what most can afford. It is hard enough for homeowners to comply with all the conditions set by the government insurance companies, FEMA requirements, and SBA loans. But renters—and a majority of New Orleans citizens were renters—have little or no recourse to help them return. The city's housing authority was under receivership of HUD prior to Katrina, and HUD has boarded up all but 800 units of the thousands that exist. Moreover, Alphonso Jackson, the current HUD secretary, has determined that most of the housing projects in the city will be demolished. These actions have not only effectively shut thousands of families out of their homes and communities, but out of decisions that will affect the city's development for generations to come.

What you can do:

- *Catholic Charities (Archdiocese of New Orleans) and Rebuilding Together, a program of the local nonprofit Preservation Resource Center, are calling for volunteers skilled in building—carpenters, plumbers, electricians, and the like—to help elders and the disabled to reconstruct their now gutted homes. Contact them at (504) 523-3755 or e-mail <ccano@archdiocese-no.org>.*
- *Several communities are looking into the possibility of creating community land trusts that will be able to take donations. These trusts would help preserve and create affordable housing. These communities will probably welcome advice and expertise in such matters as they research sustainable and just practices.*

Childcare

Often, families who have doubled- and tripled-up with relatives and friends in order to return to work in their home city are faced with the monumental difficulties of finding childcare. Of the 271 centers that existed before Katrina, only 58 have reopened. Because of the housing problem, centers are short-staffed and unable to serve as many children. Many centers were destroyed by flooding and need equipment, books, toys, and other supplies.

What you can do:

- *For more information, contact Agenda for Children at (504) 586-8509 or <www.agendaforchildren.org>.*

Schools

The children of the storm are suffering. In the past year, many returned and had no schools to go to at all. Those enrolled in their adopted homes have suffered stress and lost a good deal of learning time. Many children lost the entire school year. Accompanying that has been a horrific spike in the number of young men under the age of 18 being gunned down. Buildings need restoration, charter schools seek to supplement government funding, libraries seek to restock—there are endless needs associated with education at every level. Now, as local schools (a complex amalgam of public, state recovery, charter, and private) have opened for the new school year, there are shortages of qualified teachers.

What you can do:

- *For more information on public schools and public charter schools, see <www.nolapublicschools.net>.*

QUAKER SHOES

At First Day meeting for worship
all the shoes appear scuffed.

Flat and sturdy on the gray carpet
between the black legs of chairs
unfolded in widening circles,

not a high heel among them
or polished shine, they point
toward each other, saying "Thee."

Henry's are so scuffed and scratched
and caked with old paint or mud
that they are a style to themselves

as in van Gogh's painting of shoes
I discover what it means to love shoes,
how I cannot say *beautiful*

about either the shoes or the painting,
but rather the gift of the shoes
to my seeing.

I think of Henry's roundabout path
in our last conversation—
to the heart of the Bhagavad Gita.

How I almost silenced him, or silenced,
I should say, my own listening
as one might, after so many *begats*

and *thou shalt nots* in the first tales,
leave off before the god drives his chariot
down the center between sparkling slippers

and used-up boots, singing *love one another*
even as I have loved you. Someone breaks the silence
of meeting with uncertain light.

As she speaks I learn for a second and third time
about shoes. How the Light is not in the least
uncertain, only scuffed

by its particular history, crafted
by its particular foot.

—Maryhelen Snyder

PGC photo/Joe Kosack

THE PEREGRINE AND THE QUAKER

A falcon dropped in the other day.
I was having lunch and so was he.
Chicken soup for me; pigeon for him, BYOP.
And so at lunch, three birds and me.

Our garden has no gate. It's walls around.
But he is welcome. Pigeons are not.
They do leave such a mess, as this one found
Against his will. Feathers and bones
Plucked and shook on the killing ground.

I didn't see the kill. Perhaps he caught the prey
In flight and glided in with lunch enclawed for privacy.

A peregrine, says the book, but no traveling pilgrim he;
This fellow nests nearby atop the Franklin Bridge.
Soaring over the city's roofs he sees our birch and lets that tree
Beacon his dive into our walled garden.
Protected there, he eats in peace, indifferent or unaware of me.

We don't see pigeons here this month.
Later when we feed the finches in the snow
The pigeons come in flocks to eat the spillage.
They'll leave a mess behind, we know.
Come back then, my peregrine. Lunch on me.

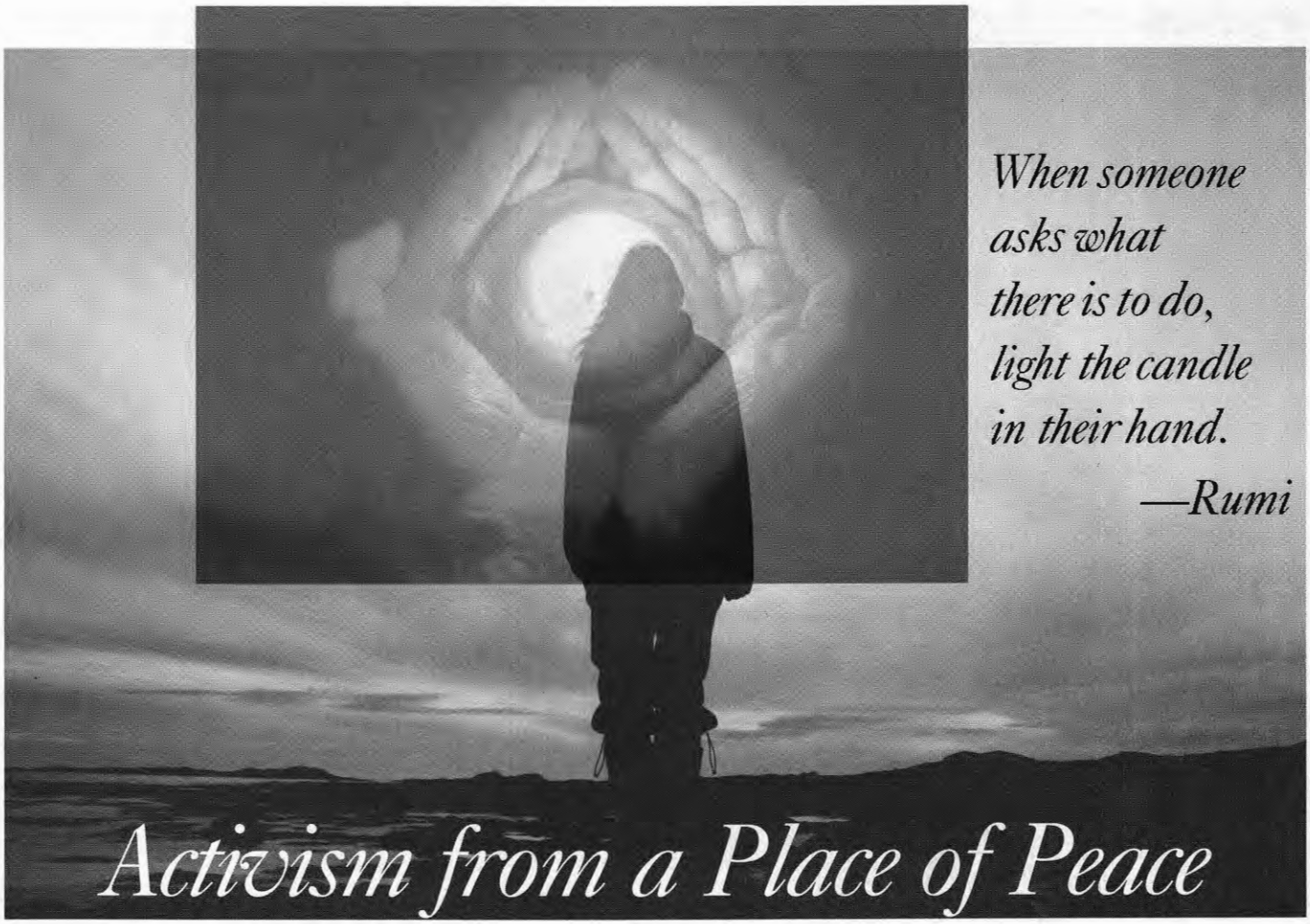
In swamp and bracken my birder friends
Seek fowls of song and flight.
How generous of my peregrine
To make our own backyard the site
Of urban nature's appetite.

And you, our friends, may drop in too.
No need for birch or pigeon.
We take our nourishment from Friends;
In fact that's our religion.

—John Harkins

Maryhelen Snyder lives in Vienna, Va.

John Harkins lives in Philadelphia, Pa.



Activism from a Place of Peace

by Tina Tau McMahon

There are two ways to be an activist: from a place of pain—anger, self-righteousness, blame, or despair—or from a place of love and delight. The latter has long eluded me. In fact, it seemed ridiculous. How could I work for peace or justice or environmental healing without being upset? Wasn't some kind of anger a prerequisite for doing the hard work, staying committed, and not giving up? And how could I look at what is happening in our nation, our forests, our planet without being horrified and furious, and periodically swallowed by grief?

Despair, however, did not actually make me that effective. It took a long time for me to see this. I would cry and cry, caught on the twigs of every instance of degradation or violence that I witnessed or heard about. One healer called me "the crying woman" after a Mexican mythological being who cried on behalf of the world. Another eventually asked me, "Have you always been this way?" Yes, I have. I thought my suffering made me one of the good guys. Even if I wasn't really doing much to stop the oncoming catastrophe, at least I could see it coming. At least I cared. At least I loved the planet, and sided with its pain.

I'm not saying this grieving didn't help me. It did. Crying made me feel better, and less hopeless, for little chunks of time. It kept me in touch with my longing to make a difference, to put my life in front of the train, to avert the global meltdown. It did not get me in front of the train, but it kept me from being armored against the news; it kept me from denial. It held me in the arms of my longing. It kept alive in me the questions: *What shall I do? Where is the point of greatest leverage for me in this crisis? Is this a stoppable train? Where do I stand—where do I lay my life down for what I love?*

To paraphrase Rainer Maria Rilke: If you live in the question long enough, eventually you may live your way into the answer. I leaned up against my grief and despair until I found a way through. I still feel a little embarrassed about claiming this way of peace that I have found. I recall how superior I felt to people who said they had "found it"—found The Way. I knew it couldn't be true: any path that claimed to have the answer had to be a limited one, had to exclude other truths and shrink from the immense, unnameable Mystery. A friend's bumper sticker says, "God is too big to fit into one religion," and I heartily agree. So how could my discovery not be a betrayal of my earlier, reasonable skepticism?

I have found something big enough, because it does not involve *believing* anything. It is, rather, a path of *inquiry*—of

Tina Tau McMahon is a member of Multnomah Meeting in Portland, Oregon. She is a founding member of the McKenzie River Gathering, a social change foundation in Oregon. For 25 years she has been on the board of Northwest Women's History Project. She has been a volunteer with American Friends Service Committee and served on staff at Pendle Hill, John Woolman School, and Hidden Hill Friends Center in Fairbanks, Alaska. Byron Katie's website is <www.thework.com>.

questioning what I believe—of examining the effects of what I think. Gradually, the belief systems that used to bind and hurt me are unraveling, dissolving—letting me go. I am growing swifter, more nimble at recognizing stressful thoughts as they come into my head and stick there. I write them down, question them, and emerge on the other side with the kinder flavor of reality in my mouth. Doing this simple, quiet process of inquiring—hundreds of times now, on various thoughts—has left me with energy, hope, commitment, and delight where I formerly felt despair. I still see the same degradation and impending challenges for humanity, and they no longer mean to me what they used to mean. An astonishing person named Byron Katie taught me this method of inquiry, which she calls "The Work."

Here's an example of an inquiry I did on a stressful thought that plagued me: *If I don't suffer, that means I don't care.* (Bear in mind that as I face these questions, I look for the answers somewhere deep in my body; it is a kind of listening meditation. You might say that I am letting my heart, not my mind, answer.)

1. Is that true?
Yes. It seems true.

2. Can you absolutely know that it's true?
No, I guess I can't really know that. I can think of times (for instance, with my children) when I care deeply about them but don't suffer, even when they are hurting.

3. How do you react when you believe that thought—that if you don't suffer it means you don't care?
I suffer! I cry on behalf of prisoners, soldiers, women, starving children, people with AIDS, Native peoples long dead, gorillas, my descendants, and so on. I feel paralyzed with grief. I can't figure out what to do because there is so much to care about. I eat compulsively. I turn off the radio whenever something too intense comes on, because I am tired of crying. I feel very tired, and usually have to take a nap in the afternoon. I tighten my shoulders and neck. I try to stay busy. I bustle around so that at least no one will catch me sitting still. I give money to Amnesty International because torture is the hardest issue for me; I cringe and am terrified at the thought of it, and I suffer. I identify with the victims of war, and feel righteous and justified at being angry at the oppressors. I take sides. I feel small and powerless and angry. I get comfort from being with people who agree with me, who agree that things are terrible and scary.

4. Who would you be without the thought?
Hmm. It's hard to imagine, but it seems that I would be a lot lighter. I'd be free to care about people without being in pain myself, and I might actually be able to help them more. I wouldn't feel so sad and small. It definitely feels better, a big relief.

5. Turn the thought around to its opposite.
I can care without suffering.

6. Does that seem as true or truer?
It seems a lot truer, actually.

7. Can you give some examples?
If I'm sitting with someone who is sick, I am a much better visitor if I am not suffering, and remain open, so they don't have to deal with my suffering as well as their own. I'm a better listener, too, to my children or friends or clients, when I'm not suffering. My own stuff doesn't get in the way, and I can be present to them.

8. So, Tina, is it true that if you don't suffer, it means you don't care?
No, I can see that it isn't true. I am of more use when I'm not suffering, in fact. That feels a lot better.

Byron Katie, who formulated this process, had an immense breakdown and awakening experience 20 years ago, and she says that when she awakened out of her own rage and depression, she "woke up as The Work." She saw that when she believed her thoughts about reality, she suffered, and when she didn't believe them, she was free. She now teaches The Work all over the world, and is almost always traveling—from Soweto, South Africa, to the Occupied Territories to Los Angeles to Amsterdam—wherever she is invited to come and offer this simple, radical method of opening up to the wisdom of life beyond beliefs.

There is something amazing about asking these questions and really listening inside for the answers. It can be tempting to shortcut and jump right to the turnaround, but "working" a thought and questioning it is what helps to dissolve it in a way that going right to the turnaround does not. If I believe, for instance, that the world is scary, then making an affirmation by trying to believe the opposite—the world is not scary—just does not have the power to convince me. The mind is too clever for that. Deep, open questioning can enable one to let go of a thought when an affirmation or turnaround would not.

So what does this process specifically offer to activists? What has it offered me as an activist and as someone committed to peace? It can offer activists a tremendous gift: the possibility of doing our work without dragging around our pain. Questioning thoughts such as, "I need my anger to motivate me"; "We're doomed"; "Those warmongers are so wrong"; and others like them can free us to move and help without discouragement and bitterness.

I see this as a process or an undertaking to commit to like any spiritual practice. I certainly have not questioned all my stressful thoughts yet. I've done The Work for a couple of years, almost every day, and I expect to continue doing it. After two years I notice that I have more energy, less desire to blame, less sense of victimization, less sense of superiority or inferiority, less need to be "right," more confidence, a greater capacity to listen without judging, more creativity, more humor, and more kindness. What a relief!

Two other important things have changed for me. First, I have more hope. This doesn't mean I think that things will turn out the way I want them to. I don't know how they will turn out. What is new is that I trust that what happens will be in the great hands of the Mystery and is not my business to manage. This enables me to keep going, to trust and engage without despair, and to do my little part.

And second, I feel big enough to endure pain. I have room for whatever pain people bring to me because I know the way through. I have touched the ground of benevolence, and that has given me the confidence to walk through the darkness with people who are shocked and confused by their pain. I know there is a way through, so their distress and mine no longer scare me. Together we will question what we think. It is as simple—and as vast—as that.

Being at peace, it turns out, does not leave me with less desire or energy to work for peace, but with more. I don't know if the train is stoppable; I no longer even know for sure that there is a train. But I do know where to stand: in the love of each person who faces me, and the planet that has brought us miraculously into being. I will follow, as Byron Katie says, the kindest thought that leads to action. ❑

WHAT ARE FRIENDS CALLED TO TODAY?

Challenging Certainty

by Scott Simon

I believe that Friends are called to reflect anew on our relationship with animals.
This concern dates back at least to John Woolman, who wrote, "Be careful that the love of gain draw us not into any business which may . . . bring unnecessary trouble to any of God's creatures." I expect that only decades from now, our routine use of animals for food, clothing, cosmetic, and even medical research will be seen as barbaric and unscientific. The more we learn about animals, the harder it is to accept the ways we have comfortably defined them as inferior creatures to be harvested for our use. Animals evince feelings and empathy; they can be self-sacrificing. We deny those traits in ourselves if we are closed to beholding them in animals.

I do not like the term animal rights; it seems to ask us to regard animals as the same as humans. But you do not have to believe that animals are equal to humans to believe that they are fellow passengers on the planet and entitled to fundamentally decent treatment. I do not think that vegetarianism, plastic shoes, and homeopathic treatments have to be the ultimate moral choices, yet I respect those who make them. I think that Friends can usefully reflect on the ways we can make the welfare of animals a guiding principle. It seems to be a natural progression from Friends' opposition to slavery.

Demeaning terms like legal and illegal should be left to the newspapers, and not carried into Friends communities.

I believe that Friends are called to be part of the spiritual family that includes and supports gay and transgendered people, and anyone with an orientation that may differ from a perceived majority.
Laws are changing; public attitudes are changing even more swiftly. But while these changes proceed, Quaker meetings have an important contribution to make as an association of people who already live in that light, and count themselves as blessed and enriched by such membership.

I understand that this worries some people who feel that such inclusiveness will lead to the sanctioning of any living arrangement—from those adults who want to cohabit with multiple partners (which sounds like an awful lot of work, but nothing that I consider worthy of prohibition or disdain), to those who are sexually attracted to children (which, call me hard-hearted, I am still glad to see outlawed). I do not believe that everyone who is opposed to same-sex marriages and families is a bigot, though some are. Some gay people are not enthusiastic about same-sex marriage—they consider it an imitation of a failed family model developed by straight people. I prefer to believe that those opposed to same-sex marriage are people who will eventually become reconciled, then tolerant, and, finally, guests at the wedding of a gay friend.

I believe Friends are called to welcome immigrants.
Demeaning terms like legal and illegal should be left to the newspapers, and not carried into Friends communities. In fact, I am sometimes not even comfortable with the term "immigrant," which seems to sanction a different identity for people who might come from opposite sides of an arbitrary border. I use it here only for clarity.

I am concerned that Friends have allowed pacifism to become politicized and predictable.
This can turn spiritual thinking into a political agenda, and come perilously close to adopting a creed. George Fox warned against that. So many Friends routinely say, "One man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter," without grasping how this rhetorical construction lumps together Nelson Mandela, the late John Garang of Somalia, and Palestinian kids who throw stones at Israeli soldiers, with a cold and deliberate mass murderer

Scott Simon hosts Weekend Edition–Saturday *on National Public Radio. His most recent book is* Pretty Birds, *a novel set during the siege of Sarajevo. He is a former member of Northside Meeting in Chicago, Ill., and Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.). He now irregularly attends Friends meetings in New York City (Morningside, Fifteenth Street) and other places. He is the author of two recent* FRIENDS JOURNAL *articles: "Reflections on the Events of September 11" (Dec. 2001) and "To* FRIENDS JOURNAL *Readers: A Response" (May 2003). He has been asked to speak about some of his dissonant ideas at various Quaker schools and forums, and he is grateful for the warmth, courtesy, and fellowship with which he has been received.*

like Abu Musab al-Zarqawi, or the people who blew up schoolchildren in Beslan as a supposed blow for freedom.

So many Friends who invoke the bromide, "You can only make peace with your enemies," will make more rationalizations for the behavior of vicious brutes like Taliban officials or Saddam Hussein than they will for the principled ideals of people like Sam Brownback, Pope John Paul II, Mother Teresa, and Hillary Clinton, who honor conscientious moral qualms about abortion. There is sometimes too much certainty among Friends on signature issues. This can be a sign of closed minds, as much as of stalwart convictions. It smacks of imposing a creed.

I think, for example, that the relationship many Friends have made for decades with environmentalism may now close them to hearing an increasing number of environmental thinkers, including James Lovelock, Patrick Moore, and Steward Brand, who have come to believe that nuclear power may be the safest and cleanest source of energy. The Earth must support six billion people without adding to global warming; this may be a few billion more than wind farms, solar panels, and bicycle power can practically support in the foreseeable future. Nuclear power may not turn out to be the best source of energy, but I don't believe that Friends should reflexively reject it because it challenges a 30-year-old assumption that nuclear energy will lead to nuclear weapons. Friends ask others to examine their basic beliefs, and Friends ought to be willing to do the same.

I believe Friends are called to regard the costs as well as the achievements of nonviolence.

This does not necessarily mean supporting armed force, which some Friends—myself included—have done in particular circumstances. The world has enough spokespeople for that view. It does not mean considering war to be moral. But I do think Friends should try to be lucid and honest about what nonviolence can and cannot achieve as they assert its importance.

Nonviolence has accomplished much over the past century, including, but not limited to: Gandhi's peaceful revolution in India (though this also cost millions of lives); the U.S. civil rights movement; the overturning of apartheid in South Africa (though the African National Congress was pointedly not pacifist); Corazon Aquino's defeat of the Marcos regime in the Philippines; and the toppling of tyrannical communist regimes in the former Soviet Union and eastern Europe (though we should recall that those regimes, with their vast prisons, secret police, and open repression of religion and dissidence, had many apologists among Friends, who became infatuated with their anti-imperialist bombast).

You do not have to believe that animals are equal to humans to believe that they are fellow passengers on the planet and entitled to fundamentally decent treatment.

On the other hand, I think that pacifism—its rhetoric sometimes borrowed by isolationists, ideologues, and bigots from Charles Lindbergh to Pat Buchanan—had no satisfying response to the genocide and mass murder in Bosnia and Kosovo, Rwanda, and Darfur, nor to the Holocaust, which was the defining event of the 20th century. Pacifists have been helpless in the face of too many crimes against humanity to assert that they have a practical alternative to bloodshed.

It was in covering the siege of Sarajevo that I encountered the flesh-and-blood cost of pacifism: it may allow the best people to die, while the worst ones prevail. I just do not see that leading to a better world, or even one in which pacifists can survive. Friends have often been sterling about pointing out the ways in which military action is cruel, misguided, murderous, wanton, witless, and wrong. Friends should be equally enterprising in confronting the ways in which pacifism can sometimes abet and rationalize cruelty, repression, and genocide.

I do not believe that Friends should be more patriotic.

Quite the contrary; it is important for the Religious Society of Friends to embody an identity beyond nationhood (my family and I rooted for France in the World Cup, and I wish that all nationalism were left at that level). But how many Friends in the U.S. realize that they often sound like partisans and apologists, if not patriots, for any regime that will thumb its nose at the United States? People who point out the moral senselessness of an assertion like, "We had to bomb the village to save it," may not realize they are slipping into the same kind of illogic by saying that Fidel Castro can be excused for jailing thousands of political prisoners to save his country from U.S. influence.

It is easy to be a Friend in the United States. If there is a Friend in prison for his or her beliefs, I do not know his or her name. And please don't tell me—because my sense of humor is not that good—that the U.S. criminal justice system is indistinguishable from North Korea's gulags because Leonard Peltier and Mumia Abu Jamal are in prison. That's not even comparing apples and oranges. It's closer to comparing a few mealy potatoes to the Irish Potato Famine.

Friends must seek to improve themselves and the world. But I do not share the view of many I hear in meeting who so casually assert that the guiding influences of U.S. culture are always racist, homophobic, and misogynist. To a remarkable degree, principles embodied by Quakers have been exposed to and accepted by millions of people in the United States. Quakers can speak truth to power in this country and wind up on *All Things Considered*, *Larry King Live*, or the best-seller list, not in prison. As U.S. Friends are called to new challenges, it is only reasonable—it gives us a sense of proportion—to be grateful that we are part of a society in which we are able to freely live by its principles and to have an impact. ❑

What Was Special about This Year's FGC Gathering

by Carrie Glasby

What an incredible week we had at the Friends General Conference Gathering! Sixteen hundred Friends gathered near Tacoma, Washington, for a week of worship, workshops, plenaries, and fellowship. There were many circumstances that made this Gathering feel special: views of Mt. Rainier, planting peace trees, the songs of stones clattering on musical bricks, and the leafy, pastoral feel of Pacific Lutheran University's urban campus. Nearly half of this year's Gathering attenders came from Western states!

But when I asked Traci Hjelt Sullivan, FGC's new conference coordinator, what was most special for her about this Gathering, she listed a few specifics and then said, "But the most special aspect was that it wasn't special. It was like every other Gathering I've attended: a week to step away from the world and recharge one's faith, an opportunity to surround oneself with Friends with similar yearnings and similar challenges, a concentrated time to explore and to express what it means to be a Friend."

Gabriel Ebri

I agree with Traci. I heard many stories of personal blessings at this Gathering. Many participants have tales of travel that transformed to pilgrimage, chance encounters that led to deep listening—such gifts of the Spirit flowed all week long. Most have stories of special experiences, of moments when the Light became a little clearer. These experiences make the Gathering special, and they happen every year.

Carrie Glasby, development manager for Friends General Conference, is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting.

Negative vs. Positive Rules

by Robert Renwick

Picture this scene:

I'm at Friends General Conference Junior Gathering, serving as support staff with kids entering third and fourth grades. Some members of my group are rioting. Our two coordinators are nowhere to be seen.

My group's cheerleader says she's had a yen to lead a protest. This is her golden opportunity. Perched in a cherry tree she screams, "What do we want?"

"Soccer!" her followers chant back. It turns out that one of the support staff from a neighboring Junior Gathering group had made off with our soccer ball, and the shouting children wanted it back.

A member of the group suggested going to his tent to get a replacement. "No," the coordinator said. "It's against the rules. We can't let you go off on your own during group time."

Actually, what had been stressed at our orientation was that children in our age group couldn't leave the group unless accompanied by one of the adult staff and at least one other child from the group. In retrospect, I realize that my creativity to come up with a solution had been inhibited by the negative terms in which the rule was presented. What if the rule had been expressed differently? "Children are allowed to leave the group if accompanied by a leader and at least one other child in the group." Possibly we'd have realized that the whole group could have gone to get the ball. Ironically, we discovered later that the tent in question was quite close to the soccer field.

When we processed the whole episode the following evening, I was able to admit that my leadership had been stifled, not just by the situation but by the way the rules had been framed. I aspire to be a leader, and person, who accentuates the positive, and uses rules to benefit rather than oppress those for whom they're meant.

Robert Renwick is a member of Morningside Meeting in New York, N.Y.

Gathering Light

by Nancy E. James

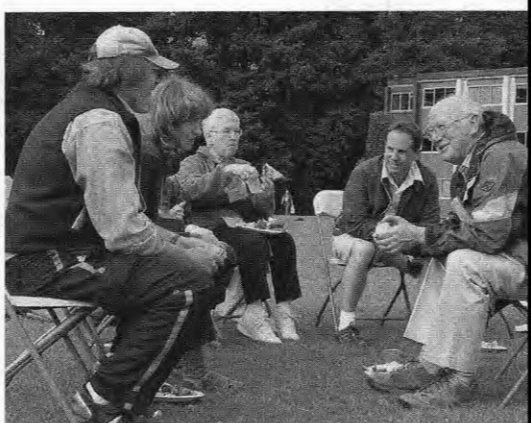
Today you are something similar to a beachcomber. You are a "lightcomber."

So began the instructions for Monday's Game of the Day in Julian and Mary Rose O'Reilley's workshop, "Living the Prayer of Improvisation," at the 2006 Gathering. Until 9 AM Tuesday, we were to "look for Light and only for Light, no matter what name it may come under."

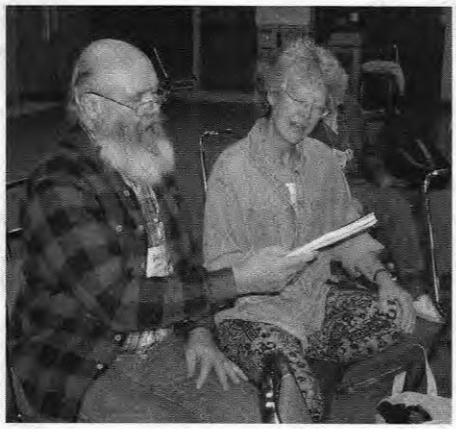
I went Lightcombing in the Sparkling Lemonade Art Gallery, recalling a statement my watercolor teacher made back home: "All an artist paints is light—not objects, but the fall of light upon them." I gazed on bold red and gold amid black and royal blue in a collage by Caroline Wildflower; on lavender, rose, ochre, and blue-gray behind silhouetted rocks in Chris Willard's photo "Rialto Beach Sunset"; on the salmon-pink color in a little girl's dress and in the border of her white parasol echoing the cherry blossoms in Cynthia E. Kerman's "Japanese Garden."

"Even shadows gather light," I once wrote in a poem inspired by my teacher's comment. In the gallery, I "combed" for the light breaking through windows of abandoned houses in photographs from the senior thesis of Emily Richardson, who died in an auto accident at age 23; in a post-9/11 stoneware sculpture by Gyllian Davies entitled "After . . . ," in which five bone-white angels holding golden boxes ride a boat across a block of charred wood; in the bright yellow behind a red-streaked, dark green bud in Paula Draper's mixed media "Iraqi Spring," the square acrylic painting draped in sheer black net.

Here are a few names by which Light is



Sarah Richardson



Sarah Richardson

sometimes identified: gentleness, innocence, goodwill, lightheartedness, kindliness, joy.

That evening, the international folk dance series featured "Dances of Universal Peace." In one dance, we moved in a circle, holding our clasped hands high—imagining the candles we would hold if we were doing this dance in Armenia. In another Light-filled dance, we each faced one other person, joined hands as partners, and circled left, then right, as everyone sang, "All I ask of you is forever to remember me as loving you." Then, with arms held high, we twirled and moved to a new partner, singing Aramaic words with the same meaning. The pattern repeated until each of us had danced with, and sung to, everyone else.

For one day, you are not interested in guilt, grievances, conflict, fear, or judgments.

Of course, I understood that the O'Reilleys' game was not about literal light in art, nor virtual light in imagined candles. Between my visit to the gallery and joining the dance, I had other occasions to comb for spiritual Light. Through phone calls, a certain local cause for concern had followed me and a few others of my meeting to the Gathering. We held hurried conversations about the problem.

You do not attack the evidences of darkness.

To do that is to collect darkness. You will merely overlook them as you would overlook seaweed if your purpose was to find shells.

The Game of the Day helped me to direct my gaze away from dark patches in the situation and to envision, instead, Light falling upon everyone involved. The artist paints not only sunlight but also the light that sifts through shadows and illuminates the reality that the shadows touch. Light-combing works.

Nancy E. James is a member of Pittsburgh (Pa.) Meeting.

Gabriel Ehri

Quaker Peace Tree

by Nancy E. James

A living witness
that we pray will outlive the occasion of war
Planted by Friends General Conference
Gathering of Friends July 2006

On First Day
a fledgling Pacific Red Cedar
stands newly set in soil.
A trough circling its base
awaits the ceremony of spades
to complete the planting.

Worshipers tread silently
from meeting to lawn.
Some bring water, carried
from their own ponds and brooks.

Beside the tree a dove-gray pole,
painted with green leaves, white flowers—
a totem lent by its artist.

On Third Day
news of missiles—a vigil.
Poster on pole testifies,
"We envision a world in which weapons
will have no place
but in museums' dusty shelves."

Richard Regen

On Fourth Day
a flock of paper cranes,
diverse in size and color,
rests in the cedar's branches.
Later, the birds have flown
but a tub of water floats
bits of straw, flecks of dust,
plastic cups for hands to dip and pour.

On Sixth Day
the tree stands solitary—
at a distance, two full-grown cedars
side by side as though watchful parents.
Plaque on commemorative stone
prays that the young tree will stand

when training planes from nearby base
no longer pass darkly overhead,
troubling the blue Northwestern sky.

Photo: Richard Regen
Drawing: Nancy E. James

Richard Regen

Traveling with the Friends Directory

by Sandy and Tom Farley

We planned our drive from California to the 2006 FGC Gathering carefully, arranging to meet our daughter and son-in-law at the Portland, Oregon, airport. We returned them there after the Gathering and then asked ourselves, "Do we really want to rise early and drive all 675 miles home tomorrow? Could we take two days and see central Oregon rather than the Willamette and Rogue Valleys again from I-5?"

In our new *Directory for Traveling Friends* we found the name of Mel Ivey who lives near Klamath Falls, Oregon. The directory said that he had animals—no problem for us—and that he was a member of Klamath Falls Friends Church of Evangelical Friends International. We've had positive experiences meeting evangelical Friends at Gatherings, through Friends World Committee for Consultation, and the Internet, so we called. Yes, a bed and breakfast was available. Mel sounded friendly and gave us good directions.

Sarah Richardson

The next morning we drove leisurely along the Columbia River gorge to The Dalles before turning south to explore the eastern slope of the Cascades. The road was not an interstate so we traveled a bit slower, lunching on nuts, biscotti, and lemonade we had with us. We took a side trip up to Crater Lake: snow, snow, more snow, and a deep blue lake. After dinner in Klamath Falls, we followed Mel's directions to his house in Merrill.

Several hours of pleasant conversation ensued as our mutual love of history, gardens, and care for animals led us to many shared stories. You couldn't buy such accommodations! Horses, cat, dog, and fruit trees live peacefully together on the bank of the Lost River, beyond which we saw fields of grain with Mt. Shasta as a backdrop.

On First Day morning we joined Mel at Klamath Falls Friends Church (check its website at <www.kffriends.org>) for programmed worship on the theme of "letting go." With benches arranged in a hollow diamond shape with a candle, Bible, and river stones in the center, it could have been a Hicksite meeting room. The pastor shared leadership with two other women. We remembered one of the four songs they sang from the World Gathering of Young Friends website and joined in confidently. There was a period of extended silence before as well as twice during the service, one of unbroken contemplation and one moving into worship sharing. Children stayed for the whole hour. This felt much like the semiprogrammed family worship our meeting sometimes has on fifth First Days.

As we left, Friends were eating bagels and getting ready for meeting for business. We felt warmly welcomed. It was a worship experience we would not have had but for Mel Ivey deciding that a *Directory for Traveling Friends* listing might bring interesting visitors. He came to central California later in the summer and arranged through the *Directory* to stay with Friends we know, who were delighted by his visit. The world gets smaller if we take time to share time with one another.

Are you listed in the *Directory*? We are, though we don't have a spare bedroom at the moment. Still we've had good experiences hosting Friends on our couch.

Sandy and Tom Farley are members of Palo Alto (Calif.) Meeting.

Richard Regen

Laurence Sigmond

Grounded in the Calling

by Pamela Haines

When I lead the morning program of Junior Gathering, I am anchored by our staff's early morning meeting for worship. One reason I find that time together so powerful is that there is such a sense of common work. We are gathered to be grounded, to ready ourselves for service in the hours ahead. We are centering, opening, filling up—not for individual refreshment, but because there is work for us to do. This year at the Gathering, the prayer in my heart each day was that I might be a blessing to the children.

When I mentioned this experience to a friend, she said, "Isn't that what any monthly meeting's worship should be like? We all know each other's calling, we gather together to wait and listen, preparing ourselves to be sent out to follow that call." This is a very different perspective on meeting for worship than what I think is, unfortunately, too common: scattered individuals being drawn toward a bit of peace and centered time after their separate busy weeks. I'm grateful to the Junior Gathering for the opportunity to expetience meeting for worship in this focused and powerful way.

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

Richard

Labels

by La Verne Shelton

Received in Meeting for Worship with Attention to Racial Healing

That label that comes to mind,
When first I encounter you—
"Vain son of a banker"
"Lighted-headed New Ager"
"Smug and complacent grandfather"—
Colors our encounter,
May throw me into a loop around Mars.

What are you? What am I?
Blessed or cursed by position,
Thwarted by privilege,
Enhanced by chains,
I am rebellious of any categorization.
Yet conformity to normity
Stinks of milk gone sour
On its own sweetness and light.

Great Spirit is among us—
With me and thee, as our labels bump
Upon, within, and without our minds and hearts.
We find paradox—
That the labels can occlude
The divine love that connects us one to another.
But, encounters without labels, like players without roles,
Wander in empty improvisation.
Work of Spirit cries out for diverse hands:
Here an artist, there an accountant,
There a teacher.
Here a green and growing curiosity.
There an impetuousness or grievance that starts a process,
Here the plodding and attention that carries it forward,
Elsewhere the energy and understanding
That guides it to completion.
Labels, as arrows, can direct,
Without resemblance to referents.
When labels bump, one against the other,
That conflict can be prelude to divine mystery—
Or an etude of Hell.
They also serve as steps on the ladder of connection.
And, labels, as useful hand- and footholds,
May be discarded once they serve as openings for the climb.

Existence taken for its absence,
Metaphor confounded with revelation,
Or labels proudly dressed in fabrication
May clarify truth,
As stars are most visible in the darkest of heavens.
Let us display our signs at every motion,
That we may see the falseness!
And, when our perspectives are discovered to confound reality,
Self and god-self,
Juxtaposed,
Are enflamed by each other.
And universal love tossed forth,
From that crucible of combustion.

La Verne Shelton serves as philosopher, teacher, and musician in Madison (Wis.) Meeting and in her work community at Yahara House, a clubhouse for people with severe and persistent mental illness; and as a community organizer in and around Madison. A version of this poem was received in Meeting for Worship with Attention to Racial Healing through La Verne Shelton. It has been revised for publication.

Sarah Richardson

Laurence Sigmond

Gabriel Ehri

The Quaker road is not for those who would sit quietly on their benches. On some days it means we hold up mirrors that reflect truths about ourselves that are difficult to accept. On others, it means we struggle with the complexities of layered issues and the added burden—and gift—of discernment. On still others, particularly when we're bearing witness in Jerusalem or Baghdad or Darfur, it means that we can be called upon to make what has been viewed as the ultimate sacrifice.

This month our reviewers are drawn from the ranks of those who do a lot of the heavy lifting for us. Few of them say what we want to hear. Ron Mock tells us that our fuzzy pacifism no longer works. Marty Grundy reminds us that the Religious Society of Friends is, simply by definition of the word "religious," an organization of those who believe in God. J. Brent Bill lets us know whose side God is on. Lloyd Lee Wilson helps us weigh the strengths of a meeting. Elizabeth Boardman explains why we can't keep revving our fax machines and wait for the next election to get rid of George W. Bush. Susan Jeffers cautions us about throwing the Biblical baby out with the bathwater. Cynthia Jones urges us to re-examine the power of a Spirit-led process. Max L. Carter finds wisdom in the everyday. And, when spiritual questions are raised, Kirsten Backstrom wonders if we should be seeking definite answers. "When dealing with the meaning of our lives and deaths," she writes, "many of the best 'answers' involve an openness to the questioning process itself, a willingness to experience the limits of what we can know, [and] a sense of awe at the mystery beyond our certainties."

I am humbled by the wisdom of these Friends. They do not all offer a comfortable view of the world, but they speak to my condition.

I am grateful for their service.

—Ellen Michaud, book review editor

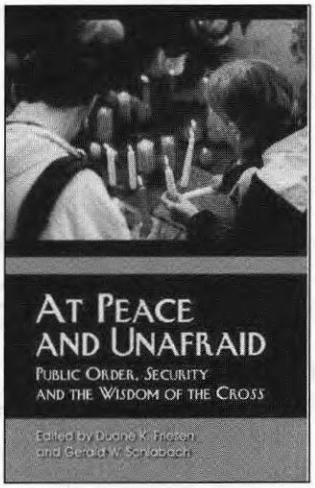
At Peace and Unafraid: Public Order, Security, and the Wisdom of the Cross

Edited by Duane K. Friesen and Gerald Schlabach. Herald Press, 2005. 456 pages. $19.99/softcover.

Modern life is ratcheting up the pressure on Christian pacifists. The global spread of democracy and terrorism has left us no place to hide.

Pacifism evaporated from official Christian doctrine as a result of the dilemma we can imagine Roman emperor Constantine faced when he converted—how to love his enemies (and thus, obviously, not kill them) and his neighbors (whose safety was his responsibility).

Theologians developed "just war" doctrines in response to Constantine's dilemma, relegating pacifism to the margins in Christian life. Quakers' attempt in colonial Pennsylvania to revive pacifism as a foundation for public order petered out during the American Revolution.



Since Constantine, Christian pacifism has hidden behind one of two skirts. Pacifists flourish among separatist groups who avoid participation in politics and government, leaving to unbelievers the dirty work of fighting crime, suppressing terrorism, and defending the nation. Others, including many Quakers, join in governing but permit their pacifism to go a little fuzzy when it comes to the coercive aspects of police work or international collective security (e.g., United Nations peacekeeping missions).

But neither separatism nor fuzzy pacifism works anymore. Democracy gives everyone a voice in government, so not participating is just shirking. And global terrorism means we no longer have the luxury of irresponsibility. We are all on the front lines, so we desperately need clearer insights all the way to the bottom of Constantine's dilemma, and practical means of putting those insights into effect.

The Mennonites take this task seriously, now that their separatist walls have tumbled. They experiment with active, effective nonviolence, including Christian Peacemaker Teams. And they are building the leading network of serious Christian peace scholarship, with their flagship at Eastern Mennonite University. After 9/11, they brought their practitioners and scholars together to push the boundaries of our understanding about peaceable public order. We can see how far they have gotten in *At Peace and Unafraid: Public Order, Security, and the Wisdom of the Cross.*

Edited by Duane K. Friesen and Gerald Schlabach, *At Peace and Unafraid* presents 21 essays on a wide range of topics connected to Constantine's dilemma. The result is neither systematic nor comprehensive, but it is a rich stew of theology and practice. Among the practitioners' contributions, six stand out:

Alfred Neufeld's reflections on Paraguay, where Mennonites find themselves entering prominent governmental positions as democracy takes root there.

Judith Gardiner's description of her involvement in politics as a member of a local borough council in London, England.

Paulus Widjaja's account of challenges in peacemaking among Christians and Moslems in Indonesia.

Alain Epp Weaver's too-brief study of nonviolence in the Palestinian-Israeli conflict.

Alix Lozano's report on Mennonite peacemaking in Colombia, highlighting how a "weak church" sustains a wide variety of projects that have distinct practical effects.

Jeff Gingerich's reflections on his efforts to transform a culture of violence among New Orleans' police by training them in peacemaking.

Schlabach follows Gingerich with a proposal to replace current police and military with "just policing, and just just policing." Schlabach envisions a world in which community-based law enforcement, with an emphasis on restorative justice and proactive social ministry to communities on the margins, would reduce the number of marginalized people willing to operate outside the law. Schlabach believes something similar is also possible at the international level, so the traditional military mindset of "just war" national defense could give way to an international version of domestic "just policing." Schlabach's vision is not entirely convincing yet, but the way to speed its evolution into something workable is to put him into dialog with people doing the work on the streets, as the Mennonites have done here.

Elsewhere, Lisa Schirch and J. Daryl Byler describe ten "Effective and Faithful Security Strategies." Several are promising, especially providing universal training in peacebuilding, including civilian-based defense. Others are more problematic, such as shifting our approach to terrorism from a warfare model to a law enforcement approach—which leads us directly back into Constantine's dilemma.

The meatiest visionary piece is Friesen's. Friesen steps into a pothole, repeating tired shibboleths of those who assume peacemaking is a leftist project: America is the Beast from the Book of Revelations, "one of the greatest threats to human life and dignity" in history; and globalization, and by extension the market, are its handmaidens. This regrettable diversion obscures the strengths in Friesen's message, and reinforces the ghettoization of peacemaking among those to the left of Howard Dean.

But the heart of Friesen's argument deserves our full attention. Security is central to Biblical shalom, where "everyone will sit under their own vine and fig tree, and no one will make them afraid." (Micah 4:4) We need to replace our culture's faith in violence with recognition that true security embraces an

"ethic of risk," in which no one country or group is in a position to dominate others. There is much more in this essay, leading to another impressive list of practical strategies for transforming security policy. But, again, it is partly based on a law enforcement approach to terrorism.

So Constantine's dilemma persists. We have not found our way through this tangle between our commitments to love our enemies and our neighbors. *At Peace and Unafraid* does some important clearing of the brush, and points in promising directions. But it leaves us standing on the threshold of a breakthrough. The authors give us many tools, but we still don't know which, if any, will clear the path.

—Ron Mock

Ron Mock, a member of Newberg Friends Church in Oregon, teaches political science and peace studies at George Fox University. He was a member of the International Quaker Working Party on the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict, which published its report as When the Rain Returns: Toward Justice and Reconciliation in Israel and Palestine. *He is also the author of* Loving Without Giving In: Christian Responses to Terrorism and Tyranny, *which recommends a law enforcement approach to terrorism.*

Godless for God's Sake: Nontheism in Contemporary Quakerism, by 27 Quaker nontheists

Edited by David Boulton. Dales Historical Monographs, 2006. 146 pages. $18.50/softcover.

This series of essays purports to prove that there are significantly large numbers of people who identify as Quakers who do not believe in any supernatural deity. They hope that the response of the Religious Society of Friends will range from openly welcoming such interesting diversity to dropping its unnecessary attachment to the superstitious, outmoded concept of "God."

As evidenced by their more nuanced self-definitions, 19 of the 27 contributors to this book would not be happy with the label "nontheist" applied in the book's title. But the title sets the editor's tone. It is taken from Meister Eckhart: "Man's last and highest parting occurs when, for God's sake, he takes leave of God"; and editor David Boulton cites a modern interpreter, Raymond Bernard Blakney, to suggest that Eckhart was keen to distinguish between what we might wish to be true and what we find to be true experimentally. What Eckhart demands is equivalent to what pure science demands of the laboratory investigator. He means to say that the price of truth is self-denial in things spiritual, as well as in things material and intellectual.

To think this means that the methods of science should be applied to God is a misinterpretation. Eckhart, and the Rhineland mystics in general, were engaged in the *via negativa*. They knew that God, transcendent and imminent, was too great, too mysterious to capture in human words and concepts. Eckhart was warning against making idols of our perceptions of the nature of God. He was not saying the best thing is to discard God, but rather to lay aside our fondest ideas, definitions, and expectations about God, to step into the void and in the unknowing find the Presence. Stir into this misunderstanding of Eckhart the misuse of science-as-Truth when investigating spirituality, and there is a heady stew that makes logical sense only if you accept without question its basic assumptions.

So perhaps the most useful review of a book that wants to change the fundamental basis and understanding of the Religious Society of Friends is to examine the assumptions underlying the book and compare them with Friends' faith. They are vastly different.

First, let's look at Friends' tradition, that more than any other, rests for its knowledge and ongoing guidance on faith/trust in the experiential availability of the Living God, within a Biblical framework of interpretation. The message of early Friends was not the cliché "that of God in everyone"—a quotation often torn out of context. Their message was more accurately stated as "Christ is come to teach his people himself." It was realized eschatology; it experienced "the power of the Lord is over all" and "the Lord did gather us up as in a net." Individual Friends for generations experienced the pain and glory of taking up the Cross daily, of submission, surrender: "not my will but thine be done." They lived into the experience of knowing Jesus, who said "you are my friends if you follow my commands." It was the experience of the inward availability of Christ, enhanced and felt in community, that drew Friends together. The hallmarks of the group became its structures of worship in expectant waiting, church governance based on corporate discernment, and the expectation that the outward life of every Friend would witness to what the group had learned from Christ about living daily as if in God's kingdom.

Several assumptions underlie the book, all of which presuppose that theism is a fallacy. First is the assumption that only that which can be apprehended through the senses or deduced with logic and reason is real. But different phenomena have separate ways of perceiving and "knowing" them. To subject everything to scientism begs the question of whether there are realities knowable in other ways. Second is the assumption that only what is inside one's own head or experience is real. Allowing that solipsism is correct closes the discussion before it begins. Third, they assume that only that which can be comprehended by human intellect is real, and that the best value humans can imagine is the ultimate measure of truth. This dismisses by fiat the early Quaker understanding of ultimate Truth.

Many contributors claim "experience" as the major tenet of Quakerism and offer it as proof that there is no God. George Fox's statement, "this I knew experimentally" does not make experiment an indispensable factor of Quakerism; it is the means to the end. The end Fox proclaimed was "there is one even Christ Jesus that can speak to thy condition." It is curious and sad that when contributors have had a "unitive" or mystical experience, apparently they have chosen to explain it away as something caused by nature, or a welling up of the collective unconscious. "God" for them is a figment of human imagination, and a sorry one at that, causing most of the evil they recount throughout history. Repeatedly they insist that experience is their only measure of truth. But they have deliberately chosen to emasculate their own experience and to misinterpret that of others. The experience of the Presence of God is real. Once you have tasted it, you know it. It cannot be measured by science, but that does not make it unreal.

Does this book prove the difficult negative that God does not exist? No. Does it prove that the contributors' varying interpretations of nontheistic humanism belong in the Religious Society of Friends? No. Ignorance of, or misuse or misappropriation of language, image, and metaphor does not change the reality of the matrix within which these symbols are embedded, and toward which they point. It is peculiar that a group of nontheist individuals should insist on grafting their theology onto another (Quaker) tradition.

None of these writers speak of inner struggles, of transformation, or even of joy. Sin, and therefore forgiveness and grace, are banished. They are defiantly or wistfully lonely but proud that they are superior to those of us deluded by superstition and the "lies" perpetrated by religion.

Ironically, they consider themselves religious. Several of them deconstruct the word's etymology to prove religion has nothing to do with a supernatural omnipotent deity. Even the *Oxford English Dictionary* dismisses this intellectual game based on "its supposed etymological meaning." Religion is an institutionalization of what binds us together with God. Over and over the contributors offer their stories as seekers making the conscious

choice to remain in rationalism or scientism. They come among Friends and enjoy the silence, peace activities, and community. Nobody challenges their lack of belief, no one offers a deep understanding or explanation of Friends' tradition. So they begin to assume they are Quakers. They teiterate that to be a Quaker it only matters what you do, not what you think or believe. They appear ignorant of the place from which "what Quakers do" arises.

And their stories raise questions: have we unprogrammed Friends been so sloppy in our membership procedures that, for many years, we have taken no care to assure that we are, in fact, a community of like minds and searches? Have we been so overeager for numbers and so needy to feel ourselves tolerant that we gather in anyone who can find no home elsewhere, and then invite them to redefine us in their own image?

Meetings too often have become socially and politically homogenous assemblages, forgetting or never knowing that what created the foundations of the structure and outward traditions that they currently enjoy (i.e. silence, community, and social action) were forged in the experiences of "primitive Christianity revived." Early Friends knew Christ and that is how our Religious Society got what is most precious about it. Let's reclaim its power and experiential Truth.

—Marty Grundy

Martha Paxson Grundy is a member of Cleveland (Ohio) Meeting and author of Resistance and Obedience to God: Memoirs of David Ferris, 1707–1779.

Signs of Salvation: New Life Where Grace and Truth Meet

By Ben Richmond. Friends United Press, 2005. 253 pages. $20/softcover.

"Salvation comes at the intersection of grace and truth, where God saves us from our enemies and all sorts of evil, not least of which is the evil within ourselves."

So begins Ben Richmond's "biblical meditation" (his words) on the nature and meaning of salvation. He takes readers on a wide-ranging trip to look at this intersection—from the Garden of Eden to the New Jerusalem and many points in between. It's a lot to cover (these topics took theologian Karl Barth and his colleagues 14 volumes!) and a valiant effort, and in the end unsatisfying.

The idea of salvation is one that takes center stage in much religious discourse today—mostly in the form of who's saved and who's not; who's in and who's out, whose side is God on and whose side is God definitely not on. We hear this in the media and in political and pulpit pronouncements. And we hear it in books.

In many ways, this book feels more like an attempt to answer Friends Phil Gulley and Jim Mulholland's "grace" books (*If Grace is True* and *If God is Love*), which posit that "God will save every person" than it does staking out some new or reclaiming some old theological ground. Like *If Grace Is True* and *If God is Love, Signs of Salvation* is thoughtful and thought provoking. Unlike them, it is not easy to read. Also setting them apart (apart from their obvious theological difference) is the extensive use of biblical passages in *Signs of Salvation*. There's barely a page after chapter one that doesn't have at least two Scripture passages on it. And that's part of its problem. Where I criticized Gulley and Mulholland for relying too much on their experience and not enough on theology and Bible, Richmond has so much Bible that you lose him and his experience.

Signs of Salvation is most engaging in the opening, when Richmond tells his story and explains why the topic is so important to him. Then he disappears. The book ends up feeling like a whole lot of sermon notes that preach but don't invite the reader into any engagement or struggle with the text. He doesn't show us how his life experiences with these truths brought him to the place he stands today. "Here are the answers," Richmond seems to say, "Don't worry about the questions."

That's too bad, because Evangelical Quakerism is certainly rooted in both historical Christian tradition and much of early Friends understanding. It deserves a robust elucidation. Unfortunately, *Signs of Salvation* is not it.

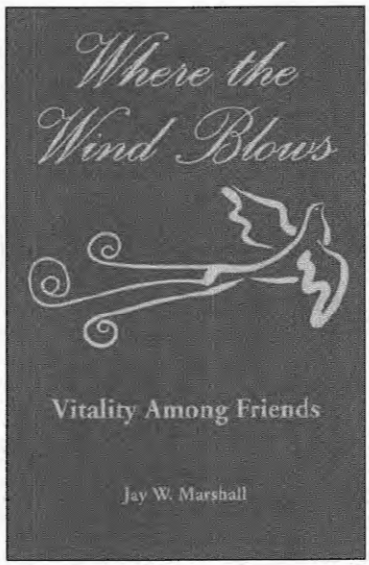
—J. Brent Bill

J. Brent Bill serves as executive vice president of the Indianapolis Center for Congregations and attends Plainfield (Ind.) Meeting. He is the author of Mind the Light *and* Holy Silence.

Where the Wind Blows: Vitality Among Friends

By Jay W. Marshall. Earlham School of Religion Publications, 2005. 169 pages. $11.95/softcover.

In 1999, Earlham School of Religion (ESR) published its report on a national consultation investigating "the condition of Quakers in the U.S. today." *Among Friends* presented the results of what its foreword called "the most comprehensive look at Quakers in the United States ever conducted," but the report was criticized in some quarters for over-emphasizing weaknesses and problems



among Friends rather than strengths and opportunities. In *Where the Wind Blows,* Jay Marshall (dean of ESR) has set out to correct the imbalance.

In contrast to the national, all-inclusive intent of the earlier study, Marshall reports here on a much more narrowly focused group of meetings and Friends churches, all of which are spiritually vital and in most cases showing strong growth. Nine Friends groups are discussed one by one, with a narrative description of each followed by a report on "Visible Vitality" (worship, outreach, ministry) and "Invisible Support" (spiritual foundations, vision and business procedures, community life). The final section for each group is Marshall's conclusions about "Lessons on Vitality" exemplified by that group.

Marshall's writing is clear and accessible, and he clearly has a high regard for each of these quite different Friends' groups. It is easy to see, through his words, why each of these Quaker groups would be attractive to newcomers and seasoned Friends alike. His "Lessons on Vitality" in each section and "Concluding Observations" at the end of the book point the reader toward characteristics and practices that seem to accompany vital, strong Friends meetings and churches, and leave one wondering just how to apply these lessons to one's own meeting. That seems exactly right.

—Lloyd Lee Wilson

Lloyd Lee Wilson is a recorded minister and member of Rich Square Meeting in Woodland, N.C. He is the author of Essays on the Quaker Vision of Gospel Order.

The Difference a Day Makes: 365 Ways to Change Your World in Just 24 Hours

By Karen M. Jones. New World Library, 2005. 256 pages. $12.95/softcover.

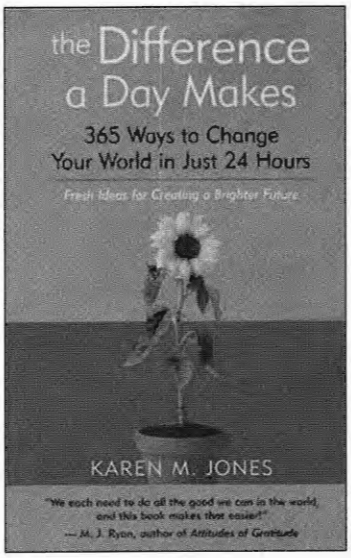
People around the globe are so needy that even though most Quakers are engaged in long-term service obligations, we still wish we could somehow find the time to do more. But what can we do that's meaningful in a day found here and there?

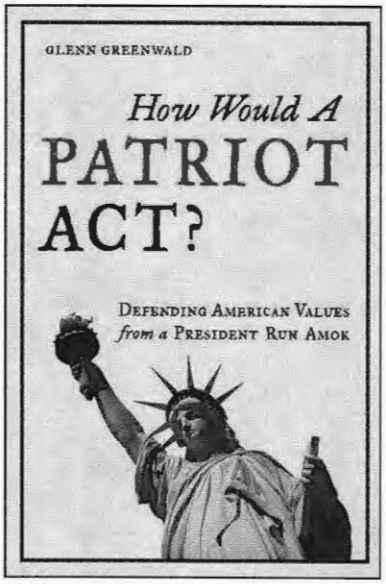
A lot. And in this book, Karen Jones, a writer who specializes in finding practical strategies for socially conscious living, gives us 365 of them. In a single day, for example, we can collect our offices' used PC ink cattridges and send them to Recycling for the Poor, drop by a sick colleague's home with popcorn and some comedy DVDs, put together a care box for a local shelter, wield a brush at a Habitat for Humanity build, or help a First-day School collect gently used children's books and send them to BookEnds, a California program that recycles them to schools and children's shelters.

Karen's practical strategies are grouped into 16 chapters that focus on such Friendly areas of concern as peace, money, health, nature, consumerism, elders, international relations, food, and communities. Almost any one of Karen's strategies could be used either by an individual with a free afternoon, a family with a rainy Saturday, or an entire First-day school class looking for a service project to highlight the week's lesson.

—Ellen Michaud

Ellen Michaud is a member of South Starksboro (Vt.) Meeting.





How Would a Patriot Act? Defending American Values from a President Run Amok

By Glenn Greenwald. Working Assets, 2006. 128 pages. $12/softcover.

It has finally come clear to me that President George W. Bush should and could be impeached. This clarity comes from the new book *How Would a Patriot Act?*

This is the Working Assets book released May 15, with something like 100,000 copies already pre-sold. People already knew about author Glenn Greenwald from his blog, *Unclaimed Territory*. He is a constitutional lawyer who identifies with neither Republicans nor Democrats. He writes not as an advocate, but as an analyst.

What Greenwald discusses in clear and accessible terms in this short paperback is how our President has unapologetically broken laws and begun to undermine the most important tenets of the Constitution of the United States of America.

With the support of a "monarchist" group of lawyers in the Department of Justice, especially one John Yoo, Bush and his associates claim that the President is "above the law." They claim that the President has the right, in war time or peace time, to imprison U.S. citizens on U.S. soil without any charge, without due process, without access to a lawyer, for years at a time. When challenged on this behavior, Bush and associates have evaded the issues and dropped the cases, thus indicating the dubiousness of the imprisonments in the first place.

The administration has been able to get away with this behavior by putting the U.S. public into a state of almost abject fear, start-

ing on September 11, 2001. Greenwald describes clearly how our Founding Fathers anticipated that this unscrupulous fanning of public fears would be likely to happen, and how they established a check and balance system (which the Bush administration is now defying) to prevent disastrous consequences. Only a king, a despot, or a tyrant is "above the law," they insist. In a constitutional democracy, "the Law is King," said Thomas Paine in *Common Sense* (1776). We cannot abide a President who will not adhere to this foundational truth.

Greenwald avoids the temptation to address many related issues in his book. He keeps it simple, despite the complex legal issues. If you decide to read the book, pass it on afterwards, and urge that it keep moving from person to person.

We need to understand what is happening here. We need to take a stand.

—Elizabeth Boardman

Activist and writer Elizabeth Boardman is a member of San Francisco (Calif.) Meeting.

Romans

By John E. Toews. Believers Church Bible Commentary Series. Herald Press, 2004. 464 pages. $24.99/softcover.

The biblical book of Romans has long been a cornerstone of Christian doctrine, so much so that one might forget that it is actually written in the form of a letter from an individual to a particular community with a discernible social context in mind.

Many new books have been published in recent years that explore Paul's socio-cultural world and that tie Romans and his other letters to their real-life situation, particularly contrasting Paul's theology with the worldview or theology of the Roman Empire. This commentary, on the other hand, stays almost exclusively with literary evidence, virtually ignoring the larger "world outside the text."

John Toews' purpose is to apply a "new paradigm on Paul," to the reading of Romans. This new paradigm has come into scholarly discussion in the past 25 years, and breaks with previous understandings of Paul in place since the Protestant Reformation. Previously, Paul's theology was understood to oppose Judaism; now Paul's goal is taken to be the inclusion of Gentiles among the people of God, alongside Jews. Previously, Paul was thought to promote Christian "grace righteousness" vs. Jewish "works righteousness"; now, Jewish teaching is seen as salvation by election or grace, with works (obedience to the Law) as a way to maintain salvation, not earn it. Previously, Romans was considered primarily a theological explanation of Paul's ideas about humanity's salvation "by grace through faith"; now, the book of Romans is seen primarily as a pastoral letter, responding to particular issues with the Roman house churches.

John Toews is certainly not the only scholar to promote this new paradigm. And, as any good commentary would, this one goes through the book of Romans passage by passage, explaining key issues and providing a summary of scholarly opinion, along with a topical essays section at the back of the book. Two distinctives of this commentary series, however, particularly commend it to Friends.

First, for each portion of Romans in turn, following an outline, explanatory notes, and comments, Toews provides a short section called "Text in Biblical Context," particularly valuable for those of us who do not know the Bible backwards and forwards. Here Toews offers narrative about and references to other places in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, familiarity with which expands one's understanding of the particular Romans passage under discussion. For example, Romans 5:12-21 compares Adam, through whom sin and death entered the world, with Jesus Christ, through whom came grace and life (a very important concept to George Fox and other early Friends). The "Text in Biblical Context" section for this passage discusses the Adam-Christ comparison in its only other occurrence in the Christian Scriptures, in 1 Corinthians 15, in that passage's own literary, pastoral, and theological context.

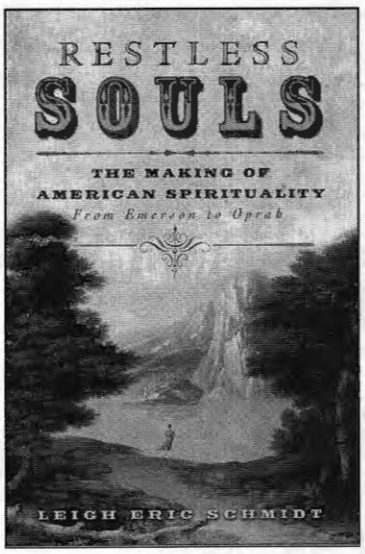
Second, each portion of Romans gets its own "Text in the Life of the Church" treatment, describing various ways the particular passage has functioned in Christian history in general, in Protestantism since the Reformation, or in the Peace Church or Believers Church tradition particularly. For example, in this section for Romans 12:17-21, discussed are community life within peace church congregations, and the fact that admonitions to "live at peace with everyone" and "be careful to do what is right in the eyes of everybody" can sometimes morph into unresolved conflict or passive aggressive behavior. The Romans 13:1-7 section recaps the passage's use in discussions of right relationship between church and state, past and present. Toews comes from a relatively conservative branch of the Peace Church tradition, as his discussion of Romans 1:25-27 demonstrates, but for Friends interested in reading Romans in its entirety, and thinking deeply about this classic of the Christian tradition, his commentary will prove invaluable.

My suggestion is that you read the book of Romans all the way through before you start on the commentary, preferably in more than one English translation. As always with books about the Bible, keep a Bible close at hand and read it at least as much as the commentary. Look up the passages Toews discusses, including his biblical references outside the book of Romans. If possible, discuss both Romans and the commentary with other Friends. Romans probably isn't the book to read first if you're just starting a meeting Bible study group, but it needs to be on the list somewhere.

One note: the *Believers Church Bible Commentary Series* is a joint project of several groups of Brethren and Mennonites—the other two religious groups, besides Friends, known as Historic Peace Churches. While not every volume in the series has a strong peace emphasis as such, Quaker readers can count on finding interpretive strategies and insights at least relevant and often congruent with our own views. For more information about the *Believers Church Bible Commentary Series* visit the series website at <www.heraldpress.com/books/bcbcs.htm>.

—Susan Jeffers

Susan Jeffers, a member of Ann Arbor (Mich.) Meeting, teaches Quaker Studies and Biblical Studies courses as adjunct faculty for Earlham School of Religion and its partner school, Bethany Theological Seminary. She would welcome the opportunity to discuss this book via e-mail, <susan@read-the-bible.org>, and invites readers to visit her website, <www.read-the-bible.org>.



Restless Souls: The Making of American Spirituality

By Leigh Eric Schmidt. Harper San Francisco, 2005. 290 pages. $26.95/hardcover.

It's likely that many Friends who pick up *Restless Souls* will turn first to its final chapter, wherein Leigh Eric Schmidt offers a powerful and provocative analysis of revered Quaker authors Rufus Jones and Thomas Kelly. And they will find that, as a professor of religion at

Princeton, Schmidt has an historian's commitment rather than a celebratory one to analytical understanding. So I hope that those inclined to argue with Schmidt's portrayal of Jones and Kelly will return to page one and read the book straight through; they will find in *Restless Souls* not simply a brilliant interpretation of 20th-century Quakerism but an intensively researched, beautifully written, and profound overview of modern American spirituality.

Spirituality, mind you, nor religion. Schmidt's focus is on the former and how, in the early 19th century, it came to be distinguished from the latter. For Ralph Waldo Emerson and his Transcendentalist colleagues, "religion" signified rigid institutions enforcing dogmatic orthodoxy. Spirituality, in contrast, prized individual experience and direct apprehension of the Divine. The Transcendentalists saw the self as the only sure source of truth—suffused, like all of nature, with the Divine. "The fountain of all naked theology, all religion, all worship," wrote Walt Whitman, is "yourself." He was paraphrasing Elias Hicks. Whitman heard Hicks preach when he was a boy, and he idealized the grand old Quaker for the rest of his life. He was unusual in that. Following the death of Hicks and the ensuing schisms within the Religious Society of Friends, Quakers had little influence on the mainstream of 19th-century American spirituality. The liberal religious tradition with which Schmidt is concerned originated among Concord Transcendentalists and was popularized by Whitman and others.

Religious liberals saw themselves as modernizers who were trading old religions of authority for a new religion of the Spirit. The great codifier of religious liberalism was Harvard philosopher William James, whose *The Varieties of Religious Experience* (1902) is indifferent to the traditional concerns of academic writers on religion, such as church history and theological disputes. "The mother sea and fountainhead of all religions," James wrote, "lies in the mystical experiences of the individual."

James trawled through religious writings from every tradition and era, seeking accounts that validated his view of mysticism as a unified, transhistorical phenomenon. Historians of religion prior to James viewed mysticism as a fringe experience, a possibly real but certainly rare phenomenon that might inspire a Saint Teresa or a Hindu holy man, but that had little relevance to most people's spiritual lives. However, for James and many of his contemporaries, mysticism was the heart of spirituality.

Seeking to understand mystical states and the meditative practices that could foster them, 19th-century religious liberals turned

to non-Western religious traditions. Religious cosmopolitanism was a key element of American spirituality. Liberals believed that, stripped of accretions of ritual and dogma, all religions were fundamentally identical. Thoreau was only the first of many Americans to conceive of a "World Bible" to replace the narrowness of the Hebrew Scriptures and the Christian Gospels.

By the century's end, the thousands of people who thronged to Walt Whitman's 1892 funeral were treated to a ceremony that included readings from Confucius, the Buddha, the Christian Scriptures, and the Qur'an. The next year, the hugely influential Parliament of Religions was held at the Chicago World's Fair, the first time in history that Christian clergy shared the stage with Jewish rabbis, Islamic imams, Buddhist monks, and Hindu swamis. Today, when millions of Americans read books by Thich Nhat Hanh and the Dalai Lama, such ecumenicalism seems unremarkable; Schmidt shows its origins in 19th-century spirituality.

Schmidt aims to rescue liberal spirituality from, on the one hand, ahistorical New Agers and pop sociologists who imagine that the celebration of religious pluralism arose about the same time as the musical *Hair,* and, on the other hand, from academics who portray spiritual seekers as narcissists naively complicitous with consumer capitalism. He demonstrates that religious liberalism has been linked with progressive politics from its 19th-century beginnings, that America's spiritual seekers have struggled, however imperfectly, for social justice and racial and gender equality. He notes that their relief work in post-World War I Europe was crucial in the spiritual formation of both Rufus Jones and Thomas Kelly. However, be also demonstrates how their personal, historically contingent desires and shortcomings affected the version of Quakerism promulgated by these two hugely influential men.

Schmidt suggests that, between them, Jones and Kelly were responsible for the 20th-century transformation of Quakerism from a small, splintered Protestant sect composed largely of birthright Friends into a home for spiritual seekers and a widely respected source of devotional wisdom. Jones, who grew up in a Quaker enclave in South China, Maine, could have had his faith shaken when he moved into the wider world of academic philosophy, pursuing doctoral studies in Germany and at Harvard. Instead, he reinterpreted Quakerism. His reading of Emerson and Carlyle "planted in me a new idea . . . of the Quakerism in which I had been nourished," he wrote. "They both treated it not as the religion of a small Protestant sect, but rather as a spiritual movement of the mystical type."

Jones managed to transform his beloved

Quakers from a "peculiar and provincial sect" into a model community of spiritual seekers. Schmidt's admiration for this transformation is not diminished by his argument that Jones based his reinterpretation of Quakerism on a misreading of 17th-century religious history. No matter: "Through historical romances and mystical surveys he managed to exalt the Society of Friends as the consummate community of seekers."

Thanks to his more than 50 books, his intense involvement with AFSC and Pendle Hill, and his popular courses at Haverford College, Jones had an immense influence on 20th-century Quakerism. His principal disciple was Thomas Kelly, author of the bestselling *A Testament of Devotion* (1941). Schmidt acknowledges this book's value to generations of religious seekers, but rather than venerating it as a timeless classic, he traces its origins in Kelly's difficult personal life (which included a nervous breakdown following his unsuccessful oral defense of his Harvard dissertation) and in the broader history of liberal spirituality.

Kelly was not the only religious figure inspired by Rufus Jones' vision of Quakerism as a home for spiritual seekers. Howard Thurman, an African American pastor and writer who influenced Martin Luther King Jr., traveled to Haverford from Ohio in order to study with Jones. Schmidt sees Jones as spiritual father to a long line of popular Quaker spiritual writers: from Douglas Steere and D. Elton Trueblood to Richard Foster, Parker Palmer, and Mary Rose O'Reilley.

Restless Souls offers to all of us who have been inspired by these and other writers the opportunity to understand our inner lives in historical terms, to see ourselves as part of a long and proud lineage that unites and validates individual experience, religious pluralism, and commitment to social justice.

—Michael Robertson

Michael Robertson, a professor of English at the College of New Jersey, is a member of Princeton (N.J.) Meeting.

Schooled in Diversity Action Research: Student and African-American Alumni Collaboration for School Change

Prepared by Pat Macpherson. Edited by Darryl J. Ford. Friends Council on Education, 2006. 246 pages. $20/softcover.

Schooled in Diversity Action Research is a must-read for educators, parents, administrators, and anyone who has concern for the ongoing task of healing racism.

It is a multidimensional review of five decades of African American students' experiences at two Quaker schools in the northeastern area of the United States. It is also a blueprint of the insidious nature of institutional racism. The book is a collaboration between Action Research Coordinator, Pat Macpherson, editor Darryl J. Ford, faculty, administrators, alumni, and current students at what are referred to as City Friends and Boarding Friends respectively.

The power of this work is in the integration of sound research methods; interviews and personal narratives from the schools and students, relling their history as well as the hidden stories of the schools; and the formulation of a working tool, the curriculum, that can be taught or implemented in other settings. The matrix of race, class, gender, geographical influence, and generational/historical context collides with the family legacies of all the individuals amidst the task of educating children into adulthood. The result is a microcosmic view of adolescent identity development; a history of racial integration in Quaker education; and the very intentional process these schools went through to identify and monitor how racism exists and is perpetuated or reduced institutionally and academically.

The publication begins with a sensitive essay by African American alumnus/faculty and the editor of this publication, Darryl J. Ford. He introduces the research through the lens of his own experience, but the nature of his personal struggles and triumphs resonate throughout the essays of other African American alumni decade after decade. The struggles include the assumed roles of "defender of history, checker of stereotypes, interpreter of the culture, and representative of the race." Other struggles relate to the burden attached to the privilege of being the first, the only, or one of the few African American students on campus, and the invisibility and subsequent isolation of African American girls in particular, as a painful condition, often with longterm effects on their self esteem.

The core issues that come through these narratives are revealed through experiences that are felt and not seen, and easily overlooked by standard research methods. While the curriculum addresses events that impacted African Americans, like the slave trade and the Civil Rights Movement, discussions of such events were difficult for the African American students as their personal stories were unintentionally disregarded, or not seen as part of the bigger picture. From the essay of one alumnus, "We learned about slavery, not the enslaved. The political movement happened

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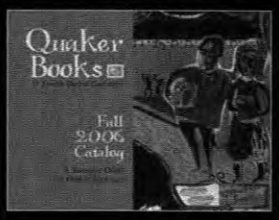

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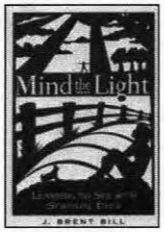
Mind the Light: Learning to See with Spiritual Eyes
by J. Brent Bill



Brent Bill guides the reader to see the connectedness between the inner life of the soul and the everyday life around us.
Paraclete Press, 2006, 152 pp., paperback $14.95

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Portrait in Grey: a short history of the Quakers
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Encounter with Silence: Reflections from the Quaker Tradition
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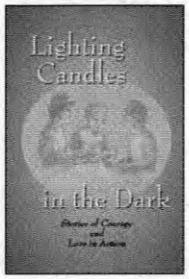
by the Religious Education Committee of FGC
Over 40 short stories about people who showed bravery and courage as they dealt with dangerous or difficult situations and social issues. Includes many stories from Quaker history.
Quaker Press of FGC, 2001 reprint, 215 pp., paperback $14.95



somewhere out there and was not seen as part of our experience."

And there were incidents of overt racism within the student body in which African American students did not feel supported or safe to negotiate these issues with the school. An aspect of this dilemma particular to African American students at Boarding Friends was the separation from family and community cultural experience. African American students at City Friends School had to bridge the gap between the social, economic, and cultural make-up of the school and the surrounding community on their own.

While the school (faculty and administration) initially viewed some incidents as isolated occurrences, over time they were recognized as symptoms of an underlying problem. The faculty essays address this and their inadvertent mishandling of some incidents. They identified the need for (and lack of, in the earlier years) strong and committed mentors and role models as well as the development of student ethnic identity groups.

The Action Research Model is self-reflective by nature. Very simply, the steps are "look, think, design, act, reflect, and evalnate" as a continuous process. The evaluation stage gives way to new insights, potential adjustments and new actions that are filtered through this process again and again.

To conduct this research in schools is the epitome of social change. Nor only are the stndents and families impacted by the results, the institution implements changes in policy and process. Ford points out, "If there were a special-needs child in a class, the teacher would do some investigation to learn how to help that child. When there is a new curricular project, teachers learn new content and overprepare new lessons. When . . . we're asked to coach a team, we attend a clinic to learn coaching skills. The same must occur in order to equip ourselves to deal with issues of race so we are no longer incapacitated."

The study covers the 56 years from the beginning of integration in 1948 through 2004 when the study was carried out. Most of the interviews and essays were written in retrospect and illustrate the parallel process of the empowerment of African Americans in the society at large as a backdrop for the experiences for students and the school.

The African American students of the 1950s were primarily children of accomplished families who shared the economic but not the social privilege of their white counterparts. Prior to their admission into the schools, there were conflicts about how and when to integtate, as white families rhreatened to leave the school rather than have their children educated with African American children.

In the 1960s the Civil Rights Movement

exploded into the Black Power Movement, and protests about the Vietnam War, and other social concerns challenged the nation in an unprecedented fashion. African American students became more vocal and more demanding that their social needs he met in the context of the school—that their views be heard in the classroom, that African American writers be included in the curriculum, and that African Americans be included in social events—as the number of African American students increased. White students were also more outspoken and brought the racism from their respective homes and communities into campus life.

The 1970s brought scholarship programs to African Americans who would not otherwise be able to attend these private schools. As the African American population diversified the issues became more complex. City Ftiends school is K–12 and Boarding Friends is 9–12. The African American students who began their Friends education earlier seemed to fare better as they had an opportunity to develop a sense of belonging in the school before they reached an age where they were able to process issues of race, class, and gender.

The following decades brought more diversity to the school as other ethnic groups and international students were enrolled. There was a large influx of Asian students who had different cultural needs. Though not mentioned in the text, another group of students present were the children of continental African families who had recently relocated or sent their children to the schools from abroad.

For adolescents, belonging to a peer group and developing an identity within that peer group are primary developmental tasks. Hormonal, intellectual, social, and emotional development during this time can be a chaotic mix, even without trying to negotiate the political conflicts of race and class. The schools were challenged to practice Quaker values of acceptance and inclusion, which have historically been spiritual rather than popular values of Quakerism. African Americans in Quaker meetings were often united by social cause, but the intimacy of education and the inevitable social activity of dating and extra-curricular gatherings raised issues the schools had to face very direcrly.

The faculty takes painstakiug risks, evaluating themselves as they recognize their role in the process. Their essays are also personal accounts of their efforts and subsequent discovery that even with the best intentions, they have to go deeper. They give owuership of the success of African American alumni to the alumni, and take responsibility for the obstacles unique to this group. The school ponders the experiences of students who lefr the school before graduatiou (yet another story to tell).

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Free distribution by mail	814	231
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Total free distribution	344	0
Total distribution	7977	7969
Copies not distributed	904	1231
Total	8881	9200
Percent paid and/or requested circulation	90%	97%

All information furnished on this form is certified to be true and complete. Susan Corson-Finnerty, Publisher and Executive Editor.

The faculty/administration implicate themselves for not realizing the depths of racism in seemiugly benign incidents, and are willing to challenge themselves as questions and answers emerge from the data. The design and methods of the research tool provide a structure that is expanded by the reflective interviews and essays. While other groups may use this tool to address racism in their organizations, how many would be willing or able to look at themselves so honestly?

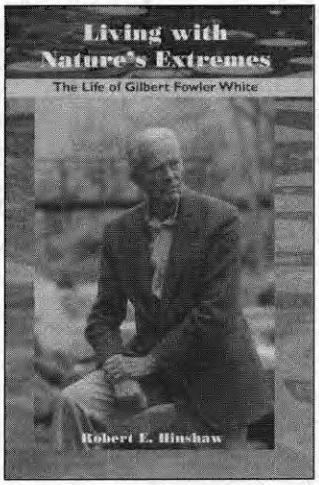
The values of Quakerism are woven throughout the text. Alumni/students reflect on their experiences in meeting for worship. The essays describe a sense of empowerment from the reflective time in meeting, and a true connection with the light of God within. They describe being seen as whole individuals in many encounters with faculty, even when the school as a whole had not taken a position. The alumni describe a way of being present with themselves and others even through the most difficult times. There is an overriding appreciation of the principles set forth by each institution as a whole. The faculty query and are guided by the belief in continuing revelation. Quaker values are at the center of decision-making even when personal values seem inadequate. They are committed to a reciprocal teaching/learning relationship with their students.

Schooled in Diversity Action Research is simply organized into three sections: Analysis of the Schooled in Diversity Action Research; Guidelines for a Schooled in Diversity Action Research Course; and Alumni Interviews. The reader is invited to read the sections out of order, which shifts how each section informs the next.

I read the text as the parent of an African American student who attended Quaker schools for eighr years, as a practicing Quaker (a practice I developed through my child's experience in Quaker schools), and also as an educator/program developer in public and private institutions. There is something in this book that will resonate with anyone who reads it, as it tells a very human story that connects in some way with all of our experiences. There are detailed guidelines for how to replicate this process. If it is to be used outside of a Quaker environment, there is the challenge to articulate what guiding principles inform the institution. While it is intended as a tool to continuously improve the experience of diversity in Quaker schools, this text offers to us all the opportunity to examine the complexity of the human connection, and the power of a spiritled process.

—Cynthia Jones

Cynthia Jones is a member of Green Street Meeting in Philadelphia, Pa.



Living with Nature's Extremes: The Life of Gilbert Fowler White

By Robert E. Hinshaw. Johnson Press, 2006. 339 pages. $26.50/hardcover.

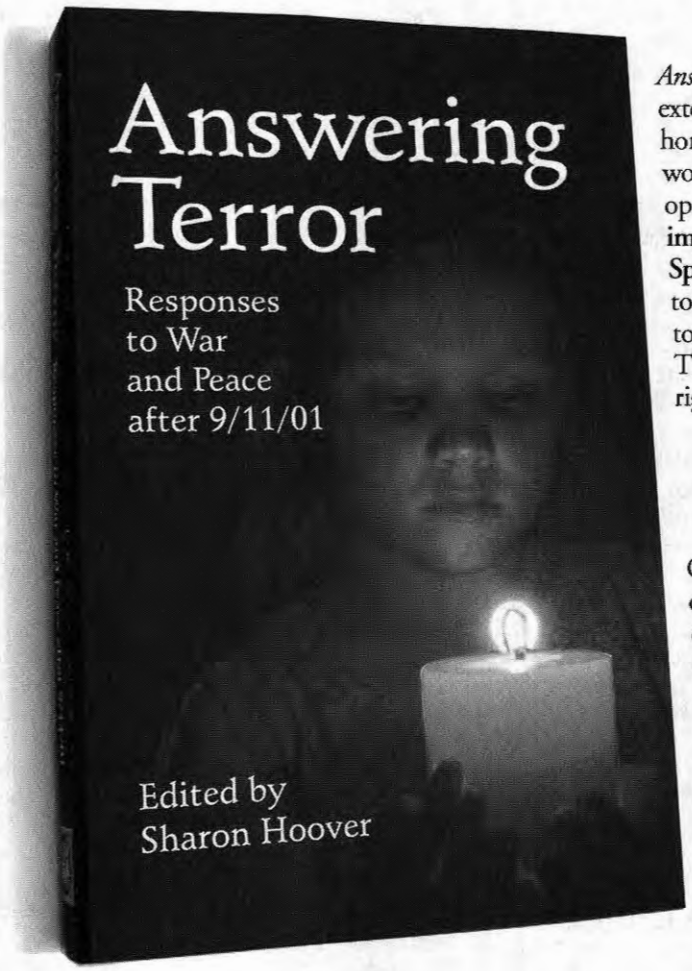
Gilbert White, who will be 95 in November, is a Renaissance man, combining careers as a world-known geographer, public servant, college president, professor, author, mentor, husband, father, and committed member of the Religious Society of Friends, to mention just a few of his many roles. Robert Hinshaw has managed to cover all these overlapping careers in a relatively short book, which also manages to give us the flavor of the man: modest, dedicated, unassuming, persistent, patient.

Born and raised in Hyde Park, Chicago, Gilbert White attended the local elementary school and University High School before entering University of Chicago where he majored in Geography. He had completed his course work toward a doctorate in that science when he was invited to join the New Deal to assist with river planning and to review plans for dams to be built by the Works Progress Administration. He remained in Washington, D.C., for eight years, serving first on the National Resources Planning Board and the Bureau of the Budget. He also began attending the Florida Avenue Meeting (now Friends Meeting of Washington) and met the young Anne Underwood.

The onset of World War II brought an end to White's Washington years, and he accepted work with American Friends Service Committee overseas, first in Lisbon, Portugal, assisting refugees to leave Europe, and then in Southern France, working with Jews in concentration camps. With several other Quaker workers he stayed after the Germans fully occupied the area, and was interned in Baden-Baden for 11 months, under relatively benign conditions.

Returning to the United States in 1944, Gilbert and Anne were married in Florida Avenue Meeting, and Gilbert went to work

Five years after 9/11/01—
Where do we Quakers go from here?



Answering Terror is not an easy read. It stirs memories both external (the collapse of the towers) and internal (the sense of horror, shock, and powerlessness that followed). Rereading the words of Friends in the time that has followed is a heart-opener. ***Answering Terror*** **implies something terribly important is happening as we discern a way forward that is Spirit-led.** It invites readers to join an ongoing conversation to face hard issues with intelligence, wit, and passion—and to do so with honesty, courage, and respect for diversity. This book has the potential to shake you up pretty righteously—so be prepared, but don't shirk the journey.

—Jack Patterson (former Quaker Representative to the United Nations)

On the surface there is a debate on nonviolence pro and con. But under the surface, **every doubt, vacillation, conviction, and act of courage that Quakers have ever entertained rises to the surface.** We have massive corroboration that nonviolence has worked in cases of national liberation. The world has been lurching toward democracy of late, and democracy is the institutionalization of nonviolence. For those with eyes to see, the proliferation of nonviolence can be regarded as the work of the Holy Spirit in history.

—Walter Wink (Professor Emeritus of Biblical Interpretation, Auburn Theological Seminary)

Edited by Sharon Hoover of New York Yearly Meeting, *Answering Terror* chronicles the Quaker response to the 2001 terrorist attacks as it poured into the pages of FRIENDS JOURNAL.

You can order *Answering Terror* today from FRIENDS JOURNAL **by calling us at (800) 471-6863, or visit <friendsjournal.org>. It's also available at <quakerbooks.org>, or you can ask your favorite local bookstore to order it for you.**

Paperback, 223 pp., $24.95

This collection of responses to the September 11 onslaught of violence gives us a special opportunity to rethink our lives and our testimonies. The diversity of responses lets us know that the Friends Testimonies are still in process of development, and offers a multiplicity of ways to witness to those testimonies. **What a wonderful and inspiring read this book will be for the Quaker community!**

—Elise Boulding (Professor Emerita of Sociology, Dartmouth College)

Contributors include:

Scott Simon
John Paul Lederach
George Lakey
Steve Cary
Marcelle Martin
Pamela Haines
Mary Lord
Edmund Snyder

. . . and many more!

for AFSC in Philadelphia. Shortly thereafter he was chosen as president of Haverford College, the youngest man ever to hold this position. During his ten years at Haverford he raised the college's endowment, introduced Quaker business procedures to the meetings of the faculty, limited enrollment, and emphasized community service as a part of student life. He also continued to work with AFSC, helping to launch the Conferences for Diplomats Program in 1952.

During his years at Haverford, White continued his studies and research in geography. In 1955 he was invited by his alma mater, the University of Chicago, to become chair of the Department of Geography, a post he accepted and held until 1969, with time out to serve as a visiting professor at Oxford University in 1962–1963.

Returning to the United States in 1963, he also became the chair of American Friends Service Committee, a position in which he continued until 1969. In 1970 he left Chicago, in part because of his differences with the university management over their handling of protests against the Vietnam War, and moved to University of Colorado where he became Professor of Geography and Director of the Institute of Behavioral Science, as well as director of the Natural Hazards Resource Center. He remains today the Gustavson Distinguished Professor Emeritus of Geography.

As the father of flood plain management, White served on many national and international agencies including the United Nations and UNESCO. Among his major projects were planning for the lower Mekong Delta, consulting on the Aswam Dam, studying water resources in Africa, and, in conjunction with Anne, serving as consulrant to the Ford Foundation on resources and environment in the Middle East.

Gilbert White believed that people should not build on land that has been flooded in the past 100 years, and that the building of dams or levees was not a practical way to control floods. He pioneered the concept of flood insurance in the United States, stipulating that such insurance should be coupled with insistence that local communities prohibit new construction on flood plains. The recent damage of Hurrican Katrina bore out his worst fears.

For his pioneering in flood control management, as well as his enormous contribution to the teaching of geography, Gilbert White received honors and honorary degrees too numerous to mention; among them the National Geographic Society's Hubbard Medal, the Lifetime Achievement Award of the Association of American Geographers, and the National Medal of Science, conferred by President Bill Clinton. He accepted eight honorary degrees and turned down as many more. Seven awards and institutions are named for him. He published many articles in scientific journals, as well as a number of books, co-authored with others.

To cover this awesome career in less than 300 pages was a daunting task. Robert Hinshaw, a Haverfordian under Gilbert White's presidency, has succeeded in writing clearly and concisely about Gilbert White's life and work. Inevitably, there are a few mistakes scattered throughout the text. Gilbert went to China in 1972, not 1971; *The New Yorker* writer who interviewed him was Gerald Jonas, not Jones. And some may be inclined to question the author's account of Gilbert White's disagreements with American Friends Service Committee. But on the whole, Robert Hinshaw has created a book that can serve as a resource to those wanting to learn more about various aspects of Gilbert's life. And one cannot come away from this book without marveling that the simple, modest, quiet man we have known and loved has made such an overwhelming contribution to our threatened globe.

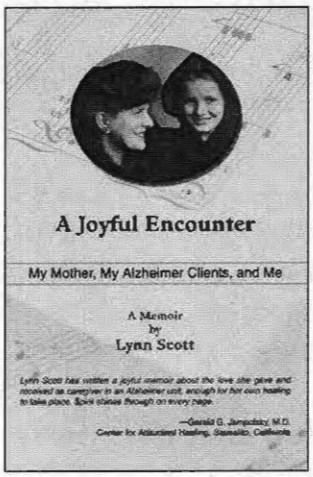
—Margaret Bacon

Quaker biographer Margaret Bacon is the author of Mothers of Feminism *and a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting.*

A Joyful Encounter: My Mother, My Alzheimer Clients, and Me—A Memoir

By Lynn Scott. iUniverse, 2005. 110 pages. $12.95/softcover.

Award-winning author Lynn Scott, a fellow member of San Francisco (Calif.) Meeting, has written a poetic book about her experiences as a caregiver for people with Alzheimer's disease. Her caregiving is Quakerly, approaching each individual openly and lovingly, even in the face of the "blackness" of irrationality and memory loss.



When Lynn began this work, her first client, Marietta, was living at home with her husband, and the woman still clung to elements of the life she had known. She was able to converse, go on long walks around the city, and play the piano. But, as Lynn recounts, Marietta gradually progresses through Alzheimer's, which finally results in a decision to move her to a nursiug facility called Homeport.

At first Lynn was opposed to the move. To many people—including me—such places appear nightmarish, a desperate last resort. But Lynn became convinced that Marietta was better off at Homeport because of the companionship of other residents and the round-the-clock care such a place is able to give. Eventually, Lynn herself took a position at Homeport and worked half-time—insisting on keeping the rest of her time to write. This beautifully written little book—most of it about Lynn's interactions with the residents of Homeport, in all their funny, exasperating, touching, sad, infuriating splendor—is the result. It's a heartwarming little book that is particularly recommended to anyone entering an institution for the elderly—either as a resident or a worker.

—Markley Morris

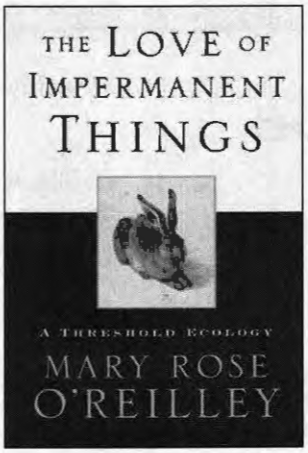
Markley Morris is a member of San Francisco (Calif.) Meeting.

The Love of Impermanent Things: A Threshold Ecology

By Mary Rose O'Reilley. Milkweed Editions, 2006. 320 pages. $22/hardcover.

Mary Rose O'Reilley urges readers in the prologue to this book not to read it with any expectation of epiphanies and revelations, but rather as a sketch of ephemeral things. Indeed, *The Love of Impermanent Things* is not a how-to book of spiritual direction, relationships, teaching, parenting, gardening, seeking, losing, or even patching up injured wildlife—but it ponders all these things and more.

A recurring theme is O'Reilley's engagement with nature, primarily as a volunteer in a wildlife rehabilitation clinic, but also in the wilds of her native Minnesota, on silent retteats in the woods, and in struggles with her own human nature. Mixed in with her musings on the poignancy of life and death as she struggles to save the commonest of animals are reflections on saving her sanity, her companionships, her faith, her sense of vocation, and her hope. And, as she promises, there are no offerings of a key to unlock the mysteries of the universe. There is, however, for her and the reader, the gradual realization of profound meaning in the trivial, the



ephemeral, the mundane.

There is sadness and grief that permeate many of the chapters—a real grief that resonates with our common experiences. But there is also wonderful humor of the kind so typical in O'Reilley's books: turns of phrases, observations of the idiosyncratic, self-effacement, and the ennui of plain folks. The writing is evocative, transporting the reader into our own attics of memory.

Wisdom in this book is drawn from many sources, including nature, Buddhism, Sufism, Quakerism, the saints, the potter's craft, and oft-quoted friends. Of special interest to the Quaker reader is O'Reilley's preference for experiencing "real presence," and her impatience with theological speculation. She also describes at length her "Philadelphia-style" Quakerism's moving encounter with "church-type" evangelical Friends in Oregon, a description worth pondering by both the cheese steak lover and the logger. There, in the arms of a rural, pastoral church, she felt the disconnect between her mind and her heart healing, and in spite of the "Tabasco dash of Satan" and sentimental Christian soft-rock love songs, "I think of as music trying to get Jesus into the back seat of the Chevy," Mary Rose felt an eruption of holiness and a yearning for revival.

In spite of the warning in the prologue not to seek a parting of the heavens in this volume, I found myself scribbling down one quotable phrase after another:

"In the Society of Friends, we are trying out the terrors of freedom within a circle of support, within a loose series of agreements and testimonies that keep us, with luck, from anarchy and narcissism."

"I know that if half of what the Bible says is true, Christian churches would have signs in front saying, 'Danger, proceed at your own risk."

"I'm told the Jihaddists hate us because of our riches and our depraved TV and our thong underwear. I wonder why the Amish don't bomb us?"

—Max L. Carter

Max L. Carter is director of Friends Center at Guilford College in Greensboro, N.C.

The Healing Spirit of Haiku

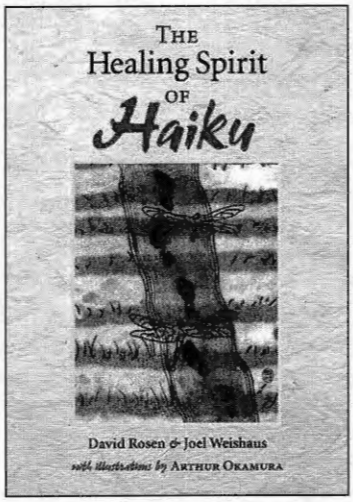
By David Rosen and Joel Weishaus. Illustrated by Arthur Okamura. North Atlantic Books, 2004. 175 pages. $14.95/softcover.

Surprise and affirmation. Sometimes a book comes along that does both, a book that, like the haiku and haibun it contains, simply is. Such a book is difficult to describe. One returns to it again and again, each time finding more over which to linger:

> Howling wind, droning rain—
> Who's speaking?
> Who's listening?

There is much here for Friends to savor. David Rosen is a Jungian psychoanalyst and Joel Weishaus is a college professor who is well known in web art circles. Both have lived in Japan and have studied and experimented with Japanese forms of poetry and prose for decades. Arthur Okamura's monoprints, which illustrate many of the haiku, display a grace and beauty that invites meditation.

In *The Healing Spirit of Haiku*, Rosen and Weishaus craft haibun, which combine prose and haiku to express life's journey. Their paired pieces on more than 50 themes, range from ordinary events ("Eating" and "Walking the Countryside") to some of life's greatest challenges ("Mother Ill, Mother Dead" and "Nuclear Darkness") to form short chapters that one can both read in a few free moments or spend hours with. The chaprers are arranged like stanzas of a poem; the sequence seems "right," but the threads are not obvious. Healing of self and one's relationship to the world is a stated theme. The conversation of old friends whose prose and poetry reverberate and extend each other's thinking and perception is the underlying story.



Thus, the book seems centered like a meeting for worship, in which the waiting and listening may be as important as the speaking. While this is not a self-help book, it provides a wealth of opportunity for readers to launch their own journeys.

The only quibble I had with this book was its lack of explanation about the forms these authors used. Explaining that haibun mark a journey, that the senyu variant of haiku comments on human nature, and that haiku no longer require the constraint of the 5-7-5 syllable pattern would prepare readers to enter into the spirit of the texts more peacefully.

In short, reading this book reminded me of weekends spent at Pendle Hill, where Quaker contemplation gracefully combines with an appreciation of Eastern texts and art, to create a fertile ground for considering one's own life journey.

—*Martha Deed*

Martha Deed is a member of Orchard Park (N.Y.) Meeting.

The Left Hand of God: Taking Back Our Country from the Religious Right

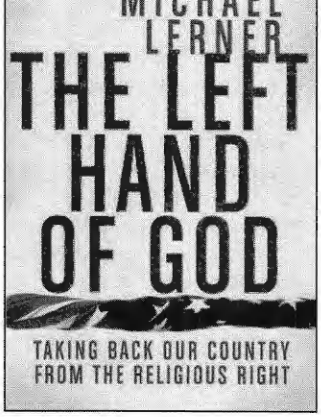
By Michael Lerner. Harper San Fransicso, 2006. 382 pages. $24.95/hardcover.

I had heard enough about Rabbi Michael Lerner and his *Tikkun* magazine that when he spoke at our local library I made a point of being there.

What most impressed me was his respect for middle America. If middle America was turning to the Right, he figured that there must be a good reason. So he's been listening and learning why, and I was eager to hear more. His new book, *The Left Hand of God: Taking Back Our Country from the Religious Right*, offered the perfect opportunity.

The title comes from the Biblical "right hand of God," the all-powerful smiting hope of the oppressed. But there is much more to God, and Lerner gathers the qualities of forgiveness, generosity, loving kindness, and compassion into what he calls the Left Hand of God—and argues that this is what the world needs now. The book is divided into two parts, one outlining his picture of the spiritual crisis of the United Srates, and the other offering a series of proposals framed as a "Spiritual Covenant with America," and based on what he calls "a new bottom line."

People are voting for big-money Republicans with a dominating world view against their best interest, Lerner asserts, because they are so hungry for meaning in their lives. Ordinary folks who spend their working days steeped in the warped values of the marker-



place—anything for a buck, look out for number one, everything has a price—are starving for something different when they come home. Ceding the workplace to economic selfishness, the political Right has taken the moral advantage elsewhere, capturing the language of values and meaning. They are adroit at putting the blame for what causes people pain on the "demonized other," i.e. Muslims, or feminists and homosexuals who are selfishly undermining the family. The Left addresses economic need much more consistently, but its biting criticism of our country, and of anyone who doesn't share that perspective, cannot compete for people's hearts.

Lerner suggests that we have to respond to the huge global yearning for meaning and value-based lives by coming out of the closet as spiritual people and speaking from our hearts about what we really believe in.

He takes a fascinating trip into the history of secularism—how the Enlightenment and the emergence of capitalism liberated society from the grip of the medieval church, how a reliance on scientific advancement and on what can be observed and measured became a new religion, how the secular Left seemed to be breaking out of that materialist mindset with the movement of the '60s, but how a narrow focus on single issues and identity politics has hampered it since.

With no capacity for repentance, atonement, and forgiveness, the secular Left has been ruthlessly self-critical as well. In terms of values, the Left has settled for tolerance, but the Left Hand of God includes so much more. Lerner urges us to acknowledge that we really are spiritual beings, regardless of our religious affiliation or lack thereof, and to bring what we believe into the public discourse. As long as we keep our spirituality private, we cede the values conversation to the Right.

The "Spiritual Covenant with America" starts with support for the family, an institution that has been claimed by the Right, but whose explicit goal is to provide love and support. Personal responsibility comes next, countering the popular claim that the Left

wants the government to do everything for us. Next, he suggests a public education movement to amend the Constitution to require corporations to reapply for their charter, periodically, after demonstrating a satisfactory record of social responsibility. He proposes explicitly values-based public education, embedding the values of love, generosity, compassion, and awe into the way schools are organized. He supports a national health program such as Canada's, which would save $150 billion in private insurance costs. The piece of the covenant on the environment would have us see the Earth as our common wealth and bring spiritual leverage to the consumption mentality. Lastly, building a safer world envisions a massive global "Marshall Plan," and a nonviolent peace force.

The appendix includes ideas for action, such as forming local Spiritual Democratic or spiritual Green caucuses, getting the corporate social responsibility amendment on local initiatives, reclaiming our holidays and creating new ones (Interdependence Day, Honor Labor Day, Family Day).

This is not a perfect book. It gets repetitious at times, and occasionally the author's idealism seems strained, as with his suggestion that entitlement programs be run in a spirit of generosity and gratitude. But the idealism in general is not a flaw; indeed it may be our best hope. For example, while acknowledging that a sttategy of global generosity toward Germany wouldn't have worked in 1938, Lerner contends that, put in place from 1919 to 1932, it might well have stopped Hitler. As he says, you don't know what's possible until you struggle for it. It may actually take less energy in the end—and be more practical— to go for what you really want than to focus on "realistic" half-measures.

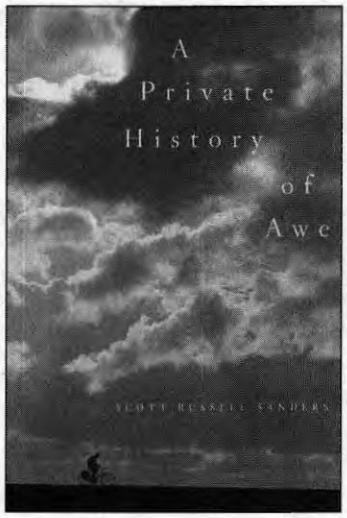
Lerner's Jewish perspective is conrinually refreshing. He is clear thar all religious—and secular—traditions, and each one of us individually, have elements of both hands of God. We need to be compassionate with ourselves and with each other as we strive to put our energies where our hearts lie, and choose hope rather than fear.

By bringing our spiritual beliefs into the public discourse, we can help people feel safe to champion the values they actually hold but feel too afraid ro trust, and provide a context in which progressive office-seekers can talk about what they actually believe.

Michael Lerner has done us an enormous service in this bold and compassionate look at our troubled world and the promise of the Left Hand of God.

—Pamela Haines

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



A Private History of Awe

By Scott Russell Sanders. North Point Press, 2006, 322 pages. $25/hardcover.

"On a spring day in 1950, when I was big enough to run about on my own two legs yet still small enough to ride in my father's arms, he carried me onro the porch of a farmhouse in Tennessee and held me against his chest, humming, while thunder roared and lightning flared and rain sizzled around us."

So begins Scott Russell Sanders' latest book of spiritual essays—an insightful, wonderfully constructed work sure to challenge and inspire every reader. It reveals the breadth of his spiritual searching from childhood through adulthood and through many of the common experiences of life—school, marriage, parenthood, caring for parents, and more. He writes of preachers and teachers, the Bible and *Walden*, friends and Friends, and much more, all of which ultimately inform his quest for thar which many of us call God.

Sanders is not content to use one name for what he calls a "prime reality" that cannot be described ("every such name . . . is only a finger pointing") and yet "shapes and sustains everything that exists, surges in every heartbeat, fills every breath." But he does believe that each of us, if we learn to pay attention in love, can encounter it, each in our own way.

Sanders began worshiping with Quakers in Cambridge, England, while pursuing a graduate degree. This was during the Vietnam War, and Sanders found himself among Friends as they were, he once wrote, "the only religious group I could find that took seriously the gospel of peace."

Like many of his earlier books, *A Private History of Awe* demonstrates a definite Quaker sensibility. There's an appreciation for the holiness of everyday life, a revealing of the Divine in the daily. As Sanders himself says, "This book is my history of openings, from watching a thunderstorm while riding in my father's arms, to witnessing the birth of my first child while holding my wife's hand." While many of us may think of "openings" as being, of necessity, dramatic, Sanders reveals that they can, and often do, come in the midst of the seemingly commonplace.

This is no book of one dramatic epiphany coming at one major life crisis. Instead, it's a story of way opening. Sanders tells the stuff of his rather ordinary life in an engaging, hospitable style that invites the reader to consider the lessons their ordinary lives present and to see how way opens for them. He uses stories of his life and the broad themes of fire, air, water, and earth. Of *A Private History of Awe*, Sanders says, "I never thought I would make such a book, wary as I am of memoirs and spirit-language. For years I shied away from writing about religious experience, in part because of the hostility that many literary readers show toward all references to spirituality, in part because these matters have always seemed to me better left private. Yet the questions I've kept returning to in my adult life are essentially religious ones, and I found myself unwilling to abandon that terrain to the televangelists and fundamentalists."

We can be thankful for his change of heart. *A Private History of Awe* is a book to read and read again.

— J. Brent Bill

Holding One Another in the Light

By Marcelle Martin. Pendle Hill Pamphlet #382, 2005. 32 pages. $4/soficover.

Most Friends are familiar with the phrase "to bold someone in the Light," and most have probably also practiced this form of intercessory prayer, whether consciously or unconsciously, at one time or another. Even those who might be uncomfortable with prayer itself, or with the idea of prayer on behalf of another person, would probably consider it possible, and even natural, to hold a person in the Light.

But wbat do we mean when we use this phrase? Though each of us may do something different—picturing the person surrounded by light, or sending love and support, or asking God ro intercede, or simply bringing the person to mind and feeling concern for his or her well-being—we all sbare a common willingness to participare in "God's work" of caring for each other.

In this pamphlet, Marcelle Martin tells some of her own personal experiences with intercessory prayer, and writes, "Experiences such as [these] have convinced me that although our bodies are separate, we are con-

nected to one another in an invisible, spiritual web through which something very powerful and healing can be transmitted instantaneously—light, energy, love, forgiveness, soul communication."

She considers the nature of "the prayer of caring" and how we may explore such prayer within and among ourselves. The pamphlet combines spiritual reflection with practical suggestions for the use of intercessory prayer in small and large group contexts within our meetings, on behalf of individuals, specific situations, and worldwide social and environmental concerns, demonstrating how "holding one another in the Light" (whatever that may mean to each of us) can deepen and broaden our spirituality, our relationships, and our communities.

—Kirsten Backstrom

Writer Kirsten Backstrom, a member of Multnomah (Oreg.) Meeting, works with those moving through illness, disability, and loss. She is the publisher of Compass Points.

Answering the Call to Heal the World

By Patience A. Schenck. Pendle Hill Pamphlet #383, 2006. 34 pages. $4/softcover.

In the opening pages of this pamphlet, Patience Schenck asks some challenging questions of our modern-day Religious Society of Friends, and answers them with a compassionate and accurate understanding that should "speak to our condition."

She asks, "Why don't we shake all the country for ten miles round?" She praises our intentions and our good efforts, but shows how we often fall short of the profound commitment of early Friends who gave themselves over completely to the requirements of the Spirit in their lives, even when such obedience was ill-received by the world in which they lived.

Early Friends faced ostracism, loss of wealth and standing, and fierce punishments. But what do we face today? What are we up against when we try to follow deep leadings?

As Schenck writes, "We often feel pulled in so many directions by the needs we perceive that we don't know where to begin. Or perhaps we work on several of these concerns—they all seem so important—and we become overwhelmed. Soon we drop out from exhaustion. Then we feel guilty, which can paralyze us."

Nevertheless, this pamphlet is not about our inability to live up to our leadings, but about the potential we have to follow those leadings fully, in ways appropriate to the particular challenges of our times.

Schenck provides encouragement and practical tools (suggestions and exercises) for discerning where we are called, and for finding guidance in our own gifts, our "deepest caring," our natural responses to the concerns that speak to us. While honestly addressing some of the "barriers to faithfulness" (especially just trying to do too much, too quickly), she reminds us to listen to what is already there within us, in humility and hopefulness rather than self-denigration and despair: "being led by the Spirit is part of what it means to be human, not something that happens to 'special' people."

Modern Friends are called, just as early Friends were called, to meet the Spirit of our times and, in our various large and small ways, "shake all the country for ten miles round."

—Kirsten Backstrom

The Mystery of Quaker Light

By Peter Bien. Pendle Hill Pamphlet #384, 2006. 30 pages. $4/softcover.

What do we mean when we use everyday Quaker expressions such as "the Inner Light" or "the Light within"? Most of us probably have a personal sense of what is meant by "Light" in such phrases, but few of us have looked into the very nature of this Light with intellectual and spiritual rigor and with reference to Scripture, history, philosophy, poetry, and science as Peter Bien has done in this pamphlet.

The quotations alone—including the words of prominent Friends, inspired religious poets and teachers, and eloquent scientists and researchers—are enough to call into question any assumptions we might have that the Light is, well, just light. Introducing his snbject, Bien writes, "Many Friends will perhaps prefer to let Quaker Light remain a mystery; some, on the other hand, may be interested in examining the very non-mysterious process that led to the primacy of Light in Quaker theology."

In pursuit of the fire ftom which Quaker Light flows, this pamphlet takes us throngh the dry and rocky lands of the ancient Hebrews and Greeks, through the meeting places of early Friends and modern Friends, through the many and varied landscapes, laboratories, and libraries where leaps of faith and reason have been made to lead us to our "mysterious" sense of the Light.

—Kirsten Backstrom

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In God We Die

By Warren Ostrom. Pendle Hill Pamphlet #385. Pendle Hill Publications, 2006. 36 pages. $4/softcover.

In God We Die tackles some very difficult social, political, personal and spiritual questions. How do we know when we should fight through a life-threatening illness to the bitter end, and when we should let go? How can we know whether there is more life to be lived, or whether our "time has come"? Even more difficult, how can we make such decisions on behalf of those we love, when they are unable to make decisions for themselves?

Warren Ostrom addresses the complexities of such questions, but expresses a sense of clarity that "God's will" is there to guide us if we are able to listen deeply and exercise discernment. He encourages us to consider that "letting go" may be the best option, especially when the alternative involves expensive and potentially debilitating medical procedures, and he emphasizes the financial and personal "trade-offs" that must be made by individuals and societies in order to pay for questionable outcomes.

This pamphlet has much to offer, from detailed practical advice about the conduct of clearness committees, to thoughts on how one could do without medical insurance, to musings about the nature of death and God. But at times it seems to reach conclusions too quickly, and over-simplify situations that cannot be reduced to right or wrong answers.

Although Ostrom acknowledges the often paradoxical nature of "God's will," his emphasis is on the things he feels we can know for sure, that we can get the answers to. He writes, "I ask questions. I suggest some answers. But since I don't have all the answers, some of the questions remain. Maybe you, with God's help, can answer them."

With such intricate and delicate personal and spiritual questions at issue, I wonder whether we should actually be seeking definite "answers" at all. When dealing with the meaning of our lives and deaths, many of the best "answers" involve an openness to the questioning process itself, a willingness to experience the limits of what we can know, a sense of awe at the mystery beyond our certainties, and the capacity to be humble and compassionate with ourselves when we inevitably make mistakes.

—Kirsten Backstrom

Katrina Reflections

continued from page 14

crime scene. Yet nearly 1,500 people have died as a result of poor levee design and construction by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, and not one person has been fired or demoted. When tens of thousands of souls begged for food and water at the Morial Convention Center and Louisiana Superdome, no help came for nearly a week, and instead, those responsible for the debacle were praised.

Here are more questions: If gasoline is expensive now, what will happen when the Louisiana oil, gas, and petrochemical industries are shut down or crippled? Do people in Maine realize that much of their natural gas comes from Plaquemines Parish, the toe of the Louisiana boot? What of the billions of dollars in imports and exports that move through the port of New Orleans? What of the 27 percent of the U.S. seafood industry to which Louisiana is home? How will the coastlines of Texas, Florida, North Carolina, and New York be protected?

Meanwhile, what is spent on the war in Iraq in six months could fully restore the entire coastline and barrier islands of Louisiana in five to ten years. What is spent in Iraq in two to three months could build a flood protection system for New Orleans equal to that of the Netherlands, whose seaside nation lies as much as 22 feet below sea level. What will people say when they lose their homes and communities to earthquakes, wildfires, floods, and other calamities? Will they find it easy to listen to their neighbors who say, "You're not safe, so leave"? Is it even practical?

A local public service announcement aired on TV always brings tears to my eyes:

This is our heart, this is our home,
this is our life,
Louisiana,
This is our day, come what may,
This is our home.

This *is* our home. The situation is beginning to stabilize, but it is still quite desperate; people are still suffering and will for years to come in this worst natural disaster in the history of our nation. Who will help us reclaim and rebuild our home, and see us as they see themselves? ❑

Nozuko's Story

continued from page 11

to recognize the symptoms that indicate when Nqobile should be with her mother.

The grass around the Rietvlei Primary School is tall enough to swallow some of its students. Like anything neglected, the school suffers; walls are cracked and peeling, windows are broken or missing altogether. Litter strewn from the rutted village road lurks in the grass.

Mrs. Sylba-rose has taught at the school since 1978. The 40-plus children sit three to a desk in her classroom. Nqobile sits in the second-row-center, nestled between a girl and a boy. Mrs. Sylba-rose commands attention from the noisy youngsters, directing them to write the lesson on the chalkboard in front of them.

One cannot tell just from looking that Nqobile has HIV. Although older, she is smaller than many; but her uniform is neat and clean, and she is just as mischievous. Mrs. Sylba-rose has made sure the little girl with the round face and bright eyes is treated like the others. Though the teacher has not disclosed Nqobile's status to the class, many parents of the children have read about Nozuko and Nqobile in regional publications. Still, Nqobile has no problem with the other children, who treat her like any other classmate.

It is uncommon for a child with HIV to live as long as Nqobile, but it does happen for reasons not fully understood by experts. It could be that she is well cared for and has a good diet in a stable, loving environment. It could be that Nqobile's physical constitution is more resilient to the virus, as her mother's appears to be. Or it could be that elusive factor that has bewildered humankind for thousands of years: the spirit. Spiritual believers acknowledge that the gods work in mysterious ways sometimes, often through the most unlikely of messengers. That the information necessary to protect lives from a deadly disease comes from those afflicted may be one of those mysteries.

Nozuko and Nonjambulo, along with the staff at Rietvlei Hospital, relentless in their pursuit to provide HIV education, have targeted teachers at Rietvlei schools. Mrs. Sylba-rose has understood and absorbed the information, and now she not only passes it on to her own students, but, in the case of Nqobile, she puts those rules into practice.

"I teach the children that HIV/AIDS

is an infectious disease and how someone gets affected, but I also teach them how to escape it, because in the beginning the children are afraid," she recites. "I also tell them that one who is HIV-positive must be accepted, even at home."

Nozuko and Nonjambulo also participate in the Good Start Program, based at University of Western Cape. They receive a stipend to follow up, monthly, on babies of village mothers for the first nine months of the baby's life. On a sunny autumn day, Nozuko travels to a remote village near the Singisi Road to follow up on one of her five clients. It takes an hour to get there. Returning home from the journey, Nozuko breaks the silence with her trademark refrain, "I am soooooooo hungry!"

A clear sign that, for now, all is well.

November 2005, Umzimkulu

For Nozuko, her own little miracle is second only to that of her 11-year-old daughter. Nqobile started on ARVs in July 2004. The sickly child, who battled and hacked her way through each day for the past six years, now sashays through her granny's house in slip-on plastic pink high heels and a flouncey skirt. She has exchanged her economy of motion for a little bit of rhythm in every step, even some spontaneous jumping. She's hot stuff and she knows it. Her last CD4 count of nearly a year ago was 338, up from 80.

Nozuko continues to counsel, now receiving a salary supplied by a foundation in Colombia, visiting the HIV-positive and their families. For World AIDS Day she will participate in an educational event at her home village, Singisi, and publicly disclose herself to the community for the fourth time. There's still a lot of work to do, but Nozuko's personal transformation has been remarkable.

Currently, Nozuko describes herself as happy. "Everything is good this way. I have my children and family to love and I feel that there is nothing to stop me from doing what I like." What has she *not* been able to achieve? Don't ask her about her driver's test results or romantic relationships. Do ask her about her CD4 count—it has risen to 739 in six months. ❑

■ NEWS

Quaker House, Belfast, Ireland, is selling its house. It will acquire an office in central Belfast, where staff will no longer live on the premises. Responding to the tenor of the times, both figuratively and literally, the environment around the traditional house has changed into a student area, with intrusive noise and costly repairs, while the mode of its collaborative work has been moving out into the premises of other organizations. The need for the original property is gone, but the service will remain at its new location.—*The Friendly Word, Ireland, April–May 2006*

The first steps in setting up a Christian Peacemaker Team in Australasia have been taken. Members of Friends World Committee for Consultation—Asia and West Pacific Section made plans to begin the task of fundraising, raising awareness, and finding volunteers to serve at April meetings in Sydney, Australia. The Regional section includes Hong Kong and South Korea.—*Seoul (Korea) Meeting, <www2.gol.com/user/quakers/korea_quakers.htm>*

Friends United Meeting has begun a strategic planning process "to create a future for future generations with the focus on the outcome, not the problem." FUM General Board/Richmond and FUM/Richmond staff met for two days in June to begin the process of strategic planning for the future. Board members are asking: Who are we? What do we want to be? How do we get there? Interest areas are divided into Identity, Evangelism, Administration, and Communication. FUM's vision statement was decided to be "FUM—passionate and growing as witnessed through lives transformed by Christ." The board will also send questionnaires to field staff and yearly meetings worldwide.—*<fum.org>*

Quaker Peace and Social Witness of the UK, with other churches and faiths, wrote to Prime Minister Tony Blair in August to urge his leadership in resolving the Lebanon-Israel-Gaza wars. They sought his influence on altering the negotiating stance of the EU, U.S., and Arab states to work within the UN to implement all relevant Resolutions, and "to consider seriously the impact of current

■ BULLETIN BOARD

Upcoming Events

•December—Burundi, Congo, and Rwanda Yearly Meetings

•December 30–January 2—Young Friends New Year Gathering at Woodbrooke Quaker Study Centre, UK. For information visit <www.woodbrooke.org.uk> or call +01 (21) 472-5171.

British foreign policy in the Middle East on relations between different religious and ethnic groups in the UK." According to <www.worldpublicopinion.org>, a majority of Britons (63 percenr) and Canadians (53 percent) think that their prime ministers' Middle East policies are too close to President George W. Bush's, while fewer than a fourth of Britons believe that their military forces are helping either Iraq or Afghanistan. A majority of Canadians now oppose deployment of their troops in Afghanistan, increasing over the summer months, as Canadian combat deaths have increased. —*<quaker.org.uk>*

The Bush Administration is asking the Supreme Court to decide whether taxpayers have "standing" in court to challenge presidential actions that they believe illegally encroach on the boundary between church and state. At issue is the Faith Based Initiative, granting over $2 billion to churches for social services provisions while exempting them from certain civil rights requirements. The suit was brought by Freedom from Religion Foundation of Wisconsin, and has traversed the courts, winning an appellate court ruling that granted them standing to pursue their challenge. The administration now wants the high court to rule on standing; citizens do have standing under the Constitution to challenge Congressional decisions as opposed to Executive decisions. If the Supreme Court allows the appellate court ruling to stand, denying the administration judicial review, the appellate ruling will hold, and will be another blow to the administration's assertion of the independence of presidential authority during the "war on terror."—*The Roundtable on Religion and Social Welfare Policy, <religionandsocialpolicy.org/news>*

Friends General Conference has a new youth-oriented website at <www.quakeryouth.org>. The website is "a place where anyone can learn more about Quakerism . . . and post cool events." Its resources include a directory for traveling younger Friends; a way to post photos on its Flickr list; opportunities for jobs, internships, and service; idea-sharing for monthly meetings to bolster their intergenerational activities; and a discussion board.

Resource

•Quaker.org is happy to host web pages or domain names for any activity under the care of a Friends meeting. Rather than pay for hosting, a meeting may contact Russ Nelson at <nelson@quaker.org> to arrange for free hosting.

■ MILESTONES

Deaths

Cahalan—*William Francis Cahalan*, 91, on March 2, 2006, in Cincinnati, Ohio. Bill was born on April 20, 1914, in New York City, to John I. Cahalan and Ellen Lennon Cahalan. He graduated from St. Francis Xavier High School in 1932, and received a bachelor's degree from Fordham University in 1935 and a master's degree in Psychology from Columbia University in 1941. During 1937–40, he worked as registrar at his former high school, and volunteered at Friendship House in Harlem, N.Y. He taught at Dover, Delaware's Special School during 1941–42, before serving in the Navy during World War II. It was during 1943–44 at the Naval Training Station in Bainbridge, Md., that he met Renna Lee Tway, whom he married in 1944. After discharge from the Navy in 1945, he taught English and Psychology at University of Dayton, where he became an assistant professor of Psychology until 1953. Later he was an adjunct professor of Philosophy and Psychology for five years at Xavier University and for 19 years at Thomas More College, obtaining his license as a psychologist in 1973. After working as Personnel Director at E.F. MacDonald in Dayton, Ohio, while living in nearby Miamisburg, Bill pursued his chief career as personnel director at Western and Southern Life Insurance in Cincinnati, where he and his family moved in 1957. Bill gradually became a pacifist as the Cold War escalated and the United States became involved in Korea and Vietnam. He participated in marches and peace education initiatives, first as a member of the alternative Catholic Bea Community in Cincinnati in the late 1960s, and then, following his retirement, as an attender of Community Meeting in Cincinnati. He had a great love of nature and the sea, consistently labored to choose the right path, had lifelong philosophical and spiritual growth, was an excellent tennis player, and, above all, was constantly devoted to his wife and to his entire extended family. Bill and Lee's intermixed ashes, according to their recorded wishes, were spread into the Earth at a beloved nature preserve not far from their home, near a tree and bench in their honor. They are also memorialized together on a cenotaph monument in the Quaker section of Cincinnati's historic Spring Grove Cemetery, and by a memorial bench just outside their last room at the nearby Llanfair Retirement Community. Bill is predeceased by his wife of 60 years, Lee. He is survived by his children and their spouses, William Lee Cahalan and Deborah Jordan, Robert F. and Margaret Cahalan, Kathleen J. Cahalan and Dennis Fausz, and James M. Cahalan and Lea Masiello; grandchildren, Caroline Masiello, Joel and Gabriel Cahalan, Clare and Rose Masiello Cahalan, and Dylan Cahalan; and by his great-grandson, Owen Masiello Silberg.

Pixton—*Laurama Page Pixton*, 84, on February 15, 2006, in Claremont, Calif. Laurama was born on December 1, 1921. She received her BA in Psychology in 1943 from Swarthmore College, and an MA from Haverford College in 1945, after which she helped resettle Polish refugees in Mexico and served with her husband, John Pixton, in Morocco from 1960 to 1961. Starting in 1964, she was coordinator of the East-West Desk in the International Division of American Friends Service Committee.

During her 25 years of dedicated service with AFSC, she arranged annual, off-the-record forums in which U.S., British, and Russian public figures could quietly examine enhanced cooperation, as well as reciprocal residential seminars for academics and journalists; seminars for youth leaders; and reciprocal visits of disarmament specialists. She frequently visited the Soviet Union, negotiating future programs and exchanges, and was a Quaker delegate to the Russian Orthodox Church-sposored World Religious Conference in Moscow in 1982. She was widely consulted as a resource for people in the United States who were interested in building contacts with Soviet citizens, and she served on the advisory boards of Citizen Exchange Council, Institute for Soviet-American Relations, and the John T. Conner Center for U.S.-U.S.S.R. Citizens Dialogue Project. She was a member of Upper Dublin (Pa.) Meeting. The Page-Pixton Endowed Scholarship for Foreign Study was created by Laurama's brother, Ed, to honor his sister's tireless work and to further their joint devotion to the spirit of Quaker service. It expands on and replaces the Laurama Page Pixton 1943 Scholarship, which was created in 1989 to help foreign students from the former Soviet Union and Eastern Europe attend Swarthmore. Laurama is survived by her daughter, Carol Pixton.

Wagner—*David Thornton Wagner*, 74, on September 9, 2005, in West Milford, N.J. Dave was born on May 4, 1931, in Philadelphia, Pa. He married Edith Hartle on April 4, 1953. They lived in West Milford, where Dave had a long and dedicated teaching career at Wayne Valley High School. He invested his life in sharing knowledge and caring for young people. Involved with school and community affairs, he helped found the Band Parents Association at West Milford High School, where his children attended. He was an active member of the Lions Club. His love of life showed in his enthusiasm for trains, books, creative art, music, gardening, and travel. He loved Christmas, and made it a magical time for the family. He and Edith joined Montclair Meeting in 1966 and were members for nearly 40 years, participaring in every aspect of the meeting's life. Dave brought his enthusiasm and gentleness to the First-day school; his natural warmth to Reception and Advancement Committee; and his integrity, dedication, and common sense to the Board of Trustees. He enlivened committee meetings and monthly meeting for business with his wry sense of humor, and he always seemed to know when to reach out to burdened Friends with his light touch and sparkle. His love of Scripture showed tangibly in the well-worn leather-bound Testament that he always had at hand. Dave had overflowing abundance of generous spirit and love. He is deeply missed. Dave is survived by his wife, Edith Wagner; two daughters, Debra Frielle and Renee Bierly; a son, Bruce Wagner; and seven grandchildren.

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William Penn House & Washington Quaker Workcamps. Washington, D.C., Quaker Center on Capitol Hill offering hospitality, meeting space, and worship. Offering workcamp opportunities for youth, peace studies seminars for educators, and seminars for all ages. Leadership training for Quaker young adults through our internship program. All are welcome. <www.WmPennHouse.org>, <info@WmPennHouse.org>. (202) 543-5560. 515 East Capitol St., SE, Washington, D.C. 20003.

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

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

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

Chattanooga Meeting offers one unfurnished bedroom, use of entire meetinghouse, to a resident. $225 monthly rental includes all utilities, including telephone. Becky Ingle (423) 629-5914 or <becingle@bellsouth.net>.

Assistance Sought

Cat sitter(s) needed. Brighton, England. February–March 2007. Beautiful apartment, near sea, meetinghouse, shops, railway, countryside. 50 miles south of London. Contact: Harvey Gillman at <zvi@gotadsl.co.uk>.

Books and Publications

Friends Bulletin, magazine of Western U.S. Quakers, subscription $18. ***A Western Quaker Reader***, $19. ***Compassionate Listening***, $16. Friends Bulletin, 3223 Danaha St., Torrance, CA 90505. <westernquaker.net>, <friendsbulletin@aol.com>.

Quaker Artist—Cards and calendars, inspired by the Southwest and Japan, to benefit AFSC and other nonprofit organizations. See and purchase at <www.sunlit-art.com>.

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Opportunities

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Events at Pendle Hill

November 3–5: **Inquirers' Weekend: Basic Quakerism,** with Maurine Pyle and Jerry Leaphart
November 6–10: **Yoga You Can Take Home With You,** with Bob Butera
November 24–26: **Preparing for Emmanuel: A Semi-Silent Advent Retreat,** with Katharine and Ken Jacobson
December 1–3: **The Light Within: Thomas Kelly and the Beloved Community,** with Deborah Shaw
December 4–8: **The Light and My Voice in Community,** with Rubye Howard Braye
December 8–10: **Exploring Dreams,** with Jeremy Taylor
December 29–January 1: **Celebrate the New Year! Mozart and the Enlightenment,** with Karl Middleman, and **Open Heart, Peaceful Mind: A Semi-Silent Retreat,** with Valerie Brown

For more information, contact: Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086-6023. (800) 742-3150, extension 3. <www.pendlehill.org>.

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75th Anniversary Celebration!
1931–2006

Saturday, October 14, 2006. Time: 12:30 PM to 3:30 PM. 57th Street Meeting of Friends, 5615 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60637.
Join us! Please share this special occasion with us, and share this invitation with Friends, who might be interested in attending the celebration!
In order to accommodate everyone, R.S.V.P. at <fiftysevenfriends@yahoo.com> or call Joy at (773) 268-2965.

STUDY TOUR—BOLIVIA. Meet Aymara Indian Quakers. Visit life-changing rural development projects of Quaker Bolivia Link near Lake Titicaca: June 25–July 9, 2007; optional Peru-Cusco, Machu Picchu: July 8–15. Contact **Barbara Flynn (U.S.). (707) 823-6034, *<treasureandes@mindspring.com>,*** web: ***<www.TreasuresoftheAndes.com>.***

Costa Rica Study Tours: Visit the Quaker community in Monteverde. For information and a brochure contact Sarah Stuckey: +011 (506) 645-5436; write: Apdo. 46-5655, Monteverde, Costa Rica; e-mail<crstudy@racsa.co.cr>; <www.crstudytours.com>; or call in the USA (937) 728-9887.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Personals

Concerned Singles

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

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

Positions Vacant

Executive Minister for The Rhode Island State Council of Churches Theologically trained. Must have commitment to mission, an ecumenical focus and advocacy skills. RISCC SEARCH COMMITTEE, 225 Chapman Street, Suite 303, Providence, RI 02905, (401) 461-5558. Application deadline: January 1, 2007.

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Pendle Hill

Pendle Hill, a Quaker center for study, contemplation, work, and service, seeks a creative, strong, flexible leader to guide this historic institution through a time of major transition and beyond. Good management skills and deep administrative experience, particularly in planning, personnel, finance, and program evaluation are required. Experience with institutional fundraising and managing significant change in an organization similar to Pendle Hill are strongly desired. Candidates should have an understanding of and commitment to Quaker process, the ability to build and maintain relationships with other Quaker institutions, and a commitment to servant leadership. Position requires residence on the campus in Wallingford, PA. Salary commensurate with experience. See Pendle Hill's website for full position description <www.pendlehill.org>. Applications including a résumé and significant cover letter, should be sent electronically if possible to Joey Rodger, Gossage Sager Associates, 1730 Hinman Ave., 4E, Evanston, IL 60201 <joey_rod@msn.com> Review of applications begins January 1, 2007.

Monteverde Friends School seeks PK-12 teachers in various subjects and volunteers. School year begins in August 2007. MFS is an English-dominant, bilingual school with multi-graded classes in Costa Rica's rural mountains. While salaries are low, the experience is rich. Simple housing included for teachers. Application deadline February 15, 2007, or until position filled, volunteers any month. Contact Loren Thomas, Director, Monteverde Friends School, Monteverde 5655, Puntarenas, Costa Rica. Tel/fax + 011 (506) 645-5302. E-mail: <lorenthomas@mac.com>. Visit: <www.mfschool.org>.

TENURE-TRACK JOB OPENING
in *Peace and Global Studies* at Earlham College

Earlham College seeks a tenure-track faculty and Director of our Peace and Global Studies Program. The position is to begin Fall 2007; appointment may be at any level. We will receive and review applications as they are received and will continue the search until the position is filled. Send letter of interest, c.v., three letters of reference to: Sadie Forsythe, PAGS Office, Drawer 105, Earlham College, 801 National Road West, Richmond, IN 47374.

Job Openings at Friends General Conference

Youth Ministries Coordinator (Full-time) beginning January 2007, working with age-balanced committee on exciting new Youth Ministries Program. Includes staff support for conferences and retreats, travel in the ministry by younger Friends, building a Quaker youth website, and helping meetings to strengthen multigenerational communities. Strong organizational, computer, and interpersonal skills, plus demonstrated ability to work with young/young adult Friends essential. Application deadline 11/1/06.

Associate Secretary for Programs(60% time) beginning January 2007, works closely with General Secretary and two other Associate Secretaries to provide spiritually grounded administrative staff leadership. Supervises several program coordinators, works with several committees. Seasoned Friend with strong administrative and supervisory experience, collegial style, and good communication skills sought. Application deadline 11/1/06.

Both positions include full benefits. Send résumé and letter to General Secretary, FGC, 1216 Arch Street, 2B, Philadelphia, Pa 19107 or <bruceb@fgcquaker.org>.

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

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

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

Schools

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For further information contact **<axtelsu@earlham.edu>** or **(800) 432-1377.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Summer Camps

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

FRIENDS MUSIC CAMP at Olney, 4-week summer program, ages 10-18. Musical growth in a caring, Quaker community. Parent comment: "A profound, life-changing experience." Camper comment: "Awesome!" For brochure and camp video: FMC, PO Box 427, Yellow Springs, OH 45387. (937) 767-1311. <musicfmc@yahoo.com>.

Journey's End Farm Camp
offers sessions of two or three weeks for 32 boys and girls, ages 7–12. One-week Family Camp in August. Farm animals, gardening, nature, ceramics, shop.
Nonviolence, simplicity, reverence for nature are emphasized in our program centered in the life of a Quaker farm family. Welcome all races. Apply early. Kristin Curtis, 364 Sterling Road, Newfoundland, PA 18445.
Telephone: (570) 689-3911. Financial aid available.

Camp Woodbrooke, Wisconsin
Quaker-led camp with emphasis on simplicity, community, living in harmony with the environment. Have fun, make friends. 34 boys and girls, ages 7–12. Teen adventures, ages 13–15. (608) 489-2788. <www.campwoodbrooke.org>.

Summer Rentals

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

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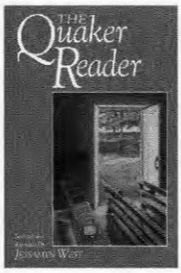

The Quaker Reader
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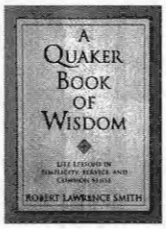
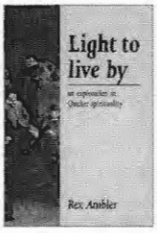
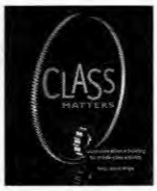


A Quaker Book of Wisdom
Life Lessons in Simplicity, Service and Common Sense
Robert Lawrence Smith
Inspired by nine generations of Quaker forebears, Smith speaks to all of us seeking a simpler, more meaningful life. He explores ways to guide personal choices, live and speak truthfully, and listen for and act on our conscience. *Quill, $12.00*



Light to Live By
An Exploration in Quaker Spirituality
Rex Ambler
British Friend Rex Ambler tells of his development and use of a personal practice of meditation which he discovered in early Friends. *Quaker Books, $12.00*



Class Matters
Betsy Leondar-Wright
A highly readable guide to building bridges across class lines and collaborating more effectively in mixed-class social change efforts.
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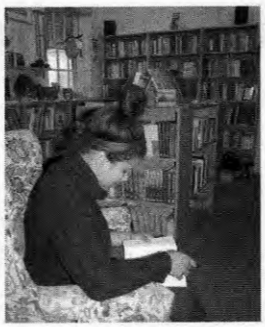

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