A Guatemala Journal

En mi barrio: A Young Friend's Neighborhood

Walking the Walk
Among Friends

Happy Anniversary, Barbara!

In this column I sometimes introduce new staff and volunteers or bid farewell to folks who are departing. I’m very pleased this month to have a uniquely different purpose—to draw special attention to one of our dedicated, hard-working, and talented staff members.

In 1977, when I first began my work at FRIENDS JOURNAL, I met the newly hired “layout” staff person, Barbara Benton. She had arrived in April, just a month or so before I had, having come to us from the Women’s International League for Peace and Freedom, where she worked on their newsletter. Back then, page design was done by making a series of hand sketches of each two-page “spread” of the magazine, then transforming them through a careful hand paste-up process to “mechanicals” the printer would photograph and print. Barbara was fairly new at this, but she had then—as she does now—a plucky willingness to try new things and to master them. She quickly decided that she wanted a degree in Graphic Design to enhance her skills and went to Tyler School of Art to get that training. I remember having many discussions with her about ways to make our pages more lively and beautiful.

Times have changed, and graphic design has evolved into a computer operation. Today, as art director, Barbara has superbly mastered doing page design and layout using computer programs such as CorelDraw, PageMaker, QuarkXPress, Photoshop, Adobe Acrobat, and InDesign. She did not take to computers with the ease that younger generations possess, yet she has become impressively expert not only at using her very complex graphic design programs, but also in trouble-shooting the many problems that can arise in their use or with the hardware that supports them. She always impresses me with her willingness to keep on learning, to try new things, to go back to the computer and to redesign page layouts that we editors (and interns) have critiqued and found wanting in some way. Over the years, she has accumulated several file cabinets full of photos and art for possible use in our pages. She’s been such a regular presence at the Philadelphia Free Library that she has special permission to look through material not generally made directly available to the public. And she’s scoured the Internet for sources of free graphics that can be used to enhance the magazine and our website. Year after year she has produced fresh and lovely—sometimes extraordinarily beautiful—page layouts for our covers and feature articles. She amazes me every month.

Barbara was born in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and learned about Quakerism when her brother arranged to do his alternative service during the ’60s with American Friends Service Committee. She was interested in Quakers and chose to relocate to Philadelphia where she knew she would “find lots of them.” She values the time she spends working with the interface between words and images, with the goal of creating a clear and meaningful vehicle for communicating ideas that are meaningful for her as well as our readers. (“Sure beats designing cereal boxes!” she says with typical humor.) Almost every month she finds something personally important to her in the new feature article manuscripts that are handed to her—and she marvels that she is paid to read and think about it. Not a Friend when she first came to us, she became a convinced member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting many years ago.

Barbara reached her 30th anniversary with FRIENDS JOURNAL this past April, a huge milestone in this era for any organization’s staff. For you who keep decades of FRIENDS JOURNAL copies on your shelf, compare the design of our pages before 1977 to those of the following 30 years, and you will see what an immense contribution Barbara has made to Quaker communication. She has set an award-winning standard, and done so with modesty, humility, and openness. I hope you will join me in congratulating her on her excellent and faithful work in service to us all.

Gale Elder Steenstra

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Cover photo by Barbara Benton, from a Guatemalan village, 2002
The power and impact of Bolivian Friends and Friends organizations that I saw in a recent visit to Bolivia far exceeds the cool and modest description Newton Garver offered in his excellent and clear article "The Aspirations of Andean Quakers" [FEB.]

I had heard that Quaker Bolivia Link (QLB) had problems with some early projects, and I wanted to see how they were doing now. I walked into the QLB medical clinic at Amacari and my jaw dropped. I beheld the best-designed, best-constructed modern building I had seen in the length of Latin America. Better than much in the U.S., and all the more amazing because it was volunteer labor built it. With QLB direction, volunteers who had never seen that type of quality of construction rose above their experience to produce something on the order of a miracle.

I'm an expert on medical programs, but what I could see of this program administered in conjunction with the medical school of the Universidad Catolica de Bolivia looked right. Not only were sick people being treated, I could see evidence of numerous programs to teach people how to keep from becoming sick. The staff seemed alert and interested in their jobs. The rapport between staff members and villagers seemed smooth and warm.

But people's faces attracted my attention most. One face won't leave my memory: a woman's small face covered with tiny wrinkles. She looked 40; she may have been 20. Life had been rough for her. It was obviously easier now. She smiled. She glowed. She looked relaxed and moved fluidly. Her manner indicated she felt closely and comfortably connected to the people around her. The clinic—and the QLB water system there—had done that. It changed her life and the life of the village. People had better lives, felt closer to each other, worked together better.

For a U.S. Friend to add a greenhouse to one's residence means not having to go down to the store anymore for winter lettuce, maybe getting better produce, having some fun in the dirt. To add a simple QLB greenhouse to a Bolivian's residence could mean that for the first time in many generations that family might get sufficient food, that the kids might grow up with fully developed bodies, that the family and village might continue to exist rather than people drifting to the slums of La Paz or Sucre.

That the people have a reason to be happy.

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How about a universal sweat bath?

I have followed with interest the discussion in FRIENDS JOURNAL about holding a sweatlodge at Friends General Conference Gatherings. I infer it was canceled out of respect for the feelings of Native Americans who objected to its being presented by people who were not members of Native American religious, and who were not trained in those rituals and grounded in the beliefs on which American Indian sweatlodge are founded. Yet apparently Friends have missed that workshop.

Have Friends considered developing a universal sweat bath workshop? I am not an anthropologist, but I have come across mention of sweat baths being used in many cultures for physical and psychological benefits and as preparation for religious experiences.

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Reflection on the Conference for Racial Justice and Equality

How is it that we human beings, all born with the spark of divinity within us, accomplish each incremental step from our beginnings in egocentrism to an enlightened embrace of allocentrism, and from our beginnings in monoculturalism to a realistic and respectful embrace of multiculturalism? The reality is that we positively grow and become through receiving, giving, and sharing the miraculous experience of loving and being loved.

What might be the keys to realizing a peaceable kingdom where compassion, empathy, thoughtful perspective taking, and collaborative problem solving might be the cultural norms of living together in friendships, families, working groups, recreational groups, and yes, even within our own Religious Society of Friends?

Perhaps a beginning might be the profound realization that violence begets violence and that love begets love. Each of us knows this experimentally. As we mature, this intuitive knowledge expands. We become able to name this truth cognitively, and then, hopefully, to learn to live it positively, not destructively.

Surely, for me at least, casting aside
negative preemptive assumptions about others, which might be based on such differences as race, gender, sexual orientation, age, ability, skin color, financial and material assets, apparel choice, life experience, or hair style is essential to my thoughtful receptivity and openness to the life stories and life realities of my fellow human beings. Subsequently, shared empathy can be the foundation for building workable, sometimes joyful, relationships.

As one of the persons experienced and persistent (in numerous matters of peace and social justice), I attended the “First Annual Conference for Racial Justice and Equality” (Reports and Epistles, FJ Jan.). For me (and for several others who spoke with me or in my presence), such negative preemptive assumptions were both visible and audible well into the second day. These assumptions were based on concerns that those of a particular race or color (e.g. African American, Native American, Caucasian American) lacked knowledge, caring, and perspective due to their presumed inadequate prior experiences with groups other than their own. I observed and experienced these verbal comments and interpersonal aversions as preemptive attitudinal strikes, which closed off conversations rather than opening up relationships and shared seeking. They were, for me, frequent enough to become quite distracting from the aspirations for the conference.

As I departed, early, after lunch on the second day, it was with feelings of disappointment and discouragement. Even in a court of law in the U.S. one is supposedly presumed innocent until proven guilty. In the Religious Society of Friends I believe we are well reminded that presumptions of goodness and sincere seeking serve us well and are often gateways to enhanced understanding and enriched relationships. I am reminded of Martin Luther King Jr.: “Darkness cannot drive out darkness; only light can do that. Hate cannot drive out hate; only love can do that.” Much healing and conciliation remain to be accomplished. I remain hopeful.

Elizabeth Jansen Koenman
Gwynedd, Pa.

Together alone?

Thank you so much for your courage to publish Judith Fetterley's thoughtful and desperate article, “On Sexism as a Spiritual Disaster” (FJ Feb.). I too have labored in the vineyard for decades as a writer, editor, speaker, marcher for female and human rights. Considering that women are 51 percent of the world's population, it is sad that our own needs can still be considered “divisive” when we unite with other groups for racial issues, gay/lesbian rights, environmental, antiracism, or terrorist worries. It seems that too many people become narrow-minded specialists devoted to their own causes. And many young women consider feminism a battle already won—until they try to combine marriage, job advancement, raising children, caring for ill relatives.

What I continue to do about this is to support and work with several organizations. The FJB ecumenical women's movement (www.grail-us.org) works in more than 20 countries since the 1920s to train women in community organizing, the arts, anti-poverty efforts, UN presence. National headquarters is Grafilville, Loveland, Ohio. Another organization is Veteran Feminists of America (www.vfa.org), which issues a monthly e-letter that includes notices about talks, events, new books. For writers and editors, there's Women's National Book Association, which since 1917 has pursed women's advancement in the book trade around the U.S. (www.wnba-nyc.org). For mystery writers, there's Sisters in Crime, which organizes monthly events, conferences, and awards and monitors the number of reviews of women's books (www.sistersincrime.org). Lesbians can contact Lambda Book Report (www.lambdaliterary.org) and the Publishing Triangle (writers, editors, agents) about events in several cities (www.publishingtriangle.org).

Here in the New York area, veteran feminist and some men, including county officials, unite to act out readings in our foremothers' history at a Founding Mothers Heritage event, paid for by Mamaronck (N.Y.) Arts Council each March. The program is written and organized by history teacher Dorothy Sanceno and taped for viewing in Westchester County schools. The series began with Native American women and has progressed this year's suffragettes and labor organizers (1900s). Reading, acting, or singing in it is great fun.

How many people know about the new National Women's History Museum that's raising funds for its building on the Mall, in Washington, D.C. (<www.nwhm.org>)? I'm a charter member.

My final point is that if we're not in this struggle alone together, then it becomes together alone—a far bleaker alternative in this far-right time of wars and rumors of wars.

Carole Spearin McCauley
Greenwich, Conn.

Humanity’s most important concern

“On Sexism as a Spiritual Disaster” (FJ Feb.), Judith Fetterley’s concern deserves to be classified as humanity’s most important concern at the present time.

This concern can be expressed in various ways. Having in mind what I'm told was an insight of Martin Luther King Jr. “We face two alternatives, nonviolence or extinction,” I express Judith Fetterley’s concern with the question, “Can life on planet Earth withstand the involvement of the male Homo sapiens?”

Arthur W Clark

Conflict resolution needed on all fronts

Judith Fetterley’s piece “On Sexism as a Spiritual Disaster” (FJ Feb.) is especially timely as Rep. Nancy Pelosi becomes the first woman to be elected to be the Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives. More than 100 years ago philosopher Mary Parker Follett wrote her masterpiece, The Speaker of the House of Representatives. In that work and throughout her life she reminds us that conflict is a “given datum of life and from birth we should be educated in conflict resolution.”

Of course, violence, regardless of gender, is to be abhorred. Conflict resolution should be a basic part of our social, economic, physical, political education.

Interestingly, there is more sense and progress in organized sports on conflict management than in any other area of life. Punishment and reward are carefully spelled out—officials call a halt when competition violates the rules, and rewards and punishments are handed out, on the spot. “Players” in other “games,” especially politics and economics, are very far behind in conflict resolution. So while we share Judith Fetterley's horror concerning violence between genders, let us expand our focus and call for an end of violence as a method of conflict resolution—period.

Leo Molinar

Continued on page 50

Friends Journal May 2007
by Charles F. Howlett

In December 1994, the New York Times published an obituary titled "Julien Cornell, 83, The Defense Lawyer in Ezra Pound Case." Julien Davies Cornell, actually age 84, a member of Cornwall (N.Y.) Meeting, had died of cancer earlier that month in Goshen, New York. While it is true that Julien will be remembered widely for defending the notorious poet who was accused of treason during World War II, his legal efforts on behalf of conscientious objectors deserves far greater recognition. He remains one of the unsung heroes of the U.S. peace movement.

During World War II conscientious objectors represented a tiny proportion of the draft-age U.S. population. In their book, Conscription of Conscience: The American State and the Conscientious Objector, 1940-1947, Mulford Q. Sibley and Philip Jacob note that less than two-tenths of one percent of the eligible age group requested a CO exemption. A majority of the 72,000 objects were never imprisoned. Some 25,000 entered the military in noncombatant service, and another 11,950 were assigned to alternative service in Civilian Public Service (CPS) work camps. An estimated 20,000 potential objectors did not receive official conscientious objector status. Some saw their claims rejected by a local draft board and were forced to enter the armed forces. Others were successful in obtaining an exemption due to their jobs or family dependents. Meanwhile, 6,086 conscientious objectors were imprisoned for violating the Selective Service Act.

Many individuals in the public sector applauded the Selective Service and Training Act of 1940. They saw it as an advance over the World War I law, which had limited conscientious objection to members of the Historic Peace Churches. But for many pacifists and opponents of war the federal government's draft law was considered a direct assault upon civil liberties. Despite the new law's expanded classification to include all who were opposed to participating in war because of religious training and belief, little was done to address the issue of opposition to war on nonreligious grounds. The law did not mirror the British National Service Act of 1939, which allowed the absolutist objector exemption from state service.

For Julien Cornell, defending the civil liberties of conscientious objectors from the dictates of the state was paramount for his faith and his profession. He was born in Brooklyn, New York, on March 17, 1910, to Edward H. Cornell, a successful Wall Street attorney, and Ester Haviland Cornell, a descendant of the French family who were the makers of the famous Haviland China. Both were devout Quakers. Julien, along with his brother and two sisters, attended the Brooklyn Friends School on Schermerhorn Street. Attending meeting was an important part of his early childhood. "On Sundays," he recounted, "we walked a mile to the meetinghouse adjacent to the school where we attended Sunday school. . . . An hour of silent meditation was interspersed with brief messages . . . [and] some of the speakers' messages appealed to us, particularly those of Anna Curtis. "Even joyful summer vacations in Central Valley, New York, where his father's family had settled during the Revolutionary War, witnessed Julien accompanying his parents to Cornwall Meeting or Smith's Clove Preparative Meeting at Highland Mills.

At age 12, Cornell left Brooklyn and began attending a small boarding school at Lake Mohonk, New York. The idyllic resort and school were run by the Quaker Smiley family, which sponsored the noted Lake Mohonk Conferences on International Arbitration from the 1890s to 1916. Julien graduated at the top of his class after studying liberal arts and sciences. He attended Swarthmore College, where his mother, an alumna of the Class of 1898, was on the board of managers.

He entered Swarthmore at age 16 and graduated with honors in 1930. It was at this Quaker college that Julien came to appreciate fully the importance of freedom of conscience. Years later he recalled, "Swarthmore gave me two things associated with its Quaker heritage which I cherish: a healthy skepticism for textbooks and authorities, and reverence for the dignity and worth of individual human beings."

Just as important, Swarthmore reinforced his belief in nonviolence. During his senior year, Julien Cornell became interested in a movement started at Oxford in Great Britain, where undergraduates took an oath to refuse military service to "king and country." Reading books like Norman Angell's The Great Illusion and Sir Arthur Ponsonby's Now Is the Time convinced Julien of the folly of war. Influenced by the postwar disillusionment sweeping the United States in
the 1920s and the expectations raised by the 1928 Kellogg-Briand Pact, which outlawed war "as an instrument of national policy," Cornell and his classmates Haines Turner and Harold Wagner decided to launch their own peace movement, going so far as to prepare a declaration encouraging college students throughout the country to follow the example of the Oxford Peace Pledge. Their movement never got going, but it convinced Cornell that "my study of the problem of war made me a confirmed pacifist, which I have since remained."

Although a pacifist, Cornell did not become involved in organized peace efforts. Instead, he attended and graduated from Yale Law School in 1933. As expected, he accepted a position in his father's law firm of Davies, Averbach, and Cornell. But the emphasis on money at the expense of the aging college students throughout the country to follow the example of the Oxford Peace Pledge. Their movement never got going, but it convinced Cornell that "my study of the problem of war made me a confirmed pacifist, which I have since remained."

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"Service to one's country when voluntary is a noble thing, when compulsory is degrading, and when in violation of conscience is immoral."

emphasis on money at the expense of the client and with no priority for service to the community disillusioned him. In 1940, he found his true calling when Congress passed the Burke-Wadsworth Bill, better known as the Selective Service and Training Act. His deep passion for peace and respect for conscience were challenged with that law's enactment.

As early as January 1941 Cornell began offering his legal services "without compensation" to Friends confronted with the draft act. "I am a member of the Cornwall New York Monthly Meeting and am practicing law in New York City," he wrote to the clerk of Purchase Meeting in White Plains, New York. "I should like to offer my services as attorney on behalf of any members of your meeting who stand in need of advice or legal representation regarding the provisions of the Selective and Training Service Act." In 1942, while employed by the firm of Earle and Reilly in Manhattan, Cornell was receiving numerous inquiries from Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), Evan Thomas of the War Resisters League, and A.J. Muste of the Fellowship of Reconciliation requesting that he "represent... pacifists who had refused to register for handled or advised with other attorneys were done with meticulous care and respect for individual conscience."

Although Cornell was quiet and reserved by nature, he was a determined litigator. He succeeded in getting the Circuit Court of Appeals in New York to establish the principle that "sincere conscientious scruples were genuine and based upon religious training and belief. There were times when judges went out of their way to punish conscientious objectors in spite of Cornell's efforts. He was also one of the lead counsel in perhaps the most celebrated case during the war—the treatment accorded to two imprisoned conscientious objectors, Stanley Murphy and Louis Taylor. Murphy and Taylor had led an 82-day hunger strike at the federal prison in Danbury, Connecticut. They were subsequently sent to a federal prison hospital in Springfield, Missouri, where they were placed naked in "strip cells" and beaten by guards. Cornell contacted U.S. attorneys and, with other pacifist groups, brought this matter to the attention of the press, resulting in federal investigations of the prison system and eventual reforms on behalf of war resisters.

Julien's determination to defend the civil liberties of objectors also took him to the U.S. Supreme Court. In a case backed by the American Civil Liberties Union and supported by Harvard law professor and authority on free speech Zebulon Chafee, Cornell argued that Clyde W. Summers should not be denied admission to the bar in his home state of Illinois because he was a pacifist. Cornell argued that Summers' convictions were a testament to his character and he should be deemed fit to practice law. He launched a spirited defense of Summers' rights, but lost the argument before the high court, 5 to 4. However, he was far more successful in the case of James Louis Girouard, a Canadian and Seventh-Day Adventist. Girouard's application for citizenship had been denied because his religion required that he not bear arms. On behalf of the ACLU, Cornell wrote a successful amicus curiae brief leading to the granting of citizenship to Girouard.

Continued on next page
A part from appearing in court, writing briefs, and advising clients, Cornell made his views known in two widely read books: *The Conscientious Objector and the Law* and *Conscience and the State*. In both works, published in 1943 and 1944 respectively, Cornell examined the provisions of the 1940 draft law and its application. In these books he argued that the U.S. government should adopt the British model with regard to exemption from service and that "Service to one's country when voluntary is a noble thing, when compulsory is degrading, and when in violation of conscience is immoral." According to Julien, "If the nation can prosecute a war and at the same time give freedom to those who have conscientious objections to war, then our civilization is healthy and flourishing." Instead, he noted, the conscientious objector was "still not accorded in full measure the recognition which his legal and moral position deserves [nor] does [he] receive fair treatment at the hands of draft boards and public officials." The legal arguments articulated in these two books became the basis for many of the successful draft appeals during the Vietnam War.

Cornell's highest point of notoriety came in 1946 with his defense of the famed poet and writer Ezra Pound. Pound had been indicted on charges of treason stemming from radio broadcasts he gave in Rome in 1943. Those broadcasts were highly critical of President Roosevelt and smacked of anti-Semitism. Although Army psychiatrists had declared Pound fit to stand trial, Cornell produced his own battery of psychiatrists who refuted the Army experts. During the February 1946 trial, Cornell prevailed in having Pound committed to a mental hospital thus saving him from a possible death sentence.

Julien's defense of Pound was only a distraction from his ongoing postwar commitment to world peace and service to others. He took a brief hiatus from the practice of law and performed volunteer work in Europe for American Friends Service Committee. In 1949–1950 he organized a series of summer conferences for young students interested in world peace. During his stay in Europe he visited Quaker centers in London, Rome, Berlin, and Vienna, where he gave talks on the United Nations and Cold War tensions. He insisted that lasting world peace cannot be based on the myth of military security and the fetish of national sovereignty.

In July 1950, he and his family settled in Central Valley where he established his own law practice. A devoted family man who loved his wife and children, Julien returned once more to the use of law as an instrument to help others. He served his community as a board of education attorney, town attorney, and private practitioner in Orange County. Attention to matters involving peace and civil liberties remained close to his heart. In 1956 this led him to come to the aid of the U.S. branch of the Fellowship of Reconciliation (FOR), which was founded by Quakers and other religious pacifists in Garden City, New York, in 1915. It was moving from its Broadway office in Manhattan to Shadowcliff Mansion in Nyack, New York, and local residents were distrustful of this pacifist group. Harboring Cold War fears, they persuaded the town and village to put the FOR property on the tax rolls. On behalf of the Fellowship, Cornell entered into the legal fray. Through his legal acumen and knowledge of the law on civil and religious liberties, he won tax-exempt status for the FOR.

For Cornell's work of historical importance during the trying times of World War II and after, his Quaker beliefs bolstered his efforts. He used his legal training to defend the right of conscience against involuntary state servitude. Many, like pacifist lawyer Harrop Freeman, considered him the foremost defender of conscientious objectors in the United States during this period. Julien understood that the practice of law was a matter of finding the truth rather than proving the rights of one's attitude. Despite criticisms from patriotic justices and government officials, Cornell carried out his assignment with aplomb and unswerving devotion. "I really think you did a wonderful job in obtaining certiorari [permission to argue before the Supreme Court] in such a novel situation," Chafee wrote to Cornell in regard to the Supreme Court's decision in the Summers case, "and that the fact that you persuaded four judges is a tribute to [your] skill."

Just prior to the U.S. entry into World War II, Cornell warned Friends in an unpublished paper, "Pacifism in the Society of Friends," found in his papers at the Swarthmore College Peace Collection, that "These things which we are about to do are so immoral that we cannot condone or approve them, much less take part in them, without surrendering our Quaker principles... We cannot fight a war to end war. We thought so once. But war breeds war, and if we go into this war we will by so doing help to breed another. Only by rejecting war can we create the spirit in which the dove of peace can breathe." He was a peace hero in his own court. Very few Friends are aware of his legal contributions to the peace movement in wartime and how his arguments would be used by a future generation of litigators during the Vietnam War. This should be more widely known. If the law is the foundation for society's safekeeping, then peace is the bedrock for its existence. The legacy of Julien Davies Cornell lives on at Swarthmore's McCabe Library, home of the Friends Historical Library, which he and his family made possible through generous donations to the college.

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**AFTER A HARD MEETING**

Surely our plan was peace.
We came in here together
each setting self gently aside
on the old benches
in this plain room

where a song sometimes fills us—
notes of a wild bird perhaps,
or one common Word
rising up to feed us,
like a warm, nourishing broth.

On good days here I have
witnessed a distant siren or
some other sliver of
ordinary, holy wit
bind us to one another.

And again today we came,
Wanting to be with each other in
tenderness, anxious to reach out,
our own efforts at a new heart
in the envelope of our hands,
not meaning to mirror
a world at war.

—Janeal Turnbull Ravndal

Janeal Turnbull Ravndal lives in Yellow Springs, Ohio.
In December 1999, 14-year-old Greg Woods attended the “High School Quake,” a gathering of Illinois Yearly Meeting youth. Along with many other isolated Midwest young Friends, Greg valued these young Friends’ gatherings. He says they helped him grow spiritually while giving him an opportunity to strengthen some of his most important friendships. “My best memories of those years are from yearly meeting; in tough times I longed to be there,” Greg said. Spending time with Quaker peers is a rare and exciting experience, and the opportunity to let down some of the defenses he carried was a welcome retreat.

Raised a Quaker in Columbia (Mo.) Meeting, Greg is outgoing, funny, and very intelligent. But his childhood and adolescence were not always happy. He was born with a neurological disorder that resulted in his having significantly impaired speech. In addition to the everyday challenges of growing up, Greg has therefore had to overcome the assumptions of others about his intelligence and abilities. In his everyday life Greg frequently felt isolated, but his Quaker peers were willing to see past his disability and discover the real Greg.

At the High School Quake Greg saw flyers announcing an upcoming American Friends Service Committee workcamp, building homes with members of the Pine Ridge Reservation community in South Dakota. The idea caught his attention. By the next summer, Greg was asking around his yearly meeting to see if he could find a ride out to Pine Ridge. He secured one and decided to attend. His parents supported his plan and paid the registration fees.

So in July of 2000, Greg traveled to Pine Ridge with Friends from his yearly meeting, Candy Boyd and her children, Maya and Michael Suffern. Greg says that the next ten days were an eye-opening experience for him. After spending time repairing houses and being in fellowship with Native Americans there, they concluded that this population—one of the poorest in our country—needed more help. Greg said, “I grew up in a small town that had really low unemployment and a pretty good standard of living, especially in my neighborhood. I had never experienced extreme poverty before, so it shocked me that it existed in the United States and that...
for themselves. They decided to call their efforts Project Lakota, and they continued the next year to build the organization.

Project Lakota was formally founded by the three of them in the fall of 2000 to raise funds for building materials and provide scholarship for people to attend the AFSC workcamp each summer. Greg spent that next year traveling around the country, talking about his experience, and asking Friends to donate to the organization. He continues to speak publicly, giving presentations to monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings, university classes, and high school Quakerism classes.

Greg returned to Pine Ridge each year from 2001 to 2005. He says each workcamp is different because each group is composed of different people at different stages of life. "That's what makes each workcamp special," he said. In addition to his continued commitment to Pine Ridge, Greg has participated in workcamps in the Sierra Madres of Mexico, and with the Comaqui living in Desem­buque on the Sea of Cortez in Mexico.

Today Greg is a fourth-year student at Earlham College in Richmond, Indiana, and is still actively promoting Project Lakota. He says he chose Earlham because of the opportunity to be around other Quakers his age, something that was absent from his life in Missouri. "I decided the best place to study peace would be at a Quaker college, and now, as my focus of peace be-

comes more global in scope, I am trying to incorporate what I learn from the reservation into my schoolwork and vice versa." After September 11, 2001, Greg witnessed some people, including some Friends, calling for revenge, and in response felt called to devote his life to peace. Today he is pursuing a degree in Peace and Global Studies, and he has studied in Mexico and Spain. Last spring the Peace and Global Studies Department awarded him the PAGS Faculty Award because of his activism outside the classroom, including Project Lakota.

In addition to publishing articles in Friends Bulletin, FGC Connections, and Northwest Seasons (a children's newspaper in the Northwest U.S.) about the work of Project Lakota generally, Greg has written about the similarities between the Lakota religion and Quakerism. In an article in the Fall 2002 AFSC News letter, Greg wrote: "Over the last three summers on the Pine Ridge Reservation, I have noticed several similarities between Quakerism and the Lakota religion. I think it is because of these similarities that the two groups have gotten along so many decades. Both groups believe God can speak to them. Quakers believe that God speaks to us during meeting for worship, and sometimes God leads us to give messages in meeting. The Lakota people believe that God, whom they call Tunkashila, comes to them during ceremonies and helps people. . . . Quakers talk about the Light of God in everyone, and the Lakota people talk about not judging others until you've walked a mile in their moccasins."

When I asked if Project Lakota is a solution to the poverty of Pine Ridge Reservation, Greg responded cautiously: "I wouldn't say we founded it as a solution, but rather to help work towards a solution. Just one small organization can't be the whole solution. While I feel happy with the success so far, I feel a lot more should be done."

In the spring of 2004 Greg received a grant from the Clarence and Lily Pickett Endowment for Quaker Leadership, which made possible the purchase of a video camera and website software to help

(Top) Greg with a Lakota tipi; (above) a cabin built by Project Lakota for the One Feather family in Oglala, S.D.; (left) Joint Service Project crew and homeowners' crew pose with their construction work.

Continued

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May 2007 Friends Journal
by Caitlin Archer-Helke

Like the prince in an elaborate ballet he spins deftly and, with a practiced thrust, knocks his opponent’s épée to the grass. The opponent, who has probably known this was coming—one does not fence with a bodybuilding demigod and expect to win—takes his defeat without rancor. The winner turns and, panther-like, thrusts and parries with an imaginary foe while the young woman who was his audience all along drinks in his performance, her heart thrilling in her breast. They are the neighborhood’s power couple, and they are a mixed couple. This performance is a typical part of a typical day in my neighborhood, which is, for most of the country, not a typical neighborhood at all.

It is a many-hued barrio, mi querido barrio favorito!

My neighborhood speaks a lot of Spanglish. My Spanglish, like my Spanish, has a heavy French accent; when I speak English I sound more like a Vermonter than a child of the Midwest. My Spanish-speaking neighborhood is itself a breathtakingly beautiful tapestry, and the people who make up its warp and weft are a diverse lot: Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, American Indians, East Indians, Haitians, African Americans, whites, Asian Americans—we come in every color from brown to pale peach. The young man of the power couple is Puerto Rican. His young lady passes for white but has Native ancestry back a generation or two. Mi bello barrio favorito is mixed in another way too. Some of its denizens work for University of Chicago; others work for Ford. Some are teachers, others auto techs. Some are plumbers, others musicians from Northwestern University’s Graduate School of Music. Some are nurses, some construction workers, others welders. Mi barrio está bien de salud, mes amis.

We are a Ford neighborhood. I was born a Friend; I drive a Ford. Mi querido Focus gets gas mileage as good as a Corolla or an Accord and it costs a good deal less—very important, since my family is among the lower-middle-class familias del barrio. With my Ford, too, I know where my money is going. Someone I know—a friend, the uncle of my man, or the youth himself—fixes it. It is nice to know these things.

We like to unfurl our World Series Champion Chicago White Sox banners in my neck of the woods. We scream for soccer too. We play sports, of course—football and baseball and basketball, softball and soccer and track (we’ve got a few javelin throwers and discus hurdlers). My neighborhood has produced more than one sports star, and most of the finer youths, the ones parents wish their daughters knew, are bodybuilders. And, of course, we fence. Our home-run derbies can be viewed as Quakerly—there is little or no competition as batters crush one ball after another. (I am proud to say my brothers with their wooden bats are known as power hitters.)

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My Guatemala Journal
by Maurine Pyle

Friday, August 11, 2006
-From Libertyville to Guatemala City

My mission for this journey to Guatemala is to conduct community development workshops for Play for Peace. Play for Peace is a nonprofit organization dedicated to fostering harmony in areas of conflict or destitution by developing leaders within that community, who will work towards promoting cooperation and communication between adults, teens, and children. They operate not only in Guatemala, but internationally, with projects in India, the Middle East, Northern Ireland, South Africa, North America, and—most recently—Germany. My mentor and dear friend, Bill Lofquist, is a nationally recognized expert in community development. His methodology, which we will be teaching, is remarkable for its simplicity. He has used it with people of all ages. Sarah Gough and Andres Armas, the Play for Peace representatives, are eager to learn a new way to increase their program’s effectiveness in changing community conditions. For Bill, this will provide a perfect opportunity to test his method in another culture. We both have come as volunteers.

My flight was delayed due to weather, meaning I would miss my connecting flight to Guatemala, the only one that day. Fortunately, the counter attendant suggested that I list my name as a standby on an earlier flight which was already fully booked. I figured I had nothing to lose. Hooray! There was room for me.

I brought with me a journal called Interreligious Insight in which I discovered an apt quotation from Brother Wayne Teasdale:

The best spirituality is both an interior cultivation of the mind and heart and an exterior application in public life of values and ethical dreams. It is a commitment to prayer and meditation and to bringing about change for the sake of a more just, peaceful, and sustainable world. No longer is spirituality a flight from “the alone to the alone.”

My flight will not be taking me “from the alone to the alone”—Guatemala will be a place of engaged spiritual action.

1:00 PM—
in Guatemala City

As I was waiting in baggage claim to pick up my suitcases—a very slow process—a Guatemalan woman whom I had chatted with at the Atlanta airport asked me to hold her baby girl while she pulled her bags from the line. I asked her again—“Me?”—and she said, “Of course.” An act of complete trust with a stranger.

Sarah and Andres were waiting outside for me with big grins and hugs all around. My first meal was at Wendy’s! Sarah, who is pregnant, said she could trust the food quality and preparation. I guess there are some good things about U.S. chains. Guatemala City is a bustling place with all the corporate features of home—Office Depot, McDonald’s, etc. I saw many people talking on cell phones, which are much more affordable than land lines here. Heavy, brightly colored buses with names like Josefina or inscriptions like “my difficult woman” blasted their horns to get through crowded streets. Ayudantes (assistants), young men, hung out the front door in a risky position, to guide traffic away from the buses. We saw pickup trucks packed with people standing and holding onto a bar for stability. No helmets on motorcyclists either. I held my breath watching and praying for the people in traffic.

The hilltops are reserved for the wealthy class while the poor gather at the base of the hill. I saw women and children collecting firewood, a primary source of energy, and carrying large logs on their heads on head cushions. As we passed, one woman shot an angry glance at me as if to say, “Why should you be riding when...
rode along, Sarah reported the evidence of social disintegration in the country as a result of the 36-year civil war, which ended in 1996 with a peace accord. More people are dying now than during that time. Kidnapping, rape, murder, and dismemberment are commonplace occurrences, she reported. Yet when I see the people of Guatemala I am deeply impressed by their peaceful and friendly faces. This is truly a land of contradictions.

We stopped by CECI (the Canadian Centre for International Studies and Cooperation), which hosts Play for Peace in Guatemala, to say hello to the staff. Ana DeMendez, the director, is a wonderful, warm presence and highly committed to her work. She and the rest of the staff are Guatemalan. Sarah and Andres are considered the equivalent of Peace Corps volunteers. I overheard them speaking about a Play for Peace facilitator, 16 years old, who had been abducted a few days prior. He was simply snatched off the street in an unmarked car, probably the police, because he was suspected of gang activity. Ana said that this type of police action is "business as usual." She promised to investigate the matter further. (Later she discovered that the boy was given a 3-month jail term without every waking up.)

At last, San Jose Penula

Sarah and Andres live on a farm outside this small town. The farmhouse is brown adobe with a tile roof and sits on the side of a hill overlooking gently rolling mountains. Bougainvilleas and bottle brush plants provide splashes of red and purple to the canvas. Overhead are towering conifers, which occasionally shed spiky leaves and heavy cones. Four large Labrador retrievers raced out to greet us, along with a pet lamb and ram. Andres and Sarah love their animals. We enjoyed a quiet time overlooking the sunset and the mountains while eating bread and cheese. Later we shared a simple meal of yogurt, fruit, and grains. I fell asleep easily at the end of my first day.
Pageants are very popular everywhere in Guatemala, I was told.

Inside the community center Soraída, the college intern who conducts Play for Peace in Pacul, was busy organizing for the day. Play for Peace hosts 20 projects across the country led by Guatemalan interns from the University of San Carlos. Nearly all of them participated in the event except for the group from Mesquital, where the teen had been abducted a few days earlier. Their young people were afraid to leave their houses to attend the festival.

Colorful circles of mixed groups of indigenous and urban youth began forming all around the field. For some of them this was their first experience of interacting with people different from them. The games could now begin. The Play for Peace facilitators (the college interns) began with get-to-know-you games like tossing a stuffed animal around while saying your name and then adding up to four more animals to increase the difficulty. Very quickly the ice was broken, and everyone was laughing. One of my favorite games was a lineup where each person put his right hand on the shoulder of the person in front while using the left hand to hold the left foot. In this awkward line everyone had to bounce in unison. Laughter was spontaneous.

They played hard until lunch was ready. Two guys drove up in a pickup truck and set up a gas grill inside the community center. We ate beans and rice with the coordinators, engaged in cooperative games and then reflected about their experience in Pacul. They admitted to feelings of curiosity and discomfort because they had never before mixed with indigenous people. Their class is called Ladino, which refers to a mixture of Spanish and Mayan culture, as well as to their educational status. The youth were eager to continue their festival experience.

In the early evening Andres, Sarah, and I set out to visit a Play for Peace project in a parroquía (a Catholic parish church) in Villa Hermosa. For the first time, we passed a shantytown where the houses were constructed of corrugated metal. Some had porches and flowering plants. Others were rather desperate-looking windowless enclosures. Somehow the

people and began conducting the Play for Peace games. They wore fancy jeans and responded to their cell phones just like U.S. kids. The boys were like gamboling ponies unable to settle down. When Andres began to facilitate the process afterwards in his quiet, gentle way, they all centered and listened to his instructions. The games create a framework for new learning, and the style of facilitation encourages self-reflection and change.

Suddenly the skies opened and rain poured down. The priest, carrying a large bag, arrived in our space followed by a pack of kids and parents. He started handing out candy to the kids. Was this payment for attending mass?

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A Workshop with Bill Lofquist

I n one of the workshops using Bill's methodology for community development, we asked the question, "What is happening now in your community?" Then the students divided into small groups to discuss their insights, both positive and negative. When we asked them what they might be effective, they responded, "I am a comic too." Yes, I had noticed that he was the class clown. He kept teasing me about coming from Chicago. Sarah told me later that nearly all of those young teens have relatives in the United States. Guatemala's refugees are filling our bowls.

Sarah Gough and Andres Armas, who lead the Play for Peace work in Guatemala, are very dedicated to the work they do in the areas they serve.

Facing Difficult Challenges Creatively

by Bill Lofquist

I had the pleasure of traveling with Maurine Pyle to Guatemala at the request of Michael Terrien, president of Play for Peace. The purpose of this visit was to explore and experiment with the use of the Technology of Development (TOD), a community development framework, as an adjunct to Play for Peace. Play for Peace has been very successful in engaging young people and their broader communities in bringing about more reconciling relationships and reducing conflict within the community. The experiment was to see if the TOD framework might be effective, within the culture of Guatemalan communities, in strengthening the positive aspects of democracy that are building and overcoming some of the challenging realities that remain from the past.

There is a strong interest among the young people with whom we spent there come from my perspective gained from a number of years of working with and conducting community development training for local communities, states and national organizations in the United States and elsewhere. I see many similarities between the challenges being faced by people in Guatemala and those in U.S. communities. Young people want a voice and are ready to be participants in making the community a better place. My sense is that the processes of bringing about change are similar, despite differences of culture. When methods are not prescriptive and provide ways of understanding local conditions that local people can use to bring about the changes they see as desirable, they have a chance of working.

I was impressed with the quality of leadership at each level with which we had an opportunity to interact, from the local youth facilitators to the administrative level at the University and national organizations. The friendly welcome and the open and eager response that was given to our questions and contributions were most gratifying.

Maurine and I worked closely with Sarah Gough and Andres Armas, who lead the Play for Peace work in Guatemala. Sarah is a social worker who has a deep understanding of systems change and community work. Andres has a remarkable skill for facilitating Play for Peace with young people and adults. The college students who work with the local community groups are very dedicated to the work they do in the areas they serve.

Bill Lofquist lives in Tucson, Ariz., and is active in community development work. As a college student in the 1950s he was active with American Friends Service Committee for three summers, which helped shape his interest in community building.

We were in a two-day workshop with these young people.

We also had an opportunity to visit several of the local areas where they are working and to see them in action. These students created their own internships by finding the sites where they would work and negotiating their own opportunities.

Since I speak no Spanish my interaction with those we met was dependent upon the excellent interpretive skills of Sarah and, at times, a few others. In spite of language differences, I felt we communicated well and the young people accepted Maurine and me with gracious enthusiasm. In fact, at the end of the two-day workshop, they honored the two of us by conferring on us the status of being their godparents.

On the second morning of the workshop the young people made presentations of the work they are doing in their various localities. These reports described the creativity of their work in the face of difficult challenges. They told of work with prostitutes in the city, of schools in the rural area that get little support and have inadequate teachers, and of peers being thrown in jail. Their spirit and enthusiasm are remarkable.

I take from this experience the hopeful understanding that young people, even in very difficult circumstances, are able to face reality with optimism that can go a long way to making positive changes possible.
I was 16 years old when I attended meeting for worship for the first time. Also present were a woman marathon runner, several professors, an ancient colonel from World War I, and a man who spoke Navajo and his poet wife. Not all were vegetarians or tax resisters. Not all the men had been conscientious objectors. All were white middle class people who tried not to be part of the problems of 1968, but there was only some general agreement on how to be part of the solution.

Now, 38 years later, as I travel among Friends as a teacher, I still see this odd collection of people who don't quite fit any single description except that maybe they still want to be part of the solution to the suffering in the world.

Considering the question, what are Friends called to today, I find the answers as numerous as the various ways that Friends live their lives. On the one hand, there are the passions—the conscious, deliberate decisions and actions Friends take in their work and living. On the other hand, there are the inward, spiritual practices that deepen over time. Both influence the way our lives contribute to society and help us identify the problems and the solutions.

Personally, I see a large, open classroom called Life on Earth, and the shelves are full of the various learning materials. Some of us choose the books, some the blocks, some the math materials, and others are dancing with scarves on the round rug near the blackboard. We choose according to what catches our eye and our heart, making each choice not only valid, but important.

John Calvi, member of Putney (Vt.) Meeting, is the convener of QUIT, the Quaker Initiative to End Torture. QUIT's second conference is June 1-3, 2007, at Guilford College in Greensboro, N.C. See <www.quit-torture-now.org>.

WHAT ARE FRIENDS CALLED TO TODAY?

We are called as watercolors are called across a page: not a simple, straight line, nor one shape, rarely tidy. We work with our material until we understand it, and we take that knowledge to other materials. And we all move at various rates and at varying depths in ever-changing cycles. We are in motion individually, in small groups, and as the Religious Society of Friends.

We are called as watercolors are called across a page: not a simple, straight line nor one shape, but many colors with different densities of light and overlapping pigment, rarely tidy. And so it is that the meat-eaters and the vegetarians work for social justice. The old and the young work against war. And men and women work against sexism, racism, and homophobia among some Friends (and maybe not so much among other Friends).

Lately, I see fatigue among Friends in trying to sort out what is true. Can it be that the United States needs a law to protect U.S. military personnel from prosecution for torture? Is what political leaders say true, and why are their messages reported in the media without the background or history to show that they are not true? There is fatigue from witnessing the grand theft of the treasury while the basic needs of the people increasingly go unmet. Yes, we see and feel the outrage among ourselves and we work locally as best we can, but our tax dollars continue to support the disasters taking place in the halls of power.

Friends today are called to put out so many fires of injustice, cruelty, militarism, and poverty; it may be that we haven't been so busy since the days of King Charles and Cromwell. If this is so, then Friends should be called to greater spiritual disciplines than ever before—spiritual disciplines because the crux of our faith is to listen for the Divine message and act upon it. Listening and acting have become more difficult as the noise of the world from suffering and deceit has risen.

So, what disciplines should we attend to? Perhaps these:

- enough silence, listening for the Divine, trying not to hear yourself
- enough rest and nurture to be clear vessels to receive Light
- enough stillness to feel our humility as fragile carriers of Light
- enough comfort to offer our best effort
- enough strength kept up for the long haul
- enough concentration to focus while listening
- enough love of life to see beauty while surrounded by pain

The first conference of the Quaker Initiative to End Torture in June 2006 at Guilford College in North Carolina was an open classroom like the one described above. Friends came together with interests in various aspects of the topic: history, legislation, treatment, education, and direct action. They worked individually to absorb the information, and then worked in small groups to plan actions for still larger groups. Many Friends will attend to this work, but there will be no lockstep movement with total agreement nor singular action towards one task. Rather, Friends will choose work that best fits each one's gifts and energy level. What remains unified is the intention and the spiritual discipline, aimed at staying in the Light as both seekers and carriers.

What are Friends called to do? To be good Friends and to become better Friends, especially at times when the worst potential of human nature is yet again being realized and spreading here at home.

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Raping her
While my buddies stand guard.
I wake up in terror.
Don't go back to sleep.*

We lie together
While the President sleeps.
We sleep while the President lies.
We must be his scream that he will not voice.
Don't go back to sleep.

Morning birdsong can't wipe away the dream.
My hand can't wipe away the blood.
I can't go back to sleep.

We bloody his dream in his rich bed.
We must be the torment behind his closed lids.
Together a macabre dance,
Fire in the sky,
Consuming.
Don't go back to sleep.

It is too real. It must be a dream.
We'll wake up soon,
Won't we?

Our scream becomes the next dance of terror
Next
Next
Next
Don't go back to sleep.

*phrase from poem by Rumi

DeEtta Beghtol

In January 2006 she returned from six years as a volunteer for Mennonite Central Committee teaching peacebuilding and conflict transformation in Zambia.
in a war that was brought into being with lies about possession of weapons of mass destruction, lies about the purchase of yellowcake uranium ore from Niger, lies about the purchase of aluminum tubes for uranium-235 enrichment for making nuclear weapons, lies about al-Qaeda involvement with Iraq, and more. Why should our young people risk their lives in a war brought about through the use of lies? (See Google: “Lies and the Iraq War.”)

2. How can sending troops off to kill or to die to acquire access to the resources of others be an honorable endeavor?

3. How does the military justify dropping bombs on civilian targets, defying international law and killing innocent civilians?

4. Many more than 20 centuries of war have failed to produce peace. If peace is our goal, isn't it time to develop a better way to pursue it than war?

5. With respect to today's political trouble spots, particularly in the Middle East, where is the evidence that decades of ongoing retaliation have brought about any lasting peace?

6. Will the military permit me to follow my conscience when it conflicts with military objectives?

7. If the military allows its members to follow their consciences, how do service personnel refuse to follow wrongful orders without risking life and limb?

8. Does the humiliating process of boot camp create self-discipline or simply a readiness to follow orders blindly?

9. The military systematically

Don Lathrop is a longtime attender of Old Chatham (N.Y.) Meeting.

10. If the cost of furthering my education is my primary reason for entering the military, wouldn't I be better off saving years of time and avoiding risking my personal safety by getting financial aid information from a high school guidance counselor, a community college admissions or financial aid officer, or just getting started on my own at <www.collegeispossible.org>?

11. If I wish to get a job such as being a carpenter, plumber or electrician, wouldn't I be best advised to look for an apprenticeship program with a local union? (To start my search, I can just ask around or begin my search at <www.njatc.org/search.aspx>.)

12. When Dick Cheney was Secretary of Defense, he said: "The reason to have a military is to fight and win wars. The military is not a social welfare agency. It's not a jobs program." Isn't it true that most job training in the military has little carryover into civilian occupations?

13. Under the Montgomery GI Bill, military recruits pay $1,200 toward their future education during their first year of service. Of the veterans paying into the program, 29 percent become etc. They also lose their $1,200. Of the remaining veterans who qualify for benefits, only 65 percent receive any, and the average payment given out was $2,151. Does that seem an amount that would carry anyone through many years of higher education? (See <http://www.peaceworkmagazine.org/pwork/10506/1050607.htm>, pages 1 and 2.)

14. What is the percentage of those on active duty in the military who are severely wounded? What percentage of these can stay in the military? What will happen to me if my service-related disability is such that the military no
longer wants my service?
15. If I am dismissed from service due to a duty-related disability, will I be entitled to veteran's benefits adequate to sustain a fulfilling life for me and my family? (See DOD—Veterans with service connected disabilities; 2006 figures range from monthly payments of $112 for a 10 percent disability to $2,393 for 100 percent disability.)
16. What is the percentage of active-duty members who are killed during their tours of duty?
17. In the event of my death, what will my country do for me and my family? (See DOD Death Benefits.)
18. What difficulties do people in the military face when reintegrating into civilian life? (See What Every Person Should Know About War by Chris Hedges—all of Chapter 9: "After the War.")
19. Why is family violence more prevalent in military than nonmilitary families? (See What Every Person Should Know About War by Chris Hedges—page 20 cites an Army survey of 55,000 soldiers where domestic violence occurred at "twice the rate found in similar groups of civilians.")
20. Why is it necessary for the families of some enlisted personnel to use food stamps to make ends meet? (See <http://usmilitary.about.com/cs/money/articles/foodstamps.htm>.)
21. Why do the majority of veterans frequently earn less than their similar non-veteran counterparts? (See <http://www.krueger.princeton.edu/11_11_2004.htm>.)
22. Why are approximately one-third of this country's homeless people veterans? (See U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs, "Overview of Homelessness," <www.va.gov>.)
24. Do you think our country's torturing others makes it more or less likely that U.S. service personnel will be tortured if captured?
25. Do you think information obtained by torture is reliable?
26. The Military Commissions Act of 2006 states that the President has the authority for the United States to interpret the meaning and application of the Geneva Conventions. If captured, would you like your captors to have the same power?
27. Are there ways to travel and see the world that are safer and more conducive to personal growth than those offered by the military? (If the recruiter says no, ask how being in, or in the proximity of, battle is safer than civilian pursuits.)
28. Recently the Army has raised the age limit for enlistment from 34 to 42, increased its proportion of high school dropouts from 10 to 19 percent, and raised its cap on recruits with substandard aptitude tests from 2 to 4 percent. How do you feel about these changes? (See Mother Jones magazine, January/February 2007.)
29. Our military discriminates against gay people. Shouldn't a person, interested in being a good citizen, avoid association with any groups—like the military—that discriminate against any minorities?
30. Minorities represent about 32 percent of enlisted personnel. Why are only about 18 percent of officers minorities? (See DOD, Population Representation in the Military Services, 2002.)
31. Did you volunteer for this recruiting assignment? Do you find it personally rewarding and uplifting?
32. Would you want your own child to be in the front lines in combat?
33. Can I be guaranteed the specific type of training or assignment I will get in the military and that it will not vary from that at the military's convenience? If so, can I be assured in writing of legal recourse if the promise is not fulfilled? (See We Won't Go: The Truth on Military Recruiters & the Draft—A Guide to Resistance, p. 34: "The enlistment contract says that the military is not obligated to keep any promise it has made to you.")
34. Have you ever told lies in your recruiting efforts? Is it possible that I will find out you have lied to me? (While considering the validity of a recruiter's responses, you may wish to do a Google search on "military recruiters lie"—include quotation marks—which has over 1,500 entries.)
35. Why did military recruiters need a one-day stand-down on May 20, 2005, to take a class on not using lies and distortions? Is it realistic to expect recruiters to acquire good ethical standards in just one day?
36. Do you think people who want to talk with students about peaceful, rather than violent, approaches to international conflicts should have the same access to students as military recruiters do? If not, why not?
340 Years of Quaking in the Carolinas

by Gary Briggs

In 1998 North Carolina Yearly Meeting, which maintained its unity until 1903, celebrated its 300-year anniversary.

The earliest Friends in the Carolinas apparently moved into the northeast corner via the Great Dismal Swamp of southeast Virginia. Convinced of the Truth in Massachusetts—not a Friendly place for Quakers at the time—Henry Phillips and his wife moved down to the Duke of Albemarle’s land in 1665, where the charter issued by the restored Charles II provided for freedom of worship according to conscience. In April 1672, “having not seen a Friend for seven years before, they wept for joy to see us,” William Edmundson reported in his journal. After a wet arrival (the swamp), he agreed to lead a meeting that day, and the Phillipses rounded up folks from all around; “many people came, but they had little or no religion, for they came and sat down in the meeting smoking their pipes; but in a little time, the Lord’s testimony arose in the authority of His power, and their hearts being reached with it, several of them were tendered.”

Many more souls were convinced when Edmundson escorted George Fox to Edenton later that year. A wet arrival again, as their borrowed boat could not make the shallows to the shore. Fox reported “I was fain to put off my shoes and stockings and wade through the water a pretty way to the governor’s house, who with his wife received us lovingly.” Fox soon got into a dispute with a certain doctor there who doubted the existence of the Light in everyone, so Fox called over New Garden, especially, became the center of southern Quakerism. These Friends developed a strong abolitionist movement and stuck hard by the Peace Testimony.
Friends became very influential in the Carolinas for about 50 years. One traditionalist wrote from the colony to the Lord Bishop of London complaining that “over one half of the burgesses are Quakers... If your Lordship out of good and pious care for us doth not put a stop to their growth, we shall for the most part—especially the children born here—become heathen.” Convinced by Fox, John Archdale was appointed governor of both colonies in 1695–96. In one example of his peaceful and strong leadership—supported by many Quakers elected to the assembly—guarantees were made to Native Americans that they would not be enslaved and that they would serve in equal numbers with whites on juries when their rights were in question.

Problems for all dissenters increased when the Church of England finally established itself in the early 1700s. Many Friends, Moravians, Presbyterians, and Baptists moved farther inland. Quaker migrations into the piedmont area also came in midcentury from Pennsylvania and in the 1770s from Nantucket Island. Soon New Garden, especially, became the center of southern Quakerism. Among these immigrants were the parents of Dolley Payne, born at New Garden in 1768, who lost her first husband and then married James Madison in 1794. These Friends continued to work for just, peaceful relations with Native Americans; followed by conviction, they developed a strong abolitionist movement in the 1770s.

In 1776, North Carolina, New York, and Philadelphia yearly meetings all made it a disownable offense to buy, sell, or hold slaves, and Baltimore and Virginia yearly meetings soon followed.

Carolina Quakers as a rule stuck hard by the Peace Testimony; their refusal to bear arms was honored to some degree, at least during more peaceful times. As tensions rose between colonists and the Crown over exploitation of resources and taxes, Quakers and other peace church people in the Carolinas—Mennonites, Brethren, and Moravians—suffered disproportionately. For instance, in 1780 they were assessed a threefold amount for requisition of supplies for the army. The Advice issued by Western Quarterly Meeting was to refuse compliance, and many did so; many property seizures ensued. Others suffered also, as many agents of the Colonial government were corrupt and were pocketing much of their collections; seized property was often sold for small sums to friends and relatives of these agents.

In response, the Regulator movement arose in central North Carolina to “regulate” the affairs of the colony with some degree of justice. Many piedmont Quakers were involved in this protest movement, but then withdrew as many Regulators took an oath to “leave the plow and take up the gun.” The movement was put down by Governor Tryon’s troops at the Battle of Alamance in 1771.

When conscription was reinstated in 1776, NCYM advised Friends not to take an oath nor affirm allegiance to either side of the warring factions. The few Friends who did take up arms in the Carolinas were very likely to suffer disownment. As battles raged across the territory, it was often the Quakers who were left with caring for the wounded and burying the dead, especially at Spring Meeting in Snow Camp and at New Garden following the Battle of Guilford Court House. Some 150 soldiers from both sides were buried in the New Garden cemetery and about 100 were nursed and fed in the meetinghouse. Ironically, the American general fighting Cornwallis, Nathanael Greene, had been raised a Quaker; the city of Greensboro was named after him.

As Quaker families left for the “free territory” of Ohio and Indiana, very often they were asked to take temporary “ownership” of individual slaves or family units and transport them out of the South.

While NCYM Friends no longer owned slaves after 1788, they could not ignore the evil and injustices around them and often took great risks by establishing Negro schools, sheltering runaway slaves, or speaking out against slavery. In 1816 New Garden became the center of the North Carolina Manumission Society, which eventually numbered 1,600 members. But when non-Friends insisted that a prime goal should be resettlement of freed slaves in Haiti or Liberia, the Quakers, who believed in freedom of choice, withdrew.

Ironically, when the state passed a law forbidding individuals to free slaves, NCYM itself became a corporate slave owner—in theory, at least. By 1824, some 700 blacks were held “in trust by the Society of Friends in North Carolina.” This was quite burdensome to the yearly meeting. As more and more Quaker families and sometimes even whole communities picked up and left for the “free territory” of Ohio and Indiana, very often they were asked to take temporary “ownership” of these individuals or family units and transport them out of the South. In a few cases, as with the Mendenhall family, they made multiple trips and stayed with the ex-slaves until they could develop some sustaining occupation.

As defense of slavery laws became ever more onerous and the scent of war was in the air, most Quakers left. Practically
none were left in South Carolina, which had ten meetings around 1800, and Virginia Yearly Meeting ceased to exist.

As the Civil War approached, Quakers opposed secession, and, generally, sentiments in central North Carolina were mixed—some townships apparently furnished as many men to the Union army as to the Confederate. After the first shots were fired, “war fever” spread among other congregations that officially opposed slavery, except for the Quakers, who were distressed to see so many Christian ministers supporting the war and even taking up arms. A yearly meeting Advice in 1864 bewailed this departure from Christian teachings: “We verily believe that the great distress in which our country is now plunged, is in a large degree traceable to the hireling ministry of the present day.”

The remaining Friends suffered terribly like most everyone else, and some were even in the path of Sherman’s army with its scorched earth policy. In addition, they often suffered heavy taxes for not bearing arms, which left many impoverished, and some even suffered torture and other hostility from their neighbors for refusing to fight.

Following the war, recovery from the devastation and economic collapse might have been very tenuous except for the assistance rendered by the Baltimore Association, under the leadership of Francis King and supervision of Allen Jay. Funds were raised from northern and western yearly meetings, even from London, Dublin, and Iowa, to help North Carolina Friends rebuild their schools and their lives. A Model Farm introduced much-needed soil improvement methods for depleted lands. By the time this program closed in 1872, Friends had 38 schools for themselves and nearly 60 day schools or Sunday schools for freedmen.

Friends schools laid the foundation for public schools in this state. The New Garden Boarding School, which opened its doors to 25 boys and 25 girls in 1837, was the first coeducational school in the South. It nearly closed during the war but was strengthened by the Baltimore Association program and became Guilford College in 1869. Friends established several historically black colleges, and they even collaborated with the Methodists to establish Trinity College in Durham, which eventually became Duke University.

Probably the first Quaker Sabbath or First-day schools were established in North Carolina; one was the 1818 Little Brick Schoolhouse, which once stood at the corner of the New Garden Friends cemetery, where also in 1821 Levi Coffin “taught Negro slaves to read the Bible.”

By 1872, Friends had 38 schools for themselves and nearly 60 day schools or Sunday schools for freedmen.

Other teachers there included Horace Cannon, father of the Speaker of the House Joseph Garney Cannon.

The 1837 visit of John Joseph Gurney, brother of Elizabeth Fry, introduced more advanced and more serious Bible study into the yearly meeting, but there was more resistance to his evangelistic style here than in the Midwest. The revival movement inevitably filtered in after the Civil War, even, ironically, in connection with the work of the Baltimore Association at Springfield Meeting (near High Point). The youth of the meeting were so taken by a nearby Methodist revival that, fearing losing them, the Ministry and Oversight Committee were persuaded by Allen Jay, a strong traditional Friend, to have their own ten-day revival; it resulted in 30 new members.

This and subsequent “successes” had a tremendous impact on disheartened North Carolina Friends, who had seen their numbers diminish to less than 2,000 after the war. A powerful and persuasive Friends minister from Indiana, Mary Moon, was invited to the yearly meeting in 1877 and “stirred North Carolina as never before,” attracting crowds as large as
adding 1,000 new members for them, while she and other evangelists increased Friends memberships by thousands.

However, many of the new members wanted singing and preaching, and this drift towards pastoral religion disturbed many Friends, especially older ones, while many younger ones, including students at New Garden Boarding School, felt much joy at this "awakening" of North Carolina Quakerism. Seth Hinshaw reports that some of these evangelists spoke judgmentally against those who differed with their doctrines and interpretations of Scripture, and "the essential element of charity was sometimes lost."

The eventual adoption of the Discipline of the Five Years Meeting, which became Friends United Meeting, resulted in a split in NCYM in 1903. Friends in the Eastern Quarter were not happy with the trend towards pastoral Protestantism and were also very concerned about preserving the autonomy of monthly meetings. Thus, NCYM–Conservative was formed.

Relations between these two yearly meetings have generally remained friendly, with many joint projects between them. Later on, Ohio Yearly Meeting (Evangelical), now EFI, extended itself into the Virginia and North Carolina piedmont with about ten churches north and east of Greensboro. A comparable number of meetings and worship groups affiliated with FGC developed in western North Carolina and South Carolina; these are part of SAYMA, Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting and Association.

In preparing this essay, I have been able to make good use of the pamphlet *Friends in the Carolinas*, by J. Floyd Moore; the book *The Carolina Quaker Experience*, by Seth J. Hinshaw; and an address by Max Carter on the FGC website, "Friends for Three Hundred Years: It's a Good Life!" I must pass over later developments: the founding of Carolina, New Garden, and Wilmington Friends schools; Quaker House outside of Fort Bragg in Fayetteville; AFSC work here; the North Carolina Friends Disaster Service; Quaker Lake; Piedmont Friends Fellowship; and the wonderful events that have taken place at Guilford College. Suffice it to say that Quakers are still very much Quaking in the Carolinas.
Help a child wrestle with a complex idea, or advocate for a child's right to education, an adequate diet, and a safe environment and you will begin to glimpse part of what drives and satisfies Nancy Nye. "I have always had a concern for children; from an early age, I felt led to go into education," she says. But given that early calling and growing up in the Midwest, she didn't imagine the unusual places and experiences to which her calling would lead.

Nancy Nye grew up in the Christian faith, but as a young adult she began "to question the institutional home" for her beliefs. The environment of the 1960s, her active opposition to the Vietnam War, her campus advocacy for civil rights, and her growing understanding of women's rights—all these helped her realize that "church homes I had been a part of were not where I was in my thinking."

Her first teaching job was in Richmond, Indiana, "where I came into contact with a number of parents of my students, who were part of the Earlham community. I decided to begin attending Quaker meeting and immediately felt at home, not only because of Friends testimonies, but also because I felt more comfortable in an atmosphere of quietude. Clearly I belonged among Friends. I continue to be grateful for the Earlham community, with its many Quaker examples."

Nye next took a job that would have allowed her to live anywhere in the southwest corner of Ohio, but she chose Wilmington because of its strong Quaker community. She joined and has retained her membership in Wilmington Meeting.

Nye is grateful for the opportunities that being a Quaker has afforded her. She was principal of the Friends girl's school in Ramallah; she worked at FCNL on Middle East issues; she has served on various AFSC committees, and has traveled widely, meeting Quakers from around the world. But the note she makes specifically about the influence of Quakerism on her is that she is "always inspired that the strength of Quaker commitment doesn't diminish as people age." She recalls, "As I was approaching my 50th birthday I visited two Quaker meetings where I met men who were over 100 years old, still actively involved in leadership roles in their Quaker meeting." It dawned on her that she was "not even halfway there," and that there

In her spiritual life she says, "There are two things that are very important. I need to have regular time when I'm alone and quiet. It's not always meditation; sometimes it's reading. The other thing is time to praise God, which often comes through music. Playing the piano and singing is a wonderful release of praise and adoration. I need both silence and sound to help me feel whole as a growing Christian."

Nye is deeply grateful for having grown up in a close, loving Christian family. She also feels fortunate to have married into a family that is welcoming to those who marry in. She says, "I was raised to mother-in-law, Huda Awad (now deceased), whose mantra was "we have to forgive, because we are Christians." Huda's first message was always love, always love. She had a profound impact on me, helping me to put forgiveness and love first."

On one personal note, Nye says, "People might be surprised to know that I don't sleep very well at night until I've done a crossword puzzle. Or that I despise cooking. I could wash dishes until the end of time, so I'm in the perfect marriage with a man who loves to cook but not to wash dishes."

And I'm an early riser—I think I was supposed to be a dairy farmer! At conferences, I'm frustrated when meetings don't start until ten o'clock in the morning—that seems like such a loss of productive time."

Regarding how she makes choices, Nancy says, "The process used to be agonizing. Then, in graduate school someone gave me an essay, The Courage to be Imperfect, which helped me understand that multiple options could be equally correct." Faced with a major decision, she spends time in contemplation and converses with other people. For her, "the freeing thing has been to recognize that there are multiple paths, equally good, equally right."

May 2007 FRIENDS JOURNAL
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The “Peace for Earth” Walk

By Ruah Swennerfelt and Louis Cox

After considerable prayer and discernment we, Ruah Swennerfelt and Louis Cox, are about to embark on a spiritual journey that will be a physical journey as well.

Beginning November 1, 2007, we will begin a 1,400-mile “Peace for Earth Walk” from Vancouver, British Columbia, to San Diego, California. During this six-month sabbatical from our work as staff for Quaker Earthcare Witness, we will hold gatherings at Friends meetings and churches along the way to talk about how John Woolman’s call to Friends 250 years ago to live in “right relationship” with all Creation is just as relevant in the 21st century.

By traveling on foot with no support vehicle, we will be following the example of Woolman when he walked from meeting to meeting to share his concern about the spiritual health of the Religious Society of Friends. Desiring to engage people at a deep, personal level, we are choosing to stay with Friends along the way, as Woolman often did. Using modern transportation might increase the number of meetings we could visit, but our more deliberate mode of travel is also aimed at raising consciousness of the spiritual and environmental benefits of “slowing down to the real speed of life.”

Although Woolman is best known for his witness against slavery and other social injustices, he also was increasingly aware that many Friends had lost touch with their historic witness for Truth by getting caught up in materialism, overwork, and insensitivity toward nonhuman creatures. We, too, are acting on an evolving understanding—that Friends who are working for peace and social justice can realize our full potential only when we reach down to the spiritual core of these concerns. At that core we see that peace and justice depend on finding solutions to such ecological problems as global warming, toxic contamination, loss of biodiversity, and our society’s unsustainable use of fossil fuels and other resources.

Woolman warned his generation about “a great injury to succeeding ages” because of their “strivings after ease and luxury and outward greatness.” His prophetic message is relevant today with wars based on unjust and unsustainable use of nonrenewable resources. We also see manifold social and ecological disruptions resulting from overconsumption and population pressures.

This growing understanding has called us to make radical changes in our own lifestyles and to work for critical public policy changes. We hope that our words and actions during this journey will be a catalyst for others to take similar actions. We also hope that these interactions with Friends from a broad cross-section of the Religious Society of Friends will enhance our work with QEW, as well as enrich and inform our worldviews and understandings.

Our method will be to listen and to share with others what we have learned about living simply, justly, and richly in a world of limited resources that must be shared equitably with other human and nonhuman beings. We will facilitate discussions and role-playing to discern what Woolman would advise today about living with greater simplicity and integrity, in order to experience greater peace, inwardly and outwardly. Since we see these visits as part of a continuing relationship with each meeting, we will leave copies of a study guide we have compiled to encourage Friends to continue learning from John Woolman’s words and example, while anyone interested in learning more about John Woolman can read The Journal and Major Essays of John Woolman, edited by Phillips P. Moulton.

Our “Peace for Earth Walk” grows from the same roots as our marriage, a shared commitment to walk more gently on the Earth. The choice of living a simpler lifestyle does not feel like a sacrifice; instead, we feel that our lives are richer because of it. We know that the crises of our age call for even deeper commitment, which we hope to achieve by taking leave of relatively comfortable living conditions and sharing more of the difficulties and challenges with which people all over the world are struggling.

We have the additional inspiration of Joseph Hoag, a 19th-century Vermont Quaker who followed the example of Woolman and others by traveling among Quaker meetings in witness against slavery. (We are often reminded of his work because we happen to live only about a mile from what used to be his farm!) We probably would not be undertaking this dramatic and daunting effort if it were not for our conviction that we are living in a time of planetary crisis on many levels, all of which are reflections of a deep spiritual crisis. We hear a call from the Creator to awaken to our complicity in this crisis and to undertake the necessary radical changes to leave a healthy, peaceful, and just planet for future generations.

We are developing a website, <www.peaceforearth.org>, where Friends will be able to follow our plans and, once we’re on the walk, follow our journey.

May 2007 FRIENDS JOURNAL
"Meeting Friends from different places—theological and physical—and reconnecting with old friends"

"The spirit of community was felt"

"Connecting, being encouraged and challenged"

FWCC REGIONAL GATHERINGS COMING THIS FALL
Check www.fwccamericas.org for locations to be announced later this spring.

FWCC INTERPRETERS TRAINING WORKSHOP
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REFLECTION

Disposables
by Pamela Haines

I remember, back in the early '60s, puzzling with my mother over the fate of an empty aerosol spray can. A notice on the can said “Do not incinerate” and all our trash that didn't get burned in the fireplace was stored up for the trip to the county incinerator. Somehow the compost pile—the other place we threw things—didn't seem quite right either. Finally we packed it up with a note explaining our dilemma and sent it back to the manufacturer. It was a little act of defiance, and one of my earliest run-ins with the problem of trash.

Things have changed since then. We have a flourishing recycling program in our neighborhood. Two Saturday mornings a month, people converge from all over to a common point, laden with cardboard and plastic. Cars line up to unload stuffed trunks and back seats. Neighbors walk, pulling grocery carts and red wagons, trash bags of plastic bottles over their shoulders, cardboard balanced on their heads. It's like a cultural rite, binding us together. But they take only two kinds of plastic. And the city takes only paper, glass, and cans. There is so much more.

So it was a thrill to find a place that recycled everything—seven grades of plastic, waxed cardboard orange juice and milk containers, Styrofoam and packing peanuts, batteries, clean rags, eyeglasses, electronics, aluminum foil. Seeing big bales of material there, saved from the trash pile, en route to being reused, was deeply satisfying.

I hadn't realized how much my unwillingness to throw things out has to do with hating the idea of contributing to the volume of landfill. Once I discovered that somebody could actually do something useful with those old plastic containers and the worn-out clothes that I had saved for rags (enough to last a lifetime or two), I was delighted to get rid of them—just as I had happily parted with piles of carefully saved scrap paper when it became recyclable. I came home from that wonderful center feeling like I'd solved a problem that had been nagging me on a low level for years. Finally I could do the right thing.

Yet this solution brought unexpected problems of its own. Where would we store seven different kinds of plastic? What about packaging that has no numbers? How can you be sure of the difference between #1, which crinkles but doesn't tear; #3, which leaves a white line when folded; and #6, which crinkles and tears (unless it's #6 Styrofoam, which is separate)? What if it kind of crinkles? The very next day we had Asian food and I was faced with Korean packaging that had no number and did not clearly fit any category. It just didn't seem fair.

In our attempt to learn and organize (we recognize we're on a steep learning curve), our kitchen is now covered with little signs—and I hate signs. Having rinsed our glass and cans for years, we now get to clean orange juice boxes, spaghetti sauce lids and Styrofoam cups as well. I found the plastic wrap from a package of vegan hot dogs in our new #1 bin. It has no number. Is it really #1? How much do I care? I look longingly at the trash can.

Now, with each piece of plastic that comes into our house calling out for cleaning, scrutiny, decision, and storage space, I feel the enormity of my collusion with this throwaway culture run amok. I didn't ask for it. Never in my wildest dreams did I feel a need for seven different kinds of plastic—or packaging that defies access—but I am surrounded. I think of a group I know that invites people from wealthy nations to share with the poor—their mission is to ease the burdens not only of poverty but of materialism. My trip to the recycling center reminds me of the burden of stuff that I carry every day.

Knowing now that it's possible, I will sort my plastic, rinse and flatten my orange juice containers, separate my metal and plastic lids, save my batteries and rags, and invite everyone around me to do the same. I know it matters. I know that consumers, defying market assumptions, have been the driving force behind our fledgling recycling industry. I'm glad to fish all that stuff out of the waste stream to keep it from going to the landfill—but I'm also sad. I'd so much rather be able to go upstream to where it all gets produced, and just turn off the switch. Then we could redesign the whole system, thinking together about what we really want and need, designing it to last, remembering that there's no real "away" where we can throw things.
Jubilee Celebration of the Casa de los Amigos

From October 27 to 29, 2006, over 120 people of all ages and backgrounds, from places as far as Uruguay and as near as our neighborhood, attended the Jubilee Celebration of the Casa de los Amigos in Mexico City. Guests included former volunteers and staff, previous Casa directors and program coordinators. Quaker workcamp alumni, Mexico City Meeting members and attenders, neighbors and travelers, representatives of Mexican and international peace organizations, members of other faith groups, and visiting Friends. Many others wrote to say how much they wished they could be with us. We felt their presence, alongside the spirit of so many people from all over Mexico and the world who have been part of the remarkable history of this small Quaker organization.

The Jubilee Celebration included morning worship-sharing groups, shared meals, fellowship, piñata-making, Mexican folk dancing, presentations by Mexican organizations working in peace and justice, a talk with the Casa’s former Grupo de Juventudes (young people’s group), and of course a talent night that (almost) brought the house down! Members of the Casa’s reconstituted Asamblea (board) opened the Jubilee, new executive director Bridget Moix unveiled the Casa’s future program directions, and Casa co-founder Jean Duckles unveiled the new bronze plaque on the front of the Casa reading: “Centro de Paz y Entendimiento Internacional” (Center for Peace and International Understanding).

More than 45 people gathered for meeting for worship with the Mexican Monthly Meeting on Sunday, filling the small meeting room. An open house that followed provided a time for relaxing and cracking open birthday piñatas for the Casa.

The Jubilee Celebration was also a time for renewing the Casa’s mission of fostering peaceful cooperation among peoples and launching new program directions for the coming year. The ongoing conflict in Oaxaca and recent electoral crisis provided the political background to our gathering, and a roundtable discussion with Mexican and international peace organizations to discuss prospects and challenges for peacebuilding in Mexico provided new ideas and insight for our future programs. During our keynote dialogue, Pablo Romo of SERAPAZ (Servicio y Asesoría para la Paz) advised us to carry on and strengthen the work of the Casa as a “space for reflection and action for peace.”

Following the organized events at the Casa, on October 30 a group of 16 people visited the small community of Vicente Guerrero in the state of Tlaxcala. The Grupo Vicente Guerrero had invited the Jubilee to visit the community and tour its sustainable development projects, initiated in the 1970s through collaboration with the Comité Juvenil de la Casa de los Amigos (CJCAM) and the local community. The remarkable community organization of Vicente Guerrero, its commitment to service and self-reliance, and the many projects that are succeeding there provide a testimony of a different, more holistic, and people-centered approach to development.

The next day, another small group traveled to San Francisco Tepeyecac, Puebla, another long-term Quaker workcamp site that hosted hundreds of volunteers in the 1960s. The project created many lifelong friendships and at least a few marriages. The pines that blanket the village’s main hill are evidence of the reforestation and well-digging that international teams of young people did 40 years ago.

Our deepest gratitude goes to all who participated in the Jubilee Celebration of the Casa de los Amigos and made it such a wonderful time of sharing, remembering, and renewal.

—Bridget Moix, Directora Ejecutiva
Casa de los Amigos

National Young Adult Friends Conference

Over 100 young adult Friends from across the United States and Canada gathered on February 16–18 at the Burlington Conference Center in Burlington, N.J. The weekend conference was organized by youth workers from Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, Friends General Conference, and Pendle Hill, and was funded by a grant from Friends Institute of PYM. This diverse group of young adult Friends came from 20 different Yearly Meetings, including Friends General Conference, Friends United Meeting, and Evangelical Friends International.

Throughout the weekend, we focused on the queries: “Who are we?”; “What are we called to today?”; “Do we have a collective identity as young adult Friends or a collective witness?” A week before everyone arrived, participants were sent a FRIENDS JOURNAL article, “The Prophetic Journey,” written by Christine Repoley, who attended the conference, and were challenged to begin reflecting on four queries. On Friday evening, all received their own copy of the October 2006 issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL themed “What are Friends called to today?” which became a valuable and much-read resource throughout the weekend.

We opened up the conference by playing games and beginning to look at the diversity we had within the group. For those who wished to get up early on Saturday morning, a Bible Study/discussion group met at 7:30 AM. Niyou Spann, dean of Pendle Hill, also joined as on Saturday morning to facilitate community building. She encouraged us to look within to find the essential elements of Quakerism that sustain us, and to ask ourselves how we can grow into those elements more fully. The ensuing discussion allowed space for Friends to voice concerns about feeling disconnected from Quakerism, alone in their beliefs, or lacking a common definition of what being Quaker meant. There was such a diversity of opinions, beliefs, and life experiences that we wrestled with how we could come to unity on any sort of collective identity. Niyou left us to reflect on whether we believed that being in unity meant there could be no difference or disagreement.

Saturday afternoon found us in five different interest and discussion groups, all led by young adult Friends attending the conference. The overarching theme for the interest groups was “Quaker Witness: How are we living as Quakers in the world today?” These groups discussed political activism, community service, writing and blogging as ministry, Quaker diversity, and discerning one’s spiritual call.

We began meeting for worship on Saturday evening with the introduction of more queries:

Who are we?
How can we be real about our brokenness and make space for healing?
What do we need to do to become who we want to be?
What holds us back from doing this?

These led us into an amazing and powerful two-hour-long meeting for worship. To better share the power of this meeting for worship, we are quoting a young adult Friend, Erin McDougall, from her blog, Quaker Scholar.

One thing that I can say about this weekend was that I attended one of the most powerful meetings for worship I could have ever imagined. It lasted almost two hours, and the messages were honest, vulnerable, and earth-stopping in how covered the meeting felt. It was a powerful group of people that I spent the last couple of days with. Goosebumps rolled over my body continuously, and the presence of Spirit was palpable in our very breathing...

One of the things that I will continue to sit with was how much pain people were able to voice about the divisions within Quakerism, the knowledge that Quakerism is something that they feel is worth fighting for, and that they are willing to step into that strug-
Person after person stood, in various forums, and gave voice to their need for Quakerism to grow, to change, to become the powerful vehicle we all know it could be. They gave voice to the necessary shifting and growth within Quakerism. . . . But for once, it was not a hopeless process, but one filled with Spirit, commitment, and hope. We are a broken people, a broken society, and yet, by naming that brokenness and standing in discomfort, in speaking our Truths, we are walking closer and closer to God. In taking our shadows by the hand, and loving them for their existence, we are, in fact, healing the wounds that have been bleeding for so long.

In closing, on Sunday we shared what we would take away from this conference. Many Friends felt like there was a lot to be done, but they were energized by the faith and love that they felt during the weekend, and would return to their own communities with hope for the future. Micah Bales, on his blog, The Lamb’s War, said:

We were covered in the Holy Spirit, bonded together in Love, a gathered people under the headship of the Spirit of Christ. We were broken, tender, and open to the ministry of the Lord. And the underlying message that the Inward Teacher had for us was simple yet profound: We start with love. Often Friends, reaching across the divides of differences in theology, culture, and ways of viewing the world, wonder what it is that makes us all Friends. “Why are we called to be together?” we ask. This weekend, I felt that we were given the answer: We are called together because of our love for one another, . . . If we stay low to the ground, if we stay vulnerable and tender to the ministry of the Holy Spirit, there is no limit to how God can act through us. The ministry of young Friends, the ministry of these valiant Quaker men and women, will shake the countryside for miles around.

—Emily Stewart and Lauren Baumann
Quakers in Pastoral Care and Counseling

The 16th annual conference of Quakers in Pastoral Care and Counseling (QPCC) was held at Quaker Hill in Richmond, Ind., from March 30 to April 2, 2006. The year’s theme was: We Shall All Be Changed: Experiencing God’s Love through Health Changes. It was facilitated by an extraordinary panel of presenters and responders led by Peter Blood-Patterson and including Elizabeth Dearborn, Elaine Emily, and Maureen Flannery. Of special significance was the return of Bill Ratliff as a featured presenter. QPCC was started by Bill Ratliff in 1990 during his tenure at Earlham School of Religion to provide a forum for Friends called to work in various types of counseling. Membership has since broadened to include additional forms of caring ministry.

The conference was a time of healing for the individual participants as they explored the topic in the first person. The gathering featured wonder-filled plenary sessions and experiential workshops. The cornerstone of QPCC is the unique format that places emphasis on a small group process, which invites the participants to process more deeply than at most conferences, building Friend-to-Friend relationships that last beyond the weekend. As in other years, there also was time for worship, laughter, singing, fellowship, and fun.

Over the past three years the QPCC has been restructuring itself. Members had an opportunity to direct the organization’s future during meeting for worship with attention to business. A Steering Committee was chosen to plan the next conference and address the organization’s changing needs. For many Friends in professional counseling, chaplaincy, and others who serve on ministry committees in monthly meetings QPCC has become a rich Quaker network for peer support.

— Karen Modell, recording clerk

For more information about QPCC, including the 2007 conference, visit <www.qpcc.us>. 
"Fala Hates War"  
by Alex Hutter

Pablo Picasso’s Peace Dove is tattooed on my right shoulder. I rarely get angry and almost never raise my voice. From the time I was young, I have been simultaneously terrified and disgusted by anger and violence.

I grew up in a violent household; my father was abusive to my mother. My entire family was affected in different ways by the experience until my father finally left. My mom developed posttraumatic stress disorder; my little brother still has nightmares; and I can’t remember anything before I was about seven years old, when my father left.

The experience with my family led me to seek peace in my own life but it did not protect me from violence in other places. When I was in second grade, I did my homework in the kitchen while my mom listened to National Public Radio’s All Things Considered. My mom has told me that one day she looked up at me and I was trying to cover my ears with shoulders; I’m not a turtle but I was doing my best to retract into a shell. The newscaster was reporting on a massacre in Bosnia in which thousands of people were brutally murdered. It scared me—it still scares me.

I wanted to feel safe and thought everyone else should feel safe, too. But how can one feel safe when horrible things are happening to people in other parts of the world? Around the time of the Bosnian massacre, my family started to attend Quaker meeting. Hearing what happened in Bosnia made me far more interested in what Quakers stand for.

The Quaker Peace Testimony says we should not participate or help prepare for war for any reason. This rang true with me. A world without war, without violence, where people work out their differences with words is one in which I could be a much more willing participant. As I grew older, I became more involved with peace activism. Today, I am a member of my meeting’s Peace Committee and regularly attend protests for peace.

That newscast in 1995 started me on a quest to do what I can to make the world a safer, more peaceful place. I believe there is really only one goal that, after careful deliberation, I decided to have it permanently branded to my body, so last year I got my first and last tattoo.

Alex Hutter is a member of Doylestown (Pa.) Meeting. Now a freshman at Brown University, he wrote this essay while in high school. The title refers to a passage in a speech by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt: “I hate war, Eleanor hates war, and our dog, Fala, hates war.”

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Peace Prayers in Every Language
by Jeannine Vannais

In October 2006, 13 Indigenous Grandmothers from the four corners of the Earth gathered in India in sacred council to pray together and forge their plans for peace. From the Arctic and the Amazon, from the North American plains, the lush jungles of Africa, and from the high mountains of Nepal, they came together in the home in exile of the Tibetan Grandmother Tsering Dolma Gyaltong. Each of the Grandmothers brought with them sacred ashes from the fires of their homelands, and with a spark from a fire that had circumnavigated the world in 1998, they lit a sacred fire and they began to sing praises to the Divine Spirit, each in their own language, each in her own way. For seven days they shared morning, noon, and evening prayers; sang their medicine songs; and opened their hearts and lifted their voices in hope for unity and healing for the Earth. Scents and medicine women and warriors, they were brought together by visions and by the prophecies of their people, and they defined themselves primarily as women of prayer. For seven days the light of those prayers lit the hearts of the 140 witnesses who had come with the Grandmothers to this place perched high above the Indian plains to invoke Spirit in every language.

I was there through the invitation of my friend Barbara Simmons, executive director of Peacetalks radio, a project under the care of Newtown (Pa.) Meeting. For five years, Barbara had been producing inspiring radio programs about people rising above violence for PRI and NPR. Through Peacetalks, Barbara offered both local and global stories that were an alternative to our ubiquitous diet of media violence and fear-based reportage. Through her work in the Native American community “way had opened,” as we Quakers say, for this invitation to accompany the Grandmothers on their trip, and to cover their meeting with the Dalai Lama. I went along as Barb’s Sherpa, production assistant, all-around easy-going travel companion, and delighted pilgrim. We would be recording sound for a radio special about the Grandmothers and their meeting with the Dalai Lama. As Quakers, we would be appropriately silent witnesses to the events to come, and we were waiting to be conduits for the Grandmothers’ message.

This was not the first time the Grandmothers had met. Their first Grandmothers’ Council was held in 2004 in Phoenix, New York, when a group was convened through the inspiration and leadership of the Center for Sacred Studies, who sent out 16 letters and assembled 13 powerful indigenous women and an outer circle of 500, including Alice Walker, H.H. Sai Maa, and Gloria Steinem. At that first meeting the Grandmothers agreed to meet regularly in each others’ homelands, to become a legal entity, and to form a global alliance of prayer, education, and healing for our Mother Earth—for all her inhabitants, for the children, and for the next seven generations.

The meeting last fall in Dharamsala was their fourth, and signaled a new phase in their growth out into the world. In the first three days of private Council meetings, they had much to discuss; a new book about them was coming out, a documentary film was finishing filming, and they were participating in a live satellite “space bridge” between India and the Bioneers Conference in California that would unite these two groups of people searching for better ways to live in harmony on the planet: science and spirit. Peacetalks would tape the open Council meetings, whichever of the ceremonies and rituals the Grandmothers felt comfortable having taped, and Barb would have an opportunity to interview many of the Grandmothers privately as well. From these pieces we would weave our story for the radio.

At the opening ceremony the wide balcony was filled with smoke from sacred medicine and wet wood, while the sweet sound of Tibetan bells and twirly drums kept beat as the auspicious chanting went on and on, and the sun beat down, alternating with dark clouds and rainbows. By the end, 13 swallow-tailed Indian falcons called kites flew above us in lazy circles. I wondered: how can Peacetalks catch that for the radio?

As the week unfolded, it became clear that we were witnessing great power. How were they keeping up this grueling pace? And at their ages! There were ceremonies at the balcony sacred fire three times per day, two Council sessions per day (closed sessions for the first three days and open sessions after that, tightly run by Grandmother Agnes Pilgrim Baker), and then interviews, preparations for the LinkTV sessions, updates on their local projects, individual healings, and mingling with the gathered group. They visited the Temple for teachings, visited the Oracle and the Tibetan Medicine Institute, and were served yak tea in the new Nunnery down a precipitous mountain road. Barb and I recorded everything, downloading files at night in the intermittent electricity of our hotel room and burning disks to safeguard our treasures.

The Grandmothers’ prayers were inspiring, their teachings simple and direct. Change is coming. As Grandmothers they are con-
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Friends are reminded of the need to work for peace through the children, and, as an educator with many years of experience, she was familiar with her subject. Like many of the Grandmothers, hers is a world of both work and spirit, and her wisdom is practical and transformational at the same time. “Women must wake up this great force they possess and bring the world back to peace and harmony.” It is time for the Divine Feminine to sustain the Earth, to help us remember the sacredness and interdependence of all life.

Oh, and the Dalai Lama? He was incredible in their spirit and teachings, despite having been ill and traveling extensively recently. He, of course, said that prayers for peace are not enough, that you must work for peace in the world. He came up into our crowd for a picture at the end of our private session with him and he actually leaned on Barb, just in case we didn’t get the message, cracking jokes and making everyone smile. “You must be the Peace. We must be the Peace. Learn the joys of interdependence and compassionate altruism.” The grandmothers know this already. We all know it already. We just need to hear it again and again from our spiritual leaders, from our Grandmothers. We need to be reminded of the ancient songs, even if we can only hear them over the radio, and cannot quite smell the sacred smoke, or see the 13 falcons soaring overhead.

Jeannine Vannais is a member of Wrightstown (Pa) Meeting. For air dates of the Peacetalks program about the Grandmothers’ Council, see <peacetalksonline.org>. For information on the Grandmothers, see <www.grandmotherscouncil.com>, or Carol Schabert’s book Grandmothers Council, World, by Shambala Publications, 2006.

A Lesson from a Lynching
by Joe Parko

When the call came to several Atlanta churches for volunteers to play the role of white Klansmen in the reenactment of the brutal lynching of two black couples at Moore’s Ford Bridge 60 years ago, my first impulse was to say no. As a Quaker who opposes violence in all of its forms, I just couldn’t see myself playing the role of a vicious Klansman murdering black people. But when I thought about it more, I realized that this was an opportunity to use the reenactment of violence in the service of nonviolence and reconciliation. So with some very deep misgivings, I decided to volunteer.

The lynching at Moore’s Ford Bridge took place on July 25, 1946, near Monroe, Georgia. Two young black couples, Roger and Dorothy Malcolm and George and Mae Murray, were brutally murdered by a mob of Klansmen 11 days after Roger had been in a fight with a local white man.

The black community in Monroe has been trying to get this case reopened for years but with no success. It is widely believed that several elderly men who still live in Monroe participated in the lynching but have never been prosecuted. The community started the reenactments for the purpose of educating and mobilizing people in the pursuit of justice. In the first reenactment last year, no white people from Monroe would volunteer to play Klansmen so black people had to wear white masks. This year the call went out to Atlanta’s peace and justice community for white volunteers to make the reenactment more powerfully realistic.

So there I was on the bus with my fellow volunteers, my stomach doing nervous flip-flops as we drove down the highway to Monroe. We stopped briefly at the packed African Baptist Church where the community had gathered in preparation for the reenactment. There was some powerful preaching and singing but we had to leave after a short time to get to our rehearsal at the Moore’s Ford Bridge. We spent two grueling hours rehearsing the details of these terrible murders. The organizers kept coaching us to keep our focus on being totally realistic. The two young black couples playing the roles of Roger, Dorothy, George, and Mae told us to be tough on them. Just after 5:30 PM several hundred members of the black community began arriving from the church and gathered around the very place
where all of this actually happened on this exact date and time 60 years ago.

This is where things became really difficult. We picked up our unloaded guns and rifles and at the signal began to actually play our roles as Klansmen. The car bearing the two black couples was stopped at the bridge by the head Klansman and his lieutenant. He pounded on the hood of the car and shouted, "We want that nigger Roger." We ran out of the woods with our weapons and surrounded the car. Roger was dragged from the car. George came out from the driver's side to help his friend. We grabbed them, wrestled them to the ground and tied their hands. One of the women in the car screamed, "I know you, I know who you are." The head Klansman yelled out, "Get those bitches," and we dragged them kicking and screaming from the car. They wouldn't let go so we acted out breaking their arms with our rifle butts. We dragged the men and women down off the road into a field, stood them up and shot them, not once, not twice, but three times (with firecrackers for sound effects).

As they lay there covered in theatrical blood, we had to act out the most gut-wrenching scene of the day for me. We had to jump about hooting and hollering and slapping each other on the back while the head Klansman shouted, "This is a victory for the white race!" Then we froze into a tableau of hatred and violence. After a minute or so, a black woman moved into our midst and began singing "Precious Lord." We moved silently aside as she continued singing over the bodies on the ground.

At the end of the song, we came forward and helped our "victims" up from the ground. This was the moment when I could be myself again and let my emotions out. We embraced and hugged each other and as our tears mingled, I knew that I was in the right place.

This was a powerful lesson for me. In our work for peace and justice, we need to get out of our comfort zones and start taking determined nonviolent action to confront what is wrong in the United States. The question for all of us becomes: If we are comfortable in our work for peace and justice, are we really working hard enough? To win the struggle against injustice, we first have to win the struggle within ourselves between our desire to be comfortable and our willingness to take some risks in order to challenge the unjust use of power. If we can learn this lesson from the reenactment of this terrible lynching, then the deaths of Roger, Dorothy, George, and Mae were not in vain.

Joe Parko is a member of Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting.

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Threshold Choirs

by Melody Johnson

Five years ago, after attending a workshop by Richard Lee on Meetings for Healing, I started a Meeting for Healing under the care of Ithaca (N.Y.) Meeting. The Threshold Choir has been a natural outgrowth of that work.

Threshold Choirs are for singing people over from this world to whatever comes next. Several groups in the United States and Canada are doing this work. I first heard about it at Friends General Conference. I was singing doo-wop with Joanne Fulgar and as we talked afterwards, she mentioned her participation.

Joanne lives in the San Francisco Bay area, where Kay Munger has organized and led Threshold Choirs for a dozen years. Joanne most often sings at a Zen hospice, but there are ten choirs spread throughout the Bay Area that sing in a wide variety of venues; homes, hospitals and a variety of hospices. After communicating with Kay, I began a Threshold Choir in Ithaca. I sent out an invitation to all my singing friends, and we talked about how we would like to organize the choir and possibilities for establishing contact with those who could use our services.

One of the people who attended was the director of volunteers at our local Hospicare Center. Ithaca, where I live, is blessed with an excellent Hospicare facility that is enthusiastically supported by the whole community. She suggested we come to sing for the residents on a regular basis.

We decided on a democratic format, where we all shared our expertise and listened carefully to one another. I agreed to do the e-mail list, scheduling, and the initial collection of songs and duplicating. Kate had sent me some music. I also went through & Music. I also went through our conversations with the resident when it comes to touching. Often our conversations with the resident before, during, and after singing are as special as the singing. Many patients express their deep appreciation. One of them said, “It’s like being sung to by angels.” It is not unusual for residents to become teary as we sing and/or to reach for one of our hands. The staff has encouraged us to follow the patient’s lead when it comes to touching.

Each time we come we have no idea what to expect. Last week only one bed was full and

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Melody Johnson, a member of Ithaca (N.Y.) Meeting, is a retired teacher and for 17 years has been a volunteer mediator at her local Community Dispute Resolution Center. This article was previously published in Toward Wholeness, the publication of Friends Fellowship of Healing, Spring 2005, and is reprinted with permission.

Accessibility and Worship

By Judy Kruger

Introduction

Most people will find themselves with a serious long-term limitation of mobility, hearing, sight, mental capacity, or emotional functioning during their lives. Diminishments make it surprisingly difficult to remain part of a worship community. The following queries came to me during the 11 years I have survived serious chronic illness.

Usually when Friends consider diminishments and worship, we directly address issues of accessibility to the physical plant of the meeting’s property. I have observed that interest quickly falls off. Perhaps an approach that begins with one’s own potential experience would be more effective.

Using this as an adult education topic provides an alternative way to begin consideration of how limitations affect belonging to a worship community. By imagining one’s own limitations in the context of a set of queries, Friends may be better prepared for subsequent

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discussion on what tangible actions need to be
taken by the meeting.

Note that presenting the topic in this manner
puts the focus on each person's own or
potential experience from the inside out. As-
killing people to imagine how physical limitation
might affect their own spiritual lives could
actually enhance the larger process of addressing
accessibility issues.

I suggest that the facilitator introduce the
subject in advance, providing the queries. In
addition, I suggest that the session be a meet-
ning for worship with attention to the topic.

Queries with respect to being a
Friend (Quaker) with disabilities
or serious physical limitations.

Please attempt to imagine yourself living
with a serious long-term limitation of mobili-
y, hearing, sight, mental capacity, or emo-
tional functioning.

This is not a mere exercise. Statistically,
you are very likely to be affected by one or
more of these conditions during your lifetime.

Part One

If you had a disability or serious physical
limitation, how might your perception of
God/Light/Spirit (etc.) change?

How might your relationship with
God/Light/Spirit (etc.) change?

How would you maintain a relationship
with your worship community if you were
physically unable to attend meetings for wor-
ship or business?

Part Two

How might your sense of our testimonies
change? Your sense of how to live them out?

Do you trust that if you had been unable
to attend meeting for worship for some time,
members would contact you?

How might the experience of ongoing
pain or low stamina affect your worship or
participation in community at meeting?

If you had a visible sign of limitation, such
as a wheelchair, a brace, a hearing aid, an assis-
tant, a guide dog, etc., how might that affect
your worship in community?

Would fears about being able to physi-

cally navigate or use any part of meeting
property prevent you from worshipping at
the meetinghouse? What might you need in
order to maintain your connection with your
worship community?

What support, assistance, and aids do you
think ought to be offered and available from
your worship community without your hav-
ing to request them?

Judy Kruger is a member of Haddonfield (N.J.)
Meeting.

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ENTREATY

On Listening
by Ralph Roughton

When I ask you to listen to me and you start by giving advice, you have not done what I asked.

When I ask you to listen to me and you begin to tell me why I shouldn't feel that way, you are trampling on my feelings.

When I ask you to listen to me and you feel you have to do something to solve my problem, you have failed me, strange as it may seem.

Listen! All I ask is that you listen, not talk or do—just hear me.

When you do something for me that I can and need to do for myself, you contribute to my fear and inadequacy.

And I can do for myself. I'm not helpless. Maybe discouraged and faltering, but not helpless.

But when you accept as simple fact that I do feel what I feel, no matter how irrational, then I can quit trying to convince you and get about the business of understanding what's behind this irrational feeling. And when that's clear, the answers are obvious and I don't need advice.

Irrational feelings make sense when we understand what's behind them.

Perhaps that's why prayer works, sometimes, for some people—because God is mute, and He or She doesn't give advice or try to fix things. God just listens and lets you work it out yourself.

So, please listen and just hear me. And if you want to talk, wait a minute for your turn, and I'll listen to you.

This short article from the October 1, 1984, issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL is being reprinted in response to a suggestion from a reader. Ralph Roughton's reflections on listening were discussed at a meeting of the Older Friends Group of Hartford (Conn.) Meeting and were first published in the meeting's newsletter in April 1981.


This large, dense study, that started as a dissertation for an Australian university, could be several books. Guiton, recently at Pendle Hill, is interested in the origins of the Quaker Peace Testimony, the theology and experience of “Life-apocalyptic,” Friends’ efforts at mediation within and outside the Religious Society, and what this looks like in a Third World militarized society at the close of the 20th century. Along the way he offers a critique of the literature of conflict resolution and mediation, results of a questionnaire and quantitative analysis of activists working for Quaker groups in South Africa, a theory of Quaker tripartite conflict mediation, and much more. Although he offers much careful analysis, thoughtful arguments, and important conclusions, there is too much to cover in one review; I’ll hone in on just a few of his topics.

Guiton offers a detailed analysis of the rhetoric of early Friends in order to tease out when the Peace Testimony began. He quickly sketches the catastrophic upheaval in England with the Civil War, the worse conditions in Scotland, and worst of all in Ireland. In the face of this, Friends theology—their understanding of what they were doing and why—was to establish God’s kingdom right here and now through personal inward conviction/transformation and bearing the Cross daily. He explains the heated early Quaker rhetoric, full of metaphor, military images from current events and from the Bible, and apocalyptic hyperbole. Friends emphasized God’s love rather than the Puritan emphasis on the omnipresence of sin. Guiton offers a close linguistic and theological examination of “testimony” (by which he means what we now know as the Peace Testimony) to conclude that most recent scholars of the period have misunderstood it. The “sword” of the magistrate was their image for civil authority, for the right implementation of justice. Since the army was the only force capable of policing, Friends approved of force to keep order, but drew a line, using metaphor and allegory, against “deliberate physical damage of people” (p. 89). It was a spiritual rather than a political outlook. Friends refusal to take up arms was not a sociopolitical movement but a bringing in of God’s kingdom—a realm that was incapable of ignoring the social welfare of all the people. Guiton is persuasive that although he can’t prove there were no Quakers who stayed in the New Model Army, or who wanted to take up arms in 1659–60, it was well understood early on that Christ does not call us to fight with outward weapons. However, this was only part of it. Early Friends were living in realized eschatology. Then in 1660, when most modern historians of Friends see Quakers going into a funk, Guiton sees them in a Pentecostal experience that galvanized them to move forward with confidence and even joy in the face of new and fierce persecution. This is an important insight for today’s Friends to ponder.

Readers may be surprised to learn that Guiton thinks that conflict was and is absolutely necessary for the original and continued formation of Friends. An individual’s original conviction was a period of intense internal conflict through which she or he came to put aside self-will to hear and follow the Inward Guide. There were also conflicts among Friends, and as we all know, conflict with the larger society as Friends tried to offer a glimpse of God’s realm by their new way of living together. He doesn’t test this out among modern liberal unprogrammed Friends, who may be unwilling to undergo the initial conflict of conviction. However, he does suggest that in the increasingly militaristic apartheid years in South Africa, at least some Friends did; intra-meeting conflict was experienced, and they got into trouble with the authorities.

Guiton chose South Africa as a case study because he felt its conditions, from Sharpeville in 1960 to the first all-inclusive election in 1994, most nearly resembled the conditions of 17th-century Great Britain during the Civil War, Interregnum, and Restoration. He gives an adequate summary of the increasing militarization of the apartheid regime, but does not seem to have consulted the major sources on the subject. Within this setting he places Friends’ efforts to mediate, offer development programs, and witness against apartheid. There are slightly over 100 adult members in South Africa. At first the majority dragged its feet and did not support the efforts of their co-religionists who were directly involved trying to end apartheid, conscription, and militarization. But the triple events of Sharpeville in 1960, the riots of 1976, and the murder of Steve Biko shifted Quaker opinions, although the shift took...
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May 2007 FRIENDS JOURNAL

The AFSC sent representatives in 1971 who did not know the local situation and criticized South African Friends' efforts at mediation. The AFSC shocked local Friends because they had so many non-Quaker employees who didn't understand or value Friends practices and identified themselves unequivocally with the not-always-nonviolent anti-apartheid groups in the border states around South Africa. The author seems unaware that there were serious questions within the Friends community back in North America over these same AFSC practices. They still reverberate.

Guton developed a theory of tripartite response to conflict on the part of early Friends, which he found still held for South African Quakers. Although he found a high level of ignorance of Quaker history, he thought that some of the salient principles of early Friends' experience were still there. First was a quest for unity through mediation with authorities and between Friends (with varying results). Second, they engaged in a prophetic, public witness for liberty of conscience and for justice, equality, and the spiritual transformation of the world. Third, they established an internal support system, both spiritual and material. He suggests that today's Friends may lack "that dynamic of personal interaction and cohesiveness, perhaps a finely honed sense of discernment and prayer, all of which were patent hallmarks of the early Quaker experience" (p. 260).

There is a great deal more in this valuable book, with much for modern Friends to consider, although a few parts may not be easily accessible to the lay reader. Unfortunately, the price of an Edwin Mellen Press book is prohibitive. With thorough notes and a hefty bibliography (one page for approximately every two pages of text) readers are offered a great deal of solid research and discussion. Guton's understanding of the placement of the Peace Testimony squarely in the apocalyptic experience of early Friends is a valuable insight that deserves wider dissemination. He finds "a continuum entailing witness to the reality that God, being Love, is always pregnant with self-disclosure and needs the Children of Light (whoever they may be today) to enact the Holy Realm" (p. 269).

—Marty Grundy

Marty Grundy is a member of Cleveland (Ohio) Meeting.
On March 6 the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit rejected an appeal by Daniel Jenkins concerning use of his tax dollars for war spending. Jenkins, who attends Saranac Lake (N.Y.) Meeting, bore witness to the leading of his conscience that paying taxes for war is wrong by withholding his payment of federal income tax and setting it aside in escrow until the government agreed to use it only for nonmilitary purposes. For this he had been penalized not only with the tax and ordinary penalties and interest, but also with a $5,000 fine for bringing forth what the government contended was a "frivolous" case. Lawyer Fred Dettmer, clerk for the Witness Coordinating Committee of New York Yearly Meeting (NYYM), argued the appeal.

Relying on the First and Ninth Amendments to the U.S. Constitution, he argued that Jenkins wanted to pay his taxes but the government must accommodate his conscientious insistence that his money not pay for military expenditures. On February 22, prior to the argument of appeal, more than 30 Friends had gathered in the cafeteria of the Federal Court House in Manhattan for a special meeting of worship. In rejecting the appeal, Judge Jose A. Cabranes wrote that such rulers want the erreurs long ago (Isaiah 58:12) and are encouraged by Congressional expenditures. Previously been rejected and that Jenkins' appeal was no different, though it was women in representatives from the National Council of Committee is conferring on next steps, including possibly appealing to the U.S. Supreme Court.

Following up on a private meeting with Iran's President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad during the UN's September 2006 session, a peace church delegation, led by AFSC and the Mennonites, paid a weekend visit to the country in mid-February. The diverse group of Christian leaders included Baptists, Catholics, Episcopalians, Evangelicals, Quakers, and United Methodists, as well as representatives from the National Council of Churches and Sojourners. The U.S. delegation met with Christians and Muslim leaders, women in Parliament, and former moderate President Khatami. By both example and to promote dialogue, the group, which was encouraged by Congressional staff, planned meetings with U.S. elected officials on their return. Their message was echoed in a letter to the President where they left: "With so much at stake, it is too dangerous not to talk face-to-face. Will you be a 'repairer of the breach' as the biblical prophets urged of leaders long ago (Isaiah 58:12)?" The group wants the U.S. President to meet directly with his Iranian counterpart. In an early report back to U.S. Friends, Joe Volk, executive director of FCNL, wrote, "Sitting here in Iran, we see a different picture. The international process led by the United Nations is producing results: the Iranians are willing to begin negotiations to return their nuclear program to full international safeguards . . . but . . . will not comply with the demand to suspend its uranium enrichment program as a precondition for talks." He added, "What the delegation found most encouraging from the meeting with President Ahmadinejad was a clear declaration that Iran has no intention to acquire or use nuclear weapons, as well as a statement that the Israeli-Palestinian conflict can only be solved through political, not military means. He said, 'I have no reservation about conducting talks with American officials if we see some goodwill.'" The group is calling on the United States and Iranian governments to engage immediately in direct, face-to-face talks; to cease using language that defines the other with "enemy" images; and to promote more people-to-people exchanges, including religious leaders, members of Parliament/Congress, and civil society.

Friends Committee on National Legislation supports the limited, focused sanctions imposed by the United Nations Security Council on North Korea, saying it upholds the rule of international law embodied by the nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty and relevant security council resolutions. It cautions that sanctions are not an end in themselves, only a means to compliance with international law and to motivate governments to negotiate. The UN action was spurred by the Democratic Republic of Korea's (DPRK) testing of a nuclear weapon last year. UN Security Council Resolution 1718 calls for inspection of DPRK's cargo; bars travel to UN member states; requires states to freeze DPRK assets; and sets up an oversight committee. The United States has maintained economic and diplomatic sanctions for years. Critically, the resolution does not include the authority in the UN Charter that allows military action. The sanctions exclude humanitarian activities and call on DPRK to return to the six-party talks on nuclear power. Member states' compliance has been slow and uneven. A think tank and advocacy group, the National Council on North Korea, has spun off from FCNL and is headed by former staff expert Karin Lee. —<www.ncnk.org>, <www.sojo.net>, <www.fcnl.org>

Amid daily tensions between Israelis and Palestinians in the West Bank, Friends International Center in Ramallah has employed its first program coordinator and published its first monthly online newsletter as a ministry of Ramallah Meeting. Canadian Kathy Bergen, program coordinator, who speaks Arabic, works with members of Ramallah Meeting to continue to develop the grounds and facilities of the meeting and to plan programs for the center. Last year, according to the newsletter, the center was host to an alumni group led by Tony Bing from Earlham College, a study workcamp led by Max and Jane Carter, and a Young Friends group led by Lamar Mathew and Hope Braveheart from Baltimore Yearly Meeting. Bing, Mathew, Braveheart, and the Carters are all members of the center's steering committee. The center also serves as host for meetings and workshops by local groups in Ramallah. Development of the center was undertaken in 2005 by Ramallah Meeting in partnership with Philadelphia and Baltimore yearly meetings. Friends from both yearly meetings are among the 12 members of the center's steering committee. Its mission statement affirms in part that the center "exists to unite in one place: a space for sacred worship after the manner of Friends to which all are welcome; a safe and supportive environment in which residents in Ramallah can come together to work towards a better future in an atmosphere of faith and hope; a vehicle through which Friends and other people can connect with and provide support to those in the region who are striving to build a future of peace and justice." Three areas of concern for the center are identified as: "To lift up and nurture a Quaker presence in Ramallah, to find ways to enrich and support the local community, and to hold up and further peace and justice issues in the community." Ramallah Meeting itself has had visitors of many faiths attending, and worship "has been attended by as few as two and as many as 35 persons in recent months." "Internationally working with Christian Peacemaker Teams and the World Council of Churches Ecumenical Accompaniment Program for Palestine and Israel often attend," the newsletter states. Friends International Center in Ramallah is the result of two years of work, said Max Carter, who is also director of campus ministry at Guilford College in Greensboro, N.C. "With the completion of the renovation of the meetinghouse and annex in 2005, and with the support of Friends in Baltimore and Philadelphia Yearly Meetings, we now have a place for nonsectarian ecumenical worship and meetings, a place where all groups and factions can meet in fellowship and friendship," Carter said. —Friends International Center in Ramallah and telephone conversations with Max Carter and Jane Carter
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More than 150 9th- through 12th-grade students from Quaker schools around the country assembled at Tandem Friends School in Charlottesville, Va., for the 10th Annual Youth Leadership Conference. From February 1 to 3, students and chaperones met to discuss and reflect upon issues of freedom, politics, social activism, and the connection between leadership and service. Additionally, participants celebrated the 60th anniversary of American Friends Service Committee winning the Nobel Peace Prize for its work in rebuilding Europe after the devastation of World War II. The keynote speaker was Mary Lord, AFSC's assistant general secretary for peace-building and conflict resolution. The event schedule included meeting for worship, query groups, service, an evening at Charlottesville's famous downtown mall, and time to get to know students from a wide range of Friends schools. The event also provided an opportunity for attendees to roll up their sleeves and get involved in meaningful community service projects, on-campus workshops, and engaging conversation.

Mary Ellen Chijioke, clerk of Pendle Hill's Board of Trustees, announced that Lauri Perman has been named executive director of Pendle Hill, effective May 14. She will live on Pendle Hill's campus in Wallingford, Pa., with her family. Ken and Katharine Jacobsen, interim co-directors, plan to remain at Pendle Hill through the end of May to facilitate a smooth transition. Lauri Perman brings to Pendle Hill a rich background in higher education and Quaker service. She earned a PhD in Sociology from Harvard University. From 1988 to 2002 she was employed by Penn State University in State College, Pa., in several faculty and administrative positions. From 2004 through March of this year, she served as presiding clerk of Baltimore Yearly Meeting and was a member of the Friends General Conference Central Committee. She was a delegate to the Friends United Meeting Triennial in Nairobi, Kenya, in 2002 and served as clerk of the ad hoc Committee for Gender and Sexual Diversity Concerns of Baltimore Yearly Meeting in 2004. Her extensive involvement with State College Meeting includes the clerkship of six committees since 1988. Lauri Perman will work with Pendle Hill's Board and staff to implement the mission approved by the Trustees last September: "Pendle Hill is a center of God's work in transforming the world. Pendle Hill nurtures the life and witness of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) through worship, work, study, and service. We welcome those of all spiritual paths."
**BULLETIN BOARD**

**Upcoming Events**
- June 1–3—Great Plains Yearly Meeting
- June 6–10—Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting
- June 10–17—Intermountain Yearly Meeting
- June 14–17—Lake Erie Yearly Meeting
- June 28–July 1—Norway Yearly Meeting
- June 30–July 2—Friends General Conference Gathering in River Falls, Wis.
- August 17–19—31st Annual Quaker Lesbian Conference at Burlington Conference Center in Burlington, N.J. The theme is “Building Bridges across Class, Race, and Age.” All self-identified women who are Quaker or familiar with Friends and are lesbian, bisexual, or transgendered, or moving toward those identities are welcome. Childcare and meals will be provided. Affordable. For further information or to join the mailing list call (610) 272-2205, e-mail <QLConf@aol.com>, or visit <http://qlcnews.blogspot.com>.

**Opportunities and Resources**
- Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas, and FRIENDS JOURNAL are looking for photographs for the special issue on FWCC’s 70th anniversary scheduled for October. Needed are candid and informal shots from FWCC events. Information on what is happening in the photos and who is in the photos should be provided. If the photos are sent via postal mail and are to be returned, directions on how to do so should be written on the back of the photos. Please send photos or images scanned at 300 dpi to Barbara Benton, art director, at artdirector@friendsjournal.org, or at the FRIENDS JOURNAL office (see masthead on page 2 for the address).
- An audio and visual interview with Jennifer Harbury, who was the keynote speaker at the first Quaker Initiative to End Torture Conference held at Guilford College in June 2006 is available online at <www.youtube.com/watch?v=w4lwmy-dC3U> (or type “Jennifer Harbury” in the YouTube search box). Jennifer is a human rights attorney and author of *Truth, Torture and the American Way*. The interview discusses the history and consequences of U.S. involvement with torture.

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Walking the Walk
continued from page 10

expand the reach of Project Lakota. It also
made possible the publication of an
informative brochure about the project.
While Greg has spearheaded the
organization, Candy Boyd has continued
to be an invaluable mentor and an equal
partner in the initiative. Greg says: "If she
weren't involved, it would just be another
idea that never materialized."

The impact of Project Lakota has been
felt throughout the Pine Ridge commu-
nity. To date, the organization has raised
over $100,000 and has helped over three
dozen families on Pine Ridge. In the sum-
mer of 2003, after two years of fundrais-
ing, Project Lakota funded the purchase
and building of a log cabin kit for the
family of Gerald One Feather, a longtime
AFSC staff member and highly respected
member of the Lakota community. The
new cabin was built by Gerald's tiisipaye
(extended family) and an organization
called Self-Help Enterprises, on a site just
across the valley from where the 1975
shootout between the FBI and members
of American Indian Movement (AIM)
took place. This painful event in our
history is a symbol for many people of the
troubled relationship between the cul-
tures. Gerald and his family chose this site
for their home as a symbol of better days
to come. For everyone involved, it seems
the two cultures have come a long way in
healing old wounds.

Greg's story is exciting for me because
of its potential to be repeated in each of
our meetinghouses across the country: A
young Friend is exposed to opportunities
to serve in organizations like AFSC, sees
injustice, is inspired to try to overcome it,
is empowered to do something, and is
supported and nurtured by a loving adult
and by his or her meeting to foster a
new project.

Though Greg is clear that the work of
Project Lakota is only a small effort to
alleviate the poverty of Pine Ridge, he
knows it is an important piece. He hopes
he can continue to raise money and
awareness and can encourage more people
to participate in the work being done each
summer. Now at the "ripe old age" of 22,
Greg is unsure exactly what he will use his
Peace and Global Studies degree for, but
he knows that Project Lakota and Quak-
erism are important parts of his future.
For him, this is walking the walk. 

En Mi Barrio
continued from page 11

Chicago-area Friends meetings are
infernally early. I am, and will always be,
a night owl; I don't like to get up. Once,
when I dragged myself in for the 10:30
meeting, I got a tongue-lashing I will nev-
er forget. After a great deal of soul-search-
ing I had called an uneasy truce with the
truth: I, a straight-A high school grad, had
to attend a community college due to
financial issues. In other words, we simply
cannot afford a private school—even a
public four-year will be hard. A member
of meeting (a well-known peace activist)
let me know in no uncertain terms that I
was in arrears: I should have taken out a
mortgage every year and attended Earl-
ham, Bryn Mawr, Swarthmore, or Uni-
versity of Chicago. I was depressed
already; I needed no criticism. Now, how-
ever, I know my choice was a good one.
I am getting a good education at Prairie
State, and I am paying everything. An
English professor, a Spanish professor, and
the Art History prof who is an artist have
all given me support and encouragement.
My people, the neighbors who have
enveloped me into their large and close-
knit community, are there as well, many
in the vocational programs. Their pride
in me helps me to fly. I also have multiple
chances to live my testimonies and follow
my faith. By living my testimonies, I have
become one of the more popular people
around the college.

Here in Chicago's Southland—
which is not a vast holding pen for yokels
but a chain of dynamic, lively communities
filled with vibrant life and activities—
I see other, sadder things on a daily basis.
I am, as I know, lucky to be able to attend
college at all. In my family it is a require-
ment, not an option, so come what may,
I am expected to attend not only college
but to achieve a graduate degree—prefer-
ablely a PhD—as well. As I am well aware,
graduate degrees from excellent institu-
tions do not a rich man make. In fact,
they often do nothing at all—most of the
poverty-stricken single mothers I know
have masters' degrees or higher. The
young man of the power couple would
like very much to attend college more
than the two years necessary for his weld-
ing and automotive technology certifi-
cates: he has the mind of a philosopher.
But there is no money and he needs help
and encouragement to realize that he, like
so many others, can go through school part-
time. For now he thinks his philo-
sophic thoughts, another Eric Hoffer, and
lovingly and patiently encourages his lady
in her own pursuit of higher education.
At least he is safe here at home: many young
men have been claimed by the monster
war. I said goodbye to one of my classmates
the day classes ended, for the Marines
pulled him out early—no finals for him.
The war is painfully near to us here in the
Southland. In a town 15 minutes away,
there is a military funeral every week.
Some people see less of the war than I do;
others, more. I wish it would all go away,
before I wake one morning to find in the
class list the name of a guy I know.

Me encanta mi barrio mucho. I love my
neighborhood a lot. I also think, odd as it
may seem, that it helps me to be the
Friend I am. I do not know any Friends
my own age, which steals from me the
religious community some are lucky
enough to have. I do, however, have a
wonderful, beautiful community—my
people, who love me like a second family.
They, who are reputed to be big and
tough and rough, have never turned to
physical intimidation of their enemies.
Granted, since they are massive, they
might not need to do such a thing—but
they are also not the type of people who
need to beat another person up. If some-
one from the outside walked through the
neighborhood, they might not realize the
girl in the power couple is a Friend.
Maybe the person would look at the bril-
liant colors she wears, at the flashy ear-
ings dripping from her ears, and think
she was something else. Perhaps they'd
look at her White Sox flag and her little
Ford and assume she was a conservative,
though nothing could be further from the
truth. If she turned up with her young
man in his massive truck, would anyone
give them a chance? I hope so—I would
like to think that in the world afuera de mi
barrio, la gente quiere que nos conozca.
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Deaths

Autenrieth—Mary Esther Hall Autenrieth, 81, on June 23, 2005 at Capital Manor, Salem, Oreg. Mary was born on December 3, 1923, in Damascus, Ohio, the second of four children of Foster Hall and Ruth Anna Field. Mary began her education in a one-room friends schoolhouse and later went to Olney Friends School in Barnesville, Ohio, where she met her future husband, Horace Autenrieth, in 1939. She was an honors graduate in Biology from Wilmington College in 1945. Mary and Horace were married in the Upper Springfield Meetinghouse in Damascus, Ohio, on November 10, 1945, at the time when Horace was serving as a conscientious objector in various Civilian Public Service Units. They lived in Philadelphia for a short time where Mary worked in the offices of American Friends Service Committee and the National Council Against Conscription. In 1946 they moved to Iowa State College in Ames, Iowa, where Mary was a secretary in a dean's office. Horace received an agriculture degree, and they both attended Ames Meeting. They farmed together near Paulina, Iowa, for 35 years. Mary always called herself a farmer, was actively involved in the farm operation, and, with Horace, accompanied a group of U.S. farmers to visit farms and agriculture experiment stations in England and northern Europe. Her home was always open to young people who came to help on the farm and for many years she hostedSERVAs visitors. Mary supported her local Peace Links chapter and was a strong advocate of the Iowa Equal Rights Amendment. She was a member of the O'Brien County Welfare Board and the Iowa State University Home Economics Extension Committee. She was a faithful participant in the meetings and work of the Des Moines AFSC Regional Office. Mary took an active part in Paulina Meeting and served as clerk of her monthly and quarterly meetings as well as Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative). In the summer of 1978, Mary accompanied AFSC staff to Thailand, Laos, and North and South Vietnam. She represented the AFSC National Board as the group witnessed the effects of American bombing. In 1983, Mary and Horace worked in the Middle East for three years for AFSC in the late-1980s, living in Amman, Jordan, as Middle East Affairs Representatives and traveling throughout the region visiting with people on all sides of the Israeli/Palestinian question; and they sent information to AFSC in Philadelphia, Pa., and toured parts of England, Canada, and the United States reporting their experiences. Mary and Horace were asked to spend a winter term at Pendle Hill as Friends in Residence; and it was a nice blend of work, fun, and beauty when they were called to the Honolulu Friends Center to be Resident Couple for that meeting in 1992-93. In 1995, they moved from Iowa to Capital Manor, a life care retirement community and a Friends meeting in Salem, Oreg. Mary’s interests included flying with the children and Horace as pilot in a 4-passenger drone for business and pleasure, camping, reading, sports, and keeping up with her friendships. Mary felt that her loving partnership of 60 years with Horace, her love of their children, and her love of her friends all made life a delight. Mary is survived by her husband, Horace Autenrieth; her daughter, Aline Autenrieth; her son Gregory Autenrieth; her sister, Ardith Henderson; and many nieces and nephews and grandnieces and -nephews.

Babbitt—Thelma Babbitt, 97, on February 18, 2004, in her home in Hancock, N.H. Thelma was born on October 9, 1906, in Natick, Mass., to George and Bertha Wright. She married her first husband, Rowell Chickering and her son, Arthur, was born in 1927. Thelma and Rowell divorced. In 1945 she married George Babbitt. They lived in Cambridge, where she was active in the League of Women Voters. They frequently visited George’s old farmhouse in Hancock. When he died of cancer in 1951, Thelma went to work for American Friends Service Committee, addressing race relations issues. This work included “employment on merit” programs in Columbus, Ohio, and Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and equal opportunity housing programs in the Philadelphia suburbs. During the Governor Faubus administration, the Quaker Meeting in Little Rock, Ark., called Thelma for help in community organization work to address the violent school desegregation conflicts. She worked in the Quaker UN program in New York, then returned to Harvard to help an AFSC fundraiser for the New England Region. Following her retirement, she turned her considerable talents, copious energy, and social concern to environmental issues, initiating the first Sierra Club chapter in southern New Hampshire, and becoming a founding board member of the Harris Center for Conservation Education, serving on and off the board, through 2003. Throughout her adult years, Thelma’s lifestyle matched her principles and convictions. She was a beacon of inspiration, integrity, and commitment for her extended family and, indeed, for all who have known her. She is survived by her son, Arthur; four grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren; and by generous helpers Neal Clark and Eleanor Cappa.

Cummings—Carol Frances Cummings, 67, on April 10, 2006, in Suchitoto, El Salvador. Carol was born in Rochester, N.Y., in 1938 to Ernest Reiner, a Presbyterian minister, and Helen, a kindergarten teacher. The family moved to Scottsville, and Auburn, all in New York. She graduated in 1960 from College of Wooster including a year at International Christian University in Tokyo. She then earned a master’s in New Testament Studies in 1964 from Union Theological Seminary at Columbia University. There she was an active participant in St. Mark’s in the Bowing Episcopal Church and worked for the Presbyterian Student Union. In 1964 she moved to Cambridge where she worked for the Journal of Biological Chemistry and became a part of Old Cambridge Baptist Church community, where she met her future husband, Frank Cummings. They married in 1967 and journeyed to Atlanta, Ga., where Frank joined the faculty of Atlanta University. While there they lived for the next 34 years and raised their two boys, Andrew and Mark. Carol took an active role in the Atlanta Cooperative Preschool, one of the few truly integrated preschools in Atlanta at that time. Frank and Carol then moved to a house in Atlanta, which served as an active in the peace group Voice of Women. As the two boys grew Carol began working under the Title I program in Mary Lin Elementary School in Candler Park where she soon was president of the PTA helping to start an artist-in-the-school program. She worked for Atlantans for International Education and later Physicians for Social Responsibility, constantly trying to change U.S. and U.S. health care. In 1983 she held a succession of secretarial and administrative assistant positions in the School of Public Health until her retirement in 2001, including several years with the Southeast AIDS Training and Education Center. And to her great surprise she became the “condom lady” for teenagers throughout Candler Park and the understanding of AIDS spread. In the mid-80s, Carol took a key role in moving Atlanta Friends Meeting to declare Sanctuary for refugees from the wars in Central America. The Cummings’ home became a way station for numerous Central American refugees, and Carol took on the practically full-time role of social worker, organizer of events, political advocacy, and host to many. She traveled to El Salvador in March 2001 and visited a small community, El Sitio Cenecero, formed of Salvadoran refugees returning from UN camps in Honduras, to the creation of a sister relationship between El Sitio and Atlanta Meeting. Over the next ten years the Cummings visited this community yearly, and brought back reports to the meeting. The Cum­ mings moved to El Sitio from 2001 to finish their active working life using their talents to help development. They soon settled in Suchitoto, a small colonial town, where Carol helped in the kindergarten of one of the public schools, served on the neighborhood committee and various environmental committees of the municipality, and served up refreshments for Frank’s 5th-grade English classes. But her favorite role was as playmate to her grandchildren. Throughout her life Carol sought to build community and to end the use of violence as a means to solve problems. She gave endlessly in her quiet but determined way to heal the wounds of the afflicted. Carol is survived by her husband, Frank; her sons Andrew and Mark Cummings; and three grandchildren.

Jones—Eunice Meeks Jones, 85, on January 26, 2004, at Wilmington Nursing and Rehabilitation Residence in Wilmington, Ohio. Eunice was born on June 24, 1918, in Udall, Nebr., the third daughter of Mason Benjamin Meeks and Jessie May Harvey Meeks, both of whom were ordained ministers in the Christian Church. Her parents served several parishes in the northern Midwest, finally settling as pastors of the Christian Church in Danville, Ind. In 1936 Eunice graduated from Danville High School and in 1940 earned her Bachelor of Arts degree at Central Normal College with a life license to teach Music, Latin, and English in Indiana’s public high schools, which she did for the next five years. Her activities in the interdenominational United Christian Youth Movement introduced her to the Shaws, a musical Quaker couple from Danville. In 1943 a young man of the Shaw’s solicited support for a Quaker Conscientious Objector to War labor camp in North Dakota. Eunice gave a small con­

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service camp in 1946, Eunice accompanied since 1958, she served in several capacities and survived by her husband, T. Canby Jones. Canby wrote her a thank-you letter that led to a spiritual correspondence, then, to her visiting the North Dakota camp twice in the next year, then, to a marriage proposal, and, in 1945, to a Quaker ceremony of marriage in Eunice’s home Christian Church in Danville. After Canby’s release from Civilian Public Service Camp in 1946, Eunice accompanied him to work in relief and reconstruction in the war-ravaged northern part of Norway. The couple moved to the parsonage of Clinton Corners (N.Y.) Meeting, where Canby served as pastor while continuing his studies at Yale, and Eunice worked as secretary to Mrs. J. Angell, wife of Yale’s former president. After Canby completed his Divinity degree, the couple and their young son spent 1953–54 at Woodbrooke College in Birmingham, England, where Canby researched George Fox and their son acquired a British accent. In 1955 the Jones family moved to Wilmingtom, Ohio, where Canby taught Religion and Philosophy and Eunice taught Voice, then served for several years as secretary to the curator of the Quaker Collection. She was an enthusiastic member of the college community chorus from 1963 until 2003, and participated in some of the college theatre productions. A member of Campus Friends Meeting since 1958, she served in several capacities on various committees, and often shared vocal prayer during meeting for worship. Eunice Meeks Jones is survived by her husband, T. Canby Jones.

Terrell—Carolyn Nicholson Terrell, 86, on February 20, 2007, at her home at Medford Leas in Medford, N.J. Born in Philadelphia in 1921, Carolyn was the oldest of four children of Rebecca Carter Nicholson and Vincent Nicholson. She lived in Moorestown, N.J.; Philadelphia, Pa.; and Silver Spring, Md., before attending Westtown School and Oberlin College. After graduating from Oberlin with a degree in Religion, Carolyn was a teacher in West Philadelphia. She married Huntington Terrell in 1950. They settled in Hamilton, N.Y., where Huntington was a professor of Philosophy at Colgate University. They had four children, including a daughter who died soon after birth. After their divorce, Carolyn moved back to Philadelphia and later to New Jersey. Huntington and Carolyn remarried in 2000. Carolyn worked for Friends General Conference and FRIENDS JOURNAL in Philadelphia, served on the board of FRIENDS JOURNAL and several other Quaker-related committees, and was clerk of the Quaker Universalist Fellowship. She helped write Quakers on the Move; a history of Quakers in the United States told through episodes of different generations of her ancestors. She edited the Friends General Conference Directory for Traveling Friends in 1992, and was an avid traveler, including a two-week trip with much of her family to Hawaii in 2004, where she snorkled and hiked on volcanoes. Carolyn had a deep desire to understand the world and Quakerism. In her later years, she was particularly passionate about understanding and sharing her views about nontheism. Carolyn had a remarkable ability to connect with young people and engage them in meaningful projects. She loved to collect tadpoles and watch how they turned into frogs. She made wooden blocks used by generations of young people. She had great appreciation for classic works of young children’s literature. Many will remember Carolyn’s work as a Sunday school teacher. Students from her class in Hamilton still talk about its impact on their lives. She also assisted with First-day school at Germantown (Pa.) and Mount Holly (N.J.) meetings, as well as the children’s program at the annual Gathering of Friends General Conference. Carolyn was a serious gardener, from her home on Preston Hill in Hamilton to her community garden in Philadelphia to her final years at Medford Leas. With her brothers Christopher, John, and Francis she created a family-owned corporation to run their beloved vacation spot on the Rancocas Creek in the Pine Barrens near New Lisbon, N.J. While at the cabin, Carolyn loved to canoe, pick blueberries, sit in the sun, and chat with family members. She always reported that the image of the cabin stream flowing along brought her a sense of peace. Carolyn was predeceased by her husband, Huntington Terrell and an infant child. She is survived by her sons, Nathan and Bruce Terrell; her daughter, Cynthia Terrell; five grandchildren; her brothers, Christopher and John Nicholson; and numerous nieces and nephews.

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Could any Friend understand what it feels like to have a child who is a soldier?

When my son, on the eve of his graduation from college, told me he was considering the Navy, I was stunned. It wasn’t until we reached home that he told us that he had already enlisted. He has finished his enlistment and commissioned service honorably, but I live in dread of the Navy’s power to recall. Two of his acquaintances were recalled from the Reserve to serve in Afghanistan in lieu of Army officers.

Barbara Kay Harrison
Chesterfield, Md.

An open letter to Allyson Platt

Several times I have read Allyson Platt’s article in your March issue, "Could Any Friend Really Understand What It Feels Like for a Quaker Mom to Have a Child Who Is a Soldier?" Here is my reply to Allyson:

Dear Allyson: Your story has touched my heart. Do try not to worry about Ari’s soul—leave that to God. My belief (possibly simplistic) is that one’s soul, being part of the essence of God, is not damageable. Ari may simply be out of touch with her soul—as many of us are—like a phone line not being used. Nothing can ever really sever that connection.

Then there is your fear that the essence of who she is as a human being, a child of God, will be lost, gone from our lives. That is a terrible fear, just as horrific as worrying about Ari’s soul. Surely a child of God can only be gone from our lives if we permit it to be so. Many whom I love have been lost to me in death, but they are not in essence gone from my life.

As a person of great age I have children plus very many grandchildren. Very few are like me in any way. You are fortunate that Ari shared so many of your beliefs. I send my love to you.

Iris Ingram
Sequim, Wash.

Rachel Corrie’s death was not the only loss

I am a new subscriber. I am not a Quaker but am sympathetic to many aspects of your beliefs. However, I must take objection to
the article by John Helding, "Sidewalk Worship" (FJ Mar.).

The death of Rachel Corrie was a terrible loss. But Helding's article is more about himself than about Corrie and the significance of her death. As a result, the article reinforces what British journalist Tom Gross calls "the cult of Rachel Corrie." In an article called "The Forgotten Rachels," Gross tells the stories of six other women called Rachel, Jewish victims of the Arab-Israeli conflict, whose deaths received little, if any, coverage outside Israel. How many people even know the name of Rachel Thaler, a British citizen who was murdered by a suicide bomber in Israel at the age of 16? Why is Corrie the only Rachel elevated to martyr status by Helding and others?

Partly because of the efforts of Corrie's fellow activists in the International Solidarity Movement, Israel was unable to stop the flow of weapons through the tunnels near where she was demonstrating. Those weapons were later used to kill Israeli children in the town of Sderot in southern Israel, and elsewhere.

The Middle East defies easy answers, however heartfelt and well intentioned.

S.M. Jacoby
Los Angeles, Calif.

The moral ambiguity of patriotism

Patriotism during war generally finds the public supporting the troops. While at war, the public expects the troops to perform actions for which individual soldiers would be punished and possibly imprisoned during those hyphens-between-wars we call peace. The public makes a distinction that killing in war is not murder because it is in self-defense. Combat killing is not only justified, it is rewarded and honored.

This move away from seeing combat killing as murder is a camouflage to hide what the combat soldier is trained to do: kill an enemy he does not know, destroy his property, and degrade the associated environment. To a death-row inmate convicted of murder, the moral distinction may seem too subtle to comprehend.

But what if our country was not attacked, and we proceed with a preemptive war of aggression? Does the patriotic distinction and justification still hold? Would the difference matter to the electrocuted prisoner or the dead combat soldier?

It would be beneficial if we faced the fact that the public is ambivalent regarding the
morality in the taking of a human life. Humanity is clever in managing to make its contradictions seem plausible. A mirror would reflect the moral chicanery we employ in justifying war. But history shows the public is not very brave in confronting its reflected image.

It is difficult enough for the soldier to kill in war when the public is very supportive of that war, as it was in World War II. The soldiers in Vietnam and now in Iraq are victims of the public turning against support for the war. With the public no longer in support, the soldiers’ performance becomes less justifiable and thus seems less honorable.

Of course, the public still professes to support our troops, but not the war. This is an irrational view. A war without troops and what they are trained to do is not war. It is possible to support a soldier’s bravery, sacrifice and commitment, but even that seems hollow in the war of aggression in Iraq, in which superior armaments are ineffective in the guerrilla-type war it has become.

Wars are easy to start and hard to finish, for once started they tend to develop their own momentum. The pride of the leaders who instigate the war is a factor in delaying the ending. "Cut and run" or "we lose if we quit" are slogans of pride made by those unwilling to make similar sacrifices. Is the opposite "Stay, bleed, and die," a policy that will end the war? At the war’s end, will the sacrifice be perceived as justified, noble, and honorable?

When the Iraq war finally ends, how many ticker-tape parades will there be for the vets returning from a no-victory war? At least after World War II, the vets came home to a majority who believed their cause and sacrifice was something noble. This public gratitude went a long way in helping the vets adjust to civilian life. It allowed them to find a compartment in their minds where they could box the nasty memories of war and get on with their lives.

We should be especially compassionate toward the Vietnam vets and those now returning from Iraq. They return with many landmines stuck in their minds from their war experiences. War veteran Nevil Shute explains, “Like some infernal monster still venomous in death, a war can go on killing people for a long time after it is all over.”

We should admit to the returning vets that this war was a mistake of power and pride and they were victims along with the rest of us. We owe them a public apology for what we have put them through and should ask their forgiveness. We should depose those so quick to demand sacrifice on the part of others, which they themselves were
unwilling to share. War produces an aftermath of revenge, retaliation, and long-term memory in the minds of the defeated, while the victors bask in the righteousness of their cause. Witness the fact that 142 years after the U.S. Civil War, the South is still fussing over where and how to display the Confederate flag. These unresolved emotions of revenge often are seeds that remain dormant for many generations.

Perhaps in this new year we should listen to our retired General Omar Bradley who said, "The world has achieved brilliance without wisdom, power without conscience. Ours is a world of nuclear giants and ethical infants. We know more about war than we do about peace, more about killing than we know about living. If we continue to develop our technology without wisdom or prudence, our servant may prove to be our executioner."

Henry Swain
Nashville, Ind.

Retirement community worship group

We have a small worship group at our Quaker-related retirement community, which utilizes a number of interesting and useful variations on the usual Friends meeting procedures. Some of our practices reflect a serious consideration of items that may be useful to other meetings.

We have no facing benches. Or more truly, we regard all sitting in the meeting as facing benches. We feel that everyone present is responsible for the depth and significance of the worship. We hope that even those who take back-bench seats are deeply involved, and not just sitting in the back because they see themselves as observers and do not intend to assume any responsibility for the meeting.

We appoint no one to break meeting, because we feel that the impulse to break meeting should come from the same source that leads anyone to rise to speak in meeting, namely, the divine prompting that meeting has gone on long enough. We feel that this emphasizes that everyone present is equally responsible for the meeting. Meeting is broken by anyone who feels that the time has come; the result of this is that meeting has always broken promptly at the appropriate time.

We have no "membership." Most of our Quaker residents in our retirement community (about 25 percent of the resident population) come to us with membership in their own nearby meeting, which they do not wish to leave. Those who come from farther-away meetings are urged to bring their membership to one of the nearby meetings, and form a relationship with that meeting. The result of this is that we have no official connection with organized Quakerism. The suggestion that we become a preparative or allowed meeting was rejected, in favor of having our responsibilities to organized Quakerism satisfied through the monthly meeting membership that each of our Quaker residents maintain. However, the nearest monthly meeting has been reminded that it should exercise oversight for anything labeled "Quaker" in its geographic area.

We do no "business." We depend on our attenders to satisfy that function through the monthly meeting membership that each must maintain in order to be Quakers at all, since membership in the Religious Society of Friends is ordinarily only through membership in a monthly meeting. We have no budget or treasury, except what is available through the residents' association of the retirement community. We do, however, make the arrangements for called meeting for memorials when asked, an all-too-frequent responsibility in our older-age population.

The result of these procedures is that we have a smoothly running meeting for worship every Sunday, which settles into silent worship often as much as a half hour before the announced time for us to gather. The vocal ministry is mostly of high quality. We emphasize that no one should come to meeting prepared to speak or prepared not to speak. Only rarely does anyone bring in a printed item to read, or otherwise depend on anything except the divine inspiration arising out of the silence of the meeting itself. And, of course, many meetings are even deeper, without vocal ministry. We serve a number of non-Friend attendees who are happy with our form of worship.

We have a small committee of volunteers who accept responsibility for arranged meetings and memorials, and exercise a general light oversight of the physical arrangements for our meetings.

Samuel Barnes
Medford, N.J.

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Weaving on Spirit's Web: A Fiber Retreat with Robyn Josephs

July 1–5
The Joy of Carving with Carol Sexton

July 6–8
Chanting: A Door to the Divine with Beverly Shepard

July 8–12
Mandala Prayer Art with June-Etta Chenard

July 20–22
Spiritual Awakening through Authentic Movement with Sara Workeneh

July 22–26
Writing Mindfully: The Ordinary Life Lived Extraordinarily Well with Carrie Newcomer

July 27–29
Inquirers' Weekend: Basic Quakerism with Dwight L. Wilson and Nancy Marsteller

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