THE LITTLE MUSEUM THAT COULD: Documenting My "Neighbor's" Fate

HEAVEN AND HELL: A Story
I am sure I am not the only Friend who listened to the reports of the massacre at Virginia Tech this past April, remembering that Friends General Conference had held two Gatherings there in recent years, acquainting quite a few Friends intimately with that campus and its surrounding neighborhoods, and giving us many warm memories of the place. So learning of this most recent U.S. massacre was all the more shocking for having been in that place, having walked through those halls.

“How could such a thing happen?” many lamented afterwards. Yet those same folks likely do not see the gratuitous violence around us all the time every day in the U.S. The last time I walked into a local video store to rent a movie with my now grown daughter, both of us were so offended by the walls and walls of horror and “killer” films that we walked out. My daughter, just recently returned from a trip to China, Japan, and Australia, commented that the sickness of our culture was up there on the walls for all to see. I frankly agreed.

How many of our little boys—even those Quaker boys who’ve been denied access to toy weapons as children—spend countless hours “playing” with hand-held video games, honing the skills of hitting targets? Even Quaker parents like my husband and me, who forbid ownership or use of any violent games, must face the fact that these “toys” are really a form of target practice, no matter how innocuous the story line. In our home, playing with these games occasionally became a group male bonding activity for our young son and his friends. A Friend recently informed me that the original “games” were invented by the military to improve the kill rate. If I could do it over again, I think I would withhold permission to play with such games from my young son—and deal with the social and emotional issues it would inevitably raise.

Violence, particularly lethal violence, is never appropriate material for entertainment, yet today as I rode into the office, I saw a poster on a corner bus stop trumpeting a new film in which ten people will fight and one will survive—and “you get to watch.” This is commonplace in U.S. culture. Gun violence abounds—and our legislators cower at the clout of the National Rifle Association, and cries of gun owners about Constitutional rights to bear arms. I sincerely doubt that our nation’s founders had in mind the bloodbath that now occurs in our cities, and is increasingly springing up in our schools.

Most of us no longer live in circumstances that require that we hunt for our food. There is no reason I can think of for those who claim the need for self defense to own more than one weapon for that purpose. Yet many of our state laws constrain citizens to the purchase of only one gun per month! Imagine—in a year you could buy up to 12 handguns. And citizens are legally entitled to own war weapons, such as machine guns, as long as they follow state laws. I wonder what our nation’s founders would have thought about that.

“How could such a thing happen?” How could it not happen, given the way we saturate ourselves through films, TV, music, and “toys” with lethal violence? The administration of Virginia Tech will be held accountable by many for moving too slowly to take action in this tragedy. The deeper tragedy, in my opinion, is that we are all moving far too slowly. If we do not dismantle the culture of violence in which we live, it may well be the end of us.
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Can we conduct Quaker business via e-mail?

Since our early days it has been our practice to gather together in worship to seek divine guidance when we conduct business. I have seen increasing use of e-mail for the conduct of Quaker business. In the latest issue of Friends World News the reports on the work of their committees state that many did their work by conference call and e-mail. For a group that has representatives in several countries, this may be a great boon, but is it consistent with Quaker principles and practice?

My own experience of conducting local meeting business via e-mail is that it seems hurried, often done during the work day, from the office. How much prayer goes into the process before the e-mail is dashed off? Nor am I comfortable with the thought that we are using work time for our own business. Is that not tantamount to stealing from our employer unless we only use our lunch break for this? Even if prayer and contemplation are involved before an individual responds to an e-mail, there is no substitute for the group searching. E-mail is here to stay, and it is a quick and convenient way to communicate. Can we incorporate it into Quaker process, or are the two incompatible?

Evangenia Hawkim
Mitchellville, Md.

The Church: no longer co-opted

Thousands of Christians marched and prayed for peace on March 16. Some 37 church organizations made themselves heard in Washington. The same happened across the country. The Church has long been quietly active for reason and peace, just one example being the recent multidenominational delegation to Iran for dialogue.

Politicians of course, might never say, "I am sorry." But many across the country feel inexpressible remorse about moral failings that have led to egregious bloodshed and heartache. The Church apparently still supports a higher order and has not been completely co-opted by nationalism. The courage of Thomas More, John Wesley, George Fox, Martin Luther, Martin Luther King Jr., Dietrich Bonhoeffer, John Wycliffe, Ignatius Loyola, and Desmond Tutu is apparently alive and well in the U.S. Perhaps the Apostles would not be ridden out as too radical after all. They might be ignored by the major media though.

The Church apparently does ask more from its followers than that they comfort themselves that they are the chosen. Standing up for justice, regardless of the cost, still seems to be a critical tenet of Christianity.

Donovan Russell
Moravia, N.Y.

Appreciation of Terry Wallace

My thanks to you for publishing Terry Wallace’s article “Misunderstanding Quaker Faith and Practice” (FJ Jan.). Terry has articulated in written word what I endlessly speak to others, not without frustration and often rejection.

I became a convinced Quaker at age 19 (in 1972) after spending childhood and adolescence saturated in Christian mysticism and Taoism, but being unable to embrace liturgical church structure. George Fox was my introduction to Friends and I’ve been searching for persons as Christ-centered, on fire, and as radical as he, not without frustration and often rejection.

So, I salute FRIENDS JOURNAL for the courage to print the “eight misinterpretations.”

Salinda Magdalene
Annapolis, Md.

Many paths to truth and light

I am an inmate in the Florida prison system and was recently blessed with an opportunity to read the March 2007 issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL.

I know little about the Quaker faith but found the Viewpoint article “Recognizing that of God in each other” to be enlivening as I saw much of myself and the struggles that I have faced with spirituality within its words, especially when Susan Furry speaks of the many paths up the mountain, and that “some hardy souls follow no path at all but seek their own way.”

For those who are wandering, though not necessarily lost, between paths there can still be guidance and reward/salvation for surely God hears the solemn cry of the soul that seeks God’s company. I believe that the purest guidance comes directly from God, whether seen as coming from above or from within, and it is the jolt of making that connection that causes one to feel that one has found the way, which, unfortunately it seems, causes many to condemn those who are simply traveling in a different lane.

When I came to prison I was surprised to find out how much discussion takes place regarding God and religious choices. Unfortunately, as is often the case, these talks tend to turn into debates with each faith represented by outspoken “our way is the only way” adherents.

I look forward to reading future issues of FRIENDS JOURNAL, and I greatly appreciate the open-minded presentation of your publication. After reading just one issue I seem to have found more people who appreciate the fact that there are many paths, and I also feel that I must consider, “Am I a Quaker?”

Carl L. Sheppard
Monticello, Fla.

In pursuit of Truth

With great joy I read the article by Robert Griswold, “The Friends of Truth: A Case for Reclaiming Our Earlier Name” (FJ Mar.). I also wholeheartedly support his concluding suggestion, “Let’s start using our proper name again.” However, with the supreme goal, Truth, in mind, he moves too quickly to idolize the unprogrammed meeting as the way to pursue Truth. In addition to giving more honor to scientific method, legal procedures, and learning logical reasoning methods, we need to remember that 17th-century Friends were steeped in the language of the King James translation of the Bible. Reading George Fox and James Nayler in their courtroom arguments convinces me that Friends’ witnessing to Truth would have been much weaker if they had not been masters of the principles of English common law as well. My current understanding of the temptation in the Garden of Eden (Genesis 2) is that, although knowledge of good and evil is an appropriate object of aspiration, it is a grave mistake to think that there is any quick and easy way or even one way above all others to pursue Truth. The King James version of Genesis 3:17 has a delightful phrase, “cursed is the ground for thy sake.” Let’s face it folks, when we try to make our work easier than reality demands, we end up making a big mess of the job. Let us be friends of Truth in fact and not be fooled by pleasant fantasies.

Dale L. Berry
Grants, N.Mex.

June 2007 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Is thee truly a Friend?

I have been led to write this and ask it of all who will listen. This is a leading task that has burned in me for a while and begs to be acted on more each day. I am led to ask all who call themselves Quaker or Friend to look deep inside and see if that name is truly deserved of them. As I've learned of late, there are ones who use hirings for their meetings and call themselves Friends. There are those who worship in fancy steeples and take up titles and call themselves Friends. There are those who are agnostic or atheist, and call themselves Friends. There are those who are called liberal and accept all manner of behavior and call themselves Friends. There are also ones who are by-panned Quakers, such as Catholic-Quaker, Buddhist-Quaker, Zen-Quaker, etc.

Where are all the steadfast, sober, and devout Quakers of old? Has Quakerism become so diverse and politically correct that it is but a shadow of what it was, and was meant to be? The early Friends talked against paid preachers, ordination, titles, steeples, the fashions of the world and other things now embraced by "modern Quakers." Where are all the Quakers willing to be fined for civil disturbance for preaching the truth in public, or speaking truth in another's church?

It is hard to live by the teachings of the founders of Quakerism, and to have religious devotion as strong as they, but no harder than it was for them. Are modern Quakers so soft and undevoted that we cannot express our religious beliefs outwardly as they did, or be willing to look hard at our lifestyle for fear of being ostracized or punished? Or could it be that there are so very few today who truly and deeply believe in the Scriptures and teachings of George Fox, Isaac Penington, Robert Barclay, that they are not talked of? Has Quakerism become so mild, meek, diverse, and accepting that it is now something else? If thee looks at the epistles of Fox, the writings of Barclay and others, thee would see that what is called Quakerism now barely resembles what they intended. How many who call themselves Quaker have the strength to live by their writings today? How many live each moment as if the Holy Spirit is beside them as the Lord said? How many refuse to swear oaths? One who truly lives as a Friend could not take an oath to be a doctor, lawyer, police officer, servant of the court, or any career requiring an oath. Where are the Friends with fire and brimstone in their words, speaking truth to those not yet walking in the Light?

I've been told that Quakerism had to change and adapt to survive. I'm not sure this is true. The Amish live as they do quite well without as much adaptation as Quakerism has gone through. Fox said in an epistle that Friends were to be as strangers in the world and to the world. It seems Quakerism was adapted more to fit in than for survival.

From the Scriptures and writings of early Friends we are admonished against judgment of others, but before calling thyself a Friend each should study what the profession truly means and discern for thyself if thee could truly and devoutly live with the name. The early Friends were extremely devout people who would and did give up their very lives before doing something that might jeopardize their souls. Where is such strength of devotion today? When was the last time thee truly quaked or cried at the power of the Lord? When was the last time thee said thank thee to the early Friends who were whipped, imprisoned, forced to leave their homes, country, and family, or were hanged for their beliefs? Would thy beliefs and devotion be as strong today? If Quakerism today is but a shadow of what it was, then woe unto it, for is not Christ Jesus the light from which all shadows flee?

James Wilkerson
Drant, Okla.

Don't call me "Quaker"

I enjoyed Robert Griswold's article "The Friends of Truth: A Case for Reclaiming Our Earlier Name" (FJ Mar.), and agree—and I see that there are many more implications in a name than I was aware of. It troubles me that Friends are so comfortable being referred to as Quakers and using the term themselves. I would like to add to Griswold's sentiment and ask Friends to make an effort to abandon the name "Quaker."

"Quaker," as most Friends know, draws its root from George Fox's imprisonment in Derby: "Tremble before the name of the Lord...they in scorn call us." The nickname was used, according to William Braithwaite in The Beginnings of Quakerism to 1660, as a "way of derisive distinction, but the very vague given to this name shows how carefully Friends had avoided describing themselves by terms with a denominational meaning." This is why I say that I'm a Friend, a member of the Religious Society, and try to avoid using the term "Quaker," reserving it to help clarify when speaking with those who might be unfamiliar with the term "Friend."

I believe that the title "Quaker" somewhat undermines the intention of our religious social movement. Early Friends referred to themselves as "Children of the Light," a term used by Baptists and Seekers whose communities heavily influenced the founders of our Religious Society. Since Christianity was the national religion at the time and place where the movement was conceived, I do not believe Fox's intention was to spark another sectarian division but rather was an attempt to level the hierarchy of the corrupt and enforced religion of the English Church at the time. The term "Friend" draws its roots from John 15:15: "I have called you friends," and I believe this name was intended to create a greater sense of religious unity that people from many Christian denominations could relate to.

Our religious organization is dubbed the "Religious Society of Friends"—a title I believe reflects the essence of the type of community that early Friends espoused. Being a Friend more deeply reflects my intentions toward establishing a peaceful religious community, at least more accurately than being a believer in Quakerism. It is in our own personal power to change how we, both as individuals and as a community, are perceived every time we speak or write of our religious affiliation. This is why I have made it a point to introduce myself as a Friend.

I strongly encourage other Friends to become more mindful of how they refer to themselves and to our religious organization. I ask that we make a serious effort to refer to ourselves as Friends, members of the Religious Society of Friends, an organization open to any and all who strive to create a peaceful religious community founded in Truth, Light, and Love. As Francis C. Anscombe wrote at the conclusion of his book I Have Called You Friends regarding the future of the movement, "It is not necessary that the Society of Friends"

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FRIENDS JOURNAL June 2007
Documenting My "Neighbor's" Fate
by Michael Luick-Thrams

In a train from Prague to Ostrava, spring 1992:
Navigating his high-school German and my miserable Czech, the well-dressed business man across from me in the crowded compartment and I strike up an amiable, increasingly trusting rapport. In a disclosing moment, he shares that as a teenager, every weekday he rode a train into Ostrava from his small town in neighboring mountains, where there was no high school. During the Nazi occupation, as the commuter train he took coasted into the city, on a siding just before the main station, he saw human hands sticking out of slots in the car sides, flailing the air, and he heard faceless people begging for water and food. At the time, he wondered who these helpless souls might be, but since he knew they weren't the little girl across the street or his uncle in the next village, he thought nothing more about this unsettling sight, nor did he do anything that might risk his becoming involved. As he later learned, they were waiting for the flood of deportees already at Auschwitz, across the border in Poland, to be "processed" before they met a similar fate. As he told me this, I wondered how the lad—now a likeable man approaching old age—squashed this horrific experience with the rest of his life. Surely, its scars stayed with him for decades.

In a classroom at Clear Lake (Iowa) High School, 1979:
While discussing Elie Wiesel's Night in our World Literature course, our teacher tells us, her students, "how to always tell a Jew—by his nose . . . and penny-pinching!" She should have known: unlike us country bumpkins, she'd grown up in the Big City, Saint Louis, before "the War" (which, without ever needing to confirm, we all knew meant of course the Second World War—that epic, indelible drama that stained our entire Western culture). And besides, she was our teacher: "She has to know!"

A teenage Iowa farmboy, I protested "How could the Germans let Hitler do all those horrific things?" "Oh," my teacher responded, summarily—"That's human nature!" Her pat answer didn't satisfy me. Although some of my ancestors had been in North America since 1630, most of them hailed, a little more than two centuries later, from German-speaking lands. If Germans, under Nazi direction, murdered six million Jews and millions of others "because it was in their nature," then why hadn't my German-American family killed any children of Israel or invaded any neighboring countries that morning, after a hearty deutsches Frühstück? If people are "bad by nature," then what hope was there of ever crafting a better world?
No, I concluded, such logic is bunk.

It was compelling questions, blended with circumstantial necessity, that led me to enroll as a doctoral student at Berlin's Humboldt University in the fall of 1993. It was only natural, then, that when asked about what I'd like to write my dissertation, I reached back to my roots and opted to research and I strike up an amiable, increasingly trusting rapport. In a disclosing moment, he shares that as a teenager, every weekday he rode a train into Ostrava from his small town in neighboring mountains, where there was no high school. During the Nazi occupation, as the commuter train he took coasted into the city, on a siding just before the main station, he saw human hands sticking out of slots in the car sides, flailing the air, and he heard faceless people begging for water and food. At the time, he wondered who these helpless souls might be, but since he knew they weren't the little girl across the street or his uncle in the next village, he thought nothing more about this unsettling sight, nor did he do anything that might risk his becoming involved. As he later learned, they were waiting for the flood of deportees already at Auschwitz, across the border in Poland, to be "processed" before they met a similar fate. As he told me this, I wondered how the lad—now a likeable man approaching old age—squashed this horrific experience with the rest of his life. Surely, its scars stayed with him for decades.

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tion to help them. Before the word "Holocaust" had entered popular language, these people understood that the suffering of others compromised their own integrity; this compassionate understanding led them to act, when the vast majority of others did nothing while millions perished.

One of the first former refugees I met was Irmgard Rosenzweig Wessel, in New Haven, Connecticut. It touched me that already in 1938 Irm's family found assistance among Friends as she rode the Quaker-supported Kindertransport to England, where she lived for two years with a Quaker family before being reunited with her parents in New York and sent to Iowa by the AFSC. Sure that she would find wild animals and Indians in Iowa, at the end of their four-day bus ride to the American Heartland, Irm found a new world that would require unending adaptation from her and her family—but eventually would also offer them a new life, with unimaginable opportunities.

The Rosenzweigs were assisted in their efforts to adjust by complete strangers, wanting to be of use, in a central Illinois prairie town, after they left the hostel. Some of the first staff I met were Earle and Marjorie Edwards, a newly married Baptist/Methodist couple who recently had discovered Quakers' historic Peace Testimony before becoming some of Scattergood's first staff. Now retired from years of serving AFSC and a longtime convinced Friend, Earle told me, along with ever-gracious Marjorie, that my multi-culturalist thesis was wrong: "Quakers didn't force these people to abandon their native cultures; they wanted to 'become Americans' and we helped them, out of the sincere belief that doing so would be the best assistance we could offer in their overcoming the trauma they had endured at the hands of the Nazis."

Indeed, former staff members George and Lillian Pemberton Willoughby, Camilla Hewson Flintermann, and many more—both former staff as well as refugees—echoed the Edwardses' position. Dresden native Hans Peters, who I found living with his Iowa-born wife, Doris, in a mixed-race low-income housing project in Rockford, Illinois, testified that after their harrowing brushes with hate and violence in Germany and German-occupied European countries, for the most part the Quakers' guests eagerly jumped into the business of transformation through intentional socialization as "New Americans"—with the help of a few strangers in a foreign country, their new "neighbors."

Humbled by having to scuttle the whole premise of my doctoral studies and start over, after I wrote Out of Hitler's Reach: The Scattergood Hostel for European Refugees, 1939-43, I shifted my focus to those who I thought sent Nazism's unfortunate victims packing in the first place—German soldiers. Wanting an Upper-Midwest connection to this postdoctoral, independent research, I felt gratified to learn that 10,000 of the 380,000 German prisoners of war imprisoned in the U.S. between 1942 and 1946 were kept at the 36-camp system known as Camp Algona. (About 50,000 Italian POWs also landed in the U.S., as did 6,000-8,000 captured Japanese soldiers.)

A camera team and I crossed Germany seven times to tape some 55 hours of interviews with former German POWs who had spent at least part of their imprisonment in Iowa, Minnesota, or one of the Dakotas. I expected to find hardened Nazis trying to justify their collaboration with a finely tuned murder machine. What I found, with one exception, were elderly men who had spent a lifetime trying to come to terms with the wartime years of their lost youth. Mostly, I got to know thoughtful, pacific men who, over the decades since the Nazi debacle, had come to disavow war of any kind, for any purported reason. Even...
more surprisingly, I discovered that rather than being clear-cut "perpetrators" I found men who, having been manipulated to support a corrupt, cynical, deadly system, had been robbed of prime years of their lives—not to mention having been driven, in too many cases, to commit crimes against humanity. The lines between victim and perpetrator, then, blurred beyond true accuracy or usefulness.

By an odd, random coincidence of birth, in the course of my research I uncovered the fact that due to a freak military failure—a shortage of guns and gasoline—over 1,800 U.S. soldiers from the Upper Midwest-based 34th Division were captured in one day, on Valentine's Day night, 1943, in the North African desert. Until the Battle of the Bulge, almost at the war's end, most U.S. POWs in Nazi Germany thus came from Iowa, Minnesota, and the Dakotas. Eerily, I learned that former bus drivers of mine as well as school principals, postmen, neighboring farmers, local movie-theater owners, and insurance agents all had been POWs during World War II—yet while my peers and I were growing up in postwar plenty, none spoke of it. Their experiences were, for us, invisible, and therefore sadly missing from our early edification.

Striking such a rich historical vein, it seemed only natural to document the mirror side of the German POW story: the experience of Midwest POWs held in Germany. Among other findings, my assistants and I learned that while U.S. treatment of German POWs in the U.S. largely followed humane and decent norms, the mostly grueling, often heartless treatment of Allied POWs at the hands of agents of the Nazi regime bred only hatred and lingering resentment in those who endured it. (It's important to note that unlike the U.S. home front population, German civilians were being bombed daily, and were faced with desperate food shortages and other forms of deprivation. In such an environment, Allied enemies' fates were of less concern.)

By the time I came to research Midwest POWs' experiences in Hitler's "Greater Germany," the cataclysmic events of 9/11/01 changed the nature and relevance of my expanding studies. The bombing of the World Trade Center and Pentagon only quickened the urgency I felt, as volunteers and I documented some mostly forgotten subchapters of the last "good war" and, in the process, provided evidence that even in a conflict that has been portrayed as clearly justified, untold suffering took place—and we found that both sides committed acts that can be seen if not as outright wrong, then at least as deeply regrettable. Such acts demean us and diminish our humanity; they erode our souls and make the world a more base, brutish place. At the same time, they call us to consider who our neighbors are and our response to them.

After returning to Iowa in the fall of 2001, having lived 11 years in Europe, it seemed time to institutionalize my research, so TRACES came into existence as a nonprofit, educational organization. To expand the pro-
ject’s overall focus as well as appeal to more diverse audiences, we uncovered and preserved dozens of additional stories that illustrate war’s wider effects—stories germane to reflections on war and peace, freedom of speech, diversity and tolerance, and so much more.

We discovered, for example, that before she went into hiding with her German-Jewish family in Amsterdam, Anne Frank and her sister, Margot, wrote to pen pals in Danville, Iowa, and that the still obscure, recently fled von Trapps of The Sound of Music fame gave concerts across Iowa and the Midwest in the late 1930s. Numerous journalists and diplomats from the Upper Midwest, too, worked in Germany before the bombing of Pearl Harbor in December 1941, or were interned there after the U.S. joined the war.

Besides the Scattergood Hostel, other groups also were helping those unwanted in the “new Germany” to reach the Midwest, and German American immigrants struggled between fading ties to their homeland and new lives in their adopted country.

Also, we learned that the only U.S. citizen executed upon Adolf Hitler’s direct command was a woman from Milwaukee who had married a German graduate student in Madison, Wisconsin, and moved to his native land: Arvid and Mildred Fish Harnack ultimately were betrayed for spiriting secrets to both the Soviet and the U.S. governments. He was hung from meat hooks and she guillotined at a prison outside Berlin, alone and unnoticed. Tales of pro-Nazis in the Midwest, and photographs of Dachau and Buchenwald shot by Midwest soldiers rounded out the broad prism we offer our audiences through which to view anew a war they thought they knew.

In fall 2005, TRACES moved from Des Moines to Saint Paul, Minnesota. After having been a “virtual museum” at <www.traces.org>, with a few exhibits that traveled to locations around the Midwest, we now had a permanent museum. For a second time, Irmgard Rosenzweig and Edith Lichtenstein Morgen trekked to the Midwest for a TRACES opening—this time, the museum itself. Chronically understaffed and underfunded, we assembled the displays in six weeks, right up to midnight the day before its opening. Irm and her patient husband, Morris, came to see if they could help; at the moment they arrived, I was unpacking artifacts for a display case in the German POW exhibit. Without batting an eye, Irm bent over and began removing items we had collected during our many interviews—journals and books from Camp Algona, wood carvings, paintings, clothing with “PW” stenciled on them, etc. Then she reached into the crammed box and pulled out a Nazi flag with a screaming swastika in the middle of it. Irm nonchalantly kept talking about other things as she unfolded the blood-red banner and shook out its wrinkles. I froze as I saw what was happening and cried quietly, to think that this old woman who, as a girl, had been the victim of blind hate and, with other Jews, threatened with annihilation now stood in my museum and was unfurling the flag that represented all that she and her family had endured.

I realized at that moment: TRACES is all about documenting what happened to “the little girl across the street,” and that by relating such stories to thousands of people, we might offer examples of wickedness and its fruits. At least, the people whose lives we touch might see, even if in a small way, that what happens to our

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was a relentlessly curious kid, so naturally I joined the crowd of children outside the open door of the carpenter's workshop to listen to the man inside singing. The voice was deep and melodic like wind moving through tall trees. At first the words didn't seem that special till we realized that the carpenter was no longer singing. He was telling a story, and by the way he looked up from his work now and then, we could tell that he was talking to us.

One by one we edged into the room, which was light and airy despite the logs and boards stacked against the walls. The floor was covered with sawdust and wood curls that made you want to dig your toes down until your feet disappeared. That was the way we seemed to disappear into his story. I don't remember many of the details of what he said that morning, just the smell of freshly cut cedar and pine, lingering to this day.

Again and again, when we had no pressing chores, that freshness drew us back to Yeshu's workshop—the same one that used to be his father's.

To encourage us to come in and stay, Yeshu built a collection of small stools out of spindly sycamore logs and set them along a wall he had cleared for us to lean our backs against. Each morning we would fill those seats, sometimes locking arms at the elbows, and Yeshu would fill our heads with stories—ones he had learned from his grandmother, Mama Ana, and from the Temple rabbis in Jerusalem.

Other times, he made up his own stories. These were my favorites. Whenever I could, I asked him for one of them.

Yeshu always worked while he spoke, concentrating the attention of his hands and eyes on the plow handle, or the table, or the door that he was making. But the rest of him belonged to the story, and to us.

Between stories were stretches of silence. Yeshu kept laboring, while we struggled to sit still. If we started whisper-
ing about who was fastest or who could jump the farthest, or if we giggled from the strain of keeping a straight face, Yeshu would quietly look up in a way that made you sit back and think about the story he had just told.

There were always lots of people visiting Yeshu to talk and listen about everything from the Prophet Elijah to the terrible Roman occupation of our land. Most of the visitors were elders. If we weren't already sitting on the stools Yeshu had made for us, the grownups would pick them up, carry them over by the workbench, and sit down in a semicircle to hold forth, their knees sticking up to their ears like a chorus of wrinkled frogs.

The first time we stepped into the workshop to find our seats taken we hung around awhile, but it was like being at the back of a crowd trying to look through big people's legs to watch a procession. After that we would peek in the door and, if Yeshu wasn't alone, just turn around and leave.

So one night Yeshu stayed late, lit an oil lamp, and added curving backs and armrests to each stool so that only a child could fit. And in we came again.

During the storytelling, time would seem to stop. I would watch the carpenter's beard moving gently as words blew from his lips, like breezes through the springtime meadow that flowered below his cheekbones. My eyes would brush over the tall grasses, searching the tangles of light and shadow of his cheekbones for some small surprise—maybe a bumblebee looking for clover—wondering what it would be like to sink my fingers into the waves to give that beard a strong tug. But I didn't dare.

When the sun reached its high point at noon, out we would file from Yeshu's workshop and go home for something to eat. Often, I decided to return later and watch Yeshu work, and soon I was almost my oldest sister, Rachel, who had cared for me like a second mother, had vanished from our family and disappeared from my parents' thoughts. The more her name wasn't said in our house, the louder it sounded in my ears.

In helping Yeshu I was reminded of how I used to help my sister do her chores, so being there brought her closer, too. I would fetch whatever tool Yeshu needed, learning after a while to jump up and get it even before he pointed. From the well I brought him cool drinking water that the two of us would share. I did whatever I could so that his hands could do their magic—and so his thoughts could soar.

I also learned how to listen, and by doing so I soared along with him. After years of stories I got too big to sit in one of Yeshu's chairs, so others took my place. While my friends and I got older and had to do our part for our families, our younger brothers and sisters took their turns listening to Yeshu's singing. Of course I dropped by whenever I had a spare moment.

One day I walked in and stood just inside the door as the younger kids were calling out, "Tell us a story! Tell us a story!"

One of these kids was especially sharp. He insisted that Yeshu tell a story he had never told them before. He kind of reminded me of myself when I was small. Yeshu looked at him hard, as if sizing him up, then smiled and winked. "All right," he said, "but first I want you to mull over a line from the Torah. Those scrolls may be ancient, but they have a lot to say about our lives right now. Today."

The boy looked a bit doubtful, as if maybe Yeshu were stalling. But he was smiling, too, waiting to see what the storytelling carpenter might come up with.

"In the Book of Deuteronomy," Yeshu began, "we are told, 'You must love your God with all your heart, and all your soul, and all your strength, and all your mind.' "Come to think of it, that's the way I loved my father and my mother when I was your age," Yeshu said, his eyes moving from child to child. "Still do," he affirmed with a nod.

I caught myself looking away, thinking of my missing sister, and quickly returned my eyes to Yeshu. He went on: "We are also told, 'You must love your neighbor as yourself.' Yeshu paused. "On these two commandments hang all the laws and words of the prophets. "So, who can tell me who their neighbor is?"

The sharp kid piped up, "My friend Yakob who lives next door to me!"

"Pretty good answer," said Yeshu. "What about folks who live in one of the nearby villages, or a land that is next door to ours? Are they still neighbors—or are they foreigners?"

No one made a peep. Even the sharp boy seemed stumped. Finally he ventured, barely above a whisper, "Both?"

"There are no flies walking on you, my friend," Yeshu said, laughing, and the boy grinned and looked around at his companions.

"Okay, last question," said Yeshu. "Then the story. I promise."

He looked around, meeting the eyes of each child. "Do you remember what the scrolls say about how we deal with strangers?"

This one was tougher, because very few
looked down at his feet and considered the burning sun, half dead. Judea. Then he began his story.

"Do you think that's easy to do, or hard?" Yeshu asked. No one spoke. But their grim faces gave them away.

"Well, just listen to my story. It's about how a stranger in our land dealt with one of us. This was not just any stranger; it was a man from the neighboring land of Samaria.

"Now, as many Samaritans do, this man actually lived among us, which is not as easy as you might think. Just imagine what it would feel like to be a Jew living in the land of Samaria. Tensions between Jews and Samaritans are very old, and each of us could tell a story about how a family member, or someone in our village or a neighboring one, looks down on Samaritans in Galilee and Judea.

Well, the Samaritan I'm talking about knew what it felt like to be treated poorly by others, including the youngest among us." Yeshu checked their faces to see if everyone was following along. Noticing two older boys smirking, he looked at them steadily, not saying a word, until their faces were wiped clean. Then he began his story.

"It seems that a man who had been on a pilgrimage was traveling back home along a deserted road leading from the heights of Jerusalem to the lowlands around Jericho. Turning a bend in the road, he was suddenly attacked by thieves. They did a real job on him, stripping and beating him, and leaving him lying on the roadside in the burning sun, half dead.

"Not long after, a priest walked down the road. Seeing a bleeding man in rags, the priest looked down at his feet and crossed to the other side of the road, muttering to himself, 'No use borrowing trouble.' He was recalling the 'purity' laws for situations like this one. 'Don't go soiling yourself with unnecessary contact with the sick or injured,' he thought. 'This evening you must unroll the scrolls and read from the Book of Psalms.'

"Next to come along," Yeshu continued, "was a singer from the Temple choir. He actually paused for a moment, thinking things over. Finally he went over and looked at the man, but quickly hurried on. 'Might be late getting back to Jerusalem,' he insisted to himself. I've lost too much to do before evening prayers.'

A young girl sitting near the front couldn't stay quiet any longer. She blurted out, "But Yeshu, was the hurt man dead yet?"

"No," answered Yeshu, "but he was badly injured and the sun was getting hotter.

"Then a Samaritan approached on a donkey, and seeing the battered man lying beside the road, he dismounted and hurried over for a closer look. Like all of us, he knew how pain and suffering felt, and his heart went out to the crumpled figure.

"'It's a Judean,' he thought, 'but so what? It could easily be me lying there. I must help.'

"He went back to his donkey, returned with two small flasks, and carefully cleaned the man's wounds with wine and oil, apologizing that it was all that he had. Then he took an extra tunic from his pack, tore it into strips, and bandaged the Judean's head and arms. Wrapping his own cloak around the now shivering man, the Samaritan lifted him astride his donkey, and walked him as quickly and gingerly as the road allowed to the nearest inn, where he tended to him for the rest of the day.

The next morning, the Samaritan dug into his leather money pouch for two silver coins, which he placed in the innkeeper's hand, saying, 'Take good care of him until he is well enough to travel on. When I pass back by here on my way home, I'll pay you for anything extra that you've had to spend on him.' And he continued on his journey to Jericho.

"The injured man recovered fully and returned to his family and village, a new person. This act of kindness had transformed the Judean, and for the first time he understood that Samaritans were human beings too, and deserved the same helping hand when in need.

"But how was it that the good neighbor Samaritan knew to act as he did, even though no one had helped him out before, especially not a Judean? He knew how to love the injured Judean, because he loved God, and he knew as we do that we all have that of God within us. And that we are all asked to love God with all our strength, and with all our heart and soul and mind. So that's what he did."

Yeshu looked around at the children's faces, letting his story settle. The boys who had been smirking were staring at their hands. When they looked back up, Yeshu smiled and said:

"God is love. Know that. Practice that. And you won't need to know any other laws, because you will be following all of them."

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**Manifestation**

Were Jesus in the flesh come to our place—
not robed, not sandaled, but in modern dress,
clean shaven, with his hair cut neat—confess,
what sign could he give us to convey grace?
Imagine he should come to where we face
temptations at our work or home; unless
we had beforehand some inspired access
into his nature, could we godhead trace?

What meek response would we be like to give
if he condemned our lust, our greed, our pride,
or called us from routine, told us to live
for greater goals with selfish hopes denied?

Fact is, he does. But from a hallowed vast
resource his pearls before our feet are cast.

—Terence Y. Mullins


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And besides, it had to be something new.

Yeshu turned to his work. Then the sharp heard was I?

"Who spotted me. He said, sword, after all, can never be sure when to try Yeshu had just told.

fool; he had seen a lot and knew it could fallen, and the dagger crashed to the floor. Slowly the warrior sank to his knees. Raising his hands to his chest, he pressed them together beseechingly as if in prayer.

"Oh, holy one," he said with a tremor such shame. A soldier should know how to hold himself in and listen to what's been said before striking. I almost ended your life in a flash! Without even seeing that you were showing me the answer to what I most wanted to know.

"Please," the warrior went on, "if you can find it in your heart to do so—please forgive me. I beg you. I'll lay down my sword and humbly serve the poor for a year as penance. Two years, if you say so. Or a lifetime."

"The holy man stopped the warrior's speaking by lightly touching the man's trembling lips. He then laid a hand on the warrior's forehead.

"And that," said the holy man, "is heaven.

"I almost ended your life in a flash! Without even seeing that you were showing me the answer to what I most wanted to know."

"He paused, nodding ever so slightly. Deep down, you knew the difference all along. And now you know that you knew."

Having finished my story of heaven and hell, I lowered my eyes just a bit and heard the children let out an "aaah." I stole a look at Yeshu. He was beaming at me like a proud older brother! I felt my face burning and my chest begin to swell.

Now my own journey could begin. For the first time in my life, I felt I was walking in step with a friend, through a story that was truly mine.
My Neighbor?

by Bob Schmitt

It was Wednesday night at the 2006 Friends General Conference Gathering in Tacoma, Washington. I had been spending the evening sitting with Debbie Humphries from Hartford (Conn.) Meeting, getting an update on the growth of her ministry and hearing her joy around the travel minute from her home meeting.

As we sat on a park bench outside a building on the edge of campus, a young man approached us, seeming to just appear out of the dark of evening. He was stripped to the waist, low-hung jeans, strongly built. He asked us, “I know this is a strange request, but could you look to see if I have been stabbed in the back?” He turned around as we stood to approach him. Indeed there was a 3/4-inch stab wound on the back of his left shoulder.

He lived in a nearby town, was 17, and a high school student. He explained that he had been waiting for a bus to get to work when a carload of his friends came by and there was a fight between them and “some black kids.” I then noticed another puncture wound on the right side of his chest. Both times as we got closer to examine the wounds, he would say, “You don’t have to touch me! You don’t have to touch me. But I am clean.”

Debbie and I returned to our bench, blankly staring at each other, trying to make some sense of what had just happened. In a few moments we were on our feet again and walked over to the young man, who by now had put his bloodied shirt back on. He told us that he had gotten ahold of a friend who was on the way to pick him up. He began to put his backpack on, which would have rubbed over the two wounds. Debbie insisted that he not do that. The state of shock this young person was in became more painfully obvious. Debbie noticed some dampness on the back of his head. He knelt down so she could look closer. As she spread his hair aside to look at his scalp he again was responding, “You don’t need to touch me.” He had a rather long gash or cut on the back of his head.

Again we stressed the need for medical attention, particularly because he seemed still intent on getting to work. He then walked away, off campus to go meet his friend.

We got up again, this time to leave campus. We knew we needed to find this young man.

We circled about a four-block area, walking past a neighborhood coffee house that had become a place to hang out for attendees at the Gathering. We circled back to campus with no sight of him. Debbie remembered that he had mentioned the transit center, which was a block beyond where we had just walked. We set out again. As we approached the transit center, we could see several police officers and a couple of squad cars.

We told the police of our experience with this young man. They explained that there had been a big gang fight here earlier and that three youths had been sent to the emergency room. They asked for a complete description of the young man and for our names and phone numbers. We then seemed to be at liberty to go.

Suddenly, Debbie started walking away from us toward the parking lot. She had sighted a station wagon driven by a young man on a cell phone pulling into the parking lot. I then saw the wounded youth emerge from the shadows of a school yard across the street and come running to his friend’s car. I ran to catch up with him. By the time I got there we were surrounded by a bunch of squad cars and more police.

An exchange of glances between Debbie and me. Do we stay or do we go? We stayed, primarily to watch the police and their handling of this situation. They did not cuff him. They were immediately giving him medical attention and taking him to the hospital.

We returned to our bench, shaken, and not feeling released from this situation. We tried to replay what had just gone on and make some sense of it.
his vitals. It seemed okay. Again, were we done here or not? “We need to give him our names and phone numbers,” I scrawled that information on a dining hall napkin. It seemed more appropriate to give it to the young man's friend, who was standing just outside the circle of activity.

I walked over to him and said something inane like, “Has something like this happened before?” “No,” said the friend, but his buddy had been in trouble with the cops before. I gave the friend the napkin, told him we were at a conference at the college, and that if his friend needed anything, he should call us. Anything. I then tapped him on the arm with my finger, firmly saying, “And you—you be a good friend to him.”

I walked back to Debbie. We stood awhile outside the circle and watched. We felt done. Not complete, but done. We walked the four blocks back to campus. Here we immediately crossed paths with Elizabeth, Debbie's traveling companion and elder for her ministry. We bubbled over with the surreal description of what we had just experienced.

I shared the story with only a few Friends at the Gathering. The weight I felt from it made me wonder if I was carrying a message for the next day's FLGBTQC meeting for worship. But Way did not open. In that worship my clearest sense was that I needed to carry this home and paint it—to call forth the experience and let it come through my hand, my brush onto the paper. I had done a similar thing last winter with my Pigeon River painting. I intentionally focused all the emotion and memories that got stirred up in seeing the movie Brokeback Mountain and poured them into the act of creating that painting.

This experience has lain on my heart like a hot coal. I am greatly affected by it. I feel I am still carrying a part of it with me, not knowing what it means, or what I am to do with it.

Since being home I have sat several times attempting to express the experience with this wounded youth in brush work. But it has not been there to release.

I have shifted to just sitting in meditation and replaying the whole experience in my head. One piece that has come forward is a glimmer of memory of having had this urge to place my hand on the youth's wounds and heal them. At the time I ignored that guidance, thinking I don't do things like that, or at least not in public with strangers. Now, when I hold that impulse and imagine that I had done that, the weight of the experience lifts. I sit at home with my hands extended—as if to hold a palm closely over the wound on his back, and another over the wound on his chest. I imagine myself allowing whatever energy that could pass through my hands to “heal” this young man. And the weight on my heart lifts.

—but who is my neighbor?

I am haunted by these words—the theme for this year’s FGC Gathering here in River Falls, Wisconsin. This episode with the wounded young man took place the night before that theme was announced to the Tacoma Gathering. I had spent the week before coming to the West Coast creating the graphic for this upcoming Gathering. A simple black and white image with the words of the theme surrounded by a question mark made up of circular photos.

In designing it, I wanted to explode the idea of neighbor, mixing in a few identifiable faces with others. I wanted to push Friends out of our comfort zone. (What do Donald Rumsfeld, Britney Spears, and Jerry Falwell have in common? Are they my neighbor? Noooooooo way! —Way.)

I am still aware of the tenderness of my heart where it was scarred by that experience—aware of how this act of violence came crashing deep into my experience of being at the Gathering, breaking the protective bubble that could surround us there, as I sat with a dear Friend on a park bench.

I continue to hear the echoes of that young man’s voice telling us, “You don’t have to touch me. You don’t have to touch me.” I feel a painful sadness.

I remember the sight of those wounds on such a beautiful young body with images of Christ and St. Sebastian flashing through my mind.

I try to make some sense of it.

I find none.

It makes no sense.

And yet I am still required to respond—but who is my neighbor?
We seek to know where the Spirit is calling us to be in a particular place and time.
—Quaker aphorism

On April 30, 1917, representatives of Five Year's Meeting, Friends General Conference, and Philadelphia Yearly Meeting (Orthodox) met and created the Friends National Service Committee, which was soon renamed the American Friends Service Committee. AFSC's founders envisioned a temporary organization to provide conscientious objects with opportunities to do relief work in France, helping victims of war as an alternative to military service during World War I. These Quakers, like many before them, were led to live out the Peace Testimony and not participate in the violence of waging war. But they also recognized the need to not appear to be unpatriotic when the expected draft came. Alternative service helping victims was to be the Quaker response to the call for war.

Addressing the question, "What Are Friends Called to Today?" in AFSC's 90th year of service, it is evident that much has changed in the world and in the work undertaken by AFSC since 1917. From its original mission at the time of its founding, it has evolved over the years and expanded its work to deal with domestic issues that touch on most of the important social movements in the United States. Throughout its history, decision-making within the organization has emanated from strong Quaker values and represent those values in action. AFSC's work continues to reflect that same spiritual foundation.

**ORGANIZING A CALL TO ACTION**

The founders of AFSC wanted to create an instrument of service under obedience to divine leading, but even the most spirit-led institution remains a human creation, with both the limitations and the wonderful possibilities of human beings seeking to be obedient to these leadings. For many Friends, the work of AFSC has been to live a life of Christian fellowship; other Friends speak of seeking and cherishing "that of God in every one." Forms of expression differ, and those who have worked with AFSC come from many faiths and from none, and have found community in work for social justice, peace, and humanitarian service.

Over the decades AFSC has made many important decisions. Some of these decisions are the result of the threat of war or in response to war. Each major decision to take a position or to establish a program is reached after much worshipful consideration in the context of Quaker values and the explicit testimonies of Peace, Simplicity, Integrity, and Equality.

AFSC respects the worth and dignity of each person. Those aided by much of this work were often considered "the other" by the larger society. Despite sometimes being censured early on by those who questioned the organization's motives or positions, AFSC has consistently reached out to the victims of oppression, to the outcast and the uprooted, the exploited and dispossessed. Viewed through the longer lens of history, few people now criticize the bold stands that AFSC has taken to support marginalized people.

The work before AFSC now is still defined by this consistent concern for the voiceless, by the ability to be effective in the work of reconciliation, and by the capacity to make a difference in the lives of the people and communities involved with AFSC as they develop self-reliance.

*Francine Cheeks, a member of Newton Meeting in Camden, N.J., is director of local affairs in the External Affairs Unit of AFSC.*
MAKING A DIFFERENCE: FOUR EXAMPLES

AFSC's first project in 1917 was to establish a training camp at Haverford College and to develop a plan to prepare 100 men for civilian service. The wartime work in France consisted mostly of driving ambulances and providing medical services for civilians. After the war, AFSC's programs grew so large that with the support of U.S. government funding it was feeding one million children in Germany and Austria each day. The first group of volunteers to reach their assignments were women nurses sent to work in Russia. A majority of the first civilian workers were Quakers, but they also included Mennonites and a few young men from Church of the Brethren, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, two Swedesborgians, and one Jew.

As the work in France began to taper off in 1919, the AFSC Board of Directors discussed the future of AFSC. If it were to become a permanent organization, it would need both to provide permanent work and be a good service laboratory for workers. The Board authorized a few small Home Service projects to give young Quakers experience on some of the great social and industrial problems in the U.S., including programs addressing poverty in the mining areas of Pennsylvania and West Virginia. These projects portend the nature of AFSC's worldwide work for the rest of the 20th century, growing out of a concern for economic and social justice and equality.

WORLD WAR II:

Reflecting on the plight of Jews in Nazi Germany, Clarence Pickett, AFSC's general secretary, made a poignant notation in his personal journal on September 13, 1938: "What can be done, especially by the American Friends Service Committee? That is hard to discuss briefly. Relief is still important. We may be penitent for our past in the vicious Versailles Treaty and War Settlement. But the Jews are the ones on whom now the burden for that war settlement falls hardest. We can do no less than give every aid possible to help those who come to us to make a new and fruitful start. This is and will be our chief relief work for some time."

In response to Kristallnacht, the Night of Broken Glass (November 9, 1938), when Jews in Germany were attacked, beaten, arrested, and their businesses and synagogues vandalized, Board Chair Rufus Jones reported that a special service for refugees coming from Germany to the United States had been set up by the Service Committee. He stated: "We also believe that the personal concern and friendliness shown to those coming to us under these tragic circumstances may be the most effective manifestation for the Christian spirit in these dark hours."

JAPANESE AMERICAN INTERNMENT:

In a 1942 letter to monthly meetings, Clarence Pickett, AFSC general secretary, reported that the War Relocation Authority had asked AFSC to "take primary responsibility for the relocation of Japanese students from proscribed areas on the west coast to inland institutions. After due deliberation, this responsibility has been accepted."

But Pickett was quick to clarify that the Service Committee did not accept the evacuation as a matter of course. He stated in the letter: "It has come to us with deep humiliation and profound concern that events have revealed in the bloodstream of our American life a poison which has caused this disease of hatred. Whether it be greed or race prejudice or war hysteria, it is equally dangerous. . . . Penitent as we are on behalf of those who have been the immediate cause, we want to call every Friend to an examination of his own motives and the spirit of his life."

He asked all Friends to reach out, in particular, to help with student relocation or other "channels of expression." He closed: "But most of all we wish to call for a re-examination of the spirit of our own lives and a dedication anew to a reverence for that of God which is in every man." AFSC helped thousands of Japanese American students relocate from colleges on the West Coast to West Virginia. These projects portend the nature of AFSC's worldwide work for the rest of the 20th century, growing out of a concern for economic and social justice and equality.
those in the Midwest and East. Other individual Quakers in cities in the East, including Philadelphia and New York, helped Japanese American business owners find jobs after their businesses were forced to close because they were dependent on imports.

**SOUTH AFRICAN APARTHEID:**

The AFSC Board of Directors noted appreciation in its minutes of February 2, 1965, for a minute received from the clerk of South African General Meeting. The South African communiqué highlighted the “grave responsibilities which rest on us, to witness to the Christian faith as it is revealed to us and to share in close fellowship with our fellow Christians; to witness to God’s peace in a situation of increasing tension by transforming the energies of violence into the work of peace.” General Secretary Colin Bell said the minute “made a muted reference to the central moral issue (Apartheid) and reveals a travail of spirit to which Friends here could relate with deep sympathy.”

AFSC’s interest in Southern Africa dates to 1957, when AFSC representatives were first based in the region, and with projects in Zambia from 1964. In 1974, AFSC sent a special Southern Africa Representative, Bill Sutherland, an African American, to live in Southern Africa, to support and listen to people who were struggling for justice and freedom there, and to interpret the issues and kindle active interest among people in the United States.

The AFSC’s call for majority rule, early public support for the African National Congress (the ANC was often defined as a terrorist organization in its early years), the Peace Education division’s work emphasizing the struggle against the apartheid government in South Africa, and its call for economic sanctions led to friction among Quakers in the U.S. and between Friends in the U.S. and South Africa for a time.

The AFSC Board approved a policy statement in 1976 calling on the U.S. government to “disassociate itself from the repressive racism of Zimbabwe, Namibia and South Africa, as well as to eliminate it in our own society.” The statement also outlined specific steps that the U.S. government should take to enhance the prospects for nonviolent change in Southern Africa with majority rule an as objective.

After many soul-searching discussions within the AFSC Board of Directors, on September 28, 1985, the Board approved a policy statement on South Africa calling for “one person/one vote, an end to apartheid, supporting sanctions against the country and other elements.” This statement was approved with the knowledge that it could complicate relations with Friends in South Africa. The U.S. Congress did not pass a sanctions bill until 1986, which became law over the veto by President Ronald Reagan.

**THE VIETNAM WAR:**

AFSC Board minutes from early April 1954 show a strong concern about the increasing involvement of the United States military in Vietnam. There were calls from at least one AFSC regional office and from people external to the organization calling on the Service Committee to take leadership on this matter, which was now an actual shooting war. On April 28, 1954, the Board’s Consultative Committee on Foreign Affairs assigned to three individuals, Elmore Jackson, Stephen Cary, and Clarence Pickett, the task of preparing a preliminary statement.

The Executive Committee discussed the draft statement at its May 5, 1954, meeting and approved it with a few revisions. The statement cited AFSC’s long experience in international affairs and stated that “the destructiveness of modern war produces nothing but hatred, even among those on whose behalf the fighting ostensibly is undertaken, and hatred is no foundation upon which freedom and democracy can be built.” It also called for specific changes in U.S. policy and working to provide stability in all the countries of Asia. An abstract of the full statement was released to the press.

Concern over Vietnam continued through the next decade with meetings with public officials, letters to newspapers, public witnessing, and a few visits to Vietnam by Friends who brought special insights on the people and culture. During the war, AFSC sent medical aid to civilians in North and South Vietnam and the National Liberation Front areas. At the end of hostilities, AFSC established development programs in Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos to help in rebuilding these countries devastated by war. Programs in Vietnam and Cambodia have now devolved from AFSC management and are continuing around local development issues after more than 30 years.

Top: German feeding program after World War II
Far left: Work with the International Refugee Organization, Munich, Germany, 1949
Adjacent: Civilian Public Service smoke jumper near Husson, Mont.

All photos courtesy of American Friends Service Committee

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LEARNING FROM OUR PAST

Starting in the late 1950s, AFSC increasingly focused on programs designed to relieve the tensions that lead to war. These efforts included sending young volunteers to work in developing countries in the 1960s and assisting in the VISA program, a forerunner to the Peace Corps. To address the disparity between rich and poor nations, the Service Committee established programs of social and technical assistance in developing nations: Algeria, Vietnam, Laos, Zimbabwe, Honduras, and Nicaragua. This work has carried through to the present. For instance, today, in a community garden started in Sarajevo, Bosnia, in 2000, Bosnians, Croatians, and Serbs raise fresh vegetables and rebuild relationships destroyed by war.

Today in many troubled regions abroad and in the United States, AFSC still sends staff to promote peace, justice, and reconciliation by providing opportunities for communication among people who can effect change at all levels, from the grassroots to the United Nations. The roles of Quaker International Affairs Representatives (QIARs) working in many different regions of the world continue to take on greater significance. Much of this work involves bringing together representatives of many facets of civil society in informal off-the-record conferences. This program began in Europe, and it has been extended to the Middle East, Africa, and all parts of Asia. It has expanded to include young leaders and professionals as well as diplomats.

At home, AFSC’s work for justice has included a program that helped to place thousands of African American children from Prince Edward County, Virginia, in schools in the North and Midwest when their public schools closed in 1965 rather than desegregate. Belief in the Peace Testimony inspired Service Committee work in opposition to the U.S. troop buildup in the late 1960s in the Vietnam War and to counsel thousands of draft-age young adults.

The AFSC Board viewed violence as present in a continuum from individual weapons to weapons systems, and it participated in a nuclear freeze campaign in the 1980s named A Call to Halt the Arms Race. This effort also involved activities intended to stop the U.S. deployment of missiles in Europe and the Pacific.

CONTINUITY AND CHANGE

Discerning the leading of the Spirit is rarely easy. It means listening with openness and often choosing a path based on faith as much as experience. AFSC has recently completed a Spirit-led visioning process involving the whole organization to help it determine what work should continue or should be undertaken for the coming years. The visioning process has led to the development of several overarching goals for its programs: human rights for immigrants, peace-building and conflict resolution, a new vision of (criminal) justice, and economic justice.

In the area of economic justice, AFSC will work in the U.S. and other countries to improve social and economic well-being, increase the ability of communities to secure access to resources for sustainable livelihoods, and advocate for national and international policies that support equitable and sustainable economic development.

Under the general heading of a new vision of (criminal) justice, AFSC will use issue campaigns in the U.S. and abroad to lift up a vision of a world without prisons, where justice systems work to restore wholeness to individuals and communities. In addition, work opposing the death penalty and the use of control units will continue to illustrate the bankruptcy of the current system. (Control units operate under super maximum security to disable prisoners through isolation, extremely limited access to services, and physical or mental torture; in them, prisoners are often kept from human contact for 23 hours of each day.)

Work focused on peace and immigration is well underway—see sidebar.

Just as Quakers spoke and acted against slavery decades before abolition, as AFSC called for the end of apartheid in South Africa, and as AFSC was at the forefront of the modern civil rights movement in the United States, so is AFSC called today to speak out for and support
A Peace Perspective
by Mary Lord

For the past few years, like many other people, I have done a lot of antiwar work. For me and my colleagues at AFSC that meant rebuilding a U.S. peace movement capable of holding demonstrations and creating citizen pressure to end the Iraq War. In the aftermath of the September 11, 2001, attack, this was not easy work. It meant focusing on the human cost of war, including reaching out to veterans and military families with the Eyer Wide Open exhibit, which memorializes the dead of the Iraq War. It meant a focus on truth in recruiting, and making young people from poor communities aware of the alternatives to military service for college money and work experience. It meant public education and lobbying and doing everything we can to stop the Iraq War and prevent the beginnings of new wars.

Once we were among the few who, in the aftermath of the 9/11/01 attack on the World Trade Center, were willing to publicly oppose the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan. Now there is a large majority of people in the United States who want to see these wars ended. Eventually, we will succeed in ending them. But what are the lessons to be learned from this misadventure in U.S. imperialism? What are the legacies of the Iraq war? How do we prevent the next war? More importantly, how do we build real peace that is more than the absence of war?

There is a tendency in the U.S. for the peace movement to rise and fall in response to unpopular wars. Once an unpopular war is over, like Vietnam or the nuclear arms race with the Soviet Union, the peace movement evaporates and people move on to other important causes or personal concerns. There is an antiwar sentiment, but we peace people have not yet built a citizen’s movement that embraces peacemaking in its fullest sense. That is the task before us. Like the abolition of slavery or gaining voting rights for women, it is not a short task. Both causes took generations. But fortunately the task is already well begun, and we stand on the shoulders of others. Despite the setbacks we are experiencing, the road to true peace in the world is visible. I believe it is now time to begin anew to teach peace. With Iraq still in flames and more wars threatened, there is certainly still a need for antiwar work. Yet, in the midst of the ongoing violence we can begin to move from antiwar work into peace-building work.

I see four key elements in this shift of our energies.

First is a question of faith. We have a Peace Testimony, a belief that living together in a peaceful community is not only what God calls us to do, it is also possible and practical. Jesus said, “I come that you might have life and have it more abundantly” (John 10:10). I think that was not about the afterlife, but about the here and now. Early Friends believed we should live now as though the kingdom of God were at hand. In the experience of trying to live it, we help to bring it into being. We are called to live into the peaceful kingdom, and in that living discover the joy of a better way of life—in harmony with the Earth and one another. Peacemaking is not only possible but practical every day. We live in a warrior culture in a highly militarized society that spends more than half a trillion dollars every year on its military. In such a culture, where violence is glorified and taught, peacemaking takes faith. By living the faith, we gain the experience to which we testify. In my view, the living of the Peace Testimony is the great test of faith of this generation of Quakers.

The second involves understanding, and living, the relationship of the Testimony on Peace and the Testimony on Equality. All of us are equal before God. Any of us may
be the instrument by which Truth is revealed. While there are differences in gifts, and we each have our particular strengths and weaknesses, we are all valued and loved by God. This was very radical stuff for the class-bound England of George Fox’s time. Equality was the foundation for Friends work against slavery and for Friends work on suffrage and equal rights for women. The belief in the equal rights of all persons, and the equality of all persons before God, is also the foundation of the various movements for justice. I picked up a poster at Ebenezer Baptist Church in Atlanta where Dr. King preached. The poster quotes King, “True peace is not the absence of tension but the presence of Justice.” In the U.S., the work for peace and the work for justice are too often separated, reflecting the divisions of race and class within our society. In our daily lives, in our communities, in our professional and business lives, and in our political work, the joining of peace and equality are essential.

Third, we need to remember the history of our successes. Peace-builders tend to be visionary and forward-looking people. This is fine, except that visionaries can get so focused on looking ahead that we forget to look back at the road we’ve traveled and the lessons learned. Whenever you’re trying to build something new, it’s very helpful to have historians who help us remember the past and understand the ground were standing on. Looking back at the work of peace-building over the past couple of centuries is very inspiring. We are building on good foundations.

Here are some examples of what we have to work with:

- The structures and principles of international law, including an International Court of Justice and an International Criminal Court. Our task is to get the U.S. to participate and recognize international law.
- A functioning United Nations that includes almost all the nations of the world. It may need reform and improvement, but it exists, and it has done some great work.
- A Universal Declaration of Human Rights, and principles in the Geneva Conventions of how refugees and other vulnerable populations should be treated. Implementation may still be weaker than we wish, but the principles are accepted by most.
- An end to the colonial empires that caused so much suffering in the world for so long. We do need to watch for the emergence of new forms of colonialism, but the old empires are gone.
- A new science and practice of peacemaking has emerged in the past 50 years. Skills of arbitration, negotiation, and mediation are taught. Peace and world order studies are taught in higher education. The field of peace research is helping us understand how to contain and even prevent deadly conflict. We need to learn and share the stories of the wars that didn’t happen because of the works of peace-building.
- The works of Gandhi, King, and others show a nonviolent path to social justice through popular nonviolent movements of social change. Even entrenched, violent regimes have been peacefully overthrown by the power of nonviolence.

Other examples and stories can inspire us with the possibility that we can leave a more peaceful world to the next generation. I invite you to ponder and share your own stories of success.

Finally, we need to articulate a vision of peace. This need not be on a global scale, though some may undertake such a venture. For others, envisioning a more peaceful family situation could be pretty formidable. Many of us live in cities with hundreds of murders and thousands of violent crimes every year. Maybe we’re called to envision a more peaceful neighborhood. In truth, bringing peace to the Religious Society of Friends and our Friends meetings and churches sometimes requires acts of divine intervention. Wherever we are called to be peacemakers, it helps if we have a vision or an understanding of the first tentative steps of the peace we hope to build. In that venture we will be humbled and changed as we learn more about God’s vision for us. If we are open to that divine guidance, we may even gain a vision of ourselves as more peaceful persons. If we are truly blessed, we may learn the meaning of the Beatitude, “Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called children of God.”

TO A WOMAN OF IRAQ

Holy sister, living kind
holding out your wounded hands
across oceans of trouble
under a savage sky

I have seen you here with me:
in bare beech branches and
laughing leaves
standing in the safehouse doorway,
in our meetings, kneeling.
Once I watched you
sweeping these city streets.

Sacred sister,
there is a skeptic here
who calls you my imagination.

But we will simply wait
for those eyes to open.

You are as real to me as morning,
actual as the one in your scripture and mine
whose hands were also wounded
before he briefly died.

—Janeal Turnbull Ravndal

Janeal Turnbull Ravndal lives
in Yellow Springs, Ohio.
Continued from page 20 of the boundless “War on Terror,” AFSC has responded to urgent issues of the day and long-term trends related to international peace and conflict.

Today, AFSC is at work in many places where war is an ongoing reality: Afghanistan, North Korea, Africa’s Great Lakes Region, Colombia, and the Middle East. Despite the tendency of most nations to rely on war as a legitimate policy for attaining economic and political ends, AFSC is working to decrease global militarization and armaments. The overarching strategy is to increase the capacity of civil society groups to prevent violence, foster the peaceful resolution of conflict, and achieve reconciliation and healing.

In the United States, AFSC is involved in the peace movement that brings together military families, veterans, and traditional peace activists through its Eyes Wide Open exhibit. Starting in Chicago in January 2004, the exhibit, which memorializes members of the U.S. military who died in Iraq, has grown with the death toll and traveled to more than 100 cities. Eyes Wide Open includes one pair of boots for each U.S. soldier and many pairs of civilians’ shoes to represent the tens of thousands of Iraqi civilians killed.

Since it was founded, AFSC has demonstrated its capacity to speak truth to power while it quietly builds bridges of peace in complementary and successful ways. Combining these roles will continue to be a unique and much-needed contribution to the field of peace-building and conflict transformation.

AFSC will continue to apply Quaker values and principles of respecting each person’s dignity and potential, use the wisdom that comes from listening to many voices, and develop plans that encompass those voices and views. These plans set a direction, recognizing that detours and setbacks will occur, while holding steadfast to the vision of a world that can be peaceful and just for all.

From resettling Jewish refugees in the United States during the 1930s to aiding Japanese internees during World War II, to organizing migrant farm workers in California, and to providing aid in refugee camps during numerous international conflicts, the rights and well-being of migrants and displaced persons have always been central to American Friends Service Committee’s witness for universal human dignity.

Human migration is a global phenomenon spurred by conflict, economic and social inequality, environmental disaster, and poverty. Many people move because they have to, not because they want to. In 2001, the AFSC Board of Directors adopted a statement calling for United States government policies that:

- respect human rights and international law;
- stop militarization of the border;
- remove the unequal treatment to which undocumented persons are subjected;
- provide nondiscriminatory application of immigration laws;
- support legalized entry to those under duress or fleeing natural disaster, regardless of national origins and political affiliation; and
- support family reunification.

The values that inform the Board statement converge with the AFSC vision of humanitarian service, justice, and peace; this is as much the case now as it was when AFSC was founded 90 years ago. Just as Quakers spoke and acted against slavery decades before abolition; just as AFSC called for the end of apartheid in South Africa, and was at the forefront of the civil rights movement in the United States; so are we called to speak out for and support the human rights of immigrants to the United States today.

Carol Tashjian is director of the AFSC Grants Unit. Alan Lessik, a member of San Francisco (Calif) Meeting, is regional director of AFSC’s Pacific Mountain Region.
Immigrant connections and networks provide critical links to everything from jobs to housing, healthcare, education, childcare, worship—the web of relationships that form a community. American Friends Service Committee’s immigration programs reflect the creative, demographic, and geographic variety of immigrant communities themselves. They seek to galvanize community resources toward the goal of protecting human rights for immigrants, the single common thread weaving through every AFSC program.

All of AFSC’s immigration programs aim for one or more of the following overlapping objectives:

• Building understanding across communities;
• Fostering immigrant leadership and civic integration; and
• Promoting fair and just public policies.

**BUILDING UNDERSTANDING ACROSS COMMUNITIES**

We need to support one another to overcome our barriers and hardships. Learning about one another is one of the many ways to develop mutual understanding and build deeper friendships in our community and at large.

—Lao woman, AFSC program participant in California

Many issues that are pressing on immigrants weigh on non-immigrants as well: affordable housing, fair wages, healthcare, childcare, education, and community safety. Immigrant rights in this context means no more and no less than the right of any person to live in safety and peace, to have access to available services, and to contribute one’s share of talents to better the life of the community.

Misunderstanding is an obstacle to cooperation. Misconceptions prevail that immigrants take jobs away from U.S. citizens, that they do not want to learn English, that their presence increases crime rates. From such positions emerge conflict, resentment, and opposition to humane policies regarding immigrants and immigration.

Together, immigrants and non-immigrants stand to gain far more than they would in opposition to one another. AFSC helps to build understanding across communities so that immigrants and non-immigrants may improve their interactions with one another, their trust in their communities, and the quality and richness of their daily lives.

For example, in California’s agricultural Central Valley, AFSC provides a space and support for immigrants and refugees to gather, learn from each other, and participate in the life of the community. From the simple start of visits to each others’ communities, a major cultural festival was developed; youth found an outlet to express their identity through video, women started to organize for childcare, and all the major immigrant communities turned out in small and large towns throughout the Valley to support immigration reform.

As with many community-based events, rallies and demonstrations strengthen relationships between participants and reveal shared interests, aspirations, and values. For example, an immigrant rights rally co-organized by AFSC and held at Liberty State Park in Newark, New Jersey, led to strengthened relationships with local unions and African American organizations. This resulted in a broader coalition of groups supporting immigrant rights and a more visible, vocal, and diverse constituency for immigrant rights in the eyes of policymakers.

**FOSTERING IMMIGRANT LEADERSHIP AND CIVIC INTEGRATION**

Leadership in this sense is merely a long-term objective. To be able to become leaders, immigrants must overcome language barriers; develop confidence in institutions; establish relationships with those institutions; have a deeper understanding of their rights;
and have opportunities to exercise their rights and fulfill civic obligations even when they are still in the process of obtaining U.S. citizenship.

—From the AFSC Pan Valley Institute publication Immigrant Women: A Road to the Future

Immigrants arrive from some of the poorest countries in the world, often by ways that challenge their very survival, and they surmount obstacles from language barriers to ethnic prejudice to abject poverty. They help one another find work, places to worship, schools for their children, and doctors who will treat them. They learn English, start small businesses, establish networks, and organize themselves naturally into communities. Yet their entry into the broader civic life and structures is not an easy one. AFSC provides support so that they can develop leadership within their own communities, take an active role in the burgeoning immigrant rights movement, and achieve civic integration in their new home country.

In Colorado, a state with a growing number of immigrants, AFSC has nurtured the creation, growth, and independence of two organizations and is now supporting Coloradans for Immigrant Rights, a group of immigrants and immigrant allies who educate citizens and organize actions in support of human rights for immigrants. In nine months, they had 16 letters to the editor published in the Denver Post and the Rocky Mountain News. Their speakers' bureau pairs an immigrant and a non-immigrant to speak to community groups about the economic, political, and personal aspects of immigration.

With immigration at the forefront of political discussions nationwide, this is an opportune time to clarify confusing information and bring the values of human rights and dignity to the debate. Faith and community groups, city councils, and virtually any place where people gather in one place at the same time—these are places where such dialogue and conversation can take place. Immigrants telling their own stories in such settings humanize the issue, educate people about some of the realities of immigrant life, and build relationships among individuals. Non-immigrants speaking as allies of immigrants can by example and by persuasion lead their peers in the community to support the human rights of immigrants.

**Promoting Fair and Just Public Policies**

Portland has become a city of great diversity, and this enriches our cultural life and economy. We must ensure that this diversity is protected, nurtured, and viewed as the asset to our city that it is.

—Tom Potter, Mayor of Portland, Oregon, on passing a city resolution on human rights for immigrants

The United States was settled and founded by immigrants and has, in philosophy and in practice, welcomed immigrants from all over the world. Yet, for almost that long, it has also set immigration policies that defy common sense and humanity. The Naturalization Act of 1790 prevented immigration here to all but free white persons; the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882 prohibited citizenship for Chinese immigrants. During World War II, immigration policies and procedures prevented entry to an estimated 200,000 endangered Jews; more than 100,000 persons of Japanese descent were held during the same period in “relocation” camps.

Such policies continue today. From the increase in military personnel at the Mexico border to a town ordinance criminalizing landlords who rent to undocumented immigrants, immigration policies are often costly, counterproductive, and hurtful. Communities that have built understanding across differences and that have developed leadership from within are ready to make policy changes to better their lives and those of others. AFSC supports these efforts by promoting fair and just public policies regarding immigrants and immigration so that those who wish to live and work here can do so legally.

AFSC maintains an office in Washington, D.C., to monitor legislative activities and discussions on immigration, and to educate policymakers through testimonies, reports from the field, and face-to-face meetings with immigrant constituents. In 2006, AFSC San Diego and other border allies participated in a community delegation to Washington that provided an opportunity for border residents to share their unique perspective with key legislators. AFSC presence in Washington has meant that immigrants will continue to voice their own concerns and to participate in shaping the policies that affect their everyday lives.

**REFUGEE WORKER**

What providence brings us to each other, this paper between us, many-folded and smudged? How is it I think I know the scent of that camp and the heat of waiting? Your daughter is sixteen today and left behind.

Sign here, and I will send your plea into a course of hollowness that mimics the wind somewhere else. I will put your hope into a channel of action that rivals a millet spill somewhere else. Your daughter is sixteen today and left behind.

I give you the release and also the burial garment. Neither of us can predict the dust or rain, or the shift in ground. How is it I think I know the wound of dislocation and the history of blood? Your daughter is sixteen today and left behind.

You have found her at last, but the map is an ocean of policy, your name and hers islands on a page, and my hand the one offering an uncertain vessel. How is it I think I know what it means to swim for your life? I hear your sigh and wish I hadn’t.

—Catherine Swanson

Catherine Swanson attends Valley Mills (Ind.) Meeting.
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AFSC's call for a moratorium on worksite raids and instead urged Congressional leaders to take constructive action on changing current immigration laws. AFSC leadership in this endeavor has galvanized the support of immigrant-led and non-immigrant organizations committed to humane and fair public policies.

In 2005 AFSC, in partnership with Witness and the American Civil Liberties Union, produced a documentary about vigilantism at the Mexico border that has been screened widely and influenced debates in city halls from Austin, Texas, to Cambridge, Massachusetts. The documentary, Rights on the Line, has been used as an education and organizing tool to stop the violence and lawlessness of vigilantes, and to gain support for sensible responses to immigration.

Some cities have designated themselves official “sanctuaries” for immigrants, setting a tone and framework for humane local laws. With the backing of AFSC and a broad coalition, the Portland, Oregon, City Council passed a new city resolution that supports the establishment of a task force to develop possible solutions to the problems faced by the city's immigrant and refugee population, supports policies that improve immigrants' access to government, and urges the federal government to create fair and humane immigration reform.

Providers of direct services are often well-positioned to make statements and advocate on behalf of their clients toward systemic change. This is the case for AFSC in New Jersey, which operates a busy office providing legal services, referrals, and trainings to other legal providers on immigration-related legal issues faced by individuals. At the same time, the data they collect and the information they glean from individual cases shape their advice to policymakers seeking sensible reform. From detention to domestic violence to labor disputes and wage claims, AFSC helps immigrants exercise their existing rights while advocating for changes that ultimately benefit immigrants and non-immigrants alike.
Love in the Face of Violence
by Pam Ferguson

Twentysome years ago, Ron and I sold everything we owned and flew off to Africa. We landed in Southern Sudan in the middle of a civil war and worked with refugees from another war in Uganda. Motivations for changing our lives at the ripe old age of 30 were many. One was that we thought we could help change Africa. Instead, Africa changed us. After nine years in Southern Sudan and Uganda our African friends taught us that our Quaker testimonies of simplicity, peace, integrity, community, and equality are not just good things to believe in, or just something we do, but our testimonies must define how we live. We must be these testimonies to our world.

A petite Ugandan woman named Susan Ubima taught me about “being peace” in our world. I met her shortly after Northern Ugandan rebels killed her husband in an ambush. I admired her grace in the face of tragedy. Several years after the death of her husband, Susan was traveling on the same road where he was killed when rebels attacked her bus. In the rain of bullets, many on the bus died and Susan was shot in the arm and a bullet grazed her scalp. She and several other survivors managed to crawl out of the bus and were taken hostage by a large group of rebels, most of them barely teenagers.

Susan knew what she faced—possible death at the hands of men who killed her husband, or being forced into being a sex slave to this group of rebels. For six hours Susan and the captives were marched deep into the Ugandan bush where they witnessed the murder of one of the captives who tried to escape. In those hours facing the unknown, Susan felt a leading to pray for the young men guarding her. They were close to the same age as her son. She began to engage them in conversation and to reach out to them, as she knew their mothers would want her to do. Slowly they began to respond to Susan. They talked a bit about playing soccer, about their homes and their families. She watched as their demeanor changed; they began to look her in the eye and spoke to her in kinder tones. Suddenly and unexpectedly, the rebels released Susan and the other hostages and they walked back to safety.

When Susan told us her story several days after the capture, she spoke about the peace studies she and her husband did under the tutelage of Quaker Peace and Service volunteers years before. The inner work of preparing for peace gave her a foundation to stand on when she found herself face to face with her husband’s killers. In the moments when she feared for her life, she was drawn to look for that of God in her captors instead of seeing them only as rebels and killers. She was in the process of traveling a path towards forgiveness when this incident happened. She knew in those moments that somehow, someway the cycle of violence, revenge, and killing had to stop and that she could choose to be a part of that plan through forgiveness and mercy. God made it possible for Susan in those moments to see the rebels as children of a mother just like her and she chose to forgive them.

Susan’s witness prepared me for life back in the U.S. After years in the war zones of Africa, we moved to a safe home in the middle of the U.S. where there were no landmines or civil wars. On a spring afternoon three years ago, a prisoner from the county jail a block from our home beat up a guard, escaped, ran down the alley, found our back door, and broke into our home. I was home alone and found myself face to face with an angry, violent, and broken young man. I was held hostage for 20 minutes while policemen searched our neighborhood in vain for this escaped prisoner.

In those moments, my commitment to peace made a difference. Because I knew I did not want to harm this young man, I was able to respond calmly to him. My husband’s and my own commitment to peace meant we owned no guns. He searched our home for a weapon to use against me and the policemen outside my home. He found nothing. In the moments alone with this young man in our home, he broke down and cried on my shoulder, he told me about his children for whom he broke out of jail to see—also about the 20-year sentence he’d just received. I was able to give him a cup of cold water and told him that I was praying for him. In the end, he still tied me up and stole our car. But the few scrapes and bruises I had were incredibly minor to what this encounter could have been. I continue to pray for him and write to him in prison.

Face to face with this young man in my home, I did not know how things would turn out. But I discovered I did not fear harm or death. God’s presence was tangible and real and I faced the unknown with peace and confidence that God would help me through whatever was to happen. My relationship with God does not mean I’m protected from pain, suffering, or death. Susan’s husband, the Amish schoolchildren in Pennsylvania, and the many men, women, and children who are the victims of violence and war in our world each day remind us that few escape violent encounters unscathed. Those who do are visible witnesses to the power of peace. For those who do not survive violence, the peace community can remind our world that it is possible for those who live in peace to face harm or death in God’s peace.

The peace community—my own faith community—can be a living witness that the cycle of war and violence can end. The peace community—my faith community—is a living witness that peace is possible, as is forgiveness, reconciliation, and restoration. The peace community—my faith community—is a visible expression of God’s active, redeeming presence in our world. And I can think of no better community of which to be a part.

The above was written to be a part of the closing worship service for the Friends Committee on National Legislation Annual Meeting in Washington, D.C. in November 2006. Ron and I have been Indiana Yearly Meeting representatives to FCNL for the past six years. It is always good to be with a diverse and engaged group of Quakers who care deeply about our world. And a group who believe it important to lobby our government for peace, for a society with equity and justice for all, for communities where every person’s potential may be fulfilled, and for an Earth restored. Our participation with FCNL is one active way we work for peace, both nationally and for our African friends. We are privileged to represent those who care deeply about the Christ-centered origins of our peace community—my faith community—the Religious Society of Friends.
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Friends Summer Research in Bar Harbor, Maine
by Steve Perrin

The essence of the Quaker Institute for the Future (QIF) is communal discernment. That’s what I learned during the month-long research seminar held under its auspices in Bar Harbor from July 8 to August 6, 2006. Enjoying the seaside campus of College of the Atlantic, each participant sought true understanding of a particular issue in the company of others coming from different backgrounds and perspectives. We helped one another to transcend hidden barriers to personal and social understanding. Since so many of those barriers are cloaked in assumptions and attitudes we carry everywhere with us, they are invisible until we are gently shaken by others who do not share our particular habits of unseeing. And of course they have their own habits, which we in turn can help them to appreciate and overcome. Together, we expand our collective vision of the future, and help one another work towards its realization.

This is very different from seeking out colleagues entrenched in the same assumptions, methods, language, and concerns that we are. Peer review of a finished project is one thing; collegial review of works in progress is every bit as beneficial when conducted in an atmosphere of trust, truthfulness, and communal discernment. Those who are like us have little to add to our understanding, while those with different backgrounds can open our eyes to worlds we never knew or imagined. Persons of staunch belief tend to have all their answers in place before any questions are asked. Among relative strangers who venture together into the unknown, however, the sum of their communal understanding is far greater than their individual worldviews.

QIF is built on the belief that Quaker processes originating in mid-17th-century England are relevant to the personal and social transformations that Friends and others are concerned with today. Everyone wants to build a better world for coming generations. Rather than spend time blaming those responsible for the mess we are now in, it is a more positive use of our time to cooperate in bringing about the mutual transformations required to attain that better world. Quaker values such as simplicity, directness, equality, clearness, and shared ministry all support cooperative ways to solve problems that have arisen through competition and divisiveness.

My research project at the Bar Harbor seminar was to find ways of cooperative decision making that can bring together groups that do not ordinarily work with one another in common endeavors. Can the farmer and the cowman really become friends? Sometimes not, but they can learn to hold trusting discussions about issues of mutual concern.

What sort of framework would be required to enable developers and environmentalists to talk with one another? Or fishermen and shore dwellers, members of different racial or religious groups, hunters and wildlife watchers?

I spent half the seminar developing a problem statement. Clearly, I concluded, trust in communication between individuals with different backgrounds, training, cultures, and experiences is extremely unlikely if not impossible. We are all creatures of our respective realities. Except that such an answer leads to isolation and despair, not hope for a better world—which is the thrust of the Quaker Institute for the Future. Under the tender care of the participants, I transcended my solitary outlook of forlorn hope to glimpse a landscape of beckoning challenge and accomplishment.

Each member made one or two presentations during the seminar. I presented my problem to the group on the morning of July 26, then waited with pen over yellow pad for their responses, which emerged during an hour and a half of tender consideration. Problem statements tend to shape the answers they elicit, hardening expectancy as if it were destiny. But not among Friends. Instead, I received examples and citations from at least 20 investigators who offered specific means to ease the difficulty of building bridges between different personal and cultural worlds. If we truly care about our collective future together, we can find ways to work with one another. Our differences are no match for the much deeper unity we share as humans on this one planet that cares for us all.

I came away with a list of 17 books to catch up with, and a new attitude. Instead of being the culmination of a lifetime of experience, my work had only begun. I am now focused beyond the limits I had long taken for granted. I am truly open to a future that my personal experience had foreclosed without my knowledge or consent.

In these few words I can only hint at my small share of the seminar. Others were pursuing independent research projects of their
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own. We grappled with individual and social transformation, the moral economy, encouraging participatory citizenship, the impact of biotechnology, supporting small farmers, the Quaker way of knowing, applying systems thinking to living on Earth, effective outreach, and racial justice on an international scale. In hindsight, the common endeavor that united us was to develop our personal capacity for building a future none of us could have preconceived on our own. This work is about intentional (not inadvertent) climate change for the common good.

One highlight of the seminar spread over the Thursday and Friday of the first week when seminar participants and members of the QIF board, led by COA philosophy professor Gray Cox, joined in an exercise to envision an improved global situation 30 years ahead in 2036. What would it be like? How would we get there? We quickly traded in our techno-industrial-commercial society for a process-oriented organic society. Our entire culture would be transformed, partly through an obligation to support massive acts of civil disobedience. Intentional living would replace private opportunism. The transformation would be motivated by empathy, cooperation, and love, not greed and self-interest. Such testimonies as Peace, Truth, Equality, Simplicity, and Integrity would guide us ahead. Private property would revert to public stewardship for common benefit. The legal system would no longer be centered on property rights of the privileged. The economy would harmonize with an ever-changing environment without exploiting it. And so on. A great time was had by all in picturing a new life for ourselves 30 years from now, and then by imagining the steps and processes by which such a life might be attained.

Participants in future Quaker research seminars will face the challenge of fulfilling such a vision as this. I hope to be among them, exploring the application of Quaker practices to personal and social transformations. One thing discussed last summer was holding similar seminars in other regions of the country. Another was staging one-week seminars around a particular topic. Founded four years ago, with two summer research seminars to its credit, QIF is very much a work in progress, which reflects its essential nature.

The mission of the Quaker Institute for the Future is “to advance a global future of inclusion, social justice, and ecological integrity through participatory research and discernment.” The Summer Research Seminar “seeks to develop and model a new approach to academic and social action research, an approach that grows from the application of Friends discernment and decision making processes.”

June 2007 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Facilitating Interreligious Weddings
by Dick Wood

Since the fall of 1989, I have been involved as a kind of facilitator for three weddings, held in the manner of Friends, in which a person of Jewish heritage and a person of Christian heritage, sometimes but not always Quaker, were joined. I became involved in two of them because I was clerk of the meeting that provided oversight of the union. In the other case, an attendee at one of the weddings asked for my assistance. With each wedding I gained knowledge of the various traditions and rituals, and would like now to share what I have learned.

All of my relevant experiences have been with unprogrammed Friends and Reformed Jews, and I found many underlying similarities in their practices.

In the Quaker context, a couple is married by exchanging vows in the presence of God and human witnesses, with the latter signing a document that formalizes the union. The exchange of vows takes place within a meeting for worship especially for the wedding, and is thus a time when persons present may feel called upon to speak. While Jews typically have more outward symbolism in the ceremony, the presence of a rabbi is not required. A marriage is a contract offered by a man in the presence of witnesses, willingly accepted by a woman, where the witnesses sign the contract. At heart, then, the two approaches to weddings are strikingly similar. The most common outward features of a Jewish ceremony are the presence of a huppah, or canopy, and the breaking of a glass. All three of the weddings I facilitated included both of them. Incidentally, all three weddings took place outdoors in lovely settings.

With the third wedding I learned the most. I had more time to do some searching, for I had recently retired. A close friend, a former member of our meeting, had recently converted to Judaism and was actively learning about it; she proved to be an immense help. Together we found many similarities between the two services and underlying philosophies. The major source for what we learned was a book entitled The First Jewish Catalog—especially the chapter dealing with weddings. One marginal quotation in particular, by Baal Shem Tov, speaks in an especially friendly way about the ideal marriage:

"From every human being there rises a light that reaches straight to heaven. And when two souls that are destined to be together find each other, their streams of light flow together, and a single brighter light goes forth from their united being."

We learned that the huppah was originally a garland of flowers. It eventually became a canopy, often of flowers, that symbolized a new home, a new beginning. We also learned about the ketubah, or certificate, of the contract. Just as Quaker couples retain and cherish the scroll signed by those present at the wedding, Jewish couples retain and cherish their ketubahs, which are also so witnessed.

Even though neither the bride nor the groom had any significant experience with Quaker meetings for worship, they agreed to have a period of silence during which anyone in attendance might choose to speak before and after they exchanged their vows. I agreed to introduce this aspect of the ceremony to the attendees, to provide a repeat-after-me for their self-written vows, and finally to conclude the service with both the breaking of a glass and a simple benediction, reminding attenders of the need to sign the scroll/ketubah.

The most significant aspect of my responsibilities was a matter of timing. How long must the couple wait to exchange their vows? And how much longer until it is all over? While the answers to these questions cannot be given with any precision, let me pass along some advice I received for making such timing decisions: "Wait until you think it has been long enough, and then wait that long again."

There are various views about the broken glass. We learned that part of the issue was to make a loud noise to scare any demons away; but our favorite perspective was a wish that the marriage would last until the goblet could be made perfect again, i.e. forever.

I enjoyed being part of these three ceremonies, each different from any other. The document that was witnessed by the attendees was probably not a true ketubah, but the Jews in attendance certainly understood its relevance.

The benediction was spoken in both English and Hebrew. It goes as follows:

Yisarechcha adonoi ve'yishmeruchcha.
May God bless you and keep you.

Yid're adonoi panav elecha ve'chanecha.
May God's face shine upon you and be gracious unto you.

Yenea adonoi panav elecha v'yasem lecha shalom.
May God's presence be with you and give you peace.
What We Have Lost
by Charles Perrone

My morning walks along Main Street in Moorestown, New Jersey, take me past former workcamp director David Richie's place where Harley Armstrong used to live, then past Bob and Lenore Haines' old house, and finally past Parry Cottage where M.C. and Libby Morris lived. Sometimes I arrive at the Friends School at Chester Avenue when parents are delivering their children. I pause at the traffic light and watch the cars emerging from the school grounds. One SUV has a bumper-sticker that reads, "We Support Our Troops in Iraq." Years ago, at that very spot M.C. Morris would distribute peace literature and he would solicit signatures for antiwar petitions. M.C. is gone, so is the message on the school's outdoor bulletin board, just behind where M.C. used to sit. It said, "There is No Way to Peace, Peace Is the Way."

Harley Armstrong taught English at the Friends School for more than 30 years. She wrote an excellent sentence and she despised humbug. Her tartness was tempered by Quaker forbearance, denying casual onlookers a bit of fun. In Harley's time, low-income persons eligible for food stamps collected their stamps at the Burlington County Trust Bank. The bank had a teller's window that faced the sidewalk where pedestrians, if they chose, could conduct their bank business alfresco. However, food stamps could be retrieved only at that outdoor window, in fair or foul weather. Harley put an end to that practice with a crisp letter to the bank manager. In the fall, Harley, Bob, and Lenore would buy a large sack of unsheeled pecans. They, and anyone who came to call, would sit in the kitchen making civilized conversation while they shelled the nuts and filled small bags with kernels, gifts destined for relatives and friends.

Following Quaker tradition, the Haineses, Harley, and the Morrises worked to improve the well-being of American Indians, and in the course of their activities they attended the annual meetings of the Iroquois Nation in upstate New York. In my mind's eye, playfully, I see them standing serenely among a group of equally serene Indians, as in Edward Hicks' Peaceable Kingdom. They are under a stately tree on the banks of a luminous river, with animals, wild and domesticated, lying at their feet.

Bob's vegetable garden was also a peaceable kingdom, with crooked rows and winding paths...
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paths. He caressed the soil, respecting its contours, treating it as his Indian friends treated it, reverently. Of course there was constant battle with the insects, which Bob picked off one at a time because he rejected chemical warfare. He said there always seemed to be enough vegetables for his family, for his friends, and for the insects that escaped his fingers.

One spring morning I came upon Bob in his garden, on his knees, tenderly transplanting some lettuce. Weeks before, in the battered greenhouse, Bob had started these plants from seeds descended from the lettuces his father had planted there 80 years before. Bob sent some of these seeds to his daughter in Kansas every year, and now she passes seeds on to her daughter. Why does that recollection give me such pleasure?

The Haineses, the Morrisses, and Harley were of those Moorestown Quakers who vied only in their goodness, anonymously. They would have been amused by Moorestown’s recent apotheosis, conferred by a magazine that celebrates greed.

They are gone, sadly, but in their quiet way, undetected, they planted a bit of their peaceful kingdom in those who were privileged to have known them.

Charles Perrone served as acquisitions librarian for Burlington County College, New Jersey, where he started an annual John Woolman program.

Comforting the Comforter
by George Gjelfriend

Meals on Wheels. Last delivery of the route. Molly, a lonely old widow. I wait patiently as she tells me for the umpteenth time how she built the porch railing herself. Finally released, I go back to my truck, where, distracted by my thoughts, I grip the door by the top and slam it on my fingers! I yelp and offer up a not very original epithet at full voice. I know I have ice in the cooler. If I can get my hand into it quickly, I’ll avoid a lot of the pain and injury. Yipping all the way, I race to the back of the truck.

“Are you okay?” Molly calls from the porch.

“Yes.”

“Do you need any help?”

“No,” I answer, thinking that ended the transaction.

I find the ice and thrust my hand into it. Good, I’ve gotten there in plenty of time to avoid the consequences of my stupidity. Suddenly, Molly is behind me, giving me pos-
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sibly the worst neck rub ever while saying directly into my ear, "Jesus loves you."

I'm appalled. I don't like much being touched by strangers, and I don't see what Jesus has got to do with it. As a Friend, I know I'm "supposed" to hold everyone in the Light, even those who are intruding on my space; but, honestly! I'm about to order Molly away when I remember something my Therapy professor told me: "When you comfort someone, be very clear about who needs the comforting."

It turns out that most of us are made uncomfortable when we are in the presence of suffering. The comforting we offer is designed to mute the signals of distress. Odd thought that: A lot of comforting is about comforting the comforter.

Take babies, for instance. Those innocent little bundles of naked emotion are, in fact, excellent extortionists. They hold a genetic memory of how to get instant attention. Their crying is probably the most irritating sound on Earth. That's why sirens sound like babies, on purpose. The baby puts out such a howl that it's bound to attract the attention of any passing leopards and therefore creates within the human listeners instant anxiety and the desire to do almost anything to shut off the noise. I experience this, myself, whenever one of the little darlings explodes in the supermarket, even several aisles away.

A long time ago, I was doing childcare at yearly meeting when a 12-year-old boy got hurt mid-game. I quickly determined that the injury was only a "stinger." I asked him if he was all right. Through clenched teeth he said he was, and I moved on with the game. Instantly, half a dozen mothers/spectators surged to his assistance. Using the same epithet I would use years later, he crudely told the women to go away. The last thing a 12-year-old boy wants when injured is to have his mother tend to him within sight of other children—let alone half a dozen mothers!

They backed up, but continued to circle him from a safe distance, worry etched on every face. Deprived of their opportunity to relieve their own distress, they had to mill about nearby in the hopes he would relent. He didn't.

So I understood what Molly needed; and reluctantly I knew what I had to do. Giving is supposed to be more blessed than receiving, but receiving can be blessed too, particularly when it facilitates someone else's opportunity to minister. I reached down to the Friend deep within and gave to Molly what Light I could.

I steadied my voice, removed from it any hint of pain; and said, "Thank you."

George Gjelfoend, a member of Asheville (N.C.) Meeting, teaches First-day school for teenagers, teaches chess, and has published a book for children, High Island Treasure.

June 2007 FRIENDS JOURNAL
There is a parable that I learned from the Buddhist teacher Jack Kornfield about a poison tree. It goes something like this:

Near a village there is a poison tree. The poison is very potent, and it deeply wounds the hearts and spirits of all who ingest it.

One day, someone from the village discovers the tree and runs back to the village in great fear and agitation. “There’s a poison tree nearby! There’s a poison tree nearby! We must do something!”

The villagers hastily assemble to decide what to do about this dangerous enemy. Many argue loudly and urgently for the destruction of the tree: “It is a menace—it must be completely destroyed!”

Some counsel restraint: “This tree is not ours to destroy. The Creator made it. We can put a fence around it, and warning signs, and

Tom Clinton-McCausland is a member of Twin Cities Meeting in St. Paul, Minn.

The argument went on throughout the night. Everyone was exasperated and exhausted.

As the villagers sat numb and bewildered in the first light of day, a stranger in strange garb walked into their midst. “I am a healer,” she said. “I have heard you have a poison tree here. Wonderful! Just what I was looking for! I need this tree in order to make medicine that will cure a deadly disease.”

This parable, embodying as it does the various reactions I have to unfamiliar situations and people, came to mind as I reflected on a workshop I participated in recently on racism. Like the villagers, my first, visceral reaction is often “Danger! Danger! Make it go away!”

When I can move beyond the rejection response, I often look for ways to make the situation comfortable, or at least tolerable. Sometimes my efforts are gross, like keeping my distance. Sometimes they are more subtle, like retreating into a safe generality such as

‘‘...”

...and so I aspire to learn the healer’s response: “Terrific! Just what I need!” “These new people are exactly who I need to meet now. Their unique particularity is what will enliven a sleeping room in my heart. The discomfort they release in me pinpoints yet another strangling idea I’m gripping.”

This response also resonates because I have sometimes tasted God’s own delight in particularity. Why else create a thousand butterflies, ten thousand beetles, endless ways to say “I love you”? The God who knows every hair on my head surely and specifically blesses every atom, every rain drop, every unique snowflake, each child.

And so, as I strive to be healed from the deep, unsettling, embarrassing, and almost reflexive racism I find in my own heart and mind, I pray to be filled with God’s delight. May we all be so filled.

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June 2007 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Voices from the Silence

This book is a report of both Stan Searl's spiritual journey ("part pilgrimage, part purgative") and that of others who have travelled the Quaker spiritual path. He uses his expertise as an academic and a researcher to systematically learn "about Quaker silent worship under the rule and discipline of the communal silence."

Searl's methodology was well-thought-out, and he had a clearness committee help him set the selection and query aspects of his research. His survey included 47 interviewees chosen on the bases of the helpful criteria suggested by the committee. Friends interviewed were members who regularly attend meeting but "were not the most vocal." They came from meetings that were small and large, rural and urban, new and well-established. Yet I was reminded of the comment of a young Quaker doctoral candidate who said: "The disadvantage is that academia can sometimes get caught up in methods and precision and overlook the real purpose of things."

It would have been helpful for me, the reader, if Searl had begun the book with the actual words of those Friends and their understanding of the richness of silent worship with its poetry and ethereal quality, rather than his own difficult spiritual journey couched in an impersonal third-person voice. It became evident that, in his effort to establish himself as an impartial reporter, he lost an important element of his findings—the intimate interactive relationship between the worshipers and the gathered meeting. Worship is a personal journey, and much of this account of it fails to demonstrate its depth and power by being reported in a "scientific" manner. When it is examined under a microscope by so-called scientific methods, its ethereal qualities are lost—and thus not conveyed. The true measure of its wealth is in its effect on participants as they let their lives speak.

Once Searl leaves the sterility of academic writing, his words sing and soar as he poetically describes his insights. If, as he recorded his research, Stan Searl had integrated the "lesson" that one Friend shared about getting to hear a shy wood thrush, his account would flow with song and poetry instead of scaring away its other and other lovely sounds as he crashes through the dry and brittle dead sticks of the "professionalism" on the forest floor.

Altogether the book is well worth teasing out the gems of understanding from the thickness of academia. Impersonal reporting by the author is off-putting and imposes an unnecessary burden on the reader, but there is much in this careful research project that would not only enrich the quality of worship for individual Friends but would also, through a well-run study group, enrich an entire meeting. My hope is that Friends will utilize its blessings.

—Sally Rickerman

Sally Rickerman is a member of Mill Creek (Del.) Meeting.

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Charges of assault and battery brought by three Palestinian students against six members of the football team at Guilford College as a result of a fight on campus on January 20 were dismissed by prosecutors. The incident left the Palestinian students with three concussions, a broken jaw, and a fractured nose. Two of them attended the Quaker high school in Ramallah in the West Bank. The action by the Guilford County District Attorney’s Office, following the conclusion of Guilford College’s student judicial process concerning the fight, came after the Palestinians, two of whom are students at Guilford College, dropped their charges against two of the football players and said they would drop charges against the other four if they apologized for their involvement in the fight. All subsequently offered apologies to the Palestinians. These events, in addition to conflicting statements by witnesses and the absence of any definitive evidence regarding the fight, led to the district attorney’s office’s decision to drop all charges, according to a Guilford County assistant district attorney. Meanwhile, Guilford College concluded its student judicial process involving students charged with violating the Student Code of Conduct, which bars violence and verbal abuse. Students received a hearing in front of a Judicial Board composed of five students and two faculty members. The students had faculty advocates and were allowed to present witnesses and submit evidence in their defense, according to a statement by Guilford College. The Guilford College Judicial Board deliberated for 33 hours over a period of five days. Students could be found “responsible,” and face sanctions, or “not responsible,” in which case sanctions would not be imposed. There was no announcement by the Judicial Board regarding its decisions, which are considered private by Guilford College and in accordance with the federal Family Education Rights and Privacy Act of 1974. Are the students, Palestinians, and football players involved in this incident still in school? I cannot comment on that,” said Aaron Ferrow, dean of campus life for Guilford College. “This was handled within the college’s judicial procedure, in the manner of Friends, with no rush to judgment.”

Guilford College President Kent Chabora said, “This troubling incident is also a teachable moment in terms of Quaker practice... After the Battle of Guilford Courthouse during the American Revolution, the Quakers in the area treated the wounded of both sides. Today Guilford College is doing the same for those embroiled in the violence... Regardless of the outcome of this case, I am determined that the very process the college follows be emblematic of what we stand for. We will maintain our core values. We will
Friends United Meeting and the Mennonite Church joined all five Christian "families"—Catholics, Evangelicals and Pentecostals, mainline Protestants, Orthodox, and racial or ethnic churches—in a first-time attempt at ecumenical unity. Completing its formal organization this year, Christian Churches Together (C TT) represents 100 million adherents. The 36 denominations and national organizations are not all-inclusive. Members of the National Council of Churches and National Evangelical Association were invited but did not attend. More than a dozen invited groups are still deciding on full participation, while some have opted out, notably the Southern Baptist Convention and Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. More than two years in the making, the impetus for this coming together is to try to bridge the divisiveness apparent among Christian groups in recent years. Hoping to find mutual understanding, CCT also wants to speak with a common voice on important social issues, especially social justice and the environment. As a start, it will develop a specific anti-poverty proposal in 2008—five years in time for the presidential election. Its initial statement declares "We believe that genuine success in reducing American poverty will require greater commitment and concrete action by...communities, faith-based organizations...government...and the market and private sector." The stated shared belief that qualifies participants to join CCT is faith in "the triune God" and Jesus "as God and Savior."—<www.ccmonitor.com>; communication with A. Rigg, NCC; <talk2action.org>; and <christianchurches.together.org>

FCNL has begun an "experimental" relationship with a seasoned columnist and longtime observer of the Middle East, Helen Cobban. Returning periodically to the region, Cobban, a member of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, has written for years in the Christian Science Monitor and the Nation, and has her own blog <justworldnews.org> with Quaker and other blog links. FCNL has a six-month collaborative agreement with Cobban, which includes her continuing Christian Science Monitor commentaries, identifying herself in print as "a Friend in Washington for the Friends Committee on National Legislation. The views expressed here are her own."

This is another FCNL effort to acquaint a wider public with itself and, by implication, Quaker peace and justice testimony. Currently on a three-month tour of Egypt, Jordan, and Syria and later Europe, Cobban is contributing regular pieces to the Monitor over her new Quaker label. One column supported U.S. negotiations with Syria on Middle East issues. In her report of a long interview with Syrian Foreign Minister, Mouallem, she wrote, "After following Syrian and regional politics for 30-plus years, I judge that the new Syrian self-confidence projected by Mouallem is pretty well-founded. In my few days in Damascus, I've also had good discussions with independent analysts and veteran activists in the country's human rights movement and its tiny liberal political opposition."

In one article, Cobban concisely outlines the major secular nationalist, Shiite, and Sunni political platforms in each of the region's countries, pointing out their actual practice of collaborating when their interests coincide. She concludes that outsiders should attempt to grasp and accept this complex mix and provide an example of "strong norms for the nonviolent resolution of conflicts" to create the expectation that "Any party that commits to democratic principles and wins a mandate from the voters would be "welcomed into the [governing] system."—<www.ccmonitor.com>, FCNL

The joint religious delegation that met with high-level Iranians in February, led by AFSC and the Mennonites and joined by FCNL, had national exposure through the camera of a National Public Television documentary filmmaker who traveled with them. The film, for the PBS program NOW, began airing in late March. It attempted to answer the query: "Can religious leaders make a difference in the standoff between America and Iran?" Since its return to the U.S., the delegation has been busy working with Congressional members and staff to encourage engagement with Iran over bilateral and regional issues. It participated in over three dozen meetings on Capitol Hill and found great concern among legislators about a possible war with Iran and a desire to pursue a diplomatic resolution. The religious leaders supported a bill (H.J. Res. 14) introduced by Republican Congressman Walter Jones (N.C.); it would require the Administration to seek Congressional approval before launching an attack on Iran.—<www.pbs.org/now>, AFSC

**BULLETIN BOARD**

**Upcoming Events**

- **June 30-July 7—**Friends General Conference annual Gathering, River Falls, Wis.
- **July 11-15—**North Carolina Conservative Yearly Meeting
- **July 11-15—**Wilmington Yearly Meeting
- **July 13-16—**Aoteana/New Zealand Yearly Meeting
- **July 19-22—**North Pacific Yearly Meeting
- **July 21-24—**Evangelical Friends Church, Eastern Region Yearly Meeting
- **July 21-27—**Northwest Yearly Meeting
- **July 22-28—**New York Yearly Meeting
- **July 24-29—**Iowa Conservative Yearly Meeting
- **July 25-29—**Illinois Yearly Meeting
- **July 25-29—**Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting
- **July 26-28—**Evangelical Friends Church, Mid-America Yearly Meeting
- **July 26-29—**Alaska Friends Conference
- **July 26-29—**Indiana Yearly Meeting
- **July 26-30—**Philadelphia Yearly Meeting
- **July 30-August 4—**Pacific Yearly Meeting
- **July 31-August 5—**Baltimore Yearly Meeting
neighbors can happen to us. How we respond to them and their plight says everything about our own essence. To deepen our own souls, we must stretch the borders of our hearts to have genuine space for the dreams and joys, sufferings and sorrows of those around us. If we cannot meet this admittedly exceptional challenge, we cannot be fully human.

A peace project presenting itself as a history museum, TRACES continues to reach people and to affect the way they see the world. To accomplish this, copies of two of our two-dozen exhibits move around the region in retrofitted school buses. To date the two BUS-ums have toured over 650 communities in all 12 Midwest states, with more than 75,000 visitors having gone through them, and several million more having learned about them via radio, TV, and newspaper features.

One of the bus-born exhibits features VANISHED: German-American Civilian Internment, 1941–48. A provocative story, it documents the fates of 15,000 German-American immigrants interned by the U.S. Government as late as three and a half years after the war ended, including Jews who had fled Europe, and 4,058 Latin American Germans forcibly brought to the U.S. (The Roosevelt administration exchanged more than 2,300 of the internees during the height of fighting for German-held U.S. nationals; children, women, and men found themselves returned to a country the adults had chosen

to leave, with many of the children unable to speak their parents’ mother tongue.) None of the internees were ever charged with, tried for, or convicted of a war-related crime, nor were any afforded legal representation. As no one spoke against their arbitrary and, in almost all cases, unjustified imprisonment, these people vanished for up to seven years, without a trace or hope! They returned to civilian life to find their homes and careers lost. Obviously, their fates have much to say to us today, as we navigate the confusing current social and political chaos of smoke-and-mirrors never-ending war.

VANISHED will be parked at the Friends General Conference Gathering in River Falls, Wisconsin, and interested Gathering participants can make a field trip to visit TRACES Center for History and Culture in downtown Saint Paul’s historic Landmark Center (the former Federal courthouse, built circa 1896, around a six-story neoclassical Victorian atrium). There will be six exhibits documenting Friends’ responses to the Holocaust: AFSC’s refugee centers at Scatteredgood Hostel and at Quaker Hill in Richmond, Indiana; Leonard Kenworthy’s year in wartime Berlin helping would-be refugees get out of the Third Reich; Clarence Pickett’s two fact-finding tours to Nazi Germany; and others. Visitors to the BUS-um and the museum will be able to contemplate the wartime fate of their “neighbors”—and some of the lessons inherent in those experiences that remain relevant for all of us.
Deaths

Blum—Vanita Blum, 80, on March 29, 2005, in Albany, Calif. Vanita was born on February 18, 1925, in Piedmont, Calif., to Adolph and Alberta Crowell Blum. Vanita attended Piedmont Community Church and local schools and Girl Scouts. In 1944 Vanita married I saiah Mayer, with whom she met folk dancing. Her four children were born by the time she was 25. Vanita worked in the Richmond Shipyards before earning a BA in English from University of California at Berkeley in 1954. This first decade of mothering included tent-camping in the Sierras, helping her children to feel important by helping with the household, and exposure to other languages and religions. The family attended Berkeley (Calif.) Meeting. In 1956 the family moved to Sacramento, where they attended Sacramento Meeting and Vanita directed a parent co-operative nursery, taught kindergarten, led a Girl Scout troop, taught her girls to sew, took care of her sons’ 4-H animals, maintained an organic home garden, raised poultry for fresh eggs, and baked whole wheat bread for the children’s lunchboxes. Her children picked fruit and nuts at AFSC workcamps and attended Pacific Yearly Meeting. Vanita and Isaiah were instrumental in the founding of John Woolman School. From the early 1950s on, she held all possible positions in College Park Friends Education Association, attended workcamps at the school for 41 years, taught an Inter-Session, frequently cooked, served as assistant director, helped create the Raku pottery program, and earned an MA in English. In 1963, when Vanita and Isaiah were divorced, Vanita taught college English in Oregon, then in Colorado, where she also learned photo silkscreen and developed her own pottery studio. From here she embarked on a trip around the world with a potter friend. The women stayed in Japanese temples; trekked in Nepal; rode rickety buses in Pakistan, Afghanistan, and Israel; got stranded in Cambodia; and visited an Indian ashram. In 1974, when her parents died, Vanita returned to the Bay Area. She bought an apartment building on College Avenue in Berkeley to be near her children and their families, and renewed her ties to Berkeley Meeting. She worked for Friends Committee on Legislation in California, AFSC, UNICEF, nuclear disarmament, immigration reform, and offered free tax services at Albany Senior Center. She also caught the attention of John Mackinney, a member of the meeting. In 1981 Vanita and John were married under the care of Berkeley Meeting. Their shared life and welcoming home in Albany became central to the life of the Meeting. Vanita took on every job: clerk, treasurer, ministry and oversight, property, nursery, education, sometimes several at a time. As clerk, she initiated Final Affairs procedures, rescued archives, and met with committee clerks to coordinate efforts. Besides carpentry, plumbing, and gardening, she showered the meeting with artistic gifts—many treasure her beautiful pots, her exceptional photographs, and a hand-knit sweater or blanket for every new baby. Vanita played piano and recorder, read Old English, wrote Sanskrit, excelled in Quaker process, and spoke three languages. Funny, persuasive, articulate, and empathetic, she led a healing circle and kept names on her refrigerator of those in need of prayers. Vanita and John enjoyed long trips and campouts. One day John came home to find a big radial saw in the garage with which...
Vanita built bookcases and a back deck. She covered their fireplace with ceramic tiles mirroring the rounded hills of Berkeley, and designed a new kitchen, completed shortly before her death. A series of strokes in 2004 slowed her. Vanita is survived by her husband of 23 years, John Mackinney; three daughters, Dana, Enid, and Sybil Meyer; a son, Evan Meyer; three stepsons, Christopher, Paul, and Ross Mackinney; nine grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Gray—Charles Gray, 81, on July 8, 2006, in Eugene, Oreg. Charles was born on April 20, 1925, in Eugene, to Methodist parents Mary Frances Weaver Gray and Grant Carlton Gray. The family's fortunes suffered when his father developed tuberculosis and, during the Depression, after his parents had divorced, his mother supported her four children by managing buildings in Portland and the Bay Area. One of her employees, a janitor, was young Charles. At 15 he quit school temporarily and held a series of jobs, including a year as a Yosemite ranger. But Charles had been busy reading, and by age 16 he had been greatly influenced by the writings of Gandhi. After finishing high school, and with a heart murmur that deferred him from military service, he attended University of Oregon, where he met Leslie Brockelbank. They were married in 1945. From 1948 to 1950, Charles was Colorado Field Organizer for United World Federalists. He apprenticed himself, without pay, to a Quaker carpenter and built Leslie and their two children a sturdy but modest house, using skills that would come in handy later when he built homes to help integrate neighborhoods racially. He and Leslie directed Lisle Fellowship workcamps in Colorado in 1953, and in Jamaica in 1954. While a graduate student in Sociology at University of Colorado, he organized a demonstration against a giant missile display in Denver, and participated in actions against a missile base. In 1962, Charles received his PhD. He and his family went on an around-the-world tour sponsored by American Friends Service Committee. Charles joined the Sociology department at Colorado State University that fall. The family soon moved to New Zealand, where Charles took a teaching position at University of Canterbury. Charles and Leslie returned after four years, and joined the Movement for a New Society, participating in the organization's Macroanalysis Seminar, which led Charles to found, with friend Peter Berge!, a traveling political satire, Dr. Atomic's Medicine Show, still performing today. The show traveled to the places in Oregon slated for the construction of a nuclear power plant. In Oregon Charles and Leslie brought together an extended group of activists who engaged in many projects. At one point he and Leslie painted a huge bar chart along 13th Street in Eugene, showing that year's federal budget categories on a scale of millions to the inch. The military bar stretched for blocks. He also gave presentations during which he wrapped audience members in cash register tape representing the military budget; another used surplus weather balloons raised to different heights depending on the percentage of the budget—the education budget was a few feet off the ground and the military budget was so high that it was out of sight. They also bought a rundown inn on the Pacific Coast, which became headquarters for training workshops and
Charles and Leslie part ed ways, but neither was uncomfortable. Each recognized the therapeutic value of art. He nurtured his students’ need for artistic expression because he knew that without it they would not fully develop their talents as artists or scholars.

He maintained an interest in his students long after they had left campus. He retired in 1988. At Lancaster (Pa.) Meeting, he served first on the Service and Race Relations Committee, followed by multiple terms on the Comfort and Assistance and Worship and Ministry committees. He was assistant clerk for two years, then Clerk from 1982–89.

He taught in the First-day school and taught drawing and art history to adults. He was an innovator, organizing the meeting’s annual art show and serving on the Aesthetics Committee, which aspired to create a welcoming presence in the meetinghouse. Bob had a reputation for honesty and integrity, he was kind to everyone, and he prayed for people. Though he lived his last few years in Uniontown, he kept informed about his Lancaster friends. His neighbors in Uniontown, who loved and cared for him, had six parties for him on his last birthday.

Bob was an artist; an associate professor of Art, emeritus, at Millersville University; and a faithful Friend. His lifelong home reflected his commitment to simplicity, beauty, and friendship. It was filled with his parents’ simple furniture, whimsical sculptures by artist friends, and student work. Every object in it had a story connecting the object to a person in his life. He painted to the end of his life, leaving about 1,300 paintings, drawings, and sketchbooks, about 300 of them in private and public collections. It was his practice to carry a painting to a finished state, then rub it out and start over again. Asked how he knew when a painting was finished, Bob replied without hesitation, “When there is nothing of myself left in it.” Bob was predeceased by his brother, Donald Hustead.

Husted—Robert G. Hustead, 88, on October 24, 2006, at his family home in Uniontown, Pa. Bob was born on March 14, 1918, to Guy and Nancy Jane Griffith Hustead. His experience with liberal Christianity at the First Baptist church in Pittsburg led him to become a conscientious objector during World War II and to perform alternative service through Civilian Public Service. Bob said the government provided a generous supply of inspired thinkers in his Civilian Conservation Corps camp, and after the war he became active with Uniontown Friends. A painter from his teens, he taught art privately and exhibited his work. At the age of 46, Bob received an MA from West Virginia University. In that same year, he learned to drive a car and accepted a teaching position at Millersville State College (now Millersville University). Bob addressed the best in his students and recognized the therapeutic value of art. He nurtured his students’ need for artistic expression because he knew that without it they would not fully develop their talents as artists or scholars.

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in Overbrook, Pa., to John and Emily Harvey. She grew up in Radnor, Pa., and graduated from Mrs. Robbin's School, the Baldwin School, and Vassar College. On December 26, 1925, she married J. Barclay Jones; they were to celebrate 75 years together. She was active in the Religious Society of Friends her entire life and had memberships in Valley (Pa.), Hanover (N.H.), and Crosslands (Pa.) meetings. She was a trustee of Friends Central School and Friends Neighborhood Guild. She played an active role in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting and American Friends Service Committee. She put her commitment and struggle for peace in the world through the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and various demonstrations. She worked to improve the facilities for juvenile delinquents in Delaware County and was president of the Radnor Township League of Women Voters. An avid flower arranger, crossword puzzle solver, game player, conversationalist, and horseback rider, she made life meaningful and fun for many people from strangers to family. Anna made her large family a great support group for everybody for almost a century. Anna is survived by a son, Curt Jones; two daughters, Emily Sander and Maryanna Kline; 12 grandchildren; 18 great-grandchildren; and 8 nieces and nephews.

Olin-Fahle—Anja Olin-Fahle, 84, on November 23, 2006, in Indiana, Pa. Anja was born on July 16, 1922, in Helsinki, Finland, the daughter of Alvar Olin and Hella Salovaara. In the summers of 1947 and 1948 she became involved with American Friends Service Committee, as they relocated refugees from Karelia, the formerly Finnish territory lost to the U.S.S.R. in World War II, to central Finland. Through contacts made at that time, she was offered and accepted a scholarship to Friends University in Wichita, Kansas. In 1951, after earning a BA in English Literature, she worked and studied for a year at Pendle Hill, the Quaker study center in Wallingford, Pa. The following year, she entered Haverford College where she received an MA in Social and Technical Assistance (applied anthropology) in 1953. After several years working in Finland as a foreign correspondent for an importing company, she returned to the U.S. in the late ’50s to work for American Friends Service Committee, primarily in Chicago. Much of her work involved recruiting college-age students for AFSC service projects conducted in low-income neighborhoods. She was also involved at this time with movements for civil rights and nuclear disarmament. Anja began doctoral studies in Anthropology at New York University in 1952, and taught Anthropology at Adelphi University from 1965 to 1969. She received her PhD in Cultural Anthropology from NYU in 1983. Her dissertation, Finnish: Persistence of Ethnicity in Urban America, analyzed the resilience of a Finnish-American enclave in Brooklyn, New York. She was Professor Emeritus of Anthropology at Indiana University of Pennsylvania, having taught there from 1969 through 1998. Although not a member of any particular meeting, she attended meetings for worship in each of the places that she lived in, including for many years an informal gathering of Quakers that regularly met for unprogrammed worship in Indiana, Pa. Anja was preceded by her former husband, Heinz Fahle; and a brother, Kauko Olin. She is survived by her husband, Stephen L. Rose; their
son, Markus Olin-Fahle Rose; a brother, Veijo Olin; a sister, Sirska-Liisa Hayren; and several nieces and nephews.

Smith—Marjorie Areilla Allen Smith, 86, on November 6, 2006, in State College, Pa. Marjorie was born on June 18, 1920, in Dallas, Texas, to Sterling Byron Allen and Mattie Chiles Jacoby Allen; she was raised with her sister as a member of the Methodist Church. Marjorie graduated from Southern Methodist University in 1941, earned a master's in English Literature from University of Texas at Austin; a master's in Applied Behavioral Science at Wright State University in Dayton, Ohio; and studied Religion at Union Theological Seminary in New York City. Marjorie worked for the University Christian Association (YMCA /YWCA) in Austin; spent two summers in an AFSC peace caravan; and served in Cambridge, Mass., as AFSC College Secretary in New England. Her conviction as a Friend came as a result of this work. In 1947, she participated in post-World War II relief and reconstruction projects in Belgium and Germany with the Service Civil International. In 1948-1951, Marjorie served as associate director of the Christian Association at Penn State. During this time she met Reed Smith at State College Meeting, and they were married in 1951 at Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Texas. During the next eight years the couple, blessed with four children, moved often as Reed pursued his academic studies and teaching career in Political Science in Berea, Ohio; New York City; Peoria, Ill.; and Philadelphia, Pa. Marjorie helped to establish and administer new Friends meetings in the Philadelphia area; Berea; Peoria; Dayton, Ohio; and Austin, Texas. She was chosen as clerk of Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting, served on the Central Committee of Friends General Conference, and was active in American Friends Service Committee. She helped to create the Peoria Committee Against the War in Vietnam. In Dayton and Berea, she co-chaired a Civil Rights conference with the Reverend Ralph Abernathy as one of the speakers. She participated in the Pledge of Resistance in the 1980s regarding Nicaragua, the Dayton Citizens for Global Security (now called Peace Action), and the League of Women Voters. Marjorie had a career as a social worker in the welfare departments in Peoria and Dayton, where she also worked for the Senior Citizens Center. During 55 years of marriage, Marjorie was a devoted and loving mother and grandmother. In 1995, Marjorie and Reed retired to Foxdale Village, a Quaker-directed continuing care community in State College, Pa. Marjorie continued her active schedule, working in the State College Friends' Peace and Social Action Committee, the Worship and Ministry Committee, and the Alternatives to Violence Program. She continued her community service with the State College Peace Center, the Pennsylvania Prison Society, and with her work to abolish the death penalty. She volunteered for many years at the State College Area Food Bank, and was working there less than a week before her death. Marjorie was predeceased by her only sister, "Lollie," Laura Helen Allen Moser. She is survived by her husband, Reed M. Smith; two sons, Allen and Gregory Smith; two daughters, Diana Smith-Barker and Laura Nell Henderson; eight grandchildren; and one great-granddaughter.
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Forum
continued from page 5

should continue to exist as a small group which holds peculiar views; what is important is that the great truths for which Quakers stand become the guiding principles of all mankind."

Although Friends have adopted many other testimonies, the one basic tenet of our Religious Society, as I understand it, is to recognize that of God in each person. A dedication to peace is inherent in respecting that of God, as is "living simply so that others might simply live"; respecting one's own body and our shared environment further honors that divinity; and this, in my view, reflects the essence of our Religious Society.

Michael Dockhorn

Confronting discrimination

In response to my article on interfaith peacemaking, "Friends and the Interfaith Peace Movement" (FJMar.1), I received an e-mail about Sami Al-Arian from John Arnaldi, clerk of the peace committee of Tampa (Fla.) Meeting. What Arnaldi describes has become all too common in the U.S. Muslims who are politically active, particularly those who support the Palestinian cause, have been made targets of government persecution, imprisoned, and threatened with deportation. The "Los Angeles Eight" were a famous case in my area of the country. In 1987, eight pro-Palestinian activists were arrested on trumped-up charges. This year a Los Angeles judge finally threw out the cases of the remaining two defendants, who have been fighting deportation for nearly 20 years. Their crime? Expressing pro-Palestinian views.

Sami Amin Al-Arian, a former professor at University of South Florida and a pro-Palestinian activist, was arrested by the U.S. government in 2003 on charges of funding terrorist activities in Israel/Palestine. He was acquitted on 8 of the 17 charges against him last December after a 6-month trial with 3 co-defendants. On April 14, 2006, Al-Arian pleaded guilty to a single count of conspiracy to provide services to the Palestinian Islamic Jihad and agreed to be deported. In return, federal prosecutors agreed to drop the remaining 8 charges against him. The government also agreed that Al-Arian would not be required to give the government any cooperation, i.e., to testify in court. The government reneged on its plea bargain by demanding that Al-Arian testify in a grand jury investigation. Al-Arian refused and was charged with

June 2007 FRIENDS JOURNAL
contempt of court.

Tampa Friends write: "Sami Al-Arian is now in a federal prison hospital in North Carolina. He has refused to eat since January 22nd when he was held in contempt by a grand jury in Virginia for refusing to testify in a case unrelated to his own. He is diabetic and we are very concerned about his health. Based upon the plea agreement in his case he was due to be released in April; but now, because he is being held in contempt by the grand jury, his sentence has been extended indefinitely. He has already been incarcerated for four years, most of which time he has been kept in solitary confinement. At times he has suffered harsh and abusive treatment.”

Tampa Meeting has approved a statement of concern calling upon the Attorney General to honor the plea agreement, Congress to investigate, and Friends to call and write to the Attorney General and to members of Congress, to ask that the Attorney General honor the plea agreement. In addition, the following organizations have issued statements about Sami Al-Arian: Amnesty International, Council on American Islamic Relations (CAIR), American Muslim Taskforce on Civil Rights and Elections, Citizen’s Committee for Equal Justice, California Civil Rights Alliance, Friends of Human Rights, and Tampa Coalition for Justice and Peace.

Tampa Friends asked me to help to distribute our concerns to Friends and Quaker organizations and other interfaith organizations and to hold Sami Al-Arian and his family in the Light. I hope that Friends will stand in solidarity with those whose civil rights are being abused in the name of the so-called “War on Terrorism.”

Lee B. Thomas, Jr. is a longtime businessman and founding member of Louisville Friends Meeting, which celebrated its 50th year in 2004.

Appeal for honoring Mother Earth

The times they are a-changing. So must you; so must a five-times great-grandmother like me. God is Love. And we must learn to live on and in harmony with Mother Earth, our only home; and be born, exist, and die without much technology or those chemical helpers, pesticides and fertilizers.

Remember the Victory Gardens?

Compost heaps!!

Hope all this helps you all to start a monthly page intended for sharing ideas. A bit late for one.

Anthony Manousos
Torrance, Calif.

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“Lee has authored a very important book that examines many important subjects relevant to successfully managing a business enterprise in today’s complex, difficult environment.”

—Daniel Bauer DBA
Dean, W. Fielding Rubel School of Business Bellarmine University, Louisville, Kentucky

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FRIENDS JOURNAL June 2007
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For Information contact (215) 563-8629
FAX (215) 563-8482
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Announcements

Beacon Hill Friends House: Quaker-sponsored residence of 19 interested in community living, spiritual growth, peace, and social concerns. All faiths welcome. For information, application: BHF, c/o 8 Chestnut Street, Boston, MA 02108-3264. (617) 237-9118. Overnight and short-term accommodations also available. <director@bhf.org>, <www.bhf.org>

Marr's House, Martha's Vineyard, MA. Contemplative summer/fall B&B. Informal, contemporary crafts, natural light, simple and natural living, trail setting. Peaceful oasis for hectic lives. Bike to ferry, town beach. For brochure/information reservations: (508)986-6196, <marrs@vineyard.net>.

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


Tallgrass: Two affordable, private travelers' rooms at Quaker House, near University Friends Meeting, centrally located in Tallgrass's University District. For reservations: (206) 630-9850 or <quakerhouse.sea@juno.com>.

Pittsburgh: Well located, affordable third-floor (walkup) guest rooms with shared bath. Single or double occupancy. Keenly available contact: House Manager, Friends Meetinghouse, 4836 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, PA 15213. Telephone: (412) 683-2669.

William Penn House & Washington Quaker Workrooms: Violin making classes, open house,档友. For more information contact: Quaker Center on Capital Hill, offering hospitality, meeting space, and worship. Offering workshop opportunities for youth, peace studies seminars for educators, and training for young adults. Leadership training for Quaker young adults through our internship program. All are welcome. <www.wmpennhouse.org>, <wmpennhouse@quaker.org>, 515 East Capitol St., SE, Washington, D.C. 20003.


Santa Fe-Simply charming adobe guest apartment at our historic meetinghouse. Fireplace, bath, kitchenette, very convenient to downtown and galleries, as well as our tranquil garden. One night/one month stays, affordable. Call (505) 983-7203.

Coming to London? Friendly B&B just a block from the British Museum and very close to London University. A central location for all our city activities. Ideal for persons traveling alone. Direct subway and bus lines with Heathrow Airport. The Pern Club, 21 Bedford Place, London WC1B 5JU. Telephone: +44 (207) 563-4716. Fax: +44 (207) 563-5516. <www.pernclub.co.uk>.


Williams College House Retreat, in central San Jose, awaits you in the tradition of Quaker simplicity. $10-per-night. Using our hostel supports Peace Center programs and sponsored meeting. All are welcome. Contact: casadagw@yahooweather.co.uk or (415) 233-2618.

Books & Publications

Free Quaker Pamphlets
Older Penn Quaker Pamphlets, Quaker Universalists. William Penn Lectures, for study groups, workshops, educational programs, individual journeys.

Quaker Artist-Cards and calendars inspired by the South West and Japan, to benefit AFSC and other non-profit organizations. See and purchase at <www.sunrill-art.com>.

Quaker Bookstore: Farm and out-of-print journals, history, religion, inspirational. Contact us for specific books or topics. Vintage Books, 181 Haydon Rowe Street, Hopkinton, MA 01748. (508) 435-3469. E-mail us at <vintage@igs.net>.


The Tract Association of Friends
(founded: 1619)
Offers Friends Calendar, pamphlets, and books on Quaker faith and practice. 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102-1403. <tractassociation.org>, phone (215) 579-2752; e-mail <tractassn@verizon.net>.

PENDEHILL BOOKSTORE
More than 2,000 books on Quakerism, religion, spirituality with an emphasis on art and social justice. Also children's books, wind chimes, and handicrafted pottery. <www.pendehill.org> Call (800) 742-3150 or (617) 227-9118. (617) 227-9118. E-mail <bookstore@pendehill.org>. Open M-F 9 a.m.-12:30 p.m., 3 p.m.-4:30 p.m.; ask about weekends.

Gather Round: Hearing and Sharing God's Good News
The Bible-based curriculum that connects church and home. Gather 'Round emphasizes service and peacemaking, and nurtures children, youth, and adults in becoming followers of Jesus. Find sample sessions, Bible outlines, and more at www.gatherround.org.

Pacific Escape is an action-adventure novel about a Quaker who goes to Japan to see the cherry trees in bloom and becomes the target of a nationwide manhunt. Order directly from the author howardgarner@comcast.net or from bbtow.com.

Dangerous Pilgrims, a haunting novel about liberation theology in Guatemala. S15. Box 133, Fremont CA 94537.

Pendle Hill Pamphlets are timely essays on many facets of Quaker life, thought, and spirituality. To subscribe to receive 2 pamphlets/year for $25 (US). Also available, every pamphlet published previously by Pendle Hill. <www.pendlehill.org> call (800) 742-3150 ext. 2 or 3 or <bookstore@pendlehill.org> web site www.pendlehill.org.


Opportunities

Costa Rica Study Tours: Visit the Quaker community in Monteverde. For information and brochure contact Sarah Stucky: 451-00 (506) 645-5436; e-mail: sarah@acra.co.cr; <www.costarica-tours.com>. Call the USA (503) 728-9887.

Events at Pendle Hill

Journey 1-5: The Joy of Carving, with Carol S. Sexton.

Concerned Singles


Single Booklovers, a national group, has been getting unbound books for you since 1970. Please with P.O. Box 1658, Andalusia, PA 19020 or call (800) 717-5011.

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

Connecting Friends
Crossing Cultures Changing Lives
Vincula a los Amigos
Sobrepuca Barvaras Culturales
Cambia Vidas
Contact Friends World Committee for Consultation Section of the Americas for information about planned gift opportunities ranging from life income gifts (such as charitable gift annuities) to language for including PWUG in your estate plans. Louise Salinas, Associate Secretary, (215) 241-7251, <sallinas@fwwc.org>.
Positions Vacant

ARC Ecumenical Retreat Community in central Minnesota's pine woods seeks year-round residents to welcome retreatants and all who seek a spiritual gathering place. Housekeeping, Board, stipend, health insurance provided. Contact <director@arcrestreat.org>.


American Friends Service Committee

Job Title: Director of Quaker Affairs

The AFSC is a Quaker organization committed to social justice, peace, and the development of people of various faiths. Its national office in central Pennsylvania supports nine regional offices, plus multiple international offices. Our senior staff includes a diversity of people. The Director of Quaker Affairs, will oversee an enhanced effort to connect with and engage Quakers in fresh ways with the issues and activities of AFSC's peace, justice, and humanitarian service programs, with a special emphasis on international programs.

The person will be responsible for developing annual plans and timelines for representing AFSC to various Quaker communities and providing opportunities for Quakers to participate in AFSC activities. The person will be responsible for developing relationships, partnerships, educational, and promotional material, and apply technical tool plans. The position reports to the Associate General Secretary for Advancement.

Requirements: Must be a member of a monthly meeting of the Religious Society of Friends and understand the wide spectrum of Friends' beliefs and organizations; Excellent interpersonal skills; Initiative combined with collaboration; Demonstrable communication skills; Ability to design and market programs; Budgeting and financial management; Record-keeping; Classroom and community programs; Program planning, management, and evaluation experience; Personal flexibility (permitting substantial travel, evening/Weekend meeting requirements); Supervisory experience.

Send letter of interest plus resume, including salary requirements, to William Shearer at <job@afsc.org>; or call 610-949-6069. A new senior position at AFSC's national office in central Pennsylvania supports nine regional offices plus multiple international offices. The person will be responsible for developing annual plans and timelines for representing AFSC to various Quaker communities and providing opportunities for Quakers to participate in AFSC activities, with a special emphasis on international programs. The person will be responsible for developing relationships, partnerships, educational, and promotional material, and apply technical tool plans. The position reports to the Associate General Secretary for Advancement.

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# M E E T I N G S

A partial listing of Friends meetings in the United States and abroad.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Address</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>NEW YORK CITY</strong></td>
<td>10:30 a.m.</td>
<td>205 W. 3rd St., New York, NY 10014. 718-924-6400.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>WILMINGTON</strong></td>
<td>10 a.m.</td>
<td>303 Market St., Wilmington, DE 19801. 302-576-7787.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>MINNEAPOLIS</strong></td>
<td>10:30 a.m.</td>
<td>515 S. 4th St., Minneapolis, MN 55401. 612-333-1234.</td>
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## Summer Camps

**CAMP CELLO:** A small farm home camp in the North Carolina mountains. Under Quaker leadership for over 50 years. Boys and girls ages 7-12. Contact: [campcello.org](http://campcello.org). Phone: (506) 654-2078.

**Journey's End Camp**

Farm animals, gardening, ceramics, wood shop, outdoor games. Program centered in the life of a Quaker farm family, focuses on non-violence, simplicity, reverence for nature. Sessions of two or three weeks for 3-12 year-olds. Apply early for financial aid. Call (734) 928-2641.

**Friends Camp - New England Yearly Meeting**

Located in South China, Maine, offering activities that support the Friends way of life. Call (207) 393-5761 or [friendscamp.org](http://friendscamp.org).

## Summer Rentals

**PROVENCE, France:** Beautiful secluded stone house, village near Avaign, 8 BR (sleeps 6-8), kitchen/dining room, spacious living room, modern bathroom. Tennis court available near medieval castle. Separate second house sleeps 4. Both available year-round $1,200-$2,000/mo.

**LOCHCARRON, Scotland:** Two-bedroom apartments, 60 Dornoch Road, Inverness. Contact: [morrison@lavraid.co.uk](mailto:morrison@lavraid.co.uk) or J. Simon, 124 Bonderfield, Buffaloe, IV24 2JL. (01663) 868-6988.

**Bridgeton, Maine:** Lakeside cottage with sandy beach, canoe, sailboat, gift store, tennis court. One bedroom plus loft sleeps 3 or 4. $500/week August (919) 867-4740 or (207) 928-2585.
CORPUS CHRISTI-Coastal Bend Friends Meeting, meets 1-2 Sundays per month at 2 p.m. Contact Beverly at (361) 889-4104. (830) 826-4061.

DALLAS-Unprogrammed meeting for worship Sundays 6:30 at Nolte Henry (972) 312-6543.

EL PASO-Meeting at 10 a.m. Sunday. 11231 Linea Larga, El Paso, TX 79903. Phone: (915) 546-5651. Please leave a message.

FORT WORTH-Unprogrammed meeting 11 a.m. Sundays at Westover Presbyterian, 2750 W. Lowden. First-day school also at 11 a.m. (817) 521-3234 or 899-6247.

GALVESTON-Worship, First Day 11 a.m. 1501 Post Office St. Gerald Campbell, Clerk, (409) 762-1875.

HILL COUNTRY-Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m. June to September 10:30 a.m. Discussion 11 a.m. Unitarian Fellowship Bldg, 213 Loma Vista, Kerrville, Tex. Catherine Mattick (830) 257-9673.

HOUSTON-Live Oak Meeting. Sundays 8:30 and 10:30 a.m. Wednesday Discussion 7 p.m. meeting for worship 8-9:30 a.m. Children and First-day school for children are available. 1810 W. 66th St. (713) 665-3789.

LUBBOCK-Unprogrammed worship, Sunday afternoons from 2 to 3 p.m. Grace Presbyterian Church, 1840 19th St. (806) 794-1972. For information call lubbockufo.org.

RIO GRANDE VALLEY-Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m. Sundays. For location call Carol J. Brown (956) 688-4855.

SAN ANTONIO-Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m. Discussion 11 a.m. at Old New Braunfels Church, 700 Castro St. Box 6127, San Antonio, TX 78209. (210) 646-4549.

TAXKARNARA-Unprogrammed Meeting for Worship, Saturday School at 2500 Texas Blvd. For information call (512) 794-5846.

Utah

LOGAN-Unprogrammed meeting and First-day school 10 a.m. The Whitter Center, 300 North and 400 East. (435) 753-1299.

MAOB-Unprogrammed meeting and First-day school 10 a.m. Seegull, 1 N. 300 East. (343) 259-9846.

SALT LAKE CITY-Unprogrammed meeting and First-day school 10 a.m. 69 E 400 South. Telephone: (801) 281-3518 or 582-0719.

Vermont

BENNINGTON-Worship, Sundays 10 a.m., Senior Center Offices, 1 North, 3rd floor, 176 chestnut st. Discussion 9:30 11 a.m. Inter-union 6th floor, 3rd and 5th floors. (802) 288-3677.

SMUGGLERS MOUNTAIN-Friendship Meeting, 7 miles N from Johnson St. (802) 288-3677.

Wilderness Meeting for worship 10 a.m. in Shirleys Bay, 899 State Rd., 3rd Floor. Call Robert Turner (802) 433-4572.

WINDSOR-Living Heritage Friends Meeting, 1500 State Rd., Windsor, VT. (802) 288-3677.

New York

A MSTERDAM-Friendship Meeting, 61 State St. (914) 671-9100.

BELLS-Weekly Friends Meeting, 151 Main St. (540) 541-9850.

COLD SPRING-Weekly Friends Meeting, 911 Main St. (570) 962-7600.

FALMOUTH-Weekly Friends Meeting, 1 South St. (914) 382-0592.

HONOLULU-Sunday worship at 11 a.m., Ruggeri Park, 1111 Ruggeri Pl., (808) 945-2399, or 945-2399.

KINGSTON-Sunday worship 10 a.m. 333 Main St., Kingston, NY. (845) 331-9313.

LIVING STONE-Weekly Meeting, 180 Lake St. (914) 245-2667.

OVERTOWN-Weekly Meeting, 160 Main St. (315) 245-2667.

RIVERDALE-Worship 10 a.m. 552 Main St. (914) 382-0592.

SARATOGA SPRINGS-Weekly Meeting, 10 a.m. 113 River St. (518) 584-9547.

SARATOGA SPRINGS-Weekly Meeting, 10 a.m. 214 Main St. (518) 584-9547.

SCHUYLER-Weekly Meeting, 10 a.m. 170 State St. (518) 584-9547.

SINTON-Weekly Meeting, 10 a.m. 333 Main St. (914) 382-0592.

TROY-Weekly Meeting, 10 a.m. 333 Main St. (914) 382-0592.

ULSTER-Weekly Meeting, 10 a.m. 333 Main St. (914) 382-0592.

VERMONT-Weekly Meeting, 10 a.m. 333 Main St. (914) 382-0592.

WASHINGTON-Weekly Meeting, 10 a.m. 333 Main St. (914) 382-0592.

Wyoming

CHAIKIN-Weekly Meeting, 600 6th St. (307) 733-3354.

LONGMONT-Weekly Meeting, 606 6th St. (307) 733-3354.

SILVERTHORNE-Weekly Meeting, 600 6th St. (307) 733-3354.

SWEETWATER-Weekly Meeting, 600 6th St. (307) 733-3354.

TAMPA-Weekly Meeting, 600 6th St. (307) 733-3354.

TUCSON-Weekly Meeting, 600 6th St. (307) 733-3354.

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Every year bequests from supporters like you enable AFSC to continue its witness to the dignity and worth of each person.

A concern for the well-being of migrants and refugees has been at the core of AFSC's work throughout its history. We helped resettle Jewish refugees and aided interned Japanese-Americans during World War II, we took a lead in the Central America Sanctuary movement, and we provided aid to the displaced in Bosnia and Kosovo. Today this historic witness continues in our work to protect the human rights of immigrants in the United States.

All of this is possible, in part, because of contributors like you who remember AFSC in their estate planning.

AFSC values all bequests, whether large or small. Together, these gifts ensure the stability of AFSC's ongoing witness for peace, justice, and human dignity.

By naming AFSC in your will or trust or as a beneficiary of your retirement account, you can both reduce your family's taxes and continue your commitment to Quaker service. Best of all, it's quite easy.

To learn more about including AFSC in your estate plan, call our Gift Planning Office toll free at 1-888-588-2372, ext. 3, or visit our website at: www.afsc.org/give/planning.htm