FILMING THE LIFE OF GOBI WOMEN

GOD: THE ULTIMATE VACUUM TRAP

A FROG FABLE

POETRY
Among Friends

Thank you, Friends

I am continuously amazed and incredibly grateful for the support we receive here at Friends Publishing Corporation for the ministry of FRIENDS JOURNAL. Every year hundreds of Friends submit their writing to us for consideration, enabling us to offer award-winning content to our readers. Friends have a growing understanding that the ministry of the written word cannot survive on subscription and advertising income alone, and many have increased their financial gifts to us, helping to keep our work strong and on solid footing. Our voluntary internship program has grown so much that we now cannot accommodate all who apply, yet we are working with up to 16 interns annually, and their comments about the experience are remarkably affirmative (check them out on our website at www.friendsjournal.org).

Among those who freely give us large gifts of their time and talent are our regular ongoing volunteers. Joining us from Indiana as assistant book review editor in late 2000, J. Brent Bill has brought solid understanding of the written word—as the author of many books and an instructor of religious creative writing at Earlham School of Religion—to our book review department. His appreciation of Midwestern Friends and the pastoral Quaker tradition have enriched our pages for many years. Other responsibilities have prompted him to lay down his work with us; I miss his perspective and seasoned point of view, and am very grateful for the significant amount of voluntary work he performed for us for six years. We are nearing the end of a search to find new volunteers to take over the work that Brent and Book Review Editor Ellen Michaud performed so admirably for us for many years. Joan Overman, our book review assistant, continues to give us much help with this important department as well, ordering and shipping books for review in consultation with the other book review editors. I am very grateful for her faithful and hard-working service in this capacity.

Patty Quinn, who holds a degree in English Literature from University of Pennsylvania, magna cum laude, has been a faithful editorial volunteer in our Philadelphia office since 2005. She serves on the Planning Committee of Kelly Writers' House at Penn, helping to plan public presentations of new and notable writers’ work. An attendee at Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, her cheerful willingness to fact-check and evaluate manuscripts has been of great assistance to us editors, and we look forward to her amiable presence with us every week.

It would be impossible to overstater our gratitude to long-term, faithful volunteers who have served us for many years (most since 1999, some much longer) in a variety of capacities: Judy Brown, in the Seattle, Wash., area, as poetry editor; Christine Rusch, in Wyandotte, Mich., as Milestones editor; Robert Marks, in Bowling Green, Ohio, Nancy Milio, in Chapel Hill, N.C., and George Rubin, in Medford, N.J., as News editors; Lisa Rand, in Ambler, Pa., as circulation volunteers. Volunteers who've joined the fun more recently are Gulli Fager, in New York, N.Y., Melissa Minnick, in Pittsburgh, Pa., and Mary Julia Street, in Ambler, Pa., all as assistant Milestones editors, providing wonderful support for that much-loved department. All these good folks have improved the quality of FRIENDS JOURNAL tremendously, while helping us to contain costs. Without their many, many hours of work on our behalf, the magazine would be slimmer, less diverse, and far less interesting. If you've been enjoying the JOURNAL more in recent years, I hope you'll compliment them for the good work they do for us. It's a lot!
FEATURES

6 Ordinary People, Extraordinary Experience
Donnan Besson Runkel
The Rogue Valley Peace Choir visited Japan to mark Hiroshima Day.

10 Filming the Life of Gobi Women
Sas Carey
She has been on a Spirit-led adventure in Mongolia.

13 God: The Ultimate Vacuum Trap
Alicia Adams
An insight during a taxi ride in Lucknow, India, gave her a metaphor for her relationship to the Divine.

16 “How Is Thee”: Musings on Ironies and Self-Justification among Friends
Albert W. Briggs Jr.
The facts around the use of “thou” and “thee” by Quakers are surprisingly complex.

19 Useful Fictions
George E. Gjelfriend
An atheist, skeptic scientist has found a way to come to terms with the God-language of believers.

22 A Frog Fable
Stanley Zarowin
A young frog at an amphibian Quaker gathering raises a call to action.

POETRY

9 Hidden Presence
Henry Swain
American Morning
Alice O. Duggan

15 Primary Task
Jeanne Lohmann

18 What’s at Stake?
Earl Coleman

21 Red Pine, A Cathedral Pine near Eustis
Hugh Ogden
Amish Horses
Elizabeth Gordon

DEPARTMENTS

2 Among Friends

4 Forum

5 Viewpoint
Gun violence can be reduced

25 Reports and Epistles
Friends for Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender and Queer Concerns
Young Friends of North America Visioning Committee

27 Earthcare
An eleventh commandment?

28 Witness
Summer doldrums blown away

30 Reflection
Credo
Explaining Windows to an ant

33 Crafts
Miniature recycled boxes

34 Cryptogram
Fourteen Prominent Quakers

35 Fantasy
The great leveling

36 Books

40 News

41 Bulletin Board

44 Milestones

48 Classified

50 Meetings

Front Cover: photo from Mongolia, courtesy of Sas Carey
Transportation: public bucks or get a move on

I am writing in response to Eileen Redden’s comment that “mass transit systems often lose money” (“What transportation is practical outside cities?” FJ April, Forum). Actually, mass transit systems always lose money.

In fact, all transportation systems—public or private—lose money. Public transit fares bring in only about 30 to 35 percent of the revenue needed to cover operating and capital costs. If we were to charge people the full cost of taking transit, we would have to raise fares—obviously that is not a viable option. Likewise, other modes of transportation “lose money,” or they would if they were not heavily subsidized by all levels of government. Air travel is subsidized in that airports are exempt from property taxes and air traffic controllers are government employees. Airlines also carry express mail, and the revenues help offset the cost of carrying passengers, which is never profitable by itself. The loss of this service by the railroads was what led to their petitioning the federal government to let them drop passenger service.

Highway transportation is subsidized by spending government general-fund money on street, road, and bridge maintenance (no, not all of this is paid for by gasoline tax revenues). Law enforcement officers, who spend a significant portion of their time enforcing traffic laws and dealing with traffic crashes, are also public employees. Water transportation is also subsidized: harbors are public property, maintained with public money.

The only transportation mode that is not heavily subsidized in this country is rail. Railroad dispatchers are private employees whose salaries and benefits have to be paid by the private railroads, and the land on which rails run is private property, subject to property taxes. This lack of public support is particularly unfortunate, considering that rail is by far the most fuel- and land-efficient form of transportation, and no other mode comes close to matching it. It is also the safest and most comfortable mode of travel for passengers.

A well-functioning transportation system, like education, healthcare, police, and fire protection, is a vital part of any industrial economy, and it needs to be supported with public money. This includes both passenger and freight, and all modes—pedestrian, rubber-tire, air, water, and rail. The purpose of government, after all, is to provide those services that are necessary but can never be profitable—at least, not if they really function the way they need to.

*Marian Rhys* Portland, Oreg.

Stellar report card

You get an A+ and a tip of my hat for your June editorial and the entire issue—congratulations to all! When FJ arrives, all else stops just as when my college alumni magazines arrive.

*Bill Hammaker* Camarillo, Calif.

What about Quang Ngai?

It was interesting to read about the 90 years’ history of the AFSC (FJ June). That’s a lot to cover in a few pages. I was surprised and disappointed to read the section about the Vietnam War. Following two long paragraphs about the important AFSC Board statement in 1954, coverage in the following paragraph of AFSC’s work during the war consisted of the following: “During the war, AFSC sent medical aid to civilians in North and South Vietnam and the National Liberation Front areas.” There is no mention of the AFSC rehabilitation center in Quang Ngai and the work of the support office in Saigon. In addition to aiding the Vietnamese victims of the war, the work in Quang Ngai was transformative for the young generalists, physical therapists, and physicians who worked there and provided a firsthand experience of the horrors of war for those of us who visited Quang Ngai. The sign on the door of the rehabilitation center stated in English and Vietnamese: “No Weapons Please. Ninety percent of the patients in this center have suffered injuries caused by weapons. Please leave yours outside.”

I was also surprised to find that searching for Quang Ngai in the archives on the AFSC website resulted in only one article—about the capture of Dr. Marge Nelson by the National Liberation Front in 1968. I hope that in fact the archives have more complete records of the Quang Ngai work than is indicated on the website.


Listen to the longing and go deep

James Wilkerson, in his Viewpoint, “Is there truly a Friend?” (FJ June), has asked the quintessential Quaker query, which can be boiled down to just one word, “Friend?” I hear in his letter a deep longing for the powerful and passionate connection that early Quakers had to the Spirit. Their lives spoke because they were listening to God’s will for each of them. He wants us to go deep and this is one of the messages I often hear in the silence: “Go deeper.”

Many Friends, myself included, want this Society not only to go deep but to stretch wide, encompassing all who sincerely seek. I do not think we need to choose between a deep true connection to the Dear One and a loving, wide embrace of our fellow Friends.

My understanding from George Fox, John Woolman, Thomas Kelly, and other Quakers who have truly quaked is that they want to bring us to the Teacher so that we can learn how our own particular lives are to speak. Tom Fox comes to mind as a true Friend, but there are many who do the work they are meant to do in ways that the world does not hear about.

I’m sure writing that Viewpoint took courage and I thank Friend James for it. As Isaac Pennington said, let us keep “helping one another up with a tender hand.”

*Sally Campbell* New York, N.Y.

Holding Laura in the Light

This must be a very difficult time for our First Lady, Laura. Her husband’s decisions are being criticized by people everywhere. He is increasingly relying on a smaller and smaller group of friends for approval. He is growing more and more defensive and frustrated. His gift for courageous persistence in the face of opposition is showing its darkest side—being stubborn and in a state of denial. This war in Iraq is like an addiction. His ego is tied to it the way a person's can be tied to alcohol when he insists he is okay, and that he does not have a problem, and insists on behaving as he has in the past—even if everyone except his dog and his wife are against it.

He is a proud man and change can come hard. It will not be easy to come to terms with the reality of the war, the reality of its failures, the reality of the pain his actions are causing others, the reality of how other people view it—and the reality that this part of his life is out of control. He is going to need to turn toward a higher power, and to do that he will need an enormous amount of caring and thoughtful, honest support from those who love him most. Laura is going to have to summon all the courage, tenderness, honesty, strength, firmness, and love she can. 
**Gun violence can be reduced**

I wish to express my appreciation for the editorial, "Who is really to blame?" (FJ June, Among Friends, on the shootings at Virginia Tech in April). I think that this is a well thought out article that correctly identifies many of the causes and symptoms of this epidemic of violence in the United States. Although I am not a Friend, I am in agreement with a good many Quaker views concerning violence in this country.

One of the rhetorical questions posed was, "How can such a thing happen?" The question I would pose is, "How can this type of thing not happen again in the United States?" The country is deluged with firearms of all types, many of which are rapid-fire devices capable of causing a lot of damage. This fact, combined with the tendency of a good many citizens to adopt an almost paranoid sense of self-protection following any report of a mass act of violence or terror, probably sets the stage for such a thing to happen again. In addition, the reduction in government support for mental health programs does nothing to improve the situation.

I was amazed at the public response to the outbreak of mass violence at Virginia Tech. Instead of doing something positive like pushing through stringent handgun bans, as was done in various foreign countries following this type of incident, there was much talk about the signs of grief, and later about improving mental health checks during the gun purchase process. Although there is a place for both of these responses, they serve to divert attention from the need for much more meaningful measures in order to initiate the process of reducing gun violence in this country.

For any attempt to reduce gun violence in the U.S. to be successful, the following points should be publicized:

- **Handguns are violence-amplifying devices.** They can make spur-of-the-moment incidents of one-on-one rage either more destructive or turn them into extended multi-person destructive episodes.
- **Guns increase the probability that innocent bystanders will be involved in a violent event, as seen in many drive-by shootings.**
- **Carrying a firearm does not in itself guarantee personal safety, as indicated by the number of law enforcement personnel who have been killed by firearms.**
- **Any type of background check in the purchase of firearms is of limited usefulness.** The majority of people with mental illnesses would at some point in their lives have been considered normal, and could have purchased firearms then.
- **There are no magical reasons why countries such as Germany, England, France, Canada, and Sweden have much lower per-capita rates of gun violence.** The simple reason is that handguns are not around in those countries to facilitate the process.
- **The concept of "just another gun violence massacre" should be examined and found unacceptable.** Even if only one person dies needlessly in this country because of the ready availability of handguns, that is one person too many. Too many members of the news media use sensational coverage to boost their profits and avoid confronting this issue.
- **There is an inherent dishonesty in the way that the public relates to violence in this country.** On the one hand, heroes on numerous TV shows blow away "bad guys," and numerous teenagers spend much time emulating the example in video games. On the other hand, we rarely see coverage of either the disfigurement of people in real life or the extensive rehabilitation following the use of these firearms.
- **We are equal participants in the social contract.**

If something horrendous happens to someone needlessly, it could happen to you or me next time. There are far too many people around who seem to believe that it's okay as long as it doesn't happen to them. Was it Martin Luther King Jr. who said, "If you're not part of the solution, then you're part of the problem?"

- **The National Rifle Association should not be permitted to dictate the rules concerning this matter that affects all of us.** The fact that annually thousands of citizens die needlessly as a result of these actions should set the stage for a redefinition of the second amendment that is consistent with the good of present-day U.S. citizens. For starters, no one in this country should be permitted to carry a concealed weapon. Maybe in the meantime, anyone who owns a firearm should be placed in an assigned risk insurance group, whose rate would be higher than that of the rest of us to cover the financial costs associated with the aftermath of gun violence events.
- **There is a real need to develop heroes and role models who are peacemakers and not avengers.**
- **Conflict resolution should be taught from an early age in all schools in the United States.**
- **Ethics should also be taught from a very early age in all schools in the United States.** I am not talking about religious training per se, but rather, making students aware that justice and fairness are concepts of the common good.

I appreciate the opportunity to share my thoughts on this very important matter. Keep up the good work.

Paul Schweri
Chicago, Ill.

---

Access to help him open up his heart, his mind, and his will. He will have to change his behavior, change his decisions, change the information he bases them on, change the people he relies on as friends, and change his self-image. He will have to find an opening for a new space, a new direction for growth. Intervening to bring him to this will be as difficult a task as any Laura Bush has faced in her married life.

The future of thousands of U.S. soldiers and millions of Iraqi citizens and hundreds of millions of people in the United States and the Middle East lie in the balance. She needs as much support as can be found to help her husband put first things first, one day at a time—accepting the realities in Iraq he cannot change and changing U.S. policy in the ways he can and should. Whatever traditions we come from, we should hold up Laura in our thoughts in whatever ways we can best support her in this. If we are letter writers, we should write her. If we are members of prayer groups, we should pray for her. If we are teachers or librarians who see her in classrooms or conferences, we should offer the kindest words of support we can find in our hearts. We need to reach out in whatever ways we can to help her help this man who stands at the edge of an abyss, clinging with all his pride to a war that is pulling him and so many others towards that darkest of depths, from which it is difficult to imagine any way out if we enter much farther. I would ask you to consider how you personally might take some little step to help with this.

Gray Cox
Bar Harbor, Maine
Ordinary People, Extraordinary Experience
by Donnan Beeson Runkel

Hideko Tamura is a second soprano with Rogue Valley Peace Choir, a retired social worker, an author, and a survivor of the atomic bomb blast that devastated Hiroshima on August 6, 1945. One night after choir rehearsal, she stood up and said the music the choir made that night had so inspired her that she had a vision of the choir going to Hiroshima to sing. She felt confident, she said, that her friends, her contacts, and her former school would support the idea. What follows is an account of the realization of that dream.

The first sun of August 6, 2006, dawned gently in Hiroshima, as the bustling city's focus shifted to the activities at its Ground Zero. The annual commemorations drew people from all over Japan and a handful of others from the rest of the world, including 38 members of our choir.

At 8:15 AM sharp—the time the bomb was dropped in 1945—the city fell silent, traffic stopped, and bells tolled.

Our schedule that memorable day began with the annual service at Hideko's school (which can be seen on the map of Ground Zero) for the 350 members of the school family who lost their lives. Our singing of Finlandia was nearly incidental to Hideko, who later gave the student body a full, unvarnished accounting of her experiences as an 11-year-old 61 years before. Covered with debris, she ran from the fiery red ball, ending up at the river where she hoped to find her mother. At the assembly for all junior and senior high students, she spoke for half an hour without notes, unhesitatingly, forcefully at times. Diminutive in stature and standing behind a massive lectern, her words stood tall, commanding rapt attention. And even though only one of us could speak Japanese, the vision of this first-person account being delivered at this particular spot at this particular time in history moved us all. To say it was a peak experience would rob it of all that made it profound.

"Peak experience" had already become the cliché of this 12-day journey for peace from the very beginning of our trip in Kyoto, when an assortment of U.S. and Japanese citizens of many different ages sat down together to sing. Strains of "You Are My Sunshine" and "Auld Lang Syne" floated out the door. It was an ordinary hotel conference room that could have been anywhere in the world—round tables with starched linens on them, slightly soiled carpeting, an upright piano not altogether in tune, draperies...
that might have been silver-grey, a podium with a Rotary International insignia affixed to it, and lighting bright enough for overexposing the endless picture-snapping by the official photographer and nearly everyone in the room. But we knew we were in Kyoto, and not just anywhere, because of the amazing banquet of Japanese food, two full long tables of it; the over-sized beer bottles on every table, and plenty of smiles on the faces of our hosts. They had come to welcome us, hear us sing, sing for us, and then sing along with us. They spoke rudimentary English, and we smiled and nodded, since our Japanese was even less than rudimentary. This opened vast channels of communication between the two groups, setting the stage for instant, powerful relationships. Our mission of song was resonating in their hearts and in ours.

We had already exchanged songs with the chorus from the YWCA and sung most of the tunes in our singalong book when our host took to the microphone. "I have a very special announcement to make. We've been asked by the members of the Rotary glee club if they can sing for you. They were down the hall practicing, heard our voices, and wondered what was going on. Is it all right if they come in?" our Japanese host asked. Everyone in the room signaled a definitive "yes!" and seconds later we had another 15 singers filing through the door to sing with us, ready to join the fun. Directed by an irrepressible woman with unruly henna hair, they sang first one and then another song.

Before it was all over, the entire crowd had joined hands, circled the room, and launched the first of many verses of "We Shall Overcome." Everyone sang; everyone teared up. If the purpose of the trip had been achieved in these few moments, how could there be more?

This was simply our first taste of what was to come rolling out for us as one day folded into the next in Kyoto, Kobe, and finally Hiroshima. With unparalleled passion, Hideko and her best friend Etsuko managed to marshal old school friends and colleagues into organizing committees in each city. They raised money and put together a program for us that included opportunities to sing, to see the country, and most especially to know the people. When we received nametags in both English and Japanese at the airport, we began to understand that every last detail had been anticipated. When we were given fans on the bus for our outing to the Shrines, we understood that every possible amenity was going to be provided. When yet another Japanese snack was passed through the bus, we knew we'd be fed, endlessly and well. And when we kept seeing the same people from one stop to the next, we understood the deep commitment there was to making the journey a success. The effort put in was simply amazing to those of us who had answered an advertisement for a "community choir—no audition necessary" two years earlier.

Day Four found us back on our big bus. Rounding another bend and starting down a hill, there before us spread the panoramic seascape we came to know as...
Kobe, the site of our second big concert. We'd sung for hours en route, everything from the Beatles to our choral repertoire, current and past and many in between. Our billeting was at the Village of Happiness, an amazing campus just on the edge of town. Built by the city of Kobe, it's a massive multibillion-yen project designed to accommodate the needs of the disabled and aging population with several different medical facilities, vocational rehabilitation classrooms, respite care, a huge spa, and the Silver College, where retirees can enroll for three years to learn ways in which they can be of service, ways they can "give back."

The concert, which attracted a standing-room-only crowd of more than 400 people, was held in a huge Methodist church recently rebuilt after the 1995 earthquake. Hours of waiting, practicing, and working out the logistics of getting on and off the stage laid bare the challenges of cross-cultural communication—as well as just plain communication.

By the time the hour of the concert arrived, the number of people working on the event had multiplied exponentially. The church sanctuary was full. As we filed onto the stage, they began clapping louder and louder. Turning to look out at who had come to hear us as we took our places, we all took a collective deep breath, a little overwhelmed at the sight of all these strangers who'd actually purchased tickets to hear us.

One of our last songs was to be "Cranes Over Hiroshima," which tells the story of Sadako, a little girl who got leukemia as a result of the bomb. She attempts to fold 1,000 paper origami cranes to fulfill a Japanese legend that promises a long and healthy life if this is accomplished. Before we sang it, a group of women from the Kobe YWCA came on stage and presented each of us with a lei of 70 cranes they had folded, making the song all the more poignant to sing. We learned later that a group of five women who regularly read to young children at the Y had had the idea, and one of their number single-handedly had folded all 2,000 of them.

Arriving for an event the next day at Silver College, we were greeted with a huge printed banner welcoming us, and an amazing logistical plan to get tables assigned so there would be two people from the U.S. and eight Japanese at each table, all of them taking different courses of study.

Our presentation was followed by their choir's, and then we had another singalong, ending again with "We Shall Overcome," with everyone in a large circle around the room. When I went back to my table, a man who had a career in computer software said he wanted to tell me something about the song we'd sung that ended with, "Never again the A bomb. Never for the third time." "I think you should see if there are some North Koreans who could go with you to Hiroshima," he said. "If they saw it, they wouldn't be doing what they're doing now." When I asked him if he'd been to Hiroshima many times, he said, "You only need to go once."

The rest of our stay in Kobe was taken up with home visits. Tea ceremonies were the only common denominator, as each of us forged new individual relationships with new friends, new places, and in some cases, new songs.

The Peace Park immediately became our focus upon arrival in Hiroshima. Located on Heiwa Boulevard ("heiw a" being the Japanese word for peace), it was just a few blocks from our hotel. We watched preparations there, at the Peace Museum, and even in our hotel where guests arrived with shopping bags filled with strings of 1,000 cranes to place at the memorial.

On the 6th, peace groups and neighborhood associations donned their match-Continued on page 44
HIDDEN PRESENCE

Land mines,
Carefully seeded.
Blessed with infinite patience,
rooted like dormant desert flowers
awaiting raindrops
from a random summer storm.

Land mines.
The gift that keeps on giving,
whose deep red blossoms
unfurl to scatter body parts
like dandelion seed-heads
turned scarlet in the flowing wind.

Land mines.
The seed packet says:
Germination guaranteed.
Gestation indeterminate.
Random harvest.
U.S.A. SEED COMPANY,
No address.

—Henry Swain

AMERICAN MORNING

First I go out to thank the roses,
the tidy clover, the sky, still there,
the slope where rabbits graze.

Then I go in, to hear the morning news.
The weary man steps through the crack
and when he speaks he’s just a child

who rattles dragons’ teeth.
I set him back inside the radio.

Now I go out and thank the roses.
The tidy clover: The sky, still there.
The green green slope, where
wary rabbits graze.

—Alice O. Duggan

Alice O. Duggan lives in Saint Paul, Minn.

Henry Swain lives in Nashville, Ind.
Filming the Life of Gobi Women

by Sas Carey

Leading, 1997

As I sit in meditation, I see single women living a nomadic life—women using wool from their sheep and camel hair from camels, making cheese, and producing felt for home covering. I feel the desert sun, see the crown shape of camels in the distance, and smell lanolin from sheep. This isn't just for me. I need to experience it and share it—to make a film of Gobi women. In my meditation, I ask questions. Who? Gobi Women. What? Lifestyle. Where? Mongolia. When? No answer. Why? No answer. How? No answer. I hold this in my heart and don't stop feeling the pull for four years until I hear now. I remortgage my house, send out a fundraising letter, buy a small digital camcorder, and leave for Mongolia.

Background, 1994

This isn't the first time I have been led to Mongolia. Leadings in my life have a number of qualities. They can come from meditation, from another person, or from an event. They usually have the quality of following, not taking the lead, and waiting and listening to find the path of heart. In 1994 a client traded seven years of energy-healing treatment so that I could go on a tour to China with the American Holistic Nurses' Association. "You need to learn about energy from China, where people have been practicing it for thousands of years," said my client. China? I had never dreamed of going to China.

Sas Carey, co-clerk of Middlebury (Vt.) Meeting, is director of Life Energy Healing School, which helps students learn to follow their leadings. The school meets in Middlebury for four long weekends a year. More information about the school can be found at <www.lifenergyheal.com>. Nomadicare, a nonprofit organization that she founded, supports the sustainability and cultural survival of nomadic peoples, harmonizes traditional and modern medicine, and documents nomadic ways and heart songs for future generations. More information can be found at <www.nomadicare.org>.

As soon as I knew I was going, I wanted to be able to videotape the experience. When I mentioned the wonder of being given a trip to China during the introductions and announcements at meeting that week, I said, "Wouldn't it be amazing to videotape the experience?" And from across the circle, a visiting Friend from Connecticut whom I had never met waved her arms. "I have a video camera you can borrow. I just bought it. It is still in the box. I didn't know why I bought it but I do now."

Mongolia, 1994

Incidentally, I learn when I get the program, the trip to China also includes Mongolia. Mongolia? I hardly thought of Mongolia as a place—more like a caricature of the farest, most unusual, most foreign place, as in, "She would go to Outer Mongolia, she cares so much." When I step off the plane onto the ground in Mongolia, I sigh. Green mountains, dry air, temperatures in the 70s. Heavenly. A few days later, I meet a doctor of traditional Mongolian medicine named Dr. Boldsaikhan and my heart beats as if I am at meeting. Out of my mouth comes the question, "Would you take an American disciple?"

When I get back, I edit some programs for our local cable station so that my townspeople can see the amazing sights I see—a market in Shanghai, a tourist festival in Mongolia complete with dancing, archery, horse racing, and wrestling. And while the editing takes lots of time, especially since the equipment is not yet digital, the work is exciting. It has the feeling of being a connector of people, East and West.

Mongolia, 1995

Our meeting designates me as a released Friend and helps me fundraise, and along with Lyman Fund support I am able to go back to Mongolia, this time to spend three months studying with Dr. Boldsaikhan in the capital, Ulaanbaatar. The camcorder is back in Connecticut, but another one appears for this trip. How this happens is also magical. I am seeing a friend's daughter for spiritual counseling and healing and her father asks what he can do for me. He seldom uses his camcorder. When I mention it would be wonderful to have one on my upcoming trip, he gives it to me. While studying traditional medicine and learning about balance, herbs, history, assess-

**Mongolia, 1997**

Now I can't stop dreaming about Mongolia, and I travel there again in 1997. While at a gathering at the U.S. embassy, I am given work as a health education consultant for the United Nations Development Programme. During this experience, I learn about life in the Gobi Desert. The most striking fact is that each person in the Gobi uses only 5 liters of water a day for drinking, cooking, cleaning, and washing—less than people in the U.S. use for one flush. I learn that Gobi people live in *gers* (yurts or felt tents) all year while the temperature ranges from -40° to over 100° Farenheit.

These experiences converge during my meditation that day. I see myself looking at a door that is open just a crack and seeing the Gobi women's lives. I open it a little wider by saying yes. As I surrender, it opens still wider. Sometimes I think, wouldn't it be nice to know where this door leads to? But then I also know that my vision as a human is like that of an ant to a hawk. I know that if someone had told me I would go to Mongolia eight times in 13 years, I would have thought the person was crazy. I have come to think that the limited view, the slow unfolding of a leading is for my own good.

Then there are challenges and doubts, especially about how this fits with the necessities and responsibilities of life in the U.S.—things like paying bills and doing work. There are other ways to think about the message. I can ask questions. Is the message for me? Why me? What about my healing practice? My life? Yet, with the kind of propulsion a leading has behind it, I find that I need to allow these questions to float by like clouds.

**Preparation, 2001**

It is actually happening. I have the ticket to Ulaanbaatar through Beijing, China. As it becomes a reality, new questions come up. How will I get to the Gobi? How will I find the women? Where can I find a camera person? How will I find an interpreter? Will the Gobi women talk to me? Will they let me film their lives?

When I arrive in Ulaanbaatar in 2001, I know a few things. My friend Oyuna and her husband Nyama will rent me their apartment, find a driver, and arrange the trip to the Gobi. We will visit where Nyama grew up and where his family lives in Manlai Soum, South Gobi, a county with a population of 2,240. The couple will set up our project, but Oyuna will be...
our program assistant, since this is a woman’s project.

I have a female cameraperson in mind, but discover that there are only two in Mongolia. One is on vacation and the other is on vacation leave. I have some phone numbers for translators in Ulaanbaatar. When I call a “wrong” number and tell the woman who answers (and happens to speak English) that I need an interpreter and camera person, she says, “I am busy, but would you like to speak to my boyfriend? He is a filmmaker from New York City.” By this serendipity I connect with Joseph Spaid, who works in the film industry and tells me he even has a professional digital camera he could use for our film. He is in the country to shoot his own film, *Kinan* over Mongolia. Joseph agrees to go to the Gobi with us and shoot our film—at the Mongolian day rate, not the NYC day rate—which makes it possible on my budget. (The Mongolian rate of pay is 5 percent of the New York rate.)

We are to leave in a few days and still I have no interpreter. I focus on this need as I go to sleep. When I wake up, I remember the name of a friend I knew from an earlier trip. I call her. “I can’t,” she says, “but maybe my daughter?” And this is how Haliuna, a 19-year-old who spent a year in the U.S. as a high school student, became our expert translator. Now we have a cohesive team: Oyuna, production assistant; Anuka, her six-year-old daughter; Nyama, her husband; his brother-in-law Nyamdorj, driver; Joseph, cameraman; Haliuna, interpreter; and me, director and producer. We are ready!

Our team: Nyamdorj, driver; Nyama, production assistant; Sas Carey; Anuka; Oyuna, production assistant; Haliuna, interpreter; and Joseph Spaid, cameraman, in front of the ger where Haliuna, Joseph, and Sas stayed

### Queries on Leadings:

**How to Discover Your Spiritual Path**

**LISTENING**

What does my heart tell me while meditating? What do I know from my dreams?

**WAITING**

When I have a glimmer of my own light, what am I to do about it?

**GRATITUDE**

Am I grateful for my life and work? How can I express this?

**SEARCHING**

Who am I? What do I really like to do?

**ADMITTING**

What do others—who really listen to me—say about me? When I am being honest, what is it that I need to do for me?

**EXPERIMENTING**

What is it like when I follow the Light? How does it feel, seem, and sound when I do it? How does it feel to resist the Light and follow another path?

**PRACTICING**

When I consistently follow what I need to do, how can I afford it? How can I fit it into my life?

**CONTINUING AND GROWING**

Is it still right? (If not, I need to go back to Searching.) If yes, what is changing in me, in my leading?

**FOCUSING**

As it feels more and more right, what parts do I have to let go of to make room for the expanding center? What does not belong in my life anymore?

**LISTENING**

Is the clarity of direction still there? What part of the cycle do I need to repeat?
Yesterday I was cold. Not surprising, as we live at 6,000 feet altitude in an inadequately insulated house with no heat. Yesterday was not only cold, but gloomy and dark. The combination put me into a rebellious, irritable mood. I could think of nothing but solutions to warm the house and myself. “This too will pass,” I reminded myself, a short biblical phrase that has helped me in other tough situations. I didn’t believe it. “Trust!” said Daniel, reminding me of my past deep exploration of the need to trust in life and in God. It didn’t work.

Last night it got down to 10 degrees, with snow. Today the sky is clear, the sun is bright, and it’s still cold. I’m still cold around the edges but it’s bearable because of the sunlight. I’m a light-junkie. But I wonder, “Is my trust in God this shallow that I can’t retrieve it without sunlight?” I am reminded of the saying, “To a hungry person, God can only appear as bread.” Or, to me, as Light—which I equate with warmth and sustaining life support. After yesterday, I have a deep understanding of why humans have, for thousands of years, worshiped the sun as God.

What is God to us? How often do we examine our concepts of the Ultimate Reality, the Source? Do we see in these concepts that we are equating God with bread? Our “bread-God” concept varies, but mostly I find that we stop short of insistence on an experiential knowledge of God. It’s only when all our “bread-notions” have failed and we are still in deep trouble that we may stumble on the formula to let us in on the true nature of God.

This happened to me in 1995, in Lucknow, India. My husband, Craig Carter, and I went to India in August 1994 so that Craig could receive Ayurvedic treatment not available in the U.S. In July, Craig had been diagnosed with two rare, fatal blood diseases. His doctors told him that without treatment he’d be dead within four to six weeks. As the projected medical treatment had never been successful before and could kill him in nine days, we opted for a different route. What we’d thought might be a six- to eight-week sojourn in India, if Craig survived that long, ended up lasting 13 months. That was why we were in a cab careening around the streets of Lucknow, seven months after arriving in India.

Craig and I were having a discussion about a recent encounter with another American on the grounds of a hotel. We were upset with each other. “What did I do wrong?” I asked him. “We’ve been trying to connect with Richard for two weeks, and he’s been avoiding us. There we were, sitting at the same table, talking nonsense, and he finally mentioned what he does in California: puts people in touch with alternative medical practitioners, I only said we’d like to know more. Isn’t that what we wanted to talk with him about? Why did you step on my toe, grab my arm, and say good-bye to him—dragging me along—just when we were getting somewhere?”

Craig was silent—fuming, it seemed. Finally he said, “We won’t get any information from him now. You stepped into my vacuum trap!”

I was astonished. With questioning, Craig explained his technique of successfully interviewing people who didn’t want to divulge any information. For seven years Craig and I had a business locating unknown and missing heirs in probate estates. Craig, as our principle investigator, solved many old cases unresolved by more experienced investigators.

“I set vacuum traps for hostile informants, or ones who were sure they didn’t remember anything of value,” Craig told me. “I act very casual, as though I really don’t care if they give me any information or not. When I am working on a case, I say it’s my job to interview them. Then I get a feel for who they are and their interests. We talk about whatever they want to discuss—never anything relating to the
Craig gave his crooked grin. “See? You just fell into one.”

“Into what?”

“My vacuum trap,” he answered. He explained that he purposely talks about anything but what people expect him to ask them. They are prepared to say no, or that they don’t know anything. He doesn’t call them back for a week. “Meanwhile,” he tells me, “they’ve been thinking of all the things that they could have told me—except I didn’t ask them. When I call again, they may say something to indicate that they could have more information on the case. I immediately tell them that I have to go now—I don’t know if I’ll need to call them again. This frustrates them. No one wants to say they are inconsequential. Usually by the third time I call they can’t wait to tell me all they know. I crack the case.”

I ponder this. His technique reminds me of something, of someone... “Papaji!” I exclaim.

“What?”

“Papaji! He sets a vacuum trap! We all fall into it—and spill everything that we’ve never told anyone else, that we’ve been carrying around as our personal burden, our shameful—or at least private—secret.”

We came to Lucknow to visit H.W.L. Poonja, called “Papaji” by his followers.

Craig Carter with one of his Indian doctors

Craig gave his crooked grin. “See? You just fell into one.”

“Into what?”

“My vacuum trap,” he answered. He explained that he purposely talks about anything but what people expect him to ask them. They are prepared to say no, or that they don’t know anything. He doesn’t call them back for a week. “Meanwhile,” he tells me, “they’ve been thinking of all the things that they could have told me—except I didn’t ask them. When I call again, they may say something to indicate that they could have more information on the case. I immediately tell them that I have to go now—I don’t know if I’ll need to call them again. This frustrates them. No one wants to say they are inconsequential. Usually by the third time I call they can’t wait to tell me all they know. I crack the case.”

I ponder this. His technique reminds me of something, of someone... “Papaji!” I exclaim.

“What?”

“Papaji! He sets a vacuum trap! We all fall into it—and spill everything that we’ve never told anyone else, that we’ve been carrying around as our personal burden, our shameful—or at least private—secret.”

We came to Lucknow to visit H.W.L. Poonja, called “Papaji” by his followers.
Poonja is God?”
“Now, of course not,” I replied. “But he’s linked to God. He’s using God-energy to vacuum us of all our stuff.”
“Hump!” Craig snorted and leaned back against the seat, eyes shut. We were slammed into the back of the front seat as the driver of the cab stamped on his brakes again, narrowly missing an oncoming bus that had swerved into our lane to pass a herd of water buffalo.
I felt a growing excitement at my discovery. “We don’t need Papiji to vacuum us free of all our attachments,” I thought. “We can do this ourselves! If we let go of everything that’s holding us down, won’t we naturally be pulled into God? If God is as I think: a vacuum trap.”
I decided to give it a try. What was I holding onto that seemed impossible to release? It was my need to love and be loved, and recently my need for Craig to be healed. It wasn’t that I feared death for Craig, or couldn’t release him to death if it was his time to go. I just didn’t see how we could put right what had gone wrong the driver of the cab stamped on his brakes again, narrowly missing an oncoming bus that had swerved into our lane to pass a herd of water buffalo.
I was focused on my identity in the Lucknow cab, something had shifted within me. I’d always sought the Light as the ultimate expression of God. I yearned toward the Light even when I was small. I’d never sensed that behind the Light, more all-inclusive, was this all-knowing Absence-of-Light, this Presence-of-All God.
This experience gives me a metaphor for God that for me is true to God’s action in our selves and our world. It is not so much that we have a “seed” or portion of God in us; it is rather that in our deepest essence, we swim in God. We are one with the very nature of the Source of all life, Light, and form. We are one with God-awareness. This is true communion: when our awareness includes our sense of self and the Other; when we are aware that the Other is also aware of us.

Today, I am remembering: to allow myself to be one with God, I need to release all that I hold onto as my burden and my security—including my need for warmth! Including even my need for light. I know that I am part of life’s expression in human form and as such, I am perfectly safe. Then God, the ultimate vacuum trap, will pull me into Its Being.

Note: Craig died at our home in Petrolia, California, in December 1996 after two and a half years of caring support from friends, family, neighbors, and strangers. He was powerfully affected by the love he received. Healing happened, in him and in our family.

**PRIMARY TASK**

... but what canst thou say?
Margaret Fell (1652)

All morning I copied the poems and prayers of others, as if their praise could substitute for my own. Overfilled with data and starved for the actual nourishment of mystery, I moved from one chore to the next, avoiding the single primary task that requires my full attention. All morning hoping the real world would find and hold me, even when I was too busy to be here, as I wanted to be here in this ordinary life, so shining and filled with Presence.

—Jeanne Lohmann

Jeanne Lohmann lives in Olympia, Wash.
How Is Thee?

by Albert W. Briggs Jr.

For a long time I have had a back-burner interest in the evolution of the use of thee, thou, and you, the second person singular address in English, especially among Quakers. Like most of the rest of the English-speaking world, I grew up hearing you as the universal second person singular address. It was used not only with people of all descriptions and under all conditions, but even with nonhuman life and inanimate objects. Whatever it was, if it was being addressed, it was addressed as you. Also, I knew that the first Quakers had decided to use thou and thee universally instead of what was then current practice, which was to use thou for family, friends, and inferiors, and use you in all other cases. English, like all the other European languages, had a "familiar" and a "formal" or "polite" second person address, with thou being the familiar and you being the formal. Or at least that's what I thought the situation was. I had been told that the early Quakers decided to use the familiar address with all people because all are children of God and hence should be addressed the same way we address our family members. But then the rest of the English-speaking world quickly dropped the familiar completely, leaving the situation as it is today. It struck me as ironic that the rest of the English-speaking world had adopted a universal address, as the Quakers had advocated, but not the same one, leaving Quakers out on a linguistic limb. But I didn't think about it much, since no one I knew said thee or thou unless they were reading from the Bible. I was unaware that some Quakers still used thee.

Then I met a friend and spent the first of two summers in Washington, D.C., so I could be near her. (And this was a good move—we're still married after more than 45 years.) There I met Quakers who used thee, but used it only with family and other Quakers. It struck me that this was against the reasons for using thou and thee in the first place. If you called your brother thee, then you ought to call everybody thee; if you called other people you, then you ought to call your brother you as well. It also struck me as ironic that Quakers were now the only group in the English-speaking world that still used a kind of familiar address along with the usual formal address when that is exactly what the early Quakers objected to. It was as if the rest of the English-speaking world and the Quakers had switched sides. I was even bold enough to make that opinion known. Since my friend's family always used thee with each other and often with Quakers, this made things awkward. For example, when they would say thee to each other, then turn to me and say you, it was as if a wall slammed down between us, with them on one side and me and the rest of the world on the other. Sometimes they would slip and say thee to me, and then the wall slammed down behind me, walling me in with them and away from everyone else. I didn't like that wall, no matter where it came down. "Wow," I thought, "So that's what the early Quakers were objecting to!"

I decided that I objected to it, too, and my interest in the subject was born. In asking not to be addressed as thee, I ended up giving some grief to current Quakers much as early Quakers gave the general populace. My reason was that to use it now went against the reasons for using it then. Ironies abounded. So did questions. Why didn't the early Quakers call their family members the same thing they called everyone else instead of calling everyone else what they called their family? Could it have been because irritating everyone else is easier to bear than irritating those close to you, as my own experience suggested? I also noted that Quakers didn't use thou but used thee instead and used the third person singular verb, not the second. The result was a kind of strange, highly simplified version of the familiar. For instance, people sometimes said, "How is thee," as a greeting. This is a three-word sentence with two grammatical errors. (That is, unless you view it as a dialect whose consistent use defines its grammar, in which case it's correct by definition, since it is used consistently.) Other questions were: Why did English drop its familiar while none of the other European languages dropped theirs? Why did English drop it so fast? Wouldn't that have been a huge change to make so rapidly? Whatever the reason for the change, surely the Quakers had nothing to do with it since they wanted to drop the formal instead? Finally, how did the Quakers' use of the familiar get so abbreviated?

At the college where I taught, I tried for years, off and on, to interest my linguistic colleagues in those questions but to no avail. Since I am now retired, I have the time to answer them myself. I started by looking in books on the history of

Musings on Ironies and Self-Justification among Friends

English, and finally found what is apparently the definitive work on the subject, You and Thou by Thomas Finkenstaedt. He answered nearly all the questions I had.

Albert W. Briggs Jr. is a member of Chester River Meeting in Chestertown, Md., and an emeritus professor of Mathematics and Computer Science. Having retired from Washington College in 2002, his primary interest is making music on his violin.

August 2007 FRIENDS JOURNAL
and many that I had not thought of. The bibliography of that book is massive, and apparently so is the scholarship. However, it’s in German and my German is very weak. It took a long time to get through even the parts I thought were relevant, but at least I got the answers, more or less. I also read The Battle-Door by George Fox et al., as well as parts of William Penn’s No Cross, No Crown and parts of Robert Barclay’s Apology. What I found was that almost everything I had thought was true was wrong. My picture of the state of the language, the reasons I thought Quakers used thou, and my supposition about their lack of a role in the change were all wrong.

To begin, I had thought that in 1650 thou was in common use equivalent to the familiar in other languages, and had been for a long time. In fact, the use of thou had been changing drastically for four centuries. This development was extremely complex and I will give only a few snapshots of it. In the Middle English period, say the beginning of the 13th century, there was only one form of address. That was, in the singular, thou and thee, and in the plural, ye and you. Thou and ye were nominative, and thee and you were objective, although the distinction between ye and you was breaking down even then. In the second half of the 13th century the English nobility began to address those of higher rank in the plural, namely, as you. This was a practice taken over from the French ruling class who began using the plural with royalty and then extended it downward. By 1500, thou was still the standard address between strangers with you reserved for higher-ups. But this was throughout the population, not just the nobility. By 1600, thou had spread so that it was the standard address between strangers, with thou being used for intimates and underlings, i.e., the same situation I had thought held for centuries before Quakers came along. Even within the family, there were distinctions. For example, the father addressed the son as thou, but the son addressed the father as you, as a mark of respect. Moreover, the use of thou was accompanied by several kinds of emotions. For example, a stranger addressed as thou instead of you would likely take that as demeaning and be greatly offended, as Quaker experience showed. By about 1700, thou was archaic in ordinary speech (this was the only thing I got right) and unlike the situation only a few decades before, had no demeaning implications. The disappearance of thou began in London and in the upper classes, and spread from there. To get a sense of how complex that development was, note that only the English dropped its familiar, so that in explaining it, one has to come up with reasons why the English dropped it, but no one else did, not even the Welsh.

Far from playing no role in this transition, the Quaker decision to use thou universally apparently hastened its departure from the language! One reason was that by the end of the 17th century, thou was so widely associated with Quakers that a person couldn’t use it in public without being taken for a Quaker. That pretty much put an end to thou, although Finkenstaedt says it would have died a natural death anyway due to societal changes working against it.

Although the spread of thou through various parts of the population at various times was uneven and complex, the pride, vanity, and flattery that Quakers complained of were constant themes. Also, the distinction between thou and you at that time was part of what amounted to a culture war and Quakers were very much on one side, with the proponents of you on the other. Also, these Quaker authors referred to you as the plural, thou as the singular, and apparently thought of them that way. So Quakers choosing thou as a universal address was not just a matter of backing the wrong verbal horse. They could not have used you and remained true to their insights.

As for how thee came to supplant thou among Quakers, my source’s guess is that thee sounds gentler than thou and a gentle impression was what Quakers wanted to make. Note also that the objective case was replacing the nominative, just as the objective you replaced the nominative ye. Maybe something in the objective case makes a better, or at least gender, impression than something in the nominative. My own guess is to why the verb is the third person singular rather than the second is that thee sounds enough like he and she to make the second person verb sound “wrong.” (How are thee? Thee run fast? They speak well? Ouch; not a chance.)

I thought finding the justification, “Address all people as you address your brother and sister,” which I thought early Quakers had for using “thou” with everyone, would be easy; but I could find it nowhere—not in Fox, nor Penn, nor Barclay. (For a fairly comprehensive list of the reasons these authors gave for using “thou” instead of “you,” see Penn’s No Cross, No Crown, Chapter 10. It’s a fascinating read on several levels.) The closest thing I found to a “brotherhood” or “sisterhood” argument was an “equality” argument that implied that we should address everyone alike, thou being chosen for reasons listed by Penn and Fox. Those reasons don’t make sense today and haven’t for three centuries. For example, one reason given is that using you to one person is grammatically incorrect. Another was that the only correct way to translate the Bible from Latin, which has only one second person singular pronoun, was to use thou, and the Bible being holy Scripture—you get the picture. Another was that one addresses God as thou, so using you to people would elevate them above God (note the implied difference in levels).

The fact remains that Quakers went on using thou (or thee) in a serious way long after the original justifications no longer held. The only reasons I can see for its continued use were simply that Quakers had “always” done it, it was “our” thing, it distinguished us from others, and it felt good when used among family and other Quakers. Doing it was the justification for doing it. This from a people who eschewed symbols and ritual! It is an object lesson in the passage of a live, meaningful religious insight into a form maintained only by custom, habit, and familiarity, or one that is maintained by considerations quite different from, and even counter to, those that gave rise to it.

If this could occur, and occur so quickly, in a people who were so suspicious of ritual, then what of the religious observances or practices of those in other religious traditions? Are any of them fresh, living things still supported by the original religious insights? Is the “shelf life” of religious insights always as short as that of the Quaker thou?

I could get in a lot of trouble by going further, so I won’t.
WHAT'S AT STAKE?

Wednesday. Summer sun streams in to wake me. Ellen sleeps. What's at stake today at half past 88? Is my body’s time bomb ready to explode?

My work's at stake. My "every morning chore" to demonstrate that I participate, before I hit the waiting PC screen. The poem's written in my mind, rewritten and revised before I'd let sleep carry me away last night.

I take an inventory of my parts. They function. Nothing here I can replace, put right, worn out or not. I will survive the day.

First things first: my lesson plan for Saturday. But that needs added metaphor.

So I turn to what I had begun three days ago, the poem with too weak a close, one of those I had been fixing in my head. I'm almost there when Ellen calls: A break for lunch?

Lunch!! What happened to my 10:00, 11:00, 12:00? I can't keep up. How can I go the necessary pace?

We lunch in garden sun on mozzarella, San André, Caerphilly, my tomatoes (sliced), date and nut bread, Graves.

The sun is bountiful. We talk poetry and politics, both raise our heat.

At my machine, already 2:00. Do I have time? I start.

My fingers can't keep up. I race ahead, recall a word, retrace, skip forward, change, go back to the beginning, find a rhyme, rewrite, flesh out, return to the beginning one more time, reread, now certain that I have nailed it if I can change a few more lines, perhaps a stronger end, move on.

Out of the intensity of silence Ellen calls: You up for supper, if not now, how long?

Supper? I glance up. The afternoon is gone. How wrest more time when time was Nemesis? Time for supper, Ellen? Now? I haven't even roughed the poem I began last night.

It's 8:00. Want to help?

Good Lord! Yes, yes. I'll just... I'll only... crap. I'll close it down right now.

I do.

Ellen has an evening's worth of Rollins stacked. She's made the clams Posilipo. I concoct a spicy whatnot for the artichaux. We have a pinot grigio this time.

We speak our outrage, civil liberties attacked. Our heat goes up.

Flash thought: had I accomplished all I wanted to this golden, precious day? Should I conclude my lesson after cleaning up? No, no my kids deserve more thought, first thing tomorrow. Tomorrow? That's tomorrow, future tense!

The stakes have just been raised.

Will I be fit tomorrow?

I had better be. Who'll conclude the hundred poems, essays, stories I am racing to set down? Who'll capture it, the thrill of this quotidian adventure if not me?

I'm breathless with existence. Just to reassure myself I breathe.

—Earl Coleman

Earl Coleman lives in Somerset, N.J.
I am a scientist, an atheist, and a skeptic who does not believe in any form of the supernatural. Nonetheless, I consider myself a Quaker with a spiritual life that is constantly growing and changing.

I roomed with a Quaker in New York City during the late 1960s. I had occasional contact with the Friends he sometimes brought to our apartment, but I considered Quakerism to be no more than an agreeable, harmless cult. When he decided to move to Texas, I went to his last meeting with him out of loyalty to our friendship and not as part of any spiritual search. I felt oddly nourished by the experience and went back the following Sunday. I joined the Religious Society at Morningside Meeting in the mid-'70s and am now a regular attender at Acadia Meeting in Northeast Harbor, Maine.

It took me a long time to come to terms with the God-language I was often exposed to. I still have problems translating heavily Christian messages into a form I can find spiritually meaningful. And of course I often wondered what a confirmed skeptic was doing in the midst of so many mystics. Nonetheless, it's hard to stay a cucumber in a pickle barrel, and I embarked on a long journey of growing spiritual awareness that continues even today.

Connecting my spiritual life to the physical universe was relatively easy. I am an avid reader of science and enjoy finding out how, what, and why things work the way they do. It wasn't a great stretch to incorporate a spiritual dimension to this love of learning. Recently I started characterizing it in terms of spiritual "gawking"—standing in awe of the beauty and complexity of creation, including the marvelous richness of the human experience, which makes me feel part of an enterprise so vast and wondrous that it transcends my individual part in it. "Worship" would be an acceptable synonym for "gawking."

Many of my spiritual insights—or metaphors—come from my reading of science. For example, consider the case of fungus: it's everywhere! A substantial part of the arctic is covered with lichen—fungus living in symbiosis with algae. New research has shown that the root systems of many plants depend on their interaction with fungus to dissolve and incorporate nutrients. Indeed, not infrequently, a fungus invaginates the rootlets to such a degree that it is not much of a distortion to consider trees merely the photoreceptors of fungus colonies!

Fungi are so prevalent that they all overlap, forming what is perhaps a planet-wide network. Even when they are not in physical contact, perhaps fungi communicate through their tiny spores, which can be found at every level of the atmosphere—including the stratosphere! I can imagine slow, determined, and totally incomprehensible fungal messages pulsating through the biosphere, forming the woof and warp of the web of nature we often hear about but that is rarely particularized.

I doubt that such a network actually exists, or that it really sends messages. But such a notion is a "useful fiction." A useful fiction is a paradigm of the world that produces utilitarian results but may not have any basis in fact. For instance, it is a useful fiction to picture an atom as a miniature planetary system with electrons orbiting a nucleus of protons and neutrons. An atom isn't anything like that, but the differences don't matter much above the quantum level, and the illusion is useful in conceptualizing the structure and interaction of molecules.

For me, it is a useful fiction to "believe" that whatever is done to one part of the environment affects all of it through the
mediation of benevolent fungi. Even though the truth of this is open to question, it serves to inform my unity with nature and my reverence towards all living things. When I pass a favorite copse, it is easier and simpler for me to relate to the fungus that holds it all together than to deal with whatever the reality may be. Even if I actually knew that reality, I doubt that would deepen my reverence.

The concept of the 100th monkey is another useful fiction, despite the fact it is demonstrably fraudulent. At a research station in the Pacific, certain monkeys learned to wash the sand off their vans. A reporter interviewing one of the scientists speculated that perhaps, once a certain number of monkeys (say, 100) learned this trick, suddenly some mysterious aura would propagate the knowledge to all monkeys. The researcher adamantly stated that this notion did not fit the facts. Nonetheless, the reporter included the idea in his article with only faint disclaimers. It was picked up by others, the disclaimers were dropped, and the paradigm of the 100th monkey was born.

Still, the 100th monkey is a useful fiction. Once a certain number of people subscribe to a novel idea, it seems to catch on everywhere. Since the actual mechanics of dissemination are difficult or impossible to describe, no great violence to the truth is done by thinking of it in terms of an expanding aura. There are many such auras, both positive and negative, most of them unrecognized or unknowable. The collective of positive auras are what I call “God.” At times I have used circumlocutions such as “the Holy Spirit” or “the Light,” but “God” makes it easier for me to receive the messages of other Friends—and perhaps for them to receive mine.

I remember once when I watched a leaf floating in a pond. I was able to identify seven distinct wave patterns that influenced the motion of the leaf—currents, if you will. I am like that leaf, subject to many currents, some of which I can identify, most of which I cannot. I see “God” as the sum total of all those currents that serve to nourish, sustain, and improve the quality and diversity of life. But, unlike the leaf, I am not completely passive. I can lend my strength to improve and empower those currents that are of God and oppose those that are contrary. However, I am severely bound by my own limitations and am ignorant of most of them.

When we gather in the silence of meeting, we perceive only a tiny portion of the electromagnetic currents in the room. These currents are analogous to “the Light” we Friends so often invoke, but we “see” only in the visible spectrum and even then only what we’re looking at. Nonetheless, the room is always full of TV and radio signals, infrared and ultraviolet radiation, cosmic rays, and a host of other influences that we can only perceive through the mediation of some device, such as a TV receiver. Even then, we are limited to one channel at a time.

For me, it is a useful fiction to think of God as those channels that add to the richness of life. Some of them are UHF; others VHF; some are in English but most are not. My own personal “TV set” can only pick up a limited number of transmissions. Fortunately, other Friends are receptive to channels that I miss. By our collective togetherness we can tune into a multiplicity of channels on which God broadcasts. Over time a coherent picture begins to emerge. Of course we will never get all the details right, but it is enough to stay tuned and keep listening.

It is hard for me to incorporate certain traditional religious concepts into this admittedly odd definition of spirituality. Take prayer, for example. Despite my skepticism, I joined a prayer group for a friend with inoperable brain cancer. I needed a useful fiction to inform my activity and concentrate my attention. Not surprisingly, I chose to hold my friend in the Light. Since he wasn’t a vegetable, it didn’t work for me to imagine something like a beam of sunlight falling on his head. Instead, I constructed an image of a bright current of golden nutrient fluid bathing my friend in nourishment and support, aimed at both his soul and the healthy tissue surrounding his illness. That current is another part of my definition of God, and my attempt to concentrate it in my friend’s direction was, to me, prayer.

When I shared this metaphor with the prayer group, one elderly Friend became very exercised. She believed that prayer produced auras or energy waves that work actual physical changes. To my mind, prayer works because the prayed-for knew he was not alone and that around-the-clock Friends were holding him in the Light. This counteracted feelings of isolation and hopelessness that often accompany terminal illness. It is easily demonstrated scientifically that people who feel loved and supported fare much better than those who do not.

Actually, I had no quarrel with the elderly Friend’s invocation of auras and energy waves. To me, they were useful fictions, and regardless of the means of transmission, the net effect of the prayer was the same, so why hassle the details? The elderly Friend took it upon herself to inform me of the error of my ways and pressed on me a magazine that purported to scientifically prove the efficacy of prayer. The “science” was absolutely horrible and only could have been believed in by someone naive of the rigors of the discipline. Eventually we had to agree to disagree. Always the skeptic, I could easily frame prayer in mystical terms, while my mystical Friend stood firm in her “science.”

I have no doubt that George Fox would disapprove of my theology, and I am most challenged by Christocentric messages. I did not have loving, supportive parents, so an appeal to an all-forgiving, parental figure leaves me cold. Even more so, the shepherd God of the 23rd Psalm strikes me as an unwelcome retreat from adulthood into the dependency of childhood.

So when Friends speak of Jesus, I need
RED PINE,
A CATHEDRAL PINE
NEAR EUSTIS

If you have to find God
in the sky let her be
a raindrop, a flood of
mist, a snow flake or
the wind. If you don't
find her and still believe
she's somewhere check
the land and oceans. She
can be, if you wish, one
of the Blue Mountains,
the Penobscot or any other
brown river; an ash leaf;
a blade of grass, or
the path worn by your
ancestors into mulched
foot signs, the red fox
slipping from the garden
with a vole. If you have
to find God somewhere let
her be a thing “thinging”
this world, not your psyche
projected on the sky.
Let her accompany you
gravely, offer the power
and glory of what is.

—Hugh Ogden

AMISH HORSES
For Marcelle Martin

In a green peninsula
between housing developments
the Amish horses graze,
a brown and mottled herd of workers,
as slim and muscled as the Amish men
and the unwed Amish women,
as shy as they of razor bikes,
river mowers, motor scooters
and the hard-rock deck parties
that poach the very croaking of the frogs.

The Amish horses won't be lured
to the fence. But one colt galloping O's
over the board of the world,
God's own chalk,
gives more than that lonely roan
who stamps for treats and lets you
feel her velvety nose but has never
hauled a family to worship
or swung away
from the dew-pearled clover
to answer the farmer's call.

—Elizabeth Gordon

Hugh Ogden lives in
Glastonbury, Conn.
Elizabeth Gordon lives in
Kingsley, Pa.
A Frog Fable

by Stanley Zarowin

Frogs from near and far gather at the edge of Quaker Pond adjacent to the old meetinghouse, croaking loudly as they share tales of flies snagged on the wing, harrowing escapes from little boys who poke their ponds with sticks, and hungry hawks that swoop down from the sky for a quick meal.


After a while, the alpha frog, a massive bull named Billie Bully, slaps the beach mud with his big left flipper and waves his front arm vigorously above his flat head—a maneuver he learned from the neighboring Quakers, who use it to call a gathering to order. Instantly the Babel of croaking subsides. "By gulp," Billie Bully thinks, "those Quakers may spend lots of time twiddling their thumbs in silence, but when they wave their hands they sure get fast action."

Billie Bully sucks in a deep breath, pushes out his massive freckled chest, and brings forth a croak so loud and deep the mud beneath his feet vibrates. The assembled frogs hop to attention.

"Friendly frogs," he orates in his raspy voice, "we're here to do important frog-saving work. So listen up!"

The assembly of frogs ribbit, ribbit in agreement.

He acknowledges their ribbits with a nod and continues: "We can tolerate the menace of little boys, even little Quaker lads, because we know there is that of God—umm, somewhere, I guess—in each of them. But we cannot tolerate the spread of the deadly purple smog that hangs menacingly over our pond. It is poison! Poison!"

He pauses to flick his tongue as if to spear the elusive enemy. "It is killing us!" And for further emphasis he slams his back flipper into the mud, splattering his neighbors.

Billie Bully looks around and the assembled frogs ribbit, ribbit and nod their heads, blink their bulging eyes, and then croak-croak in unison. A few ribbit softly, "He speaks my mind."

"It's making some bulls in-m-m-m-potent! Our wives are laying cracked eggs! And even the few tadpoles who manage to hatch are not casting off their adolescent tails. In short, Friends..."

At this point he raises his voice so loudly that Quakers at the nearby meetinghouse turn to the pond to investigate the interruption of their silence.

Billie Bully continues more softly, "...In short, we're being decimated. It's nothing less than frogo-cide. Yes, frog-cleansing!"

Then, in a still softer croak he says, "We must address this issue with vigor."

At this point he holds up a wet leaf and waves it. "I have in my right flipper a minute jointly drafted by the Quaker Pond Social Justice and Witness committees. It condemns the purple smog as an enemy to all frogs everywhere—swamp frogs, tree frogs, red frogs, spotted frogs—and yes, even the less-than-friendly wart toads."

The assembled frogs nod their heads, blink, and ribbit-ribbit in unison.

Just then, up from the slimy pond hippity-hops a small and skinny froglet, Freddie, who only days before managed to unzip his tadpole skin in exchange for a full-fledged green frog uniform. Seeing the assembled frogs, his hop turns into a slither as he slinks in among his adult peers as inconspicuously as possible, hugging low to the ground to appear less visible. But the eyes of all the assembled frogs rotate as one in his direction to identify the late arrival.

Realizing he is the object of everyone's attention, a brilliant flush sweeps across his face and chest, turning his green skin to an iridescent pink. He slinks lower on his belly, trying to bury himself in the mud.

His closest neighbor, a wrinkled elder named Friend Forthright, realizes the froglet's embarrassment, leans down, and whispers, "Welcome young friend, welcome. We're seasoning a minute about the deadly purple smog."

A word of explanation, dear reader. Our young Freddie may be shy, but he is wise beyond his age. Some suspect his wisdom is the result of the time he spent as a tadpole sitting (some say hiding) in silence under a bench in the meetinghouse during the Quakers' business meetings. During such a meeting, Freddie, with his flipper neatly folded in his nearly nonexistent lap, thought he heard for the first time that still, small voice Friends often talked about. The voice revealed to him that he could overcome, or at least disguise, his shyness with a dose of less-than-friendly sarcasm. Although the ploy led to his being labeled a crank by his young peers, he prefers to think of his condition as a legitimate calling—croaking, if you will—to be a righteous, in-your-face pest.

That should explain why, when his friendly neighbor tells him they are seasoning a minute about the deadly purple smog, our young friend gulps (as frogs often do), trying to keep his mouth closed and restrain his flicking tongue. But the urge to sarcasm overwhelms him, and he finally whispers to the towering neighbor, "I assume we're against it."

His neighbor looks down at him incredulously, unsure how, or whether, to respond. He finally decides the question does not deserve a reply and commences...
gulping vigorously and simultaneously thumping the mud with irritation.

In the meantime, Billie Bully continues to blare on about frog rights, love, forgiveness, and how there is that of God in all frogs and yes, even in the little humans who try to snag frogs with butterfly nets.

Freddie listens intensely. He nods and gulps several times, but soon realizes that, while the minute expresses opposition to the smog— labeling it a murderer, even a product of the devil—it goes no further. All the minute does is curse the smog.

"But what," Freddie gulps to himself, "does the minute say we frogs should do about it? A boycott maybe? A mass hop down the street with signs that read, 'Smog Is Not the Answer!'? Alas, not even that."

As Billie Bully continues his presentation, Freddie begins to feel a stirring in his flippers. It builds and eventually grows into a full-size quake. He shivers, gulps, and quakes some more. He must speak. He must. He must! Tentatively, he starts to raise his arm, then pulls it down quickly. The quaking is now a full-body vibration from the tip of his nose to the diminishing scar of his former tadpole tail. Even his tongue and bulging eyes are a-quiver.

Enough! he decides. His flipper shoots up. Billie Bully doesn’t see him. With a (excuse the expression) frog in his throat, he hoarsely croaks, "Billie Bully, please."

His nearly inaudible words are swallowed by the din of croaking frogs. Then the aforementioned still, small voice breaks through the din and whispers to Freddie, "Speak truth to power!"

So invigorated, Freddie clears his throat and this time the "Billie Bully, please" croaks out with a roar that’s louder than his tiny frame can possibly produce. Freddie gulps. "Where," he wonders, "did such a loud croak come from?"

The entire assemblage is stunned by the vibrating roar. The frogs fall silent, and with their heads still pointed at Billie Bully, a wave of rotating, bulging eyes turns backwards to focus on Freddie. Billie Bully grins and nods to Freddie. Little Freddie stands tall and silent as he centers. His voice, now a bit squeaky, ribbits, "Fellow frogs, the m-m-minute tells the w-w-world what we’re against—what we condemn. But alas, it says nothing—not a s-s-single croak—about what we’re for. We condemn the deadly fog—and that is good," Freddie’s voice strengthens and deepens, "—but that, my friends, doesn’t go far enough ...."

Billie Bully takes an aggressive hop forward, closer to Freddie, and looks down at him. "Not ... far ... enough? What does thee mean by ‘not ... far ... enough?’"

Freddie shivers. Then the still, small voice, "... truth to power," invigorates him. He takes a deep breath, expanding his chest so it extends to the edge of his mouth. He stands on tiptoe, and now from atop his lofty position on his spindly legs, he looks down, then to the left and the right, and into the eyes of each frog. "It is time," he thumps his flipper for emphasis, "for action! We must act in unison. We must ... ."

Billie Bully, appearing to stand much smaller, interrupts gently, "But friend . . ."

The now emboldened Freddie looks directly into Billie’s eyes and speaks slowly, but with authority, "... If Billie Bully pleases he says softly, then pauses and again slowly surveys the waiting assembly, whose mouths hang open.

"Your minute," he continues, "may succeed in making you feel better about having ignored the smog all these years, but it does nothing to stop it—to put an end to the deadly scourge."

Freddie pauses again, looking around for a sign of recognition—a nod or smile. The assembly of frogs are dumbstruck; even their gulps are suspended.

"But friend . . ." Billie Bully tries to interrupt again, this time even gentler. "Oh, I know," Freddie goes on, "as friendly frogs we don’t believe in loud demonstrations or civil disobedience. We are the quiet ones. We believe our truth is so strong it will overcome the ocean of darkness. But friends, there comes a time when we need to take steps,
Lee B. Thomas, Jr. is a longtime businessman and founding member of Louisville Friends. "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

This book is about ethical principles in business, and translating those principles into ethical behavior in the workplace. It's about how people need to form peaceful partnerships so that everyone comes out a winner.

Hardcover, 152 pages, $16.95

Order online at www.butlerbooks.com or call 502-897-9393

A Frog Fable

continued from page 23

not just write minutes. We need to mount a practical program to put a stop to the deadly smog. I suggest a muscle minute, if you will, that proposes programs to support action. Action. I want a minute that proposes solutions rather than just opposes problems.

With that, Freddie sinks down, his slowly deflating chest rests in the mud, and he folds his shaking hands in his lap, saying, "Thank you for your patience, Friends."

After a pause, the assembled frogs return to loud, repeated gulping. Billie Bully regains his composure, stretches his neck, and looks to the left and then to the right. "Well, frogs, are we ready to approve this minute?"

His question prompts a few nods and an occasional mutter that sounds like "Approved."

Freddie looks up from the mud and slowly scans the bulging and occasional rotating eyes of each member. Was he mistaken, he wondered, or did he not see a few signs of indecision, regret even, as Billie Bully announced the achievement of unity?

Freddie's mouth droops; his head sinks back into the mud. "Defeat," he mutters to himself.

At that moment his wizened neighbor again leans down and whispers just loud enough so others might overhear: "Ah, my young friend, I can see that we wise and weighty ones surely must learn to hear those hard truths—even when it comes from the young or from cranks and pests. But at the same time I also pray that the young, the cranks, and the pests may someday show compassion for those who no longer have the spirit or the will—or maybe even the wisdom—to write minutes that propose instead of just oppose. But maybe, just maybe, their wisdom..." he pauses, and then with a wry smile and a mighty gulp he adds, "But even more important, dear little friend, we all must remember to labor... to be still and know that out of the stillness..."

His last words are swallowed in the clatter of a hundred croaks, kwaks, gars, and kvaks as the assembled frogs hop off to the slimy pond in search of flies.  

August 2007 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Consider the advantages of investing in the future of FRIENDS JOURNAL

With a planned gift, you can help ensure that the JOURNAL continues to be a vital resource for Friends far into the future. You also can realize savings in capital gains and income taxes. Accomplish these good things while providing lifetime income for yourself and a loved one!

For more information, check the items you would like to see and mail this card, or call our Advancement Coordinator toll free at (800) 471-6863.

☐ our booklet on charitable gift planning  ☐ a gift annuity illustration for the
goal
☐ sample bequest language for your will birthdates below

Name: ___________________________ Birthdate: __________________

Name: ___________________________ Birthdate: __________________

Address: ____________________________

City: ___________________________ State: ______ Zip: ________

Address: ____________________________

City: ___________________________ State: ______ Zip: ________
Friends for Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender and Queer Concerns

Once again, we are called to testify to the love we find moving among us. It is a testimony of radical inclusion. It is a cause of great pain to our corporate body to know that there are some Friends for whom our message is deeply disturbing; indeed, apparently, in contradiction of their strongly held beliefs. It would gladden our hearts if Friends could soften their hearts to hear us out.

On February 18, we met at the Summit Conference Center at Haw River State Park in Greensboro, North Carolina, in this land rich in Friends history, hoping to forge new connections across the spectrum of Quakers practicing a living faith tradition, a tradition with currents in the history of the Civil Rights Movements and the movement for religious freedom. We numbered over 100 adults, with a rich and lively mix of “little Friends,” young Friends, and young adult Friends as well. In the midst of winter, we noticed the beginning shoots of the crocus outside our plenary building, a sign of the promise of New Life and continued growth. Friends with histories in programmed, unprogrammed, and semi-programmed branches of Quakerism came together to share our faith in continuing revelation and our desire to go beyond our separateness into the fullness of our communion.

After dinner together on Friday evening, we were welcomed by the planning committee of North Carolina Friends, who had invited us here to experience the diversity of Friends in this region. After the welcoming, we watched a video titled, “Can We All Be Friends?” a question many of us had on our minds coming to this weekend. Are the differences between Friends so deep we cannot talk with each other, learn from each other? Are we willing to be in communion with each other, open to our differences yet secure in the one Spirit that calls us all to be Friends?

After our opening worship together on Saturday morning, we heard a talk by Max Carter, director of both Friends Center and Quaker studies at Guilford College. Max spoke of the rich heritage of five different branches of Quakerism in this region. With humor, Max pointed out some of the differences within Friends, today and throughout history. We marveled at learning a history of Friends that some of us were unaware of—Fighting Quakers and Quaker General Nathaniel Greene—and began to sense some of what unites us as Friends, but also to acknowledge some of the real differences we have. We were reminded that to reach real unity of Spirit requires an acknowledgement of our differences before we attempt to seek a Way beyond our differences.

We began each day, as is our practice, with worship. For many of us, our First Day worship was the first time we had experienced the richness of semi-programmed worship, in a worship service led by retired pastor Willie Frye. Willie and his wife, Agnes Frye, are old friends and allies of Friends for Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender and Queer Concerns. Willie thanked us for being here and reaching out and called on us to continue to reach out by sharing our light with the world. He pointed out what all we know because we have grown up different: It is easier to demonize those you do not know. Bigotry requires ignorance and thrives on separateness. The process of coming out, no matter how painful—for ourselves, for our families, for those around us—is an essential witness to the truth of our lives, and our love.

Some of our first messages in worship were about fear: our own fears and the fears others have of us. In his prepared message, “How to Love in a World of Hate,” Willie pointed out that it is much easier to understand our own fear of others than it is for us to understand their fear of us. He also urged us to seek for the “third way” that Jesus talked about, the way that goes beyond our differences and to an area into which Spirit is calling us all. By getting beyond our differences, we dare to believe that we can bring about a Kingdom of God on Earth, where we transcend our disagreements, but finding a way to go through them and beyond our fears. We recognize that this is not easy work, but have faith that this is our work, and it is work that we cannot rightly lay down.

On Saturday night we joined for a fireside chat, where a panel of Friends from different branches of Quakerism told of their history and movement through the different kinds of Friends. We were especially moved to hear from a North Carolina Friend who talked of her struggle to reconcile Jesus’ radical love with a history of Friends’ participation in discrimination and oppression. One Friend from Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative) talked of her struggles with marriage equality, but more importantly shared with us her personal journey, begun when an epistle from Friends for Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender and Queer Concerns (then called Friends for Lesbian and Gay Concerns) came to her yearly meeting. We had wondered those many years ago when we drafted our epistle whether conservative yearly meetings would even read it. It seems our prayers had been answered. A third Friend shared his experiences of discovering he was gay, though married with children, as both he and his wife sought support from their meeting, as many other divorced Friends had done. A fourth Friend shared her history with evangelical churches and her experience in Oregon where she helped folk sing the songs of old hollies beyond hurtful language so that they could talk with each other. She spoke of living in a world so violent that even our speech is militarized and of trying to overcome that violence by “opening hearts and minds.” She urged us in a talk the next day to “listen, affirm, respond, and add to the discussion.”

On Sunday night we had another fireside chat around the past, present, and future of equality struggles. We heard about historical struggles and personal history. Willie and Agnes Frye spoke of moving terms of their deep, painful struggle around their support of FLGBTQC and their gay son. Also, a young adult Friend spoke of the struggle of being faithful to God’s call and the emerging ministry she carries. Their words gave us a glimpse of the power of living Truth and were followed by a lesbian Friend who spoke of her struggle to answer her deeply felt call to ministry within North Carolina Yearly Meeting (FUM). This was followed by a presentation by Peter Tuscany, “Queer 101.” With laughter, we were brought back to the importance and the radical idea that being who we are called to be can change the world.

At the end of our brief time together, we have discerned a deep truth: that we have been given a taste of being called to table, a table to which Jesus called all people—including the despised: prostitutes, tax collectors, fishermen, priests, women, and children—people who somehow would find the faith that love is stronger than hatred and would learn that nonviolence must be practiced in deed, as well as in word.

We go forth from this weekend with the joy of having spent time with many different kinds of Friends. We also carry with us the pain of knowing that other Friends who were invited either could not or would not join us. We acknowledge our own responsibility for some of this, and for the fact that our community does not seem socially “safe” to some Christians. We continue to struggle as a community with radical inclusiveness and our own continuing-to-be-revealed form of Quakerism. We continue to commit ourselves to not let our language, our ignorance, or our own unconscious racism separate us from each other, and we commit ourselves to seek for deeper unity.

We also share with Friends everywhere the irony of this weekend, that our desire to experience One Spirit was first met with exclusion. When we sought for this gathering to use Quaker Lake Camp here in North Carolina,
owned by North Carolina Yearly Meeting (FUM), we were denied the use of the camp. We do not respond with rage or anger, but with deep sadness. Who knows how deep our wounding? We acknowledge our sadness that in many respects it feels like 35 years ago when lesbian and gay Friends first came together to show a presence in the Friends community and to say, “We are your brothers, your sisters, your husbands, your wives, your pastors, your sons, your daughters, and your Friends. Let us rejoice in our diversity!” Friends, there is much work yet to be done to bring us all to Jesus’ table.

And we conclude by acknowledging our deep appreciation of the gifts of support by those in North Carolina monthly meetings who were able to be with us in love and support and who helped to make this gathering so spiritually rich and deep! You have given us your gift of love and we send love in return! Please consider joining us for worship and fellowship when we next gather.

—Joann Neorth, recording clerk

Revitalizing Young Friends of North America

From April 27 to 29, 2007, five young adult Friends from yearly meetings representing all the branches of North American Quakerism met at Beacon Hill Friends House in Boston, Mass., to worship with a concern for revitalizing a movement of the Young Friends of North America (YFNA). We came together to discern what a movement might look like for Friends in the 21st century and how to begin a dialogue across the diverse and disparate branches within the Religious Society of Friends.

On Saturday afternoon, this Visioning Committee met with six alumni from different eras of YFNA. They explained that YFNA began in the early 1940s and evolved through several generations. We were amazed to learn that in the ‘50s there had been biannual gatherings of more than 500 young adult Friends, with no paid organizers! Friends in the past were drawn to YFNA because it was a space of deep worship, centered business meetings, and connection with other Friends in a manner that wasn’t found in home meetings and churches. Their sharing led us to ask the question: What is our generation passionate about that we would dedicate time and energy to organize around? Do we have a strong hunger for deep worship and Quaker process, and a desire to connect with all Friends?

In our time together as the Visioning Committee, we were confronted by the disparities of practices, beliefs, and values among the branches of our Religious Society, yet encouraged and drawn forward in this work by the sense of hunger among Friends in our generation for a movement that can transcend these boundaries in a Fellowship of the Holy Spirit. We do not know where God will take us in this journey, but today we can name the first steps we are led to take.

A YFNA Central Committee will be formed to provide leadership for the YFNA movement and to foster dialogue among the different branches of Friends. This governing body, comprising a balanced representation of young adults from different Friends traditions, will initially be tasked with organizing the first YFNA gathering, and furthermore nurturing this fledgling movement into a spiritual community of young adult Friends that is centered around worship and meeting for worship with attention to business.

To establish this central committee, the Visioning Committee will appoint a naming committee of eight members, with equal representation of Friends from Friends United Meeting, FGC, Evangelical Friends International, and Conservative Friends. Friends interested in applying to the Central Committee can e-mail yfna@quakerism.net.

We ask for Friends’ prayers. Please hold in the Light the YFNA movement, the naming committee, and the Friends across North America who will work to reform YFNA. Only through faithfulness to God, and with the support of Friends across the breadth of North American Quakerism, can we hope to bring true wholeness to the early call of a “great people to be gathered.”

—The Young Friends of North America Visioning Committee

Jeffrey Hopp, New England YM
Emily Stewart, North Carolina YM (Conservative), FGC Youth Ministries Coordinator
Micah Bales, Great Plains YM, student at Earlham School of Religion
Nathaniel Blood-Patterson, Philadelphia YM
Karla Monan, EFI—Eastern Region YM
Aimee Buchholz (unable to attend), Northwest YM
Andrew Eser-Haines (unable to attend), Philadelphia YM
An Eleventh Commandment?
by Ruah Swennerfelt and Louis Cox

At an interfaith conference on “Waters of Life, Sacred and Profaned” held in April 2007 at Saint Michael’s College in Vermont, we were moved by the descriptions of the spiritual relationship to water that each faith tradition presented. Those present recognized that water would be a major source of wars in the coming years since there isn’t enough potable water for billions of people, or enough irrigation water to sustain input-dominated agriculture. Therefore, we agreed, it is imperative for us all to find a spiritual basis for working together to ensure good health for future generations.

During the discussions, a Catholic man shared his theory about why we’re having such difficulty getting people to act swiftly, forcefully, and with conviction to prevent the breakdown of ecological systems that sustain all life. Because of the deep moral implications, why haven’t people of faith been in the forefront on this? He reasoned that in most faith traditions the world is a gift from God, and God will provide what is needed to take care of it. For example, as another conference presenter pointed out, Hindus in India believe that the mother goddess, Ganga, embodied as the Ganges River, takes care of her people. In their understanding, this sacred presence is so powerful that Ganga is simply not affected by foreign materials that enter the river as a result of human activities. Therefore it is impossible to speak of Ganga and pollution in the same sentence.

This man offered further speculation as to why the scriptures of most of the faith traditions don’t explicitly require human intervention, oversight, and caution in their treatment of the Earth. At the time when the canons of these faith traditions were being written down, humans were significantly altering their environments, but only in small increments that generally were not noticeable in one person’s lifetime. It would have been even harder for anyone to imagine that one day humans would be able to change the climate of the planet.

Pastoralists and subsistence farmers can move to new locations when they over-use the land. Often, after several years, the land has recovered enough for them to return and go through other cycles of settle-

ment and abandonment. In many regions, the land’s carrying capacity for nomadic humans and nonhuman species has been sustained over thousands of years. But large city-states, such as the Mayans of Central America, could not relocate to give the land rest, and they have tended to collapse as a result of unsustainable ecosystem stress—leaving no sign that they were conscious of what was causing their downfall.

That may be why, when we search Hebrew and Christian scriptures for the answers to how we might live in right relationship with the land, we find hints about good stewardship and scattered passages praising the beauty and glory of Creation but no warning of its vulnerability to human technology driven by greed and ignorance and compounded by rapid population growth. There has been no need for a commandment about being responsible, caring members of the entire family of life—until now. Now humans have become God-like in their aggregate power to change not only the quality of the soils, the waters, the air, but even the world’s climate.

Has the time come to speak, therefore, of an “eleventh commandment” that reflects our emerging understanding of God’s will for the continued flourishing of all Creation? For centuries Friends have believed that revelation continues beyond the Light given to previous generations. They believe it is important to spiritually reflect on scripture and then discern new understandings in the new Light of current events and issues. A good example of this is the issue of slavery. Nowhere in the Bible can we find a denunciation of slavery, which has been a common practice throughout most of written history. It was an accepted practice of many early Friends. But Friends and others came to a new understanding of the human-to-human relationship and concluded that the enslavement of others was immoral and not in accord with their faith.

So what would an eleventh commandment about our spiritual relationship with the Earth say? It is being articulated on a small scale in various places and in various faith traditions. In his newest book, Deep Economy, Bill McKibben tells of the people of Shimong, a village in the hills of Himalayan India, whose people, being animists, consider their mountain sacred. The jungle has been “hunted out,” and a plan must be put into place to preserve the land for the future. The people are not keen on giving up control over their land, and so creative thinking is taking place. The people must be educated to hunt in a sustainable way. One solution is to write new songs with lyrics about the sacred mountain that will guide people into a new way of thinking. They are rewriting their scriptures in light of the crisis of their land.

Can Friends be part of this exciting new way? Can we be witnesses to a new testimony for care of Creation? Testimonies are a reflection of how we are living out our understanding of the Truth, not a dictum to act in a certain way. If we don’t do this, and very soon, we will lack the moral authority to speak our against the self-destructive course our world is on. Harmful climate change is occurring now, not tomorrow, not next year. The poor will increasingly suffer without adequate and clean water, and without healthy and affordable food. Our quest for the Peaceable Kingdom may be lost in the struggle for mere physical survival.

We believe it is possible to unite as a people of faith to preserve what God originally gave to us and what now we have the power to destroy. Through our work in Quaker Earthcare Witness we have seen many Friends as well as others working for peace, justice, and equality in the context of Earth-awareness, and their actions give us hope.

Ruah Swennerfelt and Louis Cox are members of Burlington (Vt.) Meeting.

Friends Journal August 2007
Even knowing from experience that “the Spirit can live in the jails,” as George Fox once remarked, there are hot summer afternoons when it is hard to find the motivation to visit such dreary places.

“Hello, Mr. Quaker? Are you ready to come out now?” the female guard asked with a slightly ironic smile as I stood behind the bars with a group of seven men in orange jumpsuits waiting to be returned to their cells. “In due time,” I answered, beaming back at her, “but at the moment I’m in good company.”

A combination of circumstances led to it being an exceptionally good afternoon. Seven creative and imaginative participants responded to the call to attend a program in the chapel. I prepared the space by spreading pictures cut from magazines on three tables. They were eye-catching photographs of mountain landscapes, wild birds, and an assortment of other intriguing images. I suggested they each select one or two of the pictures that interested them, and then share the reasons for their choices.

One of the older men, Riley, started with a picture of someone praying before a large golden statue of the Buddha. He was intrigued by the value of the gold, and also by the exotic nature of the symbolism. Why does the Buddha have so many hands, and why three faces? We talked about the many-faceted nature of the Divine, the omniscience and power of the Spirit. Sharing a little of my Quaker testimony, I commented that the symbolism of world religions only hints at the real incarnation of the Spirit in each one of us. Each one of us is, in a sense, a Buddha, a Christ...

The conversation continued as the men commented on their choices. Riley was also impressed by a picture of a hawk standing over the remains of its prey—an image of survival, strength, and yes, freedom. But then Ronald, who introduced himself as a musician and an artist, shared his reflections on the more delicate image of an Eastern Bluebird—a very spiritual sign in his eyes. I recalled the story of a Manitoba-Saskatchewan railway conductor who once encouraged the Eastern Bluebird to return to the prairies by making nesting box-

Keith R. Maddock is a member of Toronto (Ont.) Meeting.

August 2007 FRIENDS JOURNAL
es for the small songbirds and placing them strategically along his route. Baszak eagerly shared his picture of another songbird perched on a strand of barbed wire, the potential hazard a stark contrast to the delicate and apparently carefree songster.

In one bleak winter scene, bare black trunks rise like iron bars from the snow as far as the eye can see; this image of beauty and freedom was not lost on the men in spite of its obvious analogy to a prison environment. Two other pictures seemed rather out of place in the overall selection. The first was a detail from an abstract painting that provided an opening for bitter levity about frying their brains on crack cocaine. The second was a picture of a marathon race. One of the men remembered a time in his youth when, while sitting by a race track doing cocaine, he was suddenly aware of a crowd of people running past him. Though all he could see were their legs, the sound they made as they rushed by made him aware of the comparative insignificance of what he was doing while missing out on the real potential of being in the world.

Finally, Ronald shared a poem he had written in response to one of his cellmates asking for something to send his child. On reflection he thought that the words could just as easily refer to a love for God, so he copied it in beautiful calligraphy (an elegant hand even though copied with a lead pencil). Before the program was over he presented me with this copy:

In many many ways within The Light of the Sun your face Does appear and warms me up And in all that is good and in all That is right the thought of you Always seems to shine bright And within the worries and the doubt And the pain all I have to do Is think of you and all that drifts away, And by the time that I’ve thought all of this thru Anything thought bad is replaced By the goodness in you.

We closed with a few minutes of guided meditation. While focusing on breathing meditation some of the guys almost cracked up when I started to chant the Hindu-Buddhist word “Om.” I couldn’t help joining in their mirth, being made aware of my own spiritual pretensions in that moment. We closed the program in a spirit of mutual warmth and appreciation.

“Are you ready to come out of there yet, Mr. Quaker?” In some strange way, I sometimes experience a kind of freedom behind the bars that I’m reluctant to give up.
REFLECTION

Credo
by Betty Jean Rugh Elder

I believe there is an ultimate reality that makes existence possible and continuously sustains creation. At the human level, we sense this reality as sacred and we experience it as love.

I believe the ultimate reality is a cosmic cherishing of our existence, which is to the love we know as the ocean is to a drop of water.

I believe that although this Cosmic Love is vast it is unknowable and incomprehensible to us, yet it is accessible to all creation, to each part according to its nature.

Human beings experience their understanding of the ultimate reality in many forms, each of which is genuinely sacred, yet each of which is only a partial representation or metaphor for the unknowable Whole to which people have given names such as Allah, Yahweh, God, Vishnu, or Tao.

I believe that this Cosmic Love can be experienced as a Presence, which I call God.

I believe there are individuals who are especially attuned to the Divine Presence, and that Jesus was one of them. I believe that many other people have a direct and personal experience of God's presence. But I also believe this experience is not required for joining God in creation. There are no strings attached to being a co-creator with God.

I believe what we sense as the sacred is embedded in all aspects of creation, and we can join in the great flow of creative love by seeking out the sacred and responding to it.

I believe there is an indissoluble bond between love and freedom. Therefore, we are free either to join God in the vast flow of love throughout existence or to go against the flow—to join God in the harmony of creation, to hinder it, or to stand aside with indifference. As there are no requirements for commitment, I believe that we are continually offered opportunities to join in the flow, to take part in the great harmony.

In this great harmony I am connected to all creation, so when I rejoice, creation resonates with joy; and when I grieve, creation echoes with grief. No matter how small my part, it behooves me to add to the joy in the universe and to try to ease the sorrow.

I believe that the Divine shares my life insofar as I invite the Divine to do so. I have sensed a profound respect for me as a unique part of creation—a respect that the 14th-century mystic Julian of Norwich also recognized when she called Jesus her "Courteous Lord." "I am here," Jesus said. "I stand at the door and knock. If any hear my voice and open the door, I will enter and eat with them and they with me" (Rev. 3:20).

But I have not felt called to commit myself to God. Rather, I am persuaded that God is committed to me, and I find myself tremendously grateful for that reality and for the vast love, respect, intelligence, and understanding that I sense sustains me and all that is. As it was with the Apostle Paul when he spoke to the Athenians, I believe the love of God is not far from each of us, for it is that love in which we live and move and have our being (Acts 17:27-28).

Betty Jean Rugh Elder is a member of Germantown Meeting in Philadelphia, Pa. This personal statement was written during an eight-day silent retreat.

Explaining Windows to an Ant
by Mark S. Cary

For me, the Earth is an unchanging solid foundation. The Sun rises in the East, travels across the sky, and sets in the West. I understand that the apparent motion of the Sun is an illusion caused by the Earth's rotation. But no one complains when I speak of the Sun's daily journey across the sky. We understand the different frames of reference.

I also talk to God. For example, 25 years ago I administered the Wechsler Adult Intelligence Scale (WAIS) to an institutionalized young man who was cheerful and sociable, but had little cognitive ability. One of the subtests required him to arrange colored cubes into a specific pattern. The simplest pattern used two cubes; even a small child can do it. This man could not. He lacked the ability to look at a picture and then arrange the two cubes. Frustrated, he gently pounded one cube on top of the other, hoping they would magically align themselves. I was watching anxiously having never seen his level of deficit before, when God spoke to me. "How would you tell this man about me? He is my child too." I knew the answer. I would tell him that...
Jesus is his friend; that Jesus will take him by the hand in life and never leave his side; that Jesus will be with him always. The explanations about the existential ground of being, God’s mind expressed in the order of mathematics—well, these would not do.

As I answered God I knew the weight of intellectual tradition was against me. Belief in a personal God, a God who interacts with us, was not fashionable among the academics with whom I then worked, nor is it now. Einstein once said, “In their struggle for the ethical good, teachers of religion must have the stature to give up the doctrine of a personal God.” Freud was more negative: “A personal God was nothing more than an exalted father-figure: desire for such a deity sprang from infantile yearnings for a powerful, protective father, for justice and fairness and for life to go on forever.”

A few years later, while I was out standing in my yard, I looked up and felt how high the sky was above me. When I looked down I saw an ant crawling on my shoe. God spoke again: “Try explaining Microsoft Windows to an ant, and it will give you some idea of the difficulty I face with you.” I imagined holding the ant up to my computer and saying, “Behold, ant, Windows: the work of Gates.” It’s a hard problem. The ant didn’t even seem to recognize me as another living entity, treating me more like a giant moving landscape. Then I imagined a robot ant equipped with pheromones to be sent among the other ants—a sort of Jesus ant. I envisioned that the ants would have trouble understanding the message—pheromones not being a very symbolic language—and so would likely start competing religions. And I had still failed to explain Windows, or to understand why God would choose that as a topic.

What I did realize was that I was less than six feet higher than the ant, and almost on its level compared to the height of heaven. I remembered God’s words to Isaiah (55:8-9): “For my thoughts are not your thoughts, nor are your ways my ways. As the heavens are higher than the Earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts.”

My experience of a personal God has been deeply embarrassing to me at times. It is not the majority view among liberal Quakers. In a survey of 550 Friends in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, conducted with the Making New Friends Working Group, only four in ten Friends said they believed in a God to whom...
Friends Academy

Founded 1876

Located on scenic Long Island, less than 30 miles from New York City.

Celebrating our 125th Anniversary

Founded in 1876 by Gideon Frost for “the children of Friends and those similarly sentimented,” Friends Academy is a Quaker, coeducational, independent, college preparatory day school serving 750 students from age three through the twelfth grade. The school awards significant financial assistance.

Friends Academy • Duck Pond Road • Locust Valley, NY 11560
Phone: 516-676-0393 • Fax: 516-671-2025 • work@fa.org

“Sometimes I feel as if we have our own life-time learning establishment.”

-A Foxdale Resident

Opportunities for growth abound at Foxdale Village, a community where each resident is encouraged to live fully and compassionately, with respect and care for each other. Three levels of care contribute to a graceful life at Foxdale: residential living in ground-floor garden apartments, assisted living, and skilled nursing.
- Front-door public transportation to theatres, museums, sporting events, and shopping
- Cultural and educational opportunities at nearby Penn State’s campus
- Reasonable fees include lifetime medical care and pharmacy

It is the policy of Foxdale Village to be fully inclusive and not to discriminate on the basis of race, color, national origin, familial status, ancestry, gender, sexual orientation, religion, handicap, or disability.

500 East Marylyn Avenue • State College, PA 16801 • www.foxdalevillage.org
For more information call (814) 238-3322 or (800) 253-4951

August 2007 FRIENDS JOURNAL
FRIENDS JOURNAL . . . Right for the Times

No matter what is going on in the world, FRIENDS JOURNAL brings a unique Quaker perspective on it. Each month we put together thought-provoking articles that you'll want to read more than once. Now is the time to subscribe.

☐ Yes, send me one year of FRIENDS JOURNAL for $39.
☐ I want to save more. Enter a two-year subscription for $76.

If I am not satisfied, I can get a full refund for all unmailed copies.

Name: ________________________________
Address: ___________________________________
City: _______________________________________
State: ________ Zip: _________

☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Please bill me

For faster service, subscribe online:
www.friendsjournal.org
Call Toll Free: (800) 471-6863
Offer expires 12/31/07
Miniature Recycled Boxes

John W. Morse encountered FRIENDS JOURNAL at the Friends Meetinghouse in Albany, N.Y., where his chess club meets. He sent us three small paper boxes that he made from greeting cards. The design reflects his fondness for mathematical endeavors. He describes the boxes as “handy for storing coins, jewelry, pins, square roots, yacht keys, et cetera.” Here are the instructions for making your own boxes:

Step 1. Choose a greeting card with cover art that you like. Separate the front and back panels. The back panel will become the box; the front will become the lid. Cut each panel into a square, giving the front panel an extra quarter inch in both length and width.

For each panel, do the following:

Step 2. On the back of the panel, draw two lines connecting the opposite corners to form an X. Fold the four corners in to meet at the center point, where the lines cross.

Step 3. With corners folded in, fold two opposite sides in along the dotted lines in the diagram to meet at the center. Crease and unfold. Repeat with the remaining two sides. For two opposite sides, cut along the bold lines in the diagram.

Step 4. Unfold the center pieces of the two sides you have just cut into. Fold the other two sides to stand upright. Keeping the triangular flaps tucked in, bend the ends of the upright sides in to form a box.

Step 5. One at a time, bend the two remaining sides upright, then fold them over the edges of the box that is forming. Push into place to form a box! Use a small piece of tape to secure the points of the four flaps centered in the bottom of the box.

Step 6. Tuck a small treasure into your box. Place the lid on top and deliver it to someone special.

Photo and drawing by Amanda Cagannon
The oldest Quaker school in the world, William Penn Charter School embraces tradition and welcomes innovation.

Essential Quaker principles and practice guide Penn Charter, a Friends school by birthright and conviction. Within a diverse community, we engage students in a stimulating and rigorous educational program. We foster academic discipline and intellectual curiosity to prepare graduates for higher education and for life.

3000 West School House Lane, Philadelphia
215.844.3460
www.penncharter.com

Quaker House
Fayetteville/Ft. Bragg NC
Front-Line Peace Witness
Since 1969
Get Our Free Packet:
How to Help STOP Torture.

Quaker House
223 Hillside Ave.
Fayetteville NC 28301
www.quakerhouse.org
Chuck Fager, Director

Quaker School at Horsham
A Friends Elementary and Middle School for Bright Children Who Learn Differently
318 Meeting House Road, Horsham, PA 19044
215-674-2875 • www.quakerschool.org

The following cryptogram was provided by Dana Raphael, a member of Wilton (Conn.) Meeting. See how many well-known Quakers you can identify. Perhaps you’ll be surprised! The answers will appear next month.

WOZF OZPY JLNPL OHLG
PKQXOUUPYJ VOYTLG
TOZOJ WONTT ALMFKOTT
WOZILZQP TSDPT
BOSP JLGPS DGLNN
TMTOG UOGYJLGS
KOAS ULYLQ
IPTTOWSG VPTY
KMHZPYQOWLYY
PKQTP ULMKAQGF
PKQXOUUPYJBZC
WOZF OZPY BP KK
WOZSHOKAPZLGP
UOZUOZOAPWQGF

August 2007 FRIENDS JOURNAL
The Great Leveling
by Robin Carter

The "Great Leveling" emerged from the oddest coalition of political representa-
tives ever witnessed in this nation. As
the abyss between the haves and have-nots
widened, the ever-shrinking middle class
slipped into power. The mega-wealthy were
self-absorbed and driven to amass ever more
possessions, while the mega-poor—hopeless
and fatigued to the point of complete apathy—abandoned all political interests to a
hodgepodge of humanists, do-right propon-
ents, and economists of all persuasions. Only
this most unlikely mini-middle class, aston-
nished to find themselves wielding power,
could have crafted legislation as improbable as
the Great Leveling.

The two-year time frame before the G.L.
became law was brilliant. It gave the mega-
wealthy a window to regain control and ensure
that the law was never enacted, so they could
publicly support the good intentions of help-
ing the less fortunate and the patriotism of sav-
ing the nation, knowing all the while that their
lifestyles were protected. Sure, they had let
power slip away, but, like everything else in
their world, that was fixable with cash. What
they did not foresee was the power of collective
hope! Just the prospect of having their basic
needs met restored the energy and spirit of
the mega-poor and created a sense of belonging.
They began to participate in the political
process, and thwarted the mega-wealthy and
their efforts to turn the Great Leveling into an
instrument of charity instead of justice.

The legislation was as odd a mix as its
framers: part Biblical Sabbath-Jubilee, part
gush-up economics, and part mean-spirited
Old Testament Judgment Day. For all its com-
plexities of tax incentives, penalties, and
enforcement, it boiled down to one simple
directive: the first shall become last and the
last shall become first, in seven-year cycles.
The mega-wealthy, finally accepting the situa-
tion, began to extravagantly shed possessions
with the hope of recovering them at the law's
enactment. Goodwill stores soon filled with
diamonds, fur coats, leather furniture, and hot
rubs. Parking lots were jammed with pleasure
boats and luxury cars, all with the keys inside
and hand-written signs pleading "please take."
Wills were meaningless. Second-home grand
estates were vacated, doors left wide open. The
mega-poor were astounded at the bounty now
within their reach but also cognizant that
whatever riches they took now, they would
have to give up in two years. The only stabil-
ity was in the middle.

The mini-middle class swelled to encom-
pass most of the population. The mega-
wealthy discovered the freedom of not being
owned by possessions and the mega-poor
enjoyed the freedom of being out from under
the crushing boot of poverty. The economy
boomed as the market for middle-class homes
and lifestyles soared. Soon it was equally diffi-
cult to judge the "least" from the "first." Each
citizen had housing, health care, food, clothes,
and basic necessities. There was no security in
amassing great proportions of anything and
no insecurity in having just what was needed
and no more. Great estates became beneficent
care centers for elders, the sick, and the lone-
ly. Public parks, green spaces, and communal
gathering places abounded in what were for-
merly exclusive clubs. Pastors and priests
moved their congregations from great cathed-
rails to prisons, where the interaction brought
rehabilitation and redemption to both sets of
congregants. Hoarded valuables were freed
from their suffocating safe-deposit boxes.
Great works of art and the contents of pri-
vate libraries were shared, engendering more
creative works. The environment recovered
from the toll of conspicuous consumption.
Violence subsided. Drug dealers, losing their
impoverished clientele to hope and their
bored mega-rich customers to meaning-filled
lives, joined lobbyists, home security system
techs, and the IRS to be re-trained for useful
employment. Other nations, observing the
boomng economy and the well-being of a politi-
cally involved citizenry, began to follow suit,
thereby enabling diplomacy to replace military intervention and freeing up
huge portions of the national budget for
domestic needs.

By the time the G.L. became law, it was
anticlimactic. The hungry were fed, the naked
clothed, the sick cared for, and the imprisoned
mainstreamed. But the people of the Truly-
United States, better educated, healthier, and
more joyful than ever before, celebrated the
Great Leveling Day like Christmas, the
Fourth of July, and Thanksgiving all com-
bined. It is faithfully observed every seven
years to this day.

Robin Carter, an admirer of FRIENDS JOURNAL
and especially its Milestones column, attended
Omaha (Nebr.) Meeting occasionally over a ten-
year period and for several years lived too far
from meetings to attend, but now lives "transactionally close" to Brentwood (N.C.) Meeting. She
considers herself a "Friend-in-waiting."

FRIENDS JOURNAL August 2007
Light Through the Crack

By Sue Mosteller, C.S.J. Image, 2006, 176 pages. $10.95/softcover.

When Henri Nouwen, much loved writer of Catholic spirituality, died suddenly in 1996, his literary estate was entrusted to Sue Mosteller. She founded the Henri Nouwen Literary Centre, located in Henris former offices in L'Arche Daybreak, an intentional Christian community of men and women, some with disabilities, in Toronto, Canada, where she is also a member. Sue Mosteller, CSJ (Sisters of St. Joseph), has played a significant role in L'Arche Canada for more than 25 years.

In eighth grade, Sue Mosteller was sent from Akron, Ohio, to boarding school with the Sisters of St. Joseph in Toronto because of her Canadian background. Coming into the Catholic environment as an Episcopalian, she found the adjustment needed time, but she was won over by the welcome and kindness of her teachers.

Light Through the Crack contains the stories of seven of Sue Mosteller’s friends who have lived through painful losses and struggles, finding their way to the light of love and compassion. Sue Mosteller takes her title from “Anthem,” a song by Leonard Cohen: “Ring the bells that still can ring. Forget your perfect offering. There is a crack in everything. That’s how the light gets in.” She uses the image of the crack through which light flows in both directions to suggest that it is in our losses that we can both let in love and compassion from the outside and find a way to express the love and compassion that is within us.

In this book we meet Claire, who was dying of heart failure, and hear the story of Lori, who gave birth to Luca, who died 17 days later. Joe grew up not being able to confront or forgive his alcoholic abusive father. Jean and Peter came to the painful realization that they had to end their marriage. Harold, from South Africa, lived as a white man even though his mother was of mixed blood—living with an overwhelming and disabling fear that he might be exposed and lose everything he loved in life. Steve was the director of a L’Arche community from which he had embezzled a small amount of money, resulting in a scandal that ended his role in the community and threatened his marriage to Elizabeth. Joshua started life as a child with fetal alcohol syndrome and was a drug addict as a young adult.

After Jean and Peter, members of an intentional Christian community, had been married for 20 years, it was clear to Jean that she needed to end their marriage. Continuing as a married couple had become more and more damaging to them and their children. She moved out and established a new home for herself and the children. Life improved for both of them over the following years. She told Sue Mosteller, “It took me 12 years to accept that our brokenness, painful as it was, had brought unexpected gifts. I sensed we needed together to say what we were learning from this—to name the light that rose from so much darkness.”

With the help of loving friends, Jean and Peter created a liturgy in which they gave voice to their experience of brokenness and the healing that flowed to them in the following years. They began by praying in unison, “You, O God, are full of forgiveness and grace, endlessly patient, and faithful in love.” Each family member added individual words of gratitude for God’s love. Someone read, “In all truth I tell you, unless the grain of wheat falls into the earth and dies, it remains only a single grain. But if it dies, it yields a rich harvest.” This served to introduce a round of expressions of brokenness, pain, and suffering that they had experienced over the years, followed up with expressions of forgiveness and thanksgiving for the healing that had come to them.

Each story has an introduction and an afterword by the author, in which she makes the connections between her own life and that of friends in the stories. She is offering her own story, told through these first and last words. Each little piece left me wanting to hear more of Sue Mosteller’s life, and in a more coherent, less disjointed structure. I would love to hear her tell her own story.

Light Through the Crack is a fine set of stories, well told, offering evidence of the felicity of a robust religious faith and experience along with the support of a loving community.

—Brad Sheeks

Brad Sheeks is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting.

Fresh Winds of the Spirit, 2nd edition


Alan Kolp tells us that “this book interprets the spirituality of George Fox by means of contemporary perspectives on the spiritual journey.” These perspectives, although they are framed in contemporary terms, bring insights to Fox’s journey (and the journey of Quakerism itself) that would probably have made sense to Fox and other early Friends. Kolp cites and quotes modern Christian theologians, mystics, scholars, and spiritual teachers such as Thomas Merton, Rosemary Haughton, Gerald May, Henri Nouwen, Thomas Kelly, Alan Jones, Paul Tillich, and many others, so that their eloquence illustrates how the archetypal yet original language and imagery employed by George Fox touched upon themes that are essential to all who follow the spiritual path.

Fox’s own life, character, and writings can often seem eccentric (to us today as well as to his contemporaries). He chose extraordinary language to express the extraordinariness of what he experienced. Kolp’s book helps us to understand the essence of Fox’s mission and spirituality in the context of his own time, his scriptural sources, and his personal experience of God, but also with the larger perspective of the universal human search for meaning. Fox sought meaning, sought God, at the deepest and highest levels, with rigorous commitment and persistence, within himself, in other people, and in the world around him. He provides a shining example for other seekers that is just as valid today as it was to the first Friends. Kolp explains:

Spirituality, as an art, is more than just having the ability to be in relationship with God; it is the art of growing closer to God and involves the shaping of ability with knowledge and the development of skills. This is where George Fox is an exquisite artist. Because of his quest to grow closer to God and God’s gracing of his quest, one can truly behold a work of art: his life!

In exploring Fox’s life and spirituality, Kolp unfolds some of the key aspects of Quaker
Jo McMurtry on the art of retirement.

Josephine McMurtry will soon be enjoying her new two-bedroom apartment and patio at Kendal at Lexington. A retired English professor from the University of Richmond, Jo looks forward to using the new wellness center with indoor pool, and being closer to her family living in the Lexington area. Add to that the nearby Virginia Horse Center, where she can indulge in one of her greatest passions—sketching horses. New apartments and cottages are being added to the community as part of the Phase II expansion, offering a variety of floor plans and options. Reservations are being accepted, so call us today at (800) 976-8303 or e-mail admissions@kalex.kendal.org.

A continuing care retirement community serving older adults in the Quaker tradition.
A Quaker boarding and day high school where personal transformations take place. Each person seeks to live with full integrity. Distinct ways of learning are honored.

The Meeting School
120 Thomas Road, Rindge NH 603 899 3366 www.meetingschool.org

Personalized Care in the Quaker Tradition
Since 1896
A Quiet, Home-Like Setting in a Beautifully Landscaped Atmosphere

- Private Rooms, Suites and Apartments
- Assistance with Activities of Daily Living
- Emergency Response System
- Three Nutritious, Home-Cooked Meals Served Daily in Elegant Surroundings
- Linen and Housekeeping Services

- Recreational Activities
- 24 Hour Security
- Some Financial Assistance Available

For information please call 856-235-4884
28 Main Street, Moorestown, NJ 08057

friendsjournal.org
Keep an eye on friendsjournal.org

Behind the scenes, we're working on improvements like:
- Better navigation
- More ways to join in the discussion
- A fresh, new look
- And much, much more.

Coming this fall to a web browser near you!

Turnaround: Growing a Twenty-First Century Religious Society of Friends
By Benjamin Lloyd. Pendle Hill Pamphlet #387, 2006. 31 pages. $5.

Benjamin Lloyd believes that Friends should avoid the temptation to withdraw into the inner life and away from the outer world. "Let us engage with the world more, and through the Light which guides us as Quakers, become the beacons we are called to be," he writes in Turnaround. This pamphlet begins with his suggestion that we "advertise" our identity as Friends in order to promote the testimonies that Friends represent. Thus, we would not only be living our testimonies, but living them visibly. Personally, I feel uneasy about the T-shirts he proposes—"Quaker: Peaceful, Truthful, Simple." Should we not, with irony, add "Humble" to the list? Such superficial forms of publicity seem to boast of faith, through expressions used originally by Fox and then by generations of Friends after him. What is meant by the ocean of darkness and the ocean of light? How did Fox experience the temptation to despair, and then the profound openings that brought him into personal contact with God and with his mission of a people to be gathered? How did he understand ministry and Christ Jesus speaking to his condition? What is perfection? What really happened on Pendle Hill? Finally, what is "that of God," and who is the Inward Teacher? All of these questions are addressed here, with energy and reverence that make the book itself a spiritual journey.

In the introduction to this new edition, Kolp clarifies some points about the experiential and communal nature of Quaker spirituality and suggests ways that Fresh Winds of the Spirit, his Quaker classic, is particularly relevant today. It is good to have this book reissued at this time, to make the richness and complexity of Fox's vision available to newer or younger Friends who might have a superficial or distorted view of some Quaker fundamentals. Although the printing and copyediting of this edition could have been improved, Kolp's work is not only informative, but inspiring. In his own words, "This book is about getting one's spiritual hair messed up—messed up because one has stepped outside into the wind of God's Spirit."

—Kirsten Backstrom

Kirsten Backstrom is a member of Multnomah Meeting in Portland, Ore. Her ministry as a spiritual counselor for those coping with illness, loss, or life transition has been taken under the care of her meeting.

August 2007 FRIENDS JOURNAL
accomplishments rather than describe values we strive (and often, humbly, fail) to represent. But this pamphlet is really about making a concerted effort to represent those values—not to hide behind the code word “Quaker,” but to ask ourselves what that word means to us, and then bear witness (testimony) to that meaning in our lives and to the world. Lloyd is a wise guide and teacher, reminding us that before we can bring Quaker gifts to non-Quakers we must genuinely embody those gifts in our own meetings. He challenges us to talk directly about our faith, and to take things like membership, pastoral care, and leadership seriously and spiritually, while reminding us that our senses of community and corporate seeking also depend upon the ability to have fun together, to encourage and love one another. In this way, and with some good advertising, we may live up to our true Friendliness and attract others to join us in our Quaker meetings and our Quaker testimonies.

—Kirsten Backstrom

Expectant Listening: Finding God’s Thread of Guidance


Michael Wajda reminds us that the heart of Quaker spirituality is “expectant listening” for the ways that “God is continually calling us to faithfulness and into the gifts and ministries that we are given.” Such listening reinforces itself, as the call we hear gives us a deeper hunger for God, which can then be fed by further expectant listening. Our response to God’s call may be simply and sufficiently a “noticing”—“when we attend to the inbreaking of the Spirit and try to learn from it.” Wajda leads workshops and retreats that encourage Friends in their noticings, and he shares some of their stories, along with his own, as examples of the kinds of experiences that come to us from God when we listen expectantly. His own listening led him to travel under a concern for the support of Friends’ ministries and the deepening of corporate faithfulness. He emphasizes that “expectant listening”—in meetings for worship, in personal spiritual practice, in meetings for business, and in everyday life—requires patience and a willingness to overcome resistance both internally and externally. Yet this pamphlet makes it clear just how meaningful such listening can be when we commit ourselves faithfully to its practice and begin to see the patterns of our lives shaped over time by God’s call.

—Kirsten Backstrom
AFSC has joined a network of Fair Trade groups in England, Europe, Israel, and Canada to market Palestinian farmer-grown olive oil and olive-based soap. Production is managed by a local farmer-processing-bottling cooperative that ships Zatoun (Palestine Peace Awareness, Inc.) products to Canada, where AFSC gets its supplies, according to Samir Moukaddam, the director of the Middle East Peace Education Program (MEPEP) at the AFSC Southeast Regional Office in Atlanta, Ga. He joined Richard Wark, of Jewish Voice for Peace (JVP), to share with Durham (N.C.) Meeting their observations and efforts in the West Bank and Gaza. Wark was in an international delegation that participated in the annual olive harvest and met with Palestinian and Israeli peace groups, sponsored by AFSC-MEPEP’s Ziyarat az Zatoun (Visiting the Olives) Project. Almost a third of Palestinian oil goes unsold because of the ongoing Palestinian-Israeli conflict. Part of the revenue from Zatoun go to Project Hope, a Palestinian-run organization that supports children in the trauma and deprivations they experience. Hope offers them art and theater programs, gentle counseling, and English language classes. Revenues also provide individual farmers with up to 50 olive tree saplings to replant or restart new farms. Quakers and JVP members are exploring ways to have local meetings, cooperative markets, and Arab restaurants buy and offer for sale the green, aromatic extra-virgin oil, shipped by AFSC. The farmers are given fair trade prices for their product and gain a market that is otherwise inaccessible to them. —AFSC, JVP, and Samir Moukaddam

Francis Coyle, a Quaker veteran of World War II, and other religious people were among the “Aero 8” charged with misdemeanor trespass at Aero Contractors in Smithfield, N.C., in April. They led over 30 protestors of Aero’s alleged CIA-sponsored “extraordinary rendition” flights of security detainees, taking them to foreign prisons where interrogation-by-torture is said to be practiced. At the May court trial, the defendants’ main witness was Trevor Fagen, the co-author of *Torture Taxi: On the Trail of the CIA’s Rendition Flights*. A European Union Commission also documented such flights. The George W. Bush Administration has denied these charges. The defendants testified they had spent many months attempting to get local and state authorities to investigate the allegations, to no avail. They then decided to conduct a “citizens’ arrest.” The judge at Johnson County Court declared three of the eight guilty and imposed a combination of suspended sentences, $50 fines, and an order not to go on Aero properties for two years. After sentencing, the three offenders immediately sought an appeal. The judge then vacated the sentences. He will decide whether to allow a trial by jury for the three who were convicted and so further create a public record of CIA/Aero connections. The alternative is to dismiss the case, or the prosecutor may choose not to prosecute. —www.newobserver.com, conversation with Francis Coyle

AFSC sent an exploratory delegation to the Horn of Africa to assess the growing humanitarian crisis in the cluster of conflicts engulfing Somalia, Ethiopia, and Eritrea, with links to the turmoil in Sudan and its neighbors. The group’s five experts in development, crisis, conflict analysis, and Africa project implementation are led by Bill Pierre, AFSC’s director of the Middle East and Europe Region. Estimates report that over two million in Somalia alone are becoming more vulnerable to deprivations of security and basic needs. Up to 16 million people in the Greater Horn, including the Sudan region, require but cannot obtain humanitarian aid because of the security situation. Diplomats and intelligence analysts charge that the U.S. prime focus on antiterrorism is overshadowing a much-needed comprehensive peace initiative; only sporadic diplomatic efforts have been made, while the U.S. works closely on terrorism issues and military “solutions” with hardline leaders in Khartoum and Addis Ababa. —AFSC

The new Undersecretary of Defense for Intelligence, James R. Clapper Jr., “is moving to end the program,” TALON, the Defense Department’s secret database that collected and circulated unverified reports about people and organizations that allegedly threatened Department of Defense facilities, exposed over a year ago. Palm Springs Meetinghouse was one of many groups caught up in TALON. The Undersecretary announced that any new system, unlike TALON, “must lay to rest the distrust and concern about the department’s commitment to civil rights.” Palm Springs Meetinghouse was first targeted because it provided space for an open counter-recruitment meeting beginning in 2004. TALON, which stands for Threat and Local Observation Notices, is a spy program operated under the direction of the Counterintelligence Field Activity (CIFA), and was established in September 2002 by then Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul D. Wolfowitz. It is estimated that CIFA had 400 full-time employees and 800 to 900 contractors working for it. The two top CIFA officials resigned after their ties to jailed lobbyist Jack Abramoff were revealed. Wolfowitz also resigned and became president of the World Bank, from which he was forced to resign. —*The Washington Post*

George Fox University in Newburg, Oreg., was a midpoint stop in the itinerary of the Soulforce Equality Ride this spring. The Quaker university was one of 16 primarily Christian colleges and universities scheduled to be visited by the 26 Equality Riders traveling on the bus. They left Minneapolis on March first to travel across the Midwest to California, and then north to Oregon and Washington, before turning east across the upper Midwest back to Minneapolis by the end of April. A second Equality Ride bus, also with 26 Equality Riders, departed Minneapolis at the same time to follow a similar schedule visiting schools in the South. The mission of the two groups of Equality Riders was proclaimed in bright letters on the sides of both buses: “Faith Forward Social Justice for Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgender People.” Equality Rides were begun last year by Soulforce, an advocate for civil rights and freedom from religious and political oppression for lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender people. Founded in 1999, Soulforce has its executive office in Austin, Tex. Its youth division is based in Minneapolis. The purpose of Equality Rides and of Equality Riders visiting schools is to engage in dialogue with students, faculty, and administrators in classroom presentations and campus forums about the treatment of lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender students. The visits are arranged in advance with the schools. “The schedule for Equality Rides is worked out in collaboration with the schools. We hope to have meetings and encounters with both groups and individuals when we arrive at the school,” Paige Schilt, media director for Soulforce, said. “Still, we are sometimes not welcome,” she acknowledged. According to a press release on the Soulforce website, schools visited by the two Equality Rides during March and April “exhibited a wide variety of responses to the Equality Riders’ invitation to create a public dialogue about the experience of LGBT students.” Some schools welcomed the Riders’ diverse perspectives, some set narrow limitations on the Riders’ campus access, and others went so far as to ban them from campus. In the end, the Riders suffered more than 100 trespassing arrests in order to bring a message of hope and justice to every school. The Equality Riders still had an impact on some schools, according to information on the Soulforce website. Six of the schools visited have new gay-straight alliances. At one university an unofficial LGBT support group has
have started a petition asking the institution to review its policy on homosexual behavior. Of the 16 schools visited by the Equality Ride on the western itinerary, George Fox University was eighth on the schedule. Founded by Quakers in Newburg in 1891 as Pacific College and becoming George Fox University in 1996, the school today has an enrollment of 3,200 students and is described as a "Christian university of the humanities, sciences, and professional studies." When the Equality Ride bus arrived at the campus on April 5, a group of students, faculty, staff, and administrative personnel were available to coordinate the schedule and meals for the Equality Riders. The result for the Riders was a day of "unprecedented conversation about lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender equality and Christian faith." There were discussions with students, faculty, and administrators "in the student commons, in classrooms, in the cafeteria, and on the campus green." According to Equality Riders, one George Fox student commented, "Meeting with all of you has helped me to realize the need to reevaluate this issue because I am only beginning to understand." Brandon Kneefel, media director for the Equality Ride west bus, in an e-mail comment about the visit to George Fox University, stated, "As soon as we entered campus, we saw that so many wanted to have the conversation about faith and sexual orientation. The day progressed with trying to find time to fit all the conversations in. The reception was very well received by both parties, and we left with a belief that those we interacted with at GFU will continue to try to reconcile Christianity with the LGBT community." Six days after the Equality Riders visit it at George Fox University, Dana I. Miller, vice president for marketing and advancement at GFU, in a letter addressed to "Alumni, Parents and Friends," wrote, in part, "I believe we achieved our goal of a mutually beneficial day of dialogue, furthering the educational mission of our university. We also were able to express the love of Christ to a group that has not always been met with grace.... We were clear about who we are and what we believe Scripture teaches about homosexual practice, and the Equality Riders experienced a welcoming and hospitable community demonstrating the love of Christ. Both of these messages came through very clearly." Two weeks after the Equality Riders visit, the university announced that the George Fox University Board of Trustees "has adopted a statement of the university's lifestyle standards." Noting that community lifestyle issues "have been dis-

**BULLETIN BOARD**

**Upcoming Events**

- **September 7-10**—Middle East Yearly Meeting
- **September 14-15**—Friends World Committee for Consultation celebrates its 70th anniversary and invites all Friends to the celebration, which begins on Friday evening at Haverford College, Pa. and continues on Saturday at Swarthmore (Pa.) Meeting. Thomas Hamm, author of *The Quakers in America and The Transformation of American Quakerism*, will give a historical introduction, and many other Friends will address topics ranging from FWCC's early work to how FWCC has made an impact on the world of Friends and what to expect in the future. Advance registration is requested. Registration forms and event details, including lodging information, can be found on the FWCC website (www.fwccamerica.org) or by calling (215) 241-7250.
- **September 28-30**—Missouri Valley Friends Conference
- **September 29**—FWCC, Section of the Americas, Midwest Regional Gathering
- **September/October**—General Conference of Friends in India

**Year 2008**

**Quaker Motto Calendar**

*Inspirational messages for each month Since 1884*

25 calendars $24.00
25 calendars & envelopes $26.00

Send orders with check to:
The Motto Calendar
1101 Ridge Road
Pottstown, PA 19465
MottoCalendar@comcast.net
Telephone: 301-320-3931

**N.E. Thompson & Co.**

410-745-3550/3550 800-980-3550

We manage Investment Portfolios from a socially responsible perspective
Financial Advisory
Socially Responsible Investment Portfolios that perform
Custodians: Charles Schwab
Bear Stearns Sec. Inc.
(410) 745-3550
www.nethompson.com
norval@nethompson.com

**Plymouth Meeting Friends School**

Pre-K through 6th Grade
Admissions Open Houses:
Oct. 11, Nov. 3, Jan. 23, April 10
2150 Butler Pike, Plymouth Meeting, PA 19462
(610) 828-2288 • www.pmfs1780.org

**Friends Journal August 2007**

Friends Journal August 2007
In our ger, a quarter-size metal container with a spigot is mounted over a basin. Under the basin cabinet is a door for the drain bucket. Water comes from the pump house a kilometer away. Nyamdorj drives to the pump house, unlocks the door, pumps the water by hand, puts the two-five-gallon pails into his car, and leaves them inside the door to our ger. We dip into the water and fill the spigoted container. To wash my hair, Halituna dips into the five-gallon pail and pours it on my head. I shampoo, then she pours water over my head to rinse. I am still combing my hair dry, which takes just a couple of minutes with the desert air sucking out the moisture, when Oyunna walks into our ger with the first woman to interview. She doesn't knock, since knocking on a ger door is considered rude. Ulam-Urnakh, 39, enters with her eyes to the ground. She has an oval face and wears bright red lipstick. Shyly, she shows us how she does healing, how she uses a bowl for scraping, and where she puts compresses. She speaks in a whisper. When she leaves, she asks us if she can bring some goat yoghurt tomorrow.

We visit the hospital and speak with the head doctor. She gives us a tour of the five-room hospital and shows us the birth area, which is empty. There is no plumbing here either. Patients have to walk outside about 50 yards to the outhouse, which is a triple-slot toilet. Dr. Aya explains that the hospital serves 2,240 people—the whole county. People arrive by motorcycle, horse, camel, or jeep. Some nomads who live three hours by motorcycle from the hospital come to have a baby, stay a day or two, and ride off on the motorcycle again. Dr. Aya tells us that a woman is resting in the maternity apartment—a room with two single beds, a hot plate, a table, and a sewing machine.

Later, with the generator humming outside the window of the government building, we meet Sogar, the governor. There is one computer in Manlai Soum, and the generator is providing electricity for it. After welcoming us and sharing milk tea and conversations about our trip, Sogar says he has the names of some single women we can visit, which he writes in my notebook. I remember thinking: Now this is really happening! He is actually giving us names of real women.

Sogar asks, “How will we find them?” I think we both have the idea that nomads can be anywhere. I haven’t yet learned that they generally move from the same pastureland to the next each season.

Sogar laughs and says, “Everyone knows where they are.”

We bounce in a Russian van with no shock absorbers over gravel pastureland to visit the first woman, who lives ten minutes from the soum center. There are dirt tracks, no paved roads in Manlai Soum. Puntsag is out in the pasture herding goats and sheep, which scatter as our van approaches. A woman in her 60s with a weathered face, Puntsag never stops smiling. She has never met a foreigner before, never left the county, never had her hair cut, never been married, and has delivered 11 children of her own. Only four are still living—the others she lost in a ger fire. She lives here with her daughters and grandchildren. The ger is all by itself. The land is brown and the wind sweeps through unimpeded. How can she manage?

I am in the middle of the leading now. It feels like being in an altered state. I can feel my meeting holding me in the Light. I feel protected and at the same time fulfilled. My question is: Am I to go to Mongolia this summer? I usually go for six weeks to work on a second film. I feel my meeting holding me in the Light. I feel protected and at the same time fulfilled. My question is: Am I to go to Mongolia this summer? I usually go for six weeks to work on a second film. In the Shadow of Shamans: Life with Dukha Reindeer Herders—or something else I don’t know about yet.

Just yesterday, someone called to rent my house, but I haven’t advertised it. I don’t know if or when I am going—I wait for clarity, for word from grant funding. I am available, though, to go to Mongolia to work on a second film, In the Shadow of Shamans: Life with Dukha Reindeer Herders—or something else I don’t know about yet.

Last night I had a dream I am in a train station, searching. I wonder which train I am supposed to take. Two Mongolian friends who are in the U.S. now catch their train. I don’t run for it. I wait. I know that just like that leading ten years ago, the answer will come. The leading will ripen and the experience will be beyond anything I can imagine right now.
Useful Fictions
continued from page 20

a useful fiction in order to appreciate their messages. I do not resonate to the image of the thin, bearded ascetic. The picture of the young Jesus holding the lamb is easier for me, except I see an even younger child with a rabbit instead of a lamb. They are standing in a beam of light, not unlike the one I see during prayer. To me, this child symbolizes trust, love, and protection of the innocence in nature. It represents another aspect of the beneficial spirit that, for reasons of brevity, I call "God."

When I employ this useful fiction, I imagine a spirit that identifies the trusting child inside of everyone, including (with some difficulty) myself. When I am faced with evil, arrogance, rudeness, stupidity, or someone in need, I try to see the other person as needing the services of this spirit. If I shine towards them brightly enough, the spirit will find that part of others that is either protective child or trusting rabbit and bring it to the fore. My scientific self would argue that the world responds positively to a Friendly attitude, but the useful fiction of a benevolent spirit at my beck and call is easier for me to engage. When others talk of Jesus, I think in terms of this spirit.

This may sound as if I have all of this at my fingertips, but I am far from it. For the most part, I am aware of my spiritual side only on widely separated occasions, such as meeting for worship. My challenge—my growing edge—is to somehow let my spiritual side inform more of my ordinary activities. So far I haven't been very successful, but I'm still working on it.

I think it more than a passing oddity that a scientific, atheistic skeptic orders his world with icons of children, rabbits, nutrient-rich golden currents, healing auras, communicating fungus, and benevolent spirits. I'm sure I could construct scientifically valid, adaptively altruistic paradigms for each of them, but they would be bloodless and not particularly useful in the heat of the action of everyday living. My useful fictions, when I remember them, help me to live what others might call my "faith" or "religion"—to answer that of God in all.
Extraordinary Experience
continued from page 8

ing T-shirts and unfurled their banners. Cub Scout troops greeted those arriving with small bunches of flowers to be placed at the memorial. An enveloping fog of incense-sweetened air grew muggy by the moment. The heat simmered, then boiled over onto the heads of those in the 15,000 seats set up in the Peace Park, with special sections reserved for "Atomic Bomb Survivors and their families." Every five rows, the end chair sported a bountiful bouquet of lilies. Banks of yellow chrysanthemums all at the same stage of bloom surrounded the cenotaph and eternal flames. The A-bomb dome in the distance with its burned-out iron roof structure was the only visible remnant of what was once a thriving section of the city.

After a reception at Hideko's school, our August 6th activity stretched well into the evening when we assembled for a performance at one of the many smaller memorials that surround the Peace Park. It was basty hot and sticky. The cicadas threatened us with their volume, nearly as many decibels as we could muster. When Hideko had first consulted her former classmates about the possibility of being on the program that night, they all realized it was a tall challenge for a U.S. peace group—she was reminded that this was a Japanese observance that was primarily for Japanese survivors. To her surprise and delight, a former teacher who had been challenged by her as a student became a steadfast ally as a member of the organizing committee. She seized upon his pledge of support, and with persistence she sent individual mission statements from each participant. "These are the people who want to sing," she wrote. "They are all individuals interested in peace."

The official invitation arrived soon after.

Hideko's daughter Miko sang the song she'd been waiting to sing, one she'd composed called, "A Prayer for Hiroshima." To the tune of "Danny Boy," her amazing soprano voice carried us through her mother's experience of waiting in vain by the river for her own mother to return and Miko's lament for the grandmother she never knew.

"I would have been a different person," she sang; had her grandmother not been robbed from her by the bomb. All at once, we were dipped into the sea of remembered pain that surrounded us. Hideko stepped up to comfort her daughter as Miko's voice cracked, and for a moment, seemed unable to continue. Rubbing her back, Hideko gently encouraged her to continue, telling her it was all right to cry.

Just behind us was the sacred mound, the final resting place of her grandmother, her uncle, and the tens of thousands who died that day and in the days and months after. "Step lightly here, for you tread on thousands of lost souls," Hideko had cautioned us as we approached the mound where many were buried. How close we were to them all. We couldn't help crying.

On our way back to the hotel, we added our own paper lanterns to the thousands floating out to sea, all with messages of peace and hope for a time when the specter of an atom bomb would no longer be a threat. Please do not permit the atom bomb a third time, we sang.

Once home, a letter came to Hideko from the gentleman in charge. "There may be many other highly skilled and professional groups, but none could have reached our hearts the way yours did," he wrote. "You sang directly from your hearts to ours."

Members of the choir had their lives transformed by the journey, a fulfillment of the choir's mission that most could hardly have imagined when we set out. For Annette Lewis, who was born on August 6, 1945, and raised to believe the bomb was "beastly hot and sticky. The cicadas threatened us with their volume, nearly as many decibels as we could muster."

The Values Americans Live By, a standard text for government and nonprofit officials living overseas, and The Values Americans Live By, written for foreign visitors to the United States. Bob received a variety of honors during his lifetime. One of his colleagues referred to him as "a giant in the field of intercultural relations." The Society for Intercultural Education, Training and Research, which Bob helped to found, honored him with their Primus Inter Pares award in 1986. "Empathy," wrote Bob, "is an essential capability, but that is not enough. If you are not compassionate, this is not the right field for you."

Through his work, scholarship, writing, interpersonal relationships, family, and worship he manifested a compassion that

MILESTONES

Marriages/Unions
Anderson-Moore-Backman—Christopher Daniel Moore-Backman and Carin Leslie Anderson, on May 13, 2006, under the care of San Francisco (Calif.) Meeting. The meeting for worship with the purpose of marriage was held in Oakland, Calif. Both Christopher and Carin are members of San Francisco Meeting. A lunch reception with folk dancing, led by Carin’s father, Jim Anderson of Chico (Calif.) Meeting, followed the ceremony. Carin and Chris chose not to seek legal recognition of their marriage as a gesture of solidarity with gay and lesbian couples who cannot legally marry.

Graley-White—Nancy White and Jim Graley, on May 8, 2006, under the care of Fredonia (N.Y.) Meeting. The meeting for worship with the purpose of marriage was held at the couple’s home in Conewango Valley, New York. Nancy is a member of Fredonia Meeting of New York Yearly Meeting. A potluck reception followed the meeting at the couple’s home, decorated by numerous bouquets of flowers from family and friends. The couple has taken the name Graley-White.

Deaths
Kohls—Robert Kohls, 79, on August 9, 2006, in San Francisco, Calif. Bob was born on May 28, 1927, in Grimes, Iowa, to Halda Marie Kohls and Harry Frederick Kohls. He was raised on a modest tenant farm near Grimes, and worked at a wide variety of professions. By his side through all the twists and turns of his life, rich with service, was Norma Chappell Kohls, whom he met in 1944 at Drake University where they were both art students. They genuinely provided love and support for each other throughout their 57-year marriage. Bob earned a master’s degree in Art History from Columbia University and a PhD in Cultural History from New York University. He was drafted into the U.S. occupation army in Korea after World War II. Later he directed an orphanage in Taegu, Korea, and directed the Christian Children’s Fund office in Seoul. He was a pioneer trainer with the U.S. Peace Corps for volunteers to Korea, Brazil, Tunisia, and Libya; a teacher and trainer for the U.S. Information Agency for cultural and media attachés being posted overseas; a senior research fellow for the Global Vision Group; and a professor of International Relations and Business at San Francisco State University. Bob taught art at a junior college in Eagle Grove, Iowa, and sold his paintings and other art at a gallery in Greenwich Village. He was the author of five books, including Survival Kit for Overseas Living, a standard text for government and nonprofit officials living overseas, and The Values Americans Live By, written for foreign visitors to the United States. Bob received a variety of honors during his lifetime. One of his colleagues referred to him as "a giant in the field of intercultural relations." The Society for Intercultural Education, Training and Research, which Bob helped to found, honored him with their Primus Inter Pares award in 1986. "Empathy," wrote Bob, "is an essential capability, but that is not enough. If you are not compassionate, this is not the right field for you."

Through his work, scholarship, writing, interpersonal relationships, family, and worship he manifested a compassion that
made a positive difference in countless lives, many of them children now grown, who maintained lifelong contact with him and with Norma. One of the children was a little girl named Kathy, whom the couple adopted in the early 1960s. When they left Korea, Bob, Norma, and Kathy spent nine months visiting 34 countries, including India, where they stayed for three months. The warmth of the Kohls family extended into San Francisco Meeting, where Bob always found time to serve on or as clerk of various committees. Friends treasured the classes he taught in world religions, where he shared scholarship and insights. In meeting for worship it was clear that Bob's ministry came from the spirit that animated his compassionate life. Friends were privileged to know Bob as a beloved member of San Francisco Meeting for nearly 20 years. He was an active member of the Quaker community for more than 50 years, a man whose being was rooted in a deep and abiding faith that was always attuned to the Inner Light. Bob is survived by his wife, Norma Chappell Kohls; and his daughter, Kathy Kohls Wizowski.

Livingston—Dorothy Louise Livingston, 83, on April 16, 2006, in Tucson, Ariz., surrounded by her loving family. Dorothy was born on March 4, 1923, in Cincinnati, Ohio, to Louis and Frieda Dorzauer. In 1947 she received a B.S. in Religious Education from Heidelberg College in Tiffin, Ohio, then worked in New York City where she met and married David Livingston. They eventually moved to the Chicago area where they encountered Quakers, and in the mid-1950s, when they moved to Hackensack, N.J., they and their twin daughters joined the Religious Society of Friends and Ridgewood (N.J.) Meeting. The meeting was then gathering in the local YMCA, and the Livingsons helped to supply the labor to build the Ridgewood Meetinghouse. It was deliberately located between black and white neighborhoods.

Dorothy helped start Friends Neighborhood Nursery, an integrated preschool located in the meetinghouse, and many Friends still remember the monthly folk dance group, also held in the meetinghouse, that she and David initiated and led.

Dorothy served on several committees for Ridgewood Meeting, including Ministry and Oversight, and was active in New York Yearly Meeting, where she worked in the office for one year. After their daughters left home, the couple retired to Tucson, Ariz., where Dorothy became active in Pima Meeting, serving on the Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual Concerns Committee and the Ministry and Oversight Committee. She helped to initiate the Friendly Opportunities Committee that organized talent shows, celebrations, and discussions. She was also active in Arizona Half-Yearly and Intermountain Yearly meetings, donated hundreds of hand-knit lap robes and baby blankets to Tucson nursing homes and the Casa de los Ninos, and, as a passionate member of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, sang with the Raging Grannies of Tucson. Dorothy was a lifetime activist for peace and justice, living by the courage of her convictions in a way that inspired many.

Dorothy is survived by David Livingston, her husband of 57 years, her twin daughters, Deborah and Marcia Livingston; four grandchildren, Wenonah Michallet-Ferrier, Siobhan Keyes, Seamus Keyes; and Ormy Keyes; and four great-grandchildren.

Good Stewardship
Through Socially Responsible Investing and Planned Giving

Since 1898 Friends Fiduciary Corporation's mission has been to assist Friends meetings and organizations in the stewardship of their financial resources, guided by Friends Testimonies and Concerns. Our services include:

Socially Responsible Investing
Trusteeship
Charitable Gift Annuities
and other Planned Giving

For more information on how FFC's knowledge, experience and expertise can help your organization be good stewards of the funds entrusted to you, please contact our staff or visit our website.

FRIENDS FIDUCIARY CORPORATION
An independent Quaker nonprofit corporation
1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102
215-241-7272 or info@friendsfiduciary.org
www.friendsfiduciary.org

Friends Journal August 2007
A Vibrant City.
A Close Community.
A Culture of Learning.

Friends Journal offers the classic book

BENJAMIN
The Meetinghouse Mouse

by Benjamin, as told to Clifford Pfeil,
with illustrations by John D. Gummere

If you remember the Benjamin stories
in past issues, you will be happy to share them—
now in book form—with your children, grandchildren, and Friends!

Look for Benjamin in Friends bookstores or order directly from FRIENDS JOURNAL:

Please send me copies of Benjamin @ $6.00 each, plus $2.00 shipping and handling ($3.50 for shipping and handling outside U.S., Canada, and Mexico). My check is enclosed.

Name ____________________________

Address __________________________________________________________

City State ZIP ____________________________

Country, if other than U.S. ____________________________

Please mail to Friends Journal, 1216 Arch Street, 2a, Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835.

If any questions please call (215) 563-8629.

---

Lugo—Janet Lugo, 77, on July 4, 2006, in Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Janet was born Janet Elizabeth Lippincott on August 17, 1928, in Schenectady, N.Y., the daughter of Charles D. and Mary Neil Lippincott. Janet received a degree from Cornell University in 1950, and served as an interpreter for the Organization of American States in Washington, D.C, from 1950 to 1970. She was equally at home in English and Spanish. In the 1970s she moved to New York and worked as a proofreader-editor for Time magazine. Her spare time was devoted to putting her Quaker principles into action. She was instrumental in bringing Quakerism into prisons and helped to start Quaker meetings in a number of New York prisons. She served for many years as the clerk of New York Yearly Meeting's Prisons Committee. She was one of the founders of the Alternatives to Violence Project (AVP), which grew out of a collaborative effort by prison inmates and the yearly meeting's Quaker Project on Community Conflict to design experiential workshops for conflict resolution, personal growth, and transformation. As a member of AVP's Education Committee, she was a major author of the manuals and exercises used in the workshops. In 2004, Janet was honored at an international AVP gathering in New Zealand. Janet's fluency in Spanish was often put to good use in the prison workshops, and she also established good relations with Native American and Muslim inmates. She worked on a National Council of Churches project to reduce U.S. reliance on prisons. Since AVP needed to stay nonpolitical, Janet started the Quaker Information Center on Criminal Justice to take astand and work for justice, spreading knowledge of what was going on in the prisons. The information center was staffed by released prisoners. Throughout her witness work she had the ability to stand up to authority and speak her mind honestly, in the best Quaker tradition of "speaking truth to power." She served as a role model for strong, independent women. Janet noted that her involvement in Quaker prison work harked back to her 17th-century English ancestor Richard Lippincott, who defended the early Quakers' right to criticize the Anglican Church and was imprisoned along with them. Ensuing generations of the family avoided prisons entirely, and Janet's father strongly disapproved of her involvement, but her conscience spoke even more strongly. Fortunately, she found in AVP not only a fulfilling avocation but also a supportive community, and a close personal friendship with the family of Ellen Flanders. A member of Saratoga Meeting at the time of her death, she was known throughout New York Yearly Meeting for her Quaker witness, friendly smile, and faithful participation in events and discussions. She held membership in various meetings over the years, but truly felt she was a member of New York Yearly Meeting, where her presence was so strongly felt. Janet was preceded in death by her husband, Amadeo Lugo, and her daughter, Julie Lippincott Lugo. She is survived by her cousins James Rice and Ruth Lippincott. Lugo.

Passmore—Henry Marshall Passmore, 83, on January 22, 2007, in San Antonio, Tex., of Parkinson's disease. Henry was born on December 19, 1923, in Mendenhall, Pa., to Samuel Sharpless Passmore and Mary Marshall Passmore. Henry grew up in Old Kennett (Pa.) Meeting and graduated from

August 2007 FRIENDS JOURNAL
George School in Newtown, Pa., in 1942. In 1948 he graduated from Oberlin College, then taught at Oakwood School in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., from 1948 to 1951. After serving for six years as director of community planning for United Fund in Springfield, Mass., he was budget analyst for United Way of Southeast Pennsylvania from 1953 to 1959 and from 1972 to 1985, working for the International Programs of American Friends Service Committee in the interim. A member of Media (Pa.) meeting, Henry took special interest in his children and grandchildren. Henry was preceded in death by his sister, Elizabeth; and his infant daughter, Margaret. He is survived by his daughters Mary Passmore Karp and Diane Passmore Pina; his son, Samuel Booth Passmore; and nine grandchildren.

Young—Marjorie Hope Young, 83, on April 11, 2006, in Wilmington, Ohio. Marjorie was born on January 15, 1923, in Lakewood, Ohio, to Carl A. Hope and Ethel M. Jones Hope. Immediately after World War II, she worked in war-ravaged France as a social worker and fashion model, a combination that caught the attention of Life magazine, which highlighted her adventures. Marjorie held degrees from Sarah Lawrence College, Columbia University, and New York University. Marjorie was also a writer and world traveler. On August 7, 1971, she married James H. Young, and together they wrote numerous professional articles and five books. From 1975 to 1988, Marjorie Hope Young and her husband held a joint appointment in Sociology and Social Work at Wilmington College. During those years they became members of Campus Meeting in Wilmington, Ohio, where they shared their deep concerns for the environment, human rights, justice, and peace. Whenever possible they used bicycles for transportation. Their home was Marjorie's refuge, where she wrote while enjoying its natural beauty. After Jim's death in 2001, she remained there alone until deteriorating health made that impossible. Her many friends helped cheer her during long months in care centers, and in turn they learned from her courage and determination. She was laid to rest beside her beloved husband and partner, in the burial ground near the site of their wedding at Sandwich (Mass.) Meetinghouse. Marjorie is survived by her sister, Cynthia Hope, and three nieces.
ACCOMMODATIONS

Marni's House, Martha's Vineyard, MA. Contemporary summerfront B&B. Informal, contemporary craft, natural light, bay window, tranquil setting. Peaceful oasis for hectic lives. Bike to ferry, town beach. For brochure/innformation reservations: (508) 696-6186, <marni@myvineday.net>, <www.marnihouse.net>

Coming to London? Friendly B&B just a block from the British Museum and very close to London University. A central location for all tourist activities. Ideal for persons traveling alone. Direct subway and bus links with Heathrow Airport. For further information: Bed & Breakfast, 28 Henley Road, London W1J 6LL. Telephone: +44 (207) 636-4718. Fax: +44 (207) 636-5516. E-mail: <info@wmsclub.co.uk>


Visiting Costa Rica? Our hotel Casa Alegria, in central San Jose, is your gateway to the tradition of Quaker simplicity, $10-20/night. Using our hotel supports Peace Center programs. Sunday unprogrammed meeting. All are welcome. Contact calegaria@yahoo.es, or (506) 233-6188.

Ashland, Ore.—Friendly place in Southern Oregon for outstanding theater, rafting, fishing, birding, quiet time. <www.ashlandbando.com>, (800) 454-9434.


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) 673-7290. We also have overnight accommodations.

Chicago—Affordable guest accommodations in historic Friends meetinghouse. Short- or long-term. Contact: Sofia Community, Quaker House, 5515 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago IL 60637, (773) 239-3066.

Seattle—Two affordable, private travelers' rooms at Quaker House, near University Friends Meeting, centrally located in Seattle's University District. For reservations: (206) 525-5988 or <quakerhouse.seattle@juno.com>

Pittsburgh—Well located, affordable third-floor (walkup) guest room with shared bath, single or double occupancy, kitchen available. Contact: House Manager, Friends Meetinghouse, 4586 Ellsworth Avenue, Pittsburgh, PA 15213. Telephone: (412) 685-2859.

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 available. Call (505) 983-7241.

William Penn House & Washington Quaker Workshops. Washington, D.C. A Quaker Center on Capitol Hill offering hospitality, meeting space, and worship. Offering workshop opportunities for youth, peace studies seminars for educators, and weaving of all ages. Leadership training for Quaker young adults through our internship program. All are welcome. <www.wmpenthouse.org>, info@wmpenthouse.org, 515 East Capitol St., SE, Washington, D.C. 20003.
American Friends Service Committee
Director and Representative, Quaker United Nations Office and Quaker House
The Quaker United Nations Office (QUO) reflects the historic concern of Friends for promoting and communicating Quaker views regarding matters before the United Nations. The Director, who is a member of the Religious Society of Friends, oversees and directs all aspects of QUO and Quaker House. As the official representative, the Director is responsible for promoting and communicating Quaker perspectives and values regarding matters before the UN. Interested candidates should email AFSC.org/JOBS for more information on the position and application deadline.

Quaker Realtor in Tampa, Florida, Specializing in residential sales and relocation services. If you are thinking of moving to the Tampa area, please call me for information. Andrea Walsh (813) 965-5013. BDRealty.

Quaker Commercial Realator specializing in income property sales and 1031 exchanges. Call Allen Stockbridge, JD, CCIM at (877) 656-3686.

Life Energy Healing School, Middlebury, Vermont. Dismiss your labeling, manifest it in your life. Learn energy healing, improve your intuition, sing from your heart. Four day weekend workshops. Registration: (802) 388-1307.

Arthur Morgan School Boarding and day school for grades 7-9. Small academic classes, consensus decision making, outdoor and community service programs, daily work program. A small, caring community environment. For information about admissions or hiring: (828) 675-4262, <carlson@yancey.main.nc.us>. 60 AM School, Burnsville, NC 28714. "Living your life, one moment at a time." School director, the Quaker-related approach to education.

Retirement Living

The Hickman, a nonprofit, Quaker-sponsored retirement community in historic West Asheville. Specializing in providing excellent care to older persons for over a century. Call today for a tour: (828) 706-6300, or visit our new website: <www.thehickman.org>.

Medford Lea - A Quaker-Related, Not-for-Profit Community For Adults Age 55+

We welcome your visit! Medford Lea is a unique, not-for-profit, Quaker-related community for older adults that combines the advantages of a Continuing Care Retirement Community (CCRC) with those of a 55-Active Adult Community. Blending the convenience and accessibility of suburban living with the unique aesthetic of an arboretum and nature preserve, Medford Lea offers campuses in Medford and Lumberton, NJ, and a wide range of residential styles—from garden-style apartments to clustered townhomes—all arranged amidst the extraordinary beauty of over 200 acres of landscaped gardens, natural woodlands, and meadows. Cultural, educational, and spiritual opportunities abound as Philadelphia, Princeton, New York City, and New Jersey's famous shoreline are all easily accessible via car or public transportation. Medford Monthly Meeting is thriving, active and caring. Amenities and program highlights include: walking/biking trails, tennis courts, indoor and outdoor swimming pools, fitness centers and programs, computer center, greenhouse, very active self-governed residents' association with 12 committees, online "university" program, and much more. Medford Lea's superior health, wellness, and long-term care (assisted living & skilled nursing) services are provided through two distinct contract types and a wide range of fees: "Lifecare" - with unlimited care included in fees; and "Non-Lifecare" - with fees for health care services. CCAC-Accredited; Member, Friends Services for the Aging. For more details or to schedule your visit, call (609) 231-4302. E-mail: <move-in-information@medfordlea.org>.

Kendal communities and services reflect sound management, adherence to Quaker values, and respect for individual.

Concerned Singles


Cape May, N.J. Beach House—weekly rentals; weekend rentals in off-season with weekly minimum; boating, beach, bike, fruits, beaches/schools (sleeps maximum 6). Non-smoking. Contact: Alliston Jablonskie, Via della Ginestra, 12, 06069 Tuoro sul Trasimeno (PG). Italy. Email: <ajablonskie@tin.it>.

Real Estate

Quaker Realtor in N. Carolina. Specializing in residential sales and relocation services. If you are thinking of moving to the North Carolina area, please call me for information. Allison Cadbury, 30290 Saint Victor, France, 10003, <msimon@wanadoo.fr>. 154 Bondcroft, Buffalo, NY 14225; (716) 636-6969.

Social Justice

Friends for Justice (AFSC), 1500 Oxford Street, Philadelphia, PA 19128. AFSC provides children with an affordable yet challenging education and program highlights include: walking/biking trails, tennis courts, indoor and outdoor swimming pools, fitness centers and programs, computer center, greenhouse, very active self-governed residents' association with 12 committees, online "university" program, and much more. Medford Lea's superior health, wellness, and long-term care (assisted living & skilled nursing) services are provided through two distinct contract types and a wide range of fees: "Lifecare" - with unlimited care included in fees; and "Non-Lifecare" - with fees for health care services. CCAC-Accredited; Member, Friends Services for the Aging. For more details or to schedule your visit, call (609) 231-4302. E-mail: <move-in-information@medfordlea.org>.

Medford Lea - A Quaker-Related, Not-for-Profit Community For Adults Age 55+

We welcome your visit! Medford Lea is a unique, not-for-profit, Quaker-related community for older adults that combines the advantages of a Continuing Care Retirement Community (CCRC) with those of a 55-Active Adult Community. Blending the convenience and accessibility of suburban living with the unique aesthetic of an arboretum and nature preserve, Medford Lea offers campuses in Medford and Lumberton, NJ, and a wide range of residential styles—from garden-style apartments to clustered townhomes—all arranged amidst the extraordinary beauty of over 200 acres of landscaped gardens, natural woodlands, and meadows. Cultural, educational, and spiritual opportunities abound as Philadelphia, Princeton, New York City, and New Jersey's famous shoreline are all easily accessible via car or public transportation. Medford Monthly Meeting is thriving, active and caring. Amenities and program highlights include: walking/biking trails, tennis courts, indoor and outdoor swimming pools, fitness centers and programs, computer center, greenhouse, very active self-governed residents' association with 12 committees, online "university" program, and much more. Medford Lea's superior health, wellness, and long-term care (assisted living & skilled nursing) services are provided through two distinct contract types and a wide range of fees: "Lifecare" - with unlimited care included in fees; and "Non-Lifecare" - with fees for health care services. CCAC-Accredited; Member, Friends Services for the Aging. For more details or to schedule your visit, call (609) 231-4302. E-mail: <move-in-information@medfordlea.org>.

Kendal communities and services reflect sound management, adherence to Quaker values, and respect for individual.

Concerned Singles


Cape May, N.J. Beach House—weekly rentals; weekend rentals in off-season with weekly minimum; boating, beach, bike, fruits, beaches/schools (sleeps maximum 6). Non-smoking. Contact: Alliston Jablonskie, Via della Ginestra, 12, 06069 Tuoro sul Trasimeno (PG). Italy. Email: <ajablonskie@tin.it>.

Real Estate

Quaker Realtor in N. Carolina. Specializing in residential sales and relocation services. If you are thinking of moving to the North Carolina area, please call me for information. Allison Cadbury, 30290 Saint Victor, France, 10003, <msimon@wanadoo.fr>. 154 Bondcroft, Buffalo, NY 14225; (716) 636-6969.
### MEETINGS

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

- **Handicapped Accessible**
- **Meeting Notice Rates:** $20 per line per year.
- **25 minimum.** Payable a year in advance. No discount. 1$ per additional line.

### MEXICO

**ACCRÓ**: Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m. Sunday, Hills Meeting House near Animal Research Institute, Achimota Golf Area. Phone: (233) 210-109.

**GHANA**

ACCA-Programmed meeting, 11 a.m. Meeting House (unprogrammed), Kwame Nkrumah Mausoleum, Accra. Meetings have been removed from this listing owing to difficulty in reaching them for updated information and filing purposes. If you are interested in being listed or wish to continue to be listed, please contact us at 1216 Arch St., Philadelphia, PA 19107. Please accept our apologies for any inconvenience.

### AUSTRALIA

To find meetings for worship and accommodation, visit www.quakers.org.au or contact Info@quakers.org.au. Phone: +61 3 9790 0317; or write to PO Box 556, Kenmore, Queensland, Australia. 4069.

### CANADA

OTTAWA—Worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. 91A Fourth Ave. (613) 232-6823.

TORONTO ORARIO—Worship 11 a.m. 60 Lower Dew Ave. (416) 250-7272.

(b)or and Bedford), cmmfriendsindwell@hotmail.com.

### COSTA RICA

COSTA RICA—Programmed meeting, 11 a.m. Meeting House, 9311 Fais Th Ave. Phone: (2222) 236-0899.

### MEXICO


### NICARAGUA

MANAGUA—Unprogrammed worship, 10:45 a.m. 1st & 3rd Sundays, El Centro de los Amigos, 1Apto 523-3912, Managua, Nicaragua. <www.pronica.org>, (2222) 236-0899.

### PALESTINE/ISRAEL

RAHMALLAH—Unprogrammed worship, Sunday at 10:30 a.m. Meeting House on main street in Rahmallah. Contact: Zakir Zarin, ph 222-3627741.

### UNITED STATES

ALABAMA

AUBURN—Unprogrammed meeting, Sundays, 9 a.m. Room 205, 132 N. Gay St. Phone: (334) 838-1665 or 826-6645.

BIRMINGHAM—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m. Sundays, 4415 8th Ave. S., Birmingham, AL 35222. (205) 382-0070.

FAIRHOPE—Discussion 9 a.m. Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m. Sundays. Meeting House, 1216 Fairhope Ave., Write: P.O. Box 319, Fairhope, AL 36532, (251) 445-1130.

HUNTSVILLE—Unprogrammed meeting. 10 a.m. Sundays. Call (205) 382-6372 or write to P.O. Box 35030, Huntsville, AL 35810.

### MARYLAND

LONGS—Reach-10 a.m. at 1001 E. St., Baltimore, MD 21210.

### MONTANA PENNSYLVANIA—Friends meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Contact: 1745 17th St. South, Missoula, MT 59801. Phone: (406) 543-0775.

### NAPA COUNTY—Friends meeting, Sundays. 10 a.m. Contact: 1605 S. Antioch Rd. Phone: (707) 999-0000.

### PALO ALTO—Meetings for worship 10 a.m. and 11 a.m. for children, 2000 Hamilton Ave. Phone: (650) 322-1130.

### PASADENA—Orange Grove Monthly Meeting, 10:30 a.m. Meeting House for worship at 10 a.m. at First Day school 11 a.m. Meeting House for worship at 10 a.m. at First Day school 11 a.m. Contact: 1000 N. Orange Grove Blvd. Phone: (540) 322-1130.

### SACRAMENTO—Meeting 10 a.m. 800 57th St. Phone: (916) 322-1130.

### SAN DIEGO—Unprogrammed worship, First Day, 10 a.m. 835 Westgate Place. Phone: (619) 522-1130.

### SAN FRANCISCO—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. Sundays. 659 9th St. (415) 431-7440.

### SAN JOSE—Sunday School at 10 a.m. Fellowship at 11 a.m. Contact: 1015 Morse St., San Jose, CA 95112. Phone: (408) 248-0202.

### SAN LUIS OBISPO—Meeting, 10 a.m. 2600 S. Higuera St. (805) 748-0200.

### TUCSON—Friends meeting, 10 a.m. 3210 N. 15th St. Phone: (520) 832-1234.

### VENTURA—Meeting, 10 a.m. at Unitarian Church of Ventura. Phone: (805) 662-6626.

### WHITTIER—Friends meeting, 10 a.m. First Day school, 10 a.m. for children, 17208 Whittier Blvd. Phone: (562) 862-8383.
District of Columbia


CAMPBELL MEETING FRIENDS at Old Town Presbyterian Church, 2100 Thomas St. NE, Washington, D.C. 20002. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. Phone: (202) 546-9930.

CAMPBELL MEETING FRIENDS at All Souls Meetinghouse, 2100 Wisconsin Ave. NW (north of Dupont Circle), Washington, D.C. 20007. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. Phone: (202) 333-8989.

CAMPBELL MEETING FRIENDS at Moorelands Meetinghouse, 2100 Wisconsin Ave. NW (south of Dupont Circle), Washington, D.C. 20007. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. Phone: (202) 333-8989.

CAMPBELL MEETING FRIENDS at Old Town Presbyterian Church, 2100 Thomas St. NE, Washington, D.C. 20002. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. Phone: (202) 546-9930.

CAMPBELL MEETING FRIENDS at All Souls Meetinghouse, 2100 Wisconsin Ave. NW (north of Dupont Circle), Washington, D.C. 20007. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. Phone: (202) 333-8989.

CAMPBELL MEETING FRIENDS at Moorelands Meetinghouse, 2100 Wisconsin Ave. NW (south of Dupont Circle), Washington, D.C. 20007. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. Phone: (202) 333-8989.

CAMPBELL MEETING FRIENDS at Old Town Presbyterian Church, 2100 Thomas St. NE, Washington, D.C. 20002. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. Phone: (202) 546-9930.

CAMPBELL MEETING FRIENDS at All Souls Meetinghouse, 2100 Wisconsin Ave. NW (north of Dupont Circle), Washington, D.C. 20007. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. Phone: (202) 333-8989.

CAMPBELL MEETING FRIENDS at Moorelands Meetinghouse, 2100 Wisconsin Ave. NW (south of Dupont Circle), Washington, D.C. 20007. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. Phone: (202) 333-8989.

CAMPBELL MEETING FRIENDS at Old Town Presbyterian Church, 2100 Thomas St. NE, Washington, D.C. 20002. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. Phone: (202) 546-9930.

CAMPBELL MEETING FRIENDS at All Souls Meetinghouse, 2100 Wisconsin Ave. NW (north of Dupont Circle), Washington, D.C. 20007. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. Phone: (202) 333-8989.

CAMPBELL MEETING FRIENDS at Moorelands Meetinghouse, 2100 Wisconsin Ave. NW (south of Dupont Circle), Washington, D.C. 20007. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. Phone: (202) 333-8989.

CAMPBELL MEETING FRIENDS at Old Town Presbyterian Church, 2100 Thomas St. NE, Washington, D.C. 20002. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. Phone: (202) 546-9930.
AUGUST 2007 FRIENDS JOURNAL
The American Friends Service Committee invites Friends to join us in celebrating 90 years of work putting Quaker values in action in the United States and throughout the world.

ANNUAL PUBLIC GATHERING

Saturday, November 3, 2007 – 1:30 P.M.

Pennsylvania Convention Center
1101 Arch Street, Philadelphia, PA

Reception follows at 3:00 P.M.

Keynote Speaker: Joan Countryman

Joan Countryman was the first African American to graduate from Germantown Friends School in 1958. She went on to earn degrees from Sarah Lawrence College and Yale University. With more than thirty years as an educator, she is well-known in academic circles as an innovator, leader and mentor.


The AFSC’s Annual Public Gathering is free and open to the public.

Learn more at www.afsc.org

Grateful thanks to our Quaker supporters!

American Friends Service Committee
1501 Cherry Street
Philadelphia, PA 19102-1403