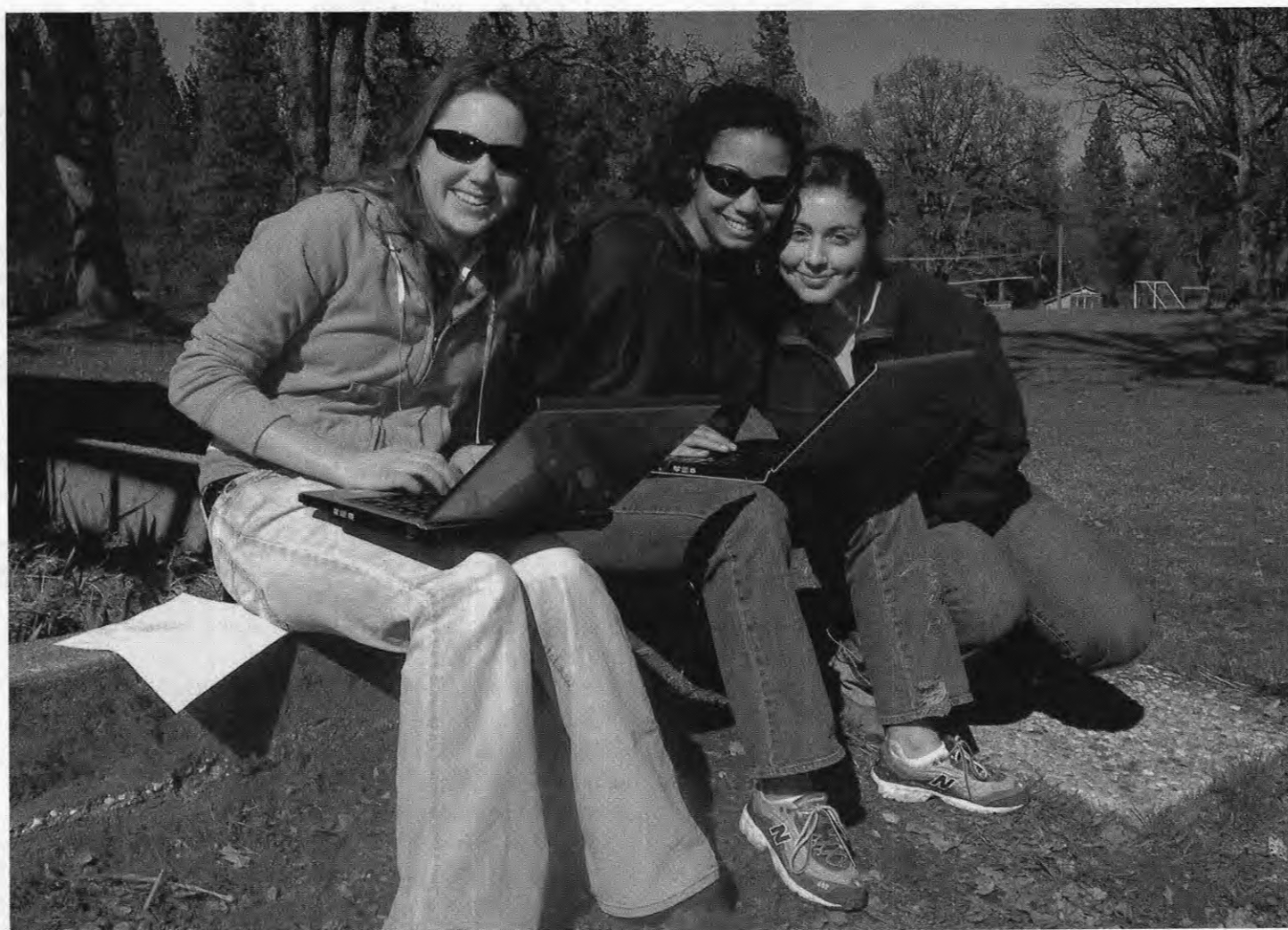


September 2007 • \$5

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today



Friends and Cyberspace

Living Truth at the Woolman Semester

The Meeting School's 50th Anniversary

**An
independent
magazine
serving the
Religious Society
of Friends**



Editorial

Susan Corson-Finnerty (*Publisher and Executive Editor*), Robert Dockhorn (*Senior Editor*), Rebecca Howe (*Associate Editor*), Judith Brown (*Poetry Editor*), Joan Overman (*Book Review Assistant*), Christine Rusch (*Milestones Editor*), Guli Fager, Melissa Minnich, Mary Julia Street (*Assistant Milestones Editors*), Robert Marks, Nancy Milio, George Rubin (*News Editors*), Kara Newell (*Columnist*), Lisa Rand, Marjorie Schier (*Proofreaders*), Patty Quinn (*Volunteer*), Erica Bradley, Susanna Corson-Finnerty, Amanda Gagnon, Breja Gunnison, Elizabeth Markham, Maximilian Plotnick (*Interns*)

Production

Barbara Benton (*Art Director*), Alla Podolsky (*Assistant Art Director*), Peter Deitz (*Web Manager*)

Advertising, Circulation, Development

Gabriel Ehri (*Associate Publisher*), Larry Jalowiec (*Director of Advancement*), Nagendran Gulendran (*Advertising Manager*), Margie Garrett (*Grant Writer*), Patricia Boyle (*Database Manager*), Nicole Hackel (*Circulation Assistant*), Kay Bacon, Ruth Peterson (*Volunteers*)

Administration

Marianne De Lange (*Office Manager*), Tom McPeak (*Accounting Services*)

Board of Trustees

Barbara Andrews, Catharine Bell Wetteroth, Jon Berry, Paul Buckley, Katharine Clark, Karen Cromley, John Darnell, Mary Ann Downey (*Assistant Clerk*), Walter Evans (*Treasurer*), Linda Houser, Bobbi Kelly, Paul Landskroener (*Recording Clerk*), Pat LaViscount, Linda Lyman, Jay Wade Marshall, Barbara Mays, Pete McCaughan, Ron McDonald, Larry Miller, Nancy Moore, Michael Moulton, Mark B. Myers, Nan O'Connor, Liz Perch, Janet Ross (*Clerk*), S. C. Thomas, Rich Van Dellen, Margery Walker, Elizabeth Yeats

FRIENDS JOURNAL (ISSN 0016-1322) was established in 1955 as the successor to *The Friend* (1827-1955) and *Friends Intelligence* (1844-1955).

• FRIENDS JOURNAL is published monthly by Friends Publishing Corporation, 1216 Arch Street, 2A, Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835. Telephone (215) 563-8629. E-mail info@friendsjournal.org.

Periodicals postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and additional mailing offices.

• Subscriptions: one year \$39, two years \$76. Add \$12 per year for postage to countries outside the U.S., Canada, and Mexico. Individual copies \$5 each.

• Advertising information and assistance is available on request. Appearance of any advertisement does not imply endorsement by FRIENDS JOURNAL.

• Postmaster: send address changes to FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1216 Arch Street, 2A, Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835.

• Copyright © 2007 Friends Publishing Corporation. Permission should be received before reprinting excerpts longer than 200 words.

Available on microfilm from Bell and Howell Information and Learning.

PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER

Min. 20% post-consumer

Moving? Let us update

your subscription and address.

FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1216 Arch St., 2A, Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835 • (215) 563-8629 • Fax: (215) 568-1377 info@friendsjournal.org • Web: www.friendsjournal.org

■ **AMONG FRIENDS**

Back to business

Susan Corson-Finnerty is on vacation while this issue is being prepared. For me, summer is not a time to be away (I take my vacation in the fall), since I oversee our editorial interns and we always have several between college semesters. Our interns are generally students from high school to post-grad (although we've had one teacher during her break), but this summer they're mostly college students. We have had six interns these past months, helping to prepare the magazine. Their names appear on the masthead. They have contributed much to the final product.

You may have been struck as you read through the previous issue—August—that its fare was lighter than usual. For the most part the articles and features were agile and humorous rather than deeply serious. We allowed ourselves some late summer latitude, and we hope you enjoyed it.

With this September issue we shift into a more serious mode. The first two articles address grim realities of today—ones that call out for attention. In "Unpalatable Truths," Burton Housman writes about his work with the wounded U.S. soldiers returning from Iraq and elsewhere with severe injuries. Friends have long been called to minister to the victims of war—whether soldiers or civilians, whether from our country or foreigners. The evenhandedness of Friends concern for all sides in a conflict is an important part of what it means to "answer that of God in every one."

The second article is "Friends and Torture" by Chuck Fager. The evil of torture is still around and dangerous and, as we now know, is governmental policy. So, what can we do to confront its use? In this article, Chuck candidly examines what influence Friends have—or don't have—as concerned citizens. With inspiration from the Bible for naming tools available to us, Chuck issues a prophetic call for our involvement.

The next article is quite different. In "Friends and Cyberspace," Mark Franek sees the world of blogs, in which many Friends—especially young Friends—engage, as a place where the Spirit can move freely. There is a helpful sidebar, as well as the example of a recent blog entry by Peggy Senger Parsons.

That is followed by articles that celebrate two small but influential Friends educational institutions: The Meeting School in New Hampshire, and The Woolman Semester in California. Although they contrast sharply with each other in their structure and functioning, they are similar in calling upon each student to exercise leadership in taking responsibility for one's own development.

You might like to know that these last two articles are among several that were originally submitted for the special issue on "Nurturing Younger Friends" for which there was insufficient space in July. There are still more articles in this reservoir, and they will be appearing in our pages through next May.

Not all the articles here will be a delight to read—some, as you can see from this description, contain disturbing material. But we know that you don't want us to shy away from the truth whether it is joyful or painful. Both aspects of truth can be uplifting, in their different ways.

Robert B. Dahl

FRIENDS JOURNAL

SEPTEMBER 2007
VOLUME 53, NO. 9

■ FEATURES

- 6 “Unpalatable Truths”**
Burton Housman
Too few understand the impact of war injuries.
- 11 Friends and Torture**
Chuck Fager
He issues a call to confront torture in our nation.
- 14 Friends and Cyberspace: The Many Doors to Meeting for Worship Include the Virtual**
Mark Franek
The world of blogs resembles meeting for worship.
- 17 God Does Not Need Your Cash**
Peggy Senger Parsons
A pastor extols the gifts of giving and debunks a few myths along the way.
- 18 The Meeting School after 50 Years**
Mary DesRosiers
Alumni reminisce for the school's semicentennial.
- 22 Living Truth at the Woolman Semester**
Elizabeth De Sa
A Friend seeks and finds an authentic teaching experience.

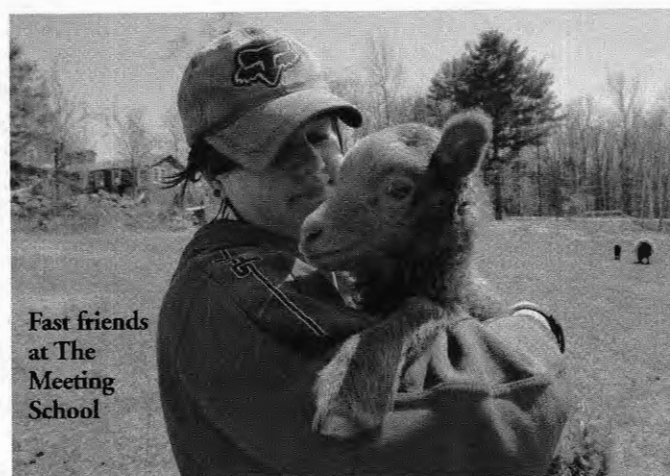
■ POETRY

- 9 Peace Is Not**
Phil Lord
- 10 Blood Mixed with Milk**
Silvia Brandon-Pérez
- 21 Table Matters**
Joseph A. Chelius
- A Glimpse of the Bird of Paradise**
Becky Banasiak Code

*Front cover: photo from The Woolman Semester
at Sierra Friends Center, California*

■ DEPARTMENTS

- 2 Among Friends**
- 4 Forum**
- 5 Viewpoint**
Please respect the need for privacy
- 25 Reflections**
Mending the world
Living outside the box
On being a grandmother
Thoughts on the Peace Testimony
- 28 Life in the Meeting**
Strengths, weaknesses, and clerking
Silence



- 30 Books**
- 34 News**
- 35 Bulletin Board**
- 37 Cryptogram Solution**
- 38 Milestones**
- 50 Classified**

From a Quaker soldier

I am writing to you today from Camp Striker, Iraq, a maze of concrete barriers and inhospitable-looking structures that house and sustain several brigades of U.S. forces. The units are responsible for the safety and security of southern Baghdad. I am a staff officer with the Tenth Mountain Division, U.S. Army, and have been in Iraq since August 2006. The majority of my tour was spent as the executive officer of a rifle company based in Sadr al Yusifiyah, a town southwest of the city, nestled alongside the Euphrates River.

I am a lifelong Friend, but only in recent months, after a long absence from participation in the Religious Society of Friends, have I come to understand and appreciate the Quaker faith, its members, and its message. I purchased a subscription to FRIENDS JOURNAL when I began to ask questions the military was unable to answer—questions concerned with universal ethics, compassion, and genuine understanding. The thoughtfulness displayed by your contributors gives me new hope in the face of our chaotic reality here in Iraq, and on Earth.

Looking through the pages of FRIENDS JOURNAL, I am struck by the contrast between the Quaker way of life and what our men and women in uniform experience overseas. Quaker beliefs radiate peace and acceptance, joy and understanding. The soldier emanates a different form of energy, often negative, frustrated, antagonistic, and confused. I do not think less of them for it, because I understand it is the result of ugliness humans were not meant to embrace. And if by some divine twist of fate we were designed to fight wars, surely it was in order to choose the path less traveled by, one that in the end would make all the difference.

Until this time comes it is important to understand and empathize with what soldiers are forced to endure. There is a pressure exerted on them that is radically different from anything else in modern U.S. life. They see death, in all of its horrid allure, at an age when it is unexpected and unwelcome. They face the possibility of capture by men who will gladly torture and murder in a vain attempt to find resolution through never-ending cycles of retributive violence. Soldiers are part of a military institution that adheres to strict rules of discipline and behavior, a place where differences of temperament or belief are often ridiculed or scorned. It must also be remembered that they are away from their

families and loved ones, isolated and alone for many months and even years at a time.

For these reasons and many more, it concerns me that soldiers and pacifists cannot find more common ground to build upon and learn from one another. The Quaker may teach the soldier how to use love and acceptance as a way to open dialogue with an estranged spouse or friend. The soldier may teach the Quaker about resolution and steadfastness in order to work toward a definitive goal. As the peculiar breed of person who is both Quaker and soldier, I believe there are a thousand ways we can communicate with and appreciate one another for what we truly are: flawed, vulnerable human beings who are all beautiful nonetheless.

*1st Lieutenant David R. Gosling
Camp Striker, Iraq*

In response: holding you in the Light

[Note: The following letter was sent to Lt. Gosling in Iraq, but returned unopened by the military. It is published here in the hope that he will see it. —Eds.]

I'm an intern at FRIENDS JOURNAL and my mom (the publisher and executive editor) just handed me your letter to read. I want to write to you before the feelings your letter evoked slip into memory.

I have absolutely no frame of reference for what your experience over there must be like. Being a Literature student in college, I've read story upon story about the war experience, about PTSD, about the impossibilities/difficulties of reintegrating back into the society from which one comes after the war is over, but only in my imagination can I fathom these experiences. I want to extend my heart to you and tell you that I'm sorry. Sorry that we live in a society where people really do have to experience these things, to see what must be the utter darkest side of human nature. I have no idea what that would do to one's heart, to one's soul.

What really struck me about your letter was what the experience seems to have done to your spirit. (I hope the language of "spirit" and "soul" isn't uncomfortable, if it is, please substitute something more comfortable.) It sounds as if the experience has led you toward revelations of sorts. I'm somewhat awed by this. In the face of darkness you seem to be turning toward the Light. I don't know that my own character is that strong, that I wouldn't find myself

consumed with hatred, fear, desperation, and a sense of spiritual abandonment. I can't say that I understand your experience, because I haven't lived it—I don't understand. But I can say that I understood what you wrote in your letter, and was deeply touched and impressed by it.

I know this might sound ridiculous coming from someone sitting in a safe and comfortable environment, but what I'm led to say to you is: do not be afraid. I don't mean of your physical environment and actual, real-life, horrendously dangerous situation; I mean of any sort of spiritual awakening that is occurring to you. You wrote, "Soldiers are part of a military institution that adheres to strict rules of discipline and behavior; a place where differences of temperament or belief are often ridiculed, scorned." I'm sure that sentiments like the ones you expressed in your letter are not encouraged and nurtured in the environment over there, and to be feeling the things you feel, having the questions that you're having, must be incredibly difficult. I want to tell you that in Philadelphia someone is holding you in the Light, thinking about your spiritual journey, and praying for you. I'm sure that as your letter is shared with the wider readership of the JOURNAL, you will have many others doing the same for you. I support you and thank you for sharing your experience so intimately. My deepest wish is that you come home safely in mind, body, and spirit.

*Susanna Corson-Finnerty
Elkins Park, Pa.*

Focus on togetherness

As a relatively new Quaker, I have been disheartened by several items in FRIENDS JOURNAL that recently used the language of exclusion. By contrast, I heard FCNL Executive Secretary Joe Volk describe what he has experienced working with a wide variety of religious groups. He said that they accomplished more by working on what they could do together rather than what they each believe, which may differ. I hope we all work on ways to practice our faith together, as diverse as our individual spiritual truth-seeking paths may be at any point in time. To my mind, the uniqueness of the Quaker way is its commitment to seeking truths that bring our world closer to peace and justice, welcoming any and all who would join us in this lifelong quest.

*Nancy Milio
Chapel Hill, N.C.*

Please respect the need for privacy

Every year, I eagerly await the Gathering. It is the one week of the year that is completely mine. I immerse myself in my workshop, music, worship, afternoon naps, and pleasure reading. It is my time for nurture and renewal.

For a number of years now, I have found myself struggling to feel as much nurture and renewal as I need. It has nothing to do with the structure of the week, the FGC and university staff, or the Gathering Committee, of which I have been a part several times. My struggles are created by thoughtless, rude, or intrusive comments made to me by people I do not know.

Friends, those of us who have "disabilities" are much more than our crutches, our wheelchairs, our cervical collars, our oxygen tanks, or any other outward manifestation. Please do not make assumptions.

Think before you speak. Even well-meaning questions can feel intrusive, so listen carefully to the responses, and don't push. What may seem like harmless chitchat to you could be very hurtful to the recipient.

Here is an example. What if someone you never met came up to you and without any introductions or pleasantries started to talk in a manner such as this: "Oh my God, what happened to you? You have on a blue shirt. Why in the world would you wear a blue shirt? What, you don't want to talk about it? What's your problem?"

Of course, this conversation seems absurd. You are turned into an object and merely seen as a blue shirt rather than a feeling, thinking human being. The person is not interacting with a shirt; they are interacting with you. A conversation like this feels rude and insensitive.

Think about it. Why would someone who uses a medical device want to be treated any differently than you do? They do not. They too wish to be approached respectfully. They do not want to be seen as a blue shirt any more than you do, but often they are.

It can take a lot of physical, emotional, and spiritual energy to live with a chronic health problem. Frequently, what the world sees is not indicative of what is really going on. In my case, my cervical collar does not mean whiplash. It is the outward sign of a serious illness that has drastically changed my life. Not

only did I have to change careers, but I also deal with the balance between pain and heavy-duty medication. I have had periods when it has been difficult to walk. In time, I may be crippled by my condition. I do not share this to gain pity; I am merely trying to illustrate how my outward appearance does not represent what I actually experience. When I am pushed to share by people who feel more voyeuristic than sympathetic, it brings up a lot of emotions—emotions that are difficult and personal.

Friends, please respect people's need for privacy. Do not assume they are eager or willing to talk about things that might be very personal or painful. People who are already hurting do not need to be further hurt in an environment in which they expect to receive nurture. It is not always taboo to ask about medical problems. However, if you wish to do so, it needs to be done gently after trust and rapport have been established. And, if a person is not in a place to talk, that needs to be respected.

Linda Goldstein
Charlottesville, Va.

More than a mentor

Thank you again for publishing Breeze Richardson's article about my involvement with Project Lakota ("Walking the Walk: Greg Woods," *FJ* May).

I have one correction to make concerning the article. Candy Boyd was a co-founder of Project Lakota and has been a coordinator of the project over the last seven years, not only a mentor to me. We are equal partners in this project.

Greg Woods
Jefferson City, Mo.

What should we conserve?

As one who "worships in a fancy steeplehouse, takes up tithes," and is gladly and gaily "liberal," I feel compelled to respond to my dear brother in Christ, James Wilkerson (Viewpoint: "Is Thee Truly a Friend?" *FJ* June).

No—I am not; yet I consider myself a "Quakerly Episcopalian." Perhaps James can hear my "leading" more readily from one definitely beyond the pale—one to

whom he wishes "to speak the truth in another's church!"

Conservatism is very much part of my little Episcopalian branch of Christianity. Indeed, there are those who wish we liberals would just drop off the tree altogether. They are angrier than James.

Let me return to the Gospels: Jesus' conversations with Nicodemus by night. Was that good Pharisee troubled by the newness of the young Rabbi's teaching? "How can a man be born again?" he asks. Jesus replies that the new life is the Spirit, blowing where she wills. When we next meet Nicodemus—defending Jesus against other Pharisees—the Spirit seems to have borne new Truths—the birthing process has happened for him.

Conservation can sometimes mean holding onto ideas and things that no longer "serve" the new "baby." In my own church, many feel this way about "new" ideas about sexuality. Likewise, we liberals may be in danger of throwing out the baby with the bathwater, so amazingly generous, even careless, are we. Is this true for Friends as well?

So, what's to be done? Is there a "church" for James, and for me? Jesus says, "The kingdom of Heaven is like a householder—who takes from her store both old and new." May we both become that "householder"—discerning what to hold, what to lose, and cherishing these precious things in hopeful, non-blaming, peace-full hands. Blessings, James!

Roberta Nobleman
Dumont, N.J.

On e-mails, conference calls, and face-to-face meetings

I noted the letter from Evamaria Hawkins (Forum, *FJ* June), which raised a question about the World Office of FWCC's relatively new practice of having its committees meet by telephone conference call, supplemented by e-mail. She queried whether such a practice might be incompatible with Quaker process.

FWCC's primary purpose is to link

Continued on page 48

Unpalatable Truths

by Burton Housman

I thought I knew the costs of war. They had fueled my outrage over the arrogance, the ignorance, and the folly of the Iraq War, a rage that had begun to corrode my most treasured relationships. It had already begun to sap the life from my perceived calling to invite urban eighth graders to savor the wonders of algebra and geometry. It wasn't just my imagination, I feared, that when my friends saw me coming, they ducked through the nearest open door to avoid my too-familiar litany of criticism, mourning, and helplessness.

There are those of us who recognize that the Religious Society of Friends, as stewards of the queries, have a treasure easily as central for us as creeds are for other religious bodies. One query from Britain Yearly Meeting particularly haunted me: "What unpalatable truths might you be evading?"

News that the nearby Naval Medical Center in San Diego (NMCSD) would become the third center in the United States to provide rehabilitation for amputees from Iraq and Afghanistan helped to focus this query for me. It drove me to admit that carrying a sign by the side of the road, reading aloud with others the names of slain U.S. service members, and flying a flag at my house day and night at half-mast wasn't enough. There was nothing I could do about an estimated half-million Iraqis killed. But perhaps here was a chance to rechannel some of my rage.

Satellite queries now floated into view for me:

Burton Housman, a veteran of World War II, was sent by his church to help the Japanese rebuild after the war. When he held in his hands evidence of the damage from the aerial bombing he helped cause, he resolved to become a part of a church that sought alternatives to violence. He has been a Friend for 50 years in four yearly meetings. He is now a member of La Jolla (Calif.) Meeting and serves on the Discipline Committee of Pacific Yearly Meeting.

- Is being an enraged critic all you've got? How can you be an engaged doer?
- Just how much do you know about the damage and destruction you despise?
- You have all your faculties; you're in good health; why are you claiming a helpless state?
- If you say that you are the wrong age to reach out to 20-year-olds, just what is the right age?
- If you were to work with amputees and were criticized for helping the war effort, what makes you think that getting a Department of Defense parking sticker to enter a military base to assist in binding up wounds is cooperating?

The timing was right.

I became a volunteer through the Armed Services YMCA on the NMCSD base, coordinating response to the wounded that arrived by Medevac at a nearby Marine Corps air station. Family members of the wounded began to arrive from all over the western United States. Their distress over the wounds of a young family member (70 percent of the casualties are 19 to 23 years old) was compounded by bewildered attempts to cope with both military and hospital regulations as well as limited means to travel or set up housing in a city far from home.

Under the guidance of an envisioned Comprehensive Combat Casualty Critical Care (C5) program at NMCSD, we trained volunteers, greeted the wounded, and helped guide family members through the labyrinthine bureaucracies. I have met weekly with the two dozen medical professionals who consider the broad needs of these patients one by one every week. I have grown respectful of the dedicated, caring, and capable care by providers who combine their talents to deal with patients and their families.

I was struck by the number of invisible wounds the C5 team considered each week. My memory brought forth a portal

of entry to this new world I was now struggling to enter. I recalled memories of my father, who was a World War I veteran. In the age of radio of my childhood, we would listen to some radio drama in which we heard the firing of artillery

A Query:

"What unpalatable truths might you be evading?"

—Britain Yearly Meeting's
Faith and Practice

shells, followed by their explosions. Those were the only times when I was growing up that I saw my father weep. Adults, I learned later, called it "shell shock." All I knew was that it didn't subside until we changed the station. But his eyes remained wet—and distant—for a long time, each time. I was almost 50 when he died, and had enjoyed 50 years of his relentless determination to raise a family and support it well. During that time I never once heard that he had slept entirely through the night. We never knew the horrors of his nights, but we did know we never saw him rested in the morning.

We didn't have the concepts yet—

September 2007 FRIENDS JOURNAL

much less the words—for Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). The term in use then was “shell shock.” My father’s was mild. There were many more cases, far more severe. It was, all agreed, a price to be paid after the fear, the stench, the suffering of trench warfare spent enduring shelling in the slime of mud and on the bodies of those who had been killed—with medical attention scant and distant. Shell shock? You dealt with it. Families adapted. A grateful nation could do little more than say “Tsk-tsk.” Children wondered, but never inquired. At least your loved one had survived.

gauge craters large enough to hold several automobiles, rip off limbs, shred spinal cords, and riddle bodies not only with shrapnel but also with infectious debris and contaminants from the soil that had once filled those craters. And that’s only the visible part.

Yes, there is ceramic armor, but sharpshooters have learned to aim for its edges and seams, both of which are vulnerable to blast-impelled shrapnel. Designed to deter bullets, armor offers little protection against the blasts of Rocket Propelled Grenades (RPGs), IEDs, or land mines. The bottoms of Humvees, often lightly

ize what awaits the return of the loved one who comes back. It does follow that after-care for battle wounded—now survivors as never before—has ballooned. And it may extend far, far beyond hospital time.

The Navy medic who accompanies every Marine patrol and who is nearby to respond to an IED or RPG casualty, tries to clear airways, maintain breathing, and assure circulation in the face of multiple wounds, only a portion of which are visible. Medics themselves, always in the battle arena, are frequently among the wounded, and the damage to them is often initially as invisible as for those in combat.

Within minutes a helicopter arrives to pluck out the patient for transport to a nearby base hospital. Once stabilized, the wounded warrior is on the way to a major medical center. It sometimes takes less than 48 hours to get from the scene of a combat wound to a full-service hospital in another country. However, even with the most intensive and advanced medical care, wounds so incurred may have to stay open for six to eight weeks until infection is controlled. Surgeries must wait. The agony is prolonged not only for patients but also for surgeons, who must wait to determine whether it is possible to save a limb or if it is necessary to amputate.

Among the complex multiple injuries, not all

As life has changed, so has war for combat infantry, Marines, Navy medics—and for their families. Gone are adversaries defined by uniforms; gender or age is not an identifier. Bullets are not the biggest danger; 70 percent of the complex multi-causal wounds from Iraq and Afghanistan are caused by the detonations of Improvised Explosive Devices (IEDs). Often hidden in everyday materials and detonated remotely from unknown sources, they cause far more injuries than the ubiquitous rounds of AK-47s or the bullets of snipers.

With no whistling warning of approach, the sudden blasts of the IEDs

armored, are as vulnerable to IED blasts as the seams of body armor.

The rotor blades of Medevac helicopters are already turning, ready and waiting to be called, when Marines leave for patrol. This symbolizes the speed with which the reduction of time from battlefield to hospital has been dramatically shortened with improved resuscitation, evacuation, protection, surgery, and antibiotics. The ratio of casualties to deaths has thus risen sharply in Iraq to an astounding high of 16 survivors to every death. It does not follow that planned use of resources was sufficient to cope with this. Nor does it follow that families real-

of which surface immediately, is Traumatic Brain Injury (TBI)—what medical professionals call the signature injury of the Iraq War. These closed head injuries, not as immediately visible as penetrating head wounds, are often the result of blasts, not bullets—and blast injuries have afflicted about two out of three of those wounded in action in Iraq and Afghanistan.

Severe cases of traumatic brain injury may be obvious, but those that are mild, commonly called concussions, are not. Recovery from concussions, or mild brain injuries, is sometimes uncomplicated and complete, but not always. Some individuals continue to experience cognitive or



Melissa Harvey <www.25idl.army.mil>



"You don't get back the one you sent."

—a senior
Medevac dispatcher

mood difficulties. There also may be a delay in the symptoms becoming apparent. Measurements vary in several locales but often show that about one out of ten of the combat wounded treated showed some evidence of TBI.

With a total of one and a half million individuals having served in regular, reserve, and National Guard units in Iraq and Afghanistan, whatever the actual proportion, the number of those with TBI is large. It is no wonder that the Veterans Administration reports that requests for mental health aid have risen dramatically in the past 15 months.

It is often difficult to distinguish between the effects of concussions (TBI) and the aftereffects of combat stress (PTSD). A commonly used list of the widely varying emotional, physical, mental, and behavioral reactions to combat stress fills a single typewritten page with 30 column-inches of newspaper-size print. These emotional aftershocks can be the result of simply witnessing as well as being involved in life-threatening circumstances.

For the 19- to 23-year-olds who represent most of the battle casualties, it is desperately difficult not to associate PTSD symptoms with being crazy or weak. Caregivers constantly have to point out that PTSD is the result of stress and not a mental illness, that it is a normal reaction to abnormal circumstances, that it is to be expected, and that help and support are widely available. However, the macho values inherent in a survival-driven warrior culture discourage this. A valued T-shirt bears the motto: *"To err is human, to forgive divine. Neither is a Marine Corps virtue."*

Perhaps even more difficult is that the stress reactions may not appear until months after the trigger event, perhaps at the very time that the recovering wounded have reunited with their families and are supposedly past the period in which they received treatment. These reactions vary from lack of coping skills, profound grief, or guilt over one's own survival to anxiety that saps resiliency and varied forms of anger, agitation, and irritability—forming a list far too long to enumerate here.

Among the amputees at the military hospital where I have been the past year, the determination of patients who have lost one leg or both to match the physical therapist's goals to get them to run again is thrilling to see. Coupled with the demonstrations of courage, loyalty, and honor one so frequently sees in the wounded patients, this grit, this drive despite the horrors of war and the battlefield is a reminder of the strengths of youth that we often fail to acknowledge.

Even professional care providers face compassion fatigue and must labor to avoid giving a patient the impression that he or she is damaged for good and undermining the will to keep the healing process moving. One cannot overstate the stress on some families as they try to welcome back those so changed by their war experience.

Unpalatable truths may appear for us as heartbreaking questions in the night: wouldn't it be easier to handle death than disabling disfigurement, diminished capacity, or lifelong care of wounds? But what may appear as an "unpalatable truth" may simply be unpalatable, and not a truth. For example, criticism aimed at a Quaker for "cooperating" with the military effort. Look at the unholy basis for this criticism. What Amos and Jeremiah called "false gods," Jesus called "demons," Paul called "principalities and powers," and Shakespeare called "instruments of darkness," we call "absolute principles." Truth triumphs over them every time.

Other unpalatable truths can still be digested; there are things you can do no matter how old you are. No major hospital can function without volunteers. Wounds may take a lifetime of healing and require more than only patient and doctor. "Helpless" doesn't mean lack of power, it means lack of vision. There isn't a "right" time; the time is *now*.

But one unpalatable truth still abides. As a senior military Medevac dispatcher told me, "*You don't get back the one you sent.*" □

PEACE IS NOT

**Peace is not a testimony
when uttered
behind the fortress
of suburban landscapes;
or whispered
in the bedrooms
of indignant sufferers of fools
who wish the world
could only be like us;
the way we used to be
(like no one).**

**Peace is not a testimony
when it shields us from the pain
of those who bear the burden
of our indifference,
as we in condescending tones
of well-protected comfort
instruct the victims
of our greed to wait
in patience for their
coming turn.**

**Peace is not a testimony
before the rage has even
seethed within our blood
against the godlike arrogance
of men
who try to slaughter
their own fears
they see reflected
in the eyes of little children.**

**Peace is not a testimony
until we are so
bored with explanations
of our political correctness
that no one needs
to suffer or affirm
the hollow righteousness
that echoes in our cause.**

**Peace is not a testimony
until we freely give
what cannot be requested;
and we ignore
the ever-present fact of death**

**and still move on
because the life we feel
is more compelling
than the fearful future
we would otherwise protect.**

**Peace is not a testimony
until we realize that
the good that turns the world
is not our formula or instrument
but we are carried by it
like a river into other lives
if we don't shut our hearts
against the terrifying
torrent of its force.**

**Peace without price
is apathy dressed up
to look like principle
and self-protection
of the status quo
interpreted to sound
like saintly sacrifice.**

**Peace is only peace
when love is more than life
and truth the only duty
to our souls
and all salvation sinks
beneath simple silence
of our inevitable Being.**

**To find this Peace
we must leave our homes
and stand naked
in the rain of darkened night
until the drops fall through us
into thirsty soil
from which the morning
flowers spring.**

All else is war.

by Phil Lord

Phil Lord is a member of Chestnut Hill (Pa.) Meeting. This poem originally appeared in FRIENDS JOURNAL in December 2001. Copyright © 2001 Phil Lord

Blood mixed with milk

(written on the occasion of the death of a mother and infant
by a smart bomb)

I imagine that the babe that lies
with its small eyes closed forever
nursed from your breast, and that with that hand
with which you kept him to your last breath
from death, you changed his diapers, nestled him
toward the nipple bursting with white milk, that cream
our breasts create for the nourishment
of our small ones, I imagine that perhaps
minutes before the bomb, before that scream
that sealed his tears and yours for eternities
I neither understand nor care explaining,
he might have bitten you with that smile
of infants when they nurse, smiling
from a taste of godly feasting, and then a noise
and a world in flames and clusters of emissaries
of death on the wing, and a roar that maybe
left you deaf there toward the end so you couldn't hear
your baby's scream, and left you blinded so you could not see
how your blood mixed with milk in the mouth of an innocent.

Sangre mezclada con la leche

Me imagino que aún este bebé que yace
con sus ojitos cerrados para siempre
lactaba de tu seno, y que con esa mano
con que lo guardaste hasta el suspiro último
de la muerte le cambiabas pañales, lo acomodabas
al pezón rebosante de leche blanca, de la crema
que crean nuestros pechos para el sustento
de nuestras criaturas, me imagino que tal vez
unos minutos antes de la bomba, antes de ese grito
que selló su llanto y el tuyo por eternidades
que ni comprendo ni me interesa el explicar,
tal vez te había mordido con la sonrisa esa
de los niños cuando lactan, sonriente
de probar manjar de dioses, y luego un ruido
y el mundo en llamas y racimos de emisarias
de la muerte al vuelo, y un estruendo que tal vez
te dejó sorda ya al final para no oír los chillidos
de tu crío, y que algo te dejó ciega para no comprobar
como tu sangre se mezclaba con la leche en boca de inocente.

by Sylvia Brandon-Pérez

Sylvia Brandon-Pérez lives in Hayward, Calif. She wrote this poem after seeing a graphic photograph in La Jornada on April 2, 2003. The poem was composed in Spanish and translated into English by the author.

Friends and Torture

by Chuck Fager

To get at the issue of Friends and torture, let me start with the Bible, specifically a parable—what I think of as a parable of Quakerism. It's from the beginning of Chapter 18 of the Gospel of Luke.

The parable tells of an unjust judge, who neither feared God nor had any regard for people, and a widow, who had nothing but her voice. The widow came into his courtroom, and she cried out to the judge, "Give me justice! Give me justice!" But the unjust judge ignored her.

While the text is very terse here, the social context is not hard to fill in: chances are the widow's back was against the wall. Chances are she was in court because some greedy relative or landlord was trying to steal the inheritance from her dead husband, which was probably all she had to live on.

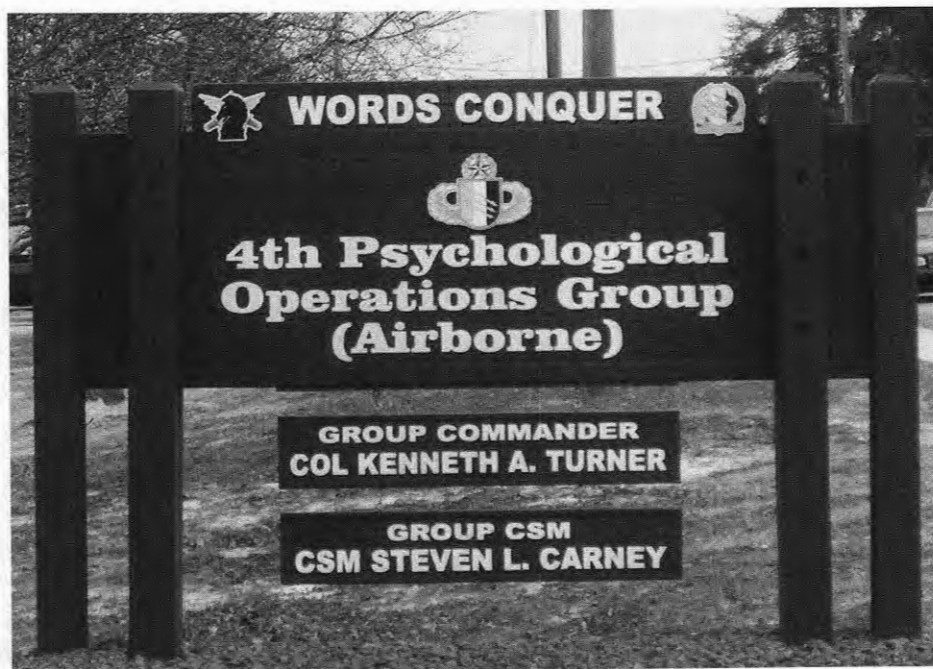
Her case at first seems hopeless, because we're told straight up that the deck is stacked, the fix is in, the judge is crooked. How is he crooked? Most likely he's on the take, selling his rulings to the highest bidder.

But this widow doesn't give up. She keeps coming back, again and again, and cries out to the judge, and to anyone else who will listen, "Give me justice! Give me justice!"

What was she doing? Consider her situation: she was a woman alone, in a society where such women were the very archetype of powerlessness and weakness. If she lost her case, she would probably starve to death—and starvation was common in those days. So this was a life and death struggle, and in it she made use of all she had, that is, the weapons of the weak and the powers of the powerless.

What are these weapons of the weak? What are these powers? I group them under the initials TVA, for tenacity, veracity, and audacity.

Chuck Fager, director of Quaker House, a Friends peace witness in Fayetteville, N.C., serves on the planning group of Quaker Initiative to End Torture (QUIT). He is a member of State College (Pa.) Meeting, and attends Fayetteville Meeting.



Chuck Fager

A sign at Ft. Bragg, N.C. What U.S. forces do at Gitmo and Abu Ghraib is not "torture," the military insists, but merely "enhanced interrogation techniques."

If most of what we know about torture comes from the media, we are not well informed.

The widow is tenacious—she keeps coming back, she won't give up. And when she cries out, she's speaking not only of her own case, but also reminding the judge—and the watching and listening public—of his sacred duty: he's supposed to be upholding the Law of Moses, the law of God. For centuries, this Torah had

echoed for faithful Jews with Deuteronomy 16:19's stern command to Israel's judges, "Do not pervert justice or show partiality. Do not accept a bribe. . . . Justice, and only justice shall you pursue."

So with her cries, the widow is not just making a private complaint—she's also speaking ancient truth, reminding the Israelite public as well as the judge that there is an authentic, holy tradition of justice in her society, and that it's being blatantly and shamelessly perverted here. So her cries are also an exposé, a kind of committed feminist journalism. They shine a spotlight, or at least a penlight, of veracity into the fog the judge uses to conceal his dirty deeds.

And she is audacious—in her patriarchal world women are expected to keep quiet, especially in the public sphere. The courts are men's turf, and litigation is men's business. But she refuses to go along with this custom. She breaks the mold; she thinks and acts outside the box.

And eventually she wins, she gets a

chance at survival. To be sure, hers is a limited victory. She doesn't move the judge to repent of his evil ways—he reaffirms that he's still a crook; nor does she overturn the corrupt system of which he's a part. But she wears him out, harasses and embarrasses him, until he decides he'll have to give her what she's due, if only to get her off his back.

For a text that's only five verses long, there's a lot of meaning packed into this parable. In fact, as I said, I find in it a model for long-term Quaker social witness, and particularly for the work some Friends have now begun on torture. Why is it a model? I think there are two reasons.

First of all, because in the face of the forces that are establishing torture as an accepted instrument of policy, we too are among the powerless. We—and our votes—don't count. This realization is very important, and not an easy one for U.S. citizens. It may be especially uncomfortable for Friends, most of whom are white, middle class, and pretty liberal to left-liberal in outlook.

As such, I suspect that many of us have been to diversity sessions and antiracism workshops, where we've heard a lot about white privilege, and might even be feeling a bit guilty about all that privilege we are told we enjoy.

But how we name things is important, Friends, and here I think we need to be careful. In this case I find the term "comforts" more helpful than "privilege." Whites in our society do have more creature comforts than many others. We benefit from various preferences that are culpably connected with a past and present of racism and oppression. That's true enough.

Yet the word "privilege" connotes to me a connection to power, and this is where the term falls short. Because in relation to truly holding worldly power today, especially where torture is concerned, I contend that even the wealthiest and most comfortable among Friends are essentially without power. We too are among the powerless.

In fact, almost all U.S. citizens are now without real power, or access to power, in

this matter and most others relating to peace and war. Not only are we without real power, we've also lost most of the rights we once thought we had. What's left is mainly pretense and illusion. And of course, creature comforts.

Our milieu of powerlessness may be more comfortable than some others, but it's powerlessness still. And if Quakers trying to end torture are among the com-

Quakers kept telling the truth that slavery was an abomination before God and humankind. And they did this in many ways, some as audacious as Lucretia Mott facing down mobs with her eloquence, and others daring to start the Underground Railroad.

There are other examples—but that's the past. What about now? What does TVA mean for Quaker work to end torture?



Above: The Washington Region Religious Campaign Against Torture protests at the White House, October 2007

Right: This undated still photo made available by *The Washington Post* on May 21, 2004, shows a U.S. soldier holding a dog in front of an Iraqi detainee at Abu Ghraib prison.



fortably weak and powerless, I suggest that if we're to have any hope of success, we set out to learn from the widow of Luke 18 and deploy the weapons of the weak. That's the second reason the widow's story is a model for us.

And what are these weapons? Again, for me they are summed up in the initials TVA: tenacity, veracity, and audacity.

If you look at the history of serious, long-term Quaker social witness, that's what you will find. Take slavery: we worked against it in the U.S. tenaciously for 100 years. It wasn't a fad or a fashion. And in those generations of struggle,

Here I can be very concrete. Tenacity means that we prepare for a struggle that we expect to last longer than most who are reading this will live. As part of that, we will need to keep our ears open, especially our inward ear, the one that hears the insistent whispers of the Spirit.

We need to keep that inward ear open because some among us are going to start hearing some insistent whispers of calling. In particular, a call to build a small but sturdy infrastructure that can support ongoing Quaker work on torture, and connect it to the larger networks of strug-

gle. For instance, I believe the Quaker work to end torture will need a newsletter, e-mail lists, periodic gatherings like the Quaker Conferences on Torture, and, before it's done, perhaps a small office with a staff member or two, plus a devoted oversight committee. Mundane stuff, but the basics of long-term work.

As for veracity, it means continuing to educate ourselves in an ongoing way about the ugly truths of torture and the growing opportunities to end it. I'm very serious about this educational task, and feel obliged to sound a warning here: if most of what we know about torture comes from the news media, Friends, we are not yet well informed.

News reports are just the beginning, and too many, even in prestigious outlets, are not to be trusted. Learning the hard truths of torture will call for digging deeper, and doing some hard work. I can testify that coming to terms with the extent of and the institutional strength and support for torture as well as the secret world that sustains it can be a very unsettling, even frightening, experience. (Alfred McCoy's book, *A Question of Torture*, is a good place to start.)

As we become more versed, we are called to spread this information. The basics of veracity here are elemental—not elementary, but basic: torture is immoral, torture is inhuman, it is rarely effective, and torture defiles the law, debases the culture, and makes a lie of our human rights. It is also invisibly taking root in more and more parts of our culture like some invisible, malevolent, parallel reality. The recent poll of U.S. soldiers, showing that large numbers accept torture as a routine part of warfare, is one telling indicator. Like the widow's cries, these baleful truths cannot be repeated often or loudly enough.

And then audacity: imagination and creativity will be crucial to this work, to leverage our small numbers and resources. As a current example, I'm grateful for the pioneering work of Stop Torture Now-N.C., a small band of activists including some Quakers here in North Carolina. For more information visit <www.ncstoptorturenw.net>. They have been protesting the use of a county airport not far from me at Quaker House for hundreds of CIA torture flights. Their audacious actions have exposed the presence of this CIA front and are building pressure on public officials to investigate and stop the flights.

The value of this work is twofold: it not only sheds light on this particular clandestine base, but it also points out that there is a "torture industrial complex" that has been surreptitiously created in our society. This "torture industrial complex" is growing and spreading around us like social gangrene. A key part of our work will be to name it, expose it, and give it no rest. We can't hope to do this

What are these weapons of the weak? What are these powers?

unless we bring imagination and creativity to bear on the truth.

One temptation in this work needs to be mentioned here, namely the urge to focus all our energy on Washington, D.C.: Congress, the White House, and the national political scene.

In my view, this would be a trap. To be sure, Washington can't be ignored. But my own work on the frontlines of peace witness persuades me that to accept such an emphasis is to see the task of change from the wrong end of the telescope: this country will be redeemed from the curse of torture by forces that will end up in Washington, not begin there. And it will be a distraction from the necessary foundation work if we permit most of our energy to be expended inside the Beltway.

Maintaining the proper balance here will be a challenge. It is not an accident that most of the major media want us to stay fixated on the antics inside the Beltway. After all, Washington is where those with real worldly power do their thing, and we, remember, are not among them.

The notion that because the U.S. is a "democracy" we are somehow players in that arena is one of the many illusions related to our position of "comfort" in the system. There is a *New Yorker* cartoon that captures this illusion well: a man, his gaze glued to the tube, says to his wife, "When I watch all these people arguing about the

problems of the world, I feel like I'm actually doing something about them." But of course, he is not. To repeat: real, long-term change will come from the sparks lit by those in the far corners of this land, who lack worldly power but have imagination and daring.

A look at Quaker history confirms this approach. I'm talking about the spirit of six Quaker housewives in Seneca Falls, New York, who started a revolution for women around their kitchen table. And other history has lessons too: remember Rosa Parks, riding a shabby bus in Montgomery, Alabama. And the late Friend Jim Corbett, starting the Sanctuary Movement in the 1980s in the Sonora desert of Arizona. There are others.

It is such audacity that will set the wheels of change turning, wheels that will roll across this country and rumble into Washington, until torture is driven from the land.

These are the weapons of the weak. I do not say they will bring quick or easy results. But they are already being deployed and are having an effect. Eighteen months ago, there was no anti-torture movement in the U.S. There were some dedicated anti-torture activists, but no national anti-torture movement. But within the space of barely a year an anti-torture movement has come onto the scene in the U.S. and is growing rapidly. Yes, it includes national groups based in Washington, hectoring Congress about torture flights and secret prisons. But for my part, the more important sectors of this nascent movement are groups like No2Torture, which was started by a Presbyterian from Minnesota, and Stop Torture Now, here in North Carolina. Unitarians are a part of it too, as is a new group, Evangelicals for Human Rights. And of course, QUIT, the Quaker Initiative to End Torture. This movement is taking form right before our eyes.

Quakers are not the center of this movement, or its leaders. But today there are Friends who are on the leading edge of this campaign as it comes into being, and our role in it can be crucial—if we will take this opportunity and run with it.

To play that role, let us remember Luke's widow and her continual cries for justice. Let us seize the powers of the powerless and put them to work. And let us remember those three silly initials that can point us in the way we are to go: TVA. Tenacity, veracity, audacity! □

M by Mark Franek

My interest in Quakerism has grown steadily over the past decade during my tenure as an English teacher and more recently as the dean of students at William Penn Charter School in Philadelphia. I never had an *aha!* moment in meeting for worship, what early Quakers might have experienced as a literal shaking of the body. In fact, I have never been much of a religious person. But for the past ten years I have dutifully escorted my charges into the meeting room each Thursday morning to sit with about 500 students and teachers in relative silence for 40 minutes.

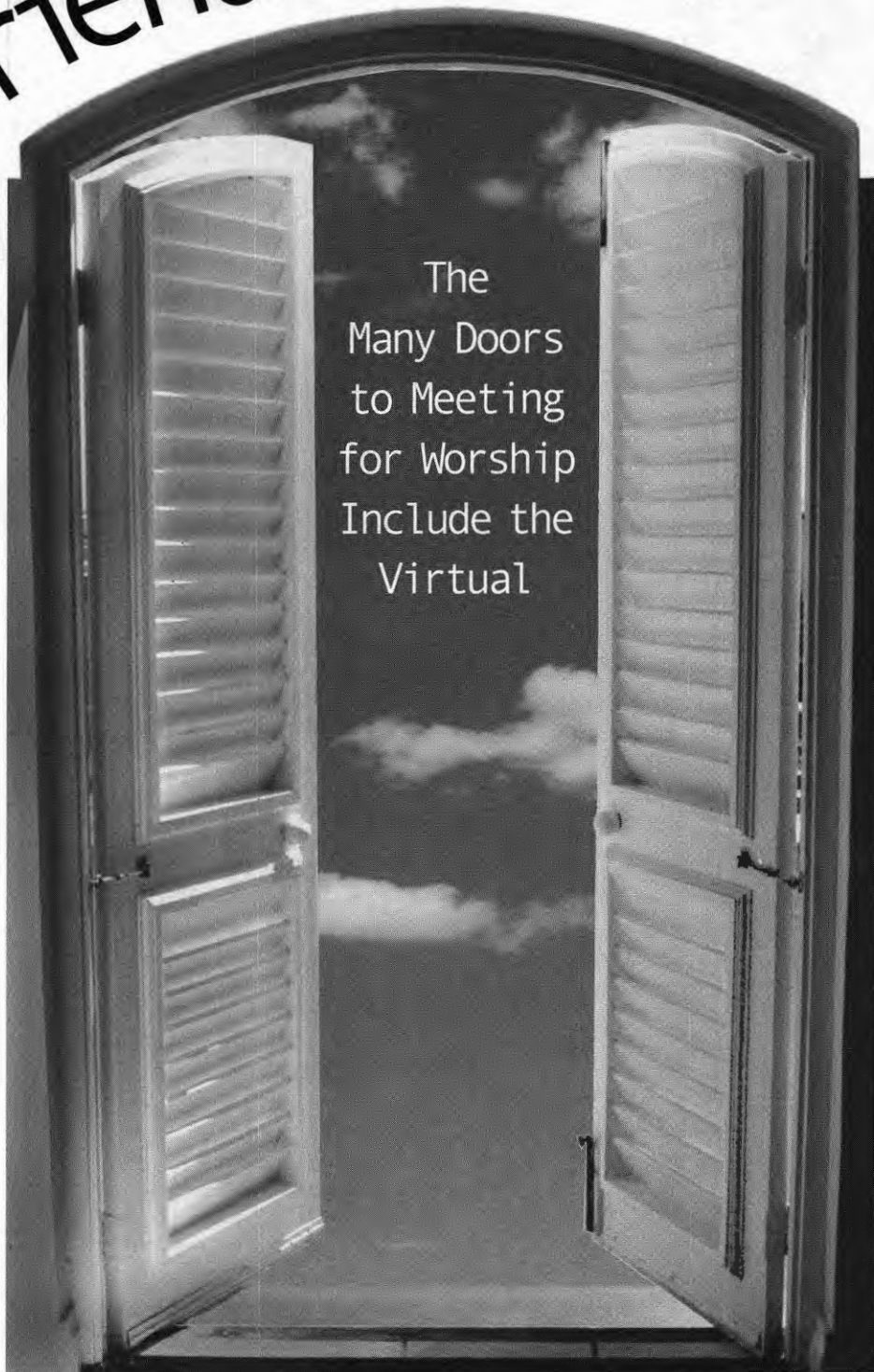
For the first few years, I considered these weekly meetings as minor inconveniences in the way of getting some real work done. Now I realize that much of the real and important work of the school is being modeled and reinforced during these weekly meetings, which are individual *and* communal searches for the truth/Truth.

Meetings for worship at Quaker schools imitate those at monthly meetings, but school meetings also serve a pedagogical purpose. Genuine reflection is an incredibly hard thing to teach, wheedle, or cajole from schoolchildren each week, yet that is what Quaker schools are up to. In fact, meeting for worship is a very deliberate teaching tool, though most practicing Quakers might eschew the notion that meeting for worship may be used as a deliberate means to a secular end. The Quaker educator Robert Smith was on to it when he wrote (in a Friends Council on Education "occasional paper"): "Simple in design, minimally comfortable and as broad as space allows, the meeting bench has been a Friends school's most important learning tool for more than 300 years."

I've come to realize that the meeting for worship experience attempts to create a space in school each week for Quaker beliefs and practices to *germinate* and then *emanate*—both inwardly to the spirit and outwardly to the community and to the

Mark Franek is the outgoing dean of students and an English teacher at William Penn Charter School in Philadelphia, Pa., where he has served for ten years. Michael Moulton, director of technology at the school and a member of Germantown Meeting in Philadelphia, also contributed to this essay.

Friends and Cybe



The
Many Doors
to Meeting
for Worship
Include the
Virtual

world in various forms of service. Interestingly, you can't record what is happening in the room with any device known to us. It must be experienced.

For non-Quaker schoolchildren—like the 93 percent of students who currently attend the 81 Quaker schools in the Unit-

ed States—meeting for worship must feel at first like a peculiar, downright foreign experience. Young people, however, are not totally in the dark when it comes to understanding the norms, rules, and protocols of the nearest Quaker school's meeting for worship. Students, particularly in

middle and high school, often come to their first meeting for worship with listening, reflecting, and speaking skills intact—skills they have developed online in the form of social networking sites and blogs.

More about these sites and blogs in a moment, but for now consider how we are all connected, technologically speaking: electronic communication will increasingly blur the line between what happens in face-to-face interactions and what happens in cyberspace. All the zeroes and ones that make up the binary code of electronic communication will continue to become central in our daily lives. Technology in this century is in the process of fundamentally altering the way we live and love one another.

Most readers of FRIENDS JOURNAL know firsthand the purposes and practices of a Friends meeting. But I suspect that there are more than a few who are in the dark about the topography of the Internet, especially as it pertains to the hottest new phenomenon on the web right now—blogs. Friends meetings and the blogosphere have a lot in common, and their similarities are surprising.

Why Should We Care About Blogs?

"Blog" is an abbreviated word for "weblog," which is a website that offers information that can constantly be updated. People who update blogs are called "bloggers." Writers write, singers sing, and bloggers blog. The labels *bloggers*, *blogs*, and *blogging* don't sound dignified, let alone important. In fact, most people who are not Internet-savvy look upon blogs the way the ultra-left looks upon golf: anyone who has time to blog must not be working very hard.

But bloggers are engaged in very serious activities. Take the small group of amateur bloggers that upended Dan Rather's faulty report on George Bush's military record on the eve of the last presidential election—bloggers began Internet discussions that were picked up by the mainstream media, which was widely held to have accelerated Rather's retirement. How's that for the power of the people? A group of average U.S. citizens sitting

behind Internet-connected computers—acting alone and yet together—fanned this story into numerous Internet "fires" until the truth could not be extinguished by the pundits in the mainstream press.

This anecdote underscores the power of individuals on the Internet. Bloggers often feel that they are connected and that their voices matter, both individually and collectively. Bloggers are also involved in serious play. At any time, day or night, someone is talking about spitfires or spelunking or Steven Spielberg's latest movie. If you can imagine it, then there is—or there will be—a blog about it. The sidebar to this article gives some more information about Quaker blogs, including a helpful discussion about the composition of blogs.

Blogs give people around the globe the power to communicate about any topic at any time. Even if you had an army of reporters and writers at your disposal and an unlimited payroll, you could not cover this "beat." In the cyberworld, the beat is whatever people are interested in talking about. The interests of the people—including the infinite pursuits of all kinds of truths—are no longer bound and limited by magazines on a rack, the pull-out sections of newspapers, or journals. Nor is information solely "owned" or disseminated by institutions and organizations, from the sacred to the secular. In the blogosphere, "all the world's a stage," and anyone with an Internet connection can play a part. If you honestly believe in the wisdom of the group, this is nothing short of a revelation.

Some argue that the democratization of the blogosphere and the reduction of professional gatekeepers (editors, publishers, etc.) in comparison to other media create an environment where purveyors of inaccurate or biased information are elevated to their own soapbox. I've always been suspicious of this criticism, since it takes into consideration only one small part of the blogosphere. To be sure, liberals and conservatives have their favorite blogs and their favorite bloggers who stridently espouse rigidly held views in a manner that would bring most Friends' meetings for business to a grinding halt. But to characterize the Internet as merely

an endless series of camps, each engaged in making more noise than the other, is just faulty. Most people who read and write blogs spend time listening to others, weighing opinions, and generally reflecting on many sources of data and what they mean. Part of the fun is in bouncing around the Internet and reading all kinds of opinions, from amateur to professional, to just plain wacky. Sometimes the professionals get it wrong, or miss something important. Sometimes the wacky, upon review, don't seem so wacky. In the same way, in a Friends' meeting for worship, sometimes a profound message or a simple idea is gracefully expressed by the most unlikely member of the meeting. Would we rather hear only from the elders?

How Blogging Resembles Friends Meetings

It is illuminating to consider that almost everything a person needs to know about how to be an exemplary online citizen can be learned in Friends meetings. Meeting for worship has been described as a place and a time to have conversations with God/the Inner Light, without the help of intermediaries. The various roads to Truth are paved by the stones we call *community*, *harmony*, *respect*, *simplicity*, *sincerity*, and *equality*—testimonies that we ideally carry with us and act on long after the meeting is closed with the traditional shaking of hands.

In many ways, blogs are similar. They are constantly evolving online conversations where the purpose of the meeting is not to assemble to worship, but to gather to learn more about something—anything—that interests a group of people.

Like the members of a Friends meeting, all bloggers are equal in their ability to enter the conversation (in most cases, all you need is a computer and an Internet connection), but that doesn't mean that all opinions carry equal weight. Just as there are "weighty Friends" (those whose judgment is regarded as exceptionally sound) in all Quaker meetings, there are also "experts" in most blogging communities, usually those who have been around a long time, or those who have a

who are right are always the experts. The purpose of most blogs is to harness the power of the group and to chronicle its unfolding and constantly updated wisdom. In blogs, postings are not organized according to an imposed hierarchy; normally the most recent post appears at the top of the page. To see older posts—or to see com-

exuberance causes them to leave comments that go against the rules of the blog, which are usually quite simple. They sound a lot like the rules for a Quaker meeting for business and get boiled down to something like this: Be courteous and respectful to all readers and writers. Reflect before you leave a comment.

future conversations. Bloggers are generally a lot less patient than Friends. For example, in most Friends meetings, Quakers labor with those who are contributing negatively for a long time before “blocking” their voice from further meetings. On a blog, getting locked out of future discussions can happen with the

“Under the Hood” of a Blog

(Using Quaker Blogs as Examples)

by Tom Kim

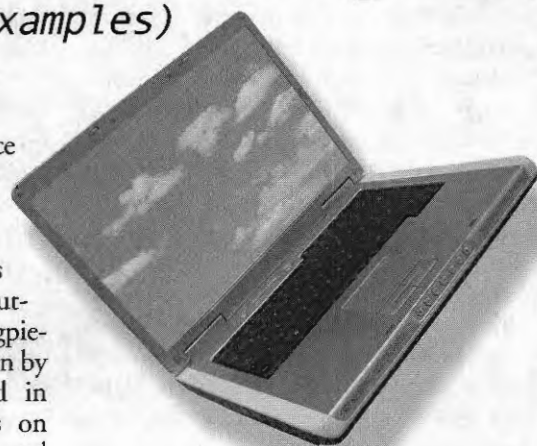
The best way to learn about blogging is to read, comment, and subscribe to several of them. The *blogosphere*—the collective online universe of all blogs—already has a small but active subculture of Quaker blogs, and the best way to explore that community is through *QuakerQuaker*, <www.quakerquaker.org>. *QuakerQuaker* is an *aggregator blog*; that is, it is primarily a blog that summarizes and reports notable entries found in other peoples’ blogs. Every day the volunteers at *QuakerQuaker* provide titles, excerpts, and links to new blog entries (called *posts*) about Quakers and Quakerism. Many blogs on the Internet, including *QuakerQuaker*, feature a list of other blogs that the author of the current blog regularly reads or recommends. This list is often called a *blogroll* (look for it on the sidebar of any blog). If you like the content of a particular blog, the *blogroll* is a great jumping-off place to many other sites on the web that may be of interest to you.

Even among the small subculture of Quaker-written blogs, there is a wide variety of personalities, purposes, and professionalism. *Gathering in Light* (www.gatheringinlight.com), for example, is written by a Quaker seminary student pursuing his PhD in theology. There is an academic bent to many of his entries, and many posts

deal with his interest in the emergence of postmodernism in religion. He also has a series of Frequently Asked Questions meant to introduce non-Quakers to Quaker beliefs and practices. *Quaker Magpie* (journal.earthwitness.org/the-quaker-magpie-journal/), on the other hand, is written by a self-avowed Conservative Friend in Omaha, Nebraska. His reflections on Quaker practices are thoughtful and provocative, and often draw interesting follow-up discussions in the *comments* section that follows each post. The author of *Quaker Magpie* also writes another blog—*Earth Witness* (journal.earthwitness.org/the-ew-journal/)—a site that is dedicated to conservation and environmental activism. The author of *The Quaker Agitator* (thequakeragitator.blogspot.com/) also stresses activism and politics, but has a more impassioned, some might say strident, tone.

Blogs and posts on almost any subject can be found by search engines that specifically target the blogosphere. *Technorati* (www.technorati.com) is a powerful search engine that collects, organizes, and shares statistics and information about the blogosphere. *Google* also has its own excellent search engine specifically dedicated to blogs at <blogsearch.google.com>.

Almost all blogs have the option for readers to add comments to any blog post, and most authors are grateful for feedback and interaction. Indeed, one of the most interesting aspects of blogs is the communal discussions that gather around



thought-provoking posts. Clicking the comments link of a blog post will take you to a separate web page dedicated to users’ comments, including the option at the end of the page to add your own.

In addition, instead of constantly checking back to see if your favorite blog has been updated, you might simply want to subscribe to that blog’s *feed*. A feed is a file associated with a blog that can be automatically sent to a separate computer program or website (called a *feed reader*), specifically designed to notify you every time one of your favorite blog authors has updated his or her site. Using feed readers is a clever way to keep track of multiple blogs in one location. *Bloglines* (www.bloglines.com) is a popular (and free) feed reader, but there are many others. Use a feed reader to create and manage your own perpetually updated “magazine” or “newspaper” of blog entries. Or better yet, start writing and managing your *own* blog (visit www.wordpress.com)!

Tom Kim is a middle school English teacher at William Penn Charter School.

leaving inappropriate comments.

Contributions to the content of the blog are generally encouraged of all visitors, but not required. In order to leave room for others to more fully enter the discussion, every now and then some people need to take a vacation from commenting. Does this sound familiar?

Good bloggers know when to speak and when to be silent. Reflection permeates the language of all blogs. Without reflection and careful listening, the conversations degenerate into shouting matches (what bloggers often call *flaming*, a practice that is universally abhorred).

At their best, blogs are places where good conversations occur often and where people gather to listen and learn from one another. Bloggers, at their best, are virtual friends who know that rich conversations are held together by traits like reflection, equality, and respect—even if the community is spread across the country or globe.

The Internet community is rapidly becoming the most diverse community on Earth, yet there are still many places around the world where people do not have access to a computer, much less one with a steady Internet connection. Cyberspace is just one more place where the poor and the oppressed have little or no voice. Those of us with privilege and power need to be mindful of how we can better enable more people to participate in the online conversations.

The future is not bleak. It is not unrealistic to assume that at some point on the Internet horizon there will be fewer Towers of Babel and more virtual communities seeking to harness the wisdom of the group. The power of the Internet originates from the power of individual people of all races and all ethnicities, and, increasingly, people of diverse social classes and educational levels. That's the beauty of blogs. They are leveling the playing field and bending many of the rules of the game. They are, in many ways, quite radical.

Eventually, with technology's help, it is not a chimerical notion to imagine everyone as a member of the same "meeting."

An Invitation to Join the Conversation

History teaches us that neither culture nor cultural norms are established overnight. But with the Internet, accul-

ation of worldwide users, who are mostly under the age of 35. William Golding, author of the widely read dystopian novel *The Lord of the Flies*, might have been surprised to discover that young people—left largely to their own devices in the cyberworld—have set up fairly stable and responsible patterns of behavior. This is an amazing phenomenon.

Perhaps the history books of the next generation will look back on this development with wonder and awe. Our presence in cyberspace may not be sorely needed, but it is certainly a place that most educators, including Friends, have not yet fully explored. Let's get off our chairs and off the meeting room bench, so to speak, and into the online game.

George Fox, in his *Journal*, urges his peers to be exemplars: "Be examples in all countries, places, islands, nations wherever you come; that your carriage and life may preach among all sorts of people, and to them. Then you will come to walk cheerfully over the world, answering that of God in every one; whereby in them you may be a blessing, and make the witness of God in them *to bless you*" [italics added]. The last part of this quotation is often omitted or overlooked in Quaker literature, but I think it is important. Walking cheerfully over the world and blessing others is not closed or finished—like an electric circuit—until the blessing returns to you. The central idea I see here, boiled down to a few succinct messages, is: *Follow the Truth, wherever it is taking you. Be open to new ways to listen to others. Share what you have learned. Complete the circuit.*

Let your life speak—including that part of life that exists either on the Internet or because of the Internet. Does a virtual reality truly offend our understanding or imagination of how God or the Inner Light or Truth can be made manifest in our lives? If working for and in a Quaker school has taught me anything over the past decade, it has taught me to be open to continuing revelation and to the idea that the work we perform outwardly and inwardly often comes back to us in unexpected and surprisingly palpable ways. □

God Does Not Need Your Cash

by Peggy Senger Parsons

So there I was . . .

On Saturday night, most weeks of my childhood, freshly scrubbed out of the tub. My Sunday school lesson book had no empty blanks; Sunday school came with homework back then. Mother was in the kitchen cranking off the church bulletins on the mimeograph machine—ka-chunk, ka-chunk, ka-chunk. Dad was in the living room ready to hand out weekly allowances to his progeny.

My allotment was one U.S. dollar, and I got it whether I was naughty or nice—it was grace. But I received this allowance on Saturday evening for a specific purpose and in a specific form. I was given ten shiny dimes, after the candy store at the corner closed, when there was no other opportunity to spend my riches until Monday. I received it in dimes, not quarters, because my father believed in a ten percent tithe. That is off the gross, not the net. When the basket came around the next morning, it was expected that I would put in one of my dimes. We belonged to a church that

Continued on page 36

Peggy Senger Parsons is "a motorcycling Quaker preacher, counselor, and freelance provocateur of grace." She is pastor of Freedom Friends Church in Salem, Ore. (www.freedomfriends.org). This blog entry is from May 8, 2007. Her blog may be found at sillypoorgospel.blogspot.com.

The Meeting School after 50 years

by Mary DesRosiers

“What if we could have the kind of schools that prepared youngsters for the kind of world we should have, instead of the world we do have?” That was the question posed, in 1955, by George Bliss to a group of Friends who would soon become the first teachers at The Meeting School. When the early classes met in an old farmhouse in Rindge, New Hampshire, in 1957, those first teachers could scarcely have foreseen what their dream would look like 50 years later.

Since those early days, The Meeting School has expanded existing buildings

and added new ones, increased the size of the working farm that has always been central to the school's life, responded to the students' needs for more recreation and arts spaces, and met the challenges of the computer age. It has graduated more than 500 students from all over the country.

At the heart of the school are the principles of responsibility, nonviolence, simplicity, and integrity so essential to Friends practice. Unique to The Meeting School experience is the family living unit where students live in faculty homes, sharing the day-to-day rhythms of cooking and housework. The founders of the school set a model for finding a balance between the life of the mind, the dignity of physical labor, and the joy of the soul, all of which the students have tried to emulate.

As the school celebrates its 50th an-

niversary this year—inviting alumni, former teachers, and the wider fellowship of Friends to join them—several former students were surveyed to find out how their experiences at the school had shaped their lives. The questions included in the survey were as broad as “How has your time at TMS influenced who you are today?” and as specific as “What do you remember about the food?” The responses were, of course, unique, but presented a striking unity across generations and geography.

All the respondents cited the themes of community and cooperation. Amy Hathaway ('83) writes, “I learned the importance of interdependence and how deeply one's decisions or actions can affect the whole, for better or worse. In times of conflict we had to learn forgiveness, honesty, and respect.” Chris Bennett ('81)

Mary DesRosiers, a member of Monadnock Meeting in Jaffrey, N.H., is a journalist, musician, and dance caller. She has taught at Scattergood School as well as The Meeting School.





adds, "I learned to keep an open mind and to establish relationships both with other teenagers and with my house parents. We cooked for each other; we were

in charge of each other."

Tom Weidlinger ('69) experienced the school from both the student and faculty perspectives, returning as an intern and houseparent in 1975. He credits the school with giving him his "first experience of community and sense of family." A big part of that awakening to community for all was the meeting for business each week, where the decisions that affected each person in the community were made.

Meeting for business in the manner of Friends—where input is made prayerfully, and where collective discernment leads to unity, not majority rule—is central to the life of The Meeting School. For students not raised in Quaker families, that approach to running a school can seem outlandish. Tom Morris ('02) writes of the gathering silence as "the longest ten minutes of my life." He adds, "I couldn't help but wonder, 'Who's in charge right now?'" For many students and faculty, learning the rhythm of meeting for business takes months or years.

But for most, the lessons of listening to others and of airing differences mindfully last a lifetime. Jim Clark ('63) used the

format in his professional life and in his family: "We adopted meeting for business for raising our kids. Anything we expected of our daughters was deserving of a logical explanation . . . and of a family meeting to arrive at a decision. Instead of standard discipline, we arrived at a decision about consequences as a family. In my humble opinion, this method could not be better." Even when the discussions were painful and emotions ran high, alumni remembered the true value of the deliberation. "We didn't always succeed in solving problems," writes Amy Hathaway, "but it was the process that taught us so much."

Memories of farm and kitchen ranked high on the alumni's lists. "The school influenced my career as a doctor," writes Chris Benner. "Initially I wasn't sure of what I wanted to do, but I was considering becoming a vet. Milking cows all year long, sometimes because no one else wanted to, convinced me that I wanted to pursue either veterinary or human medicine." He adds, "Being outdoors was a great centering influence for me, reminding me of where I fit in the world." It's not all reverie, however; Paul Jaeger ('59) remembers "rising at four in the morning and trudging through two feet of snow



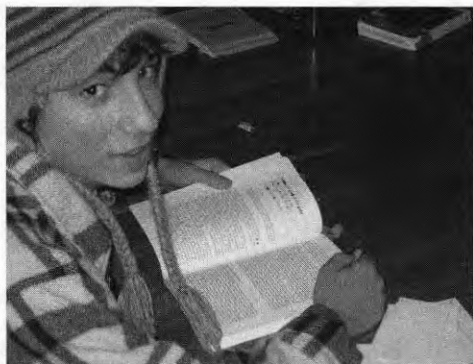
(Page 18) The past: students around the mailbox, in a photo taken around 1960

(This page) The present: wood chopping, apple picking, and lunch in Aurora dining room

All photos courtesy of The Meeting School

to milk the cows."

Tom Morris writes of "relishing the idea of being part of a process, that is, if you don't grow and prepare the food, then you don't eat." "I saw the connections from the beginning," he says, "from ordering the seed to planting the gardens, to planning the meals." Amy Hathaway remembers the downside of the equation: "I hated pruning trees, and killing chickens



wasn't much fun either." Turning compost, cutting and bringing in wood, and driving tractors and horse teams at chore time—all are part of a typical academic day at The Meeting School. Many alumni have applied the lessons learned to their own families, and they are still involved in rural and urban gardening and cooperative farm ventures. Jim Clark speaks for many when he writes, "Farming is how, if I could, I'd prefer to spend my life."

"A large part of developing tolerance," writes Chris Bennet, "was when we were cooking for each other." The Meeting School setting was, for many students, the first time they'd been "on their own" in the kitchen. "We were all pretty accepting," Bennet continues. "If I was on baking crew, and we baked ten loaves of tough, heavy 'doorstop bread' that was what the household ate for the week." Amy Hathaway remembers the steep learning curve in her own tolerance: "The first time I tasted whole-wheat spaghetti was memorable, but I eventually found a few things to like." Paul Jaeger remembers "all the fresh cream and milk, and knowing you had picked the fruit that was in the pies." Jim Clark quips, "I learned I could eat just about anything the kitchen crew produced and *still* survive!"

Surviving conflict was also a big part of the memories of the respondents. Since The Meeting School has "minutes" instead of rules governing student behavior, and since those minutes are agreed upon by the whole community, minute-



This page:
Study, food preparation,
and a late leek harvest

breaking is taken very seriously. Tom Morris speaks of the moment when he found out his actions affected others as an "epiphany": "When a faculty member found I had not been truthful with her and called me on it, I recognized that she really cared for me. The system of being confronted by a fellow student or faculty member when you break a minute is so effective." Jim Clark recalled after a drinking incident, "It was as though we had lost our way, but the school had given us the tools to find our way back, including having the guts to go right to George (Bliss)'s office and tell him the truth."

"I suffered the usual struggles of adolescence," writes Amy Hathaway, "but being at The Meeting School forced a certain mindfulness about my actions. Was I the model student many faculty members thought me to be? Absolutely not—but anytime I chose to participate in clandestine

activities there was a heightened awareness of the possible hurt it could cause." She sums up the feelings of all the respondents when she cites "forgiveness and honesty" as being the most important lessons she learned.

Other memories shared by the survey respondents included music, particularly the lively rounds composed and taught by Joel Hayden, one of The Meeting School's founders. Singing is a part of the daily morning meeting at the school, and many former students and faculty have vivid remembrances of popular folksongs and impromptu performances. Sports, both organized and spontaneous, were also

mentioned. Jim Clark remembers an all-school game of Capture The Flag that lasted for an entire weekend!

Tom Weidlinger's image of The Meeting School as a "gold standard" for the experiences he sought in adult life rings true for the other former students in the survey. "I remember a whole onionskin of things, so many layers," writes Chris Bennet. "I established relationships in a way I'd never thought possible."

Weidlinger also cites the "intellectual rigor" of his classes and the lasting gifts of the books he was required to read. Amy Hathaway credits the school with her daily journaling practice and the habit of "quieter attention to the soul" she learned.

The founders would indeed see many changes at The Meeting School 50 years later, but their vision lives on in the young men and women who are students today.



Table Matters

For years I have lived on
small matters at table:
those mornings before school
just barely taking in
the bowl and spoon
my father set out
at my place each day;
the way fingers grazed
when the milk was passed;
the patient music
of serving things,
the last helpings scraped
from a dented pot.

And later, on the delicacies
of play as my teacher's hand
moved over my work,
doing its little dance,
hovering there
with the grace of a gull
over words set down
as we salvaged scraps
along the shores of the page.

by Joseph A. Chelius

*Joseph A. Chelius attends Fallsington (Pa.)
Meeting.*

*Becky Banasiak Code attends Athens
(Ohio) Meeting.*

A Glimpse of the Bird of Paradise

We long for a place we can't articulate
like lyrics that can only be hummed
or strains of music that aren't strained at all
or the deadening of the drum.

Mobbed by an inherited lemming response—
like lava's relentless march—
in an unquestioned quest to *Make a name for oneself*,
we're entombed in *Reach for the stars*.

But we were known before we were born,
before the universe became un-one,
before the uncharted continents were torn
by countless discriminating sons.

Oblivious to the unbidden
while the obvious (thus hidden) wraps us like a womb,
we fawn over famous figures,
and fail to follow the tune:

the silencing of synapses
just before the sneeze,
the dark of night phone call
that crumples confident knees,

the unexpected snowfall's aaahhh,
the chasm before the kiss,
but if we're lucky enough to be looking,
this inexplicable this:

a tiny crevice in the crust of time,
a subtle but massive rift
as the continental self collides
with some counter-consciousness shift.

It's an invitation to lose one's self
in a whispered wink of bliss
that in the herd of making one's mark
is so sheepishly dismissed.

To pin a label, to plant a flag
is the slamming of this door.
Yet once the canary has caught the kitty,
there's this taste of unnameable more.

by Becky Banasiak Code

Living Truth at The Woolman Semester

by Elizabeth De Sa

In late 2003 I was at a peak of emotional and spiritual turmoil. I was teaching middle and high school in Adelaide, Australia, and attending Quaker meeting regularly. However, I felt dissatisfied with how categorized my life had become. My spirit was the thread holding all the pieces together, yet I felt so shallowly grounded that I was unable to be as authentic in various areas as I desired.

Six years before, when I was 23, teaching had seemed the most likely vocation for me. I loved to challenge myself and inspire others, and through exposure to a melting pot of ideas and questions I could ensure continued learning and thinking for myself. Yet somehow that had not been the case. I had taught at a number of schools—state schools in the United Kingdom, Japan, and Australia; an alternative school; and then a rather elitist independent school in Adelaide. Over the years I became increasingly despondent with what I was doing. Within the public school sector I felt like a state-employed babysitter; at the alternative school I felt that offering students complete freedom to choose had turned into permission to avoid challenge; and at the independent school, with increasingly rigid standards and protocols, I felt that I was constantly jumping through hoops and forcing my students to conform, all the while ensuring that I kept the customer satisfied. I felt as though I had lost myself and sold my soul.

When I was interviewed for the position at the independent school I had been asked what I saw myself doing in ten

Elizabeth De Sa is a young adult Friend, of Indian descent, raised in the UK, who attends Grass Valley Meeting on the campus of The Woolman Semester at Sierra Friends Center in Nevada City, Calif. For information on The Woolman Semester, see <www.woolman.org>.



years. Into my mind swam a collage of myself growing my own food, living simply, teaching the values I thought really mattered, raising children, growing in a loving and fulfilling relationship, writing, do-

ing prison ministry, playing my flute, and meditating. The Divine was the basis of it all—but they weren't interested in that. They were asking me about my professional goals, which were somehow separate from and extraneous to my personal goals.

Integrity, as a testimony, was unfolding in my life. My soul was persistently demanding alignment of my inner and outer selves—otherwise, I would never know inner peace. In order to do that, I sensed a call within myself to go deep, to put down roots, and to explore who I am.

I left Australia and went to Pendle Hill for a year of deep spiritual exploration. Still not knowing quite how to proceed, I spent seven more months exploring intentional communities and working on organic farms in New Zealand. From

Left: a view of the campus

Above: Elizabeth De Sa, right, with a student, Celia Chatham

then on, I wanted to consciously choose my style and mode of living, not simply accept what was passed down to me.

An idea formed of the type of school I wanted to live and teach at—a Quaker community where I could let my life speak. I wanted freedom to explore what really mattered to me, and I wanted to gift that freedom to my students. I wanted to live and work at a school that inspired young people rather than taught them to conform, a place where I could be authentic and so give young people the permission to be authentic too. I wondered if such a place existed.

In August 2006, my search led me to become the Environmental Science teacher at The Woolman Semester in the Sierra foothills of California. Over time I learned that neither the school nor the community was perfect. I found many faults with the place, but gradually, as I made a commitment to the school, I discovered that the problems became challenges. In those challenges I retained faith

that solutions were being sought and could be found because we aspire to practice Quaker process. The Greek word for faith, *pistis*, translates literally as "faith in action." We intend to seek Truth, not make changes because of human or worldly motives.

The Woolman Semester is a high school semester program. We teach peace, social justice, and environmental sustainability. It is an intense and rigorously academic program. Students get one year's worth of credit and are expected to show up to do the work that needs to be done—here, and in the world. They choose to do so. Students come here because they are passionate about peace, social justice, and the environment. Often they are disillusioned with society and the education system. Through The Woolman Semester they seek to discover who they are, to let their Light shine.

Teaching here is exciting. As a teacher, I have more freedom to challenge and inspire than I've ever had before. One of the first things we look at is Environmental Science in the context of Quakerism. What is science? How is science taught in schools? What do society and the education system expect of you? We consider the testimonies and how our lives speak—empowerment versus hopelessness—and how to make effective change in the world. Discussions within this topic have ranged from anger at the way science is taught in public schools, to considering how our culture uses silence and inaction as weapons of oppression in how we treat people and the environment, and how we as individuals are treated. Because of the level of trust and vulnerability fostered in this community, students are able to share their personal and sometimes pain-

ful stories and understand them in a global context.

In teaching "Food," I encourage the students to question conventional methods of agricultural production. This topic challenges everyone at some level because it deals with a basic human need and how it interplays with economics, politics, spirituality, the environment, and human desires. Some students feel outraged and helpless when they learn the truth about the global food market. They tell me how there are more fast food joints than grocery stores in their neighborhood. They question how they can afford to buy healthy, organic food when no grocery store in their neighborhood stocks it. We visit a meat lab to watch animals being slaughtered. We tackle the moral implications of eating meat, which is inherently violent, as well as consider the possibility of plant consciousness, in order to encourage students to eat consciously. Students struggle with what they have discovered and the fact that they still love the taste of meat. Some change their eating habits, some don't, but the learning is illuminating.

We also study Genetic Engineering at The Woolman Semester. Students have coordinated a phone campaign to Monsanto, asking them to justify their legal

actions against small farmers for cross-pollination of genetically modified corn on their farms beyond their control. We look at the effect of lifestyle and consumerism on the environment, global warming, and oil and energy production. Students build bikes and



Above: a moment of worship before a backpacking trip
Right: installing an outlet during a service learning trip to a clinic in Mexico



cycle eight miles uphill to the nearest town for critical mass pedal power demonstrations to show the world that alternatives to cars exist and can be fun. Then in Local Ecology and Deep Ecology, I invite the students to approach the wilderness as something sacred, something we are a part of, and we seek to reconcile the science of the environment with the spiritual.

Ultimately, I expect students to take responsibility for their own learning. I treat them as mature young people, and they usually rise to the occasion. They can negotiate assignments and the curriculum to meet their passions and needs, though I don't hesitate to challenge them by asking why they are doing so. I give them the permission, and I show them how to make this experience one of their own choosing.

We go on two trips during the semester—a one-week wilderness hiking trip during which students do a 36-hour solo, and a three-week service learning trip to Mexico where we study water issues, border issues, consumerism, tolerance, justice, and injustice along the way. We encourage students to engage in dialogue instead of polarized debate, and to seek multiple perspectives on every issue. Along the Mexican-American border we take a tour with American Friends Service Committee, talk to border patrol officers, and meet the Minutemen—vigilantes who have taken it upon themselves to patrol

The Woolman Semester is a single-semester academic exploration of peace, social justice, and environmental sustainability. Students live on our 230-acre campus and become members of a close, caring, multigenerational Quaker community. Thought-provoking class discussions, hands-on lab work, and offsite expeditions link coursework to what goes on in the world around us. As the only semester program among Friends schools, The Woolman Semester provides a unique, intensive experience for students. The Woolman Semester asks high school students in their junior, senior, or post-graduate year to fully engage and take ownership of their education.

—Shana Maziarz, head of school

Olney Friends School

Barnesville, OH

Est. 1837

Good school. Good friends.



- Intellectually challenging
- College preparatory
- Coeducational boarding and day high school
- Supportive Quaker community

*Core values:
Integrity, equality, peace,
simplicity, respect for the
environment and the individual.*

www.olneyfriends.org

1-800-303-4291

LEARNING
DIFFERENT
IS OFTEN
BETTER.

For Students with Learning Differences

Multisensory teaching strategies for diverse learning styles

College Preparatory · Grades 7-12 · Summer Program

Prospective Parents Open House dates for 2007-2008:

October 24 · November 28 · December 12

January 30 · February 20 · March 12 · April 16 · May 21

Professional Open House: January 16

DELAWARE VALLEY FRIENDS SCHOOL

19 East Central Avenue, Paoli, PA 19301

610-640-4150 www.dvfs.org

the border and report illegal immigrants.

Students take their learning out to the wider community. They host a social issues forum in town, and write and perform theatre pieces based on such autobiographies as Mohandas Gandhi, Frida Kahlo, Adolf Hitler, and Che Guevara. As a community we aspire to increasing environmental and human sustainability. We have chickens, sheep, and a llama, and we grow some of our own food. Students have worked on sustainability projects such as installing a drip irrigation system in the garden, practicing permaculture, building and installing hot water solar panels, building a greenhouse from recycled material, and increasing energy efficiency by using clothes lines in summer and drying racks in winter. Overall, students learn practical skills and tangible ways to increase the sustainability of their lives back home.

Over the course of 16 weeks, students learn about the state of the world in a way not enough adults know. They experience hopelessness, fear, and empowering activism. They learn firsthand that opting out of the system and doing nothing is not an effective means of expression. They question their lives and their place within the world. And I aspire to listen to them.

As a learning and living community, we stand at the edge of awareness and action. Through meeting for worship and the study of Humanities and Ethics, students are exposed to the spiritual foundations underneath our work that demand a paradigm shift. We demonstrate to the students how changes stemming from this shift bring joy rather than a sense of deprivation. We accept that conflict inevitably arises, and we all work on skills such as "Non-Violent Communication" (a method of communication to resolve conflict and deeply listen to each other developed by Marshall Rosenberg) to deal with it in a positive and enriching way.

Last semester a student told me that the most powerful lessons she had learned from me had not been in the classroom, but from seeing how I live out my values and beliefs. Here at The Woolman Semester, in community, I feel supported in practicing authenticity and being the person I was called to be. This is a powerful statement, one that young people need to see. And from my students I have learned how to have compassion for the process of understanding the world and how to live in it authentically. □

Give the gift of *Quaker Thought and Life Today*

From ☐ Please enter or renew my subscription for \$39.

FRIENDS JOURNAL
subscriptions are \$39 for
12 great issues (save 35%)

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

e-mail: _____

☐ Payment enclosed in my own
envelope (*Checks payable to FRIENDS JOURNAL*)
Outside North America please add \$12/year

☐ Bill me later.

Gift 1 (\$39)

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

e-mail: _____

Gift 2 (\$39)

Name: _____

Address: _____

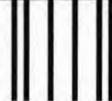
City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

e-mail: _____

PRCGG6

For faster services, subscribe online: www.friendsjournal.org or call toll free: (800) 471-6863



NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO 35933 PHILADELPHIA PA

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE



**FRIENDS
JOURNAL**

1216 ARCH ST STE 2A
PHILADELPHIA PA 19107-9370



Mending the World

by Pamela Haines

Our world is torn and broken. Many parts of it are not working. There are great tears and gashes, holes and frayed edges. What it needs is mending. And in general that's something we're not very good at. Ours is not a culture of mending. Somewhere along the line we got confused and started believing that if something is broken or torn we should throw it out and get a new one. We are not helped in this by a system that is focused on consumption rather than quality—that produces things with an intentionally short life so that it can sell us more.

But we can't throw out the world. It's been around for quite a while, and it's worth saving. Besides, it's the only one we have. So—we have to learn to mend.

This is not a hardship. Not long ago, I had the privilege of helping a young woman mend a favorite dress. A small hole had made it unwearable. We found a place around a seam in the hem where we could cut out a tiny bit of fabric and sew it back up to leave no trace. Then, with the tiniest of stitches, she sewed that bit of fabric over the hole. It took quite a while, but when it was done her beloved dress was restored, and we'd had an evening together to cherish.

To mend something well, you have to understand how it's put together. How do the seams work in a dress? What is the process of knitting that will allow me to repair a long unraveling? It can be hard when, in order to fix something, you have to take a first step that makes it worse. I don't mind disassembling things; if I just pay attention I have a fair amount of confidence that I can get them back together. But with my wobbly dining room chairs I needed the support of a more experienced friend to know that, before they could be solidly reglued, I had to knock the joints completely apart. Once I had good access to all those pegs and holes, it was easy to know what to do.

I think we just need to practice, knowing that it's time well spent—practice sewing buttons back on (and snipping them off the shirts that are beyond repair, so we'll have some extras in time of need); practice taping torn books or maps; practice gluing broken parts together.

Sometimes there's skill involved—putting new cloth underneath a frayed part to give it strength, then stitching to make them one; whittling a replacement part till it fits just right; creating a tidy woven patch in the heel

of a sock. It can help to have the right tools. You need materials—bits of wood, cloth, yarn. But mostly it just requires patience. Mending takes time.

Then there is the relationship that gets broken or torn or frayed around the edges. The impulse to just throw it out and get a new one can be strong. But we can practice mending here as well—acknowledging our part, listening from the heart, saying we're sorry, not giving up on ourselves or the other person, putting in the time to be in contact.

What if we thought of mending as a critical activity in our quest for a truly livable world? Then every time we sewed a button, every time we apologized, or repaired something rather than throwing it out, we could remember that we are building the skills, muscles, and attitudes that are needed to make our world whole.

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

Living Outside the Box

by Fran Palmeri

Sometimes in meeting for worship we are knocked off our comfortable seats by revelations arising from messages from without and within. Last year on Veterans Day weekend, the vocal ministry at Sarasota (Fla.) Meeting, led off by our beloved Friend Eileen O'Brien, focused on war and peace, and evoked much discussion after meeting, all of which prompted these thoughts:

War is concrete: tanks, guns, planes, and soldiers marching. Reminders of war are scattered about our landscapes: in museums; cemeteries; city squares (lots of generals on horses); in Hometown, USA, where lists of the fallen are honored on plaques; and in Washington, D.C., where the Vietnam Wall is the most visited memorial. In my area, there's even a World War II fighter plane outside a restaurant.

War is embedded in the culture: It's glamorized in movies, music, plays, books, videogames, and on the evening news. It is in our language. We "battle" for the environment and, ironically, for peace and social justice. War is ceremony, parades, and a national holiday. War is fraternity. Think of all the organizations that bring together those that have been involved in its making. Bravery in battle is a yardstick some use to measure the character of a man.

It is how we organize the study of history.

Sometimes it's how we reference personal events. It's in a family's history.

The making of war is high on the list of government priorities. There seem to be no limits to our country's expenditures for war. We as individuals participate in this process each time we write a check to the IRS.

Against this backdrop, peace seems almost a foreign concept. The alternative choice. Outside the mainstream. Nebulous. Almost impossible. Arduous, like pushing a rock up a hill. A void. What's going to replace all those statues of generals and lists of the dead? Is this why we feel so boxed in by a construct that could obliterate our planet and ourselves?

The reality is that peace is life-affirming, kinder to us and the planet, and much, much less costly. It is vital to our survival. In our hearts, it is what we devoutly wish for and know is the only way.

We need to redefine ourselves, our environs, our country, and our world in terms of peace. Many of us are working for peace but sometimes Quakers think of themselves as "islands" of peace in a violent world. Instead, let us weave peace into the fabric of society and put it on the calendar, into the budget, into the culture, and in the national psyche.

We can start with ourselves. Why not celebrate our own personal Peace Day, create a peace budget, make a decision to choose non-violent entertainment, and forego war news? I am sure our children can come up with wonderful ideas.

Kurt Rowe, a member of Sarasota Meeting, e-mailed us this postscript: "In a world consumed with violence and war perhaps giving or receiving a hug is a good place to start the change our planet and species needs."

Fran Palmeri is a dual member of Sarasota (Fla.) and Annapolis (Md.) Meetings.

On Being a Grandmother

by Connie McPeak Green

Everyone said just wait—being a grandmother is the most wonderful thing in the world. I thought to myself: yeah, yeah...whatever! But, then the first time I heard little Nate cry, about three minutes after he was born I had the physical sensation of my heart opening up wide—I mean as wide as the universe. It was an amazing sensation, quite shocking to me. The first time I held him, and every time since, I have found myself transported to a place of deep, centered joy. The

Academic Excellence With A Conscience

SINCE 1845



Lower School Visitors' Mornings

Pre-k-Grade 4

Thursday, October 4th
Wednesday October 17th
Thursday, November 8th
9:00 am-11:00 am

For more information,
please call: 610-642-7575

Middle/Upper School Visitors' Mornings

Grades 5-12

Thursday, October 25th
8:45 am-11:00 am

For more information,
please call: 610-649-7440
www.friendscentral.org

Friends'

CENTRAL

only other experience I can equate it to is the God consciousness that comes sometimes in meeting for worship or when I am in a meditative state. Our heart connection and Nate's pure little spirit have become a portal for me. I suspect that this is a transient experience, one that will not continue as he gets older and more sophisticated. I hope I am wrong. My sense is that now his essence is still so pure, unsullied if you will, that he is directly connected to the Divine without any of the blocks we take on as we experience life. Our essential self is the connection to the Divine and babies haven't developed a false or social self yet.

I know that there are young women and men who connect with their babies in this deeper way. They may have less of the self-protective crust that I found it necessary to take on to make my way in the world. When I was a young mother my inner life was too chaotic and fearful for me to connect except for a few times during late night feedings. My inner life now is less encumbered with some of the fears, judgments, and deceptions of my earlier life, so I am more receptive. This may be one of the gifts of having lived long enough to rediscover and reclaim some of that which is essential in myself. My life intention now is to be free of anything that blocks me from experiencing the flow of Divine Love in my life. It is, I think, the movement into wisdom, which comes with getting older. Our little Nate brings the precious gift of immeasurable joy, peace, and hope. His innocence opens me to the infinite. Holding him transports me to the dimension where we connect with that of God in each of us. It is the Kingdom of Heaven, which Jesus said "is among you." It is the place from which the world may be transformed. My grandson, Nate, is helping me to find my way.

Connie McPeak Green is a member of Cleveland (Ohio) Meeting and is the grandmother of Nate McPeak.

Thoughts on the Peace Testimony

by Elizabeth A. Osuch

I have been struggling with what to say about the Peace Testimony for several weeks now. Every time I think about the problems they become more complex and seemingly insolvable. For example, consider the following biological reality. In naturalistic studies of primates in groups in the wild, revenge and similar violent acting out is

What does it mean when people say Active Retirement?

*...the residents of Friends Home
and Village volunteer in the community,
garden and live independently among Friends.*

**One and Two Bedroom
Garden Apartments Available.**



*Affordable,
Independent and
Assisted Living
in the Quaker
Tradition.*



FRIENDS HOME AND VILLAGE

Newtown, Pennsylvania

215.968.3346 • friendshomeandvillage.org



advantageous. There are hormonal, biochemical alterations that occur in male nonhuman primates in response to the stress of being "bested" by another male. But if the victimized male then goes and attacks another animal, that in turn relieves his stress. This is the biological equivalent of the old adage "S—rolls downhill." Violence in response to violence resolves the distressed state of the victim. Without that "resolution" the animal is at risk for many negative consequences from abnormally high stress hormones. Similar findings in the field of social psychology confirm this basic principal in humans. It is an inescapable reality of our biological inheritance as human organisms on this planet.

This is a difficult and painful challenge to have to transcend. What it means, essentially, is that every stressor inflicted upon a person predisposes that person to act out violently, unless the person has learned how to manage differently. I think this is fairly easy to confirm if one looks at one's own feelings and reactions as well as those of others. I can certainly see it every time I drive in rush hour in the metropolitan D.C. area. But as something other than a complete pessimist and nihilist, I need to believe that there is a better way to resolve this biochemical and neuropsychological predicament than violence. Predisposing someone to a type of action is not the same as unconditionally "causing" that type of action. That is, provided we stop and think and choose our reactions and responses rather than act on "reflex."

Consider for a moment what it would really mean to not create reasons for interpersonal violence—to not cause others distress. It would mean not taking things at the expense of others. It would mean not tolerating other people being hurt or hungry. On September 11, I am told, about 35,000 people around the globe died of starvation—as they do every other day of the year as well. What would it mean to not tolerate that? What does not causing others distress mean about the 7 percent of all the world's oil reserves that go to U.S. automobiles while people around the world don't have fuel to cook a meal or heat a home? What does it mean about buying the SUV that gets 18 miles to the gallon but is big so that "we" can be safe in an accident (never mind the people in the small cars)? What does it mean about our assertion that we have a right to defend our lifestyle by bombing one of the poorest countries in the world? To choose a side, to take a stance against another, causes distress. There is no way around that.

In the aftermath of September 11 I thought quite a bit about the story of Christ that involved his injunction to "turn the other cheek" if struck on one cheek. I wondered what that would look like in the particular

instance with which we were all faced. At first it struck me as insane. If we did that then the whole world would be overtaken by "bad people" who would destroy us and wreak havoc. After my two days of rage and thoughts of revenge, my Peace Corps mentality concluded that the solution might be to take every sixth (or so) household in this country and exchange them with a family in Afghanistan and other Arab countries for 8–12-month stays. What an interesting exercise that would be! So many of us would learn so much and so many of them would also. In fact, maybe we'd each stop being a "we" and a "they."

It didn't happen that way, of course. Our collective response was much closer to our biological roots. And now there are other nations defending their violent self-defense with the same rationale we used only a few months ago. And there is mounting violence from us towards other nations in self-defense.

In the months after September 11 I came to the realization that a "self" is not worth defending. It is only the current of Love (or God) running through each of us that is worth defending. Being alive is not an end unto itself; loving one another is. In a culture that measures success by the amount of personal possessions, money, longevity, and power over others one has, it is hard to remember that we are judged not by these measures, but by the amount of love and compassion we have been able to freely give. And not just to one's own family and friends, but to one's self and one's enemies equally. To one's worst enemies. To the people who hurt us.

If these principles were easy to live by then the peoples of the world would have already begun doing so in large numbers. We have not. Yet they are the principles of every major world religion. Spiritual disciplines struggle desperately to challenge our innate biological drives to discharge distress by using violence.

I'm willing to keep trying, failing, and trying again. I have no idea what else to do.

Elizabeth A. Osuch, from Baltimore Yearly Meeting, is currently sojourning at Coldstream Meeting in Ilderton, Ont., where she read this essay to the meeting.

NEWTOWN FRIENDS SCHOOL



"The accomplishments of adults begin as the dreams of children.

Newtown Friends is a place where dreams begin."

— NFS Mission Statement

Pre-K to Grade 8 OPEN HOUSE

October 28, 2007
2:00 to 4:00 p.m.

For further information,
call 215-968-2225, or visit
us at newtownfriends.org

*Accredited by the Pennsylvania Association of
Private Academic Schools*

N.E. Thompson & Co.

410-745-3550/3510 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

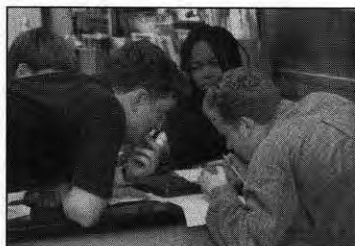
norval@nethompson.com

CREMATION

*Friends are reminded that the
Anna T. Jeanes Fund
will reimburse cremation costs.
(Applicable to members of
Philadelphia Yearly Meeting only.)*

For information, write
DORIS CLINKSCALE
414 Foulkeways
Gwynedd, PA 19436

*"the small school that
makes big people"*



Greene Street Friends School

5511 Greene Street
Philadelphia, PA 19144

•
Pre-K through Grade 8
Founded in 1855

**Please call TODAY for a
tour. 215-438-7545**

Guidelines for Writers

The articles that appear in FRIENDS JOURNAL are freely given; authors receive copies of the issue in which their article appears. Manuscripts submitted by non-Friends are welcome. We prefer articles written in a fresh, nonacademic style, using language that clearly includes both sexes. We appreciate receiving Quaker-related humor.

- ❖ maximum 2,500 words; electronic submissions are encouraged
- ❖ include full references for all quotations
- ❖ author's name and address should appear on the manuscript
- ❖ for the full guidelines, see <www.friendsjournal.org>

Submissions are acknowledged immediately; however, writers may wait several months to hear whether their manuscripts have been accepted.

For more information contact Robert Dockhorn, senior editor.
1216 Arch St., 2A, Philadelphia
PA 19107-2835 • (215) 563-8629
info@friendsjournal.org

**FRIENDS
JOURNAL**

Strengths, Weaknesses, and Clerking

by Mariellen Gilpin

I was minding my own business one day when the idea came to me that someday, someone would ask me to be clerk. "No way!" I thought at once, and began practicing the word no. My main reason for refusing was because psychiatric medication greatly limited my attention span. I simply didn't have the energy to clerk the marathon business meetings we were having.

The idea went away, but presented itself again a few weeks later. "No way!" I thought again, and again practiced saying no. The idea went away again, only to return a third time a few weeks later. "Wait a minute," I said. "Is this You?"

I suddenly began thinking about clerking in a different way. I realized the person who was currently clerk had a disability, too. Friends simply adapted to his needs with perfect matter-of-factness and lack of resentment. I understood that Friends would accommodate my disability too, and that I did have gifts to bring to the task of clerking. I told God I would serve when asked. A few weeks later, someone called and asked if I would accept the nomination. I was ready.

I hung up the phone and turned to God in prayer: "Thank You for all Your gifts, strengths, and weaknesses alike. My strengths are also my weaknesses, and You turn my weaknesses into strengths in Your service. Thank You for helping me dedicate all my strengths and all my weaknesses to loving, serving, and pleasing You."

In my early days in the clerk's chair, I began to see ways to keep our business meetings from becoming marathons. I asked Friends to e-mail their committee reports to me two days before business meeting. Reading reports ahead of time allowed me to divide up the focusing effort required. Long-winded committee reports became more concise—Friends had already collected their thoughts. As I studied the reports, I had a clearer sense of which ones included action items and which action items needed to be presented first, when Friends were fresher.

I talked with the treasurer and advised her that on most occasions, I would put her report last, when Friends were tired and less likely to grill her on minutiae. "Believe me, you'll like it better this way!" I told her.

When committees wanted the meeting to make a decision, I asked them to compose a

draft minute ahead of time. By doing this, business meeting was less likely to get bogged down deciding on the perfect word choice. Since committee reports were electronic, I began preparing detailed printed agendas including the text of proposed minutes. All Friends had the minute in front of them. The new agendas helped Friends stay focused. I shared the electronic version of the agendas with the recording clerk. She loved them—they drastically cut the amount of time she spent taking minutes and typing them afterwards. This allowed her to focus on recording Friends' concerns during discussions at the meeting.

Controversial matters were referred to specially called meetings for business, in which the controversy was the only matter dealt with. Two short business meetings were easier on me than one requiring Olympian endurance. Friends who dreamed up new items of business on their way to business meeting were firmly encouraged to season them in the appropriate committee and have the committee bring it back to a later business meeting. Committees—rather than the entire business meeting—dealt with half-baked ideas, and good ideas got better in committee as more ideas were contributed.

Shortly, business meetings dropped from three or four hours to an hour and a half—and on a couple of memorable occasions, to 45 minutes. I personally invited newcomers to participate in business meetings. They came, found our process worthwhile, and came back. Because there were new faces and new ideas in business meetings, any bad group dynamics were jiggled around so that new, better interactions took shape. Instead of feeling totally wrung out after business meeting and wanting a nap, I had enough energy to go for leisurely walks as well as to attack my clerking errands later that evening. Friends began to compliment me for being so organized and running more efficient business meetings. Yet, most Friends seemed to feel they were not rushed nor our decisions ill-considered. They smiled and lingered to chat after business meetings instead of rushing to their cars, grim and wan. It was clear to me that most Friends did not like long business meetings.

None of these innovations was particularly new or earth-shaking. What was new was my concerted effort to conduct business meetings short enough so that I could focus as long

Consider the advantages of a gift annuity with **FRIENDS JOURNAL**

Based on a \$10,000 cash gift, the chart below shows examples of how a gift annuity could also provide you or your loved ones with tax savings and a lifetime income.

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 birthdates below
- ☐ sample bequest language for your will

Name: _____				
Birthdate: _____				
Name: _____	65	6.0%	\$600	\$3,854
Birthdate: _____	70	6.5%	\$650	\$4,198
Address: _____	75	7.1%	\$710	\$4,626
City: _____	80	8.0%	\$800	\$5,053
State: _____ Zip: _____	85	9.5%	\$950	\$5,368
	90	11.3%	\$1,130	\$5,807



NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

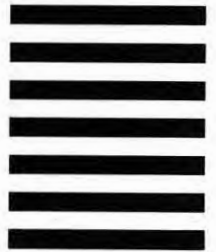
BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST-CLASS MAIL

PERMIT NO 35933

PHILADELPHIA PA

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE



**FRIENDS
JOURNAL**

1216 ARCH ST STE 2A

PHILADELPHIA PA 19107-9370



as necessary. I look back on my three years of clerking and I see that, indeed, God took my weakness—my inability to focus for long periods of time—and turned it into a strength in God's service. I am awed. I am grateful.

Mariellen Gilpin is a member of Urbana-Champaign (Ill.) Meeting. She edits What Canst Thou Say? quarterly newsletter on Quakers, mystical experience, and contemplative practice.

Silence

by Harold Heritage

There is something quiet coming out of the Silence—quieter than a whisper, a heart-beat, a breath, a rhythm, a sensing of bright colors, or a transparency of nature. When your mind is quiet, the Light will manifest its intelligence. When your mind is *very quiet*, you sense a natural joy; an openness and a clarity. The world has a profound stillness about it. You may feel a keen oneness and communion with the world; an absence of fear, and a peacefulness.

Through the Silence we have the power to hold ourselves in the Light, and in that Light we become aware of our higher purpose. One is able to enter into the silence, which enables us to tap the Universal Energy.

To enter the Silence signifies the silencing of all unreality: of doubt, fear, false beliefs, worry, complaining, grief, of everything that is of our outer personality, all that hinders the Creative Force.

Physical vibrations are aroused in the vibratory centers of the body. The physical and the Light are united, creating a group mind—part of the Universal Energy. The motivating force is love.

When two or three are gathered in silence and touched by the Light Within, they are aware of universal truth. Opinions are no longer an issue. Each has a feeling for the truth in each situation. The truth comes in a sense of unity. We begin to listen and hear the other person in a totally different way. We are really listening and love avails itself.

Harold Heritage, born a Quaker and now in his 80s, attends meeting for worship regularly at Haddonfield (N.J.) Meeting. This short essay originally appeared in the Haddonfield Meeting newsletter.

Nurture the Future of Quakerism



Remember FGC In Your Will

Friends General Conference nurtures a vibrant future for Quakerism by providing spiritual and practical resources for individuals, meetings, and the Religious Society of Friends as a whole.

You can help by remembering FGC in your will.

For sample bequest language or information on other planned giving options, please contact Michael Wajda in the FGC Development Office at 215-561-1700 or michaelw@fgcquaker.org.

Friends General Conference
1216 Arch Street, 2B
Philadelphia, PA 19107
215-561-1700
www.fgcquaker.org



photograph by Laurence Sigmond



"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



Foxdale Village

A Quaker-Directed Continuing Care Retirement Community

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.

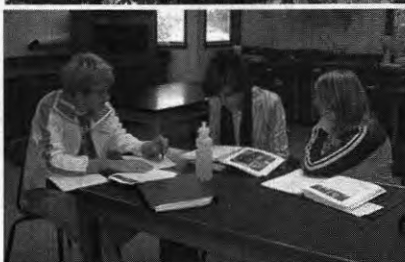


500 East Marylyn Avenue • State College, PA 16801 • www.foxdalevillage.org
For more information call (814) 238-3322 or (800) 253-4951

Scattergood

FRIENDS SCHOOL

- *All graduates accepted to college
- *Self-directed, lifelong learning
- *3:1 student-to-teacher ratio
- *Shared work program
- *Organic garden and farm
- *Supportive and diverse community
- *Laptop computer program
- *Daily Collection, weekly Meeting for Worship



www.scattergood.org • 1951 Delta Ave. West Branch, IA 52358 • 1(800) 737-4636

BOOKS

From West Point to Quakerism

By Mike Heller. *Pendle Hill Pamphlet #389, 2007. 36 pages. \$5.*

How can a path that runs through West Point wind up at a Quaker meetinghouse? As we follow Mike Heller along this difficult journey, we begin to understand just how many and varied are the ways that can lead to Quaker faith. In a sense, there was always a Friend making his presence known quietly within the young cadet, who "learned that there is more than one way to be tough minded." To be a pacifist does not mean to be passive, but to be peaceful and patient, and it takes a great effort of "tough mindedness" to survive in an environment that denies peace and patience (both inwardly and outwardly) in favor of decisive force. Among those who, like Heller, grew up in military families, surrounded by military culture and protocol, it is possible to find loyalty, kindness, dignity, friendship, and beauty, and to nurture a gentle heart within. God is present at West Point, just like anywhere (and everywhere) else. This pamphlet tells the story of one man's growing recognition of the nature of his own character and soul, a recognition that leads him to seek a new life more in keeping with his experience of God and himself. After reading this story, the path "from West Point to Quakerism" does not seem any more improbable than any other path that follows the guidance of the Inward Teacher—a guide who can see the faintest trail through even the most difficult landscapes, and always find a way home.

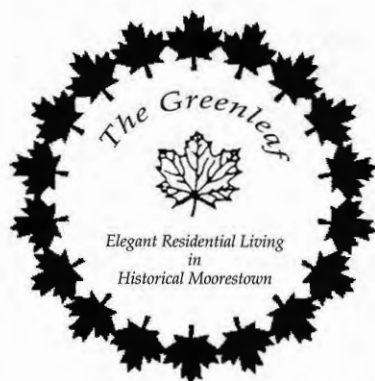
—Kirsten Backstrom

Kirsten Backstrom is a member of Multnomah Meeting in Portland, Oreg.

Endeavors to Mend: Perspectives on British Quaker Work in the World Today

Edited by Brian Phillips with John Lampen. *Britain Yearly Meeting, 2006. 127 pages. \$23/soft cover.*

"Can we be open to learning from each other's experiences, and let them nourish our faith?" This is the question at the center of this highly readable anthology of reflections on the endeavors of Quakers to mend some of our world's broken places. In a few succinct pages, nine modern-day philosophers invite us to explore perspectives on personal experience and individual faith—two concepts that underpin the life of Quaker founder George Fox, who turned his back on religious experi-



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

ence retold to him by others, and advocated instead for a faith that one could experience individually, firsthand.

But experiencing this way is not the same thing as turning a deaf ear to others' experiences. Nor is it the same as being isolated in one's religious experience. Quakerism has long nurtured a delicate balance between *individual experience* and *community witness*. Thus the Religious Society of Friends has a long tradition—beginning with the mid-17th-century tracts—of *publishing* the depth of individual experience as inspiration and guidance for others who seek to understand—and perhaps have—similarly powerful experiences. *Endeavors to Mend* continues that tradition, noting the value of monthly meetings, yearly meetings, and faith-based economic trusts as a support for those individual and community experiences.

Phillips and Lampen's collection of essays follows this tradition of honoring individual experience in the context of community witness. All of the authors weave the threads of the "demands of the Spirit versus the conditions of the world." All address the question of *growing* into a ministry of peace rather than arriving at war-torn places in the world with a rigid plan of action, and all address the crucial difference between being "pacifist" and "passivist" as Friends seek a "truly dynamic Quaker global witness."

The editors inspire by reminding us of many quotations and concepts that will be familiar to many Friends (for example, George Fox's concept of an ocean of darkness overspread with an ocean of Light.) But the editors also include some aspects of inspiration that will surprise the reader, and expand our thinking on such subjects as "reconciliation" and "the peacemaker within." Similarly, the editors suggest some new ways of thinking about the smallness of our worldwide Quaker community. In addition, the volume abounds with personal truths and thought-provoking ideas delivered in the eloquence of Quaker simple language. For example: "I wrote this book, in part, to see if what I still believed, in spite and indeed because of my experience of working with violent conflict, was capable of explanation—to myself and to others."

The reader will be treated to some wonderful prose and will glean new information about aspects of Friends' work in the world—both the work itself, and some of the philosophical postures that underlie that work. In addition, the volume contains a tantalizing bibliography, highlighting both the 17th- and 18th-century roots of Quakers' faith/work and the writings of modern-day prophets. Here, however, is the book's major weakness—proofreading—for some of the citations and bibliographic entries have errors that may make it difficult for the reader to track

FOULKEWAYS AT GWYNEDD



At Foulkeways at Gwynedd, community members look forward to exploring new horizons and re-establishing past interests and hobbies. There's always something close at hand to inspire both mind AND body!

So, what are you doing with the second half of YOUR life?

For more information about life at Foulkeways Continuing Care Retirement Community, call Lori Schmidt at **215-283-7010** in the Residency Information Office today.



Guided by Quaker Values

1120 Meetinghouse Road
Gwynedd, PA 19436
215-643-2200
www.foulkeways.org



Foulkeways at Gwynedd does not discriminate on the basis of race, color, religion, national origin, gender, age, handicap or sexual orientation.

Quaker Faith in Practice at Pendle Hill



October 22–26
**Faith to Follow:
Responding to Call**
with Viv Hawkins

November 2–4
**Inquirers' Weekend:
Basic Quakerism**
with Jean-Marie Barch and Michael Cronin

November 16–18
**Clerking: Serving the Community
with Joy and Confidence**
with Arthur Larrabee



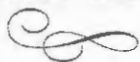
PENDLE HILL

A QUAKER CENTER FOR STUDY AND CONTEMPLATION
338 Plush Mill Road · Wallingford, PA 19086
www.pendlehill.org

To find out more, contact:
800.742.3150 (US only) ext. 3
610.566.4507 ext. 3
registrar@pendlehill.org



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

1689
William Penn
Charter
School

FRIENDS JOURNAL

seeks a volunteer

Book Review Editor

We seek an individual who loves books and would like to share this interest with other Friends.

This position coordinates closely with other volunteers and with the editor in our office.

Tasks may be performed in your own home; there is no need to live close to our offices.

We offer satisfying work and warm collegiality! A job description is available.



Please contact:

Susan Corson-Finnerty
Publisher and Executive Editor
FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1216 Arch
Streer, 2A, Philadelphia,
PA 19107 • (215) 563-8629

info@friendsjournal.org



down a desired item. Nevertheless, the intrepid researcher will eventually locate the desired additional reading.

An anthology always runs the risk of lacking cohesion, of being a series of disparate voices that lack a common theme. The editors have overcome that danger by calling forth their assessing of five defining characteristics of Quaker work in the world, and bracketing the essays with this framework. The characteristics are identifying those who can make a difference within the culture where change is needed (even if those individuals are not immediately obvious); maintaining a "ministry of presence"; maintaining "continuity of commitment"; holding to "acts of faith"; and adopting "pragmatic approaches to reconciliation." These are all fascinating concepts, which the editors define in stimulating ways. What do they mean by these concepts? It's worth reading the book to find out!

—Emma Lapsansky

Emma Lapsansky is a curator of Haverford College Quaker Collection and a member of Lansdown (Pa.) Meeting.

Wemmicks Collection: (1) You Are Special and Best of All and (2) You Are Mine and If Only I Had a Green Nose

By Max Lucado with illustrations by Sergio Martinez. Crossway Books, 2006. 64 pages (each). \$19.99/hardcover.

During Max Lucado's 20 years as senior minister at Oak Hills Church in San Antonio, Texas, he has written many books including several short allegorical stories about knowing God's love and having a personal relationship with God. The best known of these, *You are Special*, available in hardbound, board-book, and miniature editions, is often purchased for a first communion or confirmation gift. Now Crossway has reissued four of the stories in two full-size hardbound volumes with the original full-color illustrations, *Wemmicks Collection, Book 1* and *Wemmicks Collection, Book 2*.

Wemmicks are small wooden people, all made by Eli the woodworker. In each story, a

visit to Eli's workshop helps the main character, Punchinello, or his friend, Lucia, learn an important lesson:

1. We don't have to believe others' assessments of our worth [*You are Special* in book 1]. The gold stars and gray dots the Wemmicks give each other won't stick to

Punchinello if he doesn't accept them as true.

2. No "ances-tree" is better than another [*Best of All* in book 1]. Punchinello is looked down upon for being made of willow (but doesn't look willowy) until his willow suppleness saves the day.

3. Owning certain things doesn't make us better [*You are Mine* in book 2]. Punchinello follows the fad of collecting boxes and balls as a way to feel important.

4. It is best to be who we really are [*If Only I Had a Green Nose* in book 2]. Punchinello and two friends experience how the makers of fads seek to control the lives of others.

The message in each of the four stories is nearly the same: your Maker loves you just the way you are, and you don't have to live according to the judgments of others or listen to those who put you down. This is an important message, one found in wisdom tales of many cultures, and Max Lucado does well at showing it through Punchinello's discoveries without too much preaching from Eli. But as tellers of wisdom tales ourselves, we find these stories a bit too similar in theme and predictable in outcome to read or tell together.

As a religious education resource, these stories seem best suited for reading aloud, one at a time, with four- to seven-year-olds. Each message is simple and clear, with concrete images that children can identify with and talk about. Each story has an element of integrity, equality, or simplicity that could be used to start a First-day school lesson. Note that Eli, the kindly maker of the wooden people, is a none-too-sophisticated, somewhat patriarchal divinity. He is illustrated as an Anglo-European giant, and his creations are shown to be of similar ethnicity even though they differ in ways that make them fun to look at.

Are these "must-have" books for either home or meeting? No. But they are nice in a refreshingly innocent sort of way.

—Sandy and Tom Farley

Reviewers Sandy and Tom Farley are members of Palo Alto (Calif.) Meeting and professional storytellers. Sandy teaches English as a second language to adults. Tom works as a children's bookseller. Learn more about them at <www.spont.com>.

Thich Nhat Hanh

E *
V 2
E 0
N 0
T 7
S *

RETREATS:

AUGUST 12 - 17, 2007 : Stonehill College, Easton, MA
Mindfulness - Fearlessness - Togetherness

AUGUST 21 - 26, 2007 : The Rocky Mountain YMCA, Estes Park, CO
Building a Foundation for the Future - Here and Now

SEPTEMBER 06 - 09, 2007 : Deer Park Monastery, Escondido, CA
We are Life Without Boundaries: Creating Compassionate Communities
A Retreat for People of Color

SEPTEMBER 19 - 23, 2007 : Deer Park Monastery, Escondido, CA
Awakening Together to Restore Our Future

OCTOBER 12-16, 2007: Blue Cliff Monastery, Pine Bush, NY
(contact information: 1 (800) 5476187, tnheastcoast@yahoo.com)

PUBLIC LECTURES:

AUGUST 18 in Boston, MA : Walking the Path of Love "with Muddy Shoes"
at Boston Opera House

AUGUST 29 in Denver, CO : Our Environment - Touching the Gift of Life
at Buell Theatre

SEPT. 29 in Pasadena, CA : Celebrating Our Peace and Joy:
Detecting and Transforming Our Fear and Discrimination

Peace Walk : Morning of September 29th at McArthur Park, Los Angeles, CA



FOR MORE INFORMATION

ON EAST COAST EVENTS, CALL TOLL-FREE: 1 (866) 896-6151, OR VISIT WWW.GREENMOUNTAINCENTER.ORG
ON WEST COAST EVENTS, CALL TOLL-FREE: 1 (800) 331-2621, OR VISIT WWW.DEEPARKMONASTERY.ORG

Beauty of place, beauty of spirit!

Beauty of place~outstanding views of rolling countryside or wooded hillsides surround our Phase II cottages. Now is the time to reserve a spacious new home with many custom upgrades to choose from. Beauty of spirit~resident-directed community life coupled with excellence in service and fiscal integrity. With on-site wellness and health care programs, Kendal at Lexington offers growth, enjoyment, and security. An affiliate of the respected Kendal Corporation, this dynamic and stimulating community embraces lifelong learning and a culture of outreach. Ask about our TRY IT program and upcoming informational meetings, or visit us on the web at www.kalex.kendal.org.

A not-for-profit continuing care retirement community serving older adults in the Quaker tradition. • Lexington, Virginia



KENDAL® at Lexington

800-976-8303





Founded 1876

Friends Academy

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 sentimental," 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

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.



NEWS

Ibrahim Shatali, American Friends Service Committee's program coordinator for the youth program in Gaza, was wounded on June 13 when he, along with hundreds of Palestinian peace activists, joined peaceful demonstrations in Rafah, Khan Younis, and Gaza City, out of concern for the rising levels of fighting between Hamas and Fatah. In Gaza City and Rafah the marchers were met with gunfire that resulted in the death of one participant and the wounding of 15 others, including Shatali. He joined the Gaza program as one of the student coaches, which led to a staff position in 2004. He suffered a chest injury and underwent a three-hour surgery in Al-Shifa Hospital in Gaza City. According to Amal Sabawi, AFSC Gaza youth program director, he was in stable condition as of July. —Bill Pierre and Tahija Vikalo of the International Division, from their conversations with Amal Sabawi, AFSC's Gaza youth program director.

David Atwood, director of Quaker UN Office Geneva, has agreed to take on the role of interim director for QUNO New York as QUNO proceeds with the search for a director. David will continue to be based in Geneva, still carrying his full portfolio of work there, and he will be meeting regularly with staff via teleconferencing and other electronic means of communication. He will also be visiting the QUNO office for a week at a time about every 5–6 weeks until a new director is in place. David Atwood has been representative for disarmament and peace at QUNO in Geneva since 1995. His work has had a major focus on issues related to small arms and light weapons, and he is currently directing QUNO's focus on peacebuilding. He has served as QUNO Geneva's director since 2004. For ten years he was on the staff of Woodbrooke, the Quaker study center in Birmingham, UK, where he was tutor for peace studies and active in peace and conflict resolution work. From 1988 to 1994 he was general secretary of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation, headquartered in the Netherlands. A Quaker by conviction, David is a native of North Carolina. He holds a PhD in Political Science. He lives in Geneva with his wife, Marie Helene Culioli. His daughter, Hannah, lives in England.

Reaching "an apex" in its efforts to eliminate foreign military bases, AFSC supported and joined in an International Conference for the Abolition of Foreign Military Bases in Quito, Ecuador, last spring. In this largest meeting of its kind, grassroots leaders from over 40 countries met to share experiences and directly lobby the president of Ecuador, Rafael Correa, who reiterated his commitment to end U.S.

military use of a base in his country. The conservative estimate of permanent U.S. foreign bases is over 730, with at least another 100 temporary bases; in addition there are over 2,600 bases in the U.S. Anti-base advocates say that the sheer expanse and presence of the installations is an incentive to use military options for solving problems, as well as damaging the environment, absorbing billions of dollars better spent elsewhere, and exposing local communities to the ubiquitous drinking, drug, and sex enterprises that often locate around the bases. —*Quaker Action, Summer 2007*

■ BULLETIN BOARD

Upcoming Events

•October 5–8—Young Quakes, an FGC conference for high school age Friends: *Living a Revolutionary Faith*, at Oakwood Friends School in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Cost is \$115; limited financial assistance is available. For more information contact Michael Gibson at (215) 561-1700 or <michaelg@fgcquaker.org>.

•October 19–21—FWCC, Section of the Americas, Northeast Regional Gathering, Madison, Conn. For information, visit <www.fwccamericas.org>.

•October 25–28—German Yearly Meeting

•October 27—Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts 2nd Annual Arts Conference at Bristol (Pa.) Meetinghouse. Visual art show, performing art, and workshops. For more information about presenting your art or attending, contact Doris Pulone at <dpulone@comcast.net>, Blair Seitz at <blair@blairseitz.com>, or Elke Muller at <maureenelke@verizon.net>.

•May 23–26, 2008—Young Adult Friends conference on *Leadings and Callings*, at Earlham College in Richmond, Indiana. The conference will explore how to create a deeper spiritual community and support one another in discerning important life questions. Young adult Friends from Friends General Conference and other liberal/unprogrammed traditions as well as from Friends United Meeting, Evangelical Friends International, and Conservative yearly meetings are all encouraged to attend. This conference is supported by FGC, FUM, and Philadelphia Yearly Meeting; a planning committee of young adult Friends from different branches of Quakerism is organizing the event. For more information visit <www.quakeryouth.org> or contact Emily Stewart at <emilys@fgcquaker.org>, or Terri Johns at <rerrij@fum.org>.

—Warm and welcoming, always.



Kendal-Crosslands offers attractive, affordable floor plans in studio, small one-bedroom, and one-bedroom units to enjoy along with spacious community grounds, choice of dining areas, and a fully-equipped, professionally staffed wellness center. Full residential services and lifetime, restraint-free health care.



FSA
Friends Service for the Aging

panpha
at institutions of religious order service



KENDAL-CROSSLANDS
Communities

QUAKER-RELATED • NOT-FOR-PROFIT

For information or a tour, call
610-388-7001 • 1-800-216-1920

P.O. Box 100 • Kennett Square, PA 19348
www.kcc.kendal.org

Kendal-Crosslands Communities welcome residents without regard to race, color, religion, sex, sexual orientation, or national origin.

At the Woolman Semester, students study peace, social justice and environmental sustainability. We invite students who are seeking leadership skills, greater challenges, and relevance in their education to take a personal look at global issues.

The experience of a semester of education away from home prepares our graduates to thrive in a college environment and to engage in critical and compassionate citizenship.

Find out more at
www.woolman.org.

Question assumptions.
Explore your own viewpoints.
Understand the ideas of others.
Act on your beliefs.



Harry R. Forrest
Calligraphy

(609) 714-0100

callighrf@medleas.com

- MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES •
- INSCRIPTIONS • SCROLLS •

22 New Freedom Rd., Medford, NJ 08055

G
F
S



Germantown Friends School

(215) 951-2345

Please come to our Open Houses:

- Oct. 13, Saturday, 2-4 p.m.
(registration ends at 3 p.m.)
- Nov. 12, Monday, 8:30 a.m.
- May 16, 2008, Friday, 8:30 a.m.

*Photographing people
places, objects, and events
(also dancers and fish)*

Arthur Fink Photography

af@arthurfinkphoto.com

Plymouth Meeting Friends



Pre-K through 6th Grade

Admissions Open Houses:

Oct. 11, Nov. 3, Jan. 23, April 10

2150 Butler Pike, Plymouth Meeting, PA
19462

**The Bible Association of Friends
in America**

since 1829 has offered Bibles, New Testaments,
and Portions free or at cost to Friends
institutions, individuals, and others worldwide.

Write to: P.O. Box 3, Riverton, NJ 08077

God Does Not Need Your Cash

continued from page 17

preached tithing, but did not make it mandatory for membership or good standing. I do not think that my dad checked up on us to see if we had put our tenth in, but he didn't need to. He set the example, and trusted us to follow his lead. He was a good leader.

When I was 12, I became apostate. I did not, of course, tell my parents this. In protest I withheld from the church the tithe of my considerable babysitting revenues. I decided instead to send my small riches to a group that was saving baby harp seals in Nova Scotia. When I told my dad about this—the harp seals, not the apostasy—he was concerned, but asked only, “Is that what you think God would have you do?” I told him I thought Jesus really loved the baby harp seals, and that yes, it was what I felt led to do. He accepted my decision.

I have been a religious and philanthropic donor for as long as I can remember. I believe in it. I believe it is good for the giver and good for the world. I believe in giving locally, nationally, and internationally.

I support my local church. My apostasy did not last into my 20s. This is where the ancient practice of tithing comes in. If you have ten families, and everybody gives 10 percent off the gross, then the rabbi eats as well as the average member. This practice has worked for millennia; no reason to challenge it now. I happen to believe that for all their problems, religious organizations have done more good than harm. If you sit in a pew, you should support the work of that group or find another pew you can support.

I believe in doing some giving in secret. After my father left this planet to pursue other interests, I discovered that he had been giving regularly to many organizations; some of them I knew about, others I did not. There was a group on the north side of Chicago that helps male prostitutes; my dad was a regular and generous supporter of their work. I got a phone call from their director when I sent a last check and a note to them. He choked up on the phone talking to me, telling me about the notes of encouragement that my

dad would send with his checks. He said to me, “I can find other money, but where am I going to find those good words?” Yeah, me too.

I believe in doing some giving spontaneously. Mostly, I like to know where my money is going. I like to see annual reports, and I like to see low overhead costs. I like accountability. But sometimes the Spirit just says, “Here, now,” and I try to respond. I like to help people in the grocery line in front of me when they cannot find that last buck they are looking for in the bottom of their purse. Nobody ever has to send an item back if I am standing in the line behind them. It freaks people out, but it is a lot of fun.

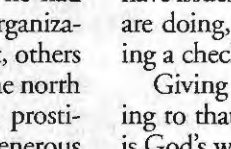
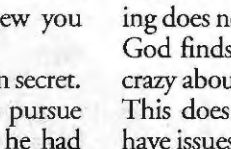
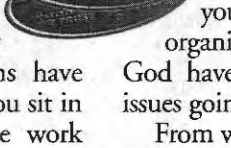
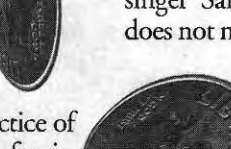
I have heard a lot of lousy preaching about giving in my life. A lot of shameless hooey. Let me debunk a bit of it. Giving to the church is *not* the same as giving to God. This silly notion gets put out there all the time. I heard U2 lead singer Saint Bono say once, “My God does not need your cash!” It is just so obviously true. God owns it all—

did before you came along and will after you are long gone. Because it tickles God's cosmic fancy, the

Divine lets us push stuff around; but don't kid yourself, God is not a beggar. People who tell you that giving to them or their organization is the same as giving to God have ego, or possibly blasphemy, issues going on. Shame on them.

From which follows the corollary: giving does not make you acceptable to God. God finds you acceptable. Face it, God's crazy about you—indulgent as all get out. This does not mean that God does not have issues with some of the stuff that you are doing, but you can't fix that by writing a check.

Giving is not a get-rich formula. Giving to that which purports to be or even is God's work does not force God to give to you. It doesn't sway the Divine opinion of you in a way that makes God want to bless you. There is no magic here except this: when you give away some of your stuff you are freed from your slavery to



stuff. You place your bet on the kindness of the universe. You trust. And that changes you and frees you from the terrible lie that says there is not enough to go around, and then you find that you have plenty. And you feel a lot richer. People who are not fearful and mistrustful are more productive.

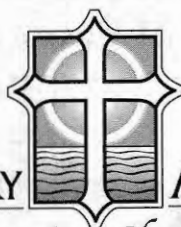
Here are some things I have found to be true about giving. It does not matter how much you have or how much you give. If you have ten dimes, you can part with one. It is good for you to part with one. This giving develops the spiritual discipline of generosity. It is good to start when you are young, with your first job, and it is good to revisit your giving when you have a change in fortunes. It is fun to split a windfall. It is especially important to give when you don't feel like it, when it seems risky. It changes you, and you change your world.

My dad was never a wealthy man. He did not have a professional job or a college degree. We rented our home for most of my childhood. But he left his children a nice little bit, and when I took over his books at the very end, I discovered that he was giving 40 percent of his retirement income away. And that was off the gross, not the net. □

Solution to Last Month's Cryptogram:

Margaret Hope Bacon, Elizabeth Watson, Sarah Mapps Douglass, Marjorie Sykes, Faye Honey Knopp, Susan B. Anthony, Lady Borton, Jessamyn West, Lucretia Mott, Elise Boulding, Elizabeth Fry, Margaret Fell, Mary Calderone, Barbara Deming.

(Surprise—they're all women!)



A JANUARY ADVENTURE

In Emerging Christianity

January 18-20 or January 21-23, 2008
Epworth By The Sea • St. Simons Island, Georgia

"God's Holiness at Work in the Midst of Great Social Upheaval: Lessons from Jeremiah for His Time and Ours"

by Walter Brueggemann
and

"God's Holiness at Work in the Everyday: Practices from Scripture for the Living of These Days"

by Barbara Brown Taylor

For information, contact us at:
Buzpic@bellsouth.net

Registration forms and Program information available at
www.januaryadventure.org
912-638-8945



FARM & WILDERNESS



"Splendid, wonderful, excellent,
miraculously human and rich!"
—Parent



Summer Camps that Specialize in Kids

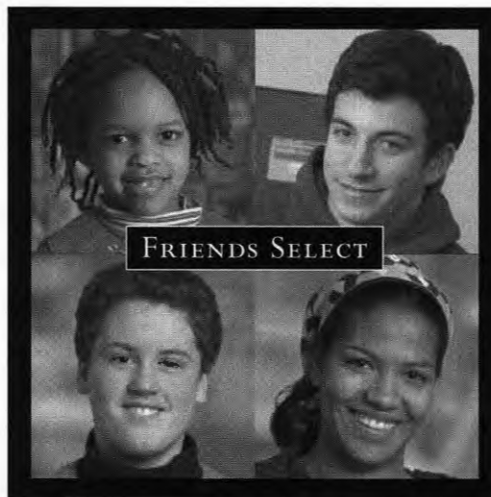
Five Quaker-based overnight camps
and the Barn Day camp for girls
and/or boys ages 4-17

Farm & Wilderness.
Unplugged and Unforgettable.
A summer of rugged excitement. Fun.
Cooperation. Skill-building.
Individualized attention.
Self-awareness and self-expression.
Nurturing and supportive.
Adventure and Community.

Plymouth, Vermont

802.422.3761 • www.fandw.org • email: fandw@fandw.org

**A Vibrant City.
A Close Community.
A Culture of Learning.**



A college preparatory, coed, Quaker day school, pre-k through 12, at 17th on The Parkway in Center City Philadelphia. Admission and open house information: 215.561.5900 ext 104.
www.friends-select.org

Sales: Insurance and financial services

Combine your professional skills and your Christian faith values



*Stewardship
Solutions*

MMA, an established, church-related organization, is seeking sales professionals to provide insurance and financial solutions to one of the industry's most loyal markets.

MMA is a highly trusted organization serving individuals and businesses primarily associated with Mennonite and other Anabaptist-related denominations. Excellent income potential and generous benefits. To learn more, visit www.mma-online.org/careers. Fax or e-mail resume to (574) 537-6635 or hr@mma-online.org.

■ MILESTONES

Births

Kern—*Ruthanna Julian Kern*, on August 22, 2006, to Alexander Levering Kern and Rebecca Aeron Gunko, of Friends Meeting at Cambridge, Mass.

Deaths

Baldwin—*Michael Scott Baldwin*, 42, on February 5, 2007, at the home of his sister in Crownsville, Md., after an eight-month illness. Michael was born on September 21, 1964, in Washington, D.C., to Addie and Roland Baldwin. From childhood he showed a precocious talent for mathematics and computer programming. He won prizes in math competitions through his school years, and entered Johns Hopkins University at age 15, where he earned his bachelor's degree in Electrical Engineering. Selected for Johns Hopkins' Study of Mathematically Precocious Youth, he excelled in academics and enjoyed using his talents in extracurricular activities. He played a major role in the Electrical Engineering Department's computer systems operations, where he was involved in one of the earliest UNIX installations outside of Bell Labs. He had a legendary ability to absorb software, ferret out bugs, and detect system security breaches and plug them. In his final year at Hopkins, he was part of a team that took first place in the programming contest sponsored by the Association for Computing Machinery. Michael earned a master's degree in Computer Science from Cornell University. He worked at the Hopkins Applied Physics Lab and then at AT&T Bell Labs. For nearly two decades at Bell he led the development of corporate-wide online directory systems and engaged in next-generation voice-controlled telephony research. His entrepreneurial spirit showed through when he joined Vita Nuova, a new venture that sought to commercialize software developed at Bell. In 2003 he became the chief technology officer at Ciberneta, where he was still employed at the time of his death. At Ciberneta, he directed the creation of organizations for research and development and global information technology. He also helped launch new Ciberneta products, and oversaw the London and India offices. Michael led a rich life outside of work. Out of his enjoyment of independent and foreign films, he organized a film association in New Jersey. He loved travel and learning about other cultures. And his spiritual life found a home in the Religious Society of Friends. He became a member of Montclair (N.J.) Meeting in 2001, and served on the Board of Trustees of FRIENDS JOURNAL. He participated in the Friends for Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, and Queer Concerns (FLGBTQC). For the last 11 years of his life, Michael and Uriel Orellana formed a loving relationship. They enjoyed the comforts of home and cat, and the adventures of travel, including to Uriel's home country of Guatemala. Michael, whom Uriel called his "beautiful Quetzal feather," had a fun-loving spirit, and was always gathering up people for spontaneous adventures. Improving communications was far from merely a technical and professional activity for Michael; he was passionate about good communications among people. Regular attendees of Sandy Spring (Md.) Meeting, Michael and Uriel deepened their relationship by participating in two couples enrichment groups through the Bethesda (Md.) and

Sandy Spring Meetings. Under the care of Montclair (N.J.) Meeting, in concert with the Sandy Spring Meeting, their bond was solemnized in a marriage ceremony on February 3, 2007. Surviving Michael are his spouse, Uriel Orellana; Michael's parents, Roland and Addie Baldwin; his brother, David K. Baldwin; his sister, Kathryn B. Musselman; and several nieces and nephews.

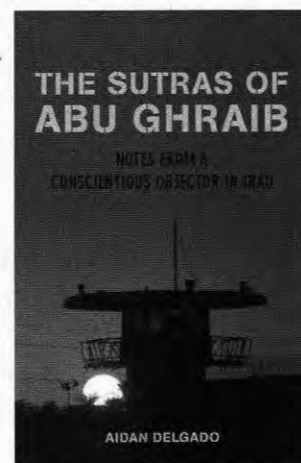
Beadle—*David Beadle*, 74, on April 19, 2006, in Pasadena, Calif. David was born in Pasadena in 1932 to Marion Hill Beadle and George Wells Beadle, a Nebraska geneticist and 1958 Nobel co-Laureate who laid the foundation for the field of biotechnology by helping to discover that genes control chemical reactions by guiding the formation of specific enzymes. Dave grew up on the college campuses where his father worked, including Cal Tech, University of Chicago, Cornell, and Oxford. He traveled widely, living in several countries and, ultimately, having many different careers. In the early 1950s, he was an Air Force flight instructor in Arizona; then, in Europe, he wrote for railroad trade publications in the Netherlands and Italy. He lived in the United Kingdom for many years, writing technical articles for the concrete industry and, in his off-hours, roving the countryside with an amateur folk music group. For many years he struggled with alcoholism, and when he decided to become a street musician, he and his wife parted ways. But she made for him a patchwork jacket, a few of the stitches unsewn and held together with pins. It was in the UK that he experienced his first encounter with Quakerism. When he returned to Pasadena in the late 1980s, Dave became a regular in Old Town and at the Farmers' Markets. He loved being a wandering minstrel, reeling out tunes on his fiddle, wearing his coat of many colors. He shared his home with many, many cats and joined Orange Grove Meeting, where he ministered often and articulately. He became resident artist with the Pasadena Parks Department, working at the Jackie Robinson Center. An advocate for the children of Northwest Pasadena at City Council meetings, he often created art projects with the children of Orange Grove Meeting. Although eventually his involvement with Orange Grove Meeting dwindled and then stopped, he never wanted to drop his membership. He spoke often of returning to Wahoo, Neb., where his father had been born. In his final years he volunteered at Cleveland Elementary School, where he was affectionately known as "Babaji." He wrote a grant to buy the school a new kiln, taught art classes for the after-school program, painted several murals, and vocally represented Cleveland at School Board meetings. Dave is survived by two daughters, Katharine and Maiwenn; a son, John; and two granddaughters, Felicia and Victoria.

Collins—*Margaret Hill Collins*, 98, on May 2, 2006, at the Quadrangle, in Haverford, Pa. Margaret was born in Bryn Mawr, Pa., on April 21, 1908, into a prosperous Quaker family whose family paper products business collapsed in the Depression. For most of her life, she occupied the former stable of the family mansion, which had been bought by Bryn Mawr College. She became a Friend and joined Haverford Meeting in 1944. Margaret was educated at Sarah Lawrence and Berkeley, and later received a master's degree in

Social Work from Bryn Mawr College. Margaret worked to integrate housing in the Philadelphia Main Line area and later, with the help of Haverford Meeting members, to rehabilitate houses for poor buyers. She also produced a three-volume genealogy of the Collins family. Concerned about the segregation of African American people, she happened to meet a local teacher, Mazie Hall, with whom she at first arranged interracial weekend groups. Out of this experience grew her determination to make housing available to African Americans on the Philadelphia Main Line. Having obtained a real estate license, she formed Friends Suburban Housing in 1956, where she was joined by Haverford Meeting member Dean Short. This work generally went smoothly, but led to a riot in Folcroft in 1963. In the 1960s Margaret sued the Main Line Board of Realtors, who had withheld from her their multiple listings. Her landmark case was pleaded by late Haverford Meeting member David Fitzgerald, aided by Robert Sayre and others. The suit in 1973 reached the U.S. Supreme Court, which, by refusing to review it, reaffirmed her victory in Pennsylvania and set a national precedent. Margaret next organized a group to buy old houses, rehabilitate them with largely volunteer labor, and sell them cheaply to poor people, centering this effort in the African American community in Morton, Pa. In this project, which ran for 25 years, she was joined by Haverford Meeting members Dean Short and Miles Day. In her 90s, after she became too infirm to wield a hammer or drive a station wagon full of lumber, Margaret still walked to meeting and was often seen wheeling a cart of groceries home from the supermarket. With characteristic tenacity she rebounded from a series of severe illnesses, finally requiring an assisted living facility. During meeting, having become severely deaf, Margaret had trouble with her hearing aid, which would go off like a siren, leading more electronically sophisticated members to station themselves nearby. Even at Quadrangle, as the staff discovered, she was fiercely independent and a tough negotiator. Over the years, Margaret's humanitarian work brought her many honors, including the Fellowship Award. At Margaret's request, there was no memorial service.

Darnell—*Doris Hastings Darnell*, 90, on March 29, 2007, peacefully, at her home in State College, Pa. Doris was born on September 4, 1916, in Chicago, Ill., to Willard and Faith Olmstead Hastings. She attended Abington Friends School and was a graduate of Westtown Friends School and Bryn Mawr College, where she majored in Latin and Greek, pausing briefly at the end of her junior year to wed Howard C. Darnell, with whom she would share a marriage of 68 years. Working with people was her strength, first as assistant to the director at Pendle Hill, a Quaker center for spiritual growth, study, and service; then as librarian at Bryn Mawr and Haverford Colleges; followed by work as head of the Westtown School Library. In 1955 she became executive secretary of the Westtown Alumni Association and editor of the alumni magazine, *The Westonian*. Doris was the first woman president of the Westtown Alumni Association. Later she worked for American Friends Service Committee, beginning as a staff recruiter, then as head of the personnel department, and finally as associate executive secretary for human resources—

VOLUNTEER TO CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR



THE SUTRAS OF ABU GHRAIB NOTES FROM A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR IN IRAQ

AIDAN DELGADO

In 2001, Aidan Delgado enlisted in the U.S. Army Reserve, and in 2003 he was deployed as a specialist in Iraq. As he witnessed more and more American racism, arrogance, and abuse of unarmed Iraqis, his opposition mounted. Concluding that war ran counter to his Buddhist principles, he sought conscientious objector status and, after finishing his tour of duty, was honorably discharged.

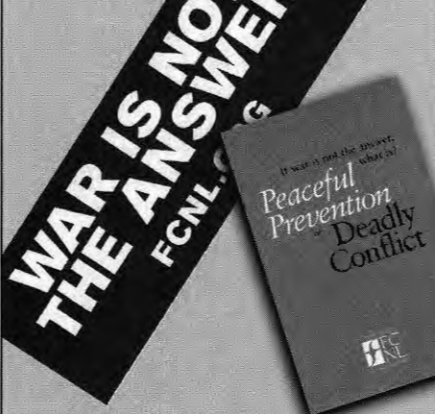
"A keen observer and an eloquent writer . . . he shocks us while also educating us about the reality of the war in Iraq."
—HOWARD ZINN

"His insight helps you understand the desperation of soldiers and the tragic and inevitable path leading to the photographs from Abu Ghraib."

—FORMER BRIGADIER
GENERAL JANIS KARPINSKI

\$24.95 HARDCOVER

 **BEACON PRESS**
www.beacon.org



WAR IS NOT THE ANSWER. PEACEFUL PREVENTION IS.

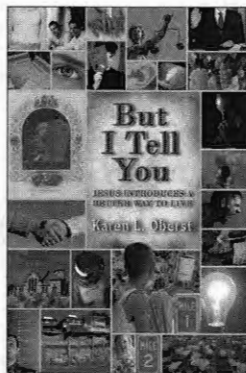
Free "Peaceful Prevention"
booklet or "War Is Not the
Answer" bumper sticker

See www.fcnl.org
or call 1-800-630-1330

**Friends Committee
on National Legislation**

www.barclaypress.com
BARCLAY PRESS • 211 N. Meridian St., #101, Newberg, OR 97132 • 800.962.4014

Walter Winks says: "The Sermon on the Mount is the most radical statement of Jesus' new reality, and But I Tell You is a good place to engage its challenge to a new life. This lively and readable book is made the more valuable thanks to the author's knowledge of Greek. Read, and enjoy."



But I Tell You

Jesus Introduces a Better Way to Live
by Karen L. Oberst • \$19.00

the first woman to hold this position. She often traveled to regional offices around the country, working as a mediator and using her finely tuned sense of humor to solve problems. Her interest in Quaker education and social concerns found her serving on committees and corporate boards; and she was always available, starting at the age of 22, as a marriage and family counselor. She was a founding trustee of the Allen Hilles Fund, a charitable foundation that provides financial support in the areas of education, women's issues, and economic development in disadvantaged communities, focusing on Philadelphia and Chester, Pa., and Wilmington, Del. She was also a member of the Rufus Jones Associates at Haverford College. Doris retired from AFSC in 1978. After retiring, Doris, who had taken elocution lessons at the age of ten and performed in Auburn, N.Y., and nearby villages, combined her love of antique clothing and the stage into a second career lecturing and storytelling with her Century of Elegance Shows, which she presented around the country and on cruise ships, traveling almost around the world. Her audiences modeled and brought to life the antique clothing from the 19th and 20th centuries in her elegant collection, which she had started while she was in her 20s. Her first performance was at the invitation of graduates from the Barnes Foundation in Philadelphia. They pointed out that her collection was an art treasure and suggested that she display some of the clothing and accessories and tell the stories about the people who had worn the clothes. In 1983, she wore to the Metropolitan Opera centennial a gown that had been worn to the Metropolitan Opera's 1883 opening. In 1996, in the Germantown community of Philadelphia, she displayed the "Quakerly dress" Eleanor Cope wore in 1877 when she married George Williams Emlen. Another of her dresses had been worn by Lucy Biddle Lewis to the first gathering of women from around the world at The Hague, Netherlands, in 1915, to discuss world peace. The Century of Elegance has been televised by the Chinese branch of Voice of America in a documentary about retiree activities in the U.S. She gave part of her collection to Shippensburg University Fashion Archives, and the rest to her goddaughter Charlotte Smith, to house in a museum in Australia. When she and Howard retired to Foxdale Village in 1992, Doris transferred her membership from the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia, Pa., and became active in State College Meeting on the Memorial Committee. Her papers are housed in the Special Collections department of the Bryn Mawr College Library. Doris saw herself as a maverick, challenging traditions, working for justice, and resolving differences through mediation. Her passions included the stage, corresponding with family and friends, collecting elegant antique clothing and the stories behind the clothes, reading, films, travel, and conserving our world for the generations to follow. Doris is survived by her husband of 68 years, Howard C. Darnell; her daughter, Elizabeth Loyd Darnell; her two sons, John Hastings and Eric Allen Darnell; six grandchildren; four great-grandchildren; her sister, Shirley Hastings; and her nephew, Kenneth Orvis, and his three children.

Goerlich—*Norman Richard Goerlich*, 83, on January 7, 2007, in Greer, S.C. Norman was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on September 25, 1923, to

Blanche and Otto J. Goerlich. As a child, he attended Fair Hill Friends Meeting, an indulged meeting under the care of Green Street Meeting in Philadelphia, Pa., and as a young adult became a member. He graduated from Northeast High School in 1941 with honors in mathematics; from the Pennsylvania Maritime Academy in 1945; and after being commissioned as an officer, from Drexel University in 1952 with a degree in Engineering. In 1950 he married Leanna Chase. They later divorced. Norman worked as an electrical engineer for Western Electric of Reading, Pa., and Atlas Mineral Products Co. in Morgantown, Pa., but then, inspired by Clarence Pickett to join American Friends Service Committee as a fundraiser, he moved his family to San Jose, Calif., and later to San Francisco. He continued his career in fundraising, moving to Wilmington, Ohio, as vice president of development for Wilmington College; to Scarsdale, N.Y., as director of development for the U.S. Committee for UNICEF; and finally to Ossining, N.Y., at Bethel Methodist Home. An active member in the meetings wherever he lived, including Reading (Pa.), San Jose (Calif.), San Francisco (Calif.), Marin (Calif.), Wilmington (Del.), Scarsdale (N.Y.), and Byberry (Pa.) Meetings, Norman's main interest and concern was for men and women in prison. While living in Scarsdale, he visited Sing-Sing Prison on First Day to hold a meeting for worship, bringing coffee and doughnuts for the people who attended. At times he wondered jokingly "Was it for the silence or the doughnuts?" However, he did feel that holding the worship was meaningful. He would also share his time with the prisoners during Christmas holidays. He was introduced to Inge De Carlo by his aunt and remarried in 1998. Inge and Norman enjoyed traveling and visiting with their families and many friends. Norman is survived by his wife, Inge Goerlich; his daughter, Judith Anne Geisser; his sons, Patrick Allen, Bruce David, and Peter Douglas Goerlich; his sister, Ethel Goerlich Trefsgir; his grandchildren, Lamar Geisser, Sarah Geisser, Andrew Goerlich, Noelle Goerlich, and Sierra Goerlich; his nephews, Bruce and Robert Trefsgir; and his many grandnieces and grandnephews.

Haines—*Hazel Ellen Maxwell Haines*, 86, on April 18, 2007, in her home in Clinton, New York. Hazel was born on September 6, 1920, in South Carolina to Eva and Lloyd Maxwell. Her childhood was spent in New York City, with summers on the family farm in Oklahoma. She loved learning, at the Ethical Culture Fieldston School in New York City, at Swarthmore College, where Greek was her favorite subject, and at Radcliffe College where she got a master's degree in History. She married Walter Haines in 1945, while he was doing Civilian Public Service in Chicago. In 1949, with two daughters, they moved to a cooperative community north of New York City where they settled to raise a family of six children. Connections they both had with Quakers through Swarthmore and CPS helped them decide to join with several other families to found Rockland (N.Y.) Meeting in 1950. Hazel was an anchor of the meeting; she began bringing a casserole dish to meeting and inviting others to stay to lunch, which gradually grew into a tradition of eating together every Sunday. She was an imaginative First-day School teacher, a creator of costumes for pageants and

baked goods and crafts for the bazaar, and a loving member of the meeting community. She loved singing and on long drives by herself would sing hymns with such exuberance that she was sometimes hoarse by the time she arrived. She said in later years that creativity was her special pathway to God. Her greatest joy was in being a mother. She was renowned for her children's parties, for her bread and pie baking, and for the variety of crafts she could teach. Her quilts and afghans were legendary. She chose her palette with great care, but with great daring, resulting in vibrantly energetic and colorful creations. She wrote marvelous children's stories and poems. She taught her children that nothing was impossible and that life was full of magic and wonder. When the children were ages 3 to 16, the family spent a year in northwest Pakistan, traveling through Asia and Europe. Later they spent a year in Kaptagat and Kaimosi, Kenya, and another in Ankara, Turkey. She was an adventurous traveler, always seeking to immerse herself in local life and culture. After the children were grown, she got a master's in English as a Second Language, moved to New York City, and taught at Borough of Manhattan Community College. She was divorced in 1991 and moved to Clinton in central New York State, where she became active in Mohawk Valley Meeting. She was clerk for many years before her death, as well as clerk of Butternuts Quarterly Meeting. She had the vision for, and was the driving force behind the building of the meetinghouse on the site where the New Swarthmoor community—a vibrant offshoot of Young Friends of North America—had gathered in the late 1960s and early 1970s. She was a strong supporter and board member of Powell House, New York Yearly Meeting's conference center, and served for many years on Ministry and Counsel and as clerk of the Nominating Committee for the yearly meeting. Her spiritual life deepened in her later years, a blessing both to herself and to those around her. She is remembered for her love of people, her fascination with language, her vibrant textile art, her candied citrus treats, and her serene and cheerful willingness to make the best of whatever life had to offer. She is survived by her six children, Jennifer, Deborah, Pamela, Christopher, and Liseli Haines, and Timothy Shuker-Haines; and 11 grandchildren.

Hunter—*Lois Y. Hunter*, 74, on April 6, 2007, at home in Pipersville, Pa., after an extended illness. Lois was born on January 28, 1933, in Piscataway, N.J., to Grace and F. P. Young. She was awarded a Fulbright Scholarship in 1961 and was associate professor of Piano at Westminster Choir College for 30 years. She was also an organist, choir director, and singer at numerous other schools, churches, and institutions and performed various guest appearances as well as duo-piano with Leon DuBois and Harriet Chase. She was an active member of Wrightstown (Pa.) Meeting, past president of the Delaware Valley Music Club, and a member of the Phillips Mill Art Committee and the Martha Washington Garden Club. Her memorial service was a wonderful tribute to Lois' music, her performing and teaching, her warm and gracious hospitality, and love of flowers and all things beautiful. Lois is survived by her husband of 36 years, William Hunter Jr.; her stepsons, Jeffrey T. and Daniel P. Hunter; her stepdaughter, Nancy H. Wilcox; her sister, Audrey



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

Display Ad Deadlines

Reservations are required for display ads in FRIENDS JOURNAL.



November issue: Reserve space by September 10.
Ads must be received by September 13.

December issue: Reserve space by October 8.
Ads must be received by October 11.

Ad rate is \$40 per column inch.

Call (215) 563-8629 now
with your reservation or questions.

E-mail: adsales@friendsjournal.org

Inside each child: *wonder* *We bring it to light.*



WESTTOWN SCHOOL

OPEN HOUSE *Monday, October 8, 9:00 a.m.*
Saturday, November 10, 10:00 a.m.



spirited Quaker education since 1799

Westtown School pre-K-8 day / 9-10 day & boarding / 11-12 boarding
Westtown, Pennsylvania 19395 610-399-7900 www.westtown.edu



www.mtcalligraphy.com

10 Union Street, Greenfield, MA 01301
(413) 529 9212 E-mail: mary@mtcalligraphy.com

Quaker House
Fayetteville/Ft. Bragg NC
Front-Line Peace Witness
Since 1969

Write for Our FREE
Truth in Recruiting Packet!

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

Y. Tippet of Delran; and her six step-grandchildren; along with many nieces and nephews.

Paulmier—*Marguerite Paulmier*, 74, on December 8, 2006, in Philadelphia, Pa. Marge was born in Philadelphia on May 16, 1932, to Samuel and Marie Benedetto Carelli, who had immigrated to the United States from Italy. Marge spent her early childhood in South Philadelphia. Later her family moved to Oakmont, Pa., and there, at Haverford High School, she met her future husband, Louis S. Paulmier III. Marge completed a nursing degree at Bryn Mawr Hospital, and she and Lou moved to Levittown, Pa., where they supported the efforts to integrate the neighborhood. Later they returned to Philadelphia and joined Germantown Meeting, where their five children attended Germantown Friends School. These progressive Friends immersed their children in social concerns, including civil rights marches and peace vigils. The family spent their summers in Maine, first at Robin Hood Camp, where Marge served as a nurse, and then at a blueberry farm, which they operated for more than 35 years. While in Maine, Marge also worked as a private nurse for patients that included author E. B. White. After Lou became ill with Parkinson's disease, they moved to the residence on the grounds of Germantown Friends School, and became responsible for taking care of the Germantown Meetinghouse. Marge was a loving caregiver to Lou as his condition worsened. Lou died in 2002. With her ever-present enthusiasm and her care of people, she was a friend to many. She delighted in trinkets, both the objects we collect and the stories we carry. Marge was an avid gardener as well as a quilter for many years in several sewing circles. She volunteered at Wyck, a historic house and museum in Germantown; Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; Crossroads Women's Center; and Stapeley of Germantown, a Quaker-sponsored continuing care retirement community. Marge was predeceased by her husband, Louis Paulmier. She is survived by her five children, Stephen, Mark, Gregory, Christopher, and Emily Paulmier; 11 grandchildren; her sister, Joan Gallagher; her brother, Samuel (Bud) Carelli Jr; and several nieces and nephews.

Singsen—*Mary Ellen (Mickey) Singsen*, 88, on November 19, 2006, at home in Edgartown, Mass., surrounded by her family. Mickey was born on December 14, 1917, to Margaret Peirce and William Henry McKee, in Pittsfield, Mass. She grew up in Glencoe, Ill. in a world filled with books, childhood games, and friends, although her father died when she was 14. After graduating from Winnetka High School, she entered Smith College, where she majored in English. At Smith, she joined the Peace Committee. She became a Quaker through her association with the AFSC, beginning in 1937, when she attended an International Relations conference where she met her future husband, Antone Gerhardt Singsen II. She was active in peace and social concerns at Smith, and their relationship was created around their shared beliefs. Between college and her marriage in 1941, Mickey worked as a secretary and research assistant for Encyclopedia Britannica. Antone became a conscientious objector during World War II. His years in the Civilian Public Service camps during the war produced lifelong friends and values that they

passed on to their children. During World War II, while her husband worked as a conscientious objector doing soil conservation work, she supported herself and their small son by returning to an earlier profession as a graphologist. After the war, she devoted herself to her family and to educational, social welfare and cultural, peace, and political action committees, boards, and councils. Mickey and Antone's five children and family life became the core of their lives, around which their work revolved. Between 1957–1962, Antone's job took them to Scarsdale, N.Y. They then returned to Illinois. Their three sons, Gerry, Bill, and Michael, and their two daughters, Sarah and Katrina, kept Mickey quite busy, but she still produced a tasty, nutritious dinner and full lunchboxes every day, took care of a big house, and entertained often. Books were always at the center of her life, and she read to her children and taught them to love books. The Winnetka beaches of Lake Michigan were another great love that she passed on to her children. In 1975 Mickey and Antone moved back to Scarsdale, where Antone shortly fell ill and then died in 1977. Mickey stayed in Scarsdale thereafter. Her home was always a central gathering destination for family members for holidays and birthday celebrations, bringing together the growing group of grandchildren and then great-grandchildren. A member of Scarsdale Meeting, she continued her engagement with Quaker service and dozens of other local, state, and national organizations, including American Friends Service Committee (AFSC), where she served for decades on the executive committee and was a longtime board member of the New York Office. She also chaired a Friends General Conference (FGC) Gathering and served for many years on its Central Committee. She gave over 50 active years to the League of Women Voters, and worked for Family Services of Winnetka and then Westchester, N.Y. She was a former clerk of Friends General Conference and participant in many New York Yearly Meeting activities. She also worked for peace inside the United Nations and traveled to Russia and the Far East with a group of UN delegates. In Westchester County, N.Y., she served on the Boards of the Martin Luther King Institute, Pre-trial Legal Services, and Scarsdale Clergy Association, among many others, and became well-known as a historian of Quaker activity in the county. She founded the Scarsdale Campaign for Peace Through Common Security and devoted much of her time to supporting social justice, nuclear disarmament, and an end to war. She served on many Scarsdale village committees as well, and proposed creation of what became the Scarsdale Senior Center, where she was honored by the mayor as Scarsdale's 2006 "Senior of the Year." In 2006 Mickey came to live with her daughter and son-in-law, Sarah Singen Nevin and Bruce E. Nevin, on Martha's Vineyard where she had been a frequent visitor. Mickey enthusiastically adapted to island life and immediately became involved in Martha's Vineyard Meeting and the Martha's Vineyard Peace Council, with whom she kept vigils, demonstrated, and participated in the two-mile July 4th parade. About eight weeks before her death, the family learned that Mickey had gall bladder cancer. After occasional periods of questioning the accuracy of the diagnosis, Mickey took the news with her usual grace. She lived every minute she could eke out, rising to the occasion for

A NATIONAL QUAKER WITNESS

Turning Quaker Gray into Quaker Green

**Buildings
produce twice
as much CO₂
as cars.**

**Friends Center
will reduce
its emissions to zero.**

This photo from a nearby building shows how Friends Center's photovoltaic panels and newly planted green roof are witnessing to the city around us.

TRANSFORMING

Friends Center

The Philadelphia home of the American Friends Service Committee, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, Central Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, and twenty other Quaker and Quaker-related groups.

Keep your copies for reading, reflection, and referral. **FRIENDS JOURNAL** is a major forum for Quaker thought and Quaker life in the 21st Century. It's a helpful reference for conversation and contemplation. Don't wait. Subscribe today to the journal that tells you what Quakers are thinking and saying.

Share the ideas
Keep the copy
Subscribe now

subscribe

☐ I'll take 12 monthly issues for \$39, please. ☐ Lock in my rate for 2 years—24 issues—for just \$76. Overseas subscribers please add \$12 per year for postage.

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Please bill me ☐ Charge my MasterCard or Visa

Card Number _____ Expiration date _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State/Zip _____

For fastest service, log on to <www.friendsjournal.org> or call (800) 471-6863 during regular business hours. Offer expires 12/31/07 HAO7A

1216 Arch Street, 2A
**FRIENDS
JOURNAL**

Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835
Fax: (215) 568-1377
circulation@friendsjournal.org

It's great to have your own copy



multiple visits from family and friends from afar. She died 30 years to the day after her husband. Throughout Mickey's 88 years, she treasured her family, preserving ancestral documents and records, using the cherished furniture and collected artifacts, and proudly hanging 19th century family portraits. Mickey was predeceased by her husband, Antone G. Singesen; and her son, William D. Singesen. She is survived by four children: Gerry Singesen, Sarah Ellen Nevin, Katrina Taggart, and Michael P. Singesen; two brothers, William and Peirce McKee; 11 grandchildren; and four great grandchildren.

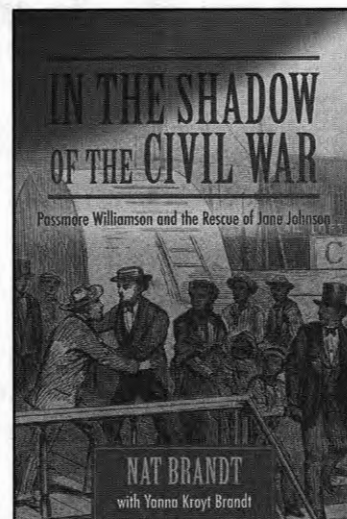
Thatcher—*Henry Hibbard Thatcher*, 81, on August 5, 2006, peacefully, in Nashville, Tenn. Hibbard was born on March 15, 1925, in Chattanooga, Tenn., the middle of three sons of Miriam Hines and Alfred Haviland Thatcher. His Quaker ancestors had immigrated to Chester County, Pa., in the 1680s. Hibbard's mother set high standards for her sons' schooling, behavior, and particularly language. The heart of the Thatcher house was a well-stocked library, and Hibbard spent hours at a time reading. Years later he would read to his sons from books as if from memory. Hibbard attended Baylor School in Chattanooga, where he took honors in Latin, then graduated from Westtown in 1942. During World War II, Hibbard enlisted as a conscientious objector. The first part of his CO service was manual labor, continuing Civilian Conservation Corps projects at sites like Cades Cove in the Great Smoky Mountains, a place he looked back on fondly in later years. But in 1944 he volunteered for participation in a medical experiment at Yale University in which COs were infected with hepatitis by Army doctors. Fundamental knowledge of the disease came from these trials, but at the cost of damaging the health of many of the young men, some permanently. After a long recuperation, Hibbard fulfilled the rest of his CO service as an attendant on cattle boats to Poland, where he saw the grim aftermath of the war. Hibbard once wrote that he had spent many boyhood Saturdays in his father's office at the mill, running toy cars along the windowsills, while his father pored over pages of figures; he knew he never wanted a job like that. But following CO service, Hibbard entered college without a strong sense of what he did want to pursue. He took classes at Peabody College in Nashville, where he wrote of his growing outrage at the 'Jim Crow' laws he saw around him, to the point of riding in the back of Nashville city buses with the black passengers. While visiting his brother David at Swarthmore, Pa., in 1946, Hibbard saw Leadbelly perform, and like many young people at the time he was inspired to start learning folk songs, which he sang in his baritone voice, accompanying himself on a big Gibson guitar. In the late 1940s Hibbard enrolled at University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where he was drawn to a fun-loving circle of progressive-minded young people centered around the charismatic minister Charles Jones and called The Snuffbuckets, whose activities included attempting to integrate UNC and Chapel Hill, and participating in folk music and folk dancing. Hibbard also joined a more radical group, the Fellowship of Southern Churchmen, and took part in more visible civil rights activities, such as hosting an interracial dance in Atlanta, for which he was

cited by police. Hibbard's activities sometimes came at the expense of his studies, and eventually he transferred to University of Indiana to pursue a degree in Recreation. One weekend, at a folk dance workshop in Lexington, Ky., he met his future wife, Ruby Yocum, a young graduate student there. Not quite finished with his degree, Hibbard moved to Louisville to take a job as a social worker with the Louisville Children's Hospital—and to be close to Ruby, who had also moved there. In November 1955, they were married. After their first son was born, the small family moved to Nashville, where Hibbard had enrolled at University of Tennessee's Graduate School of Social Work. He worked on his MSW for the next several years while working full-time, first at the Family and Children's Service, then the Knowles Senior Citizens' Center. He got his master's degree in 1964. He was active in the local chapter of the National Association of Social Workers, and continued civil rights activism on a personal level, such as serving on the board of the South Street Community Center in the Edgehill area of Nashville. During his earlier sojourn in Nashville, Hibbard had joined a small, informal group of Quakers for silent worship. Now there was a larger and more stable group, officially recognized in 1963 as Nashville Meeting. In 1966 Hibbard and Ruby moved to a Battery Lane house, with its tree-filled yard, perfect for their two active boys. Hibbard was a very involved member of the meeting, serving as clerk several times, and instrumental in the meeting's purchase of their first meeting-house in the 1970s, and of the present one. For decades, he was a regular at the regional Friends' conferences and at the national FGC. Upon their move to Nashville, Hibbard and Ruby had soon joined a folk dance group of mostly young couples doing international dancing. Their sons often dozed in the corners of church basements while their parents danced the Israeli hora or Greek *hasapiko*. By the 1970s Hibbard and Ruby were interested in specializing in traditional Appalachian and English Country Dance, and they founded a group to do so. The Nashville Country Dancers grew and prospered, and Hibbard and Ruby taught and nurtured a group of young protégés who continue the group today. In the early 1980s, Hibbard and Ruby started the annual Playford Ball, which has become a nationally recognized gathering of English Country Dance enthusiasts. Hibbard continued his social work career at Meharry Medical College in North Nashville, where he filled several roles over the years, including teaching. After his retirement from Meharry in 1982, he and Ruby spent a term at the Quaker retreat center Pendle Hill in Pa., and over the next several years, the couple traveled extensively. Hibbard was one of the founders of the Nashville Peace and Justice Center and served on its board until his death. He volunteered and then worked part-time at Nashville's Crisis Call Center, where he also assisted in training social work students. During the 1980s, Hibbard became intrigued with "shape note" gospel singing, using the Sacred Harp hymnal, and joined a group in Nashville. In 2001 Ruby had a stroke that left her partially disabled, and Hibbard took on primary responsibility for her care. Still, he continued to keep up a regular schedule of Quaker events, Sacred Harp singing, and, of course, dancing. In January 2006, Hibbard entered the hospital with pneumo-

IN THE SHADOW OF THE CIVIL WAR

Passmore Williamson and the Rescue of Jane Johnson
Nat Brandt with Yanna Kroyt Brandt

Six years before the onset of the Civil War, two courageous figures—one a free white man and one an enslaved black woman—risked personal liberty to ensure each other's freedom in an explosive episode that captured the attention of a nation on the brink of cataclysmic change. In this deeply researched account of the rescue of the slave Jane Johnson by the Philadelphia Quaker and fervent abolitionist Passmore Williamson, of the federal court case that followed, and of Johnson's selfless efforts to free the jailed Williamson, veteran journalist Nat Brandt and Emmy-winning filmmaker Yanna Kroyt Brandt capture the heroism and humanity at the heart of this important moment in American history.



224 pages, 9 illus.
cloth, \$29.95

AS SEEN ON BOOK TV

"In the Shadow of the Civil War is an exciting narrative of a conflict between slavery and freedom that had national consequences beyond the streets and courts of Philadelphia where it took place. In their riveting account, the Brandts show how the publicity generated by this case moved the nation a step closer to the crisis of 1861."—James M. McPherson, author of *Battle Cry of Freedom: The Civil War Era*

"The Brandts, both masterful storytellers, have given us a really marvelous book."

— Franklin W. Knight, Johns Hopkins University

Available in bookstores or from

**THE UNIVERSITY OF
SOUTH CAROLINA PRESS**

800-768-2500 | www.sc.edu/uscpres

AFS

ABINGTON FRIENDS SCHOOL

*The critical balance between
academic rigor and joy in learning*

ABINGTON FRIENDS SCHOOL
*A coeducational Quaker school
from preschool through grade 12*

575 Washington Lane, Jenkintown, PA 19046
215-886-4350
www.abingtonfriends.net

20 • 07

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

nia caused by a virulent strain of staphylococcus bacteria. He pulled through, mentally unfazed, and there were long talks in his room with friends and family and frequently music. He was relaxed, warm, voluble, witty, and gracious with guests and medical staff. But in early August, Hibbard developed an infection in his lungs, and it quickly overwhelmed his weakened system. Before losing consciousness, Hibbard was able to blow Ruby a kiss. His end came peacefully, after all his family had gathered to say goodbye. Hibbard was a small man in stature but he was large in personality and influence. He paid close attention to the world around him, and was always reminding us to notice the leaves in fall, the flowers in bloom in spring, or during his final illness, the morning light in his hospital room. Hibbard is survived by his wife and dancing partner of 50-plus years, Ruby Thatcher; his sons, Alan and Jonathan Thatcher; and four grandchildren.

Thompson—Carol Lewis Thompson, 88, on January 9, 2007, in Newtown, Pa. Carol was born on December 12, 1918, in New York City, to Jasper R. Lewis and Frieda Rafalsky Lewis. At the age of three she moved to a house in the Ludlow section of Yonkers. El Thompson, a slightly older three-year-old, lived around the corner. As their back yards adjoined, they met. Carol attended public schools in Yonkers, received a BA in Political Science from Wellesley College in 1940 and an MA in Political Science from Mt. Holyoke. Carol and El married in 1942. After receiving her master's, Carol began work with *Current History* magazine, the oldest U.S. publication devoted exclusively to world affairs. She became editor, and while the publishing office was in Philadelphia, the editorial office moved with Carol: first to Norwalk, Conn., then to Wilton, Conn., and finally, from 1970 until her retirement, to the barn at her home in Forest Grove, Pa. Carol was an active member of Wilton Meeting while in Connecticut and of Wrightstown Meeting after the move to Forest Grove. All four of her children married under the care of Wrightstown Meeting. She was active in social causes at a deeply personal level. In Wilton, she participated in an AFSC program placing high school students of color from the South with local families so that they could attend local schools. At one point, Carol and two of her assistant editors sponsored students, and in Bucks County she was involved with programs sponsoring Cambodian and Vietnamese refugee families. She was active until her passing. Carol was predeceased by her husband of nearly 63 years, El Thompson. She is survived by two sons, Timothy and John Thompson; two daughters, Ellen and Abigail Thompson; and nine grandchildren, Andrew, Charles, Nicholas, and Daniel Thompson; Erica and Rosie Leavell; and Elizabeth, Benjamin, and Lucy Haas.

Wallace—Albert Johnston Wallace Jr., 95, on January 8, 2007, in Marblehead, Mass. Albert was born on February 4, 1912, to Albert Johnston Wallace and Laura Virginia Wallace in Collingswood, N.J., where he grew up. A resident of the Delaware Valley for most of his life, Albert graduated from the Wharton School at University of Pennsylvania in 1934, and joined the mineral-importing firm of E. J. Lavino & Company in Philadelphia, where he spent his working life. Voyages aboard the *City of*

GuideOne Insurance

GuideOne Insurance is America's leading insurer of religious institutions, and has been protecting Friends houses of worship and schools for more than 20 years. In fact, since 1979, GuideOne has been the Friends Insurance Group property and casualty insurer of choice. To arrange for a **FREE** premium quotation, and to learn more about GuideOne Insurance, call **1-877-448-4331 ext. 5429**.



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

New York as a working seaman to South Africa and Cuba, together with his construction of a wooden sailboat from scratch, were early expressions of his lifelong zest for travel, all things nautical, and carpentry. He met his wife, Susan Morton Tatum, through her aunt, who had been his teacher in junior high school. When Albert and Susan married in Providence Meeting in Media, Pa., in 1940, Albert became a member of the Religious Society of Friends, and a devoted partnership began that was to endure for over half a century. The couple lived first in Pennsylvania, then in New Jersey, settling in Haddonfield, N.J., in 1952. They were very active members of Walnut Street Meeting in Haddonfield and enthusiastic supporters of uniting the two Haddonfield meetings. With Albert's help the meeting was able to obtain funding for the construction of a substantial addition to the Haddonfield Meeting/Friends' School complex. The couple also started the Haddonfield Meeting Newsletter, in the days when this involved manual typewriters and mimeograph machines. When Albert retired, he and Susan became year-round residents of Ocean City, N.J., the site of his own childhood vacations, and the couple joined Seaville (N.J.) Meeting in Cape May County, where their dedicated energy helped revitalize the little meeting, leading to the construction of a fine addition to the tiny, historic wooden meetinghouse. When they left New Jersey for Friends Village in Newtown, Pa., Albert and Susan joined Yardley Meeting. Using Albert's fine photographs, he and Susan produced a series of memorable Christmas cards. They shared a love of music and of travel, and they visited friends in the U.S. and abroad. After Susan's death in 1990, Albert moved north to Marblehead, Mass., where he lived with his younger daughter, Debbie, and her family, with his son Gene and family nearby. Unable to travel or to attend a local meeting, Albert rejoined Haddonfield Meeting, and became a keen supporter of the Quaker Missions project, collecting numerous used stamps. He remained in close touch with many old friends. In 2005 Albert moved to a small nursing home in Marblehead. Albert was predeceased by his wife, Susan Morton Tatum. He is survived by his daughters, Edith Wallis and Deborah Essig; his son, Eugene Wallace; his grandchildren, Whitney Guida, Ashley Wallace, Jason Wallace, Matthew Essig, and Susan Essig; and two nieces and one nephew.

beconnected

“Everything here is about community. It's just a fun place to be. The professors provide an environment that has built my passion and excites me about my future career options. I'm thrilled to be a part of EMU.”

Carolyn Riley

health and physical education major from Warrenton, Va.
Member, Hopewell Centre Friends Meeting

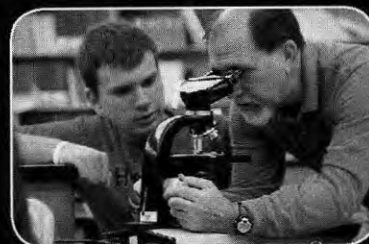
With study abroad opportunities, mentoring relationships with professors, NCAA Division III athletics programs, an emphasis on justice and peace, as well as a diverse student body, EMU offers students the world within a supportive Christian community. Come see for yourself.

Join us for a campus visit...

October 25–26, 2007
November 15–16, 2007
January 31–February 1, 2008

Info at: emu.edu/campusvist

(800) 368-2665
admiss@emu.edu
www.emu.edu



It's the Nature of Broadmead

All - inclusive healthcare, maintenance-free garden apartments, and interesting friends are a way of life at Broadmead. Enjoy an abundance of resident-driven programs & activities or the serenity of the natural surroundings on this 94-acre campus. It's all up to you. We invite you to visit us and catch the Broadmead spirit. Call (410) 584-3388 to schedule your personal tour.

Broadmead is an inclusive, accredited, not-for-profit Continuing Care Retirement Community founded and operated in the caring Quaker tradition.

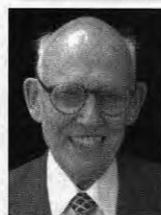
TTY/Voice ~ Maryland Relay Service
1-800-201-7165
www.broadmead.org



Ethical Business Relationships

Partnerships
in Peace

Lee B. Thomas, Jr.



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

"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

Forum

continued from page 5

together Friends around the world in a myriad of ways, so it is incumbent upon us to govern ourselves and to do our work internationally. I heartily agree that face-to-face meetings are the best means of carrying forward our work, but we have to realistically settle for telephone communications as the means to be inclusive and to get the work accomplished. We began this practice in 2004, recognizing the imperative for our committees to be representative of the world body of Friends, and the limitations of our financial ability to bring such committees together face-to-face. The cost of holding our annual face-to-face meeting of the Central Executive Committee (16 people) in the UK exceeds \$20,000 each time. UK charity law mandates at least one face-to-face meeting of the trustees each year, so we must bear this cost.

With the formation of a new International Finance Committee, recognizing the imperative for broad representation and our limitations, FWCC has a committee meeting only by telephone, supplemented by e-mail. Its members are from the U.S. (five people, three time zones), UK, Kenya, and Australia. We begin and end with prayer or devotional time, circulate the agenda and documents in advance, have only one person speak at once, and pause for silent worshipful consideration as needed. The minutes are circulated shortly after the meeting. It works.

For an international Quaker body, what is our alternative? Would FWCC have to have all its committees be British-based? Hardly an option these days, but until the availability of conference calls it was the only financially viable option. This was true of our International Membership Committee, which is now in the process of transforming itself to an international committee, which will use conference calls for meetings.

FWCC has benefited from this innovation in our way of working. No committee of ours works exclusively by e-mail, although it is necessary for the preliminary work. We have found that nearly all Friends have access to an Internet café and a free web address.

Finances permitting, FWCC would have all its meetings face-to-face. Several years ago, we created the Committee Travel Fund, an endowed fund whose interest income supports bringing committee members together. We would welcome further contributions to that fund.

Nancy Irving, General Secretary
Friends World Committee for Consultation

September 2007 FRIENDS JOURNAL

Rufus Jones deserves much of the credit

I think it is unfortunate that it was not mentioned in Francine Cheeks' excellent article, "American Friends Service Committee after 90 Years" (*FJ* June) that Rufus Jones, as a co-founder of AFSC who led it for 30 or so years, was largely responsible for the Nobel Prize that was awarded to AFSC in 1947.

Ann Foster
Boston, Mass.

More on interreligious weddings

Dick Wood's fine description of different, yet similar, manners of conducting weddings ("Facilitating Interreligious Weddings," *Life in the Meeting: FJ* June) impels two comments. Some time ago our department members were invited to two colleagues' quite different weddings. The first was an Indian, Hindu, woman marrying a Philippine, Catholic man. There were two very different, quite moving wedding ceremonies for this couple on separate days. The details are too many to describe here, but interestingly, the bride's father had to pay extra for the Hindu ceremony to be shortened to two hours. The second wedding was a Lithuanian Lutheran ceremony. It was quite clear that the actual focal points of each wedding were the mutual promises offered and accepted in the presence of witnesses.

My second comment concerns Dick Wood's closing with two translations of the beloved benediction. To give credit, it comes from Numbers 6:24-26. According to the context it comes from the Lord giving instructions to Moses that Aaron should thus transmit this, the Lord's blessing, a continuing favor, to the children of Israel.

As well as the Hebrew, Dick quotes a modern version of the well-known King James translation. The Hebrew version translated into English, which reads in the manner of the Hebrew (from the beautifully bound translation by Everett Fox, *The Five Books of Moses*), is just as beautiful, even emphatic. It is clear that it is not just a divine pat on the head:

May YHWH bless you and keep you!

May YHWH shine his face upon you and favor you!

May YHWH lift up his face toward you and grant you shalom!

James Baker
Nelson, B.C.

Out of the loop?

I feel like that proverbial voice crying in the wilderness. You can't be a good Quaker unless you own (and can use) a computer.

I just received my July issue of *FRIENDS JOURNAL*. I haven't read any of the feature articles yet but it seems very enlightening, and I love encouraging young Friends. I was especially impressed with the upcoming events and the list of yearly meetings to come in the Bulletin Board. I want the editor to plan a full page next May—listing all the upcoming yearly meetings—like *framed*—plenty of spaces between to make notes—so that others can plan ahead to visit! Also, so when people ask me about Quakers I can hand them a copy and say we are quite numerous and cover the world.

On page 51 in that issue, across from the August listing of yearly meetings, is an advertisement for a new retirement home in Pennsylvania. When are we old Quakers going to get some help in Texas? How about some cooperative housing that is under the care of the yearly meeting—that fits my \$1,003 monthly income? I struggle with commercial "housing" and, at age 85, could share time and energy with ten or so other aging Friends—like the cooperative dorms at college. So many more women than men need each other's companionship and an inexpensive lifestyle. The woman in that ad may find art in retirement, but many find it a big financial struggle.

Austin Meeting has some wonderful active people and we have acquired some wonderful buildings through the astuteness and hard work of Austin Friends. But my dwelling is out of the "circle"—and the price of gasoline prohibits much visiting.

Definitely my "fault"—my brain does not accept "computerize." Most of my queries have the answer, "Oh, that's on the website," and then the apology for my advanced years? *Bah, humbug!*

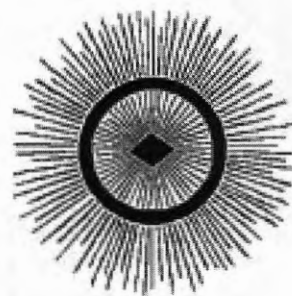
Eleanor R. Hammond
San Marcos, Texas

An appreciative renewal

Thank you for reminding me why I am a Quaker.

I renew my subscription so that the ministry may "build and nourish the work of the Holy Spirit in our lives."

Joyce Trotman
Surrey, England



Progoff Intensive Journal® Program

*An integrated system of
writing exercises and
meditation to evoke
your life potential*

Workshops Nationwide

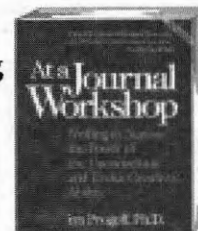
Host at your
Friends Meeting
Special member rates

Call 800-221-5844

www.intensivejournal.org

175,000 participants since 1966
Continuing Education Credits

Award-winning
book by
Ira Progoff



"Intensive Journal," a trademark of Jon Progoff, is licensed to Dialogue House

\$25. Logo is optional. \$19. Additional \$10.00 if boxed. 10% discount for three consecutive insertions, 25% for six. Appearance of any advertisement does not imply endorsement by Friends Journal.

CLASSIFIED AD DEADLINES:

November issue, September 17
December issue, October 15

Submit your ad to:

Advertising Manager, Friends Journal
1216 Arch Street, 2A
Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835

For information call (215) 563-8629
Fax (215) 568-1377
E-mail: adsales@friendsjournal.org

Accommodations

Marni's House, Martha's Vineyard, MA. Contemplative summer/fall B&B. Informal, contemporary, crafts, natural light, sybaritic baths, tranquil setting. Peaceful oasis for hectic lives. Bike to ferry, town, beach. For brochure/information/reservations: (508)696-6198, <marnihv@vineyard.net>, <www.marnishouse.com>.

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. The Penn Club, 21 Bedford Place, London WC1B 5JJ. Telephone: +44 (207) 636-4718. Fax: +44 (207) 636-5516. <www.pennclub.co.uk>.

Burt House Friends Center, Ithaca, New York. Rooms for sojourners, students, residents. Beautiful location adjacent to waterfall. Short walk to Cornell; near Ithaca College. Intentional community with shared kitchen/dining. 227 N. Willard Way, Ithaca, NY 14850. Contact Mary at 607-273-5421

Visiting Costa Rica? Our hostel Casa Ridgway, in central San Jose, awaits you in the tradition of Quaker simplicity. \$10-20/night. Using our hostel supports Peace Center programs. Sunday unprogrammed meeting. All are welcome. Contact <casaridgway@yahoo.es>, or 011 (506) 233-6168.

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

Beacon Hill Friends House: Quaker-sponsored residence of 19 interested in community living, spiritual growth, peace, and social concerns. All faiths welcome. For information, application: BHFH, 6 Chestnut Street, Boston, MA 02108-3264. (617) 227-9118. Overnight and short-term accommodations also available. <directors@bhf.org>, <www.bhf.org>.

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

Chicago- Affordable guest accommodations in historic Friends meetinghouse. Short- or long-term. Contact: Sofia Community, Quaker House, 5615 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, IL 60637. (773) 288-3066.

Seattle- Two affordable, private travelers' rooms at Quaker House, near University Friends Meeting, centrally located in Seattle's University District. For reservations: (206) 632-9839 or <quakerhouse.sea@juno.com>.

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

Santa Fe- Simply charming adobe guest apartment at our historic meetinghouse. Fireplace, bath, kitchenette, very convenient to downtown and galleries, as well as our tranquil garden. One night- one month stays, affordable. Call (505) 983-7241.

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

Assistance Sought

INFORMATION NEEDED FOR BOOK PROJECT: Researching conscientious objectors who served as U.S. Army combat medics in Europe, 1943-45, for book project. Letters, journals, etc. appreciated. Would like to interview subjects via phone, mail, or e-mail. Contact David Austin <quakerdave@comcast.net> or (856) 985-6315.

Books & Publications

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

Dangerous Pilgrims, a haunting novel about liberation-theology in Guatemala. \$15. Box 133, Fremont CA 94537.



Pendle Hill Pamphlets are timely essays on many facets of Quaker life, thought, and spirituality, readable at one sitting. Subscribe to receive six pamphlets/year for \$25 (US). Also available: every pamphlet published previously by Pendle Hill. 800-742-3150 ext. 2 or bookstore@pendlehill.org www.pendlehill.org

Quaker Books: Rare and out-of-print journals, history, religion, inspirational. Contact us for specific books or topics. Vintage Books, 181 Hayden Rowe Street, Hopkinton, MA 01748. (508) 435-3499. E-mail us at <vin-tage@gis.net>.

Calling all Book Lovers! Friends United Press has a bold new look: books with study guides for reading groups, vibrant covers on timeless Quaker classics, and a new release, *Sparrow Seed: the Franciscan Poems*. Explore Quaker beginnings, belief, and beyond through humor, inspiration, and grounding in Truth. Free catalog. Contact us at: 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374; (800) 537-8839; www.fum.org.

DRAFT RESISTANCE PRISON MEMOIR

Vietnam era, 1960s. Order signed copy direct from author, Jeff Keith. E-mail: jeffthelinguist@juno.com. or call 215-551-3747.

PENDLE HILL BOOKSTORE

More than 2,000 books on Quakerism, religion, spirituality, peace, art, and social justice, including children's books.



<www.pendlehill.org>. Call (800) 742-3150 or (610) 566-4507, ext. 2; email <bookstore@pendlehill.org>. Open M-F 9 a.m.-12:30 p.m., 1:30p.m.-4:30 p.m.; ask about weekends.

Announcing a new book: *Discovering God as Companion: Real Life Stories from What Canst Thou Say (WCTS?)*. Sixty-two Friends tell of their mystical experience and contemplative practice in an anthology celebrating the tenth anniversary of WCTS?, a meeting for worship in print. \$15.45 from <quakerbooks.org>.

Quakerism: A Theology for Our Time. The first substantial Quaker theology since Barclay, covering the impact of modern science and biblical criticism. Author, Patricia A. Williams, <www.theologyauthor.com>.

Opportunities

THE PEACEABLE TABLE

A Free Online Journal for Quakers
and Other People of Faith
www.vegetarianfriends.net

GUATEMALA: Study Spanish, volunteer work with Homestay. casaxelaju.com

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

PRONICA

NICARAGUA DELEGATIONS: students, groups, service learning, grassroots development projects, cultural exchange, history, economics, music, agriculture, health, literacy, children, homestays. Experience Nicaragua. www.pronica.org, (727) 821.2428.

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

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

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

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



Connecting Friends Crossing Cultures Changing Lives

Vincula a los Amigos Sobrepasa Barreras Culturales Cambia Vidas

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



Events at Pendle Hill

September 7-9: **Faithful, Effective Work for Peace and Justice: Annual Weekend for Quaker Peace and Justice Committee Members**, with Mary Lord, Jim Cason, Scilla Wahrhaftig, Joan Broadfield, Jennifer Bing-Canar, Peter Lems, and Oskar Castro
September 14-16: **Beyond Prison: A New Justice Paradigm**, with Laura Magnani
September 21-23: **Lives of Service: A Working Retreat**, with Walter Sullivan and the Pendle Hill Maintenance Team
October 8-12: **Sustaining the Soul that Serves**, with Marian David and Anthony Browder



October 22-26: **Faith to Follow: Responding to Call**, with Viv Hawkins
Contact: Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086-6023
(800) 742-3150, extension 3 www.pendlehill.org

Personals

Concerned Singles

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

Real Estate

Quaker Realtor in Tampa, Florida. Specializing in residential sales and relocation services. If you are thinking of moving to the Tampa Bay area, please call me for information. Andrea Walsh (813) 985-5013. BDR Realty.

Quaker Commercial Realtor specializing in income property sales and 1031 replacements nationally. Call Allen Stockbridge, JD, CCIM at (877) 658-3666.

FOR SALE OR RENT: Maine backwoods lakeside retirement retreat or summer getaway. 2 bdms, 2 bathrooms and loft on main floor with full apartment facing lake downstairs. Home used for Farmington Friends Meeting in the summers for many years. Owned by Roy and Libby Darlington since 1970. Please phone or write Anne Essler in BC at (250) 770-1440 or <essler@xplornet.com>.

Rentals & Retreats

Andover, Vermont. Renovated mountain home available for vacation rental. Three bedrooms, three baths, two fireplaces, sauna. Long range views. Near Appalachian Trail, skiing, state park, Weston Priory. Contact Mary Mitchell Miller Real Estate, 802-824-3176 and mention this ad.

Catskill Mountains (NY)- Log Chalet with mountain views. Near hiking, fishing, tennis, golf and skiing. Minutes to Bel-leayre ski center and lake. Wrap-around deck with hummingbirds. 3 bedrooms-2.5 baths. Sleeps 7-8. Rental by week June-February. Contact Victoria Moore at 516 486-4367 or qmlaw@optonline.net.

Blueberry Cottage on organic lavender, blueberry, and dairy goat farm in the mountains of N. Carolina. Pond, mountain views, protected river. Sleeps 8+. Family farm visit or romantic getaway. Near Celo Friends Meeting. By week or day. <www.mountainfarm.net> or (866) 212-2100.

Pocono Manor. Beautiful, rustic mountain house suitable for gatherings, retreats, and reunions. Seven bedrooms. Three full baths. Beds for 15. Fully equipped. Deck with mountain view. Hiking trails from back door. Weekends or by the week, April through October. Contact Melanie Douthy: (215) 736-0948.

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

Cape May, N.J. Beach House - weekly rentals; week-end rentals in off-season. Sleeps 12+. Great for family reunions! Block from beach. Close to mall. Ocean views from wraparound porch. Call: (718) 398-3561.

Italy. For writers, artists, musicians or families, a peaceful cottage in the woods on an Umbrian hillside: large living room, kitchen/diningroom, one bathroom, two bedrooms (sleeps maximum 6). Non-smoking. Contact: Allison Jablonko, Via della Ginestra, 12, 06069 Tuoro sul Trasimeno (PG), Italy. Email: jablonko@tin.it

Chincoteague Island, VA. Choice of adjacent, 1920s, equipped vacation homes sleeping 8-10. Protected Assateague Island nearby (ponies, ocean beaches, birds...). September until June; approx. \$250/weekend, \$500/wk. Polite pets OK. (703) 448-8678, <markvanraden@yahoo.com>.

Retirement Living



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



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

Continuing care retirement communities:

Kendal at Longwood; Crosslands-Kennett Square, Pa.
Kendal at Hanover—Hanover, N.H.
Kendal at Oberlin—Oberlin, Ohio
Kendal at Ithaca—Ithaca, N.Y.
Kendal at Lexington—Lexington, Va.
Kendal on Hudson—Sleepy Hollow, N.Y.
Kendal at Granville—Granville, Ohio

Independent living with residential services:

Coniston and Cartmel—Kennett Square, Pa.
The Lathrop Communities—Northampton and Easthampton, Mass.

Nursing care, residential and assisted living:

Barclay Friends—West Chester, Pa.

Advocacy/education programs:

Untie the Elderly—Pa. Restraint Reduction Initiative
Kendal Outreach, LLC

Collage, Assessment Tool for Well Elderly

For information, contact: Doris Lambert, The Kendal Corporation, 1170 E. Baltimore Pike, Kennett Square, PA 19348. (610) 388-5581.

E-mail <info@kcorp.kendal.org>.



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

We welcome your visit! Medford Leas 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 Leas offers campuses in Medford and Lumberton, NJ, and a wide range of residential styles—from garden-style apartments to clustered townhouses—all arranged amidst the extraordinary beauty of over 200 acres of landscaped gardens, natural woodlands, and meadows. Cultural, intellectual and recreational 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. Amenity and program highlights include: walking/biking trails, tennis courts, indoor and outdoor swimming pools, fitness centers and programs, computer center, greenhouses, very active self-governed residents' association with 90+ committees, on-site "university" program, and much more. Medford Leas' superior health, wellness, and long-term care (assisted living & skilled nursing care) services are available through two distinct contract types and a wide range of fees: "Lifecare"—with unlimited care included in fees; and "Non-Lifecare"—with fee-for-service health care services. CCAC-Accredited; Member, Friends Services for the Aging. For more details or to schedule your visit, call (800) 331-4302. <www.medfordleas.org> E-mail <move-in-information@medfordleas.org>.



The Hickman, a nonprofit, Quaker-sponsored retirement community in historic West Chester, has been quietly providing excellent care to older persons for over a century. Call today for a tour: (484) 760-6300, or visit our brand-new website <www.thehickman.org>.

Schools

Life Energy Healing School, Middlebury, Vermont. Discover your leading, manifest it in your life. Learn energy healing, improve your intuition, sing from your heart. Four long experiential weekends per year. <info@lifenergyheal.com> <http://www.lifenergyheal.com> 802-388-1301

ARTHUR MORGAN SCHOOL. Boarding and day school for grades 7-9. Small academic classes, consensus decision making, outdoor and community service trips, daily work program. A small, caring community environment. For information about admissions or hiring: (828) 675-4262. <ams@yancey.main.nc.us>. 60 AMS Circle, Burnsville, NC 28714. <www.arthurmorganschool.org>

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

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

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

United Friends School: coed; preschool-8; emphasizing integrated, developmentally appropriate curriculum, after-school arts, sports, and music programs. Busing available. 1018 West Broad Street, Quakertown, PA 18951. (215) 538-1733. <www.unitedfriendsschool.org>.



EARLHAM
SCHOOL of RELIGION

Peace and Justice is an emphasis in both the M Div./M Min. and MA in Religion programs at ESR. Occasional students are welcome too. Also accessible to ESR students are courses from two other mid-west Peace programs. Study with ESR on-line or on-campus at Richmond, Ind., and share this vital part of the heritage within the Society of Friends by putting faith into practice. For further information see <www.esr.earlham.edu> or contact Sue Axtell at <axtellsu@earlham.edu>, 1(800) 432-1377.



The Quaker School at Horsham—A Friends school for bright children who learn differently. Coed, pre-first through ninth grades. Our research-based curriculum is carefully designed to address language-based learning differences. After school care. Enrichment programs: Affinities, art, music, shop, drama, sports. New campus. 250 Meetinghouse Road, Horsham, PA 19044 (215) 674-2875. <www.quakerschool.org>.

Services Offered

All Things Calligraphic

Carol Gray, Calligrapher (Quaker). Specializing in wedding certificates. Reasonable rates, timely turn-arounds. <www.carolgraycalligraphy.com>.

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

Ahimsa Graphics

Wedding Certificates, Celebrations of Commitment calligraphy, illustration, custom design
Contact: Penny Jackim: <ahimsa@earthlink.net> (410) 783-1972
Samples: <www.pennyjackim.calligraphicarts.org>

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

Calligrapher (NEYM) creates individually designed marriage certificates, birth/naming documents for newborn or adopted children, and other one of a kind documents. See samples of my work at <wynnellwellyn.com>. Contact me to discuss your needs at 413-634-5576. <wynne@wynnellwellyn.com>.

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

H. FREEMAN

ASSOCIATES, LLC

2204 Salisbury Road South
Richmond, IN 47374
610-909-6385
HFreeAssoc@aol.com

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

Summer Camps

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

Journey's End Farm Camp

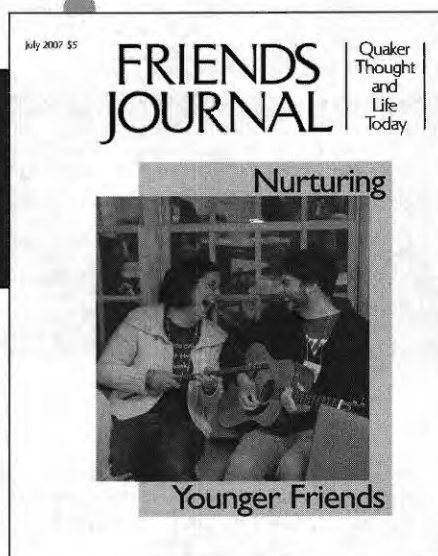
Farm animals, gardening, ceramics, wood shop, outdoor games. Program centered in the life of a Quaker farm family focuses on nonviolence, simplicity, reverence for nature. Sessions of two or three weeks for 34 boys and girls, ages 7-12. Apply early for financial aid. Welcome all races. One-week Family Camp in August. Kristin Curtis, 364 Sterling Road, Newfoundland, PA 18445. (570) 689-3911; <www.journeysendfarm.org>.

Help secure the future of FRIENDS JOURNAL

Here's how you can make
a lasting investment in
this vital ministry:

- Include FRIENDS JOURNAL as a beneficiary in your will
- Create a charitable gift annuity with FRIENDS JOURNAL
- Name FRIENDS JOURNAL as a beneficiary of an IRA or life insurance policy
- Create a trust that includes FRIENDS JOURNAL as a beneficiary
- Make a gift to our Term-limited Endowment Fund (20 year term)
- Make a gift to our Board Discretionary Fund

These are difficult times in publishing, especially for small nonprofits. At FRIENDS JOURNAL, income from subscriptions and advertising revenue covers only 52 percent of what it costs to produce the magazine. You can play a significant role in assuring the future of FRIENDS JOURNAL—and our goal of building readership among Friends of all ages—by contributing a planned gift that fits your needs. Such a gift allows even those of modest means to contribute significantly to the ministry of the written word found in FRIENDS JOURNAL because such a gift can provide lifetime income and significant tax benefits for the donor.



For 52 years, the written words of Friends have informed, enriched, and nurtured our Quaker community. Your contribution to this ministry is critically important as it helps us to ensure a lasting, vital connection among Friends. And your gift—as simple as a line in your will—provides a legacy that can help sustain the

publication of Quaker thought for decades to come. Gifts can be funded with cash, stock, or other property.

Want to know more?

Please contact our development staff at:

FRIENDS JOURNAL

1216 Arch Street, 2A
Philadelphia, PA 19107
advancement@friendsjournal.org
(800) 471-6863