"Both... and...": Parenting for Adulthood

Litter-Picking: A Prophylaxis for Despair

Special Books Section
Reflections and New Beginnings

My youngest finished his Bachelor of Fine Arts degree this past May, so this fall is the first in 24 years that I've not been involved in the wonderful round of back-to-school activities that occur from preschool through college (known as "move in" and "family" weekends in more recent years for us). Frankly, I miss the excitement of that fall-fresh-beginnings energy, wonderfully enhanced by crisp autumn air in our part of the world. But not getting one's offspring launched into another year of schooling allows a chance to step back just a little and to consider the whole picture. As I read the first two articles in this issue, part of the abundant offerings we received for our "Nurturing Younger Friends" issue this past July, I note that Susan Tannehill ("Both ... and ...: Parenting for Adulthood" p.6) and Georgianne Jackofsky ("Raising Quaker Youth" p.10) give me a lot to think about, and I must admit that, if I had it all to do over again, I'd definitely want to change some things about the way we raised our children. Homeschooling and no television in the house might be at the top of that list. Interestingly, my 20-something offspring presently concur with this observation (when they were 10-15 years younger it would have been quite a different conversation!).

Chuck Hosking, in "Litter-Picking: A Prophylaxis for Despair" (p.13), extends further reflection on the Testimony of Simplicity. His daily-hour-long walks in a local park, picking up litter, are an interesting approach to getting exercise and beautifying one's environment simultaneously. I enjoy his frank perceptions about what is truly necessary and what is superfluous. His low-tech approach to daily life, with an eye to what might be repurposed or given away—an appreciation for the immediate satisfaction to be gained from such undertakings—always provides inspiration (and a good challenge) to me—still a keeper of over-stuffed dresser drawers.

On an entirely different note, it is my great pleasure to introduce two new staff members. Larry Jalowiec joined us this summer as our new director of advancement. He has an extensive understanding of the field of publishing, where his more than 20 years of experience encompasses marketing, advertising, and new business development as well as editing and fiscal management. Larry serves his meeting, Richland (Pa.) Meeting, as its treasurer and enjoys outreach activities there as well as soliciting financial gifts. I have been delighted with his enthusiasm for the Ministry of Friends Publishing Corporation and with his seasoned understanding of the challenges facing publications at the present time.

In the late spring, Database Manager Patty Boyle let me know that she would be leaving us for a job that enabled her to spend more time with her young sons. She made a significant contribution to our transition into a new major software program, and we were sorry to see her go. However, I am pleased now to announce that Karen Joy has joined us this fall as our new database manager. A PhD student at Drexel University in Information Science and Technology, she holds two master's degrees in Computer Science and Counseling Psychology. She brings to us technical and managerial experience in working for an industry-university multidisciplinary research center, as well as five years of service in multiple capacities, including technical services coordinator with an Episcopal retreat center in Virginia.

I am very pleased to announce these outstanding additions to our staff, and hope you will join me in warmly welcoming them to our work.
Both . . . and . . .”: Parenting for Adulthood
Susan Tannehill
8750 Towanda Creek Rd.
Clarence Center, NY 14032

Raising Quaker Youth
Georgianne Jackofsky
70 Sunburst Drive
Rocky Point, NY 11778
This family’s search for the really important took an unexpected turn.

Litter-Picking: A Prophylaxis for Despair
Chuck Hosking 1806 Walter SE
Albuquerque, NM 87102
He sees a connection between picking up trash and vigiling.

“Turning Quaker Gray into Quaker Green”
Erica Bradley, Amanda Gagnon, Breja Gunnison, Elizabeth Markham, and Maximilian Plotnick
Environmentally friendly renovations are happening at Friends Center in Philadelphia.

The 2007 Friends General Conference Gathering:

The FGC Experience I Did Not Expect to Have
Judith M. James 1308 Taylor Street NE
Minneapolis, MN 55418

Gifts of Eldering
Wendy C. Sanford
159 Hancock Street Apt 5
Cambridge, MA 02139

Quaker Identity Crisis
Liz Wine
1321 E. Emporia #2
Nichita, KS 67214

More than Just Wanting to Help
Harriet Heath
223 Buck Lane
Haverford, PA 19041

“An Investment with High Returns”
Brenda Rose Simkin
717 Cricket Ave
Ardmore, PA 19003

The Mystery of Being a Neighbor
Robert Renwick

Front Cover: photo by Paul Abbona

To Justin at Fifteen
2405 W. Main Street
Richmond, VA 23220
George H. Nixon

Little Love Round
17543 White Chapel Ct.
South Bend, IN 46635
Denise Thompson-Slaughter

Gloria in Excelsis Deo
Emily Conlen
1015 Faulkeway

Blessing
Denise Thompson-Slaughter
Holding Laura to task

In a letter in the August Forum ("Holding Laura in the Light"), Gray Cox contributed some thoughtful words for our consumption regarding President George W. and wife Laura Bush. Sincere as they were (the words, not the Bushes), I fear that Cox’s overall message is a naïve and counterintuitive one. Considering the grandness of implications involved in recommendations for the treatment of a sitting—or soon-to-be former—President, I feel compelled to share what I see as the realities of the situation.

Cox shows genuine concern for the President and, like any Friendly neighbor, demonstrates empathy for those whose charge it is to counsel him. Given the nature of the decisions that President Bush has had to make and his ever-growing unpopularity as arbiter, it stands to reason that this man does indeed need love, guidance, and support. It would appear that most of us do not begrudge Laura Bush now. So that we may continue to be respectful and fair—to be true Friends—it then falls upon us to at least hold the First Lady in the Light and to express to her our support with this unenviable responsibility.

However, where I view Cox’s reasoning as wanting for fuller knowledge of reality is in the realm of—for lack of a better word—wanting. It is compelling, if not easy, to forget that from the viewpoint of the President and the First Lady, the Bush presidency can be celebrated as quite a remarkable success. George has successfully stood in the way of stem cell research; appointed two like-minded men to lifelong terms on the Supreme Court; overthrown the dictator who wanted to kill his father; provided business ventures more lucrative than previously conjured by his powerful friends at Bechtel, Halliburton, KBR, and others; and has become a godlike figure in religious circles often more influential in U.S. society than that which subscribes to this periodical. When the time came for a referendum on his presidency, Bush was reelected with a majority of the votes cast. This stunned much of the enlightened world, but came as little surprise to the Bushes and bolstered the President’s personal resolve. The people of the U.S. effectively provided the necessary capital for the career promotions of people like Paul Wolfowitz, John Bolton, and Alberto Gonzalez.

In retirement, George and Laura may choose to live a life of some comfort between Maine and Crawford, Texas. Speaking invitations and the requisite honoraria from sympathetic groups like the Heritage Foundation, the American Enterprise Institute, and others seem likely to meet them there. George may even entertain himself with private and/or public working engagements with the Carlyle Group to further demonstrate his political and financial power among the world’s elite (including the bin Laden family).

So my question is this: if George W. Bush needs, as Gray Cox understands it, “to change his behavior, change his decisions, change the information he bases them on, change the people he relies on as friends, and change his self-image,” does he know it? Does Laura? Why would she? I suggest instead that it would be at best foolhardy, at worst condescending, of those of us who may share this opinion to treat Laura Bush in the fashion Cox prescribes.

Cox writes, “The future of thousands of U.S. soldiers and millions of Iraqi citizens and hundreds of millions of people in the United States and the Middle East lie in the balance.” I agree. In fact, I would submit that the future of our planet itself is very much implied in the outcomes of this President’s decisions. For that reason, I choose to address him and his family pragmatically. After all, this is a man who kicked drugs and became a born-again Christian at just exactly the opportune moment, politically speaking. It is palpably realistic that George and/or Laura may make of being held “in the Light” by Friends the same that I can be sure they did of receiving postcards of prayer from Christian soldiers in Afghanistan and Iraq—nothing. What may possibly prove more effective, if our interest is still saving lives, the planet, and not George W. Bush’s soul, is holding the First Lady to task. Her feelings and ours may both get hurt in the process, but there may also be changes made in our lifetime that are beneficial for the world.

Karl-Rainer Blumenthal

Let’s examine our Quakerspeak

I very much enjoyed and benefited from Albert Briggs Jr.’s “How Is Thee?” (FJ Aug.). It would seem, though, that toward the end of the 19th century in Britain some Friends were attentive to proper grammar. I think of Caroline Fox’s famous admonition, “Live up to the light thou hast and more will be granted thee.” Here we have “thou” in the nominative. “Thee” does soften our words, though. It is hard to be angry at one that you address as “thee.” I particularly like the old Quaker greeting “How is thee in thy self?” to inquire as to one’s inward condition. We don’t want to throw away our vocabulary of the inner landscape; some Quakerspeak is valuable.

More to the point, though, is the problem, to my mind, with modern Quakers using plain speech in general, including “First Day” and “Twelfth Month.” Come to think of it, “December” doesn’t honor any god (as do January through August—which is why Quakers, and other Puritans, wouldn’t use the names). December simply means tenth month, which it was before the calendar was changed. Think how confusing it is for non-Quakers, and some Quakers. “Thee” and “thou,” “First Day” and “Twelfth Month” just serve to make us quaint, and a little bit strange. They are no longer witnesses to the Truth as they once were. Now they tend to push non-Friends away, creating boundaries separating them and us. Our meetinghouses and form of worship already make us different and somewhat unapproachable to some. All this tends to set us apart; is that what we want to do? What can we do to tell the world the Spirit of God moves among us?

Inclusive language is an example of a modern equivalent of plain speech that does what “thee” and “thou” did in the 17th century: it shaketh one out of established categories. I try to avoid using pronouns in referring to God, as God is beyond our categories, but if we must speak of God let us at least not limit God to one category. Of course inclusive language is not limited to Quakers and so it doesn’t single us out as “a peculiar people”; it’s not about being Quakers, but it is about witnessing to the truth.

Friend Briggs (another form of address that sets us apart) observes that our continued use of thee or thou, long after the reason for it passed, is ironic for a people that eschews ritual. I agree. We need to consider which of our distinctives continue to testify to the Truth, and which are what George Fox, in his day, spoke of as shadows and forms.

Gene Hillman
Brookhaven, Pa.

Plain speaking as a way of life

The article about Friends use of “plain language” (“How Is Thee,” by Albert Briggs, FJ Aug.) lost me in the technicalities of

November 2007 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Evolutionary forces and belief in God

George Gjelfriend’s article, “Useful Fictions” (FJ Aug.) is very thought-provoking. Having been trained in the sciences, I share his feelings about scientific skepticism regarding the supernatural, and I find his concept of “God” particularly satisfying.

The question that occurs to me, arising from this concept, is how did the belief in God, however defined, arise in the first place? It is certainly a widespread concept, held by the majority of human beings, sometimes in primitive forms such as sun worship (without which the sun would not rise tomorrow), to elegantly rational and scientific such as Gjelfriend’s concept.

It occurs to me that the belief in a supreme being (or beings), which is found almost universally in humans in various forms, must have arisen from a change, which, by evolutionary processes, gives humans an advantage as highly significant as the development of the opposable thumb. There is no other species that gives evidence of altruism such as found in humans, and this is significant in the rise of humans to the evolutionary level of success not found in other species. I will agree that some species show some evidence of altruism, particularly in dogs and perhaps horses, but it is not a “belief in God” comparable to the degree that is found in humans.

There are other concepts such as selfishness, cruelty, and perverted beliefs such as Nazism that balance against altruism, and these may, if allowed to develop extensively, lead to the downfall of civilization.

Samuel B. Burgess
Medford, N.J.

This Conservative Friend’s credentials

I feel very honored by Tom Kim’s description of my web journals—The Earth Witness Journal and The Quaker Magpie Journal—in the latest issue of your magazine (“Under the Hood of a Blog,” FJ Sept.). I do try to write about Friends practices in a constructively provocative way, and I’m thrilled to have this affirmation that I’ve been succeeding!

May I offer a small correction, though? Tom described me as a “self-avowed” Conservative Friend. I’m actually a trifle more than that. I’m a member in good standing of Omaha (Nebr.) Meeting, Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative)—which means I’ve been avowed a Conservative Friend by an established Conservative Friends body. The fact that I’m a member appears on my journal site, on the page that describes who I am.

Marshall Massey
Omaha, Nebr.

Special Issues of FRIENDS JOURNAL for 2008

Most FRIENDS JOURNAL issues offer feature articles on a variety of subjects, but periodically we publish thematic issues. For 2008, we invite submissions for the following two special issues:

The Peace Testimony (July 2008)

This has been a central testimony of Friends since the beginning. What, exactly, does it mean to Friends today? How has it evolved? How are Friends applying it in their personal, work, and public lives? How does it fit in Friends vision of the world order? To what extent is it realistic and our work for it effective?

We request inquiries by February 1 and complete submissions by March 1, 2008.

Energy, Climate, and Building Community (October 2008)

What is the vision and role of Friends as the world faces the crisis of diminishing fossil fuel and increasing environmental damage? What are Friends doing now? What technologies should Friends support and be engaged in? What new ways of living will need to emerge, and how will they affect our communities?

We request inquiries by May 1 and complete submissions by June 1, 2008.

If you are interested in contributing material on these topics, please get in touch with us. We encourage advance inquiries and suggestions from prospective authors and artists. Contact Robert Dockhorn, senior editor, at seneditor@friendsjournal.org, or by postal mail, telephone, or fax, for addresses/numbers, see the masthead on page 2. The general Submission Guidelines for FRIENDS JOURNAL are posted on our website, <www.friendsjournal.org>.
I have been parenting for 12 years, and before I became a parent I taught for 18 years. Our children, ages 12 and 8, are being raised within our meeting. Many times in my life as a Friendly parent I find myself not wanting to choose between two alternatives but to look at both of them and find some ground between them. Hence the title of this essay.

I am eager to raise my children to be caring, courageous, compassionate, and faithful adults who know their own gifts and strengths and use them in service to the human family. So far, we seem to be doing okay. My 12-year-old serves on Peace and Social Concerns in our meeting and runs a small not-for-profit that has sent school supplies to children in ten different countries. My daughter, at age 8, walks cheerfully over the Earth—socially adept, concerned about others, and a joy to be with. My children are different, but...
each seems Friendly in behavior and intention. We are blessed by many adults both in and out of our meeting who live compassionate, courageous lives of their own and unselfishly share them with my children. While I would love to have our children embrace my faith, it is more important to me that they act upon Friends’ beliefs than that they call themselves Friends.

I have parented by gut instinct, thoughtful insight, and sheer exhaustion. The image or model that has been most helpful to me is to think like a clerk in a Friends business meeting, always looking for the third way, the sense of the meeting, the underlying truth that encompasses seemingly opposite notions. What follows are some of those truths posed as queries, and the endpoints that I think mark their boundaries.

Transparency—Opacity

One underlying scale between these endpoints is expressed by the query: “What do we need to keep our children from and what do we need to expose them to?” I think of the two ends of that thread as being transparency, where ideas and activities are readily visible, and opacity, where a veil or barrier is set up between the child and the idea. We need consciously to protect our children from some things while making other things transparent. I think it is crucial for our children to learn to see “that of God” in each human being long before they see the ways in which “that of God” is hidden by cruelty and violence. Answering that God needs to be the bedrock, the foundation upon which a child builds his or her life. To see and hear about cruelty and violence when there is no way to integrate it, change it, or understand it is daunting even to adults and in my experience creates anxiety and numbness to the needs of others. In our popular culture there is ready exposure to violence, inappropriate sexuality, unkind behavior, and materialist values. At the same time there is minimal exposure to the healthy life of adults who are working to do good in the world. In our own family we’ve chosen to turn this thinking about the thread of exposure on its head. We have chosen not to have a TV or get a newspaper, or even listen to NPR on the car radio. In addition, we’ve chosen to homeschool our children. This has meant less exposure to violence, inappropriate sexual content, consumerist values, and the ageism imposed in a school setting. We chose to draw a veil over that part of our world when our children were young. But because I want them to find the world of caring, compassionate adults appealing and inviting, we have exposed our children to many other kinds of adult activities. Examples include attending Quaker committee meetings, traveling with us cross-country and to visit family in Europe, playing quietly on the floor during interfaith peace meetings, attending demonstrations, and working with adults on hobbies such as woodworking.

One experience with grocery shopping will serve as an example of how popular culture and our family were in conflict. Each of our local grocery chains began putting in “kiddy corrals” about ten years ago. The underlying assumption was that kids were a pain in the neck and you could leave them in a place where they could learn instead. I found it ironic that kids were being given an educational experience in things like counting and colors when, if the children accompanied their parents, they couldn’t help but learn colors and numbers. (“Hey, do you want green Granny Smith or red Macintosh apples? Can you put five in the bag?”) In choosing to take the children with me when I shopped, I could articulate why we bought local apples instead of those from New Zealand, why we avoided sugary cereals, and why we tried to buy organic food. The conversations were opportunities to share how our faith permeates our lives right down to the choice of what goes on our table. Because they were small, the idea of helping and being part of the family was appealing and important to them.

I discovered that our faith can be opaque to children, and we did not want this. One night at dinner, as my husband and I had our moment of silent worship before a meal, an intuition made me open my eyes. There was our 18-month-old son, Abraham, in his high chair, squinting, trying to both close his eyes as we were and keep them open enough to see what we’d do next. Because the notion of silent worship was opaque to him, we decided to hold hands and sing a grace before every meal. I wanted our son and later our daughter, Hope, to understand that faith and gratefulness were not just for home. So now we’ve sung that grace everywhere, from the burrito place in our town to the Holiday Inn Express when we travel. It’s had a life of its own and has served to remind us at least three times a day that “the Lord is good to me and so I thank the Lord.” It also makes our witness transparent to others without much effort. We simply do what we’ve always done. Our children are 12 and 8, and so far they have not been embarrassed at singing. By the time they are old enough to be embarrassed (if that happens), a moment of silent worship will be sufficiently transparent for them.

Accompaniment—Benign Neglect

The underlying thread here is expressed by the query: “What kind of time do we spend with our children?” When I wake up in the morning I can start my bread machine, load the wood-burning stove, start a load of wash, and put the tea kettle on. All of these machines miraculously go on without accompaniment once I push the buttons. Children are not like that, but we often give them directions as if they were: “Clean your room”; “Do your homework.” By accompaniment I mean something like the work done by Christian Peacemaker Teams. Their visible presence is a reminder that God and others who care are watching and that the accompa-
nied person should be allowed to do his or her work. So when I give a child a new job to do, or when one of them is struggling, I try to accompany them. At first we do the work together. Then I simply sit in the room where they are working, usually doing another task that I can drop easily, and we move into “parallel play” mode where the child does the work, but knows I’m there to answer questions. Finally (after much longer than I think it should take) the child is ready to do the task on his or her own.

I’ll share two stories. First, when my children were smaller and needed to clean their rooms, I’d go up and help—usually by tackling one task at a time and handing the child the next block for the block box or the next book to put on the shelf. I handed things out, and the child did the work. And second, my daughter, Hope, loves company and takes piano. For the first two years we practiced together. I’d help, count time, laugh with her over mistakes, listen to her pieces, and be a visible presence. Now I help much less, but when I can I bring my knitting into the room and listen to her practice. My husband loves her practice and will go in just to listen. His presence says to Hope that the work she is doing is important. Such presence from parents also sets up good work habits as the parents can offer reminders, re-focus straying attention, and encourage the child when things seem rough or overwhelming. In my experience this method usually ends up with a task that can be done well without accompaniment.

Benign neglect is the other endpoint. You do this when you are around but not available. It encourages children to find their own leadings and create their own play. At our house we have no TV, and computer time is limited to word processing, research, and keyboarding skills. This has not only prevented my children from being exposed to the “ocean of darkness” described by George Fox, but it has also helped them learn to create their own projects and entertainment. In addition, they often accompany us to meetings and events not designed specifically for children. We assume that they will participate if they want to. They bring their own “entertainment bags” full of books, art materials, and games. The practice of benign neglect at home, where they learn to entertain themselves, makes it easy to take them places. Benign neglect necessitates stretches of unstructured time in which kids can learn to explore their own ideas. Whether they read, dream, or develop projects, they will be learning to be self-motivated, using their own gifts and talents, and in general be given enough open time to figure out who they are. Reading Friends biographies and journals, I find that many of them spent a fair amount of time responsible for themselves, and out of that time alone, leadings and callings arose. It is important both to accompany your children and to leave them alone.

Amish—Efficient

This pairing is best expressed by the query: “What underlying functions are served by the technology we choose to have in our homes?” Scott Savage, a plain Quaker from Ohio, once shared with us the perspective on technology of an Amish man. This man said that for his community an important consideration was whether or not a new piece of technology took away meaningful community work. An electric dishwasher may be handy, but it prevents people from washing and drying dishes together. Packaged food prevents a grandmother and a young child from sitting together shelling peas. Friends have a long-standing testimony of simplicity, and I’ve discovered that one advantage of simplicity is that children can participate in many more activities. I hang clothes on a line as often as I can, and in the winter, to offset the dryness of the woodburning stove, I hang the clothes on racks in the living room. The children can help with these tasks. Buying real food and cooking it has given my children a chance to cook alongside of me (a combination of accompaniment and community work). When Abe was small I could give him a table knife and a portobello mushroom and he would chop it up while I prepared the other ingredients. It gave him membership in the “club” of people who care for others by feeding them. When the children were very small I used the book Clean Home, Clean Planet and mixed up cleaning compounds out of baking soda, vinegar, and Dr. Bronner’s soap. These compounds allowed the kids to clean without my worrying about exposing them to unnecessary chemicals. Doing things this way may take longer and may be less efficient, but it makes for good community within a family.

But where, then, does the other endpoint—efficiency—come in? A dear Quaker friend of ours and his companion of many years once shared with us how they had handled gifts as their children were growing up. They gave their children real tools. Their feeling was the less experienced the user, the more efficient the tool should be. We learned from them and never purchased pretend plastic drills, screwdrivers, or hammers. When our children were between five and six and could understand safety rules, we began letting them use and then own real tools of their own, sometimes scaled down for smaller hands, but tools that worked. Each of them got outfitted with sewing boxes and sets of good-quality art materials. This has meant fewer gifts because real tools can be expensive, but sometimes we get together as an extended family to help purchase one large gift for a child. Examples include fencing equipment and a set of bagpipes for our son. It has meant a homemade balance beam and then a ballet barre for our daughter. Sometimes it has meant money to attend a workshop or conference. This efficient use of gifts and tools sends a message that the work you choose to do is important and we, as parents or extended family, want to provide you with the tools you need to be successful.

Compete—Complete

Another pairing is expressed by the query: “How do we treat and work with others?” This thread should embody our testimony about community. Do we compete with everyone, try...
to be better than others? That may be appropriate in sports or in games, but not as a general attitude in life. Do we complete other people? Do we help others by working with them, respecting their efforts, and creating an environment where everyone can feel part of the project? In our home we don't use rewards. Alfie Kohn's book *Punished by Rewards* describes why: when you offer a reward, the focus is shifted from the work at hand to the reward itself. In my own teaching experience I've seen rewards backfire again and again. A reward is offered in a classroom for the child who reads the most books. Good readers, already reading longer books, suddenly start reading easy books in order to win. The focus is on the reward, not the joy of reading. In a spelling bee the children who need the most practice in spelling are the first ones out, and they spend the rest of the bee sitting at their desks feeling bad about their abilities and not practicing spelling at all. Competition may have great value in terms of setting high standards for oneself or in team sports, but it's important to focus on completing tasks and cooperating with others first.

**Rhythm—Spontaneity**

When we attended the local Waldorf School for a "Mommy and Me" playgroup, we were told, "Rhythm replaces strength." It was explained to us that regular rhythms in a child's life help with transitions and offered reminders of cyclical patterns in time. Friends are not usually comfortable with rituals, but I think in a family setting they have value. They mark important transitions. When I am weary and don't feel like doing things, it is the strength of the patterns I've laid down that keeps me going. We watch a movie together and make a homemade pizza on most Friday nights between the fall and spring equinoxes. Friday night has become a "landing place" where the whole family gathers and recreates together.

But what about spontaneity? Quaker worship is like this; we have a set pattern or rhythm for worship, but within that pattern, spontaneous messages break out. We create enough space in our worship so that God can come through and speak to us.

Some mornings, when it's a glorious day, instead of beginning our schoolwork we will all jump on our bikes to celebrate the beautiful day we've been given. The first snow, catching leaves in the fall, or celebrating someone's birthday or a lost tooth are all chances to be spontaneous. Spontaneity is a way of being faithful to the call of the present moment, even when it wasn't in our plans. We need to have rhythm in our lives, but we also need to make room for spontaneity. One of the wonders of our faith for me is that there is room for both in our worship.

**Consistency—Compassion**

This scale examines the query, "How do I treat or train behaviors in my children?" I think of consistency as being like justice—a sort of fairness evenly distributed without regard to individual circumstances. In every education class teachers are admonished to be consistent. It is important for children to have predictable outcomes, but it is perhaps more important for outcomes to be tempered by compassion. Eknath Easwaran, a contemporary teacher of meditation, once said, "My God is not a God of justice, my God is a God of infinite mercy." While I am most definitely not a mother of infinite mercy, I have discovered that when one of my children is having a bad day, my response of "Hey, I'll set the table for you, you go read a book," often results in more learning than my scolding. When I treat my children in this way, they often respond in kind, offering to do something for me when I've had a bad day. For us we consistently hold up standards of kindness and respect, and sometimes these are modeled by showing compassion where justice seems called for.

The thoughts I share here are incomplete. Like a broken but heartfelt message in meeting, I offer them as my attempts to parent in a way that embodies and exemplifies my faith. I hope that in doing so, a dialogue will be started from which we all may learn. Thinking about each of these threads has helped me in raising my family, being a member of my faith community, and helping me think about how I might raise my children to be like the courageous, compassionate human beings that I see in our monthly meeting and in the wider body of Friends. My children are blessed to have so many positive role models around them.

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**TO JUSTIN AT FIFTEEN**

Such a strange and wonderful thing; my son.
Borne on primitive tides of hope and DNA
into the Ides of March.
Yesterday I held you in one arm
singing prayers and promises tenderly in your ear.
Today you stand trembling on the edge of manhood.
Tomorrow trills its need of you from some future place
where I cannot go.
Such a strange and wonderful thing, my son.
Loving you was easy.
Forgiving myself for all I cannot do
has been harder.
But . . .
letting go is the hardest task of all.

—George H. Nixon

**LITTLE LOVE ROUND**

Not until I became a mother
did I see why God cares
that we love one another.
Nor did I ever think to pursue
how a god could possibly crave our love
too . . .

—Denise Thompson-Slaughter

George H. Nixon lives in Richmond, Va.

Denise Thompson-Slaughter lives in South Bend, Ind.
Raising Quaker Youth

by Georgianne Jackofsky

It would seem that writing about raising Quaker youth would be an easy undertaking, especially as my husband Rick and I have successfully raised two daughters. However, I found myself writing and rewriting until it was unclear where I was heading.

First, how do you answer the age-old question that all parents face: How best might we nurture our children into functioning adults? Now add Quaker to the equation. I'm not sure I have any answers except to say with love and a lot of faith—neither of which is always easy to do.

So many factors define who you are, as a family and as individuals, that it becomes impossible to separate them. Growing up as active members of Conscience Bay Meeting in St. James, New York, has helped shape who my daughters are today, as did growing up without a television, being homeschooled, and performing music as a family band. Which of these elements influenced the other, I'm not sure, but all of the pieces placed together served to put them outside of mainstream culture allowing them to grow into unique individuals. It was, and still is, their lifestyle.

Rick often says he's a man without a plan (usually when asked how he's going to fix something), but truthfully we had no specific plan when we started our family. We had known each other since high school. Young and idealistic we were sure we'd somehow “do things differently,” but 1991 found us as typically busy suburban homeowners with two young daughters, a station wagon, a dog, involved in too many outside activities, and eating hurried dinners in front of the TV. But on Easter Sunday, 1991 things changed. Easter is a miracle of renewed life, a time of rebirth, and a day of joy and hope and love, so it's fitting that our lives changed then.

I remember this particular Sunday well. Dressed in our Easter finery, the girls and I were ready for our visit to grandma's house; at ages four and seven they were anxious to see their cousins. Annoyed that Rick wasn't home yet (he was running on the beach) and feeling pressed for time, I thought I'd go yell for him (or at him), but got no further than the door when I noticed him in the yard deep in thought. Something stopped me, and I stepped back into the house wondering what had happened.

"I heard a voice," he said. "Well, maybe not a voice," he clarified, "it seemed to be all around me. It said we're straying too far from what life is about, what family is about, we've lost sight of what's important." I wasn't prepared when he followed that by saying we needed to get back to a simpler way of doing things, although I should have realized that's where he was leading. It was at this point that the decision to throw away our television was made. I was also to dispense of my trusty bread machine and make bread by hand. In fact, we were to do everything as much "by hand" as possible because it built community and strengthened family. Rick explained to me how he felt coming home from work to find the girls eating dinner in front of the TV. We weren't spending enough time together, at least not time that really had value. As he outlined the steps we should take our mouths dropped open in shock, and maybe that's an understatement, but we had an hour's drive to grandma's to discuss how we would simplify and consider what this meant to us as a family. By the time we arrived the girls were in the spirit. It seemed to them like an exciting adventure, something out of the Little House on the Prairie books they loved.

The next day we began the overhaul and threw away, donated, or sold every electrical appliance we had, including other items we deemed were ultimately unnecessary. The refrigerator, washing machine, and my computer (for work) were the few exceptions making it through our housecleaning. Without the

Georgianne Jackofsky, who sets type for New York Yearly Meeting, is a member of Conscience Bay Meeting in St. James, N.Y. Her family's group is called the Homegrown String Band; see <www.homegrownstringband.com>.
"I heard a voice," he said. "It said we're straying too far from what life is about, what family is about, we've lost sight of what's important."

But that's getting ahead of myself. The following year Erica began taking violin through the school. Her orchestra leader, who also gave her private lessons, informed me one day that the school didn't support the string program and Erica had potential. Perhaps I might consider homeschooling. His wife, he said, had homeschooled all four of his daughters. I might want to talk with her. I did and then had a long talk with Annalee's first grade teacher. She was extremely enthusiastic and dragged us down to the principal's office and made the announcement. It was set.

Following the Simplicity Testimony doesn't necessarily mean hanging your wash outside in ten-degree weather rather than using a dryer (although we do). It also means leaving time for quiet in your life, time to reflect, time to pray. This is often difficult, especially as you're working toward a new lifestyle for both yourself and your children. Since we opted to live without most appliances, however, life seemed more hectic, and the added decision to homeschool compounded it. It took three weeks for the girls to get used to not having a TV, but I think it took me several months to get used to the chaos of having them home constantly. Books, toys, and projects abounded. There was continuous noise, but much of that was laughter. The dog and the red wagon became a horse and chariot from ancient Rome. The girls traveled to the land of the pharaohs while wearing time-travel cooking pots on their heads. They marched down the road shaking and banging homemade instruments made from nature. They found signs of fairies in the trees and planted fairy gardens. They lay on their stomachs and observed ants at work. We grew herbs and dried them all around the kitchen. We bought a canoe and foraged for wild food while paddling down rivers. Rick and Erica built a beehive and we ordered bees, getting a panicked call at 6 AM one day from the post office. During the early days of homeschooling someone in meeting for worship shared the message that all work was prayer, including washing the dishes. It's often (well, almost always) extremely difficult to keep this thought in mind, but I've tried my best to share it with my daughters.

It's difficult to nurture children amid cultural pressures and influences that undermine Friends testimonies. As it is stated in New York Yearly Meeting's Faith and Practice, "We try to harmonize daily life with spiritual belief." By pulling the girls out of school we had simultaneously made our lives both more hectic and considerably more simple. Without the peer pressure of school the girls were not afraid to grow into their own and, we found, were more receptive to ideas than they might have been otherwise. This was a benefit we hadn't considered when we made the decision to homeschool.
one who has raised children is aware of how much of a dominating force their peers can be.

Our monthly meeting was extremely supportive in our endeavor. For most of the girls' childhood there were only four children in First-day school, but it was active and almost all the adults took turns teaching them—or maybe just participating in their antics. Help was given when they were trying to learn to crochet and knit, or when they couldn't grasp a concept in their studies. They were applauded when they played their instruments and sang at potlucks (probably horribly out of tune), and they were encouraged to keep up the good work. They wrote plays (staging one at a local prison), they had a comparative religion course, and they painted on the walls. Most importantly, they were allowed to be children. The range in ages of members also allowed the girls to feel comfortable with people of all ages outside of meeting. I recall walking out through my mother-in-law's back door to find Erica and Annalee doing cannonballs into the pool with her friend, a man in his 70s they'd never met, but with whom they were laughing and splashing about as if he were family.

In an article in the January/February 2004 issue of Quaker Life, "Raising Quaker Children in the Modern World," Roger Dreisbach-Williams wrote, "At the very least families should sit down together for one meal a day in the presence of the Lord. Young children should be put to bed by at least one parent ... with a time of reflection, love, hugs, prayer and a story." I agree, as we had discovered the truth of this ourselves years before. In order to eat together as a family we changed dinnertime to 8 PM when Rick arrived home from work. All meals were made "from scratch," with love, becoming a prayer in and of themselves. Last semester Erica took a Food and Culture course and did an essay using only photographs of my hands preparing a meal at our house. We were amazed at the responses she got from her classmates—and her teacher—on how they envied her. Both girls are also good cooks and understand the sacredness and importance of eating together, making me confident that they will continue to do so when they have families.

After meals were done and the kitchen cleaned, we would make popcorn and gather in the livingroom in our pajamas where I would read aloud. I read everything from Little House on the Prairie to Lord of the Rings, every Madeleine L'Engle book, and our favorite, the Redwall series. When the reading was finished, Rick would walk the girls upstairs, tuck them into bed, and softly play his guitar singing them to sleep. This was a ritual they anticipated every night, and which they reminisce about all the time, often breaking into songs from those early years.

For our family, a large part of who we are is represented in the act of playing music. It's hard to pinpoint what got our family band going. Was it giving away the television? Was it Annalee's decision to take Rick in for show and tell and their collaboration on a song? Or was it the bedtime ritual? I suppose it all played a part. Erica continued to participate in the school orchestra even after we began homeschooling, but as the orchestra leader predicted, she grew bored with the pace of learning and the material. Turning to Rick, she begged him to teach her instead. She was ten. Not wanting to leave Annalee out, we bought her jawharps. With some sort of clever scheme in mind, Rick announced one day at rise of meeting that he was buying me a dulcimer so we could all play together.

This sense of togetherness and enjoying each other's company was reflected in other areas, such as when Erica asked me to participate in her tap dance at an end-of-the-year dance recital, or when I joined both girls for a Hawaiian hula dance. Another time Erica asked Rick to play a banjo tune, and she simply got up on stage and improvised a percussive flatfoot dance. While sitting in the audience I overheard another parent exclaim, "I can't believe she lets him on stage with her—my own children don't even want to be in

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Okay, I'll fess up. There's no hiding it—all the gang members who hang out in our neighborhood park already know it. They all laughed and scoffed at first at such an uncool thing to do. But persistence has earned their respect and, though they wouldn't be seen doing it themselves, even an occasional compliment. Have you guessed already? That's right, I'm a litter-picker. You know, one of those crotchety old foggies who can't pass a piece of trash on the ground without the urge to bend over and pick it up.

In the inner-city neighborhoods where my wife, Mary Ann, and I have lived for nearly four decades, one could spend a lifetime engaged in this behavior—so limits have to be set. You're guaranteed to be employed full-time as long as you don't expect a wage. So during work days, I curb myself to dismounting from my bike for cash (biggest find: $50), nails and screws (to minimize flat tires for bikes and our four-wheeled cousins), glass (before some kid decides to smash it), major hazards (boulders, fenders, boxes, and other obstacles easier for a cyclist than a motorist to clear away), and "useful items" (which my wife gently urges me to part with when they're not used within a year).

I only pick up every litter bit I see when I'm doing my evening exercise walk in our local park. Since I spend an hour every day in this activity, there's a fair amount of self-interest operable here: I prefer beauty and get more enjoyment out of a clean park than from a trashed one. I have also gleaned a few theories from experiencing my personal behavior and observing that of others. Theory One: People throw litter where they see litter already. I've done it when no trash receptacle was nearby. Have you? Be honest, now. So by my math-teacher logic, when I clear an area of litter, I enhance the probability that the next passerby might just hold his/her litter until a trash receptacle appears. Theory Two: Children osmotically imprint a sense of a "normal" environmental trash level and unconsciously mimic that ambient mental snapshot as adults. So, once again, it's an investment in my long-term environmental/aesthetic self-interest to spend a moment helping to create a litter-free setting (particularly in a beautiful public venue like a park) in the hope that the beneficial ripple effects will extend beyond the immediate improvement, perhaps programming today's youths into litter-responsible behavior decades hence. Does it work? Quién sabe, but the bending action is added exercise, and the immediate improvement is a sufficient payoff. Any subsequent dividend is icing on the cake. Theory Three: If one sees another person engaging in some positive behavior, the action may serve as a model to do likewise. Wishful thinking? Probably. But, once again, what do I have to lose by scattering some mildly virtuous behavior seeds?

How was I afflicted with this urge to litter-pick? My father's to blame. As a young child I remember watching him pick up other people's litter and deposit it in trash bins. After he did so, he'd ask me if the area looked nicer. When I said it did, he infused me with a morsel of his philosophy of life: try to leave the world a little better than you found it. As we all know, our basic values are set early in life, and that one certainly rang true.
with me and has been a linchpin of my adult aspirations.

But why, in our rat-race world where it's considered progress to fill every temporal interstice with income-generating potential, do I persist in this embarrassing activity when I could choose to be more productively engaged? Well, for starters, it honors my father's model. My theology of afterlife is the extent to which a person lives on in the heart, mind, soul, values, words, and, most importantly, actions of those who follow. If I litter-picked only to honor my father, that by itself would be enough of a reason.

A second motivation is the communitarian satisfaction and self-respect that result from litter-picking. I consider it an act of resistance to our media-molded, materialistic, individualist, greed-centered, modern/hip success mindset to affirm communitarian values whenever and wherever possible. Whatever happened to the innate urge to enhance the common good? Even since Britain's Enclosure Acts eliminated grazing on the commons (over 20 percent of all land) 150-250 years ago, we humans have developed the mindset that success is measured by maximum individual exploitation of God's creation. Privately owned land plots have come to be viewed as sacrosanct (witness NAFTA's assault on Mexico's ejidos—communal land). The five years my wife and I spent in Africa taught us the soul-healing communitarian values embodied in that continent's ubuntu concept—the quality of being available to, and affirming of, others. Any opportunity to redefine progress in a more communitarian fashion—even one litter bit at a time—seems like a positive move to me. Keep your own yard tidy, of course, but don't stop there. Join the movement to improve the global commons, and everyone benefits.

But just how is litter-picking a prophylaxis for despair? This brings me to my third inspiration for pursuing this simple activity, and it requires a bit of personal background information. In 1971, when Mary Ann and I agreed to a lifetime bond, we reasoned that underpopulation was not one of the world's pressing problems. Wanting to embrace fully our peace and justice values forged in the seething cauldron of the turbulent 1960s, we decided that rather than having children of our own, we would use as few of the world's resources as possible, share our surplus with the world's lowest-income residents through channels like Right Sharing of World Resources, and spend as much of our time as we could (Mary Ann full-time, I part-time) working for justice and peace. As most Friends know, such work can be exhilarating or depressing. The 1960s were the former, the 2000s have been the latter for many of us. Especially when our work leads us to despair, we all need humor, something to affirm in order to achieve some measure of balance in our troubled world. This prophylaxis for despair can be simple, but we need daily doses of it, and one of those sources for me is litter-picking.

When Mary Ann and I moved to Albuquerque, we were aware that scientists at Sandia Labs here concentrated their superior brain power on designing bigger and better weapons of mass destruction. Mindful of the post-World War II Nuremberg Trials, I understood such activity to be a crime against humanity, and I understood that by my residential proximity to this crime, I had a responsibility to speak out against it, much as Nuremberg judges expected residents near Auschwitz to have stood up in opposition to the crimes being committed there. So on Ash Wednesday in February 1983, I began a peace vigil on public sidewalks outside five of the gates that Sandia Labs workers exited after work. Never having met anyone who was not for peace (some want peace through superior firepower, others of us prefer peace through global sharing), I realized that the word had lost its meaning, so I painted a series of banners (mostly questions) highlighting core values that made for just and sustainable peace. February 2008 will mark a quarter century of peace vigiling, averaging just over once per week and totaling over 2,000 hours. Another 2,000 hours were spent commuting by bicycle to and from Sandia Labs gates, since I've never felt at peace with myself using oil-burning transport to get to a demonstration to protest militarism designed to protect our elitist oil-based lifestyle. Since the weather is seldom ideal and vigiling is usually rather boring, 80 percent of my vigils have been solo. Most of the workers ignore my signs, and it would be easy to despair that I've been wasting my energies. One exception is described in the chapter on Tom Grissom in Studs Terkel's book The Great Divide. [Note: In that chapter, Tom Grissom writes about the influence of Chuck Hosking's witness on Tom's decision, as a nuclear physicist at Sandia National Laboratories, to resign from his position. —Eds.]

Peace vigiling is a seed-planting activity. Over the quarter century, 7,000,000 motorists (counting repeats) have been exposed to messages on my banners such as: Jesus said, "Love Your Enemies." Do we or Why Waste a Good Mind on Weapons Work? or Are You Sure Weapons of Mass Destruction Build Peace? I know the messages are being processed, but I rarely get any feedback, and when I do it's usually negative. Weapons work is mentally stimulating and financially alluring. Protesting it is amorphous, rather gloomy, and boring (when solo). Since I vigil weekly, I need regular counterweights, and I have many, but the simplest and most concrete is litter-picking. When I vigil, I need to nurture a faith that something positive will result, but when I pick up a litter bit, I have the immediate gratification of seeing with my own eyes that my actions have made a difference. So, yes: invest your energies in addressing the world's problems. But please also nurture your soul with a concrete, positive counterweight such as litter-picking. If you do, a lifetime of opportunity awaits you. ∎
Whatever one might think, suspect, or wish away, climate change and global warming pervade public discourse. Celebrities at rallies, musicians at benefits, and perhaps more than anything else, Al Gore's documentary *An Inconvenient Truth* ensure that the environment stands tall among the many issues facing our policy, nation, and species today.

A new jargon has found its way into everyday speech: hybrid no longer describes crossbred animals but trendy cars; ethanol no longer intoxicates drivers but powers their vehicles; "clean diesel," which once might have seemed a laughable oxymoron, now follows hard on the heels of incongruous neologisms like "bio-diesel." Politicians speak fluently, whether they understand or not, about "clean coal" power, wind power, solar power, nuclear power. All are discussed, proposed, and sometimes rejected but always considered passionately in the U.S. and around the world. Environmental think tanks sound alarms; scientists inform us in detail of the changes already effected; economic think tanks, the Department of Defense, and now even our President acknowledge and warn us of the potentially disastrous consequences of the way in which we use natural resources.

So we all work, in whatever way we can, to address the problem. Besides the many initiatives afoot on Capitol Hill, here in Pennsylvania the legislature passed the Alternative Energy Portfolio Standards Act of 2004, which requires 18 percent of all energy in the Commonwealth to come from renewable energy sources within 15 years.

Philadelphia, named one of the ten greenest cities in the U.S. by msn.com, is highly rated for its public transportation—used by a third of the city's commuters—and for sourcing electricity locally. The city's Energy Cooperative buys electricity off roofs of residents, generated from solar or wind power, which it then sells to an estimated 1,500 consumers.

However, there is still much more to be done, especially in the way of green buildings. Friends Center, home of many national Quaker organizations, a conference facility, a monthly meeting, a childcare center, and itself a National Historic Landmark, will become one of the greenest buildings in the city.

Quakers have long been innovators and served as examples in the cause of social justice: for the abolition of slavery, universal suffrage, and economic equality among all people worldwide. This work has stemmed from leadings to live in a manner consistent with Quaker testimonies.

The decision to go green at Friends Center, likewise, is a deliberate effort to manifest these testimonies, particularly those of Simplicity, Integrity, Peace, and Equality.

Friends Center expresses Simplicity by working in harmony with nature instead of exploiting it, by utilizing the Earth instead of manipulating it. The Center shows Integrity in the consistent and persistent desire to serve as examples to all around us. And how does environmental consciousness reflect the testimonies of Peace and Equality? It is no secret that competition for diminishing resources often results in violence and even war. By working to preserve our environment and conserve our resources, Friends Center contributes to the cause for peaceful relations among nations. And ensuring that clean air, clean water, and clean energy are available to all people in all places embodies the Testimony of Equality.

These testimonies came to the surface in discussions about desperately needed renovations to Friends Center by its Corporation Board. One or two members suggested considering environmentally friendly methods. These suggestions were at first dismissed, but these individuals continued to encourage others to bear them in mind until finally, through Quaker
The building, reducing energy expenses. Vegetated roofs also capture and divert storm water, the main source of pollution for Philadelphia's rivers. On average the city's sewage plant is overwhelmed by an excess of storm water runoff 54 times a year, washing sewage, fertilizer, and animal waste into Philadelphia's rivers. Friends Center's roof is predicted to absorb 100 percent of the rain from 90 percent of storms. Runoff from other roofs in Friends Center will be collected and used to flush toilets, reducing the Center's use of city water by about 90 percent. The garden will also cool the building and shield the rooftop underneath from the damaging rays of the sun. While it is not known how long a green roof can last, there are several in existence today that date back to the 1930s and have yet to need replacement.

Besides the green roof, photovoltaic solar cells, and runoff system, the planned renovations include installing geothermal heating and cooling, which will drastically reduce the amount of energy Friends Center requires to heat and cool the building. Six wells will be drilled into the ground along 15th Street, six inches in diameter and each reaching deeper than the Empire State building is tall. The temperature of groundwater remains relatively constant throughout the year at about 54 degrees. The heat exchangers extract heat in winter and cool in summer to circulate through the building. The geothermal wells are so effective compared to normal heat pumps because it is much easier to extract coolness from 54-degree groundwater than from hot summer air, and, conversely, much easier to extract warmth from groundwater than from cold air in the cooler seasons. Similar deep-well systems have already been implemented successfully in New York and Boston.

Geothermal exchange requires electricity to run its pumps and heat exchangers, but for every unit of electricity put into the system four units of energy for heating and cooling will be returned, so the system has 400-percent efficiency compared to the 90-percent efficiency of the best conventional systems. "It's just using the Earth's capacity to heat and cool something without having to add energy to it," explains Pat McBee, the full-time volunteer director of the capital campaign. "It's nothing fancy. This is a water well, much like the one my grandmother had in her backyard. It's about thinking better."

There are also interior improvements planned, including new systems to transport heat and coolness inside, a more energy-efficient light system, windows that let in more light and less heat, new carpeting made of recycled fibers, low-emissions paint, and more energy-efficient appliances.

Other organizations—including the
Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Protection, the Philadelphia Water Department, the Philadelphia Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, and the Delaware Valley Green Building Council—have already expressed interest in this project as an example and a spur to change building practices in the region. This massive project is not without its price. The renovations will total approximately $12.6 million. The owners of the American Institute of Architects, and Friends Center—American Friends Service Committee, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and Central Philadelphia Monthly Meeting—committed $5 million at the start of the project, and contributions play an extremely important part.

As head of fundraising, McBee had initially hoped to raise $2 million. Over the past two years, more than $2.35 million have been committed, and McBee hopes to see donations top $3 million by the end of the campaign. Some of the donations were made by foundatories, but most came from individuals who want to support green construction. Fundraising has been so successful, according to McBee, "because so many people are so excited about doing this with us!"

While the money not raised through donations will have to be financed, the Board considers this decision a sound investment. Ultimately, the savings in long-term energy expenses will more than offset the costs of the energy saving strategies. Within ten years the Board expects to recoup these expenses. McBee explains, "Sometimes the best way to save money is to spend more money at the outset."

But for McBee, these renovations are much more than a way to save money; they are a personal leading. She stresses the vital significance of environmental advocacy both for herself and for all Friends when she declares, "It's a witness as important to Friends in the 21st century as freeing slaves was in the 18th century. We have to do it."

Helpful Websites
- www.onebillionbulbs.com: encourages replacing standard incandescent light bulbs with compact fluorescent bulbs
- www.getonboardnow.org: NBC's site to promote its Conservation Fund
- www.greenhomeguide.com: "green" products and energy-saving tips
- www.energystar.gov: energy efficient appliances
- www.reachoneenergy.com: energy co-ops across the United States
- www.usgbc.org: the U.S. Green Building Council; news and construction information for home and industry
- www.buildinggreen.com: resources for sustainable design
- www.greenmaven.com: a custom search engine run by Google focusing on green, conscious, and sustainable websites
- www.grist.org: news and commentary updated daily
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO

O gaudy world of autumn, with your
crazy quilt of patchwork leaves—
Cerise and yellow, fuchsia, orange, bronze—
Brief day of celebration on the eve of winter’s rule,
Wrap us in beauty,
Cover us with gold-filled sunshine,
Warm us with radiant color
Against the coming cold.

—Emily Conlon

BLESSING

Too swift, time robs me of my very thoughts,
Dreams stay unexamined
and soon forgotten; tiny images dart now & then,
Here and gone, here
Fragments peck like crows
then fly off before I can befriend them.

But oh the compensations!

Those little hands; that smile; the
screams of delighted discovery; spontaneous hugs;
Tiny arms wrapped tight around my knees, standing at
the kitchen sink;
The bedtime dance;
That bow-legged stance toddling away—
soft dark curls and the
yellow ribboned balloon bobbing obediently behind!

Before you: trillions of thoughts, decades of dreams
Wait
Like Christmas presents newly wrapped in the attic,
to be discovered in time.
A few dark lumps of grief inside the stocking, no
doubt, but (I pray)
Mostly bright and shiny,
Rainbow-hued
Boxes full of joy for you.

—Denise Thompson-Slaughter

Emily Conlon lives in
Gwynedd, Pa.

Denise Thompson-Slaughter
lives in South Bend, Ind.
The 2007 Gathering in River Falls, Wisconsin

The FGC Experience I Did Not Expect to Have
by Judith M. James

I am on the worship planning committee for the semi-programmed meeting at Minneapolis (Minn.) Meeting. I asked myself to speak on July 15 because I knew I would be back from FGC and assumed my time spent there would yield great fodder for speaking. My experience did not equal my expectations, nor was it like anything I could have imagined. In fact, if someone had described the journey I ended up taking, I would have said, "Don't sign me on." I wanted a secular experience and much to my initial disappointment I ended up with a spiritual one. My expectations were that I would meet new people and establish long-lasting friendships, I would go to some academically challenging groups and gain insight, and I would have lots of fun. This did not happen.

Instead without much thought or fanfare, as with most experiences left to the Universe and God, I voluntarily chose vulnerability in a workshop called the Spiritual Practice of Forgiveness. Much to my surprise, I had little resistance and my fear was washed away through the power of a group of people present in the divine love of God. It was quite uncomfortable being that vulnerable. And in hindsight I realize the journey I took traversed a spiritual terrain that I had never traveled before.

This feeling of being with God's divine love in others opened me to my own humanity and the mysteries of the sacred. Quite honestly this was not a high. I certainly didn't feel like handing out daisies and singing "Kumbaya"; quite the opposite. I felt reluctant to share this elevated place with others. I felt alone but not lonely. The first three days I walked around in a stupor of sorrow and mystification. But the Spirit was present to limit the extent of that sadness and strengthen my resolve through several little coincidental meetings with exactly the right person.

Often these happenings were with women who were powerful, centered, and wise seniors. Because of these women I saw my life in front of me, not behind me. One important sacred gift I received to lessen my melancholy mood happened in the women's bathroom (of all places) with an older woman whom I will call "Evelyn."

I had just come from a special interest group on the "Right way: or is the Society of Friends becoming a liberal religion instead of one based in the Spirit?" The group ended early with lots of shouting, and anger spewed on those looking for a conversation. I left angry and hopeless about the state of affairs of diversity among Friends.

I walked back to Crabtree Hall looking like a sourpuss. I pretty much blew off my roommate and then went to the bathroom. I walked in on a petite woman in her late 70s who had just returned from contra dancing. She looked a bit too cheery for my taste, so I kept my face forward in the mirror. Evelyn didn't care that I was avoiding her and said, "Dear, you look so depressed. What happened?" I snapped back, "I've been crying every day in my workshop, and I just came from a shouting match." She replied, "Oh, it can't be that bad. Look at the insight you are gaining, and all the possibilities for change at FGC." I was thinking, "You have to be kidding." Instead I replied,
"Yes, this is a wonderful opportunity, but I think today I had enough of what FGC has to offer. "Oh, don’t say that, dear. You are only in the third day, and there is so much more for you here. Have you tried contra dancing? There is nothing like it to get your body feeling good."

Again I felt like I couldn’t just say, "Leave me alone"; after all, she was trying, so I tried one more time to put her off and said, "I just feel like I can’t get out of this funk." Evelyn looked at me very seriously and said, "Oh dear, you are in bad shape." She came in close to me and whispered, "I think I know what you need. Come to my room for some refreshments."

Of course I went, and she proceeded to tell me all about her glorious 79 years as a single woman with no children but great partners and loves, and her years mentoring social workers at her university. I sat there for over an hour (I must say she was a bit frugal with the refreshments), listening to story after story of a fun, fascinating, and splendid life. I can never again feel quite the same about being single and without children. She was right; she knew just what I needed.

Without thinking or attempting to seek comfort, I was pulled to experiences with people like Evelyn that brought both relief and gratitude. Ultimately, I was also able to find comfort and care in my workshop on forgiveness despite my initial discomfort and my vulnerability. The mystical directed my interactions; I felt no need to be the smartest, brightest, or most insightful person in the room—a relief from my normal interactions in the world.

Instead, I was transmitted to the present where the act of forgiveness was seen as holy work, and I was as unsophisticated in doing the work as each of the others in the group. No one looked to a spiritual guru in the group, partly because the workshop leader was directing us inward, and we all stumbled along together. Yet each of us possessed a critical piece needed by the group. At crucial moments someone in the group brought insight that was salve for the collective healing needed in the present. I have heard about the spiritual depth of gathered worship and even experienced it before but never has it seemed so alive. I felt nonjudgmental, open, and able to embrace the divine love others saw in me and I saw in them. Each individual’s personal spiritual awakening to the whole seemed significant and added to the gathered hope of mitigating our shared sorrow. All of this was done without words, without analysis, and without criticism of those who have hurt us.

I would like to say I understood the process, but I didn’t, and it took me a week to recover from it. It is risky business to go to a place without distraction and open yourself to the Divine. Throughout the entire conference there was a constant tacit reminder to be with God. In our group where each participant had a deep and evolved relationship with God, the trust was implicit, and we used God’s divine love as the needle for our corporate compass. For the first time, I was acting over a period of continuous time from the inside out. I was laid present to vulnerability in the light of God’s divine love.

Here is a meditation we used to close our worship: Imagine you are sitting in the light of the love of God, and a beam from that stream of light extends itself like an arm toward you and wraps itself around your body. In that moment you ask for three gifts you need; they may be courage, calm, or insight. You sit quietly and hold the gifts you are given in that light. Then imagine there is a second beam of light coming off that stream, and that light wraps itself around the person you want to forgive. Give that person those same gifts and together sit with that light. Feel yourself and the other person who hurt you bathing in those gifts and that love.

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Gifts of Eldering
by Wendy C. Sanford

I had planned this year to take a break from FGC Gathering. Polly, my partner of 27 years, couldn’t come with me this summer, and I was just stepping down from four years as presiding clerk of my large and complex monthly meeting. I leafed through the Gathering’s advance program in March when it arrived, then set it down; I was conscious of a stack of novels to stay home for, a wave of post-clerking weariness and introversion. Then I heard—not quite whispering in my ear—Call Melody. I listened for more. Call Melody, the not-voice said again. Offer to be her elder. My friend Melody Braw was leading a Gathering workshop on white privilege and racism. Surely she had an elder by now, I thought. I’d never served in such a role. And I most definitely didn’t want to go to Gathering.

After a few days the nudge came again: Call Melody—this time eliciting a whine that even I knew was unattractive: Why would I want to pray for others while they did work I needed to do myself? While they bonded with each other and went deep, while they grew close? And—this is not a thought I’m proud of—as clerk of my meeting I had done enough praying for people. I was tired of it.

Call Melody.

Finally, hoping Melody would put me at rest by having had an elder lined up for months already, I e-mailed her (e-mail seemed more noncommittal than phoning). Melody responded immediately, ecstatic. She’d asked five people, and none could come to River Falls to be her elder. She had been regretfully preparing to lead the workshop without one on site. My offer was a prayer answered. Having offered (even by e-mail), I felt I had no choice but to tell her I’d come.

I began two months of an odd double life, spiritually speaking. Diligently I began to pray daily for Melody’s faithfulness and her planning, and for the ten or so Friends about to converge on a single, small classroom amid the River Falls grasses, each on their own journey with white privilege and racism. I interviewed some Friends about eldering: Where did they sit? Did they ever speak? Did they feel out of the action? Melody and I walked and talked, and she wrote afterwards, “Thanks for listening faithfully to your leading.” Secretly, however, I fantasized about becoming the sixth person on Melody’s list of those who couldn’t serve. Up to the day Gathering began, I longed to stay home. A sore throat? Great! Maybe I won’t be able to go.

I did go. I love Melody and deeply respect her leading to do this work. As a white woman, it is crucial for me to learn everything I can about white privilege. Also, some of my beloveds in Friends for LGBTQ (lesbian/gay/bisexual/transgender/queer) Concerns had expressed delight that I was coming. Finally, I didn’t want to back out on them or Melody. And I’m mystical enough to suspect that Spirit had a reason for me to be in River Falls.

In the classroom the first full morning of the workshop, I sat outside the circle of ten desks in a spot Melody and I had chosen so that she could see me. For three hours I prayed—sometimes deeply, sometimes shallowly—for Melody’s faithfulness, and for the participants to find their...
hearts opening to the work, to each other, to Spirit. One friend I'd called for eldering advice had suggested weaving a thread of light around each participant and back to Melody. I failed to have such vivid images. At my best I sat receptively, feeling the spirit in the group rise and fall. At noon, Melody was feeling spent from the spiritual effort even after a successful morning: I walked her to the dining hall and through the long lines and sat with her at lunch. During the afternoon and each afternoon afterwards—in the Gathering-wide worship Friends for LGBTQ Concerns held each day, in FLGBTQC meetings for worship for business, in a meeting for racial healing—in all that worship, I found the people in the workshop coming into my heart. Late in the evening Melody and I debriefed and she talked through her plans for the next day's workshop. She thanked me. I thanked her, too, but knew that my service was still diligence more than inspiration.

On the second morning the participants broke into pairs to examine the role white privilege might have played in their family's fortunes, including for biracial participants with a white parent, the impact of that parent's whiteness. I heard the sound in the room lift by a few decibels, signaling the rise of their eagerness and engagement. The workshop was taking off! I was delighted, yet at the same time I realized that the better the workshop went—in a sense, the more effective my prayer was—the more bonded the group would feel, and the more outside the circle I might find myself. With relief I noticed that my joy for them and for Melody outweighed, though barely, my grade-school exclusion anxieties.

Surely she had an elder by now, I thought. I'd never served in such a role.

Over the week I noted how Melody let the exercises, readings, and conversations do their work, rather than jumping in with the many insights and observations she could have offered. She explained to me that she believes people in workshops experience transformation only to the extent that they themselves find the insights. So I watched her practice restraint and trust. Gradually I felt the men and women in the circle open an unfamiliar third eye and begin to notice the impact of their whiteness. When Melody invited the group into the closing worship each day, suggesting that it could be a time to let any new realizations settle quietly and deeply, she reminded us all how worship can be a resource for difficult spiritual work.

Did the workshop go better because I was praying? There's no way to know except by faith. A few of the workshop participants regularly thanked me as they left the room; others avoided meeting my eyes. (This business of praying for and being prayed for is quite intimate, I think.) One participant who found it difficult to return on the second day because of a tense interaction the day before said that the way the workshop was being grounded spiritually helped her return. On the fourth day I was led to speak in the group, to ask if we might pray for another member of the circle who had been upset the previous day and hadn't shown up for the workshop. The group fell into silence and for those moments we all prayed together.

Over the week, three unexpected gifts came to me. On Wednesday afternoon, feeling the classic midweek swoop of tiredness and ferment, I wandered over to the student center and settled into a soft chair on a balcony overlooking the main hall. (One chair over, a man napped profoundly with his computer at his feet.) Watching Friends below me move comfortably about—greeting, chatting, heading for the bookstore—I felt hollow, disconnected, full of unnamed longing. Then a familiar impulse swept

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Junior Gathering's puppet and mask production of "The Good Samaritan"
through me: Go check your e-mail. I managed to resist hunting up a free computer terminal; I knew that this Wednesday afternoon dip was an integral part of the Gathering experience, but the familiarity of the impulse gripped me. I'd been in worship and prayer so much already that week—all morning, and much of every afternoon—that the impulse stood out clearly against the backdrop of inner silence, clearly enough to deliver its message. "I'm addicted to e-mail," I said out loud, though not waking my neighbor. How often in my life at home do I use e-mail to distract myself from this fertile emptiness? I promised (myself, Spirit) to use e-mail differently.

A second gift came in the workshop's final worship. Melody invited me to pull my desk into the circle for this, and asked that we reflect on what we were taking home with us. One by one the Friends spoke of gratitude, new awareness, and next steps. I realized that I was entirely glad, by now, that I'd come to River Falls, and that I'd been able to serve the group in the small ways I had. Then a message flooded me: All week when I'd thought I was praying for Melody and the group, I had been praying for myself, too. For faithfulness as a person privileged by white skin and affluence. For humility, accountability, and an open heart. For compassion toward others and myself. For a next step.

A third gift came Friday afternoon as I settled into a memorial meeting for Michael Baldwin, a young man I'd known and loved through Friends for LGBTQ Concerns. I held Michael and his beloved spouse Uriel in my heart, and felt (as is so often the case in a memorial worship) all the feelings of loss and sadness I'd kept at bay until I could reach this loving circle where F/friends were helping each other remember, celebrate, and grieve. As this worship did its necessary work in my heart, I was shocked to realize that I nearly hadn't come to Gathering at all. How would I have grieved Michael's death without this very circle?

Spirit did have reasons for me to go to River Falls. In responding to the nudge to call Melody—resisting, whining, gradually opening—I gave myself a chance to learn what they were. I can't promise I'll be more willing next time (being so flawed, so human), but I do hope to feel the nudge.

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Quaker Identity Crisis
by Liz Wine

As a child I was a constant attendee at annual Gatherings of Friends General Conference. I have many fond memories from summers spent on the campuses of schools such as Carleton, Kalamazoo, Stillwater, and many more. This summer I found myself at the 2007 FGC Gathering in River Falls, Wisconsin, after not having attended, for various reasons, since 1998—the last time FGC’s Gathering was in River Falls. I was excited to return this year for several reasons: being on Junior Gathering staff, living in the Young Adult Friends community, and simply returning to the Quaker community I loved so much as a child.

This summer I was fortunate to attend an interest group on “Convergent Friends.” This group allowed space for us to explore what exactly a convergent Friend looks like. We were asked to participate in one of several small group discussions by selecting a query that interested us. I selected one that explored the types of people involved in the Convergent Friends conversation. While interesting and intense discussion occurred, some discomfort surfaced for me in what took the shape of a bias against programmed Friends. For example, in a raised voice a member of another small group claimed not to understand how programmed Friends were able to call themselves Quakers. I was deeply wounded by this and some other comments I heard from Friends.

I feel as if I were in some sort of Quaker identity crisis! Even though I had been brought up in the unprogrammed Quaker tradition and had attended Gatherings many times as a child and teen, I currently attend a programmed Quaker church. Both of these aspects of my spirituality are important to me and they have coexisted quite well inside me. My own bit of Quakerism does not fit inside a box and cannot be categorized neatly. However, if you want to use labels, I am a “programmed, unprogrammed liberal Christian Quaker.” Notice, though, that if one takes away all the labels, the Quaker will always remain.

I was deeply conflicted at this summer’s FGC Gathering by what touched me as a demeaning stereotype against part of my Quaker identity. Perhaps the reason this hurt me so deeply was because it was inflicted upon me in a community to which I felt so connected. Upon further reflection, my suffering brought me to a deeper connection with those around me,
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and I also found healing within the Gathering, from Friends on various points in the Quaker spectrum; Friends who lovingly listened to me.

These connections more than anything else motivated me to dialogue and interact with a variety of Quakers. Besides the Gathering, this year I attended two yearly meetings, one affiliated with Friends United Meeting and the other with Evangelical Friends International. The connections and relationships built during these experiences did not allow theological disputes to be swept under the rug. Conversely, they were approached in a loving, compassionate manner.

I am also aware that there are additional stereotypes that other branches have toward each other. It is not simply a two-way street; it is about a six-or eight-way intersection, due to the many wonderful varieties of Quakers today. We need to make sure we are not circling this busy crossing point with never-ending roundabouts. Instead, we need to install blinking yellow lights that remind us to slow down and be present in loving interaction with one another.

Friends, these are trying times for Quakers. We are a peace church, and being peaceful among those Friends with whom we cannot see eye to eye may be painful, but reconciliation within our own denomination cannot be overlooked. There are several simple steps one may take to build a bridge, instead of a fence. Perhaps it is inviting a Quaker of a different branch to have coffee or tea. Or one could intentionally attend Quaker events that are multi-branch gatherings. For those who are more isolated and have limited travel means, why not educate oneself through books, pamphlets, and the Internet? There are limitless amounts of creative ways to engage in dialogue. Of course there may be moments of fear and discomfort while engaged in this sort of dialogue. Friends, we are not meant to live a comfortable life. I urge you to seek the Spirit in every Friend you meet, whether programmed, unprogrammed, semi-programmed, Christian, Universalist, atheist, theist, etc.

These connections we build may start as simple wooden bridges with creaky boards. Yet if nurtured with loving diligence, they have the opportunity to become as notable as the Golden Gate Bridge.

As you read the following song by the Greenham Common Women, from Sing in the Spirit: A Book of Quaker Songs by The Leaveners, allow it to sit with you and see how the Spirit may lead you to build a bridge:

Building bridges, between our divisions,
I reach out to you, will you reach out to me?
With all of our voices and all of our visions,
Friends, we could make such sweet harmony.

In the theme of Friends General Conference this year, "... but who is my neighbor?" we all recognized the words from the parable of the Good Samaritan. Various speakers during the week spoke to the parable, turning our attention to the victim as well as those who passed by on the other side, and our need to recognize and reach out to all.

For me there is another message in this story. It is not often mentioned what a skillful person the Good Samaritan was. He gave wine to a man half dead and did not choke him. He got the man alive to the inn on a donkey—we would use a helicopter today. The message is that to be able to care for your neighbor you must also be knowledgeable and skillful in areas of the person's need. Wanting to care is only the first step. Being able to care is an important second step. And the third, of course, is to do the actual caring.

—Harriet Heath
Radnor (Pa.) Meeting
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"An Investment...

by Brenda Rose Simkin

The first time I attended Gathering, in Rochester, New York, I bathed my one-year-old daughter, Eleanor, in the bathroom sink and I nursed her in a dormitory bed, a little afraid that she might fall onto the concrete floor. It was also her first "school" (as she came to call it)—the first time she was left every morning with a caregiver other than family. The leaders and a team of attentive, loving teenagers helped Eleanor through a few tearful separations. By the end of the week, her assigned teenager was her new best friend.

Then there was the memorable road trip to the Normal, Illinois, Gathering with three-year-old Eleanor and her friends Moxie and infant Ezra, all jammed into the back seat of a sedan. Adventures included: Ezra almost choking on a raisin fed to him by a "helpful" Eleanor; being stopped by a cop after accidentally going through the EZ-Pass lane; and breaking a floor lamp at 5:00 AM. A puppet named "the car goddess" ministered to the many conflicts that arose. But being held in the light of the Spirit after our arrival (sometimes in the form of a golf cart driver offering relief to tired three-year-old feet) made the journey worth every drop of sweat. This was also the summer that Eleanor learned the word "Quaker."

At Johnstown, eight-week-old Charlotte made her Gathering debut. Four-year-old Eleanor's tantrums and willfulness were at an all-time high. Dinner time was a nightmare: luring a screaming Eleanor off the middle of the dining hall floor with an ice cream cone, the newborn Charlotte slung on my shoulder. The saving grace at that blessed Gathering was attending peaceful plenaries while Charlotte fell asleep nursing in my arms. And folk dancing with four-year-old fairies, with Charlotte snug to my belly in a sling.

At Amherst's vast, hilly campus, with a toddler and a five-year-old in tow, the Spirit showed itself in the Friend who

Brenda Rose Simkin, a member of Haverford (Pa.) Meeting, has led and coordinated children's programs for her monthly meeting and for Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Her current calling is for work in peace and service.

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with High Returns

I watched my daughter being guided, cheered, and carried by young adult Friends.

loaned us her double stroller, and kind cafeteria workers who let me take break­fast food back to our room for the girls. Struggles over naps were balanced by new friendships and reunions with old friends. Also, late­night heart­to­heart chats with my mother (who had come along to help me out) were a special treat.

A two­year­old’s loose bowels and cha­otic bedtimes with an intense, inflexible six­year­old were some of the challenges at Blacksburg. But yet again, the Gathering held me and gave me gifts: volleyball sand for the children, and for the parents: impromptu “courtside” conversations about peaceful parenting and different meetings’ approaches to First­day school.

Traveling to Tacoma was too expensive for us, so I came to the 2007 Gathering with great anticipation and spiritual thirst. Four­year­old Charlotte stayed behind with her grandparents, and eight­year­old Eleanor’s behavioral issues disappeared. It was my first Gathering without a baby or preschooler in tow! I savored every moment of Junior Gathering staff worship, Renaissance singing, and fellowship with guitar­playing Alaskans and Minnesotans. Eleanor was ripe for all that the Gathering had to offer, and the confidence and comfort in her interactions with teenage Friends, gray­haired Friends, and every other Friend she encountered was a joy to behold.

When I watched her hug Neil (the same man who welcomed her to her first “school” seven years before) and play with the rainbow of rings on his necklace, I saw her come full circle in the embrace of the Gathering. When I watched Eleanor being guided, cheered, and literally carried by young adult Friends in a game of Capture the Flag, I saw a microcosm of the entire Gathering experience. Her confidence and affection towards Gathering Friends were the rich reward for the exhaustion and frustration I had sometimes felt at Gatherings in the past. Bringing my children to Gathering has been an investment with high returns.

The Mystery of Being a Neighbor

Toward the end of my Gathering workshop I wrote, “Fear that this experience will have no significant impact on my life” (dodging the doubt that my entire life will pass with nothing much to show for it). Yet tucked in the pocket of my workshop binder is a slip of paper, a gift from a fellow worshipful workshopper. It says, “Thank you Robert,” each word underlined three times, “for your note & what you said. Your words were so good and timely & needed at this point in my life…”

Apparently such seeds of conversation, spoken or written, sustain a life of their own. I’m grateful to my writing workshop leader, who opened fresh pages each morning with provocative questions to explore. And grateful for the 2007 Gathering as a whole. Its theme records a scrap of conversation, “...but who is my neighbor?” lifted from a dialogue in Luke’s Gospel.

The Gathering gave me many such conversations with friendly neighbors old and new. Our lives are now more firmly interwoven in ways occasionally crystal clear, sometimes waiting to be further deciphered, and often—I suspect—for­ever totally undisclosed. My memories speak to you all. Your hearts still speak to mine.

—Robert Renwick
Morning­side Meeting, New York, N.Y.
quaker profile

Kent Thornburg
by Kara Newell

Kent Thornburg describes himself. He was born into a Quaker family, and his parents recognized and honored his scientific curiosity early in his life by buying him chemistry sets, microscopes, and other scientific paraphernalia. Now, he’s clear that “being a spiritual person, a Quaker, and a scientist are interlinked ways of thinking.” For him, “Being a scientist and nurturing my Quaker roots has been an exciting opportunity.”

Thornburg is spiritually grounded, yet it’s his nature to ask probing questions, not only in matters of science but also in matters of faith, society, culture, and all other aspects of life. When he decided to become an academic and a researcher, he felt duty-bound to “examine everything from scratch,” including his faith. “It was one of the healthiest things I’ve ever done. I learned that the way Quakers view the world was the way I wanted to view it. But I have remained a skeptic—even things that traditional Quakers might hold dear I’m willing to put on the table for examination and discussion. I appreciate that as Quakers, we know and relate to God directly, I wish we would more often put ourselves in the ethically difficult places that are so common in our culture. I think there are many Quaker views that could be helpful for people in our culture, but these are not being heard.”

Thornburg’s career in science and teaching has been a pretty straight path—undergraduate work at George Fox College (now University); PhD from Oregon State University in developmental biology and developmental physiology; then to Oregon Health Sciences University (OHSU) and Washington University in St. Louis for post-doctoral work. With that completed, he accepted a teaching position in the physiology/pharmacology department at OHSU, during which he served with many national and international scientific organizations. After 25 years he was appointed to the M. Lowell Edwards chair for cardiovascular research, endowed by a Quaker family in honor of the co-inventor of the Starr-Edwards artificial heart valve. Recently, Thornburg joined Cardiovascular Medicine to teach and to head the research program for the division. He also has joint appointments in several departments: Physiology and Pharmacology, Obstetrics and Gynecology, bioengineering, and Medical Informatics and Clinical Epidemiology. “In the latter, we are using modern computer methods to generate dynamic models of the heart during development. The models allow us to see the heart in three dimensions as it beats. We also use the computer to keep track of which genes are expressed or ‘turned on’ at any given stage of development. Without the computer, we could keep track of only a few genes at a time. But the computer doesn’t care how many genes it has to remember—there are 30,000 or so. Our computer models allow us to follow the expressed genes in many combinations. We can see the heart in three dimensions, turning it, cutting it, looking at it from any angle. When we get it perfected, it will help us understand those genes that are defective or are expressed at the wrong time and lead to heart defects. Many of these early genes appear to underlie later heart disease in adults who never had a heart defect. I’m interested in determining how we might use gene therapy to rectify heart problems when the heart is not working properly.”

The question of ethics arises whenever gene therapy is mentioned. “I get a lot of questions about tampering with nature,” Thornburg says, “the ‘if God had wanted us to fly we’d have wings’ questions. Let me tell you a story to illustrate. One time I was visiting a wonderful relative of mine who always wanted to know what I was working on. At the time, we were trying to understand what initiates breathing at birth. Why do you start breathing? Most people breathe continuously from their first breath for the rest of their life. Why do you take your first breath? What are the mechanisms that might cause it to stumble in immature babies who don’t breathe reg-

Kara Newell, a FRIENDS JOURNAL columnist, is a member and presiding clerk of Reedwood Friends Church in Portland, Ore.

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Kent Thornburg Challenges Quakers

I see an important role for Quakers in furthering discussions about the ethical use of technology, how we define life, and how we consider the beginning and the ending of a human life. Science is driven to understand the biological nature of human beings, and technology seems to hold promise for altering the very nature of human beings. Therefore, from my point of view, the most difficult question is, "How can we ensure that technological advances will be used only for good?" We are now being driven faster by technology than we can develop our ethical intuition and thus, as a society, we are not well prepared to think wisely regarding questions concerning the beginning and end of life.

Because of our more apolitical stance, Quakers could play a role in helping our society to develop ethical roots, not by providing answers to all ethical dilemmas but by helping people to learn to discuss the most inflammatory issues with respect and honesty. While the answers are not going to be absolutely clear-cut for all people, the process of thinking about tough ethical issues will be helped by learning to appreciate the depth of understanding held by those with differing views. For all people who want to live in a society ruled by ethical intuition there is a line in the sand across which behavior becomes universally unethical. I believe Quakers could help our society and especially the "church" to define that line.

Quakers bring a number of strengths to the table, such as the use of queries rather than doctrinal statements. Since Barclay, Quakers have taken a logical approach to understanding theology and now science. That kind of careful, nonpartisan thinking could move the discussion of ethical issues to the place where it would help prevent our society from making really big mistakes in our treatment of human beings. This will become increasingly important as technology allows us the opportunity for evil as well as for good. I don’t think that we should try to have "a Quaker view" on every issue, but I think that having a Quaker way of thinking and way of viewing controversial issues would be a service to the world.

ularly? We were in the process of testing some ideas about these questions. So I explained the work to him with my usual enthusiasm. He looked at me almost dumbfounded and said, ‘Why would you want to know that?’ And I said, ‘So we can find some ways to help babies who don’t breathe well.’ And he said, ‘Well, God will fix that.’

‘His views were so different from mine. I feel that we humans have a responsibility to understand the universe because we have the mental capability and the tools to do so. It’s a requirement. But in so doing, we must remember that every step of medical progress comes with added ethical responsibilities. The more we know, the more we are required to be humble and careful about how we use our knowledge. The ethical dilemmas that accompany new knowledge and technology need to be debated and understood across the fabric of society. We cannot leave ethical decisions to politicians or even scientists alone!’

Thornburg notes that James Childress, a Quaker who is professor of Ethics and of Medical Education at University of Virginia, "has been an important, influential voice in the medical community because of his interest in developing ways to think about and teach ethics within the medical school curriculum. I’ve read his work, but I’ve never met him personally. I hope to some day.”

Being in a profession that takes health seriously, and knowing that he is a “driven” person, Thornburg tries to balance his life by eating well and exercising regularly. He keeps his mind active not only with his work and research, but in reading widely, and having spirited intellectual exchanges with a variety of people. He also believes that spiritual exercise is important—understanding the Bible, praying, and wrestling with spiritual issues—whether in the shower, walking to class, in the car, over lunch, or during meetings. He cherishes his many friends of other faiths and viewpoints—agnostics as well as people of faith, including Hindus, Buddhists, Muslims, and Christian fundamentalists; and he enjoys talking to them individually to hear their views of how God works in the universe.

Thornburg could talk about science, research, academia, and ethics for hours in terms anyone could understand. Yet he is far from one-dimensional. He is married to Jeanie, a sixth grade schoolteacher (who he wishes with admiration had been his sixth grade teacher!). Together, they enjoy their children, an adult daughter and son; their grandson; hiking; and just having time together. He has served on the board of George Fox University and has done a five-year stint as clerk of the board. He has loved photography for a long time, reads both junk novels and good ones, and has a deep, clever sense of humor. He says, "In truth, I see the world on a very light-hearted note.”

Yes, he’s a scientist, and a Quaker.
It's 1837, and fourteen-year-old Quaker Myra Farlan's mother has died, forcing her to leave her home and family in the country to live in Philadelphia. Shocked by the racism she sees all around her and caught in the aftermath of the Orthodox-Hicksite split in the Religious Society Friends, Myra longs for her mother and struggles to make friends until she finds the Female Anti-Slavery Society, Lucretia Mott, Sarah Douglass, and—ultimately—herself.

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**State of the Society Reports for 2006**

For Pima Meeting in Tucson, Ariz., 2006 was a "busy year, with many high moments and some low. We have all been distressed by global problems, wars, ominous news about global warming, and dire catastrophes seemingly everywhere." The meeting notes in the first paragraph of its 2006 State of Society report that it experienced during the year "several troubling issues involving personal conflicts."

Other meetings relate in their reports their experiences with similar concerns during 2006. Many were troubled by personal issues such as changes in membership, understanding "Quaker process" in meetings for worship and business, disagreements among members, and proposed maintenance of meetinghouses. Other concerns focused on social and political issues such as immigration, the death penalty, the war in Iraq, the environment, and advocacy for gender and racial equality.

Yet meetings conclude their reports on a note of hope and commitment to their Quaker witness in their communities. Pima Meeting, for example, affirms, "In our community we have been blessed with many welcome events.... There has been outreach to schools to counter their permissive attitudes toward the presence of military recruiters.... Our concern with migrant and border issues has led us to intense periods of discernment during our meetings for business.... We reaffirmed our commitment to the Quaker Peace Testimony.... We seek and find the simplicity of unity in the Spirit as we worship, work, and play together."

Corvallis (Oreg.) Meeting reports it is in "a period of transition and growth" with "a significant number of new attenders and participants. It is also in a "time of generational change, leaving an era when the meeting was built around a few core families who carried the meeting's institutional memory." As a result of these changes, according to the meeting's report, "There is a clear and strong current of spiritual searching and discernment, which people trust to carry us through difficulties. At the same time, there is a sense that perhaps we are not doing enough to welcome everyone who comes here.... There is a strong desire to be inclusive and welcoming.... We have an ongoing dialogue within the meeting regarding witnessing to the Quaker testimonies and in discerning whether that witness should be acted on individually or collectively."

Paying off the mortgage on its meeting-
house led Missoula (Mo.) Meeting into a “challenging year trying to discern the next steps in our spiritual journey.” According to its annual report, the meeting finally “reached unity on making our meetinghouse handicapped-accessible... However, much work on rebuilding strained relationships, increasing communication, and dealing with other meeting concerns remained.” A meeting-wide questionnaire was developed to seek clarity “on all long-term meeting concerns.” Meanwhile, the meeting “has been active in its goal of sustaining an active presence in the Missoula community... Missoula Friends continue to seek the guidance of Spirit in listening to one another in love, and coming together to spread peace and justice while leaving the Earth a better place than what we first encountered.”

With a membership of 307 adults, Madison (Wisc.) Meeting sought “to build a community within itself” as well as with the four worship groups under its care. The meeting increased its connection to the worship groups “by visiting them and inviting them to activities such as our annual Fall Retreat. Visitors and visited both felt enriched by these opportunities,” according to the meeting’s report. “As a large meeting we struggle to help newcomers feel welcomed. We also find it a challenge to adequately address issues of all aspects of diversity. Opportunities to get to know one another are provided at frequent potlucks with frequent speakers or topics. Once again, the three sessions of ‘A Brief Introduction to Quakerism’ attracted meeting regulars as well as first-timers.” The meeting is also experiencing “a growing sense of community and spiritual nurture” through two ongoing programs. One program, titled “Intreach,” explores personal experiences of various Quaker testimonies and practices, such as worship, equality, peace, and the Divine. The other program calls for small groups in worship sharing around themes in Members One of Another, a Pendle Hill pamphlet. “Our year has encompassed both struggles and times of spiritual cleanness and growth... We continue to look for ways to expand our meeting's sense of welcome and connection,” Madison Meeting's State of Society report affirms.

Bloomington (Ind.) Meeting attests in its State of Meeting report that meeting for worship “remains at the heart of our meeting life... Often our meetings for worship are deeply gathered, sometimes they are scattered and we cannot quite find a common experience of the Divine Spirit that binds us together... Yet, we have confidence in the love that centers us as a community.” Meetings for business are seen as “important landmarks in the flow of our meeting life... They are usually well-attended... Yet, sometimes individual concerns and passions become heated and we do not truly listen to each other. We need to remind ourselves that, in good Quaker practice, a meeting for business is also a meeting for worship.” Through the leadership of the Peace and Social Concerns Committee and the leading of individual Friends, the meeting works to make real Quaker testimonies through such activities as jail visitation, action to abolish capital punishment, helping at the community kitchen, collecting food for the county’s United Ministry’s food pantry, and participating in peace action and vigils. “On our lifelong spiritual journey, we are earnest seekers who try to follow George Fox’s advice: ‘Stand still in the light and submit to it, and the other will be hushed and gone.”

Montclair (N.J.) Meeting reports experiencing in 2006 “the challenges of complicated family and personal lives, health issues, care giving, and work and volunteer commitments.” The meeting also became “more aware of the communication gaps that can occur when we sidestep getting together with one another, and when we depart from Quaker process, especially participation in meeting for business. There are times when we need to labor together over issues and concerns.” Ways are sought by the Ministry and Oversight Committee “to make our meeting for worship as meaningful and spirit-centered as possible.” In summary, Montclair Meeting reports, “we sometimes felt stuck in responding to the push-and-pull between our secular selves and our spiritual selves. We need to root ourselves more deeply in spiritual practice and space. New life is emerging as members and attenders deepen their commitments to the meeting, and to each other... Overall, we feel that the meeting is growing stronger and has much potential for deepening our community life together on all levels. We are striving to respond creatively to the challenges of our complex society, and our spiritual communion is deeply cherished.”

The major event of 2006 for Durham (N.C.) Meeting “was the conclusion of our search for a new pastor.” The meeting also “felt many blessings as well as challenges during the year of 2006... We continue to be open to our vulnerability to disagreement within the meeting community, and strive to discover and establish processes for conflict resolution. We are mindful of the paradox of our claim to status as publishers of God's peace in this life and in the world, while our interpersonal relationships remain very human.” Meanwhile, the meeting’s youth ministry remains strong, the Sunday School class for children is more focused, and there is the challenge to grow in number without “saci-
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Facing the feel of the meeting at its current size. "The coming year will bring new opportunity and renewed challenge as we begin life with our new pastor, as we discover and rediscover in ourselves those elements that keep us alive to the Light in case it doesn't open."

Differences and commonalities that can strengthen the meeting community and individual commitments to meeting are cited by Lancaster (Pa.) Meeting in its report for 2006. Small groups focused on spiritual topics; Friendly Eights groups met for reading, discussion, and knowing each other more deeply; forums met after meetings for worship to share the spiritual journeys of members; and other forums discussed such concerns as domestic violence, environmental issues, and racism. "We question how much we are following the Quaker testimony of simplicity of life, and how much we are reflecting values from the mainstream culture. Communication about our differences in meeting for worship for business or in other situations has shown us the importance of grounding our discussions in worship. There have been times when we have hurt each other through our speaking or actions." A major step for the meeting, according to the report, was the laying down of the Property Committee and the employment of a couple to work as facilities managers for the meetinghouse and grounds. "We find much to be grateful for in the 2006 journey," the report concludes.

The State of the Meeting report for Baltimore (Md.) Meeting, Stony Run was prepared by the meeting's Committee on Ministry and Counsel, who asked members and attenders for comment and reflection. Among the responses: Vitality and vibrancy characterize the meeting. There is unity on the spiritual state of meeting for worship. There is concern that too few attend meeting for worship with a concern for business. It is the responsibility of everyone to welcome newcomers and attenders into the life of the meeting. A Working Group on Newcomers was started under the care of the Ministry and Counsel Committee. There is a continuous challenge to fill all the committees and boards who do the work of the meeting. Also noted was the witness of meeting to concerns in the larger world, concerns such as war and peace, making affordable housing available in the community, reaching out to persons of color and to the poor, and to be a better steward of the Earth. "We seek to live a life in the Light—individually and corporately, in our community and in the larger world. In this effort, we are not alone, but rather are a community of seekers and ministers to one another."
Peaceful Parenting


Robin Grille goes to great pains at the outset to say that it is not a guidebook for parenting. There is some of that in the last chapters, but the book is oh-so much more. Parenting For a Peaceful World is a hopeful scholarly work, well referenced, that draws a direct causal connection between styles of parenting and styles of government.

With few exceptions, the ancient world was an inhospitable place for children. With the same few exceptions history is filled with wars and violence. The author cites evidence of how common infanticide and abandonment were in the ancient world, especially if the child had a birth defect, or was female. If not killed outright, unwanted children were set out on hillsides, sent floating in baskets, or sold into slavery. Societies that accepted these sorts of acts often disrespected women as well. Brutality was the norm.

Over the ages, the ways humans relate to their children hardly improved much. "Ambivalent mode" parenting often sent children to wetnurses and then to governness and boarding schools or sent them early as apprentices or indentured servants. These were still harsh arrangements and often amounted to emotional abandonment. "Intrusive mode" parenting has parents interacting with their children, but as strict disciplinarians. This is the "spare the rod, spoil the child" school. Children are expected to serve the needs of the parent, and receive corporal punishment as well as sexual abuse from their parents.

During the last 300 years, dates varying from society to society, many parents came to see their role as one of socializing children to help them get along in the world. In the twentieth century, systems of rewards and penalties became common for motivating children both at home and at school. Child psychology and parenting became recognized areas of study. We were moving from the stick to the carrot. Along with this change in parenting came the democratization of government. Robin Grille sees "socializing mode" as an improvement, but it is still based on adult authority determining how and when the child will be rewarded or given consequences. The "helping mode" parenting is the next step, and is based on authentic contact, using reflective listening, I-messages, and other non-violent communication tools.

After laying out these modes of child rearing, Robin Grille connects them to historical data about brutalized children who became despots. He makes the point that "Violence is a cultural trend, not an ethnic trait." He notes that "All holocausts have this in common: they are perpetrated by survivors of tyrannized childhoods." He joins other psychohistorians in concluding: "Authoritarian child rearing, subordination of young to elders, and women to men has produced authoritarian political, religious, and social structures."

On the encouraging side, he lays out the amazing transformation of German child rearing in the last 100 years. Members of the Nazi SS were far more likely to have suffered abuse as children compared to those who resisted the Nazi programs. Current practices are of the socializing and helping modes with no toleration for abuse. He points to the remarkable experience in Sweden where a nurturing approach to child rearing has resulted not in "undisciplined youth" but a "steady decline in youth crime, youth alcohol and drug abuse, rape, and youth suicide." Swedish statistics show "the death of children caused by their parents' abuse has been almost totally eliminated: the child homicide rate was zero for 15 years running."

Most of us born in the 20th century were socialized, manipulated, behaviorally modified, and shamed to some extent as children either by our parents or our teachers. Some of us have not wanted to treat our children that way and have found more empathic "helping modes" of child rearing. Such modes foster the egalitarian, respectful relationships among adults that have marked the Religious Society of Friends.

Robin Grille makes the point that fundamentalist, patriarchal branches of all religions tend to support authoritarian, intrusive, or strict socializing parenting modes. He cites examples among Jews, Muslims, and Christians.

The concluding chapters of Parenting For a Peaceful World offer suggestions for how to move from the socializing mode to the helping mode in our relationships with our children. This book made clear to me why I have long felt very uncomfortable with the behav-
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Parenting for a Peaceful World identifies many actions that will enhance the chances of a peaceful future. Give parents sufficient parental leave time, offer support to new mothers, push for democratic schools, provide quality education to all girls and boys worldwide. Progress toward a more peaceful world can be cataloged by what is no longer acceptable. Infanticide is murder, slavery is illegal, and teachers may not whip students. The expansion of human rights now includes children's rights and the movement for gender equity.

If Robin Grille is right, and I hope he is, our path is clear. If we want peace, we need to promote the emotional health of families and nurture all children. As an Alternatives to Violence Project (AVP) facilitator, I can see that what we've been sharing in our AVP workshops is a method for teaching the "helping mode" for adults who mostly didn't get that kind of upbringing. This book encourages me to do more of this work with children as well as adults. Along with AVP and Non-Violent Communication, a good source of support and advice for "helping mode" parents is the book Kids are Worth It, Giving Your Child the Gift of Inner Discipline by Barbara Coloroso.

I recommend this book to parents, all who have an interest in history and politics, and those who sincerely want to work for peace.

— Sandy Farley

Sandy Farley is a parent, teacher, storyteller, AVP facilitator, and member of Palo Alto (Calif) Meeting.

Paul’s Necessary Sin: The Experience of Liberation


I can’t imagine George Fox sitting down to read a book on the epistles of Paul—he’d likely tell you to read the Bible itself, rather than a book about it. For that matter, he probably wouldn’t approve of writing books about the Bible either, but I think he’d have enjoyed a long evening in conversation with Timothy Ashworth. They would have found that they had much in common and I would love to listen in on that conversation.

Paul’s Necessary Sin could be the starting point for that conversation. In it, Ashworth attempts to present Paul’s theology for a non-academic reader. He starts with the assump-
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The starting point is an acceptance of Paul's "Road to Damascus" experience as transformative.Paul didn't just come to a new understanding of his relationship with God—he came to have a new relationship with God. Paul gained a new understanding of what life itself is about and realized that he had been living in a state of slavery and didn't even know it.

Prior to this transformation, Paul had identified his being with his body and had lived accordingly—following the law in all its details. After his transformation, Paul sees that true liberation comes not just from the knowledge of good and evil, and adhering to a set of rules that define them, but from aligning one's desires with those of God. His transformation was nothing short of a transition from spiritual childhood under the direction of the law into spiritual maturity under the direct guidance of God.

Ashworth lists four key elements in the transformation: 1) liberation from sin, felt as empowerment always to act rightly; 2) the experience of being guided directly by God; 3) prior life suddenly seen as having been fundamentally limited or constrained—as a form of childhood or slavery; and 4) a sense of being so much a part of creation that this personal transformation can only be understood as being part of an imminent, universal transformation.

Ashworth's analysis frequently turns on a careful translation of the Greek in which Paul wrote. While the various English versions of scripture frequently use different English words to translate the same Greek phrase in different verses, Ashworth strives as much as possible to use the same word or phrase consistently. By doing so, he reveals connections between what might seem to be very different elements in Paul's theology. At the same time, Ashworth reminds us that New Testament Greek is a foreign language—a very foreign language no longer spoken by anyone alive. Sometimes, in a single word or phrase, it encompasses several ideas that we would express separately in English. As a result, it isn't always clear which of the various English words or phrases best translates the idea that Paul is attempting to express.

For example, the Greek words *pistis Iesou Christos* occur in Galatians 2:16. In the New International Version of the Bible, the first part of the verse is translated as, "...know that a man is not justified by observing the law, but by faith in Jesus Christ." The final four words, "faith in Jesus Christ," are its translation for *pistis Iesou Christos*. In the King James Version, these same Greek words are rendered as "the faith of Jesus Christ." The difference between "in Jesus Christ" and "of Jesus Christ" is not trivial, but these two alternatives don't exhaust the possibilities for translating this three-word phrase. In both, the word *pistis* has been translated as "faith," but "faithfulness" is equally valid. So, the question is, what did Paul mean? Is it: 1) our faith in Christ? (that is, our response to Christ); 2) the faith of Christ? (that is, the system of beliefs that Jesus preached); or 3) the faithfulness of Jesus Christ? (that is, Jesus' perfect example in aligning his will with God's desires for him).

As you can see, if getting the answer right is critical to one's spiritual well-being, which translation you choose matters. There are a variety of ways to determine which one to choose. For example, you could pick the one that seems to fit best the particular context in which the phrase is used. This, however, can lead to different translations for the same Greek phrase in different verses. Ashworth presents the arguments for each translation of the same Galatians 2:16 and picks the third alternative based on how it can be used equally in each of the several contexts in which it occurs (e.g., Romans 3:22 or Philippians 3:9) to present a consistent message.

The Paul who is revealed is a man who is deeply subversive of the religious world in which he lived. This is the Paul who taught that wisdom is foolishness; that weakness is strength; and that to really live, you must die. Timothy Ashworth shows us a Paul who uses the example of Jesus' faithfulness and the words of scripture to subvert the authority of anything written—even that of Scripture itself.

George Fox would recognize the truth in this book. He, too, experienced a transformation—one that was every bit as overwhelming as Paul's. When describing this experience, Fox says, "Now was I come up in spirit, through the flaming sword, into the paradise of God. All things were new, and all the creation gave another smell unto me than before, beyond what words can utter. I knew nothing but pureness, innocency, and righteousness, being renewed up into the image of God by Christ Jesus; so that I was come up to the state of Adam, which he was in before he fell."

Paul's Necessary Sin is not an easy book to read. In part, this is due to the nature of the material. Ashworth's analysis is close and careful. Despite his best efforts, there are sections where his goal to lay it out simply cannot be achieved—some ideas are irreducibly complex. A second hurdle for the reader is Ashworth's decision to engage the work of other scholars by including their arguments in sub-
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Limits to Power: Some Friendly Reminders


In this second edition of Limits to Power: Some Friendly Reminders, Newton Garver describes himself as a liberal Quaker philosopher "and left-handed to boot." Alas, his book is entrusted for review to an unapologetically right-handed evangelical Quaker, and a lawyer to boot.

But this ironic turn of events is not sinister, nor even alarming. It may be another example of God's dexterity in using different points of view to illuminate unexpected truths.

Limits to Power is not a grandiose book. Its 156 pages could be read quickly, especially since Garver's prose is a pleasure. But the book does not reward the hasty reader. Most of its 19 essays were originally published separately on the Buffalo Report website: nine discourses on American politics and ten on Bolivia. The opening invocation ("God Bless America") and concluding poetic Epilogue were composed decades apart. Each part is like the ministry of a Friend repeatedly burdened to speak a few words in meeting, leaving to the Spirit the task of making something out of the pieces.

To the reader who can spare the time to read reflectively, the main structural weakness in the book—that the various parts come from different trains of thought rather than forming a coherent whole—turns into a virtue. Garver juxtaposes ideas that we might not otherwise encounter together, connections that suggest possible new insights into how humans were meant to relate to each other.

Paul Buckley, a Quaker historian and theologian, attends North Meadow Circle of Friends in Indianapolis, Ind.

November 2007 FRIENDS JOURNAL
er, and how we might help public conflicts become opportunities for our communities to move closer to Truth.

For example, Garver prompts us to consider how freedom relates to accountability. He critiques the tendency to think of liberty as being the freedom to make choices without consequences, to draw boundaries that protect our own options because they are "our business" and permit us to disregard many of our effects on others because they are someone else's problem. Garver argues that this ideal of "frictionless" lives would lead instead to pointless lives that don't accomplish anything. We need accountability to give us the incentive and the leverage to push against the status quo and make changes.

Garver builds on this insight to criticize trends in modern political life, such as the pervasiveness of "spin" and the practice of a politics of humiliation. In an example of the admirably careful thinking abounding in the book, he defines "spin" as not quite lying, since the spinner doesn't fabricate. But the spinner tries to distract our attention from unpleasant facts and get us to give too much weight to part of the truth. Similarly, the politics of humiliation encourages us to discount some people and their needs through dehumanization, often in subtle ways. To Garver, these are not just foibles in the political system to be laughed off as "how the game is played." They poison our public discourse because they actively interfere with our ability to find truth.

These are examples of the ideas in Limits to Power that lead to insights I had not encountered before. Even so, there are limits to Limits to Power. Garver saddles himself with a conception of politics as "grounded in an arbitrary distinction between friends and foes." This makes politics mostly about power or control, something that cannot exist without an enemy. Garver almost equates politics with violence, describing it as a continuation of war by other means, since it involves striving to "call the shots" and impose one's will on others. When Garver encounters in Bolivia examples of people refusing to call the shots, he calls it...
“anti-politics.”

Unfortunately, Garver himself succumbs to a little of this kind of alienated politics. It shows up in a few places where Garver caricatures political and religious conservatives. It leaves him without the tools to discern whether Bolivians who put up roadblocks are practicing violence or nonviolence. Most importantly, it hampers his imagination when he tries to suggest ways Friends can be more redemptive in their participation in public issues.

In one of the new essays in the second edition, Garver casts George Bush as a “Decider” (eschewing compromise in pursuit of convictions) who compares unfavorably with “Negotiators,” like James Baker, who readily set aside their principles in order to make acceptable deals with anyone, including tyrants. Whereas most people would think of Baker’s pragmatic model as quintessential politics, or even realpolitik, Garver’s concept of politics turns Bush into the “Politician” with a black-and-white (and thus alienating) worldview. All this left my head spinning.

A more powerful model of politics is available. For example, another Quaker philosopher, Phil Smith, in his Virtue of Civility and the Practice of Politics, describes politics as the inevitable interaction that occurs whenever any human group has to make decisions. War is still politics under Smith’s approach, but so is a meeting for clearness, or a negotiation, or a stand on principle. This frees us to ask what kinds of politics are consistent with Quaker testimonies.

Limits to Power makes an important contribution. Add to it a richer understanding of politics, and it will in turn add to our understanding of our calling to practice politics with civility in which we treasure our opponents both as fellow human beings and as a crucial God-given resource in the search for Truth.

—Ron Mock

The Real Wealth of Nations: Creating a Caring Economics


Economics is not generally thought of as one of the caring professions. It is not like medicine, social work, psychology, counseling, or even teaching—professions that very clearly exist to improve the human condition. Economics is regarded as a hard, cold science, and the economy is more often than not regarded as a brutal, fearsome realm. Riane Eisler wants to change all that, and she has written a book that invites a new understanding of economics.

The author’s name is likely to be familiar to many readers. Twenty years ago she published The Chalice and The Blade: Our History, Our Future, a book that has become a classic in the literature of gender, power, and society. If a fading red paperback copy of it is not on your bookshelf or that of someone you know, I’d be surprised. In that important treatise, Eisler first articulated what she calls Cultural Transformation Theory, and its two models for understanding the structure of society and culture. The “partnership” model is one that links people in cooperative, caring ways, while the “dominator” model subdivides and devalues some, especially women and the feminine.

In The Real Wealth of Nations, chalice and blade meet supply and demand as Eisler attempts to apply her earlier insights to the not-so-modest task of changing how we think about economics and how we structure the economy. This task preoccupies many of us today. We see the planet threatened. We see millions impoverished. We see the devastation of war. We see a healthcare crisis. We long to do good work, to care for ourselves, for each other and for the planet, and yet we often feel caught in a system that makes these good things so hard to achieve.

Eisler reaches deep into history, culture, and the human psyche to diagnose our economic dilemma and its intransigence. For her, what ails us can be understood only if we examine the beliefs, habits, and social structures that come out of the dominator-orient ed cultures. The male-superior and female-inferior views inherited from domination have had disastrous effects on humanity. Some are obvious, but much of what she has to say about the damage of domination is not so obvious. It is buried in our unconscious minds, and understanding economics in
It's 1837, and fourteen-year-old Quaker Myra Harlan's mother has died, forcing her to leave her home and family in the country to live in Philadelphia. Shocked by the racism she sees all around her and caught in the aftermath of the Orthodox-Hicksite split in the Religious Society Friends, Myra longs for her mother and struggles to make friends until she finds the Female Anti-Slavery Society, Lucretia Mott, Sarah Douglass, and—ultimately—herself.

Quaker Press of FGC, 2007, 136 pp., paperback $13.00

Fitforfreedom.org

Check out the Fit for Freedom, Not for Friendship web page (www.fitforfreedom.org) from Quaker Press of FGC. Follow progress on the forthcoming book* by Donna McDaniel and Vanessa Julye, as well as news and events related to Quakers and slavery. Engage with the issue through author interviews, photos, brief bios of African American Quakers, and links to related articles, publications, and web sites.


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new ways, for Eisler, must begin with discovering and revealing unrecognized habits, values, and beliefs.

The alternative to the waste and misery of a dominator-oriented culture is the care and nurture of a partnership-oriented culture. For Eisler, the important debates in economics are not about capitalism versus socialism, market versus planning, or private versus public. They are about domination versus partnership, a distinction that cuts across schools of thought and political orientations. She sees modern economics as perpetuating the dominator story by not considering and measuring our caring—household work, childrearing, unpaid community service, and environmental stewardship. For her, the matter of relationships, and whether or not there is domination or partnership in the relationship, is the critical element in developing a new story for economics, a story that will move us toward a world in which we adequately care for ourselves, each other, and the Earth.

I am impressed by this book and by Eisler’s clear and convincing paradigm shift. What she offers will be of use to many people who are today making an earnest effort to do something new and better about the economy. I expect that adult study groups in Quaker meetings will find it a good book around which to build a series of sessions on economics and Quaker values. It offers an insightful companion to John Woolman’s inspiring and instructive writings on economics, and it would be a fruitful exercise to let these two writers, even though separated by centuries, dialogue with each other. I will offer two quotations to illustrate:

Thus he whose tender mercies are over all his works hath placed a principle in the human mind which incites to exercise goodness toward every living creature; and this being singly attended to, people become tender-hearted and sympathizing, but being frequently and totally rejected, the mind shuts itself up in a contrary disposition.

—John Woolman

This imbalanced system of values is deeply entrenched in our unconscious minds. Most of us aren’t even aware that much of what we value and devalue—and thus our economic system—is based on a system of gendered values. As a result, the devaluation of caring—and the real-life consequences for us all—remains largely unrecognized.

—Riane Eisler

Both Woolman and Eisler invite us to be aware, to be awake, to be truly conscious of
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what we are doing. Both find this to be the first step toward a truly flourishing and functional economy.

Finally, although I was impressed by the book, I was also frustrated by it at times. As much as I truly welcome Ester’s insights—or perhaps because I truly welcome her insights—I was disappointed that there is so much redundancy in the book. It would have been a better book had it been edited into a clear, well-organized, and forceful treatise with considerably fewer pages.

—Tom Head

Tom Head, a member of Bridge City Meeting in Portland, Oreg., teaches Economics and International Studies at George Fox University in Newberg, Oreg.

The Citizen Powered Energy Handbook: Community Solutions to a Global Crisis


There are two new dreams in the air these days. One is of a world where people matter more than profit, where decision making is done by those most affected by the decision, and where money circulates locally rather than disappearing into corporate vaults. The vision is of a strong and healthy local economy, capable of meeting local people’s basic needs, perhaps connected to—but not dependent on—large, corporate enterprise.

The other new dream is of humankind learning to live sustainably on the Earth. Most Friends nowadays are trying to “green up” our lives, making personal lifestyle changes in that direction. We are also telling our lawmakers to set greener policy goals. These personal and political actions are essential for our future, but we also need a societal-level transition to sustainable energy right now, before we hit “peak oil,” before mountaintop removal coal mining has poisoned the countryside, before more expensive nuclear infrastructure, which will endanger life as we know it for many thousands of years, is put in place.

In The Citizen Powered Energy Handbook, Greg Pahl combines these dreams, telling the stories of community groups that have already demonstrated “a third—and better—way between giant commercial projects that overwhelm the landscape and the small, backyard wind turbine.” His examples provide models that help us consider what might be possible where we live. Pahl has thoroughly researched community-based green energy generation throughout North America and Europe, and organized his findings into a very readable book. He gives on-the-ground examples of electricity production using every known type of sustainable energy technology, and tells how these green power plants got their starts.

Pahl’s first chapter reviews the types of technologies—solar, wind, water, biomass, liquid bio-fuels, and geothermal—that are available. If you know a lot already, or if you have only a passing interest, you might consider skipping this overview and referring back to it if needed. There is also a seven-page glossary to help you with unfamiliar terminology.

Each of the next six chapters addresses one of the technologies mentioned above, giving many examples of already operating, community-based green energy projects. Pahl supplies additional technological information as it relates to his examples, so you don’t get lost.

Each project’s story is unique. Projects always begin with a group of local people who share a goal: the creation of a small, locally run green energy plant to serve a limited energy need in their area, using locally available sustainable resources. The biggest variables are the regulatory environment of that place and the funding possibilities, which are closely related. These, not technology, are the challenges.

In the European examples, governments had already established policies intended to reduce greenhouse gas emissions. Subsidies and other supportive measures encourage the establishment of green energy projects. In the U.S. and Canada national policy is not yet behind energy transition. It is state and provincial regulations that set what is possible, and there is great variation. But one job is clearly to get helpful policies in place. Let’s do it.

The varied histories of how each plant came into being demonstrate that “where there’s a will there’s a way.” Relocalization and sustainability are not just dreams. It can be done; it is being done, more than we are generally aware. I found these real-life examples inspiring, and I’m now on the lookout for a community energy project to help get started where I live.

In his final chapter, “The Community Solution,” Pahl pulls all his ideas together. The
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- **Sport Studies.** Responsibilities include coordinating the sport medicine and physical activity service program and teaching in the areas of sport medicine and secondary physical education teacher education. Ph.D. in Exercise and Sport Science with Specialization in Sport Medicine and background in pedagogy preferred. ABD’s with firm completion date will be considered. Contact Lavon Williams, Department Chair.

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context for the dreams of relocation and sustainability is urgent. Peak oil, and the collapse of our current, oil-dependent infrastructure, are imminent. The climate disruption of global warming is already upon us. We need to act now while energy is still available, to have green energy sources in place before what we are used to and dependent on crumbles. We can look to the examples that are in front of us and determine how we can be part of the changes we want to see. To help us get going, Pahl supplies eight pages of organizations and online resources at the end of the book.

We are in some danger of not delving deep enough into our testimonies to learn how to live them out. The book is particularly relevant to our testimonies of simplicity and of equality. Having an adequate, local source of green energy available, and tailoring our energy use to no more than our fair share, would help us simplify our lives. Doing this would be an act of love for all Earth's creatures.

Working in community for a healthier planet and a world where distant, elite, corporate rulers are not making decisions that harm us and the whole living world as we know it, would also be an expression of equality—not entirely different from keeping one's hat on before the king. We are called to make our own decisions, such as not to kill by fighting or not to kill by poisoning the Earth; and we are called to share that gospel with others as way opens.

Greg Pahl is sharing a gospel with us in this book.

—Mary Gilbert

Mary Gilbert is a member of Friends Meeting at Cambridge, Mass. She represents Quaker Earthcare Witness at the UN’s Commission on Sustainable Development meetings.

Special Education as a Spiritual Journey

By Michael Resman, Pendle Hill Pamphlet 390, 2007. 35 pages. $4.50/paperback.

Michael Resman has been an occupational therapist for many years, working with people who have developmental disabilities. In this pamphlet, he considers how Quaker worship and personal mystical experiences have informed his work, and also how he has grown spiritually and personally through the work itself. When people think that he must have a lot of patience in order to do what he does, he writes, "I suggest instead that I have appropriate expectations." Such expectations have evolved over time as he has learned from mistakes and losses, and developed not only patience but other qualities (or, in a sense, testimonies) such as gentleness, love, kindness, generosity, peace, self-control, joy, and a sense

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of calling. The sufferings and struggles he encounters in the lives of those he works with challenge him to reflect deeply on the nature of God and the ultimate meaning of such difficult lives. These painful yet hopeful reflections are seen in his poems (included in the pamphlet), and in the light of his mystical visions of ultimate unity in heaven, or among angels on Earth. While the visionary material and poetry are attempts to speak of matters that cannot be well conveyed by words (at least not in this way), the substance of the text contains insights into giving and receiving, human and divine grace, and spiritual vocation that demonstrate the author’s genuine faith and depth of experience.

—Kirsten Backstrom

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

Getting Rooted: Living in the Cross, A Path to Joy and Liberation

By Brian Drayton; Pendle Hill Pamphlet 391, 2007, 35 pages. $4.50/paperback.

This pamphlet considers “the root of true qualification for ministry,” and concludes that it is to be understood as the “inward work” that constitutes “equipping ourselves through listening, waiting, faithfulness, silence, simplicity, and foolishness.” Brian Drayton emphasizes that such qualifications require us to confront and go beyond our fears—the fear of failure, of being misunderstood, inadequate, or ridiculous—all of which are ultimately linked to the fear of death. In order to find nourishment through the deep roots of our spiritual lives, we must be willing to let aspects of ourselves and our expectations die, and encounter the mystery beyond any expectation. Although the development of our spiritual roots is a process of personal growth toward God at the depths, it is essential also that this development be seen above the surface—sprouting, branching, leafing out, flowering in community and “incarnated in our lives in the most practical and simple of ways.” Drayton is a botanist, and chooses a botanist’s similes and metaphors. As I understand him, he believes that our spiritual development, like the growth of a plant, is ultimately carried out by and through God. Thus, our task is not to determine the way that this growth is accomplished, but to align ourselves with the Spirit, to “live in the Cross” by dying down to the essential Seed, sinking deep roots, and gradually, naturally, growing upwards toward the Light.

— Kirsten Backstrom

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Simply in Season

Simply in Season is bright, spiral-bound, and color-coded by season, with beautiful color photos of fresh food, an introductory fruit and vegetable guide, and recipes interspersed with the voices of farmers, gardeners, and consumers who love local and seasonal food. Commissioned by Mennonite Central Committee to promote the understanding of how the food choices we make affect our lives and the lives of those who produce the food, the subtitle is: Recipes that celebrate fresh, local foods in the spirit of More-with-Less.

I love this book! On the roasted asparagus page in the spring section, for example, I discover that in India, organic agriculture is referred to as "nonviolent agriculture." Looking for something interesting to do with my extra zucchini, I find a meditation on tomato worms and butterflies. Paging through the autumn recipes, I come across a reflection on a family's six years in Lesotho and the lessons of slowing down. Led to the recipe for Secret Chocolate Cake through its secret ingredient (beets!), I learn that $10 spent at a local food business is worth $25 to the local area, compared to $14 when the same amount is spent at a supermarket.

Simply in Season was clearly created with enormous love and respect for food and for the Earth. It invites us to eat locally and in season, celebrating each new harvest, and reflecting on the source of our sustenance. This is a cookbook that feeds not only the body, but the mind and the soul.

—Pamela Haines

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

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Practicing Discernment Together: Finding God's Way Forward in Decision Making


As I read the final pages of Practicing Discernment Together, I experienced a happy recognition: I think the match made by FRIENDS JOURNAL between this book and me as its reviewer was rightly ordered after all. I had warned my contact at the JOURNAL that Friends decision making is a subject I have strong opinions about, that I would not be easy to please, and that I had not been kind to the last title I had reviewed on this topic.

Added to these misgivings was the theological separation between myself (a universalist Quaker who is at best weakly interested in Scripture, at worst tolerant of it) and the authors (all Christ-centered Evangelical Friends). And, as I discovered in the opening pages, this is no "insider" book addressed to Friends. The intended audience is other Christian churches who may find benefits in the Quaker approach to decision making, presented in the language and stories of Scripture.

So I began this book as a skeptic, fearing, among other things, that I would be reading arguments that were not persuasive to me in support of a practice I was already sold on.

What I found instead was perhaps the finest written guidance I have yet encountered for discerning sense of the meeting. The authors nimbly weave together the inward, spiritual component of seeking God's guidance with helpful descriptions of the outward behaviors that enable us to discover that guidance. In concise, lucid prose, illustrated with modern-day case studies and stories from the
Bible, they discuss the attitudes, skills, and steps that help us to find God's leadings for us as meeting communities.

The three authors manage, somehow, to keep their center of gravity balanced at the intersection between our spirituality, our emotions, our reason, our human limitations, our religious desire to be guided by God, and our hope to be effective in a practical way—at the very juncture where we operate as whole, complex, broken, and gifted people. And they manage to do it at just the right length (short). There was no section in the book where I wished they had said more or less.

A sample passage addresses what, in my own terminology, would be described as "not getting personally attached to our own ideas": "We freely bring our words and ideas to the group in obedience to God's prompting. We do not know or care how the offerings might be used in God's service, for we have given them away. If our ideas should happen to become a central part of the group's discernment, we can be thankful but not boastful. If they fade into the background, we are equally thankful, for that which replaces them has taken on more enduring power and usefulness. If they turn out to be wrong or not useful, there is no shame for putting them on the table for consideration. Sometimes God even uses a wrong idea to move the group to a new way of conceptualizing the way forward."

Early chapters speak to us as communities of individuals seeking unity, and later chapters speak to meeting clerks. I was especially impressed by the practical wisdom in a short section addressed specifically to "weighty Friends" on how to be a good steward of one's influence. Also very well handled are the concept of a "discernment portfolio," a section on doing one's "homework" for business meeting, and a very good discussion about "waiting."

I would recommend this book for use by all Friends, especially clerks, regardless of the flavor of Quakerism they practice. If your meeting library has room on its shelves for only one book about Friends decision-making, this one would be a good selection.

—Che! Avery

Che! Avery is a member of Goshen (Pa.) Meeting, is director of Quaker Information Center in Philadelphia.
The Quaker School at Horsham celebrated the construction of its first classroom building while observing its 25th anniversary with Horsham (Pa.) Meeting. With 14,000 square feet of space that includes classrooms with adjoining break-out rooms, a library, and a media/technology center, the building, located on five acres provided by Horsham Meeting, is a first step in the development of a campus for a school housing in excess of 33,000 square feet of space. Plans for future construction call for more classrooms, administrative offices, an art room, a workshop, an occupational therapy room, and an all-purpose room for large gatherings. Until now, the school held its classes in the meetinghouse and outbuildings of Horsham Meeting. The school currently has an enrollment of 68. Dedicated to the education, from pre-first through the eighth grade, of children with language-based learning difficulties such as dyslexia and attention deficit disorder, the school affirms in its mission statement that its purpose is "to provide specialized programs for bright students with diverse learning styles within a small caring community that embodies the Quaker values of integrity, equality, peace, and simplicity."—Conversations with Van Richards, Director of Development; <www.quakerschool.org>

In a single number, AFSC has calculated the financial magnitude of the Iraq War: $500,000. That is to say, this is what U.S. taxpayers are billed per minute—or $720 million daily. And this is without counting the lives lost on all sides, the grave injuries to body and mind, the consequences for the future of all families involved. The daily payout includes war debt interest, care of the wounded, replacement of equipment, and rebuilding Iraq. Far larger than these daily monies spent in Iraq are the long-term financial costs. The Congressional Budget Office recently estimated a cost of at least $1.2 trillion if U.S. troops are reduced to 30,000 in 2009. Other independent economists put the ten-year future costs at $1.5 trillion. As AFSC points out, none of these numbers include the world price of oil due to the enormous amount of fuel used daily by the military, nor to mention the drawdown of oil supplies and the contribution to greenhouse gases. Nor do they include the opportunity costs in the U.S. economy, that is, the things that thousands of members of the military and the skilled logistical engineers, scientists, technologists, etc., would be doing in the U.S. if they weren't occupied in the Iraq War. AFSC called on Congress to redirect the $720 million a day being spent on the Iraq War to programs that reduce poverty. About 36.5 million people—nearly one in
eight people, or 12.3 percent of the population—live in poverty; about 5.2 percent live in “deep poverty,” with an income less than one-half the poverty threshold. Recent Census data also show that median earnings of full-time, year-round workers declined for the third year in a row this year. —AFSC.org

Conscientious objectors from the U.S. military who are seeking refuge in Canada are being supported by the Canadian Friends Service Committee. The first war resisters arrived in 2004. There are now 42 known cases in Canada and unknown others living “underground.” The Canadian Federal Court of Appeal upheld a lower court ruling denying two COs refugee status, following refusal by the Immigration and Refugee Board [IRB]. They will appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada. If refused, deportation proceedings can begin. CFSC pledges “a robust period of activity in assisting the war resisters and securing their ability to stay in Canada.” All known resisters have been refused refugee status by IRB. CFSC is urging Friends to write the immigration minister and letters to the editor of Canadian newspapers expressing support for U.S. soldiers seeking refuge based on conscientious objection to serving in the war on Iraq. Find out more at <www.cfsi.quaker.ca>.

■ BULLETIN BOARD

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• December 4–7—Rwanda Yearly Meeting
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Raising Quaker Youth
continued from page 12

the same room!”

In September 2000 Newsday ran a featured story on us, “In the String of Things, TV Free,” by Paul Vitello. It followed a report by the FTC stating how the entertainment industry targets youth with sex and violence to consume products. Paul was fascinated with the fact that the girls grew up without a TV. He also noted in his article that “they sit for long periods of time in the company of adults, and don’t seem to mind. They seem like awfully nice, eye-contact-making, bright, interested kids.” Perhaps he should have come to meeting.

My daughters are now 20 and 23. They never fully realized that their lifestyle was so different from other people's until they entered the world of college, dating, and work, but by then they were already unique individuals. Unfortunately, we don’t attend meeting often because we travel and perform on Sundays, but Erica became an adult member and Annalee plans on doing the same very soon. Erica graduated this past May with a degree in Performing Arts, and also teaches dance and private fiddle lessons. Annalee is in her fourth semester studying Arts Management and works as a page at the library. At performances they often strike up conversations about how they were raised. The majority of the audiences always ask the same question—how did you decide to perform this kind of music and do it as a family—and the girls are only too willing to explain. This usually ends up with them giving their own interpretation of Quakerism and its influence on their lives. I often come across them in the midst of these discussions and am pleased by how they handle themselves. In their way they are influencing the people with whom they come into contact.

This is not to say they’re perfect. Anyone who thinks we don’t fight should be in the back seat of our minivan as we drive 13 hours to the next performance, or listen to Annalee whine about having to shorten her showers, or watch Erica toss a textbook down the stairs because she’s frustrated. But when I point this out, Erica answers that we may fight and annoy each other but it passes because we know we have something special.

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The Failed Experiment: Abortion and Women's Rights, Poverty and Racism

*Roe v. Wade* legalized abortion in the United States in 1973, so we now have experience to know what actually happens — rather than the speculation of what would happen that was common in the push to legalize. Before *Roe*:

It was predicted that poor women would benefit because they would not be burdened by unwanted children.

The feminization of poverty has increased since abortion legalization. Does abortion have anything to do with that? Studies suggest this is a possibility, due to an association with broken relationships, psychological difficulties, and substance abuse exacerbated by abortion, and the availability of abortions. For documentation, see http://www.fnsa.org/v1n3/strahan.html.

It was predicted that abortion abuse rates would go down as all children would be wanted.

In fact, child abuse rates have skyrocketed. The U.S. National Center of Child Abuse and Neglect reports around 167,000 cases in 1973, and by 1991 it soared to around 2.5 million cases. This is consistent with an alternative idea of what millions of abortions might do: that abortion might act as other violence does, by serving as a model, and by desensitizing.

It was predicted that legal abortions meant safe abortions for women.

Scandals continue at the assembly-line abortion clinics where most abortions are done (see http://www.fnsa.org/apaw/ch8.html). So do sexual abuses of women patients (see www.fnsa.org/apaw/ch7.html). Abortion staff must necessarily cultivate insensitivity to women in a state of high distress. Abortion doctors are still stigmatized, even from rigors of quality. Evidence suggests that post-trauma symptoms are common (see http://www.fnsa.org/apaw/ch2.html). Since those include emotional numbing and a sense of detachment from other people, it may be that it's not the legal nature of abortion that makes for poor medical conditions, but the nature of abortion, period.

It was predicted that women would have expanded choices in their lives.

What do we say to the man who says, "If my girlfriend is stupid enough to get pregnant, she's going down to the abortion clinic that afternoon"? Did we really think that attitudes of that kind would not be common among men of a sexually exploitative mindset? Or that employers would not regard a pregnancy as something to get rid of rather than to be accommodated? There are times when ready access to abortion actually reduces a woman's choices, as support to which she's entitled is withdrawn because of it. Sexism still abounds in our society, and it rears its head when people disdain women for being pregnant.

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Racism

"It takes little imagination to see that the unborn Black baby is the real object of many abortionists. Except for the privilege of aborting herself, the Black woman and her family must fight for every other social and economic privilege. This move toward the free application of a non-right (abortion) for those whose real need is equal human rights and opportunities is blemishing the social conscience of America into unquestionably accepting the 'smoke screen' of abortion. The quality of life for the poor, the Black and the oppressed will not be served by destroying their children."

- Emma Clardy Craven, African-American activist

"Population control is too important to be stopped by some right wing pro-life types. Take the new influx of Hispanic immigrants. Their lack of respect for democracy and social order is frightening. I hope I can do something to stem that tide. I'd set up a clinic in Mexico for free if I could... When a sullen black woman of 17 or 18 can decide to have a baby and get welfare and food stamps and become a burden to us all, it's time to stop. In parts of South Los Angeles, having babies for welfare is the only industry that people have."

- Edward Allred, millionaire abortion doctor, San Diego Union, October 12, 1980

"I cry every day when I think how horrible her death was. She was slashed by them and then she bled to death... I know that other women are now dead after abortion at that address... Where is [the abortion doctor] now? Has he been stopped? Has anything happened to him because of what he did to my Belinda?... People tell me nothing has happened, that nothing ever happens to white abortionists who leave young black woman dead."

- Belinda's mother, Mattie Byrd, in a letter to a Los Angeles district attorney, two years after her daughter's death in 1987: all deaths to which she refers are from legal abortions.

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Deaths

Collett—Wallace Tibbals Collett, 91, on May 9, 2006, peacefully, in Bryn Mawr, Pa., of respiratory failure. Wallace earned his way through college with a route of candy machines. After teaching in public schools for three years, he joined his uncle in Cincinnati in a fledgling company operating vending machines in the surrounding area. As president, he oversaw the company’s expansion, and in 1960 he helped found the Servonation Corporation, a publicly traded national food service company, chairing the executive committee of its board of directors. A graduate of Wilmington College in Ohio, he chaired the Wilmington College Board, was awarded honorary doctorates by Earlham College and Haverford College, and served on both of their boards of trustees. A long-time activist in civic organizations, Wallace was a founder and board member in Cincinnati of Housing Opportunities Made Equal and of Camp Joy, a camp for underprivileged children. As a member of Cincinnati’s City Planning Commission in 1953, he defended a bitter political fight the rights of a city planner who years earlier had been associated with a Marxist study group. The controversy became the central issue in elections to the City Council. He described this episode in his 2002 book, McCarthyism in Cincinnati: The Betman-Collett Affair. During the Vietnam War, he participated in mass demonstrations and vigils and led more than one delegation to the White House. He also led delegations to both South and North Vietnam accompanying relief supplies on behalf of American Friends Service Committee. He led Quaker delegations to China, the Middle East, and Central America. He was the chair of the AFSC Board from 1971 to 1979. A particular concern of his was war taxes, which he refused to pay for much of his life. He chaired the Friends Committee on War Tax Concerns and was a board member of the Campaign for a Peace Tax Fund. Back in Cincinnati, Wallace played an important role in the creation of the Museum Center at the Union Terminal and initiated a street tree program. He received an MA in English Literature from Haverford College in 1937, and wrote poetry throughout his life and published a collected volume of his poems, This Enchanted Moment. He also “painted” pictures, working with a typewriter and color. His 1982 picture, “They Fall Westward Toward the River,” has been exhibited recently at Friends Center in Philadelphia as a premonition of the September 11, 2001, attack. His work has been exhibited for several years in the Bryn Mawr Mile of Art show, in which works of local artists are displayed in the shop windows of Bryn Mawr merchants. He lived in Rosemont, Pa., and was a member of Haverford Meeting. Wallace was preceded in 1987 by his first wife of 50 years, Carrie Hudson Collett. He is survived by his wife, Stella Miller-Collett; three children, Jonathan, Jane, and Stephen Collett; twelve grandchildren, and numerous great grandchildren.

Hale—Walter Samuel Hale, 73, on November 25, 2006, in Oakland, Calif. Walter was born in 1933 in Washington, D.C., and attended school in Alexandria, Va., and Albany, Calif. After serving two years in the U.S. Army and earning a degree in Business Administration in 1957 at University of California at Berkeley, he worked as a transporta-
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Walter loved to travel and was interested in the
economics of transportation. He was a founding
member of the Sacramento Railroad Museum and
a keen observer of California's water projects. His
hobbies included hiking and photography. During
his retirement he lived and attended the Placer
Museum and Society in Berkeley, Calif., and led a politically active life,
including service on the City of Berkeley's Envi­
ronment Advisory Commission. Walter was a
member of Berkeley (Calif.) Meeting. In spite of
serious mobility and transportation problems,
served on Peace and Social Order, Environment,
and Nominating Committees and attended meet­
ing for worship regularly. Berkeley Meeting recalls
his compassion and his affable nature.

Hardy—Wilberta Maudy Hardy, 85, on December
23, 2006, in Lancaster, Pa. Berta was born on
March 21, 1921, in New Haven, Conn., to Chester A. and Mabel Cartland Moody. Berta attended Concord, N.H., High School, in the
same class as her future husband Arthur Hardy, and
they graduated in 1938. Berta attended Swarthmore
College, where she majored in biology and
minored in chemistry, graduating in 1943, while
Arthur went to the University of New Hampshire.
They married in 1943 and moved to Lan­
caster. From 1943 to 1949 Berta worked as a chemist at Armstrong Cork Company, then
and minored in chemistry, graduating in 1943,
while Arthur went to the University of New Hampshire. They married in 1943 and moved to Lan­
caster. From 1943 to 1949 Berta worked as a chemist at Armstrong Cork Company, then
and moved to Lancaster. They attended the first
church they attended in Southern Tenant Farmers
Union. In 1934 she began working with the Southern Tenant Farmers Union in
Mississippi, one of the nation's first racially inte­
grated labor unions. She and her colleagues were
threatened and chased by the Ku Klux Klan. Evel­
ynn's first introduction to Quakers was when she
attended University of Mississippi, where one of
her professors was Mike Yarrow, a Quaker. She had
a close friendship with Mike and his wife, Mar­
garet, and was invited to live with them and care
for their young children for a year. Evelyn left the
sharecroppers union in 1940 and moved to
Knoxville, Tenn., where she worked for the Inter­
national Ladies Garment Workers Union. She lat­
er moved to New York, where she married David
Munro in 1945. In 1946 she moved to Pasadena,
Calif., and worked as a secretary for Pacific Oaks
School. In 1949 the Munro family relocated to
Ann Arbor, Mich., for David's study at University
of Michigan, and they attended Ann Arbor Meet­
ing. Before long they moved to Chicago, where
they were part of 57th Street Meeting. When
the civil war in Nigeria began in 1967, Evelyn
and David and two of their girls lived there, and Evelyn organized a small multiracial nursery school. She
and David were also in Cuba at the beginning of
its revolution, returning to California in 1959. In
the early 1960s, when Orange County (Calif.) Meet­
ing was just getting started as a preparatory meeting in
a Costa Mesa nursery school, the Munro family
came in as one of the founding families. Their
children were among the first in the Orange
County Meeting. When Evelyn passed away in
1970, she left behind a legacy of love, compassion,
and dedication to the cause of peace and justice.

Munro—Evelyn Smith Munro, 92, on February 16,
2007, at home under the care of her three daugh­
ters. Evelyn was born on March 15, 1914, and
raised in New Orleans. In 1934 she began work­
ing with the Southern Tenant Farmers Union in
Mississippi, one of the nation's first racially inte­
grated labor unions. She and her colleagues were
threatened and chased by the Ku Klux Klan. Evelyn's first introduction to Quakers was when she
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Friends Journal November 2007
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November 9-11: Relationship Enhancement for Couples, with Joan and Rich Liversidge
November 23-25: An Advent Retreat, with Ken and Kathleen Bartlett
November 30-December 2: Untying the (Knots) that Bind Us: Releasing Our Creative Selves, with Jan Phillips

December 7-9: Awakening the Dreamer, Changing the Dream, with Andrew Branzovitz and Hoisey Knowlton
December 8-10: The New Year Open Heart, Peaceful Mind, with Valerie Brown (Ino Karr) and 20th Century Music, with Karl Middelman

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