KEEPING IT SIMPLE:
WOMEN AND DEVELOPMENT IN SENEGAL

ON BEING A CATHOLIC QUAKER

MARY FISHER:
MAIDSERVANT TURNED PROPHET
Gaining a New Perspective

This past Christmas, my younger son, Matthew, traveled to Ecuador to enjoy visiting a Latin American country and to celebrate the holidays with his girlfriend and her family, who have relatives living there. Each of my three children has traveled abroad more than once. My daughter, Susanna, holds the record, having visited a total of 15 countries in Europe, Central America, Asia, and the South Pacific, living and working in two of them. She discovered her passion for encountering new cultures and making friends from other countries while she was a student at McGill University in Canada, gaining the perspective of a foreign student by becoming one herself.

I’m very grateful that my children have been able to travel to other parts of the world and to experience and appreciate firsthand the differences between cultures. I know that they are not alone in this desire to travel, as I enjoy hearing from my friends discussing their own children’s travels, from our interns here at the JOURNAL, and from young people at my meeting about the many educational and service opportunities that young people are pursuing abroad. Most of these youth are not wealthy by U.S. standards. Those I know work very hard to save the money for their trips and to find ways to travel inexpensively so that they may have the experience of seeing the world and meeting its peoples. I find real hope in this increased desire to reach out beyond our borders that seems to be affecting more young people today than ever.

In this issue Amelia Duffy-Tumaz, a young adult Friend from Green Street Meeting in Philadelphia, offers an extended reflection in “Keeping It Simple” (p.6) on her time spent in Senegal as a researcher into the effects of microfinance on the lives of village women. Education is a two-way process, and in this case, the researcher came to conclusions that stood her assumptions acquired in North American classrooms: “Packing my bags to return to Dakar a few weeks later, I came across a photo... that reminded me of the greatness of the lessons I would carry home with me. The individualized paradigm of income with which I had arrived here had obscured the villagers’ essential lesson; their wealth was not in the coins in their pockets. Rather, it was contained in their knowledge of what it meant to be a team player.” Amelia Duffy-Tumaz experienced firsthand how women in impoverished conditions support each other so that all may survive, and even thrive. They are rich in social capital far beyond their expectations. Such knowledge points to deficits in our own ways of doing things, and begins to build a roadmap for us of ways to improve our own culture, if we are open to that learning.

Newton Garver, in his Viewpoint article, “FWCC and Affluent and Impoverished Friends” on p.4, reflects on similar economic disparities, not from the point of view of economic development, but rather regarding how these disparities are now affecting communication and interaction among the worldwide body of the Religious Society of Friends. Through his own travel to Bolivia during the past nine years, he has come to deeply appreciate how much mobility and face-to-face interactions influence our ability to know and appreciate other Friends across our cultural divides, and he is concerned that those who live in economically marginalized situations not be barred from engaging with and ministering to those of us who live in affluent circumstances. I share his perspective that we have much to learn from each other. I believe that finding ways to bring us together to know each other in the Spirit, and in person, is important not just to Friends, but to the future of humanity, as we enter an era of increasing scarcity, and the need for ever more generosity of spirit. We in North America have much to learn from those in “developing” countries.
Features

6 Keeping It Simple: A Memoir about Women and Development in Senegal
Amelia Duffy-Tumasz
While teaching microfinance, she learned that villagers have their own system already.

10 On Being a Catholic Quaker
John Pitts Corry
He yearns for reconciliation between his two spiritual “parents.”

14 Mary Fisher: Maidservant Turned Prophet
Marcelle Martin
A 17th-century Quaker traveling minister, she visited the Sultan of Turkey.

20 Quaker Quest
Mary Jo Clogg
This is a new and growing program for Quaker outreach.

Poetry

13 Searching Silence
Robert Daubenspeck
Breakthrough
Sunshine E. Branner

19 An Extended Musical Metaphor
Christopher B. Fowler
Peace Offering
John Grey
The World Is Your Oyster
Karl Chamberlain

Departments

2 Among Friends
4 Forum
5 Viewpoint

FWCC and affluent and impoverished Friends

22 Earthcare
How to talk about Earthcare

25 Books
28 News

Developments in Friends United Meeting

33 Bulletin Board
34 Milestones
44 Classified
46 Meetings

Front cover photo by Werdok Werdokarian

Friends Journal February 2008
Is this ad appropriate?

I'm writing as a long-time FRIENDS JOURNAL subscriber, and I enjoy and appreciate it very much. I was, however, stunned by the advertisement which you ran on page 55 of the November 2007 issue. The viewpoint promoted feels like propaganda, very political, and certainly doesn't represent what I understand to be the views of the majority of Friends.

I hope you will reconsider placing such advertisements in your fine magazine in future issues. I'm not opposed to discussions, and am open to other viewpoints, but the space given to this extreme point of view, via a paid ad, doesn't seem appropriate.

Diane Proctor
Baltimore, Md.

An objection to an ad

I am writing this letter out of concern for the publishing of the paid, full-page ad, from a non-Quaker, pro-life group, Consistent Life. This ad appeared in different forms in October, November, and December. Facts and descriptions related to abortion can be presented back and forth by groups on each side of this issue. I am old enough to remember when abortions were illegal, and the gross descriptions given in the November issue are similar to what was taking place with most abortions in the times before abortions were legal. Abortions took place in unsanitary conditions, back rooms, etc. At least since the passage of Roe v. Wade, women do have a choice, and can be seen in hospitals and by certified physicians.

I have no objection to the JOURNAL accepting articles, letters, Forum discussions on the topic of abortion. I do object to the JOURNAL accepting paid ads, from Consistent Life, whose membership, listed at their site, are all pro-life groups, most of which are non-Quaker.

I wish to make sure that the JOURNAL accepts and publishes articles, letters, or Forum discussions from, and about, non-Quaker, pro-life groups. In the future, I wish to limit the number of articles, letters, or Forum discussions that are written by non-Quakers.

Heather Head
Charlotte, N.C.

We need compassion

I was appalled to see the full-page ad by the groups opposed to abortion (E) Nov.

2007, p. 55). We need open and loving listening to each other, not entirely one-sided positions. Worse, some of the background material that is referenced in the ad is junk science as any good researcher will notice. For example, in the piece by Thomas Strahan on the feminization of poverty, trends in poverty rates for female-headed households and in repeat abortion rates are presented. But we cannot infer causation from correlation. And there is a major selection effect of women who have repeat abortions. To minimize both the first and repeat abortion rates, we need much more available contraception (e.g., in school clinics) and emergency contraception. We need compassion with each other on the matter of abortion, not propaganda from one side or the other. Friends Committee on Unity with Nature (now Quaker Earthcare Witness) spent three years laboring to produce a pamphlet on abortion, and I recommend it to Friends (“Toward taking away the occasion of abortion”); available at <www.quakerearthcare.org>.

Stan Becker
Baltimore, Md.

A query about the use of a photo

I just received my November 2007 issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL, and am loving it as usual. Thanks for such a great publication!

I was struck this morning as I was reading a favorite blog, titled "Mom is Teaching," when I realized that the photo at the top of her entry this morning is the exact photo (uncropped and in full color) that is used in that issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL on page 7.

The website and photo can be found at <http://www.momisteaching.com>

I don't see a copyright notice on either copy of the photo, so I can't tell to whom it belongs, so perhaps it's a public domain photo and just a funny coincidence that I happened to be reading both publications within a day of each other. But just in case one or the other of you owns the rights and they are being accidentally violated, I thought I'd bring it to your attention.

Please continue producing such a wonderful publication. I devour every issue!

Nancy Gideon Clark
Baltimore, Md.

FWCC and affluent and impoverished Friends

The October issue on the 70th anniversary of Friends World Committee for Consultation was a wonderful celebration of how Friends came together over the course of the past century, and it gave me both pleasure and insight to read how members of the Central Executive Committee and the staff and Executive Committee of the Section of the Americas came to Quakerism. By crossing boundaries, FWCC has served us all nobly. Alleluia! Amen!

Whether it is an organization for the 21st century is not so clear. "We" are far different now, as are the main divisions and diversities, and the issue of money is a different sort of problem than before. When I survey these differences, I see that FWCC is addressing some of them and seems steamed by others.

Margaret Fraser's "A Snapshot of Friends in the Americas" gives a good picture of who "we" are now, as opposed to then. I find it helpful to use geographic tools—namely the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn—to help see the picture more clearly. The magnificent three-page photograph along the bottom of pages 7-9 shows that in 1952 Quakers worldwide (or at least those attending the gathering) were overwhelmingly from outside the tropics. Looking at the figures in Margaret's "Snapshot," on the other hand, we see that today Quakers worldwide are overwhelmingly within the tropics. It is not that Quakers have moved from temperate zones to the tropics but rather that it is a very different group of people who are Quakers today. This is a sea change, and it is to the credit of FWCC that this change receives much discussion and searching consideration at FWCC offices and gatherings.

One reason this change is important is that incomes and standards of education and welfare are vastly greater outside the tropics than within them. In the past decade I have made eight trips to Bolivia, but no Bolivian Friend has been able to

February 2008 FRIENDS JOURNAL
make half that many trips to the U.S. On my most recent trips I have stayed at a hotel in the capital, La Paz, three blocks from Plaza San Francisco, which is at the head of the Prado and just three blocks from Plaza Murillo, where one finds Parliament, the Presidential Palace, and the cathedral. So my hotel is central. My room has hot and cold running water and a shower, with breakfast and free Internet included. In September–October 2007, my bill for 14 nights (plus a half day) came to $122. In major cities in the United States or Canada—and certainly in London, Berlin, or Vienna—it would be difficult to be able to pay so little for one night in a central location with equivalent amenities.

The point is that some Friends’ incomes go a very long way in the tropics, and others’ incomes do not go very far at all outside the tropics. Details differ, but the factor is somewhere between 10 and 20 to one—a huge difference.

So now, at the beginning of the 21st century, the main division among Friends is not between Hicksites and Orthodox or between Gurneyites and Wilburites or between evangelicalists and others, but between the affluent and the impoverished. Quakers outside the tropics are affluent, and those within the tropics are impoverished. Although other divisions are not completely healed, it is this division between the rich and the poor that is the greatest challenge to Quakers today.

How does this affect FWCC? There are two immediate consequences for its finances. First is that the average per capita income of yearly meetings that participate in FWCC has dropped dramatically in real terms. The second is that Friends from outside the tropics can still afford (in most cases) to pay their way to plenary conferences, but Friends from within the tropics cannot. These two consequences have a direct negative impact on FWCC staff and the program. Unless income from outside the tropics is increased to make up for the shortfall from within the tropics, staffing and essential staff travel will have to be curtailed. And with the huge and increasing number of Friends within the tropics unable to afford international travel, there seems no way to continue to rely on huge plenary gatherings as the high point and focus of fulfilling the mission of having Friends meet face to face and heart to heart across various boundaries.

Not a word that I have said is news to staff or committees of FWCC. On the contrary, it has been the subject of searching and reorganizing for a decade or more. Recently the response has been different in the World Office and in the Section of the Americas office.

In the World Office the crisis came to a head two or three years ago when reports showed that the Office had exhausted its reserves. The decision was then made to cut senior staff in half (from two to one), a bold step that now seems to assure that the World Office will be able to continue its essential functions for the foreseeable future, while rebuilding its reserves. Nancy Irving deserves kudos for managing this turnaround with confidence and a consistently upbeat spirit.

Part of the reason for the confidence of the World Office is that it can look forward to increased income from the Section of the Americas (SoA), by far the richest section of FWCC. Each year 25 percent of the SoA budget is sent to the World Office. Therefore the World Office benefits from SoA having taken the opposite approach to a similar string of budget deficits. Rather than cut staff, Margaret Fraser and the Executive Committee of SoA launched a campaign, which is on target to reach its goal of $2,000,000–$2,500,000 at the end of 2007. Margaret, especially, deserves admiration and deep thanks for having seen this opportunity and acted on it.

Assuming the success of the campaign, however, two big problems remain. One is that it is uncertain that the campaign will have boosted reserves enough to overcome the huge drag on finances of the decline in the average real income of Quakers. Given the growing financial wave, may not deficits likely begin climbing again, if the shape of the budget and programs remains constant? The other problem is that even with finances in order, the SoA remains out of touch with very many of the Quakers identified as within its area—including the largest yearly meetings in both Guatemala Yearly Meeting, with about 15,000 members, and Santidad, the Bolivian Holiness Friends Mission, with about 12,000 members. (Margaret notes in her article “Why Does (or Doesn’t) FWCC Do That?” that “there are just a few, mostly some Evangelical and Holiness yearly meetings” not affiliated with FWCC, but since in SoA they include the two largest yearly meetings in the hemisphere, it amounts to very many Friends.)

I have just returned from my eighth trip to Bolivia, staying (as usual) just two weeks, and it is only about Bolivia that I am qualified to speak. In the two weeks I met more than 100 Bolivian Friends, sometimes on their turf, sometimes in an office or auditorium. On the second Sunday I was invited to give a message in a large Evangelical Quaker church. About half the Bolivian Friends I met were members of Santidad, whose yearly meeting is not affiliated with FWCC, and about a third were women (who seem never to represent Bolivian Friends at annual meetings of SoA.) In the six annual meetings of the Section that I have attended, I have not had a small fraction of the quantity and quality of face-to-face meetings with Bolivian Friends that I had in these two weeks.

The last four or five of my trips to Bolivia have been in connection with the work of the Bolivian Quaker Education Fund (BQEF), of which I am founder and president. It is one of three Quaker organizations unaffiliated with FWCC about which I wrote in “The Aspirations of Andean Quakers” (FJ Feb. 2007). I have experienced much more “face to face and heart to heart” contact with Bolivian Friends through these organizations than through FWCC. BQEF opens doors to such contact through opportunities for volunteers to assist in Bolivian Quaker schools and to facilitate (in Spanish) both AVP and FCE workshops (12 volunteers and 4 facilitators in 2007 alone). And to my mind the Testimony of Equality is approximated more fully through BQEF than through FWCC, since our staff, our scholarships, and our workshops are gender balanced, whereas the leadership of the yearly meetings (and hence the representatives to the annual meetings of the Section) are almost exclusively male.

This is not to disparage or discourage the work of FWCC. I have contributed (modestly) to the current Campaign for SoA and hope that the Section finds ways to flourish in the 21st century. But for that to happen, something more than its current programs will be required to bridge the chasm between the affluent and the impoverished that divides Quakers today. May the Light shine upon young people who find new ways to travel, new ways to be in touch, new ways to use video-conferencing and other technologies still to be developed, new kinds of workcamps—a whole spectrum of imaginative devices to further the mission of bringing Friends together in the 21st century.
A Memoir about Women and Development in Senegal

by Amelia Duffy-Tumasz

As usual, I was the first to arrive at headquarters that morning in Dakar. Familiar with the lassitude that ticks Senegal’s clock, I wondered when I would slow down now that I had chosen to be part of a team. As the other researchers arrived, fear and excitement converged. I went to the bathroom to fix my hair as if grooming would make imminent change less overwhelming.

With three colleagues, I was ushered into a white SUV that would take us to unknown Kedougou, a largely rural region over 350 miles away from the capital. We were going to study a microfinance project that provided women with new tools to save and autonomously manage their money. Like theories praising markets and businesses as the crux of poor women’s emancipation, lassiez faire was the name of the game as rush hour thickened with near accidents and taxis beeping frustration. As we finally picked up speed in the open countryside I dozed off, soothed by a sense of purpose and the illusion of a linear trajectory.

A few hours later I awoke abruptly to the car’s screeching turns; the driver was navigating around potholes with varied success. The smoothly paved road had deteriorated into sand pits surrounded by patches of blacktop. At first I joked with my colleagues that we were on a bouncy amusement park ride. But the novelty quickly passed. That morning I had set out with a mental image of women with microfinance-funded sewing machines saving the world, eradicating poverty one colorfully designed garment at a time. But as I reconsidered that notion of development, I wondered how much change women could catalyze when facing structural problems like virtually impassable roads. While I valued the human contact that grassroots initiatives involved, the challenges that micro-entrepreneurs faced when transporting their goods to more profitable, outside markets were very real. Expanding access to financial services was important, but after my arduous voyage common goods like roads seemed like priorities worthy of investment too.

The First Meeting

We drove to the village of Niemenike, which would be my home for the next six weeks. Our hosts welcomed us into the courtyard of the Imam, the Islamic leader’s family compound, where the microfinance group members had been waiting. As everyone got settled, a project administrator from Dakar commented that the group’s trainer, Mariama, could have gotten a basketball scholarship to the States. Over six feet tall, Mariama hopped off her motor cycle and confidently shook our hands, striking me as a fish swimming by summarizing their saving and lending rules. Mariama translated our questions about money management into the local tongue. In awe of the dialogue that Mariama was facilitating, I pledged to work towards such fluency.

The Imam wrapped up the meeting with a community prayer, and then the group president, Fatou, presented the research team with a clucking chicken as a token of the women’s thanks. One of my senior colleagues, Nabil, jumped in right away and declared that we could not accept the poultry offering. Mariama countered that gift exchange was a tradition we should respect. Nabil insisted that we couldn’t “let tradition kill the villagers.” Accepting the gift would further impoverish the community our project was trying to help. Fatou argued that it was a gesture that recognized all that the microfinance program had brought to the village, but Nabil still refused. In the end, we compromised that Mariama would take the chicken home. I was embarrassed as the team drove away, covering the women and me in a cloud of dust. Left to learn about the village’s economy and to make the best of my simple surroundings, it would be the first of several encounters I experienced that were full of good intentions and cultural misunderstanding.

Adaptation

Without running water or electricity I adopted the villagers’ habit of rising and retiring with the sun, eventually establishing a routine that worked for me. About two weeks into my stay, I was wrapping up an interview when my host mother rushed in to announce that I should accompany her to the fields. At first I refused but at her stubborn insistence we headed out together. The sun was already burning in the sky at the outset of the two-mile trek. Not used to such heat, I became dizzy and faint. I detached from the discomfort, and arrived in the fields like a zombie too exhausted to speak. I sat under a large tree where older women tended to babies who were too little to be far from their mothers’ breasts but too big to be strapped onto their working backs.

February 2008 FRIENDS JOURNAL
In the distance there was a large group of people steadily picking cotton in the fields. I became angry with my host mother for turning my perfectly productive morning into physical depletion. After a few sips of water I managed to gather my strength to head back home. As I walked I resented my host mother’s seemingly provincial behavior. Maybe there was some truth, I thought, to this idea of village backwardness that development experts bought into when they spoke of helping poor women from their air-conditioned offices back in Dakar.

Determined to get back on track the next morning, I ploughed forward with a new appreciation for the difficulty of women’s work. At the same time, unexpectedly, villagers were more open to my presence. At that time I attributed this change to the mere passage of time. My work progressed, and I gained a deeper sense of what I was looking for. From my interviews, I was surprised to learn that women tended to share small loans with their family members instead of directly investing in small business activities. While main-
stream microfinance logic emphasized individual financial benefits and empowerment for female borrowers, such community dispersal showed that at least in this rural setting women preferred to invest in their social relationships. Theory was not translating into practice. Not yet able to put the pieces of the development puzzle together, I started to doubt the fruits yielded from the microfinance field I had learned to idealize back at home.

Eureka in the Cotton Fields

Like art critics who cannot paint, I worried about not being able to do that which I was studying. Interviews were fine for report writing, but I wanted to participate in daily life as well. A woman named Niary propelled me to action when she invited me to a kile, a day of collective work. Her neighbor needed help harvesting her crop, and Niary's job was to spread the word that a day had been set aside for the community to work together. She would pick me up on her way to the fields the next morning. I was nervous as I went to bed since I had been so fatigued the last time I had attempted to pitch in.

The next morning I rose early with the first rooster's crow and waited, but as the sunrise burst into the sky and faded into soft morning streaks of light, Niary still did not come. I sliced gooey okra for my family's lunch as I waited to join the next woman going to the fields. Soon one who could have been my grandmother passed by. Having exhausted our shared vocabulary through greeting exchange, we didn't talk much as I skipped after her in the bush, impressed by this woman's sprightliness.

We arrived in the fields just as the sun started to heat up. There were at least 25 women and a handful of men already hard at work. They were surprised to see me tie a scarf around my waist to gather the cotton I had only read about in history books on American slavery. Bent over picking prickly flowers, my mind rested for the morning as I got into the collective work rhythm. As the sweat poured down my back, a mental snapshot of my mother gardening in our Philadelphia backyard reminded me how far I had traveled to arrive at this precise intersection of space and time. I did not feel displaced, but very much at home.

For lunch, 75 people hunched around shared bowls of rice and bitter vegetables. Hard mint candies sweetened the transition back to the afternoon's labor. Just as I thought I could not work anymore, the women started singing softly. A few voices unfolded into a spontaneous chorus thanking each individual who had come to work that day. My throat tightened to hold back tears when I realized the women were including me in their song. I had actually managed to grasp membership in their group if only for a moment. Women broke out into electric dance circles, with legs flying and hands clapping that made me dance like no one was watching. My personal ambitions quieted. I was one only so far as I was part of a whole.

Walking back to the village at dusk, I hummed the call and response melody I had just learned. Clinging onto my assumption that self-interest motivates people to act, I asked my host sister what the payoff was for her presence in the field. “Other than the delicious lunch?” she joked half-seriously. She then explained the implicit bargain made when she volunteered a day's labor in her neighbor's field. In the future when she was in need, the owner of the cotton crop harvested today would return the favor. The same went for everyone else who had attended. It turned out that the social solidarity I had observed was rooted in the villagers' indebtedness to one another. Why I had instinctively felt bad about the chicken incident my first day in the village suddenly clicked. Like those who had volunteered for the workday, the women's group president had been trying to invest in her future. Embedded in the gift had been a contract: in accepting, the development organization would have agreed to continue its work in the village as repayment. In refusing, we had sent the message that our work relationship was on unsteady ground. Flipping forward
through the pages of my stay, I also saw why my host mother had insisted I go with her to the fields that hot morning a month before. She had been playing diplomat, knowing that if I publicly volunteered my labor the women would feel obligated to contribute to my *toubab* (white person) version of a cash crop. After all of my petty fuming, my host mother had helped me cultivate the gift-exchange relationships that made my interviews so successful. Through a web of reciprocal favors that was continually being spun, these villagers managed to find ways to put self-interest to work for the common good. Now that was a grassroots enterprise worth writing home about.

**Back on the Road Again**

Packing my bags to return to Dakar a few weeks later, I came across a photo of the women dancing in the fields that reminded me of the greatness of the lessons I would carry home with me. The individualized paradigm of income with which I had arrived here had obscured the villagers' essential lesson; their wealth was not in the coins in their pockets. Rather, it was contained in their knowledge of what it meant to be a team player. Microfinance loans, along with any other development project, could only be understood in this context of social solidarity. While my research supervisors were concerned with how small loans generated personal income, women borrowers valued sharing whatever money they received with their family and friends. It was a choice between accumulating individual income and building community wealth.

Development turned inside out for me. Back in the West there was an excess of material resources that, incidentally, bought our harvested cotton at an unthinkably low price. But despite the fact that many of these women were living on much less than $1 per day, they were not needy victims by any standard. Instead, their quality of life was unquantifiable and harder to explain. I was ashamed that I had ever entertained the notion that the villagers were "backward." Subsistence farmers certainly had their challenges, but their system for sharing was the most progressive and productive around.

Though my hopes for microfinance were still dampened in the face of broken infrastructure like roads, I focused on the positive. The microfinance project I had come here to study employed young people like Mariama, the village animator. It also created opportunities to travel for people like me. While I was still unsure of the exact financial benefits for women participants, such projects opened doorways for people from different backgrounds to work together. Perhaps the women said it best when they presented us with the gift we did not appreciate—they valued the program and wished for it to be a part of their lives. At least one thing was clear; I would not have traded my experience for all of the world's riches. That kind of empowerment is simply not for sale.

To this day, the women's song echoes the message that debt orders social reality and that everyone has something to contribute. Yet some days I worry that what I am doing to repay my teachers is not enough for the harmony they nurtured in me. On other days, this frustration acts as a productive force that pushes me forward. So, in solidarity with Niemenike, its brave women and their struggles, I write this knowing that words can only go so far when unaccompanied by action. Still, words are a beginning as I search for my next opportunity to act.
Thirty years ago, driving home from a Catholic charismatic prayer meeting, I heard the inner words, "I want you to become a Catholic." I protested that I was already a Quaker, that my Catholic friends in the Body of Christ were happy with me as a Quaker, and that it would upset my wife, Betty, who'd had enough trouble getting used to my Quaker peculiarities. But the voice persisted; and eventually, after taking instruction, I became a Roman Catholic. About the same time, Dick Taylor, a friend and long-time Quaker activist, was also baptized into the Catholic Church. After withdrawing his membership from his original meeting because he could see it was causing unrest, Dick was invited to join an other meeting, which he gratefully accepted, becoming a full member of both faith communities. That's two of us. With Drew Lawson, another friend and an Australia retreat center founder, poet, and spiritual director, that makes three Catholic Quakers (or Quaker Catholics) I know of.

The issue for us isn't about dual membership and the precedent we might be setting. In each case it's been about being faithful to the leading of the Spirit and listening to the Inner Voice.

For years I have not been led to say much about my dual allegiance. I've been a Quaker among Catholics, not hiding but not pushing my other faith community. (The faith itself is about the same: same God, same voice, same love for the sisters and brothers and the wider world.) I've also tried to be an unobtrusive Catholic among Quakers. When I'm in my plain Quaker meeting I find solace in the stillness and ways of God in Quaker practices. When I'm in a more elegant, more cluttered Catholic church with saints, processions, feast days, sacraments, and the like, I'm also at home. Of course I puzzle over the differences, feeling like a child torn between divorced parents. For 29 years I've gone back and forth between two homes, honoring the customs and sensibilities of each but at times my heart aches as I endure their separation, a separation that by now is second nature for them. Each is happy with its own life, and the two faith traditions are generally polite and sometimes cordial when they meet for common projects; but something in me yearns for reconciliation between these estranged and beloved "parents." I've lived in two worlds, been nurtured in two spiritual homes, and I can live with that if it's God's will and the best we can do. I've lived with it this long and I can certainly continue.

But after 29 years I don't think it is God's will, and I don't think it's the best
we can do. In short, I don't believe the problem is with Dick, Drew, and me. I don't think it's a question of our having to decide where we belong. Nor do I think it's a question of our having to decide where we belong. Nor do I think it's an organizational or a dual-member problem, but a deeper one that emerges only as the Holy Spirit is allowed to express its will for the relationship between the two groups. I don't think in do not have any special ecumenical wisdom of the theological differences, the different histories, the differences in doctrines and practices. Just tell me what you experience. Why are you a Catholic?

Remembering my last visit to church a few days earlier, on Ash Wednesday, I blurted out, "Because I can cry in church, which I can't do in Quaker meeting. I can cry for my sins, for the sins of the Church, for the sins of the world."

"Why there and not in Quaker meeting?"

"Because I kneel in church. On my knees I can look up and see my savior portrayed in front of me on the Cross. I know it's just paint and wood, but he's still there. I sense he listens to my tears; he cares for my sorrows; he understands my confusion. After the singing, the prayers, the readings from Scripture, and receiving the presence of Jesus in bread and wine, I sit back in my seat and I am so grateful. My heart again weeps, but now it's tears of joy and thankfulness. I offered God everything I had when I came in, and God responded to my need and the needs of a bleeding world I carry with me. I can't say 'bleeding' among my Quaker friends, but Catholicism allows room for that. Catholicism doesn't insist I use passionate language, but it's available. The Church is my mother. It lets me be a little boy again. It cares for my infirmities. It lets me sin, and it forgives me when I ask for forgiveness. Quakers don't mention sin very much.

"I can celebrate in church, God and Jesus first of all; and also Mary, the saints, and one another. I don't have to ponder the nature of the Deity to endlessly wrestle with how much of Jesus is Divine—if any—and how much is human. That's been settled before we come into worship together."

Jay interrupted me again, "And why are you a Quaker?"

"Because Quakers listen for the words of God. They wait for the voice that spoke to Abraham and the prophets to speak to us as well. Catholics don't do that. In church I hear God's word through Scripture and I receive God's body and blood in the blessed sacrament, but I don't hear prophetic utterance, where God uses everyday English to tell us God loves us, and wants us to change this or that, or do this or that. When I leave meeting I've heard what the Spirit wants to say to us. If Catholicism is my mother, Quakerism—with its prophetic voice when it is used properly—is my spiritual father. All the rest of my experience of Quakerism flows from that voice: the pacifism, concern for injustice, etc. I go to Quaker meeting to listen in stillness for God's presence, and occasionally God's very voice, articulated for us by one imperfect Friend or another."

It comes to me now that Jay might have asked, "What do Friends share with Catholics that gives them a reason for coming together?" I answer to myself...
that when I worship with Catholics I experience the same Spirit I do in an unprogrammed Quaker meeting. When I worship in church I know I'm in a holy place because God is present in the bread and wine that I receive in the blessed sacrament. Even without the sacrament, God is present in the gilded box above the altar—or, more often, since Vatican II, on the side. That's what makes church holy for me; Jesus is always there. In Quaker meeting a group of people sit quietly in an unadorned room for an hour waiting on the Spirit of God to nurture their souls in silence and periodically to speak to the whole body. We expect God to be with us in silence and in the spoken ministry. An old painting shows "The Presence in the Midst" with Jesus as a comforting figure lightly etched among the bowed heads of the assembled gray-clothed Quakers. Knowing that this figure—the Inner Teacher, Christ—is still available in our worship makes our meetinghouse, like a Catholic church, a place where I expect God to find me. Churches and meetinghouses are sacred places for me, places where Wisdom reveals itself in a special way.

I am also drawn to the value both traditions place on the lived life. As a young Quaker I read the journals and testimonies of notable Friends: George Fox, William Penn, John Woolman, Thomas Kelly, and others. The lives of Margaret Fell; Mary Dyer, the Quaker preacher martyred in Boston; Bayard Rustin, the gay black civil rights activist from the 1960s; and especially David Richie, founder of Philadelphia Weekend Workcamps, my first boss, and Douglas and Dorothy Steere from my days at Haverford all told the story of Quakerism for me. Catholics, of course, have all those wonderful saints: the scruffy beggar, Francis; cloistered Clare; nomadic Patrick and Columban; Martin of Tours; Philip Neri, the holy fool of Rome; Teresa of Avila (my favorite); Dorothy Day; Mother Teresa; and Catherine of Siena, scolding the young Pope Gregory XI when she felt his leadership was misguided. It wasn't just what you believed, it was what you did that counted; and I felt at home in the common tradition that valued putting faith into action.

I felt both traditions were utopian in their aspirations. Both honored the eventual coming of God's peaceable kingdom, as a spur to present action. If Jesus was Lord, then Caesar, or any political authority, was not. If the peaceable kingdom was God's will for the creation, then nationalistic lions, who'd savaged another in bloody rages of tooth and claw, would have to learn new lamb-like ways. Swords would have to be beaten into farm implements; enemies would have to reconcile. If theologians like Augustine and Aquinas wrote survival manuals for Christians trapped in an ongoing "winter" world, the saints were impatient for the coming of spring. Patrick and the inescrutable Celts, wandering saints, Francis, Clare, Dorothy Day, and a host of others couldn't wait to begin living out the kingdom on Earth. Like the snows of Oklahoma they crossed the starting line early to occupy the promised land before the whistle blew: They hungered for a new creation to supplant—to complete—God's flawed first creation.

In addition to being drawn together by a love for God, the saintly life, and God's coming kingdom, Catholics and Quakers share an appreciation of stillness and contemplative prayer. While Mary of Bethany in the Gospels, if she were alive today, might settle easily into silence in a Quaker meeting, her restless sister Martha might gravitate to one of American Friends Service Committee's peacemaking projects. In a Catholic setting the rich drama of the mass might resonate with Martha, while Mary is on retreat at a Norbertine hermitage in Albuquerque. I find my Quaker friends often cherish the contemplative resources of the Church, while a Norbertine priest friend, echoing the sentiments of many Catholics I know, tells me if he were not Catholic he would be a Quaker.

There are differences between my divorced spiritual parents, Catholicism and Quakerism (not, I think, insurmountable in light of the calling to be one body, one faith, one baptism, under one Lord). One is plain; the other fancy. My Quaker "father" is a plain-speaking man, with simple ways. He has few close friends. He lives on the edge of the human family, admired yet suspect for donning old armor to tilt at windmills. My Catholic "mother," living near the center of town, is more festive and outgoing; she entertains a plenty of friends and acquaintances. She keeps an elaborate, even cluttered house. Hospitable to the point of pandering to the public, ignoring at times the radical demands of her founder, her ways are less direct, more nuanced, more convoluted. She can appear austere and forbidding, grounded in archaic dogma and ritual presided over by a patriarchal royal court. (A "mother" church run by men—a prime example of convoluted Catholic logic.) On the other hand, my spiritual father is egalitarian, delegating authority, and values doing over doctrine. One parent, numbering well
SEARCHING SILENCE

Elijah stood upon the mount and the Lord was not in the great strong wind and the Lord was not in the earthquake and the Lord was not in the fire. The Lord was in the still small voice and Elijah heard.

Jesus, saying not a word, but speaking with his finger in the drifting sand points all our vision inward with, “Let him without sin cast the first stone.” The silence speaks, we turn.

How filled with peace. How spirit like, to sit with eyes half open or half closed, reflecting through the heart to that inner realm where dwells the truth.

The time of searching silence is the mouth of God.

Robert Danbuespeck

When Friends in Moscow recently designed a postcard to share the message of Quakerism, the 17th-century Quaker they chose to portray was not George Fox or Margaret Fell. Rather, it was the servant Mary Fisher. The image on the card shows the silhouette of a young woman in a long skirt and a cap. Swirling around are her thoughts as she responds to the idea that she can turn directly to her inward teacher, Jesus Christ, and do God’s prophetic work.

“Even a serving maid?” she wonders.

Mary Fisher was a 27-year-old indentured servant when George Fox came and preached in the house where she worked. All members of the Tomlinson household—master, mistress, children, and servants—were touched by the spiritual power coming through the prophetic young man and convinced of his radical message. Mistress Tomlinson soon thereafter went through the streets of Selby preaching, and her servant, Mary, was equally inspired. Mistress and servant were only two of hundreds of women in the first decades of Quakerism who shared the message by preaching in public places or by publishing writings. However, Mary Fisher was among the most ardent and gifted of the early Quaker traveling ministers who were often called the Valiant Sixty. She became a pioneer in taking the message to Cambridge, Barbados, and Boston, and she was the only one to deliver it personally to the Sultan of Turkey.

Illiterate, like most women of her class in that time, Mary became a living testimony to the Scripture of Joel 2:28-29: “In those times I will pour out my Spirit and they shall prophesy.” Quakers saw the spiritual and charismatic power that was poured upon their movement as fulfillment of this Scripture that all could be given the gift of prophecy, even those of the lowest social status. Full of prophetic powers himself, George Fox had been traveling from town to town in his leather clothes and straw hat, preaching, among other things, about the call to live in the same spirit and power that had moved the prophets and apostles. He didn’t read prepared sermons, but waited until moved inwardly to speak or pray; then he seemed filled with the Holy Spirit, with an ability to bring his listeners into contact with the same divine power that was inspiring him. Like the Hebrew prophets, Fox preached the need to reform every aspect of life, starting with the forms of worship but extending to decent wages for servants, care of the poor, and legal justice for all.

Fox encouraged all to likewise become prophets and modern-day apostles, women as well as men. Fox and the early Quakers countered the widespread use in church and society of the few passages in Paul’s letters that tell women to be silent in the church and not to teach, pointing to other passages by Paul that affirm the spiritual equality of women and men and that make reference to women teachers, deaconesses, and prophets. Scripture clearly allows that the gift of prophecy can be given both to men and women. By defining their preaching as prophecy—words given them by God or Christ to speak—early Quaker women ministers claimed not only that their ministry was from a divine source, but also that it was supported by Scripture. Women as well as men were worthy vessels and could be inspired to speak just as the prophets and apostles had been. This message liberated...
women to exercise spiritual gifts and minister in powerful ways, out of their own direct spiritual experience, speaking and writing with spiritual authority. One of Fox's first spiritual insights was that it was not a seminary education that qualified a person for the ministry, but rather "Christ that made his ministers and gave gifts unto them."

**Her Imprisonment in York**

Mary Fisher's story is recounted by Mabel Richmond Brailsford in *Quaker Women 1650–1690*. After her conversion, the young servant woman quickly started proclaiming the Quaker message. She chastised the local priest and was promptly arrested and thrust into York castle prison. The dungeon was a horrible place, but being imprisoned there was a blessing for her; she spent a year there in the company of some wise and loving fellow Quakers, including Elizabeth Hooton, Jane Holmes, and Thomas Aldarn. They became mothers, sisters, brothers, and teachers to Mary. Together they worshiped, told their spiritual stories, shared experiences of proclaiming the Truth, discussed Quaker beliefs, and encouraged each other's faith. In *Elizabeth Hooton: First Quaker Woman Preacher 1600–1672*, author Emily Manners quotes a letter by Thomas Aldam, about a joint appearance of the Quaker prisoners before a magistrate: "My sisters was made to speak in great boldness at the Bench against the deceit of their corrupt laws & governments & deceitful priests." His letter continued, "We are kept all of us in great freedom in these outward bonds, & the Lord is present with us in power; to him alone be praises for ever and ever."

Elizabeth Hooton and Jane Holmes took it upon themselves to teach Mary Fisher how to read and write. Her first written sentence was: "Woe now to the unjust judge." She criticized the justice system that meted out harsher punishments to the poor than to the rich. When three horse thieves in York prison were condemned to hang to death, Mary wrote a letter to the judge which is quoted by Phyllis Mack in *Visionary Women*: "Thou doth ... contrary to that in thy conscience which tells thee thee should not put any to death for the creature. ... Lay it to heart and let the oppressed go free. ... Written by one who desires the good of all people Mary Fisher prisoner ... who cryeth for justice and true judgement without partiality." Perhaps influenced by Mary's letter, the judge granted a reprieve to two of the three thieves.

As the Quakers saw it, the religious system in their time was as oppressive as the justice system. People were not being taught about the presence of divine guidance available to them directly, but instead...
told to look only outwardly to priests, Scripture, prayer books, and rituals. They felt this imprisoned the seed of Christ within people and that the whole system of seminaries, state Church, and mandatory payment of tithes was counter to the will of God. In the English social system, oldest sons inherited all the land and most of the money. In order to have a stable income and respected profession, many younger sons, even of wealthy families, chose to become ministers, even if they had no natural inclination for it. Quakers spoke of such men as “hireling priests.” The five Friends imprisoned in the dungeon of York castle all signed a tract entitled, False Prophets and False Teachers Described.

Preaching in Cambridge

In the fall of 1653, after being released from the York prison, Mary Fisher felt called to travel southward to Cambridge, one of the two university towns where young men received a seminary education. Elizabeth Williams, 50 years old, felt called to travel as a partner or “yokemate” to Mary, who was still in her 20s. These two slowly made their way southward, walking from town to town and spreading the Quaker message: a sharp condemnation of all they believed contrary to the Spirit of Christ, including empty rituals and corrupt practices, and an invitation to be taught and guided directly by the Spirit of Christ, or the Light, which they could find by looking into their own conscience. Some nights Mary and Elizabeth may have found shelter in the homes of people interested in their message. When no welcome was extended, they stayed at a public inn along the way, paying out of the modest supply of money they carried. They were trying to follow the advice of Jesus to his disciples: travel in pairs to share the good news and take nothing extra with you. They experienced Christ as traveling with them, the bridegroom he had described himself to be. He had suffered persecution for Truth’s sake, and they were willing to suffer with him, if necessary, to bring the good news that Christ could teach each person directly.

Friends had not before ventured to take the radical Quaker message to England’s seminaries. The story of what happened when Mary and Elizabeth reached Cambridge is told in Joseph Besse’s A Collection of the Sufferings of the People Called Quakers, Vol. 1. The two women found themselves in front of Sidney Sussex College, the seminary favored by Puritans. Speaking boldly, the Quakers denounced the intellectual preparation for paid ministry taught in the college. The privileged young men gathered around them in astonishment; they had been taught that scholarship was necessary to confer the special power needed for the profession of ministry. Women were forbidden to preach or teach, yet here were two plain, uneducated females preaching to them and claiming that the seminary system was not in keeping with God’s will. In a spirit of frivolity, the youth laughed, made fun of the women, and asked stupid questions. This provoked even more fiery condemnation from Mary and Elizabeth, who felt emboldened in their stature as modern-day prophets. The women began to use stark and shocking images typical of religious debate at that time, telling the young men that “they were Antichrists, and that their College was a Cage of unclean Birds,” a reference to Babylon from the Book of Revelations. Unable to answer these shocking charges, some of the students ran to complain to the mayor that two women were preaching.

The mayor came with a constable, who asked Mary and Elizabeth questions designed to prove they were in violation of the old Elizabethan law for the “Punishment of Rogues, Vagabonds, and Sturdy Beggars,” a law recently revived in order to provide the legal means to punish traveling Quakers. When asked where they had spent the previous night, the women answered that they had paid for a room in an inn. When asked their names, they answered that “their Names were written in the Book of Life.” When asked their husbands’ names, they responded that “they had no Husband but Jesus Christ, and he sent them.” These answers so outraged the mayor of Cambridge that he called them whores and issued a warrant for them to be whipped at the marketplace “till the Blood ran down their Bodies.” Mary and Elizabeth kneeled down in front of him and, in imitation of Christ at his crucifixion, prayed for God to forgive the mayor, “for he knew not what he did.”

As they were led away, the two Quaker ministers prayed aloud for God to strengthen their faith. The executioner demanded they take off their clothes. When they refused, their upper garments were ripped off and they were stripped naked to the waist, their arms pinned in the whipping post. According to Besse’s account, the constable “executed the Mayor’s Warrant far more cruelly than is usually done to the worst of Malefactors, so that their flesh was miserably cut and torn.” Convinced that they were sharing the suffering of Christ, for his sake, the Quaker women received spiritual strength to endure this abuse with fortitude: “The Constancy and Patience which they expressed under this barbarous Usage was astonishing to the Beholders, for they endured the cruel Torture without the least Change of Countenance or Appearance of Uneasiness, and in the midst of their punishment sang and rejoiced, saying: ‘The Lord be blessed, the Lord be praised, who hath thus honoured us, and strengthened us thus to suffer for his Name’s sake.’” It was December. They washed the blood off each other’s torn flesh afterward, with icy water from the marketplace fountain. No witnesses dared offer any sort of aid. Cold and bloody, the two women were rudely accompanied to the edge of town. They told the bystanders to fear God, not human beings. “This is but the beginning of the sufferings of the people of God,” Mary proclaimed. It was the first time that Quakers had been publicly flogged, and her prediction of Quaker suffering to follow proved all too true.

Violent and unjust public persecution sometimes brings about spiritual transformation in witnesses. As Brailsford tells, the justices of Cambridge later drew up a testimony to repudiate having had any part in the savage deed: “These are to give notice to all Men, that none of the justices of the Town had any hand in this barbarous and unlawful Act, saving Mr. William Pickering, Mayor.” One of the
These two were physically and verbally abusing the worshipers. vicious persecutors of Quakers, young Quaker women, both named came, he was invited to hold a meeting in the home of a subsequent mayor. Many of the seminary students, however, continued to be vicious persecutors of Quakers, entering meetings for worship and violently abusing the worshipers.

Six months after Mary Fisher and Elizabeth Williams took the Quaker message to Cambridge, two very young Quaker women, both named Elizabeth, felt God leading them to preach a similar message in Oxford. These two were physically and verbally assaulted with shocking violence by seminary students before being whipped by the authorities. Fifteen-year-old Elizabeth Fletcher never recovered her physical or emotional health, and died within two years. Mary Fisher’s experience at Cambridge left scars all over her back, but her experience, unlike young Elizabeth Fletcher’s, seemed to strengthen her. While the two were being whipped, Mary and her companion had felt a powerful sense of being upheld by the Spirit and companioned by Christ, a feeling overriding and outlasting the pain of being whipped.

Her Second Imprisonment

After preaching in Cambridge, Mary did not return to her employment at the Tomlinson household. Though she was an indentured servant owing years of service, the family had released her for travel in the ministry. She went to bring the Quaker message to her hometown, Prestefret. There she was arrested for speaking critically to the priest and put back in York Castle prison, where two of her previous Quaker companions were happy to welcome her back. For a while Mary was able to pay the fee to share a private cell with fellow Quaker Jane Holmes, but when Mary’s money ran out, she was put in the large common room, where 60 Dutch soldiers, prisoners of war, were crowded together with many others unable to pay for a private cell. Because the soldiers were making rough sexual advances on Mary, Thomas Aldam offered her money to pay for a private cell. But like other Quaker ministers of her time, Mary had been learning experientially about the transforming power that can be released in accepting suffering in the cause of Truth. What she did next was a kind of ministry not taught in seminaries of the time; sensitized now to the inequality in which prisoners with money got better quarters than those with none, she refused Aldam’s gift.

Touched by her suffering and her witness against injustice, Aldam felt God speaking to him, telling him to give away his own money, with which he had been paying for a private cell for himself. When he, too, was put into the common hold with Mary and the Dutch prisoners of war, his sacrifice made such an impression on the rough soldiers, as well as on the unfriendly jailers, that the abuse of Mary Fisher stopped. In a letter to Margaret Fell quoted by Brailsford, Thomas Aldam recorded the change he saw in her: “She is much grown in the power since her last imprisonment.”

Travel to Barbados and Boston

In 1655, at age 30, Mary Fisher felt called to take the Quaker message across the ocean to the Puritans in Massachusetts. Once an illiterate maid-servant, she now was an experienced Quaker traveling minister. She burned with the desire to share as widely as possible the liberating news that the Light of Christ is present to each person directly, without need for intermediaries. With 50-year-old Ann Austin, mother of five children, as companion, she boarded a ship for the long voyage. They stopped on the island of Barbados and spent some months preaching and converting many to the Quaker faith, both wealthy white people and enslaved Africans, seeding a Quaker community on an island that was to become an important stopping point for Quakers traveling to the North American continent.

In July 1656, Mary and Ann sailed into Boston harbor on the Swallow. Their trunk contained 100 Quaker books and pamphlets. However, virulently anti-Quaker tracts written by Puritan ministers in England had preceded them across the ocean. The leading Boston government officials and ministers were convinced that Quakers were dangerous heretics who should not be allowed to infect the colony with their ideas. One of the women said “thee” to an official on board ship, thereby identifying herself as a Quaker. Mary and Ann’s luggage was searched. Their books and tracts were seized from their trunks and declared to contain “Heretical and blasphemous Doctrines, contrary to the Truth of the Gospel here professed among us.” The Quaker literature was burned in the town marketplace.

The women had violated no law, but nonetheless they were escorted directly to prison for being Quakers. Boston had begun executing women for witchcraft, including the sister-in-law of deputy governor Richard Bellingham, who now ordered that the two women be stripped “stark naked” and their bodies searched for signs of the Devil. Ann Austin said she suffered more trauma from that search than from giving birth to any of her five children. Fortunately, neither woman’s body contained a strange mole or other irregular mark that would have served as justification to condemn her to death.

To prevent communication with any townspeople, their prison window was boarded over, and they were deprived of their writing materials. They were given no food. A Boston citizen, an old man named Nicholas Upsall, felt compassion when he heard they were being starved, and he bribed the jailer five shillings a week to be allowed to send in food for them. Somehow the women were able to reciprocate by giving him the spiritual food he had been hungering for. Nicholas Upsall became the first Boston convert to Quakerism. Before being banished from the colony for his protest of the treatment of Quakers, he would befriend and also save the lives of subsequent groups of Friends who arrived.

Mary Fisher and Ann Austin were the
first of a flowing stream of Quakers led to what was soon called "the lion's den." After five weeks, they were taken out of prison and put back on the Swallow for its return voyage to Barbados. The shipmaster was ordered to take them back at his own expense. Only two days later, a boat called the Speedwell came into Boston harbor carrying eight more Quakers. In Barbados, Mary and Ann spent several more months holding meetings and preaching Quakerism to receptive listeners.

Visit to Turkey

The Quakers wanted to spread their message throughout the world. Having been a pioneer in taking the Quaker message to Cambridge, Barbados, and Boston, Mary Fisher was ready to travel to places where she didn't speak the language, starting with Holland. Then she began to hear that God wanted her to take the message as far east as she had gone west, all the way to the man considered by most Christians to be the most evil and dangerous person on earth: the Sultan of Turkey. The Turkish pirates and armies were fearsome and known for ruthless cruelty, even to their own people. Nonetheless, Mary felt moved to share the liberating Quaker message directly with the Sultan.

Six Friends joined together to travel to Turkey: John Perrot, John Luffe, and John Buckley from Ireland, and Beatrice Beckley, Mary Fisher, and Mary Prince from England. Both Marys had traveled to Boston and endured prison and punishment there. Except for Perrot, who knew Italian, none spoke a foreign language. Trusting God, they set sail from England in the summer of 1657, traveling south along the coast of Europe then through the Straits of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean Sea. Most likely they worshiped and prayed together daily. The English Agent at the Italian seaport of Livorno was kind, and they were befriended by a French merchant who interpreted for them. Their preaching to the local people was met with hostility, except for one group of Jews they visited in the local synagogue. John Perrot was called before the Inquisition, but eventually the party was allowed to sail.

In Smyrna, Turkey, Luffe preached publicly to the local Turks and Jews, and was received with much hostility. The English Consul was kind but opposed the Quakers' plan to visit the Sultan, certain it would do no good for English relations with the Turks. He tricked them into getting on a ship headed toward Venice. Mary Prince remained behind a few weeks, returning home to England via a later boat to Venice.

It must have been with heavy hearts that the five Friends on board ship saw the coast of Turkey vanish in the distance, their mission not yet accomplished. The call to deliver a message to the Sultan had been like a steady drum beating inside Mary for over a year. She didn't see how her God-given mission could be thwarted by the trick of an English Consul. As they headed north in the Ionian Sea, the ship encountered a terrifying storm. A fierce wind brought them back south and Mary Fisher begged the Captain to pull into port on the island of Zakinos. There Mary, Beatrice, and John Buckley got off the boat. John Perrot and John Luffe, however, decided to continue to Venice. Once there, they traveled to Rome, where they were imprisoned by the Inquisition. After an interview with the pope, John Luffe was condemned for heresy and hanged. John Perrot was put into a madhouse, where he spent three years before being released.

Meanwhile, on Zakinos, Mary, Beatrice, and John Buckley had different ideas about how to travel to the Sultan. Buckley wanted to sail to Istanbul (Constantinople), while Mary thought it best to travel toward Edirne (Adrianople). A tale was long told that Mary traveled alone on foot across the Peloponnesian Peninsula, through the Greek mainland and Macedonia, crossing the mountains of Thrace. It is possible, however, that Beatrice accompanied Mary for part of the distance from Zakinos to Edirne and that they may have taken a boat around Greece before traveling by foot. In any case, Mary was the only one of the original party of six known to arrive in Edirne, where the Sultan was camped.

Meeting with the Sultan

In a history of Turkey at that time, Paul Rycaut, Consul of Smyrna, described impoverished and fearful peasants who nonetheless would give a humble and warm welcome to strangers who proved harmless. Though Mary did not speak the language, she traveled safely through territory considered treacherous.

In late spring 1658, about a year after leaving England, Mary arrived at Edirne, where the Sultan and 20,000 of his soldiers were camped in 2,000 tents. The lofty tents of the Sultan and his Grand Vizier in the center of the encampment were magnificently luxurious. In her plain dress, much worn from a year of travel by boat and foot, Mary Fisher, aged 35, walked toward the center of the tents. Her efforts to find an introduction to the Sultan were frustrated. Standing behind the Sultan at every public event was his executioner, sword in hand, ready to quickly remove the head of anyone who caused the Sultan displeasure. Should Mary and her message not find favor with the young man who ruled all Turkey, she and anyone who had introduced her would lose their heads.

The Sultan of Turkey, Mahomet the Fourth, was then in his late teens. His armies were under the direction of the Grand Vizier, Kupruli the Elder. In five years of government, Kupruli had caused 36,000 people to be strangled for not entirely submitting to his authority. A

Continued on page 41
We are called to be instruments of the Lord
Even as some instruments are made
Through being chiseled and gouged,
Their insides burned out and hollowed.

Some are hammered and bent,
Melted
Transformed
Then plunged into freezing water.

Some are complex mechanisms
Needing many steps to complete;
Some no more than skins stretched
To enclose air.

And then their voice is heard
Through being spat into,
Beaten,
Plucked at and hammered.

And Oh, the sheer beauty of the sound!

**Christopher B. Fowler**

Christian B. Fowler lives in
Point of Rocks, Md.

**PEACE OFFERING**

Have the life I live from day to day.
I’ll even throw in the most quiescent
of my dreams.
I would gift the morning to you as well,
were the chirping birds, the budding trees,
mine to give.
Take the far, docile hills
and the slow winding stream.
The glistening lake, of course.
And the sky, wide and blue and serene,
by day,
a twinkle of invention by night.
Here’s my heart.
It loves what it must
but means no harm to what it doesn’t.
And here’s my mind,
no thought so vivid
that it cannot be calmed.
Let’s start with the people, the surrounds,
and go on from there.
Each encounter is a ripple
to who knows what shore.

**John Grey**

John Grey lives in Providence, R.I.

**THE WORLD IS YOUR OYSTER**

This material existence is the rough exterior;
Within
lives the gentle, tender, loving flesh
that protects the radiance of the pearl.

But listen! The shell and the pearl are the same
in that they are the secretions
of the living God,
and all three are One.

God lives within,
without, and all around you. Beloved,
the world is your oyster.

**Karl Chamberlain**

Karl Chamberlain is on death row in Livingston, Texas. His execution by the State of Texas is scheduled for February 2.
by Mary Jo Clogg

What exactly is Quaker Quest? This question arose time and time again at the FGC Gathering, where it was making its first appearance among North American Friends. In fact, the participants in the Quaker Quest workshop challenged themselves to one-minute answers to this question, in the pattern of the one-minute replies to questions about the Quaker way that we had been practicing. It was a good discipline in clear thinking and plain speaking, and the appropriate length to answer a casual query in the lunch line.

What Quaker Quest is can be answered fairly easily. But why Quaker Quest exists is in many ways the more interesting question, and one that goes more deeply into the issues of spiritual revitalization on which the movement is based.

Why Quaker Quest?

So, why Quaker Quest? In the Religious Society our numbers are falling, our members aging, and in many meetings Friends are feeling a need for spiritual renewal and a fresh welling of the Spirit. We believe that this is why Quaker Quest has met such an enthusiastic reception throughout Britain, and now elsewhere in the Quaker world.

Quaker Quest is based, firstly, on our strongly held belief that we in the liberal Quaker tradition have a valuable gift to share; and secondly, that there are a great number of people who would benefit from it—both those actively seeking a religious home and those who are perhaps unaware that they are seeking at all. We believe that we’ve found a way of sharing this gift that enriches both the seeker and those of us who are engaged in the sharing.

Quaker Quest presents our Quaker message as being “simple, radical and contemporary.” It is simple in our practice of worship, our theology, and, in theory at least, in our organization and business methods. It is radical in its theology, in its assertion that we can all have a direct experience of the Divine, and that in our meetings for worship there can be a mystical communal experience of God.

But it is perhaps the contemporary aspect that we should most stress. We offer a way forward for those many people who are aware of the nudgings of the Divine but who, in the 21st century, are simply unable to accept the trappings of creed, theology, and ritual that have accrued to Christianity over the centuries. We can say to these people: “Come, join with us in seeking an understanding of the promptings of love and truth in our hearts. Find your own way of expressing it, grow along with us.”

But it is only by finding words that we can issue this invitation to strangers; we need language, simple and clear, to communicate our faith experience with non-Quakers. Of course we can and should “let our lives speak,” but this can only happen for those with whom we or our work comes into contact. Our lives can’t speak to all those who have never met a Quaker or never heard of Quakers or who, if they have, associate them with oatmeal and funny hats.

And we believe that every one of us has the potential to express his or her experience of the Divine. Traditionally, many unprogrammed Friends have managed to avoid finding words to communicate our faith. The combination of silent worship and lack of creeds (and perhaps apathy?) has in many cases left us tongue-tied. When driven into a corner and forced to speak, we have a habit of expressing Quakerism in negatives: we have no creeds, no hired clergy, no outward sacraments, no liturgy, etc.

But these are all very positive aspects of our faith, and surely we should express them as such. Why not say that the absence of creeds allows each individual to express his or her experience of the Divine in a way that is meaningful to him or her? And not having to subscribe to the mythology of Jesus’ life leaves us free to concentrate on his message, and then try to live by it. We should stress that we are all clergy, that all life is sacramental, and that silent worship leaves room for the Spirit to speak to us directly.

What is Quaker Quest?

In short, Quaker Quest is perhaps the longest-running Friends outreach movement in modern times, having occurred weekly in London since January 2002. It began there then as a celebration of 350 years of Quakerism, and we felt very ambitious indeed in attempting a yearlong series of weekly sessions open to the general public. At the monthly meeting where the idea was presented, wise heads shook in cautionary gloom; we shouldn’t attempt that which we were unlikely to be able to sustain. A whole year? How would we ever manage?

Well, we opened our doors, in Friends House in central London, with great trepidation in January 2002. Would anyone come? Why would they come? Would they want to hear what we had to say? What would they be seeking after? Well, they did in fact come, and kept coming the following weeks and months, so much so that when our core group of 12 London Friends met towards the end of the year to lay the project down, we discovered that we couldn’t. We found ourselves unable to stop “publishing our truth” to the many seekers who had come to us; we felt truly called to continue for another year, and then another, and another.

We realized that we had discovered a

Mary Jo Clogg is a member of North West London Area Meeting, Britain Yearly Meeting. Formerly librarian of Woodbrooke Quaker Study Centre, she is still an associate tutor, occasionally leading training events for elders and overseers. She has been a member of the Quaker Quest core group since its inception, and she serves on the Traveling Quaker Quest team.

February 2008 FRIENDS JOURNAL
method of holding public meetings that really worked. We continued to refine the method by responding to the needs of the seekers who came to us, and then revising our sessions in our monthly core group meetings. Here are what we have learned are the essential elements of a Quaker Quest:

- **Session topics that speak to the seekers' condition.** Seekers are eager to learn about Quaker spirituality; they are looking for a context in which to realize their own sense of the Divine. People tend not to be seeking a deeper understanding of Quaker history, or the intricacies of our business method. For example, after a few months, we realized that we would have to have an entire session on our business method. For example, after a few months, we realized that we would have to have an entire session on our business method.

- **Presentations that are simple, concise, and brief.** There is always a panel of three presenters, all of whom speak from their own experience and from the heart. We are delivering ministry, not lectures. Having three allows a variety of approaches, and illustrates the diversity within the Quaker way—and our acceptance of diversity. No one is to speak for longer than six or seven minutes at a time. Finding a way to speak about the deepest aspects of our faith with clarity, openness, and sincerity in such a short time is not easy, but it concentrates the mind marvellously and is forceful in a way that can be lost in a longer discourse.

- **A repeating cycle of sessions.** Repetition is vital. Quaker Quest takes place in a planned succession of regular weekly meetings in one meetinghouse. Repeating the sessions allows those who have missed one to catch it later and—very importantly—allows those presenting it to become better at it. Seekers become comfortable with coming into the meetinghouse, and they are reassured by meeting the same Friends regularly.

- **Listening to the seekers.** We do this both in informal conversations before and after the session and in small discussion groups and a question-and-answer period within the session. We learn from them, they feel valued, and the evening becomes more of a conversation than a presentation. Long-term feedback from quakers has led us to hone Quaker Quest, both in method and in content. We need to answer their needs, not tell them what we think they might need to know.

- **Advertising as widely as funding will allow.** The program will be open to everyone, on the principle that anyone might be seeking. But people can only come if they know it's happening. It is important to advertise widely and persistently. The methods to use will depend upon financial resources and locale. But don't be tight! This is a good cause on which to spend money, a real investment in the future.

- **Stressing what we are today.** We speak about ourselves as 21st-century Quakers, about what our faith means to us in our everyday lives, and why it is important to us. We avoid not only Quaker history, but also all Quaker jargon and all reference to our structures and organization. Those who are drawn to us will discover all this in time; it is not what they are seeking after in exploring a new religion. They want to know why we ourselves are Quakers, what it means to

In all, in London we've held over 250 sessions, with an average of 18 seekers every week. In 2003 the first cycle out of London was held in Bristol. May 2005 saw the establishment of Traveling Quaker Quest, a group of Friends teaching the method to meetings around Britain. In the autumn of 2007 we knew of about 30 Quaker Quests taking place in towns and cities in Britain. They are also beginning in Australia, South Africa and, we expect, in the United States and Canada.

Friends often ask how many people have joined the Religious Society of Friends or become attenders because of Quaker Quest. We don't know. We don't follow up our quakers. To do so, we think, would be intrusive, and would also miss the point: our purpose is not to proselytize or convert, but rather to share our message.

We do, however, have anecdotal evidence of a strengthening of the Religious Society in numbers as well as the definite internal revitalisation we've all experienced. Some quakers from our early sessions are now speakers at Quaker Quest. One is clerk of one of the London area meetings, and others are active in other meetings. Quakers from London have been spotted elsewhere in the world, notably Australia and the United States.
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How to talk about Earthcare
by Louis Cox and Ruah Swennerfelt

Talking about Earthcare with Friends and other people of faith has been one of our main tasks since setting out on a six-month, 1,400-mile Peace for Earth walk from Vancouver, B.C., to San Diego, Calif., in November 2007. (Find out more at www.peaceforearth.org.) The message we carry is one of both warning and hope.

In 1992, some 1,700 of the world's leading scientists—including the majority of Nobel laureates in the sciences—issued an appeal entitled, "World Scientists' Warning to Humanity." They declared:

Human beings and the natural world are on a collision course. Human activities inflicts harsh and often irreversible damage on the environment and on critical resources. If not checked, many of our current practices put at serious risk the future that we wish for human society and the plant and animal kingdoms, and may so alter the living world that it will be unable to sustain life in the manner that we know. Fundamental changes are urgent if we are to avoid the collision our present course will bring about.

Since then, most responses to the growing environmental crisis have involved relatively modest changes in laws, technology, and education. While greater efficiency, greener technologies, and conservation are important things to work on, alarming trends in population, consumption, and ecological stress show that more basic changes are urgently needed. Ultimately, we need to learn a different way of living on the Earth. And how we live is a reflection of who we believe we are and what we see as our purpose in life. That is a spiritual matter, not a scientific one.

The good news is that new modes of thinking and living are sprouting up around the world today—not unlike Quakers' historic vision of the Peaceable Kingdom. Operating below the radar of the mass media are countless organizations and individuals who follow Mohandas Gandhi's advice to "be the change you want to see in the world." They are living out the dream of everyone living happily and healthily together without paying a heavy price in wars, injustice, and environmental deterioration.

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

Friends Journal February 2008

Learning from John Woolman

In carrying this message to Friends, we have also chosen to follow the pattern and example of John Woolman, who practiced a humble but effective style of communication in his traveling ministry to Friends some 250 years ago. Woolman was aware that his well-intentioned efforts to help Friends see the wrongness of slave-keeping—as well as the high living it supported—could backfire. An unfortunate choice of words might put his listeners on the defensive and render them incapable of hearing or understanding his message of love and reconciliation.

We find few clues in Woolman's Journal about what he actually said that opened so many Friends' hearts and minds, and ultimately moved them to disengage from the system of slavery. It is clear, however, that he approached these meetings with humility, having recognized his own shortcomings and having done all he could to remove the beam from his own eye. He acted with sincerity, not mincing words or hiding his true purpose. He also spoke with authority, as someone who had heard the voice of the True Shepherd and knew that the advice he offered was grounded in divine wisdom. Most important, Woolman acted with love, showing by his words and demeanor that he cared deeply about the happiness and well-being of everyone he met. He was no doubt mindful of the words of the Apostle Paul: "If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal." (1 Cor. 13:1)

Speaking for the Earth

Some current writings on the psychology of communication have given us insight into what made Woolman such an effective communicator. Historian Theodore Roszak, in his 1992 book, The Voice of the Earth, an Exploration of Ecopsychology, focused first on how not to mobilize the public around an urgent concern. For a number of years the once-powerful environmental movement suffered a backlash from various quarters for its supposedly anti-human agenda:

To some degree the ecologists have only themselves to blame for their vulnerability. Their habitual reliance on gloom, apocalyptic panic, and the psychology of shame takes a heavy toll in public confidence. ... The landscape has been balkanized into disaster areas. Scores of
groups compete for the public's attention and funds, each targeted upon a single horror.

Rozak's call for a more positive and less fragmented environmentalism seems to parallel the way Woolman expressed concern for slave owners' spiritual well-being, instead of pointing a finger of guilt and shame at them. He also seems to echo Woolman's conviction that slavery, war, and injustice were not separate issues but symptoms of a single, underlying spiritual problem. Rozak's conclusion seems to put into modern terms Woolman's tenet that "love is the first motion":

Is there an alternative to scare tactics and guilt trips that will lend ecological necessity both intelligence and passion? There is. It is the concern that rises from shared identity—two lives that become one. Where that identity is experienced deeply, we call it love. More coolly and distantly felt, it is called compassion. This is the link we must find between ourselves and the planet that gives us life. At some point, environmentalists must decide if they believe that link truly exists. They must ask where it can be found inside themselves as well as in the public, whose habits and desires we wish to change as only love can change us.

Seeking Truth Together

So, when we engage others about peace, justice, or ecological concerns, the challenge for us as Friends is to balance frankness with a hopeful vision for the future. This is particularly important when we are discussing controversial issues with those who may view the world through different spiritual and/or political lenses, or who may use different language to describe their understanding. We need to keep the channels of communication open by learning to "listen in tongues" and by being candid about the perspectives, belief systems, or personal experiences that may have shaped our own views.

We also need to be aware that what a person already knows about a given issue can stand in the way of assimilating new or different information. For example, deeply embedded in Western culture and modern economics is the assumption that we humans represent the pinnacle of creation, that we are licensed to subdue and control nature to satisfy our needs, that our happiness requires high levels of material consumption. There may be room for appreciating natural beauty and caring about certain other species, such as eagles, polar bears, and various pets, but little sense that the natural world has intrinsic worth.

A person who has grown up in this culture probably would have difficulty imagining life in a society that is governed by ecological principles. They would have difficulty re-imaging themselves as responsible citizens of the larger community of life. They would wonder how anyone could be satisfied with only "enough" possessions, "enough" money, or "appropriate" levels of technology. They might agree that many things are going awry in modern life and the natural world, but they would likely protest that it's too difficult or too late to change the way things are.

How would John Woolman try to get beyond such a wall of resistance? In the 18th century he preached simpler living as a way to avoid conflict about scarce resources and to help people center their lives in the Spirit. But the stakes have become much higher. Our survival today requires that we enlarge our world view to see that healing the Earth is integral to healing ourselves. Keeping in mind the ideas found in Woolman's Journal and in his major essays, here is what we imagine his loving response might sound like today:

Do you remember what it was like when you first fell in love? Didn't the world open up to all possibilities? Maybe you changed some of your habits, such as eating new foods or trying new experiences, or maybe even moving to another city. Did any of that feel like a sacrifice? Well, when we feel the love flowing through all of God's creation, we are more than happy to make changes in that relationship, as well. It doesn't feel like a sacrifice to live more simply so that others may simply live.

Woolman-inspired tips for talking with Friends about peace, justice, and Earthcare:

- Listen closely, with an ear for "where the words come from."
- Speak with humility and from personal experience.
- Show respect for differing perspectives.
- Speak your truth with love.
- Be prepared to be transformed.
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Light in Blue Shadows

Many years after the sudden death of her son, Jonathan, Edie Hartshorne shares her journey through grief—a journey of loss and consolation, filled with lessons about life, death, and life after death. With Light in Blue Shadows, she takes the reader through a symbolic year from a desolate winter to a rich harvest.

Hartshorne is eloquent and always deeply personal and honest. In reading scenes from the family's daily life after Jonathan's death, I felt as if I were listening in on a conversation around her kitchen table. In these conversations, she gently reminds would-be supporters that well-meaning questions like "How are you?" bring more pain than comfort. At the same time, she honors the strength and healing that come through friends willing to listen, to sit with the questions, to share memories, to cry together. Each brief section is an exquisite miniature of stages on the journey—a distillation of the essence of grief and healing. These daily life vignettes alternate as in a dream with letters to Jonathan in which the author pours out her sorrow and her questions about his death. Most of all, these letters radiate love: they are passionate, but never sentimental. One can picture a grieving parent dialing her son's work number to hear his voice on the answering machine or creeping through a gate to take one last look at his garden before his house is sold.

Grief in Light in Blue Shadows does not proceed through orderly stages or on a timing other than its own, as anyone grieving deeply will affirm. For the author, there is a constant back and forth between paralyzing sorrow and grace-filled moments while each member of her family tries to find his or her own path and pace in coming to terms with Jonathan's death. Shared one at a time, these brief chapters will be a solace to someone devastated by loss—they read like a visit from a friend who has "been there." Especially for parents who have lost a child, Hartshorne's gracious gift will be a balm. I would, however, hesitate to share this book prematurely with parents who lose a child to any form of violence. Hartshorne and her husband were able to use their anger early on to find answers, but some families will only find answers that increase their pain. For them, this book may have to wait a long time until finding peace actually is possible.

Whether one is grieving or comforting a grieving friend, Light in Blue Shadows is a much-needed reminder that this is a long and arduous journey—with no easy answers, no shortcuts. As Hartshorne sets out on the jour-
The Actor's Way: A Journey of Self-Discovery in Letters


Among Friends are a stalwart few who might call themselves Luddites, forsaking all but the most needed advances in technology that the modern day can offer. And within this group or perhaps among all Friends as well, you will find those for whom a handwritten letter remains a mark of a civilized society.

When was the last time you wrote a personal letter on real stationary with a liquid-filled pen? When did you last receive one? Is it still in your desk drawer? Would you ever think of sharing it? Will it be in your papers when your executor sorts through your belongings? In these days when e-mail and texting and blogging are the norm, corresponding in an earlier form can seem quaint. But for those who participate in this potentially deep and spiritual ritual, it is recognized for the gift of love that it is.

In this work of fiction, we see firsthand the power of sharing one's life through letters. A young man struggling through a difficult stretch in his life reaches out by letter to his ninth-grade drama teacher from his days at Wallingford Friends School. The teacher, now retired and living in "The Quad" in Swarthmore, responds lovingly but with equal amounts of compassion and rule-setting that help guide this young man out of his gutter and into the lane of transformation. Early on the young man, Andy, writes, "Your letter rocked my world." And his teacher, Alice, shares:

I so miss teaching. I embraced being the magical "Mom" for all of you. It was a role I cherished. Indeed, it was all I had, and I have been in deep mourning for it since it was taken from me almost seven years ago. You can tell bow badly I miss it by the ridiculous length of my letters. You embraced me at my minute foundling, and we bonded in a fiction, a fiction that sustained us both. And it's dawning on me as I write this, that it is my job, too, as well as yours, to create sustaining bonds in life, bonds that continue after the graduation, the retirement, the closing night.

For both, the correspondence enriches their lives in a way that looks to an outsider like divine intervention.

The author, Benjamin Lloyd, is a graduate of Yale School of Drama who has performed in New York and Philadelphia. As a teacher, he has experienced some of the difficulties with teaching others to act that characters in the book struggle to master. I am not a theater person, and reading some of the longer expanses of acting sessions and rehearsal detail was tedious, almost enough to have me toss the book aside. But I held on because the voice of the characters, especially Alice Jones, the drama teacher, is so beautiful with grit and light that I did not want to miss her wise counsel. Speckled with Quaker phrases and spiritual wisdom, her letters show a life of ministry in the arts that Friends might not be accustomed to naming.

For adult Friends across the age spectrum, this book is recommended reading. And I give a personal nod to the author for choosing letter writing as his vehicle for discernment and spiritual nurture. It is a Quaker way that not only actors can share.

—Peggy Spohr

Peggy Spohr lives in Indianapolis, Ind. She attends Friends in Fellowship worship group, "A Place of Quaker Theological Hospitality."

Universalism and Religions

Edited by Patricia A. Williams. Quaker Universalist Reader Number Two. 2007. 181 pages. $16.95/paperback.

This book, subtitled Quaker Universalist Reader Number Two, owes its existence to an informal gathering known as the Quaker Universalist Fellowship and its counterpart, the Quaker Universalist Group of Great Britain. Founded in 1982, QUF's mission is "to foster the understanding that within everyone is a divinely accessible spiritual light that can lead people to equality, simplicity, justice, and peace." The mission of the British organization is similar.

Seven early pamphlets of the British group were collected in book form and circulated as Quaker Universalist Reader Number One. Later, after 77 newsletter-journals of the Quaker Universalist Group and Quaker Universalist Fellowship had seen the light, editor Patricia A. Williams chose from them a selection of representative articles for Reader Number Two. Each article addresses some aspect of universalism and its connection with the religions of humankind, hence Universalism and Religions.

The five chapters of the new volume deal first with the general subject of Universalism and with the human quest for universals of all kinds. The text then goes on to look at Universalism's relationship with specific regions: Quakerism, Christianity, non-Christian religions, even a religion of doubt.

—Emily Conlon

Emily Conlon, a member of Abington (Pa.) Meeting, is a former member of the Friends Journal Board of Managers.

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Developments in Friends United

The reaffirmation of the Richmond Declaration of Faith by the General Board of Friends United Meeting has raised new concerns among some yearly meetings about their affiliation with FUM. The FUM Board action occurred last February while meeting as a Global General Board for the first time in joint sessions with the African General Board in Kenya. Representatives from 24 yearly meetings in East Africa and North America affiliated with FUM were in attendance, including 20 members of the FUM Board in North America and 65 members of the African Board. The North American Quaker process was followed during the sessions.

The recommendation that the Richmond Declaration be reaffirmed as the faith statement of Friends United Meeting came from the Identity Focus Group. This was one of four groups whose purposes were to review, with input from African Friends, plans for FUM administration, communications, evangelism, and identity. Also under consideration by the Identity Focus Group were concerns of New England, New York, Baltimore, Southeastern, and Canadian yearly meetings about the personnel policy of FUM, which requires FUM employees to be celibate except in marriage between a man and a woman. Other concerns before the Identity Focus Group were differences in theology, Christology, and spiritual authority, and understanding of Quaker history. The focus group had been seeking unity on these concerns since June 2006.

As for the FUM personnel policy, New England, New York, Baltimore, Southeastern, and Canadian yearly meetings, who also are affiliated with Friends General Conference, believe the FUM personnel policy discriminates against persons who may be gay, lesbian, bisexual, or transgender in sexual orientation. While some of their monthly meetings have urged withholding of funds and even withdrawal from FUM over the issue, the yearly meetings have hesitated to sever their ties with FUM completely. Baltimore Yearly Meeting has placed an intervisitation program to encourage dialogue with Friends in other yearly meetings. Southeastern Yearly Meeting has suspended its formal membership with FUM for two years after which, it proposes, if there is not resolution to the concern, it will then withdraw from FUM.

The issue of sexual orientation has been a cause of division among Friends previously. Thomas D. Hamm, in a paper, "Friends United Meeting and Its Identity: An Interpreative History," notes that homosexuality emerged as an issue in the 1970s. During the 1980s some monthly meetings were allowing same sex marriages. California Yearly Meeting refused to host the triennial session in 1984 if the sexual issue was even raised. In 1988 FUM limited employment to persons who refrained from sexual relationships outside of marriage between a man and a woman. The policy "outraged many Friends," Hamm writes.

In the context of the General Board meeting in Kenya, discussion by the Identity Focus Group of the sexual ethics issue concerning the FUM personnel policy experienced a new element—the strong condemnation of homosexuality by African Friends. "Those Friends who wished to reconsider the personnel policy experienced firsthand the full-throated opposition of Kenyan Quakers to any such discussion," the three representatives of New York Yearly Meeting stated in their report.

"Our laboring together was very difficult," the New York report continued. "The Africans wanted to resolve issues of theology, Christology, and source of spiritual authority by codifying a faith statement,... We were not able to come to agreement about how to structure a conversation about our different understandings of GLBT personhood and ministry."

Throughout the General Board meeting in Kenya, African Friends were adamant and vociferous in declaring homosexuality as being unbiblical. Among comments reportedly heard by Christopher Sammond, New York Yearly Meeting general secretary, were: "We don't have any homosexuals in Africa. We don't have that problem here," and "God made Adam. When he was lonely, God made Eve out of him. God told them to be fruitful and multiply. How are two men to do this?" The Bible makes it very clear that marriage is between a man and a woman. I do not understand why we are having this discussion." Then, according to the report to New York Yearly Meeting, at the convening of the General Board the morning after the Identity Focus Group's afternoon session, the clerk of Uganda Yearly Meeting, in a sermon based on Romans 1:18-32, proclaimed repeatedly "that even those who condone homosexuality are worthy of death." The sermon shocked many Friends while others defended the African Friend's message, saying that he was misunderstood and meant a spiritual death rather than a literal death for those who condone homosexuality.

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Concerns about the meaning of these events in Kenya permeate reports and responses of yearly meetings with dual affiliations with FUM and FGC. The New York Yearly Meeting report states, “FUM has been assertively moving toward a true global partnership, whereby African Quakers are full and not junior partners—not only in doing the work in East Africa but also in setting FUM’s priorities worldwide. . . . Given the extreme homophobia which is deeply ingrained in African culture and reinforced by East African Christian theology, and given FUM’s commitment to be a genuine global partnership of all of its constituent yearly meetings, we do not foresee significant change in the personnel policy of FUM for at least another generation.”

The report to Baltimore Yearly Meeting by its representatives to the General Board sessions states, “In Kenya, discussion of the FUM personnel policy and the acceptance of gay people were vigorously suppressed. . . . Many East African Board members present were aware that these issues would arise and several took a forceful lead in stating their fervent belief that homosexual behavior was contrary to biblical authority and improper. . . . While not expressing themselves as harshly as the East Africans, a significant group of the North American Board members share similar views. With these entrenched views of homosexuality, there will be no change in the FUM personnel policy in the near future.”

In a letter to “Dear Friends Everywhere,” reporting on its annual gathering last August, while not referring directly to the meeting in Kenya, New England Yearly Meeting affirmed, “We came together in deep distress about the personnel policy of Friends United Meeting. . . . We felt angry, confused, outraged, frustrated, and brokenhearted, but there was also tenderness, honesty, loving concern for each other, and especially for those who are in pain. . . . We were given unity to affirm that the Holy One loves all people equally, regardless of sexual orientation. . . . We prayerfully and respectfully ask that the worldwide community of Friends open its heart to this knowing.”

With unity unlikely on FUM personnel policy, the recommendation of the Identity Focus Group that the Richmond Declaration of Faith be reaffirmed as the faith basis for FUM was brought to the General Board in a morning session in Kenya. The Richmond Declaration of Faith is the result of a meeting of representatives from Gurneyite yearly meet-
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Mario Capecchi, who shared this year's Nobel Prize for physiology and medicine with two others, grew up in a Quaker family near Philadelphia, Pa., after wandering the streets of Italy as a small child during World War II. After receiving the coveted prize, Capecchi said his childhood experiences taught him the value of persistence in the face of adversity. He credited his life with his aunt and uncle, Sarah and Edward Ramberg, who were members of Southampton (Pa.) Meeting, with opening to him the world of stability. Edward Ramberg was a physicist, a founder of the Society for Social Responsibility in Science, and a volunteer for many years at Philadelphia Yearly Meeting's Peace Committee. The stimulating dinner table discussions and the excellent education Capecchi received while in the Ramberg home stood in extreme contrast to his early years. He was born in Italy to a free-spirited, intellectual mother, Lucy Ramberg, and an officer in the
Italian air force, Luciano Capecchi. When World War II broke out, authorities took away his mother, evidently due to her political activities. Mario was four-and-a-half years old. He stayed with a peasant family for a brief time and visited his father occasionally but otherwise lived as a street urchin until he was hospitalized for malnutrition. That was where his mother found him when he was nine. They left immediately for the United States to live with his aunt and uncle in Pennsylvania. In a lecture he delivered in Japan in 1996 when receiving the Kyoto Prize, he said, "Sarah and Edward took on the challenge of converting me into a productive human. This was a formidable task. I had received no formal education or training for living as a social being. Quakers do not believe in frills, but rather in a life of service. My aunt and uncle taught by example. I was given few material goods but every opportunity to develop my mind and soul. What I made of myself was entirely up to me." Although he didn't speak English, he started third grade a day after arriving. He later graduated from George School, a Quaker school. He said he was fortunate to go there: "High school kids were treated like college students. We had a dialogue between teachers and students.... It made learning enjoyable." He then went on to Antioch College for undergraduate work in Physics and Chemistry, and to graduate school at Harvard, where he studied molecular biology. He won the Nobel Prize for medicine based on work that led to a powerful and widely used technique to manipulate genes in mice, which advanced the understanding of a range of deadly diseases. Now 70, Capecchi is a professor at University of Utah and lives in Salt Lake City with his wife and daughter. He says his life continues to be influenced by the Quaker belief in social responsibility. "It affects how I behave," he said.

Restoration of a burial ground for Friends in the 17th and 18th centuries on the island of Barbados was observed on November 10. It is the result of four years of work by a committee composed of Monica Newlands, Maris Corbin, Monette Wharton, and the Rev. Trevor O'Neale, all residents of Barbados; and a group of concerned neighbors and other volunteers. Supported by the Barbados National Trust, the restored burial ground, cleared of the weeds, rubbish, and garbage that accumulated on the site, is a reminder of the strong, if brief, Quaker presence in Barbados 350 years ago. George Fox visited the island in 1671 and, in his "Letter to the Governor of Barbados," defended Quakers facing persecution by the local government because of their ministry among slaves and their refusal to bear arms. The restored Quaker Burial Ground at
the Cliff is located across Highway 4B from St. Philip’s Church in Church Village. The site was donated for use as a burial ground by Richard Settle, a Quaker, who in his will in 1670 left a legacy to be used for the construction of a meetinghouse in St. Philip Parish and for a “burying ground for Friends upon the Cliff.” An area 8 feet deep and 24 feet square was excavated. In the sunken enclosure, six vaults were carved into solid rock, extending 16 feet underground. Three of the vaults were identified as belonging to the Weekes, Pilgrim, and Gittens families. During the restoration, when the vaults were opened, some lead coffins were found, along with wooden coffins and skeletons. After recording the contents, the vaults were resealed without disturbing any of the remains. The walls around the enclosure were rebuilt and the area landscaped. According to Maris Corbin, treasurer for the Committee for the Preservation of the Quaker Burial Ground at the Cliff, 60 persons, including neighbors and representatives of the library and museum in Barbados, were present to celebrate the completion of the restoration project. A Quaker who was born in England, Corbin noted that there is no longer a Quaker meeting in Barbados and that there are few Friends in Barbados today. “But the burial ground will be a reminder of the influence of the Quakers here and their attempts to better the treatment of slaves,” she said. —Report from Maris Corbin; Information from brochure, “Quaker Burial Ground, c.1670. An Important Part of Barbadian Heritage.”

**BULLETIN BOARD**

- February 23—Western Association of the Religious Society of Friends
- March 19–23—Southeastern Yearly Meeting
- March 20–23—South Central Yearly Meeting
- March 28–30—Philadelphia Yearly Meeting

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**FRIENDS JOURNAL welcomes news items** (see p. 2 for contact information). Please include your e-mail address or phone number for follow-up. Upcoming events require at least three months’ lead time. **FRIENDS JOURNAL** requests to be added to all Friends meeting and institution distribution list for newsletters and other publications. The editors regret not all submissions can be published. More information may be found under “Submissions” at <www.friendsjournal.org>.
No Longer Strangers

A conference for Friends of Color and their Families

April 25-27, 2008 (Friday evening to Sunday mid-day)
Colombiere Conference Center, Clarkston, Michigan (Detroit area)

The Committee for Ministry on Racism holds events to provide opportunities for learning, training, sharing, community building and worshipping together. This spring CMR is sponsoring an opportunity for Friends of Color and their families in the Midwest to come together to build an incredible community through mutual support and sharing, worshipping, exploring our Faith, and sharing what brought us to Friends.

For further information contact:
Vanessa Jule
Committee for Ministry on Racism Coordinator
215-561-1700
vanessaj@fgcquaker.org

This consultation is a project of the FGC Committee for Ministry on Racism

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MILESTONES

Deaths

Adamson—Nancy Byles Varney Adamson, 69, on March 25, 2007, at her home in Berkeley, Calif., of cancer. Born on October 28, 1937, in San Francisco, Calif., to Frank and Mariel Varney, she was raised in Berkeley, where she graduated from high school in 1954. She attended University of California at Davis and University of California at Berkeley before marrying Jerry Adamson. Nancy was a writer, poet, gardener, cook, nurturer, avid reader and sharer of books, music lover, enthusiastic ping-pong player, a great listener, and a dear friend to many. She helped elderly neighbors, cooking meals and ministering to them and their families. When her husband suffered a coma and near fatal illness a few years ago, she cared for him and researched medical information to be an informed advocate for him. When the doctors wanted to take him off life support, Nancy refused and kept her faith that it was not his time, and Jerry recovered with her gentle care. Devoted to each of her grandchildren, she shared the joy she found in nature and living things with all who knew her. Nancy invited life into her home: children, friends, pets, flowers, games, kitchen-table conversation, politics, laughter, artwork, and music making, including classical, flamenco, folk, blues, and jazz. In addition, she was interested in anthropology, healthcare, world religions, and social justice. She is survived by her husband of 50 years, Jerry Adamson; three daughters, Helen Adamson Sancho, Marilyn (Mel) Adamson, and Susan Ellis; two sons, David Adamson and Arthur Adamson; 13 grandchildren; two sisters, Helen Rubardt and Marilyn Sid; and many nieces and nephews.

Brown—Enid S. Brown, 86, on July 19, 2006, at her home in Downingtown, Pa., of cancer. Enid was born to Christian and Mabel Swartzendruber in Hesston, Kans., on May 9, 1920. She grew up in nearby Wichita, where she attended public schools and was active in the Methodist Church. She often recalled her family draping damp burlap over their doors and windows during the Dust Bowl in the heart of the Depression. She graduated from Friends University, also in Wichita, and after graduation joined her sister in Hartford, Conn. There she worked at the Bushnell Theater as head of its box office. During this time she met Francis G. Brown, a conscientious objector engaged in farm work on a Civilian Public Service assignment during World War II. After the war, Enid married him and moved to Downingtown, Pa., where she lived the rest of her life. She was active in community affairs and was head of the Downingtown Christmas Committee, which distributed holiday dinners and presents to needy families. In 1980 she received Downingtown's Citizen of the Year award. An active member of Downingtown Meeting, Enid served as its clerk for a term and for many years as head of the Trustees, who cared for the meeting's property. Each Sunday morning she would perform what she called her "choir." After graduation, she worked in farm work on a Civilian Public Service assignment during World War II. After the war, Enid married him and moved to Downingtown, Pa., where she lived the rest of her life. She was active in community affairs and was head of the Downingtown Christmas Committee, which distributed holiday dinners and presents to needy families. In 1980 she received Downingtown's Citizen of the Year award. An active member of Downingtown Meeting, Enid served as its clerk for a term and for many years as head of the Trustees, who cared for the meeting's property. Each Sunday morning she would perform what she called her "choir." After graduation, she worked in farm work on a Civilian Public Service assignment during World War II. After the war, Enid married him and moved to Downingtown, Pa.,
She shared their delight in speaking wisely.

... spiritual home was London Grove Asheville Meeting for more on organic gardening, dren, Christopher Jayne, Nickecie Jayne, classes. Her interest in history inspired many days of crafts, gal. Turner, Maria Bacari, Noah Turner, Netanya Ellen Turner, Damon Hearn, Carrie Ella Farrar, Ariel Hearne, Charles Eugene Hearn; 13 committee for many years, listening carefully and speaking wisely. She was preceded in death by her infant son, Douglas, in 1948 and by her husband, Charles, in 1991. She is survived by four daughters, Kate Lindsey Jayne, Ray Constance Hearne, Carolyn de Norville Hearne, and Ellen Claire Hearne; two sons, Jonathan Norton Hearne, Charles Eugene Hearne; 13 grandchildren, Christopher Jayne, Nickie Jayne, Seth Turner, Maia Baccari, Noah Turner, Netanya Hearne, Benjamin Hearne, Lydia Hearne, Abigail Hearne, Damon Hearne, Carrie Ella Farrar, Ariel

Hearne—Miriam (Mimi) Lindley Griest Hearne, 93, on April 18, 2007, at home in Big Sandy Mush, near Asheville, N.C. Mimi was born on April 4, 1914, in Fort Wayne, Ind., to Euclid Eugene Griest and Mariyana Lindley Griest. Miriam was a member of Rush Creek Meeting in Bloomingdale, Ind. She met her future husband, Charles Hearne, at Swarthmore College. They married in 1935, the year she graduated. In 1938, they settled near Cochranville, Pa., on a dairy farm they called Honeysuckle. Miriam's love of nature, gardening, and many interests flourished there, as well as her respect for hard work and adventure. She earned a master's degree in Library Science from Villanova University, became reference librarian at Lincoln University, then head librarian for Chester County, Pa. Using early computer technology, Miriam developed an innovative library program that made a full catalog available in every county bookmobile. She established and ran the first library at Cochranville Elementary School, which she made available to everyone in the community. During this time the Hearnes' spiritual home was London Grove (Pa.) Meeting. In the later 1950s, Miriam was president of the Octorara Area PTA. She and Charles encouraged their children to be involved with Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Weekend Workcamps, Young Friends projects, Friends General Conference Camp May Gatherings, and peace and civil rights work. Groups such as A Quaker Action Group spent retreat weekends at Honeysuckle Farm. Miriam led her family in a gentle walk upon the Earth through the practices of organic gardening, bread baking, music, sewing, reading, art, and French classes. Her interest in history inspired many day trips in southeastern Pennsylvania and, later, journeys with children and grandchildren to Costa Rica, Hawaii, England, Ireland, Spain, and Portugal. In 1968, Miriam and Charles moved to Willlow Cove in Big Sandy Mush, near Asheville, N.C., where they valued the heritage of arts, crafts, and music and became stewards of the land. They shared their delight in the North Carolina mountains with "back-to-the-land" seekers, mentoring on organic gardening, raising sheep and goats, crafts, music, buying co-ops, and how to live harmoniously with the mountains. Miriam attended Asheville Meeting for more than 30 years. She served on the Ministry and Oversight Committee for many years, listening carefully and speaking wisely. She was preceded in death by her infant son, Douglas, in 1948 and by her husband, Charles, in 1991. She is survived by four daughters, Kate Lindsey Jayne, Ray Constance Hearne, Carolyn de Norville Hearne, and Ellen Claire Hearne; two sons, Jonathan Norton Hearne, Charles Eugene Hearne; 13 grandchildren, Christopher Jayne, Nickie Jayne, Seth Turner, Maia Baccari, Noah Turner, Netanya Hearne, Benjamin Hearne, Lydia Hearne, Abigail Hearne, Damon Hearne, Carrie Ella Farrar, Ariel

Hearne, Lydia Hearne, Abigail Hearne, Damon Hearne, Carrie Ella Farrar, Ariel

Friends Journal February 2008
Maddocks, and Alexander Cardwell; four great-grandchildren; and her sisters Jeanne and Guinevere Grist.

Hillegass—Robert Warren Hillegass, 82, on May 14, 2007, in Greenfield, N.H., of cancer. Bob was born on May 19, 1924, in suburban Philadelphia, Pa., to Rose and Harry Hillegass. He served in the U.S. Coast Guard and Navy during World War II and enrolled in Swarthmore College at the close of the war. Following graduation, Bob met Virginia (Ginny) Hopkins while both were working at an Easter Seals summer camp for children with special needs. They married in 1953. Upon receiving a master's degree in English from University of Pennsylvania, Bob accepted a teaching position at George School, where he taught for nine years. He became increasingly influenced by his Quaker colleagues, particularly William Hubben, the German-born Quaker teacher and writer who later became editor of FRIENDS JOURNAL. While at George School, Bob and Ginny attended Newtown (Pa.) Meeting. In 1960 Bob accepted a position as an editor at Houghton Mifflin Company in Boston. He and Ginny and their growing family moved to Needham, Mass., where they joined Wellesley (Mass.) Meeting. In 1970 Bob began a life of full-time peace activism, prompted by the threats to human existence posed by the nuclear arms race. He joined a peace group called Atlanticthus, which was committed to peace activism, including nonviolent civil disobedience. The Atlanticthus projects led to arrest, trial, and occasional incarceration for Bob and others, which Bob described in a Pendle Hill Pamphlet, Nonviolence on Trial. In 1989, Bob and Ginny moved to Greenfield, N.H., the community of Ginny's childhood, and Monadnock (N.H.) Meeting became their spiritual home. Bob worked in the Alternatives to Violence Project in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. One former prison inmate remembered Bob as the person who helped reshape his life. In recent years Bob gave his energies to New England Friends in Unity with Nature, providing insights and leadership that helped shape it. In one paper that he wrote for the group, "Towards a Quaker Ecology of Concerns," he pointed out that all Quaker testimonies are linked and depend upon a sustainable natural world and concludes, "There is no peace on Earth without peace with Earth." Bob expressed his personal interest in environmental concerns by raising roses, an activity his father taught him. He often enriched the meetinghouses where he worshiped with gifts of roses. He is survived by his wife, Virginia Hillegass; four daughters, Barbara Heard, Kathryn Mullins, Rose Kellogg, and Martha Hillegass; and seven grandchildren.

Johns—Josephine W. Johns, 87, on October 26, 2006, in Flagstaff, Ariz. Born February 11, 1919, to Robert and Dorothy Well, in New York, N.Y., Jo grew up in the Bronx in a Jewish household. She graduated from Hunter College High School in 1937, then received a BA in Music from Hunter College in 1942 and an MA from Columbia University in 1956, majoring in Counseling with a minor in Music. Jo worked for Hesser Publishing in New York City for several years before she moved to Tallahassee, Fla., to work as a counselor at University of Florida. Jo became a Friend when she joined 15th Street Meeting in New York City. She
met her future husband, Bob Johns, at a Friends Conference in Cape May, N.J., and they were married at 15th Street Meeting. She and Bob moved to Media, Pa., and raised their family there. Jo served as a juvenile probation officer for the court of Delaware County, Pa., and both Jo and Bob transferred their membership to nearby Newtown Square Meeting. After the birth of their first son, the family moved into the caretaker’s house on the meeting property. Jo assisted her husband with caretaking chores, and served the meeting in many capacities, including as clerk. Jo maintained a private counseling practice most of her professional life and worked as a specialist for Saint Gabriel’s Hall, a corrections facility for boys in Audubon, Pa. After retirement in the early 1980s, Jo sojourned at Pendle Hill for several semesters. She and Bob then moved to Betterton, Md., transferring their membership to the Chester River Meeting in Chestertown. During her retirement she was active in the Chestertown Art League, where her favorite media were watercolor and pastels. After Bob’s death in 1992, Jo moved to Greenville, Del., and joined Centre Meeting in Centreville, Del., attending regularly until she had to give up driving. In 2002 she moved to Flagstaff, Ariz., to be near her son, David, and his family. Jo served in leadership roles in the Pennsylvania Association on Probation Parole and Corrections, the Pennsylvania chapter of the Business and Professional Women, and American Association of University Women. Jo also extensively wrote and participated in round table discussions on the juvenile justice system. Accomplished on violin and cello as well as the Hammond organ, she regularly performed as a cellist in the Lansdowne (Pa.) Symphony Orchestra. She considered herself a mystic, and she wrote many poems and essays on philosophy. She published poems and essays in a number of periodicals, including FRIENDS JOURNAL. Besides raising two sons and adopting a daughter from Korea, Jo raised Shih Tzu dogs and enjoyed cats and house plants. Jo was preceded in death by her husband, Bob, and her brother, Eugene Wei!.

She is survived by her sons, David J. and Keith C. Johns; her daughter, Patricia J. Runner; seven grandchildren, Benjamin, Adam, and Alex Johns; Nicole, Sarah, Beth, and Mia Runner; a brother, Otto Wei!; a sister, Caroline W. Schoen; and many nieces and nephews.

Mighty—Stanford Aston Mighty, 68, on May 21, 2007, in Masonville, N.Y. Stanford was born on September 4, 1939, near Kingston, Jamaica, West Indies, to Robert and Ambrozine Mighty. He graduated from Swift-Purcell Quaker Boarding School in Kingston and earned a bachelor’s degree in Sociology from Bristol University in England. During those days, Stanford walked throughout England, often following its rivers. He once described hiking in the Lake District and topping a hill to face a breathtaking panorama of fields, woodlands, flocks of grazing sheep, even a distant manor house with castle ruins next to it. The magnificent scene made his heart sing. "It came to me suddenly," said Stanford, "that I didn’t have to own any of that! I was free of its burden, and yet it was all mine to enjoy!" That epiphany became the touchstone of his life. He and his wife Cora lived their married life with minimal concern for possessions and maximum concern for loving service of others. For his last 20 years, Stanford and Cora lived in Masonville, N.Y.

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where he was a member of Unadilla (N.Y.) Meeting and active in Butternuts Quarterly and New York Yearly Meeting. He was a gifted cook, and when quarterly business meetings were done, Stanford and Cora would enlist the help of a half-dozen others to carry in the coolers of food they'd brought along, much of it made with a grand Jamaican flair.

The strongest memory Stanford leaves behind is of his magnificent singing voice. His baritone had a church organ's depth and fullness, and Stanford used it with joy for music from show tunes to hymns to oratorios. When, toward the end, he was bedridden, a group of Friends would visit to sit with him in Quaker silence, to read Bible passages, and to sing. It was only at the very end that he could not raise his voice to sing with them. His favorite hymn, learned in his Jamaican boyhood, began "When peace, like a river, attendeth my soul." Stanford especially loved its refrain: "All is well. It is well with my soul." Friends remember with awe his impassioned testimony urging support of a proclamation of minimal rights for all humans. He is survived by his wife, Cora M. Mighty; four sisters, Mary Matelis, Alice Mae Mighty, Imogene Mighty, and Julis Elizabeth Mighty Hendricks; and many nieces and nephews.

Newlin—Lois Ann Newlin, 89, on March 31, 2007, in Bryn Mawr, Pa. Lois Ann was born on March 20, 1918, in Battle Creek, Mich., to Martin and Lois Marie Ginter Inman. She was an accomplished artist, writer, musician, and homemaker, who was interested in literature, crafts, astrology, homeopathy, dreams, travel, and holistic health. With her husband of nearly 61 years, William H. Newlin, Lois Ann became active in Haverford (Pa.) Meeting in 1955 and continuing through the years. She was a long-time member of Parastudy, an organization devoted to paranormal research. She was also a member of the Association for Research and Enlightenment (ARE) and an official grandparent at ARE Summer Camp in Rural Retreat, Va. She organized night school classes on extra-sensory perception. She was sought out by many for her wise counsel on matters both mundane and sublime. Ann is survived by her husband, William H. Newlin; three daughters, Carol Ann Baroff, Linda Sue Nelson, and Sandra Lee LaPelle; one son, Jon Christopher Newlin; six grandchildren; a brother and two sisters; and many nieces and nephews.

Ricklefs—Richard Ricklefs, 90, on July 3, 2007, in Arcata, Calif. Richard was born on November 13, 1916, in Monticello, Iowa. His family moved to California when he was in high school, and his father died soon after. Richard graduated from high school in Palo Alto in 1933 and became interested in the Native American Hupa Tribe after visiting his brother in the Hupa Valley in 1944. He fell in love with the Valley and with Elsie Mae Gardner, a Hupa woman. Richard entered a pre-med program at University of California at Berkeley in 1937, graduating in 1941. Richard and Elsie married in 1942 and spent their lives working with the Hupa Tribe and the wider community in the Hupa Valley. Richard as a doctor and Elsie as community activist and educator. While living in the Bay Area, Richard became a pacifist and met Josephine Duvecke, of American Friends Service Committee. Josephine and other Quakers helped Richard get
recognition as a conscientious objector during World War II. He worked in a psychiatric hospital in Connecticut for his alternative service and with AFSC to provide relief to Japanese-American citizens being removed to internment camps. In 1967 Richard entered Hahnemann Medical College in Pennsylvania, saying afterward, “We went to medical school; I could not have done it without Elsie.” While in Philadelphia he became a member of Green Street Meeting, where he remained for most of his life. He completed an internship at St. Luke’s Hospital in San Francisco, Calif., and returned to the Hoopa Valley in 1952, where, with Elsie’s help, Richard established a medical practice. Richard was a pioneer in the organization of healthcare, running a prepaid medical system in the Hoopa Valley, emphasizing family-centered obstetrics and integrating Native American approaches to healthcare with those of Western medicine. After retirement, Richard remained active as community organizer, peace activist, and respected elder in the Hupa and Quaker communities. He transferred his membership in 2004 to Humboldt (Calif.) Meeting, where he provided wise counsel and vocal ministry. In 2005 he was one of six Friends from the meeting to petition the U.S. government for permission to provide relief and witness to the prisoners held at Guantanamo Bay Detention Center. Near the end of his life, when Richard was asked how he and Elsie had kept their marriage so vital through all their adventures, he responded, “It was just love.” Richard was preceded in death by his wife and by his brothers. He is survived by many nieces and nephews and grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Schou—Esther Schou, 95, on April 27, 2007, in Santa Monica, Calif. Esther was born on August 4, 1911, in Newton, Kan., to Albert Carlton Van Vleet and Nina Michael Van Vleet. When Esther was 16, she and her family traveled west on a train to California, with a Mapleton in Mind throughout the whole trip. They settled in Inglewood, where Esther graduated from high school. She majored in Political Science at University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA), earning a Phi Beta Kappa key. She married her former high school teacher, Harold Hadley Story, before graduation. Esther worked at UCLA, first in the Office of Relations with Schools, and then in the Admissions Office, specializing in foreign admissions. Esther and Harold were active in a dinner discussion group called the Severance Club. They enjoyed gardening and spent many weekends in the yard working to create a lovely environment. They saved for many years to take the family on a nine-week trip to Europe in 1956. In December 1962, shortly before Harold’s death, Esther and Harold, who had been brought up as Quakers but had not often attended meeting, became active in Santa Monica (Calif.) Meeting. In 1966, Esther married Chris Schou, a tall Norwegian with a wry sense of humor. Esther Schou’s spirit and love grace Santa Monica Meeting for more than 40 years. She served as historian and on many committees over the years, including Ministry and Counsel and the Alice Herman Committee. She visited Israel, Egypt, Russia, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, and Machu Picchu in Peru (a place she had wanted to visit ever since she had made a model of it in school); and China twice, once traveling the Silk Road. She was proud of her Dutch heritage.
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and especially relished visiting the Netherlands. Esther also appreciated art and music, taking art classes at Santa Monica Emeritus College and attending concerts. Constant in her love and care for others and in her determination to overcome the many physical difficulties she experienced at the end of her life, she attended meeting the Sunday before her death. A model of how to live fully and energetically in the face of physical infirmity and old age, she was caring, sensitive, elegant, strong, perceptive, and clear-minded to the end. Esther was predeceased by her first husband, Harold Hadley Story, and by her second husband, Chris Schou. She is survived by one daughter, Linda Story Dingman; four grandchildren, Charles Dingman, Margaret Wilson, Zachary Dingman, and Andrew Dingman; and four great-grandchildren, Jimmy Lee Graham, Hailey Wilson, Charles Edward Dingman, and Kaitlin Melina Dingman.

Van Hoy—William Ford Van Hoy, 91, on August 14, 2007, in Asheboro, N.C. Bill was born on January 21, 1916, in Coalinga, Calif., to William Ford Van Hoy and Millie Joyner Van Hoy. Before he was five, his parents moved back to their native Yadkin County in North Carolina. Bill was a delegate to the World Conference of Friends in 1937. He worked his way with the help of fellow Quakers, through Guilford College. Believing Jesus’ message to be that one can give one’s life for others but can never take a life, Bill became a conscientious objector during World War II. He taught social studies at Asheboro High School for 31 years, brought up his niece, and, in 1965, married Lois Osborne Levering, daughter of Sam and Miriam Levering. He brought her to Asheboro with her two children, Teresa and Michael. Bill and Lois had a son, Sammy, who, in spite of and because of his mental retardation, brought blessed years of joy to them during his short life of eight years. From time to time, Bill sheltered abused mothers and their children in his home. When son Michael told Bill and Lois of a Mexican farm worker in the family orchard who said he really loved math and wanted to study in the United States, the couple took in Javier Trigos, helping him with English lessons, entrance examinations for graduate schools, and with finding a university program. Javier is now a mathematics professor at the University of California at Berkeley. Bill gardened most days for almost 50 years; traveled to Costa Rica, Mexico, Israel, and Western Europe; and took photographs to record events in his community. He was an ardent recycler (in years past, many in town brought their household paper to his home), and often scoured the neighborhood, picking up trash and recyclables. Throughout his life, he remained no stranger to controversy. For instance, he subscribed to Ebony magazine during the 1960s and refused the brown paper wrapper the magazine offered. He taught his children and others to swim, before going to the YMCA at the age of 78 to learn how to swim himself. In addition to swimming and water aerobics, he enjoyed square dancing, saying, “I usually can get most of my three left feet going in the right general direction somewhere near the right time.” Bill was preceded in death by his wife, Lois. He is survived by his daughter, Teresa Van Hoy; his son, Michael Van Hoy; and his grandson, Greg Allen.

February 2008 FRIENDS JOURNAL
misogynist, he was nonetheless the only one who might not risk his life by advising the Sultan to grant her an interview. Though until recently an illiterate serving-maid from Nottinghamshire, Mary came to him and his Sultan without submissiveness or fear, carrying herself as the equal of every person, even the most powerful. Perhaps the spiritual love that motivated her influenced the old man. Somehow she managed to convince the Grand Vizier that she brought a message from God.

Mary Fisher was introduced into the Sultan's magnificent gold-embroidered tent the next morning with state ceremony. As a messenger of the Supreme Power, God, she was accorded the honors given to an ambassador. The young Sultan lounging on silk cushions was elegantly dressed for the state occasion, in a gold vest with a dark black sable lining. Arrayed around him, in colorful uniforms and caps—some carrying bows or lances—were his guards, servants, eunuchs and pages. His Grand Vizier sat beside him and three dragoons stood ready to translate the message Mary would speak.

Mary did not know exactly what God wanted her to say. She needed to listen worshipfully to hear. Standing in front of Mahomet the Fourth, she waited in silence, a silence that must have startled the assembly.

The Sultan asked her if it was true that she had a message from the Great God. "Yes," she answered. "Speak on," he commanded her.

Still she was silent, waiting for God's inspiration. Nearby, the executioner stood waiting for the slightest indication from his master that he should take off her head. The Sultan wondered if the presence of so many people was causing the foreign woman to be shy. He asked if he should dismiss some people.

"No," she answered simply, returning to her silence. Perhaps something in her prayerful silence tendered his heart. The Sultan encouraged her to speak what God wanted her to say, neither more nor less, for they had good hearts and could hear it.

Finally Mary spoke. Her message was not recorded, but the words given to her, as translated by the dragoons, touched the Sultan, who listened with grave and respectful attention. When she stopped speaking, the Sultan asked if she had any-
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Her Return to England

Mary arrived safely in Constantinople and rejoined Beatrice Beekly and John Buckley. John Buckley still felt called to visit the Sultan himself, but the English ambassador found their Quaker ways scandalous and sent them all home. Thus Mary Fisher was the only Quaker in her generation to speak directly with the Sultan of Turkey. Half a year later, she arrived back in London. There she wrote a letter to three fellow Quaker ministers:

My dear love salutes you all in one. You have often been in my remembrance since I departed from you, and being now returned into England and many trials such as I was never tried with before, yet have I borne my testimony for the Lord before the King unto whom I was sent, and he was very noble unto me, and so were all that were about him. He and all that were about him received the words of truth without contradiction. They do dread the name of God, many of them, and eyes his Messengers [sic]. There is a royal seed amongst them which in time God will raise. They are more near truth than many Nations. There is a love begot in me towards them which is endless, but this is my hope concerning them, that he who hath raised me to love them more than many others will also raise his seed in them unto which my love is. Nevertheless, though they be called Turks, the seed of them is near unto God, and their kindness hath in some measure been shown to his servants... So I rest with my dear love to you all. Your dear sister, Mary Fisher.

One wonders about the purpose of this great voyage undertaken by Mary and five other Quakers, one of whom never returned home. The Sultan's armies did not stop warring upon Christian nations. Three years after Mary's visit, his armies advanced into Austria. However, in delivering her message with love for a people considered enemies, and in their reception of it in a mutual respect for God, perhaps the Divine will had been entirely accomplished.

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The Quaker United Nations Office—New York invites applications for their 2008-09 internship program. The internship provides an opportunity for candidates with an interest in international affairs, and a commitment to Quaker principles, to work at the UN. Further information and applications are available online at: <http://www.fil.un.org/Quaker> or by contacting the office: 777 UN Plaza, New York, NY 10017. <quunion@act.org>. Deadline for submission of applications and references: February 8, 2008.

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LAM Cruickshank Meeting for unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. 622 N. Musque, Call (505) 647-1922.

SANTA FE-Meeting for worship, Sundays and 9 a.m., and Fall/Summer School 10:30 a.m. 130 Canyon Road. Phone: 983-2411.

SILVER CITY AREA-First-day school 10:30 a.m. (505) 388-3478, 536-9711, or 535-2586 for location.

Socorro-Worship, first, third, and fourth, Sundays 10 a.m. Call 050-0018 for recorded message. TAOS-Clearlight Worship Group, Sundays 10:30 a.m. at Family Resource Center, 1330 Gruenir Rd., Ste. (505) 730-8620. Contact person: Virginia Bleck, 730-6220.

New York
ALBANY-Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. 277 Madison Ave. Phone: 438-0082.

ALFRED-Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. each First Day in The Parish House, 6 West University St. Visit us at <www.albertadufriends.org>. E-mail: info@alfredfriends.com. Phone: (607) 587-4545.

AMAWALK-Worship 10:30 a.m. Quaker Church Rd., N. of Rte. 226, Wantigton, (914) 923-1551.

BROOKLYN-Worship and First-day school (childcare provided). 110 Sherman St. For information call (212) 777-8666, Mon.-Fri., 9-5. Meeting address: Box 69818, Brooklyn, NY 11231.

BUFFALO-Worship 10:30 a.m. 1272 Delaware Avenue. (716) 892-8645 for further information.

CENTRAL FINGER LAKES-Geneva vicinity/surrounding counties. Unprogrammed Meeting and First-day school. Call for time and place. (585) 529-5202 or (716) 243-7077.

CHAPPAQUA-Unprogrammed meeting for worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. Rte. 120 Quaker Rd. (914) 238-3170.


CLINTON CORNERS-BULL HEADS-Oswego Monthly Meeting, Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 1323 Bull Head Road (Northern Dutchess County) 1/4 mile E of Taconic Pky. (845) 876-7370.

CORNWALL-Worship with childcare and First-day school, 10:30 a.m., Quaker Ave. Phone: 534-7474.

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ELMIRA-10:30 a.m. Sundays. 155 West 6th St. Phone: (607) 982-4183.

FLUSHING-Unprogrammed meeting for worship, First Day, 11 a.m. 136-16 Northern Boulevard, Flushing, NY 11364, (718) 396-9636.

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Hudson-Unprogrammed meeting for worship every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. Telephone: (518) 537-6617 or (518) 537-6617 (voice or e-mail): brikwood@juno.com.


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ORIENT-Worship Group, Orient Congregational Church in Pastor's Conference Room, 6 a.m. (631) 477-2235.

BAY EDDICE W. M. St. Clairswain, Melville, East, 10 a.m. (631) 293-3844.

SHELTER ISLAND E. M. Meeting for worship every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. (516) 693-3377.

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NEW PALZ-Worship, First-day school, and childcare 10:30 a.m. 11 N. Manorheim. (416) 259-5791.

NEW YORK CITY-Worship meeting at 110 Schermerhorn St. Unprogrammed worship every Sunday at 11 a.m. and every Tuesday at 6:30 p.m. Fifteenth Street Meeting at 221 East 15 Street (Rutherford Place), Manhattan; unprogrammed worship every Sunday at 11:30 a.m. and 11:30 a.m. at E 14th Street and 6th Ave. Meeting at 11:30 a.m. in First Church, Manhattan; unprogrammed worship every Sunday at 11 a.m.; and 11 a.m. Island Meeting: worship 2nd and 4th Sundays at 10:30 a.m. Phone (212) 777-8866 (Mon.-Fri., 9-5) about first-school days, business meetings, and other information. Downtown Manhattan Meeting, 2nd and 4th, 10:30 a.m. at 54 W. 4th Street, New York, Thursdays 6-7 p.m. For exact location call (212) 777-3903.

OLD CHATHAM-Meeting for worship 11 a.m. Powell House, Rte. 13, Phone (518) 749-0255.

Oneonta/Cooerstorp-Butternuts Monthly Meeting, Phone (607) 547-5450 or (607) 436-0951.

Oxford Park-Church meeting 11 a.m. First-day school at 11 a.m. at First Friends, Wright Manor, Thursdays 6-7 p.m. For exact location call (212) 777-3903.

POUGHKEEPSIE-Meeting for worship and Sunday school 10 a.m. Followed by potluck, 24 Leroy St., Poughkeepsie, N.Y. (518) 262-2952.

ROCKLAND-Meeting for worship and First-day school 11 a.m. (845) 650-8045.

ST. LAWRENCE-Worship and First-day school 10 a.m., followed by potluck, 24 Leroy St., Poughkeepsie, N.Y. (518) 262-2952.

SARATOGA SPRINGS-Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. (518) 588-5113.

SCARSDALE-Meeting for worship. Sundays 11 a.m., First-day school, third Sunday in September through second Sunday in June, at meeting times. 153 Popham Rd. (914) 472-1807 for recorded message.

Schenectady-Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 628 Hollywood Blvd., (518) 732-4214.

STATEY ISLAND-Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 1509 Riverdale Ave. Phone: (718) 727-4535.

Syracuse-Worship 10:30 a.m. 68 Euclid Ave (518) 476-1191.

Make a Planned Gift to FGC

A gift to Friends General Conference through your estate plan can be the pinnacle of a lifetime of support or the significant gift you've always wanted to make. In addition to securing the future of FGC's programs and ministries, such gifts can also provide advantages to you, for example a lifetime income to you or your beneficiary and certain tax benefits.

FGC helps seekers who hunger for an authentic spiritual life to find their way to Quakerism. We nurture the spiritual growth of all Friends. We work toward a religious society that is intergenerational and enriched by racial and ethnic diversity. Will you help us?

Planned gifts play a vital role in ensuring the financial stability, and therefore the impact of the ministries of Friends General Conference. You can help to shape FGC's future through a planned or deferred gift:

- A bequest or other will-related gift
- A gift of retirement assets
- A charitable gift annuity
- A charitable remainder trust
- A charitable lead trust
- A gift of life insurance

For more information:

Friends General Conference will be glad to assist you in designing a gift or estate plan that not only balances your philanthropic and financial goals, but that makes a lasting impact on the Religious Society of Friends. Please contact FGC's Office of Planned Giving: 215.561.1700 or plannedgiving@fgcquaker.org.