

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Thought
and
Life
Today

The Echoing of Abuse

Violence and Light

**Be Still and Cool: Quakerism
and the Passionate Life**





On Abuse and Healing

One of the joys of my work with FRIENDS JOURNAL is the opportunity to travel among Friends. Two summers ago, I had the pleasure of meeting one of our prize-winning authors in person at an interest group I was facilitating. She was as engaging in person as on paper, and I was struck that she resonated with a comment I'd made about an article on domestic violence we planned to publish. She inquired if we would be interested in another piece on the same topic. Of course, I said yes. And that is how we came to receive "Violence and Light" by Lisa Sinnett (p.8), a poetic and beautifully written description of her journey from a world full of abuse to self-love and forgiveness. The first article that had prompted my comment, written by a seasoned Friend about her anguish over her daughter's involvement in an abusive marriage, wisely raises the question of what we Friends are doing about this painful subject, particularly when it strikes close to home. "That summer at our yearly meeting, there was a called meeting one afternoon for those who had experience with abuse. . . . The spacious room was filled. . . . The immensity of this previously hidden topic was evident. . . . I thought we must do more, we must learn, we must help each other. But that was the only meeting I have ever heard of on the topic." ("The Echoing of Abuse" p.6). It is not unusual for Friends to focus outwardly, with heartfelt desire to mend what is wrong with the world. Yet, those who are familiar with healing will know that it is the wounded healers—the individuals who have faced and dealt with their own demons and injuries—who are often most effective in helping others. Do we Friends shy away from seeing those things that need to be addressed in our own homes and meetings? Can we find ways to help each other respond to deeply troubling dysfunctions in our midst?

This past summer I was blessed to travel to two yearly meetings. At one of them, an ad hoc group met twice for a discussion of a minute on the use of drugs and alcohol. Perhaps 20 people quietly gathered to share from the silence about their own experiences. Some wished not to be ostracized for their decision to use substances; others spoke about the alienation they felt when peers chose to "improve" upon experiences that were already fulfilling and fun by pressuring others to use substances. A person recovering from alcohol abuse spoke movingly about the utter need for safe environments in which to be with others. And another person stated the obvious—why should we even have such a discussion when we know that this is illegal? The pain shared by older people who had seen lives destroyed by substance abuse was palpable. A number of people were concerned about the apparent hypocrisy of older Friends who use alcohol telling younger Friends not to use either alcohol or drugs. Yet, it was a conversation only, not a business meeting, not a forum for the whole yearly meeting.

These two topics—substance abuse and domestic violence—are married to each other in manifold ways. We are living in a culture of violence and addiction, if not to substances, then to other mirages, such as consuming so that we can achieve the "ideal" lifestyle (yes, even a "green" one), or extreme overwork, so that we can "save" others.

What might be done about this, Friends? Can we find safe ways to open these alarming topics up for each other? Can we provide a community of tender support and love for those among us who are suffering? Can we truly refrain from judging each other? It is encouraging that many Friends gatherings offer 12-step meetings for Friends who are attending. But what about those who feel too much shame to appear at those meetings? What about those who feel too isolated in their suffering to realize that there are others who can offer comfort and relief? What about those whose issue is not addressed by those meetings? And what about those who stand by helplessly while loved ones succumb to domestic violence and/or substance abuse? How can we heal our hidden wounds so that we might be of help to others?

Susan Corson-Finnerty

August 2008 FRIENDS JOURNAL

Editorial

Susan Corson-Finnerty (*Publisher and Executive Editor*), Robert Dockhorn (*Senior Editor*), Rebecca Howe (*Associate Editor*), Judith Brown (*Poetry Editor*), Diana White (*Book Review Editor*), Eileen Redden (*Assistant Book Review Editor*), Joan Overman (*Book Review Assistant*), Mary Julia Street (*Milestones Editor*), Guli Fager (*Assistant Milestones Editor*), Robert Marks, George Rubin (*News Editors*), Kara Newell (*Columnist*), Lisa Rand, Marjorie Schier (*Proofreaders*), Patty Quinn (*Volunteer*), Constance Grady, Elizabeth Markham, Melissa Marx, Jessie Post, Mary Kate Sullivan, Gina Trobiani (*Interns*)

Production

Barbara Benton (*Art Director*), Alla Podolsky (*Assistant Art Director*), Matt Slaybaugh (*Web Manager*)

Advertising, Circulation, Development

Gabriel Ehri (*Associate Publisher*), Larry Jalowiec (*Director of Advancement*), Nagendran Gulendran (*Advertising Manager*), Jane Heil (*Database Manager*), Nicole Hackel (*Circulation Assistant*), Kay Bacon, Ruth Peterson (*Volunteers*)

Administration

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

Board of Trustees

Barbara Andrews, Jon Berry (*Assistant Clerk*), Katharine Clark, Karen Cromley, John Darnell, Walter Evans (*Treasurer*), Linda Edgerton, Linda Houser, Bobbi Kelly, Paul Landskroener (*Recording Clerk*), Pat LaViscount, Linda Lyman, Jay Wade Marshall, Barbara Mays, Pete McCaughan, Ron McDonald, Nancy Moore, Michael Moulton, Mark B. Myers, Nan O'Connor, Liz Perch, Janet Ross (*Clerk*), Rich Van Dellen, Monica Walters-Field, Nancy Whit

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

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

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

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

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

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

• Copyright © 2008 Friends Publishing Corporation. Permission should be received before reprinting excerpts longer than 200 words.

Available on microfilm from Bell and Howell Information and Learning.

PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER
Min. 30% post-consumer

Moving? Let us update your subscription and address.

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

FRIENDS JOURNAL

SEPTEMBER 2008
VOLUME 54, NO. 9

■ FEATURES

6 The Echoing of Abuse

Anonymous

A mother looks for hope when her daughter is caught in an abusive relationship.

8 Violence and Light

Lisa Sinnett

She reflects on abuse, healing, and equality.

12 Be Still and Cool: Quakerism and the Passionate Life

Heidi Hart

The metaphors of water and light help her reflect on the connection between temperament and faith.

16 A Practice of Such Gentle Collective Ecstasy

Nathaniel Mahlberg

The deep unity achieved in meeting for worship can help heal the larger community.

19 Naming Our Own Radical Faith

Emma M. Churchman

A spiritual journey began with an intruder in the meetinghouse.

22 Engaging with a Monthly Meeting about Ministry

Debbie Humphries and Diane Randall

One person's leading caused the whole meeting to examine the meaning of ministry.

■ DEPARTMENTS

2 Among Friends

4 Forum

5 Viewpoint

26 Spiritual Practices

*Prayer that works for me
Joy of the Spirit*

28 Epistle

Young Adult Friends' conference

29 Bulletin Board

30 Books

35 News

40 Milestones

46 Classified

■ POETRY

11 Dragon Girl

Lisa Sinnett

15 Pillows

Beth Green-Nagle

Today

Mary Timberlake

18 Yellow

Helen Weaver Horn

21 Quaker Myth

Ralph L. Slotten



Guy De Muelenaere

Cover photo by "sem rox,"
from www.sxc.hu

Recalculating the route: our "inner GPS"

My wife and I have been married for 19 years, and we have learned how to get along quite peacefully most of the time. Our biggest challenge occurs when we drive to an unfamiliar place. I am usually the driver, and my wife is usually the navigator. This puts her under a lot of pressure. When she makes a mistake or when I fail to heed her advice (which is usually what happens), one of us is apt to become rather annoyed. I blame her, or she blames me, or (worst of all) she blames herself. At our best, we refrain from blaming each other out loud and "suffer in silence." But when we get really lost, we have been known to lapse into what my wife calls a "loud voice situation."

For over a year, we have discussed a possible technical fix to this problem—buying a global positioning system (GPS). We hesitated because we don't like buying gadgets until we are absolutely convinced we need them (we follow the Quaker Testimony on Simplicity no matter how complicated it makes our lives). But since a cross-country trip loomed ahead, we decided the time had come to purchase one.

To our delight, this amazing device works even better than we had anticipated. Our new GPS, which I christened "Maggie," guides us to our destination with a gentle woman's voice. "She" calculates our route, tells us where we are, and gives ample warning before instructing us exactly when and how to turn. As Maggie tells me what to do, and I obey slavishly, my wife sits peacefully knitting, no longer burdened by the responsibility of navigating. If I fail to heed Maggie's instructions and we go off track, my electronic navigator doesn't become annoyed. She doesn't blame me. She simply says, "Recalculating the route."

My wife and I have come to realize our GPS is teaching us an important spiritual lesson. When mistakes occur, there is no need to blame ourselves or others. All we need to do is consult our inner GPS and "recalculate the route."

I am convinced our inner voice(s) of blame are not from God, but from some other source—perhaps our parents. When we made mistakes as children, our parents became angry and we internalized their voices. Now, as adults, we hear these inner voices chiding us when we err. We become angry with ourselves and others. And because our minds are clouded with anger, we fail to heed the quiet wisdom of our inner GPS.

If we settle into silence and listen, a still,

calm voice within will "recalculate the route." This voice has only one goal—to help lead us back (by the best possible route) to our true destination: inner peace and joy. And the best part is: this inner GPS is free!

Anthony Manousos
Santa Monica, Calif.

Karl Chamberlain's spiritual journey

I offer my heart-felt appreciation to FRIENDS JOURNAL for printing several moving contributions from Karl Chamberlain, a Texas death row inmate (February, March, and April issues). The February poems were an exciting acknowledgement of Karl's worth, the March poems were a welcome surprise, and the April article, "Reflections from Dearth Row," was more than expected. Karl was frustrated that so much was edited out, but was very appreciative of the JOURNAL after I offered him my appreciation for the length of the article, and how well it expressed his thoughts on his difficult life, his experience with the judicial and penal system, and on his faith and spiritual journey.

Regretfully, Karl was executed by the

State of Texas on June 11, 2008. A very moving and emotional memorial meeting was held the next day at Live Oak Friends Meeting in Houston. Reflective of Karl's contact and influence with people, attendees included friends and family from Texas and out of state, a friend from Winchester Monthly Meeting (the British meeting he joined last year), and friends from Denmark and New Zealand.

Reflective of his faith, this is his last statement:

I want you all to know, everyone with all my heart, soul, mind, and strength; thank you for being here today to honor Felicia Precht (whom I didn't even know); to celebrate my death. My death began on August 2, 1991, and continued when I began to see the beautiful and innocent life that I had taken. I am so terribly sorry. I wish I could die more than once to tell you how sorry I am. I have said in interviews, if you want to hurt me and choke me, that's how terrible I felt before this crime. I am sorry; it is her innocence and her life which began the remorse ever since December 1, 1991. I have embraced life. Thank you for being a part of my life. I love you. May God be with us all. May God have mercy

Special Issues for 2009

Although most FRIENDS JOURNAL issues offer feature articles on a variety of subjects, periodically we publish thematic issues. For 2009, we invite submissions for the following two special issues:

Gender, Marriage, and Relationships (June 2009)

Do Friends have a distinctive approach to gender, and to the formation and nurture of relationships of commitment between individuals? What is the meaning of marriage under the care of Friends? How are Friends meetings participating in relationships, and how does (or how should) this participation extend over time, before and after the ceremony, and for the rest of people's lives?

We request completed submissions by February 1, 2009.

Friends Witness in Our Everyday Lives (October 2009)

Friends are continually involved with non-Friends and with lifestyles that are incongruent to varying degrees with Quaker testimony in our educational institutions, in the workplace, in recreation, in personal relationships, through organizations, and in the political arena. What particular challenges do we face, and how well do we meet them, as we strive to keep our outward lives in harmony with our faith? How are we learning and growing through these encounters?

We request completed submissions by May 15, 2009.

If you are interested in contributing material on either of these topics, please get in touch with us. We invite advance inquiries and suggestions from prospective authors and artists. Contact Robert Dockhorn, senior editor, at <senioreditor@friendsjournal.org>, or by postal mail, telephone, or fax; for addresses/numbers, see the masthead on page 2. FRIENDS JOURNAL's general Submission Guidelines are posted at <www.friendsjournal.org>.

War taxes and other matters of conscience

Thanks for the March issue, which I've finally completed. And thanks to Nadine Hoover, New York Yearly Meeting, and others for challenging us around conscientious objection to war taxes. As someone who regularly pays her taxes, I found it a pretty uncomfortable read. I would imagine there were other FRIENDS JOURNAL readers as well who took an uneasy look at this series of articles, fantasized briefly and unsuccessfully about drawing a line here in the sand, shook off a feeling of guilt, and went on to more easily digestible articles.

But my reaction has troubled me. I don't think the problem is just lack of courage, at least I hope not! Part of the difficulty, I believe, is the extent to which we are embedded and enmeshed in a deeply violent world. It's not just the portion of my tax dollars that goes to deadly warfare. It's my computer, the disposal of which poisons poor people in Africa and Asia. It's my everyday purchases from invisible corporations that destroy lives and habitats far from mine. It's my energy consumption that threatens the very viability of future generations.

If war tax resistance seems too hard for most of us, what do we do if that's just the tip of the iceberg? Some Friends are not deterred by the seemingly impossible and set

out to disentangle themselves from the whole mess—living below taxable level, with only the bare necessity of purchases and a minimal carbon footprint. This may be a true calling for some, and certainly a courageous one, but I know it's not mine. To me the focused goal of living a life free from complicity with institutional violence would involve participating in another sin, that of separation from my neighbors.

I think the more common response to this seeming impossibility is to just turn our attention to things over which we have a greater measure of control. We can educate others about war and injustice. We can attend to our spiritual lives. These are good things, and may be true leadings as well. But I still think the tax resisters are on to something about conscience. How much do we avoid it because it just makes us uncomfortable? Perhaps the first thing we all need to do is to acknowledge our complicity with things that we oppose in conscience. This is a very painful place to be. But it roots us in truth and keeps us open to that precious human ability to sense what is right and what is wrong.

One good thing about the complexity of the system that enmeshes us is that there are so many possible acts of conscience to be taken. All can be celebrated. We can learn to

be gentle with ourselves and others about the stands we don't see our way clear to take, but firm in our intention to stay open to being pricked and to respond with faithfulness and courage.

In the process of composing this letter I've thought of a variety of ways to continue this conversation about conscience. I'd like to make a dinner date with the new young couple from our meeting for whom this is a live issue (and play with their baby as we talk). Perhaps I could get our meeting's ad hoc group on responding to poverty to invite the meeting to set up circles of conscience, where people back each other in taking action on these hard issues, or I could talk with someone from Peace and Concerns. I'd like to check in with the woman in the yearly meeting who is so passionate about right sharing of world resources; perhaps I could support her to set up some conversation over simple meals.

As we get better at noticing and acting on the little things that prick us, and as we encourage others to do the same, I believe that we will be laying the groundwork for ever more powerful acts of conscience.

Pamela Haines
Philadelphia, Pa.

on us all. I am ready. Please do not hate anybody because . . . [end of statement].

Karl died happy, and at peace. So may we all.

J. Mitchell Richardson
(Karl's spiritual advisor and friend)
Houston, Tex.

Philadelphia Yearly Meeting and reparations

I suppose it shouldn't have surprised me that Jeff Hitchcock in "Quakers and Reparations for Slavery and Jim Crow" (*FJ* June), evidently didn't know about Philadelphia Yearly Meeting's prayerful and careful consideration of reparations in 1969, 1970, and 1971. It was more than a generation ago.

The response to the *Black Manifesto* and a letter addressed to the yearly meeting by the Black Economic Development Conference demanding reparations took nearly two years to complete. We devoted several large and worshipful meetings for business and a

special Working Party spent long hours. As clerk of the yearly meeting I was granted a sabbatical year by Westtown School and visited nearly 70 monthly meetings of the 93 in the yearly meeting, listening and trying to correct misconceptions. Francis Brown, general secretary of the yearly meeting, handled volumes of correspondence.

At yearly meeting sessions in 1971 all the efforts came to a climax. I cannot relate all the details, but it included an attempt by BEDC to take over the meeting. The patience of Friends and the difficulty had by the person who was trying to clerk led BEDC to return it to us. The final sense of the meeting was that we could not reach unity on giving reparations.

However, a sizable number of Friends worked to create a Friends Economic Development Fund, to which the yearly meeting contributed. It helped several black businesses, and in particular it helped contractors to get bonding. The next year when the Friends Center was built, it became the largest contract by a minority contractor in Philadelphia's history up to that time.

It is probably time to take reparations seriously once again. It has been done before.

Charles K. Brown III
Brunswick, Maine.

Reparations and reconciliation

We need to view reparations as part of a truth and reconciliation process. Such a process would involve many different ways of restoring what has been taken away, only some of them financial.

I hope that a new administration might engage the whole nation in such a process on a local, state, and national level. Complicated, yes, but we have some folks in South Africa and other parts of the world who could help. This might bring a level of violence reduction to all as well as redressing economic inequalities. If Oprah can get so many reading the same book

Continued on page 44



Dimitri Castrique

"Mom, Suzy's in trouble. She's at my house."

Our older daughter's voice sounded calm over the telephone.

"RJ beat her up—bad. The police took her to the clinic for a medical exam and to attend to her cuts and bruises. Nothing's broken. He whacked at her hair with scissors. It's a wonder he didn't cut off her earlobe or pierce her skull."

I was speechless.

Beaten. Police. Medical exam.

We had suspected that Suz, our younger daughter, was living with a man who smacked her around. I knew that he abused her verbally; I had overheard him once when I walked up to their apartment: "You little bitch! What makes you so damned high and mighty? Gimme that beer and get the hell outta here." On and on, until I knocked on the door. He was not in the room when she let me in.

"Paul has gone over to remove her things from the apartment."

That evening, our son Sam drove the 1,200 miles to bring Suzy and her few things home. We nursed her and gave her space to heal. Sam took her on a canoeing trip, one of our favorite family adventures—guaranteed to occupy the body, soothe the mind, and, we prayed, restore the soul.

Suz looked fresh and well with her new pixie haircut when she set off in a newly acquired sleek red car to return to her job. Her boss had been understanding and had held it for her. Friends from the local Quaker meeting offered her a safe place to live, and members of her own meeting wrote to her.

Our daughter has always been so gentle, never a troublemaker, a leader among Quaker youth, and active in a prison meeting and in local activities. She is a poet, a musician, and comfortable in two languages. We struggled on our teachers' salaries to put her through a Quaker high school and college, but we felt it was worth the investment in her future. Her crooked smile, slight dimples, easy spirit, and dancing hazel eyes materialized before me whenever I thought about her.

"Mom, Suzy's moved back in with RJ," our older daughter said.

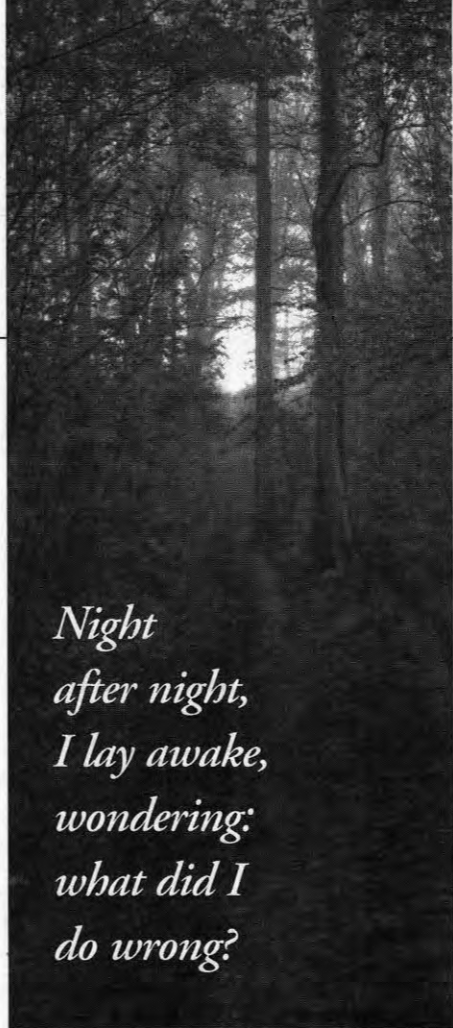
A great, empty, dark space opened inside me. "Why, why, why, why?" echoed in its chambers, ricocheting off one soft wall of my insides to another, reverberating, wounding me.

Sam set his jaw and went to the field to ride his horse.

Suzy's dad went to the woodpile and swung the ax into a butt log.

The world turned ashen; the sounds of the birds and wind

Due to the nature of this material and to preserve confidentiality, we are publishing this article anonymously. —Eds.



*Night
after night,
I lay awake,
wondering:
what did I
do wrong?*

chimes became muted. Voices grew distant. There was no sense in daily living.

Suz continued to allow herself to be beaten. She continued to allow someone to do violence to her.

Our older daughter grew angry as she tried to help Suzy.

Our son refused to communicate with her.

Her dad kept saying, "She has a good base. She's going to be all right."

Suz used marijuana regularly, perhaps to self-medicate. Friends watched; some tried to talk with her; some made it clear that when she was ready, they would help her.

In the middle of one dark night, I found myself in the mudroom, dressed in PJs, a .22 in one hand and a box of shells in the other. I knew how to load and fire the gun. I knew that I could walk to the woods behind our house, put the gun in my mouth, and pull the trigger. Gray would smash into brilliant flashes, and brain mass would swirl into the unknown.

Night after night, I lay awake, wondering: what did I do wrong? I

should have visited her more often at school. We shouldn't have let her go away to school so young. We let her choose the wrong college. Maybe we spoiled her. Was it our fault because we hadn't warned her about domestic violence? Her dad was so gentle, but did I let him control me in ways I couldn't see? Over and over, night after night, I would turn on the light and read the Psalms, one after another. David had certainly suffered, through so many things, so many times in his life. Although it occurs in Kings, not in the Psalms, I could hear his wrenching cry, "Absalom!"

I looked at the dark woods.

I will lift up my eyes to the hills
from whence does my help come? (Psalm 121:1)

I needed help. She needed help. Our family needed help.

The next morning I called our family physician, who saw me right away.

That evening, I called one of my sisters, a psychiatric social worker with advanced training and experience.

Finally, I called a friend.

It was all so shameful. So devastating. So horrifying.

That summer at our yearly meeting, there was a called meeting one afternoon for those who had experience with abuse. The meeting was held at the far end of campus. The spacious room was filled. People sat on chairs and on the floor. They lounged against the walls. Each of us who was willing—almost all—spoke about our experience of abuse. The room was hushed. The immensity of this previously hidden topic was evident in the testimonies of an old man, a boy, a grandmother, a strapping young man, a slight girl, a weighty Friend, a mother. After our time was up, as we were walking away, I thought

we must do more, we must learn, we must help each other. But that was the only meeting I have ever heard of on the topic. All those stories of confusion and hurt, anger and shame; where do they go?

What do we tell our children?

What do we say to one another? To the young man who realizes that he has slapped his wife in front of his children? To the teenage girl who has bullied her little sister and the little girl next door? To the Friend who has been raped and cannot overcome his or her feelings? To the Friend who has worked with youth for years and suddenly finds that her younger brother is being tried for the murder of his child, and she doesn't know if it's the result of a shaken baby or a terrible accident?

I keep looking again and again to the hills, to the horizons, to some place where hope may dwell.

My help comes from the Lord,
who made heaven and earth. . . .
The Lord will keep
your going out and your
coming in
from this time forth and for
evermore. (Psalm 121:2–8)

That's the best I have been able to do: Pray the Psalm over and over.

May our daughter be safe. May we interact with her wisely.

May our grandchildren neither commit violence nor enable it.

May we learn how to deal with the terrible scourge of domestic violence among us. May we ask in our meetings: "What can we say to parents and children that will keep them from this scourge? What support can we offer to the adults and children within our meetings who find themselves or their friends faced with incidents of domestic abuse?" □

Violence and Light

by Lisa Sinnett

Halloween Night, 2007: Detroit

It is Halloween, and we are at the Detroit Zoo. I am walking past brightly painted pumpkins lumped together in strange shapes, somehow resembling animals. The night is cool, a fine mist spraying our cheeks, but the smell of autumn takes me back to years before I knew that the world contained danger. Wet leaves, cool air. Smells of hot cider and frying donuts beckon from a nearby tent. I'm with my friends Ricardo and Itchel, and also three witches and a small Quid-ditch player, her striped maroon-and-gold sweater flashing ahead of us in the darkness like a bright flag. The tallest witch and the little Harry Potter character are with me. These children whom I am graced to accompany pull me by my hands to the haunted mine ride, and I let myself be taken through. We are riding on a little cart, seemingly careening through a deep cave, past flames, free-falling, and then suddenly, amidst screams, coasting to a safe landing. The children climb out, stagger around, laughing hysterically, and run outside shrieking. I am a little slower to follow.

Lisa Sinnett lives and works in Detroit, Mich., and has been attending Detroit and Ann Arbor meetings regularly since 1992. Her last submission to FRIENDS JOURNAL, a poem titled "Driving to El Salvador with Hector and Domingo," published in April 2006, earned an Award of Excellence (first place) from the Associated Church Press. She thanks Helen Horn (Athens, Ohio, Meeting) and Claire Crabtree for their support and care of her writer's voice. Some names in this article have been changed.

Being a survivor of domestic violence is like this children's ride, but with a sinister twist. I don't always know that we are actually strapped in safely, that the dangers lurching at us are mostly imagined, or if there is any such thing as a safe landing. I can't tell you these girls are mine, but sometimes, when one of them slips her hand into mine, or runs to me at the end of the day, barreling into me, I think, "My child." But it cannot be misunderstood, because "mine" carries in it ownership, non-equality, violence. The smallest seed of violence, even if it is contained in as small a word as "my," must be questioned.

My stepmother said to me that the extent of our desire to change someone is the measure of our co-dependency on that person. I believe there's another, grimmer equation that parallels this. The degree to which someone believes that he or she owns another person is the measure of the risk of doing violence to that person. When we are on the receiving end of this control, ownership, and violence continuum, we are vulnerable to continuing the cycle of violence.

The price of my resistance has included welts on my legs, bruises on my body, being in a car driven 90 miles an hour in a residential area, and being alternately controlled or neglected in a myriad of ways. Neither the

violence nor the resistance to it can be let go of easily because it is engraved in my arms and my legs, my mind, and even my soul.

1980: Detroit

She's pointing a knife at me, a knife that she was using to cut meat for a stew. It's still bloody. "I could kill you, you know." She's almost calm when she says it, but her eyes are mean. She turns back to the counter. I am 15 years old.

Some part of me splits off and runs and runs, going deep underground, becoming a fairyland creature, hiding between towering birch trees, taking refuge. The rest of me



jose Luis nuarero

go home with her instead. We have enough change for the bus or for two White Castle hamburgers each. We're hungry, so we start walking, past downtown, past the Michigan Central Train Station, under the viaduct and onto West Vernor Highway. Now we're officially on the Southwest Side—just two blocks from the Ambassador Bridge to Canada, but still two miles from Donna's house. My feet hurt, and I'm hot and thirsty.

We hear the car before we see it—a rusty brown '72 Dodge Duster with a white stripe pulls over to the curb and stops. Donna and

your initials in his arm. Fat Jesse really loves you, Lisa." I kick her leg. "Shut up, Simone!" She stands up and starts rushing at me. I have to do what I do every time she does something stupid like this, like when she soaks a paper bag in gasoline and breathes it in until it's dry, and then thinks she's a killer robot. I set down the knife, take my earrings out, and stand up. "You think you're so bad, don't you!" She charges at me. She is so easy to knock down.

I once bought a book just for the title. *Pretending to Be Normal*, by Lianne Holliday Willey, is about a woman living with Asperger's Syndrome. I could identify with being someone who looks like anyone else on the outside, but who struggles internally just to do everyday activities without calling unwelcome attention to herself. Answering questions like "How are you?" is easy enough: "Fine, thanks." But there are times when ordinary human communication opens a chasm into the past, and I flounder down dark mazes before I can compose myself. It can be difficult to muster enough courage to live, when memories take me back to family members becoming assailants, when once-comforting hands are now squeezing my throat and banging my head to the ground over and over. It is difficult to feel equal to those who have never, as a teenager, forced themselves to vomit, cut letters in their skin, run away from home, been shoved to the floor at gunpoint, or crouched on the sill of the attic window and bitterly decided to climb back into the dark room, even when there was no one waiting to say, "I'm glad you came back."

But I am here now because I have been listened to. An e.e. cummings poem comes to mind:

(i do not know what it is about you that
closes
and opens; only something in me understands
the voice of your eyes is deeper than all roses)
nobody, not even the rain, has such small
hands

This gentle, spiritual listening enabled me to accept, speak, and understand my truth. Through the balm and guidance of many people and practices, I began to heal. I am grateful to all of them, too numerous to mention, although in their number, very significantly, some

standing, there was a deeper and more hidden dark place where a small child hovered, terrified and alone, spirit all but rent, whispering, "Is anyone glad I climbed back in that window?" Spirit sent a Friend who understood that this question was about extinction more permanent than suicide. My dear friend Max Heirich showed me "Yes," because I could not hear it. He had a birthday present for me, he said, as we walked towards the Nichols Arboretum in Ann Arbor, Michigan. "It's a surprise." We walked through the small cast-iron gate and down a path. "Close your eyes now." He led me forward several paces. "Okay. Now you can open them again." We were standing in a small clearing of trees, in a garden with 27 beds of blooming peonies riotously reaching for the sun. I hear the "Yes" now, and, like the lilies of the field, the brightly colored peonies tell me I am supposed to be here, alive.

2000: Detroit

I wake with a start and look at the red LED display: 11:30 PM. The baby is still asleep. I walk the length of the apartment and look out the front window. There is snow falling, illuminated by the streetlight. It is hushed and calm, but no Cesar. I lie back down. The next time, I wake to footsteps on the back stairs and a pounding on the back door. The clock reads 1:45 AM. He has to be drunk. I swing my legs out of bed. I want to shut the bedroom door, but then he starts shouting and pounding louder, and I am afraid he is going to break the window. I am taking too long. I hurry toward the back door, but Manuel, the landlord, who lives downstairs, has the spare key and is already letting him in. Cesar lunges at me, slamming me into the kitchen door. He grabs my head by the hair and holds on so he can backhand me, then slap me again. My face feels like it's on fire. I put my hands up in front of me so he can only punch my arms. Why hadn't I put the chain on? Why hadn't I gone over to Magdalen's? I'd known something bad would happen tonight, but something inside of me made me stay, made me let him in—the same feeling I had when I cut Bobby's initials into my arm in 10th grade. I look up. Manuel's eyes are glinting behind his glasses like a lizard waiting for a fly. He backs out of the door and shuts it. I slump down. Cesar looks at me and kicks me

I hear the "Yes" now, and, like the lilies of the field, the brightly colored peonies tell me I am supposed to be here, alive.

I look at each other: "Manny." We run over to climb in. Manny Davis is wearing a tight, white T-shirt, and his muscular, honey-colored arm drapes casually over the back of the passenger seat. Donna jumps in the front, so I climb in the back with ugly Amos. "How you going to pay for the ride, girls?" asks Manny. Donna scoots over towards Manny. His hand snakes down her shirt and he kisses her neck. Amos' eyes are blue, but they are vacant; he's on something. He shifts in his seat and leans towards me. This is a two-door car, so there's no escape. I take my knife out and glare at him. "This is Bobby's knife." I push the sleeve of my jacket up, and start working on my homemade tattoo. All of us are carving our boyfriends' initials into our arms. Bobby wasn't exactly a boyfriend, but he gave me liquor, weed, and speed, and I didn't even have to pay for it Donna-style.

We turn down the street, and I see Bobby, Ruben, and Simone waiting on the church steps. Donna stays in the car with Manny, and their heads sink out of sight. "Have a drink, Lisa." Bobby nods at a brown paper bag. He passes me a joint. Take a toke, take a sip; keep carving his initials on my forearm. Simone, Donna's out-of-control little sister, starts repeating "Fat Jesse" stories again. "Fat Jesse carved your initials on his

now?" He wrenches the door to our bedroom and lies down on the bed. I don't dare move until I hear his snore. Somehow, the baby is still sleeping. I walk to the couch and curl up into a ball. The rays from the streetlamp are shining through the window like a child's nightlight, and finally I fall asleep.

What gave me the strength to leave this marriage with its safe cloak of victimhood and the tacit acceptance of violence? I had to give up the protection of being a crime victim first, because there is a kind of safety in being defined as a survivor. A victim can find support. There is a script to follow at the police station, and instructions to follow from a safe house. Carry your ID, some cash, and a set of car keys at all times. Make sure your diaper bag has a spare can of formula, and that it is next to the door.

People know what to do with victims and survivors when we first leave our situations. We are docile, in shock, easy to help. When I am the one living in the car with the children, afraid to go to work or afraid to go home, there are very few decisions to make. But when the chaotic protection of the crisis is over, there is no road map. We've decided to live, but we don't know how. We try our fledgling wings of dignity out, but we don't get it right the first time. Our "no," completely understood in toddlers who are trying to learn by experience where the "yes" resides, is misunderstood as a lack of gratitude,

word, because it implies a "helper" and a "helpee," and a natural inequality. These words separate us from each other. It is possible to be of great service to people who are in crisis, but only as equals, because anything other than that is violence to people's dignity. It's by some miracle of Spirit that we are here, safe now. It is Spirit who delivers us, who opens our eyes and teaches us that we can walk out the other door and never come back.

It's impossible to do it alone. How can I take away the occasion for war if I am at war with myself and those around me? It is a connection that is otherworldly and worldly, deeper, broader than I; whoever created the pine forest, the pine forest itself, and what Wendell Berry calls the wide grace of the Holy Spirit that allows me to find the still waters inside of me. Gandhi's words speak to me: "When I despair, I remember that all through history the way of truth and love has always won. There have been tyrants and murderers and for a time they seem invincible, but in the end, they always fall—think of it, always."

Years have passed, but not empty years. Years filled with seeking and healing constantly, traveling by belief in warmth if not Light, like a blind nocturnal creature seeking water and shelter. I arrive at this new life filled with warmth and now Light. I am an equal human being; to those I have run from, to those who have helped me, and to those who offer friendship. The answer comes

cradle you in my arms, precious one. See? You are not alone." I look down at my scarred arms and see my last enemy, and I set down my weapons at last. I say the prayer that a friend tells me is from the Hawaiian tradition. I say it to my body, and to that which made it, that divine sea to which we all belong. "I am so sorry. Please forgive me. I love you. Thank you."

I have knitted myself back into the Creation, and I am bowing before a stillness that speaks softly to me. The notion enters that I am part of this creation, human belonging, human being, human equal to you, and human accepting you. Peace.

Halloween Night, 2007: Detroit

It is the turning point of the new year: Halloween. In dark silence come whisperings of new beginnings and the promise of another harvest. In ancient times in Ireland, a new fire was lit, and everyone carried a piece of it home, to light their hearth with all of the hopes for the year to come. It's been said that at this time of the year the veil between the living and dead is at its thinnest. I can almost stretch out my hand and touch my grandmother, Nora Sinnett, and feel again that comfort and love that I always felt from her, even in my darkest times. I close my eyes and the wind on my cheeks is her soft touch. Her eyes, marbled with glaucoma in life, are bright and sparkling, and she is laughing. My grandmother is still with me, but in this place it's the living who demand to be seen and heard. The girl's laughter is wild and almost fierce, as they veer off into a copse of trees. The wind sends a scattering of leaves across our path, and for a moment Ricardo, Itchel, and I can't see our children. We peer into the darkness, trying to spot the witches' hats and Harry Potter. We hear giggles before we see them hiding behind a haystack, fitting their heads next to a display of jack-o-lanterns. We're not sure who is missing more teeth, the row of grinning eight- and nine-year-olds, or the pumpkins. Itchel takes a picture of the children, and as the camera flashes the veil disappears into a blaze of light, and I am brilliantly alive in this present moment. □



Beate Wildner

I.

You were born with
teeth and scales
breathing on fire
purple lips

they surrounded you—
white gowned pilgrims
bowed in prayer

you had scales
but no gills
and they stifled your first breath
until they stopped you from drowning
from all that you swallowed
before you fought your way out
backwards and upside down
but kicking

finally I heard you cry
as the air roared and turned to black

II.

(My vision clears and I remember
lying
at the bottom of the stairs
he is hovering on the landing
a growling apparition

pendeja! te dije!
que no salgas
donde la vecina!
I told you!
don't go out

My hand drifts down
to where you are cradled inside me
and you kick)

III.

Outside, the parking lot lights twinkle on
you dig your claws in and hold on
tubes, monitors, and needles
blowing, ticking, and dripping
but we both breathe

They brought you to me
with teeth and scales

flakes between your fingers and in your eyes
a mask of unnatural white
they didn't clean you off

the doctors just looked at your almond shaped eyes
and your cleft tongue
and said they would test you for Downs.


They never knew us

But You were born with teeth and scales
Breath of Fire.
Dragon Girl.

-Lisa Sinnett



Kri Burkander



Be Still and Cool:

Quakerism and the Passionate Life

by Heidi Hart

Summer solstice. Miles above the Arctic Circle, on the calm Norwegian Sea, I leaned over the ship's rail. Sunlight flared along the water like the bonfires we'd seen blazing on the shore all night. It stung my eyes and skin. How could light so gentle, like the sky after rain, be searing, too?

For one thing, it was cold. My wool sweater didn't keep me safe from the bright wind. And worse than that, the light showed me myself. In the past few days aboard ship with my husband and our friends, I'd found that I was sometimes craving love, sometimes withholding it. I could be as furious as a small child; I could be bitterly alone. Who was this person? Not the competent adult most people thought I was. Now, surrounded by this Arctic light, I saw myself in all my heated need.

I was new to Quakerism at the time, and couldn't help thinking about George

Fox. Words I'd read before this trip passed through my mind: "The first step to peace is to stand still in the light (which discovers things contrary to it). . . . Here grace grows" (*Works*, 4:17). Yes, Fox was speaking of the Inward Light, something that could pierce as well as heal. Now I understood this in my body, on a level beyond words. The truth, as teenagers enjoy reminding each other, hurts. When I saw my childish need that day on the ship's deck, I knew it came from a deep wound. I also knew it needed light and air.

Words from Fox's *Journal*: "Be still and cool in thy own mind and spirit." This was a favorite phrase of mine, from Fox's record of a letter to a certain Lady Claypool. And yet, in that clean sunlight, I resisted. I was used to coiling heat inside me, old hurts opened and reopened; equanimity seemed chilly. Could I yield to it? Or would I turn to stone, like a Norwegian troll, at daybreak? Would I give up my capacity for tenderness? And what about my passion for my work, for those I loved, for social justice? I could not see myself, raw nerve that I was, in a state of Buddha-like tranquility.

I leaned into the light. I allowed its

gentleness to touch me. Even as I saw the painful truth about myself, I also saw that my wound was a tender place. I could learn to love from there, with more compassion than desperation. No, I wasn't ready yet, and three years later, I'm still learning. But that northern light has stayed inside me.

I'm not the only one to come under its influence. Gretel Ehrlich's memoir *This Cold Heaven* traces her repeated journeys to the north, above the treeline, out of danger of lightning—of which she's been the victim twice. Does she expect to find a refuge, easy equanimity? Here are her words, describing midsummer above the Arctic Circle: "Not burnished light, but a searing turned up to incandescence. . . . No escape from overexposure. Only this pale lambency called air . . . I shiver. The sun's cool passion."

Ehrlich goes to Greenland and becomes as tied to people and to places as she's ever been before. She bonds with a young girl, although they do not speak a common language, and almost adopts her. Still, she leaves the icy land. She knows that she can't stay, but she doesn't love it any less. "Cool passion": is it possible?

Heidi Hart is a member of Salt Lake Meeting in Salt Lake City, Utah, and the author of *Grace Notes: The Waking of a Woman's Voice*.



I couldn't
get enough of
the clean light
on the
Norwegian
Sea, even as it
showed me the
dark corners
of my heart.

George Fox was, from what I can tell, a fiery spirit. Unlike John Woolman, whose gift of gentle persuasion still influences Friends' approach to social activism, Fox is noted for marching into churches and making his convictions known. Maybe he spoke to himself as much as to his correspondent when he wrote his "still and

cool" advice. I can relate. My husband tells me I am "driven" and "intense." Could it be that I was drawn to Quakerism as a cooling influence? Even if this is the case, I don't want to give up my nature. It took me years to learn to honor it. Like my voice student whose sound wakes up when she attacks the first phrase of a passionate Italian aria, it will take some practice for me to sing lullabies.

I'm willing to learn. I love the stillness of meeting for worship and its bracing challenge: *Stay. Listen. Yield.* I'm learning to notice what's unspoken in the room, from unresolved conflict to the softening effect of someone's vocal ministry as it ripples around our intimate circle. I love those First Days where nobody stands up to speak at all. I love our meeting's Light Group meditation sessions based on Rex Ambler's application of George Fox's writings to the practice of Focusing. As we sit in guided meditation, we learn how to pay attention to the underlying sense of our relationships, our work, and our communities without getting caught in our sticky, habitual storylines.

Maybe we are drawn to spiritual traditions as we are to lovers: opposites attract. Catholicism's blood-red pageantry would make me claustrophobic. Still, even this tradition, like so many others, offers a form of "air conditioning" for the soul. One of my favorite places as a child was the cool, white, egg-shaped chapel at a rural Trappist monastery. I loved to watch the monks file in for Vespers, seemingly unburdened by the world. How little I knew of the vicissitudes of living in community, let alone celibacy. And yet I still admire that willingness to enter the same chapel before dawn morning after morning, an act of radical surrender to the bigger picture.

Of course, asceticism is not the only road to inward calm. Today, I practice yoga with a teacher who comes to my home and knows me all too well. "Hummingbird," she calls me, as we work on quieting my nerves. When life's stresses start closing in on me, I sometimes practice *tonglen* breathing—the Tibetan Buddhist practice that Pema Chodron describes in her book, *The Places That Scare You*, as breathing in the "thick, heavy, and hot," and breathing out the "fresh, light, and cool." Even in the Mormon Church I come from, full of busy-bee activity, I've noticed certain "cooling" functions: drinking sacramental water in

the place of wine, and baptism by immersion. In India's Ayurvedic tradition, "pitta," or hot-blooded people, are advised to eat a lot of cucumbers.

I don't know of a tradition that embraces swimming, though both the Hindu and Jewish traditions involve bathing rituals. I would welcome such a spiritual approach to water. The rhythm of the ocean on the shore, the memory of constant lapping in the womb, the trust it takes to learn to float: all of this connects with what is deepest and most universal in us all.

I used to fear the water, but now I love to swim. I thrive on the fresh chill and—yes, I'll admit it—chlorinated blue. When I go swimming with a friend, the pool has strange effects on us. We may be chafing at a relative, chattering about a new creative project, grumbling about aches and pains, but when we step into the water we relax, talk freely, and just marvel at how *good* we feel. Something in the mix of light and water changes us. We may not keep our inner equilibrium all day, but we can enter that blue element and yield to it. Later, when we've surfaced into workaday reality, we can remember how that felt.

Here's a scientific and poetic take on the effect of swimming-pool blue, from Ellen Meloy's *The Anthropology of Turquoise*:

Clear water made blue-green in a pool is a fairly simple optical event. The white surface absorbs yellow, red, and other low-energy waves; the more energetic blue waves scatter and remain visible. Blue has enough energy to escape complete absorption by water, snow, and glacial ice. Its short wavelengths undergo the most scattering by atmospheric mores. It fills the sky with itself.

Maybe there is such a thing as the "cool passion" Gretel Ehrlich found in Greenland. Who knew that blue, the crispest color on the artist's palette, held such energy? It is the core of heat in every campfire. No wonder I couldn't get enough of the clean light on the Norwegian Sea, even as it showed me the dark corners of my heart. I longed to drink it down; to know the whole, cold truth and learn to bear it. We must have an instinct for this clarity, even if we can't agree on what "truth" means. We get depressed without it, as we do in seasons of low light. If that isn't passion, I don't know what is.

"Quakers tend to be cool," a Friend


István Benedek

said at a recent meeting of our Ministry and Counsel committee. We were discussing how to welcome new attendees. As we talked, I remembered my first few months of welcome into meeting. This community had given me the space to find my way in, and yet I had felt cared for, too. I could be as shy or as outgoing as I chose. I felt no sense of obligation to return each week; I came because I wanted to. If this was "coolness" that had drawn me in, I relished it.

Now, after several years as a member of our meeting, I've found some fellow hotheads who have turned to this tradition. One Friend, whose life work is nonviolent direct action, struggles as I do with her passionate nature; this makes her work mean even more. We have frequent conversations about what heats and cools our hearts, and how that rhythm is as much a part of our spiritual lives as meeting for worship itself. Sometimes, when one of us speaks, the other finds herself in tears: a form of saltwater relief.

Quaker plain speech also feels like a relief to me. I'm still adjusting to a culture very different from the one that raised me, with its many layers of politeness. Plain speech—sometimes like a dash of cold water on the face, startling and refreshing at the same time—is still new to me. I can absorb it without taking someone's comment personally, but learning to speak plainly myself is not easy. I want to stop swaddling my intent in phrases like "I just wondered if . . ." and "I'm just calling because I thought you might . . ." Better to say, "Can you help me?" than to fill the phone wires with my insecurity or to hide my pain in niceness.

Not that I'm always nice. I'm a hothead, after all, however skilled I am at covering it up. But there is cool, clear truth behind most of our human suffering. I want to learn to speak it on the spot. Our meeting has been holding workshops on nonviolent communication based on work by Marshall Rosenberg, and I've found this approach helpful—if the words are spoken honestly and without manipulation. Instead of holding in my anger until I'm simmering all over, I can learn to say, "I'm anxious," or "I miss the openness between us." For those who like high drama in relationships, this kind of conversation may fall flat. For me, it's a nonblaming way to voice those feelings



I knew my
need came
from a deep
wound.
I knew it
needed light
and air.

that seem too hot to handle. Often, when I speak this way, love washes in.

In his *Teachings on Love*, Thich Nhat Hanh suggests that when we hug each other, we think to ourselves, "Breathing in, I know my dear one is in my arms, alive. Breathing out, she is so precious to me." This practice is much harder than it sounds. We humans throb with longing—not just for sex, but also for the primal cherishing we may have missed in childhood. I saw this in myself the other day, when I embraced a friend because I wanted touch and reassurance. In fact, the child in me demanded it. My hug was more an ambush than an act of love. I pounced. I had forgotten that this friend is startled easily. She needs room to breathe.

That afternoon, I found my cat on the front porch, a baby sparrow in his mouth. He had pounced and broken the bird's neck. Now he simply stood there, not sure what to do. He wasn't hungry enough to eat the bird; he had acted on instinct—

just as I had earlier. I realized in that moment that my old craving for tenderness would always be a part of me. But unlike my cat, I could learn to give as well as take. I could respond to others' distinct personalities and needs. The next time I saw my close friend, I didn't launch a sneak attack. We came toward each other face to face, with loving equanimity, and we both felt cherished.

I can't forget the sticky substance running through my veins. Blood, instinct, passion, heat. There are times when fever heals. But I am made of water, too. The body requires both. In his book *The Secret Knowledge of Water*, desert wanderer and writer Craig Childs celebrates the body's inner coolness:

Sit in a car on a cold night and you will fog the windows with the water you carry. Touch your tongue or the surface of your eye and you will find water. Stop drinking liquids and see how difficult it is to maintain a coherent thought, and then, days later, how difficult it is to remain among the living. Specialized equipment has been designed to find a person behind a cement wall by bouncing 900-megahertz waves through the wall and off the liquid in the human body, as if we were all water-filled balloons unable to hide our cargo.

Maybe each of us is like an aquifer, a sandy bed that fills with water that we can't see. When we drink enough water we feel energetic, we digest our food with ease, we fend off illness, and we find that we can actually enjoy a summer day outside.

I like to see the Inner Light as water. It's a calm, blue pool within each person, lit by a mysterious source. The bloody heart pounds out its meter all day long, iambic stanzas fast or slow depending on our mood, but there is stillness in us, too. It takes quiet, practice, and attention to discover. Some days I forget it's there. I rush around the house, I holler downstairs to my boys, I ambush my husband with a pressing question when he's just walked in the door, I lash out when I don't intend to hurt. Other days I take time to breathe. When I'm lucky, there's a gap in all the chattering—the "ladies in the attic," as a Friend calls those not-always-friendly voices in our heads—and I feel cool and clear, as though the pool has lapped at my toes. □

PILLOWS

Even at four
sometimes
You put your two hands
on my face.
Pull me close.
Our noses almost touch.
We breathe the same breath.
And you sleep.
I remember
at one
how
you would want to sleep
your head
on top of mine, your pillow
cheek to cheek
as if we were one again
your head resting on my liver, your pillow.
And I would disentangle you gently,
bring you to my side.
Separate,
Yet touching
And I can breathe again.

—Beth Green-Nagle

Beth Green-Nagle lives in Shawnee, Okla.

TODAY

My sky
Blue as a morning glory,
Your love
The green vine that feeds it:

Up, up from the brown earth,
From every yesterday,
Comes the clear sweet sap of life
And every tomorrow.

—Mary Timberlake

Mary Timberlake lives in Princeton, N.J.

A Practice of Such Gentle

by Nathaniel Mahlberg

I have come early to Friends meeting this morning. I sit alone in a room that is sparse and welcoming, like the living room of someone whose only interest is the people who come to visit. I sit alone with the empty chairs and the golden flecks of dust that gently drift through the early sunlight. My breath pulls in; flows out; pulls in; flows out. A calm begins to rise, yet thoughts still flutter about busily. People arrive and sit, one by one, planted around the empty center. My attention can settle for a time on one individual and then the next. As I attend to each in turn, I become aware that, as the density of people increases, their focus moves together, heliotropically, toward the empty center of the meeting. And there my concentration finally rests, at the center.

Slowly, breathing, I settle down centerwise—root down, down to the center, all the way down. Sitting, centering down, one discovers that at the core a sap courses, thick, golden, mineral, drawn up from a taproot centered down into the Earth.

Cool air flows down the nostrils, down to the blossoming lungs and back and belly.

There's a rustle. Someone shifts in a chair like leaves shuffling in a private breeze. Ah, yes, we are gathered like a grove of trees—cedar, spruce, yew, mangrove, bo, oak—rooting and breathing ancient rhythms in the light of the morning sun. I feel how we are each gripped fast into the same Earth. I feel how the sap singing through me is drawn from a source pulsing in the vastness below.

A wind rustles through our grove as someone stands. I open my eyes and meet a look of gentle concentration in a man's face: the gaze beneath his lids is focused below, like that of a sailor drawing some secret, coiled life up from the deep, using all the sensitivity in his strong arms to lull

it to the surface. That something is close to the surface now—it is clear in his face, in how the eyes behind his lids now search the waters for a glimpse of its form. The surface gently roils off its obscure shape, radiates the slow waves of words that now form in the man's mouth.

"What if"—my eyes close as he slowly begins—"What if in love we are connected to a level of reality, a level where there is only love, a level that is more real than what we usually are aware of? What if love is what is truly real, and everything

else is illusion?"

Stillness. The man sits. I feel his taproot pulling up the glowing sap. I feel the vast source deep below pulsing its vitality through me and through him. I feel this silent circled grove of trees begin to empty down together into the center below.

Each cell in my body drinks of the sap and passes the cup. Ah, yes, it is a love among them. Millions of cells are dancing. My body arises from their dance. In the oceanic rhythm of my heart they move as one, in labor and in play, in birth and



R. Chipmunk/courtesy of Barbara Benton

Nathaniel Mahlberg attends Santa Fe (N. Mex.) Meeting. He writes, plays the violin in a band, and works at an independent bookstore. He also coordinates truth in military recruiting activities with the Veterans for Peace chapter in Santa Fe.

in death. Yes, their harmony, their union—this is what is real, this love.

Breath pulls in; flows out; pulls in; flows out.

Through the window: treads shrieking on pavement, the growling of a motor. The noise blows past, unreal. The silent room cradles our breathing, gentle crucible for our breath. Yes, our harmony, our union, this is what is real, this love.

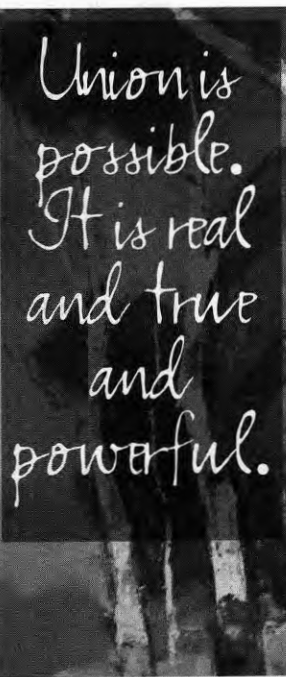
Oh! I'm slipping! My body jerks back as if I am yanking myself out of a doze. I was slipping out of myself—our of myself

into us. The feeling lingers like the afterglow of a blinding flash. Words now form around it, intoned in astonishment: "Holy," "Love." I must have been spilling past the brink into union. No, not "I," but rather, there was a spilling past the brink into union, and "I" caught itself emptying and panicked. Oh, why did I pull myself back? Do not worry. Just breathe and center down again.

Again, a breeze stirs the surface of our gathering. Someone behind me has risen.

"On the radio I heard this biologist"—she pauses to calm her nervous rush. It seems like the trees in the grove gently lean in to listen. As if they have embraced her with a canopy from the sun, she settles. Now reconnected with the source of her words:

I've been sitting here since our friend spoke, getting deeper into the truth of what he said. I was reminded of something I heard on the radio a few days ago. This biologist was giving a talk—I don't remember what his name was. But anyway, he was talking about early evolution, specifically the evolution of single cells into multicellular creatures. And the picture that he painted about how this works struck me very deeply. I had to pull over—I had the radio on in my car, so I had to pull over to listen 'cause I was so captivated. He was saying that in evolution, at these points of great leaps in complexity, the key force is cooperation, not competition. You have a harmonization between individuals, you have an increased resonance as things that used to be separate come together—you have a dance. Without that, cells wouldn't have arisen from molecules in the first place and we wouldn't have gotten creatures more complex from that, and we definitely wouldn't have communities, which, it seems to me, are a kind of super-organism. It's cooperation



and mutual aid that are basic, not competition. So when I ponder this I feel—I feel very clearly that love is the fundamental reality. Our bodies are formed by love, and they function by love. And I think that what we as Quakers try to do is to live so our society is in accordance with that reality. And what we're doing right here in our worship is like cells getting into deeper and deeper harmony together. We're entering into this harmonious unity.

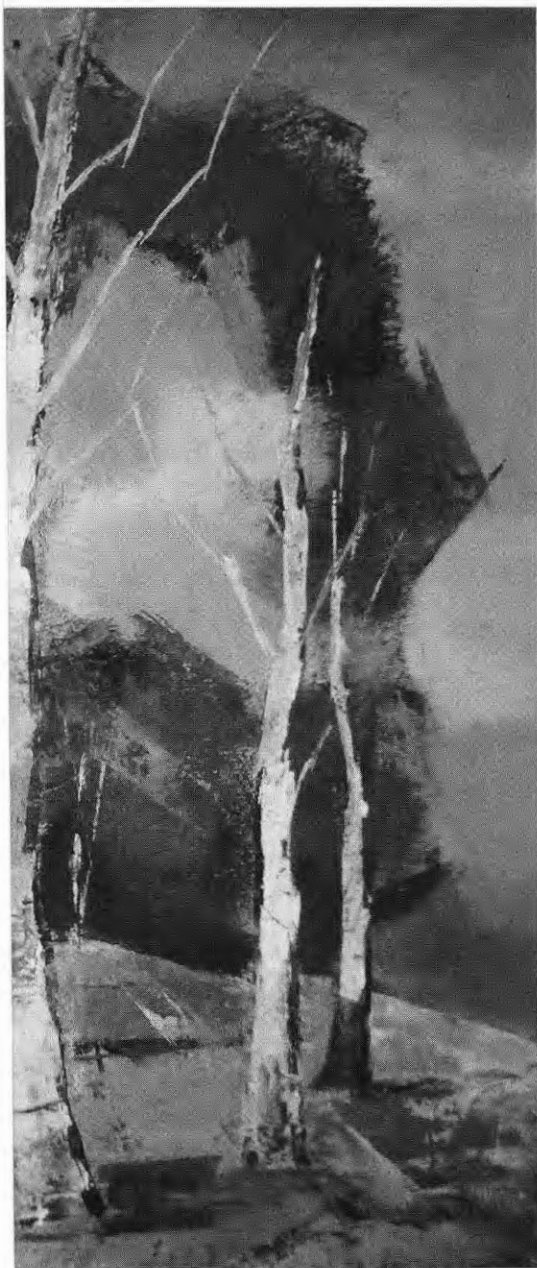
When she drops back into silence I am surprised I was not the one who was speaking. It was as if the movement swelling to the surface into her words was moving in all of us.

Later, at the close of meeting, as the people, milling, begin to trickle homeward, I realize this meeting has not closed but opened. The cells of our circle are spilling out of the crucible, spilling out of our still waters to sweep back into the currents and eddies of larger super-organisms. What will we be compelled to build, maintain, destroy? How can this opening not become an emptying?

As I step outside the meetinghouse, the light that strikes me is as vivid and luminous as a sunset blazing off a perfectly still pool. The verbena crackles into ultraviolet. The grasses bake beneath the sun into a green as sharp as their fibrous redolence. The hide of the cottonwood folds warm into enshadowed layers of brown—wrinkled labyrinths leading to those ancient things the tree keeps secret. Yes, everything draws me into encounter. In tasting the source of union with the people in Quaker meeting I have tasted the source of union with each thing that is with me.

A screaming bores into my head—a car drills past. I glimpse the driver: her

Continued on page 39



Only the tall young sunflowers,
bold as braves, their faces
framed in golden feathers, dare
look Sun straight in the eye.

Already he who was the first
to bloom, to host the burrowing bees,
bows his head low, down-laden
with his rich mosaic store.

Yet everywhere about me
yellow—senna dripping butter,
heliopsis mellow
at the meadow's edge,
arugula in lemon bloom,
zucchini flowering
into giant crinkled stars.

And look, a tiger swallowtail
flits sipping at the marigolds!
Earth burgeons, blesses me
with sun's bright children
since his blaze is more of glory
than my eyes can bear.

But even they,
all glowing here together,
melt me down.

—Helen Weaver Horn

Helen Weaver Horn lives in New Marshfield, Ohio.

NAMING OUR OWN RADICAL FAITH

by Emma M. Churchman

In the Gospel of Matthew, in the record of the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus teaches his disciples, saying, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy" (Matt. 5:7). Blessed, meaning ultimate well-being, spiritual joy, for those who share in the kingdom of God. Merciful, for those who seek peace in all their relationships through love, forgiveness, and compassion.

So how do we live into that space of mercy, compassion, and forgiveness? Jesus, by example, showed us that to be truly merciful we must feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, clothe the naked, shelter the homeless, comfort the imprisoned, visit the sick, and bury the dead.

This call to become merciful, to be brought home into that space of forgiveness and compassion, is what leads us to faithfulness. Obedience to faith is our work in the world. Naming our own radical faith, a faith that is of the root, the core, the essence of who God calls us to be, is our life's work. My own faith became rooted in forgiveness and compassion in unexpected ways through serving the Religious Society of Friends.

In January 2006, I took on the responsibility of directing Arch Street Meetinghouse, the largest Quaker meetinghouse in the world, located in historic Philadelphia. About a year after I started working there, someone began breaking into the building on a regular basis. This went on for weeks and the security audio system wasn't picking up anyone in the building, only that the front door opened as this person left the premises. I was awakened continually by phone calls from the security vendor and basically wasn't sleeping through the night anymore, feeling terrorized by this person breaking into my house—or so it felt. My prayers were for

patience and companionship in the darkness.

Finally, in the third week, I received a call from the security vendor telling me they had heard someone in the building and asked me what to do. I agreed to meet the police at the meetinghouse for a search of the building. The police caught the intruder and arrested him. The man was covered with dust and looked like he had been living on the street for some time. The police asked me to identify him

and I could not, although later I learned that he sporadically attended worship.

What surprised me most about him—Scott—was that I instinctively knew him to be essentially good. I could see, even in that moment, that he was a child of God. And, even more, I inherently trusted him and knew that he was just as scared as I was.

Over the coming weeks I was in and out of the Philadelphia court system,

**I WASN'T SLEEPING
THROUGH THE NIGHT
ANYMORE. MY PRAYERS
WERE FOR PATIENCE
AND COMPANIONSHIP
IN THE DARKNESS.**

Barbara Benton

Emma M. Churchman is a sojourning member at Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia (Pa.) and a member of Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.). She was artist in residence at Pendle Hill Quaker center in Wallingford, Pa.

speaking with prosecuting and defense lawyers, attending hearings as a witness, and awaiting sentencing for Scott. I remember at the second hearing sitting on the witness stand, looking across the room at this small, humble man behind the defense table, in an orange jumpsuit with handcuffs on his wrists, and being reminded of the conversation I had had with his mother just the day before as she pleaded with me to drop the charges placed on her son. I had tried to explain to her that I was not the one who had charged her son, that it was the City of Philadelphia that had made the arrest and moved forward with the prosecution. Still, she saw me as both the enemy and her only hope.

During these weeks I was barely sleeping or working. I began therapy at the request of my boss, and I tried to regain a sense of safety and security while I was in the meetinghouse. But my body was not cooperating; the fear in my heart was not readily turning into love. It was turning into anger, rage, frustration, and hate. I felt put upon; I felt violated; I felt that I wanted Scott to experience everything I was experiencing. I wanted him to really understand the impact his actions had on my life. I did not feel ready to forgive him.

So how do we move into that space of mercy, compassion, and forgiveness? How do we do it when we are tired, anxious, upset, and angry? How do we turn fear into love? We begin where we are.

I had no idea, at that time, how to forgive Scott, but it was clear that punishing him was not the solution. So that's where I began. I wrote to the judge, and wrote to and spoke with the prosecuting attorney about my desire for Scott to be sentenced to a rehabilitation program, rather than to serve hard time. I was told by the prosecuting attorneys for the City of Philadelphia that I could make any request I wanted, but that the prosecution was ultimately out of my hands and in the hands of the city.

I knew from speaking with his mother that Scott had a history of alcohol abuse. She also shared with me the story of his first arrest. Many years ago, shortly after his uncle (her brother and Scott's role model) died unexpectedly, Scott lay down in the middle of the street near their home, hoping to be run over by a car, no longer having in him the desire to live. He was arrested for vagrancy and endangering the lives of others. Thus began an

almost 25-year period of being arrested for petty crimes, which, his mother said, often happened when Scott was upset.

His mother also shared with me that

**ONCE I FELT
TRULY HEARD,
I FELT THE WAY
OPEN FOR
FORGIVENESS.**

she had been diagnosed with cancer earlier in the month and that Scott had been quite concerned for her well-being. His history, she said, was to steal and drink when he was upset. He apparently began breaking into the meetinghouse right after his mother told him of her diagnosis.

Scott's mother and I spoke often while waiting for the sentence, and we learned to pray for each other. My prayer for myself was for the gift of forgiveness, for truly being able to see that of God in Scott, and for him to see me in the same light. My prayer for Scott's mother was for peace to settle into her heart, and for her to know that her son's choices were not her fault. I spent the month praying for an opening for both of us, and for Scott.

Finally, six weeks later, Scott was sentenced by a Philadelphia judge to spend a year in a medium security prison, and, a few weeks later, my partner and I were approved to visit him.

I had no idea what to expect from the Pennsylvania prison system. I did not know that we would have to wait for nearly four hours to see Scott or that I would be searched repeatedly before entering the prison. I didn't expect that I would have to remove my underwire bra and strip down to my tank top because layers of clothing were not allowed. I had no idea that I would encounter cold concrete walls, wailing children waiting with their mothers to see their fathers or brothers, or the onslaught of guards everywhere. Pain is a powerful force. Anger, resentment, punishment, fear: all of these negative energies were enabling one another in the space of these waiting rooms.

I spent most of the four hours weeping

in my partner's arms—weeping for my father and my brother, who had each served time in prison; weeping for the men, women, and children waiting to visit their loved ones; weeping for Scott; weeping for the horrible, corporate-run prison system that exists in the United States; weeping for my Quaker community, so torn apart around the issue of the homeless at the meetinghouse.

I wept because my mind, my heart, and my body were tired, and I was scared that I wouldn't know what to say to Scott. I was scared that I would hate him. I was scared that I would love him. I was scared that he would despise me for wreaking havoc on his life.

I remember entering the visiting room and being surprised by how small Scott was, possibly only my height, and slight. In my mind, over the past few weeks and especially the past few hours, he had grown tall and strong. Instead, in front of me sat a 41-year-old fragile white man, with dreams, hopes, and desires, as well as much pain and sadness.

Scott expressed remorse about his repeated break-ins at the meetinghouse and asked for my forgiveness. That was one of the first things he said: "Emma, will you please forgive me?" I started crying, he started crying, and then my partner started crying. We sat there and wept for a long time.

As we continued to talk, Scott discussed his interest in philosophy. He shared ideas from books he had read, and he eagerly engaged with us on topics of social issues. He expressed a desire to go to college to study engineering, and he told us that he was on track to complete his GED while in prison. He shared his pain about his mother's recent diagnosis, and his concern for her care and well-being as he served time.

I thought: What's keeping me from being able to forgive this man sitting next to me? I realized that I needed to tell him my story. I needed to tell him both about my own father's experience with homelessness and serving time in jail, and the effects of my father's actions on my life—the overwhelming sense of abandonment and despair I still carry in my heart from choices my father made almost two decades ago.

I also needed to tell Scott about the pain his actions had caused in my life. So I started talking, and Scott listened, asked good questions, and was present. He did-

n't get defensive, he didn't try to make everything better; he just listened. I got really upset, I yelled, I said I felt hurt, angry, resentful, and violated. He really got it; he heard me. Once I felt truly heard, I felt the way open for forgiveness. Because Scott was able to meet me in my pain—to sit there and be fully present with me—I was able to forgive him in that moment.

Scott then shared his experience of being arrested, his feelings around serving a yearlong sentence—the longest amount of time he has ever served in jail—and the effects of the prison system on his self-esteem and his capacity for growth. What amazed and astounded me in his sharing was that he had already forgiven me, even before I walked into the prison that day. He understood his time in jail as an opening for turning his life around. He wasn't angry; he wasn't upset; he wasn't complacent; and he wasn't feeling sorry for himself. He was accepting his reality, trying to turn his life around as much as possible in jail, and trying to heal enough to be able to go back out into the world and live a good life. I was moved and inspired by his presence.

I recognized that this was an opportunity for me to truly learn about forgiveness and compassion in a way that I refused to do for years, especially with my own family. I also believed that God had brought Scott into our lives to invite our Quaker community into action and support for this man—to testify for our commitment to peace and equality.

Before going to visit Scott, I had asked the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia—the meeting that gathers at Arch Street Meetinghouse—to support me in reaching out to Scott. I reminded them that Scott had worshiped with them in the past, and asked that they form a support committee for Scott when he was released. I was amazed and impressed by their response: “Yes, of course, how can we help?”

Their forgiveness was immediate and present. It was without hesitation, without need for structure or container. It was awesome to be with a group of Friends who were all in instant unity about supporting a man who had broken into their house of worship. I felt held and loved by my Quaker community.

In our first face-to-face visit, Scott expressed thanks to me for intervening in his life, for allowing him the opportunity to

clean up his act and become a self-respecting person. Scott also shared, and continues to tell me, that knowing me has taught him about forgiveness and compassion.

I look at Scott and think how simple and easy it was ultimately to choose to love him and to stand by him; to let him know that I believe in him, and that I believe he can create whatever he wants for himself and his life. We all deserve to have someone stand beside us and believe in us, to offer us forgiveness and compassion, whether we are rich or poor, white or black, and if we are homeless or behind bars. We all deserve and need love and faith in our lives.

Gandhi challenged us to be the change we want to see in the world.

A simple thought, really. You, as an individual, can radically alter the way society and the world function through your daily actions, through your moment-to-moment choices to forgive and to seek love.

I believe that living a radical faith is possible. I believe that if you ask for lessons of forgiveness and compassion and seek to live in obedience to faith, your own radical faith will be born.

In the Gospel of Matthew, Jesus says, “Ask, and it will be given to you; seek and you will find; knock and the door will be opened to you. For everyone who asks receives; he who seeks finds; and to him who knocks, the door will be opened” (Matt. 7:7-8).

We must be teachable. We must be willing to persistently and boldly pray to be taught. We must ask for what we are ready to learn, eagerly anticipating these gifts of wisdom. We must be ready, when the door opens, to receive the lessons God brings to us. For me, this lesson of forgiveness and compassion happened in the instant of looking into Scott's eyes for the first time and choosing to see him as a child of God rather than as an enemy. □

Quaker Myth

The Quaker myth has two oceans flowing apart, overflowing banks of endlessness until they encounter each other in the unaccountability of time like an uncarved granite to which the sculptor's chisel is set to make a beginning.

The incommensurable spirits of the Light and the Dark encompass each other. The Light comes out on top. There is a great shaking and thrashing of primeval dragons. In the end yin lies down with yang on the holy mountain that looms peacefully out of the ancient sea where the river of Light flows through unfathomable darkness and time is always set at the beginning.

—Ralph L. Slotten

Ralph L. Slotten lives in Carlisle, Pa.

Engaging with a Monthly Meeting About Ministry

by Debbie Humphries and Diane Randall

The Call (Debbie)

As New England Yearly Meeting gathered for its 350th Annual Sessions in August 1999, in a momentous visit to the historic Newport Meetinghouse, I found myself shaking and felt the Spirit moving, and this message coming through me: "As Quakers we have a powerful heritage, but today we are a pale shadow of who we are called to be. The world needs what we hold, and we need to come forward and live faithfully to the Spirit and to the Quaker tradition."

The experience was transformative. The call I felt began an internal struggle to understand the Spirit's work in my life. Over the last eight years, I have grown into a deeper understanding of Quakerism, ministry, and my own sense of call. The treasures in the Quaker tradition became alive to me: our rich history, space in my life to listen and practice the skills of discernment, to hear how the Spirit calls me. Another treasure in the Quaker tradition is the knowledge that, listening alone, we may misunderstand what the Spirit is asking—we need others from our spiritual community to listen with us so that we can be more confident that we are listening to that inner guide, and not our own egos.

Following yearly meeting Sessions, I continued to feel closer to the Spirit than I ever had, reading Quaker books, studying, and meditating. Books that told the lives and stories of historic Friends such as Daisy Newman's *A Procession of Friends*, John Punshon's *Encounter with Silence*, George Fox's *Journal*,

Debbie Humphries is a public health nutritionist and teacher with a calling to travel in the ministry. She is currently serving on the board of the School of the Spirit Ministries, and traveling primarily within New England Yearly Meeting. Diane Randall is director of Partnership for Strong Communities, a Connecticut-based nonprofit dedicated to advocating solutions to homelessness, affordable housing, and community development. She is currently serving on the Board of Advisors of Earlham School of Religion. Both authors are members of Hartford (Conn.) Meeting.

John Woolman's autobiography, Rebecca Larson's *Daughters of Light*, and Samuel Bownas' *Description of the Qualifications Necessary to a Gospel Minister* made me aware of a sense of power and truth in our faith tradition that I hadn't felt among contemporary Friends. I was moved by the stirrings of the Spirit in the lives and writings of so many Friends.

In the fall of 2000, I began a year of monthly personal retreats, usually for 24 hours of silence, reflection, journaling, reading, and worship. My purpose was to have time alone to come to know what the movings of the Spirit felt like outside of meeting for worship. That fall, I also sought guidance from three seasoned Friends in our meeting, who met with me on an ad hoc (but regular) basis. My request to them was to help me keep from running ahead or behind my leading. As the ad hoc committee's understanding of my ministry and the corporate accountability I was seeking for the ministry grew, the committee began to see itself more as a support committee.

Samuel Bownas' *Description of the Qualifications of a Gospel Minister* caused me to ask my monthly meeting for help in living the ministry to which I felt called. Bownas described clearly the growth and changes I was experiencing. He called this ministry a gift not to the individual, but to the meeting.

I wanted my monthly meeting to accept and provide oversight for my ministry. I had a hunger to share the weight of the leading, and I sought help from the meeting as a whole. I learned about current practice among Friends who recognize the distinction between a support committee, which acknowledges the ministry of the individual, and an oversight committee, where the meeting accepts some responsibility for nurturing the min-



Lucy Sikes

istry. I struggled with ego, not wanting to suggest my ministry was more important or special than the ministries of others. And yet, because of the leading to travel to other meetings, I needed my meeting to acknowledge and hold my ministry.

In October 2001, I wrote to the Worship and Ministry Committee of the monthly meeting I was attending, Hartford (Conn.) Meeting:

In August of this year while we were traveling . . . I was moved to speak [in meeting for worship], and now I feel the need to prepare for when it will be time to visit other meetings on

strength and power provided by the witness of the Society of Friends, and by a corresponding sense that Friends are called to be more than we currently are in the world today. A clearness committee under Worship and Ministry finds Debbie clear to pursue this ministry.

The concept of a committee of oversight for an individual's ministry was unfamiliar to our Worship and Ministry Committee, to me as a new clerk, and to many in our unprogrammed meeting. At that business meeting, we did not find unity to support the request for oversight.

Over time, Debbie's request led Hart-

The request for an oversight committee for Debbie Humphries' ministry . . . has offered fertile ground for exploring gifts, leadings, and ministry within Hartford Monthly Meeting. Through structured discussion and worship, we have listened to one another and to God. These opportunities have included a Sunday morning Eleventh Hour and a Saturday morning Books and Bagels discussion; a workshop exploring gifts and leadings led by Charlotte Fardelman; in worship sharing with Charlotte on the topic of how the community supports leadings and with Brian Drayton on the topic of vocal ministry and deepening the life of the meeting. Hartford Friends earnestly desire and actively work to support one another. This mutual support is borne out in countless ways. And yet, this request for oversight of ministry seems to engage us in a new way that is not yet clear; we have struggled with understanding what Debbie's ministry is and what "oversight" means. In June, the Committees of Pastoral Care and Worship and Ministry will continue their discussion on the role of the faith community in nurturing leadings and ministries and the role of the individual to the faith community.

In September 2002, at a specially called meeting for business, the meeting affirmed the gift of ministry.

Clerk Diane Randall opened the meeting with a statement of our purpose of Loving one another.

Friends wrestled deeply and prayerfully with questions of authority and the concept of meeting oversight, recognizing our own fears and doubts. We are clear that at any time any of us may be called to a particular form of ministry. Friends expressed concerns and had questions about what it means for a called minister to "go out" in the name of a particular meeting. We also prayerfully considered the meaning of ministry. How do we define ministry? We recognize that within the Society of Friends has been a long tradition of ministry—how does this relate to our own meeting—to our own calls? We recognize that none of us speaks in vocal ministry on behalf of our meeting, but as one who has listened closely to what the Spirit is asking.

We are clear that Debbie is felt [sic] called to her ministry. We want to support this. We recognize her reaching out to our Meeting, as she has stated, is a call for support and to help her "not outrun" her leadings. We wrestled with the issue of whether an oversight committee gives authority to Debbie to speak on behalf of the meeting.

Such a committee would be a way for Debbie to test her leadings within its loving and safe community and help offer guidance to insure her outward work stays true and accountable to that to which she is called.

Friends entered into a period of silent wor-

What does it mean to be called to public ministry within the Religious Society of Friends?

What does it mean to submit to the discipline of the corporate community?

What can monthly meetings do to respond to individual leadings of ministry?

an intentional basis, rather than just convenience. It's not yet time, but I am listening and waiting. And as I prepare for this, I am asking for the meeting to accept responsibility of oversight of my call to vocal ministry. I do not consider this a confidential matter, but rather a sacred matter to be discussed and shared in the Light.

I would describe my ministry/leading as follows: I am led to call others to a deepening of their faith. This necessitates a continual deepening of my own faith, as I strive to listen to the Presence I feel, and give myself over to it.

The Meeting's Response (Diane)

To determine the best way to respond to Debbie's request, Worship and Ministry contacted other meetings to ask about their support and oversight committees. In January 2002, after several months of consultation, research, and discernment, it made the following recommendation to meeting for business:

. . . that a committee of oversight be appointed to help provide clarity and guidance to the faithful exercise of the gifts of ministry coming through Debbie Humphries. Debbie feels called by an acute awareness of historical

ford Meeting to examine the idea of ministry as an individual call and to consider what our meeting's responsibility is to an individual's leading. We did this in structured gatherings to read and reflect together and in conversations with one another. We grappled with many questions such as: How do we define and understand Debbie's ministry? If the meeting has oversight, does that mean Debbie will be speaking for our meeting? Aren't we all ministers? If we recognize Debbie's gift of ministry as unique or needing special attention, what does that say about the rest of us as ministers? Will providing oversight mean we have financial responsibility for Debbie and her family? Isn't ministry usually what we call messages in worship from older, seasoned Friends?

Although Debbie had been worshipping with Friends for ten years and held membership in Charleston (W.Va.) Meeting, she had been attending Hartford Meeting for only two years when she asked for our meeting's oversight. Some people in the meeting simply didn't feel they knew Debbie well enough, nor did they understand how to define her ministry.

At our May 2002 meeting for business, our worship together resulted in a process minute:

ship. After deep and heartfelt comments were heard, recognizing the concerns of some around the balance of giving ministerial support to all of our members and our not having clarity on some issues around ministerial oversight, we were clear that we need to continue to support Debbie's leadings, though we are not clear at this time to support the appointment of an oversight committee. At this time, Debbie's support will come through her support committee, working with Worship and Ministry, which will continue to advise our meeting and to further nurture her gifts.

Spiritual growth (Debbie)

Following the called meeting for business, people were concerned about my feelings. But in asking for the meeting to listen to the Spirit together, I had to trust the movement of the Spirit. I didn't feel the decision was personal. The meeting was acting on faith—and was not prepared to accept corporate responsibility for the leadings of individual members. I had been faithful because the ministry I'm called to does not belong to me—it is the work of the Spirit. I am not responsible for removing the road-

me grow through them. This is, of course, an ongoing task! Writing monthly reports has been an important discipline, as I take the time to reflect on how the ministry is moving.

Spiritual Formation through the Meeting's Labor (Diane)

Debbie's personal leading and engagement of our meeting's corporate support required us to consider how God calls us, and how we understand these calls as ministry. Through examining questions of ministry concerning Debbie, we began asking ourselves and each other, "Is all of our work 'ministry'?" Our meeting is filled with individuals who labor on behalf of a better world and exercise their spiritual gifts—in their homes, in their professional lives, and in our meeting. The variety of service we do—working to end homelessness, offering dignity and aid to people with mental illness and HIV/AIDS, teaching students of all ages, protecting the envi-

ings, contributing her time and skills in a way that demonstrated her commitment and leadership, Friends felt easier with the idea of Debbie "traveling in the ministry."

In October 2004, with the endorsement of her support committee, the meeting considered Debbie's letter of request for a travel minute. Grounded in historical practice and prayerful consideration of elders in the meeting, the letter explicitly states what our monthly meeting can expect.

The purpose of a travel minute is to indicate that the leading of the Friend who carries it has been recognized by the home meeting, and that she travels among Friends with our corporate support. Travel minutes are discussed in Faith and Practice (p. 264-265). . . . As my leading is to travel both within and outside of New England Yearly Meeting, if Hartford Meeting approves the minute, I will then take it to Connecticut Valley Quarterly Meeting and New England Yearly Meeting for their endorsement.

A travel minute is used to introduce an individual and their ministry to other communities of Friends. After a visit, a travel minute is endorsed by the visited meeting, and those comments can then be shared with the home meeting. I will make a yearly report to the meeting on the work done with this travel minute.

I feel led to travel both within New England Yearly Meeting and outside. I anticipate traveling with other Friends, as this ministry is best done with a companion.

At that meeting, Hartford Meeting approved providing a travel minute, which was signed by then-clerk Cynthia Reik.

To Friends in New England and elsewhere: We commend to you our beloved Friend, Debbie Humphries, whose leading to travel in the ministry has been seasoned in Hartford Monthly Meeting. We recognize her call to travel among Friends as the Spirit leads, to join them in fellowship, worship, and prayer.

Her concern is to deepen the spiritual life of the Religious Society of Friends, to reawaken us to experience the vitality and power of the Spirit, and to remind Friends of the truths of our tradition. Her faithfulness to this call has been an ongoing source of spiritual nourishment for her, our meeting, and beyond. Debbie has served on many committees within our meeting and also on several committees of New England Yearly Meeting. In all of these works Debbie's gifts of discernment, faithfulness to the traditions of Friends, as well as listening and counsel have increased.

We encourage her in this response to what we discern to be the promptings of love and truth, trusting that, under the Lord's hand,



Lucy Sikes

blocks in my path—I can express my willingness to the Spirit to continue the ministry, and ask to make the way clear.

I continued to have regular meetings with my support committee, which has seen a change in members over the years. They have been critical in challenging me, listening with me, and accompanying me on this journey. They encouraged me to write down the vocal ministry in the early years, and those messages are an important part of what I know. They encouraged me to say yes to New England Yearly Meeting committee service. They gently fed back my own foibles and helped

ronment, promoting civil rights, organizing against U.S. engagement in torture, fighting racism and homophobia, volunteering in prisons, promoting peace education, creating art, caring for aging parents and older members of meeting, and nurturing children—is this all Spirit-led?

Over time, we began to lose the constraints of the words "minister" and "oversight." Debbie's regular interaction with people who served on her support committee led them to know her deeply. She met with anyone who didn't understand her leading. As Debbie became better known in our monthly and yearly meet-

and with the prayers of Friends, her service among you will be faithful and fruitful. With Debbie we send our loving greetings to all Friends whom she may encounter.

Ongoing Travels (Debbie)

In the last three years, I have visited more than 20 meetings, often experiencing a kind of grace that has given me words to speak to the condition of individuals and meetings. I believe that this grace is in part due to Hartford Meeting's support. When I visit a worshipping community, I come into the worship in a much deeper way because I am carrying my meeting's endorsement.

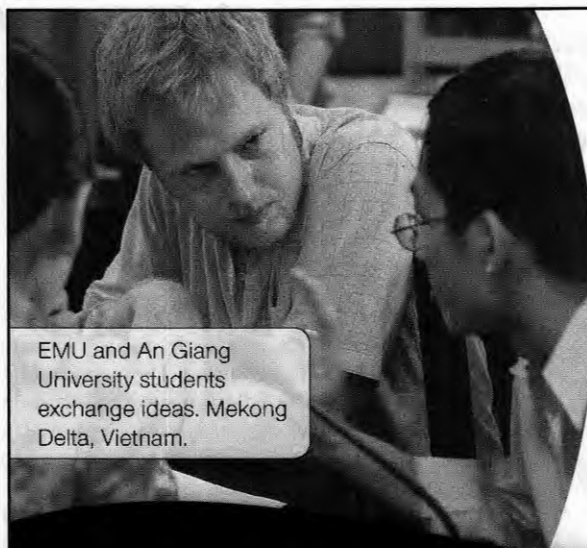
The process that I have used in traveling in the ministry is to write to monthly meetings, asking for an opportunity to visit. When possible, I gather with them in worship outside of their regularly scheduled meeting for worship, often meeting with a small group on a Saturday evening, and then attend meeting for worship on First Day. Spending worship-sharing time with a smaller group from the meeting deepens the regular worship the next morning.

As a way to share my travels and the accountability for the ministry, I write a report annually to Hartford Meeting, which is read in meeting for business, along with endorsements from visited meetings and sometimes a written report from my support committee.

In each of my visits the vocal ministry has varied, but the underlying theme always returns to attending to our Quaker heritage, listening to what it has to teach us, and learning to live more faithfully as Quakers today. The treasures of our faith tradition can help us respond to the world around us, if we practice our disciplines of listening and individual and corporate discernment.

Every day we make decisions about how we will act. Quaker faith and practice holds the hope of clarity in every aspect of our lives—from the small, daily decisions to the large life decisions. One of the promises of Quakerism is an answer to the question: "What am I called to do?" The emphasis on individual ministry and discernment is strengthened by the tradition of corporate listening, where we discern together how the Spirit is calling us.

Each of us has a ministry, and our worshipping community can serve to strengthen us in carrying out our own. □




EMU and An Giang University students exchange ideas. Mekong Delta, Vietnam.

EMU prepares students to serve and lead in a global context

emu.edu

A chance to live and learn in a new culture. Original research. A college where 91% of graduates are employed in their field of choice six to 12 months after graduation.

Think you can't afford it? Think again. EMU financial aid can make it possible. Our students graduate with less debt than the national average. Read more: **emu.edu/financialaid**

 **EASTERN MENNONITE UNIVERSITY**
Harrisonburg, VA

LEARNING DIFFERENT IS OFTEN BETTER

DELAWARE VALLEY FRIENDS SCHOOL

For students with Learning Differences

A co-educational, college-preparatory curriculum where innovative teaching techniques are a hallmark.


College Preparatory
Grades 7-12
Summer Program

Prospective Parents Open House Dates

All programs begin at 9:00 and include tours of the school with our students.

2007-08 School Year
March 12 • April 16 • May 21

2008-09 School Year
October 22 • November 19
December 17 • February 4
March 11 • April 22 • May 27



DVFS
DELAWARE VALLEY FRIENDS SCHOOL

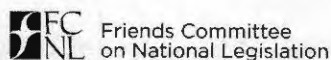
19 EAST CENTRAL AVE | PAOLI, PA
610.640.4150 | www.dvfs.org

Join hundreds of thousands of people in declaring that "War is Not the Answer," and help change the debate in the 2008 elections.

MAKE PEACE AN ELECTION ISSUE



Order a FREE bumper sticker or sign at www.WarIsNotTheAnswer.com or call 1-800-630-1330.



Friends Committee on National Legislation

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

**Your Support Helps
Soldiers of Conscience**

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

G
F
S



Germantown Friends School
(215) 951-2345

Please come to our Open Houses:

- Oct. 4, Saturday, 1-3 p.m.
(registration ends at 2 p.m.)
- Nov. 11, Tuesday, 8:15 a.m.
- May 15, 2009, Friday, 8:15 a.m.

■ SPIRITUAL PRACTICES

Prayer that Works for Me

by Sally Campbell

When I tell people about my spiritual disciplines, they often chuckle, for my favorite one I call "horizontal prayer." Someone said it sounded like a Buddhist practice called "sleep meditation," which he said was very popular, and it certainly does have some similarity to that possibly apocryphal discipline.

I used to sit on a prayer bench with my knees comfortably under me and my back straight and true. This is a wonderful posture in which to pray, to ask for and receive guidance. Unfortunately it is so good that I have often found myself avoiding it. The beauty of horizontal prayer is that it is much less resistible and I find myself able to return to it many times during the day. (It does help that I'm retired as it would be much harder to do in an office). All you need to do is to lie down on your back with your arms flung over your head on the pillow and let yourself rest completely in God's love.

I have a morning ritual that incorporates horizontal prayer, but first, in order to get up, I use a timer in the kitchen set to ring after eight hours of sleeping. Once I'm vertical, the two hungry cat friends help me to gradually wake up while I feed them, brush them, and brew myself a cup of Assam tea. After it has steeped fully, I drink it slowly and (I hope) mindfully. I then allow myself the luxury of horizontal prayer.

During this first prayer of the day I prepare for my other daily ritual, writing in my gratitude and my forgiveness diaries. I look back over the previous day and find the one thing that stands out as the keeper, the thing I loved the most. It could be something I or someone else was able to do, or just the color of a leaf. Whatever it was I'll be able to treasure it by writing just a few sentences about it in a desk diary, my gratitude diary.

I hadn't realized that I needed a second diary until I read *Sleeping with Bread* by Dennis, Matthew, and Sheila Fabricant Linn. They explain what they call the examen as having two parts: not just what went well, what was marvelous in the previous day, but also what went badly. By noticing and writing a few sentences about something that I do not want to keep I find I am also becoming more aware of the whole picture. Since I am sometimes accused of being a wearer of rose-colored spectacles, this is particularly useful for me. I may focus on a mistake that I made or something someone else did that was upset-

ting. In any case, I try as I write about it to love the people involved and wish them well (including myself).

Later in the day, as I come to some natural stopping place, I let myself lie down and trust in the Dear One. I often find that if I allow myself such breaks, the whole day goes better. I may find myself remembering something I really have to do that I've been avoiding, and in this state of abundant rest I gain the courage to actually get up and do it. By deliberately doing "nothing" for short periods throughout the day, I find I have more of a feeling of luxurious, joyful abundance and my energy is much greater. I'm not forcing myself to do anything, just allowing the work to flow through me. Often these little breaks are the most productive times and they actually save me time.

I always keep my journal (a little 7" by 4" notebook) nearby in case an insight or opening comes to me. My favorite gifts, however, from these actively restful sessions are the songs that come if I am patient and listen them into being, both the words and the music. Here are the lyrics of my most recent gift song:

Stillness of stone
Flowing of water
Brightness of fire
Freedom of air
Let me be free
Flowing and bright
Let me be still.

I have become convinced that beneath the confusion and bustle of the world there is an amazing, subtle but real and loving force that is constantly wanting to work with us if only we will let it. So, as another of my songs says: "Slow down, open your heart, rest in the Light, slow down."

Sally Campbell is a member of Morningside (N.Y.) Meeting.

Joy of the Spirit by Phyllis Berentsen

I've had spiritual highs in my life. I've felt close contact with the Spirit—God—the source of life. At times I've sensed a caring Presence, and have felt it close at hand throughout my daily life. I want to write about one such time that was different because it came in the midst of a dry spell, when for many months I had been unable to contact that Presence.

I am a Friend—a convinced Friend. I grew up in another Christian church and came to

the Quaker faith as an adult. I had friends who went to Friends meeting. I finally got curious and asked them if I could come too. Of course they encouraged me. I first attended Milwaukee (Wis.) Friends Meeting when I was 29, and it was like coming home. I walked into a circle of Friends sitting in folding chairs in the basement of another church and I felt something magical happening. I was drawn into and happily joined a spiritual centering that the group had created as they waited to experience God's presence. From that first time I knew that this was where I belonged. It was my spiritual home.

The experience of being gathered in at meeting for worship happened often over the years. I came to expect and depend on this spiritual nurturing. Imagine my puzzlement when, in my 70s, the ability to feel the Spirit eluded me. I came to meeting and felt out in the cold. There was no spiritual power catching me up in its mystery. I sat in meeting for worship and nothing happened. I looked at my watch, wondering how I would make it through the hour. I told myself that I needed to meditate during the week. I was coming unprepared. In the past I had at times used some form of daily meditation or relaxation. I tried a few times to start that practice again, and it did not work. I just could not seem to get into it. I tried a progressive relaxation routine that previously helped me reach a meditative state. In fact, I had taught this routine to others many times in my work as a therapist. It failed me. I kept distracting myself, was unable to stay with it, and eventually gave it up.

Last year our Friends meeting started a series of spiritual nurture groups. I joined one, hoping this might help. The program began with a group meeting of those interested. Lo and behold, in a small group at that gathering I felt a strong spiritual connection. Our spiritual nurture group met monthly. We prepared for it with readings. Each time we met, at least one thing from the reading or something someone shared spoke to me and helped me to feel more spiritually connected. We were each to choose a spiritual discipline such as regular reading or meditation. I must admit that my discipline choice changed often when one thing or another seemed not to fit. But I did feel supported on a path of new focus.

The happening I want to report occurred during a night when sleep eluded me. My knee surgery a few months ago had affected my back. Back pain contributed to my wakefulness. Not sleeping was common for me. Being overly tired and yet unable to sleep was a major frustration.

This time something from the reading at our last spiritual nurture group came to me: "Start where you are." I thought, "If I can't sleep, I can use this time for thoughts or activ-

ities to nurture my spirit." I remembered something I read once, authored by a well-known Friend whose name I can't recall. He said that some of his best meditation happened during his sleepless nights, and he did not miss the sleep one bit.

I began saying affirmations. The first was one someone offered me while I was attempting to heal myself from cancer back in 1975. "I walk on golden, protected pathways. The pure, white light of God's love surrounds me." I repeated it to myself over and over. I began to feel calm and nourished. I went on to a series of other affirmations:

"I am healing." "God is healing my back and my knee." "I will sleep soon." "God is here with me."

I was feeling more and more relaxed and centered. I progressed to some prayers, including one that is part affirmation:

"My heart is open. God, please come live in my heart." "God, please heal me. Please make my back strong and free from pain." "God, please let sleep bless me and heal me." "God, let me feel your presence."

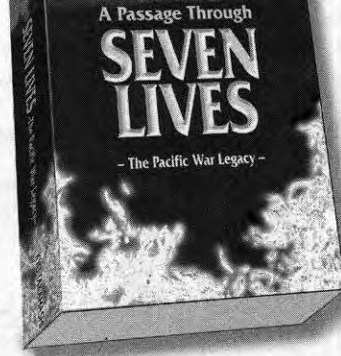
Immediately when I asked to feel God's presence I felt an ache in my lower right jaw centered on one tooth. "Oh, no," I said. "I know that is not what your presence feels like." I felt the corners of my mouth involuntarily begin to twitch into a smile. Gradually it spread and became more full. I thought that the ache was a joke—God had a sense of humor and was sharing it with me. My delight grew. The ache disappeared and in its place an ever-increasing feeling of joy spread through me—pure joy! Joy that continued to grow and fill me until I felt ecstatic—filled to overflowing with joy!

"Yes. God is letting me experience His/Her presence," I thought. "This is what the presence of God feels like—immeasurable joy! What a gift!"

This bubbling happiness stayed with me as I gradually fell asleep. The next day, whenever I recalled the experience, I spontaneously began to smile. I felt happy and energized all day. It apparently showed, because my husband asked me what I was smiling about. I just smiled more and said that it had come over me in the night. I wasn't ready to talk about my transforming experience right then. Later I found occasion to share it with others.

Often since then I have been renewed with the joy of God's presence. I recall the experience of being filled with joy and the realization that it was from God, and I feel that joy anew. If I have a dry spell I can remind myself of this connection, tune back in, and know that God is near and God is joyful.

Phyllis Berentsen is a member of Milwaukee (Wis.) Meeting.



What does war solve?

"A Passage Through SEVEN LIVES

is a stunning and perceptive memoir/history of Japanese culture and imperialism before and after the WW II. It is told with sensitivity and a warming, personalized look at the life of ordinary citizens both in the U.S. and Japan.

"Kyo Takahashi weaves a majestic tapestry, using the history of Japan and bloody battlefields as the warp, and lives of people who were involved in the war, as the weft. The author's personal recollections are interspersed with a detailed review of the political and social history of this era. Every fact was blended in carefully with artistic renderings of key individuals and various events, creating a shocking and enlightening panorama.

"This book is a valuable addition for those not familiar with Quaker Friends involvement, and AFSC's supportive actions for Japanese Americans who were sent to the internment camps during this period."

—from Reviews

A Passage Through SEVEN LIVES

—The Pacific War Legacy—
by KYO TAKAHASHI

6"x 9" paperback, 504 pages includes over 250 illustrations, 25 maps, & charts.
\$23.99

10% goes to the AFSC Peace Fund


This book is available at

amazon.com

and **kyo@kyovision7.com**

★

More info at— <http://KyoVision7.com>



A Quaker boarding and day high school where...
 ...personal transformations take place
 ...each person seeks to live with full integrity
 ...distinct ways of learning are honored

The Meeting School

120 Thomas Road, Rindge NH 603.899.3366 www.meetingschool.org

Young Adult Friends' Conference: Living as Friends, Listening Within

Richmond, Indiana,
May 23–26, 2008

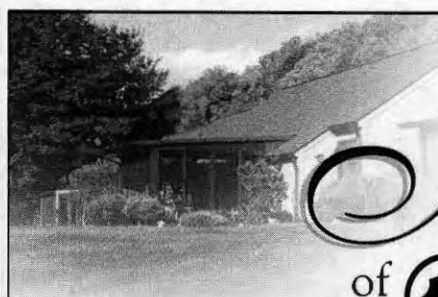
"Do not be conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your minds, so that you may discern what is the will of God—what is good and acceptable and perfect." —Romans 12:2 NRSV


In worship, in small groups, in conversation, we have been transformed. Friends affirmed their love for one another again and again. The act of coming together physically was a first step to enacting loving unity. We are hungry for connection and growth in grace with one another, and the healing of our divisions. We heard sermons and joined voices in song. Friends had opportunities to experience and participate in unfamiliar forms of worship. We felt the support of seasoned Friends who provided pastoral care and the many Friends that held the gathering in prayer.

Formal small groups gathered every day for checking in and more personal discussion of the challenges and joys of the conference. Small informal groups treasured free time where we found the space to address other concerns. These informal discussions created a foundation for the depth at which we arrived in worship. Earlham School of Religion professors, students, and alumni led workshops, while conference participants held interest groups on various topics. On Sunday, participants could choose between programmed (First Friends), semi-programmed (West Richmond) or unprogrammed (Clear Creek) worship in the community.

In Spirit-led worship we found that Friends spoke to the necessity of continuing in conversations about our similarities and differences. Friends were asked before the conference to consider the cultural norms of others present, and whether certain choices may impact our ability to find common ground. We began exploring Scripture together in workshops, Bible study, and pro-

September 2008 FRIENDS JOURNAL






It's the
Nature
of  **Broadmead**

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

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

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

Display Ad Deadlines

Reservations are required for display ads in FRIENDS JOURNAL.

**FRIENDS
JOURNAL**

November issue: Reserve space by September 8.
Ads must be received by September 11.

December issue: Reserve space by October 6.
Ads must be received by October 9.

Ad rate is \$40 per column inch.

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

E-mail: adsales@friendsjournal.org

grammed worship. This invited new challenges and opportunities to engage with texts important to the experience of Friends. We were reminded by Mark Walker that living in unity as a Religious Society of Friends will make us more effective in our work in the world. The discernment of corporate and individual leadings is one of the obligations we have to one another as a Society. We hear the need to acknowledge diverse leadings, such as gospel, traveling, vocal, and eldering ministries. Recording these gifts is one way of making individuals and meetings accountable to leadings.

Friends heard a call to find ways to share the good news that has been revealed to us at this gathering. We strive to carry this light with us when we return to our home meetings and churches. We have invited one another to our respective yearly gatherings and to explore ways of opening our spiritual homes. May we share with the world the light and love that was present at this gathering.

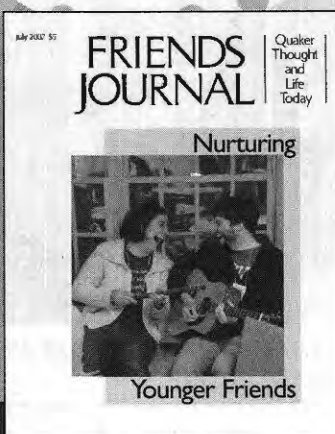
—The YAF Conference Participants

■ BULLETIN BOARD

- September 7–10—Middle East Yearly Meeting
- September 20—Christian Friends Conference
- September/October—General Conference of Friends in India
- October 30–November 2—German Yearly Meeting

FRIENDS JOURNAL is seeking a volunteer news editor, to join our network of volunteers who work from different locations. News editors gather information for our News and Bulletin Board columns, and bring other items of interest to the attention of FRIENDS JOURNAL editors. Duties include Internet-based perusal of Quaker happenings and meeting a monthly deadline. This position can be done from anywhere, and you will need regular e-mail access. For further information, contact Rebecca Howe at <departments@friendsjournal.org>.

Help secure the future of FRIENDS JOURNAL



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

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

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

For 52 years, the written words of Friends have informed, enriched, and nurtured our Quaker community. Your contribution to this ministry is critically important as it helps us to ensure a lasting, vital connection among Friends. And your gift—as simple as a line in your will—provides a legacy that can help sustain the publication of Quaker thought for decades to come. Gifts can be funded with cash, stock or other property.

Want to know more?

Please contact our development staff at:

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

FRIENDS JOURNAL



GREENE STREET FRIENDS SCHOOL



5511 GREENE STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA 19144 • 215-438-7545
GREENESTREETFRIENDS.ORG



BOOKS

In Good Conscience: Supporting Japanese Americans During the Internment

By Shizue Seigel. A project of the Military Intelligence Service Association of Northern California, AACF, Inc., 2007. 308 pages. \$26.95/paperback; \$39.95/hardcover.

With extended hindsight, it is now generally acknowledged that the forced evacuation and subsequent internment of people of Japanese ancestry from the West Coast of the United States by the U.S. government during World War II was a gross violation of Constitutional and human rights. The story has since become familiar to many more people. With no due process and despite a lack of evidence linking them to any remotely treasonous crime committed before or after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, over 110,000 persons of Japanese ancestry (most of whom were citizens of the United States) were taken and imprisoned by the United States government in ten camps located throughout the western United States. While there were many accusations, there were no charges. The only real offense of the internees was looking like the enemy.

It is sobering to note that the evacuation and internment had little opposition. There were no mass demonstrations of protest and few public expressions of outrage when these actions were carried out. The country then was united behind what was seen as a necessary war against the forces of fascism. Many public institutions and political figures supported the actions of the government; indeed a number of them were the primary advocates of the internment.

The story of the internment is a profound one and it has become increasingly well chronicled. There have been historical treatments and an outpouring of narratives, particularly from internees and their descendants. These all help in understanding what happened as well as in comprehending the internment's continuing impact.

But there is a much lesser known aspect of this experience that has been incompletely and inadequately told previously. It is the story of those non-Japanese who, in a variety of ways and often at considerable personal and professional risk, dared to behave honorably to those who were evacuated from their homes and then interned. *In Good Conscience* is a wonderful comprehensive effort at telling this story, actually many stories, well written by Shizue Seigel in this highly readable and well illustrated book. The particular individu-

—Warm and welcoming, always.



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



FSA
Friends Services for the Aging

panpha
an association of non-profit senior services

**EQUAL HOUSING
OPPORTUNITY**

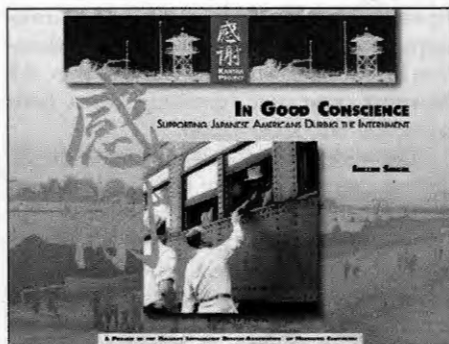
KENDAL-CROSSLANDS *Communities*

QUAKER-RELATED • NOT-FOR-PROFIT

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

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

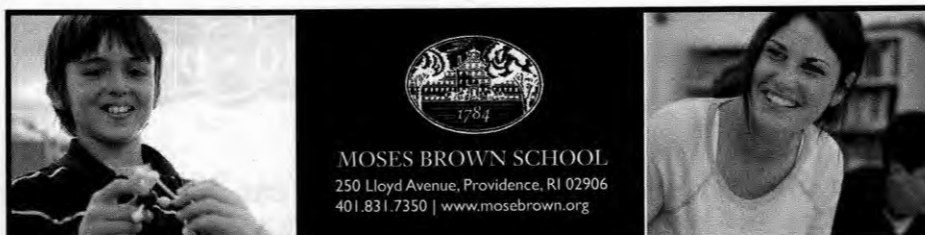
Kendal-Crosslands Communities welcome residents without regard to race, color, religion, sex, sexual orientation, or national origin.



als cited were nominated by former internees. (For purposes of full disclosure, it should be noted that this reviewer was, as a newborn, in the Poston, Ariz., internment camp, among those directly aided with a layette sent by American Friends Service Committee.)

The book is primarily a collection of personal stories related years later. While it has been over 66 years since the evacuation and internment, the memories are still vivid to the former internees. Most of the people commemorated are gone. Some, like Walt and Milly Woodward, the editors and publishers of the *Bainbridge Review*, a local weekly newspaper on Bainbridge Island in Washington state, and George Knox Roth, a radio program host in Los Angeles, had a measure of public visibility and directly opposed the internment. Most of the others were friends and neighbors who responded quickly and quietly. They moved to protect the Japanese and their property. They provided personal solace and support. Many responded in their professional capacities as well. A large number were educators such as Helen Ely Brill, Joseph Goodman, Robert Coombs, and the Humbargar sisters—Elizabeth and Catherine—who saw good, eager students with a future, not saboteurs or enemies of the state. Some taught originally in local schools with large Japanese populations before the war and then took teaching jobs in the camps.

There were also clergy and their partners such as Herbert and Madeline Nicholson, Ralph and Mary Smeltzer, as well as Emery Andrews and his family, who ministered to the internees. They provided shelter and some sense of continuity and normality in what had become a world turned upside down. There were groups such as the Nisei Student Relocation Council, organized by American Friends Service Committee, that aided in promoting and sustaining the college education of Nisei (second generation) students. A number of the people noted here were staff people in the camps. There is also the somewhat anomalous story of Earl Finch, who functioned as a kind of one-person USO for



MOSES BROWN SCHOOL
250 Lloyd Avenue, Providence, RI 02906
401.831.7350 | www.mosebrown.org

Does Your Child Enjoy School?



Moses Brown is an independent, college-preparatory, Quaker school for girls and boys nursery through twelfth grade. Learn more about our school and ask about our scholarship program at the next Open House.

OPEN HOUSE

October and January

see www.mosebrown.org for details

Moses Brown, a Friends school, exists to inspire the inner promise of each student and instill the utmost care for learning, people, and place.

Consider owning stock in the Monteverde Cheese Factory.

Take a Costa Rica Study Tour
to investigate before you invest.

Worried about the U.S. economy? Think about a financially sound, new opportunity to invest in a Quaker founded, fifty-five year old company, in a country without an army. Ask your tax advisor about a deduction for study tours on August 6 to 13, December 3 to 10, or, January 7 to 14.

For stock prospectus call Roy Joe Stuckey

(937) 728-9887

e-mail: rstuckey1@earthlink.net;

click on crstudytours.com



AFS

INSPIRES active, **resourceful**,
engaged learners
VALUES **spirit** and intellect
excellence and **goodness**



Open House: October 18
1-3 p.m.

To register, please call
215-886-4350

ABINGTON FRIENDS SCHOOL
A coed Quaker school, preschool through grade 12
On its original campus since 1697
www.abingtonfriends.net



Year 2009 Quaker Motto Calendar

Inspirational messages
for each month
Since 1884

25 calendars \$24.00
25 calendars & envelopes \$26.00

Send orders with check to:
The Motto Calendar
1101 Ridge Road
Pottstown, PA 19465

MottoCalendar@comcast.net
Telephone: 301-320-3931

GuideOne Insurance

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



Guidelines for Writers

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

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

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

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

**FRIENDS
JOURNAL**

Japanese American soldiers training in Mississippi. Some supporters later aided the relocation of internees when the war was over. All provided hope and friendship when both seemed in very short supply.

The stories in this book bring to life the situations that the Japanese faced and the personal dimensions of life-altering changes. But as this book details, they were not alone. While there are few generalizations made here about those who helped (and here I thought some broader analysis about those who aided the Japanese would have aided the narrative) some generalizations seem inevitable. As noted, the people cited usually knew Japanese people personally and saw them not as foreigners and enemies but as friends and neighbors enmeshed in a crisis not of their own making. Those who aided (at least those chronicled here) were disproportionately religiously motivated people (and disproportionately Quaker as well.) Teachers were well represented as were ministers.

The portrait drawn shows both the direct and collateral damage of war and racism. It is not a tale of overt resistance or of mass action. But it is very much a story of heroism and courage, though I suspect that those people cited here would have rejected that designation. The book is an act of gratitude and a set of commemorations, but as a cumulative narrative, *In Good Conscience* becomes something much more. It is, ultimately, a moral tale. Its protagonists are not saints but they are, perhaps more usefully, exemplars; as such they show us how empathetic human beings should behave when hatred rages and intolerance prevails in your own country.

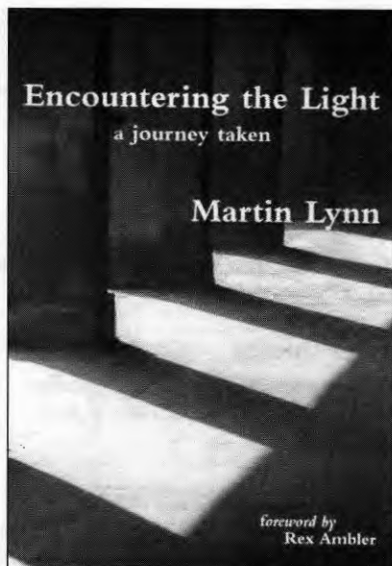
—Ed Nakawatase

Ed Nakawatase, a member of Germantown (Pa.) Meeting, was born in Poston, Ariz., one of ten internment camps for people of Japanese ancestry, in 1943. For more than 30 years he was the National representative for Native American Affairs for AFSC.

Encountering the Light: A Journey Taken

*By Martin Lynn, Ebor Press, 2007, 92 pages.
£5/paperback.*

This is a collection of five talks given to Irish Friends between 2000 and 2004, compiled in memory of Martin Lynn (1951-2005) by Alice Clark in conjunction with South Belfast Meeting Ministry and Oversight, Lynn's home meeting. In these talks for Quakers, Lynn stands with both feet planted firmly in Fox's message and pushes listeners (and now readers) into examining their lives,



as Fox did, in a "constant . . . process of self-examination and inner struggle." This struggle takes Friends into "Holy Surrender" to the living, daily Truth that speaks through our lives both when we are alone and when we are in community. This practice, Lynn emphasizes, is only possible if we are steadfast in faith. He affirms our need for the continued presence of the experience of the Spirit: "For Christ is come to teach his people himself" with its present tense, is thus the key Quaker teaching, the Quaker contribution to Christian theology." Lynn talks of the communal need for discipline, submission, awe, and joy in the meeting for worship to bind us into community, and that the Peace Testimony requires more than renunciation of violence, service in the relief of suffering, and attention to mediation and reconciliation. It may also require us to "Walk the Way of the Cross," to accept peace as a process and as a way of relating to each person.

This brief and clear book is recommended for all meeting libraries. The individual papers may serve as a basis for rich discussions among Friends. Lynn's prose is plain-spoken and succinct, a series of pithy statements and terse explanations of practices and attitudes for all Friends at every moment throughout their complex lives.

—Sharon Hoover

Sharon Hoover is a member of Alfred (N.Y.) Meeting.

Quaker Summer

By Lisa Samson. Thomas Nelson, 2007. 324 pages. \$14.99/paperback.

Samson's novel *Quaker Summer* was named the Women of Faith 2007 novel of the year. Her novel *Songbird* won the 1999

FRIENDS JOURNAL September 2008

Each Life Speaks

INFORMATION SESSION
Wednesday, October 8th
SPEAKERS & CAMPUS TOUR
BEGIN AT 9:30AM—
COLLINS LIBRARY
 Please call if you plan to attend
1-800-843-3341

OAKWOOD
 FRIENDS SCHOOL

22 Spackenkill Road, Poughkeepsie, NY
www.oakwoodfriends.org

COLLEGE PREPARATORY PROGRAM • QUAKER VALUES • GRADES 6-12 • BOARDING & DAY • COEDUCATIONAL

COME TO PENDLE HILL



OCTOBER 19-23

JUST NORTH OF SLAVERY:

The African American Experience in Southeast Pennsylvania

with Christopher Densmore, Nancy V. Webster, Emma Lapsansky-Werner, and Amanda Kemp

NOVEMBER 9-13

HOLDING IN THE LIGHT, FRAMING THE SACRED: Photography in the Digital Age

with Sharon Gunther

NOVEMBER 9-13

ENVISIONING A MORAL ECONOMY

with Tom Head

Ask
 about "Bring
 a friend"
 discounts.



PENDLE HILL

A QUAKER CENTER FOR STUDY AND CONTEMPLATION

338 Plush Mill Road • Wallingford, PA 19086

www.pendlehill.org

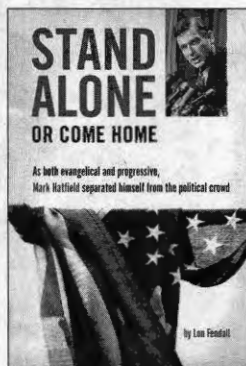
To find out more, contact:
 800.742.3150 (US only) ext. 3
 610.566.4507 ext. 3
registrar@pendlehill.org

Progressive and Evangelical?

Retired Senator Mark Hatfield's opposition to the Vietnam War gives just one of the indications that it's possible.

Read
STAND ALONE OR COME HOME
 by Lon Fendall

September 8, 2008 release • \$18.00



The Bible Association of Friends in America

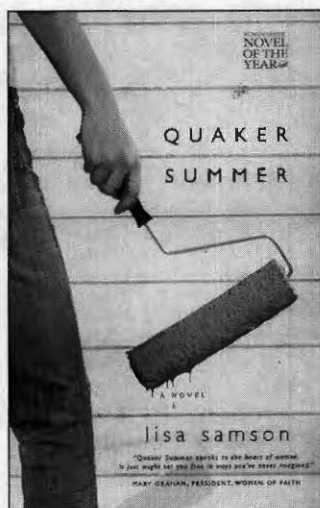
since 1829 has offered Bibles, New Testaments, and Portions free or at cost to Friends institutions, individuals, and others worldwide.
 Write to: P.O. Box 3, Riverton, NJ 08077

Moving?

Please let us know 8 weeks in advance. Send us your address label if possible. Otherwise, be sure to include your name and old zip code as well as your new address.

1216 Arch Street, 2A
 Philadelphia, PA 1907-2835
 (215) 563-8629
 E-mail: info@friendsjournal.org

FRIENDS
 JOURNAL



Christy award given by Christian publishers for Christian fiction. The latter award is named in honor of Catherine Marshall's contribution to the growth of Christian fiction. The Women of Faith website carries a Statement of Faith that reads much like the Richmond Declaration and provides news of conferences, videos, speakers, and merchandise for Christian women of faith. Both books fall into a genre called "faith fiction." *Quaker Summer* is told from the point of view of a housewife, a hairdresser when young but now living in an affluent neighborhood, enjoying her beautiful home and landscaping, neighborhood, family, the private school for her son, and the well-educated and well-to-do mothers she has met. As the novel opens, she and her husband are church-shopping again. Meanwhile, in an effort to simplify her life, she buys all white linens for the house, replacing the serviceable ones she already has. Circumstances, or guidance, leads her to a couple of mature Quaker sisters where she winds up spending a summer, and to a shelter that eventually leads her into ministry. She finds that the Quaker form of worship doesn't answer her needs; she prefers the church group that meets at Sister Jerusha's Hotel, but the difference is told sensitively, showing the different ways in which different forms of worship can speak to people. The story is one of spiritual awakening and of turning a life from consumption to service to the dispossessed that live nearby. The heroine finds that her marriage is enriched by the change, also, and she finds a way to expiate a childhood "sin" that has haunted her. This is not a novel of depth but merely "a good read."

—Sharon Hoover

Also of Interest

Faith, Hope, and Doubt in Times of Uncertainty: Combining the Realms of Scientific and Spiritual Inquiry

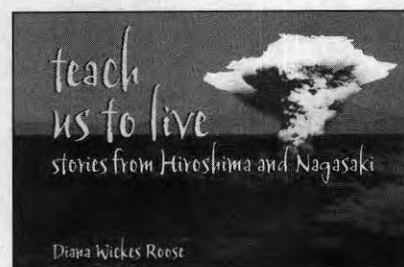
By George Ellis. *The James Backhouse Lecture*, 2008. 57 pages. \$11/softcover.

Quaker Quotes

Chosen by a group of present day Quakers. *William Sessions of York*, 2008. 74 pages. £6.50/softcover.

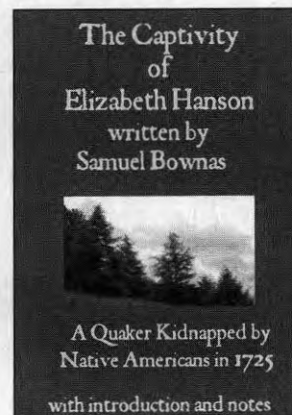
Teach Us to Live: Stories from Hiroshima and Nagasaki

By Diana Wickes Rose. *Intentional Productions*, 2007. 141 pages. \$15.95/softcover.



The Captivity of Elizabeth Hanson: A Quaker Kidnapped by Native Americans in 1725

By Samuel Bownas. *Simon Webb*, 2007. 40 pages. £5.00/softcover.



The Captivity
 of
 Elizabeth Hanson
 written by
 Samuel Bownas

A Quaker Kidnapped by
 Native Americans in 1725

with introduction and notes

State of Society Reports 2007

Friends in meetings from coast to coast in the United States experienced active ministries in their local communities, continued advocacy of the Friends Peace Testimony, and concerns for the welfare of the environment, according to their State of the Meeting reports for 2007. Within the meetings themselves, often despite tensions that emerged among members and attenders during meeting for worship for business and even during meeting for worship, there were small fellowship groups, small Bible study groups, and small groups for the study of Quaker experience and faith. The sharing experienced in such groups was intended to enhance the sense of the larger community that is the meeting. And, it is asserted unanimously in the State of Society reports, meeting for worship stands as the heart and soul and strength of the Quaker meeting.

Friends in Rockland (N.Y.) Meeting "feel the Spirit moving in meeting for worship, and in the community among us as it has deepened. . . . The Spirit propels us outward as well into good works." Among the good works performed by Rockland Friends during 2007 were a program to mentor women coming out of jail, tutoring children at the Martin Luther King Jr. Center, collecting food for the People to People program, and making the meeting-house available for use by a thriving AA group, a chemical sensitivity support group, and an Alternatives to Violence program. The meetinghouse was also made available on a rotating basis with other religious organizations through the Helping Hands program, to house homeless people overnight. "The strength and resources to do these things come from the support and nourishment provided by community," the meeting reported. "In meeting for worship we also seek to put aside externals and to focus on awareness of the Spirit in our midst."

At Evanston (Ill.) Meeting, "Our meeting for worship remains the center of our life together. . . . Our practice of sharing spiritual journeys one First Day each month continues to be rich in building bonds among us as well as in revealing ways to grow in our own lives." Among the ministries experienced by Evanston Meeting last year, the annual yard sale realized over \$1,000 in donations for Right Sharing of World Resources and three other organizations. The older elementary school children made a substantial donation to the Heifer Project, and Friends of Latin America continued to fund higher education for two students in Guatemala. "Members and attenders continue to feel strong spiritual promptings to serve and to work for justice in their own communities and across the world."

Olney Friends School

Barnesville, OH

Est. 1837

Good school. Good friends.



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

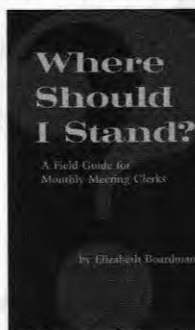
Core values:
*Integrity, equality, peace,
simplicity, respect for the
environment and the individual.*

www.olneyfriends.org
1-800-303-4291

Quaker Press
OF FRIENDS GENERAL CONFERENCE

"The promise of the Holy Spirit was to a group."
— FRIENDS WORLD CONFERENCE, 1952

Where Should I Stand? A Field Guide for Monthly Meeting Clerks



by Elizabeth Boardman

Elizabeth Boardman draws on her four years as a monthly meeting clerk and the wisdom of 15 other experienced clerks to answer questions, simple and profound, including: When should I attend committee meetings? How should I relate to the children of the meeting? How do I help sustain the faith community? An accessible and practical guide with additional resources and index.

Quaker Press of FGC, 2008, 133 pp. \$12.50

Quaker Press of FGC

1216 Arch Street, 2B, Philadelphia, PA 19107
1-800-966-4556 / www.QuakerBooks.org / bookstore@fgcquaker.org





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

-A Foxdale Resident



Opportunities for growth abound at Foxdale Village, a community where each resident is encouraged to live fully and compassionately, with respect and care for each other. Three levels of care contribute to a graceful life at Foxdale: residential living in ground-floor garden apartments, assisted living, and skilled nursing.

- Front-door public transportation to theatres, museums, sporting events, and shopping
- Cultural and educational opportunities at nearby Penn State's campus
- Reasonable fees include lifetime medical care and pharmacy



Foxdale Village

A Quaker-Directed Continuing Care Retirement Community

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



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



EXCELLENCE IN LEARNING • GROWTH IN KNOWLEDGE



FRIENDS ACADEMY



EVERY LIFE IS TO BE EXPLORED
CELEBRATED AND ENJOYED

Founded in 1876 by Gideon Frost for "the children of Friends and those similarly sentimented," Friends Academy is a Quaker, coeducational, independent, college preparatory school on Long Island serving 750 students from age three through twelfth grade.

Friends Academy • 270 Duck Pond Road
Locust Valley/Glen Cove, NY 11560
Telephone: 516-676-0393 • www.fa.org
Recruitment@fa.org



... Friends have felt their personal leadings uplifted in prayer and encouraged in many informal ways," the meeting reported.

Meeting for worship, "where we wait together in silence for the still, small voice of God," was the source of vitality at Olympia (Wash.) Meeting. The meeting has a "great theological diversity," its report affirmed. "Many appreciate silent meetings, and many cherish vocal ministries that come from the depths of the Spirit. Some complain about too much of one or the other. Either way, we are not isolated individuals but 'members of one another' gathered in the presence of the Light in our midst." During 2007, Olympia Meeting supported the Rachel Corrie Foundation, a group working with children in Rafah, Friends Peace Teams, and the Bread and Roses program. The meeting also had a presence at vigils related to the war in Iraq. "What is most needed to deepen the spiritual life of the meeting and to strengthen its witness on behalf of Friends testimonies to the world? We listen to the still, small voice for leadings as we continue our spiritual journey."

Palo Alto (Calif.) Meeting, with a large number of members and attenders, described its meeting for worship as "the heart of our meeting. Though it is well attended, some find it lacking a spiritual center. Others find depth, challenge, mystery, and solace." Consequently, the Adult Education Committee facilitated a dialogue in religion and added a midweek early evening meeting for worship during the winter. Meanwhile, the Harvest Festival provided funding for the Friends Committee on Legislation in California. Among other ministries supported by Palo Alto Friends were several projects in El Salvador. "We want our lives outside of meeting to be in harmony with our Quaker values and practices," Palo Alto Meeting reports. "We try to live out our testimonies in the worlds of politics and social action, seeking truth. . . . Can we build our peaceful community strong enough to serve as a model to the world? We see our faith as a candle in the dark lighting just the next few steps that we dare to take, trusting that way will open."

The experience of a number of "challenges and struggles," including the resignations of both the executive secretary and the administrative assistant of the meeting, in 2007 "brought to the fore a deep, abiding and perhaps in some sense a heretofore unexamined concern about our state as a spiritual community," Baltimore (Md.) Meeting, Stony Run attested in its report. "While our size offers us a rich spiritual diversity, . . . intimacy and a sense of community inherent in smaller, less urban meetings are more elusive for us." Several committees focused on exploring ways in which "long and not-so-longtime members

and attenders can share their spiritual knowledge and experience for the purpose of guiding, supporting, and fueling others' spiritual journeys. . . . Thus far, the turnout for these activities has been large. . . . Knowing that we labor in the Spirit and in the embrace of the larger Quaker community gives us courage and hope," Stony Run Meeting reported.

Portland (Maine) Meeting also experienced concerns involving the growth of meeting and "our vision for our communal future." Two concerns in particular, according to the meeting's report, were, first, "how to elder meeting for worship each Sunday—and the community life of the meeting—spiritually with the regular influx of new attenders, some of whom have no previous experience with Quakerism," and, second, how to welcome and integrate "newcomers into the meeting in general." Feeling the need for a renewed vision, Ministry and Counsel held three visioning sessions that were "well attended by new and long-term attenders and members." The results, the report states, were four themes of "significance: 1) staying engaged in being a Quaker community both individually and corporately; 2) supporting each other in joyful spiritual growth both individually and corporately; 3) using the meetinghouse space; and 4) carrying our values into the larger world both individually and corporately." Now, the Meeting affirmed, "We look to be sustained by the Spirit in our times of contemplation and in the endeavors of our meeting in the year ahead."

Noting that it is "several generations away from the people who founded the meeting in the 1920s and who built the meetinghouse in the 1930s," Montclair (N.J.) Meeting declared in its report that it is in a "period of transition," with a core group of people especially involved and with many new attenders with new ideas and fresh energy. "The Spirit moves through us in seeking new connections and evolving the life of the meeting to answer the needs of our changing community," the report states. "We are actively seeking various means to engage all in creating a richer and deeper community life together." Ministry and Oversight, for example, "continues to seek ways to enhance the spiritual life of our community. As many of our members go through life transitions, from death of loved ones to caring for disabled relatives to employment transitions, we seek to be a source of support and caring." Meanwhile, Montclair Meeting struggled through the year with concerns about its relationship with Friends United Meeting. Among members and at several special called meetings, there was "much discussion" specifically regarding "homophobic remarks made by one of the African representatives" during the meeting of the General Board of FUM in Kenya during February

WITH A CONSCIENCE
SINCE 1845



Friends' CENTRAL

VISITORS' MORNINGS

Lower School Pre-k - Grade 4

Thursday, October 2nd
Wednesday, October 15th
Thursday, November 6th
9:00am-11:30am

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

Middle/Upper School Grades 5-12

Thursday, October 21st
8:45am-11:00am

For more information,
Please call: 610-649-7440

www.friendscentral.org

FRIENDS JOURNAL offers the classic book

BENJAMIN

The Meetinghouse Mouse

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

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

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

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

Name

Address

City State ZIP

Country, if other than U.S.

Please mail to Friends Journal, 1216 Arch Street, 2a, Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835.
If any questions please call (215) 563-8629.



Let Your Life Speak.

—A QUAKER TESTIMONY

The oldest Quaker school in the world, William Penn Charter School embraces tradition and welcomes innovation.



Visit us on the web and learn more about our vigorous educational program and our stimulating and diverse community.

www.penncharter.com

1689
William Penn
Charter
School

215.844.3460

3000 West School House Lane • Philadelphia, PA 19144

Wedding Certificates

Mary Teichman
Calligraphy

www.mtcalligraphy.com

P.O. Box 446, Easthampton, MA 01027
(413) 529 9212 E-mail: mary@mtcalligraphy.com

Plymouth Meeting Friends School



Pre-K through 6th Grade
Admissions Open Houses:
Oct. 2, Nov. 8, Jan. 21, April 8

2150 Butler Pike, Plymouth Meeting, PA 19462
(610) 828-2288 • www.pmfsl780.org

2007. The meeting put on hold decisions to encourage New York Yearly Meeting to withdraw from FUM or whether it should withdraw from New York Yearly Meeting if the yearly meeting remained affiliated with FUM. Instead, a minute expressing Montclair Meeting's concerns was sent to New York Yearly Meeting, to member monthly meetings in the yearly meeting, and to FUM. Montclair also decided to hold in escrow its yearly contribution to FUM "until such time as FUM addresses its hiring policy and other practices."

The diversity of beliefs among its members and attenders and its relationship with Friends United Meeting were both major concerns experienced by Wellesley (Mass.) Meeting in 2007. During the year the meeting started a series of monthly religious education programs that met before meeting for worship, offered a Bible study, and scheduled social nights for parents and for family activities. "Yet as we take stock, we realize that we are suffering also from the double-edged nature of our activity. . . . We think of ourselves as a faith community where people from different backgrounds can come as they are and find support in whatever place they are in their spiritual journeys. Yet many of us are also concerned that openness and welcome may come to mean 'anything goes.' When does our willingness to accept anyone with any belief shift from openness to disarray? When does the blending in of other beliefs make the original Quaker message unrecognizable? When do we cease to be the Religious Society of Friends and become the secular Society of Friends or the intellectual Society of Friends? . . . And yet, despite all these questions and fears, we are united in rejecting a creed or a narrow definition of who can be one of us." The meeting also cited its concern about its relationship with FUM regarding its personnel policy and its reaffirmation of the Richmond Declaration of Faith. "The struggle to deal with this issue . . . has brought to a head differences in outlook and emphasis among us. It has also made us realize that it is not enough to respond to our rejection of those things we cannot accept about FUM by saying what we do not believe. Instead we must try to state positively what it is we do believe." Concluding its report, the meeting affirmed, "We must listen to one another honestly. . . . We must listen to one another bravely. . . . We must listen to one another in love. . . . We have many challenges to work with and many pressures both from within and without. We are trying to maintain a precarious balance and we do not have the answers. But we are seekers, and we are seeking together in community." —From newsletters of Rockland, Evanston, Olympia, Palo Alto, Baltimore Stony Run, Portland, Montclair, and Wellesley meetings

Homewood Meeting in Baltimore, Md., approved a letter asking members of Congress from Maryland to support House Resolutions that, if passed, could lead to the impeachment of President George W. Bush and Vice President Richard Cheney. In the meeting's letter to Maryland representatives, dated June 20, 2008, meeting clerk Mina Brunyate wrote that the meeting supports the relevant bills, HR 799 and HR 1258, because of what she terms "the disrespect for the sacred nature of individuals resulting from the policies of President Bush and Vice President Cheney." The full letter appears on Homewood Meeting's website, www.homewoodfriends.org.

The Human Rights Campaign has published a study guide as a supplement for the film *For the Bible Tells Me So*, a documentary on the intersection of religion and the LGBT experience. The film, a 2008 GLAAD Media Award recipient and 2007 Sundance Film Festival nominee for the Grand Jury Prize, spotlights the stories of LGBT people of faith and their families in the United States, including New Hampshire Episcopal Bishop Reverend Gene Robinson and his parents. HRC's user-friendly guide strives to empower audiences to create communities of acceptance and advocacy. The resource guide is available at no charge at www.hrc.org/religion. For communities of faith who plan to use the guide in conjunction with a screening of the film, a package including the DVD of *For the Bible Tells Me So* and HRC's accompanying educational license is available at a discounted rate. —Human Rights Campaign

Sherryl-Jeanne Harris is the new editor of *The Canadian Friend*, taking over for Keith Macgowan, who has retired. *The Canadian Friend* is the magazine of Canadian Yearly Meeting, published on its behalf by Home Mission and Advancement Committee. *The Canadian Friend* is sent to all members of Canadian Yearly Meeting and to regular attenders, and is funded through quotas and free will donations of the membership to further the work and witness of the Religious Society of Friends in Canada.

George Lakey is the recipient of the 2008 Martin Luther King Jr. Peace Prize from the Fellowship of Reconciliation (FOR). For 50 years George Lakey has worked for social change on the local, national, and international levels. He has led over 1,500 workshops on five continents. He has written six books, and his work has been translated into six languages. FOR, a part of International Fellowship of Reconciliation, established the King Prize in 1979 to honor those who make a significant contribution to the furtherance of Martin Luther King Jr.'s nonviolent approach to transforming racial, economic, and social injustices. —FOR

September 2008 FRIENDS JOURNAL

Gentle Collective Ecstasy

continued from page 17

whole body is tense, each joint ratcheted to clench into that machine. The subtle thread connecting us catches—then snaps, and falls in the wake of her grinding buzz.

Yes, it hurts. It hurts to be so tender to the mundane violence we so easily ignore. What a bodily dislocation it takes to become symbiotic with our machines. When we lock ourselves into these exoskeletons we are reduced, as we reduce everyone else, to a red light or a green light in the smooth flowing of our insectine circulatory system.

The glistening hulls fly past me. I watch them turning onto interconnecting streets, which themselves ramify and iterate, infinitely. At night the whole work lights up like a motherboard—an entire city made in the image of the machine. What does it matter to it how harmoniously unified we have been the moment before we step into a car? We serve as cells within this massively sprawling super-organism just the same.

The machines themselves flood out into the world from mighty centers of production, towering crucibles seething with workers who replicate and repeat, replicate and repeat, replicate and repeat, replicate and repeat. We must churn together like pistons to keep the streets flowing. And what voracious streets! Each cell must eat and emit, eat and emit constantly, or die. So the collective body must keep the raw crude coming down the gullet, and that takes sharp teeth. So we have developed teeth as sharp as rows of soldiers. Thousands of marching jackboots, after all, sound like the gnashing jaw of a mechanical beast. They also look like the treadmarks of a giant tank. Who comprises the body of that tank, that beast?

Yes, it hurts. It hurts to be torn from the union I have just become tender and vulnerable enough to embrace. But there is also a thrill, a hurt and a thrill like that after a parting with one's lover. Union is possible. It is real and true and powerful. It will always be there, waiting for our return. And perhaps it will come calling unannounced. Not only can one person open onto the ground of union with all, many people can—together. The more we can center our lives together in practices of such gentle collective ecstasy, the stronger we will be to evolve and to live in full expression of our universal unity. □

become more



 **Guilford**
COLLEGE
Greensboro, North Carolina

www.guilford.edu

Among the Nation's 40 Colleges that Change Lives
171 Years of Liberal Arts Education in the Quaker Tradition
A Best Value College by The Princeton Review
2,700 Students Representing 46 States and 15 Countries

Scattergood

FRIENDS SCHOOL

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



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

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

Share the ideas

Keep the copy

Subscribe now

■ MILESTONES

Deaths

Baez—*Albert Vinicio Baez*, 94, on March 20, 2007, in Redwood City, Calif. Al was born on November 15, 1912, in Puebla, Mexico, to Thalia Valderama Baez and Alberto Baldomero Baez. When he was two years old, his family moved to Texas, and then to Brooklyn, N.Y., where his mother was a social worker for the YMCA and his father served as pastor of Brooklyn Methodist Church. Al earned a bachelor's degree in Mathematics and Physics from Drew University in New Jersey in 1933 and a master's in Mathematics from Syracuse University in 1935. In 1936, Al married Joan Chandos Bridge. In 1948, as a graduate student at Stanford, he and Paul Kirkpatrick invented the X-ray Reflection Microscope, which can examine living cells. It is still used in medicine as well as in astronomy. He earned a PhD in Physics from Stanford University in 1950 and turned down a lucrative career developing nuclear weapons, choosing instead to devote his life to education and other humanitarian pursuits. He joined the Religious Society of Friends, and in 1951 he worked for the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization (UNESCO), moving with his family to Iraq, where he was director of the UNESCO mission and founded the Physics Department at Baghdad University. From 1961 to 1967, he served as director of science teaching for UNESCO, creating programs for high school students in physics, chemistry, biology, and mathematics. He collaborated on more than 100 science films for the Encyclopedia Britannica Educational Corporation. Al taught physics at Drew University, Harvard University, University of California at Berkeley, University of Redlands, and Stanford University. In 1995, The Hispanic Engineer National Achievement Awards Corporation established the Albert V. Baez Award for Technical Excellence and Service to Humanity, and Al was inducted into its Hall of Fame in 1998. Al and Joan were divorced in 1981 but re-married in 2000. He moved to Marin County, Calif., in 1980, transferring his membership from Monterey (Calif.) Meeting to Marin Meeting in San Rafael, Calif. He served on the Ministry and Oversight Committee and was always active in Peace and Social Concerns issues. While in Marin he became president of Vivamos Mejor (Let Us Live Better), an organization dedicated to improving the quality of life in Latin America through community development. Al was known for his sense of humor and fun. He once demonstrated the principle of jet propulsion to his class by attaching a small propulsion engine to the back of a child's red wagon and jetting around the classroom in it. Al loved music and played piano. When his health began to fail in 2003, he moved to an elder care facility in Redwood City, Calif. Al was predeceased by his daughter, Mimi Fariña, in 2001. He is survived by his wife, Joan Bridge Baez; his daughters, Pauline Bryan and Joan Baez Jr.; his grandchildren, Gabriel Harris, Nick Marden, and Pearl Bryan; his great-granddaughter, Jasmine Harris; and his nephew by marriage Skip Henderson.

Hammarstrom—*Bryn Hammarstrom Sr.*, 90, on July 18, 2008, in Wellsboro, Pa., with his son and daughter-in-law at his side. He was born Brynolf Hammarstrom on August 6, 1917, in Brooklyn, N.Y., the third son of Inez Dahl, a Swedish-Amer-

subscribe

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

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

Card Number _____ Expiration date _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State/Zip _____

For fastest service, log on to <www.friendsjournal.org> or call (800) 471-6863 during regular business hours. Offer expires 12/31/08 HAO8A

FRIENDS JOURNAL

1216 Arch Street, 2A
Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835
Fax: (215) 568-1377
circulation@friendsjournal.org



It's great to have your own copy

ican, and Erik Hammarstrom, an immigrant Swedish engineer. Bryn graduated from Ridge-wood, N.J. High School and then Wesleyan University in 1939 with a BS in chemistry. His first job was managing an asphalt plant in Cleveland, Ohio, but preparations for World War II cut that career short. When he was drafted in 1941, he was sent as a conscientious objector to Buck Creek, N.C., where he worked with the National Park Service for two years. He then volunteered with other COs for the next two years as a Smoke Jumper in Montana. He spent two years as a medic in Puerto Rico, using his chemistry degree working in a rural health outreach program under Quaker Dr. Asa Potts, until released in 1946. He married Helen Treat Bissell at Montclair (N.J.) Friends Meeting in 1945. Bryn was hired by a Philadelphia company to develop a better floor covering. The two Quaker owners, Stokes Clement and Russ Jones, had gotten to know Bryn during his time in CPS. In 1948 the company bought a factory near Allentown, and he moved into management. Over the next two decades, Bryn was active in Lehigh Valley both professionally and in the community. He helped found Lehigh Valley (Pa.) Meeting, serving periodically as clerk, treasurer, and clerk of the building committee. He was also active in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, serving on Representative Meeting for many years. He founded and served as officer in local chapters of both American Society for Testing and Materials and American Society for Quality Control. He led a Boy Scout explorer pack and was a citizen activist in Lower Milford Township. He was a co-founder of Lehigh Valley's peace center and a draft counselor at the height of the war against Vietnam. His Quaker faith was important to him. In 1970, while bicycling in his beloved White Mountains near Jackson, N.H., he apparently suffered a stroke, and was severely brain injured from the fall. After extensive rehabilitation, he spent over two decades as a volunteer for American Friends Service Committee, Bethlehem Council of Churches, and the local Prison Society. Bryn was predeceased in 1995 by his wife of almost 50 years, Helen Treat Bissell; and three brothers, Carl, Eric, and Sten. He is survived by his son, Bryn Hammarstrom, and daughter-in-law, Lynne Graham; his daughter, Wendy Hammarstrom; three granddaughters, Emma Priya, Laura Sunita and Marina; and numerous nieces and nephews. A memorial service will be held at the Lehigh Valley (Pa.) Meetinghouse on September 20 at 3 pm.

Hilfinger—*Shirley Hilfinger*, 78, on January 25, 2008, in Phoenix, Ariz. Shirley was born on January 21, 1930, in Kansas City, Mo., and grew up in Cincinnati, Ohio. She received a BS in Social Administration from Ohio State University and an MA in Religious Education from Northwestern University. She continued her education with courses in children's literature and social work in Minnesota and in Arizona. Shirley joined Phoenix (Ariz.) Meeting, where she was clerk and served on First-day School, Ministry and Oversight, and Library committees, as well as working with Young Friends. Shirley's husband, Jack, died in 1978. Shirley worked with the Phoenix Human Resources Program, where she received many tributes for her service as a social worker. At home, Shirley enjoyed going to the opera and the symphony and helping to bring up her grandson,

Nurture the Future of Quakerism



Remember FGC In Your Will

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

You can help by remembering FGC in your will.

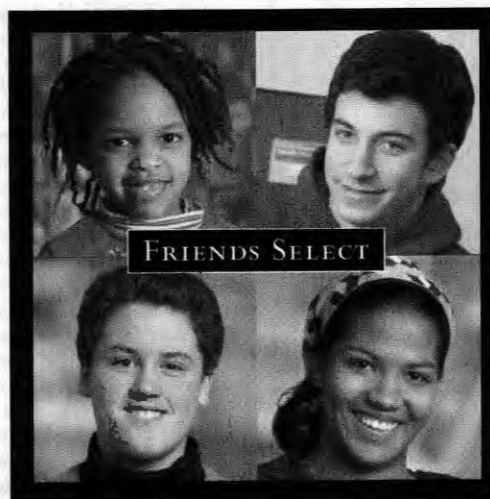
For sample bequest language or information on other planned giving options, please contact Michael Wajda in the FGC Development Office at 215-561-1700 or michaelw@fgcquaker.org.

Friends General Conference
1216 Arch Street, 2B
Philadelphia, PA 19107
215.561.1700
www.fgcquaker.org



photograph by Laurence Sigmond

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



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

NEWTOWN FRIENDS SCHOOL



"An education full of academic challenge...where respect is taught in principle and exemplified in practice."

Mission Statement

PRE-K-GRADE 8

Open House

Sunday, October 26

2:00 to 4:00 pm

1450 Newtown-Langhorne Rd.,

Newtown, PA 18940

215-968-2225

www.newtownfriends.org

Harry R. Forrest
Calligraphy

(609) 714-0100

callighrf@medleas.com

- MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES •
- INSCRIPTIONS • SCROLLS •

673 Medford Leas, Medford, NJ 08055

CREMATION

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

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

Mathew. Her sensitivity to the needs of others brought her friends from newcomers as well as longtime members of the meeting. Shirley is survived by her son, Mark Hilfinger; her daughter, Anna Hilfinger Dowell Moore; and her grandson, Mathew Hilfinger.

Stow—*Marion Alona Penn Stow*, 86, on March 14, 2008, at home in Frankfort, Mich. Marion was born on October 5, 1921, in Detroit, Mich., to Florence Alona Hungerford and John George Penn. A gifted musician, she played piano from early childhood to the end of her life. Her family was important to her, and she maintained a strong connection to the Hungerfords, Penns, and Stows. Marion paid her own way through Michigan State College (now University), graduating in 1944. She became a counselor at Morristow Hills Camp on Crystal Lake near Frankfort, where she met Richard Stow, whose parents owned the camp. Richard was a conscientious objector serving in the Civilian Public Service. Marion and Richard were married at Morristow Hills in 1945, and, as convinced Friends, soon after joined the Wider Quaker Fellowship. When they moved to Rochester, Minn., they joined Rochester Meeting. In 1956, they moved to Worthington, Ohio, where they joined North Columbus Meeting. In 1960, they traveled with their children to Iran, where Richard had a Fulbright Fellowship for a year at University of Tehran. Marion's philosophy of experiential education made that overseas expedition a peak family experience. She and her family always welcomed relatives and friends, foreign students, and immigrant families. She especially enjoyed her child development work in the inner city. In the Columbus Public Schools, she established and directed a parenting skills program for parents of children up to age three. She spent summers at the family place at Morristow Hills, where she raised an organic garden and collected wild berries. When she and Richard retired, they created an intentional community in Ohio's Hocking Hills, living in a super-insulated home that their son, Roger, had built. Marion continued to work as a substitute teacher and volunteered with AFSC and FCNL. They attended Athens (Ohio) Meeting as well as North Columbus Meeting. She regularly wrote letters for Amnesty International and visited maximum-security life prisoners. Marion and Richard moved back to Morristow Hills, Mich., in 1994, where they were active in Manitou Worship Group, under the care of Grand Rapids Meeting. Marion cared for Richard until he died of lung cancer in February 1995. The following December, Marion married their dear friend of 43 years, Marvin VanWormer. When Marvin moved to a nursing home, Marion visited every day until his death in 2001. She continued volunteering there, playing piano for the residents for another four years. Marion loved family gatherings and entertaining, and she delighted in the differences and accomplishments of each of her 12 grandchildren. After a debilitating stroke in November 2005, her daughters, other family members, and caregivers formed a team that enabled her to fulfill her wish to remain at home. North Columbus (Ohio) Meeting will hold a memorial service in the fall of 2008. Marion was preceded in death by her husband, Richard Stow; and her second husband, Marvin VanWormer. She is survived by her daughters, Penny Stow Herd, Mary Stow-

Thor, and Barbara Stow; her son, Roger Stow, and her 12 grandchildren.

Travaini—*Shy Mott Travaini*, 78, on December 5, 2007, in Phoenix, Ariz. Shy was born on June 2, 1929, in Zelenople, Pa. A descendant of Lucretia Mott, she was proud of her Cree heritage. Her family moved to Arizona in 1946, where, as a very young woman, she met and married Dario Travaini. Shy was a special education teacher, a founding member of the Golden Gate Settlement Guild, and a volunteer with Hospice of the Valley, serving as Area Leader and helping to design the pediatric program. She also volunteered with Parents Anonymous and befriended a child who was under the care of Child Protective Services. She became a special friend to a White Mountain Apache family and was like a family member to the children attending Phoenix Indian School. She and Dario enjoyed the opera, theater, and symphony. Shy attended Phoenix Meeting for 30 years and expressed love for the meeting's members and attenders, and gratitude for the power of the gathered meeting. Shy is survived by her daughters, Cassandra Travaini and Christina Travaini; and her son, Dario Mark Travaini.

Wiggins—*Rosalind (Posy) Cobb Wiggins*, on August 29, 2005, in Providence, R.I. Posy was born on March 17, 1917, in Pomfret, Conn., to Elizabeth and Charles Wiggins. Posy specialized in the belief systems of West Africa for her liberal arts degree. After graduating she joined the faculty at Moses Brown School in Providence, R.I. At various times she was a member of Providence (R.I.) Meeting, Westport (Mass.) Meeting, and North Easton (Mass.) Meeting. She served as curator of the New England Yearly Meeting Archives and helped found the interfaith Call for Racial Justice, bringing blacks and whites from different faiths together. She was on the board of the Providence Shelter for Colored Children and the Rhode Island Black Heritage Society. Posy transcribed the journals of Stephen Gould, a noted Rhode Island abolitionist, and edited Captain Paul Cuffe's Logs and Letters, 1808-1817: A Black Quaker's "Voice from Within the Veil," about an 18th-century sea captain from Westport, Mass. Posy was an artist, author, historian, and passionate advocate of racial justice and women's rights. She is survived by four children, J. Stanley Cobb, Patsea Cobb, Peter Cobb, and Elijah Cobb.

Please send us your marriage and union announcements for Milestones. Include names of both partners, meeting affiliation, location, date, where the couple currently lives, as well as other interesting or unique facts: a line from your vows, a description of an interesting piece of the ceremony, etc.



Socially Responsible Investing
Charitable Gift Annuities
Donor Advised Funds
Planned Giving Services

FRIENDS FIDUCIARY CORPORATION

A Quaker nonprofit corporation
supporting Friends meetings and organizations
with financial services guided by Friends
Testimonies and Concerns since 1898

*For information on FFC's expertise
and services, please contact:*

Friends Fiduciary Corporation
215-241-7272 or info@friendsfiduciary.org
or visit our website at www.friendsfiduciary.org



MEDFORD LEAS

A Place for...

- celebrating the individual
- valuing community
- witnessing the Quaker testimonies
of Peace, Non-Violence, Equality,
Stewardship, Simplicity, and Integrity



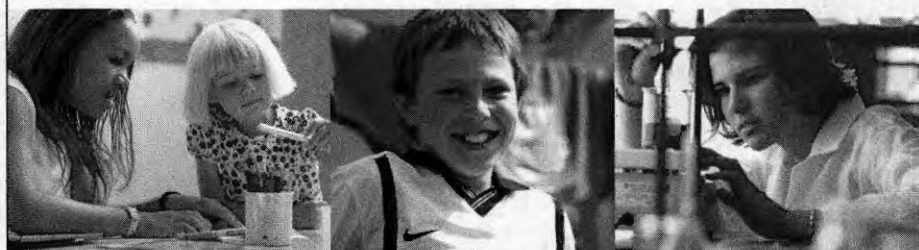
MEDFORD LEAS

*A nationally-accredited, Quaker-related, not-for-profit community
offering residential living and superior health and wellness services
for those age 55+, with campuses in Medford and Lumberton, NJ*

RESIDENCY AND OPEN HOUSE INFORMATION
800.331.4302 OR WWW.MEDFORDLEAS.ORG



We bring it to light.



OPEN HOUSE INVITATION

Monday, October 13 - 9:00 a.m. • Saturday, November 15 - 10:00 a.m.
Saturday, December 6 - 10:00 a.m.

WESTTOWN SCHOOL



spirited Quaker education since 1799

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

Ethical Business Relationships

Partnerships
in Peace

Lee B. Thomas, Jr.



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

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

—Daniel Bauer DBA

Dean, W. Fielding Rubel School of Business
Bellarmine University, Louisville, Kentucky

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

Hardcover, 152 pages, \$16.95

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

and engaging in conversation, why not a national truth and reconciliation process to redress the evil history of slavery?

Liz Yeats
Austin, Tex.

A comment on the June issue

Congratulations on your outstanding June issue, particularly for printing the address by Martin Luther King Jr., as well as for the article by Steve Chase, "The Power of Fearful Faithfulness: Martin Luther King Jr.'s Legacy for Friends."

The article by Jeff Hitchcock, "Quakers and Reparations for Slavery and Jim Crow," was well done, although I wished for a more balanced presentation. I do believe strongly that we all must take greater responsibility for our actions, and that when wrongs are committed they should be acknowledged and redressed. However, that article contains one pretty egregious error that should be corrected. Contrary to Jeff Hitchcock's statement, people in prison are not enslaved. It is true that they are deprived of their liberty, that they may be forced to work, and that a disproportionate number of them are African Americans, but they are not chattel. Neither the government nor any private entity owns them. They are not bought and sold. Just because the 13th Amendment allows slavery as punishment for crime doesn't mean that it happens.

Joseph Ossmann
Carmichael, Calif.

Problems with the Peace Testimony

"Please, educate me: In over 5,000 years of more or less recorded history, how many tyrannies have been overthrown by noble sentiments? How many genocides have been averted by reasonable discussions? How many wars have been prevented by Quakers?" (New York Post, <http://www.nypost.com/seven/07092008/postopinion/opedcolumnists/intellectuals_lie_the_powerless_die_119080.htm>)

What is our response as Quakers?

I'd be interested. I haven't finished your July special issue, "The Peace Testimony: What Does It Mean Today?" yet, so I am not sure this topic was covered.

On that issue, I was disappointed in the first article on the original Friends peace statement ("The Declaration of 1660," by Paul Buckley). As I understand it from a Pendle Hill speech by Jerry Frost and from others, it was a political declaration to let the

government know Quakers weren't going to overthrow it, not a declaration of lasting peace principle. The paragraphs Buckley mentioned about Fox wishing the government might smite others were brought up and then their implications ignored. What happened to all the Quakers who were in the military at the time? It sounded like the conclusion (this is the basis of our Peace Testimony) was decided ahead of time and so anything that got in the way was ignored or down played.

In Larry Ingle's book *First Among Friends: George Fox and the Creation of Quakerism*, there is a dilemma relating to my topic when Ingle writes: "Fox was not a pacifist in the modern sense that he utterly rejected participating in all wars and violent conflicts. He couldn't imagine himself bearing the sword, at least under [his] present circumstances . . . but he also recognized that someone must wield the sword against evil-doers."

Ingle goes on to say, "Fox would not condone violence except 'in the cause of justice' . . . 'in a war with the devil and his works' . . . 'for a righteous cause' . . . 'for keeping the peace and protecting people's estates,'" (i.e. not their property but their condition), and Ingle continues that Fox would "never deny the right of a nation's rulers to wield weapons in defense of a just cause. The problem was in defining such a cause." Thus the dilemma.

Signe Wilkinson
Philadelphia, Pa.

A call to understand the Peace Testimony

Many thanks to Paul Buckley for writing the article "The Declaration of 1660" (*FJ*, July), and to FRIENDS JOURNAL for publishing an issue devoted to the Peace Testimony and what it means today. Paul clearly describes the historical context in which the Declaration was written and suggests that readers go to the source to read it for themselves. This call is long overdue!

For years, especially since 9/11, Friends have spoken publicly about our "350-year-old testimony" without actually reading and understanding what it does and does not say. Shame on us.

Perhaps our ideas have changed since 1660 and we may wish to recast the Peace Testimony in light of those ideas, but please let us refrain from ascribing them to George Fox.

Claire Cafaro
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

FRIENDS JOURNAL September 2008

Using negative labels hinders peace

A while back, I contributed a letter ("Do we have enemies?" Forum, *FJ* Apr. 2006) that indicated my felt kinship with Daniel Ellsberg (associated with *Pentagon Papers* publication), which eschewed the use of the word "enemy." I found the responses in the Forum surprisingly challenged my sense of reality.

I, in turn, wonder at the implied status-power-differential that this moniker—"enemy"—clamps on those with whom I disagree, thereby negatively biasing any attempts at reconciliation.

By extension, are we seduced into a dichotomous view of our 7.2 billion *homo sapiens* that applies labels such as "axis of evil," "terrorists," or "enemies."

How will we view segments of our polarized nation coalescing after this fall's election if we harp on the labels that divide us?

I feel the mindset with which one approaches the process of reconciliation involves a necessary recognition of the interests and commonalities that unite us. For any of us to view the other as "enemy" is not conducive to resolution of differences.

Helen Meyer-Knapp, in *Dangerous Peace-Making*, notes the courage necessary for leaders to negotiate amidst conflict. Surely disrespectful, negative labels do not forward the process. She writes that peace must be dared; mercy and compassion are the only real basis for peaceful reconciliation.

Friends, is not reconciliation involved in heart-loving and mind-bending? Then how can pejorative labels help? Are we indeed dedicated to love (incarnated and experiential) as basic to our Quaker testimonies? (The Tom Fox and Rachel Corrie kind of love.) Does not our use of various brickbats constitute a further act of the very violence we seek to quench, thereby hardening positions and hearts?

Bob Mabbs
Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Appreciation for FRIENDS JOURNAL and the issue on the Peace Testimony

Thank you very much for sending FRIENDS JOURNAL. I am especially appreciating the July 2008 issue on the Peace Testimony.

I know some vegetarian Friends hold peace toward all sentient beings as a

legitimate part of their Quaker faith and practice, for which I am grateful.

Here are a few passages from a popular translation of *Bhagavad-Gita* that may speak to the hearts of Friends:

A person who is not disturbed by the incessant flow of desires—that enter like rivers into the ocean, which is ever being filled but is always still—can alone achieve peace, and not the one who strives to satisfy such desires. A person who has given up all desires for sense gratification, who lives free from desires, who has given up all sense of proprietorship and is devoid of false ego can attain real peace (2.70.71). One who is not connected with the Supreme can have neither transcendental intelligence nor a steady mind, without which there is no possibility of peace. And how can there be any happiness without peace? (2.66)

"Love the Lord your God with all your heart, soul and mind. This is the first and most important commandment." (Matt. 22:37)

Gerald Niles
Graceville, Fla.

Militarism promotes fundamentalism

Is "modern secularism—the actual cause of fundamentalism"? ("Secularism fueling fundamentalism," by Amy Clark, Forum, *FJ* July). Was the Weimar Republic the actual cause of German National Socialism? Were Russian democratic socialists the cause of Leninism-Stalinism?

As a conscientious objector, I am sometimes asked if I would have fought in World War II. My favorite answer is, "I'm still fighting it." I was fighting fascism in 1960 when I refused to take an oath to obey military officers and the President. Blind loyalty to a person is the core, the essence, of fascism. Reading *The Separation of Church and State* (edited by Forrest Church, 2004), I note that the perception of human equality is the basis for our Constitutional prohibition of establishment of religion. Our nation's founders understood that uncoerced communication among a multitude of equal individuals is the only reliable path to truth. Hierarchical societies cannot generate new knowledge, tell the truth in the present, or preserve the wisdom of the past. My hypothesis is that militarists are intentionally promoting fundamentalisms. It is in the interest of militarism to do so.

Dale Berry
Grants, N. Mex.

Classified rate is 80¢ per word. Minimum charge is \$25. Logo is additional \$19. Add 10% if boxed. 10% discount for three consecutive insertions, 25% for six. Appearance of any advertisement does not imply endorsement by Friends Journal.

CLASSIFIED AD DEADLINES:

November issue, September 15
December issue, October 13

Submit your ad to:

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

For information call (215) 563-8629
Fax (215) 568-1377

E-mail: adsales@friendsjournal.org

Accommodations

Coming to London? Friendly B&B just a block from the British Museum and very close to London University. A central location for all tourist activities. Ideal for persons traveling alone. Direct subway and bus links with Heathrow Airport. The Penn Club, 21 Bedford Place, London WC1B 5JJ. Telephone: +44 (207) 636-4718. Fax: +44 (207) 636-5516. www.pennclub.co.uk.

Ashland, Oregon.—Friendly place in Southern Oregon for outstanding theater, rafting, fishing, birding, quiet time. **Anne Hathaway's B&B and Garden Suites.** www.ashlandbandb.com; (800) 643-4434.

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

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

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

Seattle Quaker House: University Friends Meeting has two travelers' rooms/shared bath near University of Washington. Microwave/refrigerator. Free parking. Close to Metro/shops. \$35-\$45. (206) 632-9839 or quakerhouse.sea@juno.com.

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

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

Santa Fe—Charming, affordable adobe guest apartment with kitchenette at our historic Canyon Road meetinghouse. Convenient to galleries and downtown. More at santa-fe.quaker.org. Reservations guestapartment@yahoo.com or (505)-983-7241.

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

QUAKER HOUSE, Managua, Nicaragua. Simple hospitality, dorms, shared kitchen or catering, meeting space, internet, laundry, library. For individual travelers, volunteers and groups managua@pronica.org; www.pronica.org; (011) 505-266-3216, (727) 821-2428.

scription \$18. **Western Quaker Reader**, \$19. **Compassionate Listening**, \$16. Friends Bulletin, 3223 Danaha St., Torrance, CA 90505. westernquaker.net; friendsbulletin@aol.com.



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

www.vintagequakerbooks.com

Rare and out-of-print Quaker journals, history, religion. Vintage Books, 181 Hayden Rowe St., Hopkinton, MA 01748; E-mail: vintage@gis.net.



New books from Friends United Press: *A Brief Memoir of Elizabeth Fry*, includes study guide; *Enduring Hope: The Impact of the Ramallah Friends Schools*, by former Quaker Life editor, Trish Edwards-Konic, with Foreword by Max Carter. Order online at: www.fum.org/shop or call (800) 537-8839.

PENDLE HILL BOOKSTORE

Over 2,000 items, including books on Quakerism, religion, spirituality, peace, art, and social justice, children's books, CDs, chimes. www.pendlehill.org. Call (800) 742-3150 or (610) 566-4507, ext. 2; e-mail bookstore@pendlehill.org. Open M-F 9 a.m.-12:30 p.m., 1:30 p.m.-4:30 p.m.; ask about weekends.

Opportunities

THE PEACEABLE TABLE

A Free Online Journal for Quakers and Other People of Faith

www.vegetarianfriends.net

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

To consider mountain view retirement property in Arizona, near a Friends center, visit arizonafriends.com or write Roy Joe and Ruth Stuckey, 1182 Hornbeam Road, Sabina, OH 45169. Telephone: (937) 728-9887.

Quaker Writers and Artists!

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

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

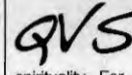
Support growing meetings and a spiritually vital Quakerism for all ages with a deferred gift to Friends General Conference (bequest, charitable gift annuity, trust). For information, please contact Michael Wajda at FGC, 1216 Arch Street, 2-B, Philadelphia, PA 19107; (215) 561-1700; michaelw@fgcquaker.org.

Connecting Friends Crossing Cultures Changing Lives

Vincula a los Amigos Sobrepasa Barreras Culturales Cambia Vidas



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



spirituality. For information: www.57thStreetMeeting.org /Call.pdf>.

Consider a special gift this year to the **Pickett Quaker Leadership Endowment**. Outstanding nominations for recognition and financial grants far exceed investment earnings. Can we afford to leave any behind? Contact Mike Moyer, Endowment Coordinator, Wm Penn Univ., Oskaloosa IA 52577, or e-mail moyerm@mahaska.org; website: www.pickettendowment.quaker.org.

Events at Pendle Hill

September 19-21: **Lives of Service: A Working Retreat**, with Bob Denison and Pendle Hill's maintenance team
October 3-5: **Yoga You Can Take Home with You**, with Bob and Kristen Butera
October 10-12: **Youth Workers Training Retreat**, with Kri Burkander and Lisa Graustein
October 19-23: **Just North of Slavery: The African American Experience in Southeast Pennsylvania**, with Christopher Denmore, Nancy V. Webster, Emma Lapsansky-Werner, and Amanda Kemp
October 24-26: **Designing Your Creative Future**, with Kendall Dudley
October 24-26: **Walt Whitman's Democratic Spirituality**, with Michael Robertson
Contact: Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086-6023 (800) 742-3150, extension 3. www.pendlehill.org.

Personals

Concerned Singles

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

QuakerSingles.org

Connect with like-minded Friends. Forums, Photos, Private Messaging, and more. It's Friendly, It's Free, It's Fabulous. Contact: peer@quakersingles.org (336)-669-7164

Positions Vacant

Head of School Search: Virginia Beach Friends School is hiring a new Head for its Pre-K to 12 school, starting 7/1/09. College prep, Quaker philosophy, VAIS accredited, 210 students. Review of applications begins 10/1/08. Inquiries to: VBFSheadsearch@gmail.com; or P.O. Box 1468, Virginia Beach, VA, 23451. See website for details: www.friends-school.org.

Quaker pastor sought by Mt. Airy Friends Meeting (NC). Part-time employment now with expectations of growing to full-time. For more information call: 336-786-5929.

Real Estate

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

FOR SALE: Four bedroom home with barn and small orchard on one acre in quiet upstate NY Quaker community of Poplar Ridge. Available Sept. 2008. For details, call (315)-364-8623, e-mail: ferrari@bci.net.

Sandy Spring Village, Maryland, 3 BR, 2.5 BATH for sale 3 blocks from historic Sandy Spring Friends Meeting. For details, e-mail bronna.zlochiver@gmail.com or call (301) 996-0320.

Rentals & Retreats

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cottage on Quaker family mountain property. Secluded, simple living. Two double, 2 single futon beds. Woodstove, bathroom, fire pit. Forest, stream, peace, quiet. Bedford county, PA, 2.5 hrs. from Pittsburgh/Harrisburg, 3 hrs. from D.C./Baltimore. Reasonable rates. Holly and Gene Coia (814) 842-9327, <hgcoia@embardmail.com>.

Palm Springs, CA. 2 Bedroom, 2 Bath Condo with patio. Sunny, convenient, quiet. Pool on property. Internet. Monthly rental. Website: <www.bestpalmsspringscondo.com>. E-mail: <info@bestpalmsspringscondo.com>. Call (951) 312-6836.

Retirement Living



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



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

Continuing care retirement communities:

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

Independent living with residential services:

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

Nursing care, residential and assisted living:

Barclay Friends - West Chester, Pa.

Advocacy/education programs:

Untie the Elderly - Pa. Restraint Reduction Initiative
Kendal Outreach, LLC
Collage, Assessment Tool for Well Elderly

For information, contact: Doris Lambert, The Kendal Corporation, 1107 E. Baltimore Pike, Kennett Square, PA 19348, (610) 335-1200.

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



MEDFORD LEAS

A Quaker-related community
for those age 55+

Visit us and learn all about our:

- o Two beautiful campuses in Medford and Lumberton, NJ
- o Over 200+ acres of arboretum settings
- o Wide choice of garden-style home & apartment designs
- o Dynamic, resident-driven community life
- o Ideal locations for culture & recreation
- o Superior health & wellness services

For details on our community and our many programs open to the public - call us at (800) 331-4302 or visit our website <www.medfordleas.org>.

Home of the Lewis W. Barton Arboretum & Nature Preserve

Member, Greater Philadelphia Gardens

Living in Retirement: People who believe in peace and justice never retire, they just move to Uplands! An ecumenical community with UCC relationship. <www.UplandsVillage.com> (931)-277-3518.

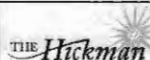
FRIENDS HOUSE

Continuing Care Retirement Community

Friends House is located in beautiful Northern California. Assisted living, skilled nursing, and garden apartments for independent living are situated on seven level acres. Residents participate in governance, educational programs, entertainment and hospitality activities, and share a well-maintained library of 5,500 cataloged volumes, an abundance of edible landscaping, and a fitness center. Friends House, a not-for-profit corporation, was organized by unprogrammed Friends. 684 Benicia Dr., Santa Rosa, CA 95409. (707) 538-0152.

<www.friends-house.org>

RCFE #496801929, SNF #010000123, COA #220



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

Schools

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

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

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

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

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



- Friends high school intensive
 - Interdependent studies of peace, justice, & sustainability
 - Project-based learning
 - Living in Quaker community
 - Extensive service-learning trips
- Call (530)-273-3183 to find out more
<www.woolman.org>



EARLHAM SCHOOL of RELIGION

Peace with Justice—this graduate emphasis is a focus in both the MA Religion and the M Div/M Min programs. The M Div emphasis calls for five courses with a Peace and Justice focus, integrated within the larger curriculum. The MA in Religion is for those interested in research, continuation toward a PhD, or another form of educational ministry. For further information contact <axtelsu@earlham.edu> or (800) 432-1377.

Services Offered

All Things Calligraphic

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

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

Ahimsa Graphics

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

H.FREEMAN

ASSOCIATES, LLC

2204 Salisbury Road South
Richmond, IN 47374
(610) 909-8385
HFreeAssoc@aol.com

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

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

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



Consulting Services

Doing business with Germans or in Germany?

Of course they speak English. But they'll respect you more if your point person writes and speaks to them in German. Associate professor of German available to do so on your behalf.

<meisterp@uah.edu> <cyranoconsulting.net>
Please mention Cyrano Consulting Services in your subject line. Call (256) 725-2053 or (256) 824-2347

SOCIALLY RESPONSIBLE INVESTMENTS

Are your dollars supporting your values? We have been helping to create, manage, and transfer wealth for 163 years. You have a Friend in the business. <www.Since1845.com> (518) 220-4233.

Summer Camps

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

Journey's End Farm Camp

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

PENDLE HILL

SERVING FRIENDS AND QUAKER MEETINGS

QUAKER PRACTICE

SEPTEMBER 5-7

FAITHFUL, EFFECTIVE WORK FOR PEACE AND JUSTICE: Fourth Annual Retreat for Peace and Social Concerns Committee Members

with Mary Lord, Kathy Guthrie, Clinton Pettus, Scilla Wahrhaftig, Joan Broadfield, and Kristina Keefe-Perry

OCTOBER 10-12

YOUTH WORKERS TRAINING RETREAT

with Kri Burkander and Lisa Graustein

OCTOBER 31-NOVEMBER 2

INQUIRERS' WEEKEND:

An Introduction to Quakerism

with Helen Garay Toppins and Thomas Swain

NOVEMBER 14-16

CLERKING:

Serving the Community with Joy and Confidence

with Arthur Larrabee



© 2006 Mary Helgesen Gabel

QUAKER WITNESS

OCTOBER 19-23

JUST NORTH OF SLAVERY: The African American Experience in Southeast Pennsylvania

with Christopher Densmore, Nancy V. Webster,
Emma Lapsansky-Werner, and Amanda Kemp

NOVEMBER 7-9

JOYFUL, QUAKERLY, AND CARBON NEUTRAL

with Patricia McBee

NOVEMBER 9-13

ENVISIONING A MORAL ECONOMY

with Tom Head

DECEMBER 5-7

CLAIMING OUR PEACE TESTIMONY

with Mary Lord



© 2004 Sharon Gunther

Ask
about "Bring
a friend"
discounts.



PENDLE HILL

A QUAKER CENTER FOR STUDY AND CONTEMPLATION

338 Plush Mill Road · Wallingford, PA 19086

www.pendlehill.org

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