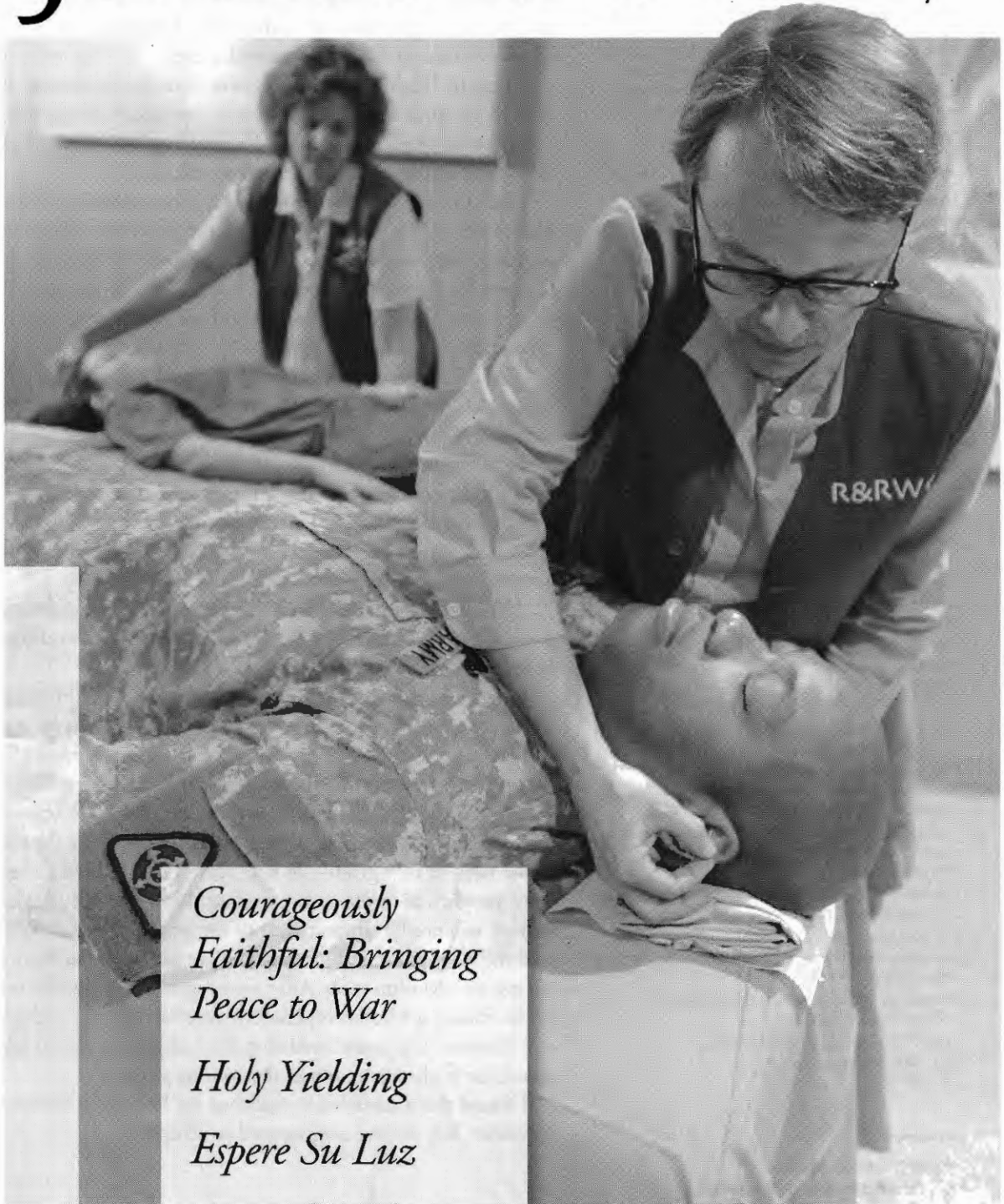


FRIENDS JOURNAL

I thought
and
Life
Today



*Courageously
Faithful: Bringing
Peace to War*

Holy Yielding

Espere Su Luz

Annual Books Issue



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A Challenge to Friends

Susan Corson-Finnerty is away, which gives me the welcome task of preparing this column.

For us at FRIENDS JOURNAL, November is traditionally the time to look back at the summer's Friends General Conference Gathering. The first article, "Courageously Faithful—Bringing Peace to War" by Alaine D. Duncan (p. 6), is the text of an awe-inspiring presentation at the opening session, retracing her path into her healing work with soldiers who have returned from Iraq. We feel privileged to offer it here to those who missed it then—or who want to refresh their memories.

Then, in "Holy Yielding: A Lesson from the Gathering" by Murray Richmond (p. 11), we duck behind the scenes to experience the growth and affirmation of the author as he prepared for and led a weeklong workshop. A photo display follows and brings the Gathering coverage to a conclusion.

Next, in "A Model for Growth and Rejuvenation of Monthly Meetings" by Larry Van Meter (p. 14), we move to the outdoor world, and there we look at an organizational model that could hold promise for reviving our meetings—always a concern for Friends. Readers who knew David S. Richie of Friends workcamps and who are not familiar with the work of his son, David A. Richie, will especially value this article.

Then, in "Don't Talk about It" by Harrison Roper (p. 16), we look north, to just below the Canadian border, to see what the Underground Railroad meant there—"on the ground."

Next, we turn south in "Espere Su Luz" by A. Laurel Green (p. 18), to glimpse the nuts and bolts of hooking up to the electric grid in Mexico.

The final feature, "My Journey among Friends" by Kevin-Douglas Olive (p. 20), gives us the chance to walk with a young person encountering Quakerism and growing as his meeting grew with him.

There are the usual departments, of course—but this time we include a Special Books Section, including a Book Review Essay by David Morse (p. 36) on the humanitarian crisis in Darfur.

One subject that we might have covered but couldn't, because it wasn't taped, was a plenary speech at the Gathering by James Lawson, a Methodist minister, activist, theologian, and colleague of Martin Luther King Jr. in the Civil Rights Movement. Surprisingly, Lawson was appearing for the first time before a large Quaker audience. He chose to address the future, without notes. He spoke of the U.S. presidential election, and he cautioned us that no matter what the outcome is, we are not relieved of the need to be vigilant—to take action, and to hold the government accountable. Mass protests, as in the past; e-mails and the Internet—these will not be enough. He said we will need a commitment of the heart. As an example of what he meant, he told the story of a Hindu father who approached Gandhi in despair over the loss of his son to a Muslim mob. After listening intently, Gandhi told him his consolation lay in finding a Muslim orphan boy, one like his son, and raising him with love—but as a Muslim. This is the needed spirit, and James Lawson said he believed Friends should be in the leadership in the coming struggle.

I found this a remarkable challenge for Friends to receive from the outside. I wonder: Is it one we are prepared to accept?

R.D.

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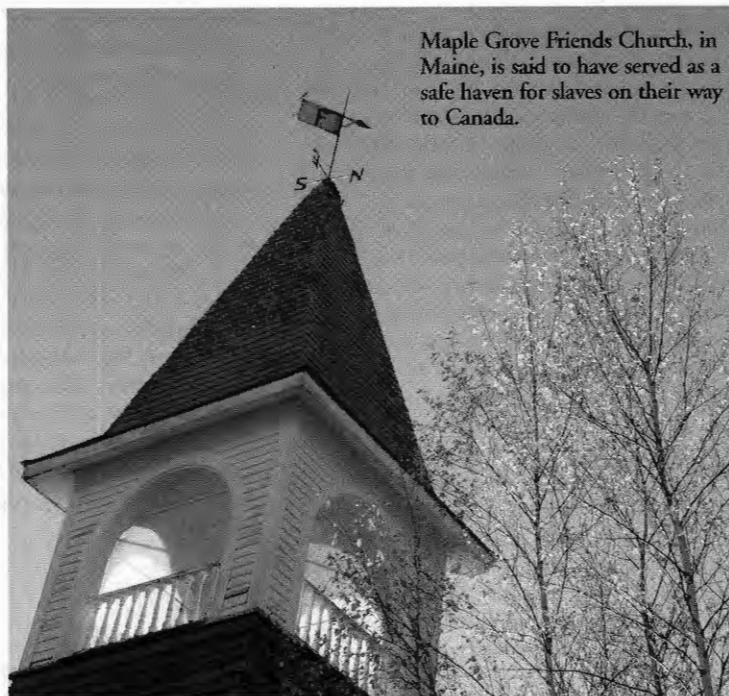
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Kevin-Douglas G. Olive

Finding a place in a Friends community has been a struggle for him since his teen years.

Cover photo by Michael Ventura:

Alaine Duncan uses acupuncture needles as an instrument of peace for veterans of war.



Maple Grove Friends Church, in Maine, is said to have served as a safe haven for slaves on their way to Canada.

John Herold

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Crime and redemption

Upon reading the autobiographical article "Reflections from Death Row," in the April issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL, I was immediately struck by the Dostoyevskian quality of this narrative. In it, the prisoner Karl Chamberlain reveals his extraordinary ethical sensitivity through clear, disciplined prose and insightful poetry, as well as his highly developed aesthetic sensibility in the paintings interspersed throughout the confessional text. For me, this brief narrative is as moving and eloquent a statement of the most fundamental shadows beclouding our human enterprise (perhaps even more so, for being the nonfictional account) as is Dostoyevsky's classic novel *Crime and Punishment*. In this unforgettable tale of Raskolnikov, the premeditated murderer whose remorse is only quelled by the redemptive strength of Christian love, the famed Russian author explores in painstaking detail the anguished depths of a human spirit subjected to the wages of sin. Karl Chamberlain became enmeshed in a similar, soul-wrenching situation—in this case, through existential circumstances that he neither chose nor had the experience, wisdom, or foresight for coping with. As a consequence, one agonizing question his example confronts us with is stark, indeed: Who among us would feel justified in determining the probability of Chamberlain's committing "future, violent criminal acts" (the standard set by Texas law for imposing the death penalty)?

Much of the poignancy of Karl Chamberlain's responses to the questions submitted to him (without attribution) as the basis for this article derives from the scope of his awareness of the multiple facets of his predicament. He readily admits to committing murder, characterizing the crime scene photos as unqualifiedly "horrific," his victim as "innocent" and "good"; he identifies—and accepts—the constraints within which law enforcement personnel must imperfectly function; he recognizes the utter implausibility of his receiving either forgiveness from the victim's family or a reversal of his death sentence; he adduces corroboration quotations from his readings of Victor Hugo, guru Gurumayi Chidvilasananda, and St. Paul when describing the life-giving changes in his frame of mind; and, most remarkably perhaps, he repeatedly expresses his gratitude for the people who have loved and aided him in his quest for self-understanding.

The sheer power of Karl Chamberlain's testimony to the process of spiritual

redemption from enthrallment to misery and hopelessness—a redemption that began shortly after he became a murderer, but that apparently found its fulfillment within the confines of a Texas state prison—is worthy of our profoundest reflection. Were we to attempt a ruthlessly honest evaluation of our own personal life histories, would we not all need to recognize that, in John Bradford's immortal words, "there, but for the grace of God go I"? The startling irony in Karl Chamberlain's version of our common human journey turns out to be his perception that it was that very same grace of God that turned his path to perdition into one of salvation. In his written testimonial, he seeks eagerly to share with his readers the joyful realizations that he has so wondrously attained.

In the interim, the U.S. Supreme Court has spoken, death via lethal injection has resumed, and Karl Chamberlain's bewildering life has ended. I, for one, am deeply grateful for his attempt to share some of it with an unseen, unknown public. His manner of presenting himself remains hauntingly moving—and, in its universal applicability, supremely instructive as well.

Robert G. Mowry
Greensboro, N.C.

Assisting Maine Indians without casinos

Here are some thoughts for Friend Richard Lee Sutton ("Reparations for slavery, but no casinos for Indians?" Forum, *FJ* Aug.).

Quakers in Maine did not have the power "to deny some local Indians the right to open casinos," or to approve that right. That power is in the legislature, in this instance directed by a statewide referendum.

Citizens of Maine, both Quakers and non-Quakers, voted on the basis of several issues, including: 1) concerns raised about the environmental effects of the proposed building and its location; 2) evidence that a community is adversely affected by having a gambling casino in it; and 3) fears that the interests putting up the funds to build and start up the casino would control the Indians in ways they would not like.

There is a tradition among Friends to witness against gambling—for reasons having to do with the damage an addiction can have on a person's life and, perhaps, from a conscientious reluctance to get something for nothing.

Quakers (and other voters) in Maine

voted for or against the referendum on these and other grounds. Since a majority of voters turned the casino down, those concerned set about establishing another method of assisting Maine Indians to earn a living. A corporation was formed, organized to receive investments funds and to use them to capitalize ventures by Indians. A loan is not a "handout," in my view. Quakers were active in this effort.

I hope Friend Sutton can see that Friends are, like most humans, bumbling about in the dark, but at least trying to live up to the light they are given.

Lucinda Selchie
Swanville, Maine

Some have left the country

The "retired military man" ("Objection to war tax resistance," Forum, *FJ* Aug.) should be pleased to know that Friends who agree with him have moved to Monteverde, Costa Rica. As for suffering and dying for "freedom," anyone who knows a tiny bit of Quaker history knows that we are no strangers to that cost. He probably doesn't like being reminded that without any risk to our freedoms a fraction of the money that goes to the U.S. military would be sufficient to prevent deaths from starvation and disease all over the world. I hope he doesn't use his anger about war tax resistance as an excuse to remain ignorant.

Dale L. Berry
Grants, N.Mex.

Seeking truth

Steve Chase's article, "Sifting Through the Rubble: The 9/11 Controversies" (*FJ* Aug.), reminded me of Jack Nicholson's character in the film *A Few Good Men*, shouting, "You can't handle the truth." Do Friends really want to know that our tax dollars have paid for the overthrow of democratically elected governments in Iran (1952), Guatemala (1953), and Chile (1973)? The truth of these and the many other U.S. invasions of other countries is well documented in Stephen Kinzer's *Overthrow: America's Century of Regime Change from Hawaii to Iraq*.

Imagine, then, a reader in a foreign land viewing the United States as the "Great Satan," which must be destroyed. Conspiracy theories of 9/11 only change the focus from present threats, such as Iran, to past miscalculations and subversive

Another view on 9/11

As a former staff member of the 9/11 Commission and a Quaker, I was interested in the article in the August FRIENDS JOURNAL, "Sifting Through the Rubble: The 9/11 Controversies," by Steve Chase. In it he states: "Perhaps one of the tests of our faithfulness to the truth today will be whether or not Friends slavishly accept the Bush administration's explanations for 9/11 at face value, or engage instead in fearless research and reflection on all the 9/11 theories, including those that Bush warns us against exploring. Will not seeking the truth set us free?"

The article was more political spin against the Bush administration than a factual review. I know very few Friends who "slavishly" accept anything said by President Bush or any other President. I engaged in "fearless" research together with many other dedicated experts working on the 9/11 Commission. As a Friend, the truth is a tenet of my religious belief. It guided me at the 9/11 Commission and as a law enforcement officer for 32 years. Steve Chase quotes part of the preface to the 9/11 Commission Report: "Our aim has not been to assign individual blame," as indicative of not conducting a serious investigation. It is true that no one "individual" was found responsible for the tragedy that took place on September 11. However, any review of the report will reveal the multitude of individuals, agencies, policies, and practices that contributed to an inadequate defense against this terrorist act. Facts are more important than blame. I was a career law enforcement officer and I never

began a criminal investigation by trying to "blame" someone.

It is also interesting that no mention is made that the 9/11 Commission consisted of ten commissioners; five Democrats and five Republicans. They were picked by their own parties, not by President Bush. They knew the political process and were intelligent people. They and the staff of the Commission worked incredibly long hours. They held public hearings, interviewed witnesses, obtained documents, pursued many tangents, and consulted experts in many fields. They debated amongst themselves. As the investigation proceeded, they questioned every new finding and required primary sources for information, not speculation. Yet in a manner similar to the practice of Friends, they worked to come to a consensus, and, indeed, the 9/11 Commission Report (unlike almost any other bipartisan investigation) was a consensus report of all the commissioners.

The events of 9/11 were incredibly complex. They covered years of time, spanned the world, involved tens of thousands of people, and presented new challenges for scientific investigators. People will always see and interpret things differently. The dedicated members of the 9/11 Commission and staff represented all political views and backgrounds. The report they produced is the most exhaustive and authoritative work available on the subject.

One is led to believe in Mr. Chase's article that President Bush was able to control and influence the findings of the 9/11 Commission. The record shows quite the opposite. The Commission asked for and eventually received copies of the President's Daily Brief, which had never been made public before. The President and his staff were interviewed

and some testified or were questioned at the televised public hearings.

Some of the competing theories on 9/11 require you to believe that the government was behind and in total control of all the events surrounding the disaster. However, one of the most important findings of the 9/11 Commission was that it found a lack of effective communication between the many government agencies. This certainly does not represent the workings of a monolithic government that is tightly controlled by a single political power. However, in the United States you can write and believe whatever you want. It doesn't need to be factual or true.

There are many unanswered questions regarding the events of 9/11. Some of these answers will never be found because the relevant information is known only to the dead. Other questions will have multiple answers as they are the thoughts and recollections of those involved. Friends should consider the expertise, background, and motivation behind the proponents of alternative 9/11 theories.

Walter Hempel
Duxbury, Mass.

Walter Hempel was a professional staff member of the National Commission on Terrorist Attacks upon the United States (9/11 Commission) and a co-author of the book 9/11 and Terrorist Travel. Prior to working for the 9/11 Commission he was a career law enforcement officer. He is a member of the Crosswicks (N.J.) Meeting.

government plots. Instead, let Quakers look to our complicity in the United States' proclaimed "manifest destiny" to rule the world.

Wherever Friends' search for truth takes them, I plead that the scientific use of theory and hypothesis be adhered to. Friend Chase lists several hypotheses and no proven theories.

Perry Treadwell
Decatur, Ga.

Quakerism without Christianity?

The article by Rhoda R. Gilman, "25 Years of Quaker Universalism" (FJ Aug.), presents a rather rosy picture of a very thorny spirituality. The variety of Universalism presented in the article has been asking Friends to cut our ties with Christianity, and at the same time proclaims this post-Christian Universalism to be a faith that no longer divides but unites humanity.

It is spiritual hypocrisy to cut ourselves off from Christianity and think that this is not divisive. Far from being universal, this kind of mandatory non-Christian eclecticism is a theological position with its own strong doctrines of belief and disbelief. This theological position is just as divisive as Christianity, Humanism, or Buddhism. We would do well to contemplate the illusory nature of our quest for a universal religion.

Derek Parker
Muncie, Ind.

Courageously Faithful

BRINGING PEACE TO

by Alaine D. Duncan

This room is a new room to most of us. I want to invite you to simply take some time to arrive in it.

Go inside. Notice how you notice your molecules, some of them still on the Interstate, trailing along behind you, sliding under the doors or through the windows—arriving here, in your skin. Give them all the time they need to arrive here.

Notice how you notice the floor underneath you—and whatever sense of grounding or support that comes as you bring your awareness to it.

Notice how you notice that you are here, and you are surrounded by Quakers.

From this place, notice how you notice any way that you experience yourself as safe. Simply be with your sense of safety. Be with what happens as you orient yourself to your experience of safety.

Notice—have your shoulders dropped?

Do you feel heavier—or lighter in your body?

Are you more present?

Has your breath gotten deeper?

Alaine D. Duncan, M.Ac., L.Ac., Dipl.Ac., is a member of Adelphi (Md.) Meeting. A longtime acupuncturist, she is executive director of Crossings HealingWorks (www.crossingshealingworks.org). This article describes her leading to bring peace to war in the bodies and souls of soldiers, their families, and their caregivers. She delivered this address during the opening plenary session of the Friends General Conference Gathering in Johnstown, Pa., on June 28, 2008. The theme of the Gathering was "Courageously Faithful." She also presented at the Armed Forces Health Protection Conference in August on Acupuncture for the Treatment of Traumatic Stress, and on the impact the Restore & Renew Wellness Clinic described here is having on compassion fatigue symptoms of Walter Reed Army Medical Center caregivers. An interview she gave after the Gathering may be heard on NorthernSpiritRadio.org's "Spirit in Action."

Has your heart slowed?

Do you feel just a little bit easier, more relaxed, better?

Notice how you notice the atmosphere in the room. Notice how it might be different for you. I invite you to listen—and to continue to notice yourself.

I am a Quaker

I am a Taoist, Buddhist, Christian Quaker.

I am an acupuncturist

A trauma therapist

A peace activist

A healer.

Early every Wednesday morning I sit in gathered silence in the belly of Walter Reed Army Medical Center. I sit with a group of acupuncturists and body-workers. Our Restore & Renew Wellness Clinic will treat around 70 nurses and doctors, social workers and chaplains, administrators and orderlies, physical therapists and food service workers—civilians and soldiers. We bring peace to the very tangible experience of war that soldiers bring home with them and give unknowingly and unbidden to their caregivers.

And on every Thursday morning, I travel to the Veterans Administration Hospital—to their War-Related Illness and Injury Study Center where I serve as an acupuncturist, using needles as an instrument of peace for veterans of war.

Each day and in every treatment I call on Abba—Father God for his bedrock of protection, safety, and forgiveness. I call on Amma—Mother God for her peace in the quiet, dark places, for her mysterious gift of healing, for her unboundaried presence. I feel their presence fill the room—and it carries my words, my hands, my needles.

Together Abba-Amma, Mother-Father God, welcomes home warriors, forgives them the sins of war, and heals wounds in the bodies and souls of soldiers, of soldiers

and their nurses, soldiers and their lovers, soldiers and their children, soldiers and their chaplains.

How did this work come to be the pivot around which my mind and heart revolve? What have I learned that is worthy to share this evening—with you, in the context of Faithful Courage?

In the fall of 2004 I "happened" to hear Kevin and Joyce Lucey interviewed on the radio. Their son, Lance Corporal Jeffrey Lucey, had come home from Iraq in 2003. Unable to cope with what he had seen, and what he had been asked to do, he committed suicide. His dad is a social worker, his mom a nurse. He couldn't have asked for more active, involved, or loving parents.

My first thought: acupuncture could have made a difference for this young man, and for his family—what a shame the Veterans Administration wasn't set up to offer it to him. I was filled with a feeling, a knowing, that it didn't have to be

WAR



Pathways Trust

this way for Jeff or for his family. I lost that thought in the day-to-day of life until, three months later, I again “happened” to hear the Luceys interviewed.

This time I woke up—I said to myself, “I am the director of a complementary healing center; I am in a position to bring together a group of healers who can make a difference for soldiers, their families, and their caregivers.” It was a leading, and it picked me up.

We birthed our nonprofit affiliate, Crossings HealingWorks, with a mission to “bring ancient healing traditions that restore and renew the body, mind, and spirit of people touched by trauma—creating peace for one family, one community, one world—one person at a time.”

Did it take courage? *Yes*—I hid my three-pointed hat, took the bumper stickers off my car, and went undercover with my teeth chattering the first few times I walked through the gates of Walter Reed. What if I was found out? Would they cast me out? Ridicule me? Court-martial me? Worse yet—Google me?

Did it take faithfulness? *Yes*—this is something I have learned about leadings. They carry us past, over, and through our fear. It was no longer an option for me to not engage in a deeply personal way with people wounded by war. My leading to do this work helped me transcend the “us and them” dichotomy that exists not only between Quakers and the military—but between those of us who are “outside the

gates” with those of us who live and work “inside the gates.”

This is a different kind of peace work. I never thought I was doing enough for peace because I wasn’t doing big things—like organizing massive demonstrations. Now I have discovered that the small act of placing a small needle in the small ear of an Army medic at Walter Reed is absolutely and unequivocally peace work. I discover that not only is it okay to work for peace within my domain—it is my calling to work for peace within my domain and not someone else’s domain. I have found what I call my *divine enough*. Between God and me, it’s enough; I am enough. I have found my divine enough.

I have immersed myself in the study of trauma. I have learned something of how it impacts our body/mind/spirit—and how we heal from the disorganization it creates. My goals?

we know that unresolved trauma is a principal cause of violent, impulsive acts. Traumatic reenactment is one way our unconscious minds attempt to complete and bring closure to life-threatening experiences.

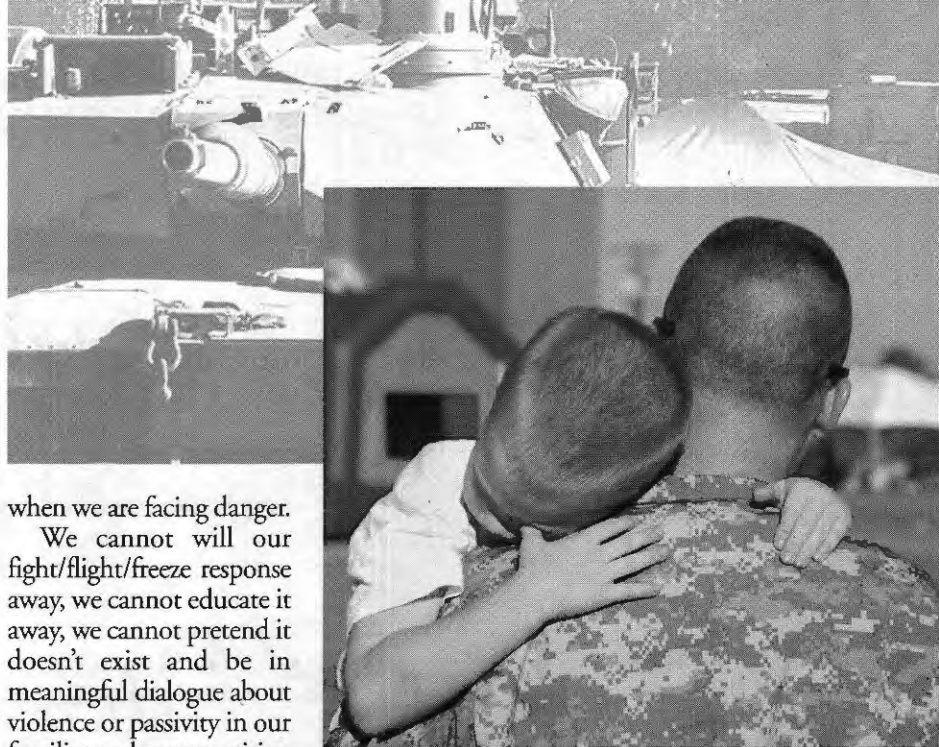
- to keep these folks in healthy relationships with their children—an important task, since we know that the children of parents who are so traumatically frozen that they can't gaze lovingly into their infants' eyes have higher rates of drug abuse and suicide than those whose parents made visual and tactile connection with them as infants. This is how the dynamics of trauma get passed on in families.
- to help these folks make thoughtful, flexible, creative contributions in our political discourse—decisions that are not straight-jacketed and molded by fear sold cheap by our political leaders.

I've learned a few things, and have lots more to learn.

I've learned that the impact of war is not limited to the persons who served, their time of service, or the geographic borders of their service. Their caregivers, their families, their communities—our whole nation is impacted by soldiers coming home and bringing the trauma of war home with them. Trauma is a vibrational illness, and it is catching—like the flu. I have also been heard to say that recovery from trauma is equally catching—it spreads like honey on warm toast.

In the face of trauma, our neurological systems go on high alert. We flee, fight, or freeze. The response we make is highly variable and dependent on how our creator wired our unique neurological systems. Some of us are made to fight—we are she-bears, we charge when attacked, and others are made to flee—we are white-tailed deer, we run and get out of the way. Still others become immobilized and freeze—we are opossums. It is not better to be a she-bear, a white-tailed deer, or an opossum—we all are part of creation, and we are wired to survive.

The most primitive parts of our brains govern our survival responses; it is not under our conscious control. Our response has nothing to do with our valor, honor, dignity, compassion, or our value as a human being. Our cognitive minds play *no* role in these decisions; they are not engaged, nor are they useful to our survival



when we are facing danger.

We cannot will our fight/flight/freeze response away, we cannot educate it away, we cannot pretend it doesn't exist and be in meaningful dialogue about violence or passivity in our families and communities, about war and peace at home or abroad. We wouldn't really want to lose our fight response anyway—it is what allows a 110-pound woman to lift an automobile off her child.

When I think about the query, "Do my actions serve to take away the root cause of war?" I think about this primitive survival response. How do my actions help to bring some measure of freedom to this primitive instinct? I say: unwinding, transforming, releasing stuck trauma responses in the body/mind/spirit of individuals who have experienced war is fundamental to finding peace in our families, communities, and world.

A story: "Joe" is a nuclear, biological, and chemical warfare specialist. He was fresh home from Iraq. He had migraine headaches and ruptured discs in his neck from carrying armor. He described his sleep by saying, "I flip-flop like a fish on a pier." He admitted to using alcohol to excess in order to sleep and to medicate his nightmares.

He knew that as a Christian his task was to love others, and he named his job as a soldier to be a necessary evil—he used his forefinger and thumb to demonstrate picking off people behind furniture in my treatment room. He appeared dissociated and disconnected—frozen—as he described this.

His primary complaint was having lost 70 percent of his vision in his left eye due to a retinal bleed. He was also concerned that his memory was not what he knew it to be.

Difficulty sleeping is very common for trauma survivors, as are nightmares. The stress chemicals that help us be alert to danger get frozen and stuck on high alert and don't turn off easily. Protective at one time in our past, they now get in the way of sleep and healing. Helping to thaw that freeze and find internal peace and quiet is part of trauma recovery.

Symptoms in the head and neck are also very common in trauma. We use our sense organs to orient to trauma, and that orienting response leaves us hypervigilant. It is common for people to grind their teeth, have neck pain or restricted range of motion in their necks, ringing in their ears, or eye symptoms after trauma.

These are some of my notes:

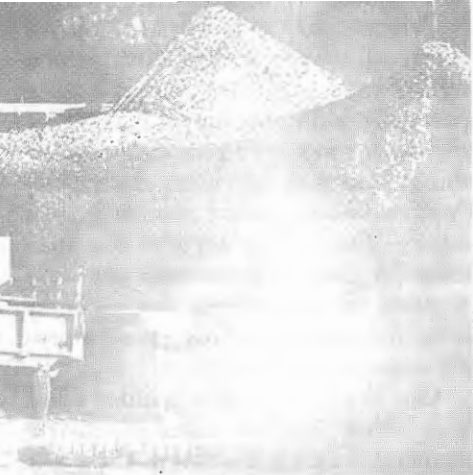
"I'm like a turtle—slow, still, quiet."
(Where do you feel that?)

"In my chest."

"When I'm not a turtle—I'm a dragon—fire, fighting, hot." (Touch into the edge of that.)

"Also in my chest."

(He discharges with some light trembling and shaking in the liver and



gallbladder meridians in his legs.)

"When I make contact with my spiritual self I feel expanded in my chest and more like a man. My legs are lighter and my shoulders are relaxed."

"I'd like to poke a needle in my eye to let the blood out." (*See yourself doing that.*)

"I'm a beekeeper—calm, resistant to stinging." (*Feel that feeling.*)

"I feel so different in my psyche since coming home. I'm trying to come back. People have me in a groove and I'm different. Some parts of me I like and some I don't. I don't feel at home. I'm trying to come home."

"My skin feels like dragon skin—it's hot and tight." (*Feel that.*)

"I'm going to turn it over to God." (*Feel that; take your time.*)

"My skin feels new, it's cool and green and full of life." (*Feel that.*)

"There's a bubble in my belly—it wants to rise, I feel like laughing and smiling. It's all so ridiculous. I want to send this feeling to my wife." (*Feel that.*)

This is over the course of four sessions. I used acupuncture points primarily on his liver and gallbladder pathways—meridians that run from the eye, across the head in multiple bands, down the neck, and on down to the foot along the outside of our bodies, and then up the inside of the leg and to the chest. They help us with our vision—both our eyes and our mind's eye; with our ability to see a new future. They help our emotions move smoothly, past life's obstacles that might otherwise leave us frustrated and angry. They help soothe and settle stuck fight responses. Some of the points I used

ness (Mind, Sun and Moon, Suspend Regulator, Bright and Clear, Chapter Gate, Rooted Spirit, Flowing Valley, and Gate of Hope.

His last session—his eye had recovered, his memory was better, he was sleeping, and he felt more relaxed overall.

He had interviewed for a position with the Strategic War Command: cloth napkins, crystal glassware, and a six-figure salary. He was bubbling over, talking fast. I asked him to slow down and check in with his body. How did he feel when he was there?

"Numb in my head, pain in my belly" (he points to his liver) "and I want to get drunk." (*Feel that.*)

"Those people are crazy." (*Feel that.*) "It's not for me—I don't belong there." (*Feel that.*)

"I feel a lump in my throat." (*Feel that.*) He begins to tear up. He wants to cry and scream. I encourage him to see himself screaming as loud as he needs to and crying as much as he needs to—silently.

He's a pretty stoic guy. He says "Profanity" and holds his head in his hands and weeps.

He says "Violence" and holds his head in his hands and weeps.

He says "Rage" and holds his head in his hands and weeps.

He says "Killing" and holds his head in his hands and weeps.

He says "Grief" and holds his head in his hands and weeps.

He says "Loss" and holds his head in his hands and weeps.

We sit quietly for a time.

He speaks of his fear of meeting others' expectations, of the rejection:

"Who will I be to the world of violence if I am not violent?"

"When I am here, I am more powerful than all the world's armies."

"I feel hope for the first time in a long time."

"I am a simple man who no one can see."

He left the army. He left a \$400,000 retirement package and the possibility of a very cushy job at the Pentagon. He went home to the Midwest to be a spiritual leader for his four children. He went to tend his bees and go back to his civilian job.

He told me he was going to write to

think he healed his karma on that day.

He sent me this poem a couple of weeks later:

The Simple Man

I am a simple man.

No one can see me.

Sometimes a few see me. I was born green.

When I am hidden, is when I am most visible.

I am more powerful than all the world's armies.

I can kill you but I choose not to.

My body strikes like the leopard, or my mind.

Hands you a blossoming flower.

Go slowly. Your time for peace is near.

I am a simple man.

I will stop the tears and bring a joyful silence.

Friends, this is peace work. This is the grittiest, grimeiest, dirtiest, and most meaningful peace work I have ever done—in the shattered hearts and minds of the veterans of war.

The ancient Chinese said that life happens in a dynamic tension between opposites. Let's look at "courageously faithful."

Courage. Do you hear the Latin root for heart, *cour*, in courage? Courage belongs to the heart. The heart belongs to the fire element—fire is summer, passion, expansion, connection, fullness, love. Fire is yang.

Faithful. Faithfulness belongs to the water element, to the kidney, to the winter, to the questions, "Do I have enough crop stored away? How long will the cold last? Will I survive?" Water is cold, contemplative, quiet, interior, wise. Water is yin.

Fire without water to temper it burns wildly—like the wildfires we have witnessed out West. Water without fire to warm it is inert, frozen. Neither lives without the other.

Courage cannot live separately from faithfulness any more than the front of your hand can exist without the back of your hand. All courage without faithfulness is a bull in a china shop on a manic episode; all faithfulness without courage is an icicle in a very cold, dark cave.

Life happens in dynamic tension between water and fire, yin and yang, between courage and faithfulness, war and peace—two poles, one life force.

the respiratory sinus node. The Chinese called it by its acupuncture point name: Within the Breast. It governs the electrical current that brings coherence and relationship between our breath and heart-beat. It is profoundly impacted by overwhelming life events. Those of you who have experienced automobile accidents,

STEP THROUGH

The shining door
I look at during
morning stretches
floats up dark
before me when
I close my eyes,
imprinted in reverse
and framed in silver.

"Come," it calls. "Step
through. There is
your other waking
to do, your sleepy
inner eye to open,
blink, wash clear.

"Wait with it
in the welter
while it finds
its focus. Come,
you know the Deep
will gift you,
what is truly
needful, show.

"Come, toil not yet.
Let morning slowly
flower. Once
inner eye is single,
power."

—Helen Weaver Horn

*Helen Weaver Horn lives in New Marshfield,
Ohio.*

bet your heart racing or your breath becoming quite shallow. This is part of a whole-body response that allows you to survive what your body perceived to be life-threatening.

When we find our way to safety—in our bodies, not in our intellects—there is greater congruence between our heartbeat and our breath—and there is greater congruence between our heartbeat, our breath, and the generation of alpha waves in our brains. Alpha waves are highly correlated with states of compassion, empathy, creativity, and serenity.

The Chinese use the same character for *heart* and *mind*. They knew that when we are troubled in our hearts, we are also troubled in our minds—and that peace-

ON HILLS OF DUST

On hills
of dust
I sing
my song.

I take in breath
and let it out

not because
the dust or hills
will listen or remember

but that a maple
near a grove
of pines

stands tall
in orange and red and yellow

and, somehow,
for
whatever reason
here am I

to sing.

—Marilyn Morrison

Marilyn Morrison lives in Landisville, Pa.

When I have a greater sense of internal coherence, when I am embodied, present, feeling safe—when my heart is beating peacefully in the kingdom of my body—my brain generates alpha waves, and—this is important, so listen closely: *My heart entrains your brain's creation of alpha waves—if we are touching or in close proximity. My peaceful heart entrains your brain to create electrical currents that are highly correlated with states of compassion, empathy, creativity, and serenity.*

Our Restore & Renew Wellness Clinic at Walter Reed has treated over 1,100 members of their staff—that is, 15 percent of their 7,000 members. More than 300 have come five times or more. Each one goes back to work with a more peaceful heart, a quieter mind, a more coherent energy system. Each one goes back to work as an alpha wave machine—carrying vibrations of compassion, empathy, creativity, and serenity to their patients and their patients' moms, dads, lovers, and children.

Friends—this is peace work.

Being fully present with each other, in embodied states of love and compassion, affects our biology and our energy field. It creates more order, more flexibility, more balance in the electrical currents that guide our nervous system and all the nervous systems we touch. Trauma resolution spreads like honey on warm toast.

Small things done in big ways. A smile. A hug. Care-filled and thoughtful listening. Being embodied, present, living from our experience of safety rather than our fear helps to create more peaceful, creative, compassionate vibrations in the minds of the people close to us.

Who do you think of as *other*—and can you find your way to being embodied, present, engaged when you are with them?

Who do you think of as *other*—and can you find a way to be in your embodied experience of safety when you are with them?

Who do you think of as *other*—and can you meet them outside of judging their trauma response as inferior or superior to yours?

Who can you find to create a peace-filled vibration with that can quite literally change the world?

What is your domain?

What is a small thing you can do in a big way for peace within your domain?

What is your *divine enough*? □

November 2008 FRIENDS JOURNAL

HOLY YIELDING

A Lesson from the Gathering

by Murray Richmond

ONCE IN A WHILE YOU GET SHOWN THE LIGHT
IN THE STRANGEST OF PLACES IF YOU LOOK AT IT RIGHT.
—ROBERT HUNTER



Last April, I was asked to lead a workshop for the Gathering this past summer. I had not planned on attending, and certainly had not planned on taking on a leadership role. But the person who asked me said the organizers wanted several options for workshops on the Bible, and they only had one. Since I teach a Bible survey class at University of Alaska, I was asked if I would design and lead a workshop that was somehow related to the Bible.

It was an opportunity—a divine opportunity. I didn't really give it a lot of thought, but decided I would yield to the opportunity and started making plans. Living in Alaska, attending the Gathering was a pretty expensive proposition for me, but for some reason it seemed I should make the effort.

I was given a lot of leeway as to what kind of workshop to offer. "Something on the Bible" was my only guideline, and so I decided to do it on something I had never taught before, but that interested me greatly—how to use the Bible as a tool for spiritual growth. I called it "A User's Guide to the Bible," and I was really interested to see where this topic would take me. Since I had never led a workshop at Gathering before and really didn't know what to do, I tried my best to be prepared for whatever situation arose. I planned each day's activities, and I made handouts for a variety of exercises we could do during the week.

At our first meeting on Sunday, I found that about half the group was composed of lifelong Quakers and the other half were spouses of Quakers, who identi-

fied themselves as being primarily Presbyterian, Methodist, or Anglican. Some were clearly theists, and some were clearly not. Some knew a lot about the Bible (a few knew more than I did), while others were beginners at reading it.

It looked like a daunting group to lead, and I was feeling pretty spooked about how the rest of the week would go. But I ran into three different people from my meeting who all gave me the same basic affirmation: do what you do best, and use your gifts. I took this to mean that the challenges I saw were just another divine opportunity to use my gifts and talents for spiritual growth—my own growth, and the growth of others.

The class did not go as I expected—it went better. Not surprisingly, I suppose, I found that half the lesson plans I made were useless given the situation "on the ground" (that is, in the classroom), as were half of the handouts I made. Each night I took some time revising my plans, and revisions occurred even as I was facilitating the workshop. For example, I had a series of opening exercises, which I figured would take about 30 minutes, but almost all of them ended up taking an hour and a half. It was a very good hour and a half, but an unexpected amount of time that entailed more yielding on my part. Instead of forcing my agenda on the group, I realized that using my gifts meant being flexible and accepting of the needs of the people who were there. My choice was to do what I had planned to do, in the amount of time I had planned for it, or to yield to the Spirit and see where that took us.

As I yielded, the result was a thing of beauty. On the second to last day, after doing one of the opening exercises, one group member shared that she had gotten exactly what she had come for. She didn't elaborate, but it was clear that something

was working.

Earlier on in the week, on the second day of the Gathering, while I was in the cafeteria—a situation that could best be described as "combat eating," where around 800 people swarmed into a building designed for 500—a woman I had never seen before walked up to me and said, "You are a healer, right?" I was taken aback, but nodded, and said, "Yes, I am a hospital chaplain." She then invited me to the organizing meeting of the Gathering Healing Center that afternoon.

Here was another spiritual opportunity, and again I yielded to it. I went to the organizing meeting, and discovered that the person who originally asked me to come—the one who had pointed to me as a healer—had actually mistaken me for someone else. Of all the people she could have called a healer, she happened upon me! It was an accidental encounter that led to a divine appointment and a spiritual opportunity.

So again I yielded, and again the fruits were delicious. For the few people I saw, I happened to have just what they needed. One encounter particularly stands out because the fact that I am an Alaskan and work in the healthcare field was crucial background for the interaction I had with that person. And as often happens, the more I gave the more I received in the process. While healing others, I found real healing for my own soul.

The last days of my trip east were also defined by yielding, but of a different sort. After the Gathering, I took my nine-year-old son to Washington, D.C., for a few days. I had things I wanted to do, which mostly involved visiting various art museums. My son had an entirely different agenda. I did manage to drag him to one art museum, which held his interest for all of three minutes, and the rest of the time

Murray Richmond attends Chena Ridge Meeting in Fairbanks, Alaska. He is chaplain of Fairbanks Memorial Hospital and Denali Center. He teaches Religion at University of Alaska in Fairbanks. He was a Presbyterian minister for 17 years before finding the local Friends meeting.

I yielded to his desires. He wanted to see the monuments, especially the Washington Monument, the Museum of Natural History, and the Air and Space Museum. He wanted to go the Mall and watch people play baseball. He wanted to eat at a hot dog stand, ride the Metro, and play in fountains. All this we did. At the end of our time in the city, I asked him what his favorite part of the trip was, and he replied, "Spending time with you." The fruit hardly gets more delicious than that.

While I was at the Gathering, I picked up Thomas Kelly's *A Testament of Devotion*, which I read while in D.C. The second chapter is called "Holy Obedience," which I tried to plow through as quickly as possible both because I didn't feel I needed to read about obedience and because I don't like the idea of holy obe-

dience one whit. After all, one of the reasons I am a Quaker is because I don't like people telling me what to do. But I kept getting stuck in that chapter. Apparently the Spirit had something to say to me through Kelly. Instead of plowing onto the next chapters, I read and reread the pages on Holy Obedience, wondering what lesson it had for me.

The lesson became clear as I was sitting in meeting the week after I returned. I was thinking about my experiences at Gathering and with my son, and realized that all this yielding was indeed a form of divine obedience. I always thought of obedience as something that is by nature dreary, dull, and painful. But this was a happy yielding, and the fruits were delicious. Every time I yielded to the divine opportunities, I found blessings upon blessings, and it

was surprisingly easy. Kelly writes that when we yield to God we hear ourselves being called Home to feed upon green pastures and walk beside still waters. "It is life *beyond* the fevered strain" (his emphasis).

I wonder how many spiritual opportunities I have missed over the years because I was too busy or self-absorbed to notice they were being offered up to me. This year the Gathering was, for me, a time to respond to those opportunities, which led to a many-coursed spiritual banquet.

As I awoke to return to work on my first morning back, I could not help but think, "What spiritual opportunities will come my way this day? And will I yield to them?" There are days we learn to see the world through new lenses, and my new spectacles are the lenses of holy yielding to divine opportunities. □

Courageously Faithful

Scenes from the 2008 Friends General Conference Gathering

Tribe One members in performance



Ben Hustis

Expectant waiting at the message board



Robert Dockhorn

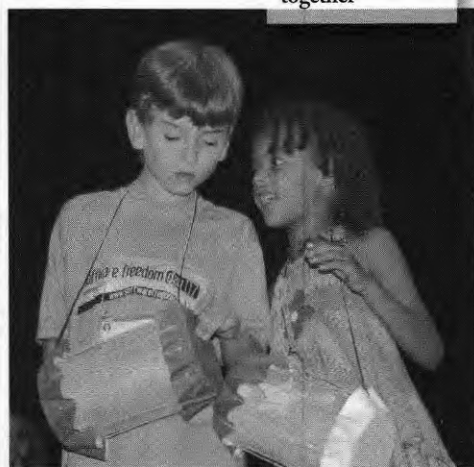
Intergenerational "painting worship"



Robert Dockhorn



A plenary skit



Drummers learn together



Party time with Young Friends



Old Friends, new Friends

SHORE MEETING

*(Friends General Conference
Cape May, NJ, 1968)*

Silently sitting
Sheltered over the sea
Soft pluvial mist enveloped
Swelling droplets hasten
Harder, harder,
Pelting
Faster, faster,
Beating a steady
Drumming crescendo
Rain, Wind, Waves
Divinely enfolding silent meditants

Two ghostly spirits
In ethereal solemnity
Close windows and doors.
But cold damp mist
Pervades
Above wind's roar
Rain's rhythm
Ocean's pounding
From their fragile refuge
Stillness
Stretches out

In the assailing, rhythmic power
All souls are one
All hearts transcend the tumult
In total peace
No cough, no baby's cry,
no restless child's shuffle
Breaks storm's rugged rapture
Beyond time and place
Peace and oneness
All seeing, all hearing
Souls breathing love
In the divine Presence

—Laura Neece-Baltaro

*Laura Neece-Baltaro is a member of
Rochester (N.Y.) Meeting.*

Rich Regen

Ben Hustis

Jim Cain

A Model for Growth and Rejuvenation of Monthly Meetings

by Larry Van Meter

Growing up in Moorestown (N.J.) Meeting, I remember being in awe of a meetinghouse that was, at least to a small child, filled with weighty Quakers. I found them impressive, imposing, and maybe even a little scary. They expressed themselves with great seriousness of purpose, giving voice to their convictions with passion and precision. They filled the space physically and spiritually.

I left Moorestown in 1968 to go to college and did not return until more than 30 years later to head my alma mater, Moorestown Friends School. Like many nomadic Friends, I retained my membership in my home meeting over those many years, but living in places like West Virginia, Maine, and Vermont made my visits to Moorestown infrequent.

Upon my return in 2001, I found a dramatic change in my meeting. Though still one of the largest in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, Moorestown Meeting is much smaller than it was in the 1960s. Even more worrisome, typical attendance on Sunday is rarely more than one-fifth of the membership. There are still weighty Friends in our meeting, but they are few in number and, with several notable exceptions, are of advanced age. My meeting is still a wonderful spiritual home, but unless something fundamental changes, its future does not look bright.

These problems are not limited to Moorestown Meeting. In the January/February 2007 issue of *PYM News*, Mark Myers, interim general secretary of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, cited serious

erosion in membership and suggested that these losses, which are shared by other unprogrammed meetings in the United States, place "a cloud over [the] future" of the Religious Society of Friends. This decline may explain reports from many monthly meetings of snippy in-fighting, confusion over goals, and an overwhelming sense of worry and fatigue. There is

**When I hear the
membership statistics,
the expressions of
anguish, and the cries
for action, they all have
a very familiar ring.
Where have I heard
them before?**

even talk of a "death spiral."

Are the testimonies and ideas of the Religious Society of Friends obsolete? I certainly don't think so, and many Friends I know feel that our beliefs cry out with greater relevance today than at any time in the Society's long history.

When I hear the membership statistics, the expressions of anguish, and the cries for action, they all have a very familiar ring. Where have I heard them before? The answer may come as a surprise: the Appalachian Trail.

This feeling of decline describes the situation that existed 30 years ago within the Appalachian Trail Conference (ATC)—

the confederation of 30 volunteer-based trail clubs from Maine to Georgia that built and maintain the A.T. The solution that was developed on the Appalachian Trail—one that encouraged and enabled the local clubs to grow and renew themselves—might serve as a useful model for reinvigorating monthly meetings.

Conceived in 1921, the Appalachian Trail is the nation's premier long-distance hiking trail, covering more than 2,100 miles in 14 states. Yet, 30 years ago, nearly half of the trail was located on private land, subject to degradation and closure by loggers and developers. The quality and even the continuity of the Appalachian Trail were threatened. The trail clubs, for their part, were burdened not only by the need to make frequent relocations but by the heavy impact of burgeoning hiker use on the trail and its facilities, all at a time when many were experiencing aging and shrinking membership.

The good news in 1978 that the Carter Administration would make acquisition of a permanent corridor for the Appalachian Trail a top priority was tempered by a fear within the already demoralized trail clubs that, in the face of a massive federal presence, they would be unable to preserve the volunteer-based system along the trail. Though no one wanted to say it, the trail had become in many ways a project for professionals, not for amateurs.

Into this situation stepped a visionary National Park Service (NPS) executive, the late David ("Dave") A. Richie. Dave was the nephew of David S. Richie, much beloved by Quakers and others for his social activism and the creation of his Weekend Workcamp program in West Philadelphia. Dave Richie, like his uncle,

Larry Van Meter, a member of Moorestown (N.J.) Meeting, is head of Moorestown Friends School.

grew up in Moorestown and attended Moorestown Friends School and Haverford College.

It was my good fortune to work with Dave Richie on the A.T. Project. As executive director of the Appalachian Trail Conference (ATC), I headed the "private" side of the Project, representing the trail clubs and about 20,000 at-large members. Dave, as project manager of the NPS Appalachian Trail Project Office, headed the "public" side. Two Quaker Moorestonians leading this complex project and working and living a few blocks apart in Harpers Ferry, West Virginia, was a remarkable and happy coincidence.

Dave was an ardent believer in grass-roots volunteerism. Working with NPS and ATC colleagues, he recommended that the conference hire field representatives—young, idealistic people to be

trained in trail work and organizational dynamics. The aim was to build the clubs by having the "field reps" help them on the complex issues that were initially beyond the clubs' abilities, with the expectation that they would eventually be able to sustain many of these efforts themselves.

The key mechanism for volunteer development and accountability was to have the field reps work with the clubs on Local Management Plans (LMPs). These plans, developed by each of the clubs according to a loose template,

Left: Dave A. Richie (in T-shirt) with an ATC field representative and National Park Service employees on the App Trail in Virginia, about 1992

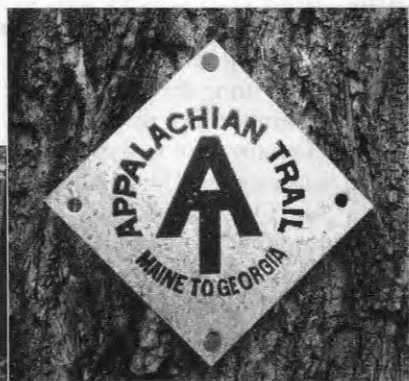
Below: An ATC staff member instructs trail volunteers.

encouraged them to think comprehensively about their responsibilities on the trail and to the public. The ATC field representatives played a major role in guiding the LMP process, but they were never the authors of these plans.

These efforts worked remarkably well. The combination of the Local Management Plans and field rep system stimulated growth in the trail clubs to the point that, in 1986, the federal government made an unprecedented formal "delegation" of management responsibility to the Appalachian Trail Conference and its member clubs for the thousands of acres of Park Service-acquired portions of the A.T. Today, 99 percent of the

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Photos courtesy of Larry Van Meter



Don't Talk about It!

by Harrison Roper

Children love secrets, and they sometimes hint about them to their playmates. In this way, the fascination of a long-held secret has kept alive a tantalizing moment in the life of a northern Maine pioneer Quaker family. The year was about 1860. The home of the Haines family was almost directly west of Monson Pond, several miles south of Fort Fairfield. Across the pond was Canada.

The children had been sent upstairs to bed, but not all of them had gone to sleep as they had sensed something important was happening. Late at night when their father came home, they heard him quietly report to their mother, "Well, they are safe tonight."

The children revealed their eavesdropping by asking their parents questions, and were firmly instructed never, ever to talk about it. The only detail the children ever disclosed to their playmates was that there was said to be a hiding place somewhere in the church.

Joseph Wingate Haines was the children's father, and Mary Briggs Haines was their mother. In 1844, the large and growing Haines family had journeyed through near-wilderness all the way from Hallowell, Maine, to build a sawmill and settle on a grant of 1,000 acres of partially cleared land. They had brought with them the necessary machinery for a water-powered sawmill, household goods, farming equipment, and an undocumented (but near-certain) dedication to the cause of antislavery—a movement that was sweeping New England in the

years before the Civil War.

The Haineses were the first of a number of Quaker families who settled in the area in the next decades with names such as Sampson, Partridge, Estes, Nichols, Varney, and Hilton. A plain building for Quaker meetings was built in 1859 on level ground near a gentle hilltop.

Today, that hilltop is still crowned by 12 acres of very large "climax forest": maple trees interspersed among large



boulders dropped by melting glacial ice thousands of years before. Hence the name of the meetinghouse: Maple Grove Friends Church, Vassellboro Quarter, New England Yearly Meeting.

Extensive improvements were made 45 years later, and today this small Friends church stands on its original rock foundation, lovingly restored to its 1906 condition. Those improvements of 1906 had included a steeple, weather vane, tin ceilings and wainscoting all around, pews facing a platform, a piano, and a stained-

glass window (from Boston) honoring William Penn Varney, a much-respected preacher, and his wife.

A preacher? Yes, this was a programmed meeting. And the late-20th-century restoration revealed a space below the platform (which had been covered with layers of old rugs and floorboards made from the window's packing crate), a space large enough for people to lie down—perhaps a hiding place! According to a Haines descendant, the once-existing horse shed might also have been used as a hiding place for escaping slaves.

During the 20th century, church membership dwindled as family farming gave way to industrial-scale agriculture. The building was sold to an Orthodox Presbyterian minister around the year 1965, and two decades later he donated it to the Fort Fairfield Heritage Historical Society.

Inspired by local resident Ruth Reed Mraz, meticulous restoration of the Friends church was carried out with the help of her husband, Arthur, and other dedicated volunteers. Ruth had attended the Quaker Oak Grove-Coburn School in Maine as a child, and had always had a tenderness for Friends. She was very pleased to learn shortly before her death in early 2008 that she actually had Quaker ancestry. Thanks to

her, the Friends church is now listed as a National Historic Site of Underground Railroad importance.

In 2000, for the dedication of the newly restored building, Quakers from Maine and Canada were invited, along with the many local supporters of the project. Among the many Friends present were John and Doris Calder of Long Reach, New Brunswick. John is a former Clerk of Canadian Yearly Meeting, and he and Doris donated a British 1787 abolitionist "token" to the new cultural site.

Harrison Roper is a member of the Houlton-Woodstock Worship Group, New Brunswick Monthly Meeting, Canadian Yearly Meeting. Before he and his wife, Marilyn, moved to Maine in 1982, they were members of Haverford (Pa.) Meeting for 17 years.



Page 16: Joseph and Mary Haines

Left and below: Maple Grove Friends Church, showing the wooden platform at the front of the meeting room

Bottom of page: Part of the stained glass packing crate used in the construction of the platform, under which escaping slaves may have slept



Photos by John Herold

*Late at night when
their father came home,
they heard him quietly
report to their mother,
"Well, they are safe
tonight."*

At the dedication service, the well-researched local contribution to the Underground Railroad was discussed, there was a period of silent worship, and "Follow the Drinking Gourd" was sung. After much effort, Arthur Mraz was able to obtain a corresponding U.S. abolitionist "token" dated 1838. Today both of these medallions, originally minted to be sold as fundraisers for the abolitionist cause, are on display in the restored Friends Church in Maple Grove.

Of course, the parental secrecy of Joseph and Mary Haines that night so long ago had to do with the Underground Railroad. Ruth Mraz's mother had heard

the story as a child when playing with descendants of the Haines family and passed the story along to Ruth.

There is some evidence of Underground Railroad (URR) activities at over 100 sites in Maine. Sometimes fugitives would arrive in Bangor/Brewer by ship, and proceed from there by various canoe and overland routes to safety in Canada.

My first inkling of surreptitious participation in URR activities by residents of Aroostook County was sparked by a child-

hood memory shared by Leona Lake Bell, a resident of Houlton, Maine, where my wife, Marilyn, and I have lived for 26 years. One day when I asked some folks at a nursing home about any farm memories or URR stories, she sat up, suddenly alert, and told of a moment from her childhood when the grown-ups towering over her were talking about local people who had helped fugitive slaves through their small town and on to the north and east toward Canada. She was living at the time in the town of Oakfield, 15 miles west of Houlton and 70 miles southwest of Maple Grove.

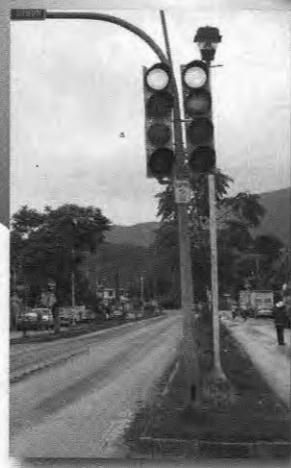
That is all she remembered, but, as she said, "I told myself, this is important and I will remember it." Some 75 years later, she related her memory to me and here it is now, in its entirety. I have since been told by others that three houses were used



Continued on page 44

by A. Laurel Green

Espere Su Luz



Ciudad del Maíz, in the state of San Luis Potosí, México, is a four-stoplight town. Posted at the first light is a sign that says, “Espere su luz.” That is to say, “Wait for your light.”

As a Quaker, I read this as a philosophical reminder to wait for an understanding of the will of God or the flow of the Universe. I open my mind and heart to the possibilities that the Spirit presents, while doing what I can to move my goals forward. It seems that we are a team.

My husband, Steve, and I recently moved from Vermont to a rural community within an hour's drive of Ciudad del Maíz, translated from Spanish as “City of Corn.” This physical and spiritual leap of faith was powered by our goal of learning to live as neighbors with our friends south of the U.S./Mexican border.

Espere su luz. The Spanish verb *esperar* implies hope as well as waiting. Esperanza is a common girl's name and one that I can understand parents wanting to give to a newborn child: someone whose life is all possibilities, as she could become anything; she could be great. By the way, “to give birth” here is expressed poetically as *dar a luz* or to “give to light.”

We live in a camper that has a small solar panel to charge its batteries. Over an average week we use a little more power than we collect. When our lights are getting too dim, we run a series of

extension cords to the home of Rosario and Hector, our closest neighbors, to fully recharge the batteries from the power grid. We have been using the computer on its own battery because we can easily recharge it through

the cigarette lighter in the truck as we drive to Ciudad del Maíz.

At least once a month, the electricity is out all over our village. When this happens our friends say, “no hay luz,” or “there is no light,” even on the sunniest day. But Steve and I still have power and lights because of the batteries in the camper. Usually Rosario and Hector come over to watch a movie on our computer after the sun goes down on those dark and quiet evenings.

We are building a small house on rented land in the village. We want to keep our power use to a minimum when we move from living only in the camper to

also having the added space of a small house. It simply seems like the right thing to do for our planet. Before leaving Vermont we gave away our kitchen appliances (toaster, blender, food processor, rice cooker, electric mixer, toaster oven, microwave) and most of our power shop tools. We did bring a circular saw and jigsaw to help with the construction of the house. We've realized that our neighbors here have few tools, but have multiple uses for each one. They take time to do things by hand and take pride in their work. We follow their example.

The other motivation to minimize our power use is the three-tiered billing system of the Mexican Federal Electric Commission. The basic rate is federally subsidized at the equivalent of 5.7 cents in U.S. dollars per kilowatt hour (kWh) for the first 150 kWh metered each month. The intermediate rate applied to the following 100 kWh is about 9.3 cents. The final level is *excedente* or excess power use and costs 19.8 cents per kWh, around three-and-a-half times the basic rate. Thus, economic incentive is built into the fee structure to encourage people to use less power. (More information is available in English at the electric commission's website <www.cfe.gob.mx>.) It is interesting to compare the average residential power rates in the U.S. at 10.52 cents per kWh. For more

details see the Energy Information Administration website, which lists official energy statistics from the U.S. Government at <http://www.eia.doe.gov/cneaf/electricity/epm/table5_6_a.html>.

This week we drove into Ciudad del Maíz to make arrangements for electrical service and water service to be installed for the house. In the center of the town there is a cathedral and a plaza with paths, benches, tall trees, and a gazebo big enough for a 12-piece band to play to a crowd. Next to the plaza is the municipal center complete with a jail and rodeo arena. There is also a cell phone store, furniture store, some restaurants, an Internet café, the one bank in town, and an ice cream shop. *La comisión de agua* (the water commission) office is a



A. Laurel Green was a member of Putney (Vt.) Meeting for 20 years before moving to Mexico. She teaches English in her village there, and she is co-writing a book about her experiences. She can be reached at <growing@starband.net>.

Below: Our camper-house and gardens
 Bottom of this page: Cooking and eating an American style spaghetti dinner with our English students



Photos courtesy of A. Laurel Green

half block uphill from the plaza. There we can pay a woman named Luz what we owe for our water bill.

Then Steve and I entered the electric commission office and waited our turn at the window. The electric commission is just past the rodeo arena. I kind of expect the woman there might be named Agua, but I haven't yet asked her name.

We had spent most of the past week doing everything we could to make the way ready for us to receive power: following a neighbor's detailed directions about how to build our own concrete power post, buying the needed materials for doing the wiring, and getting ready to sign up for service. Steve spent an afternoon digging a waist-deep hole during a driving rain storm. He was so dirty by the end that we went over to the pond next door, stood him in the muddy water, and scrubbed him down with a brush to get the caked clay mud off his pants.

The next day we prepared the reinforcing bar, or *castillo*, that would support the center of our ten-foot power post. Manitas, our neighbor, came over on Sunday, his one day off, to help mix and pour



cement for the footing of the post. Monday, we borrowed four motor-oil-soaked boards from another friend to use as forms for the post. It took us all day to get the forms in place and to position the receptacles for the meter and fuse box. By the time Manitas got home from work we had everything set to again mix the cement with his help and pour it by the bucketful down the inside of the forms

from the top of a handmade ladder. After the cement hardened we removed the forms and finished doing the wiring necessary for installation of electrical service.

Everything was ready. Now it was our turn to talk to the woman I think should be named Agua. She was all business: name, address, actual location of the installation, cost, billing procedures.

While she was entering information on the computer, her co-worker sauntered through the office humming "The Lion Sleeps Tonight." At one point I sang a line and they both looked up and laughed, and Agua said, "She knows it!" Then her co-worker played it on his cell phone.

That was a musical highlight for the day. After that, she told us the installers would come out within the week.

We thanked her and let the next customer have his turn. Our attention was drawn to a detailed drawing of how a post should be installed with precise metric measurements for all the various elements.

Continued on page 46

My Journey among Friends

by Kevin-Douglas G. Olive

Sharon Amis

I found the Religious Society of Friends when I was in middle school. An unpopular, misunderstood, “sensitive” child, I didn’t identify with the conservative culture. My parents were secular, military Democrats. I found solace in books and in fantasy role-playing games. It was during one of my habitual “bathroom” breaks (I always sneaked off to the library) when the librarian gave me *The Witch of Blackbird Pond* to read. I identified so closely with the Puritan girl who befriended the elderly Quakeress; it made me want to know more about the Quakers. Thanks to my librarian, who took me to books on the Underground Railroad and world religions, I found a people who I instantly admired for their strong Christian beliefs that were radically different from the culture around them—a culture that even at that age I knew to be strikingly similar to that of the Southern Baptist-dominated town in which I lived.

I imagine that it’s a lesson they learned after the fact, but my parents’ shock that

Kevin-Douglas G. Olive is a member of Baltimore (Md.) Meeting—Homewood, and attends Seton Hill Worship Group in Baltimore. A French teacher, he is a member of Friends General Conference’s Advancement and Outreach Committee.



Top: West Knoxville Friends Meeting

Inset: First Friends Church in Knoxville, where the author first attended

I would pick a Christian pacifist “cult” and their subsequent refusal to let me attend Friends meetings only emboldened my quest to find out more about Friends. I am not exaggerating when I say that I read every book on Quakers that I could find in the public libraries from the age of 12 until I was 15 years old. To appease my parents, I also called every denomination in the Knoxville phone book and asked for their literature, and I made theological comparisons—comparing everyone to the Quakers. Finally, my parents relented, and when I was 15, I visited First Friends Church and West Knoxville Friends Meeting.

I was nonplused with the Friends Church. Their worship was too similar to the Church of Christ that my grandmother attended. It didn’t seem anything like the Quakerism of the books. The unprogrammed meeting had some wonderfully sweet people who attended, but

the worship was so quiet! Where was the prophetic ministry? I wondered why no one spoke of Jesus. I prayed diligently for ten whole minutes and was left without anything else to say to

God, so I just sat there bored to tears—literally wiping them away as I yawned for the rest of worship. There was something there, though, I thought to myself, and it seemed to me that I was missing it. The second time I came back, I remember sitting in the silence, and this time being in some other space and time. I wasn’t asleep and yet it felt like I was dreaming. There was some vocal ministry, and then silence, even in my own head. Then there was the voice: “Speak.” Shocked, I looked around. No one. “Speak!” commanded the voice in my head. I protested that I had no idea what to say! *No way* was I going to speak in front of all of those adults! (There were no children my age in the room.) I began to argue with the voice until, weirdly, I realized that while my thoughts were going through a yes/no struggle with the voice, my mouth had already begun moving. I was saying something! My mind rushed to catch up with my mouth, but it was too late. I was finished. I had no idea what I had said. I was drenched in sweat.

I was amazed. There is a God! Friends meeting was where I belonged.

theology, which I had thought was universally accepted, was in fact bothering Friends. I felt decreasingly safe both as a child and also as a Christian in the meeting. I confess to a hefty amount of teenage "know-it-all" attitude that probably didn't help. Yet I was frustrated that my

My parents' shock that I would pick a Christian pacifist "cult" and their subsequent refusal to let me attend Friends meetings only emboldened my quest.

only options were an unprogrammed meeting that seemed strongly anti-Christian, stuck in what seemed to me to be some sort of "we don't wanna grow" funk with an attitude of "don't say *Jesus* because we are religious refugees," and the programmed meeting, which had very little Quaker distinctiveness at all.

What kept me at the unprogrammed meeting was nothing other than a leading to be there. In that worship I *felt* God. I felt that what happened in the Scriptures was occurring in my own heart, that the God of Jesus and Elizabeth and Ruth and Moses was "alive" and speaking to me. The unprogrammed worship seemed especially appropriate. In my own readings of Scripture, our worship seemed the most biblical of the alternatives I had. While the content of my vocal ministry rankled some (innocently arrogant, I was crazy in love with my new-found religion) there were those who encouraged me, especially my First-day school teacher. When, at 16 years old, I felt called to gospel ministry, I approached my meeting for a clearness committee, which they appointed. I wasn't comfortable that there

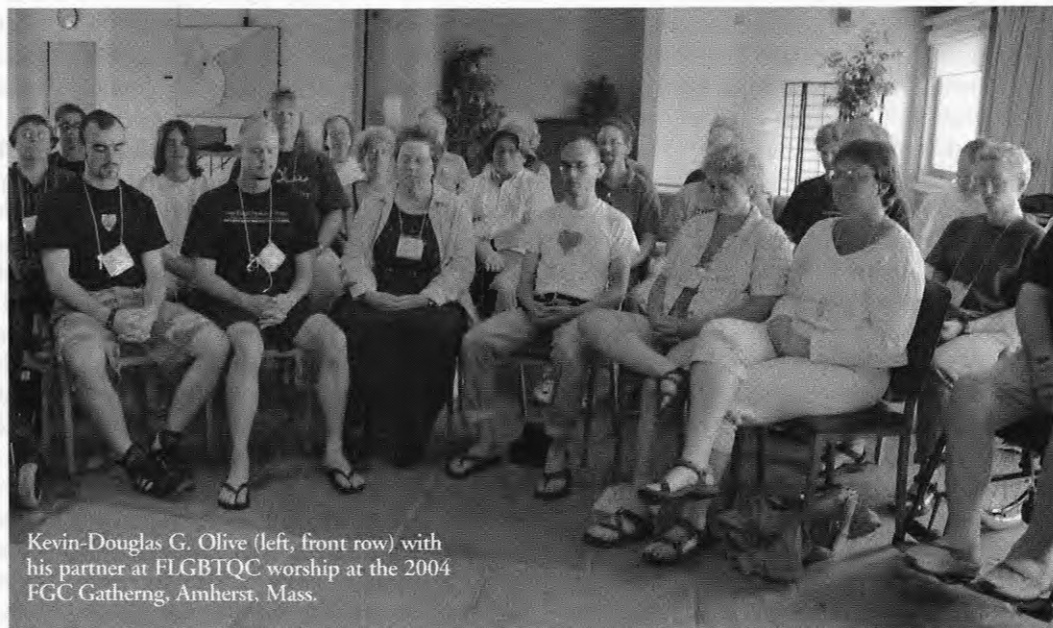
the end, they affirmed my calling to ministry. When I asked what to do next, they responded, "Wait on the Lord." I was so frustrated! *How?* I felt dismissed even while I was affirmed. One Friend learned of my calling and took me aside one day and said "Kevin, Quakers don't have ministers. Perhaps you'd be happier with another faith?" It got to the point that my mother pulled me from the meeting. She began to believe that even this liberal group could behave similarly to the conservative ones she rejected. It took Friends meeting with my parents and with me before my parents would allow me to return. Return I did, and I worshiped every week with these Friends until the day I left for Guilford. They sent me off with a party and lots of hugs.

My spiritual relationship with God is what made me quake. The experience of early Friends, whose writings I read daily and regularly, spoke to my very condition at the time and so I didn't feel alone in that Southern Baptist culture of "believe

darkness in our hearts and helping us to clean house. Even though I was frustrated with my meeting, I saw the beauty of Quakerism as a whole and longed for the power in my own life and my own meeting that was prevalent in earlier times. I wanted to be transformed into what God wanted me to be; I wanted to be a "true Quaker."

I have been blessed as a young adult to have been a regular member at several other meetings: programmed, unprogrammed, Friends United Meeting, Friends General Conference, and aligned with both. Guilford College was crucial to my staying a Friend instead of completely abandoning my faith for a secular life based on gay pop-culture. My freshman year, I came out as a gay man, and came out so forcefully I blew down doors! I was involved in the Intervarsity Christian Fellowship, the largest student group at Guilford at the time. When I helped to found the queer student group, and we celebrated National Coming Out Day, it didn't go

Laurence Signond



Kevin-Douglas G. Olive (left, front row) with his partner at FLGBTQC worship at the 2004 FGC Gathering, Amherst, Mass.

or be damned." While my friends (Quaker and not) in high school turned to every alternative religion, including Satanism, Wicca, evangelical Christianity, and atheism, I delved deeper into my own tradition, finding great power in Friends understanding of Jesus, the Light, and the power of prayer and faithfulness. The Jesus of Quakerism was no less alive and present than in any other Christian faith. I never saw Jesus as one who judged, hat-

over too well. Intervarsity set up a booth in the student union protesting homosexuality and blaming the spread of AIDS on homosexual men. When I told them that I came out to God in the rose garden by Mary Hobbs Hall and instead of taking his Light away God anointed me with love, they told me I was listening to Satan. The resulting argument left Intervarsity in shambles, and Gay Lesbian Straight Alliance stronger (later "Allies" and

Christian. I turned to paganism and the Goddess for comfort.

Nor did it help that I had transferred my membership to North Carolina yearly meeting, Friends United Meeting. I was not and have not been terribly involved in

I don't know who's done the most growing, me or my meetings.

the Young Adult Friends community. Partially this was because the YAF community in North Carolina Yearly Meeting was anti-gay and cliquish. My FUM-affiliated meeting at the time seemed unable to help a gay man grow in ministry, let alone come out (though the people there are fantastic!). When I tried at the Gathering to be involved, FGC-YAF seemed no less cliquish and more about fun than anything else—perhaps YAF was a continuation of relationships from Young Friends, but it was hard for me to break into nonetheless. I wanted to talk about God and my faith struggles, but that sort of talk seemed to cause tension for those who I knew weren't interested. Talk about activism seemed to be accepted. And again there were *very* anti-Christian, prejudiced remarks by some who were active in YAF. I just didn't have the energy left to be in such a place. I didn't want to be around anti-anything!

That was then, and through my experiences in paganism, agnosticism, spiritualism, and now again a very unorthodox Christianity, the Quaker tradition has remained my rod. I leaned on it heavily and the Light was the energy that kept me walking in those very difficult times. The meeting of my childhood could have been an impediment to my growth, but since the meeting only created a youth program because we created one ourselves and we clearly needed adult supervision, I had a choice of either swimming with the big dogs or getting out of the water as it were. I think the best thing my meeting did, though maybe unintentionally, was to include me fully as a member of the meeting, with all the responsibilities therein,

In retrospect, perhaps I stayed with the adult community due to my initial experience in a small, relatively new monthly and yearly meeting. There just weren't enough Quaker kids nearby to bond with, so I was always with the adults. Even when I began attending Friends for Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, and Queer Concerns (FLGBTQC) there weren't many Young Adult Friends there, so I was with adults older than I was. It was the adults who watched me grow up, in all of these meetings, organizations, and Friends churches. Often exasperated with how pushy I was and could be, many saw through that pushiness and my being opinionated was a sincere excitement and desire to serve the Religious Society with my call to gospel ministry. Some reached out, whether at Guilford, FLGBTQC, my brief stint at Earlham School of Religion, or my local meetings. Others reacted negatively (though the worst part was that it was never to my face; I always learned of others' displeasure through someone else! Not too encouraging for a young Friend trying to find his way).

Amazingly, through all of this, God has found the way into my thoughts. Sometimes it has been through the image and spirit of Jesus, other times in no distinct way. Each time I have hit a roadblock, because of my own choices or the actions of others, God has provided a detour, bridge, tunnel, or a place to rest and wait. In answer to my question about what to do with my call to ministry, which seems to always wax and wane, Friends would be there to answer my question in some way, though rarely directly. Through interacting, worshiping, and struggling with Friends of like and different minds, God would find ways to say, "See, here's an opportunity to minister or to receive ministry."

Some Friends in my current meeting have been hesitant to support my call to ministry. I've been reminded several times that "Baltimore Yearly Meeting does not record ministers," to which I've responded, "I've never asked." Others have quietly encouraged me to be faithful, to listen, to not be discouraged. Nonetheless, I have always been fully included in the affairs of my monthly meetings and Friends General Conference. Sometimes that has damped the quaking, because being innocent to Quaker politics was a blessing, but it has definitely helped me to grow up and

In November 2004, my beloved partner of seven years passed away, and no matter how much I reached out to God to be with me, no matter what songs of praise I sang to God, I felt nothing. It was as if there never had been any loving Spirit in my soul. I knew only the void that my partner had left when he passed, and I felt that it was only his living spirit that mattered. In this time of immense pain, Friends from around the country reached out to love and pray for me. Just as my current meeting and the meeting where I first came to know Friends had married the two of us a year prior, they were there to mourn his loss with me. My childhood meeting was there when I met him, when I wed him, and when I buried him. Friends all over have supported me as I battled to keep his grave where it is, though his parents would move him against his written wishes. Friends prayed for me, brought food to my house, visited me, and welcomed me with smiles after I returned from skipping worship, a place where his physical absence seemed most real. They've listened to my confusion about God in the wake of loss and offered their experiences tenderly and carefully. No one batted an eye when I spoke of my return to pagan ritual to try to keep grounded as I struggled with my beliefs. My current meeting even saw fit after all of this to put me on Ministry and Worship, an honor that still humbles me and a responsibility that I still worry that I'll not well fulfill.

Now that I'm no longer a "Young Adult Friend," I look back and realize I don't know who's done the most growing, me or my meetings, but I can say that I have been blessed over the past 20 years to have them in my life, with our combined flaws and numerous gifts. The meeting where I grew up, which I have known for two decades, the meeting where I currently am a member, and the meetings and churches in between where I've loved and known the Divine have all had their role in shaping me to be in love with the Religious Society and the Divine who embraces us. As I look around and hold Friends in prayer, I know that I'm part of a blessed covenant, that Jesus loves me and is faithful, and that I am part of a blessed society of f/Friends. □

BOOKS

Discovering God as Companion: Real Life Stories from What Canst Thou Say?

Edited by Mariellen Gilpin. Author House, 2007. 172 pages. \$15.95/paperback.

Sixty-eight accounts of sacred experiences, described in ordinary language by ordinary people (previously published in *What Canst Thou Say?*) offer a spiritual feast to readers who have had a close encounter with Mystery or know someone who has. Saints and mystics are not the only ones graced with the immediacy and presence of Love. Unitive moments happen to people of all ages, mental capacities, and life conditions according to Gerald May's classic research in *Will and Spirit, A Contemplative Psychology*, published in 1982.

Experiencing the undeniable presence of the Holy can be both life changing and socially isolating. These essays endeavor to demystify such moments by focusing on God as a companion who is close and accessible. Mariellen Gilpin notes, "In our culture someone who has mystical experience feels alone . . . or risks being labeled mentally ill." She offers *Discovering God as Companion* as "the beginning of a support group in print for those with mystical experiences."

The editor has organized an array of first-person accounts into four themes: God Breaking In, God in Nature, God in Times of Pain and Despair, and Living Faithfully. Each theme invites readers to thumb through the pages for stories that speak to them. Questions for Discussion invite readers to form support groups for deeper reflection, study, and sharing.

Myriad encounters with Sacred Mystery are described in varied voices by "ordinary people who have done and heard and seen extraordinary things because they found themselves becoming friends and companions of God." Some are straightforward; others are poetic. Browse the menu, follow your hunger, and enjoy salty, bitter, sweet, and savory stories. They focus on salt dolls, seedlings, ocean waves, hurts and healings, flossing teeth, confessions, reconciliations, and wild varieties of amazing grace.

The cumulative effect of these accounts seems to point beyond individual experiences toward an emerging cosmic community. Gilpin's book reveals to me a Quaker version of the Catholic communion of saints, a community of Friends who have been profoundly touched by the Sacred. I see parallels with The New Testament Book of Hebrews, especially Chapters 11 and 12 where community is held up as the bearer of faith exemplified in indi-

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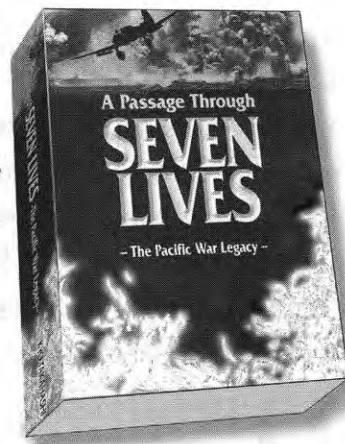
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vidual lives. *Discovering God as Companion* underlines the power of “we” sustained by the Religious Society of Friends for more than 350 years. Contributing Friends and companions of God have drawn so close to the Source of Love that Light streams through their written words into the world. Through the testimonies of these writers, readers can glimpse contemplative witness as one mark of the whole Quaker community. Dorotheus of Gaza, sixth-century desert mother, sums it up: “Such is the nature of love; the nearer we draw to God in love, the more we are united together by love for our neighbor.”

—Judith L. Favor

Judith L. Favor is a member of Claremont (Calif.) Meeting.

Becoming Fire: Spiritual Writing from Rising Generations

Edited by Alexander Levering Kern. Andover Newton Publications, 2006. 224 pages. \$12.95/softcover.

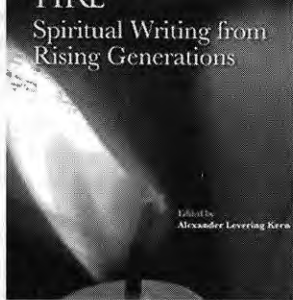
The image of a spiritual leader is often visualized as a sage, wise, or indigenous elder man in full regalia. Historically, the initiative of spiritual movements has been spurned by the idealism of rising generations. In *Becoming Fire: Spiritual Writing from Rising Generations*, Alexander Levering Kern has assembled a varied group of young writers, poets, and social critics who write with the passion to move. The authors range from those with first-time published work to those who live and work as writers. Many have studied theology and divinity and are leaders in their faith. There are a few veteran writers, but that is not evident from the text as the writing is uniformly excellent, reminding us that the word really is a tool and language is art, and that the act of writing in itself can be spiritual practice.

Traditional sacred texts are written in the language of the times and are subject to translation and interpretation in order to make them relevant to our current circumstance. Contemporary spiritual writing can easily morph into heady New Age concepts based on rehashed universal principles. But the prose and verse in this book doesn't always come across as spiritual writing, rather as writing of the Spirit. These fine short pieces each stand on their own merit and speak to the pervasive nature of spirituality.

Poems like Cantwell's “My Religion” speak to the sensory images we take in as we sit with God—images that form latent memories we carry and are awakened through our senses again and again. Sirous' use of imagery is like

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an impressionistic watercolor as he retells the story of creation in "Song for a Seeker of Eden: The Opening." Salico-Diehl reminds us in "A Holy Roller Revival" that Jesus, like hope, can visit at the most unlikely time and revisit when all else has failed.

In his introduction to the book, Kern speaks to his task as the editor to pull these varied stories together as the content and themes overlap. The content ranges from being with the magnificence of nature, to honoring ancestors, to pivotal moments in otherwise ordinary lives. The collection embraces the manifestation of God in our environment, our basic senses, and the ontological space of being. At times the writing in some of the short stories seems almost unaware of itself in the sense that it does not seem to set out to be spiritual writing. And there are several pieces that present more direct commentary on religion or spiritual development.

The question of relevance is foremost for many young people as they weigh long-held rituals and practice against the world they live in and come face-to-face with disillusionment and skepticism. One author speaks directly to this in "Traditional and Relevant? A Gen X Christian on Liturgical Aesthetics." And another walks us through his personal journey of same in "Mindful Hearts, Activist Bodies." "A Muslim at the Catholic Worker" defies the polarization of religions as the author's exploration of Catholicism delivers him to a greater understanding of his Muslim roots. And two more writers offer sermons to illustrate the long tradition of civil disobedience and political action through Biblical reference and hold the questions related to relevance in a historical context.

Kern laments the packaging and marketing of young adults in the U.S. into stereotyped categories that undermine their potency—that the image of generations X and Y have been reduced to sitcoms and slackers. *Becoming Fire* gives a closer look to the thinking of people who stand aside from popular notion and will not be so easily dismissed.

This book succeeds in expanding traditional notions of spirituality. For some, spiritual meaning is delivered through social action; for others, it comes through mindful-



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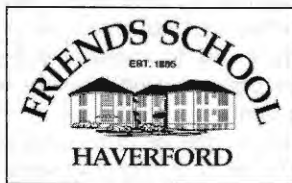


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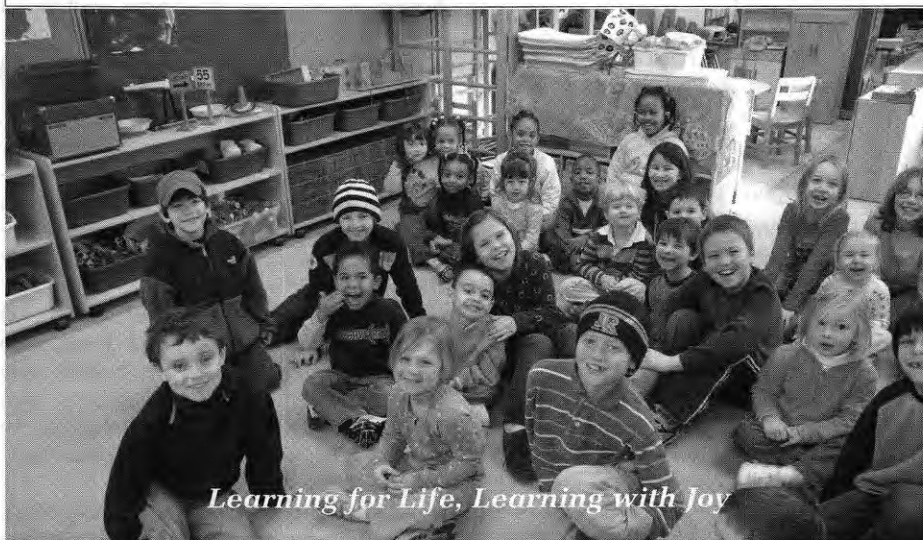
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ness and communion with natural forces. Readers will catch reflections of themselves in these words. And from the many voices, sounds a bigger, collective voice.

—Cynthia Jones

Cynthia Jones is a member of Greene Street (Pa.)
Meeting

Holiness: The Soul of Quakerism: An Historical Analysis of the Theology of Holiness in the Quaker Tradition

By Carol D. Spencer. Wipf and Stock
Publishers, 2007. 319 pages. \$41/softcover.

One might expect that the author of a book on holiness and Quakerism, a teacher at George Fox Evangelical Seminary in Oregon, would have produced a work that situates her segment of the Religious Society of Friends within that tradition. But expect on. She does not, a fact that points to her objectivity. Yet, paradoxically, it also severely limits the implications of her findings.

This book is designed to move scholarly interpretations of Quaker history and theology in a new direction. Spencer, as with many evangelical Friends, seeks what she calls a “normative” Quakerism, which is to say that she wants to impose her findings of what the earliest Friends thought on the modern Society.

Spencer’s contribution to historical study is to elevate holiness, the mystical union with God, and the freedom from sin in subsequent human actions, into the central teaching of the earliest Friends. Spencer is on to something, something important and something that modern Friends have overlooked and ignored as they have been all too eager to embrace practically every New Age and feel-good theory that has happened by. Put it simply: this book demands a close reading, an even closer analysis, or perhaps even a refutation; its central thesis, however, does not, cannot, be gainsaid so easily.

But, oh, its ironies! Spencer rehabilitates the great Quaker liberal Rufus Jones, with his insistence that the earliest Friends were mystics; she merely wants to root that mysticism in the tradition of the Eastern Orthodox Church rather than Western European Catholicism.

I hinted at the book’s greatest irony in the first paragraph: she gives almost no attention to the Quakers who brought holiness into the Quaker tradition at the end of the 19th century. With the exception of Hannah Whitall

Smith, whom she seeks to rescue because of her omission from the mostly male Quaker pantheon, Spencer all but ignores the rest—David Updegraff gets passing notice in three footnotes. If they were recapturing a long lost holiness tradition, why doesn’t Spencer relate them to it? Perhaps it was because she realizes they were not really within that tradition.

Which makes her real target our contemporary and well-known Earlham historian Thomas Hamm, who got it woefully wrong, alleges Spencer, when he averred that the holiness emphasis was a Wesleyan import into the Religious Society of Friends. But Spencer gives us nothing but assertions that they represented Quaker tradition. A discerning reader will demand evidence more compelling than such assertions.

I have left out the rheological standards by which Spencer evaluates Quakers over the years. To this historian, they are interesting but really extraneous to the facts on the ground, which is why her lack of attention to holiness Quakers is such a yawning gap. Still, this is a must read for Friends interested in a fascinating, if not always convincing, reading of the Quaker past.

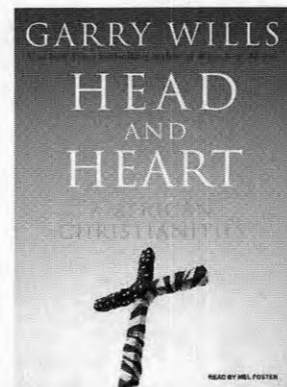
—Larry Ingle

Larry Ingle is a member of Chattanooga (Tenn.)
Meeting.

Head and Heart: American Christianities

By Garry Wills. Penguin Press, 2007. 640
pages. \$29.95/hardcover.

“Reason is the recipient of revelation; take away reason and there is nothing left for revelation to act upon.” Although Garry Wills does not mention Hicks (or any other 19th-century Quaker), Hicks’ remark could be a motto for his book, *Head and Heart: American Christianities*, dedicated to Quaker Anthony Benezet (1713–1784), whom he calls “the one unquestionably authentic American saint.”



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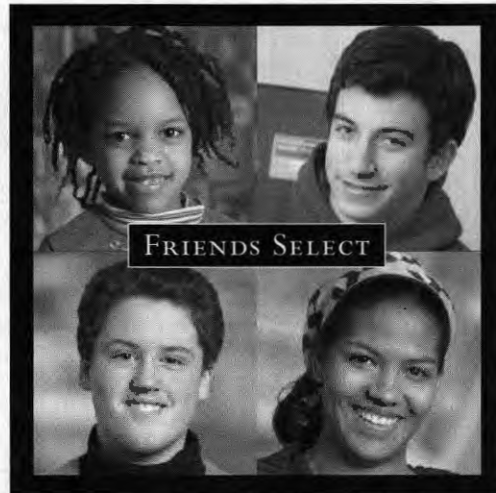
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"Head" and "heart" represent two poles in ongoing tension within and among the various forms of U.S. Christianity. The Christianities in question are public institutions concerned to control and regulate society rather than to nurture the soul or personal spiritual growth. So the topic is relations between religion and politics from 1660 through 2007—Mary Dyer to Karl Rove. The writing is crisp and accessible, the research is awesome, and nearly every chapter brings new insights.

The first chapter is: "Mary Dyer Must Die." Hanging Mary Dyer—and three other Quakers in the months before and after—was not an aberration but part of a pattern integral to the Puritan faith in Boston. Boston was ruled by fervent hearts rather than cool heads. And although hanged, Mary Dyer and the other three were at the same pole, governed more by enthusiasm than reason.

The Enlightenment presented a challenge to fervent hearts. Wills takes 18th-century Quakers as his first example of Enlightened religion, singling out John Woolman and Anthony Benezet for detailed discussion. Wills notes that these Friends, unlike those of the following century, saw the suppression of slavery as a task that religion could and should work on without appealing to the state.

The high point of Enlightened U.S. Christianity is the Constitution, written by deeply religious men without mentioning God. Wills provides text after text to demonstrate the warm and caring sentiment of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Paine: deeply religious persons who saw that established religion was an intolerable burden on religion. So the great innovation of the Constitution was disestablishment of religion, which (pace the Right) has led to a vibrant diversity of religion rather than to a "godless" nation. The lasting value of disestablishment, for both politics and religion, is a theme that Wills underlines over and over in the book.

The Enlightenment was beaten back by the "Second Great Awakening" at the beginning of the 19th century, but the initial unity of fervent Christians was shattered by their inability to either ignore the issue of slavery or come to agreement about it. Quakers are not mentioned in Wills' discussion of the 19th century. Then the Civil War, despite its brutality, brought out in Lincoln an inspiring coordination of head and heart. Through his great addresses, the genius of the Founders was not only revived but strengthened and extended, bringing African Americans out of slavery. But although Lincoln was deeply religious, he did not bring God into government. Not doing so was part of his solidarity with the Founders.

November 2008 FRIENDS JOURNAL

The ebb and flow of the two poles continued with the Evangelical revival that culminated in Prohibition at the beginning of the 20th century. A chapter devoted to second-coming theology told me more than I wanted to know about Postmillennialists, Premillennialists, and Dispensationalists, followed by a chapter on second-coming politics (Israel, Russia, atomic weapons). Through all this historical detail, I was glad to feel united with George Fox's simple revolutionary idea that Jesus has already come to teach his people himself. As he wrote to his parents in an early letter, "There is no time but this present." So we don't have to wait for all the tribulation and glory that is foreseen in second-coming theology.

The Scopes trial, Franklin Roosevelt, the failure of Prohibition, and World War II rescued government from religious fanatics. Immediately after World War II the Fundamentalists were again riding high, but they were brought low by the rights revolution. But then a Fundamentalist resurgence that had given up on Prohibition energetically attempted to make their views about Darwin, abortion, and contraception into national policy. So our present century again saw religion brought into government, through the clever manipulation of Fundamentalists by Karl Rove (described masterfully by Wills), combined with Bush's unwavering confidence in Rove. But Rove's magic, winning a majority of votes for a minority perspective in 2004, unraveled by 2006.

Wills' Epilogue:

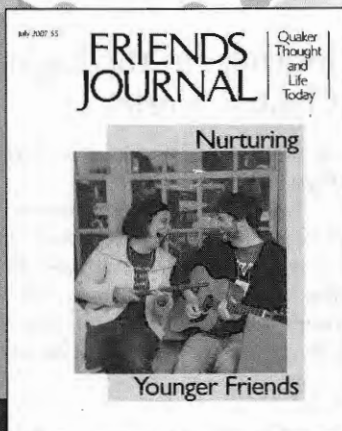
We need both head and heart: This combination of the best of both elements of U.S. religiosity we have already seen in the abolitionism of the Quakers. Benezet and Woolman used humane reason and Enlightened arguments, but they used them to pious purpose, living out the Sermon on the Mount, making peace, feeding the poor. (470)

And we must separate religion from government: The highest value of religious systems is love, which goes beyond justice. But the state cannot put love above justice. (547)

—Newton Garver

Newton Garver is a member of Buffalo (N.Y.) Meeting and president of the Bolivian Quaker Education Fund.

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THE LIGHT

Quaker stories

by

JAN ARRIENS

Journeys in the Light: Quaker Stories

By Jan Arriens. Pronoun Press, 2007. 179

Pages. \$20/softcover.

Told in short stories, British Friend Jan Arriens provides an overview of Quaker history and testimonies. Spanning from George Fox preaching at Firbank Fell to modern times, these stories are for all ages. Arriens' stories include both fictional characters and historical figures in classic stories of Fox, Woolman, Elizabeth Fry, and other well-known Quakers, as well as stories of lesser-known Quakers and events.

Fox's preaching at Firbank Fell is told through the eyes of a group of fictional characters who meet along the road as they walk across the countryside to hear him preach. Woolman's visit to the Delaware people is included, as well as Elizabeth Fry's work in a woman's prison, and Stephen Grellet's preaching to an empty cabin. There are stories of Quakers and the Underground Railroad, too. Yet, the book also includes more modern stories of less well-known people and happenings. Stories of conscientious objectors to both World Wars are included, along with Dutch Quakers who helped hide Jewish children during World War II, a woman who taught in London's East End in the '20s, and nuclear arms protesters.

As history, the stories help bring people and events to life and can be shared by Friends in multi-generational settings. As short stories, though, they frequently fall short. Arriens often relies on the technique of having an elderly friend recount their life. Large sections of stories are all in dialogue and tend to "tell" the story more than "show" it. The characters can come across as one-dimensional and annoyingly saintly. Many of the stories feel like they were written in order to present Quaker values, rather than tell a human story of struggle and triumph. This makes the stories often sound preachy and pedantic and the charac-

ters can come across as too perfect rather than being likeable and easy to relate to.

Whether because Arriens or the reader feel closer to the events, stories of more recent times feel more immediate and enthralling than do the earlier stories. Yet, despite the shortcomings of the collection as literature, Friends wanting stories to share with children will find the volume has much to offer. The stories open up the world of Quakerism for exploration by intergenerational groups, offering a good introduction to Quaker history and testimonies in an easily read and enjoyable format.

—Priscilla Berggren-Thomas

Priscilla Berggren-Thomas is a member of Poplar Ridge (N.Y.) Meeting.

Human Smoke: The Beginnings of World War II, the End of Civilization

By Nicholson Baker. Simon and Shuster, NY, 2008. 474 pages, \$30/hardcover.

I was born and raised in a fundamentalist Christian church. I attended Christian schools and a denominational college. "Just War" theory was not questioned. My two uncles and friends of my parents were in the military in WWII. My father worked in a factory making military equipment. None of them ever talked to me about their experience. During the U.S. war with Vietnam, I came to the conclusion that war was inconsistent with the teaching and life of Jesus. I left the church of my upbringing and joined the Religious Society of Friends. However, the nagging question remained, often put to me by others, but also in my mind: what about WWII and the Nazis? Then I read *Human Smoke*.

The book was recommended in our local peace group newsletter. I looked the author up on the Internet and found he had written seven novels, one of which, *Vox*, had made the *New York Times* bestseller list. *Vox* centered on phone sex by two young people. Another novel, *The Fermata*, was an erotic fantasy. Baker also wrote several nonfiction books. Baker became an advocate for libraries saving printed material and his book, *Double Fold: Libraries and the Assault on Paper*, won a National Book Critics Circle award in 2001. He briefly attended Eastman School of Music then received a BA degree from Haverford College. Not an author one would expect to write a book about WWII.

Human Smoke is a series of vignettes, excerpts from speeches, newspapers, diaries, and other sources, in chronological order. All but a few are dated and all are short, the

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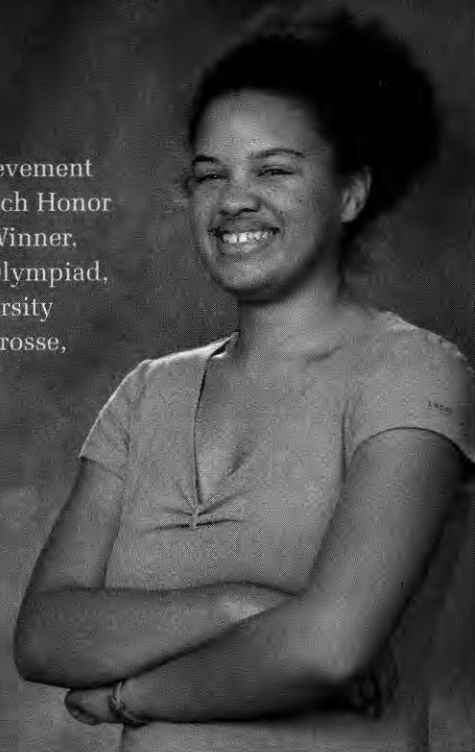
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Human Smoke

The Beginnings of World War II, the End of Civilization

Nicholson Baker

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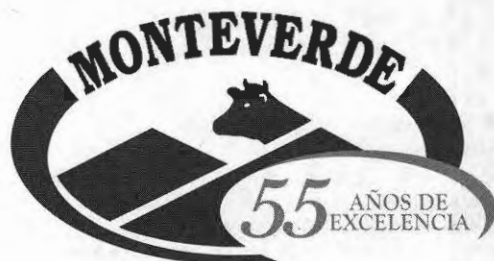
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longest being three pages. Most pages have two to three of these snapshots. Some are only two sentences long. They are presented without comment by the author.

The first half-page statement is from Alfred Nobel at the World Peace Conference in August 1892. The second is Stefan Zweig from Vienna, then in France, who writes how frightened he was watching the crowd in a movie theater go wild over an image of Wilhelm II of Germany. It was the spring of 1914. The fifth entry was April 6, 1917, when Jeanette Rankin voted against declaring war on Germany. The entry on pages 37 to 38 is Goebbels' overseeing a book burning in Berlin including books by Einstein, Helen Keller, and best selling author Stefan Zweig. It was May 10, 1933.

Baker's sketches continue fairly rapidly over the next few years. The bulk of the book covers from 1938 until the end of 1941 with another note of Stefan Zweig, now in Brazil, stating that extension of the war into the Pacific was history's greatest catastrophe. This was Dec 31, 1941. On that date the book ends. Zweig, with his wife, took poison two months later.

Meticulously documented with endnotes referencing every statement and quotation (sometimes with multiple references to document one entry) Baker weaves his snapshots skillfully. I was hooked once I started. He had me wanting to find out what happened next. He leaves the reader to make one's own conclusions. The picture painted is not pretty.

Hitler and his colleagues were fanatics. The most gruesome snapshots are the several descriptions of the cold-blooded killing of Jews by Germans. The anti-Semitism of all sides was appalling, mainly the Germans, but also the Allies and our heroes. Churchill wanted to imprison Jewish German refugees. Our own beloved FDR squelched the Wagner-Rogers bill, an attempt by Congress to increase the immigration quota in the U.S. by 20,000 for Jewish refugee children. The Jews who escaped Germany were not welcomed in

most countries and talk was of sending them to Madagascar or the Dominican Republic.

Churchill was fiercely determined to go to war. Great Britain deliberately bombed civilian targets with the hope of breaking the morale of the Germans. Roosevelt planned to go to war with Japan and those plans were in place before Dec 7, 1941. The U.S. was provoking Japan and spurned requests for negotiation. U.S. arms merchants sold military equipment to Germany, China, and Britain.

Baker includes quotes from Gandhi, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Clarence Pickett, and other antiwar voices.

He also includes the story of the visit to the Gestapo headquarters by three Quakers in Dec. 1938: Rufus Jones, then 75 years old, Robert Yarnall, and George Walton. I had read this story in Daisy Newman's *A Procession of Friends*. I was surprised to see it here. After meeting with two aides of Richard Heydrich, chief of the German Secret Police, the aides left the room. The three Quakers worshipped until the Germans returned, about 25 minutes later. No words were uttered during the worship. The Quakers were granted permission to investigate the suffering of the Jews and were allowed to help some Jews emigrate. When the U.S. immigration office was unable to process all the requests, Rufus Jones and Clarence Pickett of the American Friends Service Committee offered to provide additional help free and were turned down. Baker does not include the report from Rufus Jones that they asked for written verification of what was promised and were told that was not necessary because the entire encounter was recorded.

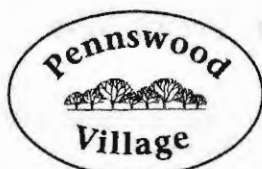
I hope this book is widely read and discussed. Some will be upset, others angry. It is disturbing. It counteracts the uncritical acceptance and glorification of WWII as a good and just war.

Was Baker correct in the subtitle that the beginning of WWII represents the end of civilization? Certainly there is that possibility given events since the end of his book: gargantuan nuclear arsenals with the ever present threat of nuclear war, continuing wars and the huge worldwide military spending, plus the looming environmental crisis. Civilization as we know it will end unless we redirect our obsession with war to bring about justice and equality with all its ramifications, and unless we redirect funds for war to address the looming global environmental crisis including oil and water shortage. However, I find hope in Baker's "Afterword," in which he dedicates the book "to the memory of Clarence Pickett and other American and British pacifists. They've never gotten their due. They tried to save Jewish refugees, feed Europe, reconcile the United States and Japan, and stop the war from happening. They failed but they were right."

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All the people still making the effort for peace and justice give me hope. Maybe more who read this book will join in. After reading the book it still came as a surprise to me to learn the author is a Friend. You will have to read it to find out where the title comes from.

—Rich Van Dellen

Rich Van Dellen is a member of Rochester (Minn.) Friends Meeting.

A Passage Through Seven Lives: The Pacific War Legacy

*By Kyo Takahashi. KyoVision Books, 2008.
504 pages. \$23.99/paperback.*

A Passage Through Seven Lives is an attractive book in every respect that is difficult to summarize. It is part autobiography, part history, part work of art, and part Quaker reflection on a nation passing through profound and wrenching cultural, political, and social changes.

The author was born Kamimura Manju into a working-class family in Tokyo in 1929. As a child, he moved to Yokohama. By the time he was 15, it was the summer of 1944, and the war in the Pacific that Japan had precipitated was going badly. Schools closed, and Manju went to work in a factory. Largely out of boredom, he volunteered for the armed forces, and within three months he was in officer training, destined for kamikaze duty. Thankfully the war ended before he could carry out such an assignment.

Most of the book is a factual, rather dispassionate recounting of World War II in the

Pacific, but the author also gives considerable attention to the experience of Japanese-Americans during the war and afterwards. Quakers appear with some regularity, always in admirable roles as peacemakers and relief givers. Takahashi is candid about the brutality of Japanese militarists, and presents with admirable balance the choices that American leaders faced when they decided to use atomic weapons.

Complementing the readable prose are dozens of attractive drawings by the author. Friends seeking to understand the Asian side of World War II would find this a good place to start.

—Thomas D. Hamm

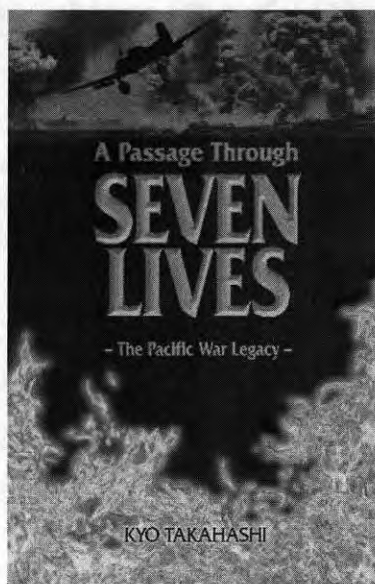
Thomas D. Hamm is archivist and professor of History at Earlham College in Richmond, Ind., and a member of First Friends Meeting in New Castle, Ind.

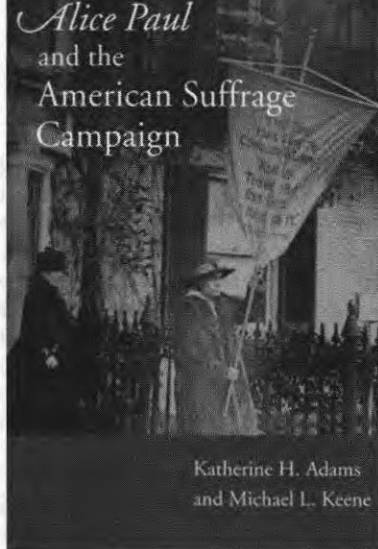
Alice Paul and the American Suffrage Campaign

*Katherine H. Adams and Michael L. Keene.
University of Illinois Press, 2007. \$25/softcover.*

Alice Paul, the New Jersey Friend who led the final battle for women's suffrage using nonviolent means, has long deserved a complete and scholarly biography. This project, stalled for some years because of the unavailability of her letters, has been completed by two scholars working from the papers of the National Woman's Party; the *Suffragist*, its publication; and several other pertinent collections. The result is a complete and very readable volume that will be welcomed by scholars both of women's history and of non-violence, as well as by the reading public.

Alice Paul, a graduate of Moorestown Friends School and Swarthmore College, spent several years in England, attending Woodbrooke, the Quaker study center in Birmingham; the University of Birmingham; and the London School of Economics. During this time she heard the Pankhursts' lecture on women's suffrage and learned about Gandhi and his nonviolent campaign for freedom for India. She heard Christobel Pankhurst speak in Birmingham and became a convert to the cause of suffrage for women. Moving to London to study at the London School of Economics, she joined the Women's Social and Political Union, the organization created by the Pankhursts and participated in their campaign for suffrage. She was jailed for breaking a window and refused to eat in prison. She was consequently force-fed and her story written up in the London papers.





Katherine H. Adams
and Michael L. Keene

Returning to the United States, she joined the National American Women's Suffrage Association, which had been headed by Susan B. Anthony and was currently committed to the passage of a 19th Amendment giving the vote to women. But she used increasingly radical, if nonviolent, tactics and eventually split with NAWSA and created the National Woman's Party.

From the first, the NWP under Paul's leadership was committed to nonviolent but forceful action. Members went to jail rather than ending their picketing of the President, and many of them refused to eat, resulting in painful force-feeding. Effective in getting this story into the newspapers, Alice Paul forced the government to back down, and eventually influenced enough members of congress to vote for the 19th Amendment. On August 26, 1920, the Amendment was ratified.

For the vast majority of women in the U.S. and their male supporters, this was the end of the matter. But Alice Paul continued to fight for women's rights and for the Equal Rights Amendment, which she named the Lucretia Mott Amendment, and which has not been ratified to this day. For many years she led a delegation of women to Lucretia Mott's grave in the Fair Hill Burial Ground on Mott's birthday.

In her last interview she identified herself as a Quaker woman. "I grew up in a Quaker family and the Quakers believe in the equality of the sexes. It is hard to grow up in such a family and never hear about anything else. When you put your hand to the plow you can't put it down until you reach the end of the row."

—Margaret Hope Bacon

Margaret Hope Bacon is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting and regularly attends Crossland Friends Worship Group in Kennett Square, Pa.

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Darfur

The anguish surrounding Darfur has given rise to at least eight books, published since the present conflict began in 2003. The very fact that such a body of literature has had time to flourish even while the slaughter in western Sudan continues unchecked literally speaks volumes to the failure of humankind to confront the ultimate crime of genocide. If the 1994 Rwanda genocide happened so fast that the world could say afterwards "We didn't have time to act," and could declare, "Never again," it is as if an ironical God sent us Darfur so we would have all the time we needed. I am paraphrasing Darfur activist Eric Reeves, but I think all of us who have been touched deeply by Darfur have had the same thought.

Darfur challenges our beliefs, whatever they may be. Those who advocate armed intervention have come up against the virtual impossibility of enforcing a peace that does not exist. Those who once pinned their hopes on the United Nations must confront its failure to mediate a viable peace agreement for Darfur, let alone implement a single resolution on behalf of the victims. Those who invoke the Quaker Peace Testimony to renounce any armed intervention must reckon the human cost of inaction in the service of nonviolence.

Darfur is a litmus test of our humanity and our beliefs. As someone engaged in

writing a book about Darfur, I have struggled to fathom its meaning. The books I describe here try in various ways to make sense of the conflict. I have chosen to focus on one, at the end of this review, not for its analytical power, but for the simplest of reasons: because in a very compelling way it makes the Darfuris come alive not simply as victims, but as people.

But first, here is a brief listing—by no means exhaustive—of recent books that may be helpful to Friends and others who wish to pursue Darfur from different perspectives.

Two new scholarly books treat genocide more generally, with references to Darfur: *Blood and Soil: A World History of Genocide and Extermination from Sparta to Darfur*, by Ben Kiernan (Yale University Press, 2007, 724 pages, \$40/hardcover) and *Terrible Fate: Ethnic Cleansing in the Making of Modern Europe*, by Benjamin Lieberman (Ivan R. Dee, 2006, 395 pages, \$27.50/hardcover). They join Samantha Power's seminal history of 20th-century genocides, *A Problem from Hell: America and the Age of Genocide* (Harper Collins, 2002, 620 pages/\$17.95/softcover), published just before the present Darfur conflict began. Power documents the U.S. government's history of inaction on genocides, from Armenia to Rwanda. Her book remains the most useful of



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the three for understanding our present inaction in Darfur. However, the two new volumes offer additional perspectives on genocide. *Blood and Soil* argues a more sweeping brief, that genocide began in ancient times with the advent of farming, and that it is enabled usually by some technological edge held by the genocidaires. *Terrible Fate* shows how the breakup of empires, chiefly the Ottoman and Russian, created nation states in which ethnic minorities fell prey to persecution and genocide.

Among the books specific to Darfur, two somewhat earlier histories of the conflict remain relevant. They are *Darfur: A Short History of a Long War*, by Julie Flint and Alex de Waal (Zed Books, 2006, 152 pages, \$23/softcover), and Gerard Prunier's *Darfur: The Ambiguous Genocide* (Cornell University Press, 2005, 212 pages, \$17.95/softcover.) (Note: These two books were reviewed in *FJ* in Sept. 2006. —Eds.) Of the two, I think the shorter book by Flint and de Waal does a better job of placing the reader in Darfur, owing to the authors' experience traversing the physical landscape and cultural divides of the region.

Darfur Diaries: Stories of Survival, by Jen Marlowe, with Aisha Bain and Adam Shapiro (Nation Books, 2006, 259 pages, \$15.95/softcover), offers a print counterpart to their documentary film, *Darfur Diaries*, based on filmed interviews they conducted in Darfur in the fall of 2004, when the attacks by Janjaweed militias on black African villages were at their height. Both the book and film offer a glimpse into the lives of the survivors encountered, with special emphasis on the courage and resilience of children. Marlowe is now in the final stages of editing a documentary film about South Sudan, based on our travels there in 2007 with three Lost Boys.

Two other books are so different that I can't resist pairing them. *Genocide in Darfur: Investigating the Atrocities in the Sudan*, edited by Samuel Totten and Eric Markusen (Routledge, 2006, 284 pages, \$35.95/softcover), is a collection of academic articles, clustered around the U.S. government-sponsored Darfur Atrocities Documentation Project (ADT). Data compiled by the ADT was instrumental in prompting the Bush administration to issue its "genocide" declaration in September of 2005. Like that surreal declaration—which said, in effect, that we recognize this is a genocide but will take no action—*Genocide in Darfur* is carefully hedged, forensic in tone, and enough of it is given over to methodology to create an air of detachment from the suffering it purports to examine. It will be of interest mainly to professionals.

Eric Reeves' *A Long Day's Dying: Critical Moments in the Darfur Genocide* (The Key

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Publishing House, 2007, 360 pages, \$37.99 /softcover) is written in a far more combative spirit. Reeves, a Smith College professor of English, is a passionate and prolific writer who minces no words in attacking the failures of the U.S. government, the UN, and the African Union. Reeves favors robust intervention by a multinational armed force. He led the charge to hold China's feet to the fire for supporting the genocide with its oil purchases and weapons sales. Many of these essays have appeared online, some within a few hours of the unfolding of events, always girded with an impressive array of logic and facts. Reeves is to the Darfur conflict what Noam Chomsky was to the one in Vietnam. Given the ephemeral nature of Internet postings and the tiny type size that Reeves uses on his own website (www.sudanreeves.org), it is about time they were collected in a book.

All the books described so far were written by U.S. and British academics and journalists. Whatever their strengths, they remain the work of outsiders. Fortunately, two books have appeared in the past six months written by Darfuris—members of the Zaghawa tribe, one of the three main tribes along with the Fur and the Masalit—who are suffering under the genocidal predations of the National Islamic

Front government in Khartoum and its shock troops, the Janjaweed militias.

Halima Bashir's *Tears of the Desert: A Memoir of Survival in Darfur* (Balantine Books, 2008, 305 pages, \$23/softcover) tells of the author's girlhood in Darfur, the attack on her village, the story of her rape and her struggle for survival. Written with assistance from one Damien Lewis, the book is well worth reading.

The other book, which I have saved for last on my list, is Daoud Hari's *The Translator* (Random House, 2008, 178 pages, \$23/softcover). This is my pick out of all these works, if I were to recommend a single book for bringing Darfur culture and its desert terrain poignantly alive. However terrible the events, Hari's stories are told with humanity, beauty, and humor.

The Translator is one of the most compelling books I have ever read, period. Daoud Hari returned to his village in Darfur in 2003 just as it was being attacked by the Janjaweed. His firsthand account holds the reader in its grip from the first page to the last. This is a thriller, a tale of life and death steeped in traditional wisdom and honed with the precision of poetry, by turns wry and exuberant, shocked and enduring. Best of all, this deceptively small book is suitable for readers of all ages.

As a high school student, Daoud Hari ('Daoud' is a variant of the Biblical 'David') fell in love with English literature: Shakespeare, Dickens, George Orwell, and the rest, with an overlay of Clint Eastwood films that played in a dusty cinema in El Fashir, North Darfur, where Daoud spent some of the coins he earned working part-time in a restaurant. When he dropped out of school to join the rebel resistance against the Sudan central government, his older brother Ahmed searched him out. "He sat me down under a tree and told me that I should use my brain, not a gun, to make life better."

"Shooting people doesn't make you a man, Daoud," Ahmed tells him. "Doing the right thing for who you are makes you a man."

Ahmed, a tribal elder by the time Daoud returns to Darfur, is killed in the fighting that Daoud witnesses, but he remains a guiding spirit as Daoud turns his own language skills to the task of helping U.S. and European journalists bear witness to the horrors that are unfolding in his native land. This becomes his mission.

Daoud Hari's memoir is "as told to Dennis Burke and Megan M. McKenna." Whatever shaping effect these writers had, it appears they have done their job well. Hari's own uniquely lyrical voice is a gift to any of us who



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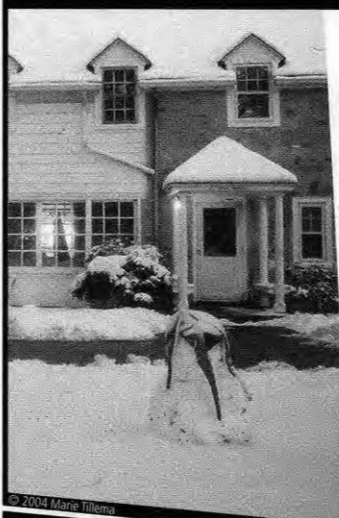
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hunger to be touched by something beyond the tragedy: the soul of Darfur. The *Translator* offers telling flashes of history and glimpses of the larger geopolitical picture even as it unfolds its human story and its closely observed details of traditional life in the desert—from the negotiations surrounding an arranged marriage to the loyalty of camels, observations that could come only from within the nuanced tapestry of Darfur culture.

Small gems appear on nearly every page: descriptions of how small birds take refuge before the bombing attacks, even flying up Dauod's sleeves; the miracle of a forgotten banknote that gets him out of an Egyptian prison; his sadness upon returning to his village and seeing that his mother has exchanged her colorful garb for drab to avoid being seen from the cockpits of Antonov bombers.

Among the gems are Dauod's philosophical observations. "The proof of a democracy is surely whether or not a government represents the heart of its people."

Caught in a tight spot where he must explain his dual identity, he says, "Everything is complicated like that in Africa. Nothing is simple. No one is simple. Poverty generously provides every man a colorful past."

So it is with considerable pleasure and also urgency that I recommend *The Translator* not only to individuals, but also to book discussion groups and to educators looking for a book that a whole school might read as a common touchstone.

Can books stop a genocide?

I've come to view the so-called "international community" as a fiction, and to doubt my own ability—the ability of any of us—to stop this particular genocide, one that has claimed so many lives already and which continues to imperil the 2.2 million displaced Darfuris who depend on a precarious supply line of international aid. But any antidote to the numbing dehumanization that blankets a genocide is surely a step in the right direction.

Also of interest is *Darfur's Sorrow: A History of Destruction and Genocide* (by M.W. Daly, Cambridge University Press, 2007, 368 pages, \$22.99/softcover). Arranged chronologically, this book includes discussion of the May 2006 Darfur Peace Agreement (which Daly treated with the skepticism it deserved), so it covers more recent developments than either of the aforementioned histories.

—David Morse

David Morse is a member of Storrs (Conn.) Meeting. He has traveled to Sudan twice, with support from his meeting and from the Pulitzer Center on Crisis Reporting and the Nation Institute's Investigative Fund. He is writing a book about Darfur.

November 2008 FRIENDS JOURNAL

■ NEWS

Following the discovery of an effigy of Barack Obama hanging by a fishing line from a tree on campus, George Fox University in Newburg, Oeg., reaffirmed its commitment to greater diversity among its student body. The display, evoking images of a lynching, was discovered and removed by a university employee early in the morning of Sept. 23. Taped to the cardboard cutout of the Democratic Party candidate for President was a sign that read, "Act Six reject." Act Six is a university program that awards full scholarships to as many as ten student leaders from urban Portland and surrounding areas. According to the university, most, but not all, are "students of color." The current first-year class of undergraduates is described as being the most diverse in the university's history, with nearly 25 percent of the class describing themselves as "non-Caucasian." The university has a total enrollment of 3,400, including students in graduate and adult-completion programs, and 1,700 traditional undergraduate students. The president of the university, the board of trustees, and the student government all condemned the display discovered on campus. In an address to the full university, President Baker cited George Fox University's Quaker background. The school was founded in 1891, he said, "by Quaker pioneers who fought to end slavery, promote equality, and restore peace and justice in our world. . . . Whoever put that cardboard piece up yesterday was wrong and I want you to know that I condemn it in the strongest terms." The Executive Committee of the University Board of Trustees affirmed that "The board believes that Act Six, the students that it has brought to the university, plays an important role in advancing the university's mission to prepare our students to influence the global community in the name of Jesus Christ." A similar response was voiced by the Associated Student Community of George Fox University. "The incident does not represent the student body... It is entirely against what we believe and practice. The heart of our intent is to maintain a strong and safe community where we value each individual regardless of race, belief, political position, or demographic." President Baker sent a letter to Barack Obama, informing the presidential candidate of the incident and inviting him to dialog with the school. Meanwhile, as we go to press, both the Newburg police and federal authorities are investigating the incident. —
From George Fox University website

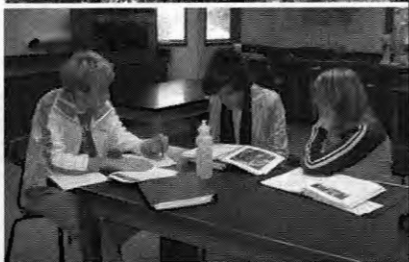
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A Model for Growth

continued from page 15

Appalachian Trail is permanently protected and the management delegation to ATC has just passed its 20th anniversary. The volunteer trail clubs have been reinvigorated by taking clear responsibility for complex trail and corridor management projects—tasks that almost everyone assumed in the 1980s they would never be able to do. The clubs have grown in membership, energy, and effectiveness.

It seems to me that the situation facing our yearly and monthly meetings is in many ways similar to the situation facing the Appalachian Trail Conference and its member clubs in 1978. Mark Myers asks, "Will Quakers pass into memory . . . , or have we found the secret of life that will allow our religious body to be present here in this place 300 years from now?"

I don't claim to have a secret. But I do have a suggestion that might yield very positive results not only in meeting membership growth but in meeting vitality if applied with sensitivity, patience, and adequate resources.

I propose that our yearly meetings use the Appalachian Trail as a model by creating a program to recruit, train, and support a team of "outreach coordinators" to work with local monthly meetings on membership and growth. If the A.T. model holds, these coordinators are likely to be young people—idealistic, energetic, and open-minded. They would have little or no history with the meetings with which they work. They would have to be Quakers. Hiring would focus on recent college graduates—people looking for their first or second job in a career that will eventually take them other places. Pay would be modest. Training would be intensive and would involve marketing and communications as well as Quaker history, faith, and practice. The outreach coordinators would focus especially on the tenets of Robert Greenleaf and his philosophy of Servant Leadership.

In addition to getting to know the meetings in a given "territory" (a quarter or some other logical breakdown), the outreach reps would focus on working with the monthly meetings that have agreed to embark on Meeting Growth Plans. Again borrowing from the A.T. model, an overarching strategic plan at the yearly meeting level would set broad institutional goals and yield a template for



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these plans. With the assistance of the outreach coordinator, meetings would engage in the participative process of developing their plans for growth, with specific recommendations on open houses, news releases, website improvements, outreach publications, guest-greeting protocols, etc. Each meeting would set clear, quantifiable membership goals, both in total attendance and in weekly attendance at meeting for worship and First-day school. Special emphasis would be placed on youth outreach. As with most well-designed plans, the value will be as much in the process as in the product.

Meetings might well wish to reflect on the core learnings of the successful Quaker Quest program now underway in the United Kingdom. These learnings include correcting potential failings in the ways we present ourselves to outsiders. We tend to be quick to say what we don't believe and what we are not, and to struggle when it comes to saying what we do believe and what is affirmatively distinctive about us. Also, and understandably in light of our rich past, many Friends tend to dwell too much on our history and not enough on what we believe right now.

Creating a Meeting Growth Plan would be optional for monthly meetings. However, I hope that a number of particularly energetic meetings would jump at the opportunity and create enough momentum that, eventually, all meetings would choose to develop a plan.

If this idea resonates with Friends, I hope that discussions can begin soon on how this—or a similar idea—might be implemented.

Is this the way to lift the "cloud" that Mark Myers referred to? Maybe yes; maybe no. Decentralization and volunteerism are among the great strengths of the Religious Society of Friends, but they can also be liabilities. Our volunteers need serious professional assistance, and our existing structure of yearly and quarterly meetings is the ideal place to find it. I hope these ideas stimulate enough discussion to enable us to focus on the future of our branch of Quakerism and the many gifts it offers to a troubled world. □



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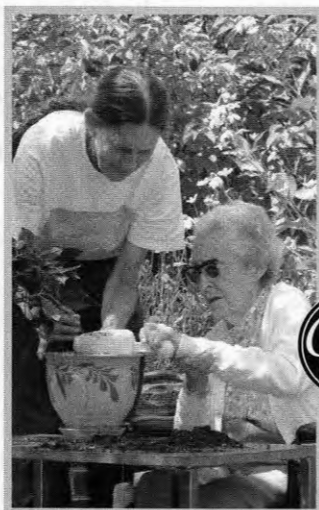
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on Accreditation of Healthcare Organizations

**EQUAL HOUSING
OPPORTUNITY**

continued from page 17

for URR purposes in Oakfield.

Information of any sort about the URR was rarely, if ever, written down by the contemporary participants, for good reason. For those who lived in slave states, it was illegal to aid escaping slaves, and after the highly publicized Fugitive Slave Laws were passed by Congress in 1850, it was illegal to give any aid to fugitive slaves anywhere in the United States. In reaction to these federal laws, Maine and many other states soon passed "freedom laws" that put the state and county law enforcement authorities at cross-purposes with the federal authorities.

On March 17, 1855, the Maine Legislature passed "An Act Further to Protect Personal Liberty." It prohibited law enforcement authorities from "taking cognizance of or granting a certificate to anyone who claims someone is a fugitive slave," naming a \$1,000 fine or a year in jail for breaking this law. The statute ends: "Nothing in this act shall be construed to hinder or obstruct . . . any officer of the United States from executing or enforcing [the Fugitive Slave Laws]."

A federal commission was established to enforce the federal law, but no prosecutions were brought forward in Maine. Nevertheless, I have heard the story of a Houlton, Maine, Irishman who was suspected of aiding a fugitive and of running away from the "slave-catcher." He fled across the border into Canada, which is a matter of a few steps on dry land in this part of Maine, and promptly made an insulting gesture at the pursuing gentleman.

In this difficult situation, while anti-slavery associations were openly organizing and flourishing in Maine, the URR operated quietly, frequently carried on by citizens like the Haines family who were of exemplary character and repute.

The Quakers who lived in central Maine, around Augusta, China Lake, Hallowell, and Vassleboro, had been encouraged to settle there in the past partly because Massachusetts needed nonviolent settlers in that then-frontier area. A respected civic leader, Jonah Dunn, moved from Cornish, Maine, to Houlton in 1826. "Squire Dunn," as he was called, had a son, Charles, who won the contract to transport the U.S. mail north from Houlton beginning in 1844. A farmer himself in Presque Isle, west of Maple

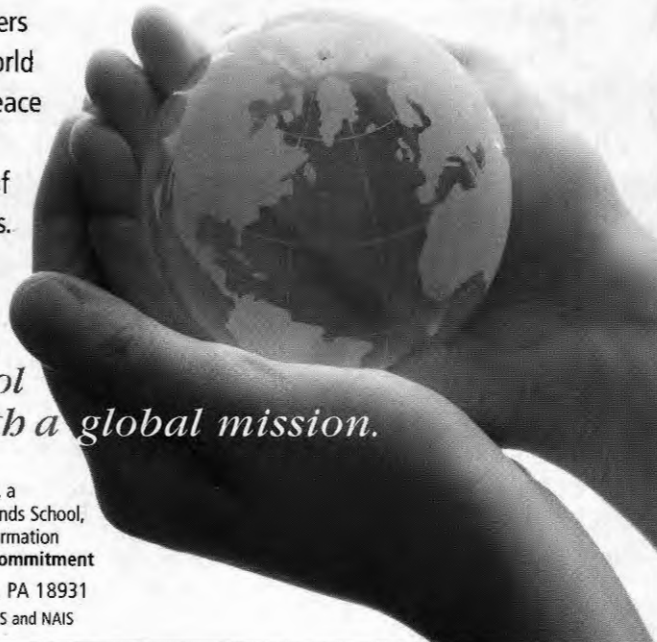
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Grove, Charles could well have alerted Friends to the superb "good ground" there.

Did the Haines family and other Quakers, by removing themselves from their settled farms and venturing into the wilderness to the northeast, purposefully establish an "end run" around the slave catchers in the more settled areas along the Canadian border? We cannot prove it, but we believe it was so.

About the year 1905, when the real railroad reached as far north as Fort Fairfield, it was built right across the Haines family property with a siding and station located there. (The station no longer exists, but a cast iron railroad sign still standing by the tracks faintly reads, "Maple Grove.") One day, early in the 20th century, an African American man from the south got off the train and came to the Haines home. He introduced himself as David Hooper and said, in effect, "I understand you people helped my people before the Civil War, and now may I help you? Do you need a gardener?"

David Hooper lived many decades in a small building nearby that he called his "shanty," and his flowers were said to be something to behold. He always called Miss Haines "Missy." As the years passed, he became arthritic, and one day his family came and took him back south on the train.

Joseph Wingate Haines and others of his family are buried in the small Haines family cemetery, which is located in the valley below the maple grove. A member of the Haines family lives nearby and tends the cemetery. Thanks to the Fort Fairfield Frontier Heritage Historical Society, and particularly to Ruth and Arthur Mraz, Maple Grove Friends Church has been restored and preserved for the future. And its original builders' humanitarian accomplishments live on as well in the lives of those whom they so unselfishly aided. □

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Espere Su Luz


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Yikes! Our neighbor's advice was not the same as the actual requirements. As in life, we hadn't gotten an instruction book, and we'd made decisions as best we could with the information we had at the time. Standing in the office, we studied the drawing long enough that the humming co-worker came out and handed us a copy of the requirements—this would have been very useful a week ago. We left the office hoping that we'd done a good enough job so we could get power with the post as it was. *Espere su luz*, I reminded myself. It was both the waiting and hoping versions of *esperar*.


It often seems that the better prepared I am, the more I can make of openings that the world offers. Coming to our little village is an example. We had a dream. Steve and I talked a lot about our hopes; we took Spanish classes and visited many different places in Mexico. Each visit taught us more about what we were looking for and about friendship. The day we first came into this valley, we were ready to recognize that this was the place for us. We were ready for divine inspiration to move us out of the car and into friendships with the people here.

As it turned out, the electrical service installers came at 4:30 PM on Friday and were eager to finish their workweek. They didn't quibble about how many centimeters high the meter was or the tin can we had opened up to serve as a roof over the fuse box. The will of God was, apparently, for us to have electrical service now. I ran for a cold chisel and hammer so one of them could remove enough cement from around the meter receptacle to allow the meter itself to be attached. They slammed their fancy extension ladder up against the metal conduit that juts up (technically too far) above the cement post. Once they had strung the cable to the nearest power pole, they pulled it up nice and high. They flipped the switch on our fuse box, and the fan we had set up to test the system started to purr. They picked up their gear and headed toward their weekend plans. We thanked them and plugged in the camper.

When the signs in life tell you to wait for the light, have the way prepared and be ready to use the power given to you. □





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Deaths

Morse—Alfred Winslow Morse, 89, on April 19, 2008, in Kennett Square, Pa., of congestive heart failure. Al was born on March 24, 1919, in Amherst, Mass., to Margaret Hincks and William Northrop Morse. His mother died when he was a baby, and he was brought up by his grandmother. He earned a bachelor's degree in French from Bates College in 1940 and a master's degree in Romance Languages from Brown University in 1941. Al met his future wife, Dorothea Cloud, at Middlebury College, and they married in 1940. He served as a plainclothes intelligence officer in the Army during World War II, monitoring Hawaiians of Japanese ancestry and suspected subversives in the armed forces. This experience increased his interest in human rights. He earned a master's degree in Library Science in 1950 at Drexel Institute of Technology (now Drexel University). He worked at the Library of Congress for four years and at the Free Library of Philadelphia for two years. After that, he cataloged the library of Pierre S. duPont at nearby Longwood Gardens. In 1971, he began work at the Temple University library, where he remained until he retired in 1981. Starting in the late 1950s, Al joined Quaker groups opposing atomic weapons. He and Dorothea traveled to Central America in the 1980s for Friends World Committee for Consultation, and then, in 1985, they visited the Soviet Union with a Quaker delegation to promote the Conference on Disarmament. An expert in Romance languages, he spoke French and read Spanish, Italian, German, and Russian, and traveled extensively, including in Australia, Europe, China, the former Soviet Union, and within the United States. Al loved swimming, tennis, and hiking, and was an avid stamp collector and bridge player. A peace advocate, he was an active member of Hockessin (Del.) Meeting and served on many committees in that meeting and in wider Quaker bodies. Al's wife, Dorothea Cloud Morse, died on June 6, 2008. Al is survived by three sons, David, Stephen, and Robert Morse; and four granddaughters, Ayana, Jennifer, Micaela, and Amanda Morse.

Morse—Dorothea Cloud Morse, 90, on June 6, 2008, in Kennett Square, Pa. Dorothea was born on May 26, 1918, in Philadelphia, Pa., to Mahel Keenan Cloud and Willard Cloud, and she grew up on their dairy farm in Kennett Township, Pa. She was a student at Kennett High School, where she won five of the six awards given to the 1935 Kennett High School class. She was the top student among 300 U.S. female students who studied at the Sorbonne in Paris from 1937 to 1938, and she graduated with a BA summa cum laude from Smith College in 1939. She received an MA in French from Middlebury College, where she met her future husband, Alfred Winslow Morse, whom she married in 1941. Al was drafted by the Army in World War II, and she worked in a hospital when the couple moved to Hawaii. After the war Dorothea returned to Kennett Square, and for almost 50 years, beginning in 1954, she worked as a legal aide, performing services in income taxes, wills, trusts, and financial management. She lived in her family home, the historic Bernard Wiley Swedish log house, which had been built around 1710. In the late 1960s and early 1970s, she chaired the Kennett Area Joint Action Committee,

which promoted affordable housing for the local African American community. Dorothea offered free legal help to many people. In the mid-1970s she served as clerk of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting's Representative Meeting. From 1978 to 1981, she was presiding clerk of Friends General Conference, and she remained a tireless worker for FGC, using her organizational skills to strengthen the body until her illness prevented her from continuing. A lifelong member of Hockessin (Del.) Meeting, she served as clerk of that meeting and clerk of Western Quarterly Meeting. Dorothea represented Friends in a delegation of religious leaders to the Soviet Union in 1985 and was clerk of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting from 1986 to 1989. She chaired Kennett Township's Historical Commission and was a leader on the township Planning Commission and the Kennett Township Land Trust, to which she donated conservation-easement land owned by her family. In 1985, the Southeastern Chester County Chamber of Commerce named her Citizen of the Year. Dorothea was deeply involved in community issues, including decades on the Bayard Taylor Library Board, which established an award in her name and granted the first one to her in 1999. She cared deeply about supporting vitality and growth in Quakerism and was a strong advocate for justice and peace in the world. In 1997, she moved to Kendal at Longwood in Kennett Square, Pa. In her last years, she suffered from Parkinson's disease. Dorothea was preceded in death by Alfred Morse, her husband of 66 years. She is survived by three sons, David, Stephen, and Robert Morse; four granddaughters; Ayana, Jennifer, Micaela, and Amanda Morse; and a sister, Frances Cloud Taylor.

Snipes—Bradshaw (Brad) Snipes, 86, on May 28, 2008, in Kennett Square, Pa., of heart failure. Brad was born on November 9, 1921, in Philadelphia, Pa., to Jane Moon Snipes and Edgar T. Snipes. Bradshaw grew up on Snipes Farm in Morrisville, Pa. He attended Fallsington School, graduated from George School, and earned a BA from Guilford College and an MA from Haverford College. After teaching at George School for four years, he revived a farm and nursery that had been started by his great-grandfather in 1849, which developed into Snipes Farm and Nursery and the Morrisville Golf Farm. As president of the Pennsylvania Nursery and Landscape Association, he launched a national "Fall is for Planting" campaign and developed the garden center style of marketing plants for homeowners. One year he was named Pennsylvania Nurseryman of the Year. His interest in peace made him a conscientious objector to war in World War II. He served in the Civilian Public Service and U. S. Forest Service as a smokejumper. After the war, he did relief work in Europe, making four trips to Poland on cattle boats with shiploads of horses and cattle to replenish stocks destroyed in the war. He then served with AFSC in Finland and Germany in war reconstruction projects before finishing his education. He was elected to two terms on the Pennsbury, Pa., School Board and served as its president. He traveled extensively, visiting Russia in 1971 to Promote Enduring Peace. Active in the Philadelphia Horticultural Society, he exhibited eight times in the Philadelphia Flower Show. He served on the board of directors of the Penn State Cooperative Extension and was active in the Bucks

County Christmas Tree Association. He lived the last three years at Crosslands in Kennett Square, Pa., where he enjoyed gardening and sharing his enthusiasm for horticulture with others. He is survived by his wife, Ingeborg; four children, Hannah Snipes Hogan, Amy Snipes-McKamey, Daniel M. Snipes, and Anne Snipes Moss; eight grandchildren; five great-grandchildren; and a brother, Samuel Snipes.

Stone (Gottstein)—Karen Stone (Karen Gottstein), 61, on February 11, 2008, in Albuquerque, N.Mex., from complications of multiple sclerosis. Karen Gottstein, whose pen name was Karen Stone, by which many Friends knew her, was born on November 18, 1946, in San Francisco, Calif., and grew up in the city's Haight-Ashbury district. Karen was among the first ecologists and, frustrated by the small number of courses being offered, she developed her own environmental studies program at University of Colorado at Boulder. She later received a BA in Communications from Antioch College. She was an avid backpacker and downhill and cross-country skier, taking many trips to the Sierra-Nevada range with her father, brothers, and others. Karen launched a photography career and, in the early 1970s, opened "The Basecamp," a backpacking and mountaineering store in San Francisco. She was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis in 1981, and wrote a twice-monthly column called "Meeting the Challenge" for the *Albuquerque Journal* from the late 1980s until 1999. Her columns were provocative, describing the challenges she and others faced as they lived to the fullest with their disabilities. She wrote vigorously about the need for accessible buildings, and she even took on the *Albuquerque Journal* in one of her first columns, pointing out that she could neither get her wheelchair through the revolving door at the main lobby nor through an adjoining door (because a person in a wheelchair couldn't hold it open to enter). Within days, the publisher had an automatic door opener installed for his feisty columnist and everyone else arriving by chair. With her mother's help, Karen published a book, *Awakening to Disability: Nothing About Us Without Us*. In the book, she wrote with humor and sensitivity about transportation challenges, housing, aging, and sex, pioneering open discussion of these issues. She traveled on her own to Sweden in search of material for the book, always finding interesting and helpful people along the way. A member of Albuquerque Meeting, Karen said to friends during her last year that she knew why she was being allowed to live this last year, after nearly dying before: it was so that she would perceive life's purpose. She said that she felt love, happiness, and peace as she had never known before. She is survived by her mother, Ruth Gottstein; and her two brothers, Dan and Adam Gottstein.

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



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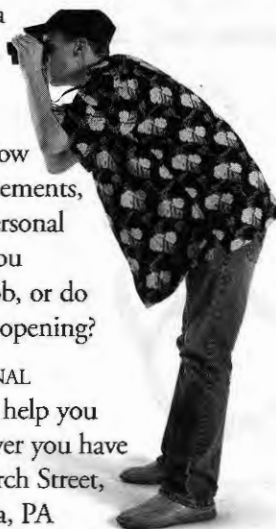
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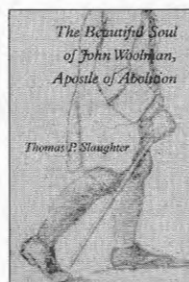
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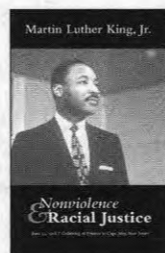
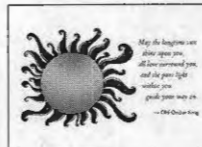
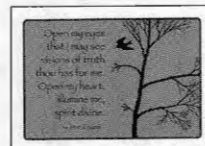
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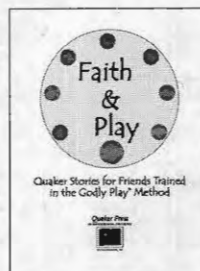


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