Nairobi: Impressions of a Newcomer
Rwanda: Escaping the Victim-Abuser-Rescuer Triangle
AVP: An Instrument of Peace
What Kind of Times Are These?

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times. . . .” So begins Charles Dickens’ A Tale of Two Cities, set in the era of the French Revolution. As a historian, I warm to these words, and I habitually view skeptically any claims that one epoch is better or worse than another. Crises come and go, and—I marvel—the more severe the circumstances, the more amazing the human response to overcome them.

Our world at the beginning of 2009 is rife with political shifting and economic turmoil, and it presents the eternal standoff between hope and apprehension. Our collective human endeavor could yet again drift toward chaos—or struggle toward redemption. Now, as always, we are called to be attentive to our basic values. Hope is a powerful tool; may it abide with us.

Our offerings in FRIENDS JOURNAL this month are of small facets of this complex world and its interactions. Three of the four lead articles are by Westerners experiencing Africa. David Morse, in “Nairobi: Impressions of a Newcomer” (p. 6), views the impact of sharp contrasts in wealth. Rosemary Coffey, in “The Friendly FolkDancers Tour Rwanda: Land of a Thousand Hills” (p. 10), senses mutual cultural appreciation. And Laura Shipler Chico, in “Rwanda: Escaping the Victim-Abuser-Rescuer Triangle” (p. 15), notices the mindsets humans can fall into about themselves and each other after the trauma of genocide. Several sidebars enhance the message of these last two articles.

Next, John Shuford, in “AVP—An Instrument of Peace” (p. 20), writes about the Alternative to Violence Project that is well known for its work with prisoners. He examines on several levels what happens when “transforming power” manifests itself.

And there are this issue’s departments, with their usual rich offerings. As for the Forum, we encourage you not to stop until you have read it in its entirety; there are several long, powerful letters, right up to the end.

We hope this issue brings you encouragement. And with it, we send you our best wishes for the New Year.

—Robert Dockhorn

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Migrants: a broader perspective is needed

Daniel Richards and I are camped at the Potrero Regional Park, in east San Diego County, Calif.—just a short distance from the Mexican border crossing at Tecate. We’ve returned here after spending over eight months in Baja California Sur, in the Todos Santos area.

The article by Danielle Short, “Immigration and Friends Testimonies: Seeing That of God in Our Immigrant Neighbors” (FJ May 2008) is excellent and very timely for all of us. We need new terms for, as well as attitudes toward, those who cross the border to find work unavailable to them in their home countries. The very term “Immigrants” has built-in definitions that are anti-life. We are very accustomed to being ruled by our cultures’ attitude that individual lives need to bow down to non-life: to organizations, such as governments. Thus it seems natural and right to most of us that our home-based migrants. Is this in line with our Friends testimonies? By the fruits of our attitudes, beliefs, and actions we are known. The fruits of life-destruction by such guidelines have always been visible. We are generally blind to them due to our cultural conditioning.

A ranger in this park calls the Mexicans entering unofficially “International Travelers.” He was very impacted by finding skeletons of two 4’6” people in the Anza Borrego Desert when he was a ranger there. It looks as though he has Native American blood in him also, which may make him particularly sensitive to the lives of those who are not in our country’s power structure. Daniel looked up the definitions for “migrants” and “migrating,” “immigrants,” and “immigrating.” This was enlightening to us. We saw that animals are not in the same category as humans—though certainly their migrations will be drastically affected by such as the border wall! The difference is “country.”

We are really struggling with the impact of coming back to the U.S. After the friendliness and slower pace, the focus on us as individuals (even by the soldiers at the military checkpoints) in Mexico, this country seems like a stressed-out, impersonal police state! The problems we encountered in Mexico can be directly traced to our country’s impact on these people: the use of plastics and other non-biodegradable materials (which they have no way to dispose of but to burn, polluting their atmosphere), the created-market need for things they can ill afford, either financially or health-wise (like the packaged, empty foods and fragrance in everything) and the need for practically everyone to have a motorized vehicle—even if they can’t/don’t maintain it. The pollution from motor vehicles in any settled area is a serious problem.

We went to Mexico for our health. We found that we were too impacted by the negatives of our country (stress, attitudes toward the disabled, chemical usage). Also, we discovered three years ago on a trip in the Mexican mainland that we needed sea-level altitude and sea air to support our healing. (We are disabled by MCS—multiple chemical sensitivity—caused by toxic chemical exposures and further injuries). Our New Mexico home, at 6,000 feet, was hard on us. Finally, we were chased from our home by four families upwind of us who used clothes dryers. We couldn’t go outside when they were running—the fumes dominated even the outdoor areas of our two acres; we couldn’t open our windows at night, when it was hot, because one family used their dryer at night.

It’s hard for people to realize that the very toxic fumes emitted by such dryers, when fragranced detergents, softeners and anti­aging agents are used, can be deadly to some people, like us. Our neighbors took our request that they use unfragranced laundry products—which we would supply!—as an insult. We identify with those who are seeking to better their lives by taking a big risk: going to another country to find what they couldn’t find in their own. I wrote a poem about this today with many tears, “Migrants,” after reading Danielle’s article.

There are many people in the United States who are also unwelcome travelers—many of them disabled by MCS. They look for somewhere they can live, some place that sees them as people, not vagrants or “throwaways.” At our home in New Mexico, we received calls from chemically injured people living out of their cars, looking for some place that is warm in winter. Their disability payments of between $600 and $700/month don’t begin to cover their shelter needs. They want such a place in this country, of course. We know of no such place. They don’t have the resources, the language, etc. to travel clear to Mexico for such. We’ve done it, and will go back, but it’s a very hard road for those in our situation. Additionally, being further separated from our friends and family is what keeps most of us from making such moves.

We read in a recent English-language

Another View on Nuclear Power

We were aghast because Street’s article ignored the deaths from so-called “low” levels of radiation. There is no threshold for ionizing radiation’s impact on health. Every radiation exposure has the potential to adversely affect the health of people and/or their descendants sooner or later. Low-level radiation deaths may be hard to quantify from a reliable epidemiological basis. However, they are very real, and scientists have published reports about their findings, and they show the dangers of living near an operating nuclear power plant—one that hasn’t melted down. Published in peer-reviewed scientific journals are data showing increases in cancer and prenatal mortality in those living in proximity to nuclear power plants, but more importantly, according to a study by the Radiation and Public Health Project, in which Janette Sherman participated, there was an improvement in both parameters when some 15 nuclear power plants were shut down.

We are aghast because Street’s article accepted the International Atomic Energy Agency’s claim of “50 to 60 deaths already” from Chernobyl, when numerous scientific studies that we consider less biased have found far, far more deaths—up to a million dead already worldwide, with millions more to succumb.

Chernobyl: Consequences of the Catastrope for People and Nature was published last year in Russia. An expanded and updated version in English is in preparation, with Janette Sherman as translator and editor. The book covers some 5,000 articles published in Russia, Ukraine, and Belarus by scientists who witnessed the catastrophe firsthand. With its publication, information about many of the effects from Chernobyl will reach the

Continued on page 38
English-speaking world for the first time.

Emissions from this one reactor accident exceeded a hundredfold the radioactive contamination of the bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and 20 years later, no fewer than 8 million inhabitants of Belarus, Ukraine, and Russia have suffered adversely from the Chernobyl catastrophe.

According to monitoring stations around the world, Chernobyl fallout contaminated about 8 percent of Asia, 6 percent of Africa and 0.6 percent of Northern America. Thus it appears that outside Europe, the number of people living in areas contaminated by Chernobyl's fallout could reach nearly 200 million. The U.S. Department of Energy estimated that some 930,000 people have been impacted to some degree by the Chernobyl radiation.

The radioactive fallout from Chernobyl covered the entire Northern Hemisphere but affected Belarus, northern Ukraine, and European Russia most severely. According to reports from eastern Europe being published in the new volume cited above, before the catastrophe 90 percent of children in Belarus were considered healthy; now fewer than 20 percent are well, and in the most contaminated areas, fewer than 10 percent. The health of adults, according to these reports, has declined.

The Nuclear Regulatory Commission came into being in 1974 when it was separated from the Atomic Energy Commission. According to the NRC Strategic Plan, the NRC is charged with promotion and regulation of nuclear facilities (emphasis ours). If one chooses to only get the version of the truth from such organizations, one may end up believing the hype: that the nuclear waste problem will be solved; that there are no clean alternatives; and that nuclear power plants are not weapons of war, a view that no Friend can support.

Perhaps that was the most distressing aspect of Karen Street's article. Does she really believe that a combined use of wind power, solar power, smart hydro, and other renewable energy solutions won't work? The Almighty pours an incredibly large amount of energy down on us from the heavens—from the sun. Why on Earth don't we harness it first, before turning to dirty solutions?

The first answer is greed. Coal, especially "dirty" coal, is far cheaper than oil or just about anything else, and it makes money for those who control it. And there is money to be made for those who control nuclear power, especially with all the federal direct and indirect subsidies it gets (many, many times what all the renewable energy options get, and that's not counting that nuclear power operates, for all intents and purposes, without insurance).

Karen Street claims that China cannot use solar power because its skies are too dirty. You do not need full sunlight to make solar work; you need light. And power can be stored in batteries, in elevated water storage systems, and many other ways.

By latitude, China lies north of 20 degrees and south of about 45 degrees, corresponding with an area between central Mexico and the middle of Canada. China is a huge country with areas of deserts and mountains, ideal for wind and solar arrays. China has many small villages, ideal for small-scale solar arrays, where you can eliminate the need for long and expensive transmission lines. And China is a major producer and exporter of solar technology.

Another reason why we don't turn away from nuclear power is plutonium. Operating nuclear power plants all produce plutonium, enough for at least 50 nuclear bombs per year per power plant. Current nuclear stockpiles require enormous amounts of plutonium for weapons. Where does it come from? Nuclear power plants, making those plants allies in maintaining the weapons of war.

Operating nuclear power plants are the most dangerous, the most vulnerable, and the most destructive terrorist targets on the planet. They are also vulnerable to earthquakes, tsunamis, and other violent forces of nature. Accidents happen because of poor maintenance, as nearly happened at the Davis-Besse plant in Ohio in 2002, or because of design flaws, poor workmanship, or incompetent or tired operators. As the plants age, they become brittle and structurally weak. Every one of them needs to be shut down forever, and the sooner the better.

No friend of life can support nuclear power. To do so is the ultimate blasphemy against a benevolent being that demands (or even merely requests) prudence, because nuclear radioactive decay is an unstoppable, undirected, unpredictable, violent, destructive process. It is, in a word, uncontrollable, and very unfriendly.

All biological molecular bonds—in fact, all molecular bonds of any sort—can be broken by even the weakest ionizing radiation, damaging our DNA. The DNA of our children may be harmed from our exposures, as well as from their own exposures. Even when radiation doesn't cause a fatal cancer, it can cause chronic illness, cardiac disease, increased incidence of diabetes, and mental decline from radiation-induced brain damage. Lesser known is an increase in cancers, skin diseases, and deterioration characteristic of aging, now seen in young people. Increased birth defects and prematurity contribute to the social and economic decline of those living in heavily contaminated areas.

When studying radiation's effects, if the researcher is being paid by the nuclear establishment, such as the IAEA or the Department of Energy, or some university's government-funded radiation lab, it is not unusual for the researcher to ignore every health effect except one—usually cancer, such as thyroid cancer in children, which indeed is rampant in areas that have received radioactive iodine fallout.

If the resultant data starts to look bad for the researcher's funders, the research may simply be stopped. This has happened time and time again in radiation research (and in tobacco research, and in many other areas).

Data demonstrate that thyroid cancer rates are highest in the eastern part of Pennsylvania. Could it be because the area is downwind from Three Mile Island, Peach Bottom, and Limerick power plants? Scientists are eager to research the situation, but there are few to no funds available for independent researchers to do the needed research.

The nuclear industry, unfortunately, is famous for deception. "A little radiation is good for you." (Wrong) "The energy will be too cheap to meter." (Wrong) "These are peaceful nuclear power plants." (Wrong again)

Unfortunately, Karen Street has accepted a lot of these deceptions.

—Ace Hoffman and Janette D. Sherman

Nairobi: IMPRESSIONS OF A NEWCOMER

by David Morse

Only hours after my arrival in Nairobi for the first time, in 2005, I was taken to Mathari slum, its rusting shanties lining a valley that gouges into the heart of Kenya’s capital. Mathari epitomizes the poverty that underlies Kenya’s vaunted stability.

David Morse is a member of Storrs (Conn.) Meeting. He recently traveled to South Sudan with support from his monthly meeting and from the Pulitzer Center on Crisis Reporting and the Nation Institute for Investigative Journalism. His website <www.david-morse.com> offers resources on Darfur.

I was with a U.S. journalist named Keith and two strapping Kenyans, Patrick and Vinny—one from the dominant Kikuyu tribe, the other a Luo—who served informally as our bodyguards. Young children shouted “Mzungu!”—meaning “white person”—and flocked around us, gently taking our hands. Adults were wary.

Last winter’s television footage showed Mathari and its huge counterpart, Kibera, erupting into bloodshed and flame fueled by an anger that is not so much “tribal,” as our mass media tend to portray it—reinforcing popular stereotypes of Africa—but rather political and economic: an anger that was touched off by an election that might have ended the Kikuyu monopoly on power, had it not been rigged. Much of Kenya’s so-called “tribalism” is a legacy of colonial rule.

For Kenyan Friends this was a time of unspeakable anguish.

For me, Nairobi had been just a jumping-off place for getting to South Sudan. The Mennonite Guest House, where I stayed, offered an ever-shifting kaleidoscopic view of Americans and Europeans drawn to East Africa—many, I’m sure, for reasons as intense and enigmatic as my own, and some for pragmatic reasons: an African family from Tanzania was there for the ancient patriarch to have surgery; a Methodist woman from the Midwest was trying to retrieve the body of a missionary who had been struck by a coal truck while jogging in Nairobi’s difficult streets.

Never did I expect that Nairobi it-
Taking

He takes your hand in the fashion of African men because you are white and in his charge, and the natives as he calls them are hostile. A woman brightens: “Good morning, pastor.” You do not feel their hostility except through him a fuse sizzling somewhere unseen, a dark look of feigned indifference, fear dazzling off his white shirt like the sour gray pungence of garbage wafting from ditches, heat corrugating off scab-streaked roofs, buzz of flies grazing on blackened cow shanks stacked on the Happy Butchery counter. “Let us move on,” he says. “They are becoming hostile.” You want to experience their hostility. But he protects you, tows you away from whatever seems ominous, groups of men, leads you through wet gray canyons taking you from one ministry to another.

I felt called to Darfur by something so deep within me and so far beyond me that I was swept along by it. I don’t pretend to understand it. I am only its agent. But it felt like love, and after three years it still feels like love.

What love is free from pain? The question was posed by Inazo Nitobe, a Japanese samurai turned Quaker who was an under-secretary-general of the League of Nations during the years leading up to World War II. Show me a love that is devoid of sorrow and pain, and I will show...
you a false and shallow love.

In the beginning, my calling was tightly focused on Darfur. Gradually it opened onto something larger and more complex.

I began to understand the region beyond: South Sudan and the other regions of Sudan struggling for existence, and the countries bordering on Sudan that are experiencing their own chaos and that bear their own deformities left from colonialism—as Kenya does.

Genocide raises the most basic questions about who we are—as individuals, as members of a religious faith, as a species.

What values do we want to see prevail?

What do we do with our complicity?

Within my own DNA there are Irish chasing Cherokee from their lands in North Carolina; there are Cherokee being chased. And further back, there is Africa.

In the distant past we all came from Africa. Some of us migrated north and across the broad Eurasian land mass, and finally across the ocean—eons ago, or more recently.

Now we in the global North have to deal with the damage wreaked in the past 400 years by white people returning to this ancient cradle of humankind to plunder it—to kidnap Africans; to take ivory, gold, rubber, and now uranium and oil.

We who enjoy the material benefits of the Industrial Revolution owe a terrible and largely unacknowledged debt to Africa. What do we do with that debt?

Virtually every human population has been the victim or the perpetrator of genocide, or both. Is this somehow imbedded in the idea of original sin?

Perhaps the greatest gift of Spirit we can receive is to discover a loving place in the whole.

In May and July of 2007 I returned to Nairobi, bracketing a trip again to South Sudan, this time with three “Lost Boys” visiting their Dinka villages for the first time in 20 years.

While in Nairobi I visited Kibera slum, home to perhaps a million people crammed into an area three quarters the size of New York’s Central Park. My host was David Ochola, a Luo who had grown up in Kibera and was now a pastor whose ministries included supporting two schools, a program for the disabled, and a program for matching AIDS orphans and street children with adult caretakers.

David seemed to me at the time unduly wary of potential violence. After I’d gotten permission to photograph some men holding fish at an outdoor market, he pulled me away, saying they were “becoming hostile.” We talked to children, a prostitute, a seller of herbal medicines, a fixer of appliances with a little shop cobbled together from scrap plywood, a volunteer registering voters for the coming election.

At his urging we kept moving—he a sometimes elusive figure darting between corrugated shacks or scampering across ditches of foul gray water.

As he led me from one ministry to another, I felt my own ministry enlarge further. The last line of the poem

Above: Women selling vegetables
Right: Voters being registered at Kibera
Page 9: Mildred, an orphan placed in the caretaking of an adult couple under a program run by David Ochola
Song of Kibera Slum

Mzungu! How are you? Their little hands grasp your finger. Fine, thank you. How are you? Grasp your finger not softly, from present curiosity, but with hard grainy palms of future pain. Hold fast as if you might carry them on your shoulders bear them away on snow white wings. Only way to release them gracefully is say bye-bye and wave. How are you? Fine, thank you. How are you? The hardness of childhood outgrown too soon a future scavenging trash, surround you with an intensity you cannot afford to grasp.

"Taking" (p. 7) reflects this ambiguity.

In Kangemi, a smaller slum and less grim, I encountered a group called the Hamomi Children’s Centre. Started by Raphael Etenyi with seven children in 1999, Hamomi now provides schooling and healthcare for 100 or so children. Most started out as street children, including some 60 orphans who have been matched with guardians. The three volunteer teachers struggle along with their young wards to make ends meet, sometimes not knowing where their next meal is coming from. In 2007, their best year so far, they earned $100.

What impressed me was the light in the children’s faces at Hamomi, and the perseverance of the adults working with them.

Within the ugliness of Nairobi’s slums I found the human spirit alive and vital. As always, children whose smiles lit up my heart. And caring adults: the three struggling teachers at Hamomi Children’s Centre, and freelance pastor David Ochola working with children and handicapped adults at Kibera. Human catalysts for love and revelation of the larger dimensions of spirit.

If these photographs suggest the disturbing inequities underlying Nairobi’s surface stability, I trust they also capture the struggle for dignity, the commonality of the human dream.

Green Nairobi

Green Nairobi
in hand-me-down funk
T-shirts that say Dallas,
and Fly Arab Emirates.
Foraging old sow Nairobi,
scarred with cob-strewn footpaths, ancestral bones,
you eat your farrow,
heave your swollen pink clay udders
leak toxic gruel
through rusty slums.
Cruel Nairobi,
whose name once meant water, now means
Kikuyu matatus and stolen elections, you leaf out
in green cell phones
Safaricom billboards
and City Hoppa buses
spewing capitalist schemes.
The Friendly FolkDancers Tour Rwanda:

Land of a Thousand Hills
by Rosemary Coffey

Between February 13 and March 4, 2008, a troupe of Friendly FolkDancers toured the central African country of Rwanda, well known in recent history mostly because of the 1994 genocide that killed about 800,000 people. Today one sees a fertile land, with agricultural plots dotting the hillsides all the way to the top, and numerous shimmering lakes. There are also forests and volcanoes. The roads in most parts of the country are in poor condition; we were hardly surprised to end up paying for repairs to one of the minibuses that we used for transport. The people, who have to do a lot of walking to get anywhere, are generally slim, attractive, and welcoming. Small children are everywhere, as parents may feel obliged to help repopulate the country. Since even primary education requires the payment of fees, a lot of the youngsters are not in school. Numerous little girls have an infant sibling in their arms or on their backs. At the same time, many others are orphans, missing one or both parents—whether as a result of the genocide or of parental deaths from HIV/AIDS and various tropical diseases.

Memorials of the genocide, featuring skulls, bones, and horrific stories, dot the countryside as well as the capital city area. One site that we visited, at Ntarama, is in a rural setting. We entered a Catholic church and compound in which 4,000 Rwandans had sought refuge and where they had been slaughtered by bullets and hand grenades. Within the small chapel were blood-soaked garments and vestments worn by the victims, and at the rear of the church was a floor-to-ceiling rack filled with their bones and skulls. At the front of the chapel a wooden coffin sat draped on the altar, and a cross leaned against a broken-out window in the corner, with a single rosary hanging from the transept. Outside there was more evidence of walls exploded open by hand grenades. Some of the details the guides shared with us were haunting.

Our ministry is to pray for peace by presenting dances of peoples who have been at war, uniting them through their music and culture.

The second site we visited, at Nyanzongo, was a larger, more modern Catholic church, which had initially served as a sanctuary during an early attack on Tutsis in the region. At that time it proved successful in protecting them, but in 1994 the church was assaulted while an estimated 10,000 refugees were inside the compound. Only two children survived. Bullet and grenade shrapnel holes in the corrugated steel ceiling bear witness to this day. In the rear of the churchyard, two large white tile mausoleums have been constructed below ground level; they may be entered by steep concrete steps to reveal shelves upon shelves of bones and skulls.

Given this context, Friends may well wonder how our tour came about. The initial invitation was issued on an impulse by David Bucura, a Rwandan Friends pastor and assistant clerk of the...
Africa Section of Friends World Committee for Consultation (FWCC). After I told him about a tour we had made in Kenya in 1996 when I met him in the course of his 2006 visits among U.S. Friends, he asked, "Why don't you come to Rwanda?" I thought the project unlikely, but I referred him to the clerk of the Africa Section, a Kenyan woman named Gladys Kang’ahi, who just happened to be the person who had set up our tour of Kenya. "Talk to Gladys," I said, "and see if you really want to do this!"

The next leap forward in planning happened at the FWCC Triennial in Dublin in August 2007. David encouraged me to connect with other Rwandan leaders who expected to be there. Since I was participating in a French-language worship and sharing group, it was easy to find them. My conversations with Antoine Samvura, clerk of Rwanda Yearly Meeting and headmaster of the George Fox School of Kagarama, and Marcellin Sizeli, director of Friends Peace House in Kigali, led to their setting up an executive committee to organize the tour. The visit was becoming a reality after all.

The ten members of this troupe of dancing Quakers, comprising six women and four men, came from across the United States (California, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, and New York) and three additional nations (England, Kenya, and Rwanda itself). Sarah Anusu, the young Kenyan dancer, had seen us perform in her town in 1996, when she was a high school student, and had been hoping to tour with us ever since. The Rwandan, Gaston Shyanka, had become our designated interpreter, and he happily learned the dances and did them with us throughout the tour. We had thought that the French language skills of three of our number would serve for interpretation, but often they were unnecessary, as the refugees who had spent time in Uganda and Tanzania had learned English instead. More importantly, many of the children really understood only Kinyarwanda. Our full troupe ranged in age from 22 to 79, thus modeling our message of how dancing together can overcome obvious differences.

Our host was the Evangelical Friends Church in Rwanda, founded in 1986 and now numbering about 5,000 members. My friend and correspondent Antoine traveled with us around the capital, Kigali, and to the southwest (Cyangugu), near the border with the Democratic Republic of Congo, as well as to the north (Ruhengeri), near the border with Uganda. Communication of our whereabouts and times of arrival was by cell phone, a marked improvement over the Kenya tour 12 years ago, when communication had to be in person or not at all. The only part of the country we missed was the east, because there are as yet no Friends churches in that area. We ended up presenting 16 shows in 19 days, reaching students at all the Friends secondary schools and members of nearly all the local churches and regional meetings.

To give Friends an idea of the current economic situation in Rwanda, let me share some statistics. Aaron Mupenda, head of the Friends school in Kamembe (west), told us that, of the total enrollment of 650, approximately 400 were orphans of the genocide, another 50 were HIV orphans, and about 40 more had parents in prison. This means that somebody other than their families had to pay their school fees. According to Dieudonné Cyungura, head of
the Friends school in Butaro (north), about 490 students were enrolled there, of whom 82 girls and 41 boys were orphans. Many of the schoolrooms were only partly built or in need of repairs, as were the kitchen and the canteen. They were searching for far more than the 20 computers they already had in order to start their planned accounting division. The library was poorly stocked; moreover, the school had constant problems with electricity connections. The school's solar panels also had to be repaired. There was a problem bringing water from the river whenever the collected rain water was insufficient. The school was originally financed by U.S. citizens, but it was not clear where the funds for supporting basic needs would come from in the future. The teachers were also constantly fighting against the "genocide ideology," where people are clearly identified as Tutsi or Hutu and are treated differently.

In contrast to our experience in Kenya, where the idea of a ministry of peace expressed through dance was a novelty to local Friends, Rwandan Friends regularly incorporate dancing into their services. So it was not difficult to include us as well, whether as part of a wedding celebration in the Friends Church of Kagarama or as an element in the Sunday morning service in churches in various parts of the country. We offered three basic sets of dances: a Hindu-Muslim pair that we called "In Gandhi's Footsteps"; a Middle Eastern compilation of dances from Palestine, Israel, and the United States, titled "Shalom, Salaam, Peace"; and a "wedding suite" of dances from Central Europe (Romania, Hungary, Croatia, and Switzerland) that we called "Whom God Has Joined." It was this last set that we performed at the wedding in Kagarama two days after we arrived. It ends with what we in the United States know as "The Chicken Dance," in whose hand motions we invited the audience to join. Except for that initial wedding performance, we always followed our formal presentation with audience participation, generally featuring dances with lots of gestures so as to permit the hundreds of school children in attendance to take part from their seats.

We stayed at the Rwanda Yearly Meeting guest dormitory or in pastors' homes outside the capital, in all of which places we were well fed according to the local diet: lots of starches, a bit of meat, salad, fruit, and soda or tea. Some of us longed for hot water and flush toilets until we found ourselves in places where there was no running water at all and only squats for toilets; after that, we were happy with what the YM had to offer. Context, as usual, is everything!

We spent one of our most interesting evenings as the guests of the resident Evangelical Friends International missionaries, David Thomas (who grew up in Bolivia as the son of longtime Friends missionaries Hal and Nancy Thomas), his wife, Debby (whom he met at George Fox University in Newberg, Oregon), and their young associate, Brad Carpenter, from Wichita, Kansas. The Thomases have been in Rwanda since 1997, and the two youngest of their four children were born there. David has been busy helping the local church to achieve independence, which he defined as having three main parts: financial, functional, and psychological. Debby, meanwhile, has been planting moringa trees, imported from India, and is starting a business with a local Friend to sell the extremely nutritious powder made by drying their leaves. (The moringa tree has a tuber rather than roots, so it can be planted among other crops without damaging them.) Debby has developed an experimental farm to grow various crops on a small amount of land, including the use of mound areas and large pots. She also showed us her three-story animal shelter: chickens on the top level (with a tray below to collect their droppings), rabbits in the middle (similar tray), and goats on the bottom (ditto). The droppings of all three groups are used as fertilizers in the farm area. (For further information about the Thomases and their mission, much of it in their own words, go to <www.speakingtruth.org> and enter "Rwanda" in the search box.) Their colleague Brad, meanwhile, is learning Kinyarwanda, a difficult and
agglutinative language (in which words just keep getting longer).

In general, our ministry of praying for peace by presenting sets of dances of peoples who are or have been at war, uniting them through their music and culture, was very well received. Here, for example, is the evaluation written by Pastor Nicodemus Bassebya of Kamembe:

This team of dancers performed well. Their style of presenting different cultures through their dances amazed many people here. The way they called local people to dance, beginning by teaching the words to the music, was very helpful. Inviting the audience to dance after the performance made the local people feel they were participating in spreading the message of peace. Dressing in different costumes showed that many different cultures and customs can work together for peace. The joy the dances show while performing shows that there is peace in their hearts. I saw from people’s faces that peace was falling down also into the spectators’ hearts. Thanks for the performance.

Any reservations we might have had with regard to spending three weeks with Evangelical Friends, coming as most of us did from unprogrammed meetings, evaporated quickly. It became clear to all of us that, regardless of differences in words and practices, we were all trying to do the same work in the world. We felt honored to be just a small part of Friends’ work in Rwanda for peace, trauma healing, reconciliation, and education.

While we felt happy at the success of our tour and the transmission of our message, we were also moved by the great need of Rwandans for assistance in meeting their basic requirements for food, shelter, and education. Evangelical Friends are doing what they can, as are numerous other churches and NGOs, along with the UN and some national governments. The Friends schools are encouraging outsiders to sponsor individual orphans by agreeing to pay their school fees for a year (approximately $325); arrangements can be made through the African Great Lakes Initiative (AGLI) <www.aglionline.org>. If Friends care to explore this possibility, as their circumstances permit, they should be sure to write “Rwandan Scholarship” in the memo line of their checks.

While the bodies of the Friendly FolkDancers have now all left Rwanda, it is clear that parts of our hearts remain behind.

Beggars to God
by Mark Judkins Helpsmeet

I scarcely see beggars near my home in the United States, but they can be found almost everywhere in Rwanda. I’ve wrestled with how to react to outstretched hands since I was first a Peace Corps volunteer in West Africa 30 years ago, so the issue is not new to me. My time with the Friendly FolkDancers in Rwanda brought the question to the forefront once again and moved my thinking a little bit further along.

I cringed when I first confronted beggars in Togo. The mixture of the revulsion, anger, shame, and compassion I felt was powerful and confusing. There was the knowledge that there was no way that my resources could make a

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student in the need around me, and that a handout to one beggar would only bring 20 more needy faces to surround me. Yet I knew that even if my wallet was middle or lower class at home, I was famously rich in my African village. And of course, the obligation to share with the orphan, the widow, and the poor is mentioned more often in the Bible than any other social duty. I sometimes felt completely torn by the conflicting feelings. Should I pretend I wasn’t even noticing them? Maybe I should try to make eye contact, admit I had money, but explain why I wouldn’t give it to them? Should I invite them all to share a meal with me, or should I just empty out my pockets to them?

Halfway through my time in Togo I witnessed something that totally shook up my thinking about begging. The endless droves of small children begging, saying “Donne-moi vingt-cinq francs,” were sometimes heart-tugging, but were more often annoying, and my skin had thinned to the point of mostly ignoring these pleas. While accompanying some recently arrived Peace Corps volunteers, I watched while their discomfort with beggars morphed sometimes to resentment. As we entered one place, there was a nine-year-old boy with the ubiquitous “Give me 25 CFA” (about 10 U.S. cents), which particularly frustrated one of the new volunteers. As we prepared to leave, he saw that the same boy was going to try to hit us up again, so he made his own preemptive strike.

As the boy opened his mouth to speak, the volunteer beat him to it, asking the little beggar to give him 25 francs! The little boy immediately reached in his pocket and handed over the money. We were all stunned! What had happened? Why had the beggar boy done what he had?

With experience I came to realize that communal sharing is an intrinsic part of most Africans’ lives. If someone asks you for something, you give it if you are able. The idea of “I have and you don’t have” is really foreign to them, though
it is completely acceptable and far too prevalent in the United States. I witnessed endless cases of Togolese dividing their meager resources to help a friend or family member, thereby limiting their own opportunities for individual advancement. I’ve often felt shame at being part of a culture that believes itself to be so generous, yet has nothing to equal the selflessness, hospitality, and generosity I’ve seen in Africa.

I carried these thoughts with me as I returned home. By the time I again visited Africa I had come to think that it was my duty to look beggars straight in the eye and to give what I could, and that’s what I attempted to do on my succeeding trips around Africa.

I got an altered perspective on it while visiting Rwanda this year. I traveled there thinking I would at least consider spending, but that was clearly not what was motivating David Thomas, an Evangelical Friend from Oregon who has been a missionary in Rwanda for ten years. As I interviewed him for my Spirit in Action radio program (available on <www.northernspiritradio.com>), he talked about a leading that he received a few years into his residence in Rwanda. He had come to believe that the Friends in Rwanda needed to take full ownership of their yearly meeting and the projects they committed to, and that depending on donations from abroad undercut that kind of strength. This could be an excuse from outside to reduce missions spending, but that was clearly not what was motivating David Thomas. Some Rwandan Friends felt that the rug was being pulled out from under them, that Rwanda Yearly Meeting and its programs would crumble without primary support from outside. David received a lot of flak and anger for the first few years, as this change in orientation was considered and then adopted, but eventually even his more severe detractors came around. There is power in being “the benefactor,” and there is disempowerment and lack of ownership in being the “needy recipient.” The poor and the beggar end up seeing their salvation as coming from outside until they are freed and encouraged to draw on deeper sources of strength and wisdom. Rwandan Friends have since “come into their own”; even when they do receive financial aid from outside, they are now sure that they are at the driver’s wheel.

Witnessing these changes in Rwanda has affected my relationship to beggars. I don’t know if I’ve reached final conclusions. There are layers of Biblical duty, white guilt, selfishness, judgmentalism, generosity, and goodwill to be examined and faced. While in Rwanda I learned that I might also need to give up my superiority and enter into a relationship of deep equality with those I meet, of all economic classes. Everywhere we went in Rwanda, we learned of Rwandans’ needs. Yet the main thing that Rwandan Friends asked of us was to pray for them. With our hearts, eyes, and spirits wide open, we can learn how God leads us into relationship with the needy.

AG BOGADH

Motion—the turn of a hand, a foot flexed up, then set down again. Arms retracted, then wide, whole body turning, turning.

Movement in its purest form—the story of a body moving, the story of a being carried by a body, of a body within a soul.

Stretching the body, stretching the soul. God in the tendons and muscles, God in the nucleus of every cell, God mild, and strong, and flashing, the light in the split atom, the nuclear explosions of the sun, the genetic blueprint that creates human, pine tree, squid, crane. I stretch a leg back, and then up to the sky. It’s prayer.

—Jill A. Oglesby

Jill A. Oglesby lives in Las Lunas, N. Mex.

WILDERNESS

O wild God whose breath I feel, but cannot see whose love is a constant mystery.

How does one abide the curious wildness where surely you reside?

—Michael S. Glaser

Michael S. Glaser lives in St. Mary’s City, Md.
There is that of God in each of us. This is a fundamental tenet of Quaker faith. But perhaps there is that of the Devil in each of us, too. And that of the Sacrificial Lamb.

As an outsider living in Rwanda and working for the African Great Lakes Initiative (AGLI), I often wonder: If I had been here during the genocide, what would I have done? Would I have stayed and played the hero, the rescuer? Would I have fled? If I were Rwandan, what would I have done? Would I have risked my life for a neighbor? Would I have killed or robbed or raped? If I had been the President of the United States, would I have looked the other way, convinced myself it was simply a civil war? Of course, I will never know the answer to these questions until, unless, I am tested. And here I am, living, working, sleeping, and breathing in a society where almost everyone has already faced that terrible, ultimate test.

I believe that each human being has the capacity for great good. And I believe we each have the capacity for great evil. Any person can become a victim—that is certain. At the same time, any person can play the hero. And given the right circumstances, every person has the capacity to abuse another. Inside each of us there is a constant interplay of these forces, and in healthy contexts these forces balance each other out. But when there is extreme oppression—domestic violence, rape, colonization, genocide—certain roles become frozen in a violent system. People or groups of people become sucked into playing these frozen roles: some play the “victim,” others the “abuser,” and others the “rescuer.”

After oppression—and in Rwanda’s case there have been multiple oppressions, from the brutality of colonization to the terror of the genocide—there is a period of recovery. One critical outcome of a healthy recovery is that the victims do not remain victims; there is a history of victimization that will never and should never be forgotten, but ultimately, for true recovery, victims can no longer rely on a “rescuer” but must ultimately discover their own sources of strength and support for healing. Too often, however, in a recovery process the roles remain frozen in a static tri-
The triangle becomes an operating system as people can either be stuck in a role or, paradoxically, shift from role to role in order to maintain this unhealthy triangle's equilibrium:

![Drama Triangle Diagram](source: Karman)

**Victim**

**Abuser**

**Rescuer**

This is most likely to happen if a helper—a therapist, a spouse, a donor, or a development organization—becomes too invested in playing the role of rescuer. It is easy to do; we all want to feel as though we are good people, and when entering into this frozen triangle the role of rescuer is the most appealing to our egos. The international community shares collective guilt about its inaction during the genocide of 1994, so the role of rescuer, however bad it is to help and when to hold back.

The way Rwanda works is that people with more give and people with less ask. Usually what people give is short term; it is not sustainable and cannot be counted on. But usually things come back around—they are a part of a large patchwork of giving and receiving that lasts for years and generations. The generosity can be staggering—our landlords routinely give half of what they make each month to people who need help. Our house worker, now that she has a job, has taken in a battered woman who barely knows her sick infant. Our neighbors used to feed our house worker and her children when she was starving and out of work, and now that they don't have that burden they bring us milk each week from their cows and refuse to be paid. This is how people survive, and it is beautiful to see.

There is a difference, though, between giving out of genuine generosity and giving because it props up an image of self as rescuer. So the enormous question for me when I arrived was: Where do I fit in? For the first few months here, I was tormented. An easy way to feel good about myself was to give when I was asked, but I had a gnawing question about whether this was right. When I said no, I felt ashamed in the face of the generosity around me. I swung between wanting to rescue or save anyone who came across my path and feeling like a victim, as though I was being trapped into buying friends. It seemed that most foreigners around me took one road or another—either they gave freely and embraced the role of rescuer, or they shut down to the suffering around them. I wanted to find a third way, to somehow melt this frozen system, but I didn't know how.

Trapped

The danger is that I could easily become addicted to being a "rescuer"—it could feed my ego and become an all-encompassing identity. The problem is that a rescuer needs a victim to rescue, and a victim can only be that when there is an abuser. Thus, it is impossible to have one of these roles played without the other two. When we try to "rescue" anyone during the recovery process, we inadvertently become invested in that person or group remaining victims. Thus, in the absence of an abuser, while simultaneously "helping" we might unconsciously do things to "hurt" to maintain that sense of our own inner goodness. In the meantime, those who are frozen in the role of victim begin to see that they can benefit by remaining victims. They can gain material aid or emotional support while simultaneously avoiding responsibility for their own recovery—

We all want to feel as though we are good people, and the role of rescuer is the most appealing to our egos.

...
material aid can be problematic. Sometimes, problems are so overwhelming that the only thing a new counselor knows to do is to give money or advice, trying to “rescue” the person who is hurt rather than supporting, loving, and guiding that person to find his or her own solution. There are times when giving materially is called for (during severe illness or grave hunger); at other times, there can be a residual negative impact: it can make the hurting person feel even more helpless. And it can stop the conversation, making the hurting person feel even more isolated. Most harmfully, it can keep the hurting person in the victim role: the more convincingly the person expresses victimhood, the more material benefits may be reaped. Thus people in pain may prostitute their own tragedies to feed their children.

I see this dynamic play out again and again in Rwanda, not only on a personal level but on an organizational level as well. Within organizations, this frozen system is often more subtle and more difficult to pin down. Nevertheless, it can define working relationships and ultimately corrode the self-sufficiency and core strength of many local organizations. Friends Peace House in Kigali, for example, works closely with Western implementing partners, and in their effort to truly help, many of these Western partners (AGLI included) can get sucked into a rescuer role that is hard to avoid. There is no doubt that many donor or partner organizations have done a tremendous amount of good, from sponsoring important programs to sharing expertise and building cross-continen
tal relationships. However, Western donors can unintentionally define key administrative realities for local Rwandan organizations that local agencies should be defining for themselves. They often define programming by providing the initial vision. They often define salary scales, rather than that scale being determined locally based on local realities. Occasionally partner organizations are far too involved in hiring, without understanding the complex personnel dynamics on the ground. Working here, I personally encounter a constant challenge: I have the capacity to write a successful proposal, but when I write, how much of my own vision, ideas, and understanding am I expressing, versus that of my local boss and colleagues? It is subtle, but it is there: the very spirit of local organizations is too easily defined by outsiders, thus keeping these organizations in a victim role.

As the “victims,” local organizations have become masters at manipulating their “rescuers.” In an effort to equalize the power relationship, Friends Peace House and others snatch at short-lived power while relinquishing a long-term hold on their own development. For example, they know how to write budgets to fit what donors will accept. Thus, while they think they are getting more money from some donors, they still allow outsiders to define their salaries. They have new ideas for projects, but many leaders drop them quickly in favor of what their partner organizations seem to support. Here in Rwanda, I’ve seen leaders accept a donor’s hiring recommendation as a “directive” rather than explaining why a potential staff member or even a particular hiring process may not be appropriate. Rather than take an active role in proposal writing or conceptualizing project ideas, many staff members will sit back, accustomed to being rescued by me and others like me, and thereby forfeit their influence in the shaping of crucial programs.

What is the long-term consequence of this? Good programs might be put in place, but they run the risk of having roots that are not deep enough to hold a local organization steady as the whims...
of external donors and partners ebb and flow. Thus local organizations are constantly dependent on the active involvement of donor organizations. Of course, any non-profit organization is dependent on donors for funding, but they are not always so dependent on donors for program development, strategic planning, monitoring, and evaluation. Yet in the presence of this frozen triangle, local organizations rely on external partners for their vision as well as their funds. In formal presentations, I have even heard a local organization leader describe programs in terms of donors rather than programmatic departments and refer to a donor as his "boss." Thus, when donor organizations inevitably move on, local organizations are left feeling abandoned and betrayed; the donor organizations are perceived to have shifted to the abuser role while local organizations ultimately stay victims, and the frozen system has not been altered.

And so we are trapped. The short-term benefits are great—the rescuers feel good about themselves and are proud of the work and how much they have helped an organization or a person grow. The victims feel powerful—they have been able to get the most out of their donors or counselors. They succeed in getting some money, but they weaken their core. And both, trapped in this system that needs all three roles to sustain itself, take turns as the abuser, ensuring that the victims stay staunchly in their place.

Finding Our Way

Solange is my friend and a highly accomplished facilitator in Friends Peace House's HROC program. She is 25. She was 13 when the Interahamwe, a Hutu paramilitary organization, tore the roof off her family's house, dropped down inside, and murdered her parents in front of her eyes. She survived because one of the murderers turned to her and told her to "Get out, get out" before the rest of the group turned to kill her and her sisters. She survived because Hutu neighbors hid her for two days in their house, and because of a million other small things that added up to the saving of a life.

Three days ago, Solange told me a story. A man in Kibuye, the lakeside community where Solange lives and works, wrote her a letter. He had been a participant in one of her HROC workshops, and he wanted to approach her but was afraid. Although she knew he had recently been released from prison, she suggested that they meet and talk face to face. And so they did. And he began to talk: During the genocide he and his wife had done terrible things, he told her. They killed many people—so many they were not sure how many—and when they were killing they did so with zeal. Forty bodies were found buried around their house. They had done terrible, terrible things. This man had heard Solange's testimony during the workshop. He knew what she had been through, and he knew she did trauma healing work. He wanted to tell her his story. He wanted to tell her what he was going through now. He wanted to start to heal from all that he had done.

"It is something," Solange said, "to be trusted. That is something. Here in Rwanda, who can we trust?" Solange said she was afraid, but she sat and she listened. She listened deeply. She listened so all that this man had encountered since he was released from prison—his home had been destroyed, his land gone to weed.

"These people," she said, "you know they have problems too. And so, even though I don't have much money, I gave him 5,000 francs [about $10]."

Here, the roles are becoming blurred—is Solange a victim, or is she a rescuer? Is the man an abuser or victim? Solange, with a grace as clear as cool water, recognized that this man was giving her a gift. He trusted her. And so, she wanted to give something back. She listened. And she gave him money to help restart his life. Our triangle is fading, blurring, mixing back into that tangled complexity that is human nature trying to heal.

When I asked Solange for permission to tell this story, awed by her capacity for compassion, her unwillingness to stay the victim, and her ability to see a man like that as a complex human being who abuses and suffers and saves like the rest of us, she said, "Yes. It's no problem. Please tell everyone you know.

GOAT STORY

by Adrien Niyongabo

When I was a child we had goats at home. While we were at school, we tied them to a tree so they could not destroy the fields. Upon getting back from the school, we usually untied them so that they could find grasses wherever they might. But most of the time the goats would remain standing at the same place, although they were no longer tied to the tree.

Sometimes I think that something similar happens in people's minds. It is not so easy that we come to realize that the storm is over and that, after having ourselves been pulled up by someone, we can help others to stand up as well.

Adrien Niyongabo, a member of Kamenge Monthly Meeting, Burundi Yearly Meeting, is co-creator of the HROC program and heads programming in Burundi.
Because, to me, this man—it is not that I think what he did is okay, but now, this man, to me, he is a hero.”

There is no clear path for untangling the corrosive and deeply ingrained roles of victims, rescuers, and abusers, but Solange has given us one possible way. It strikes me that Solange did not try to save this man, and he did not try to save her. Instead, they have subtly re-oriented themselves so that now they are side by side, looking at their broken lives, looking at their broken country, together. They are each on a journey, and for a while they fell in step with each other—traveling companions; healing companions on a long, long road.

And this is a lesson for me. This work is not about saving anyone. It’s about being together. It’s about being angry together, overwhelmed together, hopeful together. It’s about grieving together, seeking answers to impossible questions together, and allowing ourselves to be inspired by each other’s hope as we muddle on. It’s about humility and the willingness to set aside mutual exploitation in order to be fully capable of sharing what we have. It’s about listening, learning, and teaching. I ought not to be here to help Rwandans rebuild and heal their country. I am here, instead, to help heal and rebuild our wounded world, together with my friends and colleagues—side by side; on a long, long road.

“Sitting Allowances”

by David Zarembka

It may surprise you that international nongovernmental organizations (NGOs) are not viewed favorably here in East and Central Africa. This includes not only the big aid organizations like World Vision, Catholic Relief Services, Action Aid, the Red Cross, and others, but also NGOs that are much smaller in scope. I have been collecting comments on the dissatisfaction with these NGOs. At worst these are considered the newest form of neocolonialism and exploitation of Africa.

One aspect of NGO aid to the region is paying “sitting allowances” for people to attend meetings, seminars, workshops, and other activities promoted by the NGOs. It may be surprising to learn that people are paid to be involved in learning opportunities for their own benefit. They are paid?

The policy of African Great Lakes Initiative (AGLI) is not to pay any sitting allowances. In this we are at total odds with the prevailing custom of the other NGOs and the expectations of the people here. People come to the workshops expecting to be paid. I remember when we first implemented this “no sitting allowance” policy in Burundi in 2001. The trauma healing workshop was for teachers from a school. Some of the teachers refused to come since they weren’t being given a sitting allowance, so the workshop was only half full. My own feeling at that time (and ever since) is that the teachers were coming for the pay and not for the learning. AVP and HROC workshops are voluntary, which is critical to their success.

Here is my list of reasons for not paying sitting allowances:

• The inducement of the allowance undermines the voluntary nature of the workshop and, in a poor country, can be more important than the content of the workshop.

• If funds were given, could we trust the positive evaluations we receive and the motivations for requests for more workshops? Is it for the workshops or the funds that they offer?

• When compensation is given, people compete to get in. The recruiters (and these can be pastors, government officials, or other HROC participants) try to fill the workshop with their relatives and friends.

• In some cases, when participants are selected and a sitting allowance is given, the recruiters demand some or all of the allowance for themselves.

• Giving out small amounts of money is a real hassle and destroys the end of the workshop as people jostle to be paid quickly so they can leave.

• Who really pays? Is it not the organization (at least in AGLI’s case) since we have a set amount of funds we can spend and when they are finished, there is no more. I calculate that if we gave the usual sitting allowance we would only be able to offer five workshops, while we are able to do six workshops without the allowance. So 100 participants would be paid using funds that could instead have provided the workshop for another 20 participants. Those 20 would-be participants are the losers.

• When participants are paid it implies that they are in a victim role and AGLI/HROC or Alternatives to Violence Project (AVP) facilitators are

Continued on page 35
When I became involved with the Alternatives to Violence Project (AVP), I had no idea how important the underlying principles were. The experience of AVP—seeing myself and others change—was simply enjoyable and rewarding. Since its beginnings in New York in 1975, AVP has spread all over the country and the world. It has been used in prisons with inmates and staff, in schools, in communities, and as the basis of a university course. It has received the President’s 1,000 Points of Light Award, the International Association of Correctional Training Personnel’s 2004 Award of Excellence, and awards for healing in areas of war and genocide.

As I began writing this article, I realized the reason for AVP’s popularity and success: within it lie the seeds of peace—building community through connection. Peace comes when there is a sense of connection, and a community built on trust and respect creates this experience of connection. It is not accomplished by telling people what to do, how to feel, or how to behave; it happens when people experience it. But how does this occur?

Central to AVP is the concept of transforming power, a term derived from the biblical passage, “Be ye transformed by the renewal of your mind” (Rom. 12:2).

Transforming power (TP) is that power that works within us to transform violent, potentially violent, unhealthy attitudes, relationships, or lifestyles into more positive, healthy, non-violent ones. This power is available in each of us. TP cannot be directly defined or described; it simply works, whether or not we understand it or how it comes into being. It cannot be confined to words. It can only be experienced or observed. I will, in spite of this, try to shed some light on the possible processes of TP. This may be helpful in attempting to explain TP to others.

There are three levels from which one could approach an explanation of TP: the spiritual, the interpersonal or social, and the psychological. None of the three is independent of the others, yet viewing each separately reveals many of TP’s qualities. For many, the understanding of TP as grace or the power of God/Spirit is sufficient and no further exploration is needed, nor may it be desired. For others, however, an understanding of how TP might actually work would be informative.

TP can be seen as a spiritual phenomenon, tapping into that which connects us all. We can think of an individual as being a series of concentric circles, with the core being our innate health or goodness. As we let our barriers down or remove them, we move closer to the center of our being. When we tap into that central core, we experience a self-acceptance and a sense of peace that allows us to connect with others without fear or apprehension. It is this connection that transforms us and others. That core can also be thought of as the river of Spirit that flows within us all, and by tapping into it we connect with that Spirit and with the interconnectedness of all. We no longer feel separate or isolated, which changes our experience of ourselves and others, and thus transforms our attitude and view of the world. This change gives us a sense of hope that the future can be better than the present or the past. When this occurs, everything is different.

The perspective of seeing TP as interpersonal has at its core the experience of community. By creating psychological and physical safety, AVP develops a sense of community, with levels of safety and security that allow participants...
to lower their defenses and barriers. Participants are then able to look into themselves honestly, and as they increase their awareness of who they really are—rather than who others need or expect them to be, or who they think others want them to be—they can more fully embrace and accept their true selves. This new self-awareness and higher self-esteem allows them to be more open to new experiences, thought patterns, and behaviors. Participants realize they are connected to each other in positive, healthy, interdependent ways, rather than negative, disconnected, and manipulative ways. They no longer feel they are alone, but feel connected to something bigger than themselves. Their experience of themselves and others is transformed.

The experience of positive emotions and positive self-regard cannot be overemphasized. An article in May 2006 by Michael R. Bridges of Temple University in Psychotherapy in Practice, a branch journal of the Journal of Clinical Psychology, states that "numerous studies have shown that positive emotions broaden one's thought-action repertoire while also 'undoing' the physiological arousal associated with negative emotions and specific action tendencies." Also, "It is now clear that the experience and expression of positive emotions such as love, compassion, gratitude, and forgiveness are essential for adaptive and healthy functioning across a multitude of human endeavors ranging from individual coping with bereavement and trauma, to marital relationships, and even to corporate team building."

Some comments from AVP inmate participants illustrate this transformation:

It made me look at how I relate to other people, that I was doing it on a threat basis, and the fact that that is not necessary. We can stand with each other and experience each other without wondering what the other is going to do, what the threat is, being on the defensive. What I like about AVP is that I look at others differently and I look at myself differently. I look in the mirror and for the first time in my life, I actually like what I see. I like what I've become and what I've become inside. I never before thought of how I related to other people: the defensiveness and intimidation. It just never occurred to me to think about it, that there was another alternative, not until AVP.

Before AVP I only thought about violence, there was no second option. AVP saved my life, it gave me another option. The violence in my life got worse and worse. I spent most of my 11 years in prison in the hole. I am not a sensitive, caring, understanding individual, but this program has really had an impact on me. During my first basic as a trainer, there were a number of inmates there whom I had been very violent to before. I knew if I was to be a role model, to live AVP, I had to apologize to them for what I had done. It was odd to apologize to someone I had defeated and who had pleaded for his life to me.

It is not fail safe, but it does work 90 percent to 95 percent of the time for me. Guys who knew me on the street come up to me and say I've changed, that I'm a new person. That really makes me feel good to hear that. It was inside me all along; I just didn't know how to bring it out without feeling less of a man.

A comment from a community participant in Russia is also revealing, "I have seen a new side of the Russian soul."

This experience of feeling connected is very powerful, and it leads us to explore TP from a psychological perspective. We all have a core psychological need to feel connected and not isolated. This connection may be to others, to a group, or to something that is bigger than ourselves. This explains the immense impact religion, gangs, and the military have on shaping behavior and attitudes, especially today when we are more and more disconnected from our neighbors and our communities. The lack of feeling connected is also one of
the prime psychological and social factors leading to criminal behavior, according to Daniel Amen in the video *Firestorms in the Brain*.

Most men and women in prison have been abused physically, psychologically, or sexually while growing up. The impact of this abuse can be very damaging to their ability to develop connections with other people. According to Amen, when a child does not experience bonding with his or her mother or other adult, the child will not develop the capacity for empathy, which is a feeling of connection with others. Without empathy, a person can hurt others and not be bothered by it. This experience may be similar to that of child soldiers and those who experience war and genocide firsthand. One female former inmate who was abused told me, "I would hurt you, I would hurt anybody and it meant nothing to me. I was mean." While in prison, this woman experienced AVP and the community that came with it. She is now one of the most caring, empathetic women I know. She has devoted her life to helping former inmates when they are released to the community.

Amen's research using the Single Photon Emission Computer Tomography (SPECT) scan, which measures brain activity levels, shows that physical or emotional trauma can result in reduced levels of activity in specific areas of the brain. These reduced levels are correlated with certain problem behaviors. It is as though these healthy parts of the brain become inaccessible to the conscious mind.

Amen has used psychotherapeutic drugs to increase the activity in these areas to restore overall balance. This has resulted in dramatic behavior change. One patient recounted that he didn’t want to be violent, but he couldn’t stop himself. After the introduction of the drug, he had no problem controlling his violence.

Another example involves the prefrontal cortex, which performs functions related to attention span, perseverance, judgment, impulse control, self-monitoring and supervision, problem solving, critical thinking, etc. When the prefrontal cortex has a low level of activity, resulting in hyperactivity, impulse control problems, and the like, the pharmacological stimulant increases the activity in this part of the brain, restoring a more normal level of functioning, and behavior returns to normal. It has also been shown that some people who seek out conflict for the adrenalin rush are attempting to increase the activity level in certain parts of their brain, a sort of self-balancing behavior. Using drugs like Ritalin, which is prescribed for ADD and ADHD, to change the activity level in these parts of the brain may be effective for some individuals, but it may not be the only way to change attitudes and behavior.

We know that thoughts create neuro-pathways or thought patterns in the brain, and when they are continually reinforced they will create habitual thinking and behavior. We also know that established neuro-pathways that are not used will atrophy over time. This is why we are able to change habitual thinking and behavior. When a person is traumatized, he or she develops neuro-pathways that help him or her survive the trauma and the aftermath of the trauma. These new neuro-pathways may not be beneficial or healthy in normal situations. If the trauma is not treated and new, more healthy neuro-pathways are not created, these unhealthy responses become ingrained.

One explanation of this process is that we develop neuro-pathways in our brain that avoid the area of the brain associated with the trauma. By isolating that area, we no longer have access to it and the pain it causes. Sometimes we are so effective in isolating the area, we can’t remember the event ever happening. Because we are unconsciously protecting ourselves from certain aspects of our life experience, we develop protective attitudes, behaviors, or emotional patterns that do not allow us to be fully present or fully ourselves in relationships. One example of an unhealthy thought pattern might be, "When I get close to someone, he or she will hurt me." This thought might have been necessary while being abused as a child, but now this thought inhibits me from getting close to friends, my spouse, or my children, and I will push them away or avoid them when they begin to get
close to me.

The impact of trauma on the flow of our lives has been likened to boulders in a river; they cause turbulence and disrupt the flow of the river. Psychotherapy, especially Eye Movement Desensitization and Reprocessing (EMDR) therapy, can reduce or eliminate these boulders. AVP, on the other hand, through the experience of connection and community, raises the level of the water so the river is less and less disturbed by the boulders. Eventually, the impact of the boulders isn’t even noticed. This doesn’t eliminate the need for therapy so much as mitigate the current negative impact of the past trauma and replace it with positive relationships and healthier thought patterns.

Another analogy is to take a pitcher of cola representing negativity and disconnected energy. If it is vigorously stirred, some of the negative energy will spill out, lowering the level somewhat, but most of it remains. Some talk therapies, or simply commiserating, are represented by this stirring. However, if you gradually pour in water (representing TP and positive energy), the liquid will become lighter and lighter until it is eventually clear.

The experience of community motivates people to continually seek it out. Within this AVP environment of trust, respect, caring, and connection, newer, healthier neuro-pathways are developed. As one experiences more and more of this new way of thinking, the old, unhealthy neuro-pathways atrophy, becoming less and less a part of one’s life, and the new neuro-pathways become stronger and more integrated as they are reinforced.

I hope this has shed some light on the workings of transforming power. The interpersonal and psychological explorations do not negate the spiritual aspect of TP. There is no way to know if the transformation occurs because of the interpersonal/psychological changes or if the transformation is spiritual in nature, which then leads to the interpersonal/psychological changes, and it doesn’t matter. TP works, and it is the most powerful outcome of true community. I believe the more we focus on connection and building true community in our lives, especially with those of us who feel marginalized and isolated, the more we will all experience peace.

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John "Mojo" Flynn is a participant in the Quaker Worship Group at Otisville Correctional Facility near Middletown, N.Y.
Canadian Yearly Meeting 2008

From August 11 to 19, 2008, Canadian Yearly Meeting of Friends met for a second time in Camrose, Alberta, on the Augurana campus of the University of Alberta, with 148 Friends of all ages in attendance, including representatives of Friends World Committee for Consultation Section of the Americas and from Friends General Conference.

The usual activities of worship, Bible study, business sessions, youth programs, and special interest groups took place. Rachel Findlay, of Strawberry Creek Meeting in Berkeley, Calif., led an examination of some of the writings of John Woolman, comparing his texts with Bible passages.

Rachel's calm, thoughtful manner was much appreciated, as was the presence of her father, Tom Findley, who is well known in CYM. He had brought a 1,000-piece puzzle to be assembled by Friends. This activity brought together a number of persons of all ages who worked on constructing the puzzle, which represented the Creation story, additional passages from Genesis, and ended with the death of Noah. The puzzle went west when it left CYM and is expected to reappear at another Friends gathering.

Friends struggled with whether or not CYM should maintain its membership in Friends United Meeting. Although Friends expressed their disagreement with the employment policies of FUM, and their attitudes towards gays and lesbians, they did not agree on withdrawal from FUM and left these challenges to be addressed at a future meeting. History teaches us that some issues take a long time to work their way through Friends meetings. Slavery itself took a century to resolve, and we cannot expect the challenge of FUM to be dealt with quickly.

Every year, several committees are “on the floor” for reporting and clearness. This year, Canadian Friends Service Committee reported. In the Consultation and Renewal process, CFSC was seen as a vital part of CYM and a valuable and valued committee to Canadian Friends. Prior to yearly meeting, CFSC had decided Friends should celebrate achievements and mark happy events. Thus CFSC hosted a celebration of the adoption on September 13, 2007, of the United Nations Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples. CFSC played an important behind-the-scenes role in the adoption of the declaration and wanted to share this success with Friends. CYM then celebrated this historical event with cake and ice cream, followed by the Sunderland P. Gardner Lecture, which is held annually and which holds a special place in the CYM program. This year, the presentation by Ellen Pye...
was prerecorded and made possible with the use of technology, as Ellen was, at the last minute, unable to be present. Ellen Pye shared her remarkable life and her personal and spiritual journey, which took her to several continents before she finally settled in Canada.

For a number of years Canadian Friends have been struggling with how best to deal with environmental issues and concerns. They have considered whether there is a need to establish new bodies or whether existing groups can address these various concerns and have considered where Canadian Quakers should put their energies. Canadian Friends are few in number and stretched thin and must choose wisely as to where they will put their time, resources, and energy if they want their work to be productive and useful. One evening at CYM was devoted to ecological and environmental issues, and a panel presented information about the different organizations with which they work on common concerns. This presentation allowed Friends to see that Quakers have been very active in ecological work and many options exist to work for our planet.

CYM is a member of a Canadian ecumenical organization known as Kairos. In the recent past, Kairos undertook a “water” campaign to bring attention to the need for public access to potable water and the need to look after our water resources. In 2009, a visit to the Alberta Tar Sands is planned for church leaders. A special interest group discussed this matter and considered if Quakers should join in the delegation. The yearly meeting recommended that someone with appropriate knowledge and qualifications be sent on behalf of CYM, and Nominating Committee was given the task of appointing a representative.

As with previous yearly meetings, the 2008 gathering provided an opportunity to meet with Friends from across the country. This is a privilege and provides those in attendance with spiritual uplifting and strength and energy as we return home. Next year, the gathering will be in Kempville, Ontario.

Svetlana S. MacDonald
Ontario, Canada

Young Adult Quaker Professionals Consultation: Sustaining Spirit-Led Service

Labors of love are the hardest to maintain. They lead us by the heart into our work and we risk their breaking under the weight of that wonderful burden. Most Friends who work for Quaker organizations know this tension in their service all too well. Stories of burnout are to be found among Friends everywhere, and
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in hopes of addressing that challenge with solidarity and compassionate empowerment. Young Adult Friends who work for Quaker organizations gathered at William Penn House in Washington, D.C., the weekend of October 3 through 6 for a consultation entitled "Sustaining Our Spirit-Led Service." All branches of Quakerism registered for the event, representing 12 organizations and 9 yearly meetings (though not all who registered were able to attend). Friends expressed particular thanks for the energy and willingness that Sadie Forsythe and Faith Kelley showed in organizing the event, and also for the discounted cost of the program due to the generosity of William Penn House. The consultation was a big success, enough to garner interest in doing it again next year, if not sooner.

The discussion that went on throughout the weekend was framed by Mary Lord's plenary address to the group on Friday evening. She delicately took apart the title of the program word by word to identify what role Spirit has in "sustaining" us, "leading" us, and bringing us into "service." In doing this, she shared aspects of her own journey relating to Spirit and labor. Other resource people included Aura Kanegis (of AFSC), Patricia Newkirk (of William Penn House), and Traci Hjelte Sullivan (of FGC), who helped the discussion along in various worship-sharing and small groups.

Before anything substantial could come of our time spent together, Friends engaged in a discussion of what was safe to share and if the space was confidential. It seemed evident that all of us came with some joys and concerns, and we did not wish our feelings to be interpreted as ingratitude, complaint, or personally aimed. In bringing up our issues, we found solidarity, compassion, useful advice for each other, and fulfilled the traditional role of the young as "critic." We also expressed deep gratitude for having work that helps us live more deeply from a spiritual base, and having this weekend to know that we aren't alone in our struggles with "Spirit-led service."

Loving the "Spirit-led service" is one challenge, but also collecting a check for it is another. The issue of paid ministry has complicated Friends lives for a long time, and Spirit-led service could be considered its cousin. After my experience of this weekend, I wonder if Friends (especially on the more liberal side of Quakerism) unintentionally secularize their work environment to try to avoid the complications that arise when you engage in Spirit-led service or ministry. Younger Friends may be more sensitive to this as well, since they are newer to both their faith and to the burdens of the working world. Either issue is intimidating, but combining the two proves unreasonably challenging, paradoxical, and disappointing sometimes. The considerations...
that early Friend Samuel Bownas has for "ministers in a state of infancy" comes to mind:

I know thee will find very hard work in thyself; thy heart will be often very heavy and sorrowful, and in great fear and weakness thou will appear as a minister. It may be much against thy will to appear as such; yea, thou mayst perhaps dearly repent that ever thou gavest up to this service, and more especially if thee answers not thy expectation, which I may venture to say, none at times do.

—A Description of the Qualifications Necessary to a Gospel Minister

I heard intimations that Friends who served Friends feel a divide, sometimes, between the principles that are distinctive of Quakerism and the principles upon which Quaker organizations operate. We are in Quaker organization, but sometimes not so much of Quaker organization. And I think this is to be expected, since it is in the larger business of maintaining the Religious Society that Quakerism is most challenged by the idea of being "in the world, but not of the world." Almost all Friend's business happens with non-Quakers, and the world's ways and values sneak into each transaction. Efficiency, hierarchy, action over contemplation, logic over faith: these traits now play very significant roles in our organizations.

Friends expressed concerns related to different themes in the witness of Friends. Related to peace was a concern for being generally understaffed, subsequently overworked, and without time to be intentional about how things get done. It is the most common form of violence, the busyness of our business. It is the dark side to our passion, when out of our love of the work we are tempted to give more than we have. It forces us to do the bare minimum to address numerous concerns, rather than giving a manageable number of responsibilities the full energy they deserve. Young Adult Friends who worked under overworked bosses experience a lack of engagement, support, and integration with the larger organization. The necessary prioritization of (too many) things tends to leave management towards the end of the list. By hiring more people, Friends foster service and leadership among Friends, and emphasize that "peace is every step." The bow of what we do is just as important as the what.

Friends also spoke of the difficulty they had in feeling out the balance between personal and professional, being equal as Friends with their co-workers and bosses, yet hierarchical as workers in an enterprise. How much can I be myself? What is appropriate to say to someone who is at once your boss and also the cherished elder in your monthly meeting you've known since you were seven? What are the boundaries? When are those boundaries drawn? What is appropriate to wear, and why? When you go to meeting, are you met as your self or met as your role in Quaker organization? The list goes on.

To negotiate those questions we sometimes try to compartmentalize, but Quaker circles are so small that often people will play multiple roles in your social, spiritual, business, and personal lives. And besides that, should you try to compartmentalize, is it healthy or congruent with Quaker principles? The term itself seems like a packaging of our integrity into different hours of the day, not very congruent with genuine community.

Aside from compartmentalizing, we can manage the tensions of personal-professional, equality-hierarchy, and community-workplace through two means offering feedback and doing a "check-in." Feedback, both positive and negative helps to reestablish the sense of equality between people. When feedback is honestly given and received, it illustrates value in the opinions of both people involved. It steps outside the hierarchy and makes the point that our ultimate work is the work of growing and learning as children of God, and we can only do it together. In no small way, this article's feedback but collectively to a general audience.

"Checking in" may sound somewhat informal, but it is actually very formal. To checkin is to intentionally set aside time for individuals to share how they're really doing (to whatever degree you feel the need to) with the others in their workplace or community. Checking in can be brief and relatively superficial, but it can also go deep when people feel the need to share vulnerable parts of their lives, and this takes some time. However, there is no need to wrestle with how much, or when, you should open up to a co-worker if you have a ritualized way of intentionally opening up as part of your corporate culture.

Quakers need not be afraid of formalizing our ways and means into ritual, as long as we are willing for ritual to change with our changing needs. If we don't intentionally make some degree of ritual we end up making informality our ritual and unimportantly our practice, both in our personal lives and in the lives of our organizations. This was at the heart of all the concerns that Friends spoke to during the consultation.

We who attended felt the need to share the fruits of our weekend with the larger world, not because younger generations are the future, but because we are the present. We are eager and ready to be involved in Friends organizations, but we also want those organizations to run in the manner of Friends, and in a manner that speaks to our condition. It was a nurturing weekend for those who discussed that manner, that condition, and what speaks to it. Hopefully this reflection of the weekend will also be life-giving for Friends organizations and the Religious Society in general.

Stephen Dotson

Stephen Dotson is a member of Goose Creek Monthly Meeting in Lincoln, Va.
**BOOKS**

**God Raising Us: Parenting as a Spiritual Practice**

By Eileen Flanagan. Pendle Hill Pamphlets #396, 2008. 31 pages. $5.50 softcover.

Eileen Flanagan demonstrates beautifully through this pamphlet how “parenting as a spiritual practice” helps me follow this path more consciously so I can better pay attention to the lessons God continues to send my way.” Her description of “parenting as a spiritual practice” will also help those of us who read this to “pay better attention” to God’s guidance, not only in parenting but in all aspects of our lives with others. The relationship between parents and children is an essential paradigm for all relationships between human beings, and between human beings and the Divine. We are not isolated entities. We must all learn the balance of giving and receiving; of selflessness and personal integrity; of holding close and letting go; of dependence, independence, and interdependence in relationship with God, ourselves, and one another. Flanagan describes how parenting can bring an experience of God “through connections to other people,” and she offers insights into a deepening spiritual life characterized by sensitivity to the ways that our own choices may be tempered by the needs of others. Using the Friends General Conference Gathering as a model, she also considers the practical importance of finding ways for Friends meetings to support parents and children, so that not only the parents and children benefit but the spiritual life of the meeting as a whole is deepened and expanded by their full participation.

—Kirsten Backstrom

Kirsten Backstrom is a member of Multnomah Meeting in Portland, Ore. Her ministry as a spiritual counselor for those coping with illness, loss, or life transition has been taken under the care of her meeting.

**A Brief Memoir of Elizabeth Fry (1781–1845)**


Prison cells in modern times are not a pleasant place to hang your hat, but compared with the prisons of 18th-century England, today’s jails are like a plush night at the Hilton. When Quaker reformer Elizabeth Fry first visited the metropolitan jail of Newgate in 1814, she found the female prisoners, along with the prison, crowded together into two wards and two cells, four rooms crammed with 300 women and an undisclosed number of children. They had no bedding and slept on the floors; they were poorly dressed and filthy; and many of the women were drunk—despite its other lacks, the prison did have a tap where inmates could purchase alcohol if their “degraded associates” brought them money. When she saw the women and their children living in these conditions, Elizabeth Fry was moved to begin the prison ministry and reform movement that would earn her accolades from heads of state in countries throughout Europe.

A Brief Memoir of Elizabeth Fry, reprinted from one of the publications of the London Tract Association of Friends and edited for clarity by David Goff, tells the story of this remarkable woman, from girlhood and her conversion experience at 17 through her years of ministry and activism. Written in the style of its day, this book elevates Elizabeth to sainthood status, portraying her as virtually flawless and only concerned with the needs of others, a status that she herself never sought and actively declined, as evidenced by the journal excerpts that are interspersed with the narrative. She wrote of her fears about public recognition in 1817, after published newspaper articles praised the effects of her prison ministry:

“Oft the watchfulness required, not to bow to man, not to seek to gratify self-love, but rather, in humility and godly fear, to abide under the humiliation of the cross. Lord, he pleased so help and strengthen me in this, that, for thine own cause’s sake, for my own soul’s sake, and for the sake of my beloved family, I may, in no way, be a cause of reproach; but, in my life, conduct, and conversation: may I glorify thy great and ever excellent name,” Elizabeth wrote. 

Modern readers are more comfortable with real life heroes who display human flaws and foibles, but if they can accept the book’s old-fashioned tone, they will find a story that shows the power of one individual to truly affect society’s ills in a very positive way. The theo-
logical bent of the book will be most appealing to conservative Friends, as it interprets the Bible and the Christology very literally: "Most especially did she feel a persuasion that it was the design of the merciful redeemer that she should yield her willing instrument in seeking to awaken perishing sinners, slumbering on the verge of endless perdition." It also focuses solely on the personal sin of the "wretched beings" who found themselves caught in 18th-century England's notoriously unfair justice system, never truly acknowledging society's role in causing them to become so wretched.

Friends of all theological persuasions, however, will find much to admire in Elizabeth's humble and loving spirit and her willingness to allow the Light to lead her from performing simple acts of mercy in her own neighborhood to taking a lead role in the prison reform movement, as well as the establishment of homeless shelters, libraries, and nurse training programs. They will be inspired, as the editor hoped, to consider how they can best help the neediest members of today's world.

Janet Clark lives in Fort Dodge, Iowa.

But I Tell You: Jesus Introduces a Better Way to Live


The author uses the Sermon on the Mount (Matthew 5-7) as the basis for a series of short reflections—mostly 3-4 pages—usually focused on one or two verses at a time. There are 19 sections, 3-5 chapters in each section. The sequence of the sections follows that of the Gospel text.

The book emphasizes the Greek text, but without acknowledging that the various ancient texts are not identical. The author admits she is not a biblical scholar but was a Greek major in college where she studied both Koine (colloquial, the language of the New Testament) and formal Greek. She acknowledges relying heavily on Greek lexicons (dictionaries), and not using any commentaries on the text, offering instead her own translations and interpretations. Each chapter begins with the biblical text prominently displayed in Greek, followed by the author's intentionally literal translation. This is followed by her short reflections, and ends with an expanded restatement (not translation, she emphasizes) of the text, building in the ideas she raised in the reflection. From time to time, she offers new meaning for a Greek word that can provide insight and understanding not evident in the English.
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(Oddly enough, she never gives one of the traditional translations found in versions that most people would recognize, such as the New Revised Standard, the American Bible, the New King James Version, etc.)

The core of the book is the reflections that follow each section of biblical text. Sometimes these are interesting and even challenging. She is good at drawing examples from contemporary life and at challenging the reader to take an “anti-culture” stand, even at some risk. She uses personal experience and the experiences of others, but is prone to devoting excessive space to these experiences or to examples of unattributed but commonplace experiences. This makes the text heavy on anecdote but light on insight.

Her reflections do not vary much from what many spiritual books offer as “guides for living.” A number of her anecdotes are fairly shopworn from use by preachers and spiritual writers. Sometimes the biblical text is just a jumping-off point for the reflection, not its focus. Occasionally she ignores whole parts of the text. Some statements are superficial, or raise questions they do not answer.

The author is an elder at Klamath Falls Friends Church in Oregon. She takes the Bible quite literally and emphasizes its “non-worldly” message. The book should not surprise any Quaker who takes faith seriously; it may jolt those who limit their practice to First Day worship. Style-wise, it is an easy read; content-wise it does not offer much by way of new insight into the text. The whole thing could have been just as good—perhaps even better—without so much page space given to the Greek text, which I suspect most readers will simply skip over (except for those who read Greek). And, disclaimers notwithstanding, some reliance on commentaries might have clarified and illuminated her reflections.

—Tony Prete
Tony Prete, a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, has been engaged in biblical studies for the past 15 years.

January 2009 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Plan C: Community Survival Strategies for Peak Oil and Climate Change


Plan C is an optimistic book in the face of a sea of troubles—a little like George Fox’s vision of “an ocean of light over an ocean of darkness.” It is optimistic because the author, Pat Murphy, knows something about the potential of the human spirit in times of crisis.

As an example of this spirit, when a massive ice storm crushed the electricity grid from the Great Lakes to the North Atlantic in 1998, an emergency experiment in community blossomed in many locales. Electric power was down for up to a month in some regions and alternative arrangements for living had to be improvised. The amazing and heartening story of how the people of Potsdam, New York, rallied into a true cooperative community is told by Stephen Doheny-Farina in his riveting book, The Grid and the Village: Losing Electricity, Finding Community, Surviving Disaster.

I keep telling myself this example is a harbinger of things to come. In Plan C Murphy is banking on this potential for solidarity and cooperation. If we are even moderately intelligent (and perhaps lucky) in our collective response to peak oil and climate change, new forms of community will emerge within our cities, towns, and villages and across rural areas.

This double-barreled crisis is one from which there is no recovery. The economics of endless oil will not return. The ecology of climate change is unfolding. A radical readaptation of human settlements is on the agenda. Murphy defines what it will mean to mount an intelligent response to this crisis. The resurgence of community is the heart of the matter. The crisis is also an opportunity!

Over 50 years ago a few prescient scholars were telling us that we must change our economic adaptation to Earth’s ecosystems, or our civilization was headed for collapse. For example, in the late 1950s Brian Hocking published a book titled Biology or Oblivion: Lessons from the Ultimate Science. He argued that the trajectory of our society’s industrial-commercial adaptation was in serious conflict with the way the organic world actually works, and, if we persist in this conflict, we are bound to crash our civilization.

Thereafter followed an increasing number of alarm bells, the most famous of which were Rachel Carson’s Silent Spring and Barry Commoner’s The Closing Circle.

Commoner pointed out that behind the form and functioning of Earth’s biotic complex there are two to three billion years of, so
to speak, "research and development." He offered this striking metaphor for the effect of modern technology on Earth's biotic system: If you open the back of a fine Swiss watch and poke a pencil into the works, there is an infinitesimal chance this action will improve its functioning. The probability is much greater, of course, that the watch will be damaged. The watch is the result of a long tradition of highly skilled craftsmanship and is not likely to be improved by such intervention.

So it is with our own high-energy technology that has been disrupting and damaging Earth's ecological integrity. The consequences of this damage are mounting to a crescendo, and, it now appears, to a denouement—peak oil, climate change, and a massive wave of human-caused biotic extinctions are upon us.

For decades, persons of wisdom and vision have been warning that if significant changes are not made to our Earth-devouring way of life it will soon be too late. A growing chorus of scientific and cultural voices are now advising that "too late" is now upon us! Effective action can, perhaps, yet temper certain consequences—such as runaway global warming—but in many important respects the impact of industrial-commercial civilization has crossed and broken down critical thresholds of ecological integrity. Trajectories of life support collapse are now being played out in many ecological zones, including the human.

Plan A, business as usual, will no longer serve. In 2006 Lester Brown of Earth Policy Institute published Plan B: Rescuing a Civilization in Distress. (The author provided copies gratis to all those attending his plenary address at the FGC Gathering in 2006.) Although this policy blueprint is full of excellent ideas and strategies and would, perhaps, avert some extreme disruptions, it is already falling under the wheels of an economic system both out of control and in shambles.

With the current failure of the financial system it is again crystal clear that we are dealing with a critically flawed pattern of economic adaptation. The policymakers, particularly in the U.S., are at such a loss that they have now been forced to betray their deepest beliefs about the efficacy of the profit-maximizing free market system in a desperate effort to prevent economic collapse. The unlimited growth economy is failing human security for the same reason it is failing Earth's ecological integrity: it is fundamentally incongruent with the relationships of social and ecological well-being—the common good of the commonwealth of life.

Enter Plan C. Among the economic researchers, social analysts, and educators now thinking beyond the breakdown thresholds, Pat Murphy, executive director of Community Solutions, is a leading figure. Along with his wife, Faith Morgan, a member of Yellow Springs (Ohio) Meeting, he has organized five major peak oil conferences and co-wrote and co-produced the highly praised documentary film, The Power of Community: How Cuba Survived Peak Oil.

His new book, Plan C, is a masterful compendium and summing up of what we need to know and what we need to do to cope with the subsidence of industrial civilization and, at the same time, give birth to a new dispensation of human adaptation on our battered but resilient planet.

There are now a variety of excellent books on this theme. Many of them have grown from the authors' expertise in a particular area of ecologically sound readaptation. For example, Greg Pahl, a Quaker from Vermont, has published an inspiring and practical manual, The Citizen-Powered Energy Handbook: Community Solutions to a Global Crisis (2007). It is one of the best books going for amplifying the energy facet of Plan C.

Plan C brings together all the strands of ecologically sound readaptation and is a significant addition to this growing literature. Murphy begins by reviewing the historical background of modern survival systems. He then threads this cultural history through the needle's eye of our present ecological and economic breakdown. Beyond the breakdown, Murphy then lays out a comprehensive range of scenarios that detail the re-emergence of community-based ways of life and means of livelihood.

Plan C puts together energy alternatives, food security, transportation, building design, the interrelated factors of human and environmental health, and an astute assessment of the human potential for social development and ethical recovery in times of crisis. The development of a social economy in which community relationships and adaptive processes are reinvented within the biotic integrity of Earth's ecosystems is the key to a decent human future.

The word for this emerging, worldwide movement is relocation. As the economics of globalization falters and fails, re-localization becomes the logical alternative for sustaining human settlements. Tasmin Rajotte, administrator and lead researcher of Quaker International Affairs Programme (Ottawa), characterizes this shift as moving from "the overriding goal of increasing productive capacity to one of increasing adaptive capacity."

Murphy does not mince words about what this readaptation means. It means abandoning the competitive consumer economy in favor of a cooperative conservers economy at both the personal and public policy levels. He is forthright in speaking about the ethic of "curtailment" as a discipline of survival. Economic growth, in the high-energy, consumer mode, is now to the human security problem what "drill, baby, drill" is to the oil depletion problem—a dead end. But Murphy is not dour or scolding about this. He lays out a vision of joyous curtailment in the sense of finding new purpose and higher goals.

Relocalization is a new type of economic development. It is "conservative" in the true sense of the term, and, within a network of global relationships, is aimed at the common good of the whole Earth community.

It should come as no surprise that this vision of human potential tracks precisely with Friends testimonies and values. It basically comes down to the revelatory sense of "right relationship" applied across the full spectrum of social and economic life within the canopy of Earth's biotic integrity. Many Friends have been living and working in these terms for a long time. Many others are now investigating how Quaker practice can lift the intertwined factors of social, economic, and ecological adaptation into the zone of "right relationship." Spiritual health and decent survival now depends on this reintegration of community-based living.

If your book budget is shrinking but you want to keep abreast of what needs to be done to reinvent human adaptation within the circle of "right relationship," Plan C is one of the best investments you can make. Extra copies for your meeting library, your local library, your mayor and town councilors, and your state and federal legislators would be a good move as well.

Keith Helmuth

Keith Helmuth is a member of New Brunswick Meeting (Canada), and is secretary of the Board of Quaker Institute for the Future.

January 2009 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Quaker Roots Run Deep.

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Kelly Kellum, pastor of High Point (N.C.) Meeting, is the new presiding clerk of Friends United Meeting. He succeeds Brent McKinney, whose term as presiding clerk ended at the FUM Triennial Sessions held at High Point Meeting in July last year. Kellum was approved to serve as presiding clerk by the General Board of FUM, which met in Richmond, Ind., in early October 2007. Pastor at High Point Friends for two-and-a-half years, Kellum previously was pastor at College Meeting in Oskaloosa, Iowa, and was active in Iowa Yearly Meeting, including serving as an alternate representative of yearly meeting to FUM. The son of Quaker missionaries to Burundi in East Africa, where he spent most of his boyhood, Kellum sees the growth of the Quaker presence in East Africa as a challenge for FUM to become a global presence. “We need to relate in a global partnership and understand our cultural differences as East African Friends become a dominant part of FUM,” he said. —From telephone conversation with Kelly Kellum

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the rescuers. We want people's attitudes to change, and not being paid to attend is the first attitude that needs to be changed. This becomes the first step out of the victim role.

In Rwanda, which, after the genocide, was flooded with NGOs (and still is, compared to, say, Burundi), this habit has been the hardest to break. We have the least problem with this in upcountry Kenya where NGOs are very thin on the ground, even during the recent crisis.

I have to admit that our refusal to pay sitting allowances gives us a lot of problems. We are even judged by how good the food is that we serve at the lunch. NGOs have spoiled the environment and we are trying to change it.

We have learned to tell people beforehand that they will not be paid. Sometimes people show up and expect to be paid and then leave when they realize that they will receive nothing but a good meal. But eating together is part of the reconciliation process, because in the cultures here only friends eat together.

We have had many testimonies from people who came expecting to be paid yet decided to stay when they were not (at least for the first day) and by the end realized that what they got was more valuable than being paid. Here is one such testimony from Jérôme Birotwumana:

One time when I was coming from the workshop, going home, they said, "Where are you coming from?" I said, "I'm coming from the workshop." They said, "Oh yeah, you must have received a big stipend for three days?" I said, "Big stipend?" One said, "Yes, of course if you are there for three days." I told him, "Yes, I got a lot out of the workshop." I gave him this example, "You know ugali [maize meal, mush]? "Yes, of course, I am Burundian, I know ugali." "Imagine that you have a lot of ugali in front of you, but your heart is bleeding. Will the ugali take away the hurt and bitterness from the wound in your heart?" He said, "No." "That's why I say it's a lot of money, because I come home with peace. Even if they had given us those big, big stipends, there would be no meaning to it for me because my heart was still bleeding, but now I have my heart. So peace is more meaningful than money."
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MILESTONES

Deaths

Freiday—Dean Freiday, 92, on March 4, 2008, in Brick Township, N.J. Dean was born on June 20, 1915, in Irvington, N.J. In his youth, he served on many New York Yearly Meeting committees and clerked both the Epistle and Discipline committees. He graduated from University of Rochester. While doing graduate work at University of Washington in Seattle, he met Esther (Sandy) Selke, and they were later married. Dean and Sandy lived in Elberon, N.J., before moving to Manasquan, N.J. Dean was devoted to ecumenical advancement and served as a Friends General Conference delegate to the World Council of Churches, as a member of the National Faith and Order Commission, as president of the Red Bank Area Council of Churches, and as co-chair of the Institute for Catholic and Quaker Studies. He represented Manasquan Meeting on the local Ministerium for many years. Recently, he donated over 4,000 books from his library to the Great Lakes School of Theology in Bojumbura, Burundi. Dean served as editor of Quaker Religious Thought from 1983 to 1989. He published numerous books, in including Nothing Without Christ and Speaking as a Friend. He also edited Barclay's Apology in Modern English, which continues to be a standard work on Quaker theology. At Manasquan Meeting, Dean worked many hours selling goods at the Friendly Fair and mowing the meetinghouse grounds, and served on the Nominating and Overseers Committees. From the early 1990s to the end of his life, he led the adult First-day school to carefully and gently examine religious texts. In recognition of his theological and ecumenical work, Houston Graduate School of Theology awarded him an honorary Doctorate of Humane Letters in 1997. Dean's esurience among scholars did not diminish his remarkable humility, and he never failed to recognize the gifts of others. In speaking of his own spiritual journey and of the Friends who inspired him, Dean said, "Over and over again, this quality emerged in every Quaker activity with which I came in contact—at integrity motivated by faith and lacking in complications created by professional status." Dean is survived by his wife, Esther Freiday; his children, Gail Freiday and William Freiday; two grandchildren, Scott Crockett and Drew Crockett; and two sisters, Joan Edwards and Ruth Freiday.

Nicholson—John E. Nicholson, 85, on February 23, 2008, in Kennett Square, Pa., of complications from Alzheimer's disease. John was born on February 18, 1923, in Philadelphia, Pa., and received a BA from Earlham College in 1948, where he met his future wife, Bertha May Pearson. He and Bertha May married in 1948, and John earned an MA from Haverford College in 1950. A Quaker and a conscientious objector, he was in Civilian Public Service in Powellsville, Md., and Elkton, Ore., during World War II. He also worked in American Friends Service Committee's clothing room and took two cattle boat trips to Iceland organized by what is now Heifer International. He taught social studies, English history, modern European history, the Bible, and Quakerism, as well as coaching soccer. He was on the faculty of Friends Academy (N.Y.), from 1949 to 1954; Germantown (Pa.) Friends School from 1954 to 1958; and Westtown School (Pa.) from 1958 to 1988. For 21 years he was head of the middle school at Westtown. He served on the Wis...
sahickon Boys Club Board and the Pendle Hill Board. From 1969 to 1972 he was president of the Philadelphia Private School Teachers Association. John also served on several Philadelphia Yearly Meeting committees and taught Bible in the Quaker Studies Program. He spent many summers working as assistant to the director at Flying Moose Lodge, a boys' camp in Maine. His historical knowledge enriched the trips he and Bertha May made to England and across the United States, visiting various Quaker groups. They took part in a work/study program at the two Friends schools in Ramallah on the West Bank. At Crosswicks he spent time in the wood shop and enjoyed staging plays and pruning trees. John was preceded in death by his son, Allan, who died in infancy. He is survived by his wife, Bertha May Nicholson; his sons John T., James, and David Nicholson; 14 grandchildren; his brother, Christopher Nicholson; and many nieces and nephews.

Ogden—Hugh Stephen Ogden, 69, on December 31, 2006, in Rangeley, Maine, by drowning, after a fall through the ice of Rangeley Lake. Hugh was born on March 11, 1937, in Erie, Pa., to Ethel Yokes Ogden and Harold Stephen Ogden. He graduated from Haverford College in 1959, where he was a member of the Haverford Corporation. He received a master's from New York University and a PhD in English from University of Michigan. A renowned poet, Hugh published seven books, and his poems were rooted in his journals and were seeded by his experiences with others and with his surroundings. Frugal with himself, Hugh was un-commonly generous with his heart and made friends with all who were willing to share ideas with him. With his characteristically wild hair, often bound by a kerchief, his iconoclastic look and life challenged those he met to rethink and ground their own beliefs. Hugh was ready to listen, debate, and deepen each person's perspective on life, Earth justice, and our freedom and responsibility to choose. In the early 1980s, he found his spiritual home at Hartford (Conn.) Meeting, where he was a member at the time of his death. He often shared his poems with the meeting. Hugh also attended the Rangeley Congregational Church, where he could sing the hymns he cherished from his Presbyterian childhood, and where he was head­ed to on the day he died: cross country skiing across the lake to get to church on time. Hugh is survived by his former wife, Ruth Simpson Woodcock; his sister, Elizabeth Tiedens Genne; and his grandchildren, Scott Ogden, Joshua Ogden, Aaron Ogden, Benjamin Ogden­Lord, Kayla Ogden­Lord, Amelia Packard, and Theodore Packard.

Weaver—Barbara Jean (Bobbi) Weaver, 61, on July 29, 2008, at home in Lancaster, Pa. Bobbi was born on July 11, 1947, in Trenton, N.J., to Elizabeth and Clifford Spooner. She grew up in Crosswicks, N.J., near her paternal grandparents, and it was her grandmother who brought her to Crosswicks Meeting, where the friends she made in First-day school grounded her spiritually for the rest of her life. A descendant of John Woolman, she majored in French at Juniata College and spent her junior year in Paris, graduating in 1969. She worked as an elementary school teacher and reading specialist, and she and Bob Weaver were married in 1972 under the care of Crosswicks Meeting. In 1984 she received an Associate Degree in Computer Science and then worked as a computer programmer for a number of companies. While raising her family, Bobbi attended other churches, but maintained her membership in Crosswicks Meeting. When she became ill with breast cancer, she reconnected with Friends at Lancaster Meeting, transferring her membership in 2007. A time of remission allowed her to become active in the life of the meeting at worship and on the First-day school committee. She also volunteered at Brethren Village, for Lancaster Office of Aging, and in an adult literacy program. She enjoyed gardening, reading, and traveling, and liked to sit on her deck in warm sunshine with a glass of wine and a good book. She treasured the company of family and friends and loved to host dinner parties. A compassionate listener and conversationalist, she had a beautiful, beaming smile and a gracious and gentle manner. She was selfless, generous, and dignified. Her inner strength helped her to fight cancer for over six years without complaint, and she was always more concerned about her friends and family than herself. Her manner was a lesson to Friends on how to receive gracefully the gifts of visits, meals, and spiritual support during difficult times. Bobbi is survived by her mother, Elizabeth Spooner; her husband, G. Robert Weaver; her sons, Brad and Josh Weaver; and her sister, Robin Cramer.

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Universalists aren’t cutting ties with Christianity

Concerning the reflections of Derek Parker on Rhoda Gilman’s article “Twenty-Five Years of Quaker Universalism” (FJ Aug. 2008), here are my thoughts and queries.

If one accepts Christianity, one is honoring the teachings of Jesus. He was a teacher (rabbi) who was handed over to the Roman conquerors because he threatened the control of the Sadducees, Pharisees, and priests over the Jews. With that being the case, I ask: How are Quaker universalists “cutting our ties” with Christianity if its essential message is the teaching of Jesus informing its adherents of the universality of the Divine Spirit to all and within all—Good Samaritans, etc.?

We who participate in Quaker Universalist Fellowship have never considered ourselves to be post-Christian universalists any more than Jesus considered himself to be a post-Jewish Christian. We have never separated ourselves from being an integral part of Quakerism—not a cult nor offshoot of it. Therefore, we do not ever capitalize either universal or universalism. My only interest in having fostered this perspective into a formal group is to be of assistance, both to those Quakers and potential Quakers, that a narrow interpretation of the teachings of Jesus is not following either his spirit or understandings. The thrust of my life has been and shall continue to be to strengthen the knowledge of Quakerism as an affirming and liberating viable path to those currently involved and those who might be in the future.

Sally Rickerman
Landenberg, Pa.

Peacemaking isn’t just making nice

While I feel Lynn Fitz-Hugh makes many good points in her article, “21 Tips on Personal Peacemaking” (FJ Aug.), there are several that disturb me and about which I would like to comment.

Point 14: “Dragging other people in by trying to convince them of your point of view or trying to get others to choose sides just makes the conflict bigger and worse.” Fitz-Hugh would put all community organizers, public interest groups, persons running for election, and many nonprofits out of business if we were to follow her advice in its logical conclusion. In order to effect change it is most certainly necessary to disseminate information and try to encourage people to join together in united action. If that causes people to “be angry with us,” so be it. I’m glad Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., John Woolman, Cesar Chavez, or Abraham Lincoln didn’t sit around worrying about whether people might be angry with them, and that they were not reluctant to drag other people to their point of view or get others to choose sides.

Point 15: “When we direct all of our actions towards trying to prevent another person from feeling a certain way . . . we find ourselves caught in codependent emotional caretaking. We need to redirect our attention toward how we are feeling, what our needs are, and how we feel about our own behavior.” Maybe we need to stop handholding and navel gazing and actually address whatever issue is at hand! Sometimes actions taken to produce justice are more important than making sure nobody’s feelings.
are hurt (however unreasonable those feelings might be). Certainly we should strive for harmony and unity, but making someone feel good is not always the highest value.

Point 16: "When speaking to another person about our upsets, it is best to use 'I' statements of our experiences and reactions as our own, rather than blaming others or making them responsible for our feelings." If someone murders your child, they are responsible for your feelings. You would never have had those feelings if they hadn't taken such action. To say that you alone are responsible for those feelings is to blame the victim. What you choose to do to cope with those feelings is up to you, but the murderer is most certainly responsible for your feelings of pain, suffering, and loss.

Perhaps Lynn Fitz-Hugh did not mean to suggest that all values are relative, that there is no clear good or bad, that people should not be held responsible for their actions, and that a high priority should be placed on making nice. Many of her points are excellent thought-provokers for conflict resolution and peacemaking, but I think we have to be very careful not to accept some worldly values as replacements for strong and moral stands for justice, care for victims, and the courage to make evil-doers accountable.

Danniel L. Schultz
Evanston, Ill.

Another very different war experience

The article by Louise Melbourn, "A Very Different War: The Story of an Evacuee Sent to the U.S. during World War II" (FJ Aug.), carried me back those many years to 1940. I was also eight years old then and taken from my home in Singapore to a boarding school in Perth, Western Australia, for safety. There I was known as "that bloody foreigner."

My parents, who were supposed to sit out the war in Australia, did not make it and were interned in Java. I was then sent to live with an uncle and his mentally ill wife, who didn't know much about love, but lots about psychological abuse.

It is said that what we experience during childhood usually has a very strong influence on the adults we become. It was not until many years later when, through my husband, I learned about the Religious Society of Friends. While my character had certainly been formed by then, still, the influence that Friends have had on me has been significant.

My generation is dying out and our stories are fading. There are times when I feel somewhat depressed and wonder how it is that we humans have not yet learned, in spite

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of all our accomplishments, to live in peace with one another. At those times I seek comfort in what one Friend asked me a number of years ago—"Don't we live in an exciting time?"—Let me get over my depression and consider how to do whatever I can to bring about understanding among people.

Claire Koster
Clemmons, N.C.

More displaced children

I was delighted to read "A Very Different War: The Story of an Evacuee Sent to the U.S. during World War II," by Louise Milbourn, in the August issue. My two distant cousins, Patrick and Barbara Forrest, ages 15 and 11, left England on the same ship that Blanche and Louise were on in 1940. I and my two siblings were 16, 14, and 10, so now we were a family of five children all of a similar age. We lived in Wallingford, Pa., but spent the summers on the eastern shore of Maryland, and I can remember the excitement of meeting them that August day at the Easton train station. Bobbie, the 11-year-old, went to the local school until she could follow three of us to George School. Pat lived with us for three years until he turned 18 and had to return to England for the army, but Bobbie stayed for seven years. I clearly recall her stories of her mixed emotions and nervousness at the thought of seeing her parents again and having to return to England. My mother knew that Bobbie and her mother had to have time to become reacquainted so our Cousin Edith spent a year here in the U.S. while Bobbie had her freshman year at Swarthmore College.

On December 26, 1989, Channel 12 aired an episode on The American Experience program titled "Orphans of the Storm." The TV crew interviewed Bobbie and my mother for this video and we have a copy of it. Bobbie is quoted as saying, "In one way I don't feel that I really belong anywhere, but on the other hand I feel both English and American." My mother always felt troubled about taking these two children from their parents for those important years in their lives, even though it had been their parents' choice. At the time, of course, it certainly seemed to be the prudent decision. Bobbie spoke at her George School graduation in 1946 about her divided loyalties.

Many years later, both Pat and Bobbie returned to the United States and eventually became citizens. For many years Bobbie was head of the History Department at Springside School in the Chestnut Hill neighborhood of Philadelphia, and she retired to Foulkeways a few years before her death. Pat married, had two sons, and predeceased his sister.

Cornelia Clarke Schmidt
Princeton, N.J.

“My” means responsibility and commitment

I was moved by the September issue on violence, abuse, and healing. But there is one part of Lisa Sinnert’s article, "Violence and Light," that needs balancing.

She writes that "my" and "mine" carry "ownership, non-equality, violence." Unfortunately, for some people that is what these words mean. But that is the shadow of a truer meaning, a meaning that we need—a meaning that moves us toward health and healing.

My children are ones for whom I publicly accept a special love and responsibility, a deep connection that I will always honor. That is also the sense that my mother and my wife share. When I say "my," this means that they can count on me. It's also what I meant when I joined my meeting. And I feel honored, not owned, when my family refer to me as my father, my husband, my son. In a healthy web of mutuality, we all can be whole and supported.

I believe that we need more of this instead of less people who commit themselves to their partners, their children, their parents, their religious communities, and their neighborhoods. And who are willing to name the relationship. Fathers accepting fatherhood, attenders joining their meetings, individuals becoming responsible citizens.

Warren Ostrom
Shoreline, Wash.

How Quakers prevent war

Andrew Gush, as a young man in 1800, passed by London Yearly Meeting on his way to South Africa and picked up some pamphlets on Quakerism. This convinced him and he was henceforth known as the lone Quaker. In 1826, he stepped out between the British town of Salem and the local African warriors who were planning to attack the town—both of whom knew of his Quaker pacifism—and negotiated a truce that kept everyone alive. Okay, this was only a battle and not a war, but Gush was only one Quaker. Each year Central and Southern Africa Yearly Meeting has an Andrew Gush Memorial Lecture.

Here in the Great Lakes region of Africa we Quakers are working with all our souls to keep the next round of violence from erupting and, if it does, save as many people...
as possible. Again we may not stop a war,
but each life that is saved through our efforts
is truly a blessing for that saved person. I
would say our work is to "stop genocides
with reasonable discussions"—that is what
the African Great Lakes Initiative’s Healing
and Rebuilding Our Community program
does as we bring people who have killed each
other’s families together for three days to
restore normal human relationships. We
know it works. This is how to prevent wars
and genocides.

David Zarembka
Lumakanda, Kenya

Yes to hanging laundry

Thank you for the terrific October
special issue on Energy, Climate, and
Building Community!

One small aspect of the energy problem
is the use of clothes dryers—an estimated 5
to 10 percent of residential energy use is for
drying clothes. Maybe because I grew up in
a world where no one had clothes dryers (or
air conditioning or dishwashers), it has always
seemed absurd to me to use electricity for
something that just air will do. A "linear solar
fabric dehydrator in the backyard" (Don
Laughlin’s description) saves money and fabrics
definitely last longer. It can be done indoors—
since the 1970s I have dried laundry in
apartments and sometimes been called
eccentric. No longer; there is now growing
support for air drying and an advocacy
organization called Project Laundry List on
whose website, <WWW.laundrylist.org>, one
can find information and a surprising array
of products to help make the transition to
hanging out.

Zandra M. Price

Two learnings

The October 2008 issue on Energy,
Climate, and Building Community was
interesting and informative. It covered a lot
of familiar territory well. However, the one
new concept I came away with were the
articles about waste and how it can be re-
used and transformed. I also was struck
about the concept of there being no "there."
Every place is a part of the interconnected
Earth and needs to be ecologically usable.

Madeleine Littman
Cambridge, Mass.

Nuclear power is not the answer

There are some points that require
reconsidering in Karen Street’s article, “A
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Friend's Path to Nuclear Power” (FJ Oct. 2008). It is not true that “nuclear power has an impressive track record for safety.” We have still not solved the waste problem and never a month goes by without some nuclear accident occurring in these plants. I direct readers to the Calendar of Nuclear Accidents and Events at <http://archive.greenpeace.org/comm/pukes/cherobn/rep02.html>.

Further, the claims made by the International Atomic Energy Agency—IAEA—are suspect as its primary objective is to promote nuclear power globally. On May 28, 1959, an agreement was signed between IAEA and WHO (World Health Organization) in which WHO was barred from expressing or publishing the health effects of radiation. This agreement forces WHO to get IAEA's sanction on everything that concerns nuclear matters. The result of this agreement was especially obvious after the Chernobyl disaster, where IAEA (not WHO) took the lead in reporting radiation health effects, and these were grossly downplayed. The IAEA, enforcing the philosophy of the International Commission for Radiation Protection (ICRP), denied that any of the catastrophic health problems in the exposed population were related to radiation.

The blatant misinformation frequently used by IAEA is one of the reasons for so many petitions being made to alter this agreement between IAEA and WHO; e.g., Women's International League for Peace and Freedom petitioned the U.S. President concerning the seeming silence of WHO about the effects of radiation on human health.

To promote nuclear energy as a form of power is imprudent. Uranium resources, like those of fossil fuels, are very limited. The world currently uses 67,000 tons of mined uranium a year. At current usage, this is equal to only about 70 years of supply, and, according to a Brinkley mining report, by 2000 the uranium industry had made no significant uranium discoveries in a decade and had met only about half of global demand. Also, the astronomical cost of building and then decommissioning these plants makes the whole concept of nuclear energy moribund. Those financial resources should go into sustainable energy.

Robert Anderson
Tauranga, New Zealand

The “advantages” of nuclear power are illusory

Thank you for the October 2008 special issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL on Energy, Climate, and Building Community. The
articles generally spoke to me and were in keeping with what we are doing in Bloomington (Ind.) Meeting, in our community, and in many of our homes.

It would not have occurred to me to include Karen Street’s “A Friend’s Path to Nuclear Power” We have a Query that asks us whether we are careful of the reputation of others. This article unfairly criticizes the character of Amory Lovins by name and other good people by inaccurate stereotyping. Amy Lovins left us whether we are careful of the reputation of others. This article unfairly criticizes the character of Amory Lovins by name and other good people by inaccurate stereotyping.

Amory Bloch Lovins left a junior research fellowship at Oxford in 1971 to become British representative of Friends of the Earth. He has worked on energy policy since then, developing a branch of appropriate technology that he called soft energy and that is commonly known as alternative energy. Now a cultural icon, Lovins rejected fossil fuels and nuclear power and supported appropriate lifestyle changes: conservation; construction of buildings using local materials; proper orientation; good fenestration; good ventilation; plenty of thermal mass; and local, small-scale solar, wind, hydro, geothermal, tide, wave, biomass, et al. for energy self-sufficiency. Lovins designs, builds, lives in, works in, and teaches about practical, Earth-friendly buildings.

Amory Lovins has annoyed the nuclear industry since 1973, if not earlier. At that time, he initiated a special project of the International Federation of Institutes for Advanced Study to devise generally acceptable conventions for energy analysis. His conventions required counting all input energy, but only useful output energy, to calculate the performance of an energy system. The nuclear industry had been counting only the electricity generated by the coal-fired plant, not the coal’s energy, and balanced that against the total thermal output of the reactor, not just the useful 30 percent converted to electricity, giving a much higher reported energy yield. The international convention threatened to show that the nuclear fuel cycle consumes more total energy than it produces in useful energy, especially when the energy costs of plant decommisioning and spent fuel and waste disposal are added in. To continue with the enrichment example, the nuclear industry has consistently insisted that enrichment uses only 7 percent of the energy produced from nuclear power. Translated to the international conventions, this becomes about 90 percent of the energy value of electricity produced by the nuclear industry owing to the high-sulfur coal used to power enrichment.

In 1975, Amory B. Lovins and John H. Price wrote Non-Nuclear Futures: the Case for an Ethical Energy Strategy, summarizing the case against nuclear power, including the nuclear waste Friend Street mentioned, but offering transitional possibilities and a soft energy future. We have not yet reburied mine waste and mill tailings on the Colorado plateau that leach radium into the water supply and release radon into the air. Native Americans living on the Colorado plateau have significantly increased rates of bone cancer from the radium and lung cancer from the radon. Highly toxic depleted uranium continues to accumulate at enrichment plants and depositories. It also needs permanent disposal, not inclusion in military ammunition. Burying these front-end wastes in a way that seals them off from leaking is much easier than sequestering the highly radioactive post-reactor spent fuel and wastes. Lovins pointed out that we do not even understand the chemistry of post-reactor wastes to determine what would contain them for millennia. Lovins also irritated the nuclear industry by pointing out that “hard energy” has higher capital costs than “soft energy” and that nuclear, as the “hardest” energy, has the highest capital costs. Lovins has only supported advanced coal technology, such as fluidized bed combustion, as a transition strategy. Otherwise, Lovins is consistent in supporting a rapid transition to sustainable energy sources. In 1977, Lovins wrote Soft Energy Paths: Toward a Durable Peace to lay out a 50-year transition to soft energy. The capital investment advantages and the health, safety, and community advantages of soft energy again were presented to the disadvantage of the nuclear industry. The minor accident at the Three Mile Island nuclear power plant in 1979 that left half the core melted on the bottom of the pressure vessel destroyed public and investor confidence in nuclear power. There were no new orders; many existing orders were canceled over the next few years. The last commercial nuclear power reactor to be completed in the United States went online in 1994. The nuclear industry has been trying desperately to save itself. Unfortunately, the promotional materials sent out to faculty, libraries, and legislators have often unfairly criticized critics and opponents, have concealed nuclear power’s dependency on dirty coal power, have been deceptive and misleading, and have insisted that the choices are limited to nuclear or coal.

There are many false statements and unfair remarks in this article that might be refuted, given unlimited space and time. Let it be noted that “soft energy” is now mainstream and much more cost-effective than 35 years ago. Uranium depletion has sent prices soaring and the mining companies to petition for the
opening of wilderness areas for open-pit mining; it has led the industry to raise the plutonium option. The nuclear industry talks a good game, but uses its own secret definition of the words, so you are guaranteed not to get what you expected. Recently, I looked at a nuclear industry website that proclaimed the industry’s performance rating had gone from 60 percent in 2006 to 90 percent in 2007. A technical breakthrough? No, a redefinition of performance to mean the percentage of hours a plant was delivering power on those days it delivered any power, rather than the previous standard of rating plant performance for any month in which it had delivered power. By the new standard, the nuclear industry could have a 90 percent performance rating if its plants operated an average of only 147 days out of the year, delivering a daily average of less than 40 percent of their rated capacity, or about 16 percent of the industry’s rated capacity for the year. I would prefer energy options I know are more than smoke and mirrors.

John Wright Daschke
Bloomington, Ind.

New forms of nuclear energy

This is a response to “A Friend’s Path to Nuclear Power” by Karen Street and the “Putting Nuclear Genie back in the Lamp” Earthcare column by Louis Cox (both in Friends Journal, Oct. 2008). We need to build a new breed of nuclear reactors. Small, very safe, and clean nuclear reactors are about to come online in the next few years. The days of the Three Mile Island reactors are gone. Some new reactors are so small they could fit in your garage and power a city block for 40 years without refueling. South Africa is in the forefront of testing the components of a pebble bed modular reactor (PBMR) that uses high-temperature gases instead of steam and is also considered extremely safe. Recycling nuclear materials will reduce its half-life and the amount of waste to manageable levels. If all our coal-fired, oil, and gas-powered generation plants were converted to nuclear and we eliminated our dirty oil furnaces and boilers there would be ample clean gas or an equivalent clean fuel (hydrogen) for our cars. High-temperature nuclear reactors could even assist in the extraction of the oil sands in Canada and convert coal to a clean fuel source. The biggest hurdle isn’t the technology but our fears of nuclear energy, government bureaucracy, and funding. There is a direct correlation between thriving economies and the price of energy. We need to produce abundant low-cost clean power, and that solution is nuclear.

Jerry Taylor
Yardley, Pa.

Prophecy and bitter herb

Thank you for Liz Roe’s article, “Finding the Prophetic Voice for Our Time” (Friends Journal, Oct. 2008). Like the horseradish on the Seder plate, it jolted me to turn from her assertion, “Many of us seem to worship in shopping malls, and many of us regard what we buy and consume as a primary source of status, happiness, self-expression,” to the continuation of the article in later pages where the text borders a large ad that promises “the living is so EASY” in a “Retirement Community that is guided by Quaker values. Located between the Olive Garden and the Cherry Hill Mall, [this

APPOINTMENT NOT NEEDED

God is not dead as so often is said
Though there seems to be some doubt
I rather suspect it is this instead—
When God is in, we’re too often out.

TRYING

“God helps those who help themselves.”
I hope I’m not misled.
God knows I have been trying.
Are you sure that’s what God said?

Becky Chakov lives in
Bemidji, Minn.
community] offers... peace of mind."
How long can we keep this up and maintain our integrity?  

Nancy Gabriel
Ithaca, N.Y.

Quaker retirement alternatives?
I really liked the October special issue—peak oil, mindful living, Zeri, QIV.
I see ads for lovely Quaker retirement communities. They are unaffordable for me. Has anyone given any thought to cohousing or co-ops? A situation in which one could purchase, for a modest price, an apartment in a community that would have landscaped common areas—residents could help with upkeep. And maybe a community house with a dining hall for weekly common meals. Build it green, with solar roofs.
I spent the summer of '56 in Yellow Springs, Ohio, at an AFSC workcamp (Jim and Dee Bristol were leaders). Best time of my life, outside of having children.
Anyway, it would be so nice to live in a quiet, treed, safe community of like-minded neighbors.
Jean Smith
Wilmington, N.C.

Praying for ideas

Thousands of people pray to God for an answer to global warming, God's work must truly be our own, so at midnight God picks someone and whispers, "Here's a brand new solar idea that will help humanity just a little bit."
An idea? An invention? Isn't that asking for trouble? First off, a number of inventors take their whole lives and throw them at certain inventions. These inventors almost don't have a life, and sometimes the inventions don't ever work. An inventor is pregnant with her/his growing idea for many years. Second, what happens if the invention succeeds? Does the inventor approve of capitalism? Finally, many inventors get robbed. The movie "Flash of Genius" is about the life of Robert Kearns, whose invention was stolen by Detroit automakers. He had to defend his patent himself, and he finished his last court case 32 years and $10 million in legal fees after having his original idea. He died in 2005.
So here we have Jonah's dilemma visited upon a very few people. What if some fool could possibly save Nineveh, that city with 120,000 innocent children and many animals, but at a great personal price? Why couldn't a normal person instead write a letter to Congress, go limp while being arrested, go be a missionary, or otherwise do something more honorable?
If God has given a good energy-saving idea to someone in your meeting, please sit with that person in worship and in discernment. Perhaps you prayed for that good idea. Perhaps you yourself might be part of the solution.
Jean Smith
Wilmington, N.C.

Many cooks are stirring this broth

After reading several energy articles in the October 2008 special issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL on Energy, Climate, and Building Community, I am tempted (led?) to try to fill a hole I sense in the collection—that is to answer the question of how the world community gets from "here" to "there," wherever "there" turns out to be.

I start with a picture on page 25 that reminded me of the terraced mountainsides of Nepal. The terraces are the solution of a similar problem, a food shortage with rising population. They created more land where sun and soil could do their magic dance to create more food. A tremendously costly solution but obviously a payable cost. The modern solution to the continuing population growth on the mountain, or maybe it is only a cheaper solution, is to get an education and then move down off the mountain to other opportunities (and assume that the needed food will be there).

I next thought of a large football stadium chock-full of 100,000 spectators as a proxy for the several billion decision makers who are responding to the increase in relative energy prices. Each in his/her own way every day tries to cope, some reducing consumption, some looking for new...
supplies, some trying new technologies, some finding opportunities made possible by the new high prices, some doing nothing except paying—in general a fantastic array of possible responses, all being continually imposed on that basic relationship of the supply of and demand for energy. And never under the control of anyone or anything since each decision maker is independent and free to select a response—except when government chooses to tweak the system.

Ah, yes: government; where does it come into the picture? Government can influence the playing field in almost endless ways with education for more rational decisions, investments in technology, tax breaks and the opposite subsidies and penalties, legal requirements and incentives. We might wish for a benevolent dictator who could gather a group of experts to devise and implement a plan to have government maximize its influence for good. But we have a democracy where many wise and good people do work to help government do the right thing. Others learn to use government to protect and enhance self-interest instead of community interest—all, of course, thrown into the mix faced by the billions of decision makers.

And yes, principles can get trampled by baser motivations or—maybe not, if they are strong.

Where it all ends in some distant steady state of “there” no one can predict, “There” may be more desirable or less desirable than the present “here.” Many expect less desirable is more likely. Most probably, we will never get to “there” because some new irritant (maybe a shortage of fresh water) is likely to appear to mess up the system.

John Foster
Leverett, Mass.

The Friends Disaster Service

I was surprised to read the Forum letter by Friend Harold Confer in the October issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL (“The Amish as volunteers”). He had asked if the Quakers had anything like the Amish Disaster Service or the Mennonite Disaster Service. Yes, we do! It’s called the Friends Disaster Service (FDS).

The FDS was created in 1974 after the terrible damage done to the town of Xenia, Ohio, by a monster tornado. It has been in active service ever since, with volunteers traveling to places that have been hit hard by hurricanes and tornadoes, notably New Orleans in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina. FDS has also been known to help with the rebuilding of homes and barns owned by individuals who have suffered a loss by fire or the like. FDS also provides food, clothing, and
Henry Cadbury and Back Log Camp

My husband and I both enjoyed so much Susan Corson-Finnerty's interest group at New England Yearly Meeting. I have been meaning to write ever since to ask whether by any chance it is possible to find and send me a copy of the cover of an old FRIENDS JOURNAL. Here is the story of why I want it!

I grew up Congregationalist, but when I was 13, my aunt saw an ad in the Atlantic Monthly for a Quaker camp for families in the Adirondacks, called Back Log Camp, on Indian Lake, near Sabeal, New York, and sent the ad to my father. The camp was described as a place where one lived in tents; went on hiking, canoeing, and mountain climbing trips out of camp for up to four days at a time; where one used outhouses, ate all together in a big dining tent; went swimming in and canoeing on the lake. My "indoorsy" aunt wrote to my "outdoorsy" father something like, "This looks perfectly dreadful. Thought you might be interested." And he was, and so was my mother, and so they and my three brothers and I set off to try it out for two weeks. It was my first contact with Quakerism or Quakers.

Being 13, I of course didn't want to go. Especially since I would be in "Ladies End" of camp, tenting with one of the Quaker daughters (Janny Brown, same age as me) of one of the Quaker couples (Tom and Nan Brown) of the large extended Quaker family who owned the camp. When I got that bad news, the camp sounded dreadful to me, too. I couldn't imagine tenting with a Quaker girl. She probably would wear a grey dress all the time and a bonnet, for all I knew, and not smile or laugh or be allowed to run.

To make a wonderful long story short, Janny and I quickly became friends, and my fears about her dress, demeanor, and rules were unfounded. She wore jeans and shirts just like me, laughed a lot, and could be a great deal of fun, and carried very heavy packs.

My first Quaker meeting for worship was the day after we arrived at camp. My whole family went because we always went to church on Sundays, so if church wasn't available, meeting would be our substitute.

These are difficult times for small, independent publishers. At FRIENDS JOURNAL, income from subscriptions and advertising revenue covers only 53 percent of what it costs to produce the magazine. You can play a significant role in assuring the future of FRIENDS JOURNAL—and our goal of building readership among Friends of all ages—by contributing a planned gift that fits your needs. Such a gift allows even those of modest means to contribute significantly to the ministry of the written word found in FRIENDS JOURNAL, because such a gift can provide lifetime income and significant tax benefits for the donor.

For 54 years, the written words of Friends have informed, enriched, and nurtured our Quaker community. Your financial contribution to this ministry is critically important as it helps us to ensure a lasting, vital connection among Friends. And your gift—as simple as a line in your will—provides a legacy that can help sustain the publication of Quaker thought for decades to come. Gifts can be funded with cash, stock or other property.

Want to know more?

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(800) 471-6863
And what a meeting for worship that was! In a large, open-faced tent that faced the lake, with a big stone fireplace in front of it with a new back log fully three feet across in it, a fire burning brightly in front of the back log. Between the fire and the lake was an abundance of large green ferns, and a path, sometimes steep, down to the lake. The meeting tent had wooden benches in it, and the floor was of newly cut balsam branches with all the needles on. The smell was heavenly.

The silence in worship was very powerful for me. In my church when we had responses or the general confession or whatever to read together, or hymns to sing, there were always words and phrases in them that didn’t speak for me, so I was silent at those places. But here in meeting there was a lot of silence, and no words that anyone was trying to put in my mouth, which felt much more comfortable.

An elderly man many of the people there called “Uncle Henry” spoke in worship, and I don’t remember what he said, but I remember the strange strange turning feeling in my heart, and I remember feeling, about his speaking and the worship, “This is what it’s all about. This is it. This is true worship.”

The elderly man was Henry Cadbury, whose name at the time meant nothing to me. I didn’t know that in 1947 he had accepted the Nobel Peace Prize for American Friends Service Committee, or helped translate the Revised Standard Version of the Bible, or that he had written any number of Quaker writings or had steered the American Friends Service Committee for 24 years. I knew that at 74 he could still hike at a good speed; had twinkly eyes, a fine sense of humor, and a quick laugh; was wonderfully kind; read appropriate passages of the Bible to us at morning breakfasts; and was loved by all. He was the patriarch of the camp, the oldest man of the oldest generation running it. He and his wife, Lydia, and the generation below them too, spoke “plain language” to the other Quakers there, and it seemed to me to be the language of love. I remember being absolutely thrilled the first time Uncle Henry called me “thee” when I was perhaps 15. It felt as if I had become an honorary Quaker! And what an honor!

My family found a real home at the camp, and my parents returned for a month every year until it closed in 1968. Two of my brothers and I worked there as teenagers, and one brother married one of Jenny Brown’s younger sisters. I worked there the summers I was 16, 17, 18, and 19, and fell in love for the first time there.

Working there meant I could be Quaker all summer, though I still had to be Congregationalist during the school year.

It didn’t occur to me at that time that I could be more than an honorary or part-time Quaker.

I didn’t start attending Quaker meeting away from Camp regularly until I was separated from my husband in my late 20s, and felt free to act on my own. I attended Providence Meeting in Media, Pa., regularly until I moved to New Hampshire, where I attended Concord Meeting regularly until I moved nearer to Monadnock Meeting, where I finally joined at the age of about 38, maybe 25 years after my first Quaker meeting at Back Log Camp, where I now know I had been converted to Quakerism.

As a gift to new members at that time Monadnock Meeting gave gift subscriptions to FRIENDS JOURNAL. Every day I would go to our mailbox with anticipation, hoping my first copy had arrived. And finally it did. I peeked in the mailbox, and saw it, folded over so I couldn’t see the covers, but I knew this was it. I pulled it out, unfolded it eagerly, and to my surprise and delight, there was “Uncle Henry” Cadbury on the cover, smiling welcomingly, directly at me, as if to say, “Well, Allison, it’s about time!”

I have no idea where my first, welcoming, copy of that FRIENDS JOURNAL is now. I would give a lot to have it. But is there any easy way to find out what issue it was? I would love to frame it and put it on my wall: A testament to perseverance or to the power of Quaker worship, or the Quaker influence in my teenage life, or maybe, simply, to the power of God working in my life.

Allison Randall
Temple, N.H.

[Here is the cover of the December 1, 1983, issue.—Eds.]
Living in Retirement: People who believe in peace and justice never retire, they just move to Uplands! An ecumenical community High UCC relationship. <www.Uplands@al.com> (931) 277-3518.

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Friends House, Inc., located by North Carolina Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, has been providing retirement options since 1969. Both Friends Houses at Guilford and Friends Houses 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: (330) 232-9925, or write: Friends House West, 5100 W. Friendly Avenue, Greensboro, NC 27410. Friends House, Inc. owns and operates communities dedicated to the letter and spirit of Equal Housing Opportunity. <www.friendshouse.org>

FRIENDS HOUSE Continuing Care Retirement Community Friends House is located in a beautiful rural area of North Carolina. Assisted living, skilled nursing, and garden apartments for independent living are situated on seven level acres. Residents participate in governance, educational programs, entertainment, and hospitality activities, and share a well-maintained library of 5,500 cataloged volumes, an abundance of exhibits, and 13 community computer centers. Friends House, a not-for-profit corporation, was organized by unprogrammed Friends. 864 Ben Indie Dr., Santa Rosa, CA 95403. (707) 359-0189. <www.friendshouse.org>

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SCHOOLS


Friends School of Portland Boarding and day school for grades 7-12. Small academically rigorous, consensus decision making, outdoor and community service trips, daily work program. A small, co-ed, college preparatory environment. For information about admissions or hiring: (800) 675-4262. <www@universityofportland.org> 207-781-9121. 1200 West Broadway, Portland, OR 97210. (503) 597-1753. <www.universityofportland.org>.

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MEETINGS

A partial listing of Friends meetings in the United States and abroad.

CANADA

OTTAWA—Worship and First- day school 10 a.m. 91A Fourth Ave. (613) 232-9953.

TORONTO, ONTARIO—Worship 11 a.m. 60 Lowther Ave. (866) 390-0070.

VANCOUVER—area worship, 10:30, 100 W 7th St. (604) 263-5015.

BOTSWANA

GABORONE—phone/fax (297) 394-7147, ‘<gaboroneinfo@infow.com>.

MEXICO


NICARAGUA

MANAGUA—Unprogrammed worship, 10:45 a.m. 1st & 3rd Sunday, El Centro de los Amigos, APTDO 3491, Managua, Nicaragua. <www.promo.org> (727) 821-2428, (411) (505) 268-988.

PALESTINE/ISRAEL

RAMALLAH—Unprogrammed worship, Sunday at 10:30 a.m. Meetinghouse on main street in Ramallah. Contact: Shari Zen, phone: 02-356-2741.

UNITED STATES

ALABAMA

BIRMINGHAM—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m. Sundays. 4413 5th Ave. S., Birmingham, AL 35222. (205) 592-6070.

FAIRHOPE—Discourse 9 a.m. Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m. Sundays. Meetinghouse, 2201 Fairhope Ave., Write: P. O. Box 219, Fairhope, AL 36533. (251) 945-1130.

HUNTSVILLE—Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m. Sundays. Call (256) 837-6327 or write: P.O. Box 3650, Huntsville, AL 35810.

ROYAL—10 a.m. (205) 429-3088. Travellers welcome.

AKIKA

ANCHORAGE—Call for time and directions. (907) 277-6700.


JUNEAU—Unprogrammed worship, Sunday at the Juneau Senior Center, 685 W. 12th St. Contact: (907) 789-6883.

ARIZONA

FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting and First- day school, 10 a.m. 402 S. Beaver, 86001. (928) 329-6765.

MCNEAL—Cochise Friends worship group at Friends SW Center, Hwy 191, m.p. 16.5. Worship Sun., 11 a.m., except June. Sharing 3rd Sun., 10 a.m. (520) 456-5987 or (520) 642-1029.

PHOENIX—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. 1700 E. Glendale, Phoenix, 85020. (602) 763-1375 or 855-1275.

TEMPLE—Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 318 E 15th St., St. 85261. (480) 968-3865. <www.tempequakers.org>.

& TUCSON—Pima Friends Meeting (unprogrammed). First-day school and worship. 8:15 a.m. and 10 a.m. 931 N. 5th Ave., 85705-7723. Information: (520) 884-1776. <http://pima.quaker.org>.

ARKANSAS

FAYETTEVILLE—Unprogrammed worship 9 a.m. Sundays, 6:30 a.m. Wednesdays, 930 W. Mayfield. (479) 237-5625.

HOPE—(Caddo Four States) Unprogrammed worship Saturdays, 10 a.m. in Texarkana, AR. For information call (501) 777-1808.

LITTLE ROCK—Unprogrammed meeting, 12 noon. Worship at 11 a.m. at 3415 West Markham. Phone: (501) 964-7223.

TEXARAKA—Unprogrammed Meeting for worship, Saturdays 10 a.m. 3630 Texas Blvd. For information call (903) 794-5489.

January 2009 FRIENDS JOURNAL
COLUMBIA - Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., 215 PItts St. 318-252-7160.

SYRACUSE - Worship 10:30 a.m. at 821 Eudelic Ave. (516) 476-1196.

WESTBURY MM (IL) - Contact us at (831) 271-4672. Our website is www.buscwsquirrels.org.

COLUMBUS - Meeting for worship and First-day school, 227 Edgewood Rd., 28004, (838) 258-0974.

ASHVILLE - Unprogrammed. Please call or check our website for times of meeting for worship and First-day school.

BETLORO - Meeting for worship, 1st and third Sundays, 2:30 p.m., St. Paul’s, 208 Ave. Street, Discussion, fellowship, Toni (520) 728-7055.

BILLS - Meeting for worship, 1st and 3rd Sunday 9:30 a.m. at 1717 Valley Road, 313-428-1946.

INDIANA - Meeting 10:30 a.m., (724) 462-9627.

KENDAL - Worship 10:30 a.m. Kendal Center, Library. U.S. Rte. 1, 3120 s. of Chadds Ford, 114 mile N of Longwood Gardens.

KENNETH SQUARE - On Rte. 82, 5 of Rte. 1 at Sickles St. First-day school 9:45 a.m., meeting worship 11 a.m. (610) 444-1012, Find us at www.kennethsquarefriends.org.

LANCASTER - Meeting 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. First-day school 10 a.m. 110 Tulane Terr. (717) 992-5762.

LANDSO Meeting 8:30 a.m. and 10 a.m. 1001 N. Providence Rd. (814) 566-1302. Worship 11 a.m. First-day school 11:30 a.m. round year.

MERION - Meeting for worship 11 a.m., First-day school 10 a.m. Adult education 10:15-10:30 a.m. 210 E 3rd St., (215) 593-7004.

HORSHAM - Meeting for worship and worship activities 10:30 a.m. at 861 Meetinghouse Road.

HAVERFORD - First-day school 10:30 a.m., meeting worship 11 a.m., First-day school 10 a.m. 55 Main St., West Chester, PA 19380. (610) 444-2881.

JEAN COOK - Meeting for worship 11 a.m., First-day school 10 a.m. 226 E 3rd St., (215) 687-2881.

NEWTON - Worship 10:30 a.m. First-day school 10 a.m. 1501 E 3rd St. (610) 998-4189.

MIDDLETOWN - Meeting for worship 11 a.m. First-day school 10 a.m. 56 East Main St. (610) 353-3320.

PAHOE - Worship 11 a.m. First-day school 10 a.m. 65 East Main St. (610) 353-3320.


CHESTNUT HILL -100 E. Mermaid Lane, 19118. (215) 247-3593.

FRANKSTON - 230 Orthodox St., 19124. Meeting starts 10 a.m., First-day school 10 a.m. 330 S. Broad St. (610) 353-5023.

GERMANTOWN - 47 W. Coulter St., 19144. (610) 951-2235. (August at Green Street).


MM OF FRIENDS OF PHILADELPHIA - 4th and Arch Streets. (215) 241-7280. Worship 10 a.m. July-Aug. 10 a.m.

UNITY-Unit and Wash., 19124. (215) 249-2660. Worship 7 p.m. Fridays.

PHOENIXVILLE - Schuykill Friends Meeting, 37 N. Whitehorse Road, Phoenixville, PA 19460. (610) 339-8884. Worship and First-day School 10 a.m.

BUTTSBURG - Meeting for worship 9 a.m. and 10:30 a.m. First-day school 10 a.m. 63 Main Ave. (610) 339-8884.

PLUMSTEAD - Meeting for worship and First-day school 9:30 a.m. (215) 823-2826.

PLYMOUTH MEETING - Worship, First-day school 11:15 a.m. Garnetville Pike and Butter Pike.

POCONO STERLING Meeting Group, under the care of North Branch (Wilkes Barre). (570) 689-2383 or 686-7552.

QUAKERTOWN - Richland Monthly Meeting, 244 S. Main St., First-Day school and meeting for worship 10:30 a.m.
TOWANDA—Meeting for worship, unprogrammed. First Sundays at 10:30 a.m. Summer vacance, phone: (570) 356-9799.

WESTERN DUBUQUE—Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. on Blufield Place, no. 7517.

WICHITA—Meeting for worship, unprogrammed. 10:30 a.m. (610) 356-9799.


WINCHESTER—Hopewell Centre Meeting, 7 miles N from Winchester. Please see Clearbrook Exp. Go west on Hopewell Rd. 0.7 miles. Turn left into Hopewell Centre Drive. Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. First-day school 11 a.m. Phone: (540) 961-9144. Email: a.m. at comcast.net.

WASHINGTON

AGATE—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. SeaBord Hall, 14-45 Komeda Rd. 45087-4679.

BELLEVUE—Eastside Friends, 4100 158th Ave. SE. Worship 10 a.m., study 11 a.m. (425) 641-3950.

BELLMING—471 E. 10th St. Worship. Children’s program 10:30 a.m. (360) 263-0393.

OLYMPIA—Worship 10 a.m. 219 B Street S.W., Tumwater, WA 98501. Children’s program. (360) 706-2986.

PORT TOWNSEND—10 a.m. worship, First-day school, Community Center, Tyler & Lawrence, (360) 797-0883.

PULLMAN—See Moscow, Idaho.

PUTNEY—Meeting, Sunday, 8:30 a.m. Salmon Meeting at Putney Centre, 6092 Putney N. Worship at 10 a.m. (206) 527-0200.

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QUAKER LEGACY

MARCH 27-29
ARE WE STILL A DANGEROUS PEOPLE?
Changing the World by Being a Changed People
a weekend with Marge Abbott and Peggy Senger Parsons

APRIL 19-23
OUR QUAKER AND AFRICAN AMERICAN ANCESTORS
What Can We Learn from Their Interactions?
a short course with Vanessa Julye and Donna McDaniel

APRIL 26-MAY 1
LIGHT THEN AND NOW
A Tour of Quaker Philadelphia
a short course with Stan Banker

QUAKER PRACTICE

APRIL 24-26
ADVANCED CLERKING CLINIC
a weekend with Arthur Larrabee

MAY 8-10
LIVING IN INTENTIONAL COMMUNITY—QUAKER STYLE
a weekend with Peggy O’Neill, Don Miller, and Janett Forte

MAY 3-7
MIXED BLESSINGS
The Legacy of William Penn
a short course with Paul Buckley

MAY 10-14
HOWARD AND ANNA BRINTON
and the Invention of Modern Quakerism
with Anthony Manousos

MAY 15-17
BLACK FIRE
Black Quakers on Spirituality and Human Rights
a weekend with Hal Weaver and Stephen W. Angell

MAY 15-17
GODLY PLAY®
Workshop for Quaker Religious Education
with Michael Gibson, Caryl Menkhus, and Melinda Wenner Bradley

JULY 10-12
CLERKING THE SMALL MEETING
a weekend with Peggy Dyson-Cobb and Katherine Smith

JULY 25-27
INQUIRERS’ WEEKEND: Basic Quakerism
with Carl Magruder and Erin McDougall
## Quaker Legacy

### March 27–29
**Are We Still a Dangerous People?**
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**Our Quaker and African American Ancestors**
What Can We Learn from Their Interactions?
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### April 26–May 1
**Light Then and Now**
A Tour of Quaker Philadelphia
a short course with Stan Banker

## Quaker Practice

### April 24–26
**Advanced Clerking Clinic**
a weekend with Arthur Larrabee

### May 8–10
**Living in Intentional Community—Quaker Style**
a weekend with Peggy O'Neil, Don Miller, and Janett Forte

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**Pendle Hill**
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