Are We Stuck with This Monetary System?
Living in Right Relationship
2009 FGC Gathering
November is the month in which we have traditionally carried coverage of the Friends General Conference Gathering, held the previous July. This year is no different—except that this year’s Gathering, as well planned and abundantly full of opportunities for Quaker fellowship as ever, was marked by tragedy as well. This was the third occasion I’ve had to be on the campus of Virginia Tech in Blacksburg, Va., but only the first time back there since the horrendous mass killing on that campus on April 16, 2007. Prior to going, I wondered how it would feel to be on that campus after such a slaughter had occurred. It was an opportunity, in a very small way, to walk in the shoes of the survivors of that event, to be haunted by what took place there.

Of course, the Gathering was full of its typical robust schedule of workshops, speakers, interest groups, and many venues for meeting and sharing with other Friends. I don’t think any of us were prepared for Thursday evening’s events, when Hollister Knowlton’s plenary speech was bracketed by learning of a grave injury to Tom Solenberg, one of the young adult Friends attending the Gathering, and then at the close of her talk, learning of the death of well-known Quaker activist Bonnie Tinker earlier that day in a bicycle accident on campus. These two terrible events, announced before and after, therefore surrounding, Hollister’s grave plenary presentation, left many of us speechless, stunned, and weeping. The evening had the power of Greek tragedy. In the months that have passed since then, I’ve joined many other Friends in praying for the families so directly impacted by the events we learned of that evening.

What has continued to haunt me, lingering in an uneasy place, is Hollister’s talk. Hollister Knowlton is a Friend who walks the walk and whose tenderness towards our magnificent planet is palpable. I’ve heard her speak on several occasions. On this one, she was clearly affected by the distressing announcement that preceded her talk and had difficulty with the slide presentation that accompanied her speaking. But these impediments couldn’t remove the impact of her talk, of her saying, “Take that in. Consider its implications. That the world’s wealthiest one billion consume all that the Earth can give us. That we, part of the world’s wealthiest one billion, use so much that we leave nothing for the other five (now 5.7) billion humans, who live so simply or in such dire poverty that they use just 20 percent of Earth’s sustainable yield.” In this issue, you will find the text of her talk (p.9); I recommend it to you.

Another Friend who walks the walk is Keith Helmuth. In this issue you will find “Behind the Budget: Are We Stuck with This High Risk Monetary System?” (p.6). Keith has long considered economic justice and the impact we are having on Earth’s resources. His article was first presented prior to this year’s budget sessions of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, but the thinking that’s gone into it is reflected at length in his new book, Right Relationship: Building a Whole Earth Economy, written in conjunction with Geoffrey Garver and Peter Brown, the primary authors. I recommend both Keith’s article and the book to you.

We are living in challenging times. There will be many more events that dwarf our sense of proportion and break our hearts with their tragedy. Now is the time for each of us to be asking what God calls us to do, and to be living forward in the answers we find.
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At the Gathering: A Lesson on Invisibility

Cover photo by Barbara Benton

At the 2009 Friends General Conference Gathering

John Corineer
Understanding the Light

In "Friends within God's Light" (Ff July), Jnana Hodson writes, "They never quite said exactly what this Light was in ways that people who hadn't encountered it might understand." I believe that, like Jesus and the Hebrew prophets, they demonstrated the nature of the Light, Christ, the Spirit, the seed, and so on, in ways that even illiterates could understand, and that was far more threatening to religious authorities than the most lucid philosophical explanation could have been.

Yes, faith and practice are one:

For that faith which stands in Christ believes in purity and in perfection and holiness, and slays sin, and by that faith alone the just live, and justice and righteousness is brought forth to light, in godly conversation: but that faith which stands in the imaginations and wisdom of man, which believes salvation without holiness of life, that slays the just and keeps alive the unjust; and this faith they had which believed the Scriptures and the words of the prophets, and that God was their Father; but not having the word of faith in their hearts, these slew the Son of God and set the murderer free: and as that faith which is dead works death, so that faith which is living worketh life.


The word that best decodes the above for me is "principle." And that principle seems to have a sort of logical perfection which makes sense out of phrases such as, "by receiving and joining to that which is perfect is the creature made perfect" ("Concerning Perfection"). Or, "So with the light of Christ which lets you see your transgressions, search your hearts, that you may see if the just principle that moves to righteousness be not oppressed and burdened...and overpowered by the seed of the evildoer." ("Concerning Redemption").

Dale L. Berr
Grants, N.Mex.

Disquieted by second nuclear power article

I appreciate Karen Street’s willingness to take an unpopular stand among Quakers in her article "A Friend’s Path to Nuclear Power" (Ff Oct. 2008), and, though I come with an antinuclear bias, have tried to keep an open mind about the subject.

I agree with the larger perspective that she offers, and was aware of the emotion-laden and sometimes research-thin content of some of the letters that came in response to this first article. So I approached her second one, "The Nuclear Energy Debate among Friends: Another Round" (Ff July) with interest. I finished it with some questions, went to the Internet to do some research, and find myself significantly disquieted.

I was willing to be convinced by Karen’s paragraph on the unbiased nature of the IAEA until I read the text of its mission, which is in part to promote the peaceful use of nuclear power—an important piece of information to my mind. An article I read on the controversy surrounding the IAEA report on Chernobyl, entitled “New Study Challenges IAEA Report on Chernobyl Consequences” and available at the Nuclear Information and Resource Service <http://www.nirs.org /press/04-11-2006/1>, along with several other accounts from the WHO on the challenge of getting good data about health impacts, leads me to believe that the numbers IAEA presents cannot be accepted as the final word. Karen’s reliance on IAEA numbers in the remainder of the article, i.e. on efficiency, makes me feel the need to go out and do my own research rather than accept that data as truth.

As I researched uranium supplies and uranium mining, I was surprised that Karen made no mention of the environmental costs of uranium mining, or the increased costs of mining lower grade ore in the future (see <http://www.livescience.com /technology/080422-uranium-supply .html> for details). And I was surprised at the section on waste. If there is, indeed, no danger and no issue around radioactive waste disposal, what can possibly explain the fact that we haven’t found a solution in over 40 years—at a cost of billions to taxpayers—and the nearest hope is still ten years away? (See International Atomic Energy Agency, 2000 Forum, at <http:// www.iaea.org/Publications/Booklets /ScientificForum3/scientificforum3.pdf>).

I so much agree with Karen that we need to be willing to hold dearly held positions up to the light of new information, and that the future is going to hold very unpalatable choices. I agree absolutely with her final paragraphs about positive things we can do—and that is what I am interested in. But this second article left me more skeptical about nuclear power and its proponents than I had been when I started. What I found most troubling was that Karen presented her information as bias-free science, and I found it to be neither complete nor trustworthy.

I guess the good news is that it got me thinking and reading with friends about the kind of information we need in order to make those hard choices. But I have to say that I was hoping for more.

Pamela Haines

It’s time to be open about nuclear energy

While I am glad that Karen Street, in "The Nuclear Energy Debate Among Friends: Another Round" (Ff July), supports conservation, I cannot reconcile a conservation ethic with Street’s support of an electric power industry that dumps 70 percent of the energy it releases into the atmosphere as waste heat from its thermal power plants, or that continues to sell over 80 percent of the electricity it generates for non-electrical purposes, such as low-grade space and water heating. These purposes are better met by less environmentally damaging sources such as passive solar space heating and rooftop solar water heaters. Thirty million Chinese rooftop solar water heaters testify that our high school physics teachers were right: long wave infrared radiation does penetrate obscuring haze and smoke quite well.

The unique regulated-monopoly structure of the U.S. utility industry encourages the greatest capital investment permitted, because permissible profit is determined as a fixed percentage of net equity. Many states’ utility commissions are called “institutional surrogates” of the industries they regulate because they have been generous about allowing electric utilities to build double the industry-recommended margin at peak, and allowing almost all that capacity to be in the form of base-load plants, which are expensive, rather than peaking plants, which are less expensive. The higher capital investment results in higher utility income from the guaranteed return on net equity. Few states reward utilities for shedding load by helping customers conserve or helping them generate their own electricity. Most states do not even require utilities to pay customers for all the electricity the customer may sell to the grid, at most rebating their bill down to zero. Individuals and communities who are going to co-generation and getting 80 percent of the useful work out of the energy they release are being ridiculed for...
"going back" to fossil fuel, instead of supported for using energy more efficiently. The U.S. utility industry contrasts to other industrialized countries where utilities are provided by the state, at cost, with about one-quarter of the electrical demand per capita.

It is hard to understand how Street can accept that the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) needed to be restructured due to its excessive promotional activities and lax regulation, acting as an institutional surrogate for the nuclear industry, but reject the same for the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA) and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC). The IAEA was founded in 1957 to promote nuclear power and nuclear technology in the Third World; it remains largely staffed by industry personnel and member state personnel on loan. It has only an advisory safety role. Between bilateral promotion and IAEA promotion, the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty (NNPT) was needed in 1968 because countries such as India and Pakistan were using their new knowledge of nuclear technology to develop nuclear weapons. Although working under the IAEA umbrella, NNPT inspectors are independent of the IAEA. The NRC started as the existing regulatory branch of the AEC, with new signage and letterhead. The staff, the training, the commitment to make nuclear power work, the revolving door with industry were the same. The congressional inquiry into the Three Mile Island accident found too close a relationship between industry and regulator. It is hard to regulate someone you will need a job from for at least the last ten quarters of your employment to get a higher social security payment.

I am sorry that Street dismisses and puts down her critics, rather than addressing the points they raise. I am puzzled how I could correct her inaccurate representation of Amory Lovins's positions without relating his actual positions. As a political scientist with an interest in energy policy for over 30 years, my bookshelves have works from responsible people on both sides of the issue. I would defend the accurate representation of their views as well. The Friends who responded to Street's first article presented responsible alternative sources and deserve respectful responses. Science is based on continually challenging established wisdom, not citing institutional authority.

Citing a study on effects of Gulf War use of depleted uranium ammunition to dispute whether the waste from over 50 years of open pit uranium mining and milling on the Colorado Plateau has contaminated people living close to the soil with radon and radium is ludicrous. There is also no question that natural and depleted uranium are chemically toxic. Uranium was banned as a ceramic glazing ingredient because of its toxicity. Piles of DU near the gaseous diffusion enrichment plants in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio are many thousands of times as large as the amounts used so far in warfare. Those piles have not been dispersed into the environment, as by a fire, but are still a concern. Over the last 60 years, concern about low-level exposure to radiation and toxics has increased, not decreased. Medical and workplace standards are increasingly stringent.

I am sorry that I do not have the emotional energy to completely comprehend this confusing article. I cannot skip Street's contention that U.S. nuclear power plants really work at 90 percent of design capacity. My father, who was a mechanical engineer, told me that you design a mechanism to work at 60 percent to 80 percent of its design capacity. Less is inefficient; more invites failure. Shut it down and service it regularly. If you have varying demand, make your units small enough that one unit can handle the minimum load; add units as demand increases so they all work efficiently. Load on electric utilities is at a minimum in spring and fall when heating and cooling loads are lightest. Fewer units are run. Load increases to a maximum in deep winter and high summer. People watching the water vapor come off cooling towers and the number of employee cars in parking lots agree that nuclear power plants are usually shut down spring and fall, and only produce full water vapor at coldest winter and hottest summer. The exact periods will vary by local climate. The 90-percent industry figure was clearly for availability when in service, not percentage of overall design capacity.

If the nuclear industry wants the public to trust it, it needs to lift the pall of secrecy that has hidden the inner workings of commercial nuclear power since its inception. Telling people to trust institutional surrogates of a highly profitable industry rather than opening the books and speaking plainly just won't work any more.

John Wright Dasehke
Bloomington, Ind.

Compelled to speak out

After reading and re-reading Karen Street's article, "The Nuclear Energy Debate among Friends: Another Round" (July), I can no longer remain silent. Over 30 years ago I actively participated in organizing opposition to the construction of the nuclear power plants at Seabrook, N.H. At that time we argued that nuclear power was unsafe, unnecessary and uneconomical.

Subsequent events confirmed our analysis. Major accidents at Three Mile Island in the U.S. and at Chernobyl in the Ukraine made headlines around the world. The radiation releases caused hundreds of immediate deaths and thousands of subsequent cancer cases. Seabrook I was the last nuclear plant constructed in the U.S. Unit II was never completed, and Public Service Co. of New Hampshire went bankrupt.

To these secular arguments against nuclear power, I would add that promoting nuclear power as a solution to global warming is contrary to Friends beliefs in stewardship and simplicity.

Nuclear power plants generate spent nuclear fuel and high-level radioactive waste. The Department of Energy began studying Nevada's Yucca Mountain in 1978 to determine whether it would be suitable for the nation's first long-term geologic repository for over 150 million pounds of spent nuclear fuel and high-level radioactive waste. As of 2008, over 39 billion had been spent on the project. Seventy-seven thousand tons of high-level nuclear waste is currently held in temporary surface storage facilities at 131 sites in 39 states awaiting a permanent repository. Much of the waste is stored in outdoor pools, without any containment, on the sites of existing nuclear power plants.

Earlier this year the Obama administration cut off funding for Yucca Mountain, leaving the United States with no facility to store nuclear waste that will remain radioactive for 250,000 years. To promote the generation of even more radioactive waste contradicts our commitment to stewardship of the Earth's resources.

The current showcase of the nuclear industry is Finland's Olikuoto nuclear plant that is being constructed by France's Areva conglomerate (Areva was also a major subcontractor at Yucca Mountain). Areva promised that electricity from the reactor could be generated more cheaply
What Kind of Resource is Money?

The subject here is money and how to use it responsibly. We all know that budgets are moral documents. We know that after all our discernment and strategic planning, where we put the money tells the tale of our commitments.

Money is a peculiar kind of resource. Unlike most other resources, modern money has no relationship to any tangible aspect of Earth’s substance. Since 1971, when President Richard M. Nixon cut the U.S. dollar loose from the gold standard, money has become entirely abstract. And now with computerization it is mostly just digital notation in an electronic database. Some folks decry this vaporization of money into complete abstraction, while others argue that it is a good thing because there are now no longer any physical constraints on the growth of money and thus on wealth accumulation.

Three observations are worth making:

- Money is, among other things, a license to intervene in Earth’s ecological budget, about which I will add more later.
- Our current monetary system is entirely a human invention like any other technology, and not a species of natural law. It can be changed. To this point I will also return.
- Money and our monetary system is, in essence, a technology of social trust. Just think how amazing this is! The vast complexity of relationships in financial dealings, and in the monetary system overall, are based on a profound social trust. This is why it is so devastating when the system fails, when large chunks of life savings and investments are wiped out, and nonprofit institutions lose major portions of their funding base.

When we put these observations together, we are well on the way to understanding the monetary system as a marvelous tool of human invention that urgently needs to have its platform of operation redesigned.

First, what does it mean to say money is a license to intervene in Earth’s ecological budget? It means we recognize that the human economy is a wholly owned subsidiary of Earth’s economy. Every time we spend money it has an

Keith Helmuth, a member of New Brunswick Monthly Meeting in Canada, is a founding member of Quaker Institute for the Future and secretary of the Board. This article is from an address to the budget session of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, July 30, 2009.
impact on Earth’s bioproductive and bio-assimilative capacities—that is, on the Earth’s ability to keep its biological systems producing and to absorb and recycle the end products of biotic activity, including the activities of the human species.

In a consumption-oriented economy, the more money spent, the greater the impact on Earth’s ability to keep itself healthy and functioning in an ecologically sound way. But from the standpoint of Earth and the integrity and resilience of its ecosystems, the unlimited growth of money is a disaster.

Secondly, the modern money and banking system can be clearly explained in historical terms, and in terms of the deliberate design of power relationships. It did not emerge from some mystical combination of natural law and human need. The modern banking industry was designed quite specifically to enable the kings of England in the 17th century to finance war making. It worked so well for this exercise in power and aggrandizement that it became the engine of growth for the ambitions of mining, manufacturing, and commerce as the great Industrial Revolution got underway.

I won’t go into this history here, but the point is this: The particular design of the modern monetary system is a specific historical invention, and, as scholars of monetary reform point out, could readily be altered in ways that would better serve human security and ecosystem integrity.

As for social trust, here is one way to think about our situation. In the old days when the homestead economy was predominant, families and communities had various ways of securing access to the means of life, even if money was scarce. Our situation today is entirely different. Access to an adequate and stable supply of money is absolutely essential for access to the means of life. And on this central critical feature of modern life, the current monetary system has repeatedly and dramatically failed.

It is within this context of yet another massive failure of monetary stability that Philadelphia Yearly Meeting and other Quaker organizations now ponder their budgets and programs.

Will Getting the Economy “Back on Track” Save Us?

One of the most frequently heard remarks about the current financial debacle is that “nobody saw it coming.” That, of course, is not true. Many maverick economists saw it coming. George Soros, one of the world’s foremost financial speculators, saw it coming and published a series of essays and books of dire warning. Many voices are now warning that if the system is put back on the same old track it will crash again, likely with even worse consequences.

And here is why: Peak oil and climate disruption are the grim reapers of the capital-driven economy. The most discerning analysts of our situation tell us we are in for a multidimensional system failure. This is not a crisis from which we can expect to recover as in the past. What we are facing and are well into, according to Lynnton K. Caldwell, considered the dean of U.S. environmental policy, is not a crisis but a climacteric. A climacteric is a level and degree of change after which a fundamentally new reality comes into effect that requires new systems of adaptation to be worked out.

One of the new adaptations that will have to be worked out is a monetary system that facilitates a stable, sufficient, and equitable distribution of essential goods and services, but does not depend for its survival on perpetual growth and won’t fail even if the economy shrinks.

Here is our dilemma: We have all been conditioned to think it is natural for money to grow. This is the basis of conventional investment strategy. Our money will grow by being invested in an ever-growing economy. However, our high-energy, industrial-consumer economy is already larger than Earth’s capacity can sustain. To continue pumping it up so our money will continue to grow is basically suicidal.

There was a time when this was not the case. Many of us can remember those times. But the times have changed. This is what is so hard for us to get through our heads. What once worked pretty well to advance material well-being, and even human betterment, is now failing. We are now at a point where we wake up in the morning, shake our heads, and think, “Wait a minute, this can’t be happening, can it?” But it is.

In the words of economist Herman Daly, economic growth in the wealthy regions of the world has become uneconomic—that is, the negative consequences now outweigh the positive consequences. The primary negative consequences that are now upon us are climate disruption and biodiversity collapse. To continue growing the consumption economy is going the wrong way from the standpoint of human security and ecological resilience.

At this point a caveat must be added. I am talking about the wealthy regions and rich populations of the world. There are definitely regions of the world and specific populations that need progressively growing economies in order to achieve a secure and dignified way of living. The impact of the rich on Earth systems must decrease to allow for this much-needed economic growth. Fair is fair.

Add to this great shift the fact that mainstream petroleum industry analysts are forecasting oil at $200 to $225 a barrel in the near future, and it becomes clear that the economies of wealth are not likely to be again what they once were. Our budgets, both institutional and personal, are entering uncharted waters.
“Skating Where the Puck is Going to Be”

This situation can be taken as a grand opening for economic reform, and, in particular, for monetary system reform that aims for an ecological rebalancing of the human-Earth relationship. A famous Canadian once uttered words of wisdom that may be helpful as we take up this task. When asked about the secret of his success, hockey legend Wayne Gretzky replied, “I skate where the puck is going to be.”

I suspect the current economic situation has put many organizational budgets in a reactive mode. Perhaps the next step is to look ahead, not to “recovery” but, realistically, to where the “puck is going to be.” Quakers were once prominent in the banking and financial world. Many Friends have been very smart and prudent in managing money within the current system. Can we now enter the turbulent stream of a broken system with our experience and discernment skills to help design and implement a new monetary order that works well for people and the Earth? We don’t have to take the lead; many others have already done the research and spade work. But Friends may be especially helpful in the difficult exercises of public discernment and decision making that lie ahead.

Philadelphia Yearly Meeting is fortunate to have related work already underway. Friends Testimonies and Economics, co-sponsored by the PYM Earthcare Working Group, is developing a project called “Confronting the Growth Dilemma.” This project is a real attempt to “skate where the puck is going to be.” (This effort is aimed at nationwide participation among Friends. For further information on this project and how to get involved, contact Ed Dreby at eddreby@verizon.net.)

Is Monetary Reform on the Horizon?

I encourage rebalancing the evolutionary potential of Quakerism toward activism, and I offer a comment on where emergent vitality may be found. It seems to me the wisdom of the ages from most spiritual traditions, including our own, offers this perspective: spiritual growth, fulfillment, enlightenment, vital and nurturing communities, and even just plain old happiness, are generally not well attained by direct efforts to achieve them. Texts to this effect can be quoted from the sacred writings and teachings of virtually every spiritual tradition.

These graces of experience and social life come to us most easily and often, it seems, when we are looking the other way, when we have pretty much forgotten about ourselves, when we have more or less disappeared into some form of good work. As the poet Mary Oliver writes, “Love yourself, then forget it, then love the world.” We aim to do the right thing in the right way for the common good, and low and behold, spiritual vitality and nurturing relationships spring up and take us by surprise.

The French writer Antoine de Saint Exupéry expresses this insight in a slightly different way: “Love is not so much looking at each other as it is looking together in the same direction.” The same thing, I think, is true for the emergence of spiritual vitality in faith communities. Perhaps it is also true for the way we prepare and implement our budgets. And in this, of course, we have no better guide than the person we might call the founding figure of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, William Penn, who wrote this imperishable and oft-quoted line: “True religion does not draw men [and women] out of the world but enables them to live better in it and excites their endeavors to mend it.”

Working towards an equitable, low-risk, Earth-friendly, and war-preventing monetary system is one of the most important ways of mending the world now before us. Quakerism has a rich diversity of gifts, one of which is to be smart about money. I suggest the time has come to move that collective gift beyond our institutional budgets and into focused study and action on monetary system reform.

A monetary system that must endlessly expand based on consumption and debt is not sustainable and is destroying the planet. A monetary system designed to serve human security and ecological integrity is possible. Examples exist. Taking up this task as a religious and ethical responsibility may be one of Quakerism’s unique potentials. And it may also result in the re-emergence of a surprising spiritual vitality.
LIVING IN RIGHT RELATIONSHIP: How Does Spirit Call Us?

by Hollister Knowlton

Wings of Joy

Since I was a child, I have found immense and unending joy in this miraculous creation that is planet Earth and all its abundance and diversity.

I don’t think my father had ever seen or read Rachel Carson’s book A Sense of Wonder, but he raised me as if he had. I have memories from age four or five of his reading to me at bedtime, and what I remember are not traditional children’s books, but National Geographic Magazine (I realized later that he didn’t actually read it to me, but he captivated me with stories about the pictures).

Another image I treasure is one of us—my dad and me—lying shoulder to shoulder on the ground watching a busy ant hill, while he told me all about how these tiny creatures worked together in a community where each had a job and even took care of each other.

One day, when he was building a stone wall next to the driveway, he stopped digging to introduce me to my first earthworm and to explain to my friends and me how they eat their way through our soil and make it rich and good for our garden. His stories and his tenderness created in me fertile ground for a joyful embrace of the natural world, which would prove to be important to me later in life.

Fire of Love

I have been married but have never had a child. For some years that was a source of sadness for me and I carried a deep sense of loss. But as my concern about caring for our Earth grew, as my leading to call others into living in right relationship with all beings and all creation spilled forth, one morning, in meeting for worship, a different way of looking at my childlessness came to me.

I was thinking about the fierce love that parents have for their children: the love my parents had had for me, the love that the parents who sat around me at meeting had for their children. I contemplated how that fierce, protective love called them to give and give and give to those children, to sacrifice for them joyfully. And to sometimes take more than the Earth’s fair share to give it to their children—out of love.

What came to me was that perhaps God had not intended me to have children. Instead, I had been given the space in my heart to love the Earth as if it were my child.

To feel its pain—as a mother feels her child’s pain—as it is abused and exploited.

To be overwhelmed with grief as I began to understand that its living skin—the biosphere—is dying, that the living Earth, my child, is dying because of us. Because of our desires for ourselves and our children. Because of the greed of some.

Indeed, for many of my young adult years, I suffered from a deep clinical depression, and have wondered to what extent it might have stemmed from that grief for Earth.

Rooted in Spirit

I found Spirit—my sense of whatever God is—not in church, but in the forests and waters of the Adirondack Mountains of New York where we spent our short and precious family vacations and where I now have the privilege of accompanying my elderly mother during the summer months.

It was there that I found a sense of connection, rootedness, heart-swelling gratitude at the beauty of unspoiled wilderness. There was something larger than me there—some Spirit in the sunrise over the water, in the fragrance of sweet fern, in the wind in the hemlocks and spruce trees, in the waterfall flowing into the lake, in the amazing clarity of the water through which one could see 20 feet down, in the strange beauty of the carnivorous pitcher plant, and in the fragile beauty of a pink lady slipper—gorgeous whether I was there to witness its blooms or not.

Filled with a sense of wonder, wherever I went, if alone, I spoke aloud my gratitude for all I encountered. My guess is that many of you have also experienced a sense of Spirit in the natural world.

Each year, it was hard to leave the lake and return to my home town on the coast of Connecticut. And once there, I was always jarred by the contrast between the unspoiled wilderness and...
ness—what God had created, it seemed to me—and what humans had constructed. It was painful to observe the trash we generated and left behind, the polluted waterways, the broken-down buildings and the people in communities we neglected.

The Protestant church my family attended did not speak to that which I had found in the forests. Indeed, while I loved singing in the choir, it troubled me that the words that people spoke in church seemed to have no connection to how they lived the rest of their lives. After high school, I drifted away from church. There was always a yearning for some spiritual community, but I never looked in the right places.

A Calling to Live in Right Relationship

I t was not until I was in my late 40s that I discovered Quakerism and at last found my spiritual home away from the woods. While I’d lived in Philadelphia for almost 20 years and knew Quakers existed, I didn’t know it was something others could join. By then, I had been trying for some time to live out the saying “Live simply, that others may simply live.”

In the early 1990s, because of my work for an environmental organization working on land use, air quality, and transportation issues, I had become aware of the impact of two things that led to the first major changes I made in my life for the sake of God’s creation and so that “others might simply live.”

First, my research into the impacts of our traditional meat-based (this is meat from the supermarket) vs. vegetarian diets awakened me to the huge difference—in terms of water, land, and fossil fuel use—between the two. In some cases, for example water use for vegetables vs. beef, the difference is as large as a factor of 1,000. For ecological footprint it’s a factor of 500. It had niggled at me for at least 20 years that I should be a vegetarian, but I wasn’t sure how to do it and it wasn’t until I saw those numbers that I felt compelled to change. And then way opened and a man came into my life who was a vegan—and a very good cook. Suddenly, it was easy to become a vegan!

The second change came about as I began to understand the enormous damage that has resulted from our country’s love affair with the car. We have sprawled our development over the land, including—at least in Pennsylva-nia—some of the richest farmland; we have given up the old model of village communities where people know their neighbors and can walk to everything they need. In exchange, our zoning laws require housing developments that are cut off from schools, shops, libraries, parks, and places of work, making it necessary for us to drive in order to get anywhere. And, of course, all the gasoline needed for our cars and heating and cooling for our much larger houses pumps greenhouse gases into the atmosphere, contributing to climate change.

Learning all this made me uncomfortable about driving a car, but I wasn’t moved to action until I learned that for every gallon of gas we burn, 20 pounds of CO₂ is emitted into the atmosphere! I know that sounds impossible—I thought so too, until I got someone at Sun Oil Company to walk me through the chemical equation. The extra weight comes from the addition of oxygen from the air when the fuel burns. That meant that my little red Hyundai, which got 34 miles to the gallon, was spewing out three quarters of a pound of CO₂ for every mile I drove!

I felt convicted—in the early Quaker sense of the word—as if shown something wrong—hypocrisy—inside me.
So, 15 years ago, I began to look for a place to live where one could manage without a car. I found a tiny little row house right across from the train station and a block from several bus lines and the charming cobblestone main street through town. To my delight, I loved the way giving up my car transformed my life. It slowed things down and made me more intentional.

I also came to discover that there was an unexpected gift in not having children: it has made such changes ever so much easier for me than for many others.

But I had started to tell you how I came to find Quakerism.

About two years after I'd given up my car and become a vegan, I was kayaking with a friend and we were sharing our spiritual journeys. When I told her that I'd never found a religion that spoke to me, she responded, "Why Hollister, I think you are a Quaker!" In surprise, I asked why she would say that, and she—who is a devout Episcopalian—answered, "Quakers live their principles."

I've since learned that there are many people of faith who live their principles, but that had not been my experience in the churches I'd attended. Intrigued by this notion of such a faith group, two months later I got up the courage to walk the three-fourths mile to my local month-

ly meeting. Once there, though perplexed at what was going on, I sensed in the silence and peace that I had come home.

It was the testimonies of Simplicity, Equality, and Integrity that spoke most strongly to me, for they seemed to provide a framework for the kind of life I was trying to live.

In finding the Religious Society of Friends, I believed I had found a faith community that would share or at least understand my concerns. It was with delight that I found that my yearly meeting had an Environmental Working Group and that my monthly meeting was happy to appoint me its representative.

Last November I traveled via Greyhound bus from Philadelphia to Denver. Why by bus, you might ask? Once I learned that long-haul buses emit the least CO₂ emissions per passenger mile, that felt like the only right choice for me.

For those of you who like to know the numbers, a long-distance bus emits 0.18 lbs. of CO₂ per passenger per mile. That’s about half of what’s emitted by long-distance train (0.42 lbs. per passenger per mile) or a Prius and about one sixth that emitted by long-distance planes (0.88 lbs. per passenger per mile).

Yet we in the United States continue to use so much more than our share of Earth’s abundance while others suffer in poverty. We wage war in countries whose oil resources we desire, and we continue to burn so much of that oil that climate change threatens the lives of millions.

From this new Quaker foundation, I began to speak and give workshops at monthly meetings, especially about the issues of climate change, the impact and the inequity of our use of resources, and the need to live in right relationship with all creation. I began to yearn to leave my job to devote more time to working among Friends.

Over the years I have become clear that this work is a ministry, and I am filled with gratitude at the Quaker process that nurtures such work and builds a community of support that it might flower. I am grateful for my worship group, the Evergreens. We are a group of about 15 near neighbors who meet in one another’s houses each weekday morning for worship and study and who find our community growing in its depth and caring commitment to one another.

At the end of 2003, when I was turning 55, my prayers were answered. My job was eliminated and my employer offered me the opportunity to take early retirement. I sold my house and, with the proceeds and other savings, am able to live simply. I have been released to do the work it feels that God has been calling me to do.

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The more I traveled by bus and put up with its inconveniences, the more I thought about John Woolman and his choice to travel in ship’s steerage so as not to have comforts while others did not. I liked to think that if Woolman were alive today, he might be riding Greyhound with me to be in solidarity with the poor.

So I was traveling to Denver, and since I had lots of time (45 hours or so) I was rereading Jim Merkel’s book, Radical Simplicity, in preparation for the weekend retreat I had been invited to present, on ecological and carbon footprinting.

Jim is not a Quaker, but he is a model for us all. A brilliant and successful engineer working in the weapons industry, he had an awakening when he saw the Exxon Valdez spill and felt convicted—felt that it wasn’t the captain’s fault, but his for being complicit in the system. He gave up his successful career and has since lived in a 300-square-foot home on $5,000 a year (the world average, he says) and dedicated his life to living and teaching about radical simplicity.

I had met Jim at a Quaker Earthcare Witness annual meeting and had already read most of his book, but during that bus ride I came across something I must have missed the first time, and it

**CO₂ Emissions**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Method of transport</th>
<th>Pounds per passenger mile</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light rail</td>
<td>.35</td>
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<tr>
<td>Inter-city rail</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Plane, short trip</td>
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**Car, 1 person**

<table>
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<th>MPG</th>
<th>Pounds per passenger mile</th>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>1.5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Sources:
World Resources Institute employee commuting spreadsheet; Greenhouse Gas Protocol Initiative
stunned me to the core. It was a statistic that I should have been aware of based on all the work I'd been doing with ecological footprinting, but I was still surprised.

Jim quoted from the 2002 Living Planet Report, which had been produced jointly by the World Wildlife Fund, The World Conservation Monitoring Center of the United Nation’s Environment Program, and a nonprofit organization called Redefining Progress. It was based on 1999 data, when world population had just hit 6 billion.

Here’s what I read and what I want you to know: “Currently the world’s wealthiest one billion people alone consume the equivalent of the earth’s entire sustainable yield. All six billion are consuming at a level that is 20 percent over sustainable yield.”

Since 1999, the world has added another 700 million people. And now the entire world population of 6.7 billion people is using and producing waste at a level that is 30 percent more than the Earth can sustainably yield or process.

Take that in. Consider its implications.

That the world’s wealthiest 1 billion consume all the Earth can give us.

That we, part of the world’s wealthiest one billion, use so much that we leave nothing for the other five (now 5.7) billion humans, who live so simply or in such dire poverty that they use just 20 percent of Earth’s sustainable yield.

With our cars and our plane flights and our meat-based diets and our processed foods, and now—on average—2,500-square-foot homes, and our throwaway society, we, the wealthy, leave nothing for the rest of our fellow humans who are dying of malnutrition, or trying to survive in refugee camps as they flee their war-torn, desertified, flooded homelands. We leave nothing for the rest of God’s creation, our kin—those magnificent large mammals: the gorilla, elephant, Siberian tiger—all expected to be extinct in the wild by mid-century, mostly due to habitat loss. And the climate change that results from our overuse of fossil fuels is disrupting the seasons so that migratory birds arrive home only to find their normal foods already gone or not yet ready to refuel them.

How could this be—this terrible inequity?

For me, discovering the ecological footprint concept has been transformative. Many of you know about ecological footprinting, and a number of you have come to the Earthcare Center at the Gathering in past years to calculate your own footprint. It is a rough calculation, not a precise measure, but I have found it a very effective tool. An ecological footprint is the total amount of biologically productive land and sea required to provide the resources we use and to absorb the waste we produce. The fair share footprint assumes 28.2 billion acres of biologically productive area on Earth’s surface.

Perhaps you’ve heard the expression that if everyone lived the way we do, we would need five planet Earths. Here’s where that comes from: with 6.7 billion people in the world, there are about 4.2 acres available for each person. Yet, the average U.S. citizen uses 24 acres of biocapacity to sustain his/her lifestyle, which is more than five times what is available. So, if everyone were allocated as much as we take, we’d need at least five planets.

It is this overconsumption of biocapacity, the destruction of habitat, and the dumping of toxins into the system that has led to loss of biodiversity and ecosystem collapse. Species are becoming extinct at 10 to 100 times the normal rate. Biologists agree we are in the midst of the sixth great extinction. But unlike the crisis that caused the last mass extinction, ending the Cretaceous Period—the dinosaur age—65 million years ago, this crisis is one for which we humans are largely responsible.

So, what do we do with the wrenching knowledge that we are complicit in this terrible inequity and this damage that threatens life as we know it?

As Bill McDonough said, “Ignorance ends today. Negligence starts tomorrow.”

Ten Things You Can Do that Give Me Hope

For a long time now, we have not been living in right relationship with the rest of creation, and the damage from that is all around us. That we are responsible, to me, makes it a moral, ethical, and religious issue. An issue that calls not only for a response from secular environmental organizations, but also for the prophetic voices of faith groups—all faiths—to name what is happening and call on our society to change quickly and radically.

I’d like to share a list of ten things you can do that give me hope:

1. Calculate your ecological footprint and your household carbon footprint to determine a baseline, then commit to reducing it by 10 percent. When you find out how easy that was, commit to further reductions!

2. Food: changing our eating habits can drastically lower our CO₂ emissions. Eat less meat, which involves much more CO₂ emissions in its production and processing. In particular, eat less fish! Jim Merkel says that by far the highest ecological footprint factor is that for carnivorous fish (e.g., tuna, swordfish). Environmentalist Karen Street’s numbers say carbon emissions for fish are at least as high as for beef. Also, try to eat fewer processed foods and more that are local and if possible organic—and just as important as organic is use of integrated pest management (IPM) by farmers. The average item in your supermarket travels 1,200 to 1,500 miles, so the embedded energy for those foods is much higher.

3. Housing: the square footage of your housing and the extent of its insulation is directly correlated to the energy it takes to heat, cool, and maintain it and thus your footprint size. The distance you live from work or from transit is also directly related to your transport footprint. There are several ways you can reduce the energy spent on housing. If you are an empty nester in a larger home, provide a room to someone. I have a little row house in Philadelphia that is less than 1,000 square feet, but in order to cut my housing footprint in half, I now share it with another person for a very nominal rent that helps cover utilities and taxes. If you haven’t done as much insulation as possible, do it: attic sealing, basement sealing, etc.

4. Transportation: this is a big one! Follow these basic rules: fly less; drive less and slower, and when you do drive, take someone along; better, use public transit.

5. Learn about, then speak about, climate change. Be as informed as you possibly can be and keep taking in new information. Be open to hearing things you may not want to hear and considering scenarios and solutions you may not want to consider. Karen Street
Secretary of Energy Steven Chu warns that both cities and agriculture in California... may be gone by century’s end. These projections are based on assumptions many prefer not to make: that population will increase not decrease; that energy consumption will increase in less developed countries faster than it can decrease in the U.S. (if it can decrease at all); and that technology for wind, hydro, and biomass can affordably deliver, at best, 30–35 percent of electricity by 2030, with solar not expected to come into significant play, according to the IPCC, until 2030 and after... The unavoidable conclusion policymakers draw from the research cited in IPCC reports is that roughly two-thirds of electricity needs projected for 2030 (needs that are expected to be much greater than current levels) must be met by some combination of fossil fuels and nuclear power.

Friends, if you don’t like that option, then let’s begin to take seriously how our faith calls us to change our lives and the world. Behavior change—conservation—could be a big contributor to avoiding the kind of growth that is being predicted. Could Friends take this on as the issue of this year and the decade to come? Yet, it’s critical to understand that individual changes, though important, can only reduce our footprints by about half. Therefore, we must also work for political change:

Join Friends Committee on National Legislation’s legislative action network to keep up to date on such opportunities.

Be aware of what preparations the United States is making for December meetings in Copenhagen—the climate change negotiations that are a follow-up to the Kyoto protocol. The Markey Waxman bill has just passed the House, but it is pitiful in terms of the reductions it will achieve, and Big Coal won huge concessions. The bill goes to the Senate this fall, which gives us another chance to advocate for a much stronger bill. (Check <www.fcnl.org> to see where deliberations are. When you read this, there may still be time to contact senators.)

Learn the workings of economics in order to confront the growth dilemma. Steven Chu refers to an assumption that world GDP will quadruple by 2050. If we cannot curb our growth, we will be forced to use more coal and nuclear. Friends’ testimony on economics (FTE)—a joint project of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting’s Earthcare Working Group and Quaker Earthcare Witness—is starting a network of Friends willing to engage in confronting the growth dilemma. You can read Right Relationship: Building a Whole Earth Economy, by Geoff Garver and Peter Brown. And you can start a Sabbath Economics study group. My worship group read Sabbath Economics, Household Practices by Matthew Colwell. This little book helps us look at what amounts to our addiction to consumerism and to work with it as a spiritual issue.

7 Population: Jim Merkel has made a study of how small we can make our footprints and still have good quality of life. He’s gotten grad students to live happily in the summer on a footprint of three acres, but concedes that six to eight is more feasible. But, if you remember the fair share of biocapacity—4.2 acres—you’ll realize that we would still be at about 50 percent overshoot even if we all reduced to eight acres. The only answer then is fewer people. Jim Merkel tells us that if we got to the point where we truly understood the enormity of our dilemma and would voluntarily move to a practice of one child per family, it would take only 100 years to reduce the global population to 1 to 2 billion people. If you are of childbearing age, I ask you to consider having only one child. If you have a child of that age, talk to them and encourage adoption.

On a less challenging note, find an Awakening the Dreamer, Changing the Dream (ATD) symposium in your area and attend (see <http://awakeningthedreamer.org>). There are Quakers trained to lead these inspiring, daylong programs. They grew out of a plea from an Indigenous tribe in Ecuador who, thanking a group of people who had helped them protect their forest, then added, “But if you really want to help us, please go home and change the dream of the north, for it is killing our planet.”

Create a study discussion group. Learn about some of these issues and read some of the books I’ve mentioned together. Find out about the Transition Town initiative and, with your friends and neighbors, build resilience into your community while devising an energy descent plan. You do not have to do this alone! Together, as Dorothy Day said, “We need to build the new society within the shell of the old.” Together, as the ATD symposium says, “we can hospice the old, and midwife the new.”

Find what is yours to do! This is what really gives me hope: that each of you will discern what God is asking of you. That you will do all that you do out of love—for God’s creation, for your brother and sister humans, and for all species of all time. That you, too, will fall in love with our precious living planet and protect it as if it were your child.
What Is at Stake in the Torture Debate?

by Susan Waltz

With the election of Barack Obama in November 2008, it seemed for a time that, as a people, we might be able to put the torture issue behind us. Within days of his inauguration, President Obama formally rescinded the executive order that had sanctioned the use of torture, and it appeared we might safely be able to turn attention away from the stain on the reputation of the United States to focus on the many other pressing problems before us.

In the interim, of course, several additional memoranda and reports have come to light, and documentary films like Taxi to the Dark Side and Torturing Democracy have put into perspective the shocking photos from Abu Ghraib that we—and the world—saw in 2004. We now must acknowledge that the horrors of Abu Ghraib were neither isolated incidents nor aberrations from a few "bad apples," but part of a policy that was orchestrated and sanctioned at the highest levels. What transpired was not an exception to the rules, but a change in the rules.

The question we cannot escape is: What are we going to do about it? How will we address this dark chapter in our recent past?

Over the past eight years, our discussion about torture has most frequently been framed in terms of U.S. security and values. Willingly or not, we have been drawn into a debate over whether torture can be justified in the interest of U.S. national security. In this context, many find resonance with Senator John McCain's observation that the discussion and debate on torture is not about terrorists—it is about us, and what kind of a country we are.

I want to lift up an alternative perspective. Our stance on torture is certainly related to U.S. political values and beliefs, but it is also more than that. As we ponder the options for addressing and redressing the policies we pursued in recent years, there is opportunity to reframe the central pole of the debate about torture. The events of the past eight years have not affected the U.S. in isolation; the entire world has felt their repercussions. And so we should ask: What, for the world, is at stake in the torture debate?
As a starting point, the prohibition against torture is no ordinary norm. It is among the most firmly anchored principles in human rights law, codified in more than ten international treaties. The prohibition against torture was unambiguously articulated in the 1948 Universal Declaration of Human Rights, which, though not binding in its own right, nevertheless provides the foundation for subsequently negotiated international human rights law. In 1966 the torture prohibition was given prominence in the cornerstone postwar human rights treaty, the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights. That treaty, today ratified by some 160 countries, stipulates that the prohibition against torture cannot be attenuated or suspended, even in times of public emergency.

The torture prohibition is further codified in the 1998 Rome Statute of the International Criminal Court, which establishes individual criminal liability for torture and removes any statute of limitations on prosecution for cases that come before the court. And, of course, the torture prohibition is also included as a common article in all four of the Geneva Conventions, which establish the standards for lawful conduct of modern warfare. The Geneva Conventions outlaw torture and degrading treatment in standards that apply to both civil conflicts and international wars.

It is perhaps an irony that U.S. conversations have generally referred to the Geneva Conventions, which pertain only to the conduct of war. The much broader and most authoritative treaty on the subject is the Convention Against Torture and Other Cruel, Inhuman, or Degrading Treatment or Punishment (CAT), negotiated in 1984. The CAT extends to all political circumstances, including war, and explicitly applies to what is arguably the most threatening situation for people worldwide—imprisonment and abuse by their own governments. The CAT established an internationally authoritative definition of torture in international law. (It was the interpretation of the CAT definition that lay at the heart of the infamous torture memos produced within the U.S. Department of Justice.) The actual text of the CAT definition is somewhat lengthy and is qualified in several ways, but in essence it defines torture as the intentional infliction of severe pain or suffering. The Convention explicitly extends its provisions to both war and peacetime, stipulating that "no exceptional circumstances whatsoever, whether a state of war or a threat of war, internal political instability or any other public emergency, may be invoked as a justification of torture." Lest any question remain about the breadth of the prohibition, the Convention further rules out the possibility that an order from a superior officer or a public authority may be invoked as justification of torture. By acceding to the Convention, more than three-quarters of the world’s countries have voluntarily agreed to abide by these provisions. (The U.S. is a party to the treaty. President Reagan signed it in 1988 and the Senate completed the ratification process in 1994.)

The prohibition against torture has thus become a core principle of international human rights law, and some legal authorities consider it as fundamental as the prohibitions against slavery and genocide. This is the context in which the current debate takes shape, and it is against this backdrop that U.S. policies and pronouncements must be considered. From an international perspective, what is at stake in this debate is the fate of a pivotal norm of international human rights law: the absolute and universal prohibition of torture.

Viewed from outside the United States, it is not only the actions of the U.S. government but also the very existence of a public debate that has eroded confidence in the normative prohibition against torture. As a hegemonic state, the United States has for decades been seen as the moral guarantor of the prohibition of torture and other human rights norms—even if its own practices have not always lived up to its rhetorical and legal commitments. Congressionally mandated foreign policy requires the United States to report on the human rights performances of other countries and on its own efforts to promote human rights abroad. U.S. law also requires that the performances of other countries be considered in deliberations over the allocation of foreign aid and the award of military aid and arms export contracts. Many observers abroad have believed that despite governmental shortcomings, people in the United States have stood firmly behind the principles that have prompted such policies. The current debate has accentuated the hypocrisy implicit in U.S. policy, but it has also raised questions about the commitment of the broader U.S. society. In the process, the debate has effectively opened political space for those who were not enthusiastic about the torture prohibition to begin with.

Who are the beneficiaries of U.S. equivocation and a weakened commitment to the prohibition against torture? Anyone in a position of authority who feels constrained by the norm that prohibits torture stands to benefit from weakened standards. That includes renegade soldiers and policemen or covert operatives of any nationality who seek to avoid accountability for their actions. The principal beneficiaries, however, are the regular practitioners of torture, those governments that rule by repression and fear and that depend on intelligence services and security agencies to crush domestic dissent. Some of these governments have hosted secret CIA interrogation centers or, through a program of “extraordinary renditions,” have collaborated in the transit of suspects to countries where they might be tortured. Perversely, the public discourse about terrorism has communicated a new tolerance for the practice of torture and has at the same time supplied authoritarian leaders with new rhetoric to justify harsh treatment of political opponents. International opprobrium is now openly discounted, and the likelihood of real sanctions for intolerable human rights abuse is increasingly remote.

If the potential beneficiaries are primarily parties who eschew human rights,

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The discussion and debate on torture is not about terrorists—it is about us, and what kind of a country we are.

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those who risk loss in this debate are democratic reformers, human rights advocates, and their various allies. Over the course of four decades of advocacy work, human rights organizations have learned to appreciate the value of international legal norms, even when they are violated with apparent impunity. For human rights advocates, international law is important not only for the behavior it promotes or prevents, but for the common standards it offers for judging and assessing the performance of states. Without the ability to link their appeals to negotiated legal standards, human rights organizations would find their arguments reduced to moral claims. Law creates the possibility of political accountability, especially when the offending state has ratified the relevant treaty and voluntarily pledged to adhere to its provisions. It is the attachment to international law that ultimately differentiates the work of human rights groups from that of religious groups with deeply held, but essentially parochial, beliefs about right and wrong. Because human rights organizations link their assessments to negotiated and ratified law, they are understandably threatened by the potential rollback of a standard on torture that had seemed unshakable.

The prohibition of torture is of paramount importance to human rights groups, but those who most directly stand to lose in this debate are democratic reformers and regime opponents who live under authoritarian governments. As recent events in Iran have demonstrated (and as was illustrated in Zimbabwe the previous year), political reform in many parts of the world is itself a high-stakes enterprise. As part of their strategy—and also upon advice of counselors from such international organizations as the UN and World Bank—reformers often advocate adherence to internationally derived standards of good governance, including rule of law and respect for human rights. In numerous countries, provisions of the Convention Against Torture have been incorporated into domestic law and have motivated reform of domestic penal codes. More broadly, ratification of international human rights treaties can serve as a means of locking a country into to democratic standards and securing a commitment to rule of law. A sustained assault on human rights standards has the effect of undermining the efforts of democratic reformers.

These same reformers are often viewed by authoritarian governments as a threat, and they are among those at risk of arbitrary arrest and potential physical abuse. Thanks to a combination of strong and focused public pressure and democratizing change around the world from Latin America to Eastern Europe, systematic torture is far less common today than it was in the 1970s and '80s. But the continued use of brutal and extreme forms of torture—such as electric shock, painful beatings on the soles of the feet, suspension from a iron rod, custodial rape and sodomy, disorientation through sensory deprivation, and simulated drowning—nevertheless remains a serious concern in many countries, several of whom have collaborated with U.S. military and intelligence operations. In the past, individuals threatened by torture have sometimes benefited from interventions by U.S. and other diplomats stationed abroad. Even if such interventions continue to be made, they have today become awkward, opening opportunities for the offending government to remind U.S. and Western diplomats of U.S. abuses. For democratic reformers, it is a double blow. Not only is the normative prohibition against torture being eroded, but the muscle of U.S. foreign policy that reinforced it has become flaccid.

Without events of the past eight years, we would not be engaged in a debate on torture. A decade ago, both the systematic practice of torture and its toleration were on the decline. In a 1999 landmark case litigated in the United Kingdom’s highest court, Law Lords formally acknowledged that torture had become a recognized crime against international law. They agreed that the Convention Against Torture held legal and practical implications for Chile’s General Pinochet (the accused, who found himself in London for back surgery) and for the UK itself. The same year, Israel’s Supreme Court ruled that all torture, even moderate physical pressure, was illegal.

For us in the United States, it is painful to acknowledge that in the intervening years, it is our country’s doing—

Continued on page 49
On Paying Attention

by Noah Baker Merrill

Pray also for me, so that when I speak, a message may be given to me to make known with boldness the mystery of the Gospel, for which I am an ambassador in chains. Pray that I may declare it boldly, as I must speak.

—Ephesians 6:19-20, NRSV

Dear Friends,

A brief account and invitation, on paying attention.

It’s January of 2009 in a Philadelphia lockup, cell number 13. I’m worshipping in captivity, in the quiet, cold hours before dawn. The last time I was in prison, I was visiting Iraqi refugees detained in Jordan. Both that place and this one seem very far from where I live in Vermont. But God’s love is here, and that makes it home.

I’m exhausted, aching from the cold steel bench I’ve been sharing with three other ministers for hours in the long night. Four men, space for two to sit and one to lie down, one toilet, and dry cheese sandwiches. The stories, the laughter, the asking and the answering, the songs of surrender and praise we’d earlier shared are silent now.

In a few hours, I am to learn I will be charged with several crimes for prayerfully obstructing access to the door of a business that supplies weapons used to kill people in the streets of Philadelphia. These charges will include “criminal conspiracy.”

I’m reflecting on how I’ve ended up in prison, a place where so many of our spiritual ancestors were held as they sought to respond faithfully to the leadings of the Spirit in their lives.

I took one step toward this cell in July of 2008. I had just returned from a day visiting an Iraqi family in Jordan that receives support from Direct Aid Iraq, an aid, advocacy, and peace-building project that is an expression of love I’ve been caught up in since 2007. The effort is an outgrowth of a leading to affirm and deepen my relationship with the people of Iraq and to invite more Friends to do the same.

We’d been visiting Umm Luay, the mother of three daughters, who worked in a chemical weapons factory in Iraq until a U.S. airstrike came. Because of the chemicals to which she was exposed in the aftermath, all three of her beautiful young daughters are wheelchair-bound. With support from Friends and others in the United States, and through the faithfulness of the Iraqi coordinators of Direct Aid Iraq, the family had for months been receiving pastoral care, physical therapy, medicine, and support advocating with other aid providers in Amman. They blessed us with stories and humor. They gifted us with guidance in our work, suggestions of other community members in need, and information about changing conditions for refugees in their area.

I think the phone call I made then must have come as a surprise to the faithful Friend who answered the phone in the offices of New England Yearly Meeting in Worcester, Massachusetts. It went something like this:

“Yes, hello, I’m calling from Jordan. Yes, Jordan. I know this is not Friends’ usual process, but I’d like to request that Nominating Committee consider me as a delegate from New England Yearly Meeting to the upcoming Gathering on Peace in Philadelphia. I understood that they were particularly encouraging participation by young adult Friends, and I am one.”

Just three weeks before, I’d heard news at the Friends General Conference Gathering about the conference on peacemaking being planned in Philadelphia for January of 2009. I’d learned that it had arisen as a leading in one Friend, and then from the discernment of a monthly meeting. It had then been carried forward to their yearly meeting, which affirmed the effort and was working with Mennonites, Brethren, and Friends from other yearly meetings to carry it forward under the guidance of the Spirit. At the time, I’d had a soft sense of motion, of a current in seemingly still water. But with preparations for travel to be made, I’d put the Peace Gathering aside. That evening in Am-
man, it arose with new freshness, and with urgency. I called.

A few minutes later, though, I hung up the phone feeling—in the words of Elias Hicks—that I’d “discharged myself.” The Nominating Committee would discern whether my participating was rightly ordered, and I would go if my name were approved. At New England Yearly Meeting Sessions, it was. So I went.

Of four delegates from the yearly meeting, way opened for only two of us to attend “Heeding God’s Call: A Gathering on Peace.” I was gratified to be able to take part in the worship, workshops, consultations, and fellowship of this conference.

On the second day of the conference, at the close of a worshipful session, it was announced that, according to plans developed in prayerful attentiveness, five people of faith had been arrested a few blocks away at James Colosimo’s gun shop. They had prayed for an opening of his heart to the need to stem the flow of guns into Philadelphia’s neighborhoods and the role he could play in that effort if he yielded to the call. They asked him again to sign a code of conduct, and he refused. They remained, praying. The Philadelphia police took them to jail.

That night, as I tried to sleep, I remembered my friend Rasul, whose father was taken by the nightmares of violence that stalk Iraq, and who was himself shot through both eyes on the street where he lived in Baghdad. He was caught in the crossfire between armed gangs in a place where guns are more available than good jobs, education, healthcare, or hope. One eye was destroyed completely, another had a dim chance of being healed—but he would need care and resources not available in Iraq, or in Jordan, where I met him in the early days of 2007. In my sleeplessness, I remembered Rasul and so many others whose hands had held mine, whose hopes I had shared, who had been my teachers in the school of love.

The next day, back at the conference, I heard from a minister who would later become my cellmate a story of two boys whose lives had ended that week in the streets of Philadelphia, another place where—like Rasul’s Baghdad—guns are often more available than good jobs, education, healthcare, and hope. "Bil-

ly," a boy the minister knew well, was one of them. Only a couple of years older than Rasul, he was slain seemingly without cause by another boy who never should have had access to a handgun. An off-duty police officer shot another boy trying to escape his attackers. What could have been a scuffle became a tragedy, and went as unnoticed among many as the daily death toll in the neighborhoods of Iraq.

Giving in to the nudges of the Spirit, I had requested a seat at the table of the organizers who were planning the ongoing actions in the week’s campaigning. I told them I felt led to be with them, to hold them in prayer. The discussion and the work were heated and intense, reflecting the long hours those gathered had already spent, the limited resources in people’s time and skills, and the enormity of the task of making concrete progress in preventing gun violence through this effort.

As I sat holding them in the Light, asking that they be guided, held, and sustained, a Mennonite minister who was deeply involved in the planning of the gathering put her hand on my shoulder. She handed me a piece of paper bearing some handwritten words. Whispering in my ear, she asked that I share the paper with the planning group at an opportune time.

As I read it, tears welled up in my eyes, something I’ve come to identify with a sense of the Presence settling on us in worship and throughout my daily life—a Friend I know calls this “baptism.” I felt love rising in my chest. I felt literally dragged deeper into involvement in the effort. The words were a prophetic proclamation, scribbled by a pastor who, like me, had not been able to sleep the night before, with these words forcing themselves through him, out into service and witness in the world.

These were the words on the paper:

Hear what the Sovereign Lord says: Say to the gun dealers of Philadelphia and across America, Repent and do what is right. Say to them that they do not resist a human movement, but my will and my Spirit.

For I am the God who hears the tears and weeping of the mothers and fathers whose children are slain.

Therefore tell the gun dealers of Philadelphia, and across America, Resist my will no more, but turn and do what is right.

If you refuse, I will visit upon you the tears of the mothers and fathers. You will hear their cries and know no peace. You will not rest, nor sleep in peace until you repent. For I am the Lord who hears the weeping of my children.

I spoke, and shared the words, and then there was stillness. And then we went forward, leaving the conference and engaging in another act of witness, demonstrating in front of the gun shop and inviting the owner to repent his deadly business practices.

The day that my cellmates and I were released, I attended worship at a church called the Holy Ghost Headquarters. There, Vincent Harding, a companion in struggle of Martin Luther King Jr. and the man who penned King’s prophetic sermon, “Beyond Vietnam,” closed our time together with a benediction.

These were the words of his message, in summary: "Keep paying attention."

Keep paying attention to the places where God’s children are forgotten by Empire and by those of us who live closer to Empire than to God. Keep paying attention to those among us who have forgotten God as the Center of our lives—especially when “those among us” are us. Keep paying attention to the walls we put up, blocking our willingness to be in relationship, so that through our attention love can break these walls down. Keep paying attention to the way that God speaks relationship, and to the ways those we are in relationship with can be instruments for God to teach us and transform us. Keep paying attention to opportunities to become captives of the Spirit.

I’m still learning to pay attention.
What might it mean that this summer’s FGC Gathering was held at Virginia Tech, a place that has experienced such horror and tragedy because of gun violence? How might the Spirit continue to guide us? In mid-August, I returned to Pennsylvania during the week of the 92nd birthday of Francis G. Brown, the Friend whose faithful attention to a leading inspired the Peace Gathering. There in the worship we felt the Spirit move among us, calling us more deeply into faithfulness. At the time of my arrest, my Iraqi friends expressed their sorrow and hope for the future of children in Philadelphia. Can this paying attention help us feel the same sorrow and nurture the same hope for their children, and so many others? What, now, is our corporate testimony to be? How might we be led, together?

I didn’t go to Philadelphia to get arrested for blocking the entrance to a notorious gun shop with 11 other ministers as part of a nascent faith-based campaign to prevent gun violence. I certainly didn’t mean for it to happen on the cold concrete at Ninth and Spring Garden on one of the coldest days of the year. I didn’t intend, when I offered to be a delegate from my yearly meeting, to be on trial the next May, surrounded by hundreds of supporters from dozens of churches, by kids from the neighborhoods most affected, by the mothers of children struck down by this plague of gun violence, and facing the gun shop owner in court.

I didn’t expect, when I made that call from Jordan to New England, to stand in a Philadelphia courtroom and offer testimony as a witness to the movement of the Spirit of Love and Justice among us. I didn’t imagine that the Philadelphia Inquirer would run an editorial the day of the trial praising the campaign and calling for our acquittal. And I didn’t expect to be found, as one of 12 witnesses to God’s love, “not guilty” on all charges. I couldn’t have imagined that this same gun dealer would have reportedly offered to sell his gun shop to have a park put up in its place, while the vigils, prayers, and organizing continue and grow to other neighborhoods and cities.

But that, Friends, is what happened. To the extent that I was faithful and yielded to it, I have a clear sense of having been an instrument of love. And if this testimony speaks in some small way—in any way—to those who might read it, my prayer is that it will serve as an invitation into deeper faithfulness in the relationships in which love calls us to affirm, nurture, deepen, challenge, and struggle—in our families, in our meetings, in our communities, or on the other side of the world. I’m coming to see more and more clearly how all work done in and through and by love is part of the same love relationship. But I’m also coming to see that sometimes love calls us into faithfulness in what seem to be very strange places, and in unexpected ways. And this work is no less important than the work we’ve been trained for, or the work we’re expecting to do.

If we’re not careful, our focus on staying within the boundaries of those causes to which we’ve grown comfortable being called can blind us to the greater work being done, the story being told in us all and through us all. This blindness can mean that we miss the moments when God’s bright candles break the gathering darkness with a message of encouragement, liberation, and enduring love. The prophetic alternative to this blindness is to keep paying attention. As we walk forward in faith, this prayerfully staying awake to this divine inbreaking, this holy opportunity—however strange the form may seem—is essential. Because what binds our Quaker service together as wounded healers in a wounded world is not one cause or hot-button issue or ideology, but the heart of the Gospel that is written on our hearts: release to the captives; liberation to the oppressors and the oppressed; accompaniment for the lonely; consolation for those who mourn; sight for those who cannot see; Truth, hope, and healing for those in darkness—especially ourselves. When we glimpse these bright moments, when the ocean of Light and life breaks momentarily into the ocean of darkness and death, we’re called to testify, wherever we come.

See you in the fields, Friends, even as the darkness comes. Love is plotting, and plans are moving forward. Whether in the cold and bitter watches of the night, or in celebration of the new dawn of jubilee breaking among us, we’re invited to implicate ourselves in love’s conspiracy.

*In the Life and Power,*
Noah Baker Merrill

Note: On September 22, shortly before the time of printing this issue, we learned that Colosimo’s gun shop was charged in federal court with making false statements and failing to keep records required by law. Colosimo has announced that he intends to close the shop.
—Eds.
A Tribute to the Gathering—
And to My Father

by Carl Sigmond

Nine years ago, my father and I drove from our home in Philadelphia to the 2000 Friends General Conference Gathering in Rochester, N.Y. It was our first Gathering. I was a shy ten-year-old and don't remember much from the week. I do recall that both my father and I were very much impressed by the community. He is not here to correct me, but I think my father felt that the community was a place where his son could grow and thrive. He was right!

At the time—nine years ago—Philadelphia Yearly Meeting (PhlYM) was holding biennial summer sessions in Allentown, Pa. As we had enjoyed ourselves so much at the Gathering in Rochester, my father decided to take us to the Gathering in years when PhlYM was not holding summer sessions. When we had another fabulous experience at the 2002 Gathering, it was clear that we had to go every year. I haven't missed one since.

As the years went on, I grew to look forward to the Gathering—a symbol of summer's beginning. My father and I would arrive on college campuses, greet people with big hugs, and instantly develop new friendships. Before I was in the High School Program, I would wonder who was leading my Junior Gathering group and who would be in it. I have great memories of those Gatherings.

The summer after fifth grade, Pamela Haines led my Junior Gathering morning workshop. The main thing I remember is how much fun we had. Throughout the week, we created things from elements in nature. We made rainsticks from beans and pieces of bamboo and crafted teepees out of vines. I love nature, and as I carried my creations home, I remembered all the fun we had had during the week. After each Gathering, my father would see that I had changed. My shyness went away. I hung out with my peers—something that I didn't do much at home—and fully participated in the scheduled program. It made his heart sing.

After each Gathering, my father would see that I had changed—my shyness went away.

When FGC discovered my father's talents behind the camera, he was asked to serve as the Gathering photographer. He loved this job. He would walk around campus capturing images of people in action. He would photograph plenary speakers as they were conveying their deepest message—or sometimes their funniest. He would enter workshops and take pictures of participants grappling with some contentious issue. He would catch children playing and high schoolers and young adult Friends wrestling with one another during a game of Wink.

In our room at night, we would go through the pictures he had taken that day, separating the good from the bad and talking about his style and goals. He valued my suggestions and critiques, and we valued this time together. At the Gathering, when there is so much going on, you really have to work to find time to spend with your family. Going through pictures was our way.

When I entered the High School Program at the 2006 Gathering, it was harder for my father and me to find that precious time together. He would catch me on my way to lunch or after an activity, pull out his laptop, and we would look at pictures. He let me know how much he valued my comments. Sometimes I would be in a hurry and, at first, wish that I could go, but I didn't—time with my father away from home was special.

The 2006 Gathering was held in Tacoma, Wash., and a group of Friends—mostly high schoolers—organized a train ride across the country. People came to Chicago from all over the East Coast and Midwest and climbed aboard Amtrak's Empire Builder bound for Seattle. (Actually, Amtrak had to bus us from Chicago to Minneapolis/St. Paul because the train left Chicago before the people from the East Coast arrived.) I will always remember that trip to the Gathering.

For me, the High School Program and the train ride across the country were continuations of the tight community my father and I were drawn to at our first Gathering in Rochester. As the country unfolded before my eyes on the Empire Builder, I bonded with the other Quakers on the train. At the Gathering, the high schoolers stayed in a dorm separate from our parents. We felt connected as a group and with the wider Gathering community, participating in intergenerational workshops and conducting our own meetings for business.

It was at the 2006 Gathering that I first heard of the Woolman Semester, a Quaker program in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains where students incorporate issues of peace, social justice, and environmental sustainability into one semester of high school. I was in awe of the program and what school had to offer, but I never thought that I would attend. I had only

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ninth grade, and I had no intention of leaving home before college. I never imagined that three-and-a-half years later, I would be on a plane bound for the West Coast.

It was that same year that I was nominated to be one of the high school clerks for the next Gathering. (Clerk nomination in the High School Program at Gathering is different from traditional Quaker nomination practices. Names are brought forward by the community. Nominees are asked whether they accept, and those who do are then considered by a Discernment Committee. Six clerks and one alternate are discerned.) When I accepted my nomination, I did so with the expectation that I would not be discerned. I was.

That November, the 2007 FGC high school clerks attended Arthur Larrabee’s clerking workshop at Pendle Hill. During the weekend, we formed a tight group and decided who would do what at Gathering. I agreed to co-clerk the High School Program’s Nurturing Committee. I had clerked only once before, and I was excited for the experience.

The 2007 Gathering was in River Falls, Wis., and my father and I traveled there by train. We had always dreamed of taking a long-distance train ride together but had never done it. (He did not come to the Gathering in Tacoma last year, but had never done it. He did not come to the Gathering in Tacoma last year.)

On the last night of the Gathering, there is no curfew for the high schoolers, and many stay up the whole night—including me that year. The next morning, we had to leave campus at 6:30 AM to get to the train station in time. My father was never an early riser, and I was relieved when I saw him arrive before the shuttle had to leave. We were both tired and a little cranky, but after we boarded the train and got a few hours of sleep, everything was fine. He pulled out his laptop, and we looked at the photographs he had taken during the week. As the country rolled by, I helped him edit and sort them in preparation for when he would submit them to FGC. This was a special moment in my life.

I was reminded of the Woolman Semester twice more that summer: once at a college fair, and again when my mother and I were visiting friends in Nova Scotia. One of our friends—a non-Quaker—asked me if I’d ever heard of Woolman. I said that I had. Knowing that I was into peace and social justice, he encouraged me to consider attending. It was then that I realized Woolman was “knocking at my door,” and I had to let it in. After a lengthy application process, I was accepted into the Spring 2009 Woolman Semester.

My father and I were planning to take the train to the 2008 Gathering in Johnstown, Pa., but he had some health problems that got in the way. I went out myself, and he came a day later. By then, it was pretty clear that I was going to go to Woolman the next spring. I listened to the announcement at the high school business meeting with new ears. Memories of the night when I first heard of Woolman flooded my mind. How young I had been in 2006 to think that this program was beyond my reach.

My father was not the official photographer at the 2008 Gathering, but he couldn’t leave his camera home. He did not take as many pictures—hundreds rather than thousands—but on the train ride back, he pulled out his laptop to show me his work. I had gotten one-and-a-half hours of sleep the night before, so I was a bit less cranky than I had been one year earlier. That ride also will stay in my mind for a long time.

I left for the Woolman Semester at the end of January 2009. Both of my parents were at the airport to send me, on this four-month journey. Being at Woolman changed my life. To live in a community of people who are making a difference in the world is inspiring. To wake up each morning in a small cabin in the woods and go to class with the knowledge that what you are learning has meaning gives your life purpose.

Over spring break, I came back to Philadelphia to connect with friends and family. When it was time to return to Woolman, my father took me to the airport. As we hugged and said how much we loved each other, we did not know that this would be the last time. One month later—one month before my Woolman Semester graduation—my father, Laurence Marc Sigmond, passed away in his sleep. The day before he died, my parents, though they had been di-
I was carrying everything I have shared and so much more as I arrived at the 2009 Friends General Conference Gathering in Blacksburg, Va. It was my first time in the Adult Young Friends Program. My workshop promised to be excellent, and I was expecting a week of fun, connection, sadness, and grief.

The first day of the Gathering was hard. Though I knew many people in the AYF Program, I missed the tight community of the high school group. I also missed my father. On the second day of the Gathering, AYF formed support groups. In the High School Program, support groups are one of the main ways Friends connect deeply with one another, and I was yearning for that connection. The AYF support group allowed me to begin to grieve the loss of my father and at the same time find the strength to see the joy in being with people I love.

That night, I attended the beginning of the high school business meeting to participate in the Woolman Semester announcement. As we described the campus, curriculum, transfer of credits, and program as a whole, I recalled listening to similar words in Tacoma, Wash. In my speech at the Woolman graduation, I said that a seed had been planted inside of me at that business meeting four years ago. Now, I was helping sow seeds for future generations.

I went to sleep with a smile on my face that night. Talking about Woolman always brings back so many wonderful memories. During the next few days, I slowly integrated myself into the AYF community. The AYF out-trip was when I really connected with this new group. We spent Monday afternoon at a state park near the Virginia Tech campus. Friends hiked, swam, and just hung out, away from the attractions of the rest of Gathering. It was a good afternoon. I felt in the AYF Program the sense of community that had drawn my father and me to the 2000 Gathering in Rochester.

My workshop, Radical Quakerism for Rising Generations, was great. It was led by two of the most enlightened Young Adult Friends I know—Kody Hersh and Peterson Toscano. Throughout the week, we shared what Quakerism means to us and how we view the Bible in our spiritual lives.

I was feeling good about the week when the AYF community gathered for support groups on Thursday afternoon. John Watts, the brother of one of my Woolman teachers, was performing at 3:15, and I was going to participate in the Woolman Semester interest group at 4:30. Before we split into our support groups, we gathered in silence and were told that Tom Solenberger, a member of the AYF community, had suffered a serious concussion from a skateboard accident. I was devastated. Tom is a member of my yearly meeting, and I prayed that he would be okay.

After more information was shared about Tom’s condition, my support group met. It was good to have that group to be with after receiving such news. I left the group early to hear John Watts perform. His performance and the Woolman Semester interest group were wonderful. At the interest group, former students, parents, and the head of school described the program to prospective parents and answered their questions. It brought joy to my heart.

When the Woolman interest group was over, those of us who had graduated from the Spring 2009 Semester walked over to the high school dorm. We had planned to call one of our classmates who was going to come to the Gathering but had a death in the family. As soon as we walked into the building, we knew that something had happened. The High School Nurturing Committee was still meeting and appeared to be in deep worship. Friends were talking quietly in the halls.

We were soon told that two High School support groups had seen a cyclist get run over by a dump truck. At the time, no one knew if the victim was a Gathering participant. Friends simply knew that someone had been killed. As
I left the High School dorm to go to dinner, my heart filled with emotion. This is not right, I said to myself as I thought of Tom and the cyclist.

At the plenary that evening, I listened to Hollister Knowlton’s words with passion. This Friend truly cares about the Earth on which we all live. She spoke so eloquently. I was filled with courage and motivation. This Friend, like me, is empowered to make the world a better place.

After Hollister finished her speech and the room returned to worship, the Gathering Committee filed on stage. Bruce Birchard, general secretary of FGC, informed the group in a slow, clear voice that Bonnie Tinker had been killed. The energy in the room fell. People started to sob. I grieved for the loss of Bonnie. Memories of my father were flashing by, and a new level of grief was settling in. I needed support, and I found it by returning to the High School community. I worshiped with them. They held me; I held them. I felt my father’s love, I remembered my time at Woolman, and I worshiped.

The next day was Friday. I went to my workshop in the morning. We went around the circle and checked in to see how everyone was doing. Friends were shaken up, but we moved on. It was the last day of the workshop, and we wanted to cover as much as possible.

The rest of Gathering passed by. People were in a daze. Meetings for worship were held in memory of Bonnie’s life.

Bonnie Tinker

Bonnie Tinker, 47, and her partner, Sarah Graham, had three children together: Josh, Connie, and Alex. The family was featured on a 20/20 episode on ABC in 2001 that was focused on the children of gay and lesbian parents. Tinker was outraged when ABC edited footage of her family so that it appeared that Josh and Connie, who are African American, were not the siblings of Alex, who is white. She declared in an open letter to all Friends, “Love Makes a Family is not a white organization. In this community, we are all members of a transracial family. Don’t ever let anybody forget it.” In later broadcasts of the episode, ABC added a segment to explain that Alex, Josh, and Connie were part of the same family.

Bonnie’s activism started at a young age. When she was 20, her two younger siblings were suspended for wearing black armbands to school in protest of the Vietnam War. She was active in the lawsuit against the school district, which became Tinker v. Des Moines, an influential case that established that high school students retain the right to free speech when in school.

Bonnie’s activism led to her arrest for disorderly conduct on more than one occasion. “Remember when the [army recruitment] office was decked out in handprints of blood?” reminisces one PIMC writer fondly, referring to part of Tinker’s campaign to ban army recruiters from Portland’s public schools. Fellow activist Susie Shepard told The Oregonian, “If there was a demonstration and something she could get arrested about, she was there. Bonnie never knew a sideline to sit on. She only knew sidelines as something to step over, pulling someone with her, to do something about injustice. That was an absolutely righteous part of her.”

Bonnie’s determination was as evident in her spiritual work as it was in her political. Friend Timothy Travis describes her influence on his spiritual practice on his blog “One Quaker Take,” saying, “Bonnie Tinker taught me a different take on ‘holding in the Light.’ Rather than comforting arms it was like ‘Get your butt into that Light. You and I both know you need to be changed in this regard and I’m going to stand here and make sure you stay there until the dross is burned off.’”

Although Bonnie’s work could be bold and aggressive, many say that what was most notable about her approach to a conflict was her ability gently to convince her opponents of her point of view. Friends General Conference’s general secretary, Bruce Birchard, told The Collegiate Times the story of how Bonnie would debate opponents of gay marriage, saying, “She went on a radio talk show with a person who was virulently opposed to such unions and she was able to engage him. Not by fighting with him, but by opening up and listening to his personal truths.”

At the time of her death, Bonnie was leading a Gathering workshop on ways of establishing common ground with those with whom we disagree. She titled the workshop “Opening Hearts and Minds: Speak Peace” and wrote in its description, “Through opening our own hearts and minds we create the possibility that others will open to us, revealing the common ground we share. This unilateral verbal disarmament technique is useful in contentious political dialogues and also in personal relationships.”
At the Gathering: A Lesson on Invisibility

by Hilary B. Bisenieks

Although I have less to report about the 2009 summer Gathering than I would prefer, due to another long week of Nominating Committee work for the FGC Adult Young Friends (AYF) community, the pieces of the Gathering that I got to experience firsthand were oases in a desert of late nights, fluorescent lights, and endless nominating slates to fill. If you were in attendance, you may have seen me from a distance—a tall man in a kilt and top hat—but unless you were also a part of the AYF community, it’s likely that you would have seen me only from a distance, making a beeline for the dining hall or the AYF dorm, or standing/sitting/lying around on the lawn outside of the dorm.

Honestly, I wasn’t trying to avoid other Friends—one of the things I most enjoy about the Gathering is getting to talk with Friends whom I’ve never met before. But my normal route for interacting with a wider variety of Friends during the Gathering, going to my workshop, was closed to me when my bicycle experienced a compound snafu that I lacked the time to fix (indeed, that bicycle still sits, forlorn, waiting for me to have the time or energy to fix it). And although the singles cluster was located in the same dorm as the AYF cluster, my opportunities to interact with other Friends were limited. This is something that I don’t understand, but I suspect that I am far from the only AYF (or High School Friend, for that matter) whose interactions with the wider FGC community are limited. I know that part of this stems from the nature of these smaller communities within the wider Gathering community, which make it easy for Friends to connect without having to step too far out of their comfort zones, but is it so bad to step out when doing so can open up new opportunities for fellowship? This is not one-sided, not a matter of older Friends needing to reach out to younger generations or vice versa; this is something that we have to do together.

The problem as I see it is that these groups don’t know how best to connect with each other—especially AYFs with other adult Friends. Depending on the AYF in question, high school may be a thing long past or a recent memory, and the same goes for college. The operative word is adult: more than young, a fact that other Friends would do well to remember when trying to make connections with AYFs. We have jobs (some of us even work for Quakers), payments to make, spouses (spice?), even children; we just lack the gray hair.

Another problem, which has been pointed out before, is that many AYFs are the children of Friends, but that doesn’t mean that they don’t have their own identities. Likewise, AYFs should remember that the parents of their friends have their own identities. We should strive to relate to each other as individuals separate from their relatives whom we may already know.

What I saw during the Gathering was a joyful, energetic, Spirit-led group of Friends, who stayed up just as late conducting the business of their community as they did going about the business of having fun. I saw a group of Friends who are not satisfied with “good enough” for their faith community and are willing to do the hard work that it can sometimes take to help that com-

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nominating them instead of socializing with them.

Did I learn anything at the Gathering? Sure—though not in my workshop, which is often where Gathering attenders learn the most during the course of the week. Rather, my work on AYF Nominating Committee was what taught me during the course of the week. This was my third consecutive year serving on that particular committee, so it wasn't the process I was learning, it was an appreciation for the work that nominating committees must do every year. Even though most nominating committees are not tasked with filling slates that are roughly one sixth of the size of the communities that those slates are designed to serve, nominating any number of people is still a formidable task.

During the week I also learned to be aware of the invisible members in our communities. I had felt rather isolated at Gathering, but I didn't really have perspective on my isolation until I was talking with a friend on one of the final days, and he told me that he had barely seen me all week. This awareness of those among us who are invisible did little for me during the remainder of the Gathering—I remained quite isolated until the very end of the week when the business of my committee was finally finished.

Since that time, I have given this a lot of thought. To that end, I pose this query to all Friends: Be it Gathering, yearly or monthly meeting, or outside of Quaker circles, who among your community is invisible? This query is open-ended because there is no one way that invisibility manifests itself. Certainly some forms of invisibility are easier to overcome than others, especially as some things, like committee work, are a part of how we operate, but we need to be careful not to ignore what is happening all around us. Consider the new members and attenders, who are trying to find their places in your meeting; the new parents, who are trying to navigate a completely new world; the young adults, who are not as scary as we may
People Who Have Seen Jesus,

nontheists, lapsed evangelicals, unprogrammed Friends reluctant to call themselves Christians have watched Jesus walk through their doors, their dreams seen as light in their corners

heard him speak over their shoulders whisper in their ears, warn them, comfort them.

Taken by surprise, they have, from then on, that Personal Relationship because he was There.

I believe them—believe everyone who ever lived is alive, some way, so of course it was Jesus.

He hasn’t dropped by my apartment (at least, not that I know)—couldn’t stand at the door and knock, anyhow.

He’d push a button, I’d buzz him in. But I think his schedule is full looking in on the agnostic, the rationalist, the just plain indifferent, even those who think he never was. He’ll get around to me someday.

Nancy Esther James

Nancy Esther James is a member of Pittsburgh (Pa.) Meeting. This poem comes from two experiences at the 2009 Gathering. It was written in Maryhelen Snyder’s workshop, “Naming God in Poetry.” And it was inspired by the Wednesday night interest group “Sharing Life Changing Messages, Visions and Dreams,” facilitated by Joshua Mendel.
BOOK REVIEW ESSAY

Into the Abyss and Back

Held in the Light: Norman Morrison's Sacrifice for Peace and His Family's Journey of Healing


Up from Chester: Hiroshima, Haverford and Beyond


The Plain Language of Love and Loss: A Quaker Memoir


Review Essay by Robert Dockhorn

These three pieces of autobiographical writing all center upon a fateful moment in the authors' lives—suicides that took place in November 1965. Two of the authors write about the same person's death; the third addresses a suicide that may have been indirectly related to the first.

That fall, the Vietnam War was escalating and causing many Quakers great concern. In late October, L.F. Stone's Weekly, a popular progressive newsletter, had carried a particularly graphic account of the brutal destruction of Duc Co, a Vietnamese village. Norman Morrison, executive secretary of Stony Run Meeting in Baltimore, was anguished by the account; on November 2, he immolated himself in front of the Pentagon.

This astounding act became a sensational story for the media. But in the long run, Morrison's sacrifice had no discernible impact on the U.S. war effort. Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, whose office window looked out on the immolation site, wrote in his 1995 memoir In Retrospect: The Tragedy and Lessons of Vietnam that he was affected deeply but reacted "by bottling up my emotions," not by changing course.

In contrast, Morrison's death evoked an overwhelming response in Vietnam. Ex-patriate Vietnamese monk Thich Nhat Hanh had explained, in mid-1965, that "To burn oneself by fire is to prove that what one is saying is of the utmost importance." The Vietnamese also knew that unlike monks who had set themselves on fire in their own country, Mo Ri Xon (as his name was rendered in their language) was a husband and father of three young children. They saw his sacrifice as clear evidence that there were people in the United States who opposed the war and cared deeply for them.

Norman had taken his youngest child, one-year-old Emily, with him to the Pentagon, where she was found unharmed at his feet. North Vietnamese revolutionary poet laureate To Huu addressed the symbolism of this act in a poem, "Emily, My Child," expressing what he imagined Norman would say to his infant daughter to explain his sacrifice. A whole generation of Vietnamese children learned this poem by heart.

Anne Morrison Welsh, Norman's widow, shared his deep concerns about the war—but, as she relates in Held in the Light, she didn't learn what he was up to until a phone call came from a reporter late that afternoon while she was preparing supper. She writes, "If Norman had told me what he was planning, I would have done anything to stop him. I would have blocked the door, or called the police, or something—anything. I don't know how, but I would have stopped him."

Understandably, the family's road through grieving and healing was a bumpy one. Comforting her children the next day, she writes, "I held them close, telling them that their Daddy would want them to be brave—a declaration I now regret. My words were a noble effort, but they did not address my children's shocked and broken hearts, or mine."

The night of Norman's death, a few trusted friends from Stony Run Meeting gathered at the Morrison house. One of them was Allan Brick, an English professor at Goucher College, whose wide-ranging autobiography Up from Chester has a central chapter on Norman Morrison.

Both Brick and Welsh describe the pressures the group was under that evening—reporters were swarming around. As they tried to cope with their grief, they also realized that what they said publicly would be very important. Brick chaired a press conference the next day at Stony Run Meetinghouse. He writes: "Norman's act was a sacrifice and a testimony and I had to do everything I could to cast it in that light. But at the same time I was deeply divided about this act in which he may have initially intended to sacrifice his one-year-old child along with himself."

In his book, Brick remembers Norman as "a handsome, idealistic, theologically trained Presbyterian...a 'Bible-quot ing Christian Protestant enamored of Quakerism,' as well as a convinced Friend. "I first experienced him as very forthright in his social action expressions, ...but he was often confused in his oral communication...My heart went out to him."

According to Brick, Norman's suicide threatened antwar activists with despair—it "sharpened our own sense of being ineffective." He resigned his college position, first to become regional peace secretary for American Friends Service Committee's Baltimore office, and then to work as national program secretary for Fellowship of Reconciliation in Nyack, N.Y. Eventually, feeling powerless in these positions and sensing that the antiwar...
movement "was a mess," Allan went back to teaching English in the 1970s, at Hunter College in New York City.

Meanwhile, Anne Morrison carried on with her responsibilities as mother to a family devastated by loss (especially the older two children, Ben and Tina, who were six and five years old when Norman died); still, she continued to work against the war, often closely with AFSC. The family's plight was further compounded by Ben's struggle with osteogenic sarcoma and death at age 16. (Whenever the family traveled to Sloan-Kettering Memorial Hospital in New York for treatment, they stayed with the Bricks, who lived in northern New Jersey.)

After Norman's death, Anne had received messages of condolence from North Vietnam, including a personal invitation to visit from Ho Chi Minh, which she declined. It wasn't until 34 years later, in 1999, when a similar invitation came—this time with encouragement from the U.S. embassy in Hanoi—that she finally felt ready to accept.

Anne traveled with her two daughters and their partners, and the warmth of their reception amazed her. She listened as people earnestly recounted exactly where they were and what they were doing at the moment they heard of Norman's sacrifice. "Maybe," she says, "I was finally, truly understanding how deeply and uniquely Norman's act affected the hearts and minds of the people of Vietnam."

Enthusiasm was even greater as people greeted Emily, the subject of the well-known poem; the family was unprepared for the level of attention paid to her. Emily, who had cried the first time she read "Emily, My Child," found a special way to thank To Hau when they met—reciting a poem she had written for him.

Anne gives space in her book to her daughters to tell their own stories. Christina had written for [my father] is mine to write."

Emily addresses the mixed feelings many had about her father taking her with him to the Pentagon: "By involving me the way he did, I feel Norman was intrinsically asking the question, How would you feel if this child were burned too?...I believe I was there with Norman ultimately to be a symbol of truth and hope, treasure and horror all together. And I am fine with my role in it."

On the return trip from Vietnam, Anne found herself writing in her journal: "Whatever else, I believe he was trying to his utmost to be loyal to his Christ on the cross." As she later looked at her words, it occurred to her that this, finally, was her eulogy for him.

Anne is sometimes asked if she believes the taking of one's life can ever be justified. "When I consider the suffering my family has endured,...I would have to answer no," she says. "But in the larger scheme of things, I cannot say no. After looking into the eyes of the Vietnamese people, hearing their stories, and learning about the message of universal love that Norman's action conveyed to their hearts, I realize that out of the ashes of agony and loss rose something profound. Because Norman's death, terrible as it was, was an act of love and courage, it conveyed unspeakable beauty and truth."

I insert a personal note here. Back in November 1965, I was a graduate student at University of Wisconsin, preparing intensely for my November 22 preliminary exams; I don't recall hearing of Norman Morrison's self-immolation. But two weeks after his death, a second event drew my attention to it. In Bryn Gweled Homesteads, the Quaker-inspired cooperative community in Bucks County, Pa., where I grew up, a 14-year-old neighbor whom I had babysat hung himself.

Geoffrey Taylor did not leave a note; his motivations are far less certain than Norman's were. But a factor seems to be that he and Beth had had a nasty fight. Then, over supper, there was tension between Geoff and his father about a presentation Geoff planned for the Boy Scout meeting.

Beth probed and interviewed people as she tried to pinpoint what was going through her brother's mind that evening. It proved very difficult to uncover exactly what had happened at the meeting. She concludes: "Somehow these tensions—conflicting messages about what did it mean to be human and a good Quaker, a pacifist, a man—all seemed to collide in Geoff in November 1965, scorching his soul until he erupted in a spectacular, volcanic meltdown."

The central theme of Beth's book is not Geoff's suicide, but her own story of devastation, recovery, and healing. In this regard, her approach is like Anne Welsh's. Beth draws tender pictures of her parents, devastated by their loss; of her community; of the growing, warm relationship with her sister, Daphne; and of her marriage and her role as the mother of three boys.

Beth, a senior lecturer in Brown University's Nonfiction Writing Program, calls her book "a Quaker memoir." But somewhere in the middle of her adult life, she "began to understand that...I was never going to live in the homemade, Quaker meeting, kind and gentle, lefty liberal life I had been raised in. I had loved it, but it had blown up the night Geoff died."

In their childhood religious education, Daphne recalled, "we didn't grow up learning the Bible. We grew up learning pacifism and the Vietnam War." Beth had had occasional mystical glimpses in Quaker meeting, but now she had a powerful experience of the presence of Christ, and she found herself in a new spiritual place. "I longed for the camaraderie of Quaker meeting, the comfort of shared spiritual searching. But I also wanted intelligent appreciation of the oldest story ever told—the story I had come to see writers were always rewriting in their own terms and eras: of how we crucify the..."
messenger, or those we love, and how we never learn from it, and how all we can do is ask forgiveness, again and again and again." She joined a Congregational church.

Meanwhile, Beth found her brother’s memory "lurking like an unsettled ghost, unresolved in his sadness, and penetrating my ostensibly successful adult life with un­dying pleas for attention." His ghost would also return when she worried about suicidal thoughts in her own sons. She articulated her thoughts about Geoff to one of them: "I loved him, and I wish from the bottom of my heart that some misguided grownups and kids weren’t so hard on him. But I’m mostly angry at him because he never realized how what he did would hurt so many of us for so very long."

About Morrison, she says, his self-im­molation “was the antithesis of my under­standing of God’s way, of Christ’s teach­ings, of Quaker faith. He was ‘mad’ in my mind—not courageous—and he may have been partially responsible for my brother’s lapse in sanity.”

Norman Morrison and Geoffrey Taylor were very different people, but the hurt felt after their suicides was comparably severe. In the end, maybe understanding these acts is less central for us than learning how it is possible to heal such painful and lasting wounds. Anne Welsh and Beth Taylor have both poured their hearts out in their books, which I see as powerful accomplishments. Allan Brick adds valuable perspective on Norman’s personality, and in the rest of his book—in addition to providing a very thoughtful chronicle of the various chapters of his life—he does an important service by opening a window onto the despair and chaos in the peace movement throughout the fateful years of the Vietnam War, and beyond. Probing and cleansing these deep wounds is part of a healing process for us all.

Robert Dockhorn, senior editor of FRIENDS JOURNAL, is a member of Green Street Meeting in Philadelphia, Pa.
Fit for Freedom, Not for Friendship: Quakers, African Americans and the Myth of Racial Justice


Reviewed by Richard Taylor

Reading *Fit for Freedom* as a Friend, I found myself taken on a rollercoaster ride from the heights of admiration for my religious community to the depths of embarrassing chagrin. While gentle and persuasive in language, the Quaker authors (an African American member of Central Philadelphia Meeting, and a European American member of Framingham, Mass., Meeting)—are frank in pointing out Quaker weaknesses. They are not out to condemn Friends or to create guilt, but to help us look forthrightly at our past so we can deepen our efforts to overcome the racism that still is so pervasive, not only in the United States at large, but— we must admit after reading the book— among ourselves as well.

At the heights of my reading experience, I felt great pride at the stirring stories of hundreds of Quaker pioneers in the struggle for racial justice from the time of slavery to the present. These creative efforts included not only individuals, but also meetings, yearly meetings, and other Quaker organizations. In addition to well-known trailblazers like John Woolman and Lucretia Mott, the authors also tell the stories of dozens upon dozens of less well-known men and women who also worked—often sacrificially and at times heroically—to free slaves, campaign for civil rights, build racial understanding, and otherwise affirm our testimony for the dignity and equality of all people before God. As the authors state, the Quaker contribution has been “singular” and “profound.”

However, in the depths, I winced again and again as the authors recounted the multitudinous ways in which Friends have fallen short of our testimonies. I myself experienced this shortfall as a young Quaker at suburban Philadelphia’s Abington Meeting. I remember listening as our beloved First-day school teacher, Thomas Knight, regaled us with gripping stories of how our ancestors freed enslaved people through the Underground Railroad, and wondering

Fit for Friendship: A Conversation with the Co-Authors

FRIENDS JOURNAL book review editor Catherine Wald recently spoke with Vanessa Julye and Donna McDaniel about their experience writing *Fit for Freedom* together. This is an edited version of that conversation.

FJ: What has the response to the book been so far?

Donna: It’s exceeded what I might have rationally or reasonably expected. A lot of people are buying the book, but what’s most exciting to me is that we’ve had so many invitations to talk. We’re going to be very busy this fall!

Of course, the real test is whether it produces any change in people’s behavior.

Vanessa: I was expecting a lot more negative response than we’ve gotten. What has surprised me is the people who have said negative things about the book without having read it—and who won’t read it because they believe it only says negative things about Friends.

FJ: Has that actually happened?

Donna: When we addressed New England Yearly Meeting, we mentioned that a particular clerk of that meeting had been an enslaver. After we finished, a woman came up to me with tears in her eyes and said, “He’s my ancestor, and we have always been so proud of him! I don’t know how I can tell the rest of my relatives about this family icon.”

This book has caused some people to look at their backgrounds—including me. I’ve just discovered that I may have had Quaker ancestors in Newport, R.I., the center of the slave trade, so it’s possible my family was involved.

I’m a convinced Quaker, and one of reasons is because of our testimonies—so I was angry. Vanessa’s attitude was more, “So what else is new?”

Vanessa: We are not perfect, and we are products of our time. Americans have been a combination of enslaved and enslavers. That’s all a part of who we are, and it’s something we can’t change. What we can change is how we think about it and what
whether, in similar circumstances, I would have such courage. One day I was shocked to come upon a publicity pamphlet that described Abington Friends School as “a school for white children.” One can readily imagine the negative message that the discriminatory policy of that time sent to the black community. (I met with most of the School Committee’s members and, to their credit, they changed the policy—in spite of a wealthy Quaker’s threat to withdraw his financial support.)

Because of my early experience, a chapter on integration in Quaker schools was perhaps the most wrenching part of the book for me. For more than 200 years, Quaker meetings and school committees across the country not only failed to invite African American students into our schools, but actively discriminated against applicants, using flimsy and clearly racist excuses such as, “Integration could lead to intermarriage.” Quaker schools finally opened their doors, but the agonizingly slow process caused much distress among African American applicants who expected that Friends would be different.

I found the next chapter, “Toward Integration in the Society of Friends,” even

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we do about it.

Our goal in writing the book was to bring the information forward as a truthful and accurate whole. From there we could discuss and decide how to get where we want to be.

It’s like having an infection that gets covered over. From the outside it looks okay, but internally it’s slowly killing the body. You have to cut the skin open in order to heal it. That’s what’s happening with us. If we want to make the Religious Society of Friends more diverse racially and ethnically, we have to understand why it isn’t diverse now. We need to look at those behaviors that are in our roots before we can do anything about it.

Donna and I felt it was important to bring together all the experiences and voices that were in different places, put them in one place and look at the picture as a whole. It was like putting the puzzle pieces together.

FJ: While you were writing the book, did you have an ideal reader in mind? What would that ideal reader’s ideal response be?

Donna: I got a postcard from a Pennsylvania Friend who said, “I feel that I’ve fallen down

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more disheartening, because change in Quaker Meetings has been even slower than in schools. By telling the stories of many African American Quakers who are nurtured by the silence of worship and quiet contemplation, the authors lay to rest the widely held view (still heard in some Quaker Meetings today) that African Americans have a “different worship style” and don’t feel “comfortable” in Quaker worship. Imagine the racial composition of our Quaker Meetings today if we had dumped that demeaning attitude and welcomed African Americans! Instead, we delayed their membership applications interminably, insisted that they occupy separate seating and otherwise treated them as second-class Quakers at best. We don’t practice such blatant discrimination today, but the reality implied in the book’s title is hard to deny. Friends work for freedom, peace, and social justice, but only rarely do we develop true friendships across racial lines.

As McDaniel and Julye comment almost too gently, “That so little progress has been made in integrating Friends meetings and worship and quiet contemplation, the authors urge us to consider the images on the walls of our meetinghouses and the literature on the racks and to ask ourselves to what extent they reflect the concerns and culture of African Americans. If the images are mostly European American, writes Vanessa Julye, then “I feel invisible.” As a further support to positive action by Friends, Friends General Conference has published a study guide to help meetings, groups and individual Friends to “process more deeply the issues presented in the book.”

I believe that Fit for Freedom, Not For Friendship will be looked upon as an indispensable resource for years to come for anyone who wants to gain an honest and comprehensive understanding of Friends’ relationship to the African American community and especially its quest for justice. Neither its length (548 pages), its scholarly footnotes (nearly 2,000), nor its 12-page bibliography should deter anyone from reading this impressive, well-written, meticulously researched, and often moving book.

Richard K. Taylor served on Philadelphia Yearly Meeting’s Race Relations Committee and worked in an AFSC program to overcome racism in housing. In 1963, he founded and directed the Fair Housing Council of Delaware Valley. In the late 1960s, he was named to the staff of Martin Luther King Jr.’s Southern Christian Leadership Conference. More recently, he and a colleague of African American descent led a six-year “racial healing process” in Germantown’s St. Vincent de Paul Catholic Church.

Continued on page 34
Since the mid-1700s Quakers have been moving to North Carolina. Before you make a retirement decision, plan to visit Greensboro, North Carolina and find out why so many Quakers have settled here. You will find Friends Homes, Inc. owns and manages two outstanding continuing care retirement communities. You will enjoy the beauty of four changing seasons with temperate winters, and a stimulating quality of life in an active Quaker community. The area is home to several Quaker meetings as well as one of the nation’s most well respected Quaker institutions, Guilford College. Call (336) 292-9952 for more information or to arrange a visit to Friends Homes.
Speaking Treason Fluently: Anti-Racist Reflections From an Angry White Male


Reviewed by Lincoln Alpern

Speaking Treason Fluently is a collection of 2000-2008 essays by white antiracist Tim Wise. The collection's title refers both to treason against a nation which is still very much white supremacist, and treason against white people's expected allegiance to "the white race.

Wise's writing style is both accessible and engaging, rarely dry or technical. He writes with a fiery passion that practically leaps off the page. This is a man on a crusade against racial injustice, in the truest spirit of the Testimony of Equality, as seen in his earlier books White Like Me: Reflections on Race from a Privileged Son (2008) and Affirmative Action (2005).

This collection particularly targets modern manifestations of white privilege (which Wise defines as the unfair racial advantage of whites that is the corollary of unfair racial disadvantage for people of color) and white denial (the claim that racism has been eliminated or reduced to individual bigotry).

Wise has the rare knack for finding just the right analogy to illustrate his point. Consider this response to arguments that rap music is indicative of, and contributes to, the supposed "moral degeneracy" of black culture: "the rush to blame rap is especially intriguing given the history of violent themes in country music, a genre that is never blamed whenever some white NASCAR lover commits murder."

With razor-sharp logic, Wise cuts through false complexities and diversionary asides built up around race-related debates to reveal the simple and straightforward issues at the heart of the discussion. For instance, in "Racism, Free Speech and the College Campus," he points out that putting up a united front against discrimination is a much better way to deal with racism on campus than censoring racially offensive language and symbolism, neatly avoiding the whole "free speech" argument altogether.

In his powerful essay "We Are All Collateral Damage Now: Reflections on War as Emotional Botox," Wise describes the numbing, dehumanizing effects of being a death row guard or a war supporter, and hauntingly evokes the spiritual death one must experience in order to shut oneself off from other peoples' humanity. Though he doesn't use the phrase "that of God in everyone," the sentiment is unmistakable.

There are other sentiments in this book to which I take exception; particularly his question at the book's conclusion: "How can we walk the road of silence and collaboration and yet justify to ourselves the oxygen that, in doing so, we thieve from others who could put it to more productive use?" This is followed almost immediately by the assertion that in the relatively brief amount of time we are alive "we had best do something to justify our presence."

I wholeheartedly support Wise's injunction to people of all colors to shun the road of silence and collaboration and to struggle openly for racial equity and social justice. But I find his language here deeply disturbing. Perhaps he failed to realize that the assumption that one must "justify" one's existence is central to another institution of inequality he rightly condemns: capitalism. (In the capitalist mindset, all those who are not rich must "justify" their continued existence by engaging in "productive" labor.)

Such apparent rejection of the principle that all human beings are intrinsically worthy of life grates against this Quaker sensibilities. I should also warn readers that Wise occasionally goes into gruesome detail about past and present atrocities against people of color—some passages are definitely not for the squeamish.

Nevertheless, Speaking Treason Fluently is a towering achievement that I recommend wholeheartedly. At a time when the Religious Society of Friends is struggling to understand and eliminate racism in our midst, this book comes as an invaluable resource. Wise's teachings can help us identify the many causes and manifestations of racism in our lives and our community, and empower us to speak and act effectively to abolish it once and for all.

Lincoln Alpern has applied for membership in Scarsdale (N.Y.) Meeting. He served on the 2008/2009 Diversity Committee of the Nonstop Liberal Arts Institute (formerly Antioch College) and organized a Whiteness Discussion Group there in fall 2008.
The Duty of Delight: The Diaries of Dorothy Day

Reviewed by Diane Reynolds

I didn’t think I’d read all 654 pages of Dorothy Day’s (or anyone’s) diaries—but I even found myself rereading many of them, so rich were they in both spiritual wisdom and the details of daily life.

The reflections collected in The Duty of Delight span the last 46 years in the life of Day, a communist turned Roman Catholic activist. After her spiritual conversion, her deep yearning for social justice became linked inextricably to her Christian call. She helped create the Catholic Worker movement, starting communal farms and urban hospitality houses in poor areas, running soup kitchens, adhering unwaveringly to pacifism through the most violent years of the 20th century, writing books, and—through it all—publishing The Catholic Worker newspaper.

Day read widely, thought deeply, and wrote succinctly. As a result, the diaries, spanning the 1930s to her final entries of 1980, are a slow, rewarding read. Editor Robert Ellsberg has divided the entries by decade and written a helpful preface to each one.

Like George Fox, Day lived her beliefs. Her journal entries depict what it’s like not just to help the poor, but to be one of the poor—which included running battles with head lice, bug bites, foul odors, cockroaches, and the late night ravings of her alcoholic and mentally ill housemates. Throughout it all, Day admonished herself not to judge others, to remain humble and to see the face of Christ in everyone. We see her loyalty to her family and friends, her love of the beach, of nature, of music and literature, her strong personality, her embrace of a radical simplicity.

Over time, Day’s ideas became ingrained in this reader: That it is possible to build a world in which it is “easier for people to be good”; that if you put love where there is none, love will blossom; that people...
Farming, alternative energy and community worldwide? Quaker-inspired cooperative forming in the Upper Midwest, focusing on organic values involving social justice, non-violence. Long- or short-term residents are welcome.

Want to co-create a space where we can meet and the bank rises sharply across the way. In your mind’s eye you can almost see an ancient stone Buddha half hidden among the trees on the opposite bank. It is a sacred space—a small cathedral in the woods.

This space exists on an actively managed forest where timber is occasionally cut for market according to a carefully developed, sustainable harvest plan; wildlife is encouraged; and the natural ecology is protected. It exists in a larger history of devastating clearcuts for pastureland in the 1800s, and later for second-growth commercial lumber. These were times, not yet past, when forests were seldom valued for their intrinsic ecological selves or for their contribution to the Earth’s health.

I don’t know how many tons of carbon are sequestered here on our land, nor do I know how many more tons are added each year. What I do know, when I look out over our land is that we are fortunate enough to be stewards of a healthy, well-managed forest ecosystem with abundant wildlife that will be conserved forever, and it feels good.

Our forest is a microcosm of the issues raised in John Berger’s *Forests Forever* and in *Wild Foresting* by Alan Drengson and Duncan Taylor. Once battered, beat up, and almost destroyed, 125 years later it has regenerated to include sacred spaces within it once again. This is the hope and joy of these two books. The sorrow and pain is in the current state of affairs that each documents for forests here in North America and worldwide.

*Forests Forever* is a well-researched, clearly written, and beautifully illustrated history and contemporary exposé of the politics and policies surrounding forest use in the United States and Canada. It is a beautiful book because it reminds us of the aesthetic and spiritual sense that forests provide for human beings, and of the possibility that these can co-exist with ecologically sound, sustainable extraction policies and conservation of old-growth forests. It is a sad book because it documents the 19th- and 20th-century mentality, still extant today, which regards forests as resources for industrialized exploitation. Clearcutting and the replacement of diverse forest ecologies with agricultural land or tree monocultures are still acceptable practices pursued by short-term profit-maximizing corporations in
the United States and worldwide, and which banal and sometimes corrupt government officials do little to stop even on the common land of our national forests. Solutions to saving our forests are presented in the last few chapters of the book. None of these is likely to take place on a scale that will make a difference without increased public awareness and concerted action. This is Berger's hope and call to action.

Wild Foresting is a collection of 40 short essays organized around six topics, all gauged to elucidate the meaning of "wild foresting" and how it can "reconcile the needs of the Earth with those of humans." It is a wide-ranging journey through the forest knowledge of indigenous cultures, wise forest-keepers, contemporary "best practices" of forest management, and transformative community economics and Earth renewal. Wild Foresting is an excellent compilation of what's happening on the ground in this important movement—and makes a nice complement to Berger's book, which tends to stay within the mainstream of salvation through policy and regulation. In these essays, we learn about the probably permanent destruction of the boreal forest in Siberia; the spontaneous and somewhat miraculous regeneration of an ancient rainforest in Colombia; the sacred space of forests and the wisdom of indigenous peoples in their approach to the forest; and the sustainable long-term management of a Nova Scotia forest. Its message holds great hope: If only we humans change our ways, Mother Earth and her forests will respond in kind.

Friends who are concerned about global warming, industrialized agriculture, economic globalization, and the like; and those who are led to seek more Earth-friendly, human-scale alternatives, will find both these books valuable. As poet David Wagoner says, "If what a tree or a bush does is lost on you, then you are surely lost. Stand still. The forest knows where you are. You must let it find you." These books are a good first step in standing still and letting the forest find you so that you may become its voice in the world.

Greg Moschetti is a member of New Haven Meeting who currently lives in Dummerston, Vt., where he stewards a 222-acre conserved and sustainably managed forest with his wife, Connie Baxter. He attends Putney Meeting and works as a volunteer for a variety of local non-profits.

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The Long Descent: A User’s Guide to the End of the Industrial Age


Reviewed by Matthew Corson-Finnerty

Having read many analyses of the global impacts of Peak Oil, I must say that John Michael Greer’s conclusions in The Long Descent are refreshingly middle-of-the-road. Peak Oil describes the moment in time when the world’s oil production begins an irreversible and terminal decline. The ramifications of this unprecedented geological fallout have been heavily debated by oil geologists, academics, and environmentalists for decades. Greer asserts that in the ongoing debate two dichotomous poles have formed, each arguing an extreme vision (overnight collapse on one hand, and business-as-usual on the other) that he considers to be wrong and unproductive at best.

The crux of Greer’s argument, that our future lies somewhere between the poles of utopia and apocalypse, is founded on the assessment that the two camps have constructed their opposing visions from deep-rooted cultural myths rather than historical precedent. The first myth, embedded in the heart of our industrial civilization, is the myth of perpetual progress. So compelling is this vision that a whole cadre of scientists and economists assert that market forces will spawn the necessary technology to bridge whatever resource shortfalls may come, no matter what. The other myth, equally compelling, is that of Armageddon, or the end of all life. Greer asserts that this myth underlies the gloomy “die-off” predictions of many who see the human race as hopelessly doomed to commit suicide through dangerous overconsumption. Greer traces each myth back to differing Christian interpretations of the Millennium and argues, I think successfully, that the appeal of these two myths throughout history is not their foundation in factual information, but rather their emotional pull.

Examining previous cases of what he calls “catabolic collapse” (the process of civilizations mitigating collapse through selective self-cannibalization), Greer asserts that this kind of collapse takes an average of 250 years, rather than 5 or 15, to complete. For example, during the Roman collapse under the rule of Diocletian, the waning empire was split in two halves. Eventually power,
resources, and knowledge condensed into the eastern half, while the less productive and more vulnerable western half was left for dead. Thus Greer makes his case for a long, slow collapse, comprising oscillating periods of crisis and relief. The net effect, he argues, will be like descending a staircase: Societal disintegration happens in stages, not all at once.

Next, Greer outlines personal and collective strategies for dealing with the aforementioned collapse. One of the things I admire most about *The Long Descent* is the author’s unabashed willingness to give advice that he believes will be helpful in a de-industrializing world. Most books on the subject are disappointingly reticent. However, Greer is quite comfortable recommending actions: grow organic food, learn a handcraft, seek out obsolete low-technologies, etc. Though there is a radical simplicity implied in the author’s advice, I consider it to be sound and helpful, not only for Friends but for anyone who is concerned about ways to live in a world with less oil.

Another atypical aspect of *The Long Descent* is Greer’s repeated emphasis on the importance of spirituality. This, more than advice giving and prediction making, is a significant taboo in Peak Oil spheres. Because most of the debate around Peak Oil is scientific in nature, the Peak Oil community tends to eschew any talk of God or Spirit. Greer, however, ventures into this unpopular realm to try to imagine how spirituality can be of service to us as we struggle with increasing hardships brought on by the end of the Oil Age. This is the part of the book that I imagine resonating the most with Friends. Greer advocates an ecology of spiritual disciplines, particularly...
those that remain open to change, open to other religions and peoples, and open to a direct spiritual connection.

I would definitely recommend The Long Descent to Friends. It's a good Peak Oil primer; informative, engaging, and usually easy to follow (though at times it does get somewhat esoteric). Greer's research seems sound and his arguments are well made, though his style is frequently repetitive and somewhat campy. The approachable nature of this book, as well as its fairly unique argument, form a great strength in its simultaneous appeal to those who are just coming to this subject and those who have been there for a while.

Matthew Corson-Finney, a member of Germantown Meeting in Philadelphia, Pa., has studied Peak Oil informally through a variety of media for the last three years. His article on the subject appeared in the October 2008 issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL, and he led a workshop on it at the January 2009 Peace Gathering organized by the Historic Peace Churches.

A Conservationist Manifesto

Reviewed by James W. Hood

Scott Russell Sanders believes deeply in conserving things that are truly important: a hardwood stand near his home in Bloomington, Indiana; the Limberlost Swamp of Gene Stratton Porter's tales; the common wealth of prairie and forest; clean water; the proven structures of community; the value of simplicity; the healing power of stillness. An award-winning writer of nonfiction and fiction who has taught creative writing for many years at Indiana University, Sanders writes crystalline prose challenging readers to rethink our devotion to an unsustainable way of life.

A Conservationist Manifesto proclaims—in well-tempered, clear, evocative essays—the absolute necessity of saving for future generations those things of this wide world that are threatened by industrialization and the laissez-faire market economy that has dominated human enterprise for the last 250 years. As we might expect from the author of the essays in Hunting for Hope: A Father's Journeys (Beacon Press, 1999), Sanders does not merely eulogize or rant. He is chastening and direct and sometimes sad, but he also meditates upon the beauties of this world, locating in the minute particulars of celandine poppies and Boundary Waters lakes those wonders that inspire preservation. In direct opposition to the "me-first" consumerism that dominates U.S. sensibilities at present, Sanders aims to "imagine a culture of conservation" that will leave a legacy of natural wonders for his grandchildren. As he tells them poignantly in the final essay of this collection, "The list of wild marvels I would save for you is endless."

Friends will recognize the Quaker sensibilities governing Sanders' Manifesto here. The essays "Common Wealth," "Simpicity and Sanity," and "Stillness" resonate powerfully with our testimonies and traditions. In these pieces, Sanders excoriates the economy of greed that has nearly abolished the notion of "the commons"; he examines Thoreau's call to simplify rather than accept the "endless expansion of desire" under which our current economic system operates; and he meditates on the benefits of stillness that allows one "to enter the world, not escape from it." Friends have long understood the need to check individual leadings against the wisdom of the Light-seeking community, as well as the striving for simplicity and stillness that pervades both our meetings for worship and advices for living.

Most powerfully here, Sanders links the conservation of natural, or external, resources; and personal, or internal, resources. Like all good nature writing, the book celebrates natural wonders and critiques our squandering of them. But it also shows how our frantic drive to attain wealth and status proceeds from the same destructiveness that reduces the Earth to a warehouse of goods created to serve our whims. In our frenetic daily lives, we've lost sight of natural limitations—the need for sleep, relaxation, sabbath—that make for true richness and renewal. By exploiting the natural world, we turn people and things into mere means to an ultimately unfulfilling end.

To counter this, we need to adopt an ethic of caring for three major sites, says Sanders: the Earth in general, our "home ground" in specific, and the generations to come. He rightfully finds the notion of sustainable growth insane. In his view, nature's model teaches us that "sustainable use" can work, but the myth of infinite growth (of the economy, of the length of our own lives, of our wealth) results in self- and world-destruction of the most deluded sort. To care for one another, for ourselves, and for the natural world demands that we turn away from the unfettered getting and spending that ultimately lays waste to our emotional and natural landscapes.

Sanders calls for radical (from the Latin radix meaning "root") change—a change that returns us to the roots of our inherent and inherited relationship with sustaining nature and our own selves. This is conservatism at its best: the conservation of principles and practices that give and renew life. A Conservationist Manifesto is a beautifully crafted book that provides a welcome blend of the practical, personal, and spiritual arguments for re-imagining our relationship with the Earth and its inhabitants.

James W. Hood teaches 19th-century British literature at Guilford College and is a member of Friendship Meeting in Greensboro, N.C.

Counsel to the Christian-Traveller: Also Meditations & Experiences

Reviewed by Bruce Folsom

This treasury of brief writings was reprinted various times through the 19th century, then fell into obscurity. Inner Light Books has rectified this by making the insights based on William Shewen's long experience as a 17th-century Friend available once again.

Shewen was born around 1631 and made his home available as a meeting place for Friends by 1656. He served on the Meeting for Sufferings in the 1670s and '80s, and helped negotiate the return of Quaker captives in Algiers. In 1673 he was arrested, with other members of Horslydown Meeting, for...
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worrying in the street after authorities barred them from their own meetinghouse. In 1674 a public quarrel with a Baptist escalated into an exchange of pamphlets that launched Shewen's writing career.

This small book is a collection of several short works that includes a list of biblical citations on the Light, the essay "Counsel to the Christian-Traveller," and 70 short "Meditations & Experiences." It's a perfect format for those who enjoy short readings that stimulate thought or meditation—though writing is compelling enough that it is easy to read for longer stretches. (Language and spelling have been slightly modernized to allow greater access to the contemporary reader.)

The power of Shewen's writing comes not from a display of intellectual prowess, but from the poetic images and metaphors that draw the reader into an experience of the Divine. He tells us what we need to do to get to a deep and holy place, and how to stay there. For example, here's an excerpt from Meditation 44 that I find deeply moving:

This is the mystery of our fellowship, and the bond of our unity, as our minds and hearts are exercised in the tendering Power of the Lord, especially in our solemn meetings and waiting together upon him, as every one keeps close unto this, and are united unto it. Oh! this is a precious state, herein stands our blessed unity and fellowship, herein we are strong, specifically as Mount Zion, as a three-fold cord that cannot easily be broken. As we keep and abide in this, the gates of Hell cannot prevail against us, no evil can hurt us. In this stands our joy and preservation in our meetings, and in our partings, in all times and places, as we feel our hearts and minds in unity with the Spirit of the Lord; then not convinced, reproved and condemned by it; but justified and commended. This is sweet and precious indeed, as all that are in it know full well.

Editor Charles Martin has done the Religious Society of Friends a great service by recovering this classic work for our century. It will be of great value to Quakers interested in early Friends thought, to those seeking a language for the spiritual life, and for those seeking to deepen their experience of the Divine.

Bruce Folsom is a member of San Francisco (Calif.) Meeting, where he has led a weekly Quaker study group and biweekly Bible study group for many years.
**Leading Quakers: Discipleship Leadership, A Friends Model**

By Jennifer L. Isbell. Earlham School of Religion, 2008. 144 pages. $7.95/softcover.

Reviewed by C. Wess Daniels

I was happy to get the chance to review Jennifer L. Isbell’s new *Leading Quakers: Discipleship Leadership, A Friends Model*, largely because of my own involvement with pastoral and convergent Friends. Isbell’s book covers two important and current topics of discussion: discipleship and leadership. Discipleship—learning how we can routinely practice what we believe—is increasingly important in our current cultural context, especially if we hope the Church is seen as a leader in areas such as peace and justice.

Because of our radically changing times, discipleship is also one of the biggest questions we face in the Church today. In an unstable culture we need to rethink the ways we help to create faithful communities of Quakers.

In 1969 T. Vail Palmer wrote, about the body of Christ: “The question remains: even if we have some idea what such a community might look like, how does it actually come into being?” He put his finger on a key question: How do we, through the guidance of God’s holy spirit, participate in the birth of a vibrant new community in our time? Many books have sought to tackle this issue head-on, from Dietrich Bonhoeffer’s classic *The Cost of Discipleship* (1995), to Richard Foster’s highly popular *Celebration of Discipline: The Path to Spiritual Growth* (1988), to Lee Camp’s more contemporary *Mere Discipleship: Radical Christianity in a Rebellious World* (2003). Isbell’s book is shelved next to these as she attempts to answer the same question from a decidedly Quaker perspective.

*Leading Quakers* is first and foremost a toolbox for Quaker communities looking to grow in the area of discipleship. The key strength of the book lies in its structure and practicality. Each chapter has three parts: an explanation of the subject (biblical understandings of leadership, leadership models, identifying gifts and needs, etc.); a look at the topic through biblical texts; and thoughts from the wider Quaker world. Each section also includes helpful discussion questions and guided reflections. The book is a kind of workbook...
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~Heinz J. Heinemann

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that walks meeting communities through the process of discipleship, leadership formation, and gifts discernment.

A key point of interest is Isbell’s discussion of what she calls “disciple leadership.” As opposed to servant leadership, the standard paradigm, she sees disciple leadership as the model most related to the Friends. The latter is rooted in theology based on Rufus Jones’ reading of Quaker history where discipleship is not about doctrines, preconceived ideas about the good, or even particular practices, but rather, as Jones understood Fox’s encounter with God: “an experience that he spent his life conveying to others, as if extending an invitation that they too might encounter God this way.”

Fox is paradigmatic of Isbell’s ideal follower-leader: He communicated with and responded to God—and in the process of responding, he invited others along with him. This is rooted in a particular understanding of the incarnation: “This life and our witness of it are together a teaching method in which incarnation is the content and the prescription. Jesus lived fully in response to his communications and relationship with God.”

This book is strongly Christ-centered, rooted in biblical language, and draws heavily on Quaker thinkers across many branches to develop what it means to be the body of Christ, to use our gifts, to meet together for clearness, and to share our witness with the world. This, along with its toolbox nature, makes up its most helpful contributions.

I was struck, however, by a number of questions about discipleship and culture that Isbell did not address satisfactorily: Why the lack of any conversation around how culture creates both pathways and obstacles for discipling those within the Church? Is it not the case that we are formed by culture both explicitly and implicitly? How should the Church interact with a world that often has an alternative narrative of the cosmos and differing values from those Jesus taught? Culture impacts how the body of Christ perceives itself, worships God, lives out its witness in the world, and approaches discipleship.

Some cultural trends I would have liked to see discussed are the continued growth of mass media, the impact of mobile technologies on everyday life, the ever-present virtual communities of the web, the uncertainty
and irreverence of postmodernism, and the many troubles involved with late capitalism. In my view, any book on discipleship or leadership needs to take these into account for it to have relevance for our meetings today. However, the strengths of the book still make it a worthwhile exploration of Quaker discipleship.

C. Wes Daniels is pastor at Camas (Wash.) Friends Church and a PhD student at Fuller Theological Seminary in Intercultural Studies. A part of the convergent Friends conversation from its inception, Daniels blogs at <www.gatheringinlight.com>.

A Spiritual Guide to Sabbath Economics

Reviewed by Brad Sheeks

Yesterday, A Spiritual Guide to Sabbath Economics arrived along with my own Friends meeting’s agenda for next year’s budget. How serendipitous!

Judith L. Favor’s new book offers guidance on how to be creative, practical, and most importantly, spiritual, when it comes to how we relate to money. Her approach is to start with a question, followed with a personal comment that leads to queries designed to help readers reflect on their own relationships with money. While I found this to be very helpful when discussing next year’s budget, the focus of the book is on our own personal finances.

Here’s a good example: “How much is enough?” Favor writes that it’s a question of not only having enough, but being enough. For many of us, the quick response is, “More!” She goes on to write, “how it answers it affects my spiritual well-being and the well-being of the world.” She wonders if perhaps Henry David Thoreau had been reading the opening chapter of Genesis when he wrote of his day, “It was morning, and lo, now it is evening and nothing memorable is accomplished.” From that perspective we are invited to consider the way we use our time and our money.

The author practices a spiritual discipline that she calls sabbath economics. The first thing is regularly to stop what we are doing, rest for a moment, empty ourselves, and be open to a sacred presence. She invites us to consider the words, “Love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul... and your neighbor as yourself.”

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Favor writes how it is that when we give ourselves the gift of time to rest, we can recognize that we live within the abundance of divine love, freeing us to simplify our lives so that what we have is enough and we can give generously to our community. She tells her story of how making room for rest and spiritual renewal has helped her live with the feelings of having enough and being enough.

Favor offers a playful activity to curb our “urge to splurge.” She suggests we think of enjoyable things to do instead of going shopping. Alternative activities could include taking flowers (along with chicken soup) to someone just home from the hospital, going for a walk, sitting and seeing how many different clouds there are in the sky, calling a friend to arrange for a picnic in a local park. She cites a poem by Ralph Waldo Emerson that calls us:

To appreciate the beauty in nature and all that surrounds us;
To seek out and nurture the best in others;
To give the gift of yourself to others without the slightest thought of return.

I liked this book. It gives many different formats for exploring the way we use our time either as private spiritual practice, or within the support of a small group, using a worship-sharing mode.

Brad Sheeks is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting and works as a hospice nurse. He co-leads couple enrichment retreats with Patricia McBe, sponsored by Friends General Conference.

40-Day Journey with Parker J. Palmer

Reviewed by Linda Chidsey

Who am I meant to be? And what am I meant to do? These are the central and searching questions that weave through 40-Day Journey with Parker J. Palmer. While there is an ease to the rhythm and pace of this several weeks’ journey, the pilgrim must be willing to go to places of darkness as well as places of light—both within the self and in the outer world. Ultimately, claims Palmer, the journey is about moving from a life of illusion to an encounter with reality. For example, on Day 15 we read,
"All of us arrive on Earth with souls in perfect form." But from the moment of birth onward, Palmer continues, the soul or true self is assailed by deforming external forces as well as by demons of the inner life. With Palmer as companion and guide, readers of 40-Day Journey are invited on an inward process whereby they might glimpse, embrace, and even reclaim the reality of the soul in perfect form.

The transformation of contradictions into paradoxes is the journey’s central theme. Daily readings and practices encourage readers to grapple with apparent opposites such as scarcity and abundance; solitude and community; action and contemplation; humility and power; the inner and outer life. Each entry begins with a reading that lifts up a key idea in Palmer’s understanding of Christian life and faith, followed by a related passage from the Bible. Next comes a time of meditation along with simple instructions to assist the reader in the practice. Readers are then asked to return to the day’s readings and respond to “Questions to Ponder.” Next, readers can use a Psalm fragment and suggestions for journaling to apply the day’s readings to personal experience. Each entry concludes with a two prayers to be used throughout the day. (I believe readers could also benefit from using the book during a shorter time period; even a casual read would be beneficial, though not optimal.)

I found this slim volume to be a real gem. The format and flow of readings, Scripture, meditation and questions draw readers in, inviting them to consider authentically the sources of their identity and sense of security. The depth and nature of each day’s selections guide this experience—both for those who are just now waking up to life as a journey and for those who have been on the path for some time.

40-Day Journey is written for both individuals and communities of faith, with the understanding that “community” may mean anything from a large gathering of a particular religious tradition to a group as small as a family or a dyad of spiritual friends. Companionship is needed as we travel, and often blind to our own gifts as well as our limitations. Further, we need to uphold one another in our desire to live...
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Mapping Out a Spiritual Journey

40-Day Spiritual Journey with Parker J. Palmer is part of a “40 day with” series published by Lutheran press Augsburg Fortress, which includes spiritual figures such as Julian of Norwich, Martin Luther, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Kathleen Norris, and Maya Angelou.

Retired Lutheran pastor Henry T. French, who edited the Parker J. Palmer book and is responsible for the series, says he selected Palmer because “we were looking for books that deal with a particular subject that doesn’t get treated devotionally very often; and for writers whose work leads to a deepening sense of one’s own spirit and spiritual practices.” He calls Palmer “a rather unique voice that raises questions for contemporary Christians and faith communities on paradox and wholeness.”

French communicated closely with Palmer during the writing process, which he compares with putting together a collection of poetry. “First I went back and read all his work again and took notes on quotations. Then I put them side by side so each reading would build on the previous reading, and I came up with related spiritual texts. The part I enjoyed most was writing the questions and journal reflections, which were designed to open up the reading for the individual’s spiritual life and practice.”

The editor adds, “I find a lot of Parker’s reading to be quite poetic. He uses metaphor well and is full of good images. And I like the way he allows contradiction to be transformed into paradox, which is very much what we Lutherans do.”

—Linda Chidsey

into the truths we are learning.

Although Palmer speaks from the context of the Quaker Christian tradition, this book has relevance for anyone interested in the care of the soul. I believe that this book will speak to those of different religious traditions as well to those with no religious tradition at all.

“The God whom I know dwells quietly in the root system of the very nature of things,” affirms Palmer. My prayer for readers of 40-Day Journey is that all may come to share in that knowing.

Linda Chidsey is a member of Housatonic Meeting in New Milford, Conn. A recorded minister in New York Yearly Meeting, she leads silent and contemplative retreats.
The Torture Debate

continued from page 16

through policy, practice, and public equivocation—that has returned the question of torture to a matter of international debate. Many of us would prefer that we put the torture issue behind us and simply move on. That sentiment is understandable, but it is not wise. Our failure to reaffirm U.S. commitment to the absolute prohibition against torture can only erode international normative standards. While President Obama’s directives on torture are welcome and important as first steps, they are not sufficient to assure the world of our renewed commitment to international norms. From a very practical perspective, the measures taken by this President offer no protection against a future President’s decision to reinstate the brutal interrogation policies of the past eight years. Our collective political challenge, and responsibility, is to find a way to definitively repudiate both the political instructions and the intricate ratiocinations that made it possible for U.S. officials to consider as torture nothing short of organ failure. Through our political institutions, our judicial system, and professional bodies, we the people must clarify and affirm the robust intent of our laws and ensure that no room is left to carry out acts of torture in our name. Calls for congressional hearings, judicial prosecutions, and sanctions imposed by bar associations are all directed to that end. As the International Committee of the Red Cross and numerous international human rights organizations with moral and substantive authority have long asserted, simulated drowning, stress positions, and sensory manipulation are outlawed by the international definition of torture as established by the Convention Against Torture. That definition is already enshrined in U.S. law, and now it is a matter of ensuring that its broadest interpretation will guide our policies. The moral precepts and political principles that guide the United States and shape our own policies are important elements in the debate on torture—but in the end, much more than that is at stake. We will not be ready to close the debate until all doubt has been removed about our commitment to the absolute prohibition of torture. 

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New York Yearly Meeting, at its annual Summer Session held at Silver Bay, New York, in July 2009 approved a minute on race and racism. “Friends know, by our experience, that there is ‘that of God’ in every person. Today, we in New York Yearly Meeting seek to live into this truth and the Testimony of Equality. We recognize that the concept of race and the practice of racism are created by society at large, to which we belong, and that some of us have benefited from an economic and social system that has exploited others of us. We regret the damage these practices have caused, whether intentional or through ignorance, to others and ourselves. We affirm the necessity for each of us to examine racism and white privilege, and the fear underlying these divisions among us. In going forward together we may make mistakes, and we understand that our only hope is to love one another. We will move with the Spirit to seek justice, healing, and reconciliation within our yearly meeting.” At issue is the Ministry Coordinating Committee’s call to end racism in NYYM, which has been made to all the monthly meetings. This minute originated in Rahway and Plainfield Meeting, underwent discernment in the Shrewbury and Plainfield Half Yearly Meeting, and was then forwarded to NYYM for further discernment and approval. NYYM has asked each monthly meeting to hold this minute on race and racism in their prayers as they labor and discern Spirit-led actions that will be faithfulness to God and the community. As an aid to discerning Spirit-led actions, the Task Group on Racism in NYYM has provided each monthly meeting with a self-facilitated workshop on “Fostering Inclusion in our Meetings.” NYYM seeks God’s guidance as we enter into looking more deeply into the Light, seeking the truth of our wholeness and living our actions to end racism.

—Ernestine Buscemi, clerk

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- December 4—7—Rwanda Yearly Meeting
Deaths

Balderston—Frederick Emery Balderston, 85, on October 18, 2008, at home in Berkeley, Calif. A lifelong Friend, Fred was born on August 15, 1923, in Philadelphia, Pa., to Gertrude Emery and C. Canby Balderston, and was brought up in Lansdowne Meeting near Philadelphia. His father was a professor at the University of Pennsylvania and dean of Wharton Business School. Fred attended Deep Springs College and became a conscientious objector during World War II, serving as a volunteer American Field Service ambulance driver and lieutenant attached to the British Army in Italy, Egypt, Palestine, Yemen, and India in 1943–1945. After the war he was one of the founders of the AFS exchange student program. He obtained an AB in Economics from Cornell University in 1948, and an MA and PhD from Princeton in 1950 and 1953. He married Judith Braude in 1949, and they had four children, Daniel, Sara, Thomas, and Jonathan. He was a research associate at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology before he came to University of California, Berkeley, as an assistant professor in the Haas School of Business. Fred joined Berkeley Meeting in 1957, where he served as treasurer and member of the Ministry and Oversight Committee. He served on AFSC’s Northern California Finance Committee and Regional Executive Committee. He was the first director of the Haas School’s Center for Research in Management and served as associate dean for the graduate school of business administration and associate dean for academic affairs. He also worked at University of California as vice-president of business and finance and vice-president of planning and analysis. Fred served as California’s savings and loan commissioner, and from 1966 to 1969 he chaired the California State Committee on Public Education. He was a member of the board of directors for the National Center for Higher Education Management Systems from 1972 to 1977. Fred wrote two textbooks, Managing Today’s University, and Thrift in Crisis, and was awarded the “Berkeley Citizen” award when he retired in 1991. Fred served on the board of directors of the California Nature Conservancy, the Bernard Osher Foundation, and the Golden West Financial Corporation. He was also a life trustee of Deep Springs College and the American Field Service international student exchange program. Judith died in 1993, and in 2001 Fred married Elizabeth Mackay Ratcliff, his and Judith’s longtime friend. Fred is survived by his wife, Elizabeth Mackay Ratcliff Balderston; four children, Daniel, Sara, Thomas, and Jonathan Balderston; five grandchildren; and one brother, Robert Balderston.

Chalip—Bernard Chalip, 90, on April 1, 2008, at home in Alameda, Calif. Bernard (then Boris) was born on June 10, 1917, in Kiev, Ukraine. After the Russian Revolution, his family fled, his father having been a supporter of the defeated Kerensky. After three years of traveling by night and hiding by day, they reached Poland, then settled a year later in Chicago. When Bernard graduated from elementary school, he added “Rogers” as a middle name, admiring baseball player Rogers Hornsby. He studied Chemistry at University of Chicago, wanting to find a cure for cancer. When he saw many of his classmates come back from the Spanish Civil War missing an eye or a limb, he began to feel that there must be some way to end wars, and he changed his major to Social Studies. After graduation, Bernard studied singing at Juilliard School of Music. He then moved to Los Angeles, giving singing lessons until he eloped with one of his singing students, Alice Grace. Bernard and Alice had one son, Laurence, born in 1951. Bernard began teaching in elementary schools, taking courses at night to upgrade his credentials. He received his MA in Education from San Francisco State University. He loved teaching, particularly teaching baseball. He would brag that he threw the first fast balls they had ever seen to Tommy Harper and Curtell Motten, who went on to careers in the major leagues. Bernard also taught courses at College of Alameda, Alameda Naval Air Station, and University of California, Berkeley. For two summers he taught General Semantics and English at Eastern Oregon College. He was an advisor to several students working for advanced degrees. When he retired in 1983, he discovered senior softball. He was a member of the Alameda Islanders and other teams until he was 85, competing in Europe three times. To raise money for the homeless, he and Alice created a singing program “Showtunes to Opera,” performing it at rest homes, businesses, and other organizations. On the day he passed, Bernard was very happy; it was the beginning of baseball season and was at the television at the beginning of the game. A few minutes later he called to his wife in another room; when she got there he was gone. Bernard was an attender of Berkeley Meeting for more than 40 years, and Friends treasured his singing as one of the gifts he shared with the world, along with his talent for brevity of messages during meeting. Bernard was preceded in death by his infant brother during his family’s escape from Russia. He is survived by his wife, Alice Grace Chalip and by his son, Laurence Chalip.

Suzuki—Mary Bonzo Suzuki, 76, on May 11, 2008, in Berkeley, Calif. Mary was born on June 26, 1931, in Chicago, Ill., to Blanche Georgina Bonzo and Hipolito Bonzo, who took the family to live in the Philippines, from which Mary’s father came. Mary lived there during World War II and the Japanese occupation. Her two-year-old brother was killed in the war, and she and her family barely survived starvation. These experiences inspired Mary’s later writing and fervent work for peace. After the war, Mary’s mother returned to the United States with her surviving four children, but her father remained in the Philippines, saying that he could not return to the U.S. and its racism. After attending nursing school for one year, Mary transferred to University of California, Berkeley. In 1952 she used funds the U.S. government had given her for war wounds to travel to a peace conference in China, where she met Lewis Suzuki, a young...
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art student from New York, and after traveling for two months in China and then to Vienna for another peace conference, they came to the Bay Area, where they married in 1953. Mary earned a BS in Child Development from Berkeley in 1961 and in 1964 became an elementary school teacher. In 1969 she obtained a Montessori diploma and became principal of a Montessori school in Berkeley. Mary also used Montessori methods in her work in Head Start and other classrooms in public schools and poorer communities and worked with parents to develop West End Nursery School in West Oakland. She earned a master’s in Early Child Development and was accredited as a reading specialist in 1970 and a Community College teacher in 1971. In addition to being a lecturer and teaching assistant in the Ethnic Studies Department at UC Berkeley, Mary taught at Contra Costa College, Merritt College, College of Notre Dame, and College of the Holy Names (now Holy Names University). After having been a junior member of Delta (Calif.) Meeting, she joined Berkeley Meeting in 1971. She worked with political, community, and peace groups, especially Filipino-American organizations in the Bay Area. In 1986, she and Lewis traveled to the Philippines to see relatives and meet with peace and community activists. Mary earned a doctorate in Education, writing a dissertation about the Filipino response to the early years of U.S. education in the Philippines. Recently she wrote short stories and poems, continuing to write even after a severe stroke in 2006. She loved reading. Mary was preceded in death by two brothers, Cecil and William Bonzo. She is survived by her husband, Lewis Suzuki; one daughter, Fumi Suzuki; one son, Masao Suzuki (Susan); three grandchildren, Maya Daniels, Sequoya Daniels, and Mei Suzuki; and two sisters, Trudy Chastain (Charles) and Pat Gregory.
Forum continued from page 5

than from natural gas. Sound familiar? True to history, the Olikuoto project is now three and a half years behind schedule, and is 60 percent over budget.

Committing billions of our tax dollars to subsidize the construction of dozens of new nuclear plants contradicts Friends’ commitment to simplicity. Rather than creating new generating capacity, we should be supporting programs of energy conservation and increased efficiency.

Updating heating, lighting, cooling, and other electrical appliances in homes and public buildings with insulation and energy-efficient products will reduce electricity consumption, create jobs, and do more to reduce the global warming effects of U.S. coal-fired generating plants than constructing nuclear power plants.

Philip M. Stone
Princeton, Mass.

More on bottled water

My answer to “The Top Ten Reasons (Plus Three) Why Bottled Water Is a Blessing” by Chuck Fager (F) July:

Plastic bottles are indeed safer than other containers, but children should learn to return them to the home with their caps for refilling.

While some bottled water is useful in a natural disaster, more than one day’s supply is a waste. Along with bottled water, superfilter cans should be given out. Each one will filter enough water for a family for a year. Superfilters will remove all known germs, even from sewage.

Point 3, that bottled water is not a significant source of water problems, is correct if surface water is cleaned and used. Sorry to say, in some places bottles are filled from wells, which raises problems with the local population.

Bottled water shelf life is not as long as some people think.

Water can be respected and be reasonably priced.

Water’s image is not an important issue.

Chuck is right in saying that all bottled water bottles should be recycled. This would include flavored water. The biggest problem with bottled water is that parents give it to small children on outings. The kids drink one half to three quarters of the bottle and then leave it on a sidewalk or trail. Many times the parents don’t know what has happened until too late. They just pull another bottle out of their pack and give it to the kid.

The only way to improve the product is to refill the bottle.
We don’t have to be against bottled water, only against buying it.
Filtered or superfiltered tap water will be better than any other kind.
If you know your water is safe you don’t have to trace it.
Any water bottle you fill at home is fully portable, too.
Bottles filled at home are also convenient. More so for people who live far from a store.
Regarding R. Scot Miller’s “Christ-Centeredness and Quaker Identity” (FJ July), I think he is right on the mark with his ideas. Even I, as a Presbyterian and to some degree a Buddhist, understand the core value of peace to Quakers, Presbyterians, and Buddhists. Furthermore, each society needs to maintain its own integrity before it can deal honestly with others outside its group.

Date Freye
Grand Haven, Mich.

A rare article
Thank you for “Sex Offenders Are People, Too,” by Stacia Roesler (FJ Aug.). It is rare to read an article on this difficult topic that is balanced, factual, and realistic.
For a period of time I was in charge of sex offender supervision and programs for a state parole system, and I watched as opportunistic politicians capitalized on public fear to enact residential restrictions that, predictably, have backfired. Ms. Roesler and FRIENDS JOURNAL have done a major public service. This article deserves much broader exposure.

Joseph Ossmann
Carmichael, Calif.

Recovering from sexual abuse
Thank you for the timely issue on forgiveness and sexual abuse in our 21st century. How glad I am that Secretary of State Hilary Clinton visited the victims of rape in Congo. Wouldn’t it be wonderful if President Obama visited the offenders? (Except that isn’t his job; that is for their own president.) This crime must be addressed!
What are we to do with sex offenders?
It is a personal question for me. As an 11-year-old, growing up in post-World War II England, I was burdened with a terrible secret: incest, from the age of seven, with my father, a soldier, returning from four years of war. If rape is a sister to war, then incest is a daughter—or son. What was my father to do with all the memories of violence, the killing, the power?
When I finally told my mother, the terrible responsibility we felt for this crime was a heavy burden. Should we go to the police—and leave our family with a father in prison? My mother warned my father, and he never touched me again. Instead, he turned to cousins, school friends, etc.—all of whom kept silent.
In the Indian movie “Monsoon Wedding,” the uncle, provider of the feast, is discovered to have molested the young bridesmaid. The child is beloved, and the father of the bride sends away his brother, in front of the entire family.
I wept, because I wished I had had a family like that. I am not convinced that prison is the right place for this kind of addiction. Yet we must protect the little ones who might be harmed. Jesus suggests “a millstone” and separation: “throwing them into the sea” (Mark 9:42)—which is, in effect, how the Indian family dealt with the shame and disgrace.
The church, in the past, played a greater role in the treatment of “notorious sinners.” I remember reading in my Book of Common Prayer in the 1940s all the prohibitions against incest. In the past, when parish life was stronger, on Ash Wednesday there might be an altar call and sins publicly confessed. The 40 days of Lent gave the entire Christian community a time to support “the miserable offender.” It was a kind of 12-step support system—with the role of forgiveness, and the hope of Easter, central to this kind of restorative justice.
In prison, the other inmates look down on “Short Eyes” (as child molesters are called) and perpetuate the chains of abuse, as described by Christopher Huneke in his article “Nonviolence and Forgiveness in San Quentin Prison” (FJ Aug.).
This is not what Jesus had in mind—and certainly not the wisdom of serpents. Nor can we lock up people like my dad and throw away the key. Yet the responsibility of caring for everyone’s needs but my own still haunts me. Taking care of myself, remembering to keep Sabbath time sacred, seems selfish. It is not. I believe it has to do with forgiving myself.
When I wrote my book Victim, Survivor, Celebrant: The Healing Journey from Childhood Sexual Abuse in the 1990s and developed a show about my journey, I was tentative about forgiveness. So was society. Now, there are the winds of change and the example of the Amish: it is a different century.
The Bible is full of stories of sexual abuse—and we need to talk about them. I
am thankful for the widespread distribution
of the book The Shack, a story of childhood
rape and violence, written by William P.
Young, a man who himself endured sexual
abuse as a child of missionaries. What
would Jesus do today? I believe he would
tell a story.

Back in the 1990s I still felt like “the
traveler” lying in the road, beaten up by
violent thieves. If Jesus had answered a
woman’s question of “who is my neighbor?”
he would have added rape to her assault.
The “priest” and the “Levite” still “pass by
on the other side”—refusing to see the
reality of the harm done to the one who
travels from the holy city of Jerusalem down
to the oldest city on Earth, Jericho.

Like the author of The Shack, I have
come to see my savior, my Samaritan, as a
wonderful trinity: not a “Father God,” like
the earthly father who abused me—but, yes,
a warm, caring African American woman
will do very well! Jesus, who is Jewish, is the
one who will rescue me and take me to “the
Inn.” He pays for my stay there, yet
continues his own journey, leaving me with
the wholly holy, spiritual Asian woman, who
will bind my wounds with ancient Eastern
healing methods that go beyond drugs and
talk therapy. I am still at “the Inn”—but
healing well, thanks be to God.

Roberta Nobleman
Dumont, N.J.

A sex offender’s view

Stacia Roesler’s article, “Sex Offenders
Are People, Too!” (FJ Aug.), was a direct
hit on my life. I am a prisoner in the
Florida Department of Corrections, guilty
of attempted sexual battery and lewd and
lascivious molestation of a child less than
12 years of age. Rarely does anyone take
the time to face difficult topics and, being a
sex offender, I am deeply thankful for her
contribution. My sentence for my crime is
17 years in prison followed by 20 years of
probation. Is this adequate punishment for
my crime? The verdicts always differ.

When I am released FDOC will hand
me $100 and give me 48 hours to register
as a felon sex offender and check in with
my probation officer. During probation I
will wear an ankle monitor with global
positing software, take yearly polygraph
tests, and be subject to random house visits
any time during day or night, drug tests,
and probation costs, all of this being
charged to me. I must register every six
months with photo, plus maintain a job.
If any of these conditions plus more are
violated I will have my probation revoked
even if I completed 19 years 11 months
Don’t ignore the successes

In reading the book *Fit for Freedom, Not for Friendship* by Donna McDaniel and Vanessa Julye, I have some uneasiness.

First, the book is negative in its approach. One of my early mentors said to me, “You attract more ants with honey than with vinegar.” I have found that having fun with people of diverse backgrounds enlivens life.

Second, the book ers in suggesting that friendships across racial barriers are difficult. I enjoy tournament bridge. In 1970 bridge was segregated. I became the first European American to play in the American Bridge Association. I made good friends across the country. One of my African American partners lost his wife to cancer. When he remarried some years later, I was the only European American in the church, but I was the best man. How good a friend can you have?

Third, the book criticizes Friends meetings. I do not know about other places, but when we started the Louisville Meeting, the city was segregated. We shopped until we found a settlement house that was willing to buck the United Way and allow an integrated outfit to meet there. Unfortunately we did not have any African Americans for a long time. We now have European American partners lost his wife to cancer. When he remarried some years later, I was the only European American in the church, but I was the best man. How good a friend can you have?

We understood that we were in a state of spiritual marriage well before we asked our meeting about declaring our vows publicly. Marriage under the care of meeting changed nothing in that regard, and yet it was an incredibly important event for both of us. As Alicia rightly ascertains, true love is indeed the flowering of the Spirit. When we considered the biblical injunction not to hide your light under a bushel, we saw the value of a “group celebration” (Alicia’s words) as a public testimony to our faithfulness. Alicia rightly describes how love “spreads out” and describes her relationship as “My cup runneth over.” It was in this sense that we chose to share our love as a couple with our family and friends by marriage under the care of our meeting. Marriage under the care of a meeting does not require a marriage license or dictate where a marriage takes place. A Quaker marriage could be held outdoors in a rural setting or at some other alternative to a meetinghouse. This might resolve some of the concerns Alicia expressed regarding a marriage ceremony.

Paul Sheldon
Drexel Hill, Pa.

L. Weaver
Polk City, Fla.

More on relationships and marriage

I appreciate Alicia Adams’ Viewpoint, “True Relationship” (*F* Aug.), which comments on my article, “Quaker Marriage: A Journey” (*F* June). She writes, “We do have the ability to create ‘Quaker Marriages’—with or without social endorsement or group celebration.” I fully agree. My article focused on our marriage at Lansdowne (Pa.) Meeting, but it could have focused on our prior reflections regarding the need for any formal marriage at all (see my letter, “What is the meaning of marriage?” *F* Aug. 2005).

We understood that we were in a state of spiritual marriage well before we asked our meeting about declaring our vows publicly. Marriage under the care of meeting changed nothing in that regard, and yet it was an incredibly important event for both of us. As Alicia rightly ascertains, true love is indeed the flowering of the Spirit. When we considered the biblical injunction not to hide your light under a bushel, we saw the value of a “group celebration” (Alicia’s words) as a public testimony to our faithfulness. Alicia rightly describes how love “spreads out” and describes her relationship as “My cup runneth over.” It was in this sense that we chose to share our love as a couple with our family and friends by marriage under the care of our meeting. Marriage under the care of a meeting does not require a marriage license or dictate where a marriage takes place. A Quaker marriage could be held outdoors in a rural setting or at some other alternative to a meetinghouse. This might resolve some of the concerns Alicia expressed regarding a marriage ceremony.

Paul Sheldon
Drexel Hill, Pa.
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‡ DAVIS-Meeting for worship First Days, 9:45 a.m. 345 S. St. Visitors call (530) 668-9727.
‡ GRASS VALLEY-Meeting for worship, 9:45 a.m., discussionsharing, 11 a.m. A wn Friends Center campus, 13077 Woisman Ln. Phone: (530) 272-3736.
‡ LA-JOLLA-Meeting 10 a.m. 7308 Eads Ave. Visitors call (686) 456-1020.
‡ MARIN COUNTY-10 a.m. Falkirk Cultural Center, 1408 Mission Ave. at E St., San Rafael, Calif. (415) 435-5755.
‡ MONTEREY PENINSULA-Friends meeting for worship, 10 a.m. 635-9366, or consult <www.delmarvaquakers.org>.

‡ OAKLAND WORSHIP GROUP-5 p.m. Sundays, at the home of Pat and Helen Haug, 3708 Mildave Ave. For more information call (510) 336-9695. <http://oaklandquakers.org>

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VALPARAISO-Duneland Friends Meeting, Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. Youth Service Bureau, 253 W. Lincolnway. (219) 844-7365.

WEST LAFAYETTE-Unprogrammed worship at 10 a.m. at 176 E. Stadium Ave., West Lafayette.

 Iowa

 AMES-Worship 10 a.m. Sunday, 121 S. Maple. (515) 232-2763.

DEERFIELD-Day school 9:30 a.m., worship 10:30, 603 E. Waterloo St. (563) 382-3699. Summer schedule varies.

 DES Moines-Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m., discussion 11:30 a.m. Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative), childcare provided. Meetinghouse, 4211 Grand Ave. (515) 274-4717.

 EARLHAM-Bear Creek Meeting, Discussion 10 a.m. Worship 11 a.m. (unprogrammed), 1810 Bear Creek Rd. On the north of I-680 exit 104. Call (515) 728-2522.

 IOWA CITY-Unprogrammed meeting worship for 10 a.m. 311 N. Linn St. Call (319) 351-2234. <www.iowafriends.org>.

 JERSEY BRANCH-Unprogrammed worship at 10 a.m., 2nd Sunday worship includes business; other weeks, discussion follows. 317 N. 6th St. Call: (319) 643-5639.

 Kansas

 LAWRENCE-Oread Friends Meeting, 1146 Oregon. (785) 843-6979.

 MANHATTAN-Unprogrammed meeting. UFM Building, 12211 Thurston St., First Sundays, Sept.-May, 10 a.m. For more information call (785) 539-1920 or (785) 539-2563, or 556-1075; or write to Friends Meeting, c/o Conrow, 2371 Grandview Terrace, Manhattan, KS 66502.

 TOPEKA-Unprogrammed worship 9:45 a.m. by discussion following 10 a.m. Unprogrammed first-day school and childcare provided. Phone: (785) 233-5210 or 220-7767.


 Kentucky

 BEREA-Meeting Sunday, 10 a.m. 330 Hanson Road, Berea, KY 40013. (859) 885-6995. <www.bereafriendsmeeting.org>.

 HENDERSON-Friends worship group. Contact: Betsy Passmore (602) 422-6714 or <ippets@fusemail.net>.

 LEXINGTON-Friends worship, 1st and 2nd Sundays at 10 a.m. Sundays. 549 Price Ave., Lexington, KY 40508. Telephone: (859) 254-3319.

 LOUISVILLE-Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. 3050 Ball AVE., 40205. Telephone: (502) 682-6816.

 Louisiana


 NEW ORLEANS-Unprogrammed worship Sundays 11 a.m. and 5 p.m. Creative Learning, 401 Phillips Ave. (504) 733-0169. Summer (June-Aug.) we meet at historical London Britain Meetinghouse, 1814 meetinghouse open to visitors, S. (785) 843-3277.

 SHREVEPORT-(Caddo Four States) Unprogrammed worship 9:30 a.m., Lunch 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. 5738 Park Ave. (318) 251-2669 for information.

 Oxford-11 a.m., 400 Murray St., (662) 234-1602, (662) 234-1615, or write 501 E. Sidle St., Oxford, MS 38655. Email: <Wcjordan@bellsouth.net>.

 Mississippi


 CALDALL-Tusin Friends worship group. Unprogrammed worship and First-day school, Saturdays 5 to 6 p.m., 1320 N. Main St. (859) 985-2204. Email: <tusinfriends@verizon.net>.

 DETROIT-First Day meeting 10 a.m. Call (313) 341-9040, or write 4011 Norfolk, Detroit, MI 48221, for information.

 EAST LANSING-Red Cedar Friends Meeting. Unprogrammed worship 9 a.m. to 10 a.m. on Sundays; mtg. for business at 9:15 a.m., 1450 Sandwedge Circle, Topeka, Kansas 66604. Call: (785) 774-2590 or (785) 843-3277.


 GREELEY-Worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. Sunday, 10 1/2 a.m. First Day of meeting. Discussion 9:30 a.m. Worship Center for Creative Learning, 401 Phillips Ave. (302) 733-0169. <www.bethesdafriends.org>.

 HAGERSTOWN-Local Friends Meeting. Worship, First-day school, and meeting for business. First-day school 10 a.m.-12 p.m., 3rd Saturday of each month, next to the Friends Meeting, Riverdale Friends Fellowship, Maryland Correctional Institute.

 FALLSTONE-Little Falls Meeting. Mt. Hebron Church, 10-30 a.m. First day-school, weekly simple meal (316) 465-6554. <www.mithebronfriends.org>. Worship is held each week at Hagerstown. -South Mountain Friends Fellowship, Maryland Correctional Institute.

 NEWARK-10-11 a.m. First-day school; 10-10:30 a.m. adult discussion. 317 N. 6th St. Call: (319) 643-5639. <www.iowacityfriends.org>.

 ROCHESTER-Worship First Day 9:30 a.m., Allegro Dance Studio, 1st Sunday of each month, 10 a.m. Worship center for creative learning, 401 Phillips Ave. (302) 733-0169. <www.laughingwatersfriends.org>, email: <Wcjordan@bellsouth.net>.


 ST. PETERSBURG-Unprogrammed worship at 10 a.m. First-day school at 10 a.m. 26 Oleander St., St. Petersburg, FL 33701.

 PORTLAND-Unprogrammed worship, worshippers meet various places, 10 a.m. 3010 E Portland Ave. (503) 224-1521.

 SOUTHERN FRIENDS-Unprogrammed Meeting, 10 a.m. 2109 Wright St., Lincoln, NE 68502.

 SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI-Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m. Friends Meetinghouse, 1814 meetinghouse open to visitors, S. (785) 843-3277.

 WELLESLEY-Meeting for worship and Sunday school 10 a.m. at 26 Bemrose St., Wellesley, MA 02481. Call for meeting 10 a.m. Sun. 10:30 a.m. (617) 249-1754.


 WORCESTER-Unprogrammed meeting, worship, First-day school, and childcare, 11 a.m. The Meetinghouse, 32-34 Main St., Worcester, MA 01609. (508) 799-2513.


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KANSAS CITY—Penn Valley Meeting, 4405 Gillham Rd. 10 a.m. Call: (816) 931-5256. <www.kqoakers.org>.

ST. LOUIS—Meeting for worship and First day school 10 a.m. Union St. Meetinghouse, 1001 Park Ave., St. Louis, MO 63104 (314) 588-1112.

SPRINGFIELD—Sunrise Friends Meeting (unprogrammed). Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. each First Day. Call for location: (417) 777-5824.

Montana

BILLINGS—Call: (406) 252-5647 or (406) 656-2193.

GREAT FALLS—Call: (406) 453-2714 or (406) 453-8989.

MISSOULA—Unprogrammed. Sundays, 11 a.m. winter; 10 a.m. summer. 1801 South 12th Street W. (406) 549-6276.

Nebraska

KEARNEY—Unprogrammed worship group 4 p.m. 1st and 3rd First Days, Newman Center, 921 W. 27th St. Call (308) 237-9877.

LINCOLN—Unprogrammed worship 10:30 a.m. 3315 S. 46th. Phone: (402) 472-3457.

OMAHA—Worship 9:30 a.m., discussion 11 a.m. First-day school available. (402) 553-2311, 391-4765 for directions.

New Jersey

RENO—Worship and First-day school 11 a.m., children’s class and childcare 10:30 a.m. 415 Nichol Ave. at Hall St. (302) 946-8686.

NEW YORK—Meeting for worship 10:00 a.m. A New England Meetinghouse, 95 Washington St., Brooklyn. (718) 787-3903.

NEW YORK CITY—Brooklyn Meeting. In the Schenecter Street Meetinghouse every Sunday at 11 a.m. and every Tuesday at 6:30 p.m.; Fifteenth Street Meeting at 15 Rufus King Place, 15th St., New York, NY 10011. Call (212) 777-8866; email: <brooklynmeeting@york.org>.

NEW YORK CITY—Morningside Meeting: unprogrammed worship every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 5:30 p.m.; First-day school meeting every Sunday at 4 p.m. For exact location call (212) 787-3903.

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NEW YORK CITY—Morningside Meeting: unprogrammed worship every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 5:30 p.m.; First-day school meeting every Sunday at 4 p.m. For exact location call (212) 787-3903.
BEAUFORT-Unprogrammed. First and third Sundays, 2:30 to 4:30 p.m. at Paul’s Ann Street. Discussion, fellowship. Tom (252) 728-7083.

BLACK MOUNTAIN-Swannanoa Valley Friends Meeting, 137 Memorial Church of the Brethren. Unprogrammed worship 9:30 a.m. (828) 696-0832.

BOONE-Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. Michael Harless, clerk, (828) 253-0001.

BRENDEN-Unprogrammed meeting for worship, 11 a.m. (828) 884-7000.

CELO-Meeting 10:45 a.m., near Burnsville, off Rt 80 S, 70 miles from Pisgah Forest. Phone: (262) 623-8828.

CHAPEL HILL-Meeting for worship and First-day School 10:30 a.m. and 11 a.m. First day at 11 a.m., child care starting 9:30 a.m. 531 Raleigh Rd, Chapel Hill, (919) 923-9135. Meetinghouse, (919) 929-5377.

CHARLOTTE-Unprogrammed meeting for worship and First-day School 10:30 a.m. and 11 a.m. 2101 W. Friendly Ave. (336) 299-8869. www.firstfriends.org.

GREENSBORO-Friendship Meeting, unprogrammed 11 a.m. 11th and Main. Call (336) 382-7604.

GREENSBORO-New Garden Friends Meeting, Meeting for worship: unprogrammed 9 a.m.; semi-programmed 11 a.m. 306 E. 3rd St., Greensboro, N.C. (336) 267-7041. First-day School at 10:30 a.m. Call (336) 384-6355 or 316-2622.

GREENSBORO-Worship and First-day School, 10:30 and 11 a.m., Greensboro, N.C. (336) 264-9170.

INDIANAPOLIS-Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. 3501 W. 96th Street, Indianapolis, IN 46268. First-day school at 10 a.m. 3501 W. 96th Street, Indianapolis, IN 46268.

KENT-Meeting for worship and First-day School 10:30 a.m. 404 Alexander Ave. Contact clerk, (919) 419-4419.

PITTSBURGH-Meeting for worship 9:30 a.m. and 11 a.m. 501 Cathedral Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15213. (412) 281-0940. Website www.pym.org/pym_chesterpa_chq.php.

PITTSTOWN-Worship Group 11 a.m., 2nd and 4th First Sundays. Meeting at 528 South Street at the corner of Orange and Hanover St. in Pittstown, NJ 08867.
\section{RADOR-Meeting for worship 10 a.m. year-round. First-day school also 10 a.m. except Summer, Conestoga and Sprout Roads: \section{SOLOBERY-Worship 10 a.m. First-day school 10 a.m. Sugar Run Rd., 2 miles NW of New Hope. (215) 297-5057.} \section{SOUTHAMPTON (Bucks Co.)-Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Sundays. (215) 364-5810. \section{STATE COLLEGE-Sunday worship 11 a.m. Children’s programs 10:45 a.m. Adult discussion on most Sundays at 9:45 a.m. First School Ave., State College, } \section{SWARNSMORE (Chester Co.)-First-day school 10 a.m. 1028 Old School Rd., Millersville.} \section{TOWANDA-Meeting for worship, unprogrammed. First Sundays at 10:30 a.m. Summer variable. For location, call (570) 664-0491.} \section{WINDSOR-Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. in Shrewsbury Library, 39 Shriver Rd., Shrewsbury, MA.} \section{WRIGHTSVILLE (Saratoga Co.)-Meeting at 10 a.m.} \section{WYOMING-Theological Seminary Lower School, 1560 Wyoming Ave., Forty Fort. Sunday School at 10 a.m.}
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