

November 1995

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today



ANNUAL BOOKS ISSUE

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Among Friends

What Love Can Do

Deborah Osborne-Daily was dismayed by what she heard in 1992. News reports from the former Yugoslavia presented a grim and tragic picture. A member of Germantown (Pa.) Meeting, Deborah wondered what she might do to help. "I even considered going to Bosnia with a peace group to learn more about the situation first-hand," she told me last month. She reluctantly decided not to, realizing she had a 12-year-old son to care for along with other commitments.

"I was born in England the same week France fell to Germany in World War Two," Deborah explained to me. "I have always been haunted by the holocaust." If she had been an adult then, she wonders, what might she have done to act against the holocaust? The violence and "ethnic cleansing" in Bosnia provided such a challenge for her in this time, one she could not ignore.

Then she met Michael Sells, a professor of religion at Haverford College and a Quaker. Michael is involved with the Community of Bosnia Foundation, an organization working to place students from the former Yugoslavia in colleges and universities in the United States. Why not extend the program to include high school students as well, she thought, and see if Quakers could get involved in significant ways to assist in such an effort?

When the head of Germantown Friends School was approached this past year with the idea of the school's sponsoring a Bosnian student, "the answer was an immediate and enthusiastic yes," Deborah says. A Bosnian student has now arrived, is living with a host family, and is attending GFS. As word spread among Friends, other schools in the greater Philadelphia, Pa., area became involved. Currently there are eight Bosnian students attending schools—and two more are on the way. In addition to GFS, the participating schools are Wilmington, Friends Select, George School, Westtown, Friends Central, and Penn Charter; Abington Friends had two students this past year.

The students were received warmly, and they are fitting in beautifully. "They are all achieving at or above grade levels, making friends, and adjusting well to their new living situations," Deborah proudly reports.

What plans exist for expanding the program? Deborah Osborne-Daily wants to hear from Friends who would like to help extend the project to other areas. Messages may be left for her at (610) 649-6860, the voice-mail number for the Community of Bosnia Foundation. Here is what's needed, she explains:

- high schools (public or private) that will offer a free place for a Bosnian student;
- a school environment where the individual will not be placed under any religious pressure—where there will be freedom of personal religious belief;
- host families who agree to care for the young people as they would one of their own children.

In addition, funds are needed for the effort, and meetings are sought to serve as sponsors for students. The Fellowship of Reconciliation is working to find Bosnian young people who wish to study in the United States. The students are assisted by FOR, which helps them secure visas and provides money for travel expenses.

What motivates a young person to come to a strange country to attend a school far from home and family? Eldar Sehovic, an 18-year-old from Sarajevo, now a student at Friends Select, explains. In his "curriculum vitae" he wrote: "While I am writing this, my school is closed because of constant shellings. . . . My dream is to graduate high school under normal circumstances. . . and to get chance to meet high computer technology which does not exist in my country. After such way of obtaining knowledges I am willing to return to Sarajevo and continue my further education and normal life one day if wartime or life conditions allow me to."

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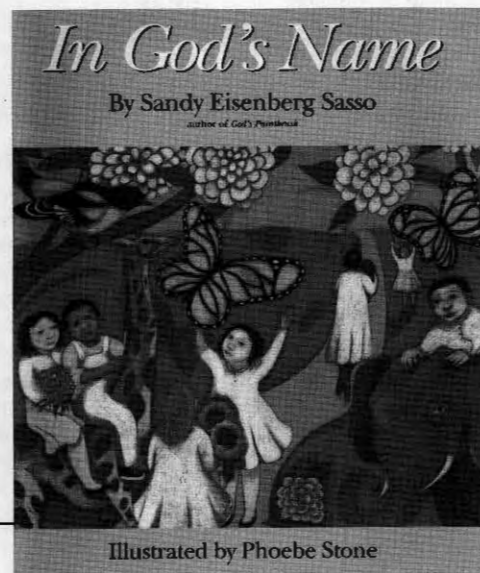
Our annual books issue includes an expanded Books department on pages 20-27 and an excerpted chapter from Footnotes on the Sands of Time, by J. Russell Elkinton, on pages 16-19.

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Friends in Cuba

I was in Cuba early this summer with a Friendship Tour of Pax World Service to study 16 nongovernmental organizations and their connections to NGOs in other lands. Most of us used luggage space for medical supplies to be donated through Cuban churches. We were licensed by the U.S. Office of Foreign Assets Control, so were not "challengers" (Katherine Baker, *FJ* July). The friendly immigration officer in the Havana airport stamped my passport, but only after I assured her it could cause me no trouble back home.

I firmly agree that the U.S. embargo is morally irresponsible and impractical, depriving 11 million people of their closest and largest trading partner. They blame politicians in Washington, not Fidel Castro, for this. They maintain friendly feelings for the U.S. public, since we weren't involved much in the expatriate Cubans' lobbying in Congress. Before leaving Cuba we obtained a copy of U.S. State Department testimony to a Congressional subcommittee dated May 18, 1995, containing much clever language designed to justify the embargo but based heavily on a "blame the victim" viewpoint and an unrealistic hope of forcing Cubans to overthrow the Castro regime. Such a result appearing improbable, I feel the additional suffering caused by the embargo should now be eased by normalization.

Although Castro angrily declared, shortly after the Bay of Pigs invasion, that he would always be a communist, he has lately allowed many significant changes based on his experience of what works well and what hasn't worked. He has admitted to official mistakes while changing course voluntarily. Last year he told 400 church convention delegates of his surprise that church people have been more concerned for helping disadvantaged people than the communists are, and that he would therefore not oppose their regaining of influence or possession and control of their properties. Since the relaxing of controls in recent years, more than 2,200 NGOs have sprung up, although they must still register officially as corporations do in the United States.

Also, they must avoid becoming advocates of overthrowing the government by force, which we also forbid here. It remains to be seen whether Castro, as a devoted socialist, may redevelop governmental reforms to more resemble the Scandinavian type of socialism.

In any case, a corresponding relaxation of U.S. policies would encourage a desirable evolution in Cuba and promote a mutually beneficial relationship between our countries. We should continue to be critical of repressive political controls and inhumane prison conditions without

penalizing any longer their whole population.

Four of our delegates are Quakers, and we were delighted to attend a meeting for worship with the Havana worship group. It has gathered around Mercedes Soca Gil for about 18 months and has been recognized by Cuba Yearly Meeting. We felt this worship group of a dozen people, seven of whom attended that meeting and visited with us at length afterward, is likely to become a strong monthly meeting.

John R. Kellam
Providence, R.I.



Bovine buyer

I have bought a cow! It should help turn a very poor woman in India into a small-time capitalist. This is under a Friends World Committee for Consultation Right Sharing program that starts by having the woman raise the cow's fodder.

I am asking Roland Kreager, program secretary of Right Sharing of World Resources, please to send me an especially beguiling picture of "my" cow to show around. Perhaps the children of the Quaker school being started by my Wilmington (N.C.) Meeting, and those of other Quaker schools and First-day schools, might enjoy buying "their" cow.

The cost is \$195, including milking vessels, vet fees, and insurance. Friends may contact Roland Kreager of Right Sharing at 3960 Winding Way, Cincinnati, OH 45229-1250.

Betty Stone
Wilmington, N.C.

An insightful issue

Thanks so much for your August issue, "Remembering Hiroshima and Nagasaki." It contains a lot of moving expressions of the tragedy; indeed, "we are all Hibakusha." It was insightful of poet Sadako Kurihara to link together Hiroshima, the Nanjing slaughter, and the Nazis' gassing of six million. To this may be added the colonization of the world and the near extinction of the "natives." What a world we live in! May God have mercy for all—especially the suffering poor.

Aziz Pabany
Bombay, India

There is much in the August issue that I find commendable and some that is not. Two of the Forum items can illustrate my feelings.

Robert Durwood Madison writes that he asked his freshman English students at the U.S. Naval Academy "to write an essay justifying their belief that war is necessary to the preservation of their very souls," and seems surprised none of them believed that. My conclusion is that apparently he thought members of the armed services are a group of demented, ravening beasts with a taste for blood. I find it disturbing that I have heard that same sort of attitude expressed in the meeting I attend. There may be a tiny, tiny minority in the military who fit such a description, but I certainly never met any during the six years I was in uniform. I did meet a number of people who were apparently deeply religious, and I write now about career military people—not those who, like me, were there because we more or less had to be. The objective of career military people is to ensure peace, just as surely as that is the objective of Quakers and others who work for peace in a different way. I am grateful that both groups exist.

David Hammond writes, "We could learn a lot from the history of law enforcement and soldiering." That seems rational to me. I recommend his Forum item and several others to those who may have missed them.

Clifford Paltzer
New Paltz, N.Y.

I received your August issue the week before I participated in a vigil at the Pentagon sponsored by New Call to Peacemaking. Quakers gathered at the invitation of the American Friends Service Committee to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and to advocate for the destruction of all nuclear weapons.

Early one morning we stood in front of the subway entrance of the Pentagon as thousands of employees rushed by our many banners that implored our country and the military establishment to "not repeat the sin" of dropping the bombs on August 6 and 9, 1945.

I remember the angry older veteran who came by and spit on the ground in front of us. I remember the middle-aged man with his family who, quite emotionally, stammered that his family would not be here if the United States had not dropped the bomb on Hiroshima. I remember the man in uniform who surreptitiously gave us the "thumbs-up," and the two young boys who innocently asked us why we were demonstrating.

But, most of all, I remember the sea of individuals in uniform passing us by,



Commemorative sculpture in Hiroshima

pretending they didn't notice us, and, as most of us do as well, trying not to remember the human implications of the deaths that have followed those two fateful days 50 years ago.

Thank you for helping us to remember. Your August issue is full of personal glimpses that remind us why we must continue the struggle against nuclear weapons. May each coming issue be as thoughtful and motivating.

J. Ron Byler
Philadelphia, Pa.

Day of atonement

June 20, 1995, the Southern Baptist church convention voted to ask African Americans for forgiveness for their church's support of slavery and Jim Crow segregation. At one time, who among us thought that we would see the day? It was the right thing to do, and it was big of them to do so.

Now, I wonder how long until they come to us, gay men and women, and ask our forgiveness for the violence, hatred, and discrimination resulting from the teachings of the Christian churches over recent centuries?

Bruce Grimes
Sumneytown, Pa.

The Doukhobors

I am a life member of the Doukhobor Historical Society here in British Columbia. As a representative of Argenta (Canada) Monthly Meeting, of which I am a member, I have attended various conferences held at Brilliant, B.C. My ancestors have a long history of contact with the Doukhobors dating back to their first landing in Halifax. In 1947, I had the privilege of meeting with the Doukhobors in Blain, Saskatchewan. My daughter and I represented the fourth and fifth generation of Elkingtons to meet

with the Doukhobors. There was an old man at that meeting who remembered Joseph Elkinton, known as grandfather, visiting their villages. Quite an experience.

I have written a novel, *The Road*, which deals with various persons who have traveled the road. It is available (\$10.95) from the publisher, Peter's Press, here in Revelstoke, B.C.

You may have noticed that I spell my name with a "g" and the rest of the family does not. Elkington with a "g" is the original spelling but was changed when George Elkinton came to New Jersey.

Peter W. Elkington
Revelstoke, B.C., Canada

Quaker courage

Over 300 years ago Quakers were noted for their courage in refusing to obey laws and customs they considered to be contrary to true Christianity. But now we seem to have lost much of our former zeal. We still use outdated spelling, *through* for "thru," *though* for "tho," and some other obsolete spellings, despite the fact Webster's Third Unabridged Dictionary gives the new, logical shorter forms. Also, on the cover of FRIENDS JOURNAL you still lack the courage to print the logical shorter "Thaut" instead of *Thought*. Readers would be healthier as they wouldn't need to *cough* in an effort to pronounce it, before turning the page.

Clifford N. Merry
Los Angeles, Calif.

Well... as some Friends might say,
"That thaut had not okurd to us." —Eds.

Friendly divorce

Judith Baker's article, "Friendly Divorce" (*FJ* June), was most valuable in calling upon meetings to refrain from blaming one party to a divorce, for "when a meeting takes sides, often it takes years to overcome this negativity." The meeting should remain neutral ground where both parties may feel safe from being judged and gain strength to heal their wounds.

As I am writing a book about women who have been healed following a divorce that freed them from unloving, often abusive

or impairing marriages, I would like to hear from anyone who has had such an experience.

Jane Dreifus Smith
1300 N. Bay Shore Dr.
Virginia Beach, VA 23451

Quakers and AIDS

I was reading *Faith and Practice* and was struck by the words of Dorothy H. Hutchinson: "A Quaker social concern seems characteristically to arise in a sensitive individual or very small group—often decades before it grips the Society of Friends as a whole and as much as a century or more before it appeals to the secular world. . . ."

"The concern arises as a revelation to an individual that there is a painful discrepancy between existing social conditions and what God wills for society and that this discrepancy is not being adequately dealt with. The next step is the determination of the individual to do something about it—not because [s]he is particularly well fitted to tackle the problem, but simply because no one else seems to be doing it."

We are in the 15th year of the AIDS epidemic. I have a small, electric coffee-maker I use when I have overnight guests. On my kitchen shelf, illuminated by the sun, are six elegantly thin, pastel-colored glasses. I use a cut-glass dish to hold deep blue marbles. Ray gave me these gifts just before he died. "My family never visited, and I want them to be with my friends," he said.

Charley used to iron his running shorts and tee shirts. He was the tiniest health nut I'd ever met, shorter even than my 5'4". I visited him in the hospital about a year before his memorial service. The doctors didn't know why, but he slurred his words and dragged one of his feet. He wore blue paper slippers and shuffled to meet me.

In 1987, Diana carried five-year-old Billy on her hip exactly as I had carried my daughter when she was two. Billy couldn't walk and sat on the floor quietly playing with toys during meetings where we imagined prevention programs that worked. We didn't know much in those days and I'm not sure we do today. Almost an entire town attended Billy's memorial service, but in the rest of Vermont hardly anyone knows his name.

Larry died because of the medication he was taking. His service was in a small New Hampshire farm town. The church stood alone on a grassy knoll and felt distinctly rural. I remember how awed I was that in his last days, Larry had gotten his father to say the word *gay*. Larry returned home and insisted on truth. Larry, to me, was a hero.

Aaron, the first person I knew who had AIDS, had a laugh like a cannon shot. On the 4th of July he set off firecrackers in a garbage can on the porch. We all laughed, but an entire group couldn't create as much joy as Aaron did all by himself. After he died I sent his parents a poem I'd written. They wrote back describing the agony of losing their only son.

These individuals are what the AIDS epidemic is about. Friends, we are losing our brightest and most beautiful. We mustn't let those who interpret the Bible to their own ends convince others we are not talking about our sons, daughters, husbands, wives, lovers, and friends. I am a Quaker and I believe Quakers need to speak out with a single voice against the discrimination that prevents this nation from helping those in need.

Friends' faith in the Light Within preconditions us to reach beyond the surface to the root problems of poverty, addiction, racism, spiritual darkness, and a national way of life that creates the conditions that affect us all. Quakers know how to reach out in a loving way to the Light within each individual. Quakers know how to begin with themselves: to speak to family, friends, and their immediate community about the need to make this virus something we talk about at the breakfast table, at meeting, at work, and everywhere. And Quakers know how to speak up politically and say, "This is not about one group's moral agenda vs. another's; this is about human lives." Where, I ask, is the unified voice to counter the double-speak happening around us?

Like Mary Oliver, let us say, "Look, I want to love this world/as though it's the last chance I'm ever going to get/to be alive/and know it." Let us be Quakers in the AIDS epidemic.

Lynn Martin
Putney, Vt.

Spirit-led

In the December 1994 issue, one Friend wrote a little note, which you titled "No Candlesticks?" The Friend seemed to fret over having a hymnal for the Society and wondered where it would lead—perhaps to altars, ministers, pews facing one way, and candlesticks. Then he asked, "Where are the Friends? What is the Religious Society of Friends? Where is the Light?"

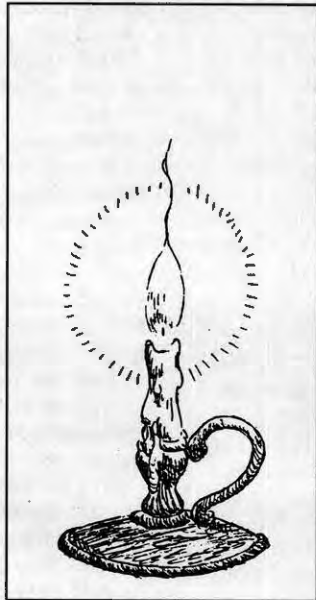
Most Friends do have ministers, paid or unpaid, programmed or unprogrammed. Many meetings have altars and candlesticks; most have hymnals and pews facing one way. What strikes me is the query, "Where is the Light?" What does this Friend imply? That Friends who are not completely unprogrammed aren't walking in the Light? I hope not.

I believe that if we wrap ourselves up in forms of worship to the point of judging others who do not follow them, then we act as the apostates whom early Friends were against. We should be about bringing God's peace and gospel to our neighbors through service and witness. We should aim to follow God in authentic worship based on the Spirit's leading. Silence, Friends, is not the "true" basis for worship, but a valuable tool. The Spirit is the foundation in worship, however Friends feel led to express their leadings.

If we had not followed the Spirit after the Civil War, Southern Quakerism probably would have died in the weak, "minister-less," silence-based worship found in those

meetings. Quakerism changed to face its weaknesses. So to criticize other forms of Quaker worship and raise our own is wrong. Unprogrammed worship and programmed worship are only true if Spirit-led. There is the Light; there is the Society of Friends.

Kevin Olive
Pittsburgh, Pa.



Rita Varley

FRIENDS JOURNAL welcomes Forum contributions. Please try to be brief so we may include as many as possible. Limit letters to 300 words, Viewpoint to 1,000 words. Addresses are omitted to maintain the authors' privacy; those wishing to correspond directly with authors may send letters to FRIENDS JOURNAL to be forwarded. Authors' names are not to be used for personal or organizational solicitation. —Eds.

They cut down the apple tree!" My eight-year-old daughter came running back to me with tears in her eyes. As we walked up the hill that morning to the school bus stop, we had heard the noise. The road crew with the orange truck was out early, cutting brush and trimming trees close to the power lines, getting ready for winter. It was September of the year of my "gathering autumn," and the apples were starting to redden. The school bus stops at the top of the hill, where the orchard is on both sides, and the wild apple tree had sprouted by the side of the road. Tall and scraggly, it had already blossomed with yellow-red apples. I walked past it every day, but it never occurred to me that it was in danger.

"They cut down the apple tree!" Iona cried easily. I hugged her but found there was nothing I could say. It was true. The yellow-red apples had spilled all across the road. If we'd come a little earlier that morning, perhaps I could have talked the crew into sparing the tree. Now the noise was deafening, and the men were dragging branches out of the road, cutting up the trunks, and feeding the brush into the roaring machine that makes wood chips. Children waiting for the school bus rushed over and grabbed apples on the ground. They had to shout to be heard. Iona's friend Scott offered her a large red-gold apple, but she wouldn't take it. She stood with her back to everyone, fingers in her ears. I wanted to hug her again, but Scott called "Bus!", and she ran the last few steps, red braids waving indignantly.

In a few minutes the children were gone, and Joanie, Scott's mother, and I were there on the apple-littered road.

She said "Want some apples? I've got a bag full of bags." Joanie always has useful stuff somewhere; this time it was right in the back of her white truck. The road crew had moved down the hill, and we could hear ourselves again.

Denise Ginzler is a member of Monadnock (N.H.) Meeting. She lives with her husband and daughter in Greenville, New Hampshire.

THE

I said "Sure" and took a plastic bag and started filling it with apples. Suddenly I was glad to be unemployed and to have time to spend that morning however I wanted. If I had gotten that last job I applied for, teaching kindergarten, I wouldn't be there on the road. Instead I had the time to gather apples, and to sort out my feelings. Birds began singing. Was Iona still crying about the apple tree? She was probably over it by now, giggling with her friend Melanic on the bus. But she wouldn't forget; some nights at bedtime her brown eyes would fill with tears, and she would say "I'm thinking about the Apple Tree!"

This is a country road, quiet enough that no cars may pass for half an hour. I began gathering apples, choosing those not too badly bruised by the fall. I easily filled one plastic bag and took another. The sun was warm, the scent of apples

was fantastic, and I began to feel as if I were in a dream.

Where am I? I asked myself. Is this the richest country on earth, where food gets wasted, thrown away by truckloads every day, and no one picks it up? Here I am at the end of the 20th century, mourning for the life of a wild apple tree, gathering bruised apples by the side of Darling Hill Road.

As I squatted on the ground, collecting wild apples, I could picture homeless people looking through dumpsters for food, the open-air markets of the cities, the endless supply of supermarkets. Then I was seeing the peasants, like my ancestors in Europe, who spent their lives gathering.

Joanie said "Want a ride home?", put-

ting her bags into the back of her truck. And I answered dreamily "No thanks, I want to fill one more."

"You know," she added, "these apples won't keep. You'll have to cook them, make applesauce or pies or something."

"Yes, I know." One of the things I love about New England is cooking apples in apple season, but I didn't feel like talking.

She was climbing behind the wheel. "If you want 'keeping' apples, you should come picking with me some afternoon. I know some good trees; and we can bring the kids."

"Yes, yes, some time. . . ." I knew that I was mumbling and being vague, but sometimes I just have no words. She drove off, and I was back in my trance, slowly gathering fallen fruit, swelling my last bag. Which of my great-grandmothers, in what faraway orchard, had done this? Did she wear a scarf, which is the only covering that feels comfortable to my head in the sun? Did she look up to the sky through the branches,



WILD APPLE TREE

and feel the rightness of it, as I do? Was her hair dark like mine, or red like my daughter's? Was she Irish or Polish or Hungarian, or from some other country? And were there sisters of mine, gathering from the earth right now across the globe, with different shades of skin, different eyes and hair and bone structure, yet still my sisters?

A light step behind me, and I turned. "They cut the wild apple tree down!" There was Anna, another neighbor, on her morning walk. Anna, whose children are grown, is the only one on this street who takes walks for pleasure. She was looking at me with eyes darker than Iona's, but just as anguished.

"They cut it DOWN!"

"Yes," I mumbled. "The road crew. . . there are still some apples." I could barely talk at all that morning.

Her dark eyes were furious and bright, without tears. "But it was a beautiful tree! The apples were great for cooking; I came and picked some every year for pies. How could they?"

Dark-haired Anna is older than I, and we barely ever speak. I felt as guilty as when I cleaned house and threw away one of Iona's precious dusty collages of paper and feathers.

"It's a shame," I said lamely. "Do you want some apples? I can't carry all these."

She was still upset. "They were so good for cooking, not sweet, but just tart enough. There was no reason that tree shouldn't have kept growing for years!"

Again, I had nothing to say. My bags were stretched as full as they could be without breaking.

"Thanks, I'll take some on my way back. I'm going to keep on walking," she finally answered and went off through the orchard. I went slowly down the hill with my load, not dreamy now but very aware of each bird and leaf and purple autumn daisy. The leaves would blaze colors soon and be gone. Winter would come soon, and in my mind I could see bare branches, the clearness of the wood in the snow.

That day I started making applesauce, then apple crisp, and later apple muffins. I even tried a few apple pies, although I never know how they're going to turn out. I loved the smell of them in the kitchen, and the tart half-wild apples were some of the best I've ever cooked.

I went with Joanie, her two boys, and Iona to pick apples and later on to gather hickory nuts. Still later, in frosty weather before the snow, Joanie took us to find

quinces. These were sunlit afternoons of September and October. We had no schedule; we stayed outdoors until it grew cold or the children got tired. I had never seen quinces before, a tiny yellow fruit with a sour taste, growing close to the ground on thorny bushes. Amazingly, their fragrance was so sweet and strong that a bowl of them on the kitchen table scented the whole house.

On our gathering expeditions, sometimes the children played, sometimes they fought, sometimes they filled the baskets. Scott, the ten-year-old, was the champion at finding hickory nuts in the grass. Iona developed a fondness for the sour taste of quinces, which the rest of us could only tolerate in quince-apple jam. Max, Joanie's youngest, who had just started first grade, would usually have a drawing to show me. He always drew dinosaurs, huge wobbly creatures full of power: "See, Denise, here's Stegosaurus, and here's Triceratops, and this one is T-Rex!" Max needed the out-of-doors time after those long days at school and never wanted to go home, even as the afternoons got shorter.

I never spent an afternoon without at least once looking up through the branches to the sky with a sense of recognition. I never felt so at-home and peaceful, with a curious feeling of *rightness* with the earth. It was not like the pleasure that comes from gardening. In a garden, human effort goes into a partnership with nature, and one tends to feel some pride in the results. In the woods, however, it was different. I had not planted or tended these trees; they had grown without my help, and they tendered me their fruits. These were truly gifts from the earth, freely given to whoever would accept; we gathered them with joy.

As I walked up and down the hill in that "gathering autumn" I had another recurring thought: The trees stood to teach me, along with the artist and the child, that the human race lives in the natural world, connected at multiple levels. Cut them, destroy them, and the loss is not to the trees but to us. When we separate ourselves from the trees, grass, and sky, we lose our connection to the earth: We are taking without gratitude, cutting without forethought, killing without reverence. Those smashed apples have gone back to the earth, and those tears have dried, but the story of the wild apple is not over. It demands that we take another look at what we are doing. Look through the past, through the future, or through your

own child's tears, but see where we are. This is home, this is where we belong, and this is the only earth we have to live on.

The hickory trees on Darling Hill Road are tall and strong, and will be still standing, I hope, when today's children are grown. The quince bushes will bear for many years, their marvelous, sweet-scented fruit on thorny branches. And though the apple trees are getting old, their descendants will flower for generations. But that one wild apple tree that grew too close to the road? It has gone, sooner than it need have. As with all deaths, it had different effects on different people.

Iona grew in her passionate love of nature, her indignation at human injustice. "It's not fair!" seemed to be her favorite cry. She made hide-outs, she wondered over leaves, rocks, and snowflakes, and she cried buckets over real and imaginary wrongs. Anna, on her daily walks, rarely spoke to me, and never as freely as on the day of the apple tree. But I happened to see, several months later, one of her quilts in a shop window. It had the apple colors, bright yellows and reds combined, with intricate stitching and many textures of cloth. It was abstract, but one part looked to me like a tree.

The spring after my gathering autumn was late, but it came at last, welcome as spring always is. During that winter I started looking at trees, and I found myself haunted by the skyline of grotesque shapes formed by trimmed trees at the roadside. They were only allowed to branch away from the power lines, giving them a lopsided look; they had no logical business standing upright, yet there they were.

One day in April, when the snow had at last shrunk to patches in the woods, and the sun felt good on my face, Iona came running through the orchard.

"Mommy! Come and see what's growing!" Her eyes shining, she guided me to the roadside near the top of the hill. Pushing upward, in a straggling row, was a set of wild apple seedlings. Iona, her red hair escaping from the braids, was full of delight. "See how many are growing? Remember that tree?" The memory, combined with spring warmth and almost-nine-year-old enthusiasm, made her dance around me on her long legs. I smiled, and we hugged each other, and once again there was no need for words.

Winter was over, and the wild apple tree was alive. □

Is There a Price of Admission?

*It is the Light that accepts you.
The meeting is just the vehicle.*

by David K. Parsons

In the January issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL, a letter expressed the doubts and fears of Jenny, who worried that she might not be "good enough" or committed enough to become a Quaker. In my first years of attending Friends meeting, I too felt that I could never make the grade, and I still feel doubtful that my journey meets the high standard that George Fox set and that the Light (or God) requires.

In 1968 I had a nervous breakdown and turned to booze as a means to drown the pain. Over the next few years I became a street alcoholic; I kept dodging and hustling so that I could drink in relative comfort. Syracuse, N.Y., had a policy of shipping troublesome drunks to a state mental hospital. I made four trips and felt totally hopeless and confused. I had arrived at a point that seemed to match the ancient lepers and searched for a bell I could ring to accompany my cry, "unclean!" as I stumbled through the streets.

Then, in 1971, I moved to my present home. My father and mother took their 33-year-old infant back and tried to help. As luck, or the Light, might have it, I met a local woman and we were married in 1975. Slowly, oh so slowly, she helped me to rejoin the human race. It was a miracle, at least to me, and Marie helped me to stand tall again, to accept myself for what I was. There still remain the problems of forgiveness and purpose.

Marie was raised a Methodist and I a Presbyterian. I had searched in various pews for the God that I was taught was there. Finally, I had quit seeking in the belief that the door was closed and locked as a result of many sins. Marie and I talked it over, and I sug-

gested that we try the Quakers. It was the only place I had never gone.

The first two years were nothing but frustration. I did not know how to pray. I had no experience that pointed to the Light. I would have walked away, except that Marie had made a connection. I resorted to counting the bricks in the meetinghouse fireplace. At the same time, we were made welcome in a way that I had never been before. At last I turned again to prayer for lack of anything better to do.

Then one First Day I was praying as hard as I knew how. I was unable to relax and let life flow. My day-to-day problems loomed so large that I had a constant headache. Suddenly a woman I had never seen before started to speak. She sat just in front of me and talked of living one day at a time. I snorted inwardly, for this was just more of the line that was peddled in Alcoholics Anonymous. I found myself listening anyway and suddenly it dawned: Here was an answer to what I had been asking. God had somehow heard. God was actually here! At the close of meeting, she was introduced as a guest from Canada. When we rose, she turned immediately and shook my hand. To say that "my mind was blown" hardly expresses my feelings.

The road I have traveled since then has not been smooth and straight. I slowly, very slowly, grew to feel the Light. I came to the realization that the Light, God, the Holy Spirit, sets the standard. If you feel at sea and full of doubt, the Light will smooth the waters. It is It that sets the standard as to who is worthy to attend. It is the Light that accepts you. The meeting



Ann Cooper

is just the vehicle.

Over the last few years, I have come to realize that anyone who walks through the meetinghouse door is welcome. The Light within each of us is the only price of admission, and all people have the ticket. The journey upon which you embark will lead to different places. The love and wisdom of God are infinite, and each of us has a place where we fit. The clerk of your meeting will fit in his or her place; the young couple across the room in another; you will come a different way. This is how it must be, for the Light is infinite and has formed each of us differently.

Our meeting has a place for the person released from prison and those who carry the stigma of mental illness or poverty. It also welcomes those who are on the faculty of Syracuse University and the students who are exploring their place in the world. People who have it all together intermingle with people who can barely function. Truly, anyone who comes through the door is welcome. God, the Light, is always there.

Many people today are desperately seeking a new way to follow, a new path to give meaning to our lives. The sales of such books as *Embraced by the Light* and *The Celestine Prophecy* show how much our nation's stew is bubbling. I am led to the belief that only the inner place where the Light lives within us can show our people the answer. We who have occasionally found that Light must learn to use it to modulate our actions and temper our thoughts with its Love. Then we might be able to quietly witness with the Light shining in our eyes and our actions. This witness is the answer to our brother's problems and our sister's despair. □

David K. Parsons is a member of Syracuse (N.Y.) Meeting.

Leaving a Friends Meeting



Ann Cooper

At last I have found peace. I am no longer wrestling with where I should be on Sunday morning.

by Jayne Maugans

Three years ago, as a member of Alfred (N.Y.) Meeting, I wrote an article for *FRIENDS JOURNAL*, "Unity Through the Inward Light." The gist of the article was that, regardless of spiritual diversity within the meeting, Friends are united through their belief in the Inward Light. I still believe this, but have nonetheless struggled with my membership as a Friend, culminating in my leaving the meeting and joining a nondenominational church.

I am not hurt. I did not leave my circle of Friends because of a hurtful situation. Quite the contrary, I felt closest to them at the time I left the meeting. Efforts were being made to create a more open and caring community: for example, the meeting had just arranged for Friendly Eights, groups of eight Friends which were to meet socially every other month.

I am not isolated. My Quaker neigh-

Jayne Maugans, a former member of Alfred (N.Y.) Meeting, is a member of the Union University Church and associate professor of sociology at Houghton College.

bors are dear to me and are individuals whom I still call friends and highly regard. When I was a member of the meeting, there were certain members I could turn to during difficult times. Nothing has changed. I know that these people are still there in my life.

I am not disappointed. My expectations of unconditional love and social action were not shattered, mainly because I recognize the difference between ideals and intentions and how these are played out in actuality. My ideal may be to bring peace on earth but my intention is on sending clothing to the poor in Latin America. The extent to which I actually succeed with the charity depends on many factors, some of which are beyond my control. Such is the case of many a meeting. The best advice ever given to me on this subject came from Wayne Parris, a Friend and professor who said, "Jayne, you're not going to change this world in your lifetime, but you can give it a nudge in the right direction." That's what I see Friends doing, nudging away. It's not complete, it's not perfect, but it's something better than before.

I am not offended. No one has ever purposely said or done anything to offend me. My decisions then and now have always been respected by members of the meeting. Quakers are people, and they come with all the human baggage of everyone else. What matters most, though, is what's in the heart—and these people have heart.

So why did I leave? I needed more than unity through the Inward Light. Put simply: I needed to belong to a Christ-centered community. There was a point at which I was no longer growing spiritually and knew that no matter how much I had in common, socially and spiritually, with my fellow Friends, I needed to be with other Christians who could nurture my relationship with Christ. I yearned to hear messages of the Gospel and community (local and worldwide) intertwined. I wanted to see social action grounded in faith. I longed to sing hymns and to praise God with others. I desired to pray with

church members in the name of Jesus Christ, and to hear or say, "You're in my prayers."

The real clincher came when my husband and I adopted our daughter, Grace. God had truly blessed us with this child, and now I wanted to be sure that as her mother I was doing everything I could to keep her close to Christ. I began thinking of her spiritual life and what I felt would be best for her. Where would she most likely come to know Christ and the notion of a Christian community, among those whose unity is simply the Inward Light or among those who profess their belief in Jesus Christ? The answer would lead to my letter of membership transfer.

All of this does not mean, of course, that the Religious Society of Friends is not Christian. I have attended some evangelical Friends meetings. My brother belongs to Northridge Friends Church in Wichita, Kansas, a Christ-centered meeting; it was there two years ago that the associate pastor listened and offered helpful suggestions regarding my membership with the Friends.

I have spent several years grappling with this issue. At last I have found peace. I am no longer wrestling with where I should be on Sunday morning. At 10:30, in an adjoining Seventh Day Baptist parish house and church, the Quakers meet on one side in the parish house for worship, my church on the other side. Both congregations are filled with love and good people. Both congregations have unity.

The Friends have their unity through the Inward Light. Our unity is specifically through Jesus Christ, and my experience is that this offers the greatest and most satisfying unity of all. After service, I walk contentedly to my car, baby in arms, smiling and saying hello to Friends and church members alike, and thanking God for us all. □

Remembering Norman Morrison

by Anne Morrison Welsh

As many Friends know, Norman Morrison, my husband, gave his life in public witness against the Vietnam War through self-immolation at the Pentagon on November 2, 1965. Through desperate action *in extremis*, his life spoke.

For months preceding his death, Norman had become increasingly active in his opposition to the developing war. He wrote letters to his representatives, helped plan peace conferences, and lobbied in Washington, D.C. For several years we had been withholding whatever "war tax" we owed from our IRS returns.

Norman was agonized by the U.S. military's senseless and immoral killing of Vietnamese civilians: old men, women, and children. Our country was destroying villages, people, and an ancient culture. He was also apprehensive that China or Russia might come into the war on the side of North Vietnam, making a "little" war into the "Big One," a war to end civilization and the world as we knew it.

Norman was raised in Erie, Pa., as a Presbyterian. He graduated in history and education from the College of Wooster, Ohio, and earned a theological degree at Western Theological Seminary (Presbyterian) in Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1959. A pacifist by persuasion, he began his association with the Religious Society of Friends at Wooster. At about the same time, while a student at Duke University, I became active in Durham (N.C.) Meeting. We were married under the care of Durham Meeting in 1957. After a year of study in Edinburgh, Scotland, we joined Pittsburgh (Pa.) Meeting in 1959.

At the time of his death at 31, Norman was executive secretary for Stony Run Meeting in Baltimore, Md., a position he had held since 1962. We had transferred our membership to that meeting from Charlotte, N.C., where Norman and I had helped establish Charlotte Meeting.

Perhaps more than most people, Norman relied on internal guidance, which

he sometimes was convinced was the Inner Light. On the day of his death, without warning, he felt moved or instructed to take the action he did. Because of a cold, he was at home from work. Although we were together during most of the day, he kept to himself the guidance he felt he had received.

While I was away fetching our older children, Ben and Christina, from Friends School, Norman took Emily, our one-year-old daughter, with him to the Pentagon. She was with her father up to the

end, when he released her physically unscathed. One way to view Emily's horrifying proximity to danger was as a symbol of those many Vietnamese children who were the innocent victims, even targets, of that war. Another way is to sense how important it was for Norman to hold onto life—a child he loved dearly—right up to the end of his life.

Naturally, my life and the lives of our children were severely impacted by the loss of Norman and the nature of his sacrifice. A great weight came down upon

Norman Morrison

by Errol Hess

(d. Nov. 2, 1965, after the fashion of Buddhist priests, of self-immolation protesting the Vietnam War. His daughter, Emily, age 1, witnessed his death.)

Emily,

**did you see flowers as the match lit,
as fire exploded from your father's
fuel-soaked clothes, burning like a
fast wick to light my conscience?**

**His flames cut through my heart like knife
through crisp apple, cauterizing as they sliced,
sealing the suffering flesh till
I clawed at it with quick-bitten fingers**

**His light made my silent shadow writhe,
as, repeatedly, I heard the whump, felt
the push of hot air as the flash forced
my eyes shut, saw his image burned negative**

**in my retina, heard you scream,
heard the soldier shout "Help," heard
the unsure shuffling to rescue of feet
accustomed to attack, saw the massive**

**five-walled building left untamed,
one little roped-off area to be repaired.**

Errol Hess is a member of West Knoxville (Tenn.) Meeting and clerk of Tri Cities Preparative Meeting.

Anne Morrison Welsh and her husband Bob live in Black Mountain, N.C., where they are active in Celo Meeting. Anne works with individuals who are developmentally disabled and is a freelance writer.

us, creating a Before and an After in our lives. Over the ensuing years we have suffered greatly, and still suffer to this day. However, as we are now more fully able to face this tragedy with honest emotions and sharing, we are gradually becoming healed.

Countless people, including Friends near and far, were deeply affected by Norman's sacrifice. Some were moved to act to end the war and to work for peace. I received many letters witnessing to this, including ones from overseas and Vietnam. The expressions of sympathy, encouragement, and inspiration gave me strength to meet the many challenges I faced in the wake of Norman's death. Virtually all of my friends stood by me, and without them I could not have made it. I am eternally grateful for this.

In Vietnam, Norman became a kind of folk hero. The Vietnamese wrote poems and songs about him, named a street after him, and issued a commemorative stamp in his honor. I think his sacrifice communicated a great measure of love and respect for the Vietnamese people. Self-immolation was accepted in the Vietnamese Buddhist tradition.

Over the 30 years that have passed since his death, I have from time to time received additional evidence of the impact Norman's protest had on the lives and consciousness of individuals, including then Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara. Norman's immolation took place only about 40 feet from McNamara's office at the Pentagon. I have no idea if Norman knew of this proximity.

More recently, in his memoir, *In Retrospect: The Tragedy and Lessons of Vietnam*, McNamara talks about the impact Norman's action had on him and his family. I am grateful for his honest and courageous reassessment of the Vietnam War and his admission that it was a tragic mistake.

After all this time, even with my intimate knowledge of who he was, Norman's death, if not indeed his life, remains to some extent in the realm of mystery to me. Spiritual devotion, a fierce commitment to peace, faithfulness to his inner vision, desperation, and a passionate desire to make his life worthwhile—all these were parts of who Norman Morrison was. They are also components of his self-sacrifice. But the unique, complex whole of his final moment was and is greater than the sum of all the parts. I feel sure it was indeed inspired and also, finally, ineffable. □

QUAKER TOOLS

by Allen Hubbard



WE HAVE OUR
BAG OF TOOLS,
COLLECTIVELY
KNOWN AS
"QUAKER
PROCESS," WHICH
WE USE IN
WORSHIP AND
WORSHIP FOR
BUSINESS.

I begin with something I know about: the ambiguity of tools. Properly used, they help me work, but misused they work against me, contributing to injury and suffering.

It is entirely too easy to misuse a tool, for any number of reasons. Inexperience, ignorance, carelessness, impatience, exhaustion, anxiety—any one, or any combination of these, can lead to misuse.

Tools serve as means to achieving an end, an end often quite different from the means employed. Noisy power saws and hammers helped me build a quiet retreat for reading and meditation, and I use an obnoxiously loud vacuum to clean the same room.

I love to work with a good tool (no vacuum cleaner belongs in this category): a well-balanced hammer whose handle fits my hand, a fine saw or sharp chisel that helps me make a clean and accurate cut. With little difficulty I could slip (I have slipped) into the trap of making the tool (means) more important than the end—the ancient hazard and practice of idolatry. For as long as we know, humans have repeated the mistake of focusing excessive attention on the means at hand, and thereby losing sight of the end. Some religions forbid graven images in an effort (probably futile) to rule out this error.

We Quakers are as vulnerable as anyone to this error. We have our bag of tools, collectively known as "Quaker process," which we use in worship and worship for business. Among our more important tools are silence and sense of the meeting. We retreat together into silence,

Allen Hubbard is a member of Boulder (Colo.) Meeting.

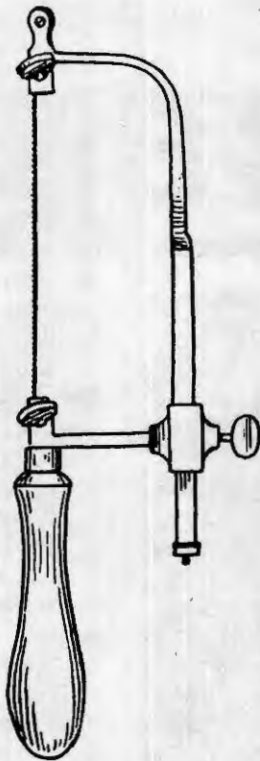
seeking clearness and the leading of the light. In our business, we strive for a sense of unity as the means to concerted action or, as the case may be, inaction. Both serve as means to a responsible and vital sense of our community, our Religious Society of Friends.

As tools, silence and waiting for unity are sometimes misused when Friends make too much of them, use them to serve extraneous purposes, or, for whatever reasons, are inept in their use. I repeatedly feel a need to review and practice appropriate Quaker process.

An example of misuse is a call for silence when it is used to avoid hearing and dealing with strong feelings and hard truths. Over the years I have gained the impression that many Friends shy away from anger and open confrontation. We have good reason to fear extremes of emotion and their potential for violence, but not all anger is extreme, nor is all confrontation adversarial. Wanting simply to understand better what is happening or where another is coming from, I may confront someone with a determined and repeated request for clarification of meaning and intent. If confronted with a similar request, I may use plain talk and hard terminology to make my position as clear as possible.

And anger—we must learn to live and work with anger. It is a normal, human emotion: a tool, something like a spur, in our interactional repertoire. Anger serves to mobilize resources, focus attention, and motivate deliberate action. It can get us moving.

Friends, it appears to me, tend to reject some basic, human tools, perhaps afraid they will bruise or cut too deep, but a hammer, skillfully employed, drives a nail (point) home without hurting the wood. A saw, in the hands of a skilled worker, doesn't just cut trees down and boards



apart; it shapes pieces to fit and hold together. Skill and artistry come with practice, not with avoidance.

When emotions begin to rise, words become direct, and two people or groups face off, we sometimes too quickly call for silence. The angry person is left stewing and perhaps having second thoughts. When the silence breaks, the meeting

too often, in this participant's opinion, takes an evasive tack and leaves the issue unresolved.

I see this practice as damaging and dangerous, akin to a carpenter's failure to drive nails home. Such nails hold poorly and stick out to snag the unwary. We should not abandon someone who is hurting enough to be angry. If there are second thoughts to be had, the entire gathered meeting should busy itself with them. It is not supportive or useful to leave someone alone and isolated with strong feelings. Those feelings should be expressed, heard, shared, and dealt with in a caring, deliberate, and responsible manner.

The same holds when two people find themselves in direct confrontation, which is surely inevitable in a large meeting made up of strong-minded people. We must hear them out, and help each to hear the other. We can pace the discussion, but we should not stop it.

When we silence and suppress anger, we plant the seeds of despair and depression. Unable to make progress, or even to feel themselves heard and heeded, the once-angry resign themselves and withdraw from participation. Neither clearness nor community is served when silence is thus misused.

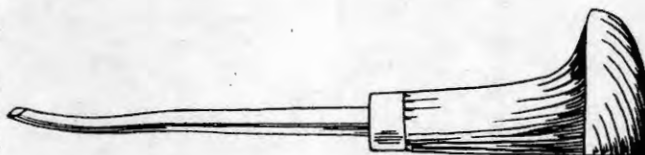
Waiting for unity is the other means Friends seem most inclined to treat as

an end in itself. The danger in holding consensus up as the most important goal of Friends' process is that we may stick ourselves with the status quo; nothing is decided, so nothing is done. But life goes on, and doing nothing brings its own change, just as surely as doing something brings change. The main difference is that when nothing is done, we can all deny responsibility for the outcome, which "just happened."

We need (certainly I need) clearness on this issue. Is it misuse of a tool, when unity is considered more important than dealing with a recognized community problem? We automatically give priority to doing nothing, but should not resolution have equal weight? This, to me, would imply a radically heightened sense of responsibility, mobilizing the whole meeting in a determined effort to seek clearness and move ahead in the light, or take full responsibility for a decision to stick with the status quo. Taking full responsibility would include minuting explicitly the meeting's inability or unwillingness to deal effectively with the problem at hand. Let us be clear in what we don't do, as well as in what we do.

This might make many uncomfortable. I see this as appropriate and good. Clearness, truth, community, love—these ends we seek do not come easily into this world. They are born of effort, struggle, and adjustment. Should we not expect labor pains?

Certainly there exists no need for us to seek or cultivate pain, but when pain does present itself, we can ill afford to deny it expression and postpone dealing with it. Seeking clearness, we must be tough enough to face the truth, even (perhaps especially) when it hurts. □



PARK PLACE

by Joyce A. Howell

It all began one morning when I emerged out of the subway into the street. I was awakened from my pre-coffee sleepwalk by a stone, apparently thrown at me deliberately, timed in anticipation of my first step onto street level. Startled, I surmised the trajectory and found the thrower, still posed in his follow through, standing about ten feet in front of me. He was a street person, and he appeared indifferent to the fact that he had almost hit me. I reacted glibly, saying as I breezed past him, "Nice throw."

The following morning I was more alert as I hit the street. Fear quickened my steps. That is probably why I was the only one who noticed him. A homeless man, drawing a last, long drag from a cigarette, turned, and, as if it were the most natural thing in the world to do, put his butt out on the arm of a woman in front of me. She hurried inside, shocked, furious, frightened, her coworkers trying to calm her. I stared at the man as he sauntered down the street, oblivious.

A week later, it was I who didn't see the homeless man approaching me. A grizzled, pale, blue-eyed, toothless little man, who looked 50 years old but is probably 30, rushed out of the entrance to my building the same moment as I turned to enter. I started to say "Excuse me," but before I could mouth the words, the man, with a jittery, shaky motion, hauled off and slugged me in the shoulder. Ten years ago I might have punched him back, but time has brought a change in philosophies and judgment that is finally faster than my reaction time. I gave out a loud yell. The little man turned. We made eye contact. And then he compelled his body unsteadily away as fast as his wobbly legs could carry him.

In the days afterward, I slowly started to notice the street people I passed in my short walk from train to office. I initially spotted them as a matter of self defense—if I saw a street person coming I would give him a wide berth, or cross the street, or pick up my pace. Gradually, I began to forge a compromise with fear.

Noticing street people, and then noticing that I often passed the same people every day, switched on my mother's voice, scolding me as a child for passing people on the street without offering an audible greeting. These people I passed every day were indeed people, even if a few acted in marginal ways. It is painful not to acknowledge others as human. It is the pain of the soul eroding.



© by Joseph Sorrentino

Joyce Howell is a member of Haddonfield (N.J.) Meeting. She works for the Environmental Protection Agency in Philadelphia, Pa.

I started giving tentative greetings in the form of a nod, a smile, a quiet hello. I also started giving the people names, which I use in my mind.

Pencil is a street dweller I pass every day. He occupies the landing of the concrete stairs that lead up to the street from the train station. Pencil calls out to passersby trying to sell the pencils he holds in a cup. He is always dressed in the same

wearing a too tight, too short, bright yellow lycra skirt. He called on me, the nearest other pedestrian, for confirmation of his observation. Manners dictated no response, but I smiled at Will and winked. Will announced to the woman that I agreed, which prodded me to hurry on to avoid any further embarrassment. That experience taught me to initiate my conversations with Will, so as to control the

Park sits on the sidewalk, leaning against a metal fence that winds its way around a parking lot.

pair of old, worn, beat-up corduroys.

Will is the guy who got me beyond simple greeting to actual interchange. Will sits near Wills Eye Hospital, although from time to time I have seen him sitting on the stoop in an alleyway with his pals. When Will is on the job soliciting donations, he says outrageous things to people, whether they give him money or not. I got to talking with Will because he made me laugh at a comment he made to a woman

subject matter. I often kid him for being on a low volume corner, or taking a break during prime time. Sometimes I just ask how business is going. Will always has a response.

Park sits on the sidewalk, leaning against a metal fence that winds its way around a parking lot. Park has a long, curly beard, a blue down vest, and a plaid shirt. I can't really tell what color his pants are. He owns a pair of slippers, which he sometimes has on. From time to time I have passed Park when he is in a daze, other times when he drools. His seat on the sidewalk against the fence can't possibly be comfortable, but he is always there. Park scares me sometimes because he isn't always with it, but often surprises me by the fact that he has something new to hold out for money. He's used boxes, paper cups, and cartons; one day he even used one of his slippers. Of all the times I have greeted Park, he has only returned the greeting once.

One evening I hurried to the train, hungry for dinner. Two police officers stood on the corner, and police tape enclosed the area of the sidewalk that Park usually occupied. I told myself that Park is usually gone by that time, and it was prob-

ably some kind of accident.

When the newspaper hit my driveway the next morning with its usual smack and thud, I rushed out to get it, quickly scanning for any information on what had happened on Park's corner. The paper was silent, so I concluded no one had died, that being my guess of the threshold requirement for newsworthiness.

As I walked to work, Park was missing. Even the guys who panhandle for coffee money outside of the Burger King were absent. I got a sinking feeling that I had been fooling myself. The police tape was gone from Park's corner, so I walked over that way. That is when I saw the blood on the pavement.

I rushed to the parking lot attendant's hut, waving frantically to get his attention. He warily opened the window.

"Do you know what happened on the corner last night?"

Somewhat relieved I wasn't going to hassle him, he replied, "Yeah. A guy was hit by a two-by-four; I think he died."

"Was it the street person that leaned on the fence up there? You know, the guy with the beard?"

"Yeah, think so."

I trudged away, my heart sinking. I thought at first that dying may have been easier for Park than continuing to live. I chided myself for grabbing so quickly for comfort. A few months before, when homeless meant to me something less than human, that eugenic thought, applied to Park, may have dismissed him forever from my mind. But I don't think Park was waiting to die, I think he wanted to live.

I inspected Park's corner. A scarf, with blood and human tissue on it, lay on the sidewalk. Overnight, someone had left Park's slippers next to the fence. A group of people passed me as I stood there, not noticing Park was gone, not noticing his blood on the sidewalk, not noticing that he had ever been there. That's why the newspaper didn't report it. There was nothing to report as far as their readers were concerned.

I haven't seen Pencil since Park was murdered. Will is his usual jovial and outspoken self, but he lives on concrete two blocks away, in a different neighborhood, so to speak. Park and Pencil have been replaced by other street people, primarily because the foot traffic is too good to pass up. One of the new people is blind, and he sings out as he hears people approach, keeping rhythm by shaking the coins in his cup. I plan to learn his real name. □

Food for Thought

by Tasha Saecker

**Dusty, oily-haired man
comes into my world of words,
groans of a hunger**

I cannot feed with books.

**My boxed sets of ideas will do him no good
as his stomach rumbles to life.**

**He cannot eat Potter's rabbits,
Berenstain's bears,**

Seuss's fish.

**He is too hungry to find
sustenance**

in book pages.

Too weary to find

laughter

in stories.

Too dirty to find

cleansing

in words.

Poor man, I have nothing to give you. All

I can do is open books

and hope that you can find a mirror

there, reflecting

your soul

back to

its source.

Tasha Saecker directs a library in Green Lake, Wisconsin. She is a member of Madison (Wis.) Meeting.

Quakers and the Doukhobors

by J. Russell Elkinton

A few years after my English wife, Teresa, and I were married more than 50 years ago, we discovered a previously unsuspected link between our respective English and American families. In 1899, nearly half a century before our marriage, two of our Quaker forebears, her grandfather and my great-grandfather, had manned the two ends of a trans-Atlantic lifeline for the emigration of more than 7,000 religious refugees from Russia to Canada. These were the Doukhobors, a dissenting and pacifist Christian sect who were fleeing the savage persecution of Russia's czarist government.

At that time the Religious Society of Friends already had a long history over the preceding 18th and early 19th centuries of Quaker contacts with the rulers of Russia, contacts made for the promotion of peace and for humanitarian relief. This effort on behalf of the Doukhobors in the late 19th century and during the 20th century carried on that tradition.

The Doukhobors in Russia

The Doukhobors, or "Spirit-Wrestlers," were one of a series of dissenting religious sects in Russia during the 18th century that arose against the forms of the Russian Orthodox Church. They mostly were peasants who believed in a primitive Christianity without priests, held land in common, and eschewed violence. As they were against military conscription, they brought down the wrath of the government of Czar Nicholas I and many were banished to Transcaucasian Georgia. During the last few decades of the 19th century Count Leo Tolstoy, himself a radical dissenter from the Orthodox Church, became interested in the Doukhobors and gave them his support. So likewise did the Quakers in England and North America who also were sympathetic with

J. Russell Elkinton is the author of Footnotes on the Sands of Time, from which this article is excerpted.

their beliefs and their pacifism.

In 1892-93 two British Quakers, Joseph James Neave and John Bellows, made a prolonged journey to Russia to visit some of these dissenters, including the Doukhobors. A fascinating account of this journey is set forth in the volume *John Bellows: Letters and Memoir*; John Bellows was a widely traveled Quaker printer, lexicographer, and antiquarian from Gloucester. In Moscow Neave and Bellows visited Count Tolstoy, with whom John Bellows developed a warm friendship. Tolstoy advised the two Quakers to visit the Doukhobors in the Transcaucasus. This they did, crossing the high mountain passes by horse-drawn carriage. In Tiflis and throughout Georgia they found the Doukhobors, who earlier had been banished to this Transcaucasian area, to be farming quite successfully among a great ethnic mixture of Georgians, Armenians, Turks, and Persians (a mixture that 100 years later led to the present violent ethnic civil warfare). Bellows and Neave, after another visit to Tolstoy, returned to Britain, thus ending their half-year journey.

Three years later, in 1895, the Doukhobors rebelled against the military conscription that recently had been extended to the Transcaucasus. On the night of June 28-29, in several districts of Georgia, to show their renunciation of violence, they held ceremonial burnings of all their weapons. The czarist government immediately sent in Cossack troops who beat, jailed, or killed many of the men and drove their families from their homes. At this point the Doukhobors, many thousands in number, decided that emigration from Russia was their only hope. They turned for help to their religious sympathizers, Count Tolstoy and his supporters in Russia and the Quakers in Britain and America. The island of Cyprus and the Dominion of Canada both indicated a willingness to receive them. In March 1898, through intercession via the Dowager Empress with her son the Czar, the Russian government gave the Doukhobors permission to leave.

The Emigration

In September 1898 a portion of the desperate Doukhobors, about 1,100 in number, sailed from Bartoum on the Black Sea to Cyprus, where some 1,500 acres of farmland had been offered them. But here there were only tents to shelter them, the land was damp and malarial, and the immigrants were ill equipped to farm it successfully. To help them the Quaker committee in London sent out Wilson Sturge (my wife's grandfather), a Quaker businessman from Birmingham who had been British vice consul in Poti in the Caucasus for six years and had become well acquainted with the Doukhobors. When he got to Cyprus he found "a prospect little short of appalling." He and a few younger assistants, including William Bellows (son of John), did the best they could with a disastrous situation and recommended that these Doukhobors in Cyprus be sent to Canada to join the rest who were being shipped there directly from Russia.

This was done later in the next year, 1899. After embarking these hapless refugees on one of the two steamships chartered by the Quakers in London for the purpose of transporting all the Doukhobors to Canada, Wilson Sturge stayed behind to wind up their affairs in Cyprus and then sailed for England. Sadly, on the voyage home his health failed; he died and was buried on Malta.

Meanwhile, in January 1899, the first contingent of Doukhobors, some 2,000 in number, who had embarked in Batoum on the steamship *Lake Huron*, arrived in Halifax, Nova Scotia. Here they were met by Prince Hillkoff, an exiled dissident Russian aristocrat who had assisted in the negotiations with the Canadian authorities, and by two American Quakers. One of these was Job Gidley from Massachusetts and the other was Joseph S. Elkinton of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The latter was a leading minister in the Orthodox branch of the Religious Society of Friends as well as a manufacturer, an active worker for the rights of native American Indians and negro ex-slaves, and, as it happens,

Scenes from Joseph Elkinton's 1903 book:

(Left) Doukhobor costumes showing a prayer sash and a marriage scarf. Joseph Elkinton, at left, is wearing garments given to him as a gift.

(Below) During a shortage of horses and oxen, and with men in prison in Siberia or working on the railroads, Doukhobor women draw a plough.



my great-grandfather. In his diary he tells of going down on the tugboat with the quarantine officials to meet the ship:

As we approached and came up opposite the windward side, it was a wonderful sight: the children in the front and the length of the ship made an imposing sight. Most of them had on sheepskin coats with the wool inside, the girls in front of the women and the boys in

front of the men; and all joined in a subdued but melodious and distinct tone in chanting words which Prince Hillkoff afterward translated for me. It was a very affecting scene, and the spirit of thanksgiving and prayer covered my mind. . . . I felt that if ever I heard the voice of thanksgiving and melody from human lips, I did on that notable occasion.

After this "notable occasion" of welcome, the ship was cleared by the

quarantine officials and the two Quakers proceeded on board with the immigrants to the port of St. John, New Brunswick. Here the Doukhobors were entrained for Winnipeg and the areas on the plains of the Canadian Northwest Territory that had been promised them for settlement. After seeing the immigrants off on the trains, Great-grandfather and his Quaker companion returned to Halifax to await

the second shipload of Doukhobors.

This ship, the *Lake Superior*, arrived ten days after the *Lake Huron*, but because of a case of smallpox on board was held in quarantine; Great-grandfather returned to Philadelphia. In mid-February the ship was cleared and Great-grandfather, with Job Gidley, returned to Halifax. There they greeted this second contingent of Doukhobors, this time accompanied by Count Tolstoy's son, Serius, and saw them on board the Canadian Pacific trains bound for Winnipeg. Great-grandfather went with them as far as Ottawa, where he interviewed Canadian officials on their behalf.

Later in the spring and summer two more shiploads of Doukhobors arrived in Canada. In May the *Lake Superior* reached Quebec carrying the 1,030 immigrants that Wilson Sturge had sent off from Cyprus. They were accompanied by his young associate, William Bellows. Joseph S. Elkinton went up to meet them and then traveled with them as far as Ottawa on their way west, before returning home. In June he again traveled to Quebec to meet the fourth and last contingent on the *Lake Huron*. As there was a case of smallpox on board, the ship was quarantined for three weeks. He returned to Quebec in July to greet the Doukhobors on board and again to accompany them as far as Ottawa on their way west to join the others in their new settlements.

Thus, in the first six months of 1899, more than seven thousand of these persecuted Doukhobors—7,363 to be exact—had been brought from Russia to new homes in the Canadian West. This was said at that time to be the largest single group of immigrants ever to have come to North America.



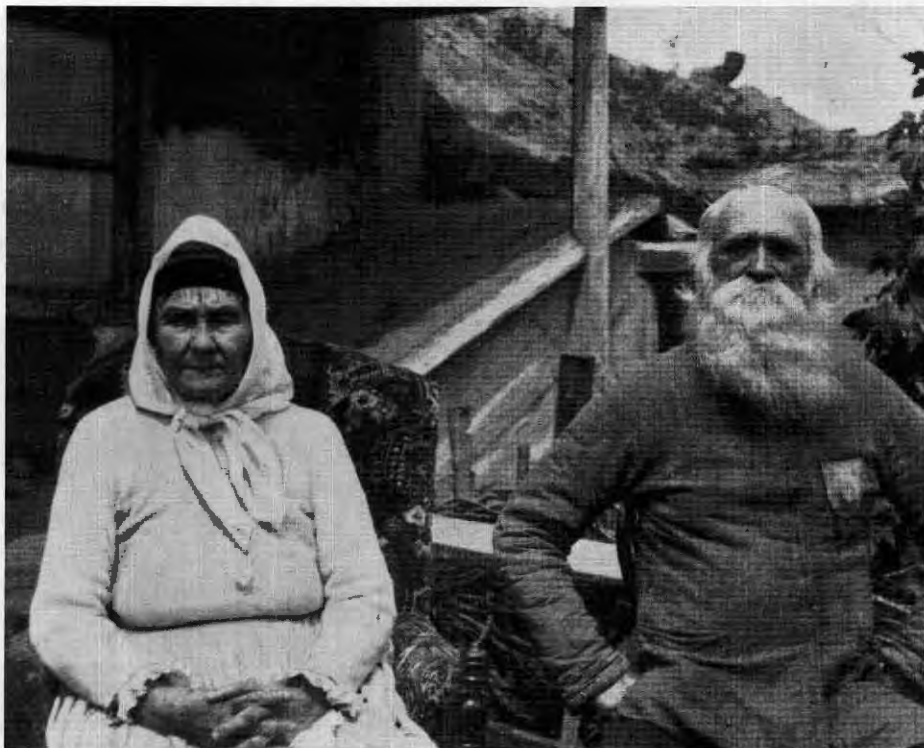
Photos by Joseph Elkinton and William Bellows

In Canada

The subsequent history during the 20th century of the Doukhobors in Canada can only be summarized briefly here. They were a sturdy, colorful, and industrious people who arrived in Canada utterly destitute of material wealth. Put down on the bare prairies with severe winter weather ahead and with almost no tools, building materials, or money, they had initially just the rough shelters and supplies of food provided by the Canadian government and the Religious Society of Friends. Nevertheless they set about vigorously establishing a wide network of villages scattered across the prairies of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Most of the work was done by the women, who outnumbered the men three to one. Many of the husbands had been killed or jailed in Russia and most of those who did reach Canada had to hire themselves out as laborers on other farms or on the railways to earn a little cash; hence they were away for weeks or months. The women perforce rose to the occasion by dragging logs, making mortar out of clay for plastering, building the sod-roofed log houses, and carrying on their shoulders sacks of flour from miles away. As many of the villages had only one yoke of oxen or one pair of horses, the women pulled the ploughs to break the prairie and sowed the fields that they created. They were a doughty people!

But the Doukhobors also were a strong-willed and extremely obstinate people who resisted any changes to their religious beliefs and to their customs of holding property in common, of refusing military service, and of giving only oral education to their children. Initially these customs led to stubborn conflicts with the Canadian authorities over registration of births, marriages, and deaths, and especially over education of their children in the public schools. The degree and pace of resolution of these conflicts varied among different Doukhobor groups. The more progressive ones who decided to register their lands individually became known as "Independents"; they were assimilated more rapidly into Canadian life. Many, however, continued to live and farm communally and became known as "Community Doukhobors"; they were slower to adapt.

In 1903 the Doukhobors' young ex-leader, Peter Verigin, who had been in jail in Siberia during the emigration, was released and came out to Canada. Insisting on strict adherence to traditional customs, he ably organized and improved the farming practices of the Community



"Grandmother" Verigin, mother of the Doukhobor leader in prison in Siberia, and Patriarch Ivan Mahortov, the "old man" who remembered seeing the Quaker visitors in Russia in 1818.

Doukhobors. In 1912 he decided to move several thousand of them from Saskatchewan to southern British Columbia, where they purchased 15,000 acres in the Kootenay valley. Here, still living in communes, they became very successful fruit farmers.

Nevertheless, there remained among them a small but very fanatical minority, calling themselves the "Sons of Freedom," who continued to resist totally the authorities in these settlements. These zealots repeatedly burned down the schools built for their children and demonstrated by parading naked through the streets, thereby scandalizing their Canadian neighbors. In 1924 Verigin mysteriously was killed by a bomb on his train. In 1950 several hundred members of this small minority were jailed and their children placed in boarding schools. Arson still plagued the community as late as 1983 when several of their community centers were burned down. Thus these intransigent fanatics, a mere one percent of all the Doukhobors in Canada, persisted as a thorn in the sides of the government and the Quakers and severely damaged the reputation of all the rest of the Doukhobors who had become responsible Canadian citizens.

During this somewhat tumultuous assimilation of these Russian Doukhobors,

Quakers in Britain and the United States strove to assist them. This they did by providing supplies of food and seeds for planting, by promoting proper education for the children, by religious visiting, and by interceding with frustrated Canadian authorities. Quaker teachers were provided: from Britain, Helen Morland and Hannah Bellows; from Canada, Eliza Varney and Nellie Baker; and from Ireland, a nurse, Sara Boyle.

In this ongoing effort four generations of my own Elkinton family have been much involved. My great-grandfather, Joseph S. Elkinton, between 1899 and 1903, at the age of 70 to 73 years, made in all eight visits to greet and settle these Doukhobors in their new Canadian home. As his son wrote about his father:

To go from village to village and from house to house, travelling hundreds of miles over the open prairie in order to comfort those to whom he could not speak in their native language, extending sympathy and encouragement as well as distributing food and clothing, is very typical of his lifework. The Canadian officials valued his services enough to send for him more than once when they could not manage these difficult immigrants.

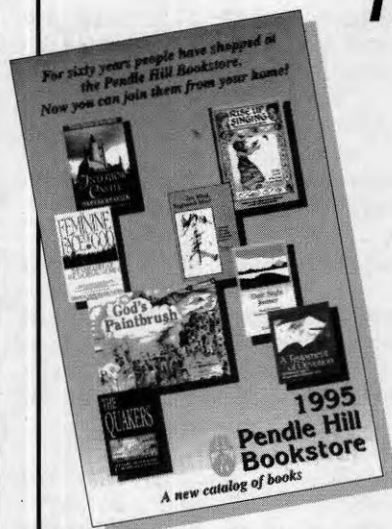
This son, my grandfather, Joseph Elkinton, not only assisted his father before the latter's death in 1905 but carried on the work to within two years of his

own death in 1920. During this time he visited and photographed the Doukhobors frequently and in 1903 wrote a book about their history and emigration (*The Doukhobors: Their History in Russia, Their Migration to Canada*). In his book he expressed his concern about the need for education of these newly arrived immigrants, a concern that he repeatedly conveyed to them in person.

In 1902 Grandfather's immediate contribution to this concern for education was to bring a family with five children down to live for the winter in his own home outside Philadelphia so that the children could go to the local Friends school and learn English. This was not easy for his wife, Sarah Elkinton, but it paid off; the youngest boy, Peter Makaroff, returned to become the first Doukhobor to gain a college degree, and to graduate from the university's law school in Saskatchewan.

During subsequent years, my father, Passmore Elkinton, as well as his brother Howard, made many visits to the Doukhobors. Indeed, in 1921 he took his 11-year-old son, the author of this essay, on a business trip to the West Coast and, returning across Canada, we stayed with Peter Makaroff in Saskatoon; a few years later he took my younger brother in a similar visit. In my generation, the chief family contacts with the Doukhobors have been made by my cousin Peter (son of Howard) and by my brother, David Elkinton. David last visited many of them in 1983 and has been involved with the Doukhobor historian, Koozma Tarasoff, in recording the history of these Russian immigrants over the 20th century (see *The Spirit Wrestlers: Centennial Papers in Honour of Canada's Doukhobor Heritage* by Koozma J. Tarasoff and Robert B. Klymasz).

Thus ends my story of Quaker encounters with "the Russian Bear," encounters involving my wife's kith and kin in England and my own family in America. Of course there have been many other Quakers who have encountered the Russians—especially during the terrible famines in the early 1920s shortly after the Revolution. But that is another story. And now, in the present chaotic state of the Russian Bear after the breakup of the Soviet Union, who knows what lies ahead for Quakers, and indeed for the whole world? Whatever may be the situation, let us hope that again there will be compassion, understanding, strength, and wisdom to help our fellow human beings of this enormous land in their times of need. □



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Emerging Currents in the Asia-Pacific

By Donna Kyle Anderton and Barbara Baker Bird. 1995 Backhouse Lecture, Australia Yearly Meeting. AU\$11/paperback.

Anna Brinton is reputed to have said, "Friends love to go about doing good, especially when it involves a lot of going about!" For five years Donna and Barbara, as Quaker international affairs representatives in Asia for the American Friends Service Committee, have done a lot of "going about" in the area to find out how Friends might best work there. The lecture shares the insights they gained in the course of their travels and consultations.

The continual emphasis is on the need to listen to what the peoples of the region are saying, and their own words are frequently quoted. We are warned against ethnocentrism and "Westism," against "looking at a person instead of looking at something from that person's point of view." Ten major interrelated issues foremost on the minds of many Asians are considered. They include economic development, security, cultures in transition, human rights, women, and minorities. The enormous contrasts of the area are analyzed; for instance, there are no declared wars in Asia today, yet there are military occupations and terrorism, civil wars, and a frightening level of arms trading, promoted not only by Australia, the United States, and Canada but also by some Asian nations themselves. There is a need to redefine security to encompass not just security of territory but of peoples, through jobs, a decent standard of living, and environmental sustainability.

Economically, the astonishing achievements of many nations in Asia are well known; yet some of the poorest communities on earth are in the area. Asians themselves ask for a greater emphasis on human priorities in aid programs, and we need to re-examine aid policies designed to benefit the donor first. We need a new paradigm of "development" which provides for peoples' full participation in their own advancement.

Human rights issues, to which many Friends find themselves drawn, is a difficult area for Westerners. Many Asians argue for the primacy of economic and social concerns over political and civil rights; others are insisting that basic human rights know no boundaries. How can we, without falling into the trap of "Westism," support the strong movement in Asia to find principles with Asian characteristics? Efforts to safeguard women and minorities are also growing in the face of their increasing disempowerment in new market economies. What should be our response?

At the end of each section the lecturers reiterate the challenge to Friends to be better informed, to seek to influence governments and institutions, and to carefully examine what

we are doing now. The final chapter suggests areas to consider "as we seek ways to be part of the solution rather than part of the problem."

Australians hearing or reading the lecture could not have helped reflecting yet again on the peculiar historical and geographical circumstances in which they find themselves. Drawing the greater part of their culture, language, and political and educational systems from the West, they are situated in the Asia-Pacific region and increasingly involved with its economic fortunes and security systems and draw more and more migrants from a great diversity of countries there. Yet the lecture's challenges are not specific to Australian or United States Friends; they are for all in the "West," or "North," or so-called "developed" countries (whatever the euphemism chosen) as they consider what their role should be in offering aid to any "underdeveloped" region. Reading this important lecture is one way of becoming better informed.

—Frances Parsons

Frances Parsons is a member of Hobart (Australia) Meeting.

Dance Fire Dance

By Thomas Dorsett. Icarus Books, Baltimore, Md., 1993. 78 pages. \$8.95/paperback.

Doctors heal the body as best they can. But Thomas Dorsett, physician and poet, acknowledges nature's impersonal power over both patient and doctor. Many of the poems in *Dance Fire Dance*, Dorsett's first book, show how our inability to control the body's destiny challenges the survival of faith. His poems set this lack of control, along with existential angst and its seeming remedy, self-love, on one side of the scale. On the other side, in indeterminate balance, he sets the risk of a faith which ultimately guarantees nothing.

In the book's early poems, Dorsett speaks as observer and participant in human suffering, taking on various personae, including that of the unborn in "The Aborted Fetus":

smiling, puking, walking, teething
what would I be doing now?
 Breathing. Lying by an empty bottle
 on this sofa, just like you.

As the poems build into a crescendo of religious questioning, allusions to theologians and other writers sometimes diffuse their power. Occasionally Dorsett asks a small object such as a dying leaf or a crushed piece of fruit to bear more philosophical weight than it can manage. However, several meditations on his son's fish tank display Dorsett's whimsical side, and gems abound in poems such as

"Maple Branch":

no wind can whip a branch's will
 into willing something less
 than to struggle perfectly:
 to fight so well it doesn't show.

Dorsett believes that we create our own void when we choose against the risks of faith. "Some Consolation" tempers terror with another possibility:

"He who lives by the sword shall die by the sword." True, yet
 "Who puts it down dies on the Cross."
 Some consolation. Beyond perception,
 gravity's grace—some consolation,
 indeed.

At the edge of the abyss, Dorsett proclaims, "I stand by the Easter message." *Dance Fire Dance* suggests that joy can be justified, that the spirit may not be fighting a losing

Four for Children

Fat Chance

By Lady Borton, illustrated by Deborah Kogan Ray. Philomel Books, New York, N.Y., 1993. \$14.95/hardcover. Lady Borton is a versatile person. We associate her with her work in Vietnam, first at the American Friends Service Committee center in Quang Ngai, now among the rural Hmong villagers near the Vietnamese-Laotian border. This book is her first for children; Deborah Kogan Ray was a perfect choice for artist.

Fat Chance draws on the author's own experience growing up on a farm. A little girl, Marty, is lonely staying home from school because of rheumatic fever. Gradually she makes friends with a frightened stray cat, who turns out to be blind and missing one paw. But the cat must be hidden from Mother, who hates cats. Marty devotes her time to training the cat, a dog, and two baby goats for a circus, while her brother anticipates with glee the inevitable discovery. When it comes, the cat itself overcomes Mother's resistance by going to the sound of her voice, extending its stump, and climbing into her lap. Later, with Mother's help, the cat helps Marty overcome her emotional block against learning her letters.

Too Far Away to Touch

By Lesléa Newman, illustrated by Catherine Stock. Clarion Books, New York, N.Y., 1995. 32 pages. \$14.95/hardcover. Children who lose a beloved relative are fortunate when they can see it as

battle with the flesh if we can find in our lives a Zen-like, healing wholeness that transcends contradiction. In his final meditation on the fish tank, he asks us:

For what is more striking or odder
than moving gold, being, as we are, alive?

—Nancy Culleton

Nancy Culleton is a member of Wrightstown (Pa.) Meeting. She teaches English at George School in Newtown, Pa.

The Soul of Politics

By Jim Wallis. Orbis Books, Maryknoll, N.Y., 1994. 275 pages. \$19.95/hardcover.

"I'm from Indiana," I announced into the phone. "I am against the tax cut." I was calling my Representative's office to be part of

the informal poll during recent budget discussions in Congress.

"You're for deficit reduction, then." The eager young staffer neatly categorized me. He seemed excited to speak with a constituent back home.

"Yes, but . . ." I explained, "I'm also for retaining the social programs that have worked well in the past."

"Oh." Long pause. "I see. I'll let them know."

I had been dismissed. My representative is a "conservative." Even his staff didn't want to engage in discussions with a "liberal" who would use the words "retain" and "social programs" in the same sentence.

Jim Wallis, in his book, *The Soul of Politics*, calls for a new, prophetic spirituality that would transcend ideologies, transform political discussion, and lead society out of profound crisis. "Conservatives talk endlessly about

personal morality and responsibility, while liberals seem to know only the language of human rights and social compassion," Wallis writes. On the streets, both personal initiative and social compassion are necessary for urban violence and poverty to end, but political discussion treats these values as mutually exclusive.

Both parties have become entwined in defending ideologies, in maintaining large institutions, either social bureaucracies or institutions of wealth and power, and have forgotten the struggle of the poor and dispossessed. *The Soul of Politics* is a very hopeful book. The author's personal faith and excitement at creating a new prophetic call for both justice and righteousness is powerful.

Quakers will be particularly interested in his analysis of why the United States has come to a crisis that requires personal and

a passage in which there is continuity, because much that is most precious can be kept by memory and inner sight.

Zoe and her Uncle Leonard enjoy playful outings together but begin to face the reality of his increasing weakness and possible death. At the planetarium he tells her the stars are too far away to touch but close enough to see. Later he tells her that if he dies, wherever he goes will be like that too. She knows it is true because she can still close her eyes and picture him in places they've been together, and when they watch a shooting star, she closes her eyes and sees it again in her mind—too far away to touch but close enough to see. Beautiful illustrations and a story of strength and great mutual affection are presented with honesty in their mixture of joy and sadness.

In God's Name

By Sandy E. Sasso, illustrated by Phoebe Stone. Jewish Lights Publishing, Woodstock, Vt., 1994. 32 pages. \$16.95/hardcover. On the surface, this is a picture book about different names for God. Underneath, it is an exploration of different ideas about what God must be like, based on what people in different circumstances need from the divine. The farmer calls God *Source of Life*. The lonely child calls God *Friend*. The woman who cares for the sick calls God *Healer*. And so on through ten seekers who have found different names for God, all sure that they have the best, truest name. Not until they come together around a lake and see their reflections do they realize that they, like the lake, are like a mirror—God's mirror—and that all their names are good names for the One.

The art is stylized and the colors brighter

than I'd have chosen, but overall the book is lovely!

Talking Walls

By Margy Burns Knight, illustrated by Anne Sibley O'Brien. Tilbury House, Gardiner, Maine, 1992. \$17.95/hardcover. Accompanying Activity Guide, 68 pages, \$9.95/paperback. Though designed for use in schools, *Talking Walls*, with its accompanying *Activity Guide*, is a gold mine for First-day schools from preschool on up, for either same-age classes or groups with a wide age spread.

Fourteen walls, ancient and modern, from all parts of the world, are beautifully pictured on large, two-page spreads with brief identification and background descriptions. Among them are the Great Wall of China; Aboriginal wall art in Australia; Muslim wall art; the "Wailing Wall" of Jerusalem; walls in India, Zimbabwe, and North and South America;



Phoebe Stone/In God's Name

and from modern times, the Berlin Wall and the wall of Nelson Mandela's prison. Additional information, though still brief, is given in the back.

The *Activity Guide* is equally remarkable. The first part gives suggestions for exploring aspects of the walls as a group, including geography and time periods represented, actions and feelings shown, and contrasting languages and cultures, with ideas for exploring invisible walls, celebrations, protests, and more. Also included are lists of related books and references for children and teachers. The second part takes up each wall separately, relating them to various curriculum areas and suggesting ideas for excursions, drama, crafts, and research, often with different suggestions for older and younger children. Each includes a recipe for a related food experience, suggestions for letter writing, and more resources for teachers.

—Marnie Clark



Deborah Kogan Ray/Fat Chance

political spiritual transformation. Wallis argues the purchase of material goods, rather than our values or our spirituality, provides identity. Sheepishly, I realized that even among Quakers, our choice of car, house, clothes gives clues about our identity. Admit it—a Toyota may be the car of choice for east coast Friends, a Buick more likely for my midwestern meeting colleagues. From their choice of cars, we believe we can intuit a great deal about individual Quakers.

If we are what we consume, Wallis argues that we cannot expect more than rage from young people who have not received the education to be paid more than minimum wage. Turning to the drug trade appears a rational choice, but increases the cycle of violence in the streets.

Wallis also considers the effect of gender inequality and racism, and many other problems blocking social, spiritual transformation. "Both men and women need to learn the responsible use of power—power that is shared and offered in the service of justice. To share power is the essence of partnership; to channel it in service of others is to find power's redemption."

The Soul of Politics is fascinating in its breadth of analysis. Combining Wallis's personal faith and social vision, the book is powerful and important reading for Quakers.

—Judith Van Wyck Maurer

Judith Van Wyck Maurer has been active with Friends in Wisconsin, Massachusetts, and Indiana. She is interested in poetry and nonprofit management.

One Woman's Passion for Peace and Freedom: The Life of Mildred Scott Olmsted

By Margaret Hope Bacon. Syracuse University Press, Syracuse, N.Y., 1993. 394 pages. \$34.95/hardcover.

Here is a wonderfully readable book that will help frame the experience of having known Mildred Scott Olmsted for the legion of women who admired and loved her—and struggled with her. It will also ensure her place in history as a teacher for future feminist peace activists. Margaret Bacon's hard digging in archives, her probing questioning of those who knew Mildred, and her many hours of actually listening to the by-then 97-year-old matriarch of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom have produced a unique document. The author's objectivity, deep respect for Olmsted, and unique intuitive feeling for aspects of her life that the rest of us bracketed—the love of

luxury, the passionate yet condescending advocacy of a public role for African American women long before the civil rights movement, the complex triangle of her personal life, the steamroller intensity of her drive to shape the WILPF as a significant force on the world scene—has resulted in a stunning portrait. It is both larger than life, firmly situated on the world stage, yet anchored in the minutiae that both explain and challenge the portrait itself.

Particularly striking is Bacon's portrayal of Olmsted's struggle with a powerful, domineering father. Her strength of character and capacity for sustained self-discipline came out of a childhood that would have crushed many women. Her capacity for affection survived, though channeled in complex ways. It is illuminating to learn from Bacon how Olmsted's ability to organize and administer complex systems under severe constraints began in a humble welfare job working with underprivileged young women in Philadelphia, Pa., and grew by leaps and bounds in difficult overseas relief work during and after World War I. Her ability to cope in settings where many around her displayed incompetence laid the groundwork for her sublime self-confidence in building up WILPF, as well as for her impatience with minds slower than her own.

Bacon explains nicely the coupling of Olmsted's genuine femininity with an almost masculine bearing and authoritarian ways by



Mildred Scott Olmsted, 1984

pointing out that the only role models available in public life at that time were male (a problem that still dogs the evolution of feminist leadership styles). The one woman role model she had was Jane Addams. Bacon does make a point of this, but I wish she had been able to discover more about their relationship. WILPF activists of my generation felt mentored by Jane Addams via Olmsted, because she spoke of "Miss Addams" often. She would quote her views, and sometimes



Where Have All the Flowers Gone

she would mention how Miss Addams handled difficult organizational problems or situations of put-downs for women. Olmsted's understanding of the relationship between peace and justice, her capacity for both vision and detail, and for insisting on respect in a man's world, certainly came out of her own creative mind and spirit, but must have been deepened and strengthened by her contact with Jane Addams. Bacon was able to pick up only a little of this, pointing out that Olmsted's memories at age 97 were uncertain and fragmentary, so the lack of details is understandable.

Perhaps the book's greatest contribution lies in the way Bacon captures the sheer dynamism of Olmsted's life-force, which enabled her to build both the U.S. Section of WILPF and the International WILPF. She rescued both from the troughs of war and economic depression in periods when peace energies almost disappeared from the public scene. Her openness to younger generations, to new organizational "happenings" like Women Strike for Peace, and to new intellectual movements like the peace research movement comes through beautifully.

When I finished the book I wanted to hug Bacon for having brought Mildred Olmsted to life so vividly for those who had the privilege of knowing her. For those who never knew her, read this book and let your sense of the possible for women as peacebuilders grow and grow!

—Elise Boulding

Elise Boulding, a member of Boulder (Colo.) Meeting and professor emerita of sociology, Dartmouth College, is a past international president of WILPF.

Where Have All the Flowers Gone: Stories, Songs, Seeds, Robberies

By Pete Seeger, edited by Peter Blood. Sing Out Corporation, Bethlehem, Pa., 1994. 288 pages. \$17.95/paperback.

Hear ye, hear ye, all musical Friends and friends of music! Behold: a musical autobiography by the inimitable song writer and folksinger, Pete Seeger—a book that has just about everything. Moreover, it cannot help but leave the reader feeling thankful jubilation and the highest admiration for the care with which it was assembled.

There are 200 songs, most presented in their entirety, and virtually all include guitar or banjo accompaniments. There are also keyboard accompaniments and parts written for percussion, which Pete loves and people love to do.

Seeger explains how to lead a group in singing most songs in the book, even including what to say in order to get people started. The fingering and tablature for the accompanying instruments are carefully written, and instruction is given on how to bring in each voice in a part song. Complex rhythms are explained in detail throughout the book; there are even separate rhythmic exercises such as "A 5-part Handclap," which looked almost too challenging for me.

Born in 1919 in New York City, he came from a family of music professionals and writers. He began to play a variety of instruments by ear at an early age and, while still a teenager, met Alan Lomax, the famous folksong collector. A few years later he met Woody Guthrie and soon was off and running with his guitar, ukulele, and banjo. Dropping out of college at age 19, he became part of an artists' group, a branch of the Young Communist League, and joined with others in presenting puppet shows to striking farmers north of New York City. His songs for hard-hit farmers were an important part of these early endeavors.

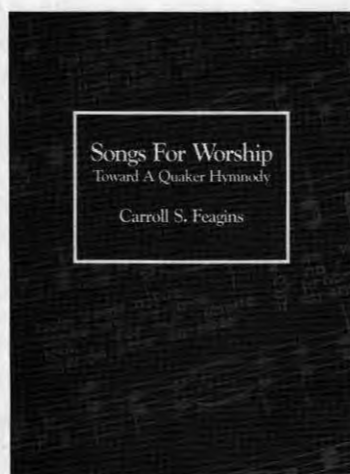
Traveling around the country with Woody Guthrie in 1940, he discovered that writing songs was "a heady experience." They traveled throughout the West and South, hitchhiking and riding freights. At the end of this trip he and two others formed his first singing group, the Almanac Singers. Appearing at many left-wing rallies and conferences, Seeger composed a spate of songs, many critical of President Roosevelt and his prewar agricultural policies.

A year later, as Hitler invaded the U.S.S.R., Seeger, Woody Guthrie, and others of their circle did what Pete terms "the great flip-flop," supporting the war effort and in his case enlisting in the U.S. Army. After his marriage to Toshi-Aline Ohta in 1943, he was sent

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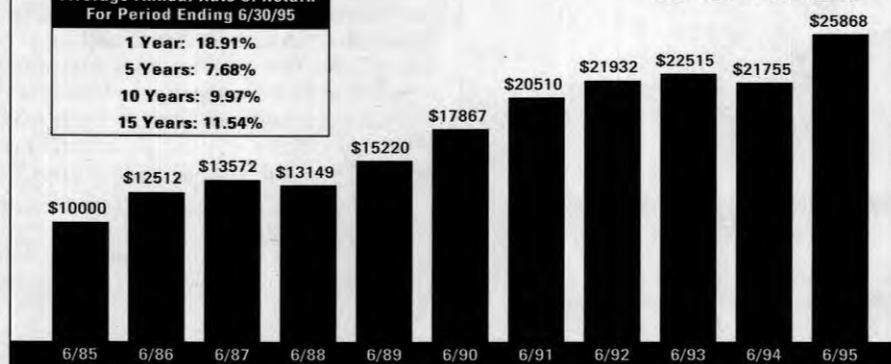
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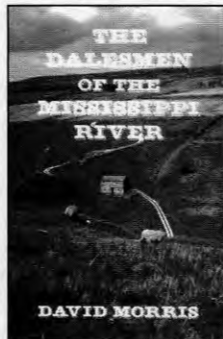


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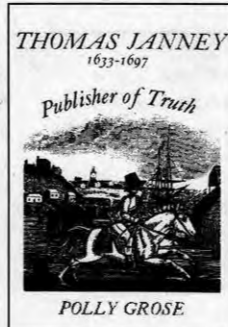
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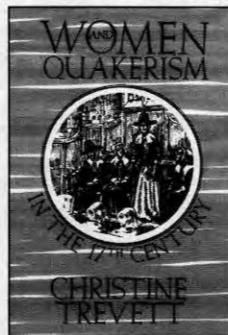
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overseas where he "mostly played the banjo."

In the postwar years appeared the first issue of the *People's Songs* bulletin. With the Cold War taking over, musicians felt the need of sharing songs and ideas. One of the most famous of movement songs, "We Shall Overcome," appeared in this bulletin in 1947. The first issue of *Sing Out!* magazine appeared in 1950, with "The Hammer Song" on the cover. By now Pete Seeger was singing and playing his banjo with the Weavers.

Seeger's role in Vietnam War protests is familiar to all who attended any of the big demonstrations. At nearly every one he could be heard leading "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?," "The Hammer Song," or the long chant for peace, "All We Are Asking." Everyone grew used to the pleasant voice and warm persona that gave so much hope during that drawn-out and cruel war.

His "Project Clearwater" on the Hudson River during the 1970s and 1980s must be one of Seeger's most satisfying endeavors. Discovering that he enjoyed sailing—and that the formerly beautiful river was terribly polluted—Pete bought a large sloop and began a campaign to clean up the Hudson. Neighbors and residents in the river area joined enthusiastically, and soon groups were lobbying Congress for an amendment to the Clean Water Act. School children went for boat rides, singing along with Pete and his banjo. As of 1993, the Hudson River was safe for swimming.

Parents of small children will be enchanted with the chapter "Kids." In it are charming Seeger songs that parents will find easy to sing and kids will love.

"From the Great Old Book" is a special chapter. Here were things I never expected to find: a full arrangement, with tablature for banjo, of Bach's "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," including new words and a modified four-part harmony for the chorale section of the piece. Nearby, a corollary from Bach: "O Sacred World Now Wounded," with Seeger's fitting words to the well-known chorale from the St. Matthew Passion. There's a wonderful set of new words for "Old Hundred" (the Doxology), including an interesting three-part harmonization.

This big and beautiful book is a potpourri of delights for the musician; for parents and grandparents; for historians of peace and other movements in American culture; and for persons of other nationalities who wish for a better world. Pete Seeger is an optimistic and ebullient personality, sensitive to the horrors and dangers of this century, yet hopeful that the world will still be around in 200 years.

—Jean Putnam

Jean Putnam is a member of Yellow Springs (Ohio) Meeting and co-director of Friends Music Camp.

Quaker Crosscurrents: Three Hundred Years of Friends in the New York Yearly Meetings

Edited by Hugh Barbour, Christopher Densmore, Elizabeth H. Moger, Nancy C. Sorel, Alson D. Van Wagner, and Arthur T. Worrall. Syracuse University Press, Syracuse, N.Y., 1995. 432 pages. \$20/ paperback.

All I can say is WOW! What a vibrant historic life is opened before us.

Imagine being a Quaker during the U.S. War of Independence. In New York State, Quakers lived under two opposing governments that sorely tested their neutrality and pacifism as they confronted their British countrymen, especially since Friends living under British control faced no military conscription or levying of taxes. Quakers faced thorny issues—being asked to raise clothing money for British troops and to billet British units in their meetinghouses. By no means Francophiles, during the War of 1812 neutrality presented none of the qualms for Friends that the American Revolution did, with their dislike of Jefferson's support of France and distrust of his rationalistic Deism.

There are fascinating chapters offering theological explanations of the various types of Quakerism and their roots.

The chapter on "Women's Rights and Roles" is inspiring. The accomplishments of so many strong, brilliant women is awesome in the face of enormous societal hurdles. The undervaluation of women, however, is still ingrained, but hopefully this will disappear in another two generations.

Friends must have been grievously challenged in their Peace Testimony during the two World Wars, being preponderantly of English/German/Dutch extraction. The rise of the American Friends Service Committee and the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors—valuable instrumental bodies dealing with conscientious objectors and relief work—was certainly a blessing. The nuclear age, civil rights movement, and Korean and Vietnam wars found Friends actively engaged in protests and peace and social actions. I found myself reliving events I was personally a part of and witness to, which in retrospect, seem pretty mind-boggling. Large numbers joined with Friends at this time to participate in like-minded causes. Some socially radicalized people and even those espousing violence infiltrated Quaker groups and politicized them. The "cause" became the end and some Friends, whose prime reason for being a Quaker was their commitment to social action, were easily co-opted. Quaker religious roots became displaced, if not forgotten. I feel we are realizing this loss and have begun to



Friends Historical Library, Swarthmore College
Quaker Crosscurrents

New York Yearly Meeting (Hicksite) at 15th Street Friends Meetinghouse, New York City, Harper's Bazaar, May 19, 1888

be more deeply centered to receive God's leadings.

The well documented roles of Friends in the abolition movement and their staunch support and involvement in all aspects of the civil rights struggle is aptly described. Friends are, therefore, perplexed why there are so few African Americans in New York Yearly Meeting. Black churches are crammed with worshipful attendees, so perhaps these needs are filled. Others might not know about us—where are our meetinghouses located? All African Americans mentioned in the book had some tangential ties with Quakers—through a grandparent, friend, school, AFSC. In addition, although small in numbers, it would have been interesting to hear about our Jewish Friends and the path that led them to Quakerism.

Throughout the book, there are wonderful informative gems: the Murray Hill section in New York City being named after Quakers; Bellevue Hospital being the home of a Quaker family; a well-known Quaker doctor being the daughter of Edward Steichen; and so much more.

A fascinating and enjoyable read, beautifully organized, this book is to be savored in every Quaker household.

—Betty-Jean Seeger

Betty-Jean Seeger, a member of Montclair (N.J.) Meeting, serves on the Nominating Committee for New York Yearly Meeting.

**Reaching to Community:
A Story of Twelve Quaker Meetings**

By Peggy Heeks. Joseph Rowntree Charitable Trust, London, England, 1994. 80 pages. £3/paperback.

How do Friends understand meeting as

community? Do we experience each other as Isaac Pennington once described, "a heap of living coals, warming one another"?

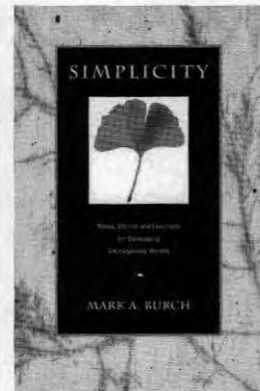
These were questions considered by Peggy Heeks, of Britain Yearly Meeting, during her year of "traveling, listening, reading, and thinking" about spiritual community. She visited 12 meetings in BrYM, and spent time at Woodbrooke and Pendle Hill study centers, in an effort to understand what helps and hinders the building of our local Quaker communities. She participated in meetings for worship and business. She interviewed members and attenders, collecting data with a questionnaire.

Heeks began her journey with a vision of spiritual community modeled on a monastic order. She was inspired by the Benedictine rule which defines precisely what members of the community dedicate their lives to: stability (staying with the community), obedience (listening to God), and the commitment to inner transformation. Heeks believed, in fact, that many of the questions she posed to Quakers could easily be asked of monks: What are your expectations of Quaker community? How does your meeting nurture the spiritual needs of yourself and others? In what ways does pastoral care in your meeting fail and succeed? How does your meeting help or hinder the development of the gifts you bring to your Quaker community?

The responses, not surprisingly, reveal "a diversity of hopes, needs and perceptions among Friends," including the desire for a more disciplined spiritual life and stronger community. Statistically, Heeks finds that many Friends feel they belong to a Quaker community, "and most do find much value in it." But, she cautions, "the opposite indicators are strong enough to dispel any complacency."

After a summary of her observations, Heeks expresses great concern about the lack of individual and corporate vision in meetings—a criticism Friends in the United States

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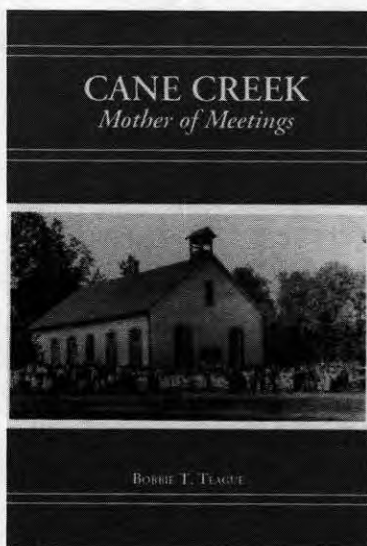
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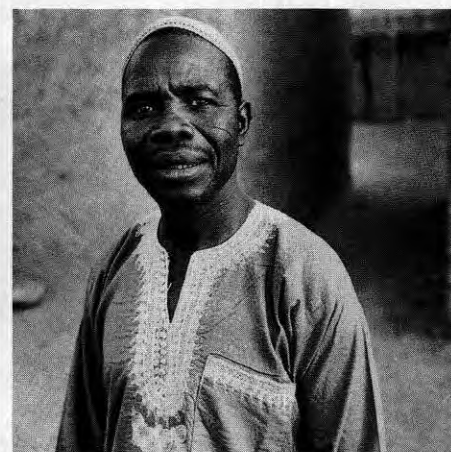
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are hearing with increased frequency. She recognizes some failings to respond to the spiritual needs of Friends and to help those at the margins of their meetings to feel valued by the community. In her conclusion, she provides optimistic and specific recommendations on how Friends can grow their meetings, particularly by developing a vision that has a greater purpose than just meeting the needs of individual Friends. She strongly encourages Friends to be open to change, realizing that Quaker meetings are more like evolving biological organisms than static organizations.

In short, this slender volume provides a worthwhile and measured analysis for Friends concerned with the present and future prospects of their meetings as spiritual communities—for both attracting and keeping committed members. Our successes as faithful members of living faith communities, Heeks discovered, can be seen in “how far we are willing to be transformed by God.”

—Beckey Phipps

Beckey A. Phipps is a member of Red Cedar Meeting, East Lansing, Mich. She serves as an overseer for Friends for Lesbian and Gay Concerns.



Mark Beach/ A Dry Roof and a Cow

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In Brief

A Dry Roof and A Cow: Dreams and Portraits of Our Neighbors

Edited by Howard Zehr and Charmayne Denlinger Brubaker. Mennonite Central Committee, Akron, Pa., 1994. 152 pages. \$19.95/ paperback. This book celebrates 75 years of relief, development, and service work by Mennonite Central Committee. Photographic portraits with quotes from Belle Glade, Florida; Bangladesh; Port Hardy, British Columbia;

Bolivia; West Bank; Vietnam; and Burkina Faso give a face to our brothers and sisters around the globe. Photographers are Dorothy Littell Greco, Shahidul Alam, David Neel, Jon Warren, Howard Zehr, Leah Melnick, and Mark Beach.

—Kenneth Sutton

Walking on Alligators: A Book of Meditations for Writers

By Susan Shaughnessy. Harper, San Francisco, Calif., 1993. 203 pages. \$10/paperback. Write. That's the message on every page of this beautifully designed little book. Shaughnessy offers 198 days of wisdom, hope, and practical encouragement. Each day's meditation begins with a quotation from a writer or artist, is followed by a brief reflection, and concludes with an affirmation. But be warned. These meditations won't leave you sitting in a rosy glow, dreaming about how wonderful it would be to be a writer or musing on your latest writing success. They are far more likely to send you scurrying for pencil and pad, typewriter, or computer, ready to leap into the writing life. Kathleen Edwards' illustrations give an elegance to each page.

—Susie Gregg Fowler

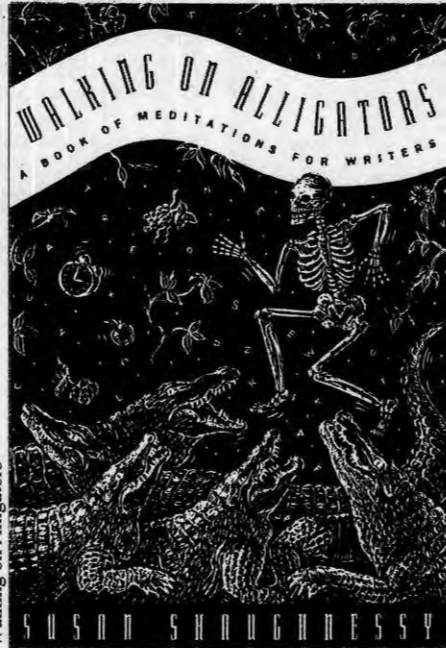
Audio Tape

Grace in Your Face

By The Free Grace Undying Love Full Gospel Quaker Choir Sing and Be Saved. "Grace in your Face" was recorded by Neil Blanchard, and is available from Alana Parkes, 138 Sherman St., Belmont, MA 02178. Price is on a sliding scale of \$0 to \$10 (suggested: \$7).

I'll admit that when I first heard about the Free Grace Undying Love Full Gospel Quaker Choir Sing and Be Saved in May 1993, I was expecting a kind of spoof or parody. I soon learned that though this inordinately long name was lighthearted and fun, it was also absolutely earnest and serious. In fact, the seven members of the Choir were singing that very evening in concert at Beacon Hill Meeting in Boston, Mass. (where many of them are at home). The meeting was packed, and the atmosphere was expectant, electric. All of us in the audience sensed that a musical miracle was about to happen.

This is music that stirs the soul. Though it spans musical styles from traditional spirituals of Thomas Dorsey to anthems from South Africa, it is always about the saving Grace of God, who shines light into our dark places and brokenness. Three of the most moving songs are by a member of the Choir, Judy



Walking on Alligators

Anne Williams, and arranged by another member, Frederic Evans. With the Choir, we really can feel that "When you stand on this hard earth singing, you catch a strain of the angels' song."

How could this remarkable music come from a group of people of varying musical experience, who originally got together informally over a hymnbook they found at a beachhouse? Perhaps one reason is that they've had to face suffering in their own midst: Frederic Evans, musical genius and great-hearted spirit at the heart of the Choir, was living with AIDS from the very beginning of the Choir. The Choir's journey with him as he grew more and more ill (he died in April 1994) was marked by a powerful sense of the presence and light of God, which pours out into their music.

I was very excited that the Choir's healing holiness is now available on a cassette tape, *Grace in your Face*. The music is beautifully recorded, and is illuminated by brief but moving spoken passages by the group, including one by Frederic at World AIDS Day. Most of the music was recorded live during concerts at Friends meetings around New England. I think this tape is life-changing: with it you will "Sound the trumpets! Call the angels! Jump to the sound of the heavenly choir."

—Douglas Fleming

Douglas Fleming is a gospel music enthusiast and a member of Fresh Pond Meeting in Cambridge, Mass.

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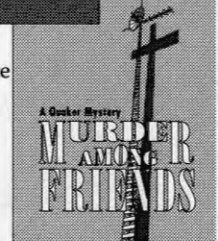
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Special Report

The Disownment of Cleveland

Throughout the 19th century, Friends' disagreements or ambivalence about what good order is, what processes should be used to explore good order, and the nature of power and authority contributed to the separations within our Religious Society in North America. Many divisions that continue to this day began when monthly meetings were laid down (discontinued) by their yearly meeting without the unity of the monthly meeting. A variety of issues across the spectrum of Friends show that we still have questions about when monthly meetings have autonomy and when they are subject to the authority of the quarterly and yearly meeting.

In the past, FRIENDS JOURNAL has presented articles dealing with how some Friends are responding to same-gender unions, and no doubt will continue to do so as long as this question absorbs the prayerful attention of Friends meetings. FRIENDS JOURNAL is concerned to present both Friends' responses and the processes they use in responding. As monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings search for clarity, what are our deliberations teaching us about good order, process, power, and authority? FRIENDS JOURNAL presents the following accounts of the relationship between Cleveland (Ohio) Monthly Meeting and Ohio Yearly Meeting in the hope that this report will illuminate our corporate searching.

Cleveland Meeting was founded in the 1920s and was independent through much of its history. As an independent monthly meeting, it became involved in the Lake Erie Association, which included western Pennsylvania, parts of West Virginia, eastern and northern Ohio, and part of Michigan. Lake Erie Association was initially under the care of a committee of the American Friends Service Committee. Friends World Committee for Consultation undertook oversight after its formation in 1937. As Lake Erie Yearly Meeting formed in the early 1960s, Cleveland Meeting not only joined LEYM but also applied for membership in Ohio Yearly Meeting (Conservative), one of several yearly meetings in the state of Ohio. Ohio Yearly Meeting accepted Cleveland Meeting into membership in Salem Quarterly Meeting, and by several accounts, the relationship was beneficial to all concerned.

As more fully described in a letter to Friends of Ohio Yearly Meeting, which follows, in 1986 Cleveland Meeting began to seek God's will for them on same-gender marriage. Several bodies in OYM also considered the topic, and there were exchanges of minutes. In 1993, while still laboring with the general questions of same-sex unions, Cleveland appointed a clearness committee to respond to a letter from a lesbian couple asking, first, if the couple were clear in thinking they were married as far as God was concerned, and second, how the meeting might take their relationship and family under its care. The clearness committee reported in June 1993: "In four meetings we dealt with the easy issues, then we laid our own hopes and expectations on the table and saw their divergence. We tasted despair that we humans could figure out a way forward." They also, however,

reported a break-through experience of unity that led the committee to recommend that the meeting was not to name the relationship a marriage or not a marriage, but was to witness to it.

The following minutes of Salem Quarterly Meeting for Ministry and Oversight were recorded in July 1993:

Last Fifth Month Cleveland Monthly Meeting for Ministry and Oversight brought our attention to some matters that have deeply distressed us. Although their expressed purpose was to seek our prayers, as we pray we are often given understanding. . . . Letters from Winona, Salem, and Middleton Monthly Meetings for Ministry and Oversight unanimously express those meetings' disunity with any recognition of a same gender marriage. As Friends of Jesus we do not mean to condone sin in ourselves, nor in others. We encourage all to live in righteousness. The Bible as well as our *Discipline* state that marriage is a blessing of the Lord and reserved for a man and a woman. It has been recommended that this cause of discord, which separates Cleveland from the three other monthly meetings, be settled quickly. We hope our disapproval is a loving warning that God's judgements cannot be changed to accommodate our own desires. As fellow members of Salem Quarterly Meeting, what each one does is the responsibility of the whole Quarterly Meeting. Although our spirits have greatly grieved in this consideration we are grateful to Cleveland for sharing this burden with us, because it has caused us to go to our Lord in a deeper way.

We appreciate that a Cleveland committee for clearness is convinced that they have been led of the Lord in their deliberations. We also feel that they should consider the concerns of the other three monthly meetings. We desire that everyone concerned feel our deep love and

(Ohio) Meeting

that hearts not be hardened. We seem to have two different directions of understanding and neither feels that the other is willing to listen or acknowledge as valid their direction. We all must continue to seek God's direction.

And in October 1993 they added:

It is suggested that if Cleveland Meeting does honor and recognize the couple as married in God's eyes they have chosen not to honor the Bible or our discipline. In this decision they would separate as a meeting from Salem Quarterly Meeting. Jesus does not condemn individuals, but he does call us each to repentance and holiness in our lives. We find no Biblical basis for a marriage between two men or two women. Our Ohio Yearly Meeting discipline is also clear that marriage is between a man and a woman.

Cleveland Meeting united with the report of the clearness committee in May 1994. A special meeting for worship was held September 13, 1994, in which the couple renewed their covenant with one another and the meeting took their relationship and family under its care. In November 1994, Salem

Quarterly Meeting minuted:

With the exception of the representatives from Cleveland Meeting, most but not all Friends present feel that Cleveland Meeting by its action has disassociated itself from Salem Quarterly Meeting and Ohio Yearly Meeting. The *Discipline* does not say how a monthly meeting is to be disowned, but we recognize that this is what has happened today, even though there is not unity on this course of action. Friends would like Cleveland Meeting to know that it can be reinstated if they change their behavior.

Cleveland's letter to Friends of OYM, which follows, describes their understanding of this process. Cleveland Meeting continues in membership in Lake Erie Yearly Meeting.

Ohio Yearly Meeting met in August, and FRIENDS JOURNAL asked Bill Samuel, a member of Adelphi (Md.) Meeting, Baltimore Yearly Meeting, and an affiliate member of Rockingham (Va.) Meeting, Ohio Yearly Meeting, to report on OYM sessions. His report on page 30 reflects the many, deep-seated, conflicting opinions that remain in OYM.

—Eds.

Letter from Cleveland Meeting to Ohio Yearly Meeting (Conservative)

Dear Friends of Ohio Yearly Meeting,

Sixth Month 1995

Since Eleventh Month 1994 Cleveland Friends Meeting has existed in a state of separation from Ohio Yearly Meeting. Whether this separation was requested by or forced upon Cleveland Meeting remains ambiguous in the eyes of many Friends, and we feel it is in the best interest of everyone to state clearly and truthfully what happened.

The facts as we see them are that Cleveland Meeting has not sought, and does not seek, separation from Ohio Yearly Meeting; we have sought and continue to seek to act in accord with God's will. We believe that God is a God of unity and that in following God's will and guidance we are brought into unity and not into separation. If Ohio Yearly Meeting feels it necessary to disown Cleveland Meeting, we ask that this be done clearly, directly, and publicly without ambiguous language that implies that Cleveland Meeting sought or requested the separation. To do otherwise is to fall short of the truth and to evade Quaker process as we understand it.

Cleveland Meeting has followed what we believe to be Quaker process in reaching this point. Starting in 1986, we unsuccessfully approached the issue of same gender marriage in several different ways. The process was painful and spanned eight years of repeated efforts involving a large number of people. Finally, a clearness committee deliberately containing members with widely varying views on the topic was created with the specific charge not of examining the issue of same gender marriage but of determining how Cleveland Meeting should support the family that comprised Lynn Clark, Nancy Reeves, and Emma Reeves.

The committee struggled through many meetings and numerous periods of silent prayer and worship. The committee members felt that they had explored every option available to their human resources and had failed to find a solution. When it appeared that all hope of unity was gone, the committee agreed to pray for one another and fell again into silence, seeking God's guidance. The silence was profoundly deep. Emerging from the silence and looking within their hearts, the committee members were amazed and gratified to

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find that where there had previously been confusion and disagreement, there was now a clear understanding of God's will in this situation. God had led them to the realization that it was not given to Cleveland Meeting to name the relationship among these family members; it was instead the meeting's responsibility to celebrate and support these our friends in their joyous commitment to each other.

The minute to this effect from the clearness committee was heard in meeting for business Sixth Month 27, 1993, but was not approved at that time. The matter was raised again for prayerful consideration at every subsequent meeting for business without finding a sense of the meeting to accept it. It was finally adopted by Cleveland Meeting at its annual meeting on Fifth Month 22, 1994. The acceptance was not perfunctory; during consideration of the issue at this annual meeting, all members present felt God moving within their hearts. This was a powerful experience and there was much joy.

We chose to follow what we believed to be God's will for us, as experienced directly by the members present in meeting. We did not and do not view this as an act of separation but as an act of submission to divine will according to Quaker process. Therefore, we ask that Ohio Yearly Meeting closely examine its own Quaker process in this matter and that the actions of all of us be clearly recorded.

We feel that these issues must be addressed in order to achieve this end:

- According to the minutes of Salem Quarterly Meeting held Eleventh Month 12, 1994, the "Discipline does not say how a monthly meeting is to be disowned but we recognize that this is what has happened today, even though there is not unity on this course of action."

- Discrepancies exist between this minute of Salem Quarterly Meeting and the same issue as addressed by Representative Meeting of Eleventh Month, 1994. The minutes of Representative Meeting record that it considers "Cleveland Meeting released from membership with Ohio Yearly Meeting" rather than disowned. We feel this implies that the separation was at our request. . . .

The communion between Cleveland Meeting and Ohio Yearly Meeting over the years has brought much to our monthly meeting, and it is our sincere hope that this has not been a one-way exchange. Some of our members have learned a great deal from Ohio Yearly Meeting ministers and others, and are deeply grateful. Our meeting has been enriched by this association and the process that we have followed in this matter has its roots in Ohio Yearly Meeting. We grieve about this separation. We wish that this process could have happened without causing Friends of OYM pain. Regardless of the formal relationship between Cleveland Friends Meeting and Ohio Yearly Meeting we pray that God's wisdom and love may be with us all.

Signed on behalf of Cleveland Friends Meeting,

Lois Edgerton, Clerk

Ohio Yearly Meeting Sessions

by Bill Samuel

As Ohio Yearly Meeting (Conservative) gathered for its annual sessions in August 1995, action regarding the separation of Cleveland Meeting from the yearly meeting was not on the agenda. Membership of monthly meetings is determined by quarterly meetings in Ohio's polity. In November 1994, Salem Quarter effectively disowned Cleveland from membership in the quarter, and therefore in the yearly meeting. That same month the Representative Meeting of OYM acknowledged that Cleveland had been "released" from OYM.

While the matter of Cleveland's membership in OYM did not require yearly meeting action, it was on the hearts and minds of a number of Friends at the sessions. A considerable amount of time in both the business meetings and in the meetings of the Yearly Meeting of Ministry and Oversight was devoted to the expression of concerns on this matter. Much of the consideration might best

be summarized in the form of questions not always raised explicitly, but behind many of the expressions of Friends.

Ohio Yearly Meeting sessions did not answer these questions, but did recognize the pain that lay behind the many expressions of Friends. The Yearly Meeting of Ministry and Oversight expressed in its message to OYM a concern about ministering to the pain in Cleveland Meeting, Salem Quarter, the rest of OYM, and those Friends who had felt led to leave their meetings. This did not lead to a structure for that ministry. Friends expressed concerns that they not act in their own wisdom, but wait for the Lord's leadings to be felt by individuals among them.

Many visitors to OYM feel "something special." What is it? Is it a faithfulness to Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior, and the Scriptures as a guide to how he calls us? Is it an opportunity to feel welcomed into a loving community working not to rush Quaker pro-

cess but always to be guided by Christ's loving spirit? Is this something special preserved and strengthened by a clear stand against that which the Scriptures condemn? Does the something special include an openness not reflected in a disownment?

Will the strong stand embodied in the separation of Cleveland make OYM more attractive to those looking for a model of faithfulness to Jesus Christ? Will a disownment cause many young people to turn away from the witness of OYM because they feel cut off by such action?

Do we need "a marriage of opposites" to give perspective to the struggle between our will and God's will? Or does history teach that Wilburites must not unite with those with a different perspective on Quakerism, as they will be swallowed up if they do?

Are same-gender relationships something the Bible clearly calls us to condemn? Or is it an issue on which Christians can legitimately differ?

Was Cleveland Meeting truly led by the Holy Spirit in celebrating and supporting the relationship of two women? Or was it another spirit in Cleveland Meeting that brought it to that position?

Did Cleveland abandon the discipline of OYM by taking its action? Should it have waited to take such action until and unless the yearly meeting as a whole was convinced that this was God's will? Should the quarterly and yearly meetings have respected Cleveland's action as its best attempt to be faithful?

Were the eight years in which other OYM Friends labored with Cleveland as it considered this issue enough time to be prepared to take the step of separation? Would love and good order require a continuation of the labors until all were in unity?

Was the meeting at which Salem Quarter came to the point of separation with Cleveland one held clearly under the Lord's guidance? Or was it not rightly ordered, forging ahead when there was not unity?

Does love always require that we not separate from those with whom we have significant differences? Can an action taken in the cause of Truth be that of truly loving Friends even though it breaks certain ties?

FRIENDS JOURNAL has tried to present a balanced account of recent events in Cleveland Meeting and Ohio Yearly Meeting, but we depend upon our readers to let us know how we've done. The JOURNAL seeks to explore a wide variety of concerns that are troubling Friends. The editors invite responses to this report and accounts of other examples of Quaker process at work. □

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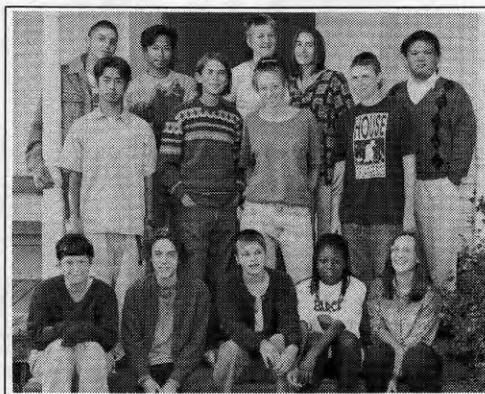
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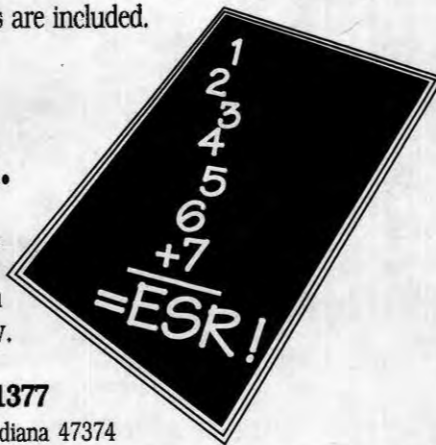
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Reports

New York Yearly Meeting

As we arrived at Silver Bay on Lake George to celebrate New York Yearly Meeting's tercentenary year, July 23-29, we were stunned by news that a bus carrying the choirs of Farmington (N.Y.) Friends Church had overturned on the highway nearby. Many Friends immediately began to minister to the injured, their families, and the caregivers. We heard about serious injuries and the death of one Friend. Instead of listening that night to Farmington's ministry of music, we gathered in worship to pray for our friends and to struggle with this terrible event. We cried out to the Lord, and we did not understand. Throughout the week, we heard more about the accident and its aftermath. "It has been a tragedy," Farmington's pastor told us, "but God has truly worked wonders among us, providing miracle after miracle."

We heard of suffering in other places, too. One Friend informed us of the struggle for survival for native people in Chiapas, Mexico. Another told us about the plight of orphans in Romania. She was filled with wonder that she, "just an ordinary woman, no one particularly special, could make a difference."

In a commemorative ceremony, we listened to personal stories reminding us of those who suffered in the violence of World War II. We then joined the children in launching small memorial candle boats on Lake George.

One evening after rain, a beautiful double rainbow reminded us of God's covenant with Noah and all the creatures of the earth. It was for us a sign of reconciliation and peace.

The tenderness we felt for the suffering of others put into perspective the need for peaceful resolution in revising the remaining sections of *Faith and Practice*. After 18 years, with expressions of reverence and joy by many Friends, we approved it, and we will publish the new edition during this tercentennial year. In our deliberations, we were reminded that every arrival is also a point of departure, and we need to continue to attend to issues involving marriage, families, and the importance of children in our lives. We hope that we can bring to the discernment process around these issues compassion for each other in our differences, as well as mutual love in the Light.

Several young people spoke of the importance of such love in the midst of differences when they reported on the spiritual impact they felt as they met Friends from other traditions during the last Youthquake gathering. The participation of so many younger people contributed to our sense of renewal.

Our tercentenary yearly meeting, with 688 attenders, including 155 in junior yearly meeting, celebrated the history of New York Yearly Meeting's 300 years by welcoming the publication of *Quaker Crosscurrents*, the first comprehensive account of the yearly meeting, and

by producing an intergenerational pageant involving more than 70 Friends.

In Bible study, Daniel Smith-Christopher presented two Hebrew responses to the Babylonian exile: exile is punishment, and suffering has transformative power. He challenged us to consider how these models inform our faith. As we move forward, we pray that we may renew our faith and our practice by asking the question the prophet Micah posed: "...what does the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

—Steven W. Ross, clerk

Land Stewardship Project



Quaker Farmers Gathering

Glorious sunshine and bright spirits graced the Quaker Farmers Gathering, March 11, at the Meeting School in Rindge, N.H. Attendees came from many parts of New England and New York with stories, pictures, concerns, and hopes to find fellowship with like-minded folks.

The question of the day was, "Quakerism and farming: How do they come together in our lives?" There was general agreement that the attraction to Quakerism and farming comes from the same source, that farming and Quakerism are both a way of life, and that working with the earth is a basic to faith. Here are a few voices from that day:

"God breathed life into a human and that one became a living soul/soil."

"Things are too big. If we did things smaller we would do them better."

"Do we lose the simplicity when we get into large scale farming?"

"Farming is my way of tax resisting. I paid only \$36 in taxes last year."

Farming and gardening are clearly different but related to each other. Farmers depend on what they produce to survive. They must be up early and work late. If they raise and care for animals, they can't often leave their homes for long. Vacation? What's that? Time off? Not much. Yet there is a nourishing of the spirit that is gained from the intimate relationship to the creation inherent in small-scale farming. This nourishing is also a benefit from work in a backyard garden, and this is where gardeners and farmers come together.

There was alarm in the fact that so many children are growing up with no connection to the earth, and these farmers look for ways to share with them. Several work with children

and the earth. One runs a garden project for inner-city elementary school kids. Some have children from the city come to experience their farms so the children learn where their food comes from. (Many believe it comes from the shelves in the supermarket.) One runs "The Food Project," which hires kids from different economic and social backgrounds to grow food for soup kitchens in the city.

A concern was raised that many think organic farming equals sustainable farming. But, as an example, many organic farmers use green sand that is mined from the earth. More education is needed on the issues of sustainable agriculture, organic farming, and treatment of animals.

Another meeting is scheduled for Nov. 4 at Tuckaway Farm, Lee, N.H. All are welcome. Call Doug Cox, (802) 257-1024, for time and location. Friends Com-

mittee on Unity with Nature, the gathering's sponsor, would like to hear more from Quaker farmers in North America. Please share with us. What are your ways of farming in unity with nature? What are the ways that non-farmers can support you? How can those of us non-farmers concerned about the ecological crisis work together with those who have a daily relationship with the earth to restore, renew, and revel in the creation?

—Ruah Swennerfelt

FCUN General Secretary
(From BeFriending Creation,
May-June 1995)

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Bringing Quaker Education Home

by Celia Carroll

As a Quaker parent seeking to imbue my ten-year-old daughter with a strong Quaker faith that will enrich her life and enhance her spirituality, I have come to the realization that I am her best teacher and her home is the best "school." My biggest barrier has been my own lack of self-confidence and my hectic schedule. However, I made a prayerful approach to my problem, and "way opened." During the last few months, a system that fits our home life has evolved.

I certainly have not perfected my methods, and consistency remains a goal, not a reality. I am fortunate to have had a grandmother who devoted time to our religious instruction when my siblings and I were small. The fact that her daily devotional lessons from her Presbyterian periodical, *As the Day Begins*, had a beneficial effect on our religious inclinations gave me confidence. I take my lessons from Quaker stories and readings in *Friendly Notes*,

Celia Carroll is a member of Santa Monica (Calif.) Meeting, where she serves on the First-day School Education Committee.



David Bartlow

FRIENDS JOURNAL, and the meeting library. Material must "speak" to me and be understandable to a ten-year-old. I keep a folder of the readings, photocopied, with the lessons highlighted. When Leslie is fresh to the day, and is receptive, I announce I have a Quaker lesson for us, and we spend five to ten min-

utes reading and discussing a reading I have ready and waiting in my folder. If Leslie does not react, I ask her questions or reframe the story in her terms and let her relate a similar experience or story.

My most successful lessons are brief and presented at times when Leslie is not pressed for time. This morning we sat on her balcony and watched birds there as I read Anthony Manouos' mythic tale, "The Uses of Silence," in the July 1994 issue of *FRIENDS JOURNAL*.

Sometimes I let Leslie read the stories. If the content is dense, I repeat the lesson within the week or bring the reading to meeting for her to review in the first moments of silence. I date the lesson to have a record of progress. The way is imperfect and often faltering—sometimes it seems it is all I can do to get us to meeting on time that week! However, the rewards are tangible as my family experiences the flowering of Leslie's spiritual sensitivity. □

(Reprinted from *Friendly Notes*, November 1994)

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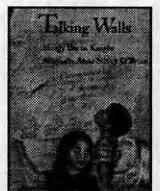
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News of Friends

Earlham College President Richard J. Wood was appointed chairman of the United States-Japan Friendship Commission on Sept. 8, by United States Information Agency Director Joseph Duffey. The 18-member commission is an independent agency of the U.S. government that develops and implements programs, primarily through grant-making, for the promotion of scholarly, cultural, and artistic activities in Japan and the United States. Richard Wood, a scholar of Japanese culture and philosophy, has twice held teaching appointments in Japanese universities. The appointment also recognizes Earlham College's leading programs in Japanese studies and the outreach efforts of its Institute for Education on Japan. In addition to heading the commission for three years, Richard Wood also will chair the United States-Japan Conference on Cultural and Educational Interchange, a binational committee of government officials and private sector specialists who consult every two years on the state of cultural and educational interchanges between the two countries.

Victims of devastating flooding in North Korea are being helped by a relief fund established by the American Friends Service Committee on Sept. 8. A start-up amount of \$10,000 is being used for initial relief efforts, and the AFSC is seeking additional funding partners for longer-term reconstruction projects. An estimated 500,000 people were left homeless by floods that caused severe damage to housing, agricultural and industrial production, and the country's infrastructure. As of early September, 60 to 70 persons were reported missing and feared dead. According to Chong-Ae Yu, assistant coordinator for AFSC's Asia Programs, this is the first time the North Korean government has asked UN agencies, UN member governments, and international non-governmental organizations for emergency assistance. Contributions can be made to AFSC's Korea Flood Relief Fund by telephone, (800) 226-9816, or by sending donations to AFSC, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

Rochester (N.Y.) Meeting approved a minute on responding to child sexual abuse on May 14. This action was prompted by the presence in meeting of an attendee with a past history of child molestation. Writing the minute has been a five-year movement out of conflict, hurt, and anger to the beginnings of a new understanding of Quaker community based on the spirit of love. Rochester Meeting hopes the minute (excerpted below) will speak to the condition of individuals and meetings dealing with similar issues.

Child sexual abuse, and physical and emotional abuse and neglect of children, are forms

of violence directed against children. . . . While we can never ensure complete safety for our children, open truthfulness provides the most basic requisite for children's safety. Because disclosure of child sexual abuse is traumatic for the offender, survivors, and the entire meeting community, meeting mechanisms for such disclosure must be imbued with extraordinary compassion or they will backfire, possibly driving abusive behavior deeper into secrecy, reopening wounds for survivors, and leaving the meeting community to deal with a profound sense of failure.

After an inward repentance, an offender's recovery within the meeting depends on self-disclosure and placing him or herself under the care of the meeting.

We are reminded that the meeting should not be an agent of punishment, either through intention or insensitivity. Yet we must balance our concern for inclusion with a concern for the welfare of the meeting's children, for survivors of sexual abuse, for the offender, and for the meeting community as a whole. A decision to welcome an offender into the care of the meeting is a response of love, and requires a commitment by the meeting to care for the entire meeting community.

The minute also includes how Rochester Meeting is addressing this challenging situation with a defined set of procedures and the establishment of a Committee for Oversight and Support of the Minute on Child Sexual Abuse. Rochester Meeting welcomes comments and suggestions, and asks Friends to hold the meeting in the Light as they live out this minute. Contact Lu Harper, Clerk, Committee on Child Sexual Abuse, Rochester Friends Meeting, 74 Wildflower Dr., Rochester, NY 14623, telephone (716) 359-0425, email: lbjh@db1.cc.rochester.edu.

Pax World Fund, Inc., is celebrating 25 years of socially responsible investing. Organized in 1970, Pax first offered shares to the public on Aug. 10, 1971. At the outset Pax was required by the Securities and Exchange Commission to secure \$100,000 to invest by its offering date. This minimum was met with \$101,000 for investment from friends and organizations including Friends Committee on National Legislation, the Mennonite Foundation, the Church of the Brethren Service Committee, and the United Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns. Pax World follows a rigorous social criteria for investing, concentrating on health care, food, housing, pollution control, and other life-supportive products and services and avoiding such things as utilities operating nuclear power plants and companies that produce weapons. For more information, contact Pax World Fund, 224 State St., Portsmouth, NH 03801, telephone (800) 767-1729.



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Bulletin Board

•Friends World Committee for Consultation's Quaker Youth Pilgrimage will take place July 15-Aug. 11, 1996. Twenty-eight young Friends from the Europe and Middle East Section and the Section of the Americas will come together for travel, work, and worship in parts of New England, New Jersey, and New York. They will be accompanied by four adult facilitators and a meal planner/cook. Anyone interested in joining the Pilgrimage or planning meals and supervising the Pilgrimage kitchen should contact Deborah Seabrook, FWCC, Section of the Americas, 1506 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, telephone (215) 241-7250, fax (215) 241-7285.

•"The Friends, the Congress, and the Media: World-Mending in New Times" is the theme of Friends Committee on National Legislation's 1995 annual meeting, Nov. 9-12, at the College Park, Md., Holiday Inn. Speakers, workshops, and discussion groups will examine the impact of the media on public policy. There will be opportunities for hands-on workshops on various aspects of the media. The gathering will also include reports from FCNL staff members and an evening of fun with the Friendly Folk Dancers. For more information, contact FCNL, 245 Second St., NE, Washington, DC 20002-5795, telephone (202) 547-6000, fax (202) 547-6019, email: fcnl@igc.apc.org.

•The fall Quaker Farmers Gathering will take place on Nov. 4 at Tuckaway Farm in Lee, N.H. Participants will have the opportunity to meet other Quaker farmers and explore common interests and concerns. Topics for the gathering's small group forums include Farming with Trusts, Farming and Being a Quaker, Models for Community Support of Agriculture, and Farming and Community Education. Attendees are asked to bring food for potluck lunch, photos of their farms, examples of their products, and songs about farming/harvest. For more information, contact Doug Cox, 1138 Sunset Lake Rd., W. Brattleboro, VT 05301, telephone (802) 257-1024.

•"Practicing the Presence: Sharing Spiritual Disciplines," a weekend devoted to practicing the presence of God in daily life, will take place Nov. 17-19 at Quaker Center, Ben Lomond, Calif. Participants will learn new disciplines and share experiences of new and familiar spiritual practices, drawing from contemplative practices of all religious traditions, including Christianity. Cost for the weekend is \$100. For more information, contact Quaker Center, P.O. Box 686, Ben Lomond, CA 95005, telephone (408) 336-8333.

•Presentations are sought for the 17th annual conference of Friends Association for Higher Education, June 20-23, 1996, at George Fox College, Newberg, Oreg. The conference, held

in conjunction with the Quaker Theological Discussion Group, is titled "From Vision to Vocation: Quaker contributions across the disciplines." Presentations should explore the original Quaker visions within the disciplines, the historic contributions of Quakers to the disciplines, and the current implications of Quaker visions within the disciplines and beyond. Refer one-page proposals or inquires to Michele Tarter, Dept. of English, Eastern Illinois University, Charleston, IL 61920, telephone (217) 581-2428. The deadline for proposal submissions is Dec. 1; notification will be mailed Jan. 15, 1996.

•"Homes Not Jails," sponsored by Food Not Bombs, is the title of a Nov. 23, Thanksgiving Day, protest in support of housing for everyone. Activists across North America will be taking over abandoned buildings, squatting parks, and setting up tent cities. Needed are squatters, cooks, drivers, food, blankets, and tools. For the time and location in your area, telephone (415) 386-9209 or (800) 884-1136.

Calendar

NOVEMBER

1—"Music and Dancing for Peace Around the World," the theme for World Peace Day 1995. Contact Margaret Lee, Worldwide Peace Foundation, P.O. Box 2264, Silver Spring, MD 20915.

4—"A Season for Justice," AFSC's Annual Public Gathering, 1-5 p.m., at Friends Center in Philadelphia, Pa. The keynote speaker will be the Rev. Joan Brown Campbell, General Secretary of the National Council of Churches in the U.S. Panel discussions, a reception, and a book signing will follow. Contact AFSC Public Gathering, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102-1497, telephone (215) 241-7000.

11-12—Japan Yearly Meeting, Shimotsuma, Japan. Contact Japan Yearly Meeting, 8-19 Mita 4-Chome, Minato-ku, Tokyo, Japan, telephone (03) 3451-7002.

13—The Annual Dinner Meeting of Friends Historical Association, 5:30 p.m. at Arch Street Meetinghouse, Philadelphia, Pa. Karin Wulf from the American University history department will speak on "Documenting the Complexity of Quaker Loyalty: Milcah Martha Moore's Commonplace Book and the American Revolution." Contact Friends Historical Association, Haverford College Library, Haverford, PA 19041, telephone (610) 896-1161.

Mid-November—Guatemala Yearly Meeting, Iglesia Nacional Amigos, Tabernaculo "Amigos," Chiquimula, Guatemala. Contact Luis Espino Martinez, Apartado 8, Chiquimula, Guatemala, telephone 9-42-0149.

16—Oxfam America's "Fast for a World Harvest." The Thursday before Thanksgiving, students throughout the United States skip a meal or more and donate the money they would have spent on food to Oxfam's efforts to alleviate hunger. Contact (800) 597-FAST.

Milestones

Births

Bonner—*Madison Noel Bonner* and *Marley Rebecca Bonner*, on July 6, to Patricia and Guy Bonner, of Baltimore (Md.) Meeting, Stony Run.

Claggett—*Evan Lewis Claggett*, on July 13, to Susan B. Claggett and Craig E. Smith. Susan is a member and Craig is an attender of Third Haven (Md.) Meeting.

Evans—*Vivian Leiton Evans*, on July 5, to Carol Evans and Juan Leiton, of Madison (Wis.) Meeting, in Monteverde, Costa Rica.

Hibbs—*Lewis Cox Hibbs III*, on July 7, to Susan Gann Hibbs and Lewis Hibbs, of Baltimore (Md.) Meeting, Stony Run.

Pearson—*Signe Rose Pearson*, on July 11, to Jill Pennie and Mark Pearson, of Twin Cities (Minn.) Meeting.

Schatten—*Daniel Thomas Schatten*, on July 6, to Heather and Jerry Schatten, of Madison (Wis.) Meeting.

Marriages/Unions

Berentsen-Bottum—*David James Bottum* and *Jill Ellen Berentsen*, on July 1, under the care of Milwaukee (Wis.) Meeting.

Hilborn-Maupin—*Joel Norman Maupin* and *Lara Elizabeth Hilborn*, on July 1, under the care of Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.).

Hoffman-Satterthwaite—*Bill Satterthwaite* and *Sarah Hoffman*, on June 22, in the Wellesley (Mass.) Meetinghouse.

Tivol-Harrison—*David H. Harrison* and *Elizabeth Tivol*, on July 31, in the Cambridge (Mass.) Meetinghouse.

Whitbeck-Neelon—*David Neelon* and *Caroline Whitbeck*, on June 17, in the Cambridge (Mass.) Meetinghouse.

Deaths

Calvert—*Mildred Henley Calvert*, 96, on Dec. 24, 1994, in Carlisle, Pa. A birthright Friend born in Carthage, Ind., Mildred, like her father and grandfather, was a graduate of Earlham College. It was there she met and later married James Donald Calvert. The couple moved to Selma, Ohio, and together they helped found Toledo (Ohio) Preparative Meeting. Mildred was active in American Friends Service Committee projects in the 1940s and 1950s. A lifelong member of the NAACP, she was also deeply involved in civil rights issues. After the death of her husband in 1975, Mildred moved to Carlisle, Pa., to be near her daughter. Mildred was a valued member of Harrisburg (Pa.) Meeting and later was a founding member of Carlisle (Pa.) Meeting. Her talent for art and design survives in cabinets she made with her husband and in countless other artistic endeavors. Mildred is survived by a daughter, Martha Calvert Slotten; a son, James Donald Calvert Jr.; seven grandchildren; nine great-grandchildren; and a sister, Eleanor Henley Robinson.

Hansen—*Marilyn Hansen*, 51, on April 14, of cancer, in Waukegan, Ill. Born and raised in Chicago, Ill., Marilyn was an exemplary social worker. She began her career with the Illinois Department of Public Aid, then took a position at the Fort

Apache Indian Reservation in Whiteriver, Ariz., where she worked for 15 years. At the time of her death she was a supervising social worker at the Great Lakes Naval Hospital. Marilyn used her keen intelligence and sensitivity in volunteer work as well. She chaired the committee to select residents for Habitat for Humanity, and for many years she chaired the Personnel Committee, assisted on the hotline, and served as a rape crisis counselor for Lake County Council Against Sexual Assault. She was also a member of and corresponding secretary for the National Association of University Women. Marilyn was a strong, quiet presence at Lake Forest (Ill.) Meeting, where she was active on that meeting's Peace and Social Concerns Committee. Marilyn is survived by her mother, Grace Pranske; a brother, Roger Hansen; and two step-sisters, Ellen Benes and MaryAnn Mathieu.

Kusler—*Belva Nelson Kusler*, 83, on April 9, in Frederic, Minn. Belva grew up on a farm near Milltown, Wis. In 1935 she met and married Al Kusler in Chicago, Ill. Following World War II, during which Al served in the navy and Belva cared for their two children, the Kuslers moved to Clam Lake, near Siren, Wis. Together they built a solar house overlooking the water. While raising their children, Belva worked in the greenhouse, breeding begonias that brought her worldwide acclaim. Both voracious readers, the couple came across the writings of early Friends and sought out Quakers in the area. For several years they regularly attended Duluth (Minn.), Eau Claire-Menomonie (Wis.), and Twin Cities (Minn.) meetings. Belva loved the beauty of music, poetry, nature, and her artwork, but even more she loved sharing that beauty with others of all ages. In her later years, Belva enjoyed reading poetry and working for women. She read every poetry book she could find and entered her favorites into a collection on her computer. Belva co-founded a local chapter of the National Organization for Women, worked to prevent the abuse of children, helped establish a support program for incest victims, and volunteered at a shelter for domestic abuse victims. Belva also grew plants and ficus trees to raise money for the American Friends Service Committee and to purchase books by feminist writers for her public library. She led a whole and simple life. Belva was preceded in death by her daughter, Jill, in 1994. She is survived by her husband, A.J. Kusler; a son, Jon; four grandchildren; and several nieces.

Stein—*Anne Willis Stein*, 90, on March 3, at Foulkeways retirement facility, Gwynedd, Pa. Born in North Wales, Pa., Anne graduated from Germantown Friends School and Swarthmore College. After teaching at Brooklyn Friends School, she worked as secretary of Evanston (Ill.) Meeting until marrying James R. Stein Jr., then minister of Franklin (Va.) Meeting and later Poughkeepsie (N.Y.) Meeting. In 1968 they retired and moved to Foulkeways, where they became active members of Gwynedd (Pa.) Meeting. Anne's original meeting. Virtually her entire life was spent in Quaker service as a teacher, an administrator, and as part of a ministerial team. She is remembered for her lively sense of humor and her ease in relating to people. She was an excellent listener and a skilled and gentle questioner, reflecting her genuine interest in other people. Anne was preceded in death by her husband, James Stein, in 1991. She is survived by a brother, Richard B. Willis.

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Books and Publications

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Opportunities

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Gospel Order Among Friends, Marty Grundy and Lloyd Lee Wilson, October 27-29.

Spirituality of the Eastern Church, Jim Forest, November 17-19.

Quaker-Jewish Dialogue, Marcia Praeger and Rebecca Mays, December 1-3.

Journal Exploration, Kendall Dudley, December 8-10.

Advent Retreat: Praying the Scriptures, Sara Beth Terrell, December 8-10.

Contact: Registrar, Pendle Hill, Box F, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086-6099. (610) 566-4507 or (800) 742-3150.

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Consider a Costa Rican study tour. January 31-February 12, 1996. Call, Fax, or write Roy Joe and Ruth Stuckey, 1182 Hornbeam Road, Sabina, OH 45169. Telephone/Fax: (513) 584-2900.

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Positions Vacant

Youth Directors Sought For Conference Center. Powell House is the New York Yearly Meeting Conference and Retreat Center, located in rural Columbia County, about 25 miles east of Albany, New York. Programs are offered for both adults and young people. The Youth Program offers 20 or more events to youth in grades 4 through 12. During these weekend programs Quaker values are affirmed, and self-esteem, spiritual growth, and a spirit of community are nurtured. Powell House is seeking a married couple to serve as Co-Directors of the Youth Program. The Youth Directors are responsible for

the spiritual and administrative work required to plan and lead youth conferences, and for guidance and support to young people who attend. This work is done under the direction of the Powell House Director. All members of the small staff cooperate to support the work of the whole Center.

The positions of Youth Directors become available in summer 1996. For further information please contact: Ann Davidson, Director, 524 Pitt Hill Road, Old Chatham, NY 12136. (518) 794-8811.

Seeking a School Head for the fall 1996 for **Newtown Friends School**, a 280-student, coeducational kindergarten-grade 8 day school located in Bucks County, Pa. The candidate will be knowledgeable about the development and evaluation of children, curriculum, and faculty. Prefer elementary school experience, an advanced degree, and an understanding of Quaker principles and practice. The successful candidate must have significant leadership and administrative experience. Please send resume to Search Committee, Newtown Friends School, P.O. Box 4471, Newtown, PA 18940. Resumes must be received by November 15, 1995.

Service community, Innisfree Village. Volunteers live and work with adults with mental disabilities on a farm in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Must be 21, able to stay one year. Receive room, board, medical benefits, and \$160/month. Recruiting, Innisfree, Rte. 2, Box 506, Crozet, VA 22932.

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The First Unitarian Church of Dallas

Religious Educator position(s) begin July 1, 1996. We seek applications, including qualifications and proposals, in any/all of these areas: ministry to families, youth programming, young adult programming, children's religious education, adult religious education. Credentials may include a Master's Degree in Education, UUA Fellowship as Minister of Religious Education, other religious credentials, or equivalent experience. Contact: David Wolfe, Chair, Religious Educator Search Committee, First Unitarian Church of Dallas, 4015 Normandy, Dallas, TX 75205.

Winthrop Center Friends Church, a small programmed meeting in south central Maine near the state capital, seeks a full-time pastoral minister. The position is available September 1, 1995. Send resume to William Rosenbaum, Clerk, 28 High Street, Winthrop, ME 04364

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Friends Homes West, the new continuing care retirement community in Greensboro, North Carolina, is now open. Friends Homes West is owned by Friends Homes, Inc., specialists in retirement living since 1968. Friends Homes West includes 171 apartments for independent living and on-site health care services in the 28 private rooms of the Assisted Living Unit or the 40 private rooms of the Skilled Care Nursing Unit. Enjoy a beautiful community in a location with temperate winters and changing seasons. For more information, please call (910) 292-9952, or write Friends Homes West, 6100 West Friendly Road, Greensboro, NC 27410.

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Schools

Junior high boarding school for grades 7, 8, 9. Small, academic classes, challenging outdoor experiences, community service, consensus decision making, daily work projects in a small, caring, community environment. **Arthur Morgan School**, 1901 Hannah Branch Road, Burnsville, NC 28714. (704) 675-4262.

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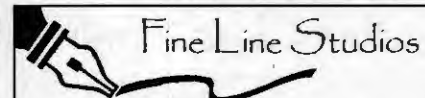
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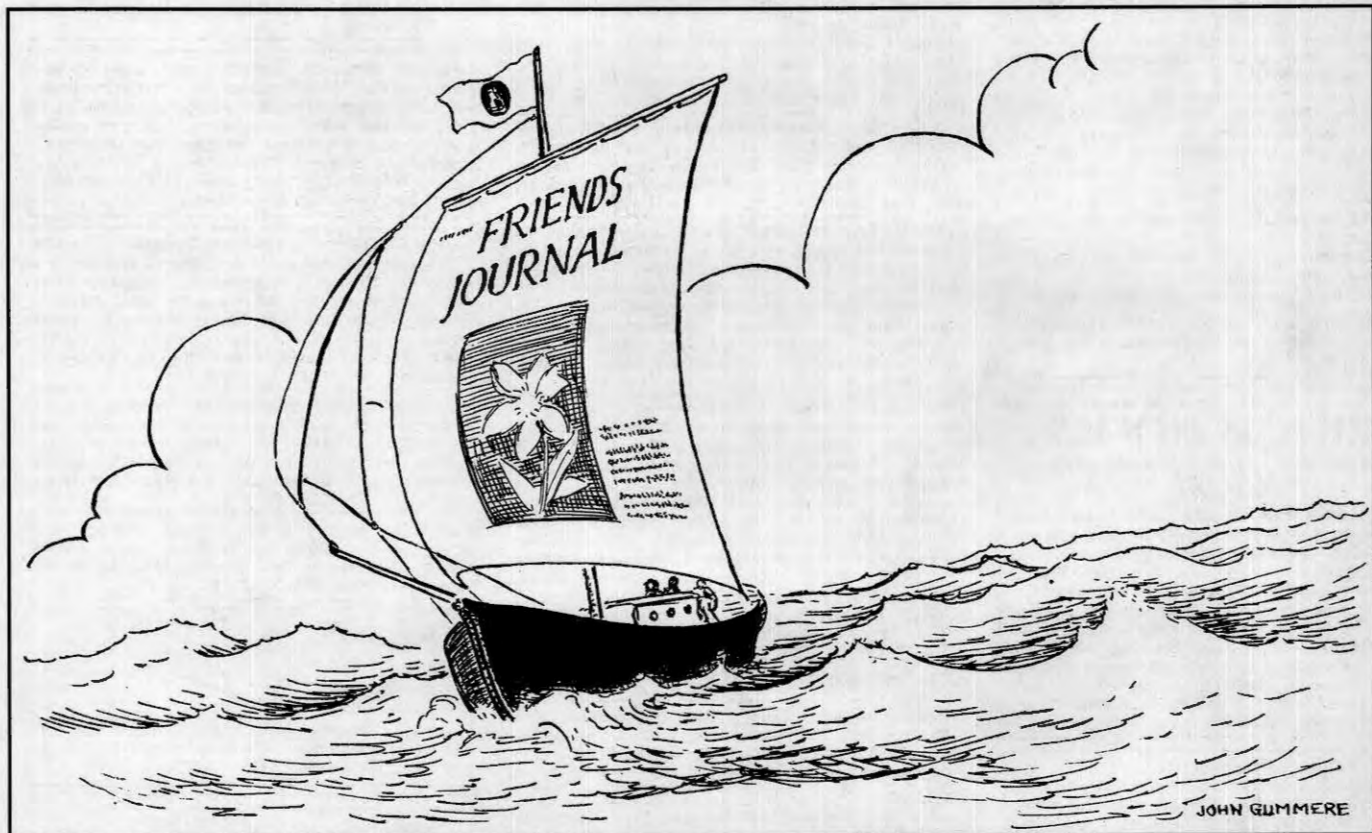
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