

September 1992

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today

LIVING IN
OUR DREAMS

SURVIVORS
OF SUICIDE

OPENING
OUR DOORS
TO THE WORLD
AROUND US





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Among Friends

Call it Family

I don't thrive on so much excitement. It's been building for weeks. What's about to occur in my life—once the magazine goes to the printer in late July, and after the plants are watered, the bills are paid, and the dog gets another flea bath—has been loosely labeled, "family vacation." (Recently, though, when describing such an event in their own life, another family more accurately entitled it, "taking a long motor trip.")

What I'm talking about is our biennial family trip to a summer cottage in northern Michigan, that beloved place amidst pines and birches and berry bushes where I've spent many happy summers since early childhood. Preparation tasks, now approaching fever pitch, have included packing clothes for warm days and cool nights, negotiating how many blankets and sheets and towels and pairs of boots and winter jackets and raincoats and flashlights and books and games are *really* needed, figuring if it will all fit into a small car (it won't; some will be tied on top, the rest stuffed in a duffle bag and shipped by Greyhound a week early), letting the neighbors know we'll be away and "collect the mail for us if you will, please." Then it will be "time to hit the road," to quote one of my sons.

The prize, of course—some 900 miles, numerous stops for drinks, ice creams, dog walks, dashes to bathrooms, and "when are we gonna be there?" later—will be several days of blissful quiet. Some I expect to spend nearly sunk from view in a sagging rocker, my bare feet perched on a sloping porch railing, as I observe a cool lake where children and grandchildren swim. Cousins will come by for visits, hikes and outings will be organized, sandwiches manufactured.

No phone here. No TV, either. There will be plenty of insulation from the political hoopla of the season, rumors of war in the Middle East, and weather forecasts that usually miss the mark. Our own news bulletins will focus upon mosquito bites, who misplaced their swim trunks, raccoon and deer sightings, canoe tipplings, what's playing at the local cinema, an evening game of hearts, and the best location for digging night crawlers to entice bass and bluegills.

And then, quite suddenly, it will be over. There will be far less excitement in orchestrating the return: simply take everything we brought, ship it, or leave it till next time. Then it's the drive home. We'll see sleepy, daydreaming passengers in the rearview mirror, more freckles and peeling noses than we counted on the drive west. Once home, we'll start preparing for autumn almost at once: purchase school clothes to replace what no longer fits ("Andrew, I can't believe these jeans shrank so much . . . and your almost new sneakers too!"); add new photos to the family album ("Sim, that's got to be you diving from the rowboat!"). And there will be laughter to replace what more closely resembled a crisis just two weeks earlier ("Remember when we were all ready to head home and couldn't find the dog . . . and then we smelled the skunk?").

Yes, we do remember.

The current issue of the magazine, of course, with themes of youth and schools, makes the easy shift of season. Fast forward, if you will; we move time's tape from late summer to early fall. Several articles here explore themes of schools and youth.

As many of our young people head off to schools and colleges, leaving behind for a time their meeting families, what better way to keep them close than by offering a gift of a school-year subscription. Our back cover explains the details.

Another way to remember.

Vinton Deming

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Paying our dues

Friends ashamed that our government lags in paying its UN dues—trivial to us, but important for peace—may wish to try to get the administration's attention by taping a dime (or penny) to a postcard addressed to U.S. Ambassador to the UN Charles Pickering, c/o the United Nations, New York, NY 10017. You might say, "This dime is a contribution to the U.S. government for use toward paying our back UN dues."

Betty Stone
Wilmington, N.C.

Daniels for president

Our interracial Gaia Permaculture Community appreciates your *Journal*—a wonderful source! Your loving care for all humanity comes close enough to politics to encourage me to see if you can present an African American as an independent candidate for president! We heard him speak at an "Up from Poverty" conference in Montgomery, Ala., last year and were much impressed.

You no doubt know Ron Dellums's fine voting record in Congress. Ron Daniels holds those high values too! He was executive director of Jesse Jackson's Rainbow Coalition, so he can garner those votes as well as Greens, labor, farm, Consumer party, and possibly NOW, etc.

For more information on Ron Daniels, contact Campaign for a New Tomorrow, Box 27798, Washington, DC 20038-7798.

True Ritchie and Clear Marks
Mauk, Ga.

From the ashes

(In early July, Margot and Don Klaber, FJ readers from Duluth, Minn., received the following letter from Violet Zarou, director of the Play Centers Project in the West Bank. We thought our readers would want to learn of these recent developments. —Eds.)

Fire can consume all material things, but experience taught me a greater lesson: fire can never consume one's faith. If we put our faith into action, we will emerge from the fire, its ashes, and disaster stronger than ever before—stronger spiritually, mentally, and physically. God leads us on; we do not need to worry.

On Monday, June 22, between 3:30 and 4:00 p.m., mad, cruel fire consumed all material things at the Amari Refugee Camp Friends Play Center. To make a long list short, nothing remained but ashes. A well-equipped play center that serves 40 five-year-old children has nothing left but



Violet Zarou

▲ Children at Amari Refugee Camp, Friends Play Center

dust, ashes, and black, sorry walls. Even doors and windows do not work.

To us, this was a blow in the heart. If UNRWA will stretch a helping hand, then we will have a good start. Of course we will be starting from scratch, but God will not let us down.

We hope and pray that the play center will rise up again—clean, tall, and well-equipped to be ready in September to receive the children who have no other peaceful place to go, a place where they experience friendship, love, and understanding.

Help us, please, to keep the Quaker name bright and alive. As you know, the play centers project is a non-profit program. [Donations may be sent to Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102—earmarked for the Ramallah Friends Meeting Play Centers Project.]

Violet Zarou
Ramallah, West Bank

Hardly retiring

Yes, it is a busy life. Five years ago I "retired from my salary" to do more work for Friends and to relate to our global village. I am busier than ever. We have a project on our small farm for refugees from El Salvador. They are in a literacy program in Toronto and come to our farm to plant pinto and kidney beans as their project in farming. They hope to learn Canadian agriculture, though the beans have all been planted and harvested by hand. Their backgrounds are rooted in agriculture. There are 12 to 15 member representatives. It is a good way for us to share our stewardship of the land.

We are still providing encouragement and support to Olney Friends School in Barnesville, Ohio—400 miles away—wanting a renewal there in this spiritual community. We need to do more work on this. It is a lovely place for children to

learn and grow.

Then there is a Core steering committee to effect recommended changes in the priorities of mental health in two counties here—as all health criteria moves out into the community away from the institutions. This is exciting and long overdue with prospects that need attention at every level.

Finally, there are prospects of a new Quaker worship group in our growing community. This will take the commitment and energy of at least two families to keep it alive—but it is clear there are a number of families in this area of 15,000 who would be attracted to the manner of Friends.

I thank you for all your good works and the broad spectrum of articles and opinions you are providing. I hope you will keep doing what you are doing.

Donald Laitin
Orangeville, Ontario

Correction

FRIENDS JOURNAL regrets that an error was made in the July FCNL column. Senator Holling's home state is South Carolina, not South Dakota, as the column stated. The error was made in editing, and not by the author.

And, speaking of putting people in places they don't belong, a photo of Marian Franz, head of the National Campaign for a Peace Tax Fund, was identified as Ruth Flower, who works for Friends Committee on National Legislation. The mistake appeared in a photo outline of the article "A Matter of Conscience: The Peace Tax Fund Hearings in Washington, D.C.," which ran in the August issue. Our apologies to all concerned. —Eds.

Whose rights?

Jim Corbett (*FJ* June) writes, "... we would not join or support any Quaker

What Inhibits Friends' Response?

Friend Kenneth Ives's article "Friends Membership 1980-1990" (*FJ* July) is another of a series of *JOURNAL* articles examining, albeit obliquely, the State of the Society—perhaps more closely than many wish. Obviously, all is not well, and the Pollyanna attitude used to meet re-examiners serves no really good purpose. The tenor of Ives's figures agree substantially with my own research, except *Friends World News* (1987/1) indicates the independent yearly meetings grew over 98 percent between 1977 and 1987 rather than the 25 percent Ives reports from a different and outside source.

Further clouding of any statistical analysis grows from the highly inaccurate listing of "membership" by individual monthly meetings. I suggest many directories contain names of persons who have not contributed physically, financially, or spiritually to their meeting for a decade—18 years being the most I have run across in reviewing participation by those shown as active members. Perhaps by 1993 Friend Ives will obtain firmer figures and suggest steps that might staunch the bleeding that is leaching away our strength. (While such practice may enhance our egos, it contributes to the GIGO dictum—i.e., "Garbage In, Garbage Out.")

While Friend Ives alludes to, he does not finger the problem. *FRIENDS JOURNAL* has included several more specific articles that all Friends ought to read and study:

Elwood Cronk's "Handling Our Differences" (*FJ* January 1990) speaks of the practice of resolution avoidance (while we preach conflict resolution), notes that fear of being rejected may well inhibit bringing concerns before a meeting, and emphasizes the importance of recording experiences.

Chel Avery's "Treating Conflict as a Gift" (*ibid.*) mentions an outsider's version

of Friends' approach to conflict: Step 1: Turn and face the opposite direction; Step 2: Proceed. An older version of the "Quaker Two-Step" referred to our practice of dancing around an issue without touching.

In the same issue, Ann Levensger's "On Welcoming Friends After Meeting" records experiences I—and other similar chronic inter-visitationists—have experienced in some of my visits. But to experience an exuberant welcoming ceremony, visit a Unity group sometime: almost too much of a good thing!

Elizabeth F. Boardman and Sam Cox's "Friends Feeling Hurt" (*FJ* January 1991) probed the area moderately deeply, that anonymity of their initial solicitation perhaps inhibiting the number and frankness of their respondents. The four articles to which I refer suggest, despite the Pollyanna attitude our literature often reflects, that a careful, meaningful, frank probing of the reasons why our numbers and our influence is declining is well overdue.

I have reviewed all issues of the *FRIENDS JOURNAL* from 1955 through 1989, seeking clues to the gradual diminution of the Society. A single theme shouts above all others: the denial of the right to be heard, the suppression of dissent, the refusal to acknowledge problems or face those that obviously exist. The situation is summarized by the following, which has previously appeared elsewhere:

Someone is hurt; the hurt may be real or it might be imaginary; the hurt individuals want to be heard; they are brushed aside or a hearing is denied them; their dissatisfaction grows and dissension develops; continued denial leads to festering and gangrene; the injured move from the front to the back benches; they change from active to passive participation; they cease attend-

ing meeting for business; they attend meetings for worship less often; some remain on the rolls as "cemetery Friends," but many move from close ties, to loose ties, to no ties with the Society.

What strikes me is the lack of response in the Forum pages. Is it the fear of rejection that inhibits response? Does no one dissent because they might be squelched? Or do we feel that ignoring a problem long enough causes it to go away?

Despite the disapprobation levied on Steve Main, who challenged Friends United Meeting to realign itself with biblical values or break apart, he did bring into the open a situation that has been festering for years. Have we had a "marriage of convenience," or kept the relationship alive "for the sake of the children"? How many monthly and yearly meetings have a physical copy of FUM's current *Faith and Practice* (1966), and how many have read its doctrine regarding membership?

To quote Dwight D. Eisenhower: "A problem ignored is not a problem solved. Until it is faced, it will continue to grow. When something is finally done, it will cost more than if a timely solution had been sought." The advice applies not only to individuals and committees and monthly and yearly meetings, but to our national and international Quaker organizations as well. Perhaps Friend Kenneth Ives will run his figures through his computer and follow up on his article with the prediction of when the demise of the Society of Friends—actually, of the various Societies of Friends—will take place.

George Newkirk
Gainesville, Fla.

meeting, service organization, or school that requires its employees to sign the I-9. . . ." He says the I-9 subverts Quaker testimonies for human rights.

Quakers acknowledge that of God in every person. Human rights should not depend upon religion, sex, skin color, or place of birth. Do these beliefs imply that the one or two billion people who now want to immigrate (to the United States or other developed countries) should be allowed to do so? Ten years from now world population will be larger by one billion. Should the large fraction of this additional billion people who will want to immigrate be allowed to do so? Would competing rights be violated if such massive immigration were allowed? What, if any, moral or religious principles justify

not accepting all who want to immigrate here? What, if any, special responsibilities do we have toward African Americans and Hispanics here who tend to see themselves as bearing most of the costs of increased immigration?

If we feel we cannot accept all who want to immigrate here, what, if any, effective methods for preventing or discouraging immigration are acceptable? What responsibilities do we have to would-be immigrants and others who remain in their own countries? Should the 20 million who die each year of malnutrition-related diseases be considered less needy than those who are killed by their governments? Should those who are able to make it to our borders be considered more worthy of our concern than those who are malnour-

ished in, for example, Ethiopia or Burma?

In answering these questions it is useful to remember: 1) If population is limited only by misery and starvation, then population will grow until people are miserable and starve (Thomas Malthus/Kenneth Boulding); 2) Within a few years of immigrating to the U.S., most people consume several to many times more resources and energy than they did in their home countries, and they create more pollution than they did in their countries. Might we find some "solutions" that appear to respect the rights of those who immigrate, yet violate the rights of the majority of people and their posterity?

Steven C. Hill
Las Cruces, N. Mex.

A Gulf War Resister's Stand

by Aimee Allison

I had no idea when I joined what kind of training I'd have to go through in the military. I joined as a combat medic, and I was thinking in the back of my head, "Well, I'll be helping people. I'm a noncombatant, so I won't be hurting anyone, right?" But at 17 I knew nothing about war, the military, the world, or myself. I had a Rambo-esque vision of what war would be like, a video-game mentality. It wasn't realistic.

In military training I was given a big dose of reality. The line between combatant and noncombatant is very thin,

being a medic from operating heavy machinery, from shooting somebody, from burning a village, or anything else.

Bayonet training was one of the earlier things that deeply disturbed me and set me thinking about the military. Here are 300 women in my company: we're all in battle dress fatigues, with our M16s and bayonets. We're all out in this field in Fort Jackson, South Carolina. The drill sergeant stands up on a platform with a megaphone, instructing us how to jab, how to thrust, how to use the bayonet in the correct position. This is me—I've never been in a fight in my life. I've always been taught to talk things out. He says, "What's the spirit of the bayonet?" We're all forced to yell, "To kill, to kill, to kill with no mercy." He yells, "What makes the grass grow?" "Blood, blood makes the grass grow." We're supposed to make these noises. I just remember saying it, but I couldn't believe that I was saying it, because in church I learned that what makes us humane is mercy. That was my first step in realizing I had to be true to my own beliefs and my own sense of right and wrong.

They tried very hard in the military to make every one of us lose our own identity, to make us afraid to question authority, to follow orders blindly, and to look at the enemy not as a human being but as an object. There are people who are deeply disturbed as individuals, and some take action and some of them don't. But on some level most people in the military think about what they're doing and either choose to follow their conscience or not.

Other things that we did were equally disturbing—like shooting M60s, which are huge machine guns, at human-shaped targets. I have a friend who just came back from the Persian Gulf War and saw a lot of things. One of the things that he saw was Kuwaiti troops using M60s—they're supposed to be used on buildings or tanks—shooting Iraqi soldiers. All he saw was red mist—it decimates people. Right now, actually, he's receiving psychiatric treatment, because to see that destroys part of your own humanity. I know I did the right

thing in refusing to be part of that. He also saw the French Foreign Legion massacring Iraqi troops—because they don't take prisoners. We won't read about these things in the paper for 20 years.

When my unit was activated, they took a piece of the unit—psychiatrists, psych doctors, psych nurses, and other people. They told them that there had been over 100 suicides of U.S. service people since the buildup. This was before the war started. I never read in the paper about any suicides of U.S. service people—I know that. People tried to deal with their conscience or the situation in different ways, and one of them was by committing suicide.

Another thing that happened in the development of my conscience was the positive reinforcement of learning about nonviolence, learning about Martin Luther King, Jr., and Gandhi and the power of nonviolence to change situations. I still believe that nonviolence is the answer in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict too. I consider my being a CO as an extension of King's nonviolent movement.

The third thing that changed my way of thinking about the military was my training as a medic. As a military medic, my job is not to help people. The entire purpose of a medic is to continue the military mission. So if I see, after all the bombs are dropped in a battle, that there are several soldiers down, it's my job as a medic to assess every man or woman who's injured and establish priorities for evacuation based on the injuries, a procedure known as *triage*. Those people who are least injured I treat first, because they are most likely to return to their duty stations. The people who are most injured—if I don't have time after treating the least injured—I give a shot of morphine. Then I put them behind the screen and allow them to die. That is my duty as a medic. In the civilian world, if there's an earthquake or a fire, you treat the most injured first because they're most likely to die first. That's not the way it is in the military, because the truth is that the military not only doesn't care about the people it drops bombs on, but it doesn't care about its own side either. We're just



Bill Lovejoy

▲ Aimee Allison, 1992

if not nonexistent. In the military, the support system, which is everybody but the people who actually operate the weapons, is almost the entire military. As a combat medic, it's my job to support and to replenish the front battle lines. That's my job. So I can't separate

Aimee Allison, 22, is a graduate student in education at Stanford University. Since her application for a CO discharge in December 1990, she has remained active in writing and speaking to youth, church, and political groups around the country about supporting conscientious objectors. Aimee was denied a discharge in February 1992, a decision she is appealing in federal court. Her article appeared in the May/June issue of The Plough, and is reprinted with permission.

cannon fodder; we're just part of the machine. I remember even the officers in our unit saying, "I know this is wrong, it seems wrong—but it's your job."

When a lot of people were leaving, I remember one physician, an ob-gyn woman, who said, "I don't support this war; it's a ridiculous war, a war for oil—why, what's the purpose?" But when her number was called, she went. I talked to her on the phone the night before she was to go. I said, "You know, you don't have to do this." She said, "Well, Aimee, I have my career riding on this."

Every person in the military or in society in general has faced at some point the question: am I going to do what I know is right? A lot of the COs I've met, even people who went to prison, say that if they had known about the opportunity for discharge they would have done it a long time ago. Even though the U.S. military has these regulations through which to apply, it's very difficult to prove to the military that you're sincere and that you're a true CO. In many ways the military disrespects the UN's recognition of COs.

Troops are still being sent to the Middle East. There were a few parades—"Oh, everyone's home!"—but there are still people over there.

There's sort of a move to the right, a wave of patriotism, all these yellow ribbons, the flag waving, the 50th anniversary of Pearl Harbor—all this stuff. It's all part of the same movement to the right, and it's a very scary feeling for me, because it means that mainstream America is not thinking and not questioning authority. That can only have bad repercussions for democracy, which thrives on different points of view. I think that in a time of great patriotism, in this wave of Follow the Leader, people should help to try to right the wrongs in the country and in the world.

From my perspective, if I were 17 and had to do the whole thing again, I would

have appreciated it if just one person would have said, "You know, you want to go to college, you want to be in politics, you want to do all these great things, Aimee, but why would you dedicate eight years of your life to an institution whose sole purpose is to kill peo-

ple?" If they would have asked me that, maybe I would have thought twice about joining. That's what I want to do: at least put my viewpoint out there, even though it doesn't come near to equaling the millions of dollars of advertising from the military. □

TO THE GENERAL CONCERNING NURSERY RHYMES

by Judith Nichols-Orians

That was a very courageous decision on the part of the President to also stop the offensive. . . . Frankly, my recommendation had been, you know, to continue the march. . . . We could have closed the door and made it, in fact, a battle of annihilation (General H. Norman Schwartzkopf, New York Times, March 28, 1991, p. A18).

**The blankets must have shone, northern lights in heaven's
face, along the public bunks of the shelter.**

**Imagine a mother stretching with her daughter,
rows of families, their bottles, bundles,**

**and brown paper bags. A lullaby rises its quiet life.
The moon watches, we sleep. Goodnight, sweet night.**

**Child after child, the room gives in.
A rain of song seals the sky**

**until a bright heat hits with a splash,
a flash of forgetting, once and forever.**

**Annihilation. It speaks to itself like a nursery rhyme.
One, two, buckle your shoe. Three, four, close the door.**

Judith Nichols-Orians teaches poetry at Vassar College.

More than 2,500 U.S. soldiers filed for conscientious objector discharges during the Gulf War, according to a recent survey made by the War Resisters League. Of these, nearly 100 COs were imprisoned. More than 20 are still confined. —*Fellowship*, March 1992



Susan Winters

WESTTOWN

PAST

AND

PRESENT

by John A. Yeatman

S ometime ago FRIENDS JOURNAL carried an article by a George School graduate about her experience as a student attending meeting for worship. Reading this article brought back memories of my own experience as a Westtown student (1947-51) attending that school's meeting. And it was a revisit to that meeting a few years ago that brought dramatically to mind the changes that have occurred over 40 years.

As boarding students in the late 1940s, we were required to attend meeting twice a week: First Days and Fifth Days (Sundays and Thursdays). Dress code called for coats and ties for boys and similar appropriate attire for girls. Both meetings were always preceded by "collection" at the respective boys' and girls' ends of the main building. Here attendance was taken using assigned seats, and a passage of scripture was read as preparation. We then proceeded in pairs to the meetinghouse, entering at our respective ends of the building. All male students and male faculty sat on one side of the room and females on the other. Four rows of ascending facing benches were occupied by faculty members in order of seniority, with the most senior members seated on the highest bench, closest to the center of the room. (Who ever said there was no hierarchy in Quakerdom?)

I see those faces as clearly today as I did 40 years ago as they peered down austerely from "on high." Always at the top on the highest bench on the invisible line dividing the room sat Master James (James Walker, headmaster) and

John A. Yeatman is a member of London Grove (Pa.) Meeting. For nearly 20 years he has worked as an administrator in the field of alcoholism, drug abuse, and mental health.



A recent meeting for worship at Westtown School

SCHOOL

to his immediate left, on the other side of that line, his wife, Alice. One of the weightier, if not the weightiest member of the meeting at that time was Master Carroll (Carroll Brown, whose career as Westtown English teacher would span 45 years). Another familiar face was that of Agnes Thomas, math teacher, and sister of Norman Thomas, perennial candidate for president on the socialist ticket.

Then there were such non-faculty luminaries as the two authors in residence—Janet Whitney, who wrote *Quaker Bride*, and T. Morris Longstreth, author of numerous childrens' books. The latter always occupied the second place of honor in the meetinghouse, to the headmaster's right. Lael Kelly, part-time librarian, and widow of Thomas Kelly, Quaker mystic, was a familiar presence at Fifth Day meeting. Finally, to the amusement and annoyance of some students (she spoke often and at length), there was the "singing Quaker," who attended quarterly meeting and came dressed in black from head to toe, including a black bonnet. Her rising to speak in the archaic singsong manner of early Friends tended to be greeted by low groans from the student section.

Some of us, I'm afraid, spent too many hours "after lights" scheming to avoid meeting altogether or disrupt it once there. Chattering, giggling, passing notes, crumpling paper all seemed minor ploys compared to secreting an

alarm clock set to go off at a given time and shatter the silence. I particularly recall one warm spring First Day when a few of us decided to skip meeting for a walk to Milltown, a nearby village. The plan was to clear attendance and then to break away enroute to the meetinghouse and hide in the basement shower rooms until all were in the meetinghouse. It was to be a simple matter of cutting across the soccer field and from there into the woods. What we overlooked in the planning was the fact that a certain seat on the third row facing bench provided an unobstructed view through the meetinghouse front windows onto the soccer field and the entry into the woods. It was the librarian

sitting there that day who observed and reported all. The punishment: sitting detention and eventually, in my case, due to numerous such infractions, a letter home.

It was with these memories and expectations (from some 250 school meetings attended over four years) that I revisited Westtown a few years ago. To say I was shocked by the change is no overstatement. While the meetinghouse was as filled as I remembered it, the similarity stopped there. Gone was the separate seating—male, female; teacher, student. Instead students, casually attired, overflowed front, back, and side benches. Teachers were indistinguishable from students (sign of my age?). And, what was most impressive, the vocal ministry, instead of coming from those venerable weighty Friend types, came from the youngest attenders popping up all over the room. Messages were brief, simply spoken, and clearly from the heart.

I asked myself on the trip home what had changed. After all, we were the same age back then, and we—or at least most of us—would never have thought of speaking in meeting. Obviously, dress rules had changed, maybe attendance requirements, and assigned seating. Maybe today's students understood better than we did the purpose of meeting for worship. Instead of seeing it as one more regulation to challenge, they saw it as a tool—a quiet time away from the hectic pace—to think things through: big things and little things. Messages I heard suggested this.

The world outside also changed drastically in 40 years. Whereas we were an essentially passive, accepting youth in the late '40s and early '50s, the '60s saw student campus revolts that helped end a war and bring down a president. No school could remain immune to this. Change from without brings change within. No longer were male faculty members at Westtown addressed as "master." Now all teachers, male and female, were "teacher," thus avoiding racial and sexual overtones.

Change! Hard to accept, but inevitable. And 40 years hence? More outward changes, no doubt. But somehow I think the core of our faith and practice—just because it is Quaker—will stand firm. □



Donald Byerly Westtown School

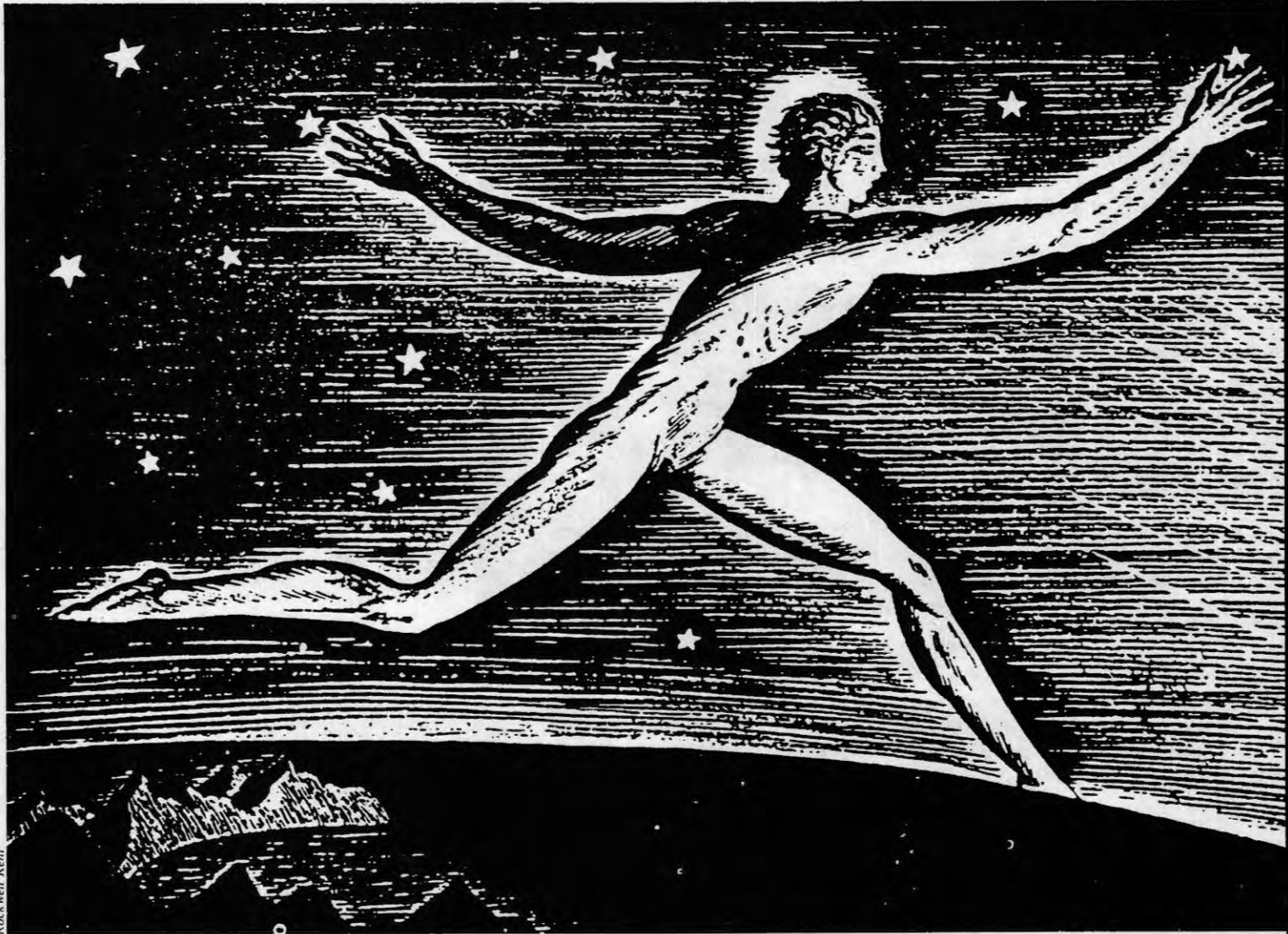
▲ Westtown students, 1949



▲ In the mid-1960s, male and female students and faculty sat on opposite sides of the meeting room.

LIVING □ IN

by Gerald W. Vance



The social studies teacher said “bulldozer,” and the class all giggled, partly through amusement at this strange-sounding word and partly in embarrassment that they didn’t know what it meant. The teacher had brought to class a list of new words to see how conversant his pupils were with current

developments. The year was 1932, and we were high school juniors and seniors, all quite confident of our ability to go forth and confront the world.

From consideration of the seeming gobbledegook (the words were all comparable to *bulldozer*, and no one recognized any of them) the discussion turned to the developments that might transpire in our lifetimes. The teacher suggested “Let’s dream a little about this.” So we dreamed.

Gerald W. Vance is professor emeritus at Marietta College and a member of Mid-Ohio Valley Meeting.

OUR DREAMS

□

MAY MEMBERS
OF THE NEXT
GENERATION
DREAM WILDLY,
AND THEN HAVE
FAITH ENOUGH
IN THEIR DREAMS
TO PREPARE
TO LIVE WITH
THEM.

□

Someone said he had heard that someday news would be flashed on the walls of our homes, and newspapers would go out of business. Dan Seiffert had read that cars would be controlled by wires buried in the pavement and wouldn't need drivers. Mimi Pfeifer wondered if there might be a machine that would wash the dishes. Someone else had read that if the atom could just be split, a thimbleful of fuel would run an ocean liner for a year. When Will Adler men-

tioned a telephone that would show a picture of the person at the other end of the line, we began to worry about getting out of the tub to answer the phone (few of us had showers in our farm homes). Ultimately, we got around to listing all the instruments around the house that could be operated by pushing a button, and the teacher suggested that maybe human beings would devolve into a big finger for pushing buttons. This was many years before the push-button telephone or the remote control unit!

I thought of that long-ago discussion this morning as I finished my cup of coffee and chose the button by my chair that would bring the morning's news to the television screen over by the wall. Of course, I could push another button and personally visit any spot in the world where that news was being made. I avoided the decision by pushing the "off" button and clapping my hands twice to put out the light so I could take my after-breakfast nap.

I am reminded of that class again this evening as I sit at my computer to record these developments of the past 60 years. I recall that this evening's newscast announced a new light-beam computer which will make obsolete the electrical impulse one given me only last Christmas.

It has been suggested that only 15 percent of the developments of this century have yet been invented. That leaves nine years in which to invent the other 85 percent. Try dreaming that!

The developments within that 15 percent include only 15 years more than the innovations I have seen in my lifetime: stop signs, traffic lights, multi-lane concrete highways, air travel, radios, talking and technicolor movies, television with news on the wall, air-conditioners, a man on the moon, talking automobiles, and—oh, yes—the bulldozer down the street where the new condominium will be.

Not only has reality far out-stripped those 1930s dreams, but it has brought other developments. Some have been

beneficial; others are terribly disturbing.

Labor-saving devices have shortened the workday, increased leisure time, improved health, decreased accidents, freed women from housework—and have brought unemployment, created problems of dealing with an aging population, generated "latch-key kids," and thrown high school drop-outs and graduates alike into streets filled with drug peddlers. The released power of the atom has made the superliner possible—and threatens to poison us with radioactive waste, or blow us up altogether. The paved roads, stop signs, traffic lights, and improved automobiles allow us to travel to far places—to face suffocating smog, paralyzing gridlock, and impending fuel exhaustion. Pre-packaging of food products has improved sanitation—and imposes imminent interment beneath our plastic trash. The push-button telephone allows a call to the other side of the globe—and makes me a victim of a different tele-marketer every evening just as I sit down to dinner, or charges me for a long-distance call as I blurt a message to someone's answering machine.

This lifetime of developments has shown us high school graduates of 1933 how puny our super-dreams really were. What's worse, we dreamed but we didn't have faith enough in our dreams to prepare ourselves to live in them.

As members of the next generation contemplate the awesome acceleration of technological development and responsibility they will live with, I heartily wish them more success in dreaming and anticipation than my generation had. May they dream wildly—then keep on dreaming and dream some more; they won't exceed the probabilities of reality.

Above all, let their dreams be vivid enough that they recognize the necessity of living in them. Properly prepared, they can find themselves living in a dream of a world. Unprepared, they'll live in a worse nightmare than we have already created. □

In June 1981, just more than a decade ago, our oldest son, Glen, age 23, died in the back seat of his car with a hose connected from the exhaust through the rear window.

While he had made earlier attempts and had talked openly for seven years of an unhappy life, the word *suicide* became impressed upon my being like I could never have imagined. It was as though God pulled the shades over the sun of the universe and engulfed the globe in bitter and utter darkness. And it felt as though I must be the only living being in that total blackness, with a weight so heavy on my own life that I could barely breathe.

I still often weep and grieve. But I also frequently marvel at the goodness and mercy of God, family, other people—life itself!

How does one survive the unthinkable and unbearably outrageous tragedies in life? What is the legacy that comes with such wounds that refuse total healing? Is there ever again joyful hope for people like us? Where is God in all this? And what about the church? How about our surviving family?

Here are seven lasting fragments from one survivor:

Suicide has its own stigmata.

When the apostle Thomas had to deal with the outrageous tragedy of Jesus' death at Calvary, he could not believe. Jesus invited him to touch his scarred hands and his wound-marked sides (John 20:27). These stigmata convinced Thomas that this was his crucified Lord. And he was again alive!

Suicide has its own stigmata. Since Glen died, I have visited by telephone, by letter, and in person, with thousands of other survivors. Each one carries marks; some seem universal while others are unique.

Bernie Wiebe, former editor of The Mennonite, teaches Conflict Resolution Studies at Menno Simons College in Winnipeg, Manitoba. His wife, Marge, manages a Christian bookstore. They have three grown children.

Most common is the huge basket of regrets filled with "what ifs" and "if onlys" about things said or unsaid, done or undone. Some days this basket grows to the overwhelming size of a football stadium.

Another common mark is the guilt syndrome of self-blame and blame of the person who died. Judgment, upon self and upon the one who seemingly gave up on life, is so near at hand that you're sure your guilt is readily visible—possibly deservedly so—to everyone you meet.

The special room, a special drawer, photographs, letters or other writings, other memorabilia directly connected . . . we all have one or more of these special reminders left behind by suicide.

And there is the grave.

We must touch these stigmata every so often. They cannot be avoided. And they prove to us over and over again: Yes, my son Glen is gone, never to return. It is true!

The first growth beyond suicide is a reluctant growth.

There are many models for grief in vogue today. John Bowlby suggests four stages: numbness, yearning or searching, disorganization and despair, reorganization (*Mediation Quarterly*, 8:3, 1991). Sometimes, after more than ten years, I still feel as if I am at the beginning of my grief work.

It is almost impossible to drive past the cemetery where Glen is buried; I must stop at his memorial stone. I know that there comes a time to walk away from the grave, for if we stay too long, we can linger and become bitter for the rest of our lives. Each time I tell myself that I will only pause, not stop. But how do we patch that gaping hole left in the fabric of our lives? How do we live with the neverness of seeing him again at the family table?

Almost immediately after Glen died, my wife, Marge, and I attended a special group called Compassionate Friends. We only went once. Unfortunately—I

Survivors of Suicide

now think—the stories told that evening about losing loved ones (they were not suicides, but they were unexpected tragedies), sounded a lot like broken records of self-flagellation and “poor me” lamentation.

I believed then, and I still do, that such a self-pitying posture only leads to eventual paralysis. My own soul was desperately hungry for reflection that would point me to outward, upward, onward hope and help.

Overwhelming tragedies become temptations to stay put. Reason to live again, but without answers, especially hopeful answers, comes slowly, painfully, reluctantly. But it needs to come, and does.

Naming our silences leads to healing.

Suffering silences us; happiness makes us want to shout. The excruciating pain of our son's suicide drove me totally in-

ward. My first thoughts were to disappear from where anybody might recognize me—resign my positions, withdraw from public ministry, pull the drapes on the window . . . hide! The telephone looked like a giant machine too heavy to think of using. It was too difficult to dress and go to work or to church. Even the wheel of the car—with power steering at that—seemed too hard to maneuver.

Pain drives to withdrawal, weakness, and vulnerability. My pulling back tests your response to me. Will you hear my silence and help me?

I was fortunate. I was working then as editor of two church-related publications. To sit inertly at home was too unbearable; so I went to work. My family agreed that I must continue a policy of openness in my writing. So I wrote of our devastating tragedy, even as I offered letters of resignation from the various positions that I held. It was impossible to speak in public, so I cancelled

all such obligations for a time. In that silence, I spoke with writing. I named my silences.

My faith community—our local Mennonite congregation in Winnipeg, Manitoba, and many other friends—reached out and touched me. They held out hands of help and healing, like I had only dreamed of to this point. Some came and wept with me and my family. Others wrote tear-stained letters, sometimes (appropriately) incomplete sentences. Calls came via long-distance from far-away places.

Food, care, comfort, hope, and merciful grace, began to flow into our lives almost instantly. Having been a leader, I now felt the caring nurture of others. Church, faith, Holy Spirit dynamic, love, hope, became alive in unmistakable fashion. They helped me speak again, to play, to try to shout, to feel warmth, and to become energized.

Yes, this initial support felt too short-lived. People must go on with their own



Käthe Kollwitz

lives, and they expect us to go on with ours. Yet suicide survivorship knows no calendar for healing. While normal grief tends to subside and become replaced within three-to-six months, suicide seems too personal and so person- or family-specific that its grief creates its own schedule, usually far beyond the norm.

Even today when people sit with me and eventually ask: "Can I talk with you about suicide, or is it something you would rather not talk about?" I find it difficult. But it is even more difficult to handle the silence about it. Most of us grab at every chance we get to talk about our pain—with people who care.

Death is the enemy we must leave for God's overcoming.

Death is still the ferocious and frightening and final enemy. We know death leads to another phase of being and that resurrection is our hope. But when I laid into the grave a part of me that should be enjoying expanding potential in life, I felt a hollow sense of panic and abandonment. Who knows life beyond death? Like Thomas, the waves of doubt wanted to wash me away. I wanted to believe even in the face of suicide; but how could I?

There is the sixth commandment: Thou shalt not kill. What about the history of pacifism and suicide? And how will Glen fare on that Great Judgment Day?

At times God felt to me like the "ultimate terminator," the "wintry absence," and the silent observer.

I eagerly searched the Scriptures. The Psalms did not help at first; my pain lay buried too deep. My real contact with God through Scriptures after Glen's death came when I read Job, the Lamentations, and some of the teachings of Jesus about the cross.

Gradually I felt a connection with real stories that made no attempt at generalizing, moralizing, or giving "nice" easy answers. Jesus' agony in Gethsemane, his cry of loneliness at Calvary, Job's angry complaint to God in his utter pain—they freed me to talk candidly to God in my attempts at prayer. These steps freed me to speak honestly about the enmity of death, especially unexpected and unwarranted death.

As I studied the history of suicide, I discovered that it has been a problem among believers from the beginning.

Some early believers apparently tried to literally apply Paul's preference "to be away from the body and with the Lord" through suicide. Only after a rash of suicides frightened early church leaders, suicide was declared a mortal sin. The Bible nowhere makes this assertion unless you read it into texts. This knowledge has helped me to know that God will deal with Glen just as fairly as he will deal with you and me.

On October 28, 1991, I became a grandfather for the first time. My granddaughter, Ameena, was born in Elkhart, Indiana. I saw her for the first time on December 13. It was one of the most exhilarating moments of my life since 1981. Here is the miracle of life with all its promise! When I held her in my arms, I was transported in my mind to February 28, 1958, the day I first saw and held Glen. Ameena will never replace Glen. But, in this world there is life and there is death. We start to die when we are born. Glen died; Ameena is born. Life is precious and fragile potential. It is humbling and exciting to again hold one who is just beginning to live this miracle. Death is that dark, frightening reality we all must cope with sooner or later. It is depressing to have to let go of one too young, too vibrant, too handsome—to die.

No one has to convince me that death is the last enemy that only God can overcome. I trust God's overcoming power even though it is often tough to hold this trust high.

God's grace is crucial.

I have had to think much about the "important" spiritual qualities—faith, hope, and love (1 Cor. 13). By choosing faith, we can possibly know a portion of joy and of peace. But I cannot choose to have hope; it is a gift that comes only when I permit the Holy Spirit to work within me. When my faith choice and God's spirit of hope get going within me, I am moved to love life again and to love all that has life from God. That has become my understanding of "grace" at this point in my life.

Affirming what counts leads to life.

All our lives have something in common. When we come close to one another, we find that each one has a special story. Yours is not mine, and

mine is not yours. We are unique beings, yet our lives beat similar pulses and breathe similar breaths. To come close to another is to feel commonness of life, love, hope, and faith.

Life, love, hope, and faith are always more vital than rules, doctrines, or dogmas. This world too easily moulds us into keepers of regulations, controllers of our children, pursuers of laws that will make us holy. Jesus teaches an "upside-down-kingdom" set of values, having to do much more with life, hope, faith, and love than with following specific rules.

To see our child, our children, our spouse, our friend(s) hurting is an opportunity to hold out our arms and encircle them with the loving, healing grace of God—not with a measuring stick of rules and regulations.

Love for people is the closest thing to human dynamite that the world will ever see. To connect creatively and constructively with a life-weary person is the closest thing to a guarantee against suicide that we shall ever experience in this world.

Wake up and become!

The single, most lasting message that has stayed with me over this past decade is an overall impression from the Old Testament prophets and some of the other "great cloud of witnesses" spoken of in Hebrews. Their lingering communication echoes within my being: "Wake up and be!"

Be alert to the wind, to the flowers, to the mountains, to the valleys, to the prairies, to the seas—they are witness to God's creative activity.

Be open to the pulses, the surprises, the obstinacies, the marvelously dynamic magnetism, the repulsively depressing rudeness of fellow human pilgrims on the journey of life. Often these fellow travelers reflect our own state of being at that time. Other times they offer us opportunities to reach out and touch one another with the life-imparting grace of God. They are our sisters and our brothers, sometimes rejoicing in their being and sometimes weeping with pain in their inability to become their dreams.

What a journey life is! Robert Louis Stevenson said long ago: "Half the fun in going somewhere is in the journey itself." Yes, I have no hurry to leave this world for another, better world. I still find it exciting and stimulating to be on the journey here. □

MY QUAKER WORK:

CLURKING

by Liza Savory

I am CLURK of Summit Friends Meeting, in Chatham, New Jersey. After 14 expatriate years, I still struggle with that U.S. pronunciation, and Friends here are lovingly patient with me when I lapse and call myself a "clark."

Summit Meeting and I were born around the same time, in the middle of the Second World War. A group of suburban Friends from 15th Street (N.Y.) Meeting and Montclair (N.J.) wanted to save wartime resources by meeting locally, and settled in a room in the YMCA in Summit. I, meanwhile, was growing up Anglican in the south of England. When I discovered Friends at the age of 14, and set myself a rigorous program of Quaker reading in lieu of my grammar school homework, my parents were appalled at this manifestation of adolescent radicalism, so I took my Quakerism into a closet and kept it there for 30 years. By the time I went to college in 1960, Summit Friends had found a hilly site overlooking the Great Swamp National Wildlife Refuge in Chatham and were planning to build a beautiful, plain, wide-windowed meetinghouse there.

It wasn't till after my 40th birthday that God, having already hauled me in a mysterious way halfway round the world, sent me through the door of that meetinghouse. By that time many of the wonderful weighty Friends who had founded and nurtured the meeting had moved away, but their light still shone, and I knew I had come home. But I was just in time to watch the meeting fall apart. I met, and was blessed and inspired by knowing, several of those founders. Then I saw them move south to retirement communities or north to make retirement homes of their vacation cottages. Gone. The chaotic winds of change blew hard through the house on the hill. First-day school was three little

boys, one of them my son Jon. The clerk's job moved him out-of-state, a common fact of life in the New York metropolitan area. Our assistant clerk met major life-changes, which made it impossible for her to continue. A gallant Friend stepped into the breach and kept us together with the size of his heart and the warmth of his personality. A beloved elder confided to me that, while he didn't want to force me into a major decision, he did wish I'd get on and apply for membership. I told him the letter was already mailed. It was lost, and found, and lost again. By the time I met with my clearness committee on membership, I was already pinch-hitting as assistant-assistant clerk. I was the new kid on the block. It was absurd. But it needed to be done.

That all seems a long time ago now. Meeting is thriving, not because of my able clerkship but because the wind that blew so many of our dear elders on their way has blown many new young people in. And babies. If you don't want to become pregnant, Summit Meeting could be hazardous to your health: it seems to be something in the air. About 30 people are in our unprogrammed meeting for worship each week; almost as many more are downstairs in the classrooms and nursery. Religious education is perhaps our major concern. We all wish we had loving and experienced teachers for ourselves as well as for our children, but we do what we can. Many of us have been helped by the Quaker Studies programs organized within New York Yearly Meeting and have carried some of that enthusiasm and inspiration back to meeting.

We have active outreach concerns for homeless women in Jersey City, for Friends in Managua, Nicaragua, and for the American Friends Service Committee's relief work in Iraq. We have organized and enjoyed informal study groups; recent examples have been the book of Genesis, the Journal of John Woolman, and a study of the faith of 19th century Friends and its relevance to contem-

ary life. Our ties to regional meeting and to New York Yearly Meeting are not as close as some of us would wish, though the concerns that have so deeply shaken NYYM in the last two years (the so-called "goddess" issue, the difficulties between pastoral and evangelical Friends and liberal universalists, and the recognition of lesbian and gay concerns) concern us deeply too.

We have just had our annual retreat at Powell House, an old farmhouse-conference center maintained by NYYM in Old Chatham, New York. We examined "the sources of spiritual vitality in our meeting" with the help of a seasoned Friend from Scarsdale, N.Y. We have returned full of energy and enthusiasm and visions of new ways to gather together our rich and various inner resources.

As clerk, I have two main concerns. One is to keep us Quakerly. Nice people find their way to our meeting, often seeking refuge from the crass materialism of so much of life here, but I want us to be more than just a group of Nice People. We are a busy and impatient lot, we East Coast suburbanites, and we need to cherish our roots and traditions, and learn to wait on the Lord. My other concern is that we help each other create simplicity in our lives. We do tend to live more simply than some of our neighbors (I don't know of any other church in town that you can attend in jeans, and the cars in our parking lot are not exactly emblems of U.S. automotive luxury) but I also know, from dire experience, how quickly extravagance can become necessity. I may go into meeting's collective memory as The Clerk Who Hated To Have Anything Photocopied, but that's OK with me.

You will have gathered that I am not a Great Clerk. And we in Summit Meeting are not perhaps the world's weightiest Friends. But we are working on it. We are a loving community in a tough world. We are alive and well, and I believe the Spirit is working among us. □

This article is reprinted from Quaker Monthly, May 1992. When asked to furnish a biographical sketch, Liza Savory replied, "Liza Savory has said more than enough about herself."

Opening Our Doors to the World Around Us

by Henry B. Freeman

Yesterday was a day in El Salvador that began like many others. It ended, however, with memories of a mother and child facing life and death on the side of a road waiting for a bus to take them to the place they call home—a place where family and friends will either share in the death of a small boy or pray for the miracle of renewed life.

The story began yesterday morning as I was driving along in a borrowed truck down the mountain from the orphanage to the church. Rounding a bend several blocks from my destination I noticed a small woman on the other side of the road carrying with some difficulty a young boy about half her size.

Henry B. Freeman is vice president for institutional involvement at Earlham College. He has just returned from a one-year leave of absence while living in El Salvador with displaced and orphaned children. Those wishing to contact him to schedule a presentation may write to Henry c/o Earlham College, Richmond, IN 47374

Like dangling pieces of rope, the child's arms and legs swayed in rhythm to each of the woman's small, cautious steps. Even at a distance I could tell that these were not the arms and legs of a boy who sought rest and comfort in the arms of his mother.

Passing by these two lone figures, I went to the church and picked up the papers required for my upcoming visit to Guatemala. As expected, when I came around the curve on my return trip the woman was still standing on the side of the road holding her child; two small arms and two small legs hanging limply by her side.

I continued down the road only to find myself at the next corner turning around and asking the woman if she wanted a ride. Her answer provides insight as to how she, a poor woman in the Third World, views the Good Samaritan story: "But sir, I don't have any money. I cannot pay you."

With my limited Spanish I convinced the woman that money wasn't neces-

sary. Then, with some reluctance and a bewildered look, she lifted both herself and her child off the pavement onto the seat beside me.

Not knowing what to do, I drove down the road with no idea where either she or I were heading. Clearly, however, we had both ventured into new territory that until that moment had separated our two worlds.

Perhaps knowing the question that lingered just out of my reach, the woman holding her frail human bundle said that her ten-year-old son was very sick. In response to a question as to where she lived, the woman replied with an unknown name and the clarification that home was "very far away, two hours by bus."

In the minutes that followed we fumbled our way through a discussion about the cost of medicine (ten colones, or roughly \$1.25) and where she could catch a bus that would take her out of the city back to her home in the countryside.

Reaching into my pocket, I gave my new passenger what for me would buy a nice meal but to her would probably equal a week's income. Realizing that this was an awkward moment, I bridged the silence by explaining that I, too, have children who need medicine when they are sick.

The smile that greeted me was the smile of a mother who realized that in her young son I saw my own children at those points when I yearn to heal bruises and brush away tears of pain. Across our cultural boundaries we shared the role of parent: protectors of the next generation, breadwinners for our families. Nothing else needed to be said.

As the woman got out of the truck at the bus stop, my initial fears returned. The small arm that fell from a mother's grasp onto the seat beside me showed no sign of life. Watching the arm's lifeless path as it was dragged across the seat, I realized that we as parents were probably too late to cure the sickness of this



A Henry Freeman with Salvadoran children



Henry B. Freeman

ten-year-old child.

As I sit here writing, I try to tell myself that perhaps I was wrong. Perhaps this young poverty-stricken mother was able to bring life back into the child she carried.

Such miracles, however, are usually reserved for those of us who at first sign of illness have \$1.25 for medicine. And miracles rarely occur for mothers who must take money from strangers for bus fare home.

With only a few weeks left before I return to the United States, I find myself waking up at night thinking about the culture shock that lies ahead. The experience described above is a concrete example of the reality of life in the Third World that I will bring with me back to the states.

While in many ways I am looking for-

ward to returning to friends, family, and my own culture, I realize that I am returning to the United States a different person: a person privileged to have experienced life beyond the walls imposed on us by our obsession with security, comfort, and personal status.

Most of my time during the past 12 months has been filled with a wide array of human emotions. With the ups and downs of a roller coaster, I have witnessed both the pain of intense poverty and the personal joy of realizing that much of what I have I don't really need.

Perhaps most important of all, I have learned that happiness is found when our search for it is abandoned. Indeed, for most of us, happiness sits on the other side of our walls waiting patiently for our doors to be opened to the joy and pain of the world around us. □

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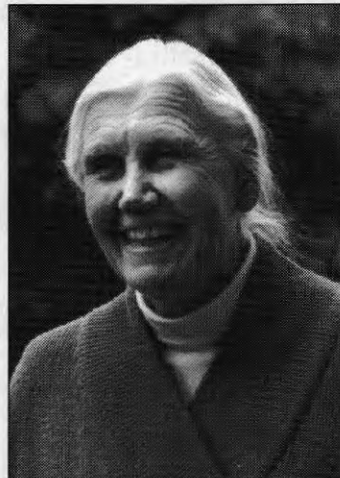
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Reports

Northern Yearly Meeting

“Building the Faith Community by Facing Our Diversity” was the theme of Northern Yearly Meeting (NYM), which met May 29-June 1 at Camp Lucerne in central Wisconsin.

The theme was addressed by our representatives to the 1991 FWCC World Conference in the Netherlands, Honduras, and Kenya. At a plenary session, they highlighted the challenges and pain of differences among Friends: cultural, religious, and economic differences not easily or sentimentally overcome.

George and Elizabeth Watson talked at a second plenary on “Unity and Diversity: We All Claim George Fox.” George Watson traced the development of the different branches of Quakerism in the United States, pointing out how each branch quotes George Fox to support its position. Elizabeth Watson talked about her experiences in recent years of unity and diversity among Friends. She ended by quoting George Fox: “Sing and rejoice, ye children of the Day and of the Light; for the Lord is at work in this thick night of Darkness . . . for the Seed is over all and doth reign.”

Small groups met each morning for worship-sharing, Bible study, hymn singing, and prayer for the gathering. Worship was a central part of the gathering and a chance for many who come from small meetings to worship with a larger group of Friends.

Meeting for worship to conduct business, ably clerked by Laura Fraser, heard epistles from diverse yearly meetings; welcomed representatives from the American Friends Service Committee, Friends General Conference, and Friends Committee on National Legislation; joyfully accepted Duluth Meeting as a member of NYM; and heard reports from representatives to Friends organizations and various committees. We minuted thanks for the contributions to NYM of Allie Walton, who died recently. A memorial worship was held for her during the weekend.

A program for children and youth used the newly published curriculum from Philadelphia Yearly Meeting’s Religious Education Committee, “Teaching Quaker Faith and Practice to Children,” along with “You and the Quakers,” by Alison Sharman.

There were games in the evening, stories by a campfire, and dancing. At the intergenerational closing, young and old shared high points of the weekend, along with enthusiastic singing—touchstones of energy to take back home.

Rich and Marian Van Dellen

Lake Erie Yearly Meeting

Lake Erie Yearly Meeting gathered on the chilly, damp campus of Olney Friends School on Sixth Month 18-21 to consider the



meaning of "Serving One Another in Love." From the first worship through the final meeting, we confronted the question, how do we live in the spirit and knowledge that God is *by* our side, without claiming self-righteously that God is *on* our side? We were urged to explore the foundation on which our lives and meetings rest, namely the light and truth of God. We find ourselves hungry to penetrate the superficial in seeking God's guidance. The struggles of our communities provide us opportunities to grow as peacemakers, and to become increasingly faithful servers of God.

Our meeting for business addressed a broad range of concerns. We enthusiastically approved the first year's report of our experiment with a secretary for nurturing. We approved the Peace Committee's minute regarding the quincentennial of Columbus's arrival in North America and protesting our government's use of Shoshone lands for nuclear weapons testing. Of continuing concern is financial support for the yearly meeting and two Friends schools within the geographical area of Lake Erie Yearly Meeting. How well can our financial priorities stand examination in the light of the Spirit?

Patricia Thomas, nurturing secretary of LEYM and pastor of Chester Friends Church, shed new light on the story of Lazarus. Just as Martha was reluctant to open her brother's tomb, we hesitate to unbind and love the Lazarus in our midst and in ourselves. Serving one another in love takes many forms. Being present to one another in difficult times, listening, and giving encouragement are tangible avenues of love all of us can share.

The spirit of uniqueness and unity that pervaded the 1991 World Conference of Friends was reflected in the memories related by a panel from nearby groups of Conservative, Friends United Meeting, and Evangelical Friends. These Friends joined LEYM representatives in sharing stories of physical and linguistic challenges, as well as spiritual discovery and growth. Their narratives highlighted the recognition of greater unity than diversity among Friends.

An exuberant intergenerational pageant Saturday evening was followed by dancing, a giant bonfire (in which the children baked clay pots and beads), singing, and storytelling.

Marty Grundy

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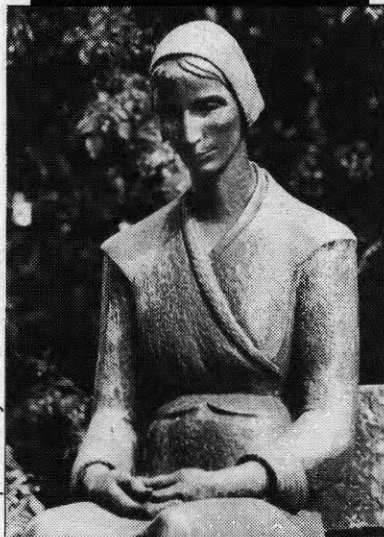
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FCNL Notes

The Fault In the

Californians know where the San Andreas fault lies. They can tell you which nuclear installation, which school, and which hospital straddles the potential breach. These things they know experientially.

But the ground has been shaking in other ways in the past few years—and not just in California. Some have noticed and have sounded the alarm. Most haven't heard yet: there's a fault line running through the First Amendment. It hasn't completely collapsed yet, but the danger is definitely there.

In one critical phrase in the First Amendment to the Constitution, the authors of the document framed a protection of our right to practice our religion according to our beliefs: "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. . . ."

In this diverse society, this fundamental protection has presented the courts with a challenge over the years: How can the laws protect the right of each person to practice his or her religion, without establishing state recognition of religions?

After alternating between the extremes for many years, the U.S. Supreme Court came up with a workable solution about 30 years ago. In a case *Sherbert v. Verner*, the court developed a standard for cases in which a person claims that a law or legal requirement infringes on his or her religious rights. This standard, or "test," balanced the need of the state to enforce its law in the particular case, against the degree of interference with the person's religion.

As it happened, this "balancing test" seldom favored the individual in cases that reached the Supreme Court level. Most often, the court found the interest of the state in enforcing its laws to be "compelling." However, in lower court decisions, and in many informal negotiations, the "balancing test" helped individuals to find accommodation within the laws of their states and local jurisdictions.

Unfortunately, in April 1990, the U.S. Supreme Court withdrew this reasoned and reasonable approach, and substituted a one-size-fits-all answer to religious diversity. In *Oregon v. Smith*, the court held that the "free exercise" clause would not protect an individual from the enforcement or implementation of any law that interfered with the person's religious practice, as long as the law was not explicitly designed to interfere (i.e., the law was "religiously neutral"). Writing for the court, Justice Scalia pronounced that "any society adopting [the balancing test] would be courting anarchy," and that "we cannot afford the luxury" of the case-by-case

First Amendment

analysis necessary under such a system.

Have there been any tremors yet? Indeed — across the country:

A Jewish parent in Michigan objected on religious grounds to the performance of an autopsy on her deceased son. Citing *Smith*, the court dismissed her challenge.

In a similar case in Rhode Island, a Hmong family objected on religious grounds to an autopsy. The local court ruled initially in the family's favor, and then the judge reversed his decision (with "deep regret") because of the *Smith* decision.

In Seattle, a First Covenant Church sued the city over the application to their church of a Landmark Preservation Ordinance. The lower court used the "balancing test" (before the *Smith* decision) and found for the church. The Supreme Court later reversed on the basis of *Smith*.

In New York, St. Bartholomew's Church sued the city and the Landmark Preservation Commission over the commission's regulation of the appearance of church buildings. Relying on *Smith*, the local court ruled against the church.

And then, of course, there were the rulings against Philadelphia Yearly Meeting and against the American Friends Service Committee. Philadelphia Yearly Meeting was required to withhold income taxes from its employees, even when certain employees had refused to pay a portion of their taxes, due to religious opposition to war. And a lower court dismissed the American Friends Service Committee's challenge to the requirement that immigration laws be enforced by employers, even when such policies violate the religious beliefs on which the organization was founded.

Yes, there are bills in Congress that respond to this situation. H.R. 2797 by Representative Solarz of New York now has almost 200 co-sponsors. Senators Hatch of Utah and Kennedy of Massachusetts (along with 18 co-sponsors) have just introduced a similar measure in the Senate, S.2969. These bills would require government bodies at all levels to apply the "balancing test." Governments could interfere with a person's exercise of religion only if the interference is (1) essential to further a compelling interest of the government body, and (2) the least restrictive means possible to further that interest.

You can help to alert Congress to the importance of taking action on these bills by writing to your own representative and senators and urging prompt passage.

Ruth Flower

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CREMATION

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

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News of Friends

In New Zealand, a training course was held on the Alternatives to Violence Project (AVP), based on materials developed by New York Yearly Meeting. Stephen Angell of New York and Elaine Dyer of New Zealand led the workshop of 13 people, which included Maori and Pakeha participants. Elaine was trained in AVP in New York, after working in Auckland prisons. AVP workshops focus on prison work, teaching nonviolent methods of conflict resolution. It is based on the belief that there is good in everyone. Participants in the New Zealand training course learned ways to affirm individuals, to build community and trust, and skills for listening and communicating.

The interim head of Friends School in Detroit is Gail Thomas, whose 25-plus years in education includes classroom teaching, Peace Corps teaching, and administrative posts. She has worked at Springside School, Oakwood School, and the Arthur Morgan School. Her volunteer work includes work with the Quaker organization Women's International Peace University, and the American Friends Service Committee. Her background includes a rich experience of international travel. She was drawn to Friends School in Detroit out of concern for racism, sexism, and violence in U.S. society. The school was founded in 1965 to offer academic excellence and Quaker values to an ethnic mixture of children in inner-city Detroit.

Training in caring for the spiritual needs of the sick is being offered at Jeanes Hospital, a Quaker-run, acute-care hospital in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Six students from different faiths are enrolled in the program, which offers basic clinical pastoral education, training seminary students and ministers for work in hospitals, hospices, and nursing homes. For information, contact the pastoral care department at Jeanes, (215) 728-2036.

A \$50,000 grant was awarded to the Victim/Offender High-Tech Jobs Skills Program of the men in the Quaker worship group at Sing Sing Prison in New York State. The worship group has formed a separate non-profit corporation, called the Committee for Restorative Justice, which will operate the program. The grant came from the Presbyterian Committee on the Self-Development of People.

Graduating cum laude in an honors program in history at Cornell University, Bernard Brennan wrote his thesis on "The Relationship between Quakerism and the Whaling Industry on Nantucket, 1725-1775." He is from Scarsdale (N.Y.) Meeting.

The Friendly FolkDancers "danced cheerfully over the Earth, answering that of God in all" for the seventh year, with two week-long



tours in 1992. One tour was in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Iowa, and the second was in western Pennsylvania and New York. The group's goals are to help meetings build community, do outreach, and nurture a vision of international peace. This is one of the comments the dancers received from a meeting after a performance:

What I noticed, during the evening, was that we could lose ourselves in the happy time. I noticed how excellently everyone was drawn into the dancing and community. I also noticed that small difficulties were being ironed out by the sense of greater community—the other half of a couple appearing with us, a meeting disjuncture being resolved in the hall.

Those interested in information about the Friendly FolkDancers may write to the group's clerk, Barbara Houghton, 2447 Hwy. AB, McFarland, WI 53558.

Responding to the acceptance of violence in our culture, the Women's Issues Committee of State College (Pa.) Meeting sent this letter to the local newspaper:

Dear Editor:

We are dismayed by the growing acceptance of violence toward women in our society. It is a phenomenon cutting across race, gender, and economic boundaries.

It is a part of Quaker tradition to value the lives of every individual and to encourage everyone, regardless of gender or race, to bring their fullest contributions to society. Equality of opportunity and expectation was, and is, seen as an enrichment of the community, rather than as a threat to its stability. This tradition produced leaders, such as Lucretia Mott, who could not have made the contributions they did had they not been raised within communities that respected their abilities.

One of the problems we face as a society is the unwillingness to make the connection between aggressive or abusive words and physical acts of aggression, such as rape or hate crimes.

... Daily anti-woman activities [in this geographical area] range from the seemingly mild (catcalls) to the distasteful (excrement on desks of female faculty members) to the frightening (threatening phone calls and hate mail).

It is all too easy to discount the impact of these activities, not only on the targeted individuals, but on our society as a whole. If

we, individually and as a community, continue to tolerate such acts of intolerance, we will get the future we deserve.

We invite readers to join in the Quaker tradition of queries:

- If the complaints or actions you read about seem trivial to you, do you stop to consider how you would feel if they were directed toward your mother, sister, daughter—or yourself?

- Have you harassed, talked past, belittled, or failed to encourage female workmates? Have you tried to change conditions that allow these activities?

- When you hear racial or gender slurs or off-color jokes, do you join in, remain silent, or speak out against such activities?

- What are you doing to try to understand the complex issues surrounding hate crimes, date rape, affirmative action?

- What are you doing to help educate a more confident and tolerant future generation that can deal with diversity without feeling threatened, frightened, and angry?

Ultimately, any step toward a “kinder, gentler nation” begins with each of us.

David Lugaria, a Kenyan doctor, will continue his work at Friends Lugulu Hospital in Kenya, due to a recently approved special project of \$3,000. The money will pay his salary for the first six months of 1993. David Lugaria has been the chief medical officer at Lugulu Hospital since 1990, hired on a three-year contract. His salary for the first two years was paid by gifts sent through New England Yearly Meeting. He is Christian and is committed to the people of the community and to providing quality health care. A decision about a longer-term arrangement for his salary will be made in October at the World Ministries Commission of Friends United Meeting. Contributions may be sent to World Ministries Commission, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374-1980, telephone (317) 962-7573.

Could your meeting agree on tastes in art-work? Would you even want to try? Friends at University (Wash.) Meeting use their meetinghouse walls for art exhibits, and face the timely discussion of what’s art and what belongs somewhere else. At a recent meeting for business, members commended the rich variety of art that has appeared in the shows, while acknowledging that it has “drawn some and offended others.” Part of the issue involves reactions of groups who rent the building, and the possibility that rental income may be lost. In spite of that, Friends decided not to issue formal guidelines for the artwork. Because they expect disagreements about the art will continue, they have established a process for people to give feedback about the shows, and they urge people to sign their comments.

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Bulletin Board

- Lucretia Mott, were she alive, would celebrate her 200th birthday in January 1993. Many Friends colleges, schools, and meetings will observe the birthday as a way to keep this valiant Friend's memory alive. These celebrations will emphasize the values she stood for: gender and race equality, nonviolent ways of dealing with conflict, and the pursuit of justice. Lucretia Mott was a Quaker minister who led the fight against slavery and championed the cause of women.

Events already scheduled for her bicentennial year include:

Jan. 4, 1993—A birthday party for Lucretia Mott at Central Philadelphia Meeting, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, Pa., sponsored by the Lucretia Mott House and the Women's Committee of the meeting.

March 19, 1993—A symposium, "Nineteenth Century Feminist Strategies for Non-violence," to be held at Swarthmore College in Swarthmore, Pennsylvania.

May 1993—A street fair in the Fairhill neighborhood of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where Lucretia Mott and her family are buried.

May 1993—The annual Lucretia Mott banquet of Women's Way, a Pennsylvania group that works on women's issues.

July 1993—A plenary session devoted to Lucretia Mott at Friends General Conference, to be held in Stillwater, Oklahoma.

- Materials available* to help others plan events to celebrate Lucretia Mott's life are:

Valiant Friend: the Life of Lucretia Mott, a biography by Margaret Hope Bacon. Published by Walker Publishing Company in 1980.

Lucretia Mott: Friend of Justice, a book by Kem Knapp Sawyer.

"Lucretia Mott Song," in *Songs of the Spirit*, a Quaker songbook published by Friends General Conference (address below).

"The Night They Burned Pennsylvania Hall," an unpublished play script for children.

Lucretia Mott, a 55-minute video dramatizing her life, suitable for all ages.

"Lucretia Mott and Slavery," a 20-minute slide show of the life of Lucretia Mott.

Lucretia Mott bicentennial poster, available from Friends General Conference (address below).

Lesson plan on Lucretia Mott, published in *Friendly Seed*, by the Religious Education Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

*Most of these resources, unless otherwise indicated, may be purchased from Friends General Conference, 1216 Arch St., Suite 2B, Phila., PA 19107, telephone (215) 561-1700; or borrowed from Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Library, 1515 Cherry St., Phila., PA 19102, telephone (215) 241-7220.

Friends Historical Library of Swarthmore College



▲ **Lucretia Mott**

- Success Report: The Peace Is Possible Bookcover Project received \$10,000 its first year of fund-raising. (FRIENDS JOURNAL was among those who ran a notice of the project.) That sum allowed the group to print 35,000 bookcovers on first printing, and an additional 15,000 later. The bookcovers depict a peaceful global and multicultural scene, offering an alternative to the free ones provided by the U.S. Defense Department, which depict tanks and war planes. Requests for the alternative bookcovers came from all over the country, and requests are still coming. Now the group would like to produce another 100,000 bookcovers for the new school year and is again asking for donations. Connected to Burlington (Vt.) Meeting, the bookcover project has been supported by individual Friends and Friends meetings in ten states. For information or to make a donation, write to the Peace Is Possible Bookcover Project, Peace and Social Concerns Committee, Burlington Friends Meeting, 173 North Prospect St., Burlington, VT 05401.

- Cassette and video tapes of music, talks, and experiences at the 1991 World Conference of Friends in Kenya are available from Quaker Press Productions. Cassette tapes cost \$7 each, and video tapes cost \$20 each, with discounts for quantity purchases. Shipping and handling is included in the price. Part of the money will go to help Friends missions around the world. Plenary speeches by Jo Valentine and Miriam Were, and remarks by Val Ferguson are the subjects of three cassette tapes. Others feature African singing events. Video tapes are available of flamingos, African wildlife, a preconference work camp, home stays, and choir performances. To order or to get a more detailed list, contact Quaker Press Productions, RR 1A, Box 60, West York, IL 62478, telephone (618) 563-4461.

- New curriculum material on prayer is available from the Religious Education Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Entitled

Prayer: A Course in Spiritual Wholeness for Friends Meetings, is written by Renee Crauder, author of articles on Quakerism and spirituality, leader of numerous retreats, and counselor in spiritual direction. It contains six lessons, exploring different types of prayer, spiritual disciplines, discernment, experiences, and praying during a "dry spell." The booklet includes tips on how to teach and coordinate the course. It costs \$12, plus \$4 for shipping and handling. To order a copy, write to FGC Publications, 1216 Arch St., Suite 2B, Phila., PA 19107, or call (800) 966-4556.

- Help for parents is available from EPIC (Effective Parenting Information for Children), Executive Offices, State University College at Buffalo, Cassety Hall—Room 340, 1300 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, NY 14222. The program aims at preventing child abuse and neglect, teenage pregnancy, school drop-out, juvenile crime, and alcohol and drug abuse. It offers services and materials for parents, schools, and communities, in an effort to unite those elements in a child's life to develop respect, responsibility, problem-solving, and universal values.



▲ **17th-century Quaker minister James Nayler, portrayed as a blasphemer**

- Did you know that Joan Baez, Ben Kingsley, and F. Murray Abraham attend Friends meetings? That Bonnie Raitt and James Dean were raised as Quakers? That Margaret Fell wrote poetry? These are among the gems to be found in the book, *Quaker Artists*, by Gary Sandman, of Evanston (Ill.) Meeting. The book contains 94 reviews and observances about Friends and the arts. It is set out in a typewritten format, with sketches of the artists and photocopies of some of their work. Cost is \$14, including postage and handling. Copies are available from the author at 1203 Gladden, Columbia, SC 29205.

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

3-7—France Yearly Meeting in Charbonnieres, France. Contact Monique Stahl, 78 Le Planas, F-30670 Aigues Vives, France.

4-6—Bucks Quarter Family Weekend, at George School, Newtown, Pa. Dan Gottlieb, of National Public Radio's "Family Matters," will speak on "Intimacy through Understanding." For information, call Claire Wilson, (215) 860-9747.

11-13—"Confronting Racism: The Journey to Justice," a workshop focusing on personal, cultural, and institutional aspects of racism. Led by Andrea Ayvazian and Beverly Tatum. To be held at Woolman Hill, Deerfield, MA 01342. Cost: \$70. Scholarships available. For information, call (413) 774-3431.

13—"Keys to the Castle," a one-woman play on the life of Teresa of Avila, at Princeton Presbyterian Church, 933 Baltimore Pike, Springfield, Pa. Proceeds will benefit School of the Spirit, a ministry of contemplative prayer and study, under the Worship and Ministry Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Cost is \$25 for two tickets, \$40 for four tickets, available by calling (215) 388-1862, and at the door.

18-20—St. Louis Fall Retreat, at DuBois Center in Illinois, 1½ hours from St. Louis. Elizabeth Watson will speak on "Spirituality and Sexuality." For local Friends, with limited space available.

18-20—"Investment in Peace: Nonviolent Ap-



Terry Foss

proaches to Economic Justice," a symposium on nonviolence to be held in New Windsor, Md., as part of the American Friends Service Committee's 75th anniversary. For information, call (215) 241-7057.

18-20—Missouri Valley Friends Conference, at Camp Chihowa, north of Lawrence, Kansas. Contact clerk Jem Waters, 2112 Huntoon Ave., East, Topeka, KS 66604, telephone (314) 756-8058.

18-21—Reunion of participants in the AFSC's Gaza program, 1948-1950, to be held at the National 4-H Center in Wash., D.C. Contact Toshiko Umeki Salzberg, Gaza Reunion, 6342 31st St., N.W., Wash., DC 20015, telephone (202) 244-0118.

19—Spiritual Growth Workshop at Asheville (N.C.) Meetinghouse, 227 Edgewood Rd., Asheville, N.C. Leaders will be John and Penelope Yungblut. Theme: "The Wilderness of the Heart." Local meetings and the Asheville Unitarian Church will be invited. Louisa Gray, (704) 669-6907, and David Beckett (704) 255-7700, are co-facilitators.

26—Celebration event of AFSC's 75th anniversary, in Northampton, Mass. Speaker: Steve Cary.

OCTOBER

1-4—Germany Yearly Meeting, at Schloss Eringerfeld, Nr. Paderborn, Germany. Contact Lore Horn, Wikinger Ufer 5, DW-1000 Berlin 21, Germany.

2-3—International Conference on Servant-Leadership, sponsored by the Robert K. Greenleaf Center, to be held at University Place Conference Center, 850 W. Michigan St., Indianapolis, Ind. On Friday, a pre-conference workshop will be held from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., introducing the concept of servant-leadership; cost is \$200-\$225. Main conference begins Friday night and continues through Saturday afternoon; cost is \$200-\$250, plus housing and meals. Speakers will be Peter M. Senge, and David Durenberger. For information or to register, contact the Robert K. Greenleaf Center, 1100 W. 42nd St., Suite 321, Indianapolis, IN 46208, telephone (317) 925-2677, FAX (317) 925-0466.

3-10—Mysticism and Creation Spirituality: Retreat and Workshop, on the island of Iona, west of Scotland. For information, write to Harry Underhill, 73 Winchelsea Lane, Hastings, TN35 4LG.

In October—Mid India Yearly Meeting, at George Fox Hall, Itarsi, India. Contact P.C. Masih, Asfabad, P.O. Itarsi, Hoshangabad, MP, India.

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Books

Detering Democracy

By Noam Chomsky. Verso, New York, N.Y., 1991. 421 pages. \$29.95.

Noam Chomsky, professor of linguistics at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is widely known for his revolutionary theory of language, which has not only influenced the field of linguistics, but has had far-reaching consequences in philosophy and psychology. He is also well-known for his political writings, especially for his criticism of U.S. foreign policy. This book continues his effort to expose lies of governments, which he believes to be the responsibility of the intellectuals. In 12 chapters, he covers recent history, such as the invasion of Panama, the Gulf War, and the Nicaraguan election, as well as the problem of population control on the domestic front and many other topics of interest.

The book is truly amazing for the breadth of its coverage, the depth of insight, and its detailed analysis and documentation. Noam Chomsky's account of the East-West confrontation since the outbreak of the Russian Revolution shows the motivating forces masquerading under Cold War ideology. It is shocking to read how the United States, in a unique position of power and resources after World War II, influenced European politics in the name of the Marshall Plan and other humanitarian aid programs and interfered with internal politics.

The author depicts the process of rebuilding war-ravaged Germany and Japan, describing how former collaborators and war criminals were rehabilitated, restored, and reinstated in positions of power, and how democratic labor movements have been crushed. For instance, in Japan the industrial-financial conglomerates (*Zaibatsu*), that were at the heart of Japan's fascist order gained power with assistance of a police and surveillance network and rightist organizations. This took place during the period of the U.S. occupation under General MacArthur. The goal was to ensure business control over labor through conservative unions.

The book shows how the language of politics distorts things while propaganda creates necessary illusions about the political and economic systems under which elites survive. As the title of the book suggests, the forces of democracy, in the struggle for freedom and human rights in underdeveloped countries, are deterred by the violence of oppressive governments, often supported by the United States—in the name of democracy. Some readers may find passages of the book describing cruelty and atrocities almost unbearable to read. Only the author's dry sense of humor provide some relief to the anguish and despair aroused.

Friends dedicated to the cause of world

peace may find this book more than a little disturbing. The author never minces words and warns the naive against "the euphoria about the power of 'love, tolerance, nonviolence, the human spirit, and forgiveness.'" For all Friends concerned about world peace and the future of humankind, this book will be a challenge, as well as an inspiration.

Seok Choong Song

Seok Choong Song, professor emeritus of linguistics at Michigan State University, is a member of Red Cedar Meeting in East Lansing, Michigan.

Through the Labyrinth

By Peter Occhiogrosso. Viking, New York, N.Y., 1991. 418 pages. \$22.95.

As Jesuit theologian Bernard Lonergan puts it, "Religious experience at its root is experience of an unconditional and unrestricted being-in-love. But what we are in love with remains something that we have to find out." The people who tell their stories in this book are trying to find out. Their paths are as varied as radical Catholicism, Christian fundamentalism, Zen, and kundalini yoga, but this reviewer believes most of them would unite with Bernard Lonergan's statement, as would the most diverse Quaker community.

Some speak confidently of God, others avoid explicit theism, but these seekers seem to share a common body of experience. Most tell about some kind of "revelatory moment," if not of dramatic conversion. Most struggle with consequent decisions about daily life and "call." Difficulties balancing the active and contemplative vocations seem inevitable, as do conflicts between respecting and struggling with the traditions of a chosen path.

These latter stories were instructive to me, striving, like most Quakers, both to carry forward a tradition and respond flexibly to



the times. On the one hand, Rabbi Rachel Cowan has moved from liberal liturgical experiment to valuing the traditional Haggadah simply because, "For centuries, Jews have been in dialogue with it." More in pain is Harriet Carew, deeply loyal to Catholicism, but confessing to frustration with the sexism of her church: "My faith burns holes in my socks. But there's no place for me in the structure." Zen priest Bernie Glassman narrates one of the more provocative attempts to mediate both the integrity of a tradition and the call to renewal. Zen, he observes, has always mutated according to its surrounding culture. The New York Zen Center, then, must account both to Zen and to New York. The center runs a self-supporting bakery ("There's a business sense to what we're doing.") and has moved out of its Riverdale mansion into a neighborhood full of homeless people. Rabbi Glassman plans to integrate his suffering neighbors into the Zen community. For this experiment, he has an elaborate and practical North American blueprint.

The stories Peter Occhiogrosso gathers to illustrate his generation's search for God span a broad spectrum of what's cooking spiritually in the United States today. Not all these paths seem to this reviewer attractive or even wise, but I appreciate the wisdom expressed in Occhiogrosso's interview with Father Thomas Hopko, an Eastern Orthodox theologian: "If you're genuinely hungering and thirsting, you're already blessed, and God will work out the details."

Mary Rose O'Reilley

Mary Rose O'Reilley teaches in the English department at St. Thomas University, St. Paul, Minnesota, and is clerk of Ministry and Counsel, Twin Cities Friends Meeting.

The Black Hole Affair

By Jeffrey Klein. Zebra Books, 475 Park Ave., S., New York, NY 10016. 1991. 287 pages. \$4.95.

Quakerism is spreading to the murder mystery rack at the book store. In Jeffrey Klein's high-tech thriller, Quaker anti-military activist, Andy Limkin, sets in motion a cat-and-mouse search through Silicon Valley's covert military industries. Limkin's long-lost college roommate, the jaded and cynical Newsweek reporter, Eli Franklin, is unwillingly drawn to investigate the clues he finds in Limkin's research, after his old roommate is found dead at the wheel of Limkin's family car. Franklin begins probing the secret work that is still being done on the Star Wars project.

Klein portrays this subterranean work as

the evil in our own empire. Of additional interest to Friends is the contrast between Franklin and Limkin, through which Klein explores whether one must accept the need for violence to confront the evil that is doing violence to us all.

Signe Wilkinson

Signe Wilkinson, a member of Willistown (Pa.) Meeting, is a political cartoonist for the Philadelphia Daily News.

Freedom From Fear and Other Writings

By Aung San Suu Kyi, edited by Michael Aris. Penguin Books, New York, N.Y., 1991. 338 pages. \$12/paperback.

Friends should know more about this remarkable Burmese woman. For starters, the American Friends Service Committee's Nobel Committee was ready to recommend her to the AFSC Board as its nominee for the 1992 Peace Prize, when it was announced she had won the 1991 prize for her "nonviolence struggle for freedom and human rights."

Since the brutal military government of Myanmar (Burma) is holding Aung San Suu Kyi under house-arrest, her husband, a British visiting professor at Harvard, edited this book for publication before the Oslo award ceremony so the world could hear her voice. His moving introduction, her speeches, letters, and essays, and the reminiscences of friends, add up to a fascinating story and give a memorable picture of this courageous pacifist leader, who refuses the offer of freedom by her captors if she will leave the country and abandon the struggle.

The title essay begins: "It is not power that corrupts, but fear. Fear of losing power corrupts those who wield it, and fear of the scourge of power corrupts those who are subject to it." Basing her struggle for democracy and human rights on Buddhist principles, she insists that "the quintessential revolution is that of the spirit," and she asks her people "to make sacrifices in the name of enduring truths, to resist the corrupting influences of desire, ill will, ignorance, and fear."

One historic document is the translation of her famous speech at Rangoon's Golden Pagoda, which marked her emergence as a charismatic leader with unexpected oratorical talents. She writes easily in English, having taken her university degree at Oxford, and she can turn out an engaging guide to her country for young people as readily as scholarly interpretations of Burmese history.

While the Nobel prize has served to increase the international pressure on the military junta to release her and to acknowledge the landslide election victory of her party,

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the generals are unbending. But they cannot stop her voice from being heard throughout the world as editions in western languages are followed by translations of her book into Thai, Korean, Indonesian, Japanese, and Chinese.

The power of her words is increased tenfold by the record in the book of her deeds. As the chairman of the Norwegian Nobel Committee declared in presenting the tokens of the award to her sons in their mother's absence: "In the good fight for peace and reconciliation, we are dependent on persons who set examples, persons who can symbolize what we are seeking, and mobilize the best in us. Aung San Suu Kyi is just such a person."

Irwin Abrams

Irwin Abrams is emeritus professor of history at Antioch College and a member of Yellow Springs (Ohio) Meeting. His book Words of Peace is a collection of speeches from Nobel Peace Prize winners.

Fulfilling Lives

By Douglas H. Heath, with assistance from Harriet E. Heath. Jossy-Boss, San Francisco, Calif., 1991. 340 pages. \$29.95

This book shows remarkable dedication, persistence, and scholarship on the part of the author, Douglas Heath, emeritus professor of psychology at Haverford College, aided by the sensitive input of his wife, Harriet Heath. The ambitious task of tracking 60 Haverford students through three decades of learning, living, discouragement, success, marriage, and separation, following them to remote parts of the world is impressive enough. Compiling the data collected from all kinds of tests, interviews, and even home visits, and coming out with a comprehensive picture of the mature and successful man, woman, and couple must be some kind of miracle. The subjects themselves also deserve credit for submitting themselves to such personal examination, and for being willing to devote the time and energy required to take the battery of tests at each of four different stages in their lives.

At the request of the original group of students, the later part of the study incorporated their wives, an additional group of 40. Although this study used a small atypical sample, comparison with other studies shows that the results are similar to those found in studies done on more widely based samples.

The book starts with a section on "Understanding Maturity and Success," continues through parts on "Succeeding in Personal Relationships," "Succeeding at Work," and ends with "Paths to Adult Success and Well-Being." Each part is illustrated by fascinating personal examples from the lives of in-

dividual subjects, followed by more general conclusions and comparisons with other studies.

Douglas Heath's meticulous efforts to be both thorough and objective presented some interesting difficulties. He speaks of the great amount of time it took to manage home visits with couples who were sometimes living in distant countries, and about the emotional involvement those visits often entailed. He found one wife on the verge of suicide and another couple in the throes of dealing with their teen-age son, who had run away, stolen a car, and disappeared for several days. Indeed, it sometimes seemed to this reviewer that the author might be doing as much personal counseling as interviewing.

The rapid cultural changes, especially the women's movement, occurring within the time period of the study presented another difficulty, as it altered people's view of what constitutes success. To illustrate this, the author cites his own grandmother's remark, "I've lived with your grandfather 55 years, and for more than 50 of them I've wanted a divorce, but I never had the courage. No one has ever known. Thankfully, he never has." That wasn't the attitude the study found in its later stages. He also describes a gay man's request to be included in the married couples part of the study. Although Douglas Heath found the man's relationship to be loving and committed, he decided after some mental struggle to stick with only those legally married, despite the changing views of what constitutes a marriage.

One characteristic of successful men and women that seemed to be important in all the areas studied is what the author calls androgyny, or the incorporation of both male and female characteristics into the subject's personality. Identifying this androgynous characteristic has helped to curb the male bias that might be expected in a study done by a male professor whose original subjects came from a (then) all-male college.

Friends may be interested in this study because it comes out of Haverford College, a prominent Quaker school, and also because so many Friends are professionally concerned with sociocultural subjects. Some may find Douglas Heath's academic urge to back all conclusions with data from his own or others' findings too ponderous. I found his careful objectivity refreshing and became so intrigued with the lives of his subjects that I was more than willing to pursue the book to its end.

Monette Thatcher

Monette Thatcher is a retired family counselor who is a member of Eugene (Oreg.) Meeting, where she works with the group of women currently publishing Friendly Woman. She also worked on the committee that compiled North Pacific Yearly Meeting's Faith and Practice.

Milestones

Births

Ozer—*Lily Dove Ozer*, on June 10, in Beaumont, Texas. Her parents, Dorinda Dove and Ron Ozer, are members of Live Oak (Tex.) Meeting.

Marriages

Hain-Poorman—*James T. Poorman* and *Vicki L. Hain*, on May 23, at University Meeting in Wichita, Kansas, under the care of Gwynedd (Pa.) Meeting, where Vicki is a member.

Deaths

Bovard—*Bonnie Bovard*, 71, on Nov. 18, 1991, at Pomona Valley Hospital in California, of a cerebral hemorrhage. She brought a contagious warmth of spirit, enthusiasm, and love of life to Claremont (Calif.) Meeting, where she was co-clerk of the visiting committee and a beloved friend to all. She shared with the meeting her artistic talents in watercolor painting, quilting, tapestry, and music. Both adults and children in the meeting took piano lessons from her. She loved flower arranging, and her garden reflected her inner beauty. She took on menial tasks that no one else wanted to do—and sometimes no one else knew about. As a member of the Library Committee, she took on the details of typing and filing cards, leaving others to do more pleasurable projects. She grew up in San Jose, Calif., where she was an aide in child care and kindergarten programs, a leader of Boy and Girl Scout programs, and worked as an accountant. She was a long-time member of the Music Teachers Association of California. She is survived by her husband, Freeman Bovard; two daughters; a son; eight grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Fetter—*Frank Whitson Fetter*, 92, on July 7, 1991, in Hanover, New Hampshire. He was member of Hanover Meeting; earlier in his life he was a member of Sadsbury (Pa.) Meeting. Born in San Francisco, California, he graduated from Swarthmore College, earned master's degrees from Princeton and Harvard, and a doctorate in economics from Princeton. He taught economics at Princeton, Haverford, and Northwestern University; lectured at Johns Hopkins University School for Advance International Studies, and Swarthmore College; and was visiting professor at the University of

Wisconsin. His distinguished career included working on a financial advisory commission for Chile, Poland, Bolivia, Ecuador, and China during the 1920s, serving with the Commission on Cuba Affairs at the invitation of the president of Cuba; and on overseas assignments in Guatemala, Latvia, Great Britain, Ecuador, and India. He participated in several professional and environmental organizations. In his retirement years, his research and writing flourished, particularly in the area of the history of economic theories and structures in Western Europe and England. In his retirement, he worked to make forest improvements on the Vermont tree farms he operated with family members. He was an avid cross-country skier and participated in races until the age of 85. His first wife, Elizabeth Garrett Pollard, died in 1977. He then married Elizabeth Miller Stabler, who died in 1985. He is survived by two sons, Robert Pollard Fetter and Thomas Whitson Fetter; one daughter, Ellen Cole Fetter Gille; a brother, Theodore Henry Fetter; four stepsons, Charles N. Stabler, Griffin M. Stabler, Edward P. Stabler, and John Stabler; six grandchildren; nine step-grandchildren; and 17 step-great-grandchildren.

Flaccus—*Sarah (Sally) Emlen Flaccus*, 70, on March 29, at Kendal at Hanover, a Friends retirement center in New Hampshire. A life-long Friend, she graduated from Germantown Friends School in 1940, attended Smith College, and earned a degree in occupational therapy from Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons. She did relief work in Germany for the American Friends Service Committee after World War II, where she met her husband-to-be, Edward Flaccus. They worked under the British Friends Relief Service, then in displaced persons camps in Germany, and continued to be active in AFSC and Friends meeting work throughout the years. She also worked with the University of Minnesota, Duluth's program for housing foreign students, helped found the Duluth Committee on Human Rights, and gave much time and energy in support of human rights, fair housing, and peace. In later years, she became active on behalf of the disabled, helping found two organizations to work for accessibility in Bennington, Vt., and was co-founder of the Arthritis Support Group there. She was also an artist, an accomplished silversmith, a silk-screener, and a painter. For several years she bred, raised, and sold AKC Shetland sheep dogs. She gave love and support to her family and raised three children. In spite of long and serious health problems, she kept a lively sense of humor, steadfast courage, and a loving spirit. She was a faithful and valued member of Bennington (Vt.) Meeting. She is survived by her husband, Edward; two daughters, Jennifer and Lynne; a son, Christopher; two sisters, Ellie Emlen Myers and Marie Emlen Hochstrasser; a brother, Arthur Cope Emlen Jr.; and two grandchildren.

Jenkins—*Edward (Ted) Cope Jenkins*, 88, in Brunswick, Georgia. His home was in Buck Hill Falls, Pa., where he attended a Quaker worship group. He was a life-long member of Green Street (Pa.) Meeting. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., he graduated from Swarthmore College and earned a master's degree in international law from the University of Chicago. He was known as a dynamic, energetic, articulate, hardworking man who could "stir things up," get things organized, and get people working together. These characteristics typified his long and varied career in businesses



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and civic concerns. He owned and operated Skyline Inn in the Poconos, was director of American Youth Hostels, became a trustee of the Pocono Medical Center, and was an emeritus professor at the State University of New York. He helped get together tourist businesses in his area to create the Pocono Mountains Vacation Bureau, of which he was president for 18 years. He belonged to numerous civic groups, such as the Pennsylvania Historical Society and the Pocono Mountain Rotary Club. Last October he helped organize a group to clean up the old Quaker cemetery in Stroudsburg, Pa., which had fallen into disrepair. He and his group picked up trash, righted tombstones, trimmed bushes, and erected a sign showing the historical significance of the graveyard. He is survived by his wife, Betty (Karge) Jenkins; three daughters, Nancy Wessell, Charmarie Blaisdell, and Susan Hayhurt Komenko; seven grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren. His first wife, June F. Blaisdell, preceded him in death.

Johnson—Helen Darling Johnson, 77, on June 16, at the retirement community of Medford Leas, in New Jersey. Born on Staten Island, N.Y., she earned a bachelor's degree from Douglass College and a degree in library science from the University of Michigan. After working in the law libraries of the University of Iowa and Duke University, she became a children's librarian and worked in libraries in Florida, New York, and New Jersey. She became a Friend as a teen-ager in Woodstown, N.J., and later became a member of Moorestown (N.J.) Meeting. She was a quiet, faithful member of several committees and organizations related to her lifelong commitment to world peace, racial harmony, and economic justice, serving her local meeting, community, and Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. She is survived by her daughter, Karen E. Johnson; her son, Timothy F. Johnson; two sisters, Nancy M. Darling and Margaret F. Darling; and three grandsons.

Smith—Roland F. Smith, 75, on April 21, after a short illness. A member of Albany (N.Y.) Meeting, he had served on most of the meeting's committees, as well as four terms as clerk. He was born in Boston, Mass., he graduated from Oberlin College, received a master's degree from the University of Pennsylvania, and a doctorate from Syracuse University. He taught mathematics at Westtown, Earlham College, and Russell Sage College. Raised in the Congregational Church, he was a conscientious objector during World War II and served in Civilian Public Service Units, where he became drawn to Friends. He joined Syracuse (N.Y.) Meeting in 1952. He participated in efforts to build a more peaceful world throughout his life. He was a member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, War Resisters League, and Amnesty International. He had a special concern for those who suffered for conscience's sake, and he attended trials of people arrested for civil disobedience. His dependable, conscientious, gentle spirit was treasured by Albany Friends Meeting. He is survived by his wife, Margaret; two sons, Stephen and Philip; two daughters, Marcia and Jennifer; and a newborn grandson.

Solt—Genevieve Solt, 97, on Oct. 25, 1991. She was a member of Minneapolis (Minn.) Meeting and previously of Lansdowne (Pa.) Meeting, with her husband, Guy Solt, who died in 1976. They were married in 1957 while he was working for the AFSC. She is remembered by Friends as a captivating Sunday school teacher, an accomplished pianist, and a gracious woman with long-lasting and loyal friendships. She is survived by cousins, a nephew, and her stepson and his family.

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London? Stay at the Penn Club, Bedford Place, London WC1B 5JH. Friendly atmosphere. Central for Friends House, West End, concerts, theater, British Museum, university, and excursions. Telephone: 071-636-4718.

Washington, D.C., sojourners welcome in Friends' home in pleasant suburb nearby. By day, week, or month. For details call: (301) 270-5258.

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

Mexico City Friends Center. Reasonable accommodations. Reservations recommended. Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Mariscal 132, 06030 Mexico D.F. 705-0521.

Casa Heberto Sein Friends Center. Reasonable accommodations. Reservations. Asociacion Sonorense de los Amigos, Felipe Salido 32, Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico. Friends Meeting, Sundays 11 a.m. Phone: (011-52-621) 7-01-42.

Books and Publications

Book about Jesus by Jewish layman who explains 436 reasons why his ancestors rejected Jesus. Send stamp for sample cover plus free 20-page pamphlet about the book. Gloger Family Books, 630G Empire Blvd., Brooklyn, NY 11213.

George Fox's volume Works (1831 edition) are back in print—at a great price. New introductions by Douglas Gwyn and others. Library bound, acid-free paper. Priced at \$167.50 for 8 volumes. Sets may be ordered with \$40 deposit with balance due upon safe arrival. This set would be a wonderful, lasting gift for your favorite meeting library. Prospectus available. Orders: George Fox Fund, Inc., c/o Dan Davenport, P.O. Box 15142, Portland, OR 97215.

Don't subscribe to A Friendly Letter, the independent, Quaker, monthly newsletter by Chuck Fager. You can't—it's on sabbatical. Instead, send for a free Back Issue List and order all the searching, often controversial, reports you missed. Special reduced rates. AFL, Dept. B11, P.O. Box 1361, Falls Church, VA 22041.

Books—Quaker spiritual classics, history, biography, and current Quaker experience, published by Friends United Press, 101-A Quaker Hill Dr., Richmond, IN 47374. Write for free catalogue.

Socially Responsible Travel. Experience other cultures and lifestyles. Learn about the ideas, values, and perspectives that are shaping a new world. \$18/6 issues plus FREE Guide to Overseas Opportunities. Sample \$4.50. *Transitions Abroad* magazine, Box 344-3888, Amherst, MA 01004-0344.

For Sale

Biblical Greek. Easy, non-academic way. Send for five-hour videotape seminar, 224-page textbook and catalog. \$29.95. Greek Bible Institute, 547-A N.W. Coast Street, Newport, OR 97365. (503) 265-2170.

Cape Cod. Historic, Martha Hoxie quarter-house. Near Sandwich Friends Meeting. Write: H. VonLaue, Box 576, West Dover, VT 05356; (802) 464-3929.

Mid-East Peace Fleece. Felt ball kits—Jewish, Palestinian, and Maine wools with directions to make 30 2" balls; background information on Jewish/Arab cooperation. Ideal for class project. \$12.00 plus \$2.50 s&h. Peace Fleece yarn

MOVING?

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

Friends Journal
1501 Cherry St., Phila., PA 19102
(215) 241-7277

sample card, \$2.00. Joanna B. Sadler, 1235 Red Run Rd., Stevens, PA 17578.



Who are Quakers? New Video! VHS, 27 min., by Claire Simon. Lively, informative, for outreach and education. \$26.50 plus \$3.00 postage. Quaker Video, P.O. Box 92, Maplewood, NJ 07040.

Friends Journal on tape! Seven *FJ* articles on spiritual growth and self-realization are being produced on a 90-minute audio cassette tape, available Sept. 11. Special price for this experiment: \$8.75, includes postage and handling. Send check and mailing address to *FJ*.

Opportunities

Consider a Costa Rican study tour. February 4-15, 1993. Call or write Roy Joe and Ruth Stuckey, 1182 Hornbeam Road, Sabina, OH 45169. Phone: (513) 584-2900.

Craft Consignment Store looking for quality, hand-crafted items; especially dolls, animals and quilted items. All sizes, all costs, all quantities. Send photo, description and cost to: Emma Jean, P.O. Box 554, Meetinghouse Road, Ambler, PA 19002-0554. (215) 628-2087.

Visit Guatemala. "land of eternal spring and eternal tyranny." Study tours in January, February, and April led by Quaker anthropologist with 30 years experience in Guatemala. Write: Robert Hinshaw, 5603 Rockhill Road, Kansas City, MO 64110.

Personals

Single Booklovers gets cultured, single, widowed, or divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide, run by Friends. Established 1970. Write Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange—Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. 1 (800) 233-CMLS, Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.

Concerned Singles Newsletter links compatible singles who care about peace, social justice, and the environment. National and international membership. All ages. Since 1984. Free sample: Box 555-F, Stockbridge, MA 01262.

Positions Vacant

Associate Secretary for program position. Philadelphia Yearly Meeting invites applications to the newly created staff position of Associate Secretary for Program. This administrative staff position will provide communication, facilitation, and nurture of staff and programs of the Education & Care of Members and the Testimonies & Concerns sections of PYM. Membership in the Religious Society of Friends is required and commitment to Quaker principles and practices is essential. Demonstrated management, organizational, budgetary, and problem-solving skills are required, along with an ability to communicate clearly and work enthusiastically in a supportive way with a wide variety of backgrounds and approaches. Salary is offered in the \$32 to \$39 M range, depending on experience. Application deadline is October 1, 1992. For full job description and additional information, please contact the General Secretary of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. (215) 241-7211.

Full-time nurse: R.N. with three years experience in mental health, community health, and supervisory role preferred. B.S. in nursing and Mass. license required. Applicant will work independently within clinical department at psychiatric rehabilitation community and live on premises of 600-acre farm in Berkshires. Salary negotiable; all benefits, room and board. Send resume to: Human Resource Director, Gould Farm, Monterey, MA 01245.

Goshen School seeks Head starting summer 1993.

The pre-school through grade 5, 185 enrollment, is under the care of Goshen Monthly Meeting. Applicants should have a firm grounding in Quaker tenets, experience in teaching, administration. Send letters of application or nomination to: Search Committee, Goshen Friends School, 814 N. Chester Road, West Chester, PA 19380. Application deadline: November 7.

Buckingham Friends School is seeking a Principal to begin July, 1993. BFS is a 198-year-old, co-educational, semi-rural, day school with 175 students in grades K-8. For more information, or an application form, write: Search Committee, BFS, Box 158, Lahaska, PA 18931. Application deadline, October 17, 1992.

Head of School: Friends School in Detroit seeks a new Head to begin July, 1993. FSD serves 120 students, pre-K through grade 8, who reflect Detroit's cultural, religious, racial, and economic diversity. Send resumes by October 30, 1992 to the Head Search Committee, Friends School in Detroit, 1100 St. Aubin Boulevard, Detroit, MI 48207.

Hockessin Friends Pre-School seeks head teacher starting summer of 1993. The preschool (ages three-five), 46 enrollment, under the care of Hockessin Friends Meeting, Hockessin, Delaware, was established in 1962. We maintain three classes, a five-day morning class and two three-day morning classes. Current staff consists of three teachers and one assistant. The head teacher would be expected to teach one class and direct the school. Applicants should have a firm grounding in Quaker tenets, experience in teaching and/or parenting, and a broad background in developmental theories of early childhood education. Send letters of application or nomination including a statement of your philosophy of early childhood education to Richard Bernard, Clerk, Hockessin Friends Pre-School Committee, 521 Cabot Drive, Hockessin, DE 19707. Application deadline: November 1, 1992.

Sharing Our Lives: A Children's Global Connection, an alive, on-going project of The Quaker U.S./USSR Committee, presently involving 10 elementary schools in the U.S. and 10 in Russia who have been cultivating connections between each other through letters, gifts, photographs, visits, and special projects, needs a volunteer facilitator. The program is entering its third year and has boundless possibilities. The children and the school communities are deeply affected by heart-felt connections and we seek to further enrich the program and to deepen and sustain their experiences. Contact Nadya Spassenko at (914) 297-2850.

Western Yearly Meeting seeks General Superintendent. Western's superintendent serves as support staff for a variety of committees and boards, supervises a small office, visits area and monthly meetings, and represents the Yearly Meeting among wider Friends ecumenical circles. Particular expertise is required in supervising and caring for pastors as well as nurturing and developing local meetings. Western Yearly Meeting (FUM meetings in western Indiana and eastern Illinois) is one of the most diverse groups of Quakers. The person we are looking for must be a Friend able to provide leadership to people from a broad variety of theological perspectives. Anticipated starting date is July 1, 1993. Send resume and request application blank from Kay Record, Search Committee Clerk, 5610 W. Hanna Ave., Indianapolis, IN 46241. (317) 856-5825. Deadline for applications is October 1, 1992.

Rentals & Retreats

Brooksville, Florida, home for lease. Beautiful, spacious, comfortable 3 bdrm., 3 bthrm. Huge trees, garden, pool. 45 minutes from Gulf. \$850/month. (813) 371-7343.

Retirement Living

Foxdale Village, a Quaker life-care community. Thoughtfully designed cottages complemented by attractive dining facilities, auditorium, library, and full medical protection. Setting is a wonderful combination of rural and university environment. Entry fees from \$38,000-\$120,000; monthly fees from \$1,110-\$2,040. 500 East Marylyn Avenue, Department F, State College, PA 16801. Telephone: (800) 253-4951.

The Harned. Lovely old house and carriage house on quiet, residential, tree-lined street south of Media, Pa. Meals served in main house. Short walk to train. Eleven units. 505 Glenwood Avenue, Moylan, PA 19065. (215) 566-4624.

Schools

United Friends School: coed; K-6; emphasizing integrated, developmentally appropriate curriculum, including whole language and manipulative math; serving upper Bucks County. 20 South 10th Street, Quakertown, PA 18951. (215) 538-1733.

The Meeting School celebrates the transition from youth to adulthood by encouraging students to make decisions

in their own lives in a Friends (Quaker) boarding high school in southern New Hampshire. We emphasize experiential education, striving for innovative and challenging academics while working with consensus and equality regardless of age. Teenagers live on campus in faculty homes. The school is based on simplicity, honesty, the peaceful resolution of conflict, the dignity of physical labor, mutual trust and respect, and care for the earth. Admissions: The Meeting School, Rindge, NH 03461. (603) 899-3366.

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

Stratford Friends School provides a warm, supportive, ungraded setting for children ages 5 to 13 who learn differently. Small classes and an enriched curriculum answer the needs of the whole child. An at-risk program for 5-year-olds is available. Information: Stratford Friends School, 5 Llandillo Road, Havertown, PA 19083. (215) 446-3144.

A value-centered school for learning disabled elementary students. Small, remedial classes; qualified staff serving Philadelphia and northern suburbs. The Quaker School at Horsham, 318 Meeting House Road, Horsham, PA 19044. (215) 674-2875.

Services Offered

Electrical Contractor. Residential and commercial installation and repairs. (Phila., Pa., suburbs.) Call Paul Teitman: (215) 663-0279.

Loans are available for building or improving Friends meetinghouses, schools, and related facilities. We are Friends helping Friends to grow! For information contact Kathryn E. Williams, Friends Extension Corporation, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374. Phone: (317) 962-7573. (Affiliated with Friends United Meeting.)

Painting Contractor. Conscientious work at friendly prices. Wallpaper removal, drywall repairs. Main Line, Philadelphia, and western suburbs. Michael O'Neill, (215) 978-0843.

Personalized meditation tapes. Quaker hypnotherapist/Reiki practitioner. Please send description of problem. \$25.00. Joy Weaver, Tranquility, Box 14, E. Islip, NY 11730.

Quaker Genealogy—Discover your Quaker ancestors through prompt, professional research. Ann W. Upton, 1406 Fox Place, West Chester, PA 19382.

Quaker Universalist Fellowship is a fellowship of seekers wishing to enrich and expand Friends' perspectives. We meet, publish, and correspond to share thoughts, insights, and information. We seek to follow the promptings of the Spirit. Inquiries welcome! Write QUF, Box 201 RD 1, Landenberg, PA 19350.

Wedding Certificates, birth testimonies, poetry, gifts all done in beautiful calligraphy and watercolor illumination. Book early for spring weddings. Write or call Leslie Mitchell, 2840 Bristol Rd., Bensalem, PA 19020. (215) 752-5554.

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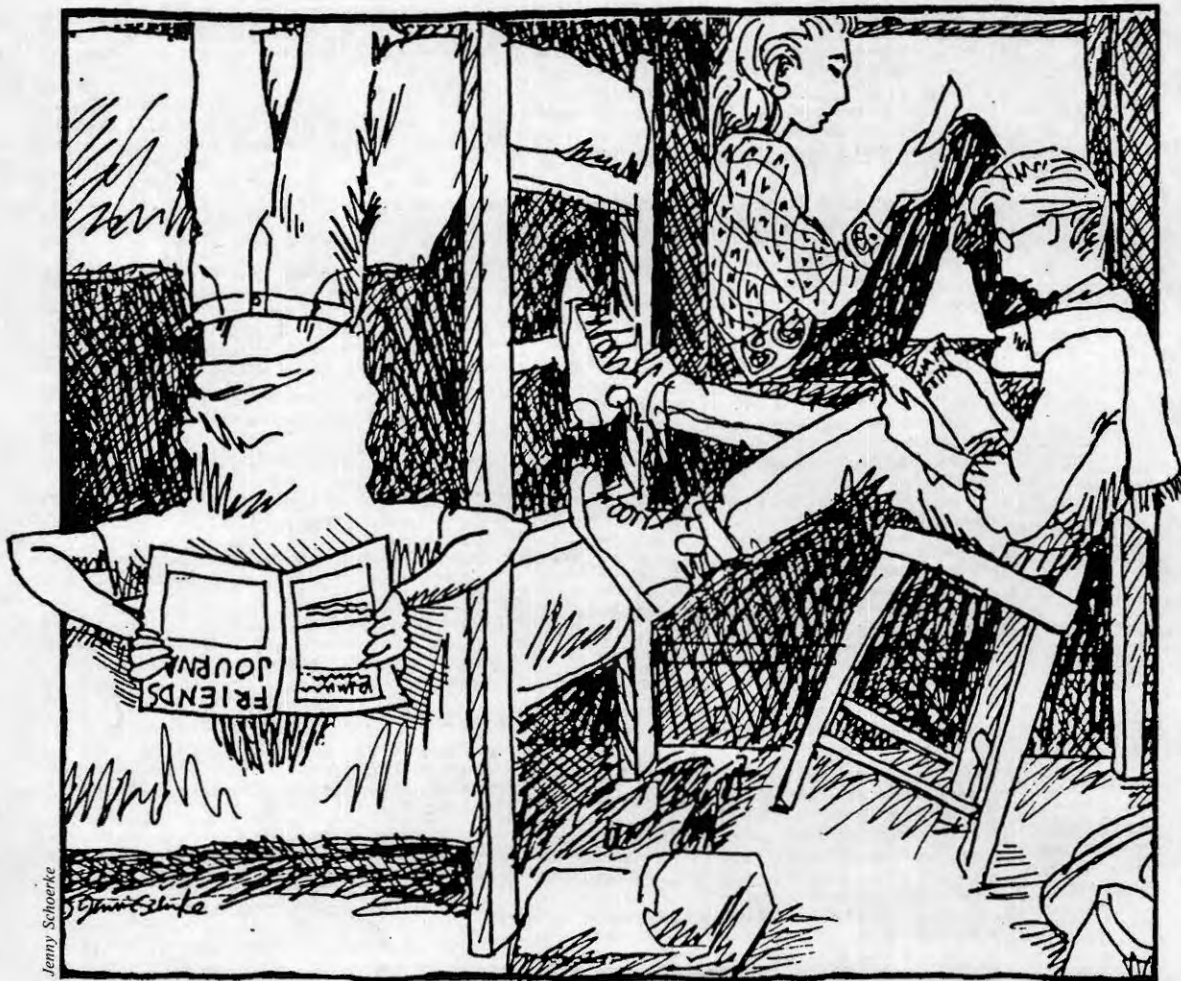
Using client-specified social criteria, I screen investments. I use a financial planning approach to portfolio management by identifying individual objectives and designing an investment strategy. I work with individuals and business. Call: Sacha Millstone; Ferris, Baker Watts; member NYSE, SIPC. (202) 429-3632 in Washington, D.C., area, or (800) 227-0308.

General Contractor. Repairs or alterations on old or historical buildings. Storm and fire damage restored. John File, 1147 Bloomdale Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19115. (215) 464-2207.

Moving to North Carolina? Maybe David Brown, a Quaker real estate broker, can help. Contact him at 1208 Pinewood Dr., Greensboro, NC 27410. (919) 294-2095.

Family Relations Committee's Counseling Service (PYM) provides confidential professional counseling to individuals, couples in most geographic areas of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. All counselors are Quakers. All Friends, regular attenders, and employees of Friends organizations are eligible. Sliding fees. Further information or brochure—contact Arlene Kelly, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. (215) 988-0140.

Send Friends Journal to school.



FRIENDS JOURNAL is designed to nourish the mind as well as the soul with articles on social and political concerns, spiritual journeys, and Friends news. Students away at school will appreciate the JOURNAL as a way to keep in touch with these and other aspects of the community of Friends. You can help continue a young person's connection with this community by giving a special school-year subscription to FRIENDS JOURNAL. Student subscriptions last for eight issues and are offered at the special rate of \$10. Orders should be received by September 10 to insure receipt of the October issue. Orders received after September 10 will start with the November issue.

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