

FRIENDS JOURNAL

QUAKER THOUGHT AND LIFE TODAY

11/2021

ANNUAL
BOOKS
ISSUE

speculative fiction
and SCI-FI



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FRIENDS JOURNAL

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In May, we got a message on Twitter: “Psst can we have a Quaker science fiction anthology” from @LeeFlower, who quickly roped in their friend @HBBisenieks with an offer to help put it together. Now, *Friends Journal* doesn’t have guest editors. We don’t publish fiction. We don’t typically pay writers, as is expected in this genre. But all these objections were overshadowed by the realization that this could be a really cool and fun and thought-provoking issue, and we made it all work out. We’ve asked Annalee Flower Horne and Hilary B. Bisenieks to write this month’s Among Friends column.

Also, this is our annual extended books issue, the last one put together by Karie Firoozmand, who has served as our book review editor for over ten years. Check the Books section for a well-deserved appreciation. And we’re excited to welcome John Bond of Mickleton (N.J.) Meeting as her replacement. —Editors@Friendsjournal.org

To a world that often views us as antiquated (or even extinct), Quaker science fiction may seem like an odd contradiction. How can people who belong in the past imagine themselves in the future?

But for many Quaker communities, imagining the future is a central concern right now. Who will we be in 50 years? A hundred? How do we adapt to the rapidly changing world while staying true to what makes us Friends?

Speculative fiction—a “supergenre” that includes traditional science fiction alongside other “what if” stories such as fantasy and alternate history—is a way of examining things by changing their context. When x changes, what happens to y ? What are the constants in the equation?

When you are a nerd about speculative fiction and about Quakerism, as we are, it seems natural to use one to examine the other: if we are in this world but not of this world, then who are we when we are not in this world but a world that has been reimagined in some way? What remains true no matter what shifts around us?

And yet, when we asked *Friends Journal* to do a speculative fiction issue, we didn’t actually expect them to say yes. We didn’t know if approaching these big questions—about who we are and where we’re going—through fiction would resonate. Would we get enough submissions for a good issue? Would people understand what we were hoping to do?

As it happens, they did indeed say yes, and folks from all over heard our call and sent us more amazing stories than we could possibly print. We’re delighted to have been invited to work with *Friends Journal* editors Martin Kelley and Gail Whiffen to choose from among so many fantastic submissions, and we’re really excited to share these stories with you.

So who are we anyway? To be overly reductive, we’re a couple of queer Friends steeped in speculative fiction. Annalee Flower Horne is a science fiction writer and software developer from Washington, D.C. They grew up in Takoma Park (Md.) Preparative Meeting and the Young Friends program of Baltimore Yearly Meeting. Hilary B. Bisenieks is a writer and podcaster with deep roots in Philadelphia, Pa. They live with their spouse and two cats in Oakland, Calif., where they host *Tales from the Trunk*, a podcast about kindness in the face of the overwhelming rejection of being a working writer. Together, we’ve been alternately joking about and wishing for an opportunity to do this very project for years, and we hope you enjoy this experiment.

Annalee Flower Horne and Hilary B. Bisenieks



speculative fiction and SCI-FI

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TRACE YULIE



Cover: Image
by Ulia Koltyrina

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Write for FJ:

[Friendsjournal.org/submissions](https://www.friendsjournal.org/submissions)

• **General, non-themed**
(due Nov. 22)

• **Safety in Meetings**
(due Dec. 20)

• **Climate Activism
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Re-examining our histories

Francis G. Hutchins wrote an interesting article about Fox's, Penn's, and Franklin's attitudes toward Native Americans ("Neighbors or Tenants?" *FJ* Oct.). The Hicks painting is misleading. And I love *The Peaceable Kingdom*.

Pat Dareneau
Hampstead, N.C.

I hope this corrected version of events will spread throughout the Quaker world.

One quibble: Hutchins says, "Hicksite Quakers are justly admired for their efforts to abolish slavery and end racist abuse of tribes." Here in Ohio, much of the anti-slavery work was done by so-called Orthodox Quakers, the most well-known being Levi and Catherine Coffin, who worked alongside Presbyterians and Hicksite Quakers on the Underground Railroad. After the Civil War, President Grant appointed Quakers, many of them Orthodox Friends, as tribal agents to counter mistreatment of Indigenous people by military agents.

Donne Hayden
Cincinnati, Ohio

Crime and punishment, reconciliation and grief

I am so moved by Heather Lavelle's writing ("Prison as Exile," *FJ* Sept.). Thank you for bringing more light to the plight of women in prison who are struggling with their pasts, struggling with self-acceptance, and struggling with recovery in an environment that is not really conducive to recovery. You have clearly done much to help your fellow prisoners, and I know you have done much to help the understanding of those who are fortunate enough never to have been incarcerated. My thoughts and prayers are with you as you continue to work for release.

Kathryn E. McCreary
Orland, Calif.

While I'm glad this person is finding some peace and doing good works, it troubles me that in this article she doesn't even mention her victim or his family, beyond a bare statement of the crime—and their eternal grief and their lost hope, and their lack of peace, and if she has shown any contrition outwardly and directly to them, and how this could or should play into her spiritual journey. She talks much about God and Jesus, but what about the Christian call to reconciliation? As Jesus says in Matthew 5:23–24, "If therefore you are offering your gift at the altar, and there remember that your brother has anything against you, leave your gift there before the altar, and go your way. First be reconciled to your brother, and then come and offer your gift." Has this writer reached out to her victim's brothers and sisters? Has she ever apologized? Has she asked them if there's anything she can do to ease their agony? Wouldn't that also bring her peace and perhaps them as well? I looked up her crime and it was absolutely horrible. Her victim's family daily has to remember that he died in utter terror and excruciating pain. If she feels her punishment is just, is she willing to give up appeals or parole hearings? It just seems to me that this article is self-centered and self-serving.

Leto Lethe
Baltimore, Md.

I was the temporary associate editor at *Friends Journal* over the summer, and I worked closely with Heather Lavelle on this article. Just wanted to let you know that Heather has submitted a letter to the victim's family, through the Inmate Apology Bank of the Pennsylvania Office of Victim Advocate. She is not able to reach out to the family in any other way, and also is not able to learn whether or not they've read her letter. All of this is deeply painful to her.

Joyce Hinnefeld
Bethlehem, Pa.

Heather Lavelle writes well. Her story is touching but not overly sentimental. I believe her!

Gaines Steer
Pittsboro, N.C.

Hope at Wounded Knee

I recently visited Pine Ridge and had a very different experience from Jeff Rasley ("Return to Wounded Knee," *FJ* Oct.). The land is beautiful in a different way, and the Oglala people that I interacted with were welcoming in their own way. I suggest anyone in the area take a tour of the Red Cloud Indian School. Students are taught in immersive Lakota through elementary school and a mix of English and Lakota thereafter. The school has a 92 percent rate of graduates going on to college. Although the school is run by Catholics, students can choose to attend mass, sweat lodge, or both for their religious activities. You can buy beautiful art made by the students in the visitor center. The tribal government is encouraging tourism once COVID is under control. You can go online (or to Costco) and buy Tanka bars made from Buffalo meat and natural fruits. The bars are based on a Lakota recipe for pemmican and produced by an Oglala-owned company located on the reservation. While poverty and difficulties are one truth about Pine Ridge, there is so much more for those able to observe more deeply.

Bob Shively
Laporte, Colo.

More thoughts on Quaker mysticism

The word *mystical* puts me off ("The Mystical Experience" by Donald W. McCormick, *FJ* Aug.). I prefer *transcendent* because such experiences are greater than ordinary ones but they don't necessarily signify that I have communicated with some higher power. This is the puzzle to me—why people assume their experience of connecting with a higher power means they have in fact done so. As an author and artist, I know that the experience of outside can come from inside. I see visions nightly in my dreams. I can be transported by sexual ecstasy or drugs or even exhaustion. Why do we see some prophet's dream as some greater

Continues on page 62

Forum letters should be sent with the writer's name and address to forum@friendsjournal.org. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. Because of space constraints, we cannot publish every letter.

Circles (left to right):
Mustafa Kemal Atatürk,
George Edwin Taylor,
Leon Trotsky.
Photos: commons.
wikimedia.org

Pistachios and Cats



Lynn Gazis

Shoes line the walls of the Grand Bazaar. Yellow shoes. Blue shoes. Black shoes. Red shoes. Muriel Hicks stares at more shoes than she has ever seen in her life. But she needs to find pistachios.

Muriel has rehearsed the Turkish words to ask for the directions she needs. And she has rehearsed possible answers—right, left, straight ahead. But those answers bear no resemblance to the rapid fire stream of words

Lynn Gazis is the clerk of Orange County (Calif.) Meeting. She works in IT. Her great-grandmother came from Istanbul. Previous publications are a Western Friend article about Quran study and a long-ago article in an ophthalmology journal about fractals and perception of texture.

that she gets when she recites her memorized phrase. If she even finds where nuts are sold, will she find pistachios? Can Aylin make baklava with any other kind of nut? Muriel is from Sullivan, Maine. She can bake blueberry pie, but baklava is beyond her.

“If Kemal Atatürk supports the Japanese proposal,” a voice floats from around the corner. In French. Muriel has studied French. She moves toward the voice.

“S’il vous plaît,” Muriel begins. And realizes that she does not know French for “pistachios.”

Larry Fisher, Muriel’s colleague at the Friends’ Cafe, has a degree in Ottoman Studies from Haverford College. He speaks several of the languages of Istanbul. Muriel has no obvious skills to bring. But she has a

leading, tested in discernment with others in her Quaker meeting, to build a small, friendly place where the representatives to the League of Nations can meet quietly, away from the formal meetings and speeches.

If Kemal Atatürk, savior of the Ottoman Empire and victor in the Great War, wants to found a League of Nations, Muriel Hicks wants to do her small part for peace and diplomacy. Pistachios.

Back at the cafe, the kitchen smells of lemon and cinnamon, as Aylin cooks halvah. The cooking of the syrup reminds Muriel of her mother's horehound candy, the old family recipe for treating a cough. Muriel hasn't the knack for timing the syrup, but she helps by mixing the cinnamon and tahini.

That task done, Muriel steps out to the cafe to lay out the backgammon boards. Zeynep, the most mischievous of the cafe's cats, observes Muriel laying out the backgammon pieces.

"Careful, Miss Knock Things Down," says Muriel.

"A cat cafe," says a man's voice, "would make an excellent business in Tokyo."

Muriel turns and sees that, at the table to her left, Larry has company.

"Muriel, meet Asahi," says Larry.

Muriel makes a little bow, hoping she has picked the right Japanese greeting.

"I love your President," says Asahi.

The United States is a small player, at the League of Nations, compared with the Ottoman Empire, or its fellow victor, the Austro-Hungarian Empire. But everyone has an opinion on George Edwin Taylor, America's first Black President. Asahi's opinion, Muriel suspects, is that President Taylor may support the Japanese proposal. If Trotsky supports the Japanese proposal, if the United States does, if victorious Kemal Atatürk supports it, perhaps British and French reservations can be overcome.

Or perhaps not. All eyes on the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Will the League succeed, or will it falter at the beginning, as Japan, or some other country, walks?

The resolution is out of Muriel's control. But the colorful rugs and pillows, and the backgammon boards where delegates on a break can relax and, perhaps, let down their guard: those she can manage.

One more thing Muriel can manage. She may not be

able to make baklava, but she was the best in her one-room school in penmanship. Once Asahi has left, and Larry and Muriel are alone, Muriel gets out the cards, and begins to write invitations to select delegates, for a small gathering. One, two, three. As she is on the fifth invitation, Zeynep jumps. The ink spills all over the table, spoiling the invitations. Naughty cat!

Take a deep breath. Mop up the ink. Pull out more cards. Start again.

A few days later, the delegates arrive. Pierre, Vladimir, Asahi, Mustafa. Muriel circulates with platters of manti and dolmas, hands out small cups of Turkish coffee. Zeynep, an extrovert among cats, wanders among the guests, soliciting chin scratches.

And, at first, the gathering flows just as Muriel had hoped. She sees active backgammon games, hears laughter. Good. People seeing each other as people, Muriel thinks, can only help.

But as Muriel returns to the kitchen for the drinks, she can hear that things are starting to go south. She hears raised voices, and "that damned resolution!" Why did she ever think she had a leading? Somehow she has only made things worse.

Muriel runs back into the room with the tray of glasses of ayran. What she expects to do, she doesn't know. Something.

What she does do is this: She trips as Zeynep runs across her path. She falls hard on the floor, tray and glasses falling with her and shattering. Zeynep, too terrified even to lap up the spilled ayran, yowls and tears out the door.

Never mind the broken glass and her bleeding hands. Muriel needs to retrieve Zeynep and make sure she is OK. She runs out of the cafe. Up in a tree, Zeynep clings to a branch, her fur puffed up, her ears back.

Then Muriel hears the voices, a chorus of different languages, most of which Muriel does not speak. But she knows what they are saying.

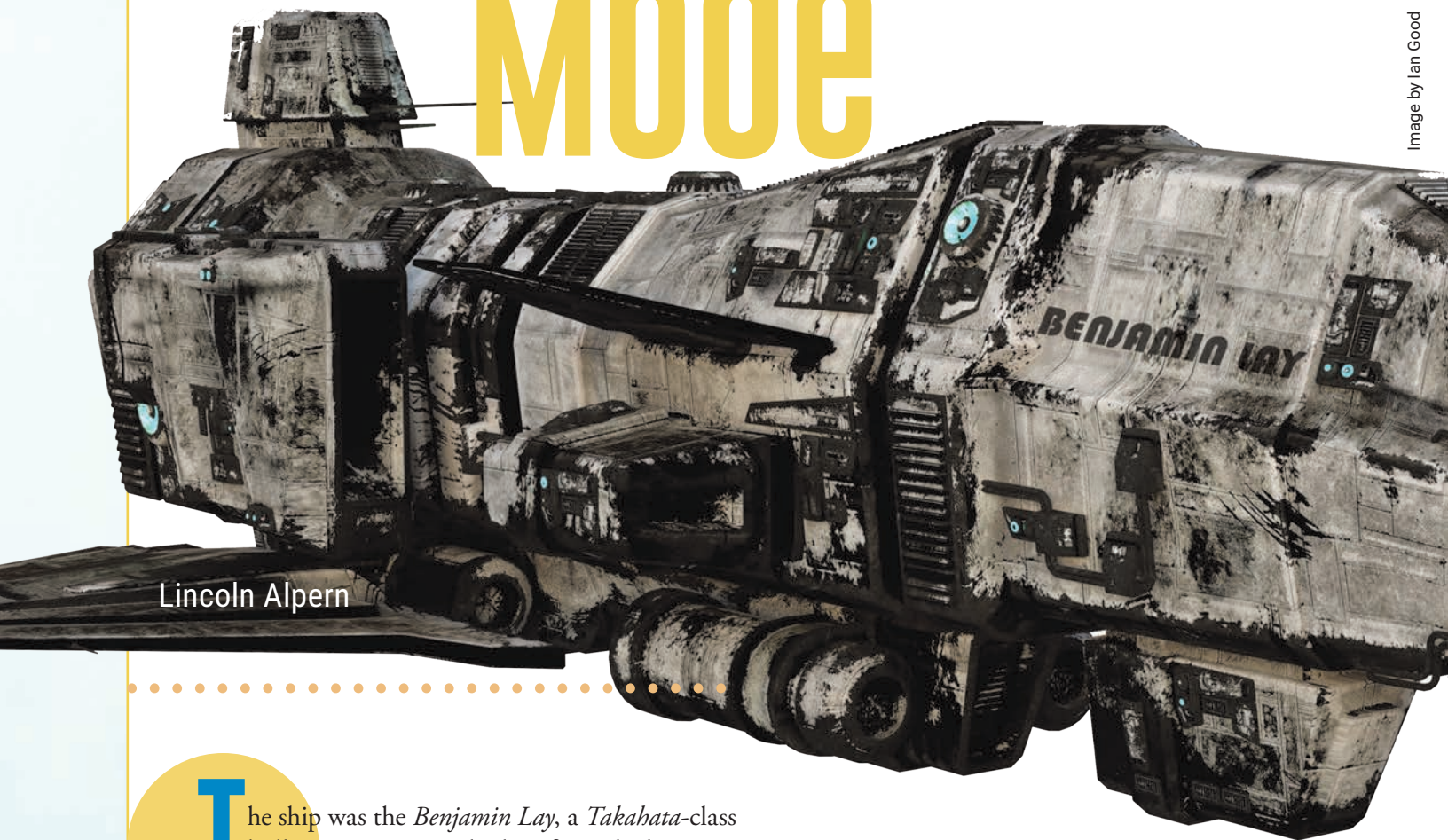
"Here, kitty, kitty."

Someone fetches a scrap of lamb. Someone speaks to Zeynep in a soothing voice. For the next hour, everyone in the cafe is consumed with one task, getting the cat out of the tree. When Zeynep finally descends and takes her morsel, there are smiles all around.

And that is how a cat saved the League of Nations. □

Transience Mode

Image by Ian Good



Lincoln Alpern

The ship was the *Benjamin Lay*, a *Takahata*-class bulk cargo transport hailing from the human world of Jajavrin. It was floating dead in space, having apparently suffered a major power failure, though whether through accident or malice, Natere couldn't tell for sure. Either way, most of the ship's systems were down, including the primary communications array. About the only things left were life support—failing—and the backup identifier beacon broadcasting the transport's ID specs and the

Lincoln Alpern (helhim) is a writer, community organizer, and academic exile. He is a member of Scarsdale (N.Y.) Meeting, and an on-and-off attendee of Yellow Springs (Ohio) Meeting, and he has worked in the past with Earth Quaker Action Team (EQAT).

distress call that had summoned Natere and their passenger to this desolate star system.

Natere shook their head. They knew all too well what the ship's crew must be going through, but they couldn't afford to get lost in painful memories.

"Do you have anything aboard this shuttle that can help them?" That was Natere's passenger, Vantez the diplomat. Natere didn't think much of Vantez's mission, but here at least they were in complete accord.

Unfortunately. . . . "They'll need at least half a dozen power core and regulation parts, specialty items—nothing we can supply, even with my best jury-rigging."

"Or mine, I suppose. Could we fit the crew aboard?"

"Not if we packed them like sardines."

“How long do they have?”

Natere studied their readout displays and did some mental calculations. “Looks like another three, maybe four hours.”

“And the chances of another ship arriving in time to assist?”

“Low. There aren’t any human colonies or outposts in this area, and the only reason you and I are here is because we took a shortcut.”

“Over my objections, I recall. Fortunate for the crew of the *Benjamin Lay* that you insisted. Or perhaps not, if we’ve no way to help them.”

“Yeah, then it’s more like they angered some traveler god or other who’s using us to taunt them with the illusion of rescue.”

Vantez asked. “You say the chances are low, but there is a chance of another ship arriving?”

“It’s possible.”

“It would pain me to abandon these people in their distress, but would it improve their chances if we went in search of help?”

Natere grimaced. “I don’t like it either, but you’re right; the odds are better if we go and look for a rescue ship.” Still low, but better.

“Then I suppose we’d best do so. Before you take us out, Natere, I think a prayer is in order.”

Natere itched at even a minute’s further delay, but it might be worthwhile. Maybe they should say their own prayer to one of the gods of travelers. Or refugees? “Go ahead, just keep it short.”

Vantez didn’t reply. He sat there, back straight, eyes closed. What was he playing at? “Vantez? Vantez?”

Natere was wondering whether to shake the broad-shouldered diplomat when Vantez opened his eyes.

“We may go now, Natere.”

“I thought you were going to pray.”

“I did. I believe those are Quakers aboard the

ship—Benjamin Lay was a Quaker from Old Earth, a rebel and troublemaker,” Vantez’s voice carried obvious approval. “And Jjavrin has a high Quaker population. It seemed fitting to pray in their fashion: silent worship.”

“You’re a Quaker too, then?” Somehow, Natere wouldn’t have figured Vantez for a devotee of one of the pre-space-travel religious traditions.

“Religion, like diplomacy, is one of my primary areas of interest. I have an association with several societies, including the Quaker community on my home planet.”

“That wasn’t in your personnel file.” Natere wouldn’t admit it, but they were impressed.

“Not everything is. I suppose whoever edits the file didn’t think it relevant.”

Natere didn’t reply. They were already engrossed in working the navigation console and scanning the star charts.

The shuttle had barely gone a hundred kilometers before the proximity alert sounded. Natere looked at the readout, and loosed a string of expletives.

“I don’t recognize that design,” Vantez said.

“It’s not human. It’s Kormer.” Specifically, it was a Kormrasharrahn scout, coming out of the shadow of the seventh planet. “I guess now we know what happened to the *Benjamin Lay*.”

“We can’t be sure.”

“Oh, come on. We find a crippled human ship, and then a Kormer comes out of hiding practically next door? No way that’s coincidence.”

Before Vantez could reply, the communications panel beeped. The scout was attempting to contact them.

“You’d better answer that,” Vantez said, when Natere hesitated.

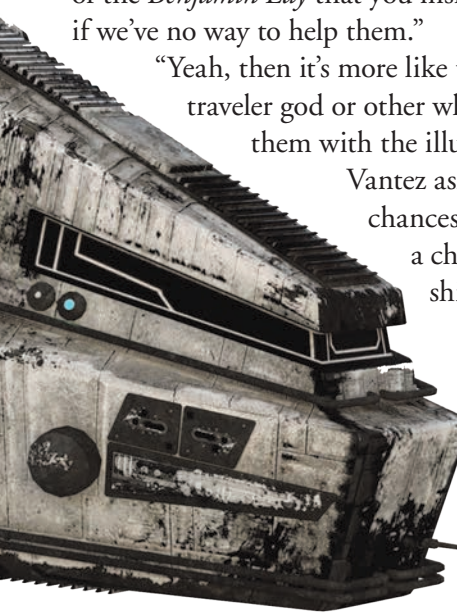
“It could be a trap.”

“If it is, they already have the drop on us. We’re no more disadvantaged by hearing them out.” Natere scoffed, but opened the comm channel.

“Attention unidentified human vessel. This is Kormrasharrahn scout *Transience*. State your designation and intentions.”

Natere stifled a surge of anger. “Presumptuous, aren’t they?”

“I think I had better be the one to answer them.”



Not waiting for Natere's response, Vantez reactivated the comm console. "*Transience*, this is shuttle *Millennium Hand*, from the human world of Bostril, piloted by Arianhas Natere of Bostril. They were on their way to convey myself, Javier Vantez of Usanga and sundry other worlds, to join the human delegation to the Mitosoi peace summit with the Kormrasharrahn peoples. We," Vantez cleared his throat, "took a shortcut rather than the officially approved flight path."

"That's of no consequence," the scout said, cutting off whatever else Vantez had to say. "We are here answering the distress call of a human cargo ship, designation *Benjamin Lay*. We find it adrift with little power and failing life support, and shuttle *Millennium Hand* fleeing the area. Are you responsible for the damage to the *Benjamin Lay*?"

Natere felt their muscles tightening in outrage at the suggestion, but Vantez, damn him, remained unruffled. "*Transience*, we answered the same distress call. We were about to seek further assistance when you arrived."

"Can you prove you are not responsible?"

"I cannot. I can only give my word." Silence.

"This is it," Natere said. "They're going to attack."

"Sensors detect no aggressive moves."

"Maybe they're holding us here while some of their buddies sneak up on us."

"Such an ambush is not consistent with the Kormrasharrahn's preferred styles of combat."

"Oh? You're an expert on Kormer battle tactics?"

"Hardly an expert, but I've studied several major and minor engagements between Kormrasharrahn and human vessels and outposts. It behooves a diplomat to research the people he intends to make peace with, including how they make war."

Natere was once again grudgingly impressed. "Yeah, well, maybe they aren't all the same. Maybe some of them favor different combat strategies."

"Possible, though in the present case, it makes little tactical sense."

"They're Kormers, Vantez. The things they do don't have to make sense."

"I think you'll find, Natere, that anything a sentient creature does makes sense if you understand its

context. Horrible sense, in some cases, but sense." He spoke sadly, and paused a moment before continuing. "We don't have enough information to predict the *Transience's* intentions."

"We have enough information about the Kormers to know they attack without reason or provocation." Memories arose of tumbling sensations as lungs struggled for oxygen, the life support klaxon blaring nonstop. . . .

"Maybe, as you say, they aren't all the same. Let's give them a little time." Natere scowled, but they weren't up for disputing the point further. Yet.

After an uncomfortably long silence, the Kormer opened comms again. "Shuttle *Millennium Hand*, we have decided to put our trust in you. Our scanners inform us the *Benjamin Lay* is in need of replacement equipment for its power generation and distribution systems. Our engineers believe we have parts aboard our scout that can be made compatible, but they will need someone familiar with human ships' systems to oversee the adjustment process and ensure it is performed correctly. Is there someone with that expertise aboard your vessel?"

Who do they think they're fooling? Before Natere could vocalize the thought, Vantez reactivated the shuttle's comm panel. "You have our gratitude, *Transience*, for your commitment to help a human vessel and its crew."

This time, the Kormer's response was immediate. "Mutual aid is a value universal to all creatures. . . . Besides, it would look shameful if we were seen withholding aid from an afflicted human ship on the eve of the human and Kormrasharrahn peace summit."

Vantez shot Natere a glance. "I believe we have proof the Kormrasharrahn do, indeed, have a sense of humor."

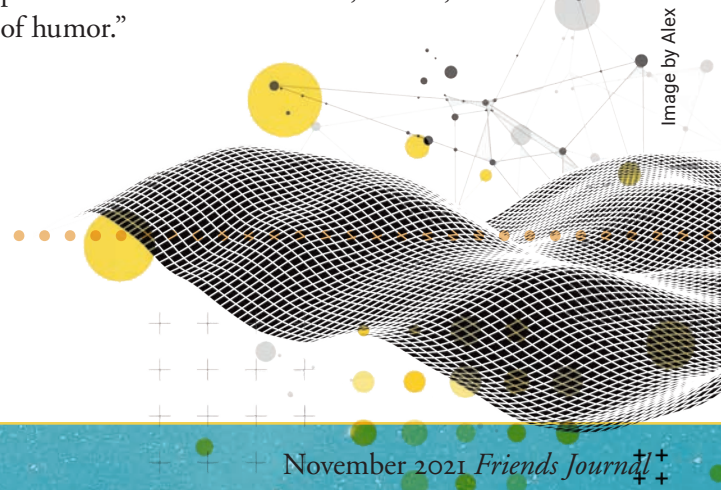


Image by Alex

“Don’t tell me you bought that crap about mutual aid. Not after everything the Kormers have done to us in the past four years?”

“I’m aware, Natere. One of my husbands lost a cousin to an early Kormrasharrahn attack, and he’s never been the same since that day. But again—as you rightly observed—not all Kormrasharrahn are the same. The ones aboard this scout almost certainly are not responsible for his cousin’s death, or for whatever tragedy haunts you. Would you so easily dismiss a human who proclaims the universality of mutual aid as a value, knowing the rich history of humans who have not practiced it, even toward fellow humans?”

“What makes you so sure this isn’t a trap?”

The question took Vantez by surprise, and he was silent for a long moment. “I can’t be sure. It’s possible these Kormrasharrahn are plotting something nefarious. But what would you have us do, Natere? Sit here helplessly while the people aboard that ship die? I’d rather risk my own death, or whatever malefactions the *Transience* might inflict on us.” It was Natere’s turn to feel unbalanced, and Vantez, apparently recognizing their hesitation, pressed further. “I don’t have the expertise to modify the *Transience*’s equipment to fit the *Benjamin Lay*. You are the only person who can save those people.”

Natere sat paralyzed. They saw stars through the escape pod’s viewport, felt their lungs fighting for air. *Just like the crew of the Benjamin Lay*. Natere and their fellows had been saved by the human vessel *Squilla*, mere hours short of death or permanent brain damage. The *Benjamin Lay*. . .

No.

Natere activated the comm panel. “*Transience*, this is *Millennium Hand* pilot Arianhas Natere. I have the expertise you require. We are standing by to receive your docking instructions.”

Hours later, after the *Benjamin Lay*’s power systems had been repaired sufficiently to limp back to the nearest human world, Natere and Vantez bid farewell to its crew, and the crew of the *Transience*, and returned to their course for Mitoi.

There was silence between Natere and Vantez, but the tension of the early stages of the journey had largely dissipated.

“So, you lied,” Natere said at last.

Vantez was unfazed. “Did I? That would be most unquakerly of me.”

“Don’t give me that. I read your file while your elevator was delayed. I was forgetting for a while, but you have junior specialist rank proficiency in basic starship equipment repair and modification, yet another of your hobbies.”

“Meaning?”

“Meaning you could have easily converted those Kormer parts to fit the *Benjamin Lay*’s systems without my help.”

“Perhaps not easily, but yes, I could. I suppose sometimes I’m not a very good Quaker.”

“So, why? Why dissemble?”

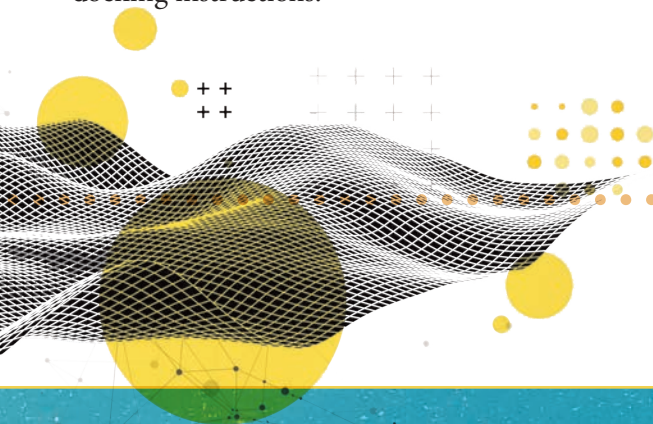
“My dear Natere, if I, as a diplomat, couldn’t convince you to work with the Kormrasharrahn to save a ship full of fellow humans, what hope do I have of helping broker peace between our peoples?”

“Huh.” Natere thought a moment, then shook their head. “No. It doesn’t add up. If I’d been belligerent, not complied, you wouldn’t have sat there and let them die, would you?”

“No, I would’ve taken over if necessary. Fortunately, it wasn’t.”

“And if I hadn’t just refused? If I tried to stop you?”

Vantez gave a rueful laugh. “A fair question. Honestly, I hadn’t figured that out yet, either.” Natere chuckled back. Perhaps this eccentric diplomat wasn’t so bad, after all. □



WHAT A MINUTE COULD DO



Rhiannon Grant

The first minute to take effect was minute 2023.12.1b of the Lower Sittingbourne Local Meeting Hospitality Committee: Arrangements for social lunch. With Christmas coming, the three Friends who comprised the hospitality committee had spent several hours in Jackie's living room. They sampled her mince pies as a possible contribution to the lunch. They played with her cat. They shared news of mutual friends, including Owen, a member of their meeting who was currently working with a peace-building charity in an active war zone.

Eventually, they got around to the main business: discerning the appropriate arrangements for the local meeting's December social, which should be, they felt, just a bit special in comparison with their usual monthly potluck. "Minute 2023.12.1b: Arrangements for social lunch," Jackie read. "We agree that we will provide sandwiches, mince pies, vegan sausage rolls, pizza, sourdough bread, and hummus, as well as the usual tea, coffee, and biscuits." She paused. "Is that minute acceptable, Friends?"

Sue murmured a heartfelt, "Hope so," and Claire, perhaps overcome by emotion, replied, "Amen."

A plate of cheese sandwiches appeared on the coffee table in front of Jackie. It appeared silently. Later, Sue would report that there had been a slight popping sound, but she had been sitting opposite with a

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clear view and saw it happen. Claire and Jackie agreed that there was no sound, and this makes sense of Jackie's failure to notice the first appearance. The coffee table was hidden from her by the notebook she was holding, and she started to introduce the next item of business. "We also need to discuss the coffee machine . . ."

A large Tupperware box full of mince pies appeared on the arm of her chair. They looked very much like the ones she had baked herself, and for a moment, as she stared at them, she thought she had indeed made them herself and simply forgotten that she'd balanced them on the chair arm. However, her intimate knowledge of her own Tupperware inventory crept in, and she realized that they couldn't be her own mince pies because it was definitely not her box. "Oh," she said, looking from the box of mince pies to Claire, who was closest, sitting on the end of the sofa, "Did you make these?"

Claire shook her head, silently, and pointed at the stack of packets of vegan sausage rolls, branded with the name of the local supermarket, which were appearing, one on top of the other, on the heavily patterned carpet at her feet.

"Oh," Sue said, as the pile grew, "We'd better get those in the freezer." Six pizzas materialized on the sofa next to her, followed by a loaf of sourdough bread larger than her head.

Jackie's husband Paul opened the door from the garage to find the living room piled high with food. "Gosh, you three have been busy," he said, nudging a large tub of hummus with his toe. "Can you let me through? I need to wash this grease off my hands before I touch anything else."

It took a while, but they managed to explain to him that they hadn't been busy. The food had just appeared, as if by magic. Paul agreed to walk round the outside way to the kitchen door, wash his hands, and help them pack it away.

"But really," he said when the floor was clear again, "where did it come from?"

That question remained unanswered. The eight members of Lower Sittingbourne Local Meeting, two grandchildren, three visitors from the refugee center next door, and Clancy's guide dog Zeus ate extremely well at their social lunch. They discussed the events of

the previous week at length, and in the end, Kim, their clerk, suggested they should write a minute about it at their January business meeting. Other suggestions included phoning the BBC and asking the stars of *The Great British Bake Off* for comment, but Kim's approach gathered the most popular support and was widely felt to be sensible and not making too much of a fuss.

It took them 45 minutes in January's meeting to agree on a minute. Kim's draft, which had focused on the social lunch, had to be deleted in favor of something which told the story of the unexplained appearances in detail. They ended up with a three-part minute: a factual account based on the testimonies of Claire, Sue, and Jackie; a theological remark, which opened the possibility of a miracle, without settling on that as a conclusion; and a closing line agreeing to forward the minute to area meeting.

"Is that minute acceptable?" Kim asked, tiredly, when she had read it out for the umpteenth time. It was almost one o'clock, and stomachs were audibly rumbling in the meeting room.

"Hope so," they chorused. Kim felt some sort of power flow out from her keyboard, but she assumed it was relief and moved them quickly on to the final items: sending a care package to Owen (and hoping it would get through) and recording the date of their next meeting.

That afternoon, she was in her rocking chair trying to get up the energy to go and send some emails, when her phone rang. It was Oliver on a video call.

"I was just about to email you," she said. "We've got a minute from Lower Sittingbourne which needs to go to area meeting."

"Yes," Oliver said, drawing out the vowel until the positive word became doubtful. "I think I know. Your hospitality committee made a minute about food for the December social, and it appeared by magic."

"That's right! Who told you?"

Oliver shook his head. "Nobody. I mean, there have been some rumors. But the bit about the minute just popped into my head after meeting for worship today, while I was in the hovercar on the way to my mother's."

"Was it . . . about ten to one?" Kim guessed.

“How did you know?”

“That’s exactly when we approved our minute about it.”

“Interesting,” Oliver said. “You will be at area meeting, won’t you? I’m going to talk to my co-clerk and see if we can test this.”

“I wouldn’t miss it for the world,” Kim assured him. When he’d hung up, she thought carefully about the two events . . . and then she messaged her sibling whose eldest daughter was writing listicles for a news app and trying to get her break as a real journalist. A really good story would be a gift.

A week later, area meeting gathered at the community center in Ambingham. Kim didn’t see her niece on the way in but noticed a couple of people yelling at each other and hoped it wouldn’t go any further.

The first few items proceeded as normal. The worship was quiet, with only Barbara’s sporadic snores to distract them, as usual. Oliver and his co-clerk, Noah, guided them through some minutes of record, then read out Lower Sittingbourne’s minute. “And our plan for today,” Noah explained, “is to minute receipt of this—but also to try it ourselves. Your clerks have consulted Jackie, convenor of the Lower Sittingbourne Hospitality Committee, and we suggest we begin with a minute about a cake. If that succeeds, we suggest a minute curing Jackie’s arthritis. And if

that succeeds, we suggest trying a minute about world peace.”

One or two refinements to the plan were suggested from the floor, but overall the meeting seemed to assent to this plan.

Noah read out a draft minute specifying the type and size of cake required for area meeting tea. “Is that minute acceptable, Friends?”

“Hope so,” they said.

The cake appeared—not in the middle of the room or on the clerk’s table, as Oliver had somehow expected—but neatly by the hatch which led to the kitchen, just as if someone had brought it and put it there ready for tea.

“Okay,” Noah said. He took a deep breath. “Minute 2024.01.4: Cures for arthritis . . .” There was a little bit of editing as two other people put their arthritic joints forward, and when he asked Friends whether the minute was acceptable, the “Hope sos” were loud and confident.

Oliver looked to Jackie, while others turned to George and Ruth. Jackie moved her fingers, then stood up, shaking out her knee.

“Yes,” she said.

It took a while to get the room back to silence after that, but when they did Noah read out the draft of their final test minute. “. . . and so we agree that there should be an immediate peace throughout the world,” he said. “Is that minute acceptable, Friends?”

The meeting chorused, “Hope so!” and then looked at one another, wondering how to know whether it had worked. Someone checked the BBC news on their phone. Kim walked out of the double doors at the front of the community center and looked across the street to the pub, where her niece was now photographing a three-way fist fight which had spilled onto the pavement.

Behind her, Claire was on the phone. “I don’t know why you’d ask that,” Owen said sadly from his bomb shelter. “Nobody out here would agree to it even if God gave them orders in person.” □

Photo by bignai





HONEY and TIME

Joseph Engelhardt

The Spirit hadn't moved in Amy Hudson for over 200 years. One summer First Day at 8 a.m., she'd sat down to meeting and stilled herself, turning inward, but neither spoke nor stirred that morning, or evening, or for the rest of the week.

After a fortnight, when she hadn't responded to the local Friends and her dearest family, they consulted a doctor. Every breakfast that summer, the Friends would place a bowl of honey next to her, and some folks said they had seen the old Friend eat.

When snow caved in the roof that winter, she opened her eyes and helped clear out the meetinghouse but, since she wasn't a carpenter, sat back at her place as the new roof was raised. After a few generations, the tone in which folks would say, "This is Amy Hudson," shifted from an introduction to the way you would discuss a portrait or a statue, since of course no one believed that this was the same Amy, still waiting for the Spirit to move. Someone would occasionally leave honey or an apple in the old meetinghouse every now and then while they sat in that quiet place, out of politeness.

Sometime in the twenty-first century, local

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historians moved the figure of Amy Hudson into a small history museum along with a number of old journals and garments. Visitors marveled at the tone of the sickly but realistic color of the statue's skin, which they figured had been painted on and gradually worn away by the elements. This local find hadn't gained the attention of big archeology teams, so no one had bothered to verify whether the soft material of the sculpted body was half-set clay.

One day, a lone, young visitor received a distressing message while visiting the museum and began to cry. The Spirit moved in Amy Hudson, and she opened her eyes, and spoke. □

PECULIAR PEOPLE

Inez Schaechterle

Photo by Saso Tusar on Unsplash

The last two men leaving the theater after a midnight showing of *Captain Kronos, Vampire Hunter* zipped jackets against the cold and crossed the street.

“You know, Mark,” said the taller one, putting an unlit cigarette to his lips, “A Quaker vampire would have it made. No crosses, no holy water, no priests.” He patted his jeans pockets. “Dang it, no lighter.”

Mark plucked the cigarette from his brother’s mouth. “No smoking. You promised Aunt Jean you’d quit.”

“Aunt Jean is the reason for the smoking. After meeting last week, she lectured me for an hour about the dangers of nicotine and then started in

on my reading of ‘regrettable genres.’ Aha!” Dave pulled a lighter from an inner pocket of his jacket. “Give me that cig.”

“Well, smoking is bad for you, and she’s been an English teacher practically forever,” Mark said, breaking a square off the candy bar in his pocket and popping it in his mouth. “Hey, that’s how you’d kill a Quaker vampire! A good, long eldering with Aunt Jean or old George Hopkins and it would crumble to dust in self-defense.”

“No, no, not za gentle words und disappointed expression,” Dave said, folding his elbow over his nose. “I must run away vith za children of za night!”

Just then, a deep, slightly accented voice spoke from an unlit doorway up ahead. “May I have a light?”

The two men paused and looked at each other.

A tall figure stepped from the doorway, dressed in black from head to toe, its face shadowed. One more step brought it out of the dark and Mark and Dave both sighed in relief. The man’s pants and vest were black but his shirt dark blue. His graying beard was neatly trimmed and the flat brim of his plain black hat fairly narrow. “The light?” he said, and, with a smile as Dave produced that, “May I also have a cigarette?”

Dave offered the pack. “New Order Amish? I

Continues on page 59



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Illustration by magda13na

Michelle F. Goddard

in silence Doorways open

We sat in silence while the stars shone around us. Their light flickered through glass and tree fronds, and between the hexagonal metal grids that formed the dome of the Arboretum Pod. Over the years it had become our de facto place for meetings for worship. As the space station spun in a galaxy far from the one where our religion was born,

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we waited to be moved by the Holy Spirit.

It was that very faith that had carved out our place in the world. As the universe grew and the human race spread out among the stars, we Quakers found ourselves valued and trusted custodians.

“Consider it pure joy, my brothers and sisters,” I said, “whenever you face trials of many kinds.” My voice threatened to break as the line of scripture found a home deep inside me.

“Because you know that the testing of your faith produces perseverance,” Tobias said. The old man smiled gently at me. “Let perseverance finish its work so that you may be mature and complete, not lacking anything.”

Around us, others who had joined for the meeting

rose and shook hands.

“God doesn’t give you anything you can’t handle, Commander,” Tobias said.

“That’s not scripture.”

He clapped me on the shoulder grinning. “But it’s true all the same.”

Over Tobias’s shoulder a sliver of light slashed the air making a glowing opening. Tobias caught my change in posture and followed my gaze. With a nod he acknowledged our soon-approaching guests and exited, leaving me alone with our visitors.

A figure, human-shaped, but made of fog, stepped through the door, followed by another, smaller in stature, maintaining its usual demeanour: hands clasped, head bowed, gaze directed at the floor they both hovered above. Whether it was their true form or a simulacrum in an attempt to make us comfortable, I had yet to determine.

The Ambassador, as he introduced himself, had many questions. Few answers. They had even demurred from giving us a name or title for the smaller visitor, saying that it was too complicated to translate and in fact it would be best if they were ignored completely. We referred to them as the Aid.

“James, chapter 1, verses 2 to 4,” the Ambassador said. “And are we the trials that you make mention?”

“We all have trials.”

I included his reserved shadow in my statement, but the Ambassador drifted to block my view. “You pray to not lack anything. Even your ancient wisdom recognizes a universal truth. We all want something.”

“That’s not quite the interpretation of the scripture.”

“We have observed your meetings. Of course, how can we understand, if you are silent?”

I gestured, inviting him to accompany me, leaving the space free for other worshipers. It had been several months since a fissure had opened on the space station atrium and the Ambassador and Aid had stepped through. With that level of technology, I had assumed they could open doorways all over the entire space station. Our visitors however remained polite if taciturn. One thing became evident; we Quakers had become of significant interest to them.

“Is it these spices that give you power?” the Ambassador asked, as we exited the arboretum pod.

I stumbled at the statement, out onto one of our main thoroughfares through the central atrium. This was the first time they have mentioned our beliefs specifically. Mind, it was only a simple acronym: SPICES. We used it to help instruct those unfamiliar with our beliefs, but it proved a deeper probe into our faith.

“I suppose one could say our faith empowers us.”

“And if we demanded these spices from you?” the Ambassador said, his voice more excited than I had heard it.

I feel myself frowning in frustration. Before I took the stairs to the administration and operations center of the space station, I turned to face them. “They are there for all.”

I had explained our worship many times, and it was as if they expected a different answer each time they asked. Now however I sensed a different tack. I breathed in and out slowly. Perseverance.

“Surely there are those more worthy.”

“We make ourselves worthy through our actions. You shall know them by their works,” I said, quoting Matthew.

At this the Aid’s head shot up, their gaze fixed on mine. I had become used to their lack of facial expressions, trusting more in tone and body language, but the Aid’s expression somehow shone through the vagueness of their features. The Aid was awed. With a creeping fear, I realized the Ambassador stared at them just as intently. Then they slowly turned to face me, their anger palpable.

A fissure doorway opened beside him, this time a dark, jagged tear. The ground beneath me tilted. As I struggled to find my balance, alarms erupted all over the space station. Beyond the atrium dome, the stars shuddered.

“Operations. Report.”

“Station shifting off axis. Unknown gravitational pull. Integrity compromised.”

Without another word, the ambassador exited leaving a black scar hanging in the air.

“Redirect all power to the shields and stabilizers,” I said.

The atrium went dark except for the emergency lights. The Ambassador’s tear shimmered and throbbed. Around me the space station grated and groaned. Emergency crew instructions hammered through the com, and footsteps echoed through the atrium.

It wasn't until I saw the outline of their form against the black hole that I realized the Aid was still here. They spread themselves along the rupture and in a flash of light—strong enough to hurt—sealed it. The grinding stopped. The alarms dwindled and announcements rang louder through the station. Emergency crews rushed to and from other areas as the station lights glowed to life.

“Commander, orbital control regained. Correcting station's star position.”

“Negative. Stabilize and hold position,” I said, staring at the Aid. “Request supervisor status reports. Maintain shields, but redirect power where needed. Make sure everyone is safe.”

“Aye, Commander.”

The Aid drifted toward me, a soft pulsing glow infusing their form. They spread their arms apart as if in prayer: beatific, serene behaviour, more alien than any other I had seen from them. The Aid bowed to me and faded away. I stood there stunned.

“Commander, reports coming in.”

“On my way.”

I increased security. After analyzing the electromagnetic signature of the last doorway, we adjusted the frequency of the shield waves to limit the effect of any inter-dimensional openings, making allowances for the new readings. We regained orbital position and after a thorough inspection and some repairs, I deemed us operational.

The station however lived on tenterhooks. After the initial shock a lingering curiosity took hold of me. Had the disruption been an accident or threat? If a threat, why did they think it necessary? Had I insulted them? Stranger still, why had the Aid intervened?

Weeks later, Tobias pulled me aside. “There are more of them. But they are not like the Ambassador. They are like the Aid.”

I nodded. “We are monitoring their fields. None of

them have come close to exerting the same disruption to the space station.”

“You did say the smaller one saved us.”

“I believe they did.”

“If they are not against us,” Tobias said, “they are with us.”

Despite Tobias's comforting words, I was shocked when I entered the Arboretum Pod. Dozens of Aids stood scattered throughout the space, more than I had ever seen, heads bowed and hands clasped as they always did. Now, however, iridescent particles seemed suspended in their form, giving them an inner light.

Suddenly, they began to wink out. A fissure opened as the last disappeared. The Ambassador stepped through. Unaccompanied.

“Commander,” ops said, over the com. “Entry in the Arboretum deck. Same signature as before.”

“Yellow alert. All stations on standby and shields up. Monitor frequency.”

I moved to greet our visitor, my heart beating so hard I thought surely they could hear it. “Ambassador,” I said. “You've returned.”

“We return to receive your offer.”

“You are welcome to participate in our worship as



Image by Zacarias da Mata

before.” I nodded as some of the other worshipers chose to evacuate the space. I was grateful when Tobias joined me but worried that perhaps he too should leave. “Perhaps the Holy Spirit will move you.”

I took a seat, inhaling the air of the vegetation and trying to exhale my anxiety. Doubt plagued me. I prayed for a message: some sign that my faith was not misplaced in these alien beings, in my beliefs. I had barely taken a half dozen calming breaths when the words began to flow from my lips.

“Finally, be strong in the Lord and in the strength of his might,” I said. “Put on the whole armor of God that you may be able to stand against the schemes of the devil. For we do not wrestle against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the cosmic powers over this present darkness, against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly places. Therefore take up the whole armor of God that you may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand firm.”

I slumped in my chair, spent, but when I lifted my head, I shot to my feet. The Aids had returned in even greater numbers. They stood, arms spread, heads tilted upward, pillars of golden light, iridescent, shining in exaltation. Then alarms rang out.

“Commander,” ops said over my com, “Fissures appearing all over the station.”

“Red alert,” I said, moving toward the exit. Holes appeared above me and within each a dark miasma seethed. “Activate disruption shields.”

The Ambassador darted across the room toward one Aid. One arm extended tentacle-like and stabbed their iridescent form. A burst of light illuminated the arboretum and the Aid was gone.

“You will release the power to me, Commander,” the Ambassador said as they advanced on me. “The same that you have done for these.”

“Their power is their own, Ambassador. Your actions have violated our peace. You will leave. Now. Or I will be forced to take action.”

“These are ours.”

“On my station, I serve all.”

I felt a chill as the darkness within the doorways seemed to fill the form before me. The Ambassador’s arm coiled, a serpent about to strike.

“Defence sequence alpha,” I yelled into the com. The newly programmed random fluctuations of frequency rates in the shield made the visitor’s doorways writhe and twist.

The Ambassador’s attack slowed as if hindered but still they advanced on me, arm raised. From my left Tobias moved to intercept, but I was quicker still and brought him down, twisting to shield him with my body. I braced myself for the blow. It did not come.

A light blazed blindingly bright. I turned to find the Aid there, its form stretched as it had done before to cover the opening. This time it reached out to the Ambassador, embracing their dim form until only the light of the Aid remained. They bore them back, floating toward the nearest opening.

Around me the other Aids stepped into the doorways, their glow eradicating the darkness within. They stretched and spread, coalescing. I felt their presence, a shield that shimmered and pulsed brighter and brighter until culminating in, what I could only name, an exaltation of light.

Tobias climbed to his feet. “Your defence sequence worked.”

I shook my head as I rested my hand on Tobias’s shoulder, tears springing to my eyes. I realized the words I had spoken during worship had not been for me. They had been for the Aids. The Holy Spirit had taken root in the souls of those strange beings, where its presence would not be denied.

“He who has eyes to see let him see,” I said, “And he who has ears to hear let him hear.” □

There IS NO “I” in HEAVENLY HOST

Dawn Vogel

“What in the name of God is this?” Gwynefar followed the sound of the customer’s bellowing and found herself face to . . . well, not exactly face, with an enormous pair of wings shrouding a vaguely humanoid body. “I’m sorry, can I help you, uh, Mx?”

A hand emerged from the wings and thrust a coffee cup toward her. “This. What is it?”

She looked at the label on the side of the cup.

“Non-fat soy mocha?”

“The name.”

The cup read “Satchel,” so she repeated it.

“That is not my name.”

“Is the drink what you ordered?” she asked.

“Yes.”

“So the name’s just misspelled?”

“Yes.”

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Gwynefar sighed. Most customers didn’t overreact to misspellings of their names on their drinks, but most customers also weren’t giant, winged beings. “I understand,” she began, putting on her best customer service smile and voice. “My name’s Gwynefar, but no one can spell it right either, so I just go by Jen. What can I do to fix this for you?”

“Spell my name correctly on my drink.”

“Sure, we can remake your drink and spell your name correctly on the cup.” She grabbed a receipt and pen. “How do you spell your name?”

The winged figure stood facing her, but silent. She couldn’t tell if they were staring at her like she was an idiot for not knowing the spelling of a name that sounded like but was not “Satchel,” or if they were some sort of prank robot that had just shut down.

“Uh, Mx?” she asked.

“The spelling of my name is a matter of some inconsistency,” the winged being said, their voice considerably quieter than their earlier bellowing.

Gwynefar glanced at Mel, the other barista working the front counter with her. “Can you cover for a minute?”

Mel glanced into the mostly vacant lobby and nodded. “I think

Photo by Gabriel Ehri

your, uh, friend slowed things down a bit.”

Gwynefar nodded and rounded the counter, gesturing to a table nearby. “Let’s work this out?”

The winged being joined her at the table. They folded back their wings to sit, revealing a second pair of smaller wings, four arms, and a multi-sided face. The front-facing visage was vaguely human, though with plump and rosy cheeks that looked out of place on an adult of indeterminate gender. To the sides were a feline face and an avian face, though Gwynefar couldn’t narrow them down much further than that as she stared in awe. This was an angel. Never mind that prior to today, she hadn’t been entirely certain angels were real. Now, she was sure.

She looked down at the receipt and pen to focus her thoughts. “So, can you pronounce your name for me, and we’ll work out a spelling from there?”

“Sachiel. But also Satquel, Satquiel, Saquiel, Sachquiel.”

The names all sounded roughly the same to Gwynefar, but she was no stranger to deceiving sounding names. “Okay, so starting with an ‘S’. . . .”

“Also, Shatquiel, Shataquiel, Shachaquiel, and Shahaquiel.”

“Wow. I can understand the confusion. Well, which one do you prefer?”

The cherubic face blinked at her. “Prefer? I have no such preference.”

“Really? None of them suit you better than the others?”

“They all mean the same thing.”

“But your concern is over the misspelling on

your drink.”

“Satchel is different. It is not my name.”

“No, of course not.” She wrote out block letters on the receipt. S-A-T-C-H-I-E-L. “How about this?”

Sachiel sat back in their chair, folded both pair of hands in front of them, and regarded the paper.

“That is . . . new. But also, yes, it is my name.”

“So it’s the ‘I’ that makes the difference?”

Gwynefar asked.

Frowning, Sachiel shook their head. “I do not matter as an individual”

“Of course you do!” Gwynefar said. “Everyone matters as an individual.”

“Not within the Heavenly Host.”

“Well, I know it’s not my place to disagree with God, but I think they’re wrong on that. You matter. You’re important.”

Sachiel continued to sit, their hands folded, their gaze downcast. “This is something I must consider.”

“I can recommend a bunch of YouTube videos about self-esteem and self-worth, if you’d like,”

Gwynefar said, rising from the table. “In the meantime, how about I remake your drink?”

The angel didn’t respond, but Gwynefar returned to the counter, carefully wrote “Sachiel” onto a new cup, and made the new drink.

Mel watched her. “Why are you being so nice to him?”

“Them,” Gwynefar said. She gestured to her nametag. “Because I’m not ‘Jen.’ It’s easier to use it as a nickname, but it’s not really my name. So I get it.”

Mel nodded thoughtfully. “You’re right.” She removed Gwynefar’s nametag and wiped off the neon paint pen lettering that Gwynefar had carefully applied that morning. Mel’s nose wrinkled as she asked, “Spell it for me again?”

“G-W-Y-N-E-F-A-R.”

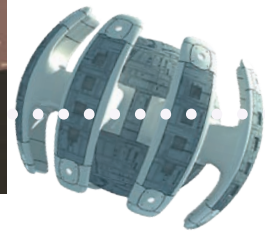
Mel finished the nametag and pinned it back to Gwynefar’s apron. “There. Now go take your angel friend their coffee. And, you know, maybe see if they’ll stop terrifying the other customers?”

Gwynefar chuckled. “I’ll see what I can do.” □

something odd

about the Dyers

Mel Stephen Sharpe



Mr. Erick Dyer, a Quaker man from an old Quaker family, found the pod in his farm's back forest on Saturday, July the fifth.

It had landed, by luck, in a clearing, so that the grass around it withered black. And, sure, the pod itself did seem a thing from another world—a metal cylinder, the size of Mr. Dyer's newest calf, etched with unintelligible markings. For better or worse, he touched it; a black, shimmering dust, like gunpowder, stuck to his hand.

Sighing, he wiped the palm on his threadbare jeans, cocked his ball cap on his head, and walked back home, cutting through the brushing green of

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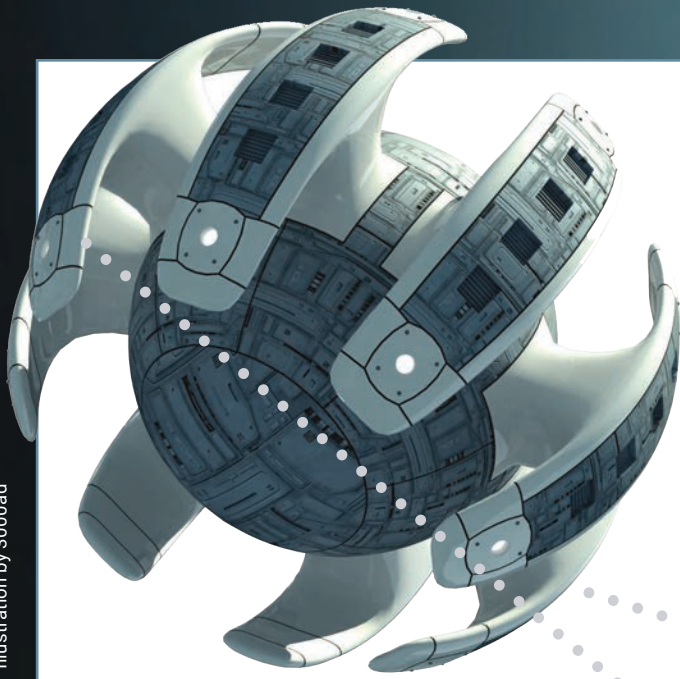
knee-high cornfields.

Mrs. Tabitha Dyer did not take to their interstellar visitor so calmly as he, though that's hardly a surprise; she always did have a string or two too tight, and all these pod landings had weighed quite too heavy on her. When Mr. Dyer told her about it—the pod, that is—she was cutting coupons on the living room couch, and she almost sliced a three-for-a-dollar tomato soup deal right in half, that's how seriously it shocked her.

"God in heaven!" she cried. "Erick, you must be joking!"

Franny Dyer, their 15-year-old daughter, heard all this from upstairs, and she came running down like a freight train. Her baby brother, Michael, stumbled along behind her. Still, they were kids, and they lingered, hesitating, at the bottom of the stairwell; they couldn't interrupt, not with their mom's voice harsh and scared like that, but they could listen in.

"Call the hotline, Erick," Mrs. Dyer begged. "*The*



Sunday Star's on the kitchen table. The governor's printed out the number big, there on the front page. It's a crime not to call."

Mr. Dyer hesitated. "Well . . ."

"Someone will come right in and take care of it."

Franny couldn't help herself then, because she was 15 and a spitfire and too much like her father was at her age, if you asked him. "Mama, we can't call them! You know what they do!"

Mrs. Dyer startled. "Frances, don't you take that tone of voice with me."

"But you know they'll come in with flamethrowers and destroy the whole thing. Whatever poor creature's inside gets burnt up right away."

"And good riddance!"

Mr. Dyer spoke up now. He'd been thinking of what he felt led to say, and just then had figured it out. "Now, Tabby, let's be reasonable here. Franny's right. And who are we to call ourselves Friends if that doesn't give us pause?"

Michael piped in, proudly—"It's like Levi Coffin and the Underground Railroad!"—for Mrs. Whittard had just that year taught his second-grade class about the Civil War.

Mrs. Dyer hissed at him. "No, it's not like that at all!"

And Michael, barely seven, started to cry. Franny pulled him close, and he hugged her.

Sighing, Mrs. Dyer apologized. She'd been born

with three or four strings too tight, and she knew it.

"But please, Erick," she said, looking up at her husband with tired, shining eyes. "We have no idea what is in those pods. On the news, they were showing them . . . these vicious creatures . . ."

Mr. Dyer bowed his head. "We can't know how exaggerated the stories are."

"But why risk it?"

Mr. Dyer said nothing. Neither did Franny. Michael sniffled loudly.

"Please think of our children," Mrs. Dyer whispered. She, too, wiped a tear from her cheek. "Think of their safety."

For Mrs. Dyer, as everyone well knew, would do anything for her children.

The conversation ended, and the rest of the Saturday passed tense and silent. Mr. Dyer worked in the barn most of the day, bottle feeding his calves and asking himself whether something needed to be human to be cared for. Mrs. Dyer made the mistake of watching the news, but the footage of incinerated pods and hysterical interviews frightened her, so she turned off the television and sat silently on her porch, watching the hummingbirds buzz to and from her feeders. Michael and Franny tossed a baseball in the front yard, because the summer day settled unusually cool, and after lunch Michael sat in Franny's room while she drew; he got clingy when he was scared, and normally that annoyed her, but today it didn't.

All day, Franny felt she saw something, some horizon, that no one else could see.

Dinner was potatoes, green beans, and meatloaf. After silent prayer, Mr. Dyer brought it up again. "So the pod?"

Franny gripped her fork. "Keep it."

Michael emulated his sister. "Yeah, keep it."

And Mrs. Dyer, who had learned more from her hummingbirds than from a whole hour of network news, sighed. "I think we can keep it, if we're careful." She shuddered. "But I don't want to see it. I don't want to be near it. I don't want to hear anything about it."

Mr. Dyer nodded, and passed the mashed potatoes to the left.

And that was that.

Franny was alone on the morning the pod seal broke. To her, that felt inevitable. Mr. Dyer had always tried to join his children in the forest when they checked on the pod, but he had a sick calf that morning, and Michael was picking wild raspberries, so Franny was alone. She had come there, to the clearing, knowing she would be alone, and had sat down right beside the pod, as if to keep it company.

What a strange thing to see in this sunny glade, where insects buzzed and birds chattered: with a hiss, a crack, the pod split open, and lavender clouds spilled into grass and wildflowers.

Franny shot up as if settled on a tack. Her legs shook as mists curled around the tops of her tennis shoes.

Insects stopped buzzing. Birds stopped chattering. Through the clouds, she could see it—the creature inside. It lay there, that same lavender. It wasn't like a slug, or like a spot of putty, but it was something like both.

Franny couldn't guess what it was, really. But it looked so tiny in that pod, and so helpless, like Michael had when her parents brought him home from the hospital. She'd been eight then—young enough to fear this crying, wrinkled thing invading her life, but old enough to know better.

Now she was 15, and she knew better.

Franny did not tremble when she reached into the pod. She did not tremble when she scooped the creature into her arms, held it tight the way she had her baby brother. It recoiled, at first, and when she pressed it against her chest, its viscous body shuddered, but then it relaxed against her, spreading out warm and soft at the spot where her tee brushed her throat.

And in that moment, she understood. She understood something she could not possibly have understood. But she understood it, and she welcomed it. She welcomed something she could not possibly have welcomed.

But she did.

The creature inched its way up her throat, toward her face. It reached out a single delicate feeler and pried, gently, at her lips, as if asking permission.

Franny opened her mouth, wide.

The rest felt like a nightmare. The rest felt like a dream. For Franny, it was warmth, slipping smoothly and delicately into the pit of her. Then a buzzing, like a

purr, and one sharp and dizzy moment of pain.

Oh!, she thought, horrified. *What have I done?*

But in that throb of fear something rose to comfort her, though it didn't speak: it hummed within her, close as her own thought, and it calmed her body, too, as if it was her own will.

And she wasn't afraid.

She laid down in the grass, and she leaned back her head, and she . . . they . . . they closed their eyes . . . and they . . .

“Eric Dyer, I cannot live under the same roof as that *thing!*”

“That *thing* is our daughter.”

Michael and Franny sat at the top of the stairs, listening. Mr. and Mrs. Dyer never fought as viciously as this. Michael whimpered, and Franny held him in their arms, stroked their fingers through his downy hair.

“That is not our daughter!”

“They are!” Mr. Dyer never yelled. But he did tonight. “Franny’s still our daughter, she’s just . . . they’re just something else now, too. Something more.”

“Don’t you see how horrible that is?”

A fist slammed on the kitchen table. “Damn it, Tabby! Franny was always something more than our daughter! What if they had grown up to be a lesbian? Or an atheist? Is this how you would have reacted?”

“You careless father!” Mrs. Dyer screamed. A glass shattered. “You useless, careless husband!”

For Mrs. Dyer, as everyone knew, would do anything for her children. Absolutely anything. But it was infinitely harder for her to accept that her children, one day, would do things for themselves.

And as much as he tried to understand, Mr. Dyer slept in the barn that night, and cried and cursed God.

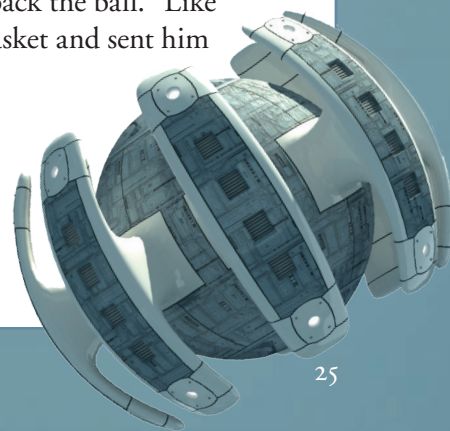
“It’s like Moses,” Franny said. They were tossing a baseball with Michael in the yard, because the weather still was laying cool for July. “You remember Moses?”

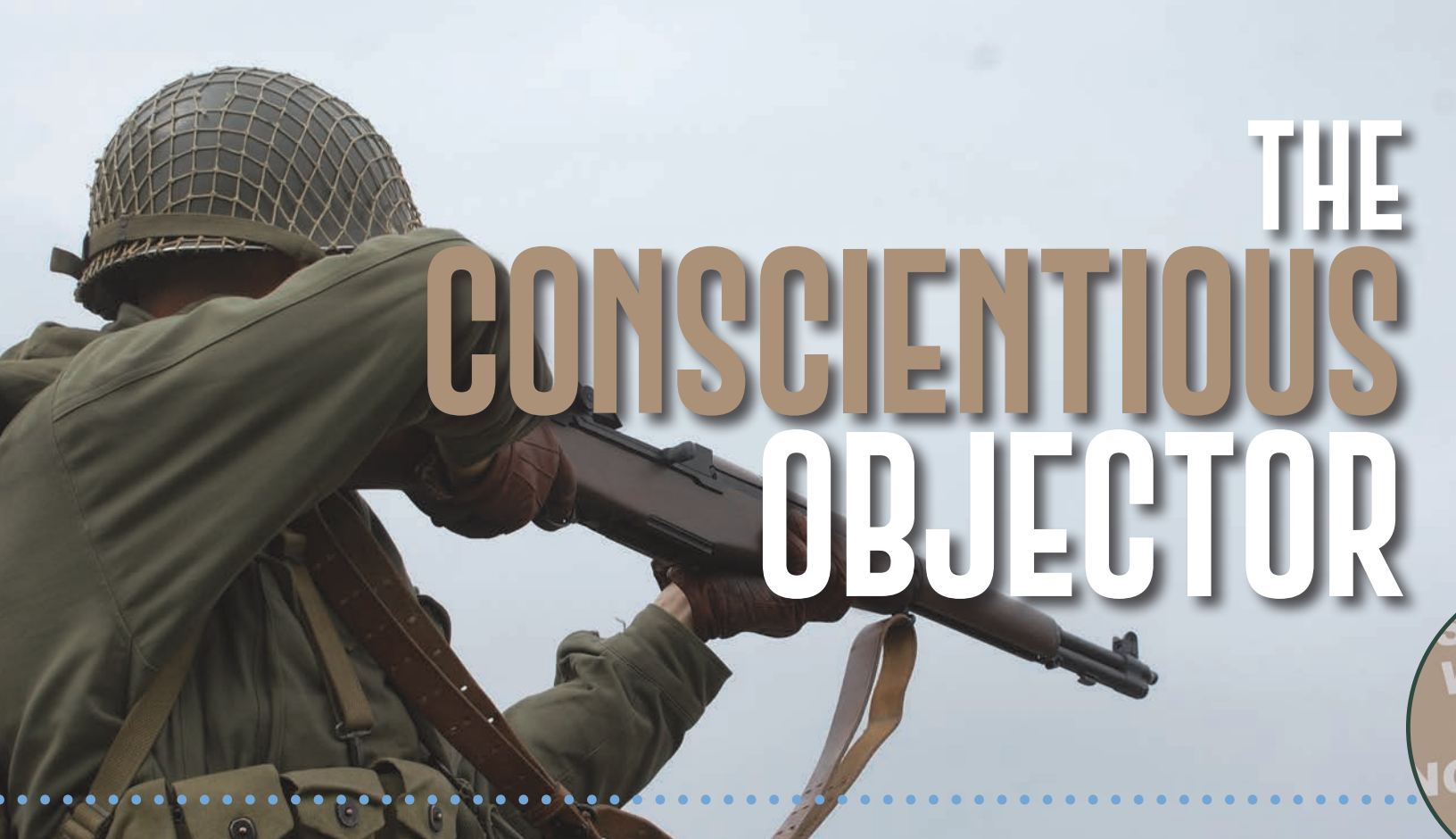
Michael thought, throwing back the ball. “Like when his mama put him in a basket and sent him off on the Nile?”

Franny nodded. “Because Pharaoh wanted to kill him.”

As time went on, it was

Continues on page 60





THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

Photo by Sergey Kamshylin

Robert Dawson

It was a Friday afternoon demo outside Neotec Labs. The rain had held off, and the usual crowd was there: Students for Peace; the Green Coalition; and some familiar faces from my own meeting—Tom, Padmini, Linda and Jane, Mark and Lynn. There were earth mothers with their kids in slings; guys in faded jeans, ponytails, and hemp shirts; women with short hair and pin-encrusted backpacks. Beyond the roadblock, a line of RCMP and mirrorshaded security guards faced us, grim and tightlipped.

No Murderbots! said our signs. *Remember Panama City!* *Soldiers Without Souls? No Thanks!*

Somewhere off to my left, a few singers were trying to get the crowd going on “The Last of War” but couldn’t agree on the key. Some idiot let off a firework,

Robert Dawson teaches mathematics at a Nova Scotian university and writes science fiction in his spare time. He has had stories published in Nature Futures, Compelling SF, Tesseract, and numerous other periodicals and anthologies. He was intrigued by the submission call and inspired by the quirky conversations that can arise between strangers brought together by a demonstration.

and I winced. Demonstrations were tense enough these days without poking the bears.

“Is this a local custom?” a raspy voice behind me asked. The intonation was flat, but it was clearly a question.

I moved my own sign (*Keep the First Law*) to my left hand, and looked around. My first view was of a poncho made from some fuzzy iridescent fabric. I looked up to a leathery grey face: turtle mouth, no nose, and violet eyes as big as golf balls. What was a Shilla doing here? I looked up; a small drone hovered silently a few meters above us. As far as I knew, nobody had ever seen a Shilla without one.

Three months ago, a featureless silver dome 50 meters across had landed quietly in a field in Manitoba, much to the embarrassment of North American Missile Defense, which learned about it on the morning news. Over the next week, about 20 of the tall aliens had emerged, by ones and twos, and had begun touring the world in little stubby-winged flying cars. They politely but firmly declined any official escort. Radar and other surveillance gear malfunctioned when they

were around. Any country that wasn't prepared to have them on those terms had to get by without them, and a few did. Most governments figured that interstellar etiquette might involve hospitality gifts of advanced technology, and didn't want to miss out.

It must have driven security agencies nuts.

I decided the Shilla's presence at the demonstration was probably a good thing. Surveillance technology or no, somebody must know that this guy (gal?) was here. Somebody would surely have told the Mounties, and even the Neotec goons, to be on their best behaviour.

"Sort of." I shrugged. "People have been picketing here at Neotec, on and off, since back in the last century when they made control circuits for nuclear bombs. It began again last year, when they started producing military robots."

People around us were gawping at the Shilla, trying to line up selfies despite the crowd. "You are doing this because you wish them to stop?" the alien asked.

"Hell, yes. Those robots are designed to kill people."

"Then why does your government not stop them?"

"Our government is *buying* the damn robots. And other governments buy them too." My arm ached; I changed my grip on my sign. "I do not understand. Why does your government want robots that can kill humans?" The Shilla blinked.

"Which humans do they want to kill?"

I expected bystanders to chime in with their opinions, but it was as if nobody else could hear us. Maybe they couldn't. "None, as far as I know. They just want to be able to. In case they want to later."

"In a civilized culture, this would not happen."

"What do you do to protect yourselves, then?"

Maybe there was something we could learn from these tall, solemn humanoids.

"Among my people I am safe. Our society has almost no violence."

"And here and now?"

"If anybody attacks, my Companion will defend me." The Shilla tilted its face upward. "With as little force as possible, of course. It is fast enough to destroy a projectile in flight. But . . . *I will not be injured.*"

"But, what if somebody is near the projectile? What if a bystander is hurt or killed?"

People shouted at the guards. An air horn blared. Finally the Shilla answered: "This is a primitive world."

My cheeks flushed. "I suppose it probably is, to you."

"In a more civilized culture, the question would not arise. Here, there is no choice."

I tried to imagine myself offering peace testimony to the Greek army before the walls of Troy, or to Beowulf as Grendel stalked through the night toward Heorot, then pulled myself back to reality. "There's always a choice. My great-grandfather refused to fight during the Second World War, but he felt he had to do something. So he volunteered as a medical orderly, and they sent him to Europe."

"I understand," said the Shilla, and held their hands up at chest level, all six fingertips touching.

"No, you don't," I said. "Not yet. There was a battle in 1944, and our people had fallen back. Great-Grandfather was in a shell hole, trying to fix up a guy who'd been shot. And a few Germans were going through the battlefield killing survivors and looting. Just scared hungry conscripts, probably, robbing the bodies for cigarettes and field rations. But they were coming towards that shell hole. And Great-grandfather took off his medical corps jacket, picked up the other guy's rifle, and shot at them."

The Shilla's eyes pulled back into their head, as if for protection, until only a vertical slit showed. "Did he kill them?"

"He didn't hit a single one: they all ran off. Then he put his jacket back on, slung the guy over his shoulder, and carried him into the field hospital. When the guys razzed him about being a lousy shot, he reminded them that he'd been excused from rifle training." I grinned. "What they didn't know was that Great-Grandfather

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THAT OF DOG



Jacqueline Houtman

Mia sat cross-legged on the floor in front of her laptop. She inhaled and opened her eyes. A patchwork of faces covered her screen. Eyes closed. Silent. She closed her eyes and waited for that still, small voice. And waited. And waited.

“I have to pee.”

Jacqueline Houtman is a freelance biomedical science writer and editor, award-winning author of books for young people, COVID Tracking Project alum, and member of the Pandemic Tracking Collective. She is a member of Madison (Wis.) Meeting. Contact: jhoutman.com.

Mia opened her eyes again. This time, Ralph’s black-and-white face peered over the top of her laptop. She made sure she was muted and turned off her webcam. “I took you out for a walk an hour ago.” The evening walk was a little earlier than usual so Mia wouldn’t be interrupted during the called meeting of the Peace and Social Justice committee.

“Yeah, but I have to pee again.”

“Can it wait?”

Ralph’s front paws shifted restlessly from one to the other. “No.”

Mia sighed, stood up, and walked to the door. She grabbed a leash from its hook and leaned down to fasten it to Ralph’s collar.



“Why do I have to be hooked up to that thing?”

“You know why.”
“It’s a stupid law.”

“But a law nevertheless.”

“It’s humiliating.”

Mia scratched Ralph behind his ear. “I know, buddy. I don’t like it either.”

As they walked along the sidewalk, Ralph began his olfactory survey. “Jojo was here not too long ago. And Baxter.”

“Just take care of your business. I need to get back.”

“OK, I’m—
hold on.”

“Now what?”

“A rabbit.
Definitely a rabbit.” Ralph

tugged at his leash, but Mia held tight.

“Get on with it, please.”

Ralph sniffed about. Fire hydrant, no. “No parking” sign, no. The Bradford pear tree, yes. He lifted his leg.

“Are you done?”

“Yeah.” Ralph looked across the street. “Hey, Rosie! How’s it going?”

The corgi walking on the opposite sidewalk, with Mrs. Johnson in tow, responded. “Can’t complain.”

Mrs. Johnson waved at Mia, and Mia waved back.

“I hate to interrupt, but we need to get back,” said Mia. “This matters to you, Ralph. We’re working on the dog proposal.”

“Cool. It’s about time you treated us as adults instead of like kids in First-day school or babies in the nursery.”

“You’re three. Not an adult.”

“Twenty-one in human years,” said Ralph. “And more mature than some human adults, I might add.”

Mia laughed. “You have a point there. Let’s go.”

When they got back to Mia’s apartment, the committee was still at work. A voice, probably Mary’s, said, “It doesn’t go far enough. We should be fighting for justice outside of meeting, as well.”

The committee considered Mary’s statement in silence. Mia unhooked Ralph’s leash and hung it up.

“That human speaks to my condition,” said Ralph. “There’s more to equality than sitting together in meeting.”

“I agree,” said Mia. “But it has taken so long to get this part of it done. There are folks who are pretty resistant.”

Ralph sneezed in reply and went into the kitchen as Mia sat down and turned her camera on. Ralph lapped loudly at his water dish.

Bob was clerking the meeting. “Can we come to consensus on this part for tomorrow’s meeting for business and allow the rest of it to season for consideration at a later date?”

“This Friend speaks my mind,” said Sally. Most of the faces on the screen nodded. Mary unmuted and said, “I’m easy with that.”

After a few moments, Bob said, “Very well. Can you share your screen and read the statement aloud for us, Adele?”

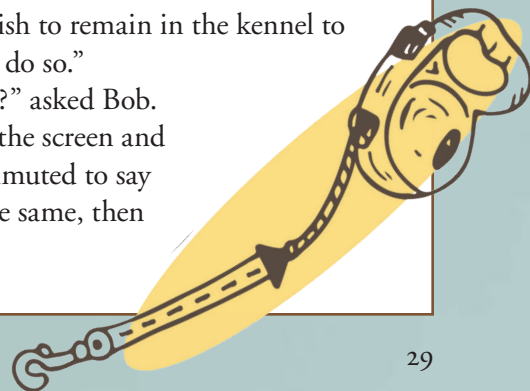
Some text appeared on the screen as Adele read along.

“Springfield Friends are committed to the Quaker testimony of equality for all. We recognize the impact of institutional species-ism on our canine Brothers and Sisters. That which separates us from each other separates us from the Divine.

“In recognition of our human privilege, and as a step toward healing the wounds of the past, we propose that meeting invite canine Friends to worship in the main meeting room. They may choose to sit on benches or the floor, whichever is more comfortable for them. Those who wish to remain in the kennel to worship are welcome to do so.”

“Do Friends approve?” asked Bob.

Faces reappeared on the screen and committee members unmuted to say “Approved.” Mia did the same, then



remuted as the committee settled into silence to finish the meeting.

Ralph walked around to Mia's side and looked at the screen. "Notice anything?" he asked.

"What?"

"There are no dogs on the committee."

As Mia pulled her car into the meetinghouse parking lot, she was surprised to see so many dogs milling about on the lawn. Many more than an average First Day. There was no leash law on private property, so they were free to interact without the constraints imposed by humans.

"What's going on?" She opened the rear car door to let Ralph out. "Just some of us getting together this week."

"Seems like more than usual."

"Yeah, well, today's the day." Ralph bounded into the group and was welcomed enthusiastically, tails wagging and noses sniffing.

"What day?" Mia asked nobody in particular.

Bob arrived with Bunsen, the Bernese Mountain Dog, who joined the group.

"Ralph tells me it's some sort of special day," Mia said. "Did Bunsen tell you about it?"

"Nothing specific," said Bob. "But he did seem especially eager to get to meeting this morning."

A Newfoundland named Freya stepped up onto the bench near the front door of the meetinghouse and spoke up: "Canine Friends, are we ready?"

A mixed chorus of affirmative barking responded, along with a few shouts of "Ready" and "Let's do this."

Ralph and Bunsen approached Mia and Bob. "We'll be back by the time business meeting is over," said Bunsen.

"Where are you going?" asked Bob.

"City Hall," Bunsen replied, "to demand repeal of the leash laws."

Ralph explained. "While we were relegated to the kennel every week, we were not just worshipping. We were planning some nonviolent direct action. Taking things into our own paws, so to speak."

"Would you like us to make you some signs?" asked Mia. "We'd love to help." "No thanks," replied Ralph. "We have our voices."

Bunsen added, "Leashes are just the beginning," and they trotted back to the group.

Freya spoke again. "Remember, Friends, this is a peaceful demonstration. We will be on our best behavior. We will stay on public property. There will be no diversions for chasing rabbits, squirrels, letter carriers, or any other creatures. And if you must relieve yourself, do it now before we get started." Several dogs headed around to the back of the meetinghouse.

Bridget walked over to Mia, with a baby on her right hip and a dog harness in her left hand. "Can you hold Adrian for me for a sec?"

"Absolutely!" said Mia, never one to pass up the opportunity to hold a baby. Mia held Adrian, who attempted to grab at her dangly earrings with pudgy, little hands, while Bridget hooked up a wheeled cart to her husky, Trevor.

"Django, Daisy!" yelled Trevor. A chihuahua scampered to the cart and hopped in. A beagle with her hind leg in a cast hobbled over, and Bridget lifted her into the cart. Django trembled with excitement.

"It's so kind of Trevor to help the others who can't keep up," remarked Mia.

"Thanks." Bridget took her baby back. "He's happy to have something to pull in the summertime."

Continues on page 61



THIS IS WHAT A LOBBYIST LOOKS LIKE



Photos: Jennifer Dometick/FCNL

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Questions?

Larissa Gil Sanhueza
Young Adult Program Manager
Larissa@fcnl.org



Friends Committee
on National Legislation
Lobbying with Quakers

Seeing the Inner Light at Ananda Village



DONALD W. MCCORMICK

Bless a temple? How do I do that? Do we even do blessings? I asked myself these questions after receiving an email requesting participation in the blessing of a new Temple of Light in an interfaith ceremony at the nearby rural Ananda community. The language threw me. How does a Quaker bless something? I've never heard of that. What do I do?

The email came because our meeting participates in an informal support group of clergy from different faiths in the county. It's the 50-year anniversary of Ananda Village in Nevada City, Calif., and six ministers from different peace-oriented religious traditions were invited to come and "bless the Temple of Light."

Paramahansa Yogananda wrote *Autobiography of a Yogi* (first published in 1946), and the Ananda community was founded by one of his disciples. It has over 200 members living on 700 acres in the Sierra Nevada mountains; another 200 live nearby. There are 5,000 members worldwide. The community is 20 miles from my home in Grass Valley, Calif.

A later email clarified the request. We were invited to give a brief "affirmation of peace in our faith tradition." I wondered: what does it mean to affirm peace and how does a Quaker do it "in their faith tradition"? It took a while to realize that affirming

peace was not the same as describing the Quaker peace testimony or bragging about all the great things Quakers have done for peace. I eventually concluded that affirming peace meant saying why we Quakers think it's a good thing.

When the day came, I drove to the temple. The winding road goes over the South Yuba River and through the forest. I passed picturesque old buildings with weathered wood and rusted, corrugated metal roofs.

I arrived an hour early for a rehearsal. Ananda Village is beautiful. I found the temple, and, as I was about to enter the room where the ceremony would be held, I'm told to remove my shoes. If I'd known this, I wouldn't have put on my pair of dress socks with a hole in one of the big toes. I worry that the official representative of the Religious Society of Friends will look like a doofus in front of an audience of 250, and this will be immortalized in the video they plan to put on the Internet. But then I noticed that a lot of the people present were barefoot, so I went back, stuffed my socks in my shoes, and joined the five clergy.

During the rehearsal, a swami told us that it's a fire ceremony and when we speak there will be a small fire between us and the microphone. After each of us speaks, she will put a spoonful of ghee (clarified butter) on

the fire. Before I spoke, another swami from the Ananda community talked about the Inner Light in all of us and how it can be our guide. When it was my turn, I said the following:

I am honored to be invited here. I understand that many people here (in this room) bow and say "namaste," and I understand that means "I bow to the Divine in you." I believe we have something in common. We Quakers also believe that there is something of God in everyone. We listen to that something—that Spirit—and it guides us. And it never guides us to violence and war. We try to see and speak to the God in you. When I come up and see the God inside you, I am likely to love and appreciate you—even if you see me as an enemy and want to harm me. When Quakers get into a conflict or see one, we try to resolve it nonviolently.

Because we see God in everyone, we don't fight in wars and we're active in antiwar movements. You may see us in protests and demonstrations.

So, what causes violence and war? They come from injustice, bigotry, and oppression, so we work to eliminate these causes of war. When we work for the rights and dignity of immigrants, People of Color, prisoners, the poor,

and other oppressed groups, we see this as work for peace. And historically, that's why we were pioneers in the movements against slavery, for women's right to vote, for humane insane asylums, for education reform, and for humane prisons. It's the reason that during and after World War I and World War II, we fed millions of starving people.

And as our founder, George Fox, said, when our lives are examples that affirm our commitment to peace and the Spirit, we will walk cheerfully over the earth.

Afterward many people thanked me for giving the talk and said they enjoyed it. One especially thankful man told me that Quakers in his hometown helped him prepare to be a conscientious objector and that this saved him from having to fight in Vietnam.

During a conversation with the swami about the Inner Light, he shared some meditation techniques that help calm the mind and do what Friends might call centering down: different language for a similar or identical spiritual practice. He said this helps him to contact the Inner Light and receive guidance. Another person joined our conversation and said that he was raised a Quaker, went to Quaker schools, and that now he is part of the Ananda community. We all agreed that the similarities between the two views are striking. The Quaker and Ananda ideas of the Inner Light are a lot alike, and this makes sense. If the Inner Light is real, it wouldn't be only Quakers who know about it—others would too.

Before retiring from academia, Donald W. McCormick was a pioneer in the academic fields of spirituality in the workplace and mindfulness in the workplace. His current interests include Quakerism and mystical experience, and mindfulness and Quakerism. He is co-clerk of Grass Valley Meeting in Nevada City, Calif. Contact: donmccormick2@gmail.com.



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Sarah Gillooly begins as Baltimore Yearly Meeting General Secretary

On July 19, Sarah Gillooly began their term as the general secretary of Baltimore Yearly Meeting (BYM).

Gillooly, who uses they/them pronouns, has 15 years of previous nonprofit management experience, including roles with Americans United for the Separation of Church and State, the American Civil Liberties Union, and Planned Parenthood. Gillooly is a member of Adelphi (Md.) Meeting, where they have served on Nominating and Pastoral Care Committees. Gillooly is also a student at Earlham School of Religion where they are pursuing a master of divinity degree.

“The truth of who we are continues to be revealed in the midst of BYM’s 350th anniversary year,” says Gillooly. “We face the challenges of a world in turmoil and a Society in the midst of major demographic shifts. Friends of Color are calling us all to urgent action to uproot the original American sins of racism and White supremacy, and Young Friends increasingly reflect both the theological and gender diversity of millennials and Gen Z. These prophetic cries will require Friends to lean into discomfort as we build God’s ‘kin-dom’ on Earth.”

Gillooly succeeds Wayne Finegar, who had been serving as interim general secretary since the resignation of Ned Stowe in July 2020.

The General Secretary Search Committee’s recommendation of Gillooly was approved at a May 18 called interim meeting. The search committee noted that it was particularly impressed with Gillooly’s experience, training, and commitment to antiracism and the implementation of antiracist practices in staff supervision and program management.

Baltimore Yearly Meeting, started in 1672, includes most of Virginia, the portion of Maryland west of the Chesapeake Bay, central Pennsylvania, the District of Columbia, and parts



Sarah Gillooly

of West Virginia. It has about 4,740 members, organized into 40 established monthly meetings plus 13 preparative meetings and worship groups

Tim Gee named next FWCC General Secretary

Friends World Committee for Consultation (FWCC) announced on July 26 that Tim Gee would be its next general secretary.

The FWCC World Office is based in London, UK. Together with the four FWCC section offices, the organization aims to encourage fellowship and understanding among all the branches of the Religious Society of Friends.

Tim Gee



Simon Lamb, clerk of FWCC World Office, says Gee “brings an exuberance and energy, and he brings a vision and desire to serve the global family of Friends which is grounded in a living, easily expressed faith in God.”

Gee joins FWCC from Amnesty International in the UK. Before Amnesty, Gee worked for Britain Yearly Meeting, Christian Aid, and Friends of the Earth. He is a member of Peckham and Plumstead Common Meeting in South East London, where he serves in an eldership role.

“Even in the face of global pandemics and crises,” Gee says, “my hope is to support the global Quaker community to keep connecting and helping one another and our neighbors in order to be the fertile ground in which the seeds of peace and justice will grow.”

Gee will begin at FWCC in January 2022. He succeeds Gretchen Castle, who left FWCC in July after serving for nine years. In August, Castle began as the dean of Earlham School of Religion. In the interim period, Susanna Mattingly will serve as acting general secretary.

QUNO Geneva Office selects Nozizwe Madlala-Routledge as next director

In August, Quaker United Nations Office (QUNO) in Geneva, Switzerland, named Nozizwe Madlala-Routledge as its next director.

Nozizwe Madlala-Routledge, a South African national, is a member of Western Cape Meeting in Cape Town, South Africa. She has an honorary doctorate of law from Haverford College in Haverford, Pa., diplomas in microbiology and adult education, a degree in social science, and an honors degree in philosophy. In spring 2020 she was a Friend in Residence at Haverford, where she presented an anthropology course to students from Haverford, Bryn Mawr, and Swarthmore. For the course she drew from her own direct experience participating in South Africa’s

Photo courtesy of Sarah Gillooly

Photo courtesy of Tim Gee



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Nozizwe Madlala-Routledge

negotiated settlement as a delegate to the Convention for a Democratic South Africa, and as a member of the constituent assembly that drew up the country’s new constitution in the 1990s.

“Nozizwe comes to QUNO Geneva as the first African director of any Quaker international agency,” says Colm Ó Cuanacháin, clerk of the search committee. “QUNO has always strived for all voices to be heard at the United Nations and in the quiet diplomacy we practice; the issues we work on (climate change, human rights—especially those of migrants—sustaining peace, arms control, just and sustainable economic systems) are particularly important right now to the African continent and to the Global South in general.”

“I take over at a time of change in the world, new and intersecting global challenges of COVID-19, global warming, deepening economic inequality and polarization within and between countries,” Madlala-Routledge says. “I also come at a time of change of leadership at the QUNO New York Office and other Quaker institutions, including FCNL [Friends Committee on National Legislation], QCEA [Quaker Council on European

Affairs], and FWCC [Friends World Committee for Consultation]. I look forward to working with the new leaders in responding to the new challenges and contributing a perspective from the Global South.”

Outgoing director Jonathan Woolley will retire by the end of 2021. Madlala-Routledge will begin by November, once the Swiss immigration procedures are complete.

“Quakers are doing really important work at the United Nations,” says QUNO Geneva co-clerk Holly Spencer. “We are excited to be rising to the urgent challenges of geopolitical crises and changes under new leadership. We are grateful to Jonathan Woolley for his outstanding contribution to international policy and practice as the steward of Quaker engagement with UN decision making in Geneva for over ten years.”

Sarah Clarke to lead QUNO New York

On September 22, American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) and the Quaker United Nations Committee in New York announced that Sarah Clarke will be the next director of QUNO New York starting November 1. In this post, Clarke will lead QUNO’s work with UN

Sarah Clarke



Photo by Jody Robinson

agencies, multilateral organizations, state diplomats, and civil society representatives to bring Quaker insights and practice to the work of the UN system and promote transformative means of addressing conflict and building peace.

Clarke brings over 20 years of experience working on peacebuilding and conflict transformation in international settings. She previously served as a Quaker representative at QUNO from 2002 to 2014. Over recent years, her work has focused on peacebuilding efforts in Myanmar. As a consultant, she provided analysis, training, and facilitation support to the UN Country Team, the British Embassy in Yangon, the U.S. Institute of Peace Burma Program, and to a range of Myanmar civil society organizations.

“Quaker engagement at the UN is more important than ever as we face planet-wide challenges that need global solutions,” says Clarke. “QUNO brings the unique Quaker approaches of listening to and engaging all, providing space, and seeing beyond borders. We stand at a juncture in time when these simple gifts are needed more than ever to support the UN to fully live into its mission, and I am excited to take on this important responsibility.”

Clarke holds a master’s degree from the London School of Economics and has spent most of her adult life living in the United States and Southeast Asia. While she will take up her position in New York, Sarah lives with her family in Philadelphia, Pa. Originally from Canada, Clarke is a member of Ottawa Meeting. She is an active supporter of Quaker education initiatives and currently serves on the Board of Greene Street Friends School in Philadelphia.

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In September, we said goodbye to longtime volunteer book review editor Karie Firoozmand of Stony Run Meeting in Baltimore, Md. Since taking on the role in June 2011, Karie helped solicit, assign, develop, and edit more than 90 Books columns in *Friends Journal*, featuring hundreds of nightstand-worthy titles carefully selected for our book-loving Quaker readership. We're grateful to Karie for her joyful service, and we hope you enjoy this final batch of reviews curated under her keen guidance. Let us know what you decide to read next! —Eds.

Epiphanies: Poems of Liberation, Exile, and Confinement

By Harvey Gillman. Self-published, 2021. 104 pages. \$9.59/paperback (available in the United States on worldofbooks.com/en-us).

Reviewed by Bob Dixon-Kolar

Harvey Gillman, a linguist and writer of prose and poetry, is the author of the much admired 1988 book *A Light That Is Shining: An Introduction to the Quakers*, which he wrote while serving as outreach secretary for Quakers in Britain. He has for many years been a regular contributor to the London-based Quaker magazine *The Friend*. In addition, since at least the 1990s, Gillman has contributed occasional articles and book reviews to *Friends Journal*. In 2015, the editorial staff of *Friends Journal* conducted a survey of volunteer book reviewers and published the results in the November issue. In response to the question, "Why do you write reviews for *Friends Journal*?"

Gillman replied: "Writing is a form of ministry in my life." This statement is amply borne out by his many thoughtful and honest writings and presentations directed to Quakers and other spiritual searchers.

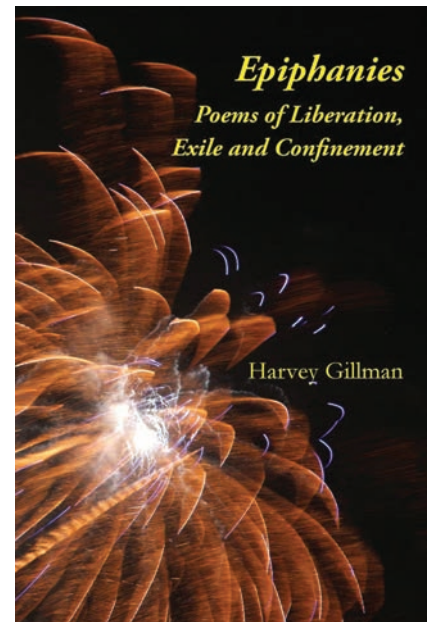
A second item included in the *Friends Journal* survey was more lighthearted: "What would you title your Quaker novel?" Gillman's answer was *And Yet the Light Shines*.

Now it's 2021, and Friends worldwide would still affirm the truth of that title. It is also evident that the Light of Gillman's ministry of writing yet shines, this time in his illuminating book *Epiphanies: Poems of Liberation, Exile, and Confinement*. It features a collection of poems written over many years as well as 21 new poems, grouped under the heading "2020 Poems of Confinement," composed during the most intense period of the global pandemic.

"Questions," which introduces the book, might be described as a prose poem. It recounts the experience of someone queried ("interrogated" might be a more apt word) about his spiritual beliefs. It is not revealed who the "they" are that ask the questions or who the man is who answers them, though it's safe to say that the "he" referred to in the poem speaks the poet's mind. In my fanciful reading, I imagine the questioners to be curious first-time attendees to Quaker meeting and the "he" in the poem to be—well—me, responding to them with ideal ease and eloquence about what it means to be a Quaker.

Extravagant as this may sound, I would recommend that Friends acquire Gillman's *Epiphanies* for access to this poem alone. It models the I-Thou sensibility of a weighty Friend who has long journeyed inward and who has traveled openly among the many linguistic and cultural expressions of the Divine.

The final question in "Questions" is, "What is your hope?" Here's the reply:



That we may continue to cherish our questions, cherish each other. That we be not afraid to be silent with each other. That, in spite of the pain we and the day inflict upon each other, we still can believe, have faith, pray and even dare to love. My hope is that we go on hoping, though our hearts and our history and the shadows of the moon may teach us to give up hope. That despair may not be the last word.

For Gillman, despair is never the last word. His poetry collection ends by saying that the last word, indeed, is ever-embracing love: "You ask for my faith. / I offer you this haiku. / Mind, heart, soul. Loving."

In glancing at Gillman's bios for his *Friends Journal* book reviews, I noticed that he would refer to himself as a longtime seeker. On the back cover of *Epiphanies*, he still describes himself as a seeker and an explorer—but he now feels ready to see himself also as a finder.

Gillman has spent his adult life in authentic and loving communion, with people who share his heart and values, and, at times, with those who do not. He has dwelt in silence with Friends

and other spiritual seekers, striving without fear to cherish them and life's questions. What has his exploration of the Mystery over many years allowed him to find?

He addresses the matter of "finding" in a poem about walking the pilgrimage path of Spain's Camino de Santiago. The stanzas alternate with accumulating responses to two questions: Why did you go to Santiago? And what did you find at Santiago? These verses interact with and build upon one another. I have space only to share one strand in this richly textured poem.

What did you find at Santiago?
that the body has its needs
that the soul will not be forced
that little is required
that the living need their rest
as do the dead
that the dead also need to move
as we the living do

There is so much more for Friends to find in Gillman's artful, allusive, socially committed, insightful, and humane poetry. I encourage you to seek it out.

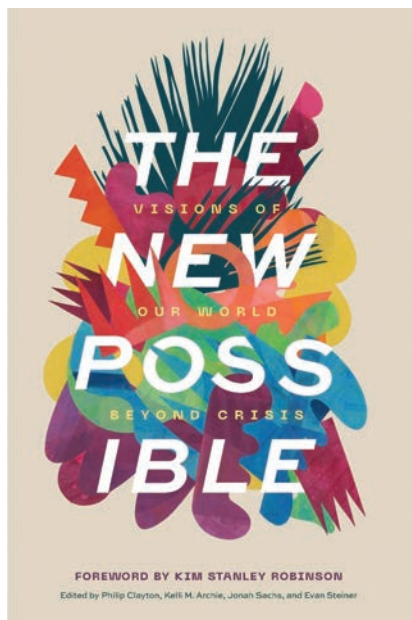
Bob Dixon-Kolar is an associate professor of English at College of DuPage in Glen Ellyn, Ill. He and his family are members of Evanston (Ill.) Meeting.

The New Possible: Visions of Our World beyond Crisis

Edited by Philip Clayton, Kelli M. Archer, Jonah Sachs, and Evan Steiner. Cascade Books, 2021. 298 pages. \$35/hardcover; \$27/paperback or eBook.

Reviewed by Philip Favero

During the last several years, disorder has pushed humans into liminal space. People are processing the experiences of the COVID-19 pandemic, the January 6 insurrection, murders of African Americans by



police officers, heightened impacts of climate change, and other disturbing events, and they are wondering, what comes next? Progressives in my neighborhood are searching for ways to transition to a new order of sustainable peace and justice. For Quakers, the search involves enhancing our individual and collective awareness of truth, listening for divine leadings, and making commitments to right actions. The book *The New Possible* can help us in our search.

The New Possible is a collection of 28 brief essays by authors involved in explaining, advocating for, and inspiring social change. Themes of the book are Earth, Us, Change, Wealth, Work, Food, Education, Love, Community, and Tomorrow. A team of four people edited the work, including Philip Clayton, professor of theology at Claremont School of Theology; Kelli M. Archer, senior science advisor at the Institute for Ecological Civilization; and Jonah Sachs and Evan Steiner, both of One Project, the nonprofit initiative that made this book possible. The book also contains drawings by ten artists.

Among the essays, several were most inspiring to me:

- Jeremy Lent, founder of the Liology Institute, describes a vision for the future he calls an "ecological civilization."
- Michael Pollan, journalist and activist, focuses on the intersection of nature and culture. He notes tradeoffs, as revealed by COVID-19, between efficiency and resilience in commercial supply chains and other institutions.
- Riane Eisler, social systems scientist, cultural historian, and attorney, advocates for the expansion of partnership relations.
- David Bollier, director of the Reinventing the Commons Program at the Schumacher Center for a New Economics, calls for substituting the commons as a functional alternative to capitalism.
- Vandana Shiva, physicist and founder of Navdanya, a movement to protect the diversity and integrity of living resources, writes to protest the pseudo-efficiency (efficiency for whom?) of companies which "drives the invasion of ecosystems and violates ecological limits and planetary boundaries."
- Eileen Crist, associate professor emerita in the Department of Science, Technology, and Society at Virginia Tech, advocates for inclusive justice in food systems.
- Oren Slozberg, program director of the Center for Creative Community at Commonweal and innovator in the fields of education, youth development, and the arts, provides a method for structuring group dialogue and deep learning by using objects of art.
- Jack Kornfield, Buddhist monk and clinical psychologist, encourages hope, awareness, and timeless love.
- And David C. Korten, international development economist, says

humanity is in the grip of a deeply flawed story and in need of a new story “informed by traditional wisdom, the world’s great religious traditions, and the leading edge of science.”

These and other essays in *The New Possible* can serve Quaker readers in several ways. Individual Friends can use them to understand and be inspired by new perspectives for seeing the world and new ideas for interpreting Quaker values—especially those of simplicity, equality, and community. Peace and Social Concerns committees and working groups can study them for ideas about how they want to direct resources and form actions. The book complements and thereby supports the work of Quaker organizations such as American Friends Service Committee, Friends Committee on National Legislation, Friends committees working on state-level legislation, Quaker Earthcare Witness, Quaker Institute for the Future, and Right Sharing of World Resources. In short, *The New Possible* can inspire and aid Friends’ efforts to transition to a new and better order.

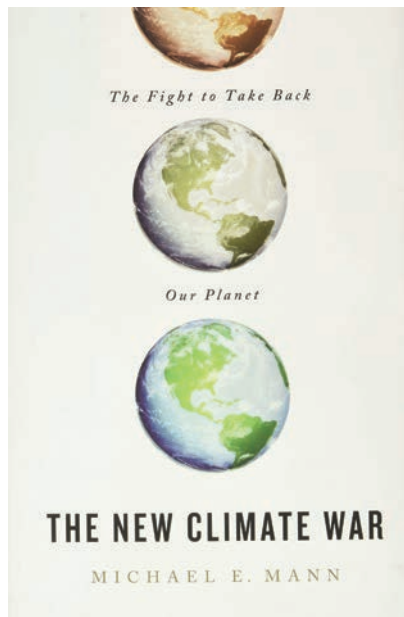
Philip Favero is an economist and member of Agate Passage (Wash.) Meeting.

The New Climate War: The Fight to Take Back Our Planet

By Michael E. Mann. *PublicAffairs*, 2021. 368 pages. \$29/hardcover; \$15.99/eBook.

Reviewed by Ruah Swennerfelt

All we require are policies to incentivize the needed shift. . . . Scratch beneath the surface and we find that most soft doomism is premised not in the physical impossibility of limiting warming, but in a cynical, pessimistic belief that we lack the willpower



to act. It’s giving up before we have even tried. —*Michael E. Mann in The New Climate War*

I consider myself an informed climate activist. But this book was definitely an eye opener! Micheal E. Mann explains very clearly, with researched facts, that the focus on individual behaviors to slow climate chaos is the result of a marketing campaign that has succeeded in guilt tripping the individual and deflecting responsibility from the fossil fuel companies, where it belongs.

Mann clearly agrees that individual behavior is a partner to the work that major corporations must undertake to truly make a difference. But he also clearly lays the majority of the responsibility on the fossil fuel companies. We learn that in the 1970s and 1980s, when the threats of acid rain and ozone depletion were apparent, the industry groups whose bottom line might be impacted by environmental regulations began their attacks on the science that supported the concerns. They turned to those in the cigarette industry to learn their tactics in their war on science. He calls these businesses

the architects of misinformation and misdirection.

In 2002, a leaked memo written for the Republican Party by Frank Luntz, a professional pollster, stated: “Should the public come to believe that the scientific issues [about fossil fuel emissions causing climate change] are settled, their views about global warming will change accordingly.” If politicians believed that it was important to protect the fossil fuel companies, they needed to debunk the scientific evidence. They responded to that need by claiming that global warming was not sufficiently proven. It raised enough doubts to put a halt to limiting emissions and supporting legislation that would insist on cleaning up emissions of oil processing plants.

One chapter is titled: “It’s YOUR Fault.” We’ve been encouraged to accept that we are to blame for the climate chaos that we are experiencing because of our over-consumption, eating meat, not switching to energy efficient light bulbs, and other individual behaviors. I’m one of those people. My husband and I live in a solar-electric home; have efficient lighting; eat local, organic food (though not strictly vegetarian); don’t fly domestically; purchase from thrift stores; and more. We feel good about being part of the solution and encourage others to consider ways they can lower their carbon footprint. But we also emphasize that the change needs to come from governmental regulation and changes in the fossil fuel industry, and that we are responsible for doing all we can to influence those actions.

Mann writes:

The pandemic also crystallized the dual roles played by both individual action and government policy when it comes to dealing with a societal crisis. While containment required individuals to act responsibly . . . it also



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required government action in the form of policies . . . that would incentivize individual behavior.

Thankfully, he also focuses on what can be done. He outlines programs such as cap-and-trade, carbon credits, and carbon taxation. In a cap-and-trade policy, the government allocates or sells a limited number of permits to pollute, and the polluters can buy and sell these permits. It caps the overall pollution. Carbon taxation levies the taxes at the point of sale of fossil fuels or any other product that causes greenhouse emissions. The concern with the taxing approach is that the cost of the products would increase and unfairly hurt lower income users. To counter that, the taxes collected could be returned to the users. Carbon credits can be granted for activities that take carbon out of the atmosphere.

In the case of the United States, a global leader in carbon emissions, passing any one of the above regulations, or some other ones not mentioned, takes a Congress that is committed to reducing the effects of climate change. And it takes strong public support for such actions. It also takes a commitment to protect those who already struggle financially from suffering the brunt of the regulations.

I do recommend reading this book. Jesus told the twelve disciples to be “wise as serpents, and harmless as doves” (Matt. 10:16 KJV). Let’s make sure our eyes are wide open.

To leave you with some hope. Here are some closing words from the author:

Don’t forget, once again, to emphasize that there is both *urgency* and *agency*. The climate crisis is very real. But it is *not* unsolvable. And it’s *not* too late to act. Every ounce of carbon we don’t burn makes things better. There is still time to create a

better future, and the greatest obstacle now in our way is doomism and defeatism.

Ruah Swennerfelt is a member of Middlebury (Vt.) Meeting. She and her husband, Louis Cox, are homesteaders and try to live gently on this beautiful planet. They are both active in their meeting, with the Transition Movement, and with the local Grange.

A Small Farm Future: Making the Case for a Society Built Around Local Economies, Self-Provisioning, Agricultural Diversity, and a Shared Earth

By Chris Smaje. Chelsea Green Publishing, 2020. 320 pages. \$22.50/ paperback or eBook.

Reviewed by Pamela Haines

It is written in Proverbs: “Where there is no vision, the people perish.” But we also need food. Chris Smaje, a small farmer in England, is a food visionary but one who is willing to wade into the murky depths of the daunting global crises we face in population, climate, energy, soil, consumption, water, land, health and nutrition, political economy, and culture. He also works to make good on his subtitle: “making the case for a society built around local economies, self-provisioning, agricultural diversity, and a shared earth.”

Smaje notes that industrial agriculture is a good fit for our current global economic system, where carbon is king; where value is systematically extracted from the hinterlands—whether local rural areas or colonized nations—to enrich the center; and where money is on a footloose search for the highest returns. To provision the world going forward, however, he argues for a very different food system: one that aims for “skimming energetic flows rather than mining



energetic stocks.” With peasant farmers as the largest segment of the global workforce, increasing numbers of destitute urban dwellers in need of healthy work, and much land that could be farmed more intensively and sustainably, a well-run, diverse small farm system could be a solution to this tangle of seemingly intractable interlocking crises.

Unlike utopians, who by definition dream outside of constraints, Smaje centers and elevates constraint. Against our current age’s fervent belief in the ability of technological and economic “progress” to overcome all limits, he considers respectfully the constraints of climate, soil, energy, and scale, and puts his mind to provisioning the world within those constraints. He challenges us to take a stand against the dominant story line of inevitable progress, be willing to learn from what has worked well in the past, and claim our right to choose what we love.

Smaje has little faith in our political processes to move us toward this vision. But, as nation states increasingly fail to stay on top of escalating crises, he sees potential opening up outside the power centers for experimentation with more locally based ways of

organizing and provisioning ourselves. This would include small, diverse farms along with other artisanal production, markets, and active republican forms of local government. Issues around justice and misuse of power would not automatically disappear. But he asserts that, in contrast to our current situation where the global violence of extraction and exploitation is coded in language of progress and economic development, these issues would be more readily identified at a local level and thus more easily addressed.

Smaje's perspective defies easy classification. His critique of capitalism would delight any Marxist, yet he comes down firmly on the side of private property as the only way that farmers can be assured of a right to ongoing land stewardship. Though he sees a place for local commons, he is a stronger proponent of autonomy than of cooperative ownership. He actively advocates for unwaged labor on the family farm, and suggests a radical shift in perspective on work and leisure in general—away from seeking to make up for hours of pleasureless labor with unbridled consumption, and toward having satisfying work that can be complemented by very modest pleasures.

Though he tries hard to be objective and realistic, there are clearly some gaps in his vision. Smaje sees local opportunity in weakened nation states but acknowledges the need for a vigorous public sphere: to keep private interests from amassing land for profit, to ward off the predatory nature of mobile capital, and to ensure that women are not subordinated in patriarchal family farms. He is strong on self-provisioning, but I kept wondering where cities and industrial production (and computers and the Internet) fit into his vision.

But in the face of our current reality of widespread abject landless poverty, obscene wealth, and looming climate

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catastrophe, I find this vision—of most of us working moderately hard to create a modest agrarian livelihood, while enjoying simple low-carbon recreation—to be a compelling one. I would recommend this book to anyone seeking well-developed, thought-provoking, and humane grounding for their vision of a food system for the future.

Pamela Haines is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting. She is the author of Money and Soul, an expansion of a Pendle Hill pamphlet by the same name. Her newest titles are That Clear and Certain Sound and a volume of poetry, Alive in This World.

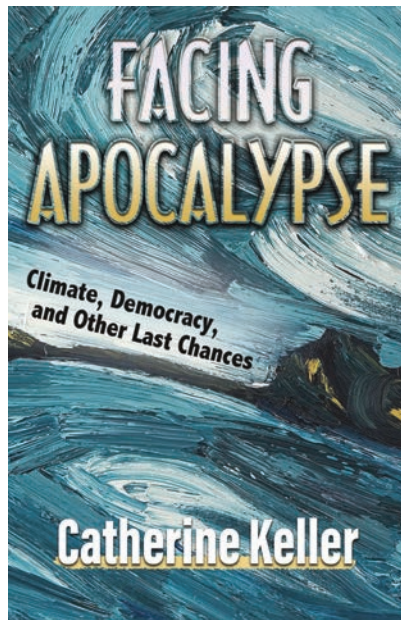
Facing Apocalypse: Climate, Democracy, and Other Last Chances

By Catherine Keller. Orbis Books, 2021.
176 pages. \$26/paperback; \$21.50/eBook.

Reviewed by Ron Hogan

Catherine Keller has been absorbed by planetary crisis since publishing in 1996 *Apocalypse Now and Then: A Feminist Guide to the End of the World*. But the power of her theological writings doesn't simply lie in her application of feminist and environmentalist perspectives to sacred documents. Her new book, *Facing Apocalypse*, offers a vibrant display of her "dreamreading" technique, which goes beyond academic analysis to unpack the poetic imagery in the Book of Revelation—perhaps the most famous section of the New Testament after the gospels themselves.

Like many recent authors taking on Revelation, Keller is quick to point out that John of Patmos was not predicting the future. His elaborate "waking nightmare" should not be read as a literal blueprint for the End Times, and any similarities we think we see between Revelation's contents and current events is strictly coincidental.



John *was* a prophet, however, in the fuller sense of the term: he saw that the society around him had fallen out of alignment with God's values, and delivered as emphatic a warning as he could of the consequences, if this were allowed to continue. And, of course, that misalignment *has* been allowed to continue over the last two millennia: "A destructive pattern of global power already at work in John's time has undergone epochs of dramatic change," Keller warns. "But it has not been laid to rest."

In Keller's "dreamreading," we see John struggling to cope with life under an unbearably corrupt imperial power. The intense imagery of scenes like Babylon the Great riding atop her scarlet seven-headed beast, to take one famous example, was a way of processing that trauma—and of imagining a way out of it.

Keller is also careful to point out the ways in which John's fantasy contradicts Jesus's good news. For example, after presenting the New Jerusalem as, in Keller's words, "a systemic structure of joyful justice, an architecture of cosmic care," an angel tells John it is *not* an all-access utopia. Only those who toe the line "may enter

in through the gates into the city." The angel advises, "if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book" (Rev. 22:14,19 KJV). John was as susceptible to resentment as any other human, Keller reminds us, and his story reflects a desire to see his persecutors suffer as much as it reflects his optimism.

Optimism is key here. Certainly in the early decades of the twenty-first century, we find ourselves in a moment where the end of the world as we know it seems not merely possible but increasingly probable, particularly given the reluctance of the corporate beasts of capitalism to change their destructive behavior in anything but the smallest of ways. But people have long lived with similar anxieties. Rather than attempt to purge them from our collective consciousness, Keller recommends an attitude of "apocalyptic mindfulness," a full recognition of "the unspeakable catastrophes that may become inevitable if we do not speak."

Being mindful of the risks posed by the climate crisis, or the rise of fascist political movements, does not mean accepting such catastrophes as *faits accomplis*. Instead, Keller urges us, the goal is "to move out of isolating paralysis and into healing action." Direct action is, of course, essential, but we should also keep an eye out for the contemporary prophets who are dreamreading current events and spinning out their own recuperative visions. Perhaps some of us might even be those prophets, our revelations waiting to be brought forward.

Ron Hogan is the audience development specialist at Friends Publishing Corporation and the author of Our Endless and Proper Work: Starting (and Sticking to) Your Writing Practice (Belt Publishing, 2021).

Doing Theology in an Evolutionary Way

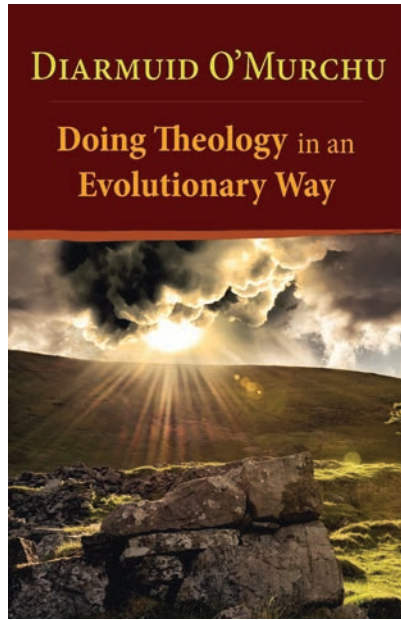
By Diarmuid O'Murchu. Orbis Books, 2021. 232 pages. \$24/paperback; \$19.50/eBook.

Reviewed by Rob Pierson

A Church that seeks to follow where the Spirit leads will have to expect the unexpected and be prepared to be shaken to its core.

—James D. G. Dunn (quoted in *Doing Theology in an Evolutionary Way*)

Diarmuid O'Murchu is a social psychologist living in Dublin. He belongs to the Sacred Heart Missionary Order (a Catholic order making known the love of Jesus) and has spent most of his life working in social ministry. His latest book, *Doing Theology in an Evolutionary Way*, continues themes from his many earlier works such as *Quantum*



Theology, In the Beginning Was the Spirit, and Beyond Original Sin.

O'Murchu sees himself “clearing the clutter and rubble that have accumulated over the Christian

centuries.” Theology, he feels, has historically pursued one of two troubling paradigms. On the one hand, what he calls the “codependent paradigm” emphasizes the flawed nature of everything in creation, particularly humans in their sinful, fallen state. On the other hand, the “imperial Judeo-Christian” paradigm perpetuates an imperial model of the kingdom of God in the structures of the church—despite everything Jesus said and did to question the empire and religious structures of his time. O'Murchu sees both paradigms as damaging—creating psychological codependency, fostering allegiance to patriarchy, and making religion a tool to dominate and control.

In contrast to these two dominant paradigms, O'Murchu welcomes a new “evolutionary paradigm,” which is not really that new, since it has been emerging for some time now. This paradigm emphasizes the Spirit's

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active role in creation as “a cosmic unfolding process” of which we are part. God becomes “the Great Birther” rather than the great ruler, and we discern “God at work in the mystery of creation at large.” With God incarnate in and through all of creation, we become participants and collaborators in a story that no longer centers on us, neither begins nor ends on human timescales. (“We need to adjust to God’s timescales,” O’Murchu advises.) Spirit embodies itself in evolution, in the creative process of birth, death, and rebirth. In fact, “[l]ong before Jesus ever underwent death and resurrection,” writes O’Murchu, “it was already occurring throughout the entire universe.”

O’Murchu isn’t writing to Quakers or about Quakers, but at times I felt the author was daydreaming about Quakers without having talked to any. For example, O’Murchu envisions the emergence of local lay religious communities more concerned with orthopraxy than orthodoxy and guided by “informed, discerning consensus.” These faith communities embrace new truth, engage in the world, and reject patriarchy and priesthood. The faithful strive “to live in more God-like ways, rather than theorizing about the Godhead.” Rather than creed, text, or tradition, the community emphasizes Spirit, and spiritual integrity becomes a central concern: reintegrating sacred and secular, reconnecting spirit and body, faith and earth. Some of his thoughts on incarnation and embodiment felt timely to me as a Quaker motivated by these concerns.

But I suspect most theologians would balk at O’Murchu’s generalizations. He tends to shoehorn all of Catholic thought (or all Christian denominations, or all the world’s religions!) into one pair of narrow theological shoes. In that sense, the book aims primarily at Christian readers who feel cramped in their faith and are looking for better theological sneakers. For those already running

laps around the fields of evolution and faith, the science here feels a bit familiar and fuzzy: for example, sometimes invoking quantum physics with words such as “mystical” and “energy force.”

Despite those objections, *Doing Theology in an Evolutionary Way* offers some good insights, particularly on spiritual embodiment and living life at home in this world. O’Murchu wants to heal those damaged by current Christian paradigms, and his book calls for another way forward: a way that abandons the defense of creedal beliefs in order to embrace the dynamism of God’s actual universe.

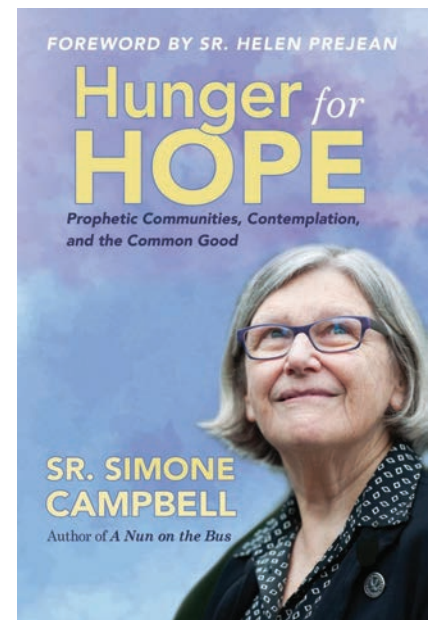
Rob Pierson is a member of Albuquerque (N.M.) Meeting with an enduring interest in both science and faith. He is grateful for having spent time among theologians during his studies at Earlham School of Religion as well as time in the creation among the rocks, beetles, acorns, and stars.

Hunger for Hope: Prophetic Communities, Contemplation, and the Common Good

By Sr. Simone Campbell. Orbis Books, 2020. 160 pages. \$16/paperback; \$12.50/eBook.

Reviewed by Lauren Brownlee

Sister Simone Campbell’s *Hunger for Hope: Prophetic Communities, Contemplation, and the Common Good* is a small but mighty book. From 2004 to March 2021, Campbell led Network, the Catholic social justice lobby group that often finds itself allied with the Quaker lobby group Friends Committee on National Legislation (FCNL). She invites her readers into an inclusive spirituality, which she defines as “the values we live by and the care that we take of each other,” noting that although her particular lens is Catholic, she believes “that there are many ways



to be open to the divine presence in our midst.” She hopes to empower readers to faithfully engage in the “prophetic imagination” and “holy curiosity” through contemplation and community. *Hunger for Hope* contains her reflection for how we can each contribute to the world that FCNL and Network seek to build.

Many of the messages of the book resonate with Friends values. In the contemplation section, she often references the importance of trusting the “‘still, small voice’ that whispers insights or nudges for action.” Her reflection that “radical acceptance of the person requires encountering them in a way that they can see their best selves” reminds me of the Quaker belief that there is that of God in everyone. She shares about the power of maintaining “a long and available memory” that “connects us to a context that makes us part of a broader story. This not only can be comforting but can also give us the jolt that we need for action.” This idea is reflected in how Quaker history is often an inspiration to the work of Friends today. Additionally, at the end of many of the chapters, she poses questions for reflection that are similar to the queries

Friends embrace. They include such questions as, “How do I experience listening with compassion?” “How do I deal with communal conflict?” and “How do I express empathy in action?” I saw my own spirituality reflected throughout the book.

There are many lessons Campbell shares in the book that will stick with me. I always appreciate reminders about the power of being guided by both a vision and a mission. She warns against allowing our contemplative experiences to be too personally focused, and instead urges readers to discover the joy of relationships. She highlights the significance of relationships through many stories grounded in her hearing from and partnering with those most directly affected by government policies, and she reminds us that “letting our hearts be broken by the stories of those around us creates true community and connection.” Campbell invites her readers to “open ourselves to the truth all around us,” including learning “from each other, even from the people who have hurt us,” because “[b]y relying on each other for insight and sharing our own perspectives, we can imagine and create a new reality.” She offers a blueprint for building the Beloved Community.

Hunger for Hope truly inspired me. From Campbell’s radical acceptance of that of God in former President Donald Trump and his administration to her belief that “[w]e are the leaders we have been waiting for,” she offers the messages that I need to hear in this tense political moment. She encourages her readers to stay grounded in our faith in Spirit and in each other. She says that if we each do our part, “our world, ever so slightly, but meaningfully, will be changed.” This book deepens my faith in that truth.

Lauren Brownlee is a member of Bethesda (Md.) Meeting, where she serves on the Peace and Social Justice Committee.

Persuade, Don't Preach: Restoring Civility Across the Political Divide

By Karen Tibbals. Ethical Frames LLC, 2020. 199 pages. \$12.99/paperback; \$7.99/eBook.

Reviewed by Tom and Sandy Farley

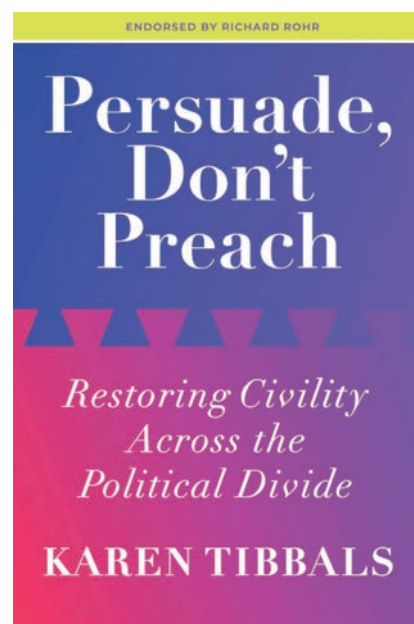
Persuade, Don't Preach offers a fresh look at the United States' polarized political landscape by examining the ethical frameworks within which liberals and conservatives operate. Friend Karen Tibbals then helps us find our personal biases, so that we can see where our ethical issues overlap with those on “the other side,” in order to start communicating from there.

At first, the presentation seems a bit cerebral, but Tibbals's delightful sense of humor kept us reading to discover a thoughtful, multilayered group of concepts and variables in which we could find the foundations for our points of view, and how others' life experiences might lead them, quite understandably, to different opinions.

Tibbals sets out five ethical zones. These are emotionally laden: (1) Belonging and Community; (2) Authority and Leadership; (3) Sacredness, Purity, and Disgust; (4) Fairness and Merit; and (5) Care/Harm. These five are tempered by the sixth zone: Rationality and Reason.

The first thing we must jettison is the idea that we are rational. None of us is. We are not naked but clothed with culture and family traditions, and carrying the baggage of past experiences. Some of us fear more; some trust more.

In part 2, Tibbals gives us examples of the interplay of the six ethical zones. In part 3, she gives concrete examples of how to “frame” issues to gather greater support by appealing to different ethical zones. Here is an example of applying this framing concept: I wear a face mask because . . .



1. that's what we do in our community (belonging)
2. Dr. Fauci says it's needed (authority)
3. I want to avoid getting infected (purity)
4. it creates a more level playing field (fairness)
5. I want to protect others (care/harm)

If we want to encourage others to wear a face mask, we should use the reasons that appeal to their dominant ethical zones.

As we read the book, we wondered why there was no mention of the significant work in this area that Bonnie Tinker and Cecil Prescod did (prior to Bonnie's death) in their Opening Hearts and Minds workshops during the 2009 Friends General Conference Gathering. We recently had the pleasure of participating in a workshop led by Karen Tibbals for our monthly meeting. An excellent follow-up to her book, the sessions included material from Opening Hearts and Minds, which she had not seen before *Persuade, Don't Preach* went to press.

We highly recommend the book, the discussion guide (groups can contact the author for a free copy), and the workshop. We expect to

see additional work from Tibbals in this field. For more tools and resources, check out her website (persuadedontpreach.com), and subscribe to her newsletter (fracturedrelationships.substack.com), which shares stories of how political polarization affects our everyday relationships.

Tom and Sandy Farley are members of Palo Alto (Calif.) Meeting, storytellers, Alternatives to Violence Project facilitators, volunteer booksellers with EarthLight, and coauthors of the Earthcare for Children curriculum.

The Deficit Myth: Modern Monetary Theory and the Birth of the People's Economy

By Stephanie Kelton. PublicAffairs, 2020. 352 pages. \$30/hardcover; \$18.99/paperback; \$12.99/eBook.

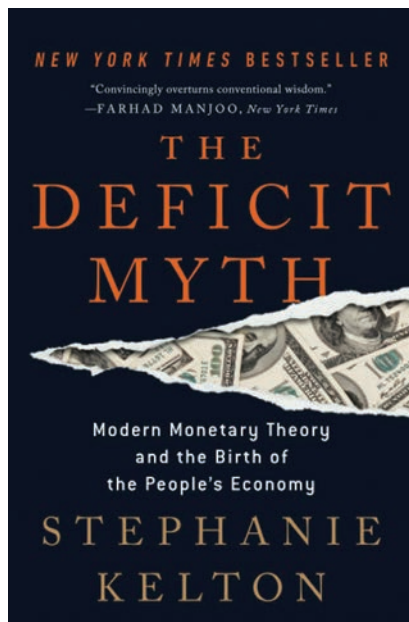
Reviewed by J. E. McNeil

When I was a hiring partner for a small general practice law firm, my last interview question for prospective employees was: “What area of law would you never want to practice?” Every last one would answer: tax. The thing was, my practice in the firm was largely tax.

Everyone in the United States is touched by the tax law. That equal justice for which we work is intertwined with taxes and the economy. If we are ever to reach that point of economic justice, we will have to be able to get past the big lie: *The national deficit is dangerous and the United States needs a zero balanced budget.*

So, even though I understand that many people, like those prospective employees, think they can't follow financial and economic discussions, I ask you to bear with me and consider this book.

Kelton's work, which was explicitly written “for everyone,” is an opportunity to understand the



problems, the lies, the roadblocks, and the paths to real economic justice. Yes, there are jargon and complex explanations in this book. There needs to be in order to help readers understand the theories. But there are even more clear, well thought out illustrations and plain language examples of the points Kelton is trying to get across. If we do not take this opportunity, we will be relegated to arguing “Is not!” rather than, as former chair of the Federal Reserve Alan Greenspan did in a 2005 congressional hearing, explaining why “there's nothing to prevent the federal government from creating as much money as it wants and paying it to somebody.”

I have always been annoyed by the concept that the government should be run like a business. We should charge for “services,” and the U.S. Postal Service should make a profit, some say. But government is not a business. I notice that the very executives who run corporations that have billions and even trillions of dollars in debt in the form of bonds (ExxonMobil, for example, refinanced roughly \$7 billion in debt in 2019 before the pandemic) say debt is bad when talking about the

government—the one entity that has the power to wipe out its own debt.

Kelton makes several clear points about the concepts behind Modern Monetary Theory. First is the fact that the U.S. government, unlike businesses and households, creates its own money. If it wanted (and there were the political will to do so), it could deal with the debt. In fact, it has done so, usually during wars, including World Wars I and II. However, Kelton notes that every time the government substantially pays down the deficit, a recession or depression follows.

Kelton also explains, with drawings of buckets, where the real balancing should take place. Balancing the U.S. government budget and not the *entire* U.S. budget (including gross national income and expenses) is like one parent balancing their budget but ignoring the other members of the family. The whole budget must be balanced.

Kelton is a proponent not of universal income but of guaranteed employment (while a little vague on what that would entail). This is not a new idea: Franklin D. Roosevelt said in his 1944 State of the Union address that Social Security was the cornerstone of a “broader vision in terms of economic rights,” including the right to what he called a “useful and remunerative job,” as well as the right to an adequate income.”

Kelton makes clear that there are three issues related to “entitlement programs” such as Social Security: “(1) the government's financial ability to pay, (2) the legal authority to pay benefits, and (3) our economy's productive capacity to deliver real program benefits.”

As Kelton relates, in 1962, when then President John F. Kennedy was in the midst of greatly expanding the United States' space program, he asked economist James Tobin, who had recently been a member of the Kennedy's Council of Economic Advisers, “[I]s there any economic

limit?” The reply was: “the only limit is really inflation.” The president replied, “That’s right, isn’t it? The deficit can be any size, the debt can be any size, provided they don’t cause inflation. Everything else is just talk.”

That is the bottom line: We must understand that the federal deficit is not the danger we have been told it is for more than 100 years. The important deficits are not in resources and finances but in jobs, personal savings, education, infrastructure, dealing with climate change, healthcare, and democratic will.

Understanding this will help bring the justice we seek in the future. I encourage you to read this book, even if you worry you will skim over the complex parts. You may not.

J. E. McNeil is a member of Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.) and a practicing lawyer for more than 40 years focusing on tax law and First Amendment issues.

Except for Palestine: The Limits of Progressive Politics

By Marc Lamont Hill and Mitchell Plitnick. The New Press, 2021. 240 pages. \$25.99/hardcover or eBook.

Beyond the Two-State Solution

By Jonathan Kuttub. Nonviolence International, 2021. 110 pages. \$13.95/paperback; \$3.99/eBook; free PDF download at nonviolenceinternational.net.

Reviewed by Steve Chase

People who consider themselves liberal or progressive routinely espouse a commitment to equality, social justice, and human rights for all. Yet, according to Marc Lamont Hill and Mitchell Plitnick, many progressives in the United States do not apply these “universal humanistic values” in a “consistent manner” when it comes to Israel–Palestine. In their

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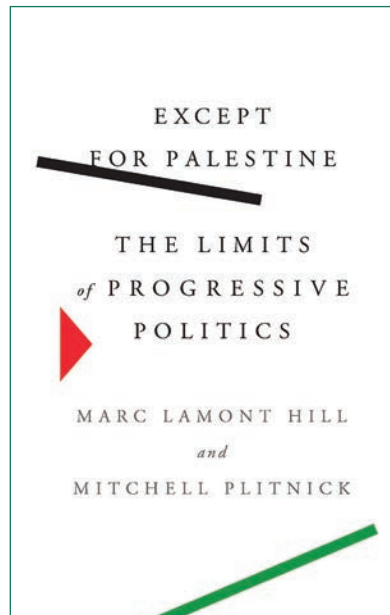
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challenging new book, these coauthors explore this moral inconsistency among many U.S. progressives; ask their readers to take a closer, more critical look at the situation in Israel–Palestine; and make the case to reject all U.S. policies that financially, ideologically, or diplomatically support the Israeli system of apartheid within historic Palestine.

Their book is well-written and well-researched, yet I suspect it resonates so strongly with me because it parallels my own life experience. In my 2017 Pendle Hill pamphlet, *Boycott, Divestment, and Sanctions? A Quaker Zionist Rethinks Palestinian Rights*, I detailed my own long-standing moral inconsistency of being a “progressive Zionist” (due to my horror at the Holocaust and antisemitism, which I still stand by) and my ignorance of the on-the-ground reality of the U.S./Israeli policies of ethnic cleansing, military occupation, and discrimination against Palestinians, which I now reject. Indeed, only after being pushed by progressive Jewish friends to look more critically at Zionist propaganda and its denial of Israel’s unjust treatment of Palestinians, and ultimately becoming willing to listen to the perspectives of Palestinian human rights activists, did I even begin to move toward a more balanced and ethical position.

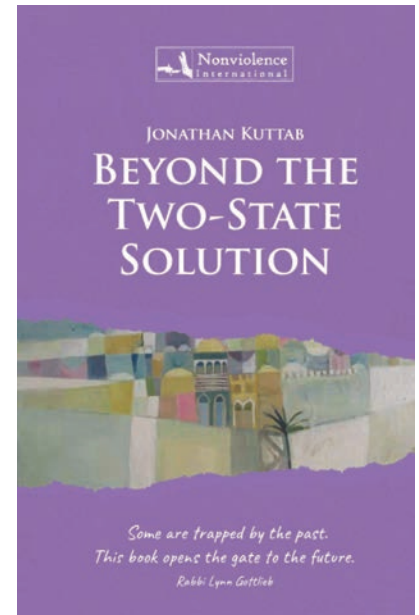
Hill and Plitnick’s book may play the same role in the lives of other confused progressives who unwittingly support the U.S.-backed system of apartheid in Israel–Palestine, while also espousing “anti-racist, anti-imperialist, humanistic, and intersectional values.” In contrast to this morally muddled outlook, Hill and Plitnick urge people to reject both the apartheid status quo that oppresses Palestinians today as well as any vengeful or antisemitic fantasies like “the unthinkable annihilation” or “reprehensible ejection, of Israeli Jews.” A truly progressive stance, they argue,



means working to create a liberating alternative embodying the principles of justice, equality, and human rights for all in Israel–Palestine.

The good news is that there are signs that this outlook appears to be growing among U.S. progressives. As the authors point out, for many decades “taking substantive action to pressure Israel into changing its behavior toward the Palestinians was the view of a small, fringe minority within the Democratic Party.” This minority is growing, however, and becoming much more mainstream within the grassroots of the Democratic Party, and its outlook is even growing among progressive elected officials in the U.S. Congress. A number of Independents also support this more consistent ethical framework. If this perspective continues to grow, the status quo in Israel–Palestine could ultimately change for the better. As the authors conclude: “We have seen how much influence the United States can wield in creating injustice. Now is the time to see how much power we have to dismantle it.”

For all its strengths, Hill and Plitnick’s book doesn’t articulate a detailed progressive vision for the



future of Israel–Palestine beyond mentioning the possibilities of either a two-state or one-state solution. The first alternative represents the long-standing international consensus that envisions a free and democratic Palestinian state made up of Gaza and the West Bank, with East Jerusalem as its capital. The vision includes this Palestinian state living in peace with an Israeli state that confines its population within its internationally recognized borders, which are those that existed before the state of Israel militarily occupied all of historic Palestine in 1967 and started illegally colonizing it by creating Jewish-only settlements. While resisted by both Israeli and Palestinian leaders committed to mutually exclusive ethno-nationalisms, such a two-state compromise would undoubtedly be more fair than the present apartheid status quo. For a time, it was also the preferred vision of both Palestinian and Israeli progressives.

This was certainly true of Jonathan Kuttab, the Palestinian human rights lawyer who headed the legal committee negotiating the Cairo Agreement between Israel and the Palestine Liberation Organization in the early

1990s. For years, Kuttab worked hard to envision and implement a two-state solution for Israel–Palestine that was consistent with this broad international consensus. As he puts it:

The outrages of the Holocaust and the desperate need of a Jewish population for a safe haven, which led to the creation and acceptance of the state of Israel, as well as the needs of the Palestinians for a state of their own both seem to be met by the two-state solution.

Kuttab’s position has shifted, however, and he has now joined other Palestinians, Israelis, and a growing number of U.S. Jews and others in supporting the even more progressive vision of a single democratic state in historic Palestine that guarantees religious liberty, equality, justice, and human rights for all Palestinians and Israeli Jews. In his new book *Beyond the Two-State Solution*, Kuttab details this more progressive vision of justice for all in Israel–Palestine. It is a vision worth considering.

For one thing, as Kuttab rightly notes, the decades-long expansion of U.S.-backed Jewish-only settlements in the occupied territories as well as Israel’s ultimate sovereignty over all of historic Palestine and its inhabitants have created “facts on the ground” that make the two-state solution increasingly impossible.

For another, such a solution doesn’t address the internationally recognized right of return for those Palestinians who were ethnically cleansed from what became Israeli territory after the 1948 Arab–Israeli War. These people were forced from their homes and land so that Israel could settle Jewish people there, and allowed to resettle only within the occupied territories of Gaza and the West Bank. Neither does the two-state solution deal with the ongoing discrimination against the Palestinians who still live in Israel. This small minority




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of the Israeli population is made up of those Palestinians who were not forced out of Israel in 1948. A single, democratic state in historic Palestine with guarantees of equality for all Palestinians and Israeli Jews might do a better job.

To flesh out this alternative, Kuttab outlines what he sees as the minimum necessary needs of both communities for security, equal rights, and democracy. He then constructs a “vision for a new state that addresses the needs both of Israeli Jews and Palestinian Arabs.” There is not enough space here to explore Kuttab’s specific proposals for military security, public safety, religious liberty, desegregation, freedom of movement, reparations and compensation, or the “recognition of the historic and cultural connection of both Jews and Arabs to the Land.” We also don’t have the space to discuss the specific provisions he proposes for “an iron-clad constitution that is deliberately crafted to ensure majority rule, but which will safeguard basic freedoms of the individual, as well as minorities from the caprice of the majority.” Yet all of his proposals are visionary, ethically consistent, and worth debating and refining.

To his credit, Kuttab is wise enough to realize that “there will be those on both sides, not to mention numerous actors from outside the area, who will oppose this vision and work to prevent it from gaining any legitimacy or acceptance.” Yet he also argues that it may become the visionary alternative supported by more and more people of good will with a stake in a future of peace and justice for Israel–Palestine. I, for one, hope he is right.

Steve Chase is a member of Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.) and the author of the book Letters to a Fellow Seeker: A Short Introduction to the Quaker Way (QuakerPress of Friends General Conference).

Dispatches from the Race War

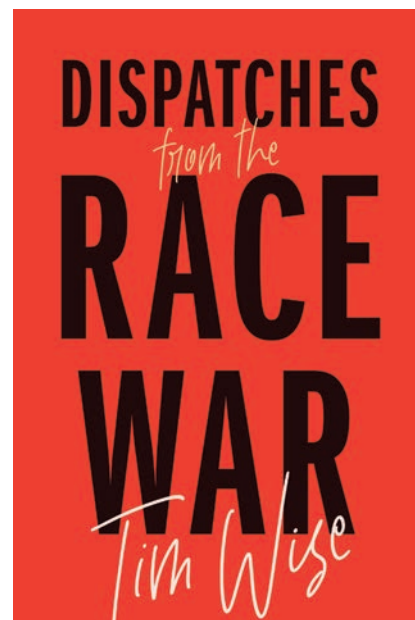
By Tim Wise. City Lights Books, 2020. 352 pages. \$17.95/paperback or eBook.

Reviewed by Patience Schenck

I recently read a letter to the editor of a local newspaper saying that the writer was not sympathetic with Black Lives Matter because of Black-on-Black crime. I knew the letter needed to be answered, but I was having a hard time articulating my rebuttal. So I looked up Tim Wise’s chapter on Black-on-Black crime, and I was able to clearly write that just as most Black victims are hurt by Black people, so are most White victims hurt by White people; as in most neighborhoods, the vast majority of people in African American neighborhoods are hardworking, kind, and loving people; it is people from those neighborhoods who are working to keep kids off drugs and out of gangs; and that no unarmed person should be shot dead by anyone, including police.

It is Wise’s clear-eyed understanding of race in the United States that for years has helped me see through the rhetoric that attempts to justify the racial status quo.

Wise’s latest book is a collection of essays written shortly before the 2020 election. The essays start around the beginning of the Obama years. (I wish he had dated them.) The book is divided into seven sections, including one relating to the Obama presidency and another relating to the Trump presidency. The title, *Dispatches from the Race War*, refers to a question he received over a family dinner: Do you think there will be a race war? He knew his aunt was thinking of a war instigated by Black people because of grievances. He tried to explain to her that such a war was already under way, only it was being waged by a White supremacist society against Black people, as it had been for 400 years. At that, his aunt suddenly



remembered somewhere else she needed to be, and left.

In the chapter “Americanism Is a Pandemic’s BFF,” Wise delves beneath the obvious mismanagement at the top to identify cultural factors that have led to our country’s tragic losses to COVID-19. One such factor is “a kind of hyper-capitalism, which . . . renders even health itself a commodity for which one must pay, as opposed to a right to which all are entitled.” He addresses our prevalent attitude toward labor: many workers have no paid leave for illness and no assurance their job will be there if they seek leave, leading to their going to work when they should have stayed home. And he suggests that we were too willing to risk lives in order to protect the economy.

Wise identifies a second factor in American culture: hyper-individualism. While “self-reliance can spur innovation and a drive for excellence,” the downside is little concern for the well-being of others or our connection to one another within the broader society.

Finally, Wise identifies hyper-evangelical Christianity, which leads millions “to believe that they will be

protected from things like viruses because of their piety.”

Other topics Wise addresses include police brutality, White entitlement, Whites’ cluelessness about Black people’s lived experience, a focus on violence by Black people while ignoring violence toward Blacks, White denial and fragility, identity politics, the genocide of Native Americans, immigration, the teaching of U.S. history, Confederate statues, and the “model minority.”

I look forward to Tim Wise’s next book, as I know he will have interesting and insightful things to say about the 2020 election and the events of January 6 in Washington, D.C.

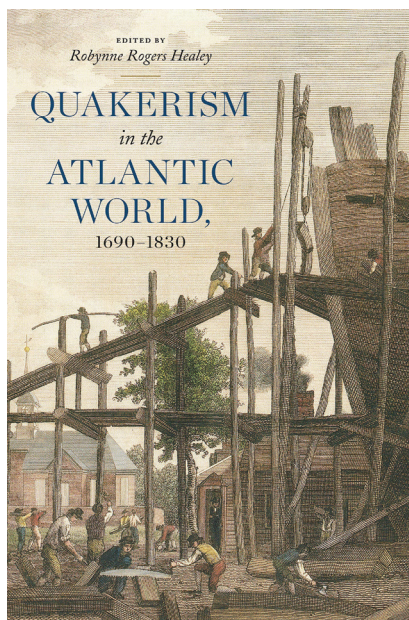
Patience Schenck worships with Annapolis (Md.) Meeting on Zoom and lives at Friends House in Sandy Spring, Md. She is clerk of the Diversity Committee at Friends House.

Quakerism in the Atlantic World, 1690–1830

Edited by Robynne Rogers Healey. The Pennsylvania State University Press, 2021. 288 pages. \$89.95/hardcover; \$39.99/eBook.

Reviewed by Brian Drayton

This is the third volume in the “New History of Quakerism.” It overlaps the previous volume, reaching back into the late 1600s, and concludes just after the Great Separation of North American Quakers in the early 1800s. During this time, a recognizable Quaker culture developed across the transatlantic world. This volume does not seek to portray large-scale trends in the form of a continuous narrative but rather is a series of “Quaker studies.” Editor Robynne Rogers Healey provides an introduction and conclusion that sketch in some contextual factors and chronologies. The book comprises three parts.



Part 1, “Unique Quaker Testimonies and Practices,” includes essays on practices like writing testimonies to the lives of departed Friends; the witness of equality and how it changed over time; the writing of books of discipline; and “methods” of worship, which includes the development of Quietism.

Part 2, “Tensions Between Quakerism in Community and Quakerism in the World,” has chapters that demonstrate ways that Quakerism came into tension with the dominant culture. For instance, the refusal to swear oaths was strange at that time. Quakers’ practice of conducting wedding ceremonies was not at first recognized as legitimate. At the same time, the popular image of Quakers remained positive due to Friends’ social justice work. Also examined is the inward-facing culture that developed among Quakers.

Part 3, “Expressions of Quakerism Around the Atlantic World,” describes, among other things, early dynamics that shaped the Quaker relationship with Native Americans in North America. Interestingly, the idea that Friends’ concepts of order did not project well onto those relationships is discussed, as is the inability of Friends

to understand Native culture.

The third part has a lot of variety in its content. The disparate essays cover topics like comparative case studies showing how marriage practices and their roles in meeting life had differing impacts on two Canadian meetings and a fascinating view of one family enterprise in Wales that prospered with the early rise of the Industrial Revolution and collapsed in the 1840s.

All these are useful studies. However, this volume does not provide much detail about the Great Separation of 1827, or about the various social justice movements among Friends, or about Friends’ religious practices or theologies. Despite the intent to produce “a broadly accessible picture of Quakerism in the period,” the book definitely assumes that the reader is already widely read in Quaker history, and the endnotes are thick with all the references one might consult. I recommend that you first spend time with some “old histories.” (Books like Rufus Jones’s *The Later Periods of Quakerism*, Hugh Barbour and J. William Frost’s *The Quakers*, and John Punshon’s *Portrait in Grey* would be good places to start.) This volume could then provide additional insight with individual chapters on topics of interest. It has an index, which researchers will find useful.

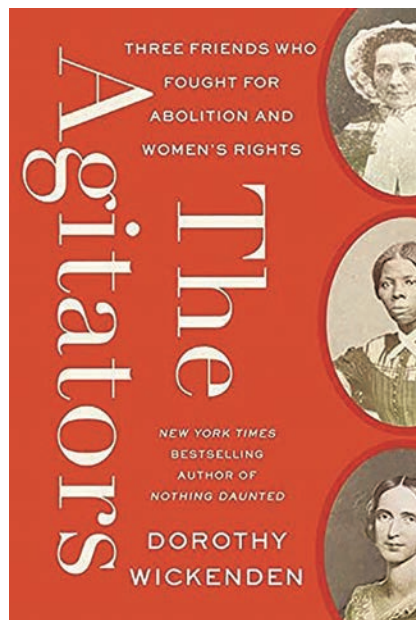
Brian Drayton worships with Souhegan Preparative Meeting in southern New Hampshire. He blogs at amorvincat.wordpress.com.

The Agitators: Three Friends Who Fought for Abolition and Women’s Rights

By Dorothy Wickenden. Scribner, 2021. 400 pages. \$30/hardcover; \$14.99/eBook.

Reviewed by Gwen Gosney Erickson

Context is vital to understanding stories of our past that inform our



present. *The Agitators* presents elements of nineteenth-century history likely familiar to many *Friends Journal* readers: the quest for women's rights, abolitionism, the Underground Railroad, horrors of war, and troublesome political choices. The lens through which this story is told is what makes this particular presentation compelling. It portrays overlapping networks of community and family, centered on the lives of three crucial figures: Martha Coffin Wright, Frances Seward, and Harriet Tubman.

Today, Tubman is the most known of these three women. Wright's sister, Lucretia Coffin Mott, is the better-known reformer, and Frances Seward is most easily identified through her husband, then New York governor and U.S. Secretary of State William H. Seward. All three women called Auburn, N.Y., home and supported one another over decades. Their overlapping worlds and influences weave through the narrative, along with insights relating to other well-known figures such as Frederick Douglass, John Brown, William Lloyd Garrison, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Abraham Lincoln, and many more. Of course, Martha's

notable Quaker sister, Lucretia, slips in throughout. The anecdotes and deeply researched details humanize both the protagonists and those they encounter on the world stage.

By centering these three activists, Wickenden provides compelling observations. She highlights the influences of background, identity, relationships, and personality on the choices and actions people are led to take at crucial points in their lives. While each of the three women could fill a full-length biography with just her own life, the decision to bring them together demonstrates the importance of community and relationships beyond the single story. Each had a role to play.

Wright was publicly known at the time as an agitator for abolition and women's suffrage. Seward's influence was more behind the scenes in her lifetime but brought to light by surviving correspondence connecting the Auburn story to national political intrigues. Harriet Tubman's multiple roles through her long life are especially compelling, as she spends much of the story traveling in service to her life's work to end enslavement while also supporting her family. Including Tubman's voice and experiences provides an essential counter narrative to traditional presentations of nineteenth-century womanhood and women's activism. Pairing her life story with those of other women leaders of the era connects the dots for a more complete history.

The Agitators is a book that takes the reader through decades of reform and crises with timeless themes of love for family, frustrations with power and disunity, and commitments to justice.

Gwen Gosney Erickson is a member of Friendship Meeting in Greensboro, N.C., and Quaker archivist at Guilford College.

The Anatomy of Grief

By Dorothy P. Holinger. Yale University Press, 2020. 328 pages. \$27.50/ hardcover or eBook.

Reviewed by Brad Sheeks

I can't believe it is one's first thought when disaster strikes—for example, on hearing that a family member died alone on a ventilator in the hospital. Imagine standing near the rubble of the condo building that fell down in Surfside, Fla., in June, as someone remembers that phone call last night to a family member on the tenth floor.

What happens when we are thrust into grief? Dorothy Holinger's book helps us understand the physical impact of grief. This book is a deep dive into what's going on in our bodies, in our brain's frontal lobe, in the limbic system. Is it true that our hearts can be broken? What's going on in the body when one is stunned into silence and can only scream out or be overcome with sobbing? We can feel compelled to obsessively repeat our story, as when Jacqueline Kennedy emerged from her stunned silence on that terrible November day in 1963, and repeatedly told people on the flight from Dallas to Washington, D.C., what happened in the car when those shots were fired.

Holinger brings a lifetime of experience as a psychologist to the question of how unattended grief can damage our health. She goes on to reassure us that in facing our pain, we can heal and recover. She taught at Harvard Medical School for many years and is a Fellow of the Association for Psychological Science. Holinger offers a look at the damage done by grief to our mental and physical health, such as depression and anxiety along with physical symptoms. Furthermore, there is evidence of grief having an effect on our immune system, placing us at increased risk of illness. The stress of grief can show itself in the oddest of ways. Holinger tells the

The Anatomy of Grief



Dorothy P. Holinger

story of a client who was suffering a hearing impairment that had no physiological basis. It was not until this young mother faced the pain of no longer being able to hear her daughter's laughter that she recovered her full hearing.

Holinger goes into detail about the various forms of grief, including ambiguous grief: suffered, for example, when a missing body is never recovered. We have anticipatory grief when someone is slowly dying from a degenerative condition. Disenfranchised grief is suffered, often by children, when a sibling dies of suicide and their name is never spoken in the house. You are in the presence of chronic grief when someone tells of a painful loss with raw emotion as if it were last week. Another form of grief is called complicated (or prolonged) grief, when one keeps a departed person's room or belongings just as they were. Exaggerated (or excessive) grief is when someone says, "If only I had . . . he wouldn't have died."

The painful reality of the new situation intrudes. Our circumstances have changed. A loved one has died. We've lost the language of our shared life and a new way of talking must



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be learned, changing verbs from present to past tense. We grope for words to express our grief—words like “abandoned,” “adrift,” “bereft,” “deprived,” “desolate,” “destroyed,” “devastated,” “robbed.” None of them work very well, and all are unwelcome.

The last section of Holinger’s book is simply titled, “Lost Loved Ones.” She writes about her mother’s death and her own working through the issues associated with her grief, so that she got to the place where her image of her mother became a source of strength for her. She quotes Charles Darwin, “We have lost the joy of the household,” to open her chapter on grieving the death of a child.

Holinger concludes *The Anatomy of Grief* with this metaphor: “Can grief, with its gray, leaden nature, truly become ennobled as joy and changed into gold?” Her answer is encouraging, affirming that we can confront the pain of our loss and move on to seeing life and reality in new ways, finding ourselves healed and more enabled to live life fully, each day.

Brad Sheeks is a member of Newtown (Pa.) Meeting. A retired co-leader (with Pat McBee) of the Friends General Conference Couple Enrichment Program, he also is retired from hospice nursing.

Messengers of Encouragement: Stories to Help Us Listen, Support, and Believe in One Another

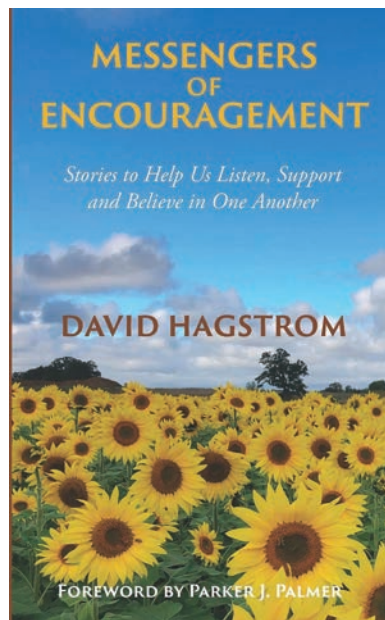
By David Hagstrom. *Dancing Moon Press*, 2021. 150 pages. \$14.95/paperback.

Pax

By Annie Lighthart. *Fernwood Press*, 2021. 90 pages. \$16/paperback.

Reviewed by Michael S. Glaser

To read two books back-to-back that both give heart is a welcome experience for me. David Hagstrom’s



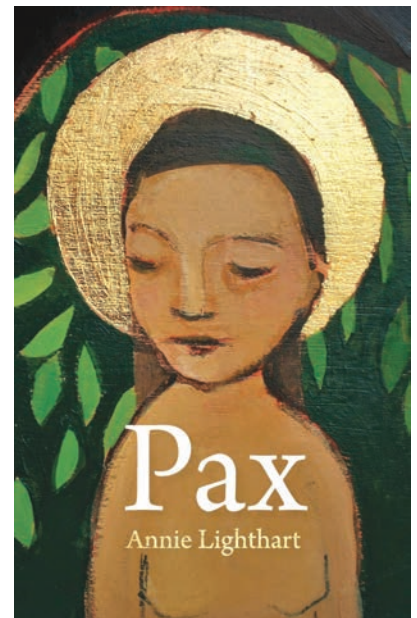
Messengers of Encouragement: Stories to Help Us Listen, Support and Believe in One Another and Annie Lighthart’s new collection of poems, *Pax*, were two such works. They have enriched my life and strengthened my spirit.

With a foreword by Parker J. Palmer, Hagstrom’s *Messengers of Encouragement* is both gentle and wise. It focuses on the value of listening with the heart: both to others and to one’s own inner calling.

Drawing on different eras of his life—from farming to teaching in and administering schools in Alaska, through a number of medical encounters—Hagstrom illustrates the power of a story to create deeply meaningful communication with others. Each small story is a vignette that shaped the author’s larger self, and it is that larger self that reports out to us with the understanding and wisdom he has gained from his experiences.

As Hagstrom shares his stories, we hear the voice of one who lives with compassion and courage. His increasing ability to live with “the luck of the draw” teaches him and us ways to nurture and encourage others with deep listening and calm, quiet humility.

One story that especially moved



me is about Hagstrom’s discovering a brain tumor that had to be removed, and how the 16-hour surgery damaged his auditory nerve. With the help of an encouraging nurse, Hagstrom learned to listen in a new way:

My ears have considerable difficulty perceiving sounds these days; however, my heart has become a deeper, more trustworthy source of hearing. There’s a song strong in my soul. I hear my song—and other people’s too. I listen with my heart.

With each story we grow in admiration for Hagstrom’s ability to accept what fate has presented him: how he learns from each event to be more compassionate, more appreciative of the gifts of his own life, more able to encourage and thus nurture others. From paying close attention to his own experiences and interactions with others, Hagstrom finds:

These days . . . I try to first listen, refraining from adding my perspective just to get my two cents in. In conversation, I try to ask an open and honest question, rather than leading someone into

my predetermined directions, I try to watch their expressions directly instead of gazing away.

Hagstrom's stories lift us up with kindness and wonder, which we come to discover is the essence of encouragement—a way of inviting others to “come in out of the cold.” His stories teach us the power of simply being with another and listening. They teach us that careful listening is encouragement. Indeed, it is an act of love.

Just as Hagstrom uses storytelling to share the important lessons his life has offered him, Annie Lighthart uses poetry to share the understandings she has gained from paying attention to the small details of the world around her. *Pax* is a collection of poems rich with wisdom and generosity, and blessedly not at all self-conscious about reminding us how awesome and sacred life can be.

The first poem in the book, “Conditions of Happiness,” suggests to us that “when you do not measure time, / each day is a little year . . .” which enables us to hear “the birds sing all morning, *you have what you need.*”

Poem after poem offers us “A New Way to See Stars” and reminds us to welcome the light, which reveals itself to us like stars that “land among mouths / and are eaten by day.” Throughout, Lighthart's poems tap into the elemental wisdom that can be gained from engaging with the experiences life offers. The poet acknowledges the shadows but foregrounds the beauty and awe in our lives:

When we look long at one another,
we soften, we relent, listen
might forgive. We allow for silence
and . . .
suddenly we are in a free place.
as if out of the pupil and the iris
of that momentary kingdom.



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These poems offer a lens of gentle gratitude through which we can celebrate even the things we are taught not to do, like “[n]ot to eat the candy found in the road” and not looking “at people frankly and say[ing] what one thinks.” Over and over, she shows how to “pick oneself up off the floor.”

In our complex world, where voices of anger and fear too often find their way to our ears, Lighthart’s poems are graced by a voice of wonder and gratitude. They suggest that “[i]t is enough to lie down in safety and let the darkness take form,” and they remind us to ask ourselves how we will wake the “stubborn sleeper” of ourselves back “to life.” “Yes,” she writes in her poem “Autumn.”

Yes, gravity wants to win, but we still live in a world of levity—eyes opening, hope hoisting us up from bed . . .

The beginning of the last poem in *Pax*, “Lantern,” pretty neatly sums up a core message that is woven throughout this book: “Some evening, almost accidentally, you might yet understand / that you belong, are meant to be . . .”

When so much we read these days seems to encourage cynicism, these books by Lighthart and Hagstrom urge us to pay attention to the gifts that offer themselves to us daily. Neither writer denies the shadows that keep the written word whole and authentic, but both serve to remind us that blessings abound.

I highly recommend these books—for yourself and as gifts for others. I am a better person for having read them.

Michael S. Glaser, poet laureate of Maryland, 2004–2009, is a professor emeritus at St. Mary’s College of Maryland. He has recently relocated to Hillsborough, N.C.

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Peculiar People

continued from page 16

thought you guys really weren't allowed to smoke."

"No," said the man, blowing a ragged smoke ring, "But there are a lot of Aunt Jeans in the world." He glanced at Mark and gestured with the cigarette. "You do not enjoy?"

"Nah. I eat chocolate, as God and John Cadbury intended. Were you at the movie?"

The Amish man shrugged. "Another guilty pleasure. As for your discussion, I think a traditional vampire would not prey on Quaker or Amish communities."

"Too much faith?"

"No, a lack of sheer, frilly nightgowns."

Dave choked on his smoke, and Mark, laughing, pounded his back.

"A werewolf, now," the man continued, "that could work. Lots of chickens and rabbits around, no need to hurt anyone." He neatly stubbed his unfinished cigarette against the building and placed it in a vest pocket. Nodding amiably, he strode off down the sidewalk.

Dave and Mark turned onto the street that would take them home.

"Nice old guy," said Mark. "You don't suppose?"

Dave shrugged. "Why not?" He himself transformed into a large ginger tabby at the full moon, and Mark into a shaggy seal-point. Aunt Jean became a very proper dove-gray cat with neat white paws, and the Quaker homes and barns were never troubled by mice. □

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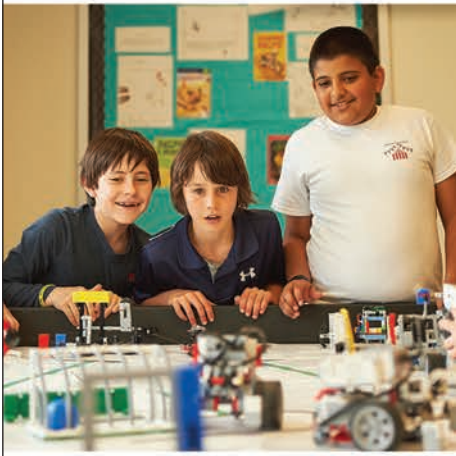
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Something Odd about the Dyers

continued from page 25

harder and harder for Michael to know whether it was Franny or Franny’s friend talking. He didn’t think it mattered. “Is that what happened? Where you’re from?”

“Kind of.”

“That’s awful!”

Franny looked away. “Awful things happen everywhere.” But they didn’t think about it, because it still hurt too much; and when they’d attempted to explain it to Mr. and Mrs. Dyer, everything had come out so wrong.

They turned back to Michael, trying to smile. “Didn’t Mama have some ice cream for you, in the freezer?”

Michael clapped his hands. “Um, yeah!”

So they scooped Michael his ice cream, adding extra chocolate syrup, and the brother and sister nibbled sweets in afternoon sunlight.

All this Mrs. Dyer watched from the porch, where hummingbirds flitted to and from her feeders.

Next week, the government arrived. Their AI had tracked a pod falling on the Dyer farm, and all night men with flamethrowers combed the back forest, looking. And they found it, for Mr. Dyer had done nothing with the empty pod but leave it in the clearing.

“Y’all are lucky,” said the chief officer to the family the next morning at breakfast. “Those devils die in minutes without a host body. That pod opened up weeks ago, so the thing must have shriveled to dust in the forest. Perfect ending, if you ask me.”

Franny closed their eyes, feeling nauseous.

“I appreciate your vigilance,” Mr. Dyer said.

“Of course!” The officer helped himself to a piece of bacon. “You’ve got a lovely family. Gives me hope that there’s something in this horrible world worth protecting.”

So the men with flamethrowers made to leave, packing their equipment into big black vans. As they worked, the officer turned again to the Dyers.

“It’s just odd,” he said. And he studied the family, up and down. “Those pods make such a fuss when they land. Big sound, big lights. But y’all say you didn’t know you had one come down back there?”

And Mrs. Dyer stood tall, because even though she was a tight ball of strings, she would do anything for her children, and she would have put Moses in a basket, too.

“No, sir,” she said. And she reached for Franny’s hand, squeezed it. “We didn’t see a thing. It must have landed the night of the fourth.”

“Fireworks!” the officer said, understanding.

Mrs. Dyer nodded. “We probably saw it and thought it was fireworks.”

That satisfied the officer. The vans drove off, down the dirt road. The family watched them leave, until they were only specks of black, kicking up dust in the July sun.

And then, before the food got cold, the Dyers went in and finished breakfast. □

The Conscientious Objector

continued from page 27

was a farm boy. Family tradition has it that he'd been able to hit a woodchuck at a hundred yards since he was a kid."

"Why did he want to hit a woodchuck?" The Shilla's eyes gradually relaxed.

"An agricultural pest. And back in the Depression, people used to eat them."

The Shilla's eyes retracted again; there was a long pause before they spoke. "So he did what he could to behave correctly. Even in a dangerous time."

I nodded. "Exactly. And that's what we're trying to do here. Even if those robot soldiers would make us a little bit safer—and we don't know that—we believe that without them we'll be closer to a time when nobody needs them."

"I see." The Shilla took something from the folds of their poncho, ran a broad fingertip over it. "Please do not tell anybody else, but I am about to set my Companion to home-planet mode. It will not defend me now if it creates significant risk to a bystander." Somewhere another firework exploded. "Is that better?"

It's always good to see the Light shining somewhere unexpected. "Thanks," I said, and winked. "Your secret's safe with me." I looked around. Most of the folks from the meeting were out of sight, but Mark, almost as tall as the alien, was standing 20 meters away, watching us. He caught my eye and waved, urgently. I turned back to the Shilla. "Come on. There's some folks over there I'd like you to meet. Friends!" □

That of Dog

continued from page 30

He really misses sledding."

As the stragglers returned from the back of the meetinghouse, Freya shouted "Friends! It is time to stand up for our rights! Leashes are for property! We demand the right to freely move about the city without the fetters imposed by unjust laws!"

Barks and voices signaled approval.

"Our voice!" yelled Freya.

"Our choice!" the crowd responded.

"Our speech!" yelled Freya.

"No leash!" The crowd continued the call and response for several minutes as they moved into formation.

Freya took her place at the head of the procession. "Onward Friends!"

They marched off the meetinghouse property and onto the street, breaking the law in the process. A border collie, a schnauzer, and a German shepherd led the group with Freya. Instead of the drums often used in human protests, they used their voices to bark out a rhythmic marching cadence.

Bark, bark. Yap, bark, yap.

Woof. Woof. Woof.

Bark, bark. Yap, bark, yap.

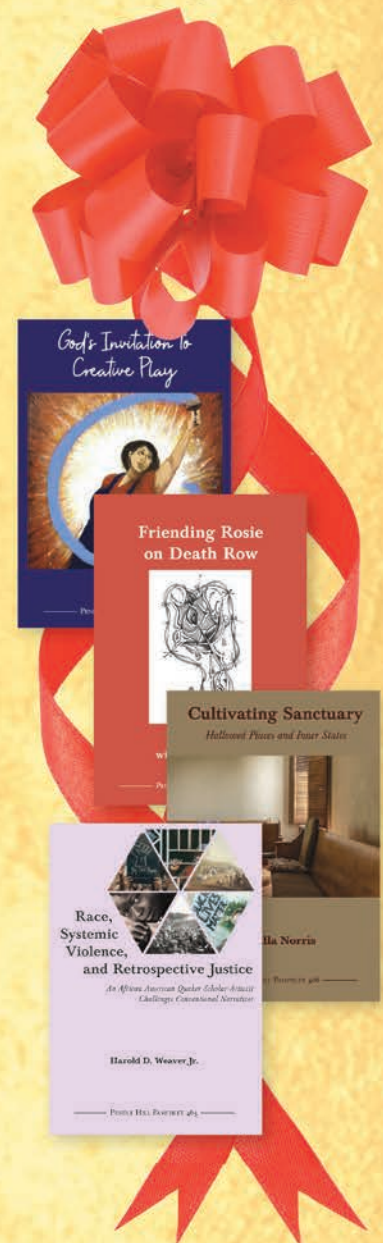
Woof. Woof. Woof.

Bark, bark. Yap, bark, yap.

Woof. Woof. Woof.

As the dog protest turned the corner toward the center of town, Mia smiled with amazement and pride. She turned to Bob and said, "We have work to do." □

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FORUM

continued from page 5

truth rather than just some personal trip that they enjoyed?

*Chris King
Ojai, Calif.*

I believe mystical experience is not meant to be mysteriously available only for a special few. It is meant to be commonplace and available to everyone—reinforced in meeting for worship and other gatherings but also available while washing dishes or pulling up weeds. The more experience I have, the fewer useful distinctions I can make. That state of being really is ineffable. Yet we need to talk about it in order to provide validation for folks who may not understand what is happening, or has happened, to them, and because we need to know that one’s spiritual experience can—and should—develop, grow, and change.

*Sandra Palmer
Vienna, Va.*

I have been engaged in the study of the actual relationship between Carl Jung and a group of Quakers who were in Geneva in the 1930s, and how they disseminated their transformed understanding of Quakerism as a mystical, experiential and experimental religion that resulted.

The key members of that group, Irene Pickard, Elined Kotschnig (who played a leading role in the Friends Conference on Religion and Psychology), P. W. Martin (who wrote the book *Experiment in Depth*), and his wife, Margery, created an archive of materials, which Irene Pickard fortunately preserved.

They knew Rufus Jones, Howard Brinton, and Douglas Steere, and like them, laid great stress on the mystical tradition within Quakerism, which for them was given extra zest by what they saw as the psychological underpinning provided by Jung. The resultant work is currently with a publisher.

*D Lockyer
Milford Haven, UK*

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Toward a More Inclusive Society

In a faith community as theologically diverse as Liberal Friends, there are bound to be misunderstanding and hurt feelings. The underlying question is, “Do I really belong here?” It was a lot easier when I was a Baptist: I said that Jesus Christ was my personal Lord and savior, and I was in. Now “my personal Lord and savior” has a different, more inward meaning. Even though part of me knows I belong with Liberal Friends, there’s an insecurity. There was a sweet old lady who told me that Christianity was the worst religion. Another time someone told me, “And that’s why Buddhism is better than Christianity.” I told her, “I could hear you better if you had said, ‘That’s what I love about Buddhism.’” All this feeds my insecurity, and I have become more and more sensitive.

Christianity has been infected with European arrogance ever since it became the official church of the Roman Empire back in the 300s AD. Jesus’s nonviolence and critique of the power system went out the window. Making Christianity the official religion of an oppressive empire turned the church on its head. Over a thousand years later, countries in Europe started to build empires in the Americas, bringing that twisted form of Christianity with them.

Early Friends saw this clearly and denounced all churches in England for the way they had abandoned the true Spirit, Life, and teachings of Jesus. They saw that Christianity is about obeying the teachings of Jesus and loving with the heart of Christ.

My understanding of Christianity is based on this. That is why, for me, the Bible is not the word of God. The Gospel of John says, “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.” (John 1:1) The rest of the paragraph makes it clear that John means that Christ is the Word. So Liberal Friends attack Christianity out of a lack of knowledge of what their brother and sister Friends

mean when they say, “I’m a Christian.”

I have a vision of Quakerism where everyone can feel safe because no one’s faith is attacked. Over 50 years as a Liberal Friend has taught me the truth of universalism. I know for sure that there is one true faith and that God has many names, or no name. I have sat through many business meetings with Friends of all kinds of beliefs. When we arrive at unity, we sense the One Spirit that brings us into that unity. Quakerism has had this universalist element in it from the beginning. Only the spirit of Christ within us can save us, but it’s not necessary to even know the word “Christ” in order to be one with that Spirit. I have learned so much from the different faiths I have encountered. Buddhists have taught mindfulness, which keeps me in touch with each moment. Native authors like Robin Wall Kimmerer taught me to connect with nature. Now I notice more often the big sycamore tree at the corner of Green Valley and Holohan Roads in my hometown. I tell it, “Hello, beautiful,” when I see it.

Let’s all share with each other what nourishes our spirits. Tell me what you love about Buddhism. Nontheists, dive deeply into that which nourishes you spiritually, come back, and show me your treasures. Ask me about my journey with Jesus and I will show you my treasures. First of all, there are his wonderful teachings: Don’t judge others; forgive without stopping; love your enemies. I love that the God of my worship became a human being, so He knows how hard life can be. I love that God is portrayed as a family, Father and Son. This is like my own family, which consists of mother and daughter. Best of all, Jesus embodied unconditional love.

Let’s continue to build our community. Let’s welcome everyone. With God’s help, let’s build a community where all can be safe.

Emelyn Buskirk
Watsonville, Calif.



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Friend McCormick speaks directly to my experience that I have rarely spoken to anyone about, precisely because it is so difficult to put into words. My unitive experiences always seemed outside mainstream Quakerism even though these experiences were a major part of the reason I continued returning to Quaker meetinghouses for the last 53 years. On those few occasions I attempted to explain my experience to another Friend, I felt misunderstood, rejected, or just ignored. But now Friend McCormick has provided the vocabulary.

Kristin K. Loken
Falling Waters, W.V.

As someone who considers himself a lifelong mystic, I believe mystical experiences exist on a spectrum—from “mind-blowing” transcendence to simple, brief mystical moments. Unfortunately, we tend to emphasize the former and under-value the latter.

For most of us, it takes having a daily practice to sensitize us to what Buddhists call “small satoris,” or the everyday varieties of awakening that show up while washing the dishes, for example.

The challenge, really, is to resist the urge to cling to our experiences of the mystical as if they are badges of achievement we can hang on the wall. They are not. Rather, they are deeply personal landmarks that remind us that Life, God, or the Universe is drawing us closer to itself.

Jim Birt
Danville, Pa.

There is something very powerful (and mystical) in the immediacy of silence and silent corporate worship. We carry the past with us in our memories, but a gathered meeting is also vitally present to the current moment and the experience of the Light within the world, within ourselves, within others. It is a direct encounter with the Spirit in which we have the opportunity for both theistic and unitive experiences!

David Castro
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Deaths

Adamson—*Gerald (Jerry) Adamson*, 85, on March 11, 2021, surrounded by his family in Berkeley, Calif. Jerry was born on October 10, 1935, the eighth of eleven children, and was raised on a farm in Iowa. He contracted rheumatic fever when he was ten years old. Clare Trueblood, a doctor from the adjacent farm and great-uncle to Peter Trueblood of Strawberry Creek Meeting, was sent for. He determined how gravely ill Jerry was. Jerry felt that Dr. Trueblood saved his life, and remained deeply grateful to him for the remainder of his life.

Jerry moved to Berkeley, Calif., where he met and married Nancy Varney in 1956. They raised five children. Jerry and Nancy’s home brimmed with local and international friends. Jerry kept honeybees and chickens and had a natural understanding for how to build structures, fix machines, and heal sick animals. He was passionate about all forms of alternative energy, particularly solar.

Jerry worked at Donner Laboratory at the University of California, Berkeley from 1958 until his retirement in 1989. He and Frank T. Lindgren coauthored several publications about lipoproteins.

Jerry’s brother, Frank Adamson, joined Berkeley (Calif.) Meeting in 1950 and remained a member until he transferred membership to Santa Cruz (Calif.) Meeting in 1989. Jerry and Nancy became Quakers by conviction under the care of Berkeley Meeting on September 9, 1987. Jerry continued as a Quaker for the remainder of his life. Nancy died on March 25, 2007, following a short illness. Jerry’s ashes will be buried next to Nancy’s ashes in the Waldron Island cemetery (San Juan Islands, Wash.).

In 2015 Jerry moved to his son David’s home in Newport, Ore., where he enjoyed meeting friends and taking nature walks until his health declined.

Jerry is survived by five children, Helen Adamson (Ferran Sancho Pifarre), Mel Adamson (Bent Vale), Susan Adamson, David Adamson, and Arthur Adamson (Claire); 15 grandchildren; two great-grandchildren; six siblings, James Ralph Adamson, William Adamson, Ethel Adamson Patzer, Glen Adamson, Maxine Bennett, and Wayne Adamson; sisters-in-law; nieces and nephews; and close friend J.B. Jones.

McNeill—*Ruth Jones McNeill*, 72, on February 14, 2021, in Corvallis, Ore. Ruth was born in Chicago, Ill., on March 13, 1949, to William Hardy McNeill and Elizabeth Darbishire McNeill. Ruth excelled in school. She attended Swarthmore College from 1966 to 1970, majoring in anthropology. Ruth taught in primary school, first in West Hartford, Conn., and then in Boston, Mass. She was a dedicated teacher with strong empathy for her students. Ruth married Bart Jones in 1992. They moved to Oregon in 2004, where Ruth taught preschool until her retirement.

Woofie, as her family and friends called her, had a gift for friendship. She remained devoted

to friends that she made in college and during her early years as a teacher. Following her move to Oregon, Ruth made twice-annual pilgrimages to New England to visit her dearest friends.

Ruth was devoted to family, including her many nieces and nephews. She wove baby blankets, found perfect Christmas presents, and at summer gatherings often came equipped with an age-appropriate project to delight the young.

Ruth became a member of Corvallis (Ore.) Meeting in March 2014. While serving on the Ministry and Oversight Committee, she took the lead in writing a pamphlet introducing Quakerism for visitors and new members and helped to write *The History of Corvallis Monthly Meeting*. She was a member of the Library Committee for many years, where she spearheaded major transformations of both the committee and the library. Friends found Ruth to be inspirational, diplomatic, and resourceful while dealing with these monumental tasks. Ruth wrote an article about this experience that was published in the November 2017 edition of *Friends Journal*. Her love of learning about Quakers led Ruth to create a card game called Famous Quakers Memory Game.

Ruth was involved with Re-evaluation Counseling, a process where participants learn how to exchange effective help with each other to free themselves from the effects of past distressing experiences. She is remembered as a caring, capable, and dedicated teacher and co-counselor. Ruth became involved with the Mid-Valley Hearing Loss Association as her own hearing deteriorated. She volunteered at Room at the Inn, the local overnight shelter for homeless women, and with Health Care for All Oregon, which promotes universal healthcare.

Ruth enjoyed basketry and both admired and wove textiles. She was fascinated by words, which she read in abundance and spoke and wrote with precision. She delighted in visiting museums and archeological sites.

Ruth battled cancer off and on beginning in 1989. She was determined not to allow cancer to define her. At one point Ruth was told that people with her diagnosis typically had a life expectancy of two to three years. Her response was to take a trip to Peru, where she saw its wonderful textiles, archeological sites, and museums. Ruth outlived that grim medical forecast by 20 years.

Ruth is survived by her husband, Bart Jones; two brothers, John Robert McNeill (Julia Alexanra Billingsley) and Andrew Duncan McNeill; a sister, Deborah Joan McNeill (Gregory Alexander Van Koughnett); and 11 nieces and nephews.

Mosley—*Elizabeth S. Mosley*, 97, on July 12, 2021, in Jenkintown, Pa. Liz was born on August 11, 1923, to Helen (Oliver) Underwood and Orison Underwood in Buffalo, N.Y. Liz said that her mother taught her to enjoy music, literature, scholarship, and orderly living, while her father instilled in her a love of nature, a comfortable sense of independence and

freedom, and most of all, a deep spirituality and strong sense of integrity.

Liz had one sister, Margaret (“Peg”). She was married to Keith “Mose” Moseley for 70 loving years. Liz and Keith had four children, Malcolm, Michael, Elizabeth, and Deborah.

Liz spent 25 years teaching at Rochester Institute of Technology in Rochester, N.Y., and at Drexel University in Philadelphia, Pa. She taught for many years at Abington Friends School in Jenkintown, which led her to Quakerism. Liz was an active member of Abington Meeting in Jenkintown for many years.

Liz would often express gratitude for her friends, her students, her family, and her dearest Keith. “When I look back over my life, I am reminded of what Chaucer’s good Wife of Bath said, ‘I’ve had my life in my own time.’ And so indeed have I. It has been a rich, full life, a gift from so many to me.”

Liz was predeceased by her husband, Keith Moseley; and her sister, Peg Schwerin. She is survived by four children, Elizabeth M. Mosley (Lance Hogan), Malcolm Mosley (Ji Won Mosley), Deborah Duffy (John), and Michael Mosley; 14 grandchildren; and 13 great-grandchildren.

Ross—*Susan Jane Freedman Ross*, 76, on March 22, 2018, at a convalescent home in Alamo, Calif. Susan was born on April 12, 1941, in Alameda, Calif., the daughter of Theodore and Stella (Mathews) Freedman. The family, including Susan’s older sister, Sarah, joined Berkeley (Calif.) Meeting on April 26, 1946.

Susan enjoyed reading when she was a child. Her mother, Stella, assisted with development of the Dewey Decimal System. When Stella was asked whether science fiction deserved its own classification, she gave Susan several science fiction books to read, then asked Susan’s opinion of how they should be classified. Following that experience, Susan especially enjoyed reading science fiction. She compiled a very large personal collection of science fiction books.

Susan was diagnosed with rheumatoid arthritis when she was a pre-teen. There were no treatments available at that time. As a result, she spent most of her life either in pain or on opioids.

Susan attended Guilford College in Greensboro, N.C., then returned to the Bay Area to finish her schooling at San José State College. She worked as a school librarian for the San Francisco School District for her entire working life. Following retirement, she volunteered for the Orinda Historical Society in Orinda, Calif.

When she was young, Susan helped with Berkeley Meeting’s programs for children. In 1959, together with George Millikan, also of Berkeley Meeting, she served on the team running the children’s program at Pacific Yearly Meeting at La Honda, Calif. Susan served on Berkeley Meeting’s Library Committee, as well as the Kitchen Committee.

Susan met Peter Ross at Berkeley Meeting while he was earning his doctorate degree in mathematics at the University of California,

Berkeley. Peter had been teaching mathematics at the state college in Santa Clara. Susan changed her name to Susan Ross in 1968, though there is no record of their marriage. Their son, Jonathan, was born January 27, 1969.

Sometime around 1964, Susan’s parents had a small house built for her next to their house in Orinda. After her retirement, Susan continued to live in Orinda with her sister, Sarah, but as her condition grew worse, she moved to a convalescent home in Alamo.

Susan is survived by one child, Jonathan Ross (Lucy Bowers-Wildblood); and a sister, Sarah Hoopes.

Samelson—*Nancy Morse Samelson*, 100, on August 15, 2020, peacefully, at a care home in Sunnyvale, Calif. Nancy was born on June 2, 1920, as Nancy Carter Morse in White Plains, N.Y. She grew up during the Great Depression in New York and western Massachusetts. She earned her bachelor’s from Syracuse University, master’s from Columbia University, and, in 1947, a doctorate in social psychology from Syracuse University, where she worked with Floyd Henry Allport, one of the founders of the field. Her thesis “The Causation of Anti-Semitism: An Investigation of Seven Hypotheses” was published in *The Journal of Psychology* in 1952. Her interest in social justice continued throughout her life.

After completion of her doctorate, Nancy took a position at the Survey Research Center at the University of Michigan, where she conducted research and collaborated on several books about productivity and satisfaction in the workplace. Nancy and Hans Samelson, a mathematics professor, married in 1956. They had two children together, Amy in 1958 and Roger in 1959. When Hans accepted a professorship at Stanford University in 1960, the family moved to California. Nancy took the lead in child-rearing and was active in local cooperatives.

Nancy accepted a research associate position in the Civil Engineering Department at Stanford, focusing on human factors in construction management. She worked at Stanford from 1973 to 1985 and coauthored a pioneering text *Construction Safety Management*.

Nancy and Hans and their family spent the academic year of 1967–1968 in England and the Netherlands. While in the Netherlands, Nancy became fascinated with the work of Rembrandt van Rijn. This fascination would remain with her throughout her life. In 1995, Nancy began a course of study in art history at San José State University. She earned a master’s degree two years later. Her thesis was titled “Rembrandt’s pictures and his life: the Leiden years.”

While living at Stanford, Nancy and Hans became active in Palo Alto (Calif.) Meeting. Their memberships as convinced Friends were recorded in 1984. Nancy served on many committees and was instrumental in reviving the Harvest Festival.

Nancy’s hobbies included writing haikus, which led to three small books given to family members, and practicing the Chinese art of qi gong, which she continued into her 90s. She

enjoyed sailing on the Bay in her small sailboat, which she donated to the Stanford Sailing Club. The family enjoyed camping. She and Hans enjoyed opera and theater. Nancy’s favorite playwright was Shakespeare.

Nancy was well-known for her generosity. She provided hospitality for many months to a member of Palo Alto Meeting whose house was flooded in 1998. She often invited others to her home for meals and to swim in the pool at the retirement complex on the Stanford campus.

Always energetic, Nancy rode her bike to and from meeting for worship into her 70s. She participated in the early morning weekly meditation group held on Thursdays at the meetinghouse. A Friend remembers Nancy’s excitement when she received enlightenment regarding the impermanence principle while riding across the Oregon Expressway overpass. “Aging—no escape! Dying—no escape!” Nancy enthusiastically reported: “And I thought, *Isn’t that wonderful?*”

Nancy was predeceased in 2005 by her husband of nearly 50 years, Hans Samelson. She is survived by two children, Amy Samelson and Roger Samelson; one stepchild, Peter Samelson; and two grandchildren.

Turco—*Edward Franklin Turco*, 76, on March 28, 2021, peacefully, with his wife of 40 years, Denise, by his side at their home in Lincoln, R.I. Ed was born on March 23, 1945, to Alfred and Delia (DiMeo) Turco in Providence, R.I. Ed spent his youth in Warwick and Cranston, R.I., and later resided in Lincoln for many years.

Ed’s lifelong interest in astronomy and constructing telescopes began when at 13 he received a telescope as a gift. Avidly pursuing his interests during high school, Ed represented Rhode Island in the National Science Fair. He was a lifelong member of Skyscrapers Astronomical Society in Scituate, R.I., joining in 1961 when he was just 16 years old. Over the years, Ed gave many talks for the organization, wrote articles for the society’s publications, and shared his knowledge of telescope-making both informally and in workshops.

Ed launched the Rhode Island Meteor Research Organization with two high school friends. He was a regular contributor to the magazines *Sky & Telescope* and *Amateur Astronomy*. More than 50 years later, his final piece “The Definitive Newtonian Reflector” was published on *Cloudynights.com*.

Ed graduated from Brown University with a bachelor’s in anthropology in 1967, and a master’s in English in 1971. He worked at Brown University Mail Services following graduation and before moving to the U.S. Postal Service. Ed was promoted to the engineering technical unit working with computer software applications. He enjoyed teaching and mentoring as an adjunct professor of English at Community College of Rhode Island and a substitute teacher in secondary schools.

When Ed met his future wife, Denise Prive, he wanted her to appreciate his passion for crafting fine telescopes. He extended a challenge to her, asking her to build a

telescope. Fortunately, Denise passed the test, and they were married on February 14, 1981. Together they raised their son, David. Denise was constant in her support of Ed's unique talents and keen intellect. They were never at a loss for conversation together.

Ed constructed instruments that were works of art, each requiring daunting microsurgical labor—grinding and polishing mirrors, constructing tripods and (along with much else) crafting tubes from fine woods and brightly painted composite materials. He was an inventor as well, for example, creating for Denise's birthday a projector-kaleidoscope made of brass. Ed was an inveterate collector of all sorts of things such as coins, stamps, stones, shells, even old radios. An autodidact, he became interested in chaos theory and, combining his love of music and mathematics, wrote a computer program that generated compositions of chaos-created music.

Ed was a lover of both classical and contemporary music. His love of history brought him to Saylesville Meeting in Providence for Christmas Eve candlelight worship in 2000. He was drawn to the early-eighteenth-century meetinghouse. Ed began reading deeply about the Religious Society of Friends and a year later became a Quaker. He was a faithful attender who dedicated himself to service to the meeting for as long as he was able.

The physical challenges of advanced rheumatoid arthritis limited Ed's mobility in recent years, which led him to reach out in new ways to communicate his passions with others. When he became housebound, he continued mentoring and teaching via the Internet.

Ed is survived by his wife, Denise Prive; one child, David Bernard Greene Turco (Lisa); one grandchild; a brother, Alfred Turco, and his companion, Maureen O'Dougherty; one niece and one nephew.

Wood—*Edward Watson Wood Jr.*, 96, on April 12, 2021, peacefully at home in Denver, Colo. Ed was born on December 12, 1924, the only child of Edward Watson Wood and Gertrude Green, in Florence, Ala. They moved to Chicago, Ill., in 1933. Ed inherited the tradition of the "citizen soldier" from his family who settled in the United States in the seventeenth century. At the age of 19, Ed left college to volunteer for infantry duty in World War II. During the liberation of France in September 1944, he suffered multiple severe wounds. Ed received a Purple Heart for his service.

After recovering from his physical wounds, Ed enrolled in the University of Chicago where he followed the Great Books course, a catalyst for the writing career that he would pursue for the remainder of his life. He met and married Alma Ward during this time. After their marriage, they spent a year in Mexico engaged in service for American Friends Service Committee (AFSC). Upon returning to the United States, they settled in Connecticut, where their three children were born. To support his growing family, Ed became a city

planner, obtaining degrees from the University of Chicago, Stanford University, the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The family settled in Baltimore, Md., where Ed was a city planner. He shared his passion for the outdoors with his children.

Ed and Alma joined the Religious Society of Friends and raised their children in this faith. Ed remained a Quaker for the rest of his life, devoting himself to pursuit of the Quaker peace testimony.

Ed and Alma divorced in 1973. After the divorce, Ed settled on Cape Cod, where he became a member of Yarmouth (Mass.) Meeting. After his youngest daughter graduated from college, Ed began writing full time to make sense of what had happened to him as a 19-year-old in combat. Forty years later, in 1984, Ed revisited the site of his wounding. That experience helped free him from years of emotional turmoil.

After this pivotal trip, Ed moved to Denver, Colo. to begin a new life. He was a Friend in residence at Mountain View (Colo.) Meeting, which allowed him time to pursue his writing and work for peace and social justice causes. He met his loving life partner, Elaine Grenata, a member of Mountain View Meeting. Ed and Elaine shared their lives for the next 35-plus years, living together, supporting each other, and loving one another—a true testament to the Quaker belief of "love in motion." Ed worshiped at Mountain View Meeting, but retained his membership in Yarmouth Meeting.

During this period, Ed published four books: *Sleeping Brook*, *On Being Wounded*, *Beyond the Weapons of Our Fathers*, and *Worshipping the Myths of World War II*. He was a guest lecturer at Colorado College, at Regis University's Center for the Study of the War Experience, and at Thornton High School where he discussed his war experience with small groups of high school students. Ed was a docent at the Denver Art Museum and was named Teacher of the Year in 2002. He published articles in numerous journals and appeared in two documentaries, *The Good Soldier* and *Bearing Witness*. In 2010, he was awarded the Jack Gore Peace Award, given annually by AFSC to recognize community members working for peace and justice.

Ed was a gregarious man with a large and diverse circle of friends. His interests included art, history, literature, fly fishing, and social justice.

Ed is survived by his partner, Elaine Granata; three children, Susan Wood, Nancy Wood (Hans Brinker), and John Wood (Kimberly); and six grandchildren.

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—Briana Halliwell, member of Vassalboro (Maine) Meeting

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