FRIENDS JOURNAL

QUAKER THOUGHT AND LIFE TODAY

05/2021

GENERATIONS

STUDENT VOICES PROJECT

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With Attention to Truth

Early on in the pandemic, when we were still processing and trying to adapt to the extreme changes to daily life, juggling inconsistent work-from-home schedules with indefinitely closed schools and daycares, and wondering just how long this new reality could possibly last, my then two-year-old was starting to realize something was up. His world had shrunk quickly to just Mom and Dad and whatever engagement could be found within the four walls of our house. One day, after staying home yet again and missing his friends, he looked at us and simply stated the obvious: "There's nothing to do." Not even a month into lockdown, we'd run out of ideas. Things weren't looking good. Fast forward to today: we made it "through," somehow, while also still being in it. As this issue goes to press, vaccines are here; schools are reopening; people are still dying from COVID-19; the police officer who killed George Floyd is on trial; and Daunte Wright and Adam Toledo are dead, also at the hands of police. My feelings are a mix of deep gratitude, concern, grief, and anger.

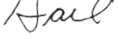
How do we move forward, as individuals and collectively, in this new world shaped by a deadly pandemic, significant economic consequences, exacerbated social inequalities, worsening climate change, and ongoing racial injustice? For the eighth annual Student Voices Project, we asked Quaker-affiliated students: what can we learn from all of this?

The Quaker belief in continuing revelation maintains that God's truth continues to be revealed to us every day—if only we're paying attention, waiting expectantly to see it. The stories shared by this year's honorees are an evolving truth of where we've been and where we're headed. 2020 was hard, but it wasn't all bad. In particular the crucial role of family relationships during this time was frequently highlighted: despite moments of annoyance and frustration while stuck in lockdown, teenagers expressed warm gratitude for their parents, siblings, and grandparents. New hobbies were explored and nurtured, from cooking and baking to gardening and hiking. Connections to faith communities were redefined and often strengthened. Following his cooler-than-expected virtual bar mitzvah, seventh-grader Chance Biehn observed this truth: "all the churches, meetinghouses, and temples are not just places—they're people coming together."

This issue also explores the connections between generations. Friends have a rich tradition of eldering: the wisdom and experiences of both older and younger members can be lifted up and shared for the benefit of all. We present three perspectives on this theme starting on page 20, including the importance of intergenerational storytelling, how a thriving young Friends program is made, and what we can learn from the woman who mentored a young George Fox.

Readers may notice a fresh, new look for the print *Journal* this month. Our talented longtime designer, Alla Podolsky, led our staff and board in a thoughtful redesign process to give our 65-year-old publication an updated aesthetic, while also maintaining its distinct feel as a medium for Quaker thought and life today. We aimed for improved readability and accessibility coupled with clean typography and beautiful visuals. Let us know what you think!

In peace,



Gail Whiffen
Associate Editor
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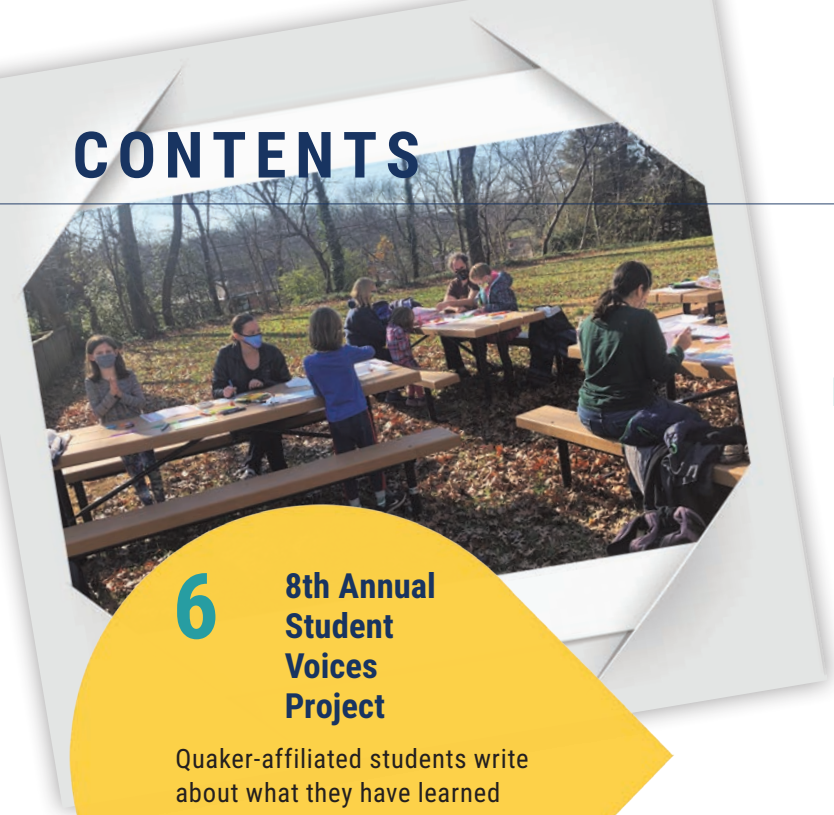

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UPCOMING ISSUES.
Write for FJ: Friendsjournal.org/submissions

- **Next Open Issue (due 5/17/2021, then 7/19/2021)**
- **Policing and Mass Incarceration (due 6/21/2021)**
- **Quaker Science Fiction (due 8/23/2021)**

Cover: Photo by Rawpixel.com

Essentials of Quaker belief?

It is very good to see such a sensitive and inclusive portrayal of the Light—Holy Spirit, Power whose guidance we are listening for—still openly discussed here ("What Do We Believe?" by Adam Segal-Isaacson, *FJ* Apr.). As a person who devoutly follows the Light's stirrings in a Quaker manner but finds the monotheistic implications of God/Christ discordant, I have been dismayed by the lack of discussion recently. I have noticed a marked increase in the use of exclusive terms replacing the more inclusive ones many Quakers were using in the 1990s and was concerned Quaker meetings may be narrowing their inclusion expectations in recent years. I very much appreciate hearing from at least one other practicing Quaker who feels uneasy about use of exclusive terms without clarification.

Sascha Horowitz
Las Vegas, Nev.

This is the kind of wishy-washy, muddled thinking that, I believe, is hurting Quakerism. Offering the relativity of God and reinterpreting Fox's statement to finesse Jesus Christ out of his thinking? "Jesus" and even "God" are deemed words of exclusivity to be avoided. Segal-Isaacson writes that no particular beliefs are required in Quakerism. We are all blind people describing an elephant, according to the author. He ignores the continuing in "continuing revelation." He has no anchor, no history. His conclusion is that the Religious Society of Friends is all about "doing the right thing" and nothing more. But the great commandment is to love God with all your heart, with all your soul, and with all your mind.

George Powell
Carmel Valley, Calif.

I think the point that what unites Friends is the desire to "do the right thing" is significant. I know I'm not the first to suggest that, in some ways, the Society of Friends is more an ethical society than a religious one, and as someone with nontheist leanings, I'm quite okay with that.

John McCarthy
Dover, Del.

I joined the Religious Society of Friends because I experienced a Presence that my Unitarian elders couldn't explain. The meeting that received my request for membership was mixed, both Christian and non-Christian. I was told (and accepted) that if there was a dispute in the meeting, Christians would prevail.

I was at a Friends General Conference Gathering, listening to eminent Friends describe their spiritual journeys when I had to sit back and pray. "O Presence which I know to be real, are you simply God or are you Christ?" And I heard a voice that said, "I am Jesus Christ." It wasn't the answer I wanted, expected, or knew how to deal with, and there was no one willing to answer my questions. I've had multiple experiences of Christ's presence since then. For me, Christ is real but wasn't when I joined the Society. I'm not about to make it a requirement.

Roger Dreisbach-Williams
Easton, Pa.

Correction and discussion on Friends of Color in early Quaker history

Correction: The author of "A Quaker Call to Abolition and Creation" (*FJ* Apr.), Lucy Duncan, and *Friends Journal* realize that the print version of this article inadvertently erased BIPOC (Black, Indigenous, and People of Color) Quakers in describing Quakers as though we were/are all White. Certainly there have been Black Friends and Friends of Color in our body from our earliest history. We apologize for this error. The online version has been updated accordingly and can be viewed at *Fdsj.nl/abolition-creation*.

—FJ *Editors*

Lucy Duncan has written the piece I have been wanting to write for several years now. Only, she did it way better than I would have. Thank you. I intend to share this article widely, to require everyone in my department to read it, and to use it with my students. I am hopeful that this piece will be an important contribution to our shared work to get Quakerism to transform itself.

Tom Hoopes
Newtown, Pa.

Regarding the correction, there may have been People of Color who attended Friends worship from the earliest years—though we have little documentation of it. George Fox's epistles and other advices said White Quaker masters should take their enslaved people to meeting "when convenient," though it seems often honored in the breach, and one wonders whether enslaved Black people were eager to attend the master's worship service. There were likely some—enslaved, indentured, and free—who did attend. But the earliest known person of color in membership seems to be Pink Harris, an enslaved Black woman who was accepted into Providence (R.I.) meeting in 1780 with the consent of her master, a non-Friend who later freed her. Henry Cadbury researched this decades ago and didn't find any earlier examples. I'd be interested in knowing if anyone has evidence of earlier memberships. The situation is quite different after 1800 and especially since the 1930s.

Betsy Cazden
Providence, R.I.

Walked in a tourist, walked out a Quaker

What a wonderfully refreshing article about experiences at Arch Street Meeting House! ("Stories from Arch Street" by Jackie Zemaitis, *FJ* Mar.) It took me back to the many times I was present at Arch Street for events and

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.*

Being Honest about the Bible in Religious Education

A friend of mine taught a First-day school session using a children's book about Jesus, Mary, and Joseph's flight to Egypt. I've been interested in biblical scholarship since college, so I knew that in general, scholars don't believe this event ever happened.

This got me thinking. Lots of stories in the Bible didn't actually happen. If we are teaching a Bible story in First-day school, and we know (or believe) it didn't happen, what should we do? If we don't mention this, we are misleading the people we're teaching. If we just say, "Now we are going to talk about Jesus, Mary, and Joseph's flight to Egypt," we're giving the impression that this actually happened. But as Quakers, we're committed to integrity and honesty. So if we believe a Bible story didn't happen, shouldn't we say so? I should make clear that my friend believed that the story actually happened, so there wasn't an issue of integrity. She honestly conveyed what she felt was true.

But after discussing this question with scores of Friends, I've come to believe that if we are teaching a story from the Bible and believe it didn't happen, it's important to say so. We don't want to lead people away from what we know or believe to be true. Now I'm not suggesting that we stop teaching Bible stories in First-day school; I teach them. And I'm not suggesting that we only teach stories that are known to have actually happened. After all, a parable or a fable may not have actually happened, but the lessons the story teaches can still be important.

An example may make this more clear. Take the "Let he who is without sin cast the first stone" story from the Gospel of John. In a 2009 interview with *INDY* reporter Fiona Morgan, the prominent New Testament scholar Bart Ehrman pointed out it isn't true:

> This entire story, a beautiful story that in some ways you could argue is the favorite story of people who read the Gospels, wasn't in the Gospels. It's only found in the Gospel of John, and it's not found in the earliest and best manuscripts of John. So scholars for hundreds of years have known that it wasn't part of John, it was a story that was added later by scribes because it's found only in our later manuscripts.

A story about stoning a woman to death for committing adultery may not be a good one for young children but suppose you are teaching it to teens. If you fail to mention that it's almost certain Jesus never said or did any of this, you mislead the people you are teaching. You also give the story a deceptive amount of spiritual authority. After all, if you taught that Jesus actually said and did these things, you'd give the lessons of the story much more weight.

It might be tempting to avoid stating the truth of a Bible story you are teaching, and instead say that nobody knows whether stories from the Bible are true or not. But that isn't the case. Scholars have come up with historical, archaeological, and textual methods for judging the historical accuracy of biblical stories. Also, if you do know or believe that a story isn't real, it would be dishonest to say that people don't know if it is.

It also might be tempting to think that this isn't an issue when we teach younger children, who may not understand or care about the truth of a story. But this doesn't justify saying something we know is misleading. The integrity testimony doesn't suggest that it's okay to mislead someone if they don't care if they're misled or if they don't understand the difference between fact and fiction.

Although I first noticed this issue in the intergenerational context of teaching First-day school, it's also an issue in adult religious education, such as Bible study.

So what can we do if we want to teach a story that we know or believe didn't happen? We can say it didn't happen and also say why we're teaching it. In the case of the "cast the first stone" story, we could say something like the following:

> We're going to read a story from the Bible about Jesus and a woman who was going to be stoned to death for committing adultery. Now this story didn't actually happen, but we are reading it today because it conveys some important lessons about humility, compassion, and forgiveness.

Saying something like this allows us to be honest about the truth of the story and still convey the lessons it teaches. If we do this, our behavior preaches the integrity that we proclaim as Quakers. This way we can follow George Fox's call to let our lives preach.

Donald W. McCormick
Grass Valley, Calif.

meetings of various kinds during the time we lived in Philadelphia, Pa. It's good to hear the legacy of the witness carries on despite the pandemic. The stories by the volunteer guides of their experiences with visitors are all so touching. I especially like the story about the woman who said, "I walked in a tourist, and walked out a Quaker." What a testimony to the power of place to awaken a recognition of belonging! It's a lovely example of the oft-repeated story that many Friends tell of visiting a Quaker meetinghouse for the first time and being overcome by the feeling of having come "home."

Keith Helmuth
Woodstock, New Brunswick

8th Annual Student Voices Project

Our eighth annual Student Voices Project brought in writing from 123 middle and high school students representing eight U.S. Friends schools, two international schools, and four monthly meetings. We selected 20 honorees whose submissions are featured here. Due to space limitations in our print issue, we're unable to showcase all honoree submissions in their entirety. Some have been excerpted on pages 17–19 with the rest of each piece appearing in our online edition available at *Friendsjournal.org*, where we've also posted a full list of all 123 participants.

PROMPT

Learning from 2020: Write about what you have learned about yourself and your community in the past year.

Photos courtesy of the students

The Hard-won Wisdom I Have Earned

Awaliyat Oyenuga (she/her)
Grade 6, Friends School of Baltimore; attender of Stony Run Meeting, both in Baltimore, Md.

The class of 2027 gathered anxiously in the 5B homeroom. My classmates and I shifted restlessly, awaiting the school nurse's visit. She was expected to tell us about the new coronavirus disease. Once she arrived, the grade settled down to listen.

The nurse told us all she knew about the virus, which really wasn't very much because it was still very new. She tried to iron out the rumors, answer our questions, and reassure us that we were perfectly safe from harm; after all, most of the cases were in China, and we had nothing to worry about—right? We whispered to each other, going about our business and half-joking whenever somebody coughed or sneezed that they had the coronavirus. We laughed amongst ourselves, unafraid and naïve.

About three weeks later, we were kicked out of school early for spring break and never allowed to return. This was saddening and traumatizing, not to mention discomforting. Thus was the transition to distance learning, which was surprisingly easy despite the circumstances. But there was a lot going on at my home once school got out.

Amidst all of the confusing online schedules, my family was dealing with an emergency bathroom renovation! Plumbers and workers pounded and hammered around upstairs, which meant no access to our toilet, sink, or

bathtub. This was indeed as tough as it sounds, especially since we had to mask up and keep our distance from one another, but our community supported us so much. One of my uncles came from Texas to help for a week; various friends and neighbors loaned us their bathrooms; and even my meeting, Stony Run, supported us. We were still shown love through the masks, gloves, and devices. God sent many wonderful people my family's way during that time.

Over the summer I was looking forward to returning to school, which had promised reentry come fall, so I geared up accordingly. Friends and family from all over the country sent me comfortable, handmade masks, all of which I greatly appreciated (and still appreciate!). My mother looked into getting me protective shields and gloves and bought more pencils and notebooks. It was like the lightning before the thunder.

About three days before we were scheduled to return, we received *the Email*. The Email announced that I would indeed *not* be returning in a few days due to unprecedented developments. I must admit, I took this news very hard. I cried, lamented, and fumed. Eventually I got over it, but the Email changed everything: my mother decided that I would be online the whole school year to avoid more emotional stress and turbulence. This too I was very upset about, but I now realize that her decision was best.

I've gone through some pretty dark times since the beginning of this school year. I've felt isolated, hopeless, helpless, and broken. I'm a very social person, and I've felt the strain of not seeing, hugging, or talking to friends in the flesh. I've struggled with anxiety, but thankfully I have many empathetic teachers that have helped me through this.

Overall though, God has helped me most. I'm a devout Christian, and my faith has kept me strong. On the days I felt (or feel) like dying, I go to Him in prayer for strength, guidance, or support—often all three. He soothes me and often calms me down so that I can think positively. I've also attended Stony Run Meeting, and sitting in silence outdoors has a very calming effect. As I sit under the big oaks in the stillness, I contemplate life and my place in it and know that I have learned that God dwells within each of us. ❑

Small Acts of Kindness

Isabel Merideth (she/her)
Grade 6, Sidwell Friends School in Washington, D.C.; member of Bethesda (Md.) Meeting

It sure feels different doing it from home. When I would walk into the Quaker meetinghouse, I felt a sense of calm, but joining for worship virtually feels less connected. My Bethesda Meeting community has found ways to adapt, but I can't tell if it's working. I've lost my sense of normalcy, which I didn't even know existed before. Before the pandemic, I used to take little things for granted: seeing my friends every day at school, seeing someone smile, giving someone a hug.

During our virtual meetings for worship, I've noticed the number of people who log on is much less than in-person. I think about the struggles others might be going through that we don't even know about, especially the older members. The reason they haven't been able to join could be as simple as they don't know how, but this lack of connection can really decrease their joy. I carried this troubling thought for days, then came to the realization that I could be the person to cheer up those who were feeling so disconnected. I didn't have time to waste; this issue was just getting worse.

The Shine Bright Committee is just what was needed. My brother and I started it together, and our purpose was to give joy to others, especially members who were isolated and feeling disconnected. We would start small, then grow into something bigger. When we began in April 2020, we painted and sent colorful cards to people with the message that we were thinking of

them and that there were brighter days ahead. The response was incredible. People reached out to let us know that receiving the card really brightened their day. Some even told us that they put the card on their refrigerator or fireplace mantle where they can see it every day. Receiving these thankful messages made me realize how much this positivity was needed.

We started looking for other ways to help people stay connected. We noticed that some meeting members continued to struggle with the virtual worship format. I decided to reach out to a few people to offer help. My brother and I had one-on-one meetings to teach about this new technology and answer any questions. We could see how much this assistance was appreciated: more people were joining the virtual meetings! This experience was extremely meaningful. Reaching out and providing help gave me joy while also giving back to the community.

We decided to end the long year with one more project by the Shine Bright Committee. We made and sent uplifting Happy New Year's cards to more than 30 members of our meeting. Some we sent with handmade bracelets enclosed. Making the cards gave me a sense of joy that I hadn't felt before, and seeing the impact that these small gifts had on people was one of the best parts.

The feeling of being isolated during this time can be very overwhelming, no matter what your age is. Creating the Shine Bright Committee helped me feel more connected to others within our meeting. I consider it a silver lining of the pandemic that I have gained many friendships from this outreach. I've learned what a huge impact one small act of kindness can have on another person. Making a difference matters. ❑

Rose Trail Images

My Virtual Bar Mitzvah

Chance Biehn (he/him)

Grade 7, Carolina Friends School in Durham, N.C.

View the full photo of Chance, complete with a Torah scroll, online at *Friendsjournal.org/studentvoices2021*.

I had expected that my bar mitzvah (Jewish coming of age ceremony) would be awesome but normal. I thought that I would have an exciting party with a rock-and-roll theme, a DJ, catering from a Mediterranean restaurant, and fun activities. I remember having a party planner come to my house to help with the setup, which made me excited. I imagined I would be showered with congratulations, surrounded by my friends and family at my synagogue. But it turned out that this was not to be.

My bar mitzvah party was postponed to my fourteenth birthday instead. Rather than being together with my friends, I had to do my bar mitzvah at home virtually. At first, my mom gave me the option to have it in-person with masks, which I chose, but subsequently it had to be virtual for safety purposes. I was discouraged by this at the time. I also thought I wouldn't be able to read in Hebrew from an actual Torah scroll, which disappointed me strongly.

But in the end a Torah scroll was loaned to me before my bar mitzvah started. My rabbi led the services at his house; I read from the Torah; and my family led some of the prayers. Hundreds of people from my community were watching me online, which made me nervous in the beginning. I wore dress clothes, an embroidered prayer shawl from Israel, and a *kippah* (traditional head covering). I stood with my parents and brother at our dining table. Seeing the Torah in front of me made me feel righteous. Connecting with God in these circumstances gave me the powerful feeling

that you can worship God anywhere.

I learned a few things from my bar mitzvah. I enjoyed the preparation because I learned about the deeper meanings of the Torah, and I was interested in it. I also learned that you don't need a party to have fun during your bar mitzvah. The people in my temple have a good sense of humor, which made everything easier. Being encouraged by my friends and my rabbi made my bar mitzvah meaningful.

My school experience during COVID has been almost identical to my bar mitzvah experience. I initially thought that virtual school would be lonely and frustrating, and that our meetings for worship wouldn't give us any feeling of connecting with others or with God. But it turned out that I didn't feel lonely, and I did feel a caring bond with my peers and teachers. The virtual meetings for worship were actually an improvement from the in-person ones because people goofed around a lot less! I still feel a link with God during the silence. Just like with my bar mitzvah, I had a positive outlook on remote learning once it happened.

The past year flipped the way we look at our lives. I might have expected too much of my pre-COVID coming-of-age experience. I had low expectations for my virtual bar mitzvah. I thought I probably wouldn't learn anything from it. But God has given us the strength to overcome our problems, and God gave me the strength to connect with my community in spirit to celebrate my coming of age. I was able to do this because all the churches, meetinghouses, and temples are not just places—they're people coming together. ❑

Parents Are People Too

Anna Weinberg (she/her)
Grade 6, Sidwell Friends School in Washington, D.C.

Parents are people too. It's a strange statement, as it seems so obvious. But throughout this pandemic, I've learned what it actually means.

Parents are special people. They make sure their children are happy, safe, and healthy. They make special sacrifices for those little toddlers who break things wherever they go, for the annoying kids who run around the house all day making messes they don't clean up, and for those teenagers who think they're better than everyone else and do whatever they want no matter what parents say. They make sure we have what we need, and in return, what do we do?

Early on in the pandemic, my grandparents decided to leave the senior citizens apartment complex they had just settled into in Arlington, Va., not all that far from our house. With much help from my dad, they packed up and moved down to a country home in Rappahannock County, Va. The property there also has a guest house, which in these pandemic months, my family tries to go to almost every weekend. My dad has been staying with them since April to help with my grandmother, who hasn't been in perfect health, so it's fun to see him on those weekend visits. That leaves my mom and brother with me back home. Let's start with Mom.

My mom is a therapist. It's her job to comfort people and make sure they feel secure. Her patients confide in her, which means she needs the utmost privacy during appointments. After she moved to teletherapy, maintaining that privacy has become tricky. She calls her patients from her "office" in the attic, but she can still easily hear us from downstairs. This means that my brother and I can't interrupt or ask her any questions except for the last five minutes of the hour. This is tough, especially since she works from 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. most days with a break only at 12 noon.

My brother has especially struggled. He is a senior in high school, and has been applying to a lot of colleges (but not able to visit many places in-person). Many of the SAT sittings he registered for were canceled, and he is really annoyed that his last year at school is "ruined." He's been taking his anger out on us, and doesn't do a lot of the things asked of him, which ends up rebounding on me in a negative way.

Amid all this, I think I've realized my role.

I'm the girl who wakes up almost 20 minutes after her alarm goes off, with multiple prods from her mother. When she finally gets up, she only has ten minutes left before school starts, in which her mother always reminds her to do all her jobs and eat her breakfast, and then stays around to make sure she does it, sometimes causing her to be late for her first patient. I'm the girl who stays in her room most of the day, complains about what's for lunch, barely gets outside, fights and pushes the boundaries.

And yet, still Mom wakes up early to make me breakfast and make sure I get up on time, uses her one break to make me lunch, encourages that I get at least a little outside time every day, and comes up with solutions to the problems I create.

She shouldn't have to do all this.

That is what I learned—a little late, and it took a global pandemic, but nobody's parents should have to do all this for children who don't give anything back. I wanted to make her happy. I wanted to make up for all the struggle, and late nights, and early mornings, and stress that I've caused her.

So I have—or at least, I've started. I make my own meals sometimes. I clean the kitchen every few days. I get up on my own, do my jobs myself, and stay calm when trying to come up with different boundaries.

Not everyone realizes how much parents go through. Being an adult seems hard enough, but having to also deal with noisy, unhelpful kids? I don't know how they handle it. What we all need to understand is that parents are people too, and they should be respected and treated accordingly. ❑

Always Trust in Him

Janae Canty (she/her)
Grade 12, New Garden Friends School in Greensboro, N.C.

I never thought that the start to my senior year of high school would include my mother being taken to the hospital for COVID-19. August 24, 2020, was the scariest day of my life. I already felt stressed and overwhelmed, not only from beginning to look at colleges, but also that initial stress of starting out a new school year. It wasn't like the beginning of years prior. This time I had to navigate the new format of being a remote learner. School had only started a week before, so things were a little crazy in my house. It was hard for me to give my teachers 100 percent of my attention because I was constantly afraid that the next time I went to my mother's room, she would not be breathing. COVID has affected so many people, but I never thought it would directly affect my family.

My mother and I both work at a nursing and rehabilitation center. Through this pandemic, nursing homes have been hit extremely hard. My mother is such an inspiration to me. Being a nurse, she puts herself in harm's way every single day so she can help others. Nurses will often

prioritize others before they care for themselves; and this describes my mother perfectly. She hadn't been feeling right for many days, but she just pushed through and continued to be there for others. Eventually she just couldn't go anymore, and that's when we found out the most heart-wrenching news ever: she tested positive for COVID-19. Even though she was positive and she knew she needed to focus on getting better, her only concern was the safety of me!

Those next few weeks were a living nightmare. My mother fought with all of her might to stay out of the hospital; and I was there by her side every step of the way. At that point, the exposure to COVID was not my main concern; it was being with my mother. I was scared that I would lose my favorite person; and the thought of that genuinely scared me. My mother stayed at home in my care for a week until finally her body just couldn't do it anymore. Her oxygen level had dropped to 83 percent on room air (the normal range is 95 to 100 percent). She was unable to move or do anything for herself. She was extremely short of breath and was in a very bad way. We had no choice but to call the ambulance. As I watched the paramedics take care of my mother, all kinds of thoughts and emotions were going through my head. My mother was admitted to the hospital; and I was not allowed to visit her there due to the risk of exposure. It was very hard for me to see my mother struggling and fighting for her life and not being able to help her at all. I couldn't even hold her hand or touch her during the scariest time in her life.

I caught myself asking, "Why my mother? Why my family?" I was mad at everyone and everything. My faith was being put to the test, and I sometimes caught myself being mad at God. I soon realized that it was not the time to draw away from God but to draw even closer to Him. I knew that although this seemed like a very devastating time in my life, something good would come out of it. After my mother's hospitalization, God showed me His glory and how this whole situation was actually a blessing for my mother and me. My mother had to take a medical leave due to the side effects of COVID-19. This leave allowed us to develop an even closer bond. She was there to assist me with my online schooling, talk to me during difficult times, and just have quality time with me that ordinarily she wouldn't have been able to do. This time also allowed her to reflect on her own life and put things into proper perspective. Her relationship with God became stronger; and she developed a whole new outlook on life. Today she is completely recovered from COVID! ❑

Be

Paulette Dela Cadena (she/her)
Grade 6, Greene Street Friends School in Philadelphia, Pa.

The months, each a different flavor, a different emotion. The first few, a learning experience. A shift from walking into a classroom to sitting in front of a computer screen. The first days were giddy, an excuse to get up later than usual. Of course, I knew this virus was deadly. I knew it wasn't safe, but somehow I could still smile. My mind was still full of impossible utopias and quick recoveries. Being oblivious was less painful than accepting the truth. Walking around with blindfolds and a mask, only pretending to know what was happening. When the cases began their treacherous trek upward and lives ceased, ignorance was no longer an option. Mornings dragged on monotonously, but as long as there were still people around, everything would be all right . . . right?

Skip ahead, boring months painted in blue and grey. Then a droplet of rain in the still waters. The singular droplet soon became an onslaught of water, the ripples spreading throughout the world. "Black Lives Matter," letters written in bold, begging to be seen, acknowledged, heard. Finally the oppressed having had enough. In the presence of one hopeful sentence, sticks and stones were

thrown. Tear gas. Rubber bullets. Screaming, sobbing. Watching the television, solemn face, I learned things. With the swipe of a cruel hand, the droplet evaporates into a nearly forgotten void.

July slowly crept up on me. Pins and needles would relentlessly follow me that month, and I was clueless to the events about to unfold. A loss, like the falling of a flower petal, a butterfly taking flight, the song of an unidentified bird. Confusion and pain piled up, slowly and unconsciously the walls were built. A new loss unfolding. The loss of friendship. I slowly learned that not everyone would love me, regardless how I made myself appear. I still tried too hard to be liked. Changing, deciding which personality trait to pick up—and which ones to leave behind. Silently losing myself in an invisible forest of prickly thorns. I quickly learned that I was a good actress. I allowed jokes to lose humor, and learned to keep quiet. So very quiet. The world seemed to lack sound. Where were the tunes that once upon a time gave me life? Searching, getting desperate, I could not find them. I racked my brain, looking for solutions to questions that hadn't been asked. In the process of becoming someone else, I had lost the person that mattered the most. Me. Running without rhyme or rhythm, I convinced myself I was having fun. Slowly my mind turned off. Blinking lights powered down, traffic lights stopped working, all activity stopped. I was convinced there was nothing more to the world other than this bleakness, like an early morning fog. I learned another lesson. You can't change the past.

I took all my lessons—few in my mind but overflowing in my arms—to September. I stalked through my endless forest, growing familiar with the feeling of thorns pricking my skin, until I heard a familiar noise. At first just static, for I had forgotten just how beautiful music was. I allowed the music to take me far away from my mind, allowed it to speak to me, tell me secrets, funny jokes, sad stories. Finally that loud silence was replaced by the sound of hope. My world was blank, until I finally realized what I had been missing. The clock silently strikes 3:00 a.m., and sleep does not yet take me. My thoughts come and go, stopping by occasionally to chat. The early hours, such beautiful underrated things, when the sun shares its opening scene with the world. I wake up for the sole purpose of seeing the beautiful display of colors. I allow it to repaint my bleached world, and help me remember. 2020 was an impossible year—one I certainly won't forget, but will try to learn from.

This year, I learned to be in the moment and to ask for help. It wasn't until the little things I had taken for granted left me that I began to cherish every moment. The loneliness I felt could not have been soothed if I had not reached out to my friends and family. I try to make the most of this pandemic because there is no telling what might happen next. Instead of trying to fix the little mistakes of the past, I have decided to let them go. From now on, I will enjoy my life, be me, and be in the moment. ❑

Adjusting to the New Normal

Alex Garrett (he/him)

Grade 6, Sidwell Friends School in Washington, D.C.

2020 has been a life-changing year. Everything that was considered to be normal has now changed. Due to the deadly COVID-19 pandemic, we must all take precautions to keep each other safe: stay six feet apart, wash our hands, and avoid crowds. Travel restrictions have prevented me from visiting my grandparents, cousins, and friends. It can be a very lonely time. Video calls and text messaging can help with staying connected to loved ones. During the holidays, I hosted an ugly-sweater Zoom party with my cousins. Seeing the computer screen filled with cubes of their faces wearing hilarious sweaters was the best.

I've had to adjust to many changes. My travel basketball season ended early, and I was devastated. I am a power forward and would play year round with games every few days. A few months later, I joined an outdoor league with a limited number of players and mandatory masks. I have learned that wearing a mask is not such a hassle. We practiced a lot, and now my three-point shot has really improved. I've also had more time to ride my bike, read books, hang with my family, and take walks.

I've also learned more about the struggle for racial justice in this country. Last summer my classmate Chase and I had a socially distant hangout at Black Lives Matter Plaza in Washington, D.C. The fences around the White House were covered with posters and signs demanding a stop to police violence and injustice in the Black community. People of all colors were walking around the plaza. I heard their voices chanting, "We want peace!" and "Black lives matter!"—their words echoing in the streets. Concession stands covered with t-shirts of pioneers like John Lewis, Martin Luther King Jr., and Ruth Bader Ginsburg filled the crowded sidewalks. It made me feel proud to know that everyone there was fighting for the same rights as me: true equality for People of Color. Over the summer, I watched in disgust as peaceful protesters were tear gassed and hit with rubber bullets by the police. It seemed like a replay of the 1960s race riots. They were protesting against the killing of George Flyod and the many other Black people who are dead from the pandemic of racism—people like Ahmaud Arbery, Eric Garner, Breonna Taylor, and Trayvon Martin. They were killed, and the people who did the violence never seem to get in trouble.

The difference in treatment based upon skin color was very clear on January 6 of this year. On TV, I watched a mob of rioters storm into the U.S. Capitol with seemingly no fear about getting arrested. They easily entered the historical building and threatened guards and security. The rioters broke windows and stole important documents from offices. When it was over they just left. Why was there such a difference in how the two groups were treated? It is important that we talk about these things and that we work together to make a change. As a new Black sixth-grade student at Sidwell Friends, I feel very comfortable here. I like to listen to my classmates' views and share my opinion about current events. My teacher replayed Amanda Gorman's amazing inauguration poem, and we analyzed its meaning. The school encourages everyone to share their voice, and we talk about justice, peaceful protests, and coming together to help each other.

The main thing I have learned about myself from all the challenges of 2020 is that I cannot give up in tough times. I have to keep moving forward and adjusting to the new normal. ❑

A Piece of a Much Larger Beginning

Livingston Zug (he/him)
Grade 11, Wilmington Friends School in Wilmington, Del.; member of Birmingham Meeting in West Chester, Pa.

On a weekend in early February, I attended the Quaker Youth Leadership Conference (QYLC) for the third time. Unlike previous years but in accordance with the times, the conference was hosted virtually by Friends Select School in Philadelphia, Pa. While this format limited the conference in some respects, it also allowed for the inclusion of multiple international Friends schools, including Brummana High School in Lebanon and Ramallah Friends School in Palestine. The conference spanned three days of activities; highlights include discussing plans to buy a communal cow; playing PowerPoint charades (when a student presents a PowerPoint they've never seen before and must act as if they're the world expert in that topic); arguments over whether milk is, in fact, just thick water; and the award-winning journalist Ernest Owens. Light-hearted moments were mixed with grave ones as we reflected together on the past year. The panel, featuring Owens and two other Philadelphia-area activists, discussed the wide-ranging implications of the summer's protests and calls for racial justice.

QYLC almost felt like a summarizing of the past year's chaos. Quakerism, remote learning, the pandemic, and racial justice all found their way into one 30-hour conference of 100 curious and enthusiastic students passionate about making the world a better place. It made me think back on all that had happened since the pandemic's escalation in March, and think ahead to all that might come after.

Remote learning was an odd combination of freedom and loneliness. I was curious at first; it was new and somehow charmingly scintillating. Some teachers, especially my English and math teachers, managed to keep it that way until the end of the year. School was still as it always had been, but it slowly took on a feeling of repetition. Things settled into a rhythm of synchronous and asynchronous classes, usually with more of the latter. Obligations, aside from the play and most in-school clubs, were not canceled but moved online. Not having to travel meant extra free time. It was during those unoccupied hours that I discovered my deep passion for Roman language, literature, history, and culture. In the spring and early summer, I worked on a lengthy essay project about three famous Roman poets; by the end of the summer, I started taking Latin outside of school.

Early in the pandemic my family retreated north to my grandparents' cabin in the Poconos. I felt lucky that I was distanced from nearby hotspots of the crisis, unlike many of my peers. I kept in touch with a friend in New York City; there the pandemic seemed to be going from bad to worse. I must admit I didn't think much about my privilege and took my safety for granted. I was in the woods by a lake, taking long walks on old logging trails and running for miles down empty dirt roads—nothing to fear, except the occasional trip to the grocery store. What a privilege that was!

At QYLC we participated in an activity called "Silent Movement" in which every person started with their camera off and would turn it on when they identified with a given label. This exercise revealed the range of ways that privilege manifests itself in different categories. For example, I am privileged because I am White; I am privileged because I am male. That security was given immense context as the summer unfolded.

George Floyd's murder last May had a major effect in my home city of Wilmington, Delaware. Black Lives Matter signs went up; statues of Caesar Rodney (a slaveholding Continental Congress delegate from Delaware) and Christopher Columbus in the city were taken down; and I participated in two protests. **Read the rest of this essay online at *Friendsjournal.org/studentvoices2021.***

A Year of Protest

Robert Rayner (he/him)
Year 12, The Perse School in Cambridge, England; attender of Huntingdon Local Meeting in Godmanchester

"A year of protest" doesn't exactly have positive connotations, yet 2020 most definitely was full of protest, and it is hard to say that we ended up worse for it.

Most people in the United States and United Kingdom will immediately think back to the summer protests against police brutality, sparked by the killing of George Floyd by police officers in Minneapolis, Minnesota. The whole world looked on to see a country writhing in an uncomfortable reckoning with pervasive systemic racism. Society questioned its reliance on the police to solve our collective problems.

According to a Morning Consult poll conducted in mid-June 2020, 87 percent of Britons said they had seen, read, or heard "a lot" or "some" coverage of the Black Lives Matter protests across the pond. This awareness isn't that surprising considering the size of the movement and the media coverage dedicated to it. As reported in the *New York Times*, four different U.S. polls estimate participation in the June 2020 BLM protests to be in the range of 15 million to 26 million people, about 4.5 to 7.9 percent of the U.S. population, perhaps the largest social movement in U.S. history. Yet the majority of adults in the United States and Britain remain largely uninformed about protests elsewhere in the world.

Beginning in late May 2020, the ongoing political demonstrations and protests in Belarus against President Alexander Lukashenko's regime have become the largest anti-government protests in the country's history. On August 23, a rally of approximately 250,000 people packed into Minsk's Independence Square—more than protested for the country's independence in 1990. Over the entire country, estimates put the number of protesters out that day at 500,000—about 1 in 20 Belarusians were in the streets, a similar participation level to the U.S. protests. Western news coverage of the day was paltry.

The same can be said for student-led protests in Thailand: up to 100,000 Thai protesters gathered on September 19, 2020, to demand an end to Internet censorship, human rights abuses, lèse majesté law (under which an "insult" against the monarch comes with a 15-year prison sentence), and the abolition of the military-appointed senate. Few U.S. media outlets covered the protests with much depth after the first rallies.

Protesters in Poland continue to demand the reversal of a constitutional court ruling in October 2020 that effectively imposes a near total ban on abortion in a nation that already had some of the strictest abortion laws in Europe. Following the ruling, a week of large-scale demonstrations ensued, with the police estimating that 430,000 people attended more than 400 protests around the country, the largest in Poland since the collapse of communism in 1989.

End SARS, the Nigerian protests against police brutality and political corruption (specifically targeting the notoriously abusive Special Anti-Robbery Squad), reignited for weeks during October 2020, expanding into the largest popular resistance the government has faced in years. Although their demand for the dissolution of SARS was met within days, government plans to merely reassign the unit as well as the announcement of a new Special Weapon and Tactics Team (SWAT) have shifted the focus of the movement, which continues today.

Maltese protests that started in November 2019 spilled over into 2020, mainly calling for the immediate resignation of Prime Minister Joseph Muscat. Governmental influence on the judiciary and Muscat's alleged role in the 2017 murder of investigative journalist Daphne Caruana Galizia motivated up to 4,000 protesters to surround the Maltese Parliament building in Valetta. Muscat announced his resignation amid the protests, and stepped down in January 2020.

Learning about these extraordinary yet commonplace examples from around the world, I recognize that the right to protest, no matter who you are and no matter what for, is extremely important and must be protected. **Read the rest of this essay online at *Friendsjournal.org/studentvoices2021*.**

We Would Still Be Here

Madison Rose Maas (she/her)
Grade 6, New Garden Friends School in Greensboro, N.C.

Whether or not the world became what it has become,
You would still be here.
Whether or not the door to this unsolvable escape room
We have trapped ourselves in was ever opened,
We would still be here.
Whether or not you were still contemplating
The day that everything changed,
Everything would still be here.

We would still be trapped inside of our own minds,
Worse than any lockdown we could ever imagine.
We would still be getting burned by the heat in here,
Way worse than any wildfire we've ever seen.
We would still be left crying with no one to wipe our tears,
More painful than any tear gas ever used.

We would still be alone
No matter how many people we were with.
We would still want
What we could never have.
We would still be wishing that the world was different,
Even though we know we still wouldn't be happy.
Because we never will be if we're thinking like that.

There will always be something stopping us.
"Get up," they say.
"Shut up too," they say.
"Be more social," they say.
"But you are annoying so never mind," they say.
"Grow up," they say.
"You know you're still a kid, right? Stop acting like an adult," they say.
"You should stand up for yourself," they say.
"It was just a joke," they say.
"You have to love yourself," they say.
"You're so self absorbed."

It would be like this whether or not this year happened how it did.
So instead of drowning in your thoughts about all the imperfections,
Just think about how amazing your life is.
And how amazing you are.
Whether or not the world became what it has become,
You would still be here.
So why not make the most of it?

Read an expanded version of this poem online at *Friendsjournal.org/studentvoices2021.*

MORE SVP HONOREES

Read the rest of each piece online at
Friendsjournal.org/studentvoices2021

"In 2020 I learned how to garden. I learned how to delicately place each tiny seed deep into the rich, brown soil. I learned how to water the seeds—not too much and not too little. I learned how to be patient and let each seed sprout, knowing that one day it would blossom into a beautiful plant. I learned that plants need a specific environment that they enjoy. They have to feel comfortable and relaxed. Any time I buy or grow a new plant, I give it a name and keep it in my room for a while. I do this so that the plants will feel an emotional connection."

—"Plants Are Like People" by Jake Snow (he/him), Grade 6, Sidwell Friends School in Washington, D.C.

"This past December, I celebrated Hanukkah in a way I never imagined. Usually I just play dreidel about half of the days and say the prayers with a party every few years. However, this year we had a party outside because of COVID-19 and included our neighbors. . . . We had a fire going because we were outside at night and it was cold. We had a fire pit so why not? The smoke kept following us, even if we walked to different places. It was like 2020 because you can't escape the problems; all you can do is adapt and adjust."

—"A COVID Hanukkah" by Eli Harris (he/him), Grade 6, Greene Street Friends School in Philadelphia, Pa.

"Imagine this: an 11-year-old boy hears about an opportunity to be in his school's production of *Newsies*. He stays late one Tuesday afternoon with other kids who have similar intentions. He sits outside the chorus room getting increasingly more nervous, and when he is called in, he performs to the best of his abilities. A week later he receives a letter stating he has been cast as Les, one of the main characters. Over the course of the next few weeks, he stays up late to practice and spends his break time memorizing his lines. Meanwhile, there is a pandemic brewing in Wuhan, China. The week leading up to the performances, D.C. had its first two cases of COVID-19."

—"The Beforetimes to Now" by AJ Valbrune (he/him), Grade 6, Sidwell Friends School in Washington, D.C.

"Running has also helped me a ton during the pandemic. It has helped me disconnect from my social life and calms me down. Getting fresh air while running is also a really good balance to playing a lot of video games indoors. I do long-distance running, which is very meditative and helps me think. When I get mad at my parents, or otherwise just need a break, I can go run. . . . It sometimes gives me a weird feeling that almost feels like I am not physically present. It is this good feeling, very meditative and calm, that makes running more fun for me."

—"Virtual and Physical Connections in 2020" by Kavi Gibson (he/him), Grade 7, Carolina Friends School in Durham, N.C.

"For the first few days, we were sure it would end soon, as we were not happy about being stuck together. My brother was annoying and had too much energy to be locked indoors. My sister and I would argue with him over silly things like a toy or who gets to play with the puppy, and we'd end up annoying our parents. We just didn't like each other that much and didn't fit well together during a pandemic. Before we knew it, my brother, sister, mom, dad, and I were all trapped in the spiderweb of the lockdown."

—"The Spiderweb of the Lockdown" by Tyler Mitroff (he/him), Grade 6, Sidwell Friends School in Washington, D.C.

"My father had never worked in D.C. or anywhere near my house. He's only worked in Denmark, China, Singapore, and now Connecticut. He would never be home to take me to soccer, help with homework, wake me up in the morning, drive me to school, or make dinner for the family. He would leave early Monday mornings and come home late Friday nights. . . . The coronavirus outbreak happened, and we were all sent home. My father and mother started to work from home. We were all so confused, but I was happy that my father and mother were home."

—"More Time with Family" by Nadia Stendevad (she/her), Grade 6, Sidwell Friends School in Washington, D.C.

"Some of my friends are less cautious than others. Some say we can have playdates if we are outside. Some say we can be inside with masks. Some don't care and will do whatever the other person is comfortable with. I make my decision based on how much the other person has been exposed. I've played outside a lot with friends: laser tag, football, and other fun activities. Currently though I have been doing outdoor playdates with masks on because my mom works at a hospital. So if she gets sick, her patients could be exposed and it could be life threatening. We want to stay safe as well as keep other people safe during these tough times."

—"One Crazy Year" by Theo Chaney (he/him), Grade 6, Greene Street Friends School in Philadelphia, Pa.

"As lockdown became the new norm, I began to form new habits and customs. One of them is my daily silent contemplation, during which I like to reflect upon my day and focus on what I'm appreciative of. I remember my first silent reflection: I sat down on the floor, legs crossed, and let my brain do the rest. I thought about how I was so fortunate to have a place to sleep, lots of food, and such a loving family. When I opened my eyes again, I was strangely filled with guilt. I realized I had taken for granted what others called novelties before the pandemic."

—"Privilege Is to Be Appreciated" by Ruhan Khanna (he/him), Grade 6, Sidwell Friends School in Washington, D.C.

"*Bzzzzzzzz*—I could hear the buzzing of the saw as it got closer to my skin. I could really feel the heat now. *A few more eighths of an inch and we're there*, I said to myself. *You can do it. You can do it*. The buzz of the saw rose to such a high pitch, I could barely stand it. It started to tickle! I knew we were close. . . . During the COVID-19 pandemic, I discovered that I had a relapse of clubbed feet. Since most of our usual summer plans were canceled, we decided this would be a good summer for me to spend six to eight weeks in casts."

—"My COVID Summer in Casts" by Lian Petrella (she/her), Grade 7, Carolina Friends School in Durham, N.C.

"Going to Catholic school for 11 years was rough—I mean, *really* rough. From first to eleventh grade, I spent most of my days clad in uncomfortable uniforms walking the halls of schools that made me feel uncomfortable in my own skin. It ended only when I managed to walk out the doors of my Catholic high school for the last time . . . and straight into a pandemic. After three years of an awful high school experience, I finally convinced myself that it would be better for my mental health to switch to another school. I ended up selecting New Garden Friends School and made the transition in mid-March."

—"Learning to Be Happy" by Sophie Wells (she/her), Grade 12, New Garden Friends School in Greensboro, N.C.

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PRESERVING QUAKER *Heirlooms*

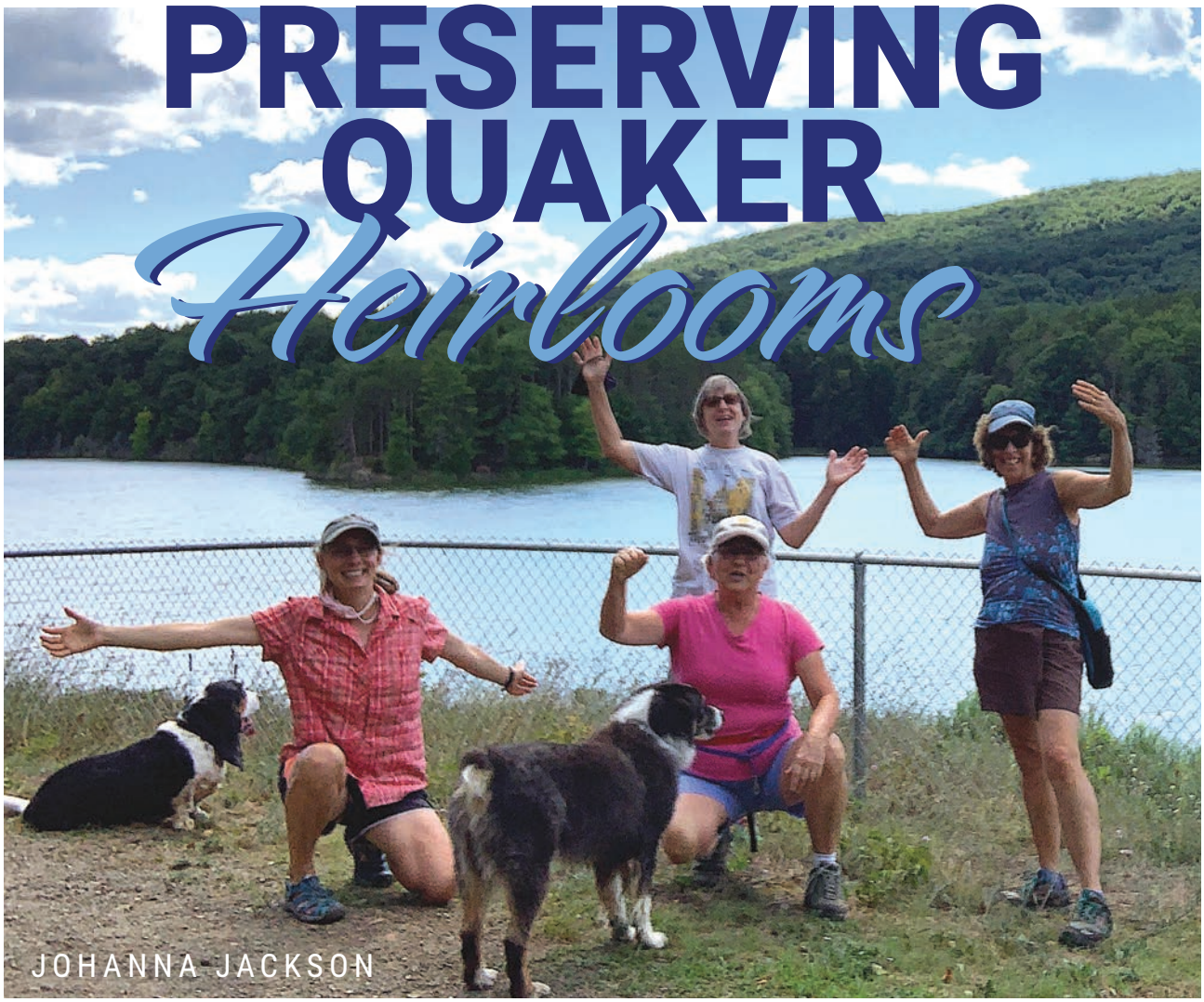


Photo courtesy of Jackie Bonomo.

JOHANNA JACKSON

On a windy August afternoon, the four of us—all women, all Quakers—went walking. Lonely from COVID, we kicked up dust with our shoes and sang songs. Then we settled under a gnarled old elm tree, telling stories. We talked about how we could support our Quaker meeting if the virus bloomed in town. We talked about the people we loved. The grass was stiff from summer heat and drought. It felt prickly on my legs.

Slowly, we moved into a quiet, more reflective time.

Johanna Jackson (she/her/hers) is a graduate of the School of the Spirit. She is a member of State College (Pa.) Meeting and a recruiter of young folks. Johanna is co-founder of the Listening Project, an effort to hear what makes Friends come fully alive. Find more information at forwardinfaithfulness.org.

Dorothy, a Friend I have known for years, shared about her beginnings as a Quaker. She told of the older Quakers who had mentored her: Jane Jenks Small, Stephen Thiermann, Dean and Shirley Tuttle, Marjorie and Reed Smith. Hearing those older Friends' names was like listening to my own heritage. I was too young to meet many of them, but I did meet Dean when he was 105.

Dorothy grew quiet; her words came with care. She talked about the lessons she had learned from these older Friends.

"It's important," she said, "for the elders to model Quaker process for the younger generation." She was both quiet and fierce. "Because I see Quakerism as a real gem to be passed on." I felt touched by her words.

Sitting nearby, Jackie nodded. Dorothy turned to me and asked if I'd ever met Anna Rain. I shook my head: I was too young.

"You would've loved her," Jackie said, and they both grinned.

"Anna Rain used to say, 'I just love going to business

meeting. I wouldn't miss it for anything!'" I laughed. Dorothy acted as if she were Anna Rain, sitting up a little straighter. She jabbed one finger in the air for emphasis. "'Because I just love watching those older Quakers do business!' That was part of what Anna Rain said."

We let out a heap of laughter, which rang out across the lake.

Gazing out at riprap and blue water, Jackie said, "It's up to us. We are the ones now." A raven called from the far bank. She scrubbed the dog panting at her side. "We have to model and guide the process in a way that's sacred." When I heard her words, a chill of recognition ran up my spine.

I let out a breath. Jackie and Dorothy are each from my parents' generation. As I heard to them speak, I could tell we were sharing something important.

Dorothy gazed across the water. She leaned back and then recalled another moment. She'd been in business meeting and opinions were strong. Emotions were flaring up, she said, and, "People were getting glued to their perspectives." And then, at that moment, one of the older Quakers asked for a pause, "Friends, I feel something here," they said. "Let's settle into worship."

The worship was beautiful. She could remember it still. "You could tell," Dorothy said, "that the moment was religious. You could tell people were praying for the good of the group." A silence began to open up: a wide, deep silence.

Listening, I smiled and closed my eyes. It sounded wonderful. It sounded like a very *Quaker* kind of moment. I remembered the first time I'd experienced such a hush. I was walking into Baltimore Yearly Meeting Women's Retreat. Inside a large hall 200 women were finding their seats. There was the bustle of chairs and coats. Then, to my surprise, a hush fell over us. It came like a little wave. I looked up, and saw that one woman was standing at the front. She was raising her hand for quiet.

I felt amazed that one person could have such an effect. *This can happen*, I thought, *when Quaker women run things!* On that day, 200 women modeled something for me. They modeled a new way of being, one that I found fresh and inspiring.

"It's important for the elders to model Quaker process for the younger generation. Because I see Quakerism as a real gem to be passed on."

Photo courtesy of Foxdale Village

Photo from Lynne Heritage

Opposite page: Friends from this article gather for a Quaker women's hike.

Above: Jane Jenks Small was generous, straightforward, caring, and warm. An educator and an active meeting member for 50 years, she reminded people: "Everyone does their very best every day."

Left: Dean Tuttle, age 108. "I played tennis with Dean until he was 99," one Friend remembers. He and Shirley Tuttle were well-known for their activism and deep commitment to social justice.

Now, roasting in the summer heat, I pressed my hands to the dry ground. I liked hearing Dorothy tell stories about our meeting. Though I didn't live the stories, they felt familiar. We moved into quiet as the wind tattered our hair.

A berry dropped on my knee, and Dorothy began to speak. This time, she talked about encouragement.

Dorothy remembered the grief she felt when the First Gulf War broke out. She had heard news reports that during the United States invasion, troops were disrupting water supplies in Iraq. She felt a wave of sympathy for the people affected, especially for the children. She decided to join a local group that opposed both the sanctions on Iraq and the war itself.

Together, the local group researched more. They learned about a network of peace activists who were working to draw attention to human suffering. Voices in the Wilderness used civil disobedience to protest the war and its impact. Members of this group were visiting Iraq in delegations. They brought food and medical supplies with them. They knew that their actions were illegal.

Dorothy and other members of the local group felt moved to donate money to Voices in the Wilderness. They spoke out publicly about their choice. Hearing this, a news reporter asked them for an interview. Dorothy told

Young Friends at State College (Pa.) Meeting gather for a kitchen project. As this generation rises, they will live out their own "heritage of courage."

Photo courtesy of Vilmos Misangyi

I pray that we may continue doing that work, as one generation rises and the other wanes. May we learn how to hold these stories in our hands and then, when it's time, let them go.

him that for her, the decision to speak publicly was a matter of faith.

I smiled when she said that: "a matter of faith." It felt soft and true. I watched Dorothy's face change, though, when she shared what happened next. The article was published on the front page of the local news. This made Dorothy uncomfortable. Her name, views, and integrity were all publicly exposed.

A few days later, a local man wrote to the newspaper. He spoke forcefully, sharing his disgust at the group. He identified Dorothy and called her a traitor. He claimed that she should be tried for treason.

Just briefly, on hearing the word "treason," I almost wanted to laugh. But I glanced at Dorothy and stopped. I could see that she'd felt afraid. Her eyes were full. There was something in her face. Then she told us, "One of the penalties for treason is death."

"Are you sure?" we asked quietly.

"I looked it up," she replied. She had felt afraid when she was publicly exposed, and then criticized. She went to her Quaker community for guidance. Dorothy sought out people from the older generation, the Friends who had modeled Quaker process for her.

These Friends, her mentors, had been peace activists themselves during the Vietnam War. They had joined the Civil Rights Movement. They had stood up for their beliefs, in spite of the risks. They listened to Dorothy's concern, and then offered a reply.

"Don't worry about it," they said. They spoke with gentleness but also clarity. They reminded her, "We've been threatened our whole adult lives. This is what we do. Quakers fed people during the Irish potato famine in the 1840s. They fed the Germans after WWI, when most people hated Germans. They went out and set up soup kitchens to feed the people who were hungry." They reminded Dorothy that Quakers had been on the front lines of human rights work for a very long time. The older Friends affirmed not only her fear but also her place in the group.

Hearing this, Dorothy grew more confident. She realized she could rely on a new kind of courage, one rooted in community.

As she spoke, the phrase "a heritage of courage" floated up in my mind. "Is that maybe what they gave you?" I asked. "A heritage of courage?"

"That, too," she said, tilting her head back and smiling, "but also a heritage of identity. I felt a great sense of belonging in listening to them." She smiled a very warm smile.

Continues on page 46

UPON Reflection

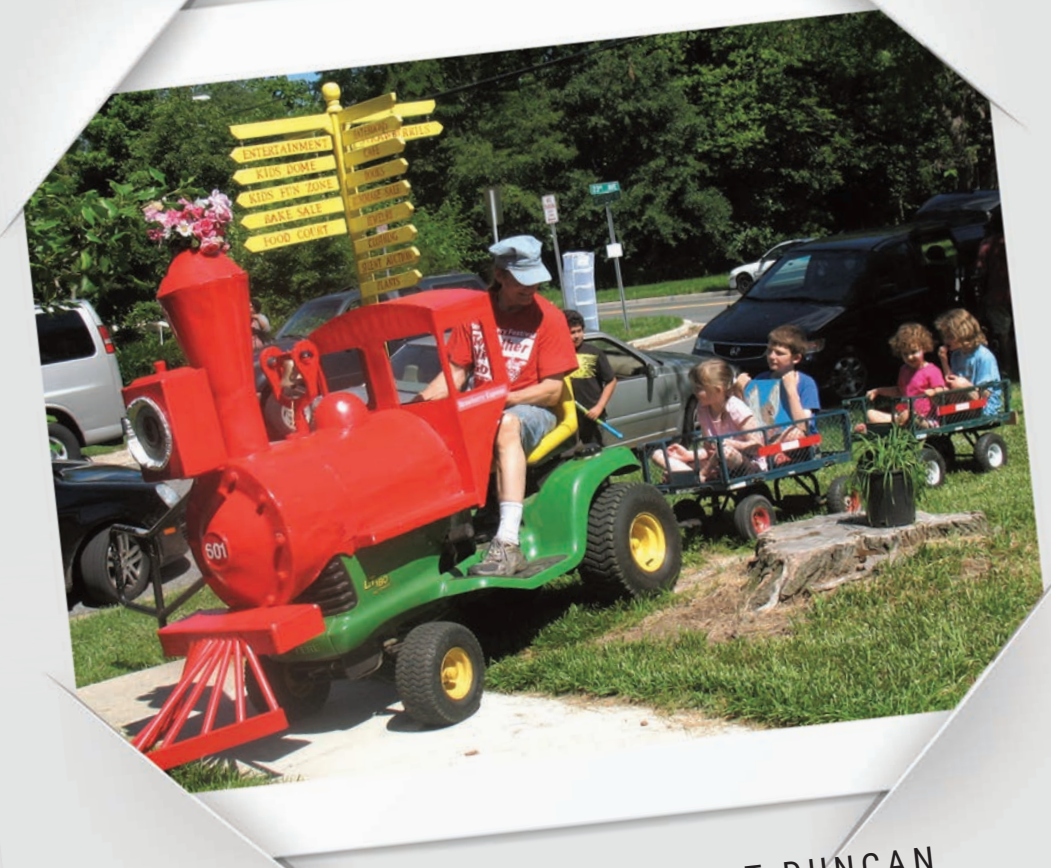
Locked out after Letterman,
hesitant to knock,
I tried to find my keys
while my boyfriend backed out
from our driveway.
Headlights shone on
our side window
reflecting my face
superimposed upon yours
through the glass
as you let me in.

I saw at that instant
how I might look in
twenty years: older, tired,
wrinkled, shorter,
wearing a ratty robe,
sheen from moisturizer
dampening my face.
You smiled and hugged me
and returned to your bed.

At this instant
I am following you:
imprinting myself,
gosling to goose,
just as my face had
on that windowpane.
Grateful as I open my door,
that my child is home safe
regardless of the hour.
May I wear this grace
as comfortably as you
wore that ratty robe.

Amy Baskin
Portland, Ore.

Photo by Brad Lloyd on Unsplash



SHARON STOUT AND ROBERT DUNCAN

Photo courtesy of the authors

WHERE *and* HOW *Are Friends* MADE?

Before ever attending a Quaker meeting for worship, I, Sharon, visited Sabbathday Lake Shaker Village in New Gloucester, Maine. My husband and I were on vacation in the early 1980s and drove past it. I thought it was a museum. We stopped, and I went on the two-hour guided tour. My husband chose to go into the gift shop, where he had a long conversation with Sister Mildred, one of the few surviving Shakers. She invited us to come for worship the next day.

There were perhaps seven or eight Shakers and a mix of paid staff, volunteers, and visitors. There were fewer than 30 altogether. We met in the beautiful blue-and-white meetinghouse. The worship began with a short reading from Brother Ted, followed by silence with the occasional message. A baby, brought by a visitor, was making noise; visitors exchanged glances, and the mother took the baby

Sharon Stout is a retired researcher/evaluator, wannabe reference librarian, and longtime member of Adelphi (Md.) Meeting. Contact: sharon.stout@gmail.com. *In 30 years as an Adelphi member, Robert Duncan has played many roles. He has twice clerked the meeting's Religious Education Committee and cherished a five-year stint serving with the Religious Education Committee of Friends General Conference.*

out. Wonderful hymns were sung with much gusto and foot stamping. Immediately after, a few of the Shaker sisters rushed out to find the visitor. They were thrilled to see a baby and told her they wished she and the baby had stayed.

When I decided a few years later that I needed a faith community, I searched and found the nearest two Quaker meetings. Living in Silver Spring, Maryland, we had many choices. I called both Adelphi and Bethesda Meetings. Only Bethesda answered the phone, so I went there, thinking I would go every week for a year; if offered anything further, I would continue. That year, Baltimore Yearly Meeting (BYM) planned a yearly-meeting-wide spiritual formation program, so I went.

Opposite page: Train ride at Adelphi (Md.) Meeting's annual Strawberry Festival.

First-day school continues outside, during the COVID-19 pandemic.

Photo by Robert Duncan

An increase in number will not come only from the outward appearance of our meetinghouses and better signage. More of a difference will be made by focusing on fidelity to our values, our work in the world, and most fundamentally, our work with our children and other people's children.

We met at Stony Run Meeting in Baltimore once a month and met in small groups in between. It was wonderful to meet seasoned older Friends and learn how they "let their lives speak." The following year, the BYM program met at Adelphi Meeting, and a few of us from Bethesda went again for remedial spiritual formation.

During one of my first regular meetings for worship at Adelphi, as we rose after meeting, I was shocked to find a hand on the back of my leg, under my skirt. I whipped around and saw no one, then looked down and saw a small toddler swinging along confidently through the sea of adult legs. What fearless children they have here! I was smitten.

Noise from children in the first 20 minutes of worship (or from those who stayed the whole hour) upset no one. Once, while making eye contact with a very young Friend, I saw her put her finger to her lips in the classic shushing gesture. At nine months old or so, Toby had unmistakably eldered me. I was amused and suitably chastened.

On another occasion, a very small girl was carrying on a subdued but fractious conversation with her father. He finally rose and said, "Anna would like us all to sing 'Magic Penny.'" We did and Anna beamed. We were all happy.

When a request for volunteers for the First-day school program went out, I volunteered for the three- to five-year-old group. I enjoyed it immensely and learned. Someone suggested making bird feeders. This entailed spreading peanut butter (pre-peanut allergy concerns!) on pine cones and then rolling them in birdseed: messy but very satisfying! We also did art projects. One young artist came every week dressed in vivid color-coordinated

Volunteers in the Strawberry Festival Cafe.

Photo by Robert Duncan

outfits, which her mother told us she insisted on choosing for herself. She stood out. When we used carved potatoes to make stamp art, she carefully colored the entire background of her picture in blue before adding the figures on top. While making paper plate masks, she laughed, "Too big!" Then picked up the scissors and cut the plate down to the size of her face.

We read books. Molly Bang's wordless, plot-driven *The Grey Lady and the Strawberry Snatcher* was a favorite. Asked how to solve the dilemma of what should be done with the strawberries, one child suggested the grey lady could sit down and eat them all herself. True. I hadn't thought of that. Loving oneself is essential. (In the book, the grey lady takes the strawberries home and shares them with her family, and the strawberry snatcher finds blackberries; no one goes hungry.) When asked, the volunteer teachers and rotating parent helpers agreed that our goal for our age group was to show and share love. In more traditional religious education terms, we covered the two great commandments at a beginner level.

The meeting kindly sent me to Pendle Hill study center in Wallingford, Pennsylvania, for a weekend workshop on religious education; I drove up and back with fellow meeting member Rob Duncan. In a small group, we shared the size of our programs: "Nine to twelve children," I said, "depending on the week." "Yes," said others. Then I realized my mistake: others were talking about their entire Friends meeting programs; I was talking about one classroom. So many children! We have five classrooms plus the nursery.

How did Adelphi achieve such a vibrant First-day school program? One reason is the dedicated volunteers, who return again and again,helping to create a community in which children are valued, listened to, engaged, asked for their help, and appreciated for offering it. I asked Robert Duncan for his observations.

The size of the program is a valuable attribute for the greater meeting community. The large number of children means there are enough peers in one's kindergarten and first-grade class that they may make friends to revisit every First Day until graduating from high school. The presence of these children also stands out to a family with young children attending for the first time: they tend to come back.

Retaining young peoples' participation through the high school years has been a strength of the program. A First-day school classroom in the third-floor attic room with mattresses and old furniture provides a climate that facilitates honesty and trust between the teens and the teachers. The attic gathering is also a non-school, non-home, no-parents-allowed experience that tides them over between the all-important, annual BYM Young Friends Conferences. Adelphi's investment in service grants further strengthens our young Friends' commitment to Quakerism. We granted funding for a young Friend to run a basketball camp on an Indigenous reservation and another young Friend to organize a service trip to rural Argentina; both were life-shaping experiences for the young participants.

Loving and committed parents in the meeting who have experienced raising their own children become helpful and friendly mentors to other parents' children. (Once a Friend with temporarily reduced mobility told her child at Friends General Conference to go to the cafeteria for lunch "and sit with anyone from Adelphi.")

Over 30 years ago, the meeting started an entire school, Friends Community School (FCS), under the care of the meeting. Originally located on the meetinghouse grounds, it started as a K–6 elementary school. Jane Manring, a Quaker and noted progressive educator, led the school in its early years. Now located on its own campus, FCS serves children K–8. Families

Continues on page 47

When you were just so little
and riding beside me I said,
If you're going to play music,
you need to learn to travel,

and because you were such
a rattling blonde box of talk,
I added, *Sometimes you need*
to learn to travel in the quiet.

And we logged a million miles
together, here and there, there
again, and again we're together
at Gate 4C, but you leave alone,

cap at a carefully jaunty angle,
weathered leather bag across
your shoulder, mandolin care
at rest on one toe. . . .

You look back, maybe a little,
as you move through the lines
and I do not. The security girl
chats you up in an unknown tongue,

you flash your $5200 smile,
return her banter, scoop your change
and iPod from the x-ray dish,
lift your case strap over your head

and keep walking. One quick wave.
One quick wave, and I lift each
foot, lift each foot, lift each foot,
and drag my tired hoard of songs

back down the roaring corridors,
ride up the elevator, cross the tower,
find the van, pay the price, and try
to learn to travel in the quiet.

Bill Jolliff
Newberg, Ore.

The SECOND Million Miles

Photo by Hanson Lu on Unsplash

English country woman, print by Wenceslaus Hollar, 1643.

Before my oldest daughter could drive, she was asked by our meeting to serve on the Ministry and Oversight Committee. At the time, there was no one so young on any other committee, but I remember her service (now some 30 years later) because she didn't have her driver's license as yet, and I recall driving her to the committee meetings. The faith of those older adults was not misdirected. She went on to serve not only on this committee but also to co-clerk the Friends General Conference (FGC) high school program; become a member of the FGC Gathering Planning Committee and American Friends Service Committee's (AFSC) Central Committee; and out of that work, built homes in South Dakota with an AFSC joint service project. Eventually, at 27 years of age, she clerked Fifty-seventh Street Meeting in Chicago, Illinois. It was during these years that I learned of Elizabeth Hooton (born 1600) and the role she played in listening to a young George Fox. I paid attention.

LESSONS *from the* WOMAN *Who* MENTORED GEORGE FOX

BARBARA SCHELL LUETKE

Barbara Schell Luetke is both a member of Salmon Bay Meeting and of Madison Temple Church of God in Christ, both in Seattle, Wash. During the time of COVID-19, she attended North Seattle Friends Church (programmed). In 2019, QuakerPress of FGC published her novel, The Kendal Sparrow.

Not much has been written about Elizabeth Hooton. More than a century ago, Emily Manners wrote a book about her life, travels, and sufferings (*Elizabeth Hooton: First Quaker Woman Preacher [1600–1672]*), and about two decades ago, Marcelle Martin published an informative article, "Elizabeth Hooton: A Mother of Quakerism," in *Friends Journal* (Feb. 2006). We know that in 1600 Hooton was born Elizabeth Carrier in Ollerton, Nottinghamshire, England, and that she married Oliver Hooton. The couple moved to the village of Skegby (located two miles west of Mansfield in the east Midlands) and had four children.

It is also known that by 1646 Hooton had left the established Church of England and become part of the local, more-radical Baptist community. Although multitudes of English Christians were demanding reform in the state church, it was still very dangerous to express dissatisfaction about its corruption. Members of rising dissident groups like the Baptists could be accused of heresy for meeting apart from the established church and baptizing each member afresh. However, most Baptist congregations were peaceful groups of believers following their consciences. They wanted to worship as informed by Scripture using the recently available English-language King James Bible. Hooton was a leader in the Skegby sect that allowed lay people to speak during service and encouraged women to preach. The meetings for worship were held in her home.

Around this same time, George Fox, at 19 years of age, had left his home in Fenny Drayton. His parents hoped he would settle down and marry or serve in the military; they could see he was unable to do these things but hadn't known how to help him. They were disappointed when he'd left his shoemaking apprenticeship. He was an unhappy young man, seeking a faith that didn't reek of the hypocrisy of his churchgoing family and neighbors and knowing more about what didn't attract him than what did. As it was time for him to make it on his own, his parents supplied him with modest funds, and he started out, a solitary soul. As he wandered the region, the English Civil War raged about him. Most historians assume that he was so absorbed in his search for faith that it was the only life-and-death matter that concerned him.

Over the next three years, Fox engaged in conversations with all sorts of people, never staying long in any one place as he traveled throughout what today is called "the Lake District." Often depressed, he was unsure of what he was doing or why. He knew he had disappointed his parents but was more worried about massive societal problems and his inadequacy to change them. He submitted to treatments with leeches and eventually visited a minister in hopes of finding comfort. Instead, he found no relief and was full of self-doubt and unworthiness.

When 22 years old, Fox walked south to the Midlands and Mansfield. He hadn't yet preached in public, gone to jail for his convictions, met Margaret Fell, or had his vision on Pendle Hill. The sympathetic people Fox found in Mansfield suggested to him that he find Elizabeth Hooton, who was then 47 years old. Fox described her in his journal as a "very tender woman." Marcelle Martin noted she was "open-minded and devout," willing to "listen perceptively to his story," and hear "the authority that comes from direct experience of the Divine." In the information I found about Hooton, her initial time with Fox is only briefly mentioned. To find "the full nature of her important role," we, as Martin suggested, must read between the lines. Doing this, I have imagined the nature of the formative conversations between the two of them. My attempt in *The Kendal Sparrow*, a 2019 historical novel about first Friends, is as follows:

At the time that Fox was in Skegby, the Quaker faith was only beginning to unfold to him. By sharing these new and dangerous ideas in a safe place, Fox had the time to realize and describe Truth.

"She invited me to sit mum with some others in the group that met regularly with her," George was saying.

I joined in the deep hush and felt a great joy. I'd only ever sat alone to listen to the still, small voice—as is revealed in the Bible. But now, with these good people, these waiting people, I felt Spirit powerfully move throughout my whole being. We met often, for whole long times of quiet together, although occasionally someone would stand and share briefly on a feeling or observation. Man or woman, old or young. Silence would follow, people listening to what others had been moved to tell. I recollect even now that during one of those times, Elizabeth Hooton's ministry was about the injustice of the poor, them expected to pay ministers for a sure spot in heaven. My heart opened to the Truth of it and I let images of those struggling and suffering wander in me until I felt the comfort of the holy time we were creating.

George swallowed, a hand wiping across his mouth and resting on his chin. . . . "It was important for me to have found Elizabeth Hooton," George continued. . . .

Quaakers vergadering. Fronti nolla fides. The Quakers meeting. **Print (no date recorded). Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Division.**

> "In the next, important days, she and I were often together, just the two of us. She's much my elder, but listened intently to my ideas—although they weren't well-formed as yet. Still, she seemed to honestly value my emerging understanding of an inner, guiding voice and counseled me not to be distracted by the sermons of the Church ministers but rather to attend to my own leadings.

According to Emily Manners, Fox had some of his deepest religious experiences during his time with Hooton. He had been traveling almost constantly for three years, but in Skegby, he stopped. I wonder if this was in part because of the conversations he had with Hooton: was he now able to take risks as he fumbled to describe his emerging faith? At the time that Fox was in Skegby, the Quaker faith was only beginning to unfold to him. By sharing these new and dangerous ideas in a safe place, Fox had the time to realize and describe Truth. I imagine him uncertain of what language to use to explain concepts. Perhaps Hooton was able to paraphrase and restate what he was saying so that they were made clearer to both of them. I envision her as an impartial listener, offering support and sharing wisdom. Perhaps Fox trusted Hooton because, like his mother, she was of deep faith and offered nonjudgmental comments. Undoubtedly they worshiped as they sat often together, allowing space between their verbal exchanges and acknowledging the sacred role of the holy Spirit.

Later, when Fox reflected back on this time, he summarized its importance:

> Now after I had received that opening from the Lord that to be bred at Oxford or Cambridge was not sufficient to fit a man to be a minister of Christ, I regarded the priests less, and looked more after the dissenting people. And among them I saw there was some tenderness, and many of them came afterwards to be convinced, for they had some openings. But as I had forsaken all the priests, so I left the separate preachers also, and those called the most experienced people; for I saw there was none among them all that could speak to my condition. And when all my hopes in them and in all men were gone, so that I had nothing outwardly to help me, nor could tell what to do, then, Oh then, I heard a voice which said, "There is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition," and when I heard it my heart did leap for joy. Then the Lord did let me see why there was none upon the earth that could speak to my condition, namely, that I might give him all the glory; for all are concluded under sin, and shut up in unbelief as I had been, that Jesus Christ might have the pre-eminence, who enlightens, and gives grace, and faith, and power. Thus, when God doth work who shall let [i.e., hinder] it? And this I knew experimentally.

Fox saw in these challenging experiences how God was using him. As he observed people doing wicked things, he cried to the Lord:

> "Why should I be thus, seeing I was never addicted to commit those evils"? And the Lord answered that it was needful I should have a sense of all conditions; how else should I speak to all conditions; and in this I saw the infinite love of God. I saw also that there was an ocean of darkness and death, but an infinite ocean of light and love, which flowed over the ocean of darkness. And in that also I saw the infinite love of God; and I had great openings.

Fox, of course, shared his openings in Skegby Meeting.

He radiated generosity and charm, speaking mightily in the power of the Lord. I imagine him to have a strong, commanding voice, using metaphors and analogies to which the seekers could relate and vocabulary that was sufficiently basic. He was a country lad relating to simple people. Fox integrated Bible verses and explained them, helpful to many, especially the women, who couldn't read the Scriptures for themselves. His ministry challenged those in attendance: compelling them to listen within, face their flaws, ask for forgiveness for their sins, and discern their leadings. The former Baptists agreed with much of what Fox emphasized, already believing that salvation was possible for each person, no matter their sex or class, and that tithes should no longer be paid to the Church of England. They no doubt appreciated the self-confidence Fox gained during this time.

Hooton never looked back. She accepted the gifts Fox offered and, despite opposition from her husband, left her family to follow in his footsteps. Some historians suggest that she was the first Quaker minister after Fox. She was arrested, jailed, and punished multiple times. Traveling in ministry for the next 25 years, Hooton died in Jamaica in 1672 while on a trip there with Fox and other Friends.

To better understand how we, too, might take up the witness of young adult Friends (YAFs), I revisited the work of Matt Alton. In 2018, Alton and I were Eva Koch scholars at Woodbrooke Quaker Study Centre in Birmingham, England. I participated in one of the six qualitative research sessions this British young adult Friend hosted. These eventually involved about 60 YAFs from local and national groups. Alton compiled the comments of participants and categorized them under specific headings, such as testimony and faith in action, worship, and spirituality and theology. The results were published in an article in the second 2019 issue of the UK *Friends Quarterly*.

One of Alton's findings was that YAFs want to be full participants in the life and decision-making processes of Quakers at local and national levels. As was true with my eldest daughter, they want to be invited in so that the link between divine experiences in worship and our testimonies is made explicit. They want learning to take place in an intergenerational space, and to better understand "the development of the testimonies, how Quakers have spoken truth to power throughout the centuries, and what new ways are being found to make Quaker values active in the world."

Participants in Alton's sessions hungered for a method that would enable those in their meetings to constructively disagree. He found that YAFs thought there had been a "loss of plain speech" and that a "focus on tolerance and tiptoeing around issues" had occurred. Participants called for honesty around disagreements in our Quaker communities.

Older Friends have an important role in listening to the leadings of younger Friends, even if they are not always expressed coherently. How lucky we are that a 22-year-old George Fox met Elizabeth Hooton and that she listened deeply to him and encouraged his evolving faith.

Alton suggested the Philosophy for Communities program developed by Rosie Carnall, another 2018 Koch scholar, whose work revolves around the need for Friends to deal with conflict. It is described in a 2018 article in *The Friend*. This method encourages Friends to be their true selves, rigorously share ideas, and promote positive disagreement. The philosophy for communities method promotes collaborating and therefore, the development of a resilient community.

Alton says, "Young adults hope that the future of Quakerism will involve us welcoming people into what can often be messy," but that "will strengthen our capacity to be a progressive and dynamic faith." As one woman in his study wrote, "Young adults have a willingness to hear about how it is electrifying to experience that inner stillness we access in Quaker Meeting" yet lacked confidence in theology and that their "way of doing religion" was the right way.

Older Friends have an important role in listening to the leadings of younger Friends, even if they are not always expressed coherently. How lucky we are that a 22-year-old George Fox met Elizabeth Hooton and that she listened deeply to him and encouraged his evolving faith. ❑

OLD BUNHILL FIELDS

Burial Ground

What's left of George Fox
is somewhere nearby.
Maybe his flesh fed the tree
whose leaves form a dome
of sheltering green
in the City of London.

I sang songs about Fox
in First Day School,
as did my parents
and their parents before them.
Generations of Barkers flowing
from the fertile ground of England
up the trunk and through the limbs.

I see faces in the gnarled wood,
my predecessors striving for air:
nonconformists, free-thinkers,
dissenters, Friends.

I would climb this tree,
take my place among the thousand
leaves sprouting from high branches
furthest from the earth
yet utterly dependent
upon it for life.

Bartholomew Barker
Hillsborough, N.C.

Photo of Bunhill Fields burial ground by GrindtXX on commons.wikimedia.org

Preserving a Quaker Presence in Detroit

Sharon Ottenbreit and Kelsey Ronan

Photo by Leslie Walden

For the first 60 years of its existence, Detroit (Mich.) Meeting didn't have a permanent meetinghouse, primarily worshiping in buildings owned by various nonprofit organizations, at a university, and even at various members' homes. Taking a stand against White flight in the 1980s, the meeting purchased and renovated an old jewelry store located on a busy street in an industrial area. The new space had a rich simplicity but turning it into a meetinghouse involved the installation of wooden bookshelves, facing benches, and a lot of sweat equity. Though the meeting was small, there was a strong commitment and enthusiasm to own a spiritual home that would besupportive and welcoming of all people in a predominantly Hispanic community.

While it was a special place to worship, the location presented unique challenges as well as rich opportunities. The surrounding neighborhood gradually deteriorated, and many local businesses closed. After the Pitbull Tattoo Parlor next door finally closed, the boards on its windows and doors were dislodged by unhoused people in the area looking for safe shelter.

One cold winter day, a large fire destroyed that entire two-story building. Hearing reports of the fire on the news, members thought of those who had sheltered there. We were relieved to learn there were no casualties. Only the meetinghouse's old brick wall separated it from the tattoo parlor's wall. It was incredible the meetinghouse survived the fire undamaged!

With the neighboring structure gone, the exposed red brick wall quickly became an inviting blank canvas for several graffiti artists. Members repainted the wall twice to avoid paying the city fines. The meeting also contemplated commissioning a graffiti artist from the neighborhood to paint the wall, knowing that a signed work would be respected by others. After much discernment, we acknowledged that the city would not approve of this as a solution.

Numerous times the meetinghouse was broken into and items were stolen: an air conditioning unit, ladders, a CD player, fans, copper wiring, small kitchen appliances, and even the outside flower pots. One First Day, members discovered that there was no electricity because our electrical meter had been stolen that week. We had a memorable worship service surrounded by darkness and deep peaceful silence. During this period, we noticed that the only items that never went missing were our extensive collection of treasured books!

Each year the meeting paid $450 for weekly trash removal, yet members often transported and disposed of the meeting's trash at their homes because the trash bins were repeatedly stolen. Trash removal payments came to be viewed as our donation to the city. The meeting could not afford an alarm system, so we tried installing a fake camera to deter future break-ins. During the installation, one of our members fell off a ladder, injuring his ankle. We ended the project there.

Even with these challenges, the front door always remained open, and members developed a special fondness for this old meetinghouse. We treasured the community that had been established over the years and found humor in sharing these experiences together. We never proposed moving to another location or outside the city. As a meeting, we were and continue to be committed to the City of Detroit. Throughout Detroit's history, Quakers have been a committed presence for social justice. Detroit was "Midnight" on the Underground Railroad—the last stop on the flight for freedom supported by Quaker abolitionists who helped people escaping slavery reach Detroit before crossing over to Canada. This city is our historical and spiritual home.

Almost a decade ago, the meeting realized that the State of Michigan would be taking our meetinghouse property by way of eminent domain to construct a new international bridge between the United States and Canada. While we grieved this loss, the State assured us that compensation would allow us to buy a new building and continue to be a force for change and social justice in this hard-hit city.

The meeting hired a well-known eminent domain lawyer, who eventually dropped us as a client after becoming frustrated with the Quaker decision-making process. During negotiations, we were told that our meetinghouse was not given the same value and legal status as other neighboring churches because it lacked an altar and religious symbols were not displayed. This was extremely disappointing to hear, and the rule was vigorously challenged by those of us

present during the negotiations.

Eventually, after exhausting all recourse, we were forced to accept the State's offer for our property, realizing those funds would not allow us to relocate to a similar structure in the city. During the long process, property values had substantially increased as investors from all over the world came to Detroit.

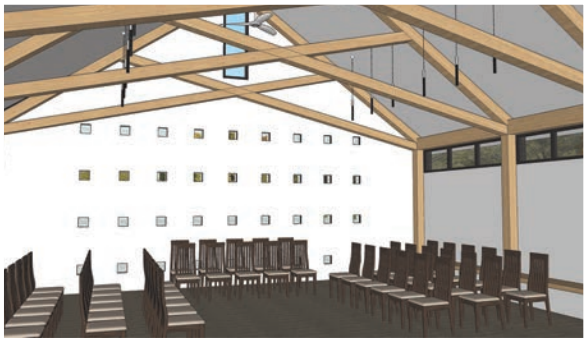
Detroit Meeting was simply asking to be made whole again. In the past decade, we had lost both our meetinghouse and school. Founded in 1965, Friends School in Detroit was one of the first integrated private schools in Detroit and had been a visible sign of Quaker values in the region until its closure in 2015. Its rise and fall gave us a chance to talk more about the challenges we have faced and confront the fact that there was now no permanent physical Quaker presence in the city. Furthermore, we were painfully aware that the relocation process had become a spiritual distraction for many of the attenders.

While considering relocation possibilities, the meeting rented a building owned by a neighboring United Methodist church for two years. At this location, we were more visible and began attracting new attenders of all ages each month. But once again, we were asked to move: the building was being sold. Then the pandemic hit, and we began worshiping virtually, which has increased weekly attendance by 25 percent. Our meeting is a unique international monthly meeting, with members and attenders from the United States and Canada.

After years of discernment and uncertainty over the path forward, our meeting has decided to double down on its commitment to Detroit. We are in the process of purchasing lots through the Detroit Land Bank Authority in a predominantly Black neighborhood, a reflection of our choice to operate as an antiracist faith community. We envision our newly constructed energy-efficient 2,500-square-foot meetinghouse will be a beacon of Light in the city and a shared space for community partners. We were pleasantly surprised to learn that the Land Bank representative assigned to our case is a former Friends School student familiar with Quakers.

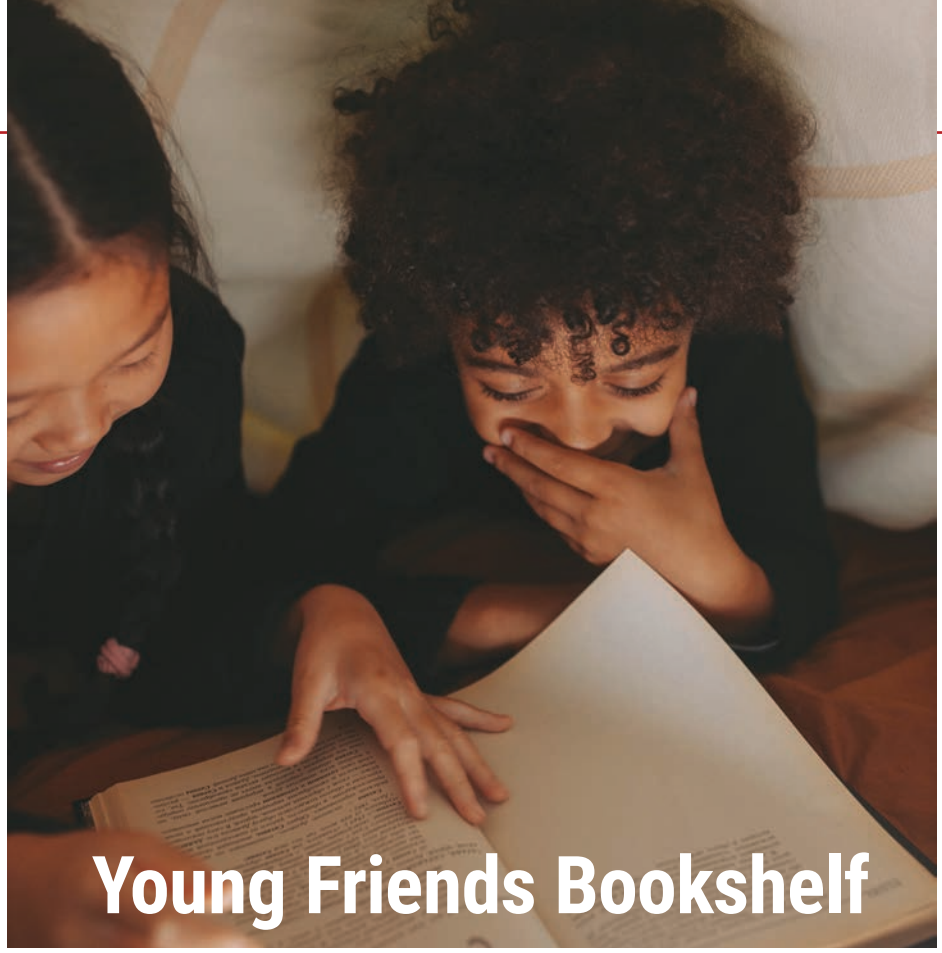
Our 24 members, along with a faithful group of attenders, have stretched and will continue to stretch so that an active and empowered Quaker presence can remain in Detroit. With determination and faith, Detroit Meeting is committed to ensuring that our collective Light continues to shine.

Sharon Ottenbreit and Kelsey Ronan are members of Detroit (Mich.) Meeting. Sharon is co-clerk of the meeting and a former educator. Kelsey is a new member, convener of the meeting's antiracist working group, and an educator in the Detroit Public Schools. Learn more about the new meetinghouse at detroitfriendsmeeting.org.



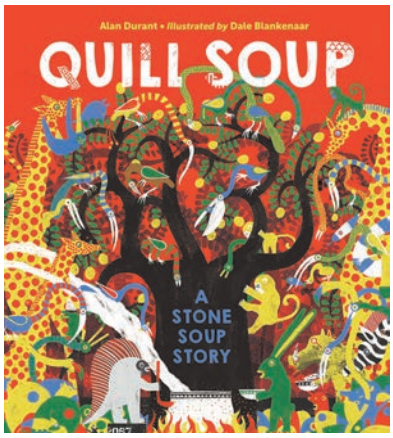
Opposite page: Former meetinghouse on Fort Street in Detroit.

This page: Renderings of the new meetinghouse by designer Cassandra Keil; interior (left) and exterior (top).



Young Friends Bookshelf

Photo by Yaroslav Shuraev on Pexels



Quill Soup: A Stone Soup Story

By Alan Durant, illustrated by Dale Blankenaar. Charlesbridge, 2020. 40 pages. $16.99/hardcover; $9.99/eBook. Recommended for ages 3–7.

Reviewed by Anne Nydam

As its subtitle makes explicit, *Quill Soup* is "a stone soup story": it follows the traditional plot line with which many are familiar. A hungry traveler—in this case a porcupine—reaches a village where the inhabitants claim they have no food to share. He requests a pot of water and declares his intention to make quill soup. Intrigued by this seeming impossibility—and by the porcupine's assertion that the king loves his quill soup—the other animals offer the porcupine everything he claims would make his quill soup just a little bit better until his soup is thick and rich with all the ingredients provided by the animals of the village. The animals share the soup and spend the evening singing and telling stories in perfect amity.

This particular version is from South Africa, and the animal characters, as well as their soup ingredients, are also South African. Blankenaar's riotous illustrations are full of bright, heavily stylized details, including cross sections of the characters' houses in which we can see the hidden food they deny to the porcupine, as well as lots of unmentioned creatures. Figuring out all that's going on in the pictures could certainly keep readers busy for a while.

Quill Soup is an interesting one for use in Quaker religious education. On the one hand, it is about how people can change from selfishness to generosity, and how once we begin to share with each other, we realize how much better life is for all. This story could be used in conjunction with a discussion of the gospel story in which Jesus feeds a multitude with only a few loaves and fishes. The stone soup principle offers one way to think about the miracle that took place, and how being the first to be willing to share can open the hearts of others. One thing I like about Durant's story is that the sharing of soup leads to companionship among the animals, with a true coming together of the whole community and the porcupine becoming an honored friend. It could tie in with the tradition of potluck feasts as well.

On the other hand, the porcupine tricks the selfish villagers by lying to them about quill soup, and presumably about his friendship with the king. This dishonesty would have to be addressed in some way if we are not to offer the lesson that it's okay to lie to get what we want, even if in the end it seems to turn out best for everyone. Perhaps it would be interesting and meaningful to have a brainstorming session about other ways the porcupine could have handled the situation.

The book is appropriate for children of preschool age and up, with the focus shifting slightly for different ages: for the young children, the focus could be on sharing, and for the older children, a discussion about dishonesty could be added. I'm not sure this would work in virtual settings because the busyness of the illustrations calls for a close scrutiny that is possible only in person. I'd save it until we can once again gather side-by-side with our children in our meeting communities.

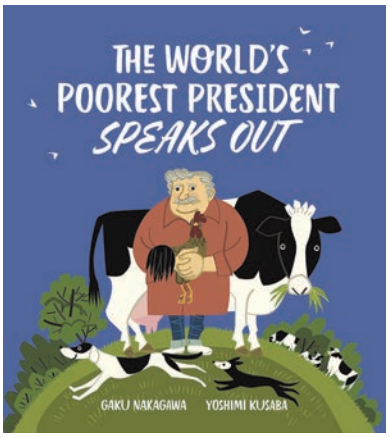
Anne Nydam is a member of Wellesley (Mass.) Meeting, where she teaches First-day school. A former middle school art teacher, she now works as an author and artist.

The World's Poorest President Speaks Out

By Yoshimi Kusaba, illustrated by Gaku Kusaba, translated by Andrew Wong. Enchanted Lion Books, 2020. 40 pages. $16.95/hardcover. Recommended for ages 4–8.

Reviewed by Ken Jacobsen

The World's Poorest President Speaks Out, translated from Japanese by Andrew Wong, is a children's book that verbally and visually presents a remarkable speech from a remarkable man: these are the words of José "Pepe"



Mujica, President of Uruguay from 2010 to 2015, which he addressed to world leaders at the Rio+20 Summit, a conference on sustainable development convened by the United Nations in 2012. But it is not just a children's book. Mujica's words are as profound as they are simple. They are for all of us. Delivered at the end of a long day of pro forma speeches dealing with the world's environmental and social challenges, Mujica caught everyone by surprise. Who was this gray-haired fellow with no tie, who (it was said) had given 90 percent of his salary to the poor, and had driven up from Uruguay in his old, blue Volkswagen Beetle? Mujica told them, and us, that the global challenges we face come from the way we live, from the global system of endless buying and selling, which drives away the very happiness we seek. He concluded by saying, "Shared human happiness is the greatest treasure of all." This largely unknown president from a largely unknown South American country received a standing ovation from the world leaders.

The endearing yet probing illustrations surrounding the simple text of the speech can be a catalyst for family conversations about what produces real happiness here at home. The book can also plant seeds in young minds about how they might bring about a happier, healthier world by the way they choose to live. The book is a visual and oral meditation on how one man, with the courage of his democratic vision, could change a country and send healing waves around the world. The book's Japanese creators are evidence: they learned of President Mujica as he became a folk hero in Japan. In 2020, Uruguay (having built on Mujica's legacy of service) was named by the BTI project (a collaborative index that analyzes and compares transformation processes toward democracy) as one of the least corrupt and most robustly democratic transformative countries in the world (out of the 137 included in the analysis). I decided that this book would be the Christmas gift for my teenage grandchildren, and looked forward to the conversations that would result.

Ken Jacobsen has taught courses in theology and healing at the Chicago Theological Seminary and led retreats on Jesus's teachings at Friends Center in Barnesville, Ohio. He keeps his home on Lake Delavan in Wisconsin as a poustinia*, a prayer house for travelers.*

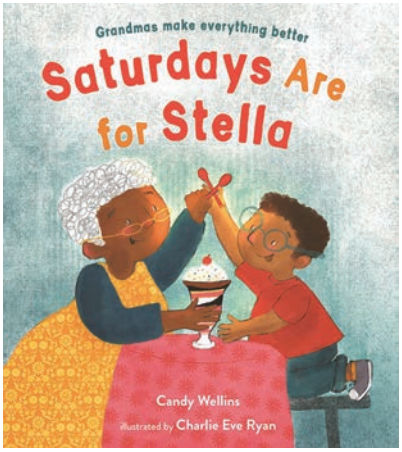
Saturdays Are for Stella

By Candy Wellins, illustrated by Charlie Eve Ryan. Page Street Kids, 2020. 32 pages. $17.99/hardcover. Recommended for ages 4–8.

Reviewed by Lisa Rand

In this picture book, Candy Wellins conveys the joy that can be found in the very special relationship between grandparent and grandchild. The story opens with smiling Stella and George baking cinnamon rolls together. Throughout the first half of the book, readers see the pair going on outings, gardening together, and dancing. They hold hands and hug, and we can witness their closeness. We learn that Stella "never, ever tired of reading George's favorite books, listening to his favorite jokes, or admiring his growing collection of bouncy balls."

Throughout the book, readers will appreciate the beautiful artwork. Charlie Eve Ryan created the illustrations in mixed media digital art, pens, textures, and brushes. The colors radiate warmth: pinks, yellows, greens, and soft blues. George, drawn as mixed race, appears to be a happy child.



One day, he sees his parents crying. "And Mom explained why George couldn't see Stella today or any other Saturday." Without using the word "death," the writer and illustrator show us a family in grief. Simply stated, "It was hard," and, "Cinnamon rolls tasted sad." After a couple pages, a baby named Stella is welcomed into the family. The reader sees George sharing adventures with his little sister as he had done with his grandmother.

The honest yet gentle depiction of loss and grief will be invaluable to families trying to help a child cope with a similar experience. The author shows us that life will continue, and that we will always remember the caring we received from loved ones who have died. This title could be very useful for meetinghouse libraries and any collection concerned with pastoral care of young families.

Lisa Rand is a youth services librarian in southeastern Pennsylvania.

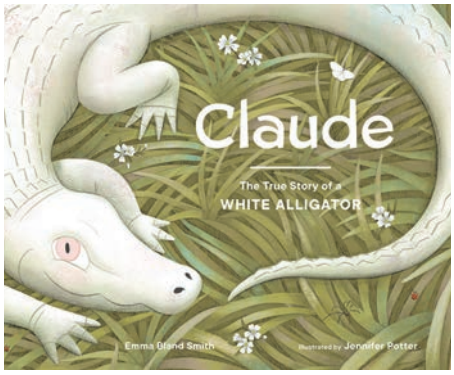
Claude: The True Story of a White Alligator

By Emma Bland Smith, illustrated by Jennifer M. Potter. Little Bigfoot, 2020. 32 pages. $18.99/hardcover. Recommended for ages 4–8.

Reviewed by Ann Birch

Claude is an albino alligator who has lived most of his life at the California Academy of Sciences, a museum in San Francisco. From the time he was born in Louisiana, people attempted to find a place in which Claude would be safe and happy. This presented a challenge, since the lack of pigmentation makes an alligator vulnerable to sunburn, unable to find food because of poor vision, and likely to become prey to other animals because he stands out in his environment.

Even other alligators pose a problem for him. From the start, the author explains, "his differentness made the other alligators uneasy." At the museum, another alligator, Bonnie,



was introduced into the habitat, but the anticipated friendship foundered when Claude's inability to see well resulted in his bumping into things, including Bonnie. After they were separated, Claude was calm enough to notice five huge snapping turtles in his habitat, and these creatures were able to work things out.

The true story differs from "The Ugly Duckling" not only in its basis in fact but in the sensitive way the author describes the other animals' reactions to Claude. Her tone and choice of words makes it clear that their reactions to his differences arise not from anthropomorphic character flaws but from their simple attention to their own survival.

In the colorful full-page illustrations, the people who care for and who enjoy Claude are portrayed as providing a cheerful, attentive background presence. They model reactions that would help make this an inspiring addition to First-day school or a Quaker home library. The "Common Questions About Claude" section at the end of the book stands ready for the interest children are likely to show in knowing more about this unusual animal.

Ann Birch is a librarian and a grandmother in El Paso, Tex.

The Keeper of Wild Words

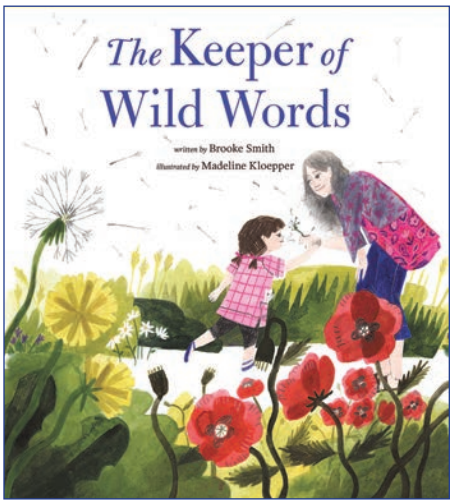
By Brooke Smith, illustrated by Madeline Kloepper. Chronicle Books, 2020. 62 pages. $18.99/hardcover; $11.99/eBook. Recommended for ages 5–8.

Reviewed by Margaret T. Walden

What are wild words? At summer's end, Brook, a young girl, has come to visit her beloved grandmother Mimi. Brook and Mimi each have a problem. The grandmother, a wordsmith, has discovered that some of her favorite nature words are disappearing. She tells Brook, "If we don't use words, they can be forgotten. And if they're forgotten . . . they disappear." She invites Brook to become her "Keeper of Wild Words." Brook is hoping to find something for show-and-tell at school the next day.

With a list of 19 nature words and a picnic lunch, the two spend their day together exploring nearby gardens, meadows, and woods. The pair use all their senses to find acorns, berries, porcupines, starlings, minnows, until all on their list are experienced. Now as Keeper of the Wild Words, Brook has a story for show and tell.

Splashy colors, exuberant illustrations, and varying typefaces make this story a page-turner. The illustrator uses mixed media and Photoshop to present the garden, meadow, pond, and woods that our characters explore. The author explains on the back pages her reason for



writing this particular story: She read an article about how the Oxford Junior Dictionary removed over 100 natural words from its pages. So she decided to write a book to bring them to life, as she "cannot imagine a world without these beautiful words in it."

The book reads well aloud because of the poetic style of the author. It will appeal especially to those children who are in a language spurt, wanting to know more and more names of those things they see often. Young children like colorful words and long ones that are full of meaning and crispness. Since we are all still living in the midst of a horrible pandemic, and looking for refreshing activities, the outdoors in any size welcomes and even compels us forth. So find a podmate, make a word list, and go scavenging. You might even illustrate or photograph your findings. Use the envelope at the back of the book or make your own. Wild words must be used and experienced if they are to be remembered.

This book has reminded me of wildflower walks at Friends Lake in Michigan, hunting for horsetail grass at Camp NeeKauNis in Ontario, turning over rocks to find pill bugs in our backyard, and being surprised when an unexpected plant starts to grow in our spring garden. Nature is not to be ignored, and Quakers understand its value. The outside is a place of safety and delight.

Margaret T. Walden enjoys winter walks and spring explorations with Leslie (her podmate) in Lakewood, Ohio. She Zooms for meeting for worship in Cleveland, Ohio.

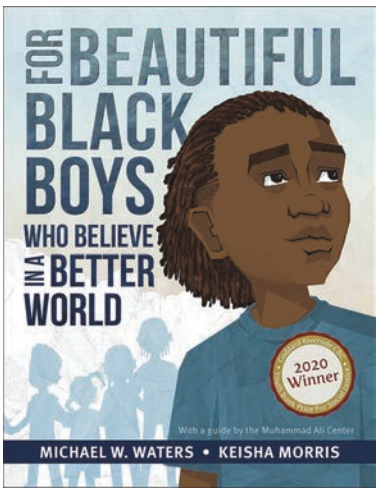
For Beautiful Black Boys Who Believe in a Better World

By Michael W. Waters, illustrated by Keisha Morris. Flyaway Books, 2020. 40 pages. $18/hardcover; $14/eBook. Recommended for ages 6–10.

Reviewed by Jerry Mizell Williams

Recurring episodes of violence pervade the consciousness of a young African American boy. What disturbs Jeremiah's innocence is a string of killings occasioned by repeated gun violence. Images on his father's computer and in print media shape his knowledge of events: Trayvon Martin, Michael Brown, nine members of Mother Emanuel AME Church in South Carolina, Alton Sterling, Philando Castile, five Dallas police officers, and Jordan Edwards. Young Jeremiah tries to comprehend: "Why?" While at first the father's persistent retort of "[i]t doesn't make sense" seems perfunctory, we read between the lines that the parents, charged with explaining the tragedies, are aggrieved and also struggling with the harsh reality that each murder has now intruded into their quotidian existence. The parents describe a variety of efforts in which they have participated in order to transform society, including vigils and protest marches. Reticent Jeremiah, whose prolonged silences are respected, requires time and space to explore his feelings; following discernment, he emerges ready to discuss his thoughts. Spirited by the family's exchange, Jeremiah realizes he and his age group can be agents of change to "make the world a better place."

Waters has translated his personal family dilemma into an instructive publication. He treads without apprehension where authors of children's literature often do not. For a larger reading public, he tackles with frankness a sensitive and uncomfortable subject with which parents and most educators of African American children are familiar. The sociocultural, historical, and political catalyst for the story is decades of violence that gave rise to Black Lives Matter, although that movement is not mentioned in print.



The story is an open invitation to adults to engage children about racism and related social imperatives. The discussion guide, created by the Muhammad Ali Center in Louisville, Ky., offers points to consider in preparing for dialogue in a safe space, how to speak about race and violence in the classroom, and suggests ways in which children can make a difference and effect change. For adults, there are complex questions embedded in the guide, such as how do we contextualize killings related not only to police shootings but also to vigilante/stand-your-ground homicides, mass murder, as well as those borne out of racial profiling and deeds of White supremacy. It is weighty subject matter—but far from inscrutable—to unpack at home and at school (and in Quaker meetings). This is where a guide can facilitate "courageous conversations" between children and adults. With large, colorful illustrations that skillfully capture the narrative in action, Waters gives young readers a tale of hope, and adults a vehicle to listen to and "make sense" of what children express about the world they live in and to which they will contribute.

Jerry Mizell Williams is a member of Green Street Meeting in Philadelphia, Pa. He is the author of numerous books, articles, and book reviews on colonial Latin America and matters of faith.

The Pig War: How a Porcine Tragedy Taught England and America to Share

By Emma Bland Smith, illustrated by Alison Jay. Calkins Creek, 2020. 48 pages. $18.99/hardcover; $11.99/eBook. Recommended for ages 7–10.

Reviewed by David Austin

It is late spring 1859, and off the coast of what's now Washington State, on a tiny and beautiful island in the Pacific Ocean, the United States and Great Britain are about to go to war.

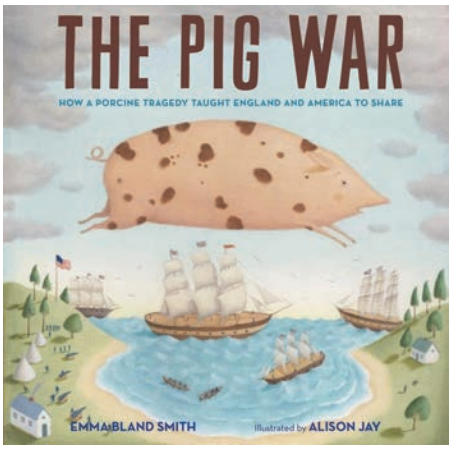
Because a farmer shot another farmer's pig.

Yes, you read that correctly. No, this is not fiction. And no, you've probably never heard this story before, unless you live in the Pacific Northwest, and even then . . . But all that, along with a lot of other things, is the charm of *The Pig War*, a tiny episode from U.S. history that passed most of us by in history class. It is a story that could have had huge implications, which remarkably—considering so much of our country's violent history—was settled with only two shots being fired. And nobody was killed: well . . . except the pig.

As White people moved west in the 1850s, displacing Indigenous people, carving out new territories, and establishing new states, the area of the Pacific Northwest was something of a no-man's land, with the United States and Great Britain claiming various regions and sharing territory in others. One of those areas was San Juan Island, which sits roughly equidistant between what are now Seattle and Vancouver. Here the two groups maintained a peaceful community, each group trying to carve out an existence without getting into the other's way.

Until one morning, when a "British" pig started uprooting an American farmer's potatoes. That is when peaceful coexistence fell apart; armies and navies were mustered; governments began harrumphing at each other; and two great and heavily armed nations prepared to go to war for the third time in less than 100 years.

But they didn't. After a rather frightening escalation (at first involving the soon-to-be-famous George Pickett), cooler heads prevailed, and not only was war averted, but the two communities



actually got along better than before.

How that all unfolded is told in brisk and charmingly snarky prose by American writer Emma Bland Smith. (This book would definitely make for a fun read-aloud in any teacher's classroom.) But for me, the folk-art-inspired illustration by British artist Alison Jay is what really makes the book special. The illustrations in this large-format book stretch over two pages, and the reader will definitely want to take time as each page is turned to savor all the details. The author's notes at the end of the book include actual photographs from the period, along with a lot more historical detail, a timeline, and a list of additional resources.

But let's go back for just one second.

Yes, an American and a Brit collaborated on this lovely book. How perfect!

David Austin is a member of Haddonfield (N.J.) Meeting and a retired educator. His middle-grade novel in verse recounting the true story of Holocaust survivor Charles Middleberg is titled Small Miracle *and is now available from Fernwood Press.*

Miss Mary: The Irish Woman Who Saved the Lives of Hundreds of Children during World War II

By Bernard S. Wilson, illustrated by Julia Castaño. Gill Books, 2020. 144 pages. $9.95/paperback. Recommended for ages 8–12.

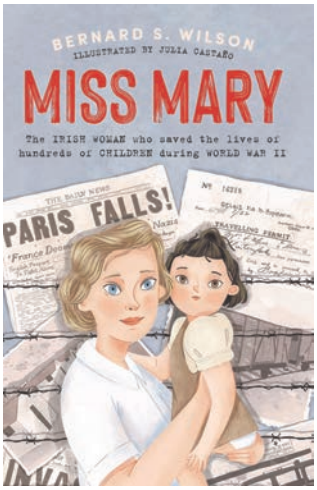
Reviewed by Margaret Crompton

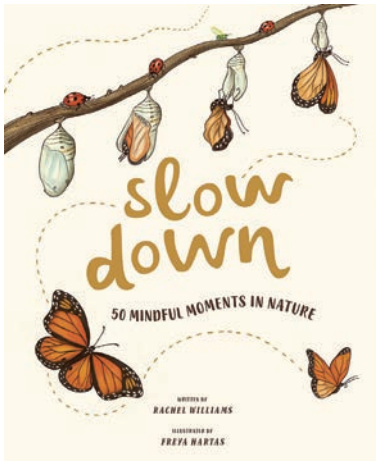
This book was written by Quaker Bernard S. Wilson, a retired university lecturer who lives in Canterbury, England. His deep interest in Mary Elmes led to his extensive research, writing, and leading of study sessions.

Mary Elmes traveled far from her home in Cork, Ireland: she studied in Paris, Madrid, Dublin, and London. Then she worked in a Spanish children's hospital during the Spanish Civil War. She worked in France during the German occupation and was supported in her work there by American Friends Service Committee. In 1943, she was imprisoned for six months.

Soon after the war ended, Mary married and had two children. Her work with refugees had ended. After her death at age 93, her courage and commitment became known to a new generation. Ronald Friend, whose life Mary had saved when he was a child in France (then known as René Freund), worked with Wilson in England, and through American Quaker archives, he was able to contact Mary's family. In 2013, Yad Vashem in Jerusalem honored her service in saving the lives of Jewish children by naming her the first Irish person to be recognized as one of the non-Jews who are "Righteous Among the Nations." Ronald Friend joined her family in France for the presentation of the medal. Mary was further honored in 2019 when a new bridge in Cork, the city of her birth, was named after her.

Mary's story has traveled far and is told here by Wilson in a form and style for children. His writing is clear and offers background information and a timeline. The stories are vivid evocations of real people and events. At the center is the woman who lived according to her beliefs and would never have expected to be remembered





with books and medals and a bridge. She did what came to her to do, what she could, what was needed. Through Wilson's narrative, she speaks to our condition.

Margaret Crompton (Britain Yearly Meeting) wrote Pendle Hill pamphlet 419 Nurturing Children's Spiritual Well-Being. *Recent publications include poems, short stories, and blogs. Her plays are published online by Smith Scripts.*

Slow Down: 50 Mindful Moments in Nature

By Rachel Williams, illustrated by Freya Hartas. Magic Cat Publishing, 2020. 128 pages. $24.99/hardcover; $18.65/eBook. Recommended for ages 8–12.

Reviewed by Tom and Sandy Farley

Slow Down is a series of 50 illustrated two-page spreads on which brief, scientifically accurate information is given on subjects as varied as ladybugs, thunderstorms, and snakes shedding their skins. Each topic has five to twelve illustrations with carefully edited text, which draws the reader into a life cycle or natural process, be it snowflake formation, or egg-tadpole-frog development, or the physics of lightning or ocean waves.

We found the illustrations a bit cartoonish, sometimes a mismatch with the serious science. However, the layout is excellently done, so that each spread has an appropriate and unique format with informal fonts that feel like one's reading a naturalist's sketchbook.

While mindfulness is promoted in

the introductory poem, "Leisure" by W. H. Davies, this thread is overtly picked up only in the last summary spread, "Slow Down Today." Sinking into any one of the 50 topics cannot be done in haste. First-day school teachers could choose a subject each week for meditation and discussion.

A great use might be as a starting-off point for school-age children to choose a subject on which to do further research: an endeavor promoted by the good reference list at the end. Students could be challenged to create two-page spreads on topics not covered in *Slow Down*, perhaps something common to their locality or places they have visited.

The book features only temperate zones and mostly European and North American flora and fauna: no desert, arctic, or tropic biomes are represented. A remedy for this lack can be found in *Nature's Patchwork Quilt* by Quaker environmental educator Mary Miché; a habitat-based series, such as the One Small Square books by Donald M. Silver; or the One Day in the . . . books by Jean Craighead George.

Tom and Sandy Farley are authors and illustrators of the Earthcare for Children curriculum and members of Palo Alto (Calif.) Meeting.

Farah Rocks Fifth Grade

By Susan Muaddi Darraj, illustrated by Ruaida Mannaa. Stone Arch Books, 2020. 144 pages. $15.95/hardcover; $8.95/eBook. Recommended for ages 8–12.

Farah Rocks Summer Break

By Susan Muaddi Darraj, illustrated by Ruaida Mannaa. Stone Arch Books, 2020. 144 pages. $15.95/hardcover; $9.95/eBook. Recommended for ages 8–12.

Reviewed by Vickie LeCroy

These are the first two fiction works in a series of stories about Farah, a bright, determined Palestinian American girl, as she navigates the challenges of adolescence in an immigrant family. The third book in the series, *Farah Rocks New Beginnings*, was released in January.

The first book, *Farah Rocks Fifth Grade*, explores bullying of Farah and her younger brother, Samir. In this story, Dana is a troubled fifth grader who acts very sweet around adults but is mean spirited when adults are not closely engaged. Dana has that remarkable facility for being cruel, particularly toward Samir, without getting caught. Farah uses creative approaches in her attempt to help protect her brother after her initial reporting of the bullying was minimized and ignored. Unfortunately, Farah's solutions land her in trouble on the bus, at school, and at home. Farah then talks with her parents and finds a way to resolve the bullying issues.

This is a story that parents and teachers could use to educate children in ways to navigate encounters with bullying. It is written in a manner that is appealing to preteen children—fun but not too sanctimonious—yet has content that could be useful through illustrating some strategies to mitigate bullying behavior.

The second book picks up at the end of Farah's fifth-grade school year and has most of the characters from the first book, including Farah's hard-working parents who face economic challenges, and Farah's smart, kind, and supportive group of multicultural friends. In *Farah Rocks Summer Break*, Farah's main challenge is to earn money to pay for a summer camp. Toward that end, she participates in a yard sale, mows lawns, and starts a tutoring service to obtain the funds to cover her camp expenses. Both books have directions for an activity and two glossaries in the back: one with Arabic terms and another with additional words used in the story.

Vickie LeCroy is a retired elementary school educator, parent, and grandparent living near Nashville, Tenn.

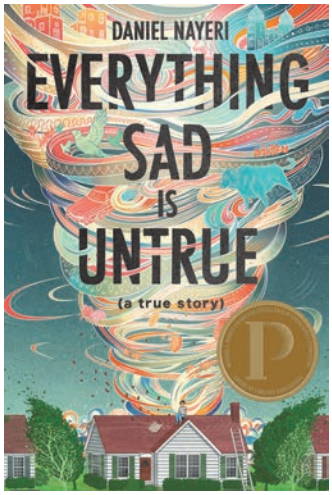
Everything Sad Is Untrue: (A True Story)

By Daniel Nayeri. Levine Querido, 2020. 368 pages. $17.99/hardcover or eBook. Recommended for ages 12–18.

Reviewed by Anna Carolyn McCormally

This much-lauded novel is a patchwork of memory, history, and imaginings from the mind of 12-year-old Khosrou, an Iranian refugee in Oklahoma. Khosrou—who everyone calls Daniel—styles himself as a modern-day Scheherazade, a Persian storyteller of legend, who spins tales to buy himself time with the bullies and others in his seventh-grade class. While his classmates do not believe he is descended from kings or used to live in a beautiful mansion with marble floors, they are hooked by the stories of Daniel's past. Like Scheherazade, Daniel knows that once you have listeners hooked on a story, you can win them over.

Daniel's narrative is fragmented and digressive: wandering here and there and reaching for myths, memories from his childhood in Isfahan, politics, and his family history. The plot is scattered between anecdotes, musings, and stories about learning to use a western-style toilet and toilet paper or tasting peanut butter for the first time.



Daniel confesses that he himself isn't sure which of his memories are true, and acknowledges a second kind of memory: "the kind you invent in your head because you need to." As Daniel regales his class, his teacher, and the reader with tales of heroes and jewels and palaces, he is also telling the story of himself and his family, stitching together an identity that feels fractured by trauma: his family's escape from the secret police, leaving his father at the airport, his mother's abusive second husband, and the everyday indignities of being a stranger in a new school and country.

The non-linear structure of the novel might be a first for young readers who are used to more straight-ahead chapter books. But the reader stays very close to Daniel throughout the book, and he is funny, irreverent (so many jokes about poop that at one point he confesses his teacher has told him he can't talk about poop anymore), and empathetic. It's easy to imagine him: a smart, thoughtful kid frustrated by all the injustice he's seen, standing in front of his class telling his story. "If you listen, I'll tell you a story," he says. "We can know and be known to each other, and then we're not enemies anymore."

Anna Carolyn McCormally is a member of Herndon (Va.) Meeting. She lives in Washington, D.C., and has a master of fine arts in fiction from the University of Maryland, College Park.

Preserving Quaker Heirlooms

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Later, we stepped out from the tree and settled into separate cars. We drove home, but the impact of the day stayed with me. When I think about that time, a line from *Faith and Practice* comes to mind. It says that our queries change, "as each generation finds its own voice." I think that's beautiful.

When I think back to the elm tree, I see what we modeled for each other. It's important for each generation to find its voice. We receive heirlooms from older Friends and shape them in our own hands. We need older and younger people to be telling stories together so we can do this.

Dorothy's memories taught me about my past—our shared past—from before I was born. I take comfort in her words. They are a gift. Her words showed me: This is what we do. We stand in a sea of noise and model quiet leadership. We call each other into better listening. We work to build the kin-dom of God, but we don't do it alone. We rely on one another—tenderly, vulnerably, and with our hearts overflowing. We live with integrity. Though it may be difficult, we put our integrity ahead of personal safety. We know that comes with risk. We find bravery through community strength. This is what we do.

I pray that we may continue doing that work, as one generation rises and the other wanes.

May we learn how to hold these stories in our hands, and then, when it's time, let them go.

May we pass on the gems of our faith with all the fierceness and the fire that they deserve. ❑

Where and How Are Friends Made?

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coming to Adelphi Meeting through the school are another source of our abundant First-day school program.

Now with the COVID-19 pandemic, we are meeting mainly through Zoom. Our meetinghouse renovation project has been delayed, and we, as with other Friends and so many others, are struggling. We see fewer children. They miss gathering together, and so the Religious Education Committee has resumed in-person, outdoor activities for them. These activities are equally nourishing to the parents, who must balance jobs; children's school requirements; and everyone's daily needs, all in one home. It provides them with a break and a chance to commiserate with other parents.

When Adelphi's Friends Committee on National Legislation advocacy group met with our U.S. Representative Jamie Raskin in November after the election, he said he thought there were two or three million Friends in the United States given all we do. He added that he had looked us up, and there are only 60,000 or so in North America (there are actually a little over 80,000 in the latest estimates from Friends World Committee for Consultation). "I wish there were more of you." So do I; perhaps we all do.

But an increase in number will not come only from the outward appearance of our meetinghouses and better signage (much as these factors can help). More of a difference will be made by focusing on fidelity to our values, our work in the world, and most fundamentally, our work with our children and other people's children. It is these that will save us as a faith community. ❑

Deaths

Garrettson—*Elizabeth Stabler Miller Garrettson*, 83, on November 18, 2020, suddenly and unexpectedly, of complications following radiation therapy for lung cancer at MedStar Montgomery Medical Center in Olney, Md. Her husband and daughters were holding her and singing to her up to her last breath. Beth was born on June 30, 1937, the third daughter of Robert and Mary Reading Miller, and was an eleventh generation Maryland Quaker.

Beth attended Sherwood School in Sandy Spring, Md.; Emory University in Atlanta, Ga.; and Columbia University School of Nursing in New York City. She was elected student body president while at Emory. She met her husband, Lorne Garrettson, while a nurse at Boston Children's Hospital. In 1964, the two of them spent four months in a 100-bed rural hospital in Ghana where Lorne was a general physician and Beth served as the head of nursing. She worked for the Georgia Department of Public Health, where she taught cardiopulmonary resuscitation. From 1974 to 1987, Lorne and Beth served in the infirmary at Catoctin Quaker Camp in Thurmont, Md., supporting the health and wellness of hundreds of campers over the years. In Richmond, Va., she was a medical and motherly presence in a home for boys.

Beth was active in all meetings where she lived, including Richmond; Atlanta; and Buffalo, N.Y. She was also active in her wider communities. In Richmond, she started a food cooperative, a babysitting cooperative, and a gourmet supper club.

Lorne retired in 1999, and they moved to Beth's ancestral home of Sandy Spring in 2000. Beth was active on several committees of Sandy Spring Meeting, and served on the boards of Sandy Spring Friends School and Friends House Retirement Community. She was a member of the Montgomery General Hospital's Women's Board, as had been her mother and both grandmothers. She was active in the Women's Mutual Improvement Society of Sandy Spring, the oldest women's club in the country.

Beth is remembered by many for her cheerful and loving manner and her ability to offer support and solace to others. Everyone felt her joy and warmth. When her sister died leaving young children, Beth took her niece and nephew into her home. Her niece lived with her twice more for extended periods during life's transitions when she needed support and the warmth of family.

Beth was a piano player who accompanied family sing-alongs. She had a lovely alto voice and a love of choral music. She and Lorne sang in community choral groups in Atlanta, Buffalo, and Sandy Spring. She sang in a small a capella group in Richmond. Beth passed her love of singing to her children and sang with Lorne and two daughters in a large choral group in Rockville, Md., where her daughter is the director.

Beth is survived by her husband, Lorne Garrettson; three children, Elizabeth Brooke Carroll (Brian), Linda Janney Garrettson (Michael Minnig), and Mariana Garrettson (Jordan Taylor); and five grandchildren.

Laznovsky—*Reuben Laznovsky (Hersh)*, 92, on January 3, 2020, at his home in Santa Fe, N.M. Reuben was born to immigrant Jewish parents in New York, N.Y., on December 9, 1927. Laznovsky was his paternal family name, but it was changed to Hersh after the family immigrated. Late in his life Reuben introduced himself as Reuben Laznovsky as a way to honor his ancestors.

Reuben graduated from high school at 14 years of age, and from Harvard University with a bachelor's in English literature at the age of 19. He served briefly in the U.S. Military in South Korea prior to the Korean War. Following his military service, Reuben was hired at *Scientific American* magazine as a mailroom clerk. He worked his way up to editorial assistant before he left that job to become a machinist, joining the working class in keeping with his radical political perspective at the time. Reuben hoped to organize the machinists. His work as a machinist ended in 1957 when he cut off his right thumb in a work-related accident.

While convalescing, Reuben decided to go to graduate school to study mathematics. He graduated with a doctorate in mathematics from the Courant Institute of New York University in 1962. In 1964, he accepted a tenure-track faculty position at the University of New Mexico.

Reuben was an active member of the Religious Society of Friends since 1968, when he joined Albuquerque (N.M.) Meeting. During the 1980s he transferred his membership to Santa Fe (N.M.) Meeting. Reuben was active in Amnesty International as well.

Reuben retired in 1995, but continued teaching until age 80. He was best known for his writings about the philosophy of mathematics. Ulf Persson, a longtime colleague, described Reuben as a "very articulate proponent for the human side of mathematics."

Reuben wrote or co-authored seven books. He shared a National Book Award in Science for *The Mathematical Experience* (1981) with coauthor Phillip J. Davis. He coauthored, with fellow faculty member Vera John-Steiner, *Loving and Hating Mathematics: Challenging the Myths of Mathematical Life* (2011). Vera was Reuben's companion with whom he lived for 30 years. In 2015, Reuben published a book about his friend and mentor Peter Lax, a well-known mathematician. *Humanizing Mathematics and Its Philosophy: Essays Celebrating the 90th Birthday of Reuben Hersh* (2017) is a collection of essays by eminent twentieth-century mathematicians, philosophers, logicians, and linguists.

Reuben was predeceased by his ex-wife, Phyllis Hersh; and beloved companion, Vera John-Steiner. He is survived by two children, Daniel Hersh and Eva Hersh; and three grandchildren.

Magee—*Joan Comly Magee*, 76, on August 19, 2020, in Hickory, N.C., shortly after being diagnosed with cancer. Joan was born on February 6, 1944, in Wayne, Pa., the youngest of three children to Esther Shallcross Magee and Leigh J. Magee. She was a lifelong member of the Religious Society of Friends. Joan was formerly a member of Radnor (Pa.) Meeting. She served for many years as clerk of the Catawba Valley Worship Group under the care of Charlotte (N.C.) Meeting.

Joan was a graduate of George School in Newtown, Pa.; Katharine Gibbs School in New York City; and Caldwell Community College in Lenoir, N.C., where she graduated Phi Theta Kappa. Joan was a lifelong learner and voracious reader, and a student of the world. She traveled extensively throughout Europe and the United States. Joan was happily planning her next trip before illness intervened.

After many years, Joan retired as a vice president in the trust department at Wachovia Bank (formerly First Union) in Hickory and Charlotte. She previously worked for the National Security Agency in Washington, D.C. In her retirement years, Joan served as the volunteer coordinator for the Women's Resource Center in Hickory.

Joan valued helping those in need in her local community. In addition to her volunteer work with the Women's Resource Center, she was active in her worship group's project to collect materials for the county shelter for victims of domestic violence, as well as sending Christmas cards to residents of area nursing homes.

Joan was predeceased by her parents; a brother, James Magee; and a sister, Leigh (Susie) Schuerholz. She is survived by her son, Greg Williams (Peggy); three grandchildren; a sister-in-law, Judy Magee; and several nieces and nephews.

Notley—*Hilda Moritz Notley*, 91, on January 9, 2020, at Foulkeways retirement community in Gwynedd, Pa. Hilda was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on June 6, 1928, to Frank Josef Moritz and Luise Weiss Moritz, both of whom emigrated from Germany to New York City in the mid-1920s. Aside from her college years in Ohio, Hilda lived in the suburbs of Philadelphia her entire life. In 1946, Hilda began her first year at Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio. She visited several churches and was drawn to Yellow Springs (Ohio) Meeting. While attending Antioch, Hilda met William "Bill" Collier Notley, a veteran of World War II. Hilda and Bill married in Philadelphia on July 31, 1948.

While living in Ohio, Hilda and Bill had three children, William, Tom, and Nancy. The family moved to Elkins Park, Pa., in 1954, just one mile from Abington (Pa.) Meeting. Their fourth child, Judy, was born in Abington. Abington Meeting was a welcoming and safe environment with many young families. The meeting became a mainstay for Hilda for close to 70 years. During that time, Hilda was clerk of the meeting, chair of the Worship and Ministry Committee, a member of the School Committee, and involved with First-day school and adult class. Her cooking and entertaining skills often led her to coordinate covered dish suppers and evening events.

In 1964, Hilda became involved in the Head Start program of Philadelphia, which provides no-cost childcare for eligible families. The summer program was home to a vibrant group of inner city and suburban young children who enjoyed diverse educational and fun-filled enrichment.

Hilda's spiritual life was strengthened by participating in activities at Pendle Hill study center in Wallingford, Pa.; Philadelphia Yearly Meeting; and Friends General Conference. Women's retreats at Pendle Hill, young mothers' weekends in the Poconos, and Quaker travel in England encouraged her dedication to spirituality and social justice. Hilda's circles were vast: sewing group, yoga, Jazzercise, YWCA Cape Cod summer getaways, and yearly trips to the Jersey shore and to Vermont. In later years, Hilda and Bill enjoyed several trips to Europe.

Hilda's love and commitment to Quakerism became increasingly evident, especially toward the end of her life. Her knack for intergenerational relationships and providing a kind and nonjudgmental ear was her forte. Frequent visits from the Care of Members Committee were a highlight of Hilda's final weeks. Her love, wit, and intelligence were intact as she faced terminal illness.

Hilda was predeceased by her husband, Bill Notley, who died in 2015; son Bill F. Notley, who died in 2016; and daughter-in-law Margaret L. Notley, who died in 2017. She is survived by three children, Tom Notley, Nancy Notley (Robert Perzigian), and Judy Notley (Tom Burke); three grandchildren; five great-grandchildren; and many nieces and nephews.

Schutz—*Marie Haves Schutz*, 98, on August 21, 2020, at Friends House retirement community in Santa Rosa, Calif., home for the last chapter of her long, full, and loving life. Marie was born on April 30, 1922, a fourth generation Californian. A child of the Depression, her early need for eyeglasses went unfilled and she learned to depend on the spoken words of her teachers, rather than the blackboard, to build her memory skills.

The eldest of six in an Irish Catholic family, she rejected the expectation that she would join the convent. Instead, the eruption of World War II led to service in the U.S. Navy WAVES, working to decipher Japanese weather codes. Her experience in the Navy opened the door to future possibilities, as did her joining International House at the University of California, Berkeley. The vibrant, diverse community there was the backdrop for her departure from the Catholic Church and the development of a passion for library work. It was also there that Marie met Robert "Bob" Schutz, and together they embarked upon a life of community building and social action.

Marie and Bob raised four children who well remember the love and security she brought to their childhood. Everywhere the family went, libraries received the blessing of Marie's skills and passion, from Albany and Woodside High Schools to UC Berkeley and the periodicals department of the Hoover

Institution. She built two libraries from scratch: one for John Woolman School in Nevada City, Calif., and one for Friends House. Long after her diminishing eyesight prevented her from reading, Marie continued to devour books by various means, including a daily reading group at Friends House and the seemingly endless resources of the Library for the Blind.

In the early days of their young family, Marie became involved with American Friends Service Committee, and found that Quakerism suited her. Realizing it suited her children too, the family joined Berkeley (Calif.) Meeting. The Schutzes were longtime members of Berkeley and Palo Alto Meetings, and eventually Marie and Bob transferred their membership to Redwood Forest Meeting in Santa Rosa, where Marie served as recording clerk and informal meeting historian. Her role as curator of the meeting library pleased her, and she enjoyed making gifts of books to new members from her own prodigious Quaker library.

Marie mentored many young Friends of Pacific Yearly Meeting and served on the Faith and Practice Committee. In College Park Quarterly Meeting she was instrumental in the State of the Meeting Clinics, helping to listen and guide troubled meetings to wholeness. She was a faithful Friend to Friends General Conference, serving on the Central Committee and the Ministry and Nurture Committee.

After their kids were grown, Marie and Bob helped establish Monan's Rill, an intentional community outside of Santa Rosa now in its fourth generation. With Marie's death, the last of the 13 founders is gone.

After 17 years at Monan's Rill, the pair moved to Friends House, where Bob died in 2001 and Marie continued to enjoy a wonderful quality of life until the onset of the COVID-19 pandemic in early 2020. The inability to be in the company of dear friends and family, the physical diminishment suffered from lack of pool exercise, and the lack of agency—these challenges took their toll. But her indomitable spirit and gracious generosity persisted and lives on in those who knew her and in the many organizations she supported.

Marie is survived by four children, David Schutz, Mico Sorrel, Roberta Schutz, and Karla Herndon; seven grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

Seaver—*Paul Siddall Seaver*, 88, on August 2, 2020, at home in Palo Alto, Calif. Paul and his twin brother, David, were born in Philadelphia, Pa., on March 19, 1932, to Benjamin and Madge (Tompkins) Seaver. In 1942, the family moved to a dairy farm in Gwynedd, northwest of Philadelphia, where his parents were attracted to the Quaker meeting. Following World War II, Gwynedd Meeting experienced an influx of young men who had been conscientious objectors. Paul and David were inspired by these young Quaker pacifists. Both decided at the age of 14 to join Gwynedd Meeting.

When Paul and David graduated from high school in 1950, they faced the draft for the Korean War. They could have invoked their Quaker upbringing to obtain classification as conscientious objectors. Instead they refused to register for the draft and were sentenced to 18 months in federal prison in Danbury, Conn. They were paroled after serving six-and-a-half months.

Paul completed his undergraduate education at Haverford College. He earned graduate degrees at Harvard University in early modern English history, focusing on religion and radicalism and on the growth and urbanization of London.

In 1954, Paul met Kirsten Andresen, a Norwegian foreign student at Bryn Mawr College. They quickly formed a bond and married in 1956. Their daughter, Hannah, was born in 1960 in London while Paul was doing doctoral research. In 1962, Paul took a teaching job at Reed College in Portland, Ore., where their son, David, was born in 1963. Paul and Kirsten loved to travel. They maintained a flat near Paddington railway station for 32 years, which enabled them to make frequent trips to London to do research.

Paul was very close with his brother, David. It was a painful loss when David died of a stroke at age 53.

In 1964, Paul began a long and distinguished career in the History Department at Stanford University, retiring in 1997. Tributes to his character and service can be found in a memorial notice on Stanford's website, including his quiet and unassuming brilliance, his wise counsel, his captivating teaching and pioneering research, his selfless devotion to undergraduate education (recognized by two university awards), and his role in building one of the strongest British history programs in the country. His most acclaimed publication, *Wallington's World: A Puritan Artisan in Seventeenth-century London* (1985), was one of the first detailed looks at the religious life and thought of a "lower class" Puritan.

In his early years at Stanford during the Vietnam War, Paul counseled young men on their options regarding the draft. He worked closely with other activists, including his father, Ben Seaver, who was then peace education secretary for American Friends Service Committee in San Francisco. Paul served as chairman of the board for the Western Region of the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors (CCCO), a nonprofit draft counseling organization. It was demanding work, but it was a commitment he couldn't set aside, not even in the face of threatening phone calls.

Paul had a strong commitment to Palo Alto Meeting. At meeting for worship, he reliably sat in his preferred seat next to those that his mother, Madge, and his aunt Frances Tomkins had occupied for many years. When Paul was invited to talk about why he was drawn to committee work, his answer was simple: "When your meeting calls, you serve." And indeed, Paul served in various capacities. Not surprisingly, he acted as historian and archivist for many years, sharing his knowledge of Quaker origins and history on multiple occasions.

Paul is survived by his wife, Kirsten Seaver; two children, Hannah Seaver and David Seaver; and four nephews and their families.

Have you seen the one about the late Alaskan Friend Mahala Ashley Dickerson? Those close to Mahala look back on her legacy as a trailblazer for justice who fought for marginalized people her whole life.

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—Taylor Brelsford, member of West Knoxville (Tenn.) Meeting

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