

Why is This Friend Smiling? See Page 4, inside.



Types & Shadows ***Spring 2005 Issue #35*** ***In This Issue***

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FQA Statement of Purpose:

To nurture and showcase the literary, visual, musical and performing arts within the Religious Society of Friends, for purposes of Quaker expression, ministry, witness and outreach. To these ends, we will offer spiritual, practical and financial support as way opens.

Types & Shadows

The Journal of the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts
Issue # 35 Spring 2005 Chuck Fager, Editor

Sails On the Horizon. A Novel of the Napoleonic Wars. By Jay Worrall. Random House, 284 pages. \$24.95.

Reviewed by Chuck Fager.

Maybe it's just due to getting older, but some of my favorite passages in Jay Worrall's new novel, *Sails On the Horizon*, are not the battle scenes, or the romantic scenes, but land and seascape descriptions. Consider this snippet:

"The waters off Cape Finisterre, the westernmost point of Spain and a major landmark for Atlantic shipping, lay calm and nearly empty in the late-spring sunshine. A few dun-colored fishing boats could be seen in the distance, around the shoaling waters at the base of the Finisterre promontory that jutted from the mountainous Galician shore "Yes," Charles answered absently, thinking of Penny and wishing he could share the beauty of the scene with her, the rugged Spanish mountainsides covered in the fresh green of spring cascading down to the deep blue of the sea."

This is vivid stuff: I could almost see those slopes, feel the swell of the sea. But what's best about this passage, especially for me as another writer, was to confirm that Jay Worrall has never been to Cape Finisterre. He's never laid eyes on those verdant mountainsides, or watched out for those shoaling waters. The place is real enough, but he saw it only in his mind's eye, aided by a stack of reference books.

That's the novelist's craft, and in this debut novel Jay shows that he's pretty well got it down.

Jay is a lifelong Friend, but with a spotty pedigree. His Quaker Worrall ancestors were disowned at the time of the American revolution. Then his father joined Meeting between stints in an army career. He is also named Jay Worrall, and Jay père is likewise an author, of a landmark history, *The Friendly Virginians*, which tells the rich (and often dangerous) tale of Quakerism in the Old Dominion.

Jay the younger (though not so young anymore himself), went to Earlham, then was a conscientious objector during Vietnam. He did alternative service in Vietnam, working with refugees. It was in Vietnam, he says with a wry grin, that he gained his less than vast maritime experience, which consisted of one single day spent on a sailing boat.

Jay has since had a varied career, spending many years as a carpenter. It was in the fall of 1999, when he was looking for work, that he decided to give novel-writing a serious try.

A lot of labor as well as craft went into this book, research, writing, and rewriting. But Jay is the first to admit that he's been lucky as well. *Sails On the Horizon* is setting out to be the first in a new series of historical naval seafaring novels, a variety of fiction that almost has its own special shelf on library and bookstore shelves.

Jay knows the names on that shelf well enough: C.S. Forester's ten volumes about Horatio Hornblower. Patrick O'Brian's 20-something books about Jack Aubrey. And Jay is familiar with other series, by Alexander Kent and Richard Woodman, that I hadn't heard of.

And that's partly the point. This field has a very loyal base of readers, who eagerly await the newest installments about their fictional seaborne heroes. Jay hopes to win some of them over to following the exploits of his

Charles Edge-mont, which begin in 1797. And Jay is lucky, because as he was finishing *Sails On the Horizon* in 2000, Patrick O'Brian died, bringing that very successful series to an end.

Alexander Kent and Richard Woodman are still around; C.S. Forester died in 1966. But maybe there was a vacancy in the field.

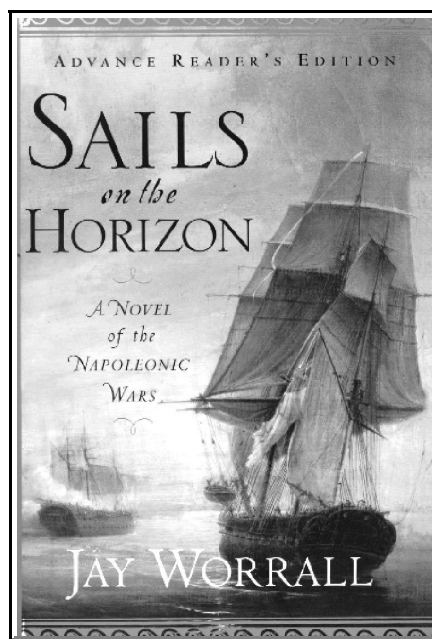
Maybe. Publishers have to be gamblers. So when Jay sent out descriptive packets about the novel to literary agents, a dozen at a time, it was picked up on the third round, and then Random House, the epitome of big mainstream houses, signed a two-book contract.

Jay's agent is now dickering for a contract extension. That's because book two of this series is already finished, Jay is deep into book three, and has enough story ideas in mind to fill several more.

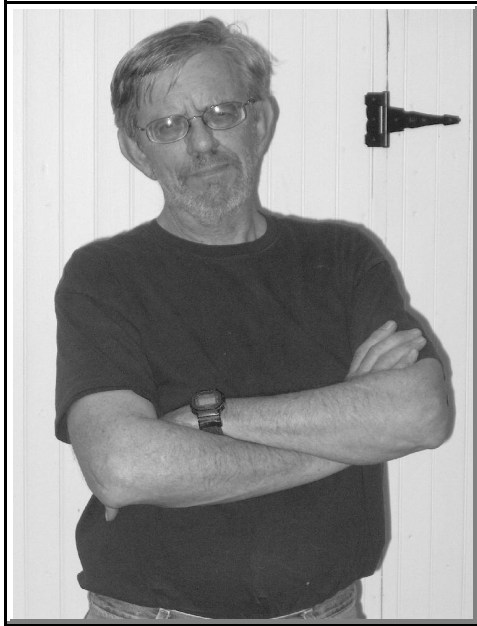
Like any new entrant in a crowded field, Jay is looking for an edge, something distinctive. In this case, his Charles Edgemont starts out like the others, as a rising, battle-scarred British navy officer during the Napoleonic wars. But then, between vivid, set-piece sea battles, he meets and falls in love with a Quaker maid, Penny Brown. "It's Horatio Hornblow-er Meets Friendly Persuasion," as Jay put it.

Penny is properly plain-dressed. But she's also beautiful, smart, pert, out-spoken, and – am I allowed to say this? – even a tad sexy.

Naturally Penny thinks naval warfare, and the



military in general, are awful and unchristian. She also knows she'll be disowned if she marries Edgewood, since



Jay Worrall

even worse than joining in carnal warfare, he's also a nominal Anglican, an adherent of the sect which had not so long ago, been actively persecuting Quakers.

All this strikes more than a few sparks when they get to the point of talking to their local Anglican rector about a ceremony:

[The Reverend] Weddlestone focused on something outside the

room's only window. "I cannot marry you at any time," he said under his breath.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I cannot perform the ceremony," the rector said in a stronger voice. "I'm sorry."

Charles thought there must be some mistake. "Why not? I wrote."

"I made inquiries," Weddlestone said, more boldly now. "Mistress Brown is a nonconformist, a Quaker. I do not hold with such heathen views; they are anathema to the very being of the Church. I cannot, will not marry nonbelievers." He spat out the words "nonconformist" and "Quaker" as if they were synonymous with "Satan" or "Beelzebub."

Charles felt Penny stiffen beside him and saw her glare at the priest, the color draining from her face. "Thou false Christian," she began. "Thou pretentious priest. I would not have thy—"

"Penny," Charles said quickly, "there has been a small misunderstanding. The Reverend and I need to speak in confidence for a moment. . . ."

Charles straightens out the "misunderstanding," with a bit of genteel blackmail, but it's not hard to figure there will be bumps in this couple's road.

Still, I'm not giving much away by disclosing that it's also evident this pair will travel those bumps together:

"I do," Charles said, laying his hand on the book.

"Do you, Penelope Hannah Brown—"

Penny laid her hand over Charles's. "Yes," she said.

Weddlestone continued as if uninterrupted "—promise to take Commander Charles Algernon Edgemont as your lawfully wedded husband—"

"Yes," Penny repeated insistently.

The reverend doggedly, and Charles thought rather foolishly, persevered. "—to love, honor, and obey in all things, in sickness and in health, so long as you both shall live?"

Penny looked sharply up at Weddlestone. Charles sighed in resignation.

"Thou didst not require obedience of my husband," Penny said acidly.

Weddlestone's eyebrows arched, his lips pursed in anticipation of a response.

Charles turned immediately to Penny. "I promise to be your humble and obedient servant," he said under his breath. "Please just answer so we can be done with it."

"All right," Penny managed toward Weddlestone between clenched teeth.

"Say, 'I do,'" insisted Weddlestone.

"All right, I do."

Penny's Quakerism is not just for decoration in this unfolding saga, Jay assured me. And even though she's been disowned for "marrying out," Penny can still attend meeting, and retains her convictions and wide Quaker contacts, all of which will have influence on her martial spouse.

In book two, for instance, the couple will confront the slave trade. And we are advised that Charles Edgemont, though a British subject, was born in Philadelphia, before the Revolution. In later books Jay will have him revisit Penn's city, which was still strongly Quaker-influenced in his day. Will he find Quaker ancestors there? Jay's eyes only twinkle.

In any event, other Friendly adventures for them are a-bubbling.

How many of these we'll get to read depends on whether *Sails On The Horizon* sells well, and whether Jay's agent can nail down another multi-book contract.

Along the way, though, Jay plans to have some fun. In the first book, for instance, he permits himself a literary in-joke, when Captain Edgement, after a battle off Cape Finisterre, fishes a young British officer out of a small boat sent from a nearby Spanish fortress's prison to rescue their sailors from a battle-damaged Spanish ship.

The youth turns out to be none other than Horatio Hornblower, C. S. Forester's hero. But he says he's given his word to return to the prison, so he can't accept rescue by staying on Edgewood's ship. The incident fits precisely into the story of one of Forester's novels. And before long, Jay told me, his hero will also cross paths with Patrick O'Brian's characters as well.

Jay's impishness also extends to giving an unpleasant character in Book Two the name of Ashcroft; and we are promised more surprises.

The next book in the series (its final title will be settled on by a committee at Random House) is due out next year. This landlubber, for one, is eager to read it.

Join FQA Today! \$25 a year individuals; \$50 for a group. Details at: www.quaker.org/fqa

The Adventures of Obadiah & Rachel's Creator – Brinton Turkle: 1915-2003

[ED NOTE: Many Quaker parents and grand-parents will mourn the passing of Brinton Turkle; I know I will. It makes me feel impossibly parochial and self-absorbed that it took over a year for the news to reach me.

It's not just that I read his four wonderful Obadiah books to my own kids and granddaughter over and over. All four of them are fixtures on my bookshelves. Nor is it an accident that my one son is named Asa (after Obadiah's older brother). The fact is, Turkle, via Obadiah and his four Starbuck siblings, became more than simply an author, but something of a spiritual teacher for me.

I first found the books when a relatively new member of Cambridge Meeting in Massachusetts. And it took a few readings before it finally sank in that, while the stories were marvelous fiction, their setting, Nantucket Island, was very real. (Okay, so I wasn't getting out much.)

Once I realized that, I had to go there. And just as Brinton Turkle had discovered, I found that Nantucket had been one of the major strongholds of Quaker faith and culture. It's a worthy place of pilgrimage and study for any serious Friend. It birthed and shaped, among so many others, Lucretia Mott, and through her much of early feminism and liberal American Quakerism. And Obadiah Starbuck.

I could go on, but won't. Let's defer to the testimony from his home meeting.]

Memorial Minute for Brinton Turkle August 15, 1915 - October 9, 2003

Santa Fe NM Friends Meeting:

Brinton Turkle, well-known author and illustrator of children's books, was born in 1915 in Alliance, Ohio. His parents were Edgar Harold and Ada Cassaday Turkle. Brinton attended Carnegie Institute of Technology from 1933 to 1936 and the School of the Boston Museum of Art from 1938 to 1940.

He and his wife Yvonne Foulton moved to Santa Fe from Ohio in 1948. They started their family here and Brinton pursued his career as a book illustrator. In 1959 he moved to New York City and began writing and illustrating children's books. He returned to Santa Fe in the 1970's, again one of the main-stays of our Meeting, beloved by all of us.

Brinton's contributions to our Meeting were manifold. He was firmly anchored in Quaker history and tradition. His vocal ministry was something we looked forward to, when he rose and stood straight and

tall, in his William Penn hat and Navajo jewelry. His offerings were often anecdotal, usually amusing, and frequently outright humorous, even bringing laughter into our solemn midst. He exemplified reverence with a light touch, keeping us in balance when we were at risk of getting too serious, and giving us the gift of Quaker spirituality through stories. He was an advocate of a lower threshold for vocal ministry.

Brinton spent the last several years of his life in a retirement center a round trip distance from Meeting of over a mile. He proudly walked this distance, declining any offers of a ride, and leaving immediately at the close of meeting, before announcements, in order to be back at the center for the mid-day meal. He consistently displayed a cheerful optimism even when enduring health setbacks in his last few years.

Brinton wrote and illustrated many popular children's books, and also illustrated more than 100 books for other authors. One of his most loved and enduring books featured a Quaker boy, Obadiah, and his family living in Colonial Nantucket. *Thy Friend, Obadiah* won a Caldecott Medal of Honor in 1970 and was reviewed as "a perfect picture book about friendship". Other books in the Obadiah series included *Rachel and Obadiah*, *Obadiah the Bold*, and *The Adventures of Obadiah*.

He received many awards, including the Lewis Carrol Shelf Award and the Book World Award, and the Caldecott Medal of Honor. In 2001 he was honored by the state of New Mexico with the Governor's Award for Excellence in the Arts.

We miss Brinton greatly, and are extremely grateful for the many years of his warm and friendly presence in our Meeting. A memorial service in the Meeting House brought an over-capacity attendance with many shared warm and generous memories, and another service at El Castillo retirement community was also attended by many appreciative friends. Brinton is survived by his daughter Matilda Cassaday Rubin, and his sons Haynes Laurie Turkle and Jonathan Brinton Turkle. □

News OF FQA & Quaker Artists



**A Brinton Turkle Self-Portrait.
With thanks to the Rodman
Library, Alliance, Ohio.**



Brinton Turkle's "Peaceable Kingdom." Copyright © by Kimo Press. Reprinted by permission.

FQA's official year usually begins in mid to late January, when the board meets to appoint officers, fill board slots, and adopt a budget. Because FQA's membership is scattered across the US and includes several from other countries, most board meetings are conducted by conference call.



FQA's new logo. Is it great, or what?

For FQA, 2005 began on first Month (January) 28, with something like the end of an era: After seven years on the board, six as Clerk, Chuck Fager stepped

down, in compliance with FQA By-laws. Chuck will still be an active FQA member, taking over as Editor of *Types & Shadows* with this issue. The new Clerking team is Maria Cattell of Millersville PA, assisted by Aaron Fowler of Wichita Kansas. FQA officers are appointed for one-year terms, with a six year term limit. The board also adopted a budget for 2005 of \$7799, of which the biggest single item, more than a third of the total, will be spent on printing and mailing four issues of *Types & Shadows*.

Membership trends were a major concern in the board discussion. Database manager Elke Muller reported that in 2004 paid FQA membership totaled 249, almost unchanged from 2003, but down from the 2002 total of 319. We hope that more regular publication of the newsletter, and updates of the FQA website will help attract more new members.

Lemonade Gallery to Expand

FQA's fabled offspring, the Lemonade Art Gallery, will be eight years old when the 2005 Gathering of Friends General Conference opens this summer. This year it will be augmented by the formal addition of the **Limeade Cabaret**, a dedicated space for readings, plays, and small concerts.

Artists and performers who want to be part of the Gallery/Cabaret can download Intent to Show forms from the FGC website at: <http://fgcquaker.org/gathering/08.php> or you can email Curator Wes Cheney at: friendwes@mac.com – or call him at: 757-676-0121.

Join FQA. \$25 per year for Individuals. \$50 for a group. Send dues to: FQA, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia PA 19102. Details at: www.quaker.org/fqa

Send Your Quaker Art To *Types & Shadows*!

With a new editor comes new submission guidelines. I'm interested in two kinds of things for *Types & Shadows*: First, **NEWS** about Quaker art and artists. Have you (or a Friend you know) published a book – a novel, a collection of poems, a play, a memoir? What about a CD of songs or spoken word? A video? A blog, a website?

Has your meeting had an art show, put on a play or a concert, organized an arts group? (See page 6 for an example.) Is there something else Quaker and artistic that we haven't thought of? – Help us think outside the box.

And second, send us **YOUR WORK**: short essays and stories, poems, novel or play excerpts, black & white photos, line drawings.

What do we want to publish in these pages? As editor, I'm looking to be surprised. Or moved. Brought up short. Enlightened. So, puncture my illusions. Show me what I haven't noticed before. Make me laugh out loud. Help me keep going as a Friend in a tough time.

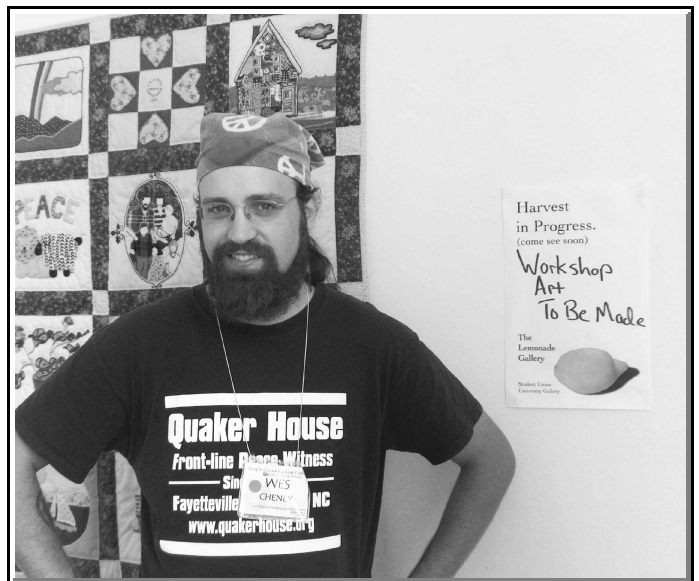
Is that clear enough? Email is the best way to send things, at: chuckfager@aol.com. But if the snail is the only way to go, pop it in an envelope and send it to: Chuck Fager, T&S, 223 Hillside Avenue, Fayetteville NC 28301. **IMPORTANT NOTE: Everything is sent at your own risk; if you want it back, include a SASE.**

Another Note: Please DON'T send your membership forms or renewals to me; I don't keep track of those.

A Message from the Board of FQA: **THANK YOU, CHUCK!**

The Board of the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts thinks it important that those of you who are not aware, become aware, of the many contributions of a man who has given much of his time, energy and love to the development of FQA over the last decade: our outgoing Clerk, Chuck Fager.

When Minnie Jane Ham planted the seed of FQA in 1993, her passion was strong, the newly formed board was



Curator Wes Cheney of Virginia Beach VA Meeting, with his très cool Quaker House tee shirt, will be back with the Lemonade Art Gallery at FGC 2005 in Blacksburg VA.

committed and the time for such an organization was right. Over the next few years, we elected officers, produced several wonderful plays and held local visual art shows. By

1995, however, we began to struggle with issues of organization, time management and a relatively slow-growing FQA membership of 61(all but 4 of whom were from PYM area). By 1997 our membership had grown to 90, but we were still mainly an East Coast fellowship.

That same year, Chuck joined the board, was instrumental in our adoption of by-laws and soon became assistant Clerk due to his energy and organizational skills. Upon Minnie Jane's retirement the following year, Chuck eagerly accepted our nomination for Clerk and things began to take off rapidly under his leadership.

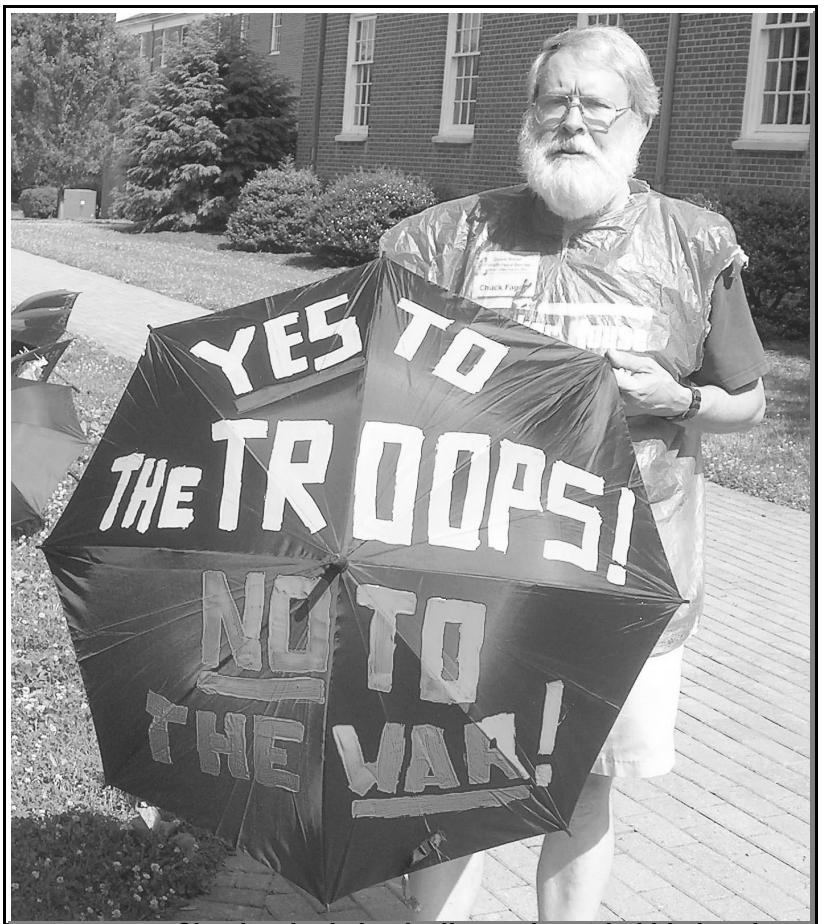
During the next 6 years, we saw our membership grow (now to 249!) and we became not only a national, but an international organization. Chuck was the creator and energizer behind many new activities and programs for FQA. In 1998, he motivated us to produce an Art Gallery at the FGC Gallery in Wisconsin. Upon arrival there, it was discovered that the room we were to use was in a shambles: ceiling tiles falling, walls with bare metal studs, floor covered in dirt and junk. Chuck and friends, however, turned "lemons" into "lemonade" by their determination and sweat, and hence was born the "Lemonade Gallery." (Note: The saga of the Lemonade Gallery creation is documented and illustrated with photos on the FQA website, at: www.quaker.org/fqa once there, click on the Site Map link, and follow the link there to the Gallery.)

This gallery has continued with great success at every FGC gathering since, and is now a regular part of the FGC program. Chuck was also the writer and obtainer of numerous grants for FQA over the years – grants totaling nearly \$7,000! Those funds have been used to award grants to over two dozen individual Quaker artists for works as varied as producing books of poetry about poverty to playing the harp to the ill in hospitals. Chuck has also written numerous wonderful articles included in *Types & Shadows*, developed and managed an FQA Student Internship, edited an anthology of Quaker writers, *The Best of Friends, Vol. 1*, and continued to expand the number of art shows and other programs we are involved with.

Most importantly, with his planning, organizational and Clerking abilities, Chuck has made each and every FQA board meeting productive as well as fun. Thanks to his ideas, we now hold annual weekend retreats to envision the following year's work, and we save travel time and money by holding several Board Meetings a year by conference calls.

Even as he steps away from the Clerkship, Chuck is taking on new projects for us: he has agreed to be the new Editor of *Types & Shadows* and is currently working on producing a video series on the visits to Quaker sites by the late Quaker writer Jan De Hartog. SO – we are very glad that while we can say a deeply-felt thanks to Chuck, we are not saying good-bye. Thank you, Chuck, from all of us !

Submitted by Doris Pulone, for the FQA board



Last summer Chuck, who is basically a writer, tried his hand at the visual arts. Reportedly the arts survived the encounter.

Special Feature: Springfield Second Fridays — Strengthening The Soul’s Immune System

[Ed Note: How does a group like the Society of Friends keep going in times as tough as these?

This query has a lot of answers. But one of them surely is that Friends need to keep their spirits up, and the arts offer important ways to do that.

As described below, an informal yet remarkable combination of art, food, Friendship and witness developed at a meeting in suburban Philadelphia out of just such a concern. Jennifer Elam, who helped midwife this series, provided an introduction, and attendees sent us a large batch of material, from which we have put together the following selection. We’d like to hear from other meetings which have started arts-related customs and found them valuable.]

About 2nd Friday Sharing
By Jennifer Elam

After 9/11/20, Delaware County (PA) Peace and Justice was birthed as an organization of peace activism at the Peace Center housed in the Springfield PA Friends Meeting House. At one of their meetings, during which small groups were discerning in which direction to focus their efforts, Tom Mullian and I heard a need to listen to the creative. The national politics were becoming more unfriendly and the peace movement needed to listen for the Spirit’s leading to something new.

Since 1997, I had been focusing my efforts on listening and writing about people’s experiences of God. From my research, I had heard that people needed safe places to share their experiences and had started the Listening Center. After about three years, the Listening Center began taking on a life of its own and many kinds of activities were blossoming. DelCo



Jennifer Elam

WPJ and The Listening Center – Tom and I joined efforts.

My friend, John Holt, writes about creativity as the immune system of the mind. Our national mind is hurting and we need to listen to the Spirit of Creation Energy to hear new ways of moving forward. And so we started the sharing on the 2nd Friday of every month. We begin with a simple meal and fellowship. Then, all are invited to share whatever the Creative Spirit has blessed them with, including but not limited to songs, poetry, art, or photography. We end with a healing circle, asking healing for our world.

Many special moments have emerged over the past three years as we have asked for the Spirit’s presence with us, taking us to that mystical, creative place where violence is not possible. Dassette gave a speech for the Peace on Earth...Peace in the Streets rally. Many of her friends had been murdered on the streets in Chester, PA and she had something to say. But, she had never given a public speech. She came and practiced on us. Dalia



This is no ordinary potluck – It’s Art!

came from Lithuania and had great hopes for life in the USA that did not materialize. She read her stories. Robin and Terry wrote poems and sang songs as they organized for the election. Zakiya’s 15-year-old son shared his poetry about the war – perspectives of a young American Muslim boy. Sweet, blessed moments!

Tom and Janeal went to prison for civil disobedience in response to the beginning of the Iraq war. Their stories of their experiences bless us and their commitment to their beliefs inspire us.

The 2nd Friday sharing has taken on a life of its own. The sharing is not always political. Sharing reflections/ poetry when family members (including pets) are ill or die, jobs are lost, or relationships end has become common. The group grieves; Mac, Jeff and Tom play the blues. Group members are encouraged and supported to share their talents and gifts beyond our small group.

Laurie wrote a book of poetry, Tom, Mac and Jeff formed a band and are doing concerts, Nancy has a dream doing bread making retreats that will soon be fulfilled. Steve played the banjo for us (the first time he had played in front of others) and Jeff played a guitar concert after two lessons. Hank sang a song for us (the first time he had sung in front of others). Kathy read us beautiful, simple poems about how much she loves her husband. Aloha shared the beautiful socks she knitted.

The group celebrates! Daily life gets translated into beautiful creations. Joan leads us in singing; Jeanne leads us in dances of universal peace. We have group members like Clare who come and read inspiring writings of others or simply listen then help clean up. God bless them!!

Children sometimes come and bless us. Meg and Hallie sang and danced for us. Seven-year-old Gabriel taught us to make hats out of newspapers and taught us a song (the first time he had attempted such). We love the sharing of children; they help us find that part of ourselves that can stand in awe and wonder.

For myself, I share my art before it goes to art shows and my books before they are published. I would never have imagined having the courage to put my art out there so publicly but this group gives us courage.

(My book, *Dancing with God Through the Storm* - \$20 - can be ordered for \$20 from me at JenElam@aol.com .)

For months now I have had this vision of the largeness of the universe of consciousness. Within that largeness, I see very small boxes called our shared, consensual reality. The universe aches to show us more of what is possible! When we are blessed with the ability to open to bigger boxes and listen, we can experience that lovely mystical, creative place where war and violence are impossible. My prayer is that the Universe will continue to grace us with the knowing of better ways to relate and be together on this planet!!

My personal sharing for the last several months has included my reflections and writings related to my long-time best friend, Kim, being diagnosed with ALS (Lou Gehrig's Disease) as well as Lyme.

I spend as much time as I can with her and treasure those moments. Most of the time is joyful, then there are moments of fear. I am grateful for the places like 2nd Fridays where I can share pure grief and pure joy, without having to mediate it.

Kim's greatest joys are her grandchildren but one of the greatest joys in her daily life is a large puddle at the end of her driveway where about 20-30 large frogs live. Sometimes, they lie in the sun on a stick, sometimes their eyes can be seen just under the surface of the water, and sometimes they sit on the bank beside the puddle and jump in the deeper water, when startled. I often feel like the frogs, sometimes in the sunshine and sometimes just under the surface, and sometimes having to jump in the deeps when I need more to sustain me.

FROM "AS THE FROGS JUMP"

You ask if I have hope,
As you drool, as you sob,
as you declare your momentary place of no
hope.
I mumble...it is so way bigger than me,
Bigger right now than I can hold.
The love, the sadness, the unmediated grief.
All words inadequate...all become clichés on my
lips
As I hear her fears, not of death but of
dependence,
Not being able to speak, connect, paint, dance,

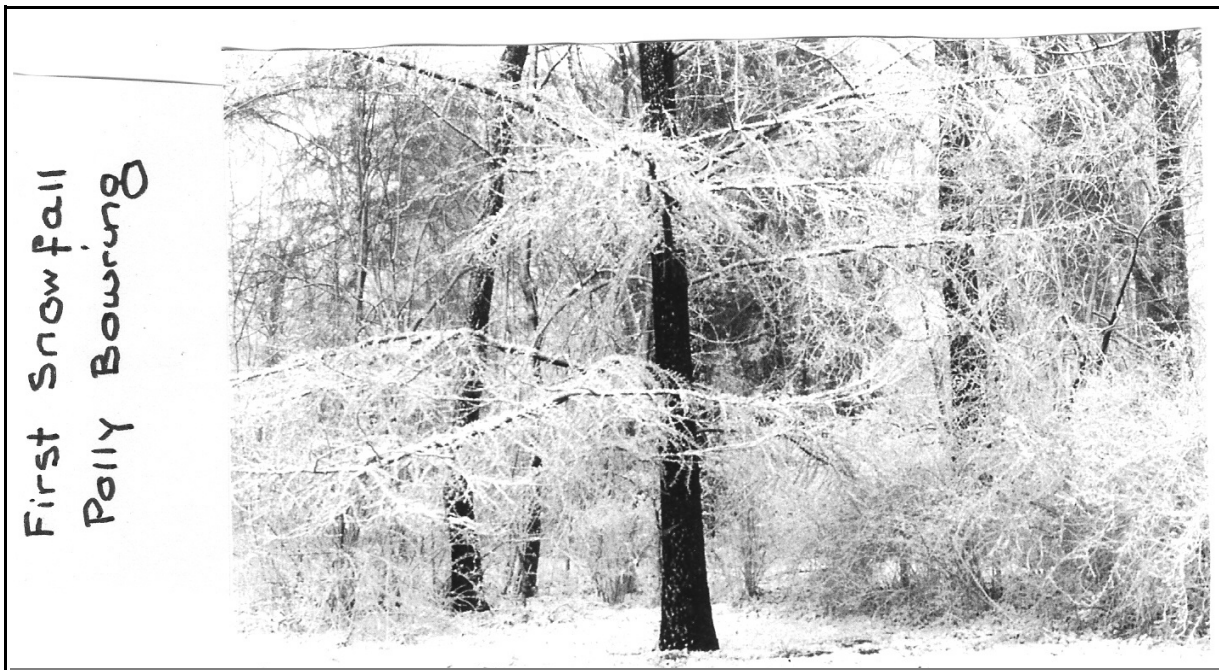
or sing to her new grandson.
After months of treatments, she says
I am not getting better...I am not going to get
better.

Do you have hope? Her question haunts me.
And peculiarly, I do have hope.
I do and do not have hope for health.
I do and do not have hope for life as it was.
I do have hope for peace beyond hope.
And the words turn to clichés.
Words again inadequate...

Realness, more drool. More tears. More fears.
More love.

People around me are pretending, she says.
We fumble, there are no right ways,
No right steps to this dance.
I just treasure this moment. Realness.
My denial is my friend. My faith is my friend.
Which is which, I don't know.
Where is the balance that allows us
To put one foot in front of the other?
Elusive at times, then there it is,
A friend back again. And we can go forth.
For now, here are the Kleenex and blanket
To band-aid your fears, as you shake.
The sunshine pours through;
Maybe the spring light will reach your heart
As you face the void
And jump in, like our friends the frogs

[Jennifer Elam is a member of Berea Friends Meeting in Berea, Kentucky. She came to Pennsylvania to be a student at Pen-dle Hill in 1996 and has not yet gotten back to KY. She has been writing, painting, leading workshops and retreats, and facilitating prog-rams at the Listening Center, including the 2nd Friday sharing. Her day job is as a school psycholo-gist in an early intervention program with 3 and 4-year-olds.]



SQUIRREL STORIES AND NEW MUSIC ON ANCIENT DRUMS

By Jeff Busa

When I first went to the 2nd Friday Sharing I went to listen to what other people were doing. I didn't want to share anything. But Jen encouraged me. So I started sharing my squirrel stories. Jen and the 2nd Friday Sharing gave me a safe place to share my stories. Soon I had my own fans. Or at least the squirrels and other critters of Marcus Town Park did.

At each 2nd Friday sharing I would share one or two new stories that I had worked up. Everybody seemed to like the adventures of the critters and would ask me how the squirrels Tenn and Flo were doing.

After a few months, I branched out and started



backing up Tom on my bodhran, an ancient Irish drum, when he Mattie Groves. As a result of these jams, I have been playing the bodhran at open mic nights in my hometown, Media, Pa. Also, I started learning guitar and had my first "concert" at the 2nd Friday Sharing playing Christmas songs after playing the guitar for all of 3 weeks.

2nd Friday Sharings have given me a place to come and share my heart through words and music. It makes all of my critters and me happy.

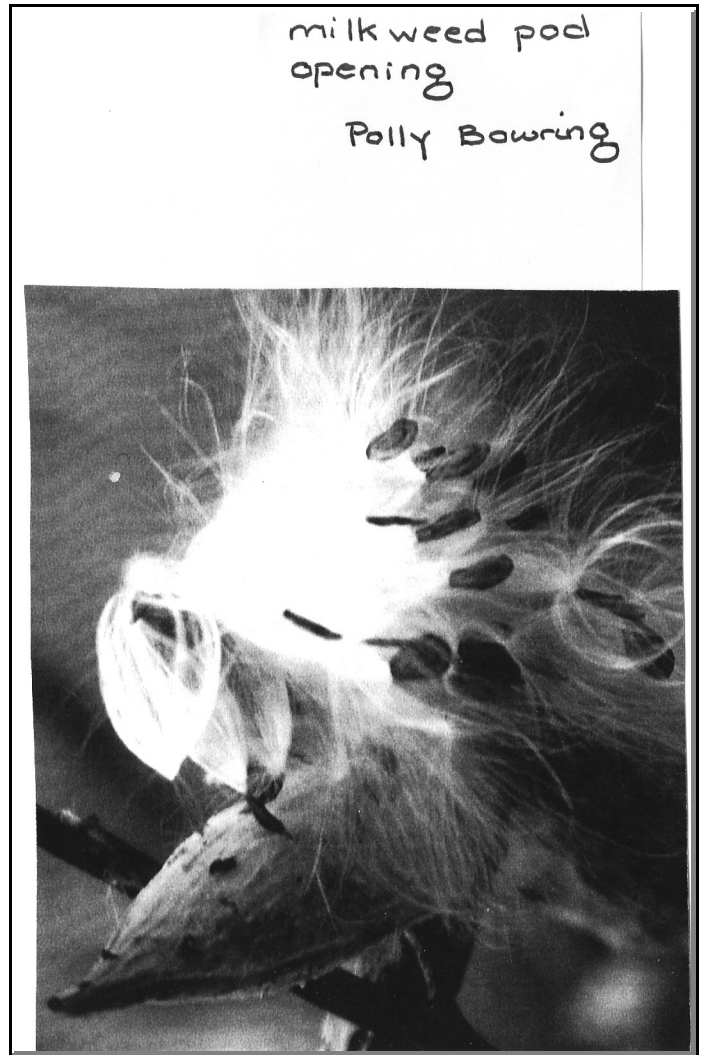
POLLY BOWRING wrote this to go with her photos.

In creating the warm and wonderful space called "Second Friday", Tom and Jennifer have given us all a chance to share our creative gifts. Surely, a poem, a story, a song or a photograph doesn't really exist, until it is shared with others. thanks!

TWO POEMS BY LAURIE POLLACK

CHAIN OF COMMAND (written in 2005)

A man gives the order to shoot and the order is



obeyed and the order passes down the chain
and another man gives the order to kill and the order is obeyed and the order passes down the chain
And another man gives the order to slaughter and the order is obeyed and the order passes down the chain

And another man gives the order to murder and the order is obeyed and the order passes down the chain

and the chain grows link by link by link by link
and the order the order the order
is obeyed is obeyed is obeyed is obeyed
down the chain down the chain down the chain
and somewhere down the chain another man gives the order

to take life
and a young man listens instead to the request (not an order)
given by a man two thousands of years ago and that request was to love one another
and the young man throws away his gun, breaks the chain,

breaks HIS chains and says NO.

KID POWER

When feeling powerless:
Remember that as a second grader spinning on the merry go round
then falling on the sand
in playground dizziness,

side you once had the ability to turn the world on its

Laurie Pollack is a computer programmer, "mother" to three cats, and poet. Laurie is also active in Delaware County Wage Peace and Justice, is co-leader/co-founder of the local Philadelphia group of Soulforce, and is an active member of Delaware County NOW. She believes that her own "path" or "calling" is to working for peace through the arts and creativity. She has read her poems at various demonstrations, peace festivals and other venues. She was helped to gain the confidence to do this by sharing her work during Second Friday: prior to participating in Second Friday, she had written poetry but had rarely read it to others.

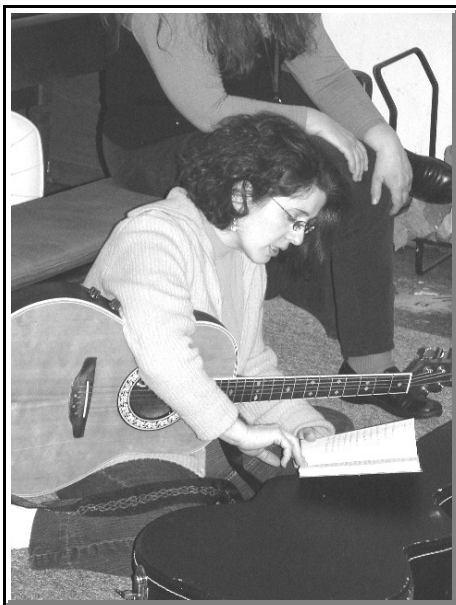
Laurie's books of poetry are called "Axis of People" and "Fireseed." They can be ordered from her for \$5 and her email address is webpoet1@aol.com.

MAC GIVEN

What I love about Friday Night Sharing is that everyone is welcome to be just who they are, sharing whatever gifts seem appropriate in the moment. I've been led to try things that I have never done before in front of a group of people: read poetry, stumble through heartfelt renditions of music I do not have the technical proficiency to actually perform, and share stories that probe deeper meanings and visions. I believe that these celebrations have challenged me to live more fully, take more risks, and find new ways to be a peacemaker.

I am a scientist and teach at a small college. Since 9/11, I have struggled as to how to respond - do I continue to live as if nothing happened, and if not, what am I led to do? What the Friday Night Sharing has contributed to this discernment is modest, yet effective. By affirming the gifts shared by each other, we maintain a witness that calls everyone to be as fully human as they can be. And when we are fully present in what we do, no matter how simple, we are planting the seeds of peace.

In my professional role, I have become more willing to expand the boundaries of how I express myself . . .



It has been an exciting three years. My teaching has become enriched, deeper, more diverse and profound. I have published poetic reflections on nature. I have thrived in roles of public leadership that I have not been willing to take on before. And I am regularly performing music something I stopped doing decades ago, on an ongoing

basis. Perhaps this was my personal response to 9/11. Perhaps this is where my personal journey has been

headed anyway. But the consistency of all of this with the qualities that are celebrated every second Friday night suggests that this community has played a quiet, foundational role.

From CREATIVITY AS RESISTANCE TO WAR BY TOM MULLIAN

Upon the stooped shoulders of the world, the American emperor and his sycophants have heaved the stone of perpetual war. Blind tumult, rage and self-righteousness abound. The world protests and recoils. How unbearable are the eyes of the innocent. . . .

In any society, hopelessness can be defined as the loss of creativity. In his *Defense of Poetry*, Shelley proclaimed, "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." Such are the voices that are needed. Static resignation, a cocoon of despair, silence worst of all perpetuates the lie. Doing nothing is the worst betrayal. Creativity is growth and opposition that moves us through obstacles both environmental and spiritual. Hopelessness is to bury oneself voluntarily in the rubble of 9/11. Creativity is the creation of hope and direction. Light into the void, music over silence, color bathing a hueless depression. Let us create a consciousness for all the love-lost ground zero angels from New York to Iraq.

My original concept for the Friday night sharing was to use creativity as a form of resistance to war. To clarify these ideas to participants, I explained this to early gatherings and have made reference to it over the past three years. Such discussion begins by stating that there is an organic confluence of mind and language....

As artists, we are bound to the truth of our poems, our songs, our palettes and paint. In times of war, in eras of great stress, people seek absolutes, and are most susceptible to the corruption of the word, and most vulnerable to the authoritarian voice. In telling truth, in exposing the lies, we recover our humanity, our language, and our consciousness. All that is spewed our way from politicians and the media is a kind of mind virus. It hosts on fear and infects mind to mind with a flu-like irrationality.

The artist's work in this realm is to transform, expose, recover, rebuild and in the act create resistance and immunity to the virus. In this new consciousness, from all contiguous points of reality, we withdraw cooperation from both physical and verbal violence. At the bottom of the universal wreckage is the same broken body we find splayed in the lowest caverns of personal despair. Here we offer our gifts of verse and melody. Here we find a constant divinity evolving in rebirth. Here we raise her head. Love, wounded wing and bloodied. Have hope. We know the song that everyone needs to hear.

THE STORY OF JANEAL, NANCY & ORANGINA

NANCY SAUNDERS: Orangina came into this world because I was in the middle of a doll making binge when Janeal, graceful salvage artist that she is, discovered a few extra doll heads rolling around in my basket on a second Friday at the Listening Center. Janeal had just finished reading some poems she wrote during her week-long stay in Federal prison. She told us she had taken a shine to Federal orange, and the birthing of Orangina seemed to me like a good way to celebrate Janeal's experiences. Then Janeal wrote a poem about Orangina that still takes my breath away and has made me think about the miracle of Co-Art. Read on.

JANEAL TURNBULL RAVNDAL



Orangina, Sitting in, Again.

OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE

for Nancy Saunders, author of Orangina.

Each of us, no doubt, always wants a doll for Maximum security, so I brought her along again On this vacation in the Endless Mountains of Pennsylvania, my wide-eyed Orangina, both Soft and loudly lovely, a charm in Federal Orange jumpsuit and loops of orange yarn hair.

She sits now, herself a small triumph of Transformation, so placidly, lankily, turning Left-overs-in-new-light , by tucks and Tenderness and a sort of very civil Disobedience to the customary colors and Elbows and recipients of small dolls, into Art. Art. Which means of course, into Action, the consummate coming-to-life.

here, Orangina, dear ongoing prison issue, sits-in
Stoicly, for peace, her painted orange lips
Puckered, perhaps in prayer, her genesis
shameless Reminding me what good comes of the
Cleverness of Love, her presence stretching me
to Suppose that everyone, always, wants a doll.

SURPRISE WRITING CATALYSTS

Our monthly Friday night sharing begins with the delicious artistry of Jennifer's homemade soup and salad and, after some silence, continues with gifts of song and story, sewing, paintings, pottery, woodwork, instrumental music. An interpretive dance would be entirely in order.

My offerings are usually poems. Once recently a backyard clothesline provided me focus. Another time it was a two-dollar rag rug from India. Both came as surprise presents, moving in for a while to visit my thoughts and imagination.

Hanging out laundry last fall on a day when I saw the autumnal glory in contrast to the fighting going on that same day in Fallujah, provided a second spur to writing. It developed in a similar way, though becoming more and more specific till I felt I knew personally a strong and courageous woman who despite the horrors around her was still standing tall, hanging out her wash in embattled Fallujah. This secret sister visited me in an essay and poems and "knowing" her brought me new hope.

A FALLUJAH POEM (11/8/04)

HOLY SISTER

Holy sister, living kind
holding out your wounded hands
across oceans of trouble
under a savage sky

I have seen you here with me:
in bare beech branches and
laughing leaves
standing in the safehouse doorway,
in our meetings, kneeling.
Once I watched you
sweeping Chester city streets.

Sacred sister,
there is a skeptic here
who calls you my imagination.
But we will simply wait
for those eyes to open.

You are as real to me as morning,
as actual as your prophet, our savior
whose hands were also wounded
before he briefly died.

Friends on the Web: Selected FQA Member Websites

Janet Lowe Ceramics
Philadelphia PA
<http://www.janetlowe.com/>

All my pieces are hand-built using low fire white clay. Most are built of coils, pinched together, layer upon layer, leaving my thumbprints very obvious on the interior. Some bowls are slump molded from slabs with coils added to the top edge for greater depth. The coil pots are labors of love. I start with a slab bottom and add four coils, smooth the outside with rubber ribs and wooden paddles, and let them sit and firm up for a few hours, then resume the process. Each piece takes 3-5 days to build, but I like the slowness. They seem to grow on their own, each assuming its own shape and volume.

Elizabeth Hallmark
Rochester, New York
<http://www.hallmarkdanceworks.org/index.htm>

Hallmark Danceworks is a not-for-profit modern dance company devoted to the growth of interdisciplinary arts in upstate New York. To fulfill this mission we:
1) collaborate with choreographers, theater artists, film-makers, composers and sculptors to present new works,
2) coordinate Fieldwork/ Rochester workshops for people developing original work, and 3) offer educational repertory as performing and teaching artists in the schools.



Skip Schiel
Cambridge, MA
<http://teeksaphoto.org/>



I join with others in various campaigns for peace, justice, reconciliation, and truth-telling. I play, experiment, and contemplate. Maybe I join a pilgrimage, a vigil, a rally or a talk or an outing along a river; maybe I simply stay home and absorb the afternoon light.

I photograph. I am a socially engaged photographer.

I make photographs for you a viewer, for my family and friends that they might know me more intimately, for myself hoping to remember where and when I existed, and for you not yet born.

Recent issues include prisons in the United States, environmental desecration, racial justice, pilgrimage, South Africa, poverty, American Indians, the US South, and resistance to oppressive regimes in the US and abroad. I am exploring digital technology, asking what is its influence on photography—producing, consuming, and thinking about the photograph. I am currently making a series of photographs about Palestine and Israel— Levant, the Rising.

Friend, Does Thee Have a Website?

Does it relate your art To your Quaker path?

If so, and thee is an FQA Member,
Tell us about it.

Let us share it with others.

Write to: fqa@quaker.org

Not a member?

That can easily be fixed.
\$25 per year for individuals
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