



Types and Shadows



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FQA is an art ministry for Quakers and others under the care of
Trenton NJ Monthly Meeting.

Cover Photo: Sandy Green growing up in Brooklyn in the 1950's.
See [page 7](#) for her story.

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Editor's Note:

Several times this past year, FQA has held Zoom sessions with Quaker writers, hearing excerpts from works in progress, answering questions about book publishing, and offering mutual encouragement.

The June 20 gathering reached a milestone. Attendance had hovered around a dozen. This time, 25 showed up, and the session, focused on publishing, took vigorous exchange and support to a new level. (See Screenshot below.)

Among the group were historians, novelists, poets, memoirists, fantasy/sf producers and more. A few had placed books with what are called "legacy publishers." But most were preparing to or were already working with one or more of the new wave of POD (Print On Demand) independent or self-publishers.

POD technology and online distribution have mushroomed during the past two decades. They have also pioneered new access for tens of thousands of authors formerly frozen out of legacy publishing. The leading POD firms are now paying millions of dollars per month in author royalties.

That this is a revolutionary expansion of access is undeniable. Yet many new authors are learning hard lessons that success in the book marketplace usually involves as much effort after a book is between covers and on sale as before, in writing it. There are no guarantees or magic wands that turn a new book into a pot of gold.

FQA is planning future authors sessions, to take up practical aspects of this new publishing world, and promote encouragement and mutual aid among Friends. This session suggests that even in these hard times, Quakers are fairly bursting with creativity and a passion for print. Read T&S or Write to fqaquaker.org to keep updated on our plans.

Chuck Fager, T&S Editor, FQA



Featured Quaker Exhibit
FQA Art Show at
Caln Quarter (PhYM)
Annual Gathering
May 1-3 2026 - Camp Swatara PA



Photo by Rebecca Ross

Jennifer Gittings-Dalton's Poetry Workshop

Seven artists exhibited in the FQA art show at Caln's annual gathering this year. One feature was a poetry workshop by Jennifer Gittings-Dalton of Exeter PA Monthly Meeting.

Featured Quaker Poet
Jennifer Gittings-Dalton:
Snow Light and Shadow
(With thanks to Heather Thomas)

Snow light.

There is purity in falling
so completely,
mounding over and over,
that falling becomes crystal, turns white,
placing a seal on the lip of all difference.

Shadow

Is an arm spread over a child,
a dog on a porch, grateful for water.
Shadow is the lace the moon drops
on the hair of the young,
in the darkness under the sycamore.

Shadow is the depth where I laid my father,
the stone I tossed down beside him.
Shadow is the edge
that falls across eyelids
when the nightlight is extinguished.

Shadow returns me back to sound,
to creatures settling under leaves.
In shadow I step,
without a witness,
into the moist religion of skin.



Photo by Camp Swatara

Camp Swatara Campfire



Photo by Rebecca Ross

Rebecca Ross, Photographer



Photo by Rebecca Ross

Zan Lombardo with her artwork

Featured Quaker Fiction

Claudia Wair:

The Last Thing Taken

Sophia's shift at the casino ended just before sunset. She showered and changed out of her uniform in the staff locker room and pulled her locs up into a high ponytail. Normally she'd put on a little makeup, but these days, her light brown skin presented a perpetual glow; no need for cosmetics.

She walked back to her tiny apartment on Morris. Her Atlantic City street was too unimpressive to be on the Monopoly board, and too far away from the Bay side for her to see the sun dip below the horizon. But she knew it had.

Three blocks. Two blocks. One. Sophia put the key in the lock of her apartment and paused, hopeful, before opening the door. She stepped in and looked at the floor. His boots were there, covered with rime and dried seaweed. Wayward grains of sand dotted the linoleum. She smiled. He'd come back.

"Ah, you are here," came his deep, heavily-accented voice from the kitchen. "I have brought the dinner. I remembered correctly, yes?"

He'd picked up take-out from the local Chinese place. All her favorites sat warm in their cartons on the kitchen counter.

"Yes, Oloku," she looked past the food and paper plates and straight at him. "Everything's perfect."

He'd brought wine and poured it into two of her mismatched dollar store glasses.

"And the day?" he asked in his odd manner as they sat eating dinner on her sofa.

"A day," she shrugged and smiled. "Thank you for dinner."

He always watched her lips when she smiled. "If you are content, I am pleased."

"Oh, I am content."

He clinked his glass against hers, and they sipped, looking at each other with hunger for something other than dinner.

The rest of the wine stayed in its bottle and much of the food was still on the plates when she led him to the bedroom.

His attentions always drained her, so she never felt him leave the bed. When she woke the next morning, he was long gone, as always. She lay in bed a moment, lingering in the scent of sea salt and his maleness. Only the sorrow of knowing it would be weeks before she saw him again made her rise and get ready for work.

They seldom talked. Even the night they met. She'd been at the club with some coworkers. He was so beautiful in a strange way she couldn't quite name, and a good ten years younger than she. She'd been skeptical that he could be interested in her, not with so many young, in-shape girls his age in the place. But he'd asked her to dance, in a deep voice with a West African accent that made her shiver. So when he'd made his interest clear, she took a risk and

brought him home. The next morning, he was gone, as she'd expected. What was unexpected was the note she'd found on the counter in exquisite cursive letters:

I hope you had as lovely a time as I did. May I see you again when I'm back in town? I'll be at the same place on Saturday three weeks hence.

What man said lovely or hence? But she'd figured he probably learned old-fashioned proper English wherever he was from.

The girls at work had warned her that he was probably an illegal looking for an easy mark to get him his papers. But she'd never been that gullible. No matter how good the sex, she'd never wanted another man in her life. Men wanted things. Time, space, attention. Mostly their egos stroked. Sophia had no time for that, especially when they gave nothing in return.

But as she'd gone through her day, she thought about how good it was to have someone every so often, just to make crazy love to her, speak softly with old-fashioned words, and leave with no demands.

When the day of his supposed return arrived, she'd talked herself out of any expectations. She was sure he'd see her for the tired, staid 47-year-old that she was, and without the help of excessive alcohol, he'd politely say his good-byes.

She made her way to the club and headed to the bar. She ordered wine and looked for an empty table, certain he wouldn't show. But there he'd been, standing at a table nearby, waiting for her.

Suddenly nervous, she'd had to force her feet to move. He met her halfway.

"Sophia. I am...most pleased." He smiled.

"Oloku, I...so am I." She was grinning. She never grinned. They sat down.

"This establishment does not have much in the way of food. Would you like, when we have finished our drinks, to have a meal?"

"Yes, that would be...lovely."

He smiled, his perfect lips parting to reveal perfect teeth. She'd felt like a teenager, wondering what to say on a first date.

"So, Oloku, where are you from?"

"As I'm sure you've guessed, Africa. West Africa. An island you've probably never heard of, off the coast. And you?"

"Virginia," she said, suddenly sorry she brought up the subject.

He noticed. "This...memory of your home makes you sad. Why?"

She had tried to laugh it off and failed. "My childhood was terrible. As soon as I was old enough, I ran away with the first man who looked twice at me. That was a mistake, so I ran away from him too, and wound up here."

He'd looked at her, not understanding, but with an expression of concern. He took her hand after a moment.

"So, you are free now?"

"Yes, I am free."

>> *Claudia Wair, from page 4*

"You survived the storm and found a harbor. That is good." She'd changed the subject. "Well, what brings you here?" He blinked. "Work. I—how do you say it?—cleaning the sand...."

"Those massive things that go along the beach in the morning? Sand rakers? Yes."

Something in his face made her think she must have misunderstood him, but he went on.

"My work brings me to beaches up and down the coast. I am in town only a day or two a month."

Perfect, she'd thought. "I see," she said out loud.

As the evening went on, she marveled at his striking looks. She'd been pulled into his wide-set, dark brown eyes with their unusual golden glint. His smooth skin practically glowed and it was all she could do to keep herself from reaching out and touching him.

"Oloku, you're so young...." She had hoped she was giving him an out. Or maybe giving herself the out before she could feel anything for this man.

He'd looked at her, confused at first, then threw back his head and laughed. "Sophia, I am not so young as I look. And you...you are much younger than you think." He stood and held out his hand. "Come, let me buy you dinner."

They'd picked up food from the Chinese restaurant and went back to her apartment. They never finished the meal.

In the morning, there'd been another note.

Beautiful Sophia,

I will be back in town next month on the 17th. I will stop by after sunset with dinner.

He'd never asked for her number. She'd never asked for his. This was exactly as she wanted it.

Her mirror had greeted her that morning with a noticeable change. The frown lines around her mouth had faded. Her crow's feet were less noticeable. And her feet and knees stopped aching even after standing all day. Endorphins. Sex as the fountain of youth. And in three and half weeks, she'd get more of the same.

She'd decided not to tell anyone about seeing Oloku again. She wanted the joy of it, the secret of it, all to herself.

When he'd returned, they sat on the beach as the moon rose and he told her about how he would have to leave in the winter, unsure if he'd be back in the spring. He said he'd understand if such an arrangement, one with so little certainty, wouldn't be to her liking. As an answer, she'd handed him a key to her apartment.

There was no denying the changes. The girls at work were asking what she was doing to make her skin look so good. But she looked something other than "good." She looked and felt ten years younger, which on the surface was a positive. But the person looking at her in the mirror just wasn't her. She didn't know what was happening, but she was certain of the source.

"Oloku, something is happening to me, to my body. You're.... What is it you're not telling me?"

He looked at her and brushed his fingers along her forehead, lineless now.

"Ah...you are feeling the effects."

"It's you, isn't it? Somehow you're doing this."

He smiled an odd, shy smile. "Yes."

"How?" It was almost a whisper.

He had no words to sufficiently explain, so he showed her, placing his hand on either side of her face.

She felt like she ought to be frightened, but all she sensed was calm as she watched his eyes change color from almost brown and gold to storm-cloud grey. And she was falling into those eyes as if she was falling into a dream. And then she saw...

The Earth before the continents shifted

Rivers as they carved their way along the planet surface, reaching for the sea

Creatures that swam the oceans long before primates evolved

Early humans pushing the first boats into ocean waters

And Oloku was there the whole span of time.

And she saw

Other gods and demigods, creating and destroying

Humans being born from the slow miracle of evolution

The struggle of gods and humans

And then

She fell back into herself, into the now, her heart racing.

Oloku hadn't moved.

She stared at him as his glow faded. She heard her pulse in her ears.

"Are you...God?"

He smiled, shaking his head. "I am not the Great One. I am a god. My domain is the sea."

"A god? A god? Of the ocean?"

He nodded, the gold in his irises particularly bright.



Photo provided by Claudia Wair

>> *Claudia Wair, from page 5*

"I thought that was Neptune or Poseidon?"

He laughed. "I am all of these! Our children call us by different names, and some paint us with white skin and rosy cheeks." He shrugged. "I bear them no ill will.

She reached out and touched his face, feeling a jumble of awe and curiosity.

A god. So incredibly old.... The things you have seen....

She sat back in her seat. "And what do you do to make me look and feel like this?"

"That which ages a human helps me sustain my mortal form. I hope this," he ran a finger down the side of her face, "is in some part worth what I took from you."

He looked contrite. "I was wrong to take what was not given freely. I am selfish, as gods are wont to be. And I didn't want to frighten you."

She felt many things, none of it fear.

"Is this why you chose me? Because I have so many years to give you?"

He looked confused.

"Did you choose me because I'm older?"

She saw understanding in his eyes. He sat up straighter and that golden glow strengthened.

"No, Sophia. For one, there are other, less pleasant ways of taking what I want from a human. I am a god."

She had never seen him the least bit angry before, but now the room nearly crackled with his emotions.

He went on, in gentler tones. "And do you not see that to me, all humans lives are but a blink of an eye?"

"Ah, Sophia. Your soul sings a different song than other mortals. I heard it as I passed and wanted to sing with you. I wanted to be near you so very much."

She reached for his hand and squeezed it. "And I wanted to be with you."

He was very quiet for a long moment. "The season changes, and soon I must see to my charge. The waters are sick, and I have indulged my own desires long enough."

She nodded, her heart sinking.

Late one November day, she put on her winter coat, made her way to the boardwalk, and waited for sunset.

She wasn't heartbroken, but it would still be hard to say goodbye.

"You came to meet me?" His musical voice was right by her ear.

"I wanted as much time as possible with you."

He kissed her.

They walked the three blocks to the apartment. They made love and slept, woke and ate and made love again.

"Wake me before you go," she said. "Don't leave me this last time. Let me walk with you."

He moved a stray loc from the corner of her mouth and nodded. "Then you should sleep now. I've already taken a great deal tonight."

She shook her head. "No. Not yet." She climbed on top of him and let him take what he needed as she took what she wanted.

They walked in silence to the water's edge. She watched in wonder as his clothes, boots and all, fell from him like water and sand and seaweed. He stood naked under the waning moon and kissed her.

"Goodbye, Oloku" she whispered. "I will miss you."

He placed his hands on either side of her face with a sad smile. "No. But I will remember you."

He immediately turned and ran into the icy surf.

She felt as if she'd burst with the loss of him. She felt her chest tighten and the tears sting at the corners of her eyes and....

And

Why?

What am I doing on the beach at this hour?

Have I been crying? How the hell...?

She hurried up the beach to the boardwalk. Then it was just three, two, one blocks to her apartment. At least tomorrow (today?) was her day off. She could sleep in.

Her bed smelled of clean sea mist, and even though she could feel sand in the sheets, she was warm and content. And then she remembered that gods could be selfish, though she had no idea why that thought came to mind.

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Dread Naught but Time.*



Book Cover by flashfictiononline

Claudia Wair is a member of Langley Hill (Va.) Meeting who writes fantasy, sci-fi and creative nonfiction.

Her website: <https://www.claudiawair.com/>

RESIST Anthology Online: <https://tinyurl.com/mrywcex2>

Featured Quaker Writer

Sandy Green:

Spiritual Journey

Here's a Summary of My Story:

I am a Jewish Quaker, an Anti-Zionist Jew,
I am a Survivor of Sexual Abuse

Who Turned Trauma into, Activism, Poetry,
and A STORY

I was born into a Jewish Homeland, Brooklyn, in 1944, before the birth of the State of Israel. At the time, Brooklyn was the heart of the Jewish Diaspora in America. Excerpts from my story, *Nostalgia for Home*, depicts my life growing up in that very special place, during the 40's and 50's. I lived there until 1963 when I married one of the neighborhood boys.

When we married, I followed him to Yale, where he studied Chinese history on his way to becoming a professor. We left the Homeland and moved to New Haven, CT, a culture shock for both of us. I did office work for the phone company until 6 months pregnant with our son, when I was forced to quit. I birthed two daughters within the next five years.

After the birth of our children and the death of my mother the marriage floundered, and we sought help at the Jewish Family Service of New Haven, where we were assigned a rabbi as our therapist, on his way to becoming a clinical psychologist. To make a very long and painful story short, the therapist did not help the marriage, instead he took advantage of my vulnerability and used me for his needs, breaking whatever codes of ethics both his professions decreed.

Shamefully, I ended up marrying the therapist. Without knowing what the words meant at the time, our relationship fit the profile of transference/counter transference.

My damaging experience and all the literature I read, corroborates that the nature of such a relationship is incestuous. I could write a book about it.

It ended with abuse that traumatized me, leaving me alone, damaged, and separated from my family. Years later, when *Roe v Wade* was struck down in 2022, I felt it sanctioned rape and incest and the decision brought back that long ago personal trauma. I could not speak, and from my state of despair I wrote the poem, *Profane Not Thy Daughter*. Most of my poems have origins from a place so deep, I could not live in it.

PROFANE NOT THY DAUGHTER

Leviticus 19:29

Dedicated to My Therapist

Profane not thy daughter to make her your Harlot
Proclaim your secret passion, forsaking her soul
Burden her with shame, blame!!!
Forsake her virtue for your wanton desire;

Shame her, blame her, destroy the sacred bond
That nourishes her innocence,
For the bondage and submission of your desire!!

Profane not thy daughter to make her your Harlot
Profane not thy daughter bound in your Hypocrisy
Your dismay,

You carry the blame, and she the shame
It's the incestuous rapture of the insurrection of her soul
Profane not thy daughter, your mistress of the night,
Bearing fruit upon your lustful penetration,
Your Blame, Her Shame
Forsaken Me, Is this my Destiny?

I AM A SURVIVOR; I fought that recurring state of despair and found God in the process. Kierkegaard, the philosopher wrote, "If man is destroyed by despair, it is because he had not experienced it deeply enough, for if he had, a new reality would have saved him."

My saving reality from despair became God. I really believed that out of my despair I was being led by the spirit of God. I trusted it, and followed the spirit, my instinct, wherever it took me. Then it took me on a Jewish roller coaster ride, to great heights and deep lows. It led me on a "messiah journey," and that grandiosity motivated me, and drove many of my decisions for many a year forward.

Although, the prose poem, "Spiritual Moment," depicts an experience much earlier in time, it set the stage for other coincidences that felt "Godlike;" when I let the forces overtake me. The downslide from the grandiosity was deep despair. I lived into what for sure could be conceived as being crazy by many, but ironically it is what kept me out of the hospital, or perhaps worse.

Without coming from a religious Jewish family, being Jewish played a central role in my identity, intersecting directly with my Brooklyn identity. In that world it seemed as if we were in the majority, no one was hiding from it. But Judaism, as a cultural identity alone didn't work for me. Even without formal education or indoctrination, I somehow knew we must have been called, "the chosen people" for a reason. I have been on a lifelong quest to understand what that meant.

What were we Jews chosen for, and by whom?

Were we chosen to act as a communal body, for the good of others, or individually, for our own entitlement?

Or, chosen to be plagued with what it might mean to be chosen, as a target for outside scrutiny. Thus, I have had a fascinating, but very chaotic, cultural, spiritual, and religious Jewish journey.

While married to the rabbi-therapist, I gained a special appreciation for two central aspects of Judaism. The most important and greatest gift to the Jewish people is the ritual of Shabbat. The other supposed gift, the land of Israel, has been a blessing and a curse for me and perhaps for all Jews. But in this period, I loved both of them.

I'll begin with Shabbat.

>> *Sandy Green, from page 7*

My family did not observe the traditional Jewish Sabbath, if anything, Sunday became the day of rest because most stores were closed due to the blue laws, and family became more important. Later, when married to the Rabbi, the Jewish Sabbath, as I observed it, changed the week from the mundane to the holy. Depending on the various denominations, there are rules about what you can and cannot do, followed more or less.

For us, it meant the end of the work week, gathering of family and friends, seven kids in our merged family, his 4 and my 3. We held an intentional dinner on Fridays, candle lighting, meaningful conversation, an abundance of food, which lasted at least thru Tuesday, served on the best China. It became a reprieve from routine and everyday problems. At its best it felt like Thanksgiving once a week.

Now, I keep the tradition alive sporadically, not religiously. I plan my socializing on Fridays, inviting my Quaker, Moslem and Black friends to my Shabbat table. With the candles lit, the mood is set for something meaningful. In between those dinners, I attend Friday evening services on Zoom at Tzedek Chicago, my Anti-Zionist Synagogue. On Saturdays, I go for hikes, take photos, do art, take a Shabbat nap, and sometimes go to a movie.

Now onto Israel:

I first learned of Israel through my Aunt Betty, who was a member of Hadassah, a Jewish Women's Organization. She worked tirelessly wrapping bandages and other supplies to send off to Israel during the early fifties. Her effort was so notable that her name was engraved on the Golden door at Hadassah Hospital on Mount Sinai. She died in 1956 at the age of 46 and so in her memory, the family yearned to visit Israel and the hospital that honored her name.

At that time, girls my age were reading The Diary of Anne Frank, so besides Israel, I became woke to the Holocaust. And at the same time, in 1955, the Brooklyn Dodgers won the World Series, finally defeating the Yankees. The excitement of those damn bums winning, transcended everything in my life.

My first trip to Israel in 1984 was with the rabbi husband; we traveled on an inheritance from my father, who died shortly after our marriage the year before. At that point I had been living in New Haven for over twenty years. The trip was the beginning of the end of the relationship, but I fell in love with Israel, and sought it as a refuge in my dismay.

The following year when the marriage was in freefall, I took my daughters to Israel. I yearned for it in my dreams; it reminded me of the Brooklyn I left behind, before I knew its secrets. Gabor Maté, a Canadian Jewish physician, author, specializing in trauma, describes Israel as "the dream for one people and the nightmare for another," I was still in the dream phase. He was born in 1944, the same year as me, in Budapest. He lost many relatives in Auschwitz and in 1956 his immediate family emigrated to Canada.

My next two trips were with a Jewish youth organization. Being married to a rabbi helped me get the job. It was with an international organization, with a base in CT.

The job gave me security, an identity, a life style that tolerated my mood swings and a *raison d'être*. It also gave me two staff missions to Israel that deepened my relationship with the country.

The blinders began to come off on these trips as I started to question the legitimacy of what I observed. On the first mission, we went to a settlement on the West Bank, the new residents were all from Brooklyn. Something did not feel right about this scene, but their pride in the place and joy in having made this move seemed to legitimize their actions, and at that point I did not know enough to question it.

On this same trip, we met with low level Knesset members, Bibi Netanyahu being one of them. I even asked him a question; wish I remembered the question or if he answered it.

I stayed on after this trip living in the Old City of Jerusalem for a week, studying at a Yeshivah, a Jewish school, in a program called Discovery. It was a crash course in Jewish mysticism, Kabbalism. The Torah had been computerized, and by choosing random words, the program seemed to find hidden messages about God.

It all terrified me: "Oh my God," I thought, "maybe there really is a God." I felt like I had to do something BIG. Upon my return home, I needed deprogramming, and went to a Hasidic rabbi. However, the experience helped me make the decision to move to Philadelphia with the youth organization.

I believed I could offer something meaningful to the organization in Philadelphia. I could make "it" the premier youth organization for community service in the Philadelphia area. Ultimately, my efforts got me fired, for I had pushed my agenda beyond an unspoken rule that the organization was there for Jewish kids to meet and socialize only with other Jewish kids.

But Philadelphia gave me access to a wide range of other Jewish experiences, which I joyfully took part in. I met some "greats" within the city's Jewish world and had various interactions, which fed my "messiah trip."

But this Jewish world, local and international, had a shadow side that led me to my eventual disenchantment with both Israel and Judaism.

Shortly after being fired, I took my final trip to Israel, in 1993. I went for six months with the intention of possibly making Aliyah, which literally means "rising up," by moving to Israel permanently, an entitlement for all Jews.

The Israeli army and airline sponsored the trip by offering an inexpensive flight, then allowing you to stay for six months by first volunteering for the army. I lived on an army base for a month; my job was greasing starters for army tanks. On weekends I went on field trips and were exposed to different aspects of Israeli life.

I had one encounter with an army sergeant that stands out: while he espoused entitlement to the land, as God seemed to have commanded in the Torah, I interrupted him, and said, "don't you have to fulfill all of God's commandments as stated in the Torah, especially about treating your neighbor as you would like to be treated?"

I can still see his face when he could not answer.

More Sandy Green, page 9 >>

>> *Sandy Green, from page 8*

After the army, for the next 5 months, I lived in Jerusalem. I took an intense Hebrew immersion class to see if I could learn the language well enough to make the move. Languages are not my forte, but I thought I could if I decided to move there.

For the final segment of the trip, I moved to Abu Tur, an area of Jerusalem that overlooked an Arab village. While there, I followed a Rebbe who had very close ties to the Philadelphia community and became my guru for a time, both there and in NYC where he had a Shul. During part of that summer, I lived on his Moshav, a cooperative agricultural community, similar to a Kibbutz, but not as strict, hosted by his followers. I left Israel in September 1993, right before the Oslo accords were signed. I anticipated returning, but it was not to be, God had other plans for me.



Photo provided by Sandy Green

Sandy Green in her IDF uniform, 1993

Goodbye Jerusalem

*With Remembrance I bring to you this song
Written upon the heat of my heart
I sing its words to the bird
The bird who heard the call
It was that bird the smartest one of all*

*I tremble with anticipation of the cold winds
The ripping thunder that tears at the heart of ambivalence
I write this song to please
To renew the energy I felt
I write these words with dying breath exploding into the future*

*A song of death a song of life
That emerges from the heart of the bird that sings
The bird that sings my song
And carries it along the trees that tremble
I write this song for you my master*

Oh obey, at least for one more day

*My heart is ripe with pleasure
Of your voice tingling behind my ears
I hear you, I see you
The pain that befalls your eyes
I feel the pleasure of insight*

*Oh obey, at least for one more day
It was that bird, the smartest one of all
That falls from the trees so tall
How did it know, when it was time to go
It was the pain that befalls your eyes*

I left, and turned away from yet another day

Once again, what was I chosen for? Thus began my quest for something else; and that's when I discovered the Quakers!! I came home to a disrupted life, had many jobs and my living arrangements were precarious. I landed in an apartment a couple blocks from the Haverford Quaker Meeting, which I happened upon one day. The Meeting house doors were open; I walked in and sat quietly for a very long time. It calmed me.



Photo provided by Haverford (Pa) Friends Meeting

>> *Sandy Green, from page 9*

I began attending Meeting on Sundays, never to speak, and always left at the rise of Meeting. The folks that were there intimidated me, I didn't think or feel good enough. But slowly, very slowly I became integrated into the community and joined after attending for seven years.

I became a member in 2006 as the Israeli Lebanese war began. I could not sit back silently any longer and watch that carnage without speaking. I joined Haverford Meeting and began my Quaker activism opposing the Israeli Palestinian Apartheid. As a pacifist, I had become a convinced Friend.



Photo provided by Sandy Green

I think that my passion for the oppressed comes from my roots in Brooklyn, I always favored the underdog, perhaps beginning with my devotion to the Dodgers who lost to the Yankees five times before the BIG win in 1955. I joined all the committees that confronted this issue. We lobbied, we organized a trip to Palestine for Young Adult Friends, we even got Friends Fiduciary to stop investing in the corporations that did business with the West Bank Occupation.

My intense activism followed the path of the Israeli massacres, beginning with "Operation Cast Lead," aka the first Gaza war, back in 2008–2009.

The infrastructure of Gaza was destroyed in 22 days, and 1400 Palestinians were killed.

My poems paralleled the various conflicts between Israel and her oppressed. "Goodbye Jerusalem," which I wrote shortly after Trump took office in 2017 and "Another Mother's Child," which I wrote somewhere en route to the next tragedy. I wrote "Visual Revolution," in honor of Bernie Sanders' elevation to wannabee President. I worked very hard for his campaign; Bernie was my Brooklyn homeboy.

It wasn't until October 7th as a Jewish Quaker that I felt the full weight of my responsibility over this catastrophe. Up until then, I could keep my political ideology under control. But the outrage I felt erupted, like a volcano inside of me, for I saw the forthcoming genocide. One might say it was prescient. The emotions that I lived with, were shame over what was happening in my name, anger at my country's involvement and fear for the future of mutual retaliation and destruction.

My passionate ministries that followed, were not received well by many in the Meeting, and for sure my views did not go over well in the Jewish world I left behind. I lost my Zionist daughter and three grandsons; we have yet to make amends. My truth, integrity, conscience and Quaker stubbornness have helped me weather this storm.

I took multi-faith courses learning as much as I could about the situation; settler colonialism, manifest destiny, decolonization. I studied enough Torah with the Anti-Zionist Rabbi at Tzedek Chicago, to be appalled by all the pre-emptive strikes throughout Jewish history, as documented in the Torah and beyond.

Now I am connected with both Jewish and Quaker activism: Jewish Voice for Peace, Tzedek Chicago, the Anti-Zionist Synagogue, If Not Now, AFSC's Apartheid Free Movement, my Meeting. Through Quaker Speak I made a video, "A Jewish Quaker Speaks on Pacifism." I continue to juggle two faith traditions, Friday night Shabbat, and on Sunday Haverford, my home Meeting, sometimes I zoom the Portugal Meeting, a community of many ex-pats. I lived in Portugal for some months and attended regularly, am welcomed warmly. When I travel, I find local Meetings; Monteverde will always remain special to me, for I first spoke of juggling my two faiths to their high schoolers, on one of my trips to Costa Rica.

An old friend of mine from Brooklyn kept alive the image of a Diasporic Judaism in a floundering organization called, American Council for Judaism, which has evolved to a "new" Jewish Diaspora Movement. It's a rapidly growing community of Jews who are vocally resisting ethnonationalism, apartheid and genocide in Israel and Judaism at large. Unfortunately, my friend died before this organizational rebirth. I would like to honor his memory.

Will my destiny lead me to put my energy in preserving the "universal" values of Judaism, through this rebirthed movement; reclaiming the Judaism I love, over the Zionism I abhor. I am an Anti-Zionist, not because I want Israel to disappear but because I want ethnic privilege to disappear and genocide and injustice to stop. Zionism is a geo-political ideology, not a religion.

More Sandy Green, page 11 >>

>> *Sandy Green, from page 10*

My dream is for these two peoples to somehow learn to live together in one unified democratic state.

My life's work seems to be about speaking truth to power. But the query remains, what have I been chosen for? There's a saying: "I'm not sure where I'm going, but I'm not lost." And as a Friend reminded me, "God is the Clerk of the Outcome Committee."



Art by Sol Weiss, for Jewish Diaspora Movement

Nostalgia for Home *by Sandy Green*

There she stood, the bridge from Brooklyn to Manhattan, proudly spreading her wings across the East River. So many tales about the Brooklyn Bridge. For me, its elegance stands out, strong and stable, proud of herself. The walk across her expanse is a vision worth a thousand words. Walking north, toward the skyscrapers of Manhattan is metaphorically majestic, as is she.

Or cross it heading south, follow the bridge off its ramp and you enter a neighborhood that many consider "la crème de la crème" of Brooklyn. The Heights, they call it, with its promenade that overlooks the skyscrapers of lower Manhattan, which once gave a bird's eye view of the collapse of the World Trade Center. The sight of that event forever changed the psyche of its witnesses. The Heights has thrived, as has Brooklyn more or less. It continues to bridge the gap between there and here, and then and now.

As you continue the drive down Flatbush Avenue, stopping at every light, with horns blasting, you go through the heart of Brooklyn, and with your grateful eyes, you come upon diverse middle-class neighborhoods, with small businesses owned and operated by the moms and pops who live there. Lots of diversity and aliveness; the old timers mixing with the newly transformed; it is black, white, and brown at its finest. It's young and old, moderately middle class and lower, if you're into class. Forty Acres & A Mule Filmworks, Spike Lee's joint, operates out of a couple of Brownstones in this neighborhood of moms and pops. It sits across the street from the hospital where I was born, Brooklyn Jewish.

Traveling further south, you come upon the heart of Black Brooklyn. The house of my birth on Nostrand Avenue, a Haitian restaurant when I last visited, where West Indian French is spoken. When my grandparents owned this house, in the early 1900's, raising my father and his siblings, they had a dry-goods store, and my grandfather rolled cigars in the back. During that era there were trolley cars and push wagons, going street to street and door to door, fish mongering on Fridays, knife sharpening Saturdays..

In the 1950s, when I was a small child growing up in that same residence, my family occupied the second floor, in what they called a cold-water flat, one room leading to the next. You could hear a lot, behind those flimsy walls. Another flight up, my aunt and uncle lived with their two boys, my cousins. On the ground level was a Chinese laundry, where Tom and his uncle lived, in the back of the store. I ate Haitian food my last visit, fried pork over rice with plantains, served in Styrofoam containers. Memories flooded my brain of Tom and his uncle while sitting there in that space.

Tom, this frail boy, suffered from scabies or rickets, or some other mal-nutritious disease. Together he and his uncle laundered shirts, stiffly; the upward mobile men in the area needed this self-image to make their white-collar livelihood. These shirts were tightly wrapped in brown paper, which lined the shelves of this laundry. At that time, I was much too young to question whether this man and his nephew were there legally.

In the course of 100 years, Brooklyn hosted a series of immigrants, from many different cultures and religions. Brooklyn, the birthplace of multi-culturalism, its own unique melting pot with every possible diversity one can think of: rich, poor, Jews, Italians, Irish, Chinese, Puerto Ricans, Blacks and Browns from various countries, a melting pot for Syrians too! The pride of America, my Brooklyn, it is the America I proclaim, and, in my fantasy lives on as a role model for multi-culturalism, a light unto other nations.

Newcomers traveling from far and wide coming to America find compensation in its arms, or did they? How blessed, coming from the Brooklyn I remember, what more can I say, dear to me after all these years. It gave me my life and my identity, both Jewish and Brooklyn. With pride in my voice and a smile on my face, I say, I come from Brooklyn!





Types and Shadows, Journal of
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To nurture and showcase the literary,
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within the Religious Society of Friends,
for purposes of Quaker expression,
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To these ends we will offer
spiritual, practical and financial
support as way opens.

In this issue...

***Enjoy Exciting Quaker fiction, memoir, poetry,
paintings, photography, event news and more!***

Morning Casualty Report Beneath the Arctic Circle

I was covered in a mask of shaving cream
when she darkened our bathroom door and said,
One of my students was killed in Fallujah—
just recently married, and only nineteen.

My lip nearly bled, and she stared at me hard
through porous eyes, skeleton white,
her mane of hair glittering in the morning light.
Dammit, I cursed, then quickly said, Sorry,
too angry at first for real remorse.

My wife understood, glanced down for a moment,
then saw him sitting in the back row of Spanish,
earning his C's, a student-athlete in the ROTC.
He wasn't from the local Air Force base
and couldn't speak Spanish to save his life
and certainly not Kurdish or Arabic, or the tangled
tongues of diplomatic deception.

Dammit, I repeated, covered in white,
then for some strange reason I remembered the way
the Inuit people bury their dead
in snowdrifts beneath the Arctic Circle,
their graves marked by simple crosses
fashioned from the tusks of walruses
and the long white bones of whales.

Featured Quaker Poet

Alexander Levering Kern



Photo by Alexander Levering Kern

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