



THE NOT-SO-NEW WORLD ORDER: "There are three stages in the life of a strong people. First, it is a small power, and fights small powers. Then it is a great power, and fights great powers. Then it is a great power, and fights small powers, but pretends that they are great powers, in order to rekindle the ashes of its ancient emotion and vanity."
--G.K. Chesterton, 1905

A Friendly Letter

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Dear Friend,

This issue marks *A Friendly Letter's* Tenth Anniversary. I had hoped to have more hoopla on the occasion; but war and the press of news has prevented it. Some reflections on this decade may be included among the inside pages; but for now, back to business:

As forecast here last month, Indiana Yearly Meeting's Christian Social Concerns Committee has recommended that the YM cut all ties with the American Friends Service Committee. Committee sources say that even members who had hoped to maintain ties with AFSC ultimately went along with the recommendation as the only way to make possible productive committee work on other matters before it.

This recommendation must still be acted on by the full Yearly Meeting this summer. But it seems likely to be adopted, on much the same basis. There has been a vigorous campaign among the more evangelical Indiana churches to this end, and the momentum is with those who want to be rid of the connection.

Earlier that same month, the Friends United Meeting General Board convened in Richmond, Indiana, and had before it the "Realignment" proposal, also described in our last issue, sent up from Southwest YM and promoted chiefly by FUM's own General Secretary, Steve Main. This proposal would abolish FUM, split its constituent groups into two parties, the "Christ-centered Bible believers" on one hand and everyone else on the other, merge the former with Evangelical Friends International, and send everyone else to Friends General Conference.

My antipathy to this cockamamie scheme, expressed in detail last month, remains undiluted, as is the dismay at seeing the destruction of FUM being promoted by its own chief staff member, who ought to be working to preserve and expand the body. As proposed, this "realignment" would precipitate separations at all levels of American Quakerdom, the like of which have not been seen since 1827, and the destructive effects of which would probably surpass that melancholy episode. Fortunately, the FUM General Board members showed very much good sense and very little support for the proposal, which called on them to appoint a committee to begin negotiating a merger with EFI.

Perhaps the most telling moment in the Board's deliberations came when Herbert Kimball of Indiana rose to speak. Kimball has been a pastor and missionary in FUM yearly meetings since the end of World War Two. Having served on most FUM commissions and boards, he described how much FUM had meant to him, how it had become like a second family, how unnecessary the "realignment" idea seemed, and how disturbed he was to learn of Steve Main's advocacy of FUM's dissolution. Then he turned to Main, sitting only a few feet away, and appealed to him directly: "*Please, Steve, desist from attempting to destroy this body...please stop trying to destroy my family.*"

Kimball spoke quietly, even haltingly, but his words echoed like a thunderclap of truth. FUM is like a family in all its human untidiness; and those who are determined to wreck it are playing russian roulette with a Quaker community that has taken a century to build. The FUM General Board, to its credit, took no action on the "realignment" proposal, and will await further input from yearly meetings, each of whom has also received it. It is my hope that the input from YMs will be in support of keeping and strengthening FUM, not splitting and demolishing it.

But in Indiana YM, there may be trouble over the proposal. The same people who agitated to get rid of AFSC may now turn their guns on FUM, based on many of the same issues; after all, FUM includes yearly meetings whose views on matters like abortion and homosexuality are more like AFSC's than like theirs. But let us pray Indiana YM will be preserved from such folly.

Yours in the Light,

Chuck Fager

Chuck Fager

PS. At the end of Third Month I gave a talk on Friends, "Realignment" and the Gulf War at New Garden Meeting in Greensboro, North Carolina. As a contribution to further discussion of the question, tapes of this talk are available, at a special price of \$3.00 postpaid. Write to *Realignment Tape* at my address.

THE SHOCK OF SINGULARITY: FRIENDS AND THE GULF WAR

In an affecting passage of his *Journal*, John Woolman wrote of "...feeling an increasing desire to live in the spirit of peace, being often sorrowfully affected in thinking on the unquiet spirit in which wars are generally carried on...." For Woolman, pursuing the spirit of peace in 1761 came to mean--among other things--giving up the wearing of dyed garments, and in particular his dyed beaver hat.

Yet despite this clear leading, Woolman admits that "*The apprehension of being singular from my beloved friends was a strait upon me...*" He also feared "*...being looked upon as one affecting singularity*", which is to say, a show-off. His anxiety was increased because some stylish people were then wearing undyed beaver hats, so Woolman's "singularity" was at risk of appearing, of all things, *fashionable*.

THE POINT OF PLAINNESS

Sure enough, Woolman says, some Friends did see him as a Plain-Than-Thou exhibitionist; but he stuck with his undyed hat, "*trusting that if I kept my place the Lord in his own time would open the hearts of Friends toward me...*" which indeed God did.

Such visible singularity was once deemed central to Quaker life and witness. It was expressed not only in major Testimonies like peace, but also in dress, speech, and many other aspects of everyday personal and group life. The combination served several purposes: inwardly, it was a spiritual discipline, a cross to vanity, and a habitual reminder to Friends of the countercultural character of their faith and witness. Outwardly, it maintained a certain distance from mainstream culture--a kind of portable cloister.

The exterior marks of this discipline are, of course, almost all gone now, though a stubborn handful of consciously plain Quakers persists, mostly in the small Conservative yearly meetings. Further, among nonpastoral Friends, the residual singularities are more a novelty than a burden: unprogrammed worship, a non-voting business procedure, the avoidance of

steeple. These are not trivial, but neither are they troublesome; few outsiders bother about what goes in our generally quiet meetinghouses.

But with the Peace Testimony it has been a different matter, especially in the past several months. The reaction against the Gulf War among us was deep and, I believe, true to our calling. Yet because of the war's enormous public popularity, among Friends one hears reports on every hand of a sense of anguished isolation within American culture.

"Singular" is a good word for how many Friends, including this one, have felt in the last several months; though perhaps harsher terms, like isolated, alienated and marginalized would do more justice to our feelings.

THE SPOILS OF "VICTORY"

This sense of singularity, of undesired but inescapable difference, has deepened in the weeks since the generals' "clean win." This is not only because of the continuing massive bloodshed in the wake of Desert Storm, but also because those who opposed it have taken a terrific media beating as fools, knaves, wimps and worse, while hawkish politicians and pundits have gloated without ceasing.

For weeks the right-wing *Washington Times* ran a daily "Hall of Shame" featuring quotes from antiwar spokespeople which purportedly proved their foolishness. (To my eyes, though, many of these quotes, forecasting huge numbers of casualties, do not look so silly, especially now; they mainly misjudged the proportion of the dead who would be American. And the racism implicit in the hawks' assumption that the growing mountains of dead Iraqis, including tens of thousands of civilians, can be safely ignored or treated as objects of derision, exhibits a deeper and more sinister folly than anything these hapless peaceniks said.)

But this scorn is not confined to the capital: In Greensboro, North Carolina, the local daily published a postwar photo gallery of "Winners" and

"Losers"; prominent among the "Losers" was a shot of a regular peace vigil which had been heavily populated by Greensboro Friends. And yes, even *Friendly Letter* attracted the ire of a rising conservative Catholic intellectual, who opined in his newsletter that he had expected better of me; indeed....

As this chorus of ridicule has continued, the suspicion emerged that perhaps Saddam Hussein--who despite his undoubted evil (and our undoubted "victory?") remains in power as this is written--was less the ultimate target of Desert Storm than the hated domestic species "liberal peacenik" (notwithstanding that the right wing furnished an amazing number of eloquent antiwar witnesses).

REVISITING A SERIES OF SHOCKS

This ongoing postwar pillory is but the latest of a series of shocks which should leave any serious Friend profoundly estranged from our body politic. At the risk of masochism, let me review some of the others:

From the beginning, a principled peace perspective was all but excluded from most of the mass media debate over war;

TV viewers, especially children, have been subjected to six months of saturation war propaganda which seemed designed to glorify and sanitize the reality of mass killing;

Censorship of war news was virtually complete, to the shocking cheers of the multitude and the craven, cowardly compliance of virtually all major journalistic media;

Once the deployment started, the military ran roughshod over the rights of hundreds of military conscientious objectors, shipping them off to Saudi Arabia despite the protests of friends and family;

Almost before the bombs had stopped falling, the administration announced plans to sell \$20 billion worth of weapons to Middle East countries, assuring that the region's insane arms race will continue almost uninterrupted; and

Now we see a stampede among political figures of all stripes to get on the bandwagon of a renewed domestic military spending spree.

In Woolman's terms, this sense of marginalization and alienation is the "strait" of Quaker singularity, the burden it presents. We are not peaceniks for a lark; it is part of the leading that brought us to Quakerism in the first place.

Thus the current painful experience of singularity is one Woolman would recognize. And it does have an up side, in that within a community faithful to the leadings that make it thus singular, one can find solace, support, and renewal. This, too, is part of what singularity is all about.

In fact, hidden in this sense of estrangement, it seems to me, is a real, if ironic and unexpected gift: An overdue reminder of how a conscious sense of separateness comes with Quaker identity. The best expression of my own feelings on this came, to my surprise, from three thousand miles away, in Reedwood Friends Church of Portland, Oregon. On the front page of its 3/11 Bulletin, Pastor Stan Thornburg wrote that:

"Never in all my life have I been happier to be part of a peace church. It has been so healing to come to worship heartbroken over the fact that precious lives are being lost on both sides of the conflict and find a community that mourns with me and seeks God's direction with me."

SINGULARLY SPEAKING MY MIND

This sums up my reactions on many recent First Days, but never more than on 2/24, the day after the ground war began. I had gone to work early that morning, surrounded by cheerleading for the war. But among Langley Hill Meeting's quiet, crowded benches, the contrast was like stepping into a parallel universe: Outside roared the torrents of war hysteria; inside, people sat in solemn mourning, pain, and faithful waiting over the same events.

And Stan Thornburg got it exactly right: I was never in my life so grateful to be part of a peace church.

Beyond gratitude, that morning and others highlighted my sense of just

how "singular" is the group which carved out and sustained a small eye of quiet grieving and resistance amid the hurricane of war hysteria. I'm not speaking only of my Meeting, but of much of the Quaker community--as is shown by the fact that what I found there were summed up best by a Friend from across both the continent and the theological spectrum.

Hence it makes sense that this spring has brought frequent reflections on whether singularity is a category of Quaker spirituality that we (I mean here the non-plain dressed majority) have neglected to our detriment, especially as part of the ongoing preparations for facing crisis situations like the Gulf War. And perhaps our corporate labor for the next few seasons ought to include a consideration of how this aspect of our heritage can become more intentional and relevant to our lives today, and in the months to come as the grim logic of America's new "hegemony" plays itself out.

DISCIPLINE AND DISTANCE

But how might singularity be made more concrete and meaningful? I have visited recently with some Friends who have adopted plain dress, and other traditional markers of separation from the cultural mainstream. While a black coat, collarless shirt and broadbrim do not seem right for me, there are a number of things they do, and some others which have come to mind as possible starting points for discussion.

Remember that the singularity is not for display or self-righteousness, but to help strengthen our ability as a people to "*live in the spirit of peace*," and to more faithfully bear our Testimonies, personally and corporately. To these ends, would any of the following help you do this, Friend?

1. Turn off the TV. Exceptions can be made for the elderly, ill or disabled; but especially for those with children, a TV is a noisy, imperialistic outpost of consumer culture right in your living room. This is something we practice in our home; and despite occasional leakage, I am convinced it helps us be better, quieter Quakers.

2. Break the current events fixation.

Is my nonstop diet of news, I wonder, more addiction than enlightenment? If so, can I break the habit? Or figure out how to maintain an inner quiet while keeping up? (I really need to work on this!)

3. Live in a Quaker neighborhood.

Nowadays this is only possible for brief periods, at yearly meetings and at larger sessions such as Friends General Conference's annual Gatherings. These assemblies I find almost invariably reinforcing and uplifting. (In particular, since the FGC Gatherings always meet over the Fourth of July, they are an excellent way to avoid the patriotic hoopla which will be especially burdensome this year.) Also for children, Quaker camps should be a regular part of the summer. The camps, which many yearly meetings operate, serve many of the Quaker identity forming functions which Quaker schools once served.

PUTTING A CAP ON OUR WITNESS

4. Support creative Quaker ministry.

This task is particularly relevant for nonpastoral Friends, and is a topic for an entire issue. It does not mean hiring pastors; but rather, being intentional about supporting Friends who have genuine gifts they wish to apply to the benefit of Friends. I'm thinking of spiritual directors, therapists, teachers, musicians, even contractors to help keep meetinghouses in top shape. We may not want to become employers, but we can become good clients.

5. Don't marry out. It is unquestionably easier to keep your eyes on the prize when you have a like-minded partner. For single Friends, this is another, crucial reason to attend those Quaker conferences; in truth, that is one of their major functions.

Looking over this list, I am struck by its rudimentary, even minimalist character. There must be more and better ways to cultivate a constructive Quaker singularity in our time. What are your ideas, Friend?

At the least, does anyone know where I could get an undyed beaver hat?

Friends Music Camp



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Friends Music Camp, now preparing its twelfth season, is for young people aged 10 to 18, of any race or religion, who wish to pursue musical excellence and increase their acquaintance with Quakerism, while participating in a caring community.

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Activities at FMC include the following (some daily, others less often): meeting for worship, music lessons, individual practice, "Life Challenge" sessions, small group sharing, basic musicianship, practice for all-camp musical, ensembles, chorus, crafts, swimming, outdoor sports and activities. In the evenings there are recitals, games, soccer, chances to share with visiting Friends, and all-camp happenings such as campfires and hikes.

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REVIEWING A DECADE OF *A FRIENDLY LETTER*

First some numbers: In ten years *A Friendly Letter* has published 700-plus pages and over a quarter of a million words. This issue will be sent to about 930 subscribers (the exact figure won't be calculated until after the issue goes to press), on five continents and 14 countries (15 if you count Scotland separate from England, as one subscriber does); this should be an all-time high for circulation.

Next some nostalgia: Think back: Was 1981 really so long ago? Yes, it was. The radical evolution of newsletter technology offers a useful measure: *A Friendly Letter's* Issue Number One was typed on a Friend's selectric typewriter, the one that used little balls with raised letters on them, so I could switch to italic *anytime I wanted!* At the point it seemed like--nay, it was--quite a gadget.

Later that year I invested \$900, a lot of money, in a Japanese selectric clone, which besides several typefaces could back up and remove typos with a special thin, sticky correction tape.

A HARD DRIVE TO THE FUTURE

Then in late 1984, I took the plunge and acquired a small computer, a little dual-disk drive thing which cost \$3600, a lot of money, and was obsolete as soon as I hooked it up. The dot-matrix print was not great; but the increase in production efficiency left the big typewriter sitting in a corner, virtually unused.

It's now another computer and two printers later. My present machine, while also obsolete, has 100 times the capacity of the first computer, but was only half the price, not really all that much money. The selectric typewriter has broken down and gone to the Salvation Army; now I'm yearning for a laptop, and 1981 seems like a very long time ago.

In some other ways, though, leafing through *A Friendly Letter's* first 120 issues suggests that many things have **not** changed all that much since 1981. By issue #15, in 6/1982, it had reported on a series of issues

and concerns that were to recur repeatedly. Among these were/are:

Our ongoing struggles over homosexuality; our searching labor to sustain an authentic peace witness in a dark and warlike time; the fading Quaker identity of the American Friends Service Committee; squabbles and corruption among Kenyan Quaker leadership; the question of Quaker identity, its definition and limits, both broadly and with particular attention to the chronic conflicts within Friends United Meeting; the development of Quaker culture; and the relation of all of the above to the foundational Quaker convictions and their Judeo-Christian heritage.

While there have been significant developments in all these areas, most of the issues themselves are as much with us now as then; in some cases even more intensely now:

BETTING ON TROUBLE

Kenyan Friends, by latest reports, are as roiled up as they were when Issue #4 first lifted the veil on their difficulties.

The AFSC's percentage of Quaker staff, decried in Issue #7 when it was at 20%, is now at 12% and still sinking.

Likewise, some Evangelical Friends are still apprehensive over "Universalism and humanism" among liberal Friends and "the force of false doctrine that is creeping more and more into our meetings..." with them; these quotes are from Issue #2, and with them was probably the safest prediction I ever made, namely that "*In my opinion, Friends will be experiencing more such difficulties.*"

Similarly with peace: Issue #11 argued that the main role for a Quaker Peace Committee was "*a supportive, clarifying and facilitating one, rather than...a standardizing or unifying one.*" Several small wars and one large war later, Issue #118 described how just such an outlook shaped the Emergency Quaker Peace Consultation in First Month, 1991. That task continues.

Conflicts over homosexuality were not highlighted until Issue #15, which described the case of a lesbian

couple who ran an award-winning foster home in rural Ohio. They were defended by a brave Quaker pastor, who almost lost his job for his witness.

This topic has resurfaced many times since, usually contentiously; but I am also gratified to have noted, in Issue #100, that the ethos of the gay community has been moving rapidly toward an ethics of calm and commitment that is changing the character of the gay interest group, Friends For Lesbian and Gay Concerns: Once an insurgent tendency in American Quakerism, FLGC is rapidly becoming a pillar of the unprogrammed wing of the Society, even, in fact, an institutionally conservative force.

For instance, I have attended two gay Quaker weddings; both were by-the-book affairs, traditional in every respect but one--more traditional than my own wedding in 1980. In another indicator of this shift, a statement adopted by their 1991 Midwinter Gathering spoke of FLGC as part of "the body of Christ", language which many unprogrammed Quaker groups would have much difficulty using.

COVERING A LOT OF GROUND

Given the persistence of these topics, it is hardly surprising that *A Friendly Letter* is best known as a gadfly and provoker of controversy. Nevertheless, a content analysis shows that more issues (62) were affirmative or neutral than were exposés or critiques (58). I have worked hard to vary the tone; readers soon tire of a one-note horn. For that matter, despite my complaints, there's lots in Quakerdom that I'm happy about, and that has not been neglected here.

Certainly the *Letter's* horizons have been broad--it covered Quaker news and issues in Canada, Bolivia, Nicaragua, the West Bank, East Africa, South Africa and Hong Kong without, alas, getting to visit any of these places, except Canada briefly. If all goes well, though, this summer I should finally be able to prepare an on-the-scene foreign report, from Europe and the Friends World Conference in Holland.

Domestically, *A Friendly Letter* has grappled with matters as diverse as temperance, Quakers in the Alger Hiss case, a national Quaker poll, Bible study, membership trends, free trade, Quaker music, the CIA, the FBI, the fall of the House of Stuart, investment advice, the origins of root beer and the game of Monopoly; and that's not to mention visiting the clerk of Burlington Meeting in a Vermont jail, or the consideration of the spiritual significance of kidney stones.

Many of these reports qualify (he said modestly) as scoops, reports which were the first to reach print; and not a few remain the only reports on their subjects in print. This should make *A Friendly Letter* a resource for historians, and this is a source of satisfaction.

SOME THINGS CHANGED, SOME....

There have also been disappointments. One is the relative lack of response stirred by the issues devoted to theological matters, ranging from Robert Barclay's seminal role in Quaker universalism (#53), to exegesis of the Biblical material on the meaning of marriage (#84), to an introduction to Sophia, the female aspect of the divine in the Hebrew Scriptures that is the model for Jesus Christ (#111); and the one I liked the best, a profile of the theology of Jim Corbett, the Arizona Friend who created the Sanctuary movement (#93). Jim's religious thinking may be even more significant than his religious activism; but I regret to say that this issue seemed to sink with hardly a trace.

There have also been gaps in my coverage; one I paid little attention to until recently, but which yawns like a chasm before me today is the failure to deal with Islam. There are, indeed, only a few passing mentions of it in the entire ten years: in relation to AFSC's fine books on the Arab-Israeli conflict (#12), and the beleaguered situation of the Ramallah Quaker schools in the Occupied West Bank (#85). There is no excuse for this; anyone could see that the West's encounter with Islam was gaining in significance as the confrontation with communism declined.

Anyone could see it. It's easy to

say that now; but I didn't notice. "There's really no such thing as 'history,'" Ralph Waldo Emerson is supposed to have said to Henry David Thoreau one day, "only biography."

"For that matter," Thoreau is said to have replied, "there's not even any such thing as 'biography,' only autobiography."

Looking back over these 120 issues, how much of what has appeared here, I wonder, is actual reporting, and how much is simply personal display and axe-grinding in journalistic drag? This is a ticklish issue for me, because I generally disdain the exhibitionist, narcissistic "personal journalism" of many writers of my generation. (Even now, I am a bit embarrassed by the confessional tone in #64, recounting my kidney stone ordeal, though it seemed the thing to do at the time.)

A HAPPY CONFLICT OF INTEREST

Yet there is simply no denying the subjectivity of the entire enterprise, from the selection of topics to the unconcealed editorial slant. To be sure, I have repeatedly pled guilty to a basic conflict of interest: Being passionately involved in my subject. *The Washington Post* would never let me cover Quakerism for them because of this, and properly so. But why else would one spend so much time keeping up with a religious group that makes up barely one half of one tenth of one percent of the U.S. population?

Not for the money, surely. Though, for the record, the *Letter* is at this point solvent: that is, it manages both to keep up with its bills, and even yields an occasional small residue, which has generally been put toward the cost of various Quaker conferences. However, this putative profit has been possible only because yours truly has worked without a salary. Even to pay myself only the minimum wage would put its account fatally into the red.

A Friendly Letter has stayed afloat, moreover, without subsidy from any outside person or group, but strictly because, year after year, a steadily increasing band of readers have been willing to part with their hard-earned cash for it. (Regrettably,

however, to keep the *Letter* even this solvent will probably require a subscription rate increase before year's end. It now costs as much to mail an issue as to print it. But this caveat is not--yet--a rate increase announcement; that will come presently.)

This autonomy, its risks notwithstanding, is perhaps my proudest achievement, and points up the other side of the coin of ego: whatever its failings, *A Friendly Letter* has offered an independent perspective on the Quaker news and issues of the past decade.

YOUR LETTERS, AND MINE

For that matter, you too have been generous in offering your own views on Quakerism, and my reports on it. Hundreds of letters have come in, filling up a whole file drawer and more, with praise, brickbats, new information, useful clarifications, and lots of ideas. In the first few years, I strained to answer every one; now, with greater circulation and less free time, I have fallen behind, and have too often yielded to silence rather than resort to form letters. So if you have written and not heard back, this is my apology; but if you have an urge to write, do not be deterred; I still need, and read, and learn from them all.

For that matter, if you have read this far, I urge you to send me your thoughts about the future course of American Quakerism and *A Friendly Letter*. What is most important to keep my eye on? What do you want more (or less) of in these pages? Will you, more specifically, be willing to accept more combined issues, like the one (#114-#115) on Witchcraft? I think they may be in the cards.

The real test of an undertaking such as this, over time, is whether, in the old Quaker term, it has been *serviceable* to the Society. Or, to put it in Paul's terms, whether it is *edifying*, that is helping build up the Quaker community at large. While I think on balance it has been, this is ultimately a judgement for others to make.

(And coming next month, something mild and noncontroversial: Quakers and Sex. Don't miss it.)

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INSIDE: TENTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE--
FRIENDS, THE GULF WAR,
AND THE BURDEN OF SINGULARITY

Address Correction Requested

From: Chuck Fager, A Friendly Letter
P.O. Box 1361
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THIS MONTH IN QUAKER HISTORY

Samuel Bettle was an old man in 1856, past eighty. A pillar of Philadelphia's Orthodox Yearly Meeting, which gathered from 4/21 to 4/25, Bettle was dismayed by what he saw there: The body was trembling on the brink of separation, torn between two factions. On one side was an evangelical group, called *Gurneyites* after the leading English Evangelical Friend Joseph John Gurney; on the other side a Quietist, Conservative party, called Wilburites after the Rhode Island minister John Wilbur, their movement's leading figure. The conflict centered, of all things, on which other yearly meetings would be sent copies of Philadelphia's annual epistle.

The epistle address list was not important in itself except that it was a form of official recognition: In those days, epistles were sent only to the bodies recognized by the sender as authentic, true Quakers. And in 1856, conflicts between Wilburite and Gurneyite Friends had already split two major American Orthodox yearly meetings, New England and Ohio.

The split in New England occurred twelve years earlier, when the Gurneyite elders insisted that John Wilbur be disowned for harshly criticizing Gurney. When Wilbur's meeting refused, the yearly meeting laid it down and put the members under a larger, compliant group

which did disown him. Ohio, with a large and vocal Wilburite faction, split in 1854 after years of tension over which of the rival New England bodies should be officially recognized as the "true" Quakers.

Samuel Bettle was no stranger to separation. He had been clerk of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in 1827, at the time of the Orthodox-Hicksite schism, and had defended the Orthodox side through years of subsequent court fights over property. So when he rose to speak in the turbulent 1856 session, he carried weight. Historian William Hodgson summarized his message as follows:

"On 4th Day Morning, Samuel Bettle...said he wished to relieve his mind of a burden he had borne for many years...*'That he was opposed to all separations and divisions. He believed that all [such divisions] that had taken place from the days of the apostles to the present time were caused by the evil one. That he was opposed to the Hicksite separation and believed that patient labor and suffering would have been better.'*"

Philadelphia Orthodox did **not** divide in 1856, but finally, the next year, "solved" the epistolary recognition problem by agreeing not to send their epistle to *any* other yearly meeting. This isolation lasted for over 60 years.

QUAKER CHUCKLES

Samuel Bettle was a man of occasionally caustic wit. During a trial of one of the suits resulting from the 1827 separation, he was confronted by a hostile attorney for the opposing Hicksites who taunted him about his frequent use of the terms "also" and "likewise."

"Can you explain the difference between these terms, if there is any?" the Hicksites' attorney asked haughtily.

"I think so," Bettle replied. "It is like this: Thou art

also a lawyer, but not *likewise*."

Later, an Orthodox elder waiting outside the courtroom overheard one Hicksite whispering to another. "You know," said one, "those Orthodox, especially the elders, have no sense of humor."

"I heard that," said the elder gruffly. "And I want thee to know, I don't think it is one bit funny."