



The Quaker Heron

Volume 2, Number 1, 2nd Month 2003

The Journal of Patapsco Friends Meeting

From
the
Editor

It is nearly a year since I volunteered to edit *The Quaker Heron*. The reason for the long silence is perhaps dimly shown in the words below, which I

wrote to my brother-in-law in response to an e-mail he sent from Paris: 'What's the temper like in the Washington area, with the sniper hunting human game?' For me, and I think for you, too, the stillness of Friends meeting has been a refuge from the pain of this world and a center from which I can ask 'How am I to be in the world?' when the world asks me to consent to do harm to my fellows in the name of protecting me...

I have been thinking for many months now about silence. Sometimes, but particularly in these times, I find I really have no response to the happenings of my world but silence. There is value in silence. It opens up time for reflection.

'What I discover in these meditations is that I have a story that I have been writing on and off for my whole life. It's my attempt to account for the world I find myself in and to find my way to live in this world. There is no meaning of this life — out there — to be discovered. We must construct it ourselves from within; but as humans we do this work with the aid of others, by imitation. If I want to be a good wallpaper hanger I can get there fastest by watching a good wallpaper hanger. And then practicing.

Don't ask me why I picked wallpaper hanging as an example. It's not important. What is important is 'If I want...?' The most fundamental question is 'What do I want?' If I am mindful of my wants I discover very quickly that there are things I can want but never have: to live without ever experiencing my own or others' pain or death; to dwell in a place that is always safe.

The day your e-mail came I opened the morning paper to three-inch headlines about a mother and her five children who had died in

Editor, page 10...

On Meeting

by Bob Rhudy

How does one begin to discuss *On Meeting*?

Why do I go to Meeting? What *is* Meeting? What happens there? What do I do? What do my Friends do there? What does God do there? What is the 'Light', and how do you find it? How does Meeting help? Is there a difference between meetings and Meeting?

In my work, I have lots of meetings, and I've never really thought about the concept before of what a meeting is. At a meeting, people come together for some common purpose. We usually discuss that purpose. Perhaps a central part of the meeting, particularly if it is the first meeting in a potential series of meetings, is to begin to establish an agreement, a consensus, on what is our shared purpose or intent for our meetings.

At Meeting, Friends come together (I will conjecture as our shared central purpose) to search for a closer meeting with God or the 'Light' or the 'Light of God', and we share a belief that there is a value in doing so as a community of seekers. While we may not consciously discuss it, I think we vaguely agree that searching for God (who is within us all) is helped through sharing the lights and visions of Friends, that the 'sightings' and 'soundings' of a Friend may help stimulate our own vision.

Unlike many of my other meetings, which center on conversation, my Meetings with Friends place great focus on shared silence. We learn together to look within to discern the Light. What I find fascinating is that the lesson of that silent inner quest in community applies very well to my other meetings, enriching my entire personal and communal life.

What does God do at meeting? He reveals himself. (I am conscious of the gender of pronoun selected here, a problem avoided by using 'Light' rather than 'God.')

Occasionally at our Quaker Meeting, there is a stirring of the Spirit through our Meeting.

We do indeed become a gathered Meeting, a centered Meeting — no, more than those terms convey to me, I (and I believe, we) sense the presence of the Light moving through us. It becomes a central mystery of our Quaker experience. I will set it beside the central Catholic mystery where the wine becomes blood and the bread the body of Christ — the Spirit moves among us! I leave the Meeting understanding that the Spirit is always in and with us, even though not so constantly felt, by the wondrous and joyous experience which we have shared.

On Meeting

After washing their feet he put on his garment and sat down again. 'Do you understand what I have done for you?' he asked. You shall call me Teacher and Lord, and rightly so, for that is what I am. Then if I, your Lord and Teacher, have washed your feet, you ought also to wash one another's feet. I have set you an example: you are to do as I have done for you. In very truth I tell you, a servant is not greater than his master, nor a messenger than the one who sent him. If you know this, happy are you if you act upon it. — The Gospel According To John 13:12-17

Risking Faith

by Jim Rose

Tell the thousands —
Do not cry!
This is just a show.
But see! In the midst,
there is stillness.

— Jean Leslie

Above the flood of
daydreams
Swims this whisper:
Lie not
Let live
Be Light
Shine.

— Jean Leslie

Meeting for Worship is, for me, an extraordinary place, a place imbued with an expectant quiet, a time out of time, a space filled with incomprehensible wonder.

All my life I have learned to build defense mechanisms, walls of protection, incantations which serve to hide the truth. Certainly these walls and mechanisms, those words of social convenience are valuable, if not essential, because they are effective: they allow life to continue along an expected path; they protect my pragmatic standards; they encourage predictability. I have built a fortress of tradition to protect against the onslaught of unexpected events, unreasonable possibilities and the chaotic emotions that make up the world around me.

One fundamental lesson I have learned from Quakers is that those walls, that fortress not only keeps the chaotic world at bay, but also keeps me isolated, pens me in, ties me to the stake of rational tradition. Meeting for Worship asks the question 'what would happen if you lowered those walls, gave up your insistence to rationality, abandoned skepticism?'

Skepticism, doubting everything, demanding proof of God and of reality before making a commitment is a cowardly position, a way to avoid risking error. Faith and commitment on the other hand are risky ventures with

no certain outcome. But people take risks because the potential rewards are worth doing so. And for me the reward of commitment, of religious faith, is finding myself taking a step — getting off the dime — crossing the threshold — on a spiritual journey.

Skepticism is only a commitment to ignorance and is a spiritual dead-end. Instead of saying 'I don't know what God is; whether God exists,' consider what happens if you say 'There is a God, now let us consider the nature of that God.' That is not just a step on a spiritual journey, it is a veritable leap of faith!

Abandoning old traditions and life-long practices, wall-building and skepticism in my case, is a risky business. It allows new ideas to take seed, new thoughts to break through, new metaphors to be seen; but it requires a safe environment, a place that is quiet of demands, a community that supports both tears and discovery. I have found that place in Meeting for Worship; a place that allows the walls to be lowered, encourages the questions to be asked, fosters wonder.

The Unbearable Lightness of Meeting

by Jeanne Knight with apologies to Milan Kundera

I enter meeting and get settled in. I feel the warmth of friends. Slowly, like leaves falling from the trees, the chancres of the mind open. Defenses disappear. This will be a good meeting, I think, as the light enters and I become weightless. All is good. The beauty of existence is vibrant and glowing and becomes more and more expansive.

The magical transition between being and meeting is a paradox and a gift most precious. I have been taught to be practical, to be a responsible human being; in being so, my head is often weighed down with details of the here and now, with worry and anxiety. I, like many others, embrace this weightiness puritanically. Being bogged down, having the weight of life pulling on me is somehow comfortable and familiar. It is almost sinful to let it go. Like a heavy meal, I know too well that full feeling.

Whispers the weight 'You must at all times be productive.' Whispers the weight 'Why are you wasting your time?' Creativity gives way to ... — you fill in the blank. The whisper is the song that won't stop playing in your head when you seek silence; yet, like a tree that sheds leaves in the fall, letting go of the world and airing my limbs, I can rest and renew in the light of meeting. I am simultaneously at a place which is weightless though full of community. I am at this moment true to my self as a lover of life, and full of our being. I watch us renew our central selves. Our spirit is light. Our mes-

sages build on a crescendo and heighten each and all, differently but the same wordless song is reached and ebbs and flows with each testimony.

Happiness and connectedness are not burdens to be carried. In meeting it is easier to give up heaviness; to meet my true self and to feel my Being as light. I wonder why this is so hard to sustain. Feeling the Being is experiencing the light. It is elusive, thus the metaphors of airiness and lack of gravity are appropriate to describe a state of Being that comes and goes. It is hard to maintain and incorporate during the every day routine. It can't be appreciated without experiencing the pain of living and the numb vibrations of the everyday life.

To *be* our souls in the light and share at the same time with friends, who are actively seeking the light, is the meaning of meeting to me. It is an act of trust that going to meeting will fulfill us more than reading a book or walking in the woods on Sunday morning.

'Radical'

by John Farrell

In some ways I've been a Quaker since 1975. Over the years my journey included occasional attendance at Sandy Spring Friends Meeting and participation in the camping and education programs. In other ways my journey began only in 2000 when I started coming to Patapsco Friends Meeting for Worship on a regular basis.

My first exposure to the Religious Society of Friends came through my membership in the Church of the Brethren, also an historic peace church, and my consequent struggle with what I've come to view as 'radical' Christian practice, or, taking Jesus seriously. I find it curious that *Miriam-Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* lists 'fundamental' and 'extreme' as synonyms for 'radical,' though I certainly wouldn't consider myself very closely aligned with what is generally considered 'fundamental' or 'extreme' Christianity. Yet, how 'extreme' is the Peace Testimony or the Testimony of Integrity?

I associate the term 'radical' more with the concept of 'source' or 'root,' which, in Christian terms for me, means the life and practice of Jesus as presented in the New Testament. But if the New Testament is the principal source of information about the life and ministry of Jesus, how are we to understand and interpret his message and incorporate it in our own daily lives?

I've long been interested in words, those fundamental things we use with such difficulty when we try to communicate with each other.

'Radical', page 4...



On Meeting

If you dwell in me, and my words dwell in you, ask whatever you want, and you shall have it. This is how my Father is glorified: you are to bear fruit in plenty and so be my disciples. As the Father has loved me, so I have loved you. If you heed my commands, you will dwell in my love, as I have heeded my Father's commands and dwell in his love. I have spoken thus to you, so that my joy may be in you, and your joy complete. This is my commandment: love one another. There is no greater love than this, that someone should lay down his life for his friends. — The Gospel According To John 15:7-13

'Radical'...

With an interest in words, it should not be surprising that *The Gospel According to John* is so important to me. Here I learn that the Word is actually what it's all about; the fundamental source, 'Radical' itself.

It is at this point that 'fundamental' Christianity and 'radical' Christianity begin to be differentiated for me. Whereas fundamental Christians tend to interpret the Bible 'literally,' radical Christians usually don't, recognizing the need for 'discernment' in interpretation. I've never understood how a translated text could be taken literally. I find truly effective verbal communication almost impossible to achieve because of the limited nature of verbal language. A word is not what it purports to be or express. It is a metaphor or symbol and stands for something and is not actually that 'something.' A word defines (that is limits, makes finite a concept), and as such is only a limited representation of what it seeks to represent. So, if the original words of a text are not truth itself, how can translations of those same words be any more truthful?

And what does all this have to do with meeting for worship, anyway? Just this. As Friends, we believe that each individual bears the Light, and perhaps even is the Light. As such, we have direct access to the Light, or to the Word, if we have the courage to turn inward to seek it. We do this individually in our meditations and prayers, and I believe, somewhat paradoxically, also

in our physical actions in work and community involvement. It is a dynamic process to turn to the Source for spiritual nourishment and then to express the knowledge gained in community involvement, action and work. And just as it is essential to turn inward to the Source for spiritual nourishment and enrichment as individuals, it is equally essential to turn to the Source communally for corporate spiritual growth. After all, none of us lives alone or in isolation on this planet. It is specifically in meeting for worship, I believe, that we actually have an opportunity to address and access the Word, the Infinite itself, directly in a corporate setting. It is in the Silence and out of the Silence that we wait patiently, quietly and expectantly for Truth or the Word to be revealed. And for me that is pretty radical.

The Present Moment

by Susan Rose

'... I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'

This was one of my mother's favorite Bible verses. She read a verse a day. They were printed on tightly rolled pieces of paper, stacked upright in a box, from which she would pick one each morning. I got my Bible in bits, a verse at a time, picked out each day by my mother's beautiful caring hand, her hand putting into mine Jesus' caring.

I think my mother felt Jesus' presence, or at least the possibility of his presence, in her daily life. She had heard that Jesus had spoken to her Grandma Tilly. As she reached for a headache remedy he said 'Why don't you take *me* for your medicine?' And Tilly did for the rest of her life.

One of mother's favorite hymns which she played often had the lines: 'And He walks with me, and He talks with me, and He tells me I am His own.' That hymn begins 'I come to the garden alone.' For me Jesus' presence was a very alone thing.

In my Presbyterian Sunday school from my youngest days I sang 'Jesus loves me this I know' and then three times in the chorus 'Yes, Jesus loves me.' I was assured, but I didn't expect to actually *meet* Jesus in church. As I think about my experience of 'going

to Church,' which I did every Sunday all the days of my youth, I don't think anyone else was expecting to meet Jesus there either.

There was a lot of Jesus talk, but it was all being handed down from the preacher, from recited Creeds, from the Bible, from the hymn writers, much of it beautiful and worth thinking about, but most of it pointing to Jesus up in Heaven at the right hand of God where I would go after I died if I got saved. And if I didn't get saved I'd burn to a crisp for all eternity. This really did take my mind off the present moment.

Some time ago, I was telling a Friend at Sandy Spring about my first experience of a Meeting for Worship in the manner of Friends, waving my arms and laughing out my joy and going on about the life changing-ness of it all. She listened until I quieted down and then said, quite matter-of-factly 'Oh, you just had an epiphany.'

My dictionary says 'Epiphany... 2. [not cap.] A manifestation, esp. of divinity.' It's from the Greek word 'to show.'

Let me tell you a story. Easter, 1994, fell on the first First Day of the month. Sandy Spring Meeting holds Meeting for Worship for the purpose of Business on the first First Day, after the 9:30 Meeting for Worship. They also traditionally have a breakfast and egg hunt on Easter. Because of the conflict, in 1994 the Meeting decided to postpone their Easter activities until the second First Day. After all, for

Friends, everyday is Easter. Clearly, however, on the world's Easter Sunday, Jesus and the events of his passion and resurrection were on the minds of Friends as they gathered in silence at the 9:30 meeting. In the silence a Friend rose and told what he had said to his grandniece when she asked did he believe that Jesus rose from the dead. He believed that Jesus had not died on the cross, but fainted, was presumed dead, was buried, and later was revived by his friends and spirited away from the tomb. Then, after a time of what felt to me like electric silence, another Friend rose and spoke: 'Christ has Risen!'

Many other messages followed, messages widely divergent in their view of Jesus, in their acceptance of the truth of his death and resurrection, but each reflecting the speaker's life-long struggle to comprehend the story that has come down to us. For me, the meeting was profoundly moving, as Friend after Friend spoke out of their deepest convictions.

The next First Day it was as if our gathering had continued through the week, as Friends continued to speak of their understanding of the Divine. I felt I was experiencing the essence of the Society of Friends. What bound all of us together? We had such widely divergent views on God, on Jesus, on eternal life as to be laughable. The doors of the meetinghouse were open to the soft breeze of a beautiful Spring day. And to my mind came that lovely promise: '*Where two or three are gath-*

ered together in my name, there I am in the midst of them.' And as I looked out through the open door, Jesus entered the meetinghouse. He came and sat on the empty bench in front of me and he listened to Friends' messages. And as he listened he smiled, it seemed to me with joy, that two thousand years after he asked the question of his disciples 'What do the people say of me?' we are still struggling to answer.

I have come to think of Friends meeting as conjuring Jesus. This suggests that my sense of his presence is a figment of my imagination. No doubt. The paradox is his presence is real. I read somewhere that the Biblical meaning of 'the Glory of God' speaks to God's action in the world. Jesus is the Glory of God and his action is love. That is what Jesus' life witnessed to and what Christ comes to teach us: to love one another and ourselves, and as we do we build the Kingdom of God here in this place and now in this time in the midst of our meeting with God in our midst.

Nowhere else in my life am I so present, so alive. I am lifted up, better than ever I was. This is God and His people's gift to me: the gift of preemptive love that gathers and binds me to the people called Friends.



On Meeting

You are my friends, if you do what I command you. No longer do I call you servants, for a servant does not know what his master is about. I have called you friends, because I have disclosed to you everything that I have heard from my Father. You did not choose me: I chose you, I appointed you to go on and bear fruit, fruit that will last; so that the Father may give you whatever you ask in my name. This is my commandment to you: love one another. — The Gospel According To John 15:14-17

The blur of the midnight ink
against the starched white page
seems to take on a meaning
apart from the words
that are formed.

There is a peculiar shaded beauty
that is formed by the
brotherhood of the characters.

They seem to reach out
to each other in an effort
to join their ebony strokes
into a continuous line of feeling,
unfelt by the rigid pen.

— Jennifer Rausch Duncan

Book Review

**Grounded in God: Care and Nurture
in Friends Meetings**, edited by Patricia
McBee.

by Diane Reynolds

If I had known my essay on editing *The Quaker Heron* for the *Pastoral Care Newsletter* would be anthologized in *Grounded in God*, I would have spent more time on it (believe me!). But as the saying goes, life happens when you are busy planning other things. Yes, agree the various voices heard in *Grounded in God*: life happens imperfectly, even to Quakers. Essays are written in haste, marriages flounder, addictions work their way into our lives, personal agendas overwhelm community, mean words slip off our tongues, sexual abuse occurs. None of it is supposed to happen this way — but it does. And through it all, we keep on believing, hoping, reaching out and working for the best outcome. We learn that present-centered, intentional living is not just for our personal well-being, but integral to the health of our entire community.

In this anthology, Quakers address the many problems and challenges that can and do face a meeting. The topics cover just about any issue likely to crop up in a meeting, ranging from when to drop someone from the memberships rolls to illness

and death, mental health, racism, marriage, clearness, acts of conscience, parenting, supporting families, and more.

The book is a valuable resource, written honestly, with both good advice from the psychological community and ‘case studies’ to show how other meetings have dealt with these issues. All the chapters end with a set of queries and often step-by-step guidance is offered.

If one theme unites the book, it is the necessity of forming the strongest, most deeply-bonded community possible so that when (not if) problems occur, we can respond to them from a position that is deeply loving and trusting. You can’t confront a person successfully about a problem if the person has not developed a trusting relationship with at least one other meeting member. Likewise, members who do not know each other well can’t easily spot problems such as depression or addiction in a fellow member. If they do, they might not care enough to get involved. Thus, relationship is completely crucial to the healthy functioning of a meeting.

One essay suggests that committee meetings be preceded by a period of personal sharing, so that committee members can know each other better. Small groups of all sorts are recommended to help build community. No agenda is more important than relationship: loving people,

and particularly, each other, is what we are here to do and what our process aims to safeguard. Always, we carry the burden of reaching out to others in the meeting. Always, life is lived in the details of caring for those around us.

Parallel to the importance of relationship is establishing boundaries or limits to relationships, with caregivers in particular articulating clearly how much and what kind of care they can provide.

I sometimes found the book painful as I was forced to confront my own denials. When the chapter on alcoholism stated that, because of the widespread nature of the problem, every meeting probably holds a person with an alcohol addiction, I found myself thinking: 'But not in our meeting.'

The section on sexual abuse produced even more denial. I just couldn't (can't) imagine such a thing happening to us. A large part of my participation in this meeting is predicated on the belief that Quakerism, and our community in particular, provide an affirming, nurturing and life-fostering environment for our children. It seems completely alien to every tenet of Quakerism that sexual abuse could occur.

Yet I have to remind myself that many Roman Catholics felt the same way about their denomination and their parishes, only to have their beliefs shattered. I have to recognize

that even we, the Patapsco Friends, need to be alert to the possibility of sexual abuse, painful as it might be, and understand that even if it happens, we as a community can confront it and survive it. I have to give up my cherished fantasy of finding perfection in human institutions or of finding a place where human beings are continually self-transcending. In fact, I grow to understand that the root of pride, and hence denial, roots in the fantasy of having joined a group of humans 'better' than the rest!

While *Grounded in God* often appears to be grounded in the practicalities of psychology and conflict resolution (though I believe God hovers just beneath the surface), the book is at its most powerful when it touches overtly on the spiritual. I was quite moved by how the St. Louis Meeting stepped out in trust to buy the meetinghouse they felt led to buy, despite it being well beyond the budget they'd set up and my faith is reinforced by how their financial needs continue to be met. I felt that Alex Scott's definition of addiction as a spiritual emptiness helpful to my compassionate understanding of the addictions in myself and others. I have not read every essay in this book. But I will come back to it, again and again.

All dear Friends everywhere,
 who have tasted of the everlasting power and dwell in that which is pure. Take heed of the world's evil ways... neither let fair speeches draw you out, nor hard speeches trouble you and make you afraid. But fear the Lord God of heaven and earth,
 who by his mighty power upholds all things. And be bold in the power of Truth...
 Meet together everywhere and keep 'the Unity of the Spirit, which is the bond of Peace', (Eph. 4:3) which circumcises inwardly and puts off the body of sin and baptizes all into one body... And being written all in one another's hearts have all one voice and the pure language of Truth, where in all plainness of speech things may be spoken in nakedness of heart one unto another in the eternal unity of the one spirit...

All Friends and brethren, in what you know be faithful, rejoicing and praising the Lord with all thankfulness that the wise God should call you and elect you. Oh! Dwell in love in your hearts to God and to one another!... The work and harvest of the Lord is great. My prayers to God are for you that you may be faithful... in the work ...

— George Fox, Epistle 18



On Meeting

Peace is my parting gift to you, my own peace, such as the world cannot give. Set your troubled hearts at rest, banish your fears. — The Gospel According To John 14:27

First Day School

The Younger Class

by Diane Reynolds

This fall, I have been teaching the second-grade-and-under First Day school class with Sandy Girbach, she and I alternating Sundays. On my weeks, we are working on what Jesus taught his disciples. We have learned about prayer, about following our leadings, about being thankful, and about helping others even if they are different from us. The children enjoy arts and crafts projects, so we try to do one in every class. At this age, they do well when the art project is started for them, so I try to come to class with parts of the project ready for decoration and assembly. They also enjoy playing outside and listening and looking at books with vivid illustrations that make the story more interesting. The class members varied wildly from class to class at the beginning, but now have settled down enough that I have gotten to know them. They are a lovely and well-behaved and joyful group, and it's been a pleasure to work with them.

Upper Elementary and Middle School Class

by Ramona Buck and Linda Pardoe

Along with the other First Day school classes, we are using a curriculum on conflict resolution by Will-

iam Kreidler. The curriculum is written with this age group in mind and is very helpful. So far, activities have included starting conflict journals, discussing and describing conflict, considering how to escalate and de-escalate it, and practicing 'I messages.' We all participate in scenarios and role plays to explore what happens in conflict. In one role play, we pretended to be two sets of neighbors on a street, one noisy and one quiet, and practiced how to approach the noisy neighbor. In another, we practiced what we might do if someone were taking more than his/her share of the student locker at school.

In a recent class, using a scenario written by William Kreidler, we acted out the same situation in two different ways. The first one started like this:

Jamie: *I can't stand sharing a room with you!*

Chris: *What are you talking about?*

Jamie: *You're just a slob. Every time I try to straighten up in here so I can find my things, you mess it up!*

Chris: *Where do you get off calling me a slob? You think you're so perfect! ... (It goes on)*

The second scenario started like this:

Jamie: *I am really having trouble living in this room.*

Chris: *What do you mean?*

Jamie: *I mean it really makes me upset when I come in here looking for a little peace and there's stuff all over the place. I can't think when there's a mess around me.*

Chris: *It doesn't seem like a mess to me. I've actually been neater than I usually am. I thought I was doing a pretty good job ... (It goes on)*

One difference between the two is that the second scenario focuses more on 'I' messages rather than 'You' messages. The class practiced thinking of 'I' messages for various situations, some of which follow for a person who shared a confidence with a friend only to learn later the s/he told it to another.

- I feel mad when you tell everyone my secrets because they will laugh at me.

- I feel annoyed when you tell my secret to your friend because it was personal.

- I feel betrayed when you tell my secrets because it makes me mad.

- I feel frustrated when you tell people secrets between you and me because they might tell the school and other people might laugh at me.

- I feel betrayed when you told my secret because it was private.

If you are unclear about 'I' messages, feel free to ask any of the students in the class to explain them to you, and to demonstrate them.

If people of this age learn conflict resolution skills and practice them, perhaps as they grow into adults, they can help to resolve conflicts around them and can be a positive force for change in how we resolve the larger conflicts in our communities, our state, our country and our world.

Meeting for Eating

Recipes from Simple Meal thanks to Donelda Stayton

Arizona Skillet Dinner

2 Tbs. oil	1 can (28 oz.) tomatoes
1 medium onion, chopped	1 can (16 oz.) kidney beans, drained
1 medium green pepper, chopped	1 pkg. frozen corn
2 cloves garlic, minced	8 oz. elbow macaroni, cooked
2 Tbs. chili powder	shredded Monterey Jack and jalapeno pepper cheese
½ tsp. salt	
½ tsp. ground cumin	

Heat oil and saute onions, green pepper, garlic, chili powder, salt and cumin; saute 4 minutes or until the vegetables are tender. Stir in the tomatoes, breaking with a spoon. Add kidney beans and corn; bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Toss with cooked macaroni. Turned into greased baking dish. Sprinkle with cheese. *Note:* When I make this for Simple Meal, I double the recipe and prepare in two large baking dishes. Reheat at 250 degrees in oven for an hour.

Apple Cake

1 cup butter or margarine	1 tsp. baking soda
2 cups sugar	2 tsp. cinnamon
juice and rind of one lemon	2 tsp. nutmeg
2 eggs	1 tsp. salt
5 cups diced apples	1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts.
2 cups flour	

Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs, lemon juice and rind, and apples; stir. Add dry ingredients; stir. Fold in nuts. Bake in oblong pan at 350 degrees for 45 minutes or until center is done. *Note:* This recipe is from Sam Stayton's mother.

Dear Friends, be faithful in the service of God. Mind the Lord's business and be diligent. So will the Power of the Lord be brought over all those who have gain-sayed it.

All you that are faithful, go to visit them that have been convinced, from house to house, that if it be possible you may not leave a hoof in Egypt. And so, everyone go seek the lost sheep and bring him home on your backs to the fold...

And Friends, all take heed of sleeping in meetings, and sottishness and dullness; for it is an unsavory thing to see one sit nodding in a meeting and so to lose the sense of the Lord.

It is a shame and a sadness both and it grieves the upright and the watchful... to see such things.

For the priests, people and others that come into your meetings and see you... come together to worship God... and to have fellowship in the Spirit, for you to sit nodding, it is a shame and an unseemly thing.

Therefore, be careful and watchful and let it be mended...

Let this be read in all your Meetings.

— George Fox, Epistle 257



On Meeting

...when I came into the silent assemblies of God's People, I felt a secret power among them that touched my heart... Thus it was that I was knit into them and united with them... — Robert Barclay

Editor...

East Baltimore. The mother had complained to the police about drug dealing on her block and the young man she had named torched her house. The sniper story went below the fold for several days. The day after the arson, a story appeared on page 5 or so about a man in Arizona who was doing poorly in nursing training. He shot three of his instructors and then shot himself. Page one was still full of stories of the sniper and arson. This was the week Paul Wellstone died in a plane crash.

'Why is there so much pain and death? How am I to live with it? And so I have been reading Job. He sits in the dust scratching his boils with a potshard demanding that God listen, that God state his case against him, and out of the whirlwind God says: Job, that's the way creation is. Get real. The voice from the whirlwind doesn't even deign to indict him, let alone ask Job to defend himself; instead, he shows Job the reality beyond the human

hedges. 'Look: hope is a lie.' Nothing protects us from our cosmic vulnerability. And Job says, 'I have heard you with my ears; but now my eyes have seen you. Therefore I will be comforted that I am dust.' Rather than sit around and whine about losing his hope in invulnerability, Job chooses to delight in his vulnerable life. [See Stephen Mitchell, *The Book of JOB*, HarperPerennial, New York 1992.]

'I read Job as an alternative to listening to the endless chatter of the Eliphaz and Bildad and Zophar of today. Job's friends' stories were lies. The endless chatterers in our 'news' papers and broadcasts repeat the lies. It's in the pathetic service of these lies that our Attorney General moves the cases of Mohammed and Malvo to Virginia, second only to Texas in its use of state execution, to protect us from evil-doers.

'It is days since you sent your e-mail. I have been thinking how to answer you, reading, meditating, going into the silence, writing this

in bits and snatches. If I must create my own meaning of life I need to be careful what kind of meaning I create. There is suffering enough in the world. Why should I be diminished by denying it; by trying to strike my petty bargains with a God whose love is so much beyond mine that he makes his sun rise on the evil and on the good; by adding to it? It pleases me to try to learn from those who seek to love rather than to hate. That's how I choose to live with so much pain.'

Our Mother-Father in heaven, may your name be hallowed; your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as in heaven. Give us today our daily bread. Forgive us the wrong we have done, as we have forgiven those who have wronged us. Do not put us to the test; save us from evil.

Perhaps in the next *Quaker Heron* we might use this simple prayer to explore our condition as citizens of the world and as children of God.

— Susan Rose, susanrose94@yahoo.com

Patapsco Friends Meeting

Mt. Hebron House
2331 Calvin Circle
Ellicott City MD 21045

Calendar

On-going

Meeting for Worship and First Day School.

First Day (Sunday to the world), 10:30 PM at Mt. Hebron House, followed by Simple Meal.

Silent Vigil for Peace and Remembrance.

Seventh Day, 4-5 PM, corner of Little Patuxent and Broken Land Pkwy., Columbia: a weekly silent vigil to encourage non-violent alternatives to war.

First Day, 3/9, 23, 4/6, 2003

Explorations of the Light, 9 AM at Mt. Hebron House. 'Art thou a Child of Light, and hast walked in the Light, and what thou speakest, is it inwardly from God?' Workshops on being Quaker.

Telephone: 410-465-6554

Website: <http://www.patapscofriends.com>

All are welcome!