

# The Canadian Friend

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Volume 104, Number 3

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# The Canadian Friend

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**\* Articles, Poetry, Photos and Drawings**

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## Editorial:

I believe we are given opportunities every day to be compassionate. This I suspect is our life work and God lavishes like gifts, these opportunities upon us. I think of the film "Groundhog Day". Day after day we are given chances to get it right, to realize that compassion is called for. When we are pursuing our personal and material agendas there is a Spiritual agenda waiting for us to recognize and respond.

Surely full compassion is only possible when we get over our arrogance. Is it that we need first to realize as Michael Phillips did, that all life is interconnected; to understand our job as humans is to become humble; to see all of Creation as 'that of God' with essential roles for planetary wholeness? Then surely we would not make choices which result in lost habitat, would not be pushing species to extinction, and would not be ignoring sisters and brothers.

Michael's story (p. 15, to be printed in full in a future issue) made me want to hear from Friends across Canada of your yearnings for and finding of Spirit. I also look forward to your experiences with creating and nourishing community, and submissions for an issue to do with ministry - what ministry has spoken to you and what ministry has been given you.

Blessings to you this summer. I hope to meet many of you at Canadian Yearly Meeting.

*Sherryll Harris*

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On the cover: "Kite Flyer" Beautiful watercolour by Janet Lehde. "I painted this the winter of 2003/04 from my photograph taken at the Pincher Creek, Alberta Kite Festival, July 2003. The little boy was flying a small kite on a grassy hill looking west towards the Rocky Mountain border between Alberta and B.C. I was living in Fernie, B.C. at the time." *Janet Lehde, Vancouver Island Monthly Meeting* (See painting in full glorious colour at the CF web site)

# Come Passion

*by Diana Mitchell*

children of Africa call to me  
I hear them in my sleep  
moved to make a difference  
my friends and I comb overstuffed  
garages  
for castoffs to sell

we send the money off into space,  
hoping it lands in the right bellies  
but I know it will not be enough  
never enough

children of the city call to me  
I hear them in my sleep  
I see with eyes open  
my family and I sift quantities of  
leftovers from great grandmother,  
grandmother, mother, ourselves

we send the money off into the city,  
hoping it fills soup pots for a few nights  
but we know it will not be enough  
with so much, how is there not enough?

come passion,  
go with me to the footpaths  
where the lost ones sleep  
covered with newspapers  
and lie with them for a while,  
feel the cold  
know the emptiness of gut and spirit  
that hold them closer than any mother

it is not enough to do six good deeds  
to wash twenty pairs of dirty feet with  
our tears  
to go home to the firelight  
to listen to voices calling, calling  
it is not enough

*Diana Mitchell  
Saanich Peninsula Monthly Meeting*

# Speaking Truth to Empower

*by E. Daisy Anderson*

Day in, day out while writhing in pain  
in a psychiatric hospital bed, I listened to  
Mendelssohn's music and lyrics to Psalm 55.  
"Hear my prayer, O God, incline Thine ear!  
Thyself from my petition do not hide." The  
psychiatrists were baffled by the diagnosis because  
they actively sought mental pathology, completely  
missing the real diagnosis: excruciating withdrawal  
from medications. I was fighting for my life and  
pleading like the psalmist, "O God, hear my cry!"  
Over the years my medications had been started,  
then stopped, with the same disastrous results. The  
physicians, unaware of their blundering blamed  
me for not trying.

Against all odds I recovered. Then came  
the questions. How could so-called standard  
psychiatric care have gone so wrong during  
the thirty-five years I was rendered weak and  
vulnerable by powerful treatments? How many  
others are in the same trap? Why does our society  
not take a deeper look at how a so-called healing  
system swells with sicker patients? The developing  
world has much more positive results. What do  
they do that we don't?

How many Quakers are aware that we who live  
with the label 'mental' die twenty-five years earlier  
than the general population? How many are aware  
that our treatment can dull our spiritual openness  
and impair our judgment; that psychiatric  
treatment can isolate us from our families and  
communities, leaving us to exist in poverty? How  
many are aware that if we are offered effective,  
compassionate care we could live happy, healthy,  
productive lives, knowing who we are and being  
in touch with our spiritual selves?

My years of praying for a listening ear paid  
off when a compassionate psychologist patiently  
listened and guided me to a meaningful, productive

life. His wise choice of psychological and medically researched non-drug treatments worked, because I was consistently respected, taken seriously and included as a participant in my care.

I spoke truth to power by writing to politicians, health, and government officials. My key to recovery was so simple and could easily open the door to recovery for others living with mental illness. Although I caught the ear of one department, I learned that most officials would prefer not to open the can of worms of bad treatment and violations of patients' rights.

Now I am writing my story as an illustration of hope and action for those living with mental health issues. Supported people become empowered people, doing better in every way when they are equipped with knowledge, using firm, fair advocacy tools to speak out safely together. I am speaking truth to empower.

My prayer today is the same prayer of long ago: "Hear my prayer, Oh God, incline Thine ear! Thyself from my petition do not hide". The only difference now is that I pray for the more than three million Canadians labeled 'psychiatric', so that they are heard and restored to their rightful places as healthy, equal, and valued citizens.

*Daisy Anderson, VIMM*

[Previously published in May 2008 issue of the B.C. Coalition for Health Promotion Newsletter]

## Book Review:

*God's Healing Grace: Reflections on a Journey With Mental and Spiritual Illness*

Mariellen Gilpin,

Pendle Hill Pamphlet # 394, 2008

*Reviewed by Arnold Ranneris*

Ministry and Counsel of Canadian Yearly Meeting has identified good mental health and poor mental health concerns for Meetings.

Dealing with depression as one aspect of mental well-being is clearly needed. In this recent Pendle Hill Pamphlet, Mariellen Gilpin tells about her own journey with mental and spiritual unwellness and healing. It is a very personal story but has lessons for all of us.

The author is one of the founders of the periodical, "What Canst Thou Say?" and editor of a recent book based on this publication "Discovering God as Companion". She is an experienced Friend and a deeply spiritual person. She says, "Feelings are neither good nor bad - they are pleasant or unpleasant. What we do about these feelings can be either positive or negative. Choosing to feel better in the short run, rather than to do better and be better in the long run, is negative." Her response to dealing with "the negative" required continual monitoring of her thoughts and feelings but also seeking and finding support through consultation with, and support from a mutual help organization named GROW (a sort of AA for mental sufferers) as well as experienced counseling from clergy of other denominations. Her husband John Gilpin, "who is wonderful in every way" is also part of her journey.

Two appendices are helpful: "Strategies for Coping With the Mental Health and Medical Systems" and "Being a Committee of Care" (directed to Meetings). Several study/discussion questions help to make this a pamphlet useful for group consideration.

This is also a pamphlet of faith and its outcome reminds one of the vision of George Fox, "of an ocean of light and love which overcame the ocean of darkness".

*Arnold Ranneris*

*Victoria Friends Meeting, Vancouver Island MM*

# Lessons in Sharing

*by Jesse Husk*

Sitting in a bus station, I watch a man dismiss a woman who is asking for spare change. “If you’re going to beg, at least wear something shabbier.... they make a lot begging, some of these people”, he mutters to his neighbour. I am torn between righteous indignation and guilty relief that I was not approached. I consider making a point of giving something to this woman, but she has already left the station and is making her way out to the street again.

Once, homelessness seemed a simple thing to me: people lived on the street if they didn’t have the money to do anything else. Later, I perceived a somewhat more complex world of possibilities: maybe the homeless were abused kids who ran away. Maybe they were people with mental illness who chose not to medicate and lived too erratically to hold down jobs with regularity or to pay rent;. Maybe they were beholden to life on the street in some way, through addiction or sex trade work. Now I think even these views are limited. I still don’t understand, but I know the stories are far more varied than I originally believed, and that the need to be there doesn’t always boil down to a lack of other options.

When my brother disappeared one morning, leaving a cryptic note, our family was thrown into a state of anxious waiting. For a long time we knew only that he was making his own way, sometimes on the streets, sometimes not. Years later, much of that period remains unknown to me. I may never know exactly why he left or why he returned.

Over time I have met some of the friends who drift, perhaps similarly, through his life. Sometimes they are wanderers and hitchhikers, taking a couch for a while. Sometimes they are musicians, busking or panhandling, depending on weather and inclination. They live on what they can easily carry, and no more.

I think back to a conversation I had recently with a friend who told me that he makes an extra effort to give regularly to particular panhandlers,

but only to those he is convinced are making a concerted effort to find themselves employment. The others, he seemed to consider a nuisance. I found myself thinking back to my brother and later, his drifting friends, some of whom presumably could have held jobs, but were instead panhandling. And I am left wondering: should our willingness to give really be dictated only by extreme necessity? Should I be more reluctant to give to someone who consciously chooses to panhandle rather than work a conventional job? Are some on the street more “deserving” than others? Are the others shams or manipulators? Instinctively, I think not. But I found myself tongue-tied when trying to argue this deeply felt but not yet deeply thought through belief.

Peace Pilgrim could have held down a day job had she chosen to. Instead, she chose to walk. And through her walking, she touched lives. She lived off the mercy of others, not so differently from any other panhandler. She gave witness through her simple living, and through her interactions with those she met along the way. Part of the gift she returned was the opportunity to give, itself. This I deeply believe is true of all who live on the street, be it by choice or not. As much as it is often easier to avoid eye contact, it is a gift to be asked for help. It is a gift to be reminded that I can survive on much less than I sometimes think I need. It is a gift to be repeatedly given chances to do better this time than the last. It is a gift to really look this time, to smile and speak and exchange a real greeting, to remember that if I can afford my own breakfast, I can afford someone else’s too. These gifts are just as deeply received from those who might sleep the night on a friend’s floor, as from those who might sleep under a roof overhang. Lessons in sharing can come in many guises.

Myself, I am not brave enough to suffer the discomfort of sitting in cold, in dampness, pleading for generosity over and over and over again from the fast-paced anonymity of strangers. But I am awed by the strength of those who are.

*Jesse Husk, Hamilton Monthly Meeting*

# Gifts

*by Bill Mc Mechan*

Here in Canada we are often blessed with many gifts: good health, sound minds, adequate natural resources, and helpful, joyful relationships with family, friends, and sojourners. How wonderful to waken in the morning refreshed by sleep, undisturbed by the fear of someone wishing us harm; to anticipate a day of joyful living with meaningful work or pleasurable interests. These are the gifts of life!

Probably the majority of people on this planet are not privileged in this way. Being of sound body does not automatically mean having a balanced mind. Some are without the wherewithal to maintain a sound body and mind. However, we all receive gifts of some kind and they are gifts given by the Creator of all life.

How do we see these gifts: for our own use to live in a hedonistic way, as selfish clods, only interested in our own pleasure and entertainment? Or do we see them as opportunities for sharing? Do we realize that with the diversity of gifts given to us individually and collectively we are called to share compassionately? If we believe in this idea of sharing, it should include our wealth and particularly our money. When we have more money than is necessary for our maintenance and well-being, we have the responsibility to help others.

Somehow, sharing has not happened. In the larger picture of the world, we see considerable inequality. Rich nations have not shared their wealth sufficiently to relieve extreme poverty existing in many places. Nevertheless, if we understand wealth as a gift to be shared, then we have a responsibility to share it wisely. Care must be taken to assess the needs of the less fortunate, to ensure that our sharing is not subject to corrupt and selfish practices by those involved in the distribution and use of shared resources.

The Right Sharing of World Resources (RSWR), a Quaker organization, is an appropriate

example of an attempt to establish a partnership with the poorest of the poor in several parts of the world. The wealth of North American people is harnessed to provide means to enable poor people in South India, Kenya and Sierra Leone to improve their lot.

The key word here is 'partnership'. A partnership must exist between those with money and those with the ability to direct their own lives with appropriate tools and intelligent use of local natural resources. Training and creative ability can lead to viable, self-sustaining communities. The RSWR strategy involves leadership and micro-financing schemes. Acceptance of the responsibility of controlling our wealth and right sharing can be a happy, satisfying experience in practising compassion. John Woolman said it best: "To turn all the treasures we possess into the channel of universal love becomes the business of our lives."

*Bill Mc Mechan*

*Member of RSWR and Wooler Monthly Meeting*

## Compassion/Companion

For this little time

I do,

with your permission,  
accompany You on your journey  
to recovery, to rest, perhaps  
to healing.

I share with You

my strength when yours is waning,  
my light when yours is fading.  
You share with me  
the wisdom You are gaining,  
your light when mine is questioned.

Undoubtedly around the next corner  
there will be a rock  
over which I stumble,  
a log on which You hold Me,  
and we rest.

*Janine Gagnier, Victoria Friends Meeting*

# The Golden Rule

*by Diana Mitchell*

If you had to say, “This is the most important practice for me as a Quaker”, what would that be? Would it be waiting in silence to experience God? Would it be conscious daily living? What would it be?

Perhaps, like me, you’ve found that hard to answer. Recently it’s come clear to me, thanks to Karen Armstrong. In her book “Spiral Staircase” Karen tells a fascinating story. I longed to finish it so that all would be revealed. Rocketing along through her story was like a really good gab. Faced with the last few pages I wanted it to last and last. Then there it was, her purpose revealed.

In this revelation, Karen Armstrong shocked (rather in the way of ice water on a hot day) yet spoke that which captures for me the central element in my striving to live Quaker. She chose the way of Judaism to state it: don’t do anything to anyone that you wouldn’t want done to yourself. The Golden Rule! Could it be this easy?

When it comes right down to it, doing the right thing each and every minute is what it’s all about to be Quaker, to live it everyday. Easy? Not always so easy. I have done the dive off the ten-meter board many a time into philosophical discussions about: God or no God? What is simplicity? To fly or not to fly? You name it. Yes, these are of importance to each of us who strives to live our Quaker values. There’s no doubt that there is merit in such debates, such thoughts.

But when it comes right down to which one principle captures the Quaker life it is not a principle at all. It is not philosophy at all. It is not simplicity at all. It is acting out of compassion for another person to do the right thing, to do the kind thing, to do the non-judgmental thing. It is doing that which I would want someone else to do for or with me in a given moment. It is not belief, it is action that counts. And so I strive to remember

that one thing, or rather, to DO that one thing. It means I am constantly holding one behaviour choice in one metaphoric hand, a different one in the other and weighing up which will either do the most good or do the least harm.

I ask you to write of your own single choice of “What is the most important practice for me as a Quaker?” Perhaps we will together describe the elements of our Quaker-hood in straightforward fashion, for all of us to understand and describe to others who ask us from time to time.

*Diana Mitchell,  
Saanich Peninsula Monthly Meeting*

## Supporting The Ageing Members of Our Meetings

*by Carol Leigh Wehking*

Our Meeting community is a precious centre for our lives, and diversity of age is one of its treasures. Ageing is one thing we all do. There is a natural ebb and flow of need: more care for babies and young children, the robustness, vigour and independence of adult years, and the almost universal decline and need for support in our later years.

Many Meetings have expressed concern whether we as Friends are caring adequately for those among us for whom age has brought greater needs. How can we support our most senior Friends and those who care for elderly family or Friends? Do we think enough about the needs of Friends who are experiencing the diminishments of age? Do we ask these Friends for their input? Do we ever think of our elderly Friends as “them”, forgetting that “they” are part of “us”?

Along the path there are various markers. Mobility can be an issue we encounter. Do we need to make alterations to our Meetinghouse or



space, or make washrooms accessible etc.? Do we take pains to ensure that a Friend who has lost independence in regard to transportation is still able to come to Meeting? Friends might take turns driving a Friend who can no longer drive or take buses. Also the Meeting can buy taxi chits for these Friends. When the time comes for a Friend to leave their accustomed home the decisions are weighty and a Committee of Care or Clearness may be offered. It can be intimidating, overwhelming, frightening, or depressing to contemplate giving up one's occupation, one's home, and lifestyle. How can we help to lessen this sense of loss?

Some people find themselves imprisoned by their belongings. It helps to visualize the move while we have the strength. One ageing Friend began giving away cherished belongings to dear friends while she was still able. It can be helpful if someone else is present to go through things, to assist in letting go and clearing out, to hear the stories, as well as make the decisions. Is it possible that someone might feel led as a released Friend to travel in the ministry of helping older Friends?

Once a Friend has moved into a retirement residence or a care facility, isolation and separation from Meeting often increase. One Meeting has addressed this by discerning which Friend will oversee the assigning of buddies, so that each Friend who is no longer able to come to Meeting has someone who calls, visits, keeps in touch. Also it might be possible to occasionally hold a Meeting for Worship in the home of a person no longer able to attend Meeting.

How can we support those Friends who are in the 'sandwich' of helping adult children gain independence, coping with the limitations of ageing in themselves, and caring for elderly or infirm family members? The Friends in this situation are often the ones carrying the heaviest burden of Meeting and may also be in a demanding phase of their work. What can we do to support these Friends?

A further place along this path is the approach of death. As Friends reach advanced age, we often consider end-of-life plans. But it is wise to think of such concerns long before. It is not given to us to know when the end of our life might come. When death comes unexpectedly, those left behind may be less able to make decisions and see the practical things through, much less the spiritual.

Many Meetings keep on file crucial information listing those who have power of attorney for personal care and financial matters, what the Friend's desires are regarding organ donation, disposition of the body, funeral arrangements, Memorial Meeting, who should be notified, where the Friend's will is filed, and who the executors are.

Continuing Meeting of Ministry and Counsel is considering whether it would be helpful to prepare some generic documents (not specific to any Province) for end-of-life plans to be posted on our CYM website. Would Friends find this a helpful service? Some Meetings in CYM have done a great deal of work on these issues and are willing to share documents with other meetings who may wish them for their members. Contact Bert Horwood for copies of Thousand Island Monthly Meeting's documents.

*Carol Leigh Wehking, Hamilton Monthly Meeting*



*Sketch by Clare Singleton*

# “From My Heart to Your Heart” – A Song Without End: Com-passion With the Dying Via Song

by Pashta MaryMoon

‘Compassion’ – ‘com’ + ‘passion’: ‘com’ – together, and ‘passion’ — surprisingly, the root of this word is ‘to suffer, endure’. I prefer to interpret the word ‘compassion’, with ‘passion’ implying what it does in the modern day world – to share in another’s enthusiasm, energy, zeal, excitement, drive, or whatever touches one deeply and draws them beyond themselves — although certainly, in terms of my Songs of Passage work, ‘to share another’s suffering and endurance’ is equally relevant.

\* \* \*

How does one share a passion with the dying – especially someone who you are not likely to know, and who will die before you have a chance to share the ‘journey of their lives’? Mere pity — even empathy — is not enough. I can draw upon my own love of music — especially the way it slides through my throat, hungering for ‘more space’ to resound within; or upon my almost 50-year drive to find a more humyne\* way to die. But these would be just MY passions — not those of the patient, not a ‘sharing of passions’.

Although it has become ‘common jargon’ within Pastoral/Spiritual Care organizations, the phrase ‘walking the journey with’ does not lose any of its com-passionate power. As a regular Songs of Passage Bedside Singing <sup>(1)</sup> mentor on the Victoria Hospice unit, I have come to learn that it is in walking that journey with the patient — even if only for a few moments, and even if only with the ‘legs’ of our voices — that a ‘sharing of passions’ *may* occur.

My Bedside Singing partner and I *may* touch into the patient’s tension or restlessness — and wrap a soft blanket around them with our voices, soothing the sharp edges. We *may* modulate

our timbre to a tender tendril, infusing into their skin — like a musical IV, answering to the incessant plea of their pain. We *may* cradle them in a bubble of sweet, safe sound — held apart, for a moment, from the crass and embarrassing practical necessities of dying. We *may* wind a pathway into their deepest or brightest memories; or pave a road stretched out beyond them — that final road still to be walked in this life. We *may* reach out “from my heart to your heart” <sup>(2)</sup> — in a moment of dissolving the translucent, bruised skin and bone-carved flesh and drooping, toothless mouth, rattling with ragged breaths, and know them as their souls, as that which could not be “anything less than beautiful” <sup>(3)</sup>; and pray that someday someone will do the same for us. We *may* sustain this quintessential image as ‘a song without end’ within their own knowing of self, and in this one moment — within an otherwise empty, hollowing (but also hallowing) room— hold their memory, in honour of all those who have loved them and already passed away.

It is not that I walk into my own death in this ‘journeying with the dying’ (although everyone who works with them faces glimpses of those ‘demons’), much less theirs. Rather, to the best of my ability, I attempt to share a moment of their ‘passion’ this day — their need, pain or fear; their hope, faith and joy; the elusive hovering presence of all that came before. From this can I sing “from my heart to your heart”, directly.

*Pashta MaryMoon, Victoria Friends Meeting,  
Vancouver Island Monthly Meeting*

1. Songs of Passage co-founded by Pashta in 2006, Victoria, B.C., with the mandate to use vocal music to ‘ease the dying process’ (referred to as Bedside Singing)
2. “From My Heart to Yours” by Maria Culbertson
3. “How Could Anyone say you are anything less than beautiful” by Libby Roderick

(info: <http://victoria.tc.ca/Health/SoP/>)

\*Editor’s note - author’s feminist spelling choice

[Editor's note:

The following article written by Sheryl Walters, a natural health practitioner, tells how human emotions untended, lead to illness. She highlights the role of forgiveness as one element in the process of transformation. Compassion for self as well as for others could be the secret stimulant of such positive change.]

## Lack of Forgiveness Can Affect Our Health

*by Sheryl Walters*

Everyone knows that being angry feels terrible. When we feel angry at someone we get a tight feeling in our chest and body, and our minds aren't free. Feeling angry at someone who cuts you off when you are driving is bad enough. Long term, chronic anger can ruin peoples' lives. Feeling angry for something that happened in childhood can literally make people prisoners of their own emotions.

Dr. Luskin of Stanford University is studying how forgiveness can help people become healthy. The 150 volunteers who have taken part in the Stanford Forgiveness Project say that letting go of the hurt caused by other people or by forces they see as being outside themselves, is not just one of the greatest emotional releases; they feel better physically, as well.

"Getting angry and needing to forgive are universal phenomena, but the skills to forgive are inadequately taught."

Holding on to anger for too long can obviously affect a person's emotional health. But hanging on to that anger, Dr. Luskin says, can also seriously affect people's physical health.

Lack of forgiveness, which often occurs as a result of having been hurt, humiliated, angered, or having suffered fear or loss, and feelings of guilt or envy, can have profound effects on the way your body functions.

Physically the body is in a state of stress. Muscles tighten, causing imbalances or pain in the neck, back and limbs. Blood flow to the joints is restricted, making it more difficult for the blood to remove wastes from the tissues and reducing the supply of oxygen and nutrients to the cells. Normal processes of repair and recovery from injury or arthritis are impaired. Clenching of the jaws contributes to problems with teeth and jaw joints. Headaches can become a problem. Chronic pain may get worse.

Blood flow to the heart is constricted. Digestion is impaired. Breathing may become more difficult. Anger can seriously impair the immune system, increasing the risk of infections and illness.

Luskin cites several studies that show how anger can affect the cardiovascular system by adding to a person's general level of stress. Other studies have indicated that patients who have had heart attacks have been able to improve their physical health by practicing forgiveness and working to feel more tolerant and less angry.

Additionally, Dr. Luskin says, when the body releases certain enzymes during anger and stress, cholesterol and blood pressure levels go up, not a good long-term position to put the body in. Forgiveness has been shown to lower blood pressure naturally. The bottom line, we can eat healthy and take care of ourselves on a physical level, but if our hearts are filled with anger, our bodies are not in optimum health.

*Sheryl Walters*

*(Originally published May 26, 08,  
Natural News.com)*

# “What’s Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, that he should weep for her?”

Hamlet, Act II, Scene 2

by Fiona McMurran

I’m feeling a bit numb these days. I think you know what I mean. Good folks I care about are hurting. Not to mention all the millions I’ve never met. There is so much pain and suffering out there. Thanks to the miracle of modern media, we hear instantly about each new disaster, each terrible violation of human rights. The compassion we feel is accompanied by a terrible sense of impotence, often to the point of despair. All responses seem so dreadfully inadequate. How do we cope with it all?

We do what we can. We give a comforting cup of tea and a shoulder to the grieving friend. We work to eliminate poverty. We donate to charity. We visit our lonely elderly relatives. We spend hours on the phone with our desperately ill cousin. We feel; we give. And, from time to time we become exhausted by it all. Numbed.

David Byrne’s song “No Compassion” is an ironic lament on this state of compassion exhaustion. It’s easy to empathize with the impulse to turn away altogether: “compassion is a virtue... but I don’t have the time”.

That’s why tragedy—of the theatrical kind—is such a useful art form. Aristotle tells us that good tragedy arouses in us both pity and terror, effecting a catharsis, an emptying-out. I have just realized what the *point* of catharsis is. It’s not that we need to be reminded to care what happens to other people. It’s that we care too much.

The ancient Greeks inhabited a different conceptual world. The Greek gods are not big on compassion, you see. Nor are they expected to be. I think of the end of Euripides’ *Hippolytus*, when

the young hero, his body broken and bleeding after his chariot has crashed on the rocks, is brought to his father’s palace to die. His death is needless; he has been a pawn in a quarrel between two goddesses. Hippolytus is a devotee of the chaste Artemis, neglecting and disparaging Aphrodite, the goddess of beauty and sexuality. The agent of his death: Theseus, his own father, who has been deceived by Aphrodite into thinking Hippolytus has betrayed him.

On the human level, the accident is a product of a dreadful conflict between father and son. But the fateful course of events has been engineered by Aphrodite, who destroys a family out of wounded pride. At the end of the play, Artemis tells Theseus the truth: his son, whose death he has just caused, is guiltless of any wrong-doing. The goddess is grieved by the sad fate of her acolyte, but she cannot shed a tear. As Hippolytus is dying, Artemis takes her leave. The gods are not permitted to be in the presence of death.

The distraught father begs Hippolytus for forgiveness; Hippolytus grants it. The contrast between the cool remoteness of the deity and the emotions of the flawed and limited humans is powerful. The gods are immortal—and they are ignorant of true compassion. Because they are immortal.

When we are moved by the dreadful fate of a fictional character, it is a kind of release. Not because they are fictional, but because we are reminded that sometimes, sometimes, the awful truth is that *we can do nothing*. We can only be witnesses, mourn, and accept. *Sunt lacrimae rerum*.

Fiona McMurran  
*Pelham Executive Meeting*

## Book Review:

*From East and West  
Rethinking Christian Mission*

D. Preman Niles

Pub: Chalice Press, St. Louis, Missouri

*Reviewed by Bimal Thambyah*

The chapter that intrigued me most was one on sharing resources and money. There is a detailed account of what happened when a property owned by The Church was sold for the princely sum of eighty-seven million pounds in Hong Kong. This kind of windfall, although quite large, is not all that unusual. Churches are located, or own property, in very highly priced commercial areas all over the world. Many are closing down. What is interesting is the theological thinking and process that ensued regarding how the money would be reallocated.

This is an important book because it is a result of in-depth research and hands-on experience in the field. Dr. Niles, who is a Tamil from Sri Lanka, takes his roots very seriously and quotes many Asian theologians. This is all the more relevant as he says there are currently more Muslims than Methodists in Britain. All this has serious consequences for people who are involved in Missions.

The book is not without a touch of humour. During his tenure as General Secretary of the Council for World Mission (CWM), Dr. Niles was asked to address the Assembly of the United Reform Church in the United Kingdom. When asked what he found exciting in his work at CWM? He responded: "When I walked into Livingstone House as the newly appointed secretary of CWM, I read with great interest the plaque in the entrance hall which said, 'This Society (the London Missionary Society) was founded to send the Glorious Gospel of the Blessed God to the Heathen'. I said to myself, 'isn't this exciting! Now they have the heathen himself seated right here directing operations'."

*Bimal Thambyah, Montreal Monthly Meeting*

"EVERYWHERE I  
WENT IT WAS A  
SCENE OUT OF  
DANTE" Stephen Lewis

Whittled down, skin like rust,  
women in their huts lie still.  
Who will feed the baby?  
Which sister will soon be too ill  
to get water? Outside, earth  
collaborates and turns to dust.  
Death feeds these women but  
how can they sip?

In the end a neighbour will strip  
them of clothes, rings, any tin or  
gold.

On the grave a cross of sticks.  
The oldest, though he's not yet  
six will take care of the one- and  
two-year old.

It's just the edge of the continent,  
round which the ocean curls.

Not the end of the world.  
Not the end of the world.

*Carole Langille,  
Halifax Monthly Meeting*

# Long Distance Calling....



by Margaret Slavin

*Query #22: Respect the wide diversity among us in our lives and relationships. Refrain from making prejudiced judgments about the life journeys of others. Do you foster the spirit of mutual understanding and forgiveness which our discipleship asks of us? Remember that each one of us is unique, precious, a child of God.*

It was a few days after September 11, 2001. A student who was doing her teaching practicum with me, daughter of Jamaican Canadians, told me that a fellow with brown skin, in his first few days at the university, had had stones thrown at him right there on my street. She said he had left town and gone home.

Racial prejudice was indeed alive again in our land. I remembered my horror at age 15 when I finally discovered what had happened to the Jews in Europe during the war I had grown up into. I have always wondered since then what I would have done if I had seen the smoke from the ovens at Auschwitz and had known that if I spoke out, my family would bear the consequences. After 9/11 it was clear that the next targets of prejudice in our society would be Muslims. And I didn't know a single Muslim. I knew a few Jews and vaguely where the synagogue is, but I had no understanding whatsoever of how to stand with the Moslems among us and say 'no'.

I set out to learn. In the process, I have developed a renewed understanding of how racism works, and how invisible it can be. I pay attention now every time a news item associates an act of violence with the word 'Islam'. I am shocked at what seems a concerted effort to establish that stereotype in our minds: the lazy Black, the drinking Irish, the violent Muslim. Islam is every bit as diverse as Christianity, and like every other world religion, its core tenet is peace. In all the

everyday atrocities in Iraq by a Christian nation led by a fundamentalist Christian, never do we speak of the Christians who authorize torture or the Christians under order from their leaders who kill everything that moves. Yet every rocket launched by Hamas, the government of the Gaza Strip, is described as coming from "the Islamic group Hamas".

My gentle Islamic neighbours come to speak at a multi-faith event at a church, and the audience wants to know their opinion of suicide bombings. The visitors are too polite—or despairing—to ask the audience where they themselves stand on the apparently intentional frying of 400 women, children and old men in an underground bunker in Baghdad.

It wasn't long ago that when there was a robbery or a brawl downtown the colour of the men was mentioned in the news. At least, it was if the colour were black. This has stopped now. Most of us realize that colour is not an explanation for violence. We haven't learned it yet about Islam. We still roll our eyes, and wonder how people can put up with such a violent religion. Time to stop.

*Margaret Slavin Ottawa Monthly Meeting  
Send your question to [writeaway@nexicom.net](mailto:writeaway@nexicom.net) or  
mail to 206 Perry St., Peterborough ON K9J 2J2.*

## Questions of Survival

Are we afraid of understanding?  
Does knowing make us change?  
Do we hide from what is there?  
Will we get away with this charade?  
Maybe not.

*George Sanders,  
Toronto Monthly Meeting*

## Excerpt from story told by Michael Phillips

I looked around. There was a view of wooded ridges with bony spines, deep creek canyons, the distant plain. The sun was too bright and I lowered my eyes. Right there in front of me, growing out of the bare stony talus, was a small clump of flowers. Lacy leaves trembled in the faint breeze, clear sky blue flowers nodded. I couldn't quite take it in - my interior life was nearly quelled - sick and miserable, just hanging on to simple persistence - while immediately before me was this pure example of surging buoyant unpretentious, joyous, persevering, surviving life. I had no personal defenses left. The flood of wonder and joy unmanned me. I was released...

The mystery of the unity of all being must necessarily transcend the capacities of our little minds, Horatio. Show a little humility. The way open to us to know God is through our yearning, not through either our telescopes or our theology. And what is revealed to us there, while indubitable, is characteristically human, is the human perception of, and participation in divinity. Each aspect, creation, element, cross-section, whatever, of reality yearns its way into being, characteristically. All being, any being, is ultimate, but each being is characteristic of its kind, yearns in its own way. Frogs and stones, saints and stars, sing their particular praises of God, exactly as well as I do. There is no opening to the divine that is unworthy of it.

*Michael Phillips, Victoria Friends Meeting*

[From Michael's story "Yearning" told at 'Soup and Stories' held by Victoria Meeting at Fern St. May 2008. Watch for the complete piece in a future issue dedicated to seeking and finding our way to a spiritual home. Please send your stories so this issue will be possible! Ed.]

## "Groups seek to protect endangered bird's Prairie dance floor"

It is urgent that we humans "...protect the Prairie habitat needed by the endangered sage grouse to strut its spectacular mating dance.

The birds, native to southeast Alberta and southwest Saskatchewan, gather in breeding grounds called leks every spring. But the leks are being squeezed out by human activity, including oil and gas drilling, highway expansion and cattle grazing.

The federal plan doesn't protect the breeding grounds critical for its survival, as required by Canada's Species at Risk Act. The birds have been on the endangered species list since 1998.

The population of the birds in Canada has gone from 6,000 to about 600 in the last few decades, and the number of active dancing sites has gone from 82 to 17."

*CBC news Thursday February 14, 2008.*

[I was reminded by Roger Davies' poem of this news item. Ed.]



*Sketch by Clare Singleton*

*"I shall pass through this  
world but once  
Any good therefore that I  
can do  
To any fellow human being  
Let me do it now  
Let me not defer it nor  
neglect it  
For I shall not pass this way  
again."*

Stephen de Grellet

Stephen de Grellet was a prominent French Quaker missionary. Born in 1773, he was influenced by William Penn, George Fox, and Quaker beliefs. From the time in 1796 when he joined the Religious Society of Friends until his death in 1855, he was committed to bringing reform to prisons and hospitals across North America and throughout Europe. In this poem we sense the compassion that led him to seek to bring the Light to others.

Today I imagine he would have included the Earth to which we owe the good that we can do.  
(Editor)



Grass by Clare Singleton

## The Prairie Ornithologist's Lecture about Birds Little Seen or Heard Now

by Roger Davies

The last time I heard  
anything like this  
was in that Regina bar,  
the fellow's wife  
had left him, taken the  
two boys and the girl:  
gone. He wasn't drunk.  
It's just that he had  
a place there, where  
he could go, and spend  
a long time on the pictures  
and sounds  
in his mind ...  
what those kids  
said that last day,  
what they wore,  
their stuff a certain way  
in their bedrooms.  
His talking, yes,  
he was stuck on love,  
and loss.  
He's the kind of Prairie helpless  
good man whose voice  
comes out a bit thin,  
having to leave the full  
of his heart out of it,  
just to say what he saw.

Roger Davies, *Halifax Monthly Meeting*



# Greening CYM: Does it Matter? Part 2

by Beverly Shepard

In the last Canadian Friend I offered a few paragraphs on increasing our care of the planet during CYM sessions. I ended with a few questions:

Can we do better? Do we want to do better? Can we come to Yearly Meeting with full intent to do better? Will it make a difference to anything?

Can we do better? Yes, we can. The example of the disposable cups was one indication: we can show up with our own mugs for refreshment times. A lot of us come for refreshments, and if we used *no* disposable cups at *any* of the occasions (which are offered twice a day), we would save some manufacturing process, some solid waste disposal, and some release of chemicals during breakdown. If those of us who eat in the dining room used those mugs at mealtimes we would save some dish washing too. And what about all those paper napkins? There have been cloth napkins for sale at bargain prices the last couple of YMs. - guess how many were sold in 2007? (Hint: sales were *not* brisk.) Maybe that means Friends are bringing their own, but I don't think so. Bring your own cloth napkin or buy one from Programme Committee. Use it all week. Save some trees and reduce the whole white paper manufacturing process as well as waste disposal.

These are two tiny areas where we can live up to our Light better than we've been doing. There are others. For those areas where we have control we can do our best to use local and/or organic foods. We can look for ways to get the Food Cop's scraps to some place for composting. We can find out where in the area recycling can be done.

Do we want to do better? The Friends I've asked seem to think so. That's the first step. Let's take the next one. And the next, and the next...

Can we come to Yearly Meeting with full intent to do better? Yes, again. But we need to form that intent NOW and hold onto it. We need to think ahead. When we plan our travel we should be

thinking of fuel efficiency, sharing rides, public transport. By the time we're packing for Yearly Meeting we shouldn't even have to be reminded about mugs and napkins. When we get there we should be all ready to minimize photocopying and other paper use, to turn the air-conditioning down in rooms we use, and the lights off in rooms we don't. And *remember* those mugs and napkins.

Will it make a difference to anything? Yes. Even if it's only a tiny, tiny difference, it's a difference. If everyone, everywhere made as much difference as they could every chance they got, there would be a big difference, and the fact that not everyone is making this difference is not an excuse for not doing so ourselves. Where would that kind of thinking get the world? When you get to Yearly Meeting, find Carol Leigh Wehking and ask her to tell you the story of the starfish on the beach.

Considering that at any facility we are renting we probably won't have *control* over where the food comes from, whether the facility recycles, the amount of over-packaging, how much paper is wasted, and many other areas, all we can do is make an effort to *influence*. If we keep asking where the food comes from, where we can recycle, whether the coffee is fairly traded, and many other pointed questions, we may begin to change others' attitudes. And changing the attitudes of everyone around us, as well as our own, is the only way for difference to be made on a large scale.

Which brings us to the rest of the answer to that last question: to what or to whom will our doing better make a difference? First of all it will make a difference to us. My doing better will make a difference to me, to my relationship with Creation and its Creator. As long as I'm an exploiter instead of a responsible steward I'm not in right relationship with the Divine. Second, it will make a difference to the people around us. People *can* be influenced by a good example, a raised bar or a signpost in the right direction. And last: it will make a real difference, however small, to the planet on which we live. It's the only one we've got. We need to be as tender as we can.

Beverly Shepard, Hamilton Monthly Meeting



FRIENDS WORLD  
COMMITTEE  
FOR  
CONSULTATION

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Cultures, Changing Lives*

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or Virginia Dawson 416 751 7587  
[giniadws@sympatico.ca](mailto:giniadws@sympatico.ca)

## Com“cat”sion

*by Janine Gagnier*

This morning  
I cried.  
I made a mistake  
which hurt others.  
But the hurt was lessened  
by someone,  
who quietly made a  
correction.

This afternoon  
I feasted on fresh crab,  
a gift in thanks  
for a previous job well done.  
I shared it with my cat,  
who loves both it and me,  
and truly knows how to  
forgive and forget.

*Janine Gagnier, Victoria Meeting*



*sketch by Clare Singleton*

# Compassion for a Cat

## And Other Thoughts

*by Edith Miller*

I had to make a decision a few years ago about our terminally ill cat, Zoë. I had to decide whether to let her die naturally while her kidneys malfunctioned and she slowly dehydrated to death, or to have the veterinarian's quick needle put her to sleep. Michael and I conferred with each other, consulted with the doctor, and made a long-distance call to our youngest son Joel. He had been the closest to the cat and might have been hurt or resentful upon hearing of her death after the act.

I could weep as much as the next sentimentalist. I could say as I cleaned Zoë's quarters after her passing: this was her bowl, this was her litter box, and here she is immortalized in our photo albums. But I also had to think pragmatically about terminating the part of her that was incurably sick, along with her loving feline nature, which put trust in her human parents and sought comfort in their laps.

Why can't we apply this same reasoning to human beings? It strikes me as equally valid to end the suffering of terminally ill patients who wish to end their lives. In this sense I could probably not be called a species-ist. The pet lover doesn't want the pet to suffer and is acculturated to euthanasia for pets and other domestic animals. It's another step in the process of ending a human being's suffering when the person has clearly, repeatedly begged to die quickly (as my grandmother begged my mother, who could not do it).

It is made infinitely more complex to mercy kill a human than a non-reasoning animal because of our institutions of religion and law, and years of conditioning over implications of killing and dying (although some institutions condone execution, genocide, and revenge). The psychological and cultural climate around euthanasia makes for a relative, variable truth.

I wonder if pure animal rights advocates prefer their pets to die a slow, painful death rather than death by euthanasia. Do they disagree with shooting a horse that has broken its leg to put him out of his misery?

If we can be species-ist when we kill or hurt animals for research, are we not when we mercy kill our pets? In both cases, we humans are the more powerful as well as the more reasoning of animals. We can do anything we put our minds to and we have the leashes, the cages, the weapons, and our laws. We also have the capacity for kindness. Animal rights practices have improved in recent years with a drastic reduction in unnecessary exploitation of animals for cosmetics research, computer graphics, animal models, and biology classes. There is a greater awareness and conscientiousness.

As for making a responsible decision over a dying loved one: what if the patient is being kept alive artificially and the doctor asks the patient's kinfolk to permit the transplantation of the patient's organ into another patient who will otherwise die? The relatives are hovering over their patient, thinking somehow that prolonging life is in his/her best interests as well as theirs. But consider this: the organ would live on in another. The donor would be doing a loving deed in giving this gift of life, and they could turn this transplantation into an experience of spiritual transcendence.

While these and other ethical questions turned over in my mind, Michael and I delayed our decision so as to enjoy Zoë while she appeared to be in a slight remission. But we were not deceived. We knew she was dying and due to suffer more and more. We realized we would be selfish to delay and prolong her state. Now I know we did the right thing in having her put down. It was awful for me as I actually felt her warm, soft, purring body go limp, and I blubbered. But Zoë was at peace.

*Edith Miller, New Brunswick Monthly Meeting*

# Report: Implementing C'nR You can help!

*by Marilyn Manzer and Susan Stevenson*

Last summer after a comprehensive three-year process, Canadian Yearly Meeting (CYM) approved many of the recommendations of the Consultation and Renewal Working Group (C'nR) - specifically the Quaker Education Program and Support for Young Friends. The Conclusions and Recommendations report is available in print from CYM office ([cym-office@quaker.ca](mailto:cym-office@quaker.ca)) and all the reports can be found at [www.quaker.ca](http://www.quaker.ca). In November, Representative Meeting appointed us (Marilyn Manzer and Susan Stevenson) to oversee implementation of approved C'nR recommendations.

The most important discovery of C'nR was that Canadian Quakers know too little about our history, our practices, our organization, and our beliefs. C'nR strongly recommended that we must rectify this if the Religious Society of Friends is to continue to exist in Canada. Hence it recommended a Quaker Education Program to be staffed to provide a variety of resources for visitors to Monthly Meetings and Worship Groups. It will decide on such important things as new Canadian pamphlets. Equally important, C'nR recommended providing more funding for gatherings of Young Friends and the hiring of a part-time Youth Secretary. These are the expensive recommendations and the annual budget will need to be increased by at least \$60-\$70,000. No one will be hired until financing for the first year is in place. Finance Committee has established a budget line for additional donations to support the implementation of these C'nR recommendations. Now we ask Friends to worshipfully consider whether they can allocate additional funds toward these special projects. Be sure to indicate that donations beyond what you would normally give to CYM are earmarked for the C'nR fund.

As of Yearly Meeting in August 2008, Home Mission and Advancement Committee (HMAC)

will be broadly responsible for religious education for Canadian Yearly Meeting. It will also be specifically charged with establishing a Quaker Education Program to help all of us learn more about our religious heritage, our structure, our practices and our Quaker spirituality. HMAC will hire a coordinator to help develop a comprehensive resource base and establish a visitation program. HMAC will no longer be responsible for publications or the web site. These will transfer to a new Publications and Communications Committee, which will work to develop our understanding and use of emerging new technologies that meet Friends' needs for communication and Quaker education. The Youth Program Coordinator for Yearly Meeting in session will be sought by CYM Nominating Committee and approved a year in advance. S/he will act for that year as an ex-officio member of both HMAC and Program Committee.

The first implementation task was to work with HMAC, the Religious Education Committee, and Nominating Committee to develop committee descriptions for the 2008 nominations package (sent out in January). These reflect new duties for HMAC, the laying down of the Religious Education committee, the establishment of a new Publications and Communications Committee, and a job description for the Yearly Meeting Youth Program Coordinator.

Canadian Young Friends Yearly Meeting has been asked to think about a job description for the part-time Youth Secretary for CYM and how CYM can support more gatherings of Young Friends. It is planned that Young Friends and others will meet during CYM in August to develop implementation proposals.

The implementation of some of the core C'nR recommendations will require substantial additional money, and we do not yet have a mechanism in place to raise the required funds. However, in May 2008, Representative Meeting appointed an ad hoc committee to prepare terms of reference for a revitalized fund raising committee, and to work with Representative Meeting's Nominating Committee to bring names for the committee to CYM in August.

HMAC and the Editorial Board of the Canadian Quaker Pamphlet Series have been working on having the Deborah Haight pamphlet "Meeting" reprinted and posted on the web. This should occur by summer 2008.

All Monthly Meetings have been requested to begin considering the following C'nR recommendations (corresponding C'nR numbers in brackets):

- Changes needed in order for CYM to meet less frequently (A-2)
- Whether your Meeting or individuals in it can take on some aspect of CYM work (B-2)
- Local Meetings create opportunities for open dialogue about beliefs and spirituality (C-2)
- Local Meetings consider how to help raise funds for the Quaker Education Program (E-6)
- Local Meetings encourage and support Young Friends' gatherings (G-2)

We have heard from some Meetings about discussions they've held on implementing the C'nR recommendations, and how they are fostering dialogue on beliefs and spirituality. The theme for the Atlantic Friends Gathering in May was, "What is our relationship to Christianity?" (C-2) David and Susan Stevenson travelled in Australia during March and April to find out more about how Australia Yearly Meeting works (B-1) and Vernon Monthly Meeting has taken on the Australia study as a Meeting project (B-2). Western Half-Yearly Meeting is working on a plan to increase opportunities for Young Friends outside western Canada to attend Western Half Yearly Meeting (G-2). Also we believe there are probably other activities under way that we have not yet heard about.

More of the C'nR report will be discussed at CYM in August '08 and there will be more recommendations to implement next year. Please send any thoughts on this to the C'nR Implementation Committee at [cnr-implementation@quaker.ca](mailto:cnr-implementation@quaker.ca)

*Marilyn Manzer, Annapolis Valley MM*  
*Susan Stevenson, Vernon MM*

## Highlights of WHYM May 2008 Sorrento, B.C.



*Photo: Janet Lehde VIMM*

We returned for our 34th year to the Anglican Conference Centre at Sorrento, B.C. A sunny break in the weather and the friendly staff of the Centre welcomed us. Some 116 f/Friends from B.C. to Manitoba attended. There was also staff from CFSC and FWCC Section of the Americas.

Friends showed their communal flexibility by instantly filling in for our clerk who could not attend this year. We had a lively teen/young Friends group. 'Balancing' was part of the program. One practice session was abruptly interrupted by a five-minute cloudburst but it was our only inclement weather for the week-end.

There was much sharing of concerns and Friendly experience in Worship Fellowship and Special Interest Groups. Family Night and art workshops showed us the many talents of our Friends. We departed with warm hugs and hopes of seeing everyone next year.

*Bob McInnes, Saanich Peninsula MM*

### ADVICE # 19

"Rejoice in the presence of Children and young people in your meeting and recognize the gifts they bring. Remember that the meeting as a whole shares a responsibility for every child in its care. Seek for them as for yourself a full development of God's gifts..."

## From the Quaker Archives

*by Jane Zavitz-Bond*

We request that you prepare your Minutes/Records for the Archives, but hold them until CYM in August. Remember the guidelines and ask for deposit of your records whenever the clerk changes in a Meeting or Committee of CYM (or every three years, whichever is less). Please use acid-free paper, readily available in all office supply outlets.

Over time, inquiries at the Archives are serendipitously related. A recent example: Irish Friends settled in older Canadian Meetings prior to their great migration (mid 1840's) fleeing the potato famine. Summer 2007 the Irish Memorial Park was dedicated where the boats landed at the foot of Bathurst St. An Irish Quaker sculptor created the monument for the many who died and were buried there. The planning committee asked what relief Friends had given the immigrants. The Records of the Famine Committee, published in 1851, just happened to be in the Dorland Collection at the Archives.

Last spring a CBC documentary film crew requested records of Margot Kidder's ancestor, Peter Doyle, who came to Yonge St. from Ballitore Meeting in 1823. We have his certificate of membership, marriage and other records. Irish Friends in Dublin assisted me with the earlier Doyle history.

Virginia Dawson, of Younge Street, raised as an Irish Friend, represented CYM (in 2007) at the FWCC triennial in Ireland. Her report brings the archives' Irish connection full circle.

Thank you all for your care in record making, keeping, and deposit in the Archives. We trust the new additions will continue to make the Archives better able to serve Friends in Canada.

*Jane Zavitz-Bond, CYM Archivist  
Yarmouth Monthly Meeting*

## Varieties of Ministry 70 years ago In The Canadian Friend

*by Kyle Jolliffe*

I have a faded copy of the February 1938 issue of *The Canadian Friend*, which called itself "Friendly News for Friendly Homes". Reading this issue I have come to see that its different articles are rooted in a desire to minister to each other, and deepen through a common faith, the lives of other Friends. That is not much different from our current journal.

The inside page has a table of contents, a list of the times and places of several Meetings in Ontario, and an advertisement for a short history of the pioneer members of Yonge Street Monthly Meeting. The next page has an editorial about isolated Friends, with the comment that, "It is not, however, numbers which make a Friends' Meeting, as many of us have proved: it is essentially a meeting of God with us, rather than the coming together of individuals." How true such words still ring. The editorial section continued with a page on relief work for children in distress in Spain and China, places torn horribly asunder by civil war and invasion. A joint committee of Canadian Friends Service Committee and the Canadian Save the Children Fund were doing their best. Here Friends were told that the help given may only be a "mere drop in the bucket; it is our manifest duty to contribute that drop".

There were other stories of foreign lands, of Quakers in Denmark, of cooperatives in housing and industry in Sweden, and of Quaker weddings in Japan. I especially liked the image of cranes and a pine tree as part of the decorations on a Japanese bride's kimono. And, understandably, in this year before the outbreak of the Second World War, there were gloomy images of a world full of increasingly circumscribed personal freedoms and aggressive nationalism. One story

told of Jewish university students in Poland being segregated by being forced to sit on separate benches, a foreboding prelude to the Holocaust. Another story talked about Japanese justification for its invasion of China and the fascist military dictatorship in that country.

Happy stories of Meeting Life also filled the pages of this issue. Coldstream, Ontario Friends mourned the loss of "Aunt Kate", the nickname of Anna Catherine Marsh who until her death at the age of 90 had been the oldest member of their Meeting. Her father had come there in 1839, and Friends cherished her "many homely stories of life in Quaker home in those early days". Her stories of cheese making, carpet making, clothes making, helping the sick, and offering hospitality at their farm after First Day Meeting, and during Half Yearly Meeting, had been much loved. Many of us have surely had an "Aunt Kate" in our Meetings. Pelham, Ontario Friends told of their annual Christmas bazaar attended by 200 people, "tastefully decorated by poinsettias and potted plants". After a presentation by the primary classes, the singing of carols, and a gift of flowers to a long time member, the meeting closed with the singing of God Save The King. Ah, a vanished time of Canada, indeed.


Pages were given to devotional writing. John Buchanan from Nova Scotia defined God as love, and love meant many things to him, such as purpose, trust, certainty, growth, ceaselessness, completeness, forbearance, humor and human love. There was also a section for Young Friends. Deborah Haight, whom many Friends will remember, wrote about the choice of a school or college for Young Friends. Another story focused on a forthcoming CBC radio program on the housing problem in Canada. Rural overcrowding and city slums were creating moral and physical bad effects.

A good place to end this brief glimpse of our magazine of so long ago is with the prayer of an unknown author printed on the cover page:

*"So shall I quiet my heart, So shall I keep it still,  
So shall I hush its tremulous start at tidings of good  
or ill. So shall I silence my soul with a peacefulness  
deep and broad, So shall I gather divine control in  
the infinite quiet of God."*

Kyle Jolliffe, Quaker Historian  
Yonge Street Monthly Meeting

# Quaker Book Service



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## Around the Family: Toronto Monthly Meeting

We are sad to announce the death of several Friends. Inge Kreher, mother of Ira Hall and Rolf Kreher died suddenly on 19 December 2007. A Meeting for Burial was held in Jamaica, under the care of TMM, for Joan Murray who died at home on February 24. A Meeting to Celebrate the Grace of God in her life was held in Toronto on May 31. Kay O'Callaghan, friend to Gini Smith, died January 23. A Meeting to Celebrate the Grace of God in the life of our Friend Roman Hromnysky was held on June 14. Roman died in China on August 2, 2007. Our Friend Pearl Jones died one month before her 94<sup>th</sup> birthday, on April 9. A Meeting to Celebrate the Grace of God in her life was held on May 17.

In other TMM news, on May 24-25, Friends House participated in Doors Open, an architectural tour of "Sacred Spaces, Sacred Circles". About 570 people were welcomed and had a chance to tour the house and hear about the work and faith of Friends, and the history of the building.

## Vancouver Island Monthly Meeting

A Memorial Meeting was held for Wilson Hunsberger at the Victoria Meeting House May 10, 2008.

We celebrated the wedding of Robert Smith-Jones and Diane Wallrich on May 9, 2008.

Victoria Meeting has initiated Soup and Stories which is proving to be a wonderful way to get to know each other better.

We rejoice with the Young Friends and their families: Ben Singleton-Polster (BSc at UBC); Holly Harris, graduate in Visual Arts, Camosun College; Rachel Singleton-Polster, accepted at Lester Pearson College for fall of 2008; Ellen Cheatley and Rachel Singleton-Polster, accepted to participate in the Quaker Youth Pilgrimage in the UK summer, 2008.

## Pelham Executive Meeting

For members of Pelham Executive Meeting to say we took an interest in our art over the past few months is like saying we ate and slept and breathed. Yet I suppose it is worth mentioning that three members of our Meeting have held art shows which have been patronized by other members of the Meeting. June Etta Chenard kicked off with a show of dyed paper abstracts at the Strega Café, St. Catharines in November 2007. This was repeated at Brock University in March 2008. Barbara Bucknall held a show of expressionist sketches at the Strega Café in February 2008 and George Sanders held a show of abstract acrylics at Arts Place, Port Colborne in May 2008.

## Inside Passage

Isolated Friend and artist Alfred Muma offers exquisitely rendered scenes of north coast B.C. in a visual 'Around the Family'.

[www.awmuma.com](http://www.awmuma.com)





## Vernon Monthly Meeting

We held our annual spring retreat at the end of March in Kelowna. Seventeen people attended all or part of the weekend. During our time together we shared on the theme of "The spiritual health of our meeting". At our business meeting during the retreat, we agreed to hold our monthly meetings for worship in Kelowna rather than Vernon. This represents a major change since Vernon Meeting (and its predecessor Worship Group) has met in Vernon for more than forty years. This change is in response to the decline in the number of people attending Meeting for Worship in Vernon, and the burden on our Vernon caregiving members, along with the increase in members and attenders in the southern part of the Okanagan valley.

## Vancouver Monthly Meeting

Vancouver Monthly Meeting celebrates! In the next few days, Samson Nashon (originally of Chatamilu, Kenya) will be leaving for home with a cheque for the final installment of funds for Chatamilu Primary School. The Chatamilu community built it with finances raised over the last four years by a committee of Vancouver Monthly Meeting. Thanks to the dedicated work of committee members Barbara Bazett, Shirley Buchan, Kirsten Ebsen, Rick Juliusson, Samson Nashon, Alan Patola Moosmann, and Ellen and David Pye, the Chatamilu Primary School Project is nearly complete. Since the project began in mid 2004, donations totaling \$75,500 have been raised.

Samson, together with Shirley Buchan, will attend the official opening of the school on July 5, 2008. Shirley is looking forward to meeting the local community members, whose commitment and hard work have inspired others in the wider surroundings, as well as the children who have responded to the prospect of a new school with greatly improved exam results.

## JOB OPPORTUNITY ASSOCIATE RESIDENT FRIEND, TORONTO MONTHLY MEETING

Toronto Monthly Meeting is looking for an Associate Resident Friend to start on 1st January 2009. This is a 34 hours/week position sharing duties with the Resident Friend. Accommodation, shared kitchen and remuneration are provided, with customary vacations, statutory holidays and leave for medical, personal or compassionate reasons.

Applicants who are members of the Religious Society of Friends and/or are familiar with Friends' ways will be given preference. Two references are required.

Please submit a resumé with your letter of application. For further information and for the job description, please contact Dagmar Rajagopal.

The Personnel Committee will begin considering applications October 1, 2008. Applications will be accepted until the position has been filled.

Dagmar Rajagopal and Marianne McQuillan  
Co-clerks, Personnel Committee  
Phone: (416) 225-9979 (H)  
(416) 979-5000-1-7320 (W)  
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Rick Juliusson with children at Western Half Yearly Meeting 2007, Sorrento B.C.  
Photo by Linda Hill, Vancouver Island Monthly Meeting



Andrew Gage,  
Grace Wolf and  
daughter Rebecca  
Sorrento Beach  
WHYM 2007  
Keith MacGowan  
on the right. All of  
VIMM



All photos on this page by Janet Lehde of Vancouver Island Monthly Meeting

Editor: Sherryll-Jeanne Harris

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**Themes for upcoming issues:**

Due date: 26 August 2008 (for October issue)

Theme: **CANADIAN YEARLY MEETING IN SESSION**

Future Themes: **EXPERIENCE OF MINISTRY**  
**FINDING / SEEKING OUR SPIRITUAL PATH**  
**VARIED QUAKER THOUGHTS ON COMMUNITY**

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