



# Types *and* Shadows



## Patches of Color In A Gray Life

**It was just a little house, a shack some would have called it, on what must have been a poor, hardscrabble farm, miles from the center of town. Obviously, it had been home to a family many years in the past, but who were they? Where did they come from? Where did they go? Did they work hard, improve their lot in life, and move to a better farm, or maybe even into town? Did anyone ever care about them?**

**Jonathan doesn't know the answers to any of those questions, but he knows someone who lived there cared about life and saw the color and joy in just being alive. He knows someone who lived there had hope because of the oil lamps lined up on a shelf near the front door and the remarkable window on the sidewall of the living**

**room.** (continued p. 4)

Issue 79

Spring 2019

Journal of the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts



**Featured Cover Art: Top, "A World of Color," photograph; essay, "Patches of Color in a Gray Life" both © Frank Comstock**

[www.fqaquaker.org](http://www.fqaquaker.org)

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**T & S Editor**

**Blair Seitz**

[blairseitzphotos@gmail.com](mailto:blairseitzphotos@gmail.com)

109 N 3rd Ave

West Reading PA 19611

610-223-5240

**FQA Board Members**

**Maria Cattell**, Clerk  
[mgcattell@aol.com](mailto:mgcattell@aol.com)

**Doris Pulone**, Treasurer  
[dpulone@comcast.net](mailto:dpulone@comcast.net)

**Bonnie Zimmer**,  
Membership  
[sandbox33@gmail.com](mailto:sandbox33@gmail.com)

**Sandra Cade**  
[sandralcadephd@yahoo.com](mailto:sandralcadephd@yahoo.com)

**Chuck Fager**  
[chuckfager@aol.com](mailto:chuckfager@aol.com)

**Phil Furnas**,  
[pbfurnas@gmail.com](mailto:pbfurnas@gmail.com)

**Christine Cameron**,  
South Jersey FQA Chapter  
[scissorsdoodles@gmail.com](mailto:scissorsdoodles@gmail.com)

**Types and Shadows** is published quarterly by the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts (FQA), 7805 NW 28th Pl. M209 Gainesville, FL 32606 Membership is \$30/yr  
**T&S Submission deadlines are: Sept. 15, Dec. 15, March 15 and June 15.**

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



**Maria Cattell** by editor

*Our Clerk Speaks...*

Dear Friendly Artists,

"Spring has sprung, the grass is riz, I wonder where the flowers is..." That goes back a long way, to John Gambling's morning talk show in the 1950s. He recited that doggerel every year. Maybe he missed seeing the flowers because he was in New York City. My little bit of the earth has been in bloom for weeks with snowdrops and aconites, daffodils are starting to bloom, the Carolina wren is making her nest. A glad time of year.

Have you arranged for an art event for FQA's 2019 FQA National Project, "The Arts for Peace and Justice"? Don't know what to do? Here's an idea from Pendle Hill, the Quaker retreat and conference center in Wallingford PA (not far from Philadelphia).

From 2-4 pm on Saturday May 4 (raindate May 5), Pendle Hill will hold an Interfaith Solidarity Arts Picnic on Firbank lawn. The event will celebrate our diverse community and create the peace we long to see in the world, where each human being is respected. People of all faiths and ages are welcome. (*see next page*)

Pendle Hill invites you to bring your good will, a blanket to spread on the lawn, and a potluck dish to share. Pendle Hill will provide an open mic for people to share music and poetry, art stations where people can add their artistry to an interfaith mural, and cooperative intergenerational games. Cost is \$6. To register, go to [pendlehill.org/events/interfaith-solidarity-arts-picnic/](http://pendlehill.org/events/interfaith-solidarity-arts-picnic/).

If you have questions about organizing an "Arts for Peace and Justice" event in your meeting, please contact FQA board member, Doris Pulone ([dpulone@comcast.net](mailto:dpulone@comcast.net)).

The Quaker Art Center will be at this year's FGC Gathering in Iowa. For information, go to [fgcquaker.org/connect/gathering](http://fgcquaker.org/connect/gathering), click on Gathering Programs and Events, and from that page, click on Quaker Art Center. If you plan to exhibit art or offer a performance, proposals are due by May 31. (*see T&S page 10*)

Yours for the Arts,

Maria Cattell





from the Editor...

Blair Seitz, Editor
© Judy Ballinger

My effort, as editor, is to represent as many FQA artists and their varied works as possible. I discover artists who have not been featured; however, I depend primarily on artworks sent to me, this month the finely descriptive short story as well as remarkable photographs by Frank Comstock; and poetry offered as a result of our appeal for poetry. Thanks to Edna Whittier and Jo Ann Lordahl. I'm so pleased to be able to include coverage of Asake Denise Foye Jones' exhibit at Pendle Hill. Note the opportunities in France and PA on this page. -Blair

Writer's Retreat retreats at Centre Quaker de Congenies)...



FOR WRITERS, AND WOULD-BE WRITERS

Are you writing (or thinking of writing) a novel, a script, poetry, non-fiction or a memoir? Come to: Centre Quaker de Congenies in the South of France for a Writing Retreat Saturday 8 June to Sunday 16 June, 2019

Escape to the sun and be inspired to write in the beautiful setting of the Centre Quaker in Congenies, France, located in a lovely valley between the Cévennes Mountains & the Mediterranean Sea

Bring something you are already working on: give yourself time and space to linger over it and let it develop. This is a perfect opportunity to work in peaceful surroundings on a 1st, 2nd or 3rd draft. Or come with an open mind and an empty notebook, and see where the week takes you.

Each day there will be a different stimulus for your writing which you can either engage with, or choose to do your own thing. After writing in the morning you may wish to borrow a bicycle and enjoy an afternoon ride through medieval villages, or go for a walk on your own or with others on the retreat. Or rest, sleep, read - or write.

There will be opportunities to read your work to the rest of the group. There will also be guidance, if you wish, to help you read 'in public.



Facilitator: Kim Hope: +44 (0) 1798 831263, +44 (0) 773318 4437, kimhope@btinternet.com (please note the 'k' in the middle of Kim's name)

Kim Hope is a freelance theatre practitioner and experienced workshop facilitator. She has had a 'portfolio career' in journalism, public relations, education, writing and theatre. She will use her extensive experience to help bring your work alive, and to encourage your voice to appear on the page. Kim's book, 'The Bullet in the Pawpaw - Theatre, HIV and AIDS in South Africa' will be published in 2019.

5 to 8 Days at Maison Quaker: Facilitated program from Sunday evening to Friday morning. The other 3 days are optional and can be used for sightseeing or just relaxing around Maison Quaker.

Cost: The program cost will be 475€ for shared occupancy (595€ single) and includes guidance from Kim Hope, 5 nights' accommodation, all meals. The optional days are 68€ per day shared 92€ per day single) and includes accommodation, breakfast, dinner and some sight-seeing transportation. They can be used to attend market day in the medieval village of Sommieres, or to visit local Languadoc - Provence sights. Enjoy walking, cycling.... the garden.

For Questions: Contact Kim at kimhope@btinternet.com.

To Book: Contact Kim or Marie or Nick at centre.quaker.congenies@gmail.com.

Getting Here is Easy: See our website or email us for details



Marie or Nick
Centre Quaker de Congenies
http://www.maison-quaker-congenies.org/

Centre.quaker.congenies@gmail.com
+33 (0)4 66 71 46 41



Upcoming F2A Art Exhibit...

Artists from nine meetings will exhibit at the Caln Quarter Retreat, Camp Swatara, Bethel, PA

Comments on previous 2019 T&S...

"Always a delight." Phil Furnas

"I always look forward to each issue." Elke Muller

"The Winter issue of T&S with Arla's (Patch) art is gorgeous!" Jenifer Elam

Pendle Hill and F2A sponsor...

Interfaith Solidarity Arts Picnic for All Ages

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 2-5 pm · FIRBANK LAWN (RAIN DATE—SUNDAY, MAY 5, 2-5 pm)

(in association with "The Arts of Peace and Justice," a national project of the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts)

Calling people of all faiths and ages to join us in an arts picnic, where we can celebrate joyfully our diverse community. As people of various faiths — particularly Muslims and Jews — are being demonized by elements in our culture, let us create the peace we long to see in the world, where each human being is respected.

Bring your good will, a blanket to spread on the lawn, and a potluck dish to share. We will provide:

- An open mic for people to share music and poetry;
Art stations where people can add their artistry to an interfaith mural; and



Cooperative intergenerational games.

Member show of Photographs...

FQA member Marge Rubin will exhibit her art at the Church Street Arts and Crafts Gallery in Mt. Holly, PA, for the month of April. Contact: margery.rubin@gmail.com





## Patches of Color In A Gray Life by

Frank Comstock

*(continued from cover)*

*This story is the first part of a much longer story that deals with the natural curiosity of a growing boy, a boy whose curiosity never ends, a boy who continues to search, wonder, and eventually document, at least in part, the lives of people he never knew. Well, almost never knew – after all, there is more to the story.*

The world was different forty years ago when Jonathan was a boy in that southern textile town pretending to be more than it was as both the town and its residents slumbered through the last days of the 1950s and the first days of the 1960s. It was the end of an era of false hopes, of childish dreams, of visions obscured by the blinders worn by society until the early 1960s.

Summer mornings in the neighborhood on the western edge of the small town were especially wonderful to a boy of eleven. The ground would still be wet with dew and the sun would just be getting on the upslope toward hot as Jonathan ran out the back door full of bacon and pancakes and

orange juice. He could step into the wonderland of the forest just a block or so from the house and then walk for miles, having only nature for his companion. Kids could travel for hours, going up hills and down into small valleys, crossing streams, and climbing boulders that probably looked like small mountains to them at the time.

Occasionally, the forest would begin to thin. The big oaks and tall, straight pines would drop away to smaller hickory, ash, and sweet gum trees and then even those would give way to dogwoods and berry bushes and spiny hawthorn trees as the fields of a small, poor farm would appear. Most of the old farms were abandoned, although there were two or three

working farms still left in clearings in the forest.

It was the last summer of the old world--1963, that is--when Jonathan found the little house hidden back along a creek so narrow his eleven-year-old legs could jump over the stone-lined waterway without any trouble. Beyond that creek, Jonathan found a world that would haunt him for decades.

The once cleared fields had gone back to nature--tall pines that grew quickly with oaks, maples, and hickories that were still young, mere youths of twenty or twenty-five years. Brambles, raspberry and blackberry bushes, and witch hazel filled much of the fields that would have grown corn or oats or maybe even hay for a couple of horses or mules.



*"Monet's Bridge at Grounds for Sculpture," photograph © Frank Comstock*

The house was a simple structure about twenty-four feet square as near as an eleven-year-old boy could measure while taking giant steps along each side. Front and rear porches ran the entire width of the house and each was about four feet deep. Jonathan crossed the rotting boards of the front porch carefully,

falling through only once before finding a safe way around the weakest parts.

Inside, the house had just three rooms. Two equal sized rooms that must have been for sleeping were on the left side as he entered. The entire right side of the house was one room, living area at the front and kitchen at the back, as evidenced by the old stove along the back wall. The front door, off center to the right on the porch, opened directly into the room. There was no hallway; the bedroom doors just opened right into the living area. The bathroom was a privy, fifty feet out the back door. (cont. p. 5)



The detritus of old crockery, newspapers, and tattered curtains overwhelmed Jonathan's eleven-year-old mind. As he tried to slow his mind and process the hundreds of sensory images he was taking in, he saw the shelf with the oil lamps and the window in the sidewall, that remarkable window that would haunt him for years and set him on a path to his life's work.

Why, in a house that had not been lived in for more than thirty years, on a hardscrabble farm that probably barely fed the family, why was there a stained-glass window in the sidewall of the living room?

Surrounded by the grayness of a life that must have involved eking out an existence from about fifty acres of clay topped by a few inches of leaf mold, a family had invited color into their home with that window and the red, green, orange, and violet colors of the globes of the oil lamps.

Jonathan could imagine, even at eleven, the family sitting down to eat supper at twilight, watching the last rays of the sun filter through that window. He could imagine the woman of the house

pausing for a few minutes during a busy morning of housework and cooking and caring for her children, pausing to watch the play of the colors reflected on the bare wood floor as the mid-morning light poured through the window. He could imagine children, toddlers maybe, sitting in the pool of blue and green and red and yellow light, reaching up to catch the bits of dust floating in the shafts of light slanting from the window to the floor.

The curious, thoughtful boy could imagine how the color brought into their home in the day by the window and in the night by the globes of the oil lamps transformed their gray, relentless tide of work and loneliness on that poor, barely productive farm so far from the lights and excitement of even the small, dusty southern town in those first decades of the twentieth century.



"Treasured Books," Photograph © Frank Comstok

Time moved on for Jonathan and college eventually took him away from his beloved forests and the special house. The house became his destiny, though, as he majored in historical conservancy. His capstone project before graduation required him to chronicle the life of some abandoned place. He had to answer questions such as who had lived there, how they had earned a living, and why they abandoned a place they had worked at so hard. He left campus for a semester, immersing himself on that old farm, living in a tent and working as long as there was light each day.

With the knowledge he had gained in college, Jonathan found the clues in the buildings and in the ground and around the farm to help him piece together the story of the family that had lived there. He even learned their name in county land records and found a tiny obituary

in an old newspaper that told him the husband died in 1933 at the age of forty-two. Jonathan never discovered what happened to the woman or the four children mentioned in the man's obituary. The last newspapers pasted on the wall for insulation were dated in April of 1933.

Two months after starting his project, Jonathan saw a man in a pickup truck bouncing along the rutted lane toward his small encampment. The man said there was only one more day before

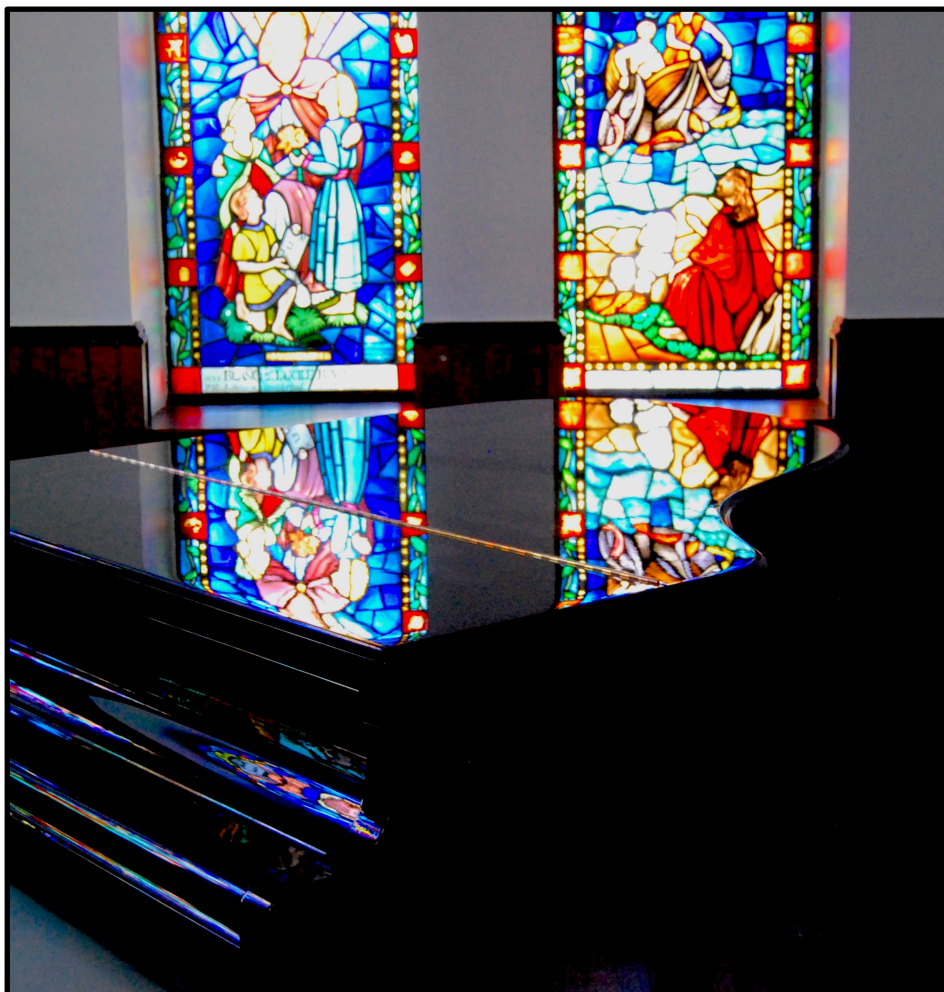
this piece of land would be cleared for a road and ten house lots. Since the man intended to bulldoze the house and barn and sheds, Jonathan figured he was free to take whatever he wanted.

Jonathan and his wife have had three homes in their lifetime. Each one has had a shelf near the front door, a shelf whose only purpose is to hold four old oil lamps, shined to perfection, lamps sporting glass globes of red, green, orange, and violet. A table made from rough pine boards lovingly pulled from a living room floor has had a special place in each of those homes, usually positioned so that light filtering through a particular window can play on the boards, just like sunlight did seventy and eighty years ago on a floor in a small house. And, yes, that special window, the window that launched his life's work, has been in each of those homes.

Jonathan knows Joe Drummond lies in an overgrown grave in a mostly neglected cemetery in what used to be a small town. He has no idea what happened to Joe's wife, Carrie, or their children, but he has cared for their window for more than thirty years now.

Jonathan supposes Carrie must be dead, but he still holds a bit of hope that one of her children will show up on his front porch one day and ask to see the window that brought patches of color and joy and happiness into their harsh, gray life on a hardscrabble farm in the south before 1933.

*The End*



Above: "Reflections on a Piano;" Below: "Pink Ballerinas all in a Row,"  
Photographs © Frank Comstock







Frank Comstock

By crafting stories for ‘gentle readers," **Frank Comstock** writes for those interested in faith, inspiration, nature, and small-town life – books and stories that can be read by anyone in the family. His characters are ordinary people who occasionally do extraordinary things without any thought of glory or gold.

Frank appreciates the traditional rules of writing, although his deep, flinty, go-it-your-own-way New England roots often lead him toward originality that would cause head shaking by purists of the writing craft, as shown in one novel where the protagonist is an entire town rather than one individual.

Photography is fundamental for Frank, with an emphasis towards nature, buildings, architectural detail, antique autos, spring and fall color, and anything Shaker. He continues to seek understanding of what drew his ancestors to the Quakers as they helped to establish or attended Meetings in Newport, Providence, and Smithfield in Rhode Island and Mendon and East Blackstone in Massachusetts. A lingering question is: why did some ancestors leave the Quakers for the Baptists?

Living now just outside Princeton NJ and happily married for 43 years, Frank enjoys the freedom to write what he wants to write, as well as the pleasures of being a grandfather. He is a freelance author of non-fiction for various central New Jersey newspapers and the occasional digital editions of regional and national media.



Above left: "Cling to Life and Never Give Up;" Left: "Azalea Rose Fantasy," photographs © Frank Comstock

## Strictly by the Word (Work with Me, Here)

by Edna Whittier

A woman can not testify:  
In court or in worship.

Stay with me.

Testify branches from the  
root word testes.

Tracing the origin of testify  
and testimony both  
come from Latin for witness.

The Latin from the Greek  
*parastatai* for testis,  
twin supports for a mast  
which stands upright.

In Rome and Greece  
a woman could not  
stand up and testify.

So also in the  
tribes of Judea and Israel.

When Abraham asks his servant to take an oath  
he tells him to place his hand on the hollow of his thigh.  
That is, he tells him to place  
his hand on his testicles for the oath.

Therefore, a woman literally  
can not  
testify.

Stay with me, here.

We have the word witness from Old English  
and the word wit, knowledge. So in English  
a woman can  
state her knowledge in court and witness.

I speak in English  
of Quaker witness,  
rather than in Greek  
of Quaker testimonies,  
when I stand and speak.

Stay with me, now,  
stand beside me,  
and Lucretia, Susan, Sojourner,  
that we are included in the witnessing.

Edna Whittier [egwquaker@gmail.com](mailto:egwquaker@gmail.com)

## Creative

by Jo Ann Lordahl

To assume a life.

To dance a life.

To methodically  
solve your problems.  
To take up your tasks  
with cheer.

To dissipate the fear.

To play the joy.

To visit your extremes.

To stay in your center.

To construct yourself  
a safe place to be crazy.

## Me and Thee

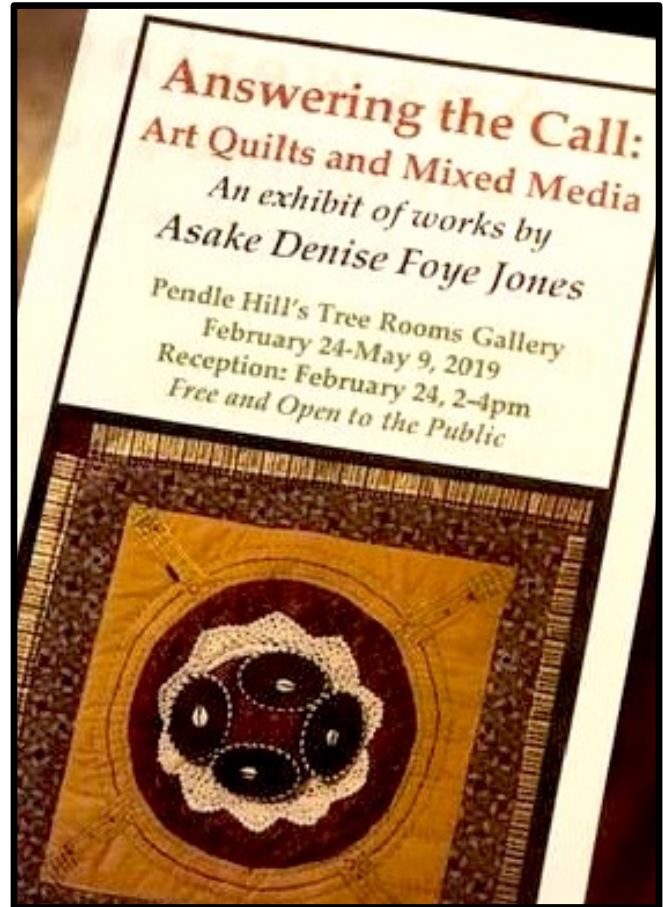
by Jo Ann Lordahl

I build a wall.  
You break through.  
I am an ovum  
fertilized with life.

You hide from me.  
I seek and find.  
You are a secret  
yearning to tell.

Gainesville, Florida  
[www.joannlordahl.com](http://www.joannlordahl.com)





**Answering the Call: Art Quilts and Mixed Media: Asake Denise Foye Jones opens Pendle Hill exhibit in the Tree Room, Feb 24 - May 9, 2019**



**Artist's Statement:**

*I've felt a spiritual and creative calling since childhood. It was a secret I kept, only sharing with a few who I thought got me or who would not be judgmental. As I have matured the urge, opportunity and courage are now like breathing, a necessity for survival. This body of work is guided by a spiritual urging/voice and creative exploration. It's a letting go of what I think others think about who I am, what I do and what is art. Like me, the work is an eclectic expression, using a mixture of material and techniques*

"Answering the Call," fabric art © Asake Denise Jones



Fabric art © Asake Denise Jones

- Asake Denise Foye Jones







"Freedom," fabric art in Pendle Hill exhibit © Asake Jones

**Asake** is a mixed media fiber artist, teaching artist, and transformative arts coach. Her sewing skills were honed while assisting her mother, Dorothy Foye (aka “Miss D”), in her Philadelphia, PA, dressmaking business. Since 1995, Asake has taught and exhibited regionally, nationally, and internationally. She is documented in the books *Communion of the Spirit* and *President Obama: A Celebration in Art Quilts* and in Issue 73 of this Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts publication, *T&S*, and the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, the Neighborhood Arts Center in Atlanta, and the Cultural Center of Liberia in West Africa. Other locations hold Asake's art including Main Line Arts Center, Haverford, PA, University of the Arts and Artwell, Philadelphia, and Build-A-Bridge Summer Institute for Arts and Transformation.

## Quaker Art Center 2019

at Friends General Conference

**Hosted by the Fellowship of the Quakers in the Arts**, the QAC welcomes all Friends – artists as well as the creatively curious. The QAC engages all arts related to spiritual practices across contemplative, activist, and daily experiences. The space is worshipful and interactive.

### Inclusive Arts

The QAC curates an exhibition space and interactive programming. Visual/ literary/ performance arts are supported plus discussions and more. Individuals and groups are welcome to propose activities, performance, and artwork for exhibition. A starter list of ideas is found via the [Quaker Arts Center Proposal](#). Friends’ groups are very welcome to collaborate.

### Theme: A Braid of Many Strands

The Quaker Art Center is expanding on the Gathering theme, Peace in Our Hearts; Justice in the World. Recognizing that it is Love that transforms internal Peace into external Justice, we offer the metaphor of a braid of at least three strands: Peace, Justice, and Love. We ask: What bridges your heart with the world? How does non-violent and just action arise from love? How does art, creativity, and contemplation help build this bridge and weave this braid?

In this direction, the QAC spotlights Friend Bayard Rustin. His heart-to-world connection led to faith-with-action that built bridges. Alongside the braid metaphor and its attention to Love, themed proposals may also explore Rustin’s life. Some quotes from him that especially inspire us:

- “I believe in social dislocation and creative trouble.”
- “It is my sincere conviction that the power of love in the world is the greatest power existing.”

### General Entries

As Quakers, artists, and human beings, the QAC invites proposals that inspire new work or that shine new light on existing work. While we encourage entries that explore the context outlined above, all proposals with completed forms will be considered.

All proposals must complete the form including a statement on the QAC theme. If accommodation is needed, please email us at [quakerartscenter@gmail.com](mailto:quakerartscenter@gmail.com). Statements will be displayed during Gathering, and contribute to a worshipful setting.



"knotwork labyrinth" © sadelle wiltshire





## *Types and Shadows history of Quaker Artists feature*

With permission of author Gary Sandman, *T&S* shares vignettes of Quakers from his book, *Quaker Artists*.  
garysandman@cox.net.

### **John Crook**

John Crook (1617-91) was an early Quaker minister, Justice of the Peace and writer. He was born into the gentry, probably in Lancashire, England. In 1654 he heard William Dewsbury, a Friends preacher, and was converted to Quakerism. He went on to become a noted Quaker minister, mostly active in Bedfordshire, and published a brief account of his life and numerous pamphlets. In 1658 one of the first sessions of Britain Yearly Meeting was held at Beckerings Park, his estate. Crook was also gagged, beaten, stoned and arrested several times for preaching Quakerism. In 1660, after one trial, he forfeited all of his property and money, though this was later rescinded by King Charles II. Based on his extensive legal knowledge and asserting his rights as an Englishman, he disputed all of his arrests. He was greatly loved by Friends.

*A Short History of the Life of John Crook* was his autobiography. His pamphlets included "Unrighteousness no Plea for Truth, nor Ignorance a Lover of it"; "The Case of Swearing (at all) Discussed"; "An Epistle for Unity, to prevent the Wiles of the Enemy"; "An Apology for the Quakers...."; "The Cry of the Innocent for Justice...."; and "Truth's Principles....among the People of God called Quakers". They offer explanations of Friends beliefs. His writings were widely popular with Friends in the 18<sup>th</sup> century.

*A Short History of the Life of John Crook* recounts the story of his experience with silent prayer. As an adolescent, he began a spiritual struggle to lead what he saw as a Godly life. He found nothing –not the Bible, sacraments, ministers, etc. --spoke to him spiritually, however. In despair, searching for a direct connection with the Spirit, he ended up finding a quiet place and praying silently. This became his practice. On one occasion he heard an inner voice that said, "(I) will never leave thee nor forsake thee, saith I, the Lord, the mighty God", and this gave him great peace. Years later, after his conversion to Quakerism, he noted that his early experiences with silent prayer suddenly made sense: "I came to see what it was that so long cried in me, upon every occasion, of serious inward retiring of my own spirit".

The origins of Friends worship are unknown. One probable source was individuals like Crook with their experience of silent prayer. (George Fox was another example of this). Another possible source was people inspired by the ministry of the brothers Walter, Thomas and Bartholemew Legate, who preached about silent prayer. Those people gathered together in loose associations and called themselves the Seekers. Groups of them existed throughout England but especially in the cities of Bristol and London and the counties of Lancashire, Cumberland, Westmoreland and Yorkshire. They created a religious service of silent worship with spoken prayer. In 1652 the Sedburgh Seekers became the first group to join with George Fox.

*A Short History of the Life of John Crook* is a lively, well-written piece. It also offers a rare glimpse into what may have been one source of the Quaker Meeting for Worship. -Gary Sandman

*An appeal from your editor:* Please send to me at [blairseitzphotos@gmail.com](mailto:blairseitzphotos@gmail.com) your poetry, short stories and other art including but not limited to photography, paintings, 3-D works and fabric art. Send as .docx for written work and hi-resolution 200-300dpi jpegs for visual art. Also, please send notice of any events or points of interest in your life as an artist or as a supporter of the arts.

Please note in the email subject space: T and S Art.



*Types and Shadows*, Journal of the  
Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts

7805 NW 28th Pl. M209,  
Gainesville, FL 32606

### FQA Statement of Purpose

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

## *In this Issue...*

*Short story and photographs by Frank Comstock, Princeton, NJ; fabric  
art by Asake Denise Foye Jones, Philadelphia, PA; poetry by  
Jo Ann Lordahl, Gainesville, FL and Edna Whittier, Floyd, VA*



*Above and right: "Celebration," fabric  
art and mixed media, © Asake  
Denise Foye Jones*