

# ANNAPOLIS FRIENDS NEWS

Clerk: Patience Schenck (410-XXX-XXXX)  
Ministry & Worship: Barbara Thomas (410-XXX-XXXX)  
Pastoral Care: Stephanie DeAbreau (410-XXX-XXXX)  
Pastoral Care: Stuart Greene 410-XXX-XXXX  
Treasurer: Leo Pickens (410-XXX-XXXX)

## AFNEWS Staff:

Jean & Mike Christianson (410-XXX-XXXX)  
*AFMeeting@cs.com*

Meetings for Worship: Annapolis Friends Meetinghouse, 351 DuBois Road, Annapolis  
First Days, 11:00 A.M.  
Business Meeting: 1st First Day of Month @ 9:00 A.M.  
Adult Religious Education: As noted in calendar below.  
Meeting Telephone: (410-573-0364)

## JANUARY 2001 CALENDAR

01:		–	Meeting provides Lighthouse Shelter supper (p.3).
02:	12:00 Noon	–	Lunch Bunch @ Meetinghouse.
07:	(1)	9:00 A.M.	– Meeting for Business
		11:00 A.M.	– Meeting for Worship & First Day School.
		12:00 Noon	– Potluck.
14:	(2)	9:30 A.M.	– <b>Adult Religious Education: <i>The Holy Land</i> (p.4).</b>
		11:00 A.M.	– Meeting for Worship & First Day School.
		11:00 P.M.	– Newsletter Items Due: (XXX-XXXX). AFMeeting@cs.com
19:		6:15 P.M.	– Sharing Peace (p.3).
21:	(3)	9:30 A.M.	– Committee Meetings (M&W / P&SO).
		11:00 A.M.	– Meeting for Worship & First Day School.
28:	(4)	9:30 A.M.	– <b>Adult Religious Education: <i>Life/Writings of James Nayler</i> (p.4).</b>
		11:00 A.M.	– Meeting for Worship & First Day School.

### Care of the Meeting House for January: Peace & Social Outreach Committee

#### QUERIES FOR FIRST MONTH: MEETING FOR WORSHIP

Are meetings for worship held in expectant waiting for Divine guidance?  
Are Friends encouraged to share spiritual insights?  
Are special gifts of ministry recognized and encouraged?  
Do you come to meeting with heart and mind prepared?  
Are you careful not to disturb the spirit of the meeting by late arrival or in other ways?  
Faith and Practice, p. 35.

## **PROPOSED MINUTES — DECEMBER 2000 MEETING FOR BUSINESS**

Present were Pat Schenck, Clerk, Nan Baker, Jean Christianson, Stephanie DeAbreu, Kim Finch, Carol Hitchings, Betty Hutchinson, Wes Jordon, Don Lamb Minor, Connie Parks, Leo Pickens, Tricia Robinson, Cynthia Sibrel, Dot Walizer, Bonnie Peregoy.

The Meeting began with silent worship. Minutes of the Meeting for Business for November, 2000 were approved.

Meeting House & Land Committee will assume responsibility for the Memorial Garden. Pastoral Care Committee will continue to communicate with the bereaved family. The final nominations of officers and committee members will be presented for approval at the January 2001 Meeting for Business.

The Treasurer's Report was presented and approved. Members and attenders are asked to review their 2000 contributions to the Meeting. If the meeting budget is to reach its pledge projection for 2000, individual contributions this last month of the year need to be \$10,500. Rental income this year has exceeded expectation. The proposed budget for 2001 was presented. Total budget will remain at \$40,000. Anticipated individual contributions will remain the same as last year. Anticipated rental income will increase to \$6,000. The Meeting and Stewardship & Finance Committee minute appreciation and gratitude to Dwight & Mary Jo Fee for their conscientious and able work on BUC.

Discussion of adjustments to the proposed budget included an increase of funding for adult education to encourage attendance at FGC 2001 July in Virginia. Funding of Quaker Causes will remain at 10% of individual contributions. The Meeting policy is to fund Quaker Causes for organizations not a part of our Meeting. Projects of the Meeting proposed through a Committee should be funded within the committee budget line item. The question of designating Holiday Market proceeds to a specific social concern rather than the general budget will be discussed at the next Stewardship & Finance Meeting. The final 2001 Meeting Budget will be presented at the January Meeting for Business.

House & Land Committee reports that we have completed an outside clean-up and improved the organization of parking on the lot. Work on the electrical wiring and an indoor clean-up are scheduled to take place after Holiday Market. A proposal to provide support throughout the year for the Meeting Christmas family will be communicated to Elise Albert. The Meeting approved the BYM minute on climate warming. The Meeting unites in welcoming and accepting the quilt created by our young Friends.

Submitted by Tricia Robinson, Recording Clerk

### **IN CASE OF SNOW\*\*\*\*\***

If a decision is made to cancel meeting for worship, we'll add this announcement to the Meeting voice mail (410-573-0364).

### **ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS TO THE MAILING LIST**

Stephanie DeAbreu has kindly agreed to take over the mailing list and labels for the newsletter. You can give changes to her, call her (410-XXX-XXXX), email them to <srdbrew@aol.com> or place them in the Pastoral Care mail slot in the meetinghouse office.

## PEACE, JUSTICE AND SOCIAL CONCERNS

**Annapolis Friends Meeting Food Bank:** Friends are reminded to bring non-perishable food items for the container in the meetinghouse lobby. They will be gathered each **FIRST** first day and taken to the Lighthouse Shelter.

**Annapolis Area Ministries:** (410) 268-0182.

**Anne Arundel Conflict Resolution Center:** (410) 266-9033.

**Anne Arundel Peace Action:** For current information, email Mike Keller @ <mkeller@mhec.state.md.us>.

**FCNL Info:** 245 2nd St., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002; TEL: (202) 547-6000 / EMAIL: fcnl@fcn.org.

**Capitol Switchboard:** 1-888-898-7717 (Toll Free); 1-202-224-3121.

**Senators:** Barbara Mikulski (202-224-4654/8858[FAX])/Paul Sarbanes (202-224-4524/1651[FAX]): US Senate, Washington, D.C. 20510. **Representatives** Wayne T. Gilchrest (202-225-5311/0254[FAX]). Robert Ehrlich, Jr., (202-225-3061/3094[FAX]): U.S. House of Representatives, Washington, DC 20515.

**White House Comment Desk:** 202-456-1111/2461[FAX]. President's E-Mail: president@whitehouse.gov.

### ANNAPOLIS AREA MINISTRIES LIGHTHOUSE AND ANCHOR HOUSE SHELTERS

**AFM** provides the shelter meal each first Monday (January 1 this month). Margaret Candler (410-XXX-XXXX) serves as our scheduler to identify Friends to coordinate monthly meals. We also collect non-perishable food items to deliver to the shelter after each first first day.

### PEACE & SOCIAL OUTREACH

By Lee Lougée

**Peace and Social Outreach** continues to Share Peace every third Friday evening (January 21 next time) at 6:15 P.M. followed by dinner together at the Canton Restaurant nearby. Do you have any suggestions for PSO? We would like to hear your thoughts on the peace work that we, as a community, want to do.

*Our way of worship is not just an historical accident; it is a corollary from our conviction concerning the universal Light of Christ. Believing that in every worshipper, regardless of age, learning, sex, or any other human label, the promptings of God's spirit are at work, Friends meet together in entirely unprogrammed silent prayer, opening themselves [to the Spirit]. . . In such corporate worship, ...we are led into a depth of communion with God and with one another that is deeply meaningful and spiritually refreshing. - L.H.D.*

### THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU!

By Jean Christianson

Our Holiday Market was a delight. Thanks to all who sought, brought, bought, taught and carried out the numerous tasks which made the event a big success! We made over \$1,500 and generated much good will with our new sales approach: "What do you feel would be a fair donation?" During our 1/7 potluck, we'll set aside a table for those who want to review what went well and what we can improve at future markets. If you didn't get enough of this fun experience during Y2K, do not worry. There's another opportunity around the corner. Our Spring Quaker Flea Market is set for April 28, 2001.

## ADULT RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Submitted by Dot Walizer

On Sunday, 14 January at 9:30 A.M., come and take a short tour of the land designated as Syro-Palestine by the Romans, and considered sacred by the three religions of the Book: Judaism, Christianity and Islam. Dot Walizer will lead a discussion focusing on the history, geography, climate and customs of the Holy Land. (For all inquisitive "big children" this will be an adult version of the discussion enjoyed by our younger Friends.)

On Sunday, 28 January at 9:30 A.M., Ria Hawkins will lead a discussion concerning the life and writings of James Nayler, one of the original leaders of the Quakers and whose actions led to the shaping of Quakerism as we now know it. A prolific and profound writer, who worked closely with George Fox, his effective preaching made him a pre-eminent leader in the minds of many, leading to rivalry between the two men. His ride into Bristol in the manner of Jesus' entry into Jerusalem led to his punishment and imprisonment by parliament and to his disgrace among Friends.

We will learn about his life, read some of his writings, and consider what they say to us at the beginning of the 21st Century. Ria feels they are as relevant now as they were in the 17th Century. Join us to form your own opinion on January 28 at 9:30.

*Now there are varieties of gifts, but the same Spirit; and there are varieties of service, but the same Lord; and there are varieties of working, but it is the same God who inspires them all in every one. To each is given the manifestation of the Spirit for the common good. 1 Corinthians 12: 4-7.*

### BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD (Psalm 46: 10)

**There are still spaces for additional Friends who want to participate in our Meeting's February 9-11 silent retreat at Dayspring Retreat Center in Germantown, Maryland. We have met our minimum number of 10, so the retreat is definitely on. The center can accommodate up to 18 retreatants. If you would like to attend, give Jean Christianson a check made out to Annapolis Friends Meeting by January 7. On this date any remaining openings will be offered to relatives and friends of Annapolis Friends. The cost is \$135.**

**The February retreat promises to be a rich spiritual experience. Friends are welcome at Dayspring as early as 4:00 P.M. Friday, February 9. Supper will be served at 7:00. P.M. After supper we will gather for orientation to Dayspring and worship sharing on what drew each of us to the weekend. We will then settle into silent worship and silence until the closing worship sharing Sunday, February 11 before our noon meal. Departure is set for 2:00 P.M.**

**Our weekend will be structured by meals (delicious, vegetarian fare prepared and eaten in silence), meetings for worship and additional worship sharing Saturday afternoon. The Lodge has a wonderful big fireplace which will be blazing. The Inn has individual rooms with bed, sink, desk and armchair. The two buildings are surrounded by woods and meadows and ponds which invite exploration. We bring Bibles, books, journals, handwork or nothing but ourselves as we seek God's presence. The silent retreat offers opportunity for rest, solitude, prayer, contemplation, spiritual community and appreciation of the beauty in creation.**

Directions, a tentative schedule and guidelines on what to bring will be provided prior to the retreat.

## FRIENDS IN NEW LOCATIONS

### Mike and Ursula Ayars

Mike and Ursula Ayars are moving in two weeks! They will be heading to Friends Home at Woodstown, 457 Friends Drive, Woodstown, NJ 08098. We will miss them. So far Ursula has not identified any help she needs, but agrees to keep us posted.

### Evelyn Judge

Evelyn Judge now lives at Future Care, 305 College Parkway, Arnold, MD 21012 (just west of the Community College). She's in Room 126-B. She gets a big lift from little visits. Visiting hours are 9:30 A.M. till 8:30 P.M. Evelyn anticipates cataract surgery January 9. She looks forward to being able to read again, so Friendly cards would also be much appreciated.

## A PROPOSED NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION FOR AMERICA

*When the opportunity presents itself for you to defeat your enemy, that is the time which you must not do it.... There will come a time, in many instances, when the person who hates you most, the person who has misused you most, the person who has gossiped about you most, the person who has spread false rumors about you most, there will come a time when you will have an opportunity to defeat that person. It might be in terms of a recommendation for a job; it might be in terms of helping that person to make some move in life. That's the time you must do it.*

*That is the meaning of love. In the final analysis, love is not this sentimental something that we talk about. It's not merely an emotional something. Love is creative, understanding goodwill for all men. It is the refusal to defeat any individual. When you rise to the level of love, of its great beauty and power, you seek only to defeat evil systems. Individuals who happen to be caught up in that system, you love, but you seek to defeat the system....*

*The Greek language comes out with another word for love. It is the word agape. And agape is more than Eros; agape is more than philia; agape is something of the understanding, creative, redemptive goodwill for all men. It is a love that seeks nothing in return. It is an overflowing love; it's what theologians would call the love of God working in the lives of men. And when you rise to love on this level, you begin to love men, not because they are likeable, but because God loves them. You look at every man, and you love him because you know God loves him. And he might be the worst person you've ever seen.*

*And this is what Jesus means, I think, in this very passage when he says, "Love your enemy." And it's significant that he does not say, "Like your enemy." - The Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., November 17, 1957 Sermon: **LOVING YOUR ENEMIES.***

**FRIENDS OF PEGGY'S COVE**  
**A Serial Novel by Leo Pickens**  
**INSTALLMENT NINE - IN HER KITCHEN ON CORNHILL STREET**

In her kitchen on Cornhill Street--the Andrews lived in one of the frame rowhouses that lined the narrow, unpaved avenue that ran between the State House and the city dock--Evelyn Andrews poked around among the many jars and little clay pots, all of them carefully labeled and dated, that filled a large cupboard in her kitchen. She was searching for a piece of dried licorice root, which she wanted to blend with some myrrh and make a mouthwash for Richard's swollen and bleeding gums.

Hanging pots of peppermint, bay laurel, and aloe vera crowded the windows that looked out onto the carefully cultivated herb garden in her long and narrow back yard, which was enclosed by a brick wall. Thick grape vines grew along the entire length of wall's perimeter, and in and among the vine's new leaves appeared the bright, open cups of blossoming morning glory.

A pair of little pinwheels made of shiny tin that reflected the late morning sunlight stood motionless here and there among the plants. Her husband had built them to her specifications. Evelyn claimed their spinning kept the rabbits and other undesirables out of her garden.

After finding the myrrh, she prepared the gargle. Through the closed door that lead from the kitchen to the front room, Evelyn heard the tapping of Schuyler's hammer as he nailed on the sole of a new shoe he was making. The shop door opened, clanged shut, and there was the muffled sound of conversation between her husband and a customer.

Evelyn put the infusion of licorice and myrrh aside to cool, and then checked the loaf pans of rising bread dough next to the stove. She placed the bread in the oven. Evelyn wiped her hands on her apron, and once again, looked through her cupboard of medicines.

She now took several hemlock seeds, and using a mortar and pestle, ground them down into a powder. She had been instructed in how to locate, harvest, and safely use the notorious plant as a pain

killer and sedative several years before from an old Piscataway Indian woman.

Evelyn had heard of the potentially lethal nature of hemlock, and so, as a precaution, she had first experimented on herself, using only a very small amount of the hemlock seeds as prescribed by the ancient native healer, who Evelyn had known only as "Red Hitty." The tea had produced a profound sleep, and in the ensuing years, Evelyn had carefully administered the soporific among her patients with great success--it always provided the same soothing benefice of a tranquil slumber.

Mrs. Andrews was a small, corpulent woman just past fifty years of age. She had long, silver hair, which was plaited and tightly coiled over her ears. Her round, white face was plump and jowly. Blond fuzz lined her upper lip, which she stroked absentmindedly with an index finger in moments of deep abstraction. Her intensely blue eyes, set deep in the fleshy pouches of her eyelids, were most often lively and inquisitive, and a joyful and expansive smile usually lit up her entire presence.

On this morning, however, she was filled with fatigue. Her lips were drawn, and there were dark circles under her eyes.

How long, she wondered as she prepared the sleeping draught for Richard, would the All Mighty Parent of All Things preserve her strength so she could continue to go on as she had of late? Only He knows, she thought, and she asked for the energy to serve His will accordingly.

The first four months of the year had been extremely busy for her. According to a quick reckoning, she had presided over twenty-five births, and had already lost over a dozen nights of sleep.

The past three days had been particularly hectic. On Tuesday, after completing her washing and ironing, she had rowed herself over to Lake Ogleton to attend to Mr. Mears who was sick with the shingles.

While at the Mears, Mr. Sparrow came to call her to his wife who was in labor. Mr. Sparrow then rowed her over to the north shore of the Severn in a severe rain storm.

They finally arrived at the Sparrows after a difficult journey over muddy paths and swollen streams, where Evelyn officiated at the delivery of Mrs. Sparrows' third daughter, and ninth child, at three o'clock in the morning.

She had been at home only a short time later that morning--long enough to witness the shocking surprise of her son's sudden appearance after two and half years away at sea--before she was sent for by Mr. John Hammond to preside over another birth, this time in Londontowne. Sadly, the Hammond's son was born dead just before mid-night, indeed, the baby appeared to have been dead for some time, the infant's skin almost completely sloughing off during the delivery.

Evelyn had helped prepare the grave clothes for the stillborn baby, and then rode home on a borrowed horse. As she left the ferry after crossing the South River, the horse stumbled on a miry slope, and she had fallen in the mud, spraining her wrist and breaking her spectacles. She had arrived home, completely exhausted, in time for breakfast, to find her normally placid household up in arms, completely disrupted by the surly, irritable presence of her ailing son, and the resulting emotional anxiety only served to further increase her overwhelming feeling of fatigue.

Evelyn paused for a moment and said another quick prayer to rally her spirits, and then loaded the teapot on a tray with the cup of mouthwash and a basin, and then proceeded upstairs.

**(Cont., P.7)**

## PEGGY'S COVE, CONT.

She knocked lightly on the door, and with Richard's permission, entered. The shades to the windows were drawn, and in the half light, he sat at the desk, hunched closely over the watch he was working on. At his right elbow was a notebook in which he was making meticulous drawings and elaborate descriptions of the workings as he proceeded with the repair.

Evelyn looked at her son with pieces of the chronometer laid out before him, and was so pained by his condition that she had to fight to keep back her tears. She could not prevent herself from comparing his present pitiable state with that of when she had last seen him.

She recalled the brisk and clear fall afternoon when he had stood hand in hand with Alice Galloway in the middle of the meetinghouse at Peggy's Cove, and into the hushed silence of the meeting for worship held to celebrate their marriage, had confidently uttered the same simple vow that generations of Quakers had spoken before him: he promised, with

Divine assistance, to be a loving and faithful husband. And in the stillness that followed his words, Evelyn remembered hearing the honking of a huge flock of geese as they flew directly over the meetinghouse en route to their winter nesting grounds.

How youthful and robust and vigorous he had been on that day. His clean shaven face, with the marvelous bones of the jaw line that she thought so handsome, had been smooth and tanned, his dark blue eyes alit with love and buoyant optimism.

And now, by stark contrast, he looked worn and haggard, and racked by the obvious effects of disease and severe malnutrition. His arms and chest were emaciated, and his neck was so abnormally thin and wasted that his adam's apple protruded like a large goiter. The crown of his head had grown bald, and what hair was left, pulled back in a queue, was sparse and prematurely grey. The only brown hair that remained was in the thin mustache of the wispy beard he had grown. The sallow skin of his cheekbones and forehead were mottled by butterfly

shaped lesions. His eyes, framed by lids that were red and scaly, were tense and furtive.

"Why doesn't thee open the curtains?" she asked, and laid the tray on the bureau next to the bed, and then went over and stood next to him. She laid a hand softly on his shoulder. "It's so dark in here. How can thee work?"

"Please, mother," he answered. "Don't. The light hurts my eyes." He continued to fiddle with the watch face, and then slowly pulled away the hour hand.

"There," he said. "At last. I thought I should never figure out the trick of getting the hands off. It's given me a damned headache. I almost thought the old bugger had welded them on."

"Thy father had a gift."

Richard blew through his lips. "Clever," he retorted. "He was merely clever."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## WATCH AND LISTEN CAREFULLY...

Submitted by a Friend of Dot Walizer

A man whispered, "God, speak to me."  
And a meadowlark sang.  
But, the man did not hear.

So the man yelled "God, speak to me!"  
And, the thunder rolled across the sky.  
But, the man did not listen.

The man looked around and said, "God, let me see you."  
And a star shined brightly.  
But the man did not notice.

And, the man shouted, "God, show me a miracle!"  
And, a life was born.  
But, the man did not know.

So, the man cried out in despair, "Touch me God, and let me know you are here!"  
Whereupon, God reached down and touched the man.  
But, the man brushed the butterfly away and walked on.

Don't miss a blessing because it isn't packaged the way that you expect.

## REFLECTIONS ON THE SEASON

*When the song of the angels is still,  
and the star in the sky is gone...,  
When the kings and the princes are home,  
and the shepherds are back with their sheep...,*

*The Work of Christmas begins:*

*To find the lost,  
to heal the broken,  
to feed the hungry,  
to release the prisoner,  
to rebuild the nations,  
to bring peace among people,  
and to make music in the heart.*

- Unknown Christian poet.

*Half an hour's meditation is essential except when you are  
very busy. Then a full hour is needed. - Francis de Sales  
(contributed by Pat Schenck)*

Annapolis Friends Meeting  
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