

The Witness

Volume 76 • Numbers 1 & 2 • January/February 1993



Perspectives on aging
women's ordination
U.S. militarism

Rage

I AM WRITING TO THANK YOU for the two copies of *The Witness* which were sent to me. I was a convert to Catholicism, but quit attending Church. The reasons why are clearly stated in the article "Church violence against women [11/92]." I have felt guilty for some time for leaving the Church but could no longer go where my pain and the pain of many others was not acknowledged. My guilt came from even thinking I had a right to my pain. Afterall, I do not have AIDs, I am not homeless and my neighborhood does not have drive-by shootings. Yet I knew I was in terrible pain as I recovered incest memories.

Why has the Christian Church been so slow to support women? An ex-nun friend of mine handed me a hardcover book on Forgiveness when I was going through my most difficult time. A friend of mine who was being beaten by her husband told me that a priest told her "she just had to take it to be a good wife." Your article lifted me out of a two-year silence of why I quit going to Church.

The awareness, the sensitivity, the inclusiveness of the ideas expressed in *The Witness* are light years ahead of anything I've encountered. Through efforts such as yours the Christian community may someday be the reflection of reality.

**Sherry Durren
Clarkston, GA**

I LOOK FORWARD to my subscription to *The Witness*. If November is an example it will be challenging and stimulating. I struggle with my call to faithfulness and discipleship; I believe *The Witness* will help.

Please send me a copy of the June/July issue. From the letters I must read the conversation with Carter Heyward. I am pro-choice and against abortion so I welcome the opportunity to read honest from-the-heart-dialogue rather than position papers.

From the letters I admire your courage to be honest and not ignore real issues. For as much as

the pro-life people repulse me I always feel we who are pro choice really do not honestly and truly grapple with all the issues.

**Forrest Hobbs
Atlanta, GA**

I'M A 15-YEAR-OLD FEMALE Guns N' Roses fan who takes offense at your Nov. article *Rage in Music*. I agree that "One In A Million" is terrible, but you distorted the facts by making it sound like millions of young white guys are buying GN'R albums purely for that song. W. Axl (spelled without the e) Rose has apologized publicly for it, and the group will no longer perform it in concert.

I bought my GN'R albums for the music, not the lyrics. In my opinion, Guns N' Roses are one of the most musically talented groups around today. "One In A Million" is not representative of their work, either lyrically or musically. And there are plenty of other hard rock bands who combine talent with thoughtful, introspective lyrics — Pearl Jam is a good example. U2 has repeatedly taken a stand against Ireland's civil war, and NYC punk rockers Sonic Youth rail against sexual harassment in their song "Swimsuit Issue." By focusing only on "One In A Million" as representative of an entire genre of music, you give all of this genre a bad name.

**Ellen Vinz
Dalton, WI**

DON'T KNOW HOW I got on your mailing list, but many thanks for the Nov. issue.

As a Jew, [I] was affected by the articles on rage. Unfortunately, much of it erupts in violence, hate and destruction. Can't help but recall the wrongs inflicted on the Jews down through the centuries, including the Holocaust. Fills me with deep sadness.

Perhaps, it would be fitting to quote the Prince of Peace — "Forgive them, Heavenly Father, for they know not what they do."

**Nathan P. Baker
Lauderdale Lakes, FL**

PLEASE SEND ME 10 COPIES of the November, 1992 *Witness* as soon as possible. I have just finished reading my copy, which

came yesterday, from cover to cover, and I think "Rage in the 90s" is one of the best issues in many months ... even years. Thank you for putting it all together so well, so succinctly and so powerfully! This is a great service to all Episcopalians, and I want to spread the word.

**Mary Nash Flagg
Portland, ME**

MANY THANKS to Julie Wortman for introducing me to your magazine. I especially loved the article in Nov. "Ancient Rage"... I read it four times! Thank you!

**Sally Swart
Birmingham, MI**

THE ENTIRE NOVEMBER ISSUE was powerful but the article "Ancient Rage: Elizabeth the mother of John" was particularly so. The feelings that Mary Lee Wile has Elizabeth express are so real, so human.

You made an excellent choice in using Kathe Kollwitz's drawings with the article.

I can't wait to read the entire novel!

**Sister Marlene Bertke, OSB
Erie, PA**

THANKS TO NOVEMBER cover artist, Eleanor Mill. What a powerful image! It struck me twice. When I first saw it, the fist hit me, hard. Later, glancing at the cover from a different angle, the words "No Peace, No Justice" leapt out at me. Or is it "No Justice, No Peace?" Can true justice be done without a peace that accepts it? Can true peace ever come without justice being done? The King/Green slayings make the forging of peace with justice now imperative. Thank you for *The Witness* and your wisdom about rage.

**Bob Hastings
Stephens United Methodist Church
Dearborn Heights, MI**

WHEN I SAW THAT THE ISSUE was devoted to RAGE (11/92) I wondered whether it was promoting or calming hostilities and ill-feeling.

The choice of illustration of page 12 disturbed me greatly. I had never heard that there were any Franciscan friars in the Episcopal

Letters

Church or that any of them had any relationship with the Spanish or English Inquisitions. Yet the article is by an Episcopal rector and addressed to Episcopalians. So why attack in such a grotesque way a brotherhood of another Christian denomination?

William Barnaby Faherty
St. Louis, MO

[Ed. Note: There are Anglican Franciscans, but that's probably beside the point.]

HOW TYPICALLY PROPHETIC were *Witness* Editor Bill Spofford's 1955 words, "You can be sure that the gentlemen in Washington have their own file on you — certainly if you have done anything in the past 30 years that could be remotely called Christian Social Action [11/92]." This was to hold true of Christian activists throughout the 1960s, '70s, and on.

And thank you for recognizing the courage of Vida Scudder, William Melish and Edward Parsons in resisting the irresponsible principalities and powers of their day.

I would like to clarify one point in the article concerning the FBI visit to Ambler. After I wrote an article recounting my visit to Maria Cueto and Raisa Nemikin in prison, two agents did ask me to identify photographs. The open-endedness of your story may leave the impression that I did. I did not.

The Witness had adopted the guidelines set by the National Council of Churches, prompted by the after-hour FBI file search at the Episcopal Church Center, condoned by then Presiding Bishop John Allin. Realizing the danger of setting such a precedent, and alarmed by Allin's non-support of his national staffers when they refused in conscience to testify before a Grand Jury, the NCC approved a resolution specifying, among other things: In the event of an FBI visit, Church employees should not speak to agents without a lawyer present, and they should notify a superior of the visit. The NCC also set up a project to monitor Grand Jury abuse (none of those jailed with Cueto in her first or second incarceration were ever convicted).

As a journalist, I would have broken the confidence of constituencies for whom *The Witness* was an advocate (women, Hispanics and other minorities, etc.) had I cooperated with the FBI under the circumstances — a fact

clearly understood by NCC officials of that time, if not the Allin Administration.

Mary Lou Suhor
New Orleans, LA

THANK YOU for the November issue. I will always remain interested. There is not a day that goes by that I am not reminded of Bill Spofford's existence and unique personality. They broke the mold.

Davis Hobbs
Tunkhannock, PA

I AM GLAD that your November issue included news of the Spofford family; the letter about Marcia, the picture of Bill, and the words of our dear friend, Dave Hobbs (not "Hobbes"). My wife and I spent many happy hours with Bill and Dot, and some also happy time with Sue and "young Bill." May Bill's steadfast witness continue to inspire those who don't — or won't — fit in.

Ted Weatherly
Winston Salem, NC

Culture as Resistance

I HAVE JUST READ Bill Wylie-Kellermann's "Genesis as resistance" in the Oct. '92 issue. WOW!! What a mind blower!

For the record — I like the direction you've taken since the move to Detroit.

Leona M. Thorpe
Le Mars, IA

Witness Praise

I HAVE LET MY SUBSCRIPTION to *The Witness* lapse since last Jan. and I miss it and wish to receive it again, beginning with the current number.

I enclose a check for \$50 to cover this year's issue and to use for expenses.

Constance Ray Harvey
Lexington, VA

FIRST, I WANT TO SAY how much I enjoy your magazine. I've been a subscriber to *The Witness* for three years, and with each issue I'm even happier to be a subscriber. I know

it's been over a year since the editorial and format changes were made, but I really like the new format! I enjoy reading several articles related to one topic — I feel that I get a more complete picture of an issue. I also like the new layout. The magazine is easy to pick up and read. It's one of the few magazines of which I make a habit to read cover to cover.

Cameron J. Soulis
Baltimore, MD

THANK YOU, THANK YOU, thank you for the free issue. Twenty-eight years in the Church and this is the first issue I've read. Is it true? People think?

Gracia Bittner
Batavia, IL

I LOVE *THE WITNESS* — It is better and better all the time and except for *Casa Ave Maria* in Managua, it is my only link with the Episcopal Church. I am an Episcopalian nurse working with women and children in a remote part of Nicaragua. My neighbors suffer hunger, continuing violence from the "Re-contra" and a government that hates the poor. But these tenacious and faith-filled *campesinos* struggle, hope, pray and build.

Dorothy Granada
Nicaragua

Author's Query

FOR A STUDY of prescient Episcopal women in the pre-Civil Rights era (1940s-50s) — specifically Sarah Patton Boyle (1905-?), who published *The Desegregated Heart* in 1962, and Pauli Murray 1910-85 (late in life, *The Rev.*), who published *Proud Shoes* in 1956 — I would be grateful to receive documents, letters, photographs or reminiscences, about these or other such prophetic voices.

Related to this project I have also examined the files of ESCRU (1960-69, Episcopal Society for Cultural and Racial Unity) at the National Church Archives in Austin. Reflections on its significance and/or experiences in that organization would also be helpful.

Thank you very much.

Joanna B. Gillespie
Rochester, VT

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The Witness

Table of Contents

Features

- 8 **Aging in the mountains**
Denise Giardina
- 10 **A justice perspective**
Julie A. Wortman
- 11 **Reworking the image**
Bernard Nash
- 12 **Up from under**
- 14 **Smooth sailing, Captain!**
Robert L. DeWitt
- 20 **"Well, Ducks, you did it!"**
Lucinda Laird
- 22 **Hard work paid off**
Susan E. Pierce
- 24 **U.S. intervention:
opinion roundup**
- 26 **Israeli Anglican in
solitary**
Sam Day

Departments

- 5 **Editorial**
Jeanie Wylie-Kellermann
- 7 **Poetry:**
T.S. Eliot
- 23 **Vital Signs**
- 27 **Short Takes**
- 28 **Art & Society:**
Nancy Burson
Blaise Tobia and Virginia
Maksymowicz
- 29 **Book review:**
Germaine Greer
Ginger Hertz
- 30 **Witness profile:**
Anna Grace Lind
Gloria Thiele

Cover: Skeet MacDonald in Maine
(see p. 14), photographed by R.M.
Bradford.

It is the policy of *The Witness* to use inclusive
language whenever possible.

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1993

Between hope and despair

An issue on aging was proposed by Coleman McGehee, eighth bishop of Michigan and former Episcopal Church Publishing Company board chairperson. But, when push came to shove, McGehee wouldn't write for the issue. I don't think he's crazy about the topic.

"My problem with aging," McGehee said recently, "is that I don't want to get old."

Retirement has meant that June and Coleman can travel and spend time with each other — something they used to do primarily in the middle of the night. It has also meant letting go of the resources McGehee used to be able to marshal on behalf of people in trouble or causes that needed visibility.

More than anything, McGehee — who is an engineer, lawyer, priest and a hero to many in feminist, civil rights and peace circles — hates to be called "dearie."

I told McGehee that we plan a separate issue on death because — I faltered — lots of people die at all kinds of times.

"Like all of us," he laughed. But, he added, "focussing on death derails me from an affirmative approach to aging."

Henri Nouwen and Walter Gaffney, in *Aging: The Fulfillment of Life*, suggest that in this culture we fear aging more than death:

"In a society where the basic interest is in profit, old age in general cannot be

honored because real honor would undermine the system of priorities that keep



credit: Dierdre Luzwick

this society running."

"The way to the light," they suggest, is detachment. Detachment "allows the elderly to break through the illusions of immortality and smile at all the urgencies and emergencies of their past life."

This is the rigor and discipline invoked by T.S. Eliot in *Ash Wednesday* (excerpted on page 7). In pursuit of God, we waver on the stairs, tempted by the lilac and the flute, caught between hope and despair.

But how do we be incarnational — taking life and its pain seriously, taking risks to change it — while striving to be detached?

Is it sometimes a mistake to counsel

older people to detach? It's true that people's effort to establish themselves in a profession, a community, a family — to earn themselves a name — is probably resolved. They cannot hone their will in that direction any longer.

There may be a logic in becoming an ascetic. But there's something beautiful about the unrestrained hedonism described in Jenny Joseph's poem *Warning*:

When I am an old woman I shall wear purple

With a red hat which doesn't go, and doesn't suit me.

And I shall spend my pension on brandy and summer gloves

And satin sandals, and say we've no money for butter.

I shall sit down on the pavement when I'm tired

and gobble up samples in shops and press alarm bells

And run my stick along the public railings

And make up for the sobriety of my youth.

I shall go out in my slippers in the rain

And pick the flowers in other people's gardens

And learn to spit.

I'd like to learn to spit and wear wild-woman-clothes when I'm old. I guess whether one chooses to turn the stair, ascending away from the lilac, or to roll in other people's gardens drenched in dew, aging traces within one's vision that creation (in this form) is

editor's note

not ours forever. There has to be a grief in that. And a promise. Right there, in that understanding, is the heart of stewardship, of vocation, of learning to love one another.

TW

JeanieWylie-Kellermann is editor/publisher of *The Witness*.

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Titles in this list reflect the way people identified themselves.

Ash Wednesday

(sections I and VI)

by T. S. Eliot

I
Because I do not hope to turn again
Because I do not hope
Because I do not hope to turn
Desiring this man's gift and that man's scope
I no longer strive to strive towards such things
(Why should the aged eagle stretch its wings?)
Why should I mourn
The vanished power of the usual reign?

Because I do not hope to know again
The infirm glory of the positive hour
Because I do not think
Because I know I shall not know
The one veritable transitory power
Because I cannot drink
There, where trees flower, and springs flow, for there is
nothing again

Because I know that time is always time
And place is always and only place
And what is actual is actual only for one time
And only for one place
I rejoice that things are as they are and
I renounce the blessed face
And renounce the voice
Because I cannot hope to turn again
Consequently I rejoice, having to construct something
Upon which to rejoice

And pray to God to have mercy upon us
And I pray that I may forget
These matters that with myself I too much discuss
Too much explain
Because I do not hope to turn again
Let these words answer
For what is done, not to be done again
May the judgement not be too heavy upon us

Because these wings are no longer wings to fly
But merely vans to beat the air
The air which is now thoroughly small and dry
Smaller and dryer than the will
Teach us to care and not to care
Teach us to sit still.

Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death
Pray for us now and at the hour of our death.

Poetry

VI
Although I do not hope to turn again
Although I do not hope
Although I do not hope to turn

Wavering between the profit and the loss
In this brief transit where the dreams cross
The dreamcrossed twilight between birth and dying
(Bless me father) though I do not wish to wish these things
From the wide window towards the granite shore
The white sails still fly seaward, seaward flying
Unbroken wings

And the lost heart stiffens and rejoices
In the lost lilac and the lost sea voices
And the weak spirit quickens to rebel
For the bent golden-rod and the lost sea smell
Quickens to recover
The cry of quail and the whirling plover
And the blind eye creates
The empty forms between the ivory gates
And smell renews the salt savour of the sandy earth

This is the time of tension between dying and birth
The place of solitude where three dreams cross
Between blue rocks
But when the voices shaken from the yew-tree drift away
Let the other yew be shaken and reply.
Blessed sister, holy mother, spirit of the fountain, spirit
of the garden,
Suffer us not to mock ourselves with falsehood
Teach us to care and not to care
Teach us to sit still
Even among these rocks,
Our peace in His will
And even among these rocks
Sister, mother
And spirit of the river, spirit of the sea,
Suffer me not to be separated

And let my cry come unto Thee.

From Ash Wednesday, Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich and Faber and Faber.

In 1965, Granny (Ollie) Combs watched as strip miners destroyed the mountain behind her eastern Kentucky home. She owned the land, but in Kentucky the coal company did not need her consent.

Granny Combs watched until a bulldozer moved into the family cemetery and started digging. The coffin of her long-dead infant son was unearthed. Granny lay down in front of the bulldozer and refused to move until deputy sheriffs came and carried her off to jail.

Twenty years later, a spiritual descendent of Granny Combs, 65-year-old Elizabeth Wooten, stood in the rotunda of the state capitol in Frankfort, squinting into the bright lights of TV cameras, and vowed to keep her land from being stripped without her permission. She would go to court, she said, and if that failed, she would block the bulldozers with her body as Granny Combs had done.

Elizabeth Wooten never had to lie in front of a bulldozer. Thanks to her efforts and those of many other older Kentuckians, a statewide referendum banning stripping without permission passed with 82 percent of the popular vote in 1988.

The referendum was brought to the ballot by Kentuckians For The Commonwealth (KFTC), a grassroots organization whose membership is top-heavy with older citizens. The group's first president was gray-haired Gladys Maynard, who became motivated when removal of her hometown in Martin County, Ky., was proposed to make way for a possible coal mine. Maynard fought back, and the group she chaired mushroomed into one of the most effective citizens' organizations in the country. The current Chairperson of KFTC, Daymon Morgan, is also an older Kentuckian.

Denise Giardina's most recent novel is *The Unquiet Earth* (W.W. Norton). She lives in Charleston, W. V.



Pittston coal miners on strike.

Aging in the mountains

by Denise Giardina

Older people are the backbone of every grassroots movement in the Appalachian coalfields. The reason is partly practical. Because of the stranglehold the coal industry has on the economy, speaking out can very easily cost one's job and future livelihood. Often only those who are retired can afford to risk the ire of the coal industry, and it is not uncommon for older people to attend meetings and speak out on behalf of younger relatives who remain in the background.

There is another reason as well, and it has to do with the respect given to older people in mountain culture. Extended

families are stronger here than in many parts of the country, grandparents are a vital part of the family and disrespect for the elderly is frowned upon. Many older people are physically active, walking along hollows with no public transportation, babysitting grandchildren, tending gardens, canning vegetables and chopping wood. Growing old does not mean growing useless in Appalachia.

This regard for older Appalachians has often taken a political turn. One of the most radical workers' movements in the coalfields over the past 25 years has been the black-lung movement which seeks

compensation for coal-related respiratory diseases. The black-lung movement has often branched out into other areas of union politics, and its heart and soul is the older coal miners who suffer the worst stages of the disease and who also recall the glory days of union activism. These miners belie the image of elderly conservatism as they sometimes accuse younger miners of being too soft, of not being militant enough.

Older miners and their families were vital in the Pittston coal strike of 1989-90. In fact, one of the central issues of the strike involved the elderly. In 1987, Pittston pulled out of membership in the Bituminous Coal Operators' Association (BCOA) and announced it would not accept the contract the BCOA recently negotiated with the United Mine Workers. The company immediately cut off the medical benefits of 1,500 retirees, widows and disabled miners. A Pittston spokeswoman explained, "Medical benefits don't survive contracts and the company has no legal obligation to provide them." Pittston spokesman William J. Byrne was even more blunt. He said, "[A medical card] is like a credit card that expires. Theirs expired."

The union miners in Pittston's Virginia and West Virginia mines had no alternative but to strike. One of the first things I saw when I visited the strike zone was a Pittston billboard covered with graffiti that read "Pittston Hates Old People."

The suffering caused by Pittston's callousness was evident everywhere. One afternoon I visited Eva Wood, whose

retired husband Stacy was dying of black lung and lung cancer. The cancellation of medical benefits meant the Woods now owed thousands of dollars in medical bills. Two months later on a return trip, I joined a protest march sponsored by local churches. Marchers carried white crosses bearing the names of those who had died in Pittston's mines. Eva Wood was carrying a cross with her husband's name on it. He had been dead for three weeks — the bills were still arriving.

A large number of older people were on the picket line, especially as the strike wore on and some younger miners took on part-time work to make ends meet. Men and women sat down in front of coal trucks — in the middle of mud and coal dust, in hot weather and cold — and were carted off to jail. One retired preacher told me he flew the American flag upside down on the pole outside his home as a protest and a call of distress. Women ran food pantries out of their homes, and scores of others cooked each day at a local community center to feed the people on the picket line.

It was not just the vital presence of older people, it was the sense of outrage at the way they had been treated that drove the strike. Union spokesman Joe Corcoran explained, "What these people

in Greenwich [Pittston's Connecticut headquarters] don't realize is that the company pensioners are not an amorphous, unidentified bunch of people in Miami. They're these guys' fathers and widowed grandmothers and they've been living in some hollow of these mountains. To use pensioners as a stick to beat the working people has really appalled Appalachia."

That strike ended with the restoration of benefits (although medical expenses incurred during the strike were not recovered). Many battles remain to be fought in Appalachia, and older people will always be right in the thick of things. But it is not just in struggle that older people set an example, it is in living.

My paternal grandfather, a Sicilian immigrant to the coal mines, died at 97. He spent only one week in bed before he died.

My 70-year-old mother is still active, and physically tougher than I am. She still works, teaching basic nursing skills to "young" people in their 50s and 60s. She also, three years ago, took up clowning and many evenings and weekends find her in full makeup, entertaining residents of nursing homes and children at birthday parties.

Appalachia is a place that is less obsessed than much of America with the cult of youth. Most people here do not work to hide their age, do not automatically assume that younger is somehow better or that age disqualifies them from certain activities. With the examples before us of the older people in our communities, approaching age is not a condition to be feared.

TAM

Older people are the backbone of every grassroots movement in the Appalachian coalfields. Often only those who are retired can afford to risk the ire of the coal industry.

Appalachia is a place that is less obsessed than much of America with the cult of youth. People here do not work to hide their age, do not automatically assume that younger is somehow better or that age disqualifies them from activities.

A justice perspective

by Julie A. Wortman

Only six percent of persons aged 65 or older in this country live in nursing homes. It's a statistic that Mary Anne Osborn, associate director of Interfaith Volunteer Caregivers of New Haven, Conn., can't get out of her mind. Sure, many older Americans are living active retirements. But with the over-85 group the fastest growing segment of American society, many remain hidden from view, cut off from their communities and churches by impaired mobility, illness, depression and disorientation.

Although people of faith commonly think of these people as presenting a pastoral-care issue, Osborn is urging congregations to see the needs of homebound older adults as an issue of social justice.

"In any given church or synagogue, everyone would agree that homelessness, hunger, racism, abuse and other social ills are without doubt issues that relate to justice in our society. But the needs of older homebound people are not seen in this light," the 41-year-old Episcopal priest recently told the northeastern meeting of the National Federation of Interfaith Volunteer Caregivers.

"I believe that being 'shut-in' — which is really being 'shut-out' from the community — is an injustice."

Resistance to seeing the social-justice angle on elderly-focused caregiving, Osborn believes, comes out of denial. "We're all aging and none of us likes it,"



credit: Jim West

she says flatly.

Osborn worked as a psychological counselor before attending seminary at the Episcopal Divinity School in Cambridge, Mass., and specialized in pastoral counseling and visitation after graduation in 1986. Then an opportunity to work as a resident chaplain came up at a Hartford, Conn., continuing-care facility.

Two years ago she left the nursing home to join New Haven's Interfaith Volunteer Caregivers (IVC) organization. "Now I'm working to keep people out of nursing homes."

IVC is one of 200 faith-based caregiving programs located across the country dedicated to helping elders maintain their independence — and their connection to their communities. Churches or synagogues supply the volunteers. Osborn and IVC's six other staff members provide the volunteer training.

"Many times we hear a volunteer relate a story about some unfairness her

older friend has experienced — maybe it's having to wait a long time without food in a hospital emergency waiting room, or not being able to have dental work done because it's not covered by Medicare, or not being able to leave an apartment for fear of getting caught in crossfire from a gang war." With IVC's guidance, such enraging experiences are jumpstarting advocacy for badly needed reforms.

"Advocacy can be anything from lobbying the statehouse for increased funding for transportation for seniors to talking with a local grocery store manager about getting a motorized wheelchair for frail elder or disabled shoppers." A stepped-up advocacy training program, Osborn hopes, will give volunteers who shy away from caregiving an alternative way to help.

The fact that IVC's volunteers come from New Haven's religious congregations is critical, Osborn believes.

"It makes a difference to a person in need because that means something larger is involved," she explains. "This is a person who is really interested, who really *cares* — and that means that God cares."

"We usually think of visiting older people as just a nice thing to do because we realize that it's difficult to be alone. But in reality, entering a relationship with an isolated elder through visiting or

through any other means, is providing life support — and when we don't break the isolation, we are essentially pulling the plug on that person's life."

"Being 'shut-in' — which is really being 'shut out' from the community — is an injustice."

— Mary Anne Osborn

[Nat. Fed. of IVCs can be reached at 914-331-1358.]

Julie A. Wortman is an assistant editor of *The Witness*. Photographer Jim West works for *Labor Notes* in Detroit.

Reworking the image

by Bernard Nash

Does it strike you as strange that we all want to live longer but none of us wants to grow old?

In every stage of life we seek seniority — at school, on the job, in unions — but we reject the title of “senior citizen.”

Society abounds with negative stereotypes. Our bias permeates our language, our humor, our literature, songs and marketing. A study of children’s stories revealed that all but one depicted older persons as cruel stepmothers, wicked witches and grumpy grandfathers. In a study of language it was found that more than two-thirds of the words used to describe aging are negative. Little wonder that we don’t want to be associated with older people.

Perhaps the uniqueness of “agism” is that, while we deny the stereotypes describe us personally, we contribute to the myths rather than attempting to change them.

The stereotypes we laugh at when younger become the benchmarks of our own self-image as we age. Even if we were never very organized, or had a poor memory for names and details our entire lives, those traits take on a special meaning in later years.

Do we over 65 make an effort to exercise our full potential for contributing to the improvement of our personal situation or our society? Do we volunteer? Do we vote? Do we enlighten our govern-

ment representatives, our church leaders and our fellow citizens, or do we “let George do it?” We seem to think we have earned a vacation from change and challenge and responsibility.

Until seniors collectively set a more positive example, the world won’t change.



credit: Jim West

We professionals in gerontology are not without guilt. We define chronological age by generalizing about physical and behavioral traits. Too frequently programs for seniors are located in the departments of welfare, mental health or rehabilitation rather than evangelism, education or outreach. The State of Ohio places senior citizen concerns under Mental Health and until recently Florida placed them under the Department of Corrections; they were thinking in terms of institutions. (Interestingly, they then moved it to business development and changed the economy of the state.)

We should not be enhancing stereotypes of the aged as poor, dependent, mentally incompetent and physically debilitated. Some are, but most are not. Of those who live in nursing homes, only five percent require nursing care. The others may simply need assistance with

bathing and dressing, or assurance that they are taking their medications as prescribed, or help with shopping and transportation.

It is equally important not to go overboard the other way. Seniors are not all kind, wise, affluent, lovable and dependable. We don’t change that much as we age. Why is it presumed that we do?

I suggest that we would enjoy our extended lives more if we were afforded

more respect for our strengths, more independence in making choices versus living up to expectations, and engaged in more fulfilling personal activities that contributed to some greater cause.

In a more perfect world in which we were not bombarded with the virtues of youth, we seniors might focus more on our gifts than our frustrations. We could take more control of our destiny and exercise more personal responsibility. Our physical losses would be accepted as

was our physical growth in the early years. Instead of succumbing to the social pressure which measures success by material possessions, we would draw a sense of life fulfillment from dignity and self-respect. Service agencies beleaguered with limited staff and resources could be a source of volunteer opportunities. Instead of being reactive they could be creative, inventive, leaders of change.

Is this perfect world achievable? Yes! Many older individuals already live by its precepts and enjoy its rewards. But society in general does not make it easy.

We bear major responsibility for making life more satisfying at every stage. We have God’s gift of intelligence to be used in the shaping of our lives. And the older we become, the more experience we have had in coping. Change won’t occur until we accept the fact that it is ourselves we are discussing.

TW

Bernard Nash is immediate past president of the Episcopal Society for Ministry on Aging and past administrator of the American Association of Retired Persons.

They come in pretty regularly, often slow of step and complaining of arthritic pains. While waiting for food, they have diligently searched out the kid-sized shirts, pants and sweaters from the used clothing boxes. Sometimes a pre-schooler scampers around one of them and climbs up in her lap. These are the grandmothers. They are mothers again — not by choice but by necessity. Most are widowed, with no extra adult hands to help them.

Each grandmother has her own story. Estelle is in the long process of attaining guardianship of two toddlers. Her daughter is a drug addict who seldom appears at home. Child support is non-existent and, until she is awarded the guardianship, there is no public aid either.

Anne watches over two small ones too. Her story is more encouraging, since her daughter went through a detoxification program and is now eating and acting normally. Soon her grandchildren will be able to return to their mother — but meanwhile, Anne must fill the caregiver role.

Rose doesn't smile very often. She has two teenaged grandsons "who need everything." Money is scarce on a widow's Social Security budget. The grandchildren are orphans and she struggles to give them a wholesome home.

Ruth is a young grandmother. If you asked her, she would simply laugh and tell you that she had a late baby. She has transformed a family heartache into a bit-sweet joy. When her unmarried daughter had a baby, Ruth took the infant into the family with a loving welcome. The burdens continue — yet this same baby

Nadine Doughty is the former coordinator of St. Cyprian's Food Pantry on Chicago's Northwest Side. Artist **Eleanor Mill**'s work is syndicated from Hartford, Conn.

brightened the searing months of Ruth's untimely widowhood. Who else could make her smile at the time when her husband died?

Pauline puffs down the stairs into the church Fellowship Room. She is a grandmother who is not widowed — but her husband, a stroke victim, is shuttled be-

turn out well.

What do they see ahead, these grandmothers? Some hold hope for the future, as the situation brightens. For others, it appears to be an endless treadmill of caregiving, with no respite to be found. They all are valiant; they see their obligations and are faithful to them. The price is often high, but the children are not abandoned.

— Nadine Doughty

Plaza de Mayo

Why did we decide to organize ourselves [as the Grandmothers of Plaza de Mayo]? In that epoch of terrible repression, it was a sin to be young in my country, a sin to be intelligent. It was a sin for the young to go out in search of their family, and it also was a sin for a man to do so because, theoretically anyhow, men are supposed to be more intelligent than women. So the women took to the streets, and our menfolk had to stay behind at home or at their work, or wait one or two blocks away from the police station to see if we were going to be set free so they could accompany us home. So these were reasons behind this surge in women's movements, and I would say that "the power of not having power"

was what permitted us to organize ourselves to locate our families, or at least to know something about their fate. We often left the younger women behind, weeping, because they thought they too, had the right to go out to search for their sisters and brothers — but we told them that we did not wish for more "disappeared" in our

In Ghana and Plaza de Mayo are drawn from Empowering Older Women: Cross Cultural Views, produced by the American Association of Retired People (see p. 16) and the International Federation on Ageing.



credit: Eleanor Mill

Up from under

tween their house and a nursing home. Her son and daughter-in-law were obliged to move in with Pauline and the grandchildren are in her charge while their parents search for employment. Pauline is now head of house, as her husband's abilities decline. The role was unexpected and unwanted. Fortunately, she is honest and outspoken about her needs and has succeeded in obtaining some assistance, such as food stamps and cash. She appears resilient under the stress, and somehow manages to sound confident that all will

families. And so they let us go. Since we were crazy old women, nothing would happen to us — and that's how it was.

In summary, what we are doing is shaking things up, with a lot of effort, a lot of pain, and a great deal of organization. Our strategy is simply to look for whatever "space" we can find. Just that — we take advantage of whatever small spaces we can identify, because each space means another child found. We are moving forward and we are rescuing our children in spite of the outlook of the judges, the majority of whom are men, and in spite of the laws, also made by men.

—Elsa Pabón de Aguilar

Abuelas de Plaza de Mayo, Argentina
(Grandmothers of Plaza de Mayo)

Ghana

The respect accorded elderly people in Africa is evident in the traditional words used to describe them. These expressions include "elder," "he or she who knows," "he or she who has vision," "wise old lady." In traditional African societies age is calculated not in years but in stages of life: childhood, adolescence, adulthood, and old age. Each stage has roles or patterns of behavior assigned to it. In the Ghanaian setting, an elderly person is said "to have arrived."

Older women continue to play important roles in political, economic and social life in Africa. These include educating children, teaching culture and passing on the rules of inheritance and descent. The Ghanaian woman is always told that one day she will be alone, either through divorce, separation or widowhood. Throughout her life, she is preparing for that day so she will feel comfortable with herself when she "arrives."

Large numbers of women at midlife and older ages with limited education are found in either the rural or the urban informal sectors of the Ghanaian economy. They undertake a variety of activities:

commodity trading; food processing; and crafts such as weaving, pottery, or jewelry making. Quite often by the time the woman trader reaches midlife, she has greater economic power than her better educated counterpart who might have worked with government or commercial firms and is on pension. The Ghanaian household rarely contains only a nuclear family. By the time a woman reaches old age, she almost always heads a household of her children and grandchildren. By this stage she becomes the caregiver, the educator, the peacemaker and the counselor. Her advice is sought on a variety of problems not only by her immediate family, but by people living in her neighborhood, members of her church, or other organizations.

Ghanaian women have a knack for organization, and very often two or three generations of women from the same family belong to the same society — cultural, social, economic, or political. Cultural societies are organized to instill in young people the need to uphold traditional values. Credit unions or benevolent societies are formed by market women and women farmers to provide easy credit for farms or businesses, or to build a house. The keeping of joint bank accounts with a husband is almost unheard of in Ghana; since some men have more than one wife, the women have their own households and don't have to account for their income.

Market women's benevolent societies wield much political influence, and it is the women who have "arrived" who have the greatest power. We say that the Ghanaian woman never stops working "until the bones are weak." When she becomes too frail to work, she expects her children or extended family to care for her. There is yet another saying in our vernacular that translates literally as follows:

Care for me while I grow my teeth, so that I will care for you when you lose yours.

—Eva Naa Borkor Forson
U.N. African Mothers Association

Living as an inmate

Elizabeth B. McCubbin, a strong, creative woman, singlehandedly raised my mother and my aunt, managing also to become a social worker. She had a lot of prison experience, working as superintendent for Women's Corrections in Raleigh, N.C., so I take my Nana seriously when she now refers to herself as an "inmate" in her retirement community.

In the early 1980s, she moved to Highland Farms in Black Mountain, N.C., a retirement community surrounded by the Smokey Mountains.

Retirement communities were new things then. In addition to the great scenery, Highland Farms offered a wide range of living arrangements — from independent living to full nursing care.

At first, Nana was very busy. She served as interim director of the YWCA in nearby Asheville; she worked with Black Mountain's unit of Women's Corrections; she attended concerts and plays at the local colleges. And, at Highland Farms, she was involved with the Residents' Association, a book club, a bridge group and the local Episcopal Church.

But it did not take long for my Nana to begin feeling confined. The monochromatic population at Highland Farms frustrates my social-worker grandmother. Everyone is old. No one has a new baby, or teenagers getting in trouble, or the Yuppie disease of working too hard. There is a mild diversity of opinions. But, because of the economics of living some place like Highland Farms, most of the residents are retired professionals — and most are white.

My grandmother is now more, not less, purely herself — thoughtful, insightful. Her craving for new ideas and challenges is sharper than ever. What my Nana longs for is a human community — one to which she can contribute and from which she can learn. Surely, she and I tell each other, such a thing should be possible. — Anne Cox

Anne Cox is rector of Nativity Episcopal Church in Bloomfield Township, Mich.

Skeet MacDonald, a wiry little Scotsman born in 1900, was at the wheel of his 38-foot lobster boat, the good ship “Poozie,” as we threaded our way through the ledges in Burnt Thoroughfare off the north end of Isle au Haut, Maine, and headed for Fog Island. Going due east, we were bathed in the rays of the sun which was just rising, dripping, from the Atlantic. It had been a good season for fishing and he had been making the most of it.

Anticipating another good haul that day, Skeet burst into song: “Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O.” He had been fishing the same bay since he was in his teens and knew every shoal, every rock, every deep hole as he knew the back of his hand. That bay had been good to him. It had been his one source of support. Forced by his father’s death to leave school when in the seventh grade, he had spent his entire adult life fishing this same bay. Those waters had made it possible for him to get out of debt, marry, raise a child, buy three successive boats and periodically give a helping hand to relatives who were having hard going. This was indeed old Skeet MacDonald’s farm, and for him it had produced a good crop. “E-I-E-I-O!”

Another time I stepped aboard the Poozie, the sun was not yet up, but there was a pre-dawn promise of a beautifully crisp September day. Exhilarated by the beauty of the morning and the prospect of the day’s hauling, I reached back to my sixth-grade memories and proclaimed:

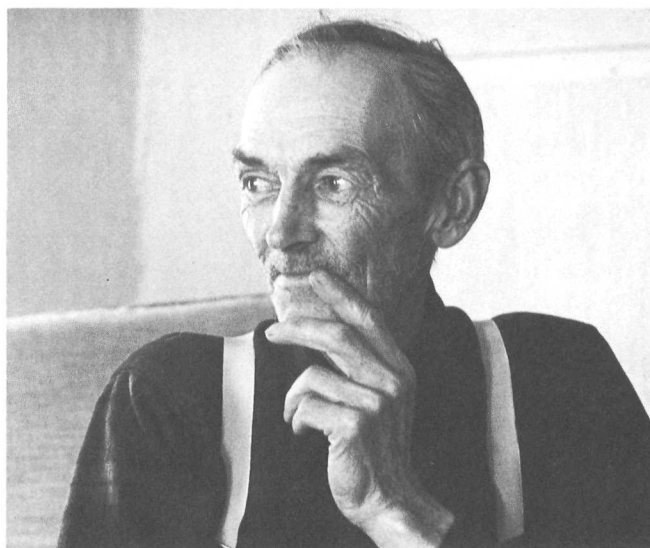
*Up from the meadows, rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland ...*

But I was interrupted (I could not have gone much farther anyway) with:

*And round about them orchards sweep
Apple and peach tree fruited deep ...*

... And so Skeet reached into his sixth grade memories and continued through the entirety of *Barbara Frietchie*, Whittier’s poem about Stonewall Jackson and that doughty Barbara who shouted from her second-story window to the Rebel general, “Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, but spare your country’s flag ...”

The premature death of Skeet’s father had required his leaving school to help support his mother and her family of six children. He never returned to school, a fact he never ceased to regret; but he seemed to retain everything he learned in those six years (*Barbara Frietchie* is our witness). He savored the memories of school, from the spit-balls on the ceiling, to the compe-



Skeet MacDonald telling stories.

credit: John R. Dice

Smooth Sailing, Captain!

by Robert DeWitt

tion between the boys and the girls (“They beat us at spelling and composition, but in arithmetic and geography we took them!”). Yet, asked why he felt so strongly his lack of more formal education, he replied thoughtfully that there were so many times he felt left out of a conversation because he didn’t know things the other people knew.

I had started lobstering with him some decades before, eager for an excuse to be on the water, fascinated with the lore associated with lobstering and relishing the companionship of one who was witty, good-humored and even-tempered. (Said a younger fisherman of Skeet: “He is the only gentleman fisherman I have ever known!”) My schedule was uncertain so I had insisted on being a “volunteer” (which was a misnomer for I took home many a free lobster). This refusal to be paid had puzzled him to the point of irritation. I was waited on one evening after supper. He told me he could no longer have me go with him, as he refused to take advantage of me. Finally we bargained and bartered our way to a compromise—I could feel free to borrow his car to take my kids to the pond, etc., etc.. But it continued a puzzling anomaly to him.

Working with volunteers, as any administrator knows, can be frustrating. One day we had pulled up at one of his buoys. He was

Robert DeWitt is 12th bishop of Pennsylvania and former editor of *The Witness*. He now lives in Isle au Haut, Maine.

at the wheel handling the boat and I was astern, yanking the trap aboard and with great gusto emptying it of its load of snarling and snapping crabs and lobsters. Skeet, who had watched me bring the trap aboard, left the wheel and drifted back to where I was working. Said he, "Do you mind if I scold you a little?" "Why, uh, no," I flustered. He then pointed out that I should avoid banging the traps on the washboard, as it sends the trapped creatures into a frenzied pinching of each other and any human hand they can reach. It was the gentlest reprimand ever to come my way.

A fisherman has an uneasy alliance with the sea. It supports him, and it supports his boat as he makes his way back and forth. Its astonishing bounty it offers freely. Yet, again, in a stormy fit it can destroy his gear, his boat and the fisherman himself. Blind and mindless though those forces can be, the fisherman can never turn his back to them in indifference. A dynamism is there, be it sub-human or super-human, which demands his constant respect and vigilance.

Fishermen, and all who go down to the sea in ships, are caught up in the attempt to master a mystery, which, finally, cannot be mastered. There is probably no fisherman on the coast of Maine who has not at one time or another gone aground, at a cost to his hurt pride, if not to his boat. "What is the first thing to do when you get your boat hung up?" asked a novice. Replied Skeet, "First, look around to see if anyone saw you!"

The underwater terrain along that coast is just as "stern and rockbound" as its above-water counterpart, though it is obscured by a nine- to 12-foot layer of tidal water constantly ebbing and flowing.

"Is there enough water to get through there?" asks a visitor, pointing to a narrow passage. "Well," replies Skeet, "there's enough water, but it's spread out too thin."

One day at our lunch break Skeet was perched on the tall stool at the wheel, boots braced against the washboard, thoughtfully sipping coffee. "You know," he said, "you've spent a lot of time out here in the bay with me. And you've known me since — 1939? You know what I do for a living, how I do it. But I only see you here summers and don't have any idea what you do. Oh, I know you're a preacher, but that's about all. What do you actually do?"

Nothing was further from my mind, midway into a vacation. But the unexpected question jerked me out of the Penobscot Bay and abruptly thrust me back into my suburban Detroit parish. What *did* I do there? What were the "traps" I repaired? What were the weather signs I looked for? It seemed hard to get into focus. But I tried. I spoke of multiple-clergy staffs, the changes in society which call for new approaches to the Church's ministry to people, the importance of small-group work in the

Church's teaching efforts, the need for the clergy themselves to have opportunities for continuing education. And so on. All the while, Skeet had been watching me closely, listening intently, making no comment, asking no questions. He took a deep breath at the end of my recital, said "I don't get it," slatted the remaining drops of coffee in his cup over the lee washboard and, snapping his lunch pail shut, prepared to go to work.

In his last years, no longer able to go lobstering, Skeet was more and more preoccupied, both asleep (in his dreams) and awake, by the question of what to do with his boat and his gear. His was a tidy mind, and a man should take care of his things. But how dispose of the Poozie, his stalwart friend for so many years? And what to do with all those traps, warp, buoys? Both boat and gear had been so much a central part of his life for so long that he was all tangled up with them, not sure where the boundary was between them.

"You know, this growing old is not all it's cracked up to be!" Skeet said a week before his death. One could see his interest in affairs of this world was fading. More and more he was looking out to sea, literally and figuratively.

No way he could know the traps and buoys finally would be sold off in bits and pieces. But just before the end, he sold the boat to the shipyard with the assurance they would restore it to its original condition. They did, although he never saw the reconditioned Poozie.

"You know, this growing old is not all it's cracked up to be!" Skeet said a week before his death. One could see his interest in affairs of this world was fading. More and more he was looking out to sea, literally and figuratively. More and more he was sleeping, as though in preparation for the Great Sleep. And one day quietly, as year after year he had risen in the morning to go hauling, he slipped away. It seemed to us he was in the hospital, but actually he had taken a view to the weather and had gone to sea, alone as he had so many, many times before. He had told us many times he was going, though he never mentioned exactly when. Perhaps he didn't know. It all depends on the weather, you know.

Good-bye, Captain. Good fishing! Smooth sailing! See you, Skeet.

TW

Statistics on aging

Information provided by the AARP

The AARP can be contacted at 601 E. St., N.W., Washington, D.C., 20049.
1991 American Association of Retired Persons. Reprinted with permission.

The Older Population

■ The older population — persons 65 years or older — numbered 31.2 million in 1990. They represented 12.6% of the U.S. population, about one in every eight Americans. The number of older Americans increased by 5.7 million or 22% since 1980, compared to an increase of 8% for the under-65 population.

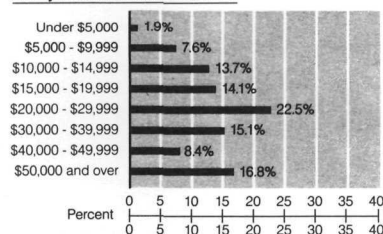
■ In 1990, there were 18.7 million older women and 12.6 million older men, or a sex ratio of 149 women for every 100 men. The sex ratio increases with age, ranging from 123 for the 65-69 group to a high of 259 for persons 85 and older.

■ Since 1900, the percentage of Americans 65+ has tripled (4.1% in 1900 to 12.6% in 1990), and the number has increased 10 times (from 3.1 million to 31.2 million).

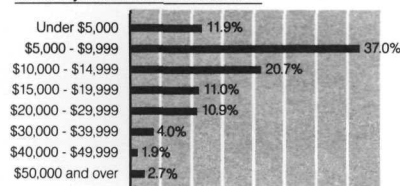
■ The older population itself is getting older. In 1990 the 65-74 age group (18.81 million) was eight times larger than in 1900, but the 75-84 group (10.1 million) was 13 times larger and the 85+ group (3.1 million) was 24 times larger.

FIGURE 7
PERCENT DISTRIBUTION BY INCOME: 1990*

Family households with head 65 +



Nonfamily households with head 65 +



\$25,105 median for 10.9 million family households 65+
\$10,244 median for 9.6 million nonfamily households 65+
Based on data from U.S. Bureau of the Census

■ In 1989, persons reaching age 65 had an average life expectancy of an additional 17.2 years (18.8 years for females and 15.2 years for males).

■ A child born in 1989 could expect to live 75.2 years, about 28 years longer than a child born in 1900. The major part of this increase occurred because of reduced death rates for children and young adults. Life expectancy at age 65 increased by only 2.4 years between 1900 and 1960, but has increased by 2.9 years since 1960.

■ About 2.2 million persons celebrated their 65th birthday in 1990 (6,000 per day). In the same year, about 1.6 million persons 65 or older died, resulting in a net increase of 645,000 (1,770 per day).

Income

■ The median income of older persons in 1990 was \$14,183 for males and \$8,044 for females. After adjusting for a 1989-90 inflation rate of 5%, these figures represented no change in "real" income from 1989 for women but a 3% increase for men.*

■ Households containing families headed by persons 65+ reported a median income in 1990 of \$25,105 (\$25,908 for Whites, \$16,647 for Blacks, and \$18,113 for Hispanics). About one of every ten (10%) family households with an elderly head had incomes less than \$10,000 and 40% had incomes of \$30,000 or more (fig. 7)*

■ Elderly non-family households (persons living alone or with nonrelatives) were likely to have low incomes in 1990, with 49% reporting \$10,000 or less. One-eighth (12%) had incomes under \$5,000 and 31% had \$15,000 or more. The median income in 1990 for these households was \$10,244 (\$10,798 for Whites, \$6,308 for Blacks, and \$7,060 for Hispanics).*

■ The major source of income for older couples and individuals in 1988 was Social Security (39%), followed by asset income (25%), earnings (17%), public and private pensions (17%) and all other sources (3%).*

FIGURE 8
PERSONS 65+ AS PERCENTAGE

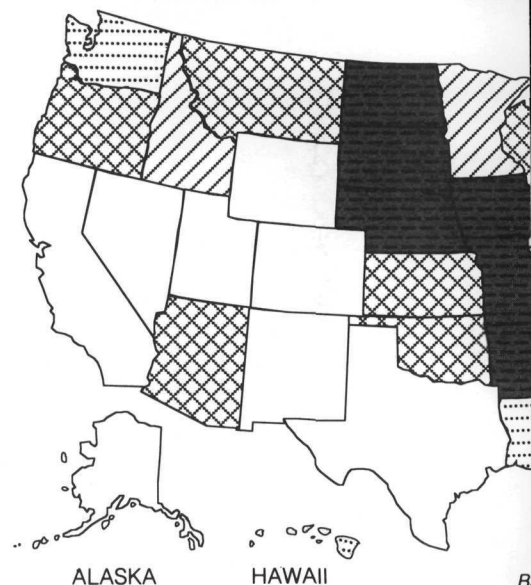
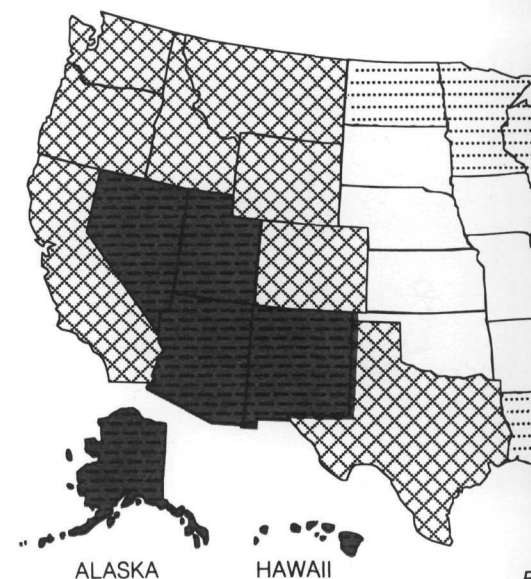
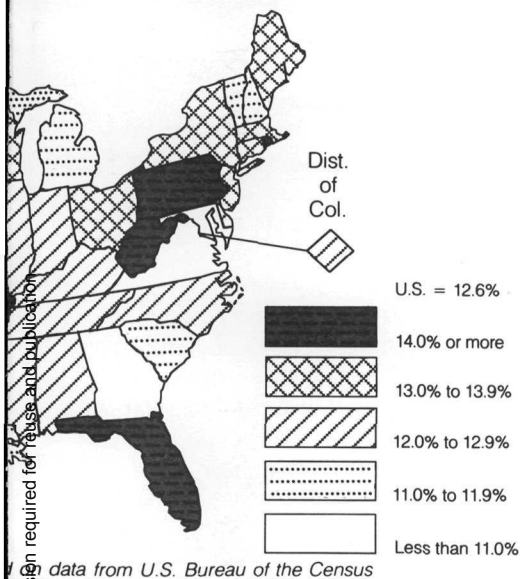


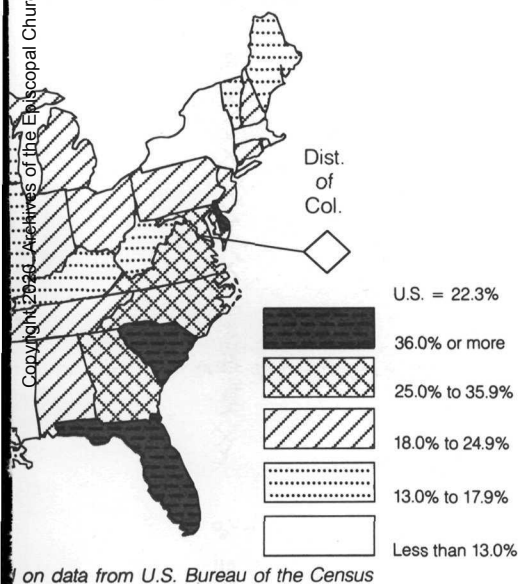
FIGURE 9
PERCENTAGE INCREASE IN POPULATION



4 TOTAL POPULATION: 1990



POPULATION 65 + : 1980 TO 1990



Living Arrangements

■ The majority (67%) of older non-institutionalized persons lived in a family setting in 1990. Approximately 10.1 million or 82% of older men, and 9.6 million or 56% of older women, lived in families (fig. 3). The proportion living in a family setting decreased with age. About 13% (8% of men, 16% of women) were not living with a spouse but were living with children, siblings, or other relatives. An additional 2% of both men and women, or 653,000 older persons, lived with nonrelatives.*

■ About 31% (9.2 million) of all non-institutionalized older persons in 1990 lived alone (7.2 million women, 1.9 million men). They represented 42% of older women and 16% of older men. Older persons living alone increased in number by 30% between 1980 and 1990, compared with 20% for the balance of the older population.*

■ A 1984 study found that 4 of every 5 older persons had living children. Of these, two-thirds (66%) lived within 30 minutes of a child. Six out of ten (62%) had at least weekly visits with children and three-fourths (76%) talked on the phone at least weekly with children.*

■ While a small number (1.4 million) and percentage (5%) of the 65+ population lived in nursing homes in 1987, the percentage increased dramatically with age, ranging from 1% for persons 65-74 years to 5% for persons 75-84 years and 25% for persons 85+.

Racial & Ethnic Composition

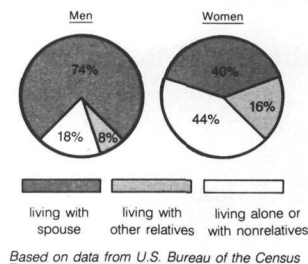
■ In 1990, about 89% of persons 65+ were White, 8% were Black and about 3% were other races (including American Indian, Eskimo, Aleut, Asian and Pacific Islander). Persons of Hispanic origin (who may be of any race) represented 4% of the older population.

Education

■ The educational level of the older population has been steadily increasing. Between 1970 and 1990, the percentage who had completed high school rose from 28% to 55% (54% of men, 56% of women). About 12% in 1990 had 4 or more years of college.*

■ The percentage who had completed high school varied considerably by race and ethnic origin among older persons in 1990: 58% of Whites, 27% of Blacks, and 27% of Hispanics.*

FIGURE 3
LIVING ARRANGEMENTS OF PERSONS
65 + : 1990*



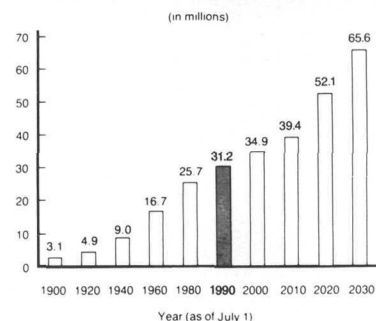
Future Growth

■ The older population is expected to continue to grow in the future (see fig. 1). This growth will slow somewhat during the 1990s because of the relatively small number of babies born during the Great Depression of the 1930s. The most rapid increase is expected between the years 2010 and 2030 when the "baby boom" generation reaches age 65.

■ By 2030, there will be about 66 million older persons, 2 and one-half times their number in 1980. If current fertility and immigration levels remain stable, the only age groups to experience significant growth in the next century will be those past age 55.

■ By the year 2000, persons 65+ are expected to represent 13.0% of the population, and this percentage may climb to 21.8% by 2030.

FIGURE 1
NUMBER OF PERSONS 65 + : 1990 to 2030



Note: Increments in years on horizontal scale are uneven.

Based on data from U.S. Bureau of the Census

* Numbers or percentages in paragraphs and figures followed by this symbol refer to the non-institutionalized population only.

Inheriting Dad

by Dierdre Luzwick

Out in the garage hangs a weather-beaten sign which reads:

"WE SHOOT EVERY THIRD VISITOR: THE SECOND ONE JUST LEFT."

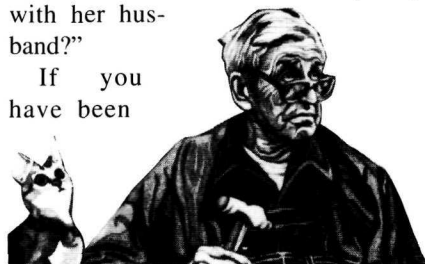
It was attached for three decades to our front door; a custom-painted statement which "expressed" my father. Company thought it was a joke. But they learned...

Fortunate families maintain a balance of "parental pleasantries"; but in many homes, the scales are lopsided. Either an Adorable Mama holds a Difficult Papa in check, or Loveable Dad locks Mom's broomsticks safely in the closet.

With the passage of years, the abrasive edges of a disagreeable parent become more pronounced and children eyeball their grey-haired authors with increasing dread. Anxiously they pray for their parents' continued health and longevity. But secretly they whisper to God: "If one must go...PLEASE!...don't leave our Hard-Case behind!"

Us? We were four kids who had all the magic of Ireland in a wise and brave lady who honored us with our birthdays. Everyone cherished our Mama. Hers was the first name placed upon Party Lists — and the last one slandered by drunks. "Number her soul with the Saints," all remarked, "for who else could put up with her husband?"

If you have been



fathered by a square-headed German... then you know. They are not bullies. If every schedule within their households revolves about their needs — particularly those pertaining to food and the usage of bathrooms — they are really quite manageable. This quality of self-anointed Kingship is not strictly limited, of course, to males of teutonic lineage.

A brilliant attorney and magistrate, Papa was famous for his steam-rolling honesty. He would never toss a case for an underworld interest; he would never toss a "courtesy" to a bore. "Go home," he told guests overstaying their welcome. "Go home," he told grandchildren, drooling their vowels. His intolerance for "stupidity" precluded fellowship with animals, children and the Gallup-poll populace. Papa liked Mama, and she was his best friend. With time, she became his only friend. Eventually Mother graduated to the status of a Preferred Stock which could never go public. Dad would not share her, even with us.

The oddities we manifest as youths become exaggerated with age into obsessions. Impatient people become cross — and then cantankerous. Self-sufficiency devolves into hostility. And a Good King can degenerate into a tyrant, and finally...a terrorist.

Dementia assaulted Papa in his 70s. The shock of his dissolution brought on Mama's first aneurysm. She would recover — to struggle valiantly through seven more years of defending Dad's right to be unpleasant.

And then one night — like the explosion of a star — she was gone. And all our grievous eyes turned from our mother's

casket toward the bent old man who no longer terrified anyone and we raised the silent question to heaven: "But *who* can live with PAPA?"

Well, nobody, very happily. My sister and I exchange "papasitting" services on a monthly basis. Acknowledging the adage of "old dogs/new tricks," we follow Mama's example and see to it that Dad is always fed; ...well...on time...with appropriate martinis. Dad retains his penchant for spending half the day in the bathroom, but no longer remembers what he is there for. We help him out with constant reminders through the door to: shave (*all* his face), brush (*all* his teeth); take off yesterday's underpants before putting on today's; and flush (*every* time).

He is afraid of being left alone, so we take him with us everywhere. He hates it. Either he trails behind us a half city block, muttering loudly about the injustice of "dragging an old man around town," or he sits in the car, loudly honking the horn every 35 seconds. He resents the time we must devote to maintaining a household, but when we stop to give him time — Dad

Like the explosion of a star — she was gone. And all our eyes turned from our mother's casket toward the bent old man who no longer terrified anyone. "Who can live with PAPA?"

can't think what to do with it! He hates television and jigsaw puzzles; can't read because it hurts his eyes; snarls when trounced at gin rummy; pouts if we exceed his two-inch gait on walks.

When we talk to him, he seldom answers; when we're silent, he accuses us of neglect. Conversation with others is perceived as "conspiracy."

We would like to keep him out of a nursing home. I talk to people about this, and they form two camps on the subject. Those who proclaim, "You have a life of your own to live!" invariably have com-

mitted a parent. Those who urge “family cares for family” have been through it themselves and sport ties to prove it.

And for myself, I find it hard to stalk down the Absolute Ethic on the matter. I ask myself, what does God want? What would Mom want? What do the people who love me want? Many of these parties have conflicting interests.

Once I watched my father fight, with his bare hands and a baseball cap pulled from his head, an enormous, maddened stray collie who bounded out of nowhere to attack my brother. I know that if it had been Godzilla — or any of his other three children — he would have done the same.

Though he never attended breakfast as Howdy Sunshine, my father was a good provider, a

Writer and artist **Dierdre Luzwick** lives in Wisconsin. These portraits of her parents are from the series *Christ Kin*. Her most recent book, *Endangered Species*, is published by Harper & Row, San Francisco, 1992.

clean and responsible citizen of America and a tolerant counselor. Each of us received only one spanking in our lives. All of us were permitted to survive distressing puberties.

I believe I owe the man. In a world where the meaning of Life is constantly revolving around personal pleasure, much of this planet’s “best stuff” is slipping through the cracks. Love used to have the sticking power of sparrows, Girl Scout pledges and peanut butter. The “911 People” never ratted when the going got rough. Neither did God.

Once in a while I hand Dad his drink, rebutton his shirt the “right way,” or

catch him when he’s falling on his fanny; and he actually says, “Thank you.” What the hell. Each time I look in the mirror, I see a reflection. That old guy shuffling down the hall toward the bathroom put it there.

Now nothing I ever do for my Father can possibly be as big as that. **TW**

Financing Home Care

With all of the problems associated with nursing home care, it is perhaps not surprising that older people overwhelmingly prefer to be cared for in their own homes. Yet government spending for long-term care is heavily biased in favor of nursing homes. Neither Medicare nor Medicaid covers any significant part of home care services. As a result, 85 percent of home care is provided by friends and family members without institutional support. Of the 15 percent who receive care from paid providers, 60 percent pay the entire bill themselves. High turnover among home care workers, who are overworked and underpaid, further hampers the availability of adequate home care.

Not surprisingly, most caregivers — paid and unpaid — are women. Women frequently care for their infirm husbands, whom they outlive by six years on average. The burden of care also falls on adult children, usually daughters and daughters-in-law.

Ironically, although home care tends to be much cheaper than nursing home care, cost containment is one of the major reasons for the government’s bias toward institutional care. Public officials, recognizing that the number of elders currently going without publicly supported services far exceeds the number receiving support, fear a surge in demand for home care if the government were to provide it.

—excerpted with permission from *Dollars & Sense* (Jan./Feb. 1988). Subscriptions: \$16.95/yr. (10 issues) from Economic Affairs Bureau, 1 Summer St., Somerville, Mass., 02143.



“Well, Ducks, you did it!”

by Lucinda Laird

The General Synod of the Church of England approved legislation allowing women to be ordained to the priesthood Nov. 11, 1992. The Synod had declared “there are no fundamental objections to ordination of women to priesthood” in 1975, but a vote to change the canons failed in 1978. This latest legislation had been under consideration since 1984.

I arrived in England a week before the vote, full of optimism and an American point of view. I had always wished I’d been in Minneapolis in 1976. Now I was to be present at this historic vote. It was going to be strange for me, a priest of ten years’ standing, to listen to arguments for and against the ordination of women.

The first person I called was Claire Wilson, a deacon in a north London parish for the last five years (women have been allowed to be ordained to the diaconate since 1987). I had met Wilson the previous January, in St. Paul’s Cathedral, where she served once a month as the clergyperson. I didn’t realize at the time the strength — and the obstinacy — this took. The Bishop of London and the Dean of St. Paul’s were strongly opposed to women’s ordination and were not excited at the offer of her services — even as a deacon.

Wilson was worried. She felt there was a good chance the legislation would not pass. The General Synod consists of three houses: Bishops, Clergy and Laity. The legislation needed to pass by a two-thirds majority in *each* house. The House of Bishops looked good. The Clergy House was close, but would probably pass. But in the Laity, indications were

that the measure could fail by three or four votes.

She and her vicar, Donald Barnes of St. Peter’s, Belsize Park, were making plans about what they would do if the legislation went down to defeat.

I discovered that Barnes, a member of General Synod, is a committed supporter of women’s ordination. Over a cup of tea, he smiled as he described himself 30 years ago, as a newly-ordained priest: “Very Anglo-Catholic. Very rigid. Rather precious. I’m sure I would not have believed then that I would hold the views I do, especially about women’s ordination.”

What happened to change his mind? “Life. Working with women. I worked for some years with a woman who was a deaconess. I thought she had a priestly vocation, although she was never able to follow it. Certainly, working with Claire has confirmed my views.”

If the women’s ordination measure was defeated, Barnes and Wilson planned to tell their congregation that they could not in conscience collaborate any longer with a male-only priesthood. If Synod would not change things officially, the only “celebrant” in worship would be the corporate body of St. Peter’s — the entire congregation would be invited to stand around the altar and *everyone* would say the eucharistic prayer together.

And if the bishop stepped in to stop it? “The main act of worship at St. Peter’s will no longer be the eucharist,” Wilson replied. “The Bishop of London would like nothing so much as for me to leave. But I will not collude with those who want us to go away.”

Others I talked with, like Jane Charman, chaplain at Clare College, Cambridge, were not so certain they pos-

sessed Wilson’s determined patience. Convinced the motion was going to fail, she and her husband were talking about moving — possibly to New Zealand.

Jane introduced me to “After November: Some Possible Responses in the Event of the Failure of the Ordination of Women Measure,” a document prepared by the women deacons of the Ely diocese. In thoughtful, painful language, the women deacons contemplated: accepting the situation; leaving the ordained ministry; moving to another denomination; continuing in ministry abroad; or initiating or participating in protest action. A determinedly optimistic Caroline Davis, the Movement for the Ordination of Women’s (MOW) executive secretary, allowed as how, if the motion were defeated, MOW would continue — but she didn’t think she could.

The Church of England is, of course, the official, established Church in this country. Although only a small percentage of the general population actually fills the pews on Sunday, the news of this particular vote was in all the papers and on television. “SCHISM threatened,” blared the tabloids. Every church bulletin, every diocesan newspaper, urged people to pray for unity.

MOW sponsored a five-day vigil outside Lambeth Palace (the Archbishop of Canterbury’s residence) that began Saturday evening (Wilson was one of those who was out there, usually in the rain, keeping vigil).

On Tuesday I went to Church House for the opening of Synod armed with press credentials. Outside, women stood in silence, holding letters to form the word WAITING.

The Archbishop of Canterbury opened Synod with prayers. As he prayed for a lay member who had died on Sunday, all I could think was, “Was she pro or con?” She was pro. I went back outside to stand with the women, waiting and singing.

Lucinda Laird is rector of St. Mark’s Episcopal Church in Teaneck, N.J.

On Wednesday, delegates were met by male priests holding signs and banners in support. The women sang softly — “Kumbayah” and “Ubi Caritas.” The Archbishop of Canterbury stopped by to re-affirm his support. The Bishop of London also stopped for a good ten minutes to talk about his anguish in this situation. I wanted to scream at him about the anguish of the women deacons. Though they knew he would vote “no,” they remained polite, urging him to abstain.

The debate started at 10:20 a.m. At 10:30 a.m. the fire alarm went off and we were asked to evacuate. The IRA had been making their presence known in London; all I could think was that a bomb could not make things more tense. Eventually, we filed back in.

The debate lasted until 4:30 p.m. Two hundred people had asked to speak, but there was time for only 38. With wit, erudition and enormous civility, they spoke of justice, of renewal, of God’s spirit at work. They spoke of male headship, as enjoined by Paul; of tradition; of “a proper subordination of women to men in creation”; and of Jesus’ maleness requiring those who represent Christ to be men. They also spoke of schism in the Church and blows to ecumenical relationships. Women deacons spoke movingly of their vocations to priesthood. Scripture was quoted at length — and so were John Donne, Matthew Arnold and George Herbert.

Many opponents said they favored women’s ordination, but “not now,” or not without the “consensus of the whole Church,” or not with this particular legislation. [The legislation, painfully worked out, would allow women to be ordained priests, not bishops, and included provisions for parishes, priests, deaneries and dioceses to keep women priests out — on the grounds of “conscience” — as well as providing financial provisions for any priest impelled to leave for this reason

anytime in the next ten years.]

The Archbishop of Canterbury put himself on the line for women, while the Bishop of London continued to anguish himself to a definite NO. The Bishop of Birmingham was clear: “I cannot see any way in which the liberating power of the gospel of Christ is commended to an unbelieving world by the assertion that

against. Clergy: 176 for, 74 against. Laity: 169 for, 82 against. Silence. I added the numbers and thought: Yes! Silence. I added again and now the Archbishop confirmed, “The motion having carried ...” The house remained silent, but in the press gallery, out of sight, we began to move. I burst into tears, and hugged Caroline Davis for all I was worth. And



credit: Lucinda Laird

only men can be priests.” The Archdeacon of Leicester hammered away: “This is neither the right time nor the right way to proceed.” Feeling smothered and choked by politeness, I came near tears when the Bishop of Durham finally asked, “I wonder, your Grace, if we have got to the point in this Synod where we have to stop being *balanced* in our attempts to understand and argue with one another. Ought we not rather to be *broken* by the shame we are bringing on God, His Christ and the Gospel?”

Then, at 4:30 p.m., it was time to stand and be counted. Clergy and lay members stood and filed out of the chamber through doors marked “Yes” or “No.” Bishops went up one side or another of a platform.

Outside, darkness was falling. The crowd had grown to about 300, many carrying candles.

At 5:00 p.m. the Archbishop of Canterbury announced the vote to a completely silent house. Bishops: 39 for, 13

then I raced outside to find cheering and rejoicing, fireworks and singing. I found Wilson and we wept together. “It felt as though someone had opened the windows and let in fresh air,” she told me later. “Sanity and wholeness have prevailed over misogyny and fear.”

The next day the headline in the *Times* screamed: “Synod Vote For Women Set to Split the Church.” The Vatican announced its disappointment. Graham Leonard, the retired Bishop of London, put forth a proposal for a mass exodus to the Roman Catholic Church.

But Claire Wilson and Donald Barnes were making plans now for a Sunday celebration, not a service of protest. I tried reaching Jane Charman, but she had gone out to dinner with her husband — hopefully, with champagne. And the woman at the newsstand where I had kept returning to buy the latest papers looked at my collar and said, “Well, ducks, you did it. About time, too.”

TW

The author's mother, Janette S. Pierce, was for many years one of the most beloved moving forces behind the women's ordination movement both in the Episcopal Church and throughout the worldwide Anglican Communion. For 15 years she served as news editor for the Philadelphia-based newspaper, The Episcopalian, becoming its managing editor January 1, 1988. She helped with the advanced organization and planning of the women's witnessing presence during the August 1988 Lambeth Conference of Bishops, a conference at which the Anglican bishops debated the impact of women in the episcopacy. Her sudden death on Jan. 15, 1988, at age 56, came just a year before Barbara C. Harris was consecrated the Anglican Communion's first woman suffragan bishop.

Dear Mom,

You would have enjoyed Jane Dixon's consecration as Suffragan Bishop of Washington this past November 18. Lots of your friends were there and spirits were high. Only a week before the Church of England, one of the last big bastions of the all-male Anglican priesthood, voted in favor of women priests and it seemed that Australia might soon do the same. (And just two days later they did!)

All the hard work paid off, Mom. The years of sitting in meeting after meeting from here to Sydney; the strategizing in the corridors, the lobbying and the waiting around the edges at the 1973 General Convention in Louisville and then at Lambeth, while the men decided the place of women in the Church; the defiant

moments like the 1974 "irregular" ordinations of 11 women in Philadelphia — the struggle, the frustration and the pain were not in vain.

Jane Dixon, Barbara Harris of Massachusetts and Penelope Jamieson of Dunedin, New Zealand (who in June of 1990 became the first woman in the Anglican Communion to head a diocese), looked darned good in their colorful, episcopal robes and miters. It may be true, as Penny told an audience at an Episcopal



credit: ENS, Jim Solheim

Hard work paid off

by Susan E. Pierce

Women's Caucus gathering the next evening, that no one ever confuses an ordained woman with God, but those three miters were unmistakable symbols of power, just the same.

Maybe the fact that there were three women in miters was why this consecration felt different from Barbara Harris' three years ago.

Held in a packed Boston Civic Center, Barbara's was a grassroots, peoples' celebration which left the "official" Church running to catch up. No one was sure what was going to happen — plainclothes

Boston cops were scattered throughout the crowd because of the threats made against Barbara's life — and the energy was wild.

Jane's consecration was, by contrast, kind of mellow. The official Church seemed finally to have caught its breath.

From where I sat in the press section (that's where you would have been sitting, too, Mom), I could see Barbara Harris' face for most of the proceedings. For the most part she was grinning from ear to ear at the prospect of having a sister in the purple. Someone murmured, "Now she'll at least have some one to go to the ladies' room with."

When it came time for the bishops to lay hands on Jane, one of the press people muttered, "I hope they're not removing her backbone." But even though Jane looks like a nice Southern lady, there's quite a bit of steel there — I think you'd like her. She is foursquare for inclusiveness, no ifs, ands or buts. And she doesn't just talk a good game. One of those standing with her as she celebrated the eucharist was Elizabeth Carl, an out lesbian whose ordination to the priesthood just before the 1992 General Convention gave conservatives such a fit. No big deal,

Elizabeth was just part of the family.

Afterwards, with the cheers and applause of more than 5,000 people still ringing in our ears, Jane sang and danced her way to her first episcopal "photo opportunity" in the cathedral's choir. She made being a bishop look like fun.

Actually, I had the distinct feeling you might have been able to see that for yourself, firsthand. In the moments of quiet during the service, as I looked up into the shadows of the immense, vaulted ceiling soaring almost out of sight, I could swear I heard the rustling of wings.

Susan Pierce is a freelance writer based in Philadelphia and former managing editor of *The Witness*.

One (sort of) in Christ Jesus

"The completion of this service will be a divisive act, not only in the diocese but throughout the Episcopal Church and across the Anglican Communion," protestor Victoria Ebell of Cheverly, Md., told the 5,000 people crammed into Washington's National Cathedral for Jane Dixon's consecration as a suffragan bishop last November.

Just how disunified is the Episcopal Church, USA, regarding acceptance of women priests and bishops? Ninety-one out of 99 U.S. jurisdictions now ordain women to the priesthood (the first 11 were ordained in Philadelphia in 1974). Of the eight domestic dioceses which have not ordained any women priests, Georgia and Springfield (Illinois) are welcoming women aspirants (Georgia also has two women priests who are canonically resident) and Albany has licensed women clergy to serve diocesan congregations. Only the five Episcopal Synod of America dioceses (Eau Claire, Fort Worth, Quincy, San Joaquin and Fond du Lac) remain categorically opposed to women priests (Fond du Lac also opposes women deacons).

True, women's ordination is less accepted in the Episcopal Church's non-U.S. jurisdictions. Of the 12 dioceses in the Church's Province IX, only four have ordained women to the priesthood (Panama, Central Ecuador, Ecuadoratorial, and the Dominican Republic), although some of the others have licensed women priests to serve diocesan congregations. Of the handful of "extra-provincial/territorial" dioceses, Puerto Rico is the only one which has ordained women priests, but women clergy have been licensed to serve in Europe and endorsed or approved to serve in the Armed Forces.

Overall, about 12 percent of Episcopal Church clergy are women. [Firm numbers, though, are elusive: the Anglican Communion Office in London reports that the U.S. Church has 788 women deacons and 1,031 women priests; the Church Pension Fund says only 859 priests and 211 deacons registered with them are women; the Church Deployment Office

lists 1,007 women priests and 135 deacons (86 transitional) on their rolls. Non-stipendiary clergy — most are deacons — would not necessarily be registered with either the Pension Fund or the Deployment Office. In 1992, 311 women were enrolled in Masters-of-Divinity programs at the 11 Episcopal seminaries.]

As for worldwide Anglicanism (which accounts for an estimated 70 million people), provincial acceptance of women's ordination is growing fast — 15 of the communion's 30 member provinces have now approved women priests, the most recent additions being South Africa, England and Australia (Australia's Western province independently ordained 10 women priests last March; the Diocese of Hong Kong also ordains women priests, but not under provincial legislation). Japan, Scotland and Wales will be considering measures to allow women priests within the next two or three years.

For some, of course, women priests, whether allowed by Church canon or not, are just plain unacceptable. Graham Leonard, the retired Anglican bishop of London, has announced that he, for one, might rather be re-ordained in the Roman Catholic Church than risk being exposed to the ministry of women priests.

But it is not clear that switching denominations will bring him and other opponents of women's ordination true respite. After all, women don't need to be ordained to have a profound impact on the Church of Rome. The heated debate surrounding the U.S. Roman Catholic bishops' rejection, last November (on the eve of Dixon's consecration), of the fourth draft of the Pastoral on Women's Concerns, titled "One in Christ Jesus" (the traditional-roles-are-good-enough-for-us-so-why-aren't-they-good-enough-for-women letter), is proof enough of that.

Ecumenical homophobia

The National Council of Churches' (NCC) General Board voted to postpone consideration of the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches'

(UFMCC) application for observer status last November after debating the morality of homosexual behavior. The UFMCC is a predominantly gay and lesbian denomination.

The Episcopalians voted 5-3 against accepting the application at this time.

A total of 14 Episcopalians sit on the NCC's General Board (12 are part of the Church's official delegation and two others are NCC appointees), including Presiding Bishop Edmond L. Browning and House of Deputies President Pamela Chinnis. Neither was able to attend the controversial NCC assembly because they were presiding at a meeting of the Church's Executive Council. "We wish to register in a formal way that, had we been in attendance, we would both have spoken in favor of and voted for the granting of observer status," Browning and Chinnis said in a letter to NCC general secretary Joan Campbell afterwards.

Citing the Church's stated goal of encouraging dialogue with the gay and lesbian community, the national board of Integrity, an Episcopal Church ministry with gays and lesbians, called for the immediate replacement of the five who voted against the UFMCC application: William Norgren, the Episcopal Church's ecumenical officer, Glennes Clifford, Cheryl Parris, Timothy Sedgwick and J. Carleton Hayden. Those voting in favor of the UFMCC application were Sonia Francis, Alda Morgan and John Kitagawa.



— Prepared by Julie A. Wortman

Norgren said he voted "no" because opponents of UFMCC observer status were threatening to leave the NCC if the application went through. "Maintaining the fabric" of institution, he said, was more important to him than the appeal some NCC delegates made to justice.

Episcopal Peace Fellowship

An interview with Mary Miller, executive secretary of the Episcopal Peace Fellowship:

Q: Americans watching television who see people starving in Somalia want to do something. Why is it wrong to send in the Marines?

A: There's a discontinuity between starving children and the Marines. My first reaction to the news that the Marines were being sent to Somalia was, what is going on here? The U.S. has never helped any African nation unless something was in it for us and we've always been on the wrong side in Africa, except maybe Egypt.

There has been famine in Africa for a long time. We do Thanksgiving basket responses and that's what this feels like. Meanwhile, there are full Christmas dinners flown in for the troops. That's a piece of the discontinuity.

Q: If we could back up six months or a year, what should have been done to avoid this?

A: Put energy into diplomatic work as opposed to kneejerk military reaction. Realistically I don't know if one can expect that of the United States, especially in an election year. That's a spiritual problem — sin, greed, power.

Q: I've heard talk about civil disobedience options or nonviolent interventions. Do you have thoughts on this?

A: It is possible to face down evil without using evil in return. I was at a recent meeting at which the representative of the Jewish Peace Fellowship said, "Why couldn't we all go? Why can't we send an equal number of unarmed people to get the food out?" People always ask us to prove that [nonviolent methods] work before they are tried. And we ourselves have the expectation that we can go into

a situation without blood being shed. There is nothing that says there will not be physical casualties, nothing.

I don't know if we can find an equal number of non-Marines willing to go, but it would be worth a try. We're talking about feeding people, standing between



credit: Eleanor Mill

U.S. intervention: opinion roundup

armed bodies. I know plenty of people who have done that in Central America with Witness for Peace, in South Africa...

Jim Lewis, a member of the EPF adds:

Even now, military experts are attempting to influence President Clinton to go to war in Yugoslavia. In a *New York Times* article entitled 'Operation Balkan

Storm: Here's a Plan,' two retired Air Force generals map out a scenario for combat in that region of the world. The U.S., they say, should engage in 'active belligerence' to destroy Serbian forces.

The great tragedy in all of this is that the U.S., the most powerful war machine in the history of humankind, does not possess the resources and abilities most needed at this juncture in world history to solve the problems of violence between warring factions around the world. We can send marines but we cannot bring about real peace.

The AFSC

The American Friends Service Committee, which has carried on relief and development work in Somalia for more than ten years and presently has representatives implementing emergency programs, stated: "We believe a grave mistake is being made in the decision to send into Somalia almost 30,000 U.S. troops under U.S. command." The AFSC points out:

1. In a situation created and perpetuated by the violence of arms, peacemakers rather than more soldiers would seem to be called for. Processes have been undertaken among traditional leaders and facilitated by Ambassador Mohammed Sahnoun of the United Nations [Sahnoun was recently fired for criticizing the U.N. failures in Somalia] and others, to try to build peace from below. These will be interrupted and possibly totally disrupted by an invading army, however well-intentioned.

2. Fighters and weapons may be withdrawn into the bush, to reappear as raiders, or when the U.S. troops leave. Relief workers identified with the United States and other outsiders could be targets of reprisals.

3. The U.N. has had a small peacekeeping force in Somalia. With others, the AFSC agreed that this should be in-

Artist **Eleanor Mill** syndicates her work from Hartford, Conn.

creased, as a multinational force under the U.N. command, to give better protection to the relief effort. By sending in its own forces with its own command, the United States displaces the U.N. and weakens the possibility of effective non-partisan U.N. involvement in future conflicts. It also makes more likely a quick resort to armed force, rather than hard and patient work on negotiations.

4. Humanitarian assistance should be provided by agencies and people with no interest but the humanitarian one, as called for in the Geneva Conventions. To introduce armed forces into the business of humanitarian aid is inevitably to militarize such aid in the present and the future and to make it susceptible to manipulation. Giving the U.S. military a role in humanitarian assistance may also give justification for the maintenance of military budgets above what would otherwise be granted by Congress.

5. We feel that a major U.N.-led initiative with the following elements has the best chance to save lives:

a. an expanded diplomatic initiative under the U.N. involving traditional and other leaders from all regions and clans in Somalia;

b. deployment of the 3,000-person, U.N.-commanded, multi-national contingent approved by the Security Council in August with the mission of protecting humanitarian relief efforts with a minimum use of force;

c. creative efforts to disarm the rival Somali groups, by purchase of weapons or exchange of food for weapons and serious multilateral action to halt the arms flow into Somalia.

Bread for the World

While cautiously backing the use of security forces to ensure food delivery in Somalia, the anti-hunger lobby Bread for the World has issued a warning:

Use of military force is risky as it

perpetuates the practice of using weapons and violence to resolve problems between clans. The United Nations should simultaneously launch a peace process that is broadly inclusive of clan elders, community leaders and militia leaders that lays the groundwork for developing governing structures...

Community structures still exist throughout Somalia and need to be supported. All relief operations and conflict resolution should build on current efforts of Somalis who are attempting to bring peace to their nation.

FOR

The Fellowship of Reconciliation (FOR) states:

FOR questions the assumption that military intervention, especially one led by a single strong outside power, will solve the problems at hand. US military interactions did not solve the problems of Panama or Iraq, nor did the former Soviet Union's invasion of Afghanistan.

The Presiding Bishop

Edmond Browning, presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church, says:

This particular situation illustrates that we are moving into uncharted waters in the post-Cold War world.

Therefore, I call upon our nation's leaders to review our role in this emerging world, making clear that we are a nation among nations, and not a police force for this new world.

We need a timely review about the criteria our country uses in making decisions to deploy our military forces. What should our humanitarian role be in other countries in distress — such as Liberia, the Sudan, Haiti and Bosnia? And while I rejoice to see the rescue of the Somalis, where is the humanitarian response to our own nation's inner cities?

This is a crucial time to examine who we are as a nation and as a people.

"Wings the color of green emerald... covered with saffron hairs, each of them containing a million faces and mouths and as many tongues which in a million dialects implore the pardon of Allah."

— a description of the angel Michael

In Baghdad by Alise Alousi

I cannot bring you their faces
a million on the wing of an angel
I can only tell you that they are
there and are all at once speaking
then silent
something must be made of
their tears

there is a dog on the roof alone
looking over the city there are
four birds that have again found
each other there is the sound of
a woman praying as she comes in
from the yard her granddaughter
begs her to move quicker

these are people they hold
each other rock back
and forth

they have times every day when they can
move

there is a man standing in a doorway
waiting for his son this day and the next
there are children sleeping
all together in one corner

there are times when no one moves

they look to the sky when they cry
this they have always done
lifting their hands and faces up

I cannot bring you their tongues, mouths,
hair
I cannot bring you each of their voices now
one at a time just imagine (like with angels)
that you see them
that you know this
is real

Alise Alousi is an Iraqi-American who is a director at Alternatives for Girls in Detroit, Mich. Her poem was published in The Vision of Words, ed. Mary Liebler, pub. by John Sobczak, Lorien Studios, 1992.

Israeli Anglican still in solitary

by Sam Day

In Ashkelon Prison on Israel's Mediterranean coast an inmate spends his days and nights in a six-by-nine-foot cell sealed off from all the world except his guards, his lawyer, the members of his immediate family and an Anglican priest.

His toilet is a hole in the floor of his shower in a corner of the tiny cell. When he takes his exercise in a nearby courtyard all other prisoners are cleared out so that none will see him.

When his brothers and sisters come for their monthly visits and on those rare occasions when the priest makes the journey from Jerusalem, guards monitor their every word.

Mordechai Vanunu, now 38, has begun his seventh year of solitary confinement. He has another 12 years to go. His crime: telling the world about Israel's secret nuclear weapons program.

For nine years this Moroccan-born Jew, son of a large immigrant family in Beersheba, worked his way up the ladder as a technician in Israel's clandestine plutonium separation plant at nearby Dimona. But his country's invasion of Lebanon and its suppression of Occupied Palestine fed his growing doubts about his work. In 1985, before being furloughed in one of Dimona's periodic layoffs, he sneaked a camera into the factory and took photographs.

After leaving Israel in early 1986, his undeveloped Dimona film tucked away

in his back-pack, Vanunu drifted through India and Nepal, spent six months in a Hindu ashram, and eventually made his way to Australia. Looking for a spiritual home, he found it in an Anglican church in the skid row section of Sydney. There, on a summer day in 1986, he was bap-



Mordechai Vanunu

tized a Christian. Friends say it was the social gospel of that church which moved Vanunu to make his secrets public.

Vanunu sent shock waves around the world in October 1986 when the photos appeared as part of a three-page spread in the *London Sunday Times* documenting not only the long-rumored fact of Israel's entry into the exclusive nuclear weapons club but also that it had become a major player, with material for 100 to 200 nuclear bombs, including sophisticated hydrogen warheads.

Vanunu was charged with treason and espionage, tried and convicted behind closed doors, and sentenced to 18 years in prison. Amnesty International has condemned his treatment as cruel and inhu-

man but has declined to adopt him as a prisoner of conscience because of the fact that he was convicted of a crime (a rule which also excluded Nelson Mandela).

"We are pro-Israeli in the deepest sense of the word," says Israeli journalist Yael Lotan, one of the founders of the Vanunu Defense Committee. Lotan is a second-generation Israeli whose father was jailed by the British in the struggle for Israel's independence. "We believe Israel's best chance for peace and security lies in a non-nuclear future."

Last summer, American anti-nuclear activists taking part in an international peace walk through Israel and Occupied Palestine encountered Israel's small but spirited Vanunu-support group. We joined these supporters at a rally at the sand-swept approach to Ashkelon Prison, then held a demonstration of their own in front of the U.S. consulate in West Jerusalem. We returned home determined to revive U.S. interest in the case. We arranged for a November U.S. speaking tour by Lotan, which laid the groundwork for a possible move of Meir Vanunu's base of operations to the United States. This country is considered an attractive base, since American pressure on Israel cannot be readily dismissed by a government so dependent on U.S. funding.

In addition to the release of Vanunu (or, at a minimum, his removal from solitary confinement), the campaign stresses the need for a nuclear-free Middle East. Organizers have made this an inte-

Looking for a spiritual home, he found it in an Anglican church in the skid row section of Sydney. There, on a summer day in 1986, he was baptized a Christian. Friends say it was the social gospel of that church which moved Vanunu to make his secrets public.

Sam Day, based in Madison, Wis., is a freelance writer, peace activist, and occasional contributor to *The Witness*. In June 1992 he took part in the International Walk for a Peaceful Future in the Middle East and has since been helping to raise U.S. consciousness about the case of Mordechai Vanunu.

gral part of the campaign, pointing out that public acknowledgement of Israel's nuclear weapons program and elimination of all such arms from the region were the causes for which Vanunu risked his liberty in the first place.

The immediate challenge is to fit the campaign within the larger cause of an Israel living in peace and justice with its Arab neighbors, including an independent Palestine.

American anti-nuclear activists see two additional thrusts of a U.S.-based campaign.

One goal is to challenge the double standard of this country's stance against nuclear weapons proliferation, which strains at the gnat of Iraq's futile quest for a single atomic bomb while swallowing the camel of Israel's mammoth nuclear weapons stockpile, sixth largest in the world.

The other goal is to challenge this country's own far larger nuclear weapons force, which serves as a model not only for Israel but also for South Africa, Iraq, Pakistan, and other countries equally determined to have their way in the world through the use or threatened use of weapons of mass destruction.

Vanunu's conversion to Christianity has been turned against him in Israel and America by those who depict him as a traitor, spy, and betrayer of his people. And, so far, the support for him among his new fellow communicants has not been great.

Approached by Vanunu supporters in England, the Archbishop of Canterbury, primate of the Church in England, has declined to join other British public figures in calling for Vanunu's release, citing the prisoner's criminal conviction as a sticking point. Terry Waite, the Archbishop's personal representative in the Middle East, who was himself held hostage for many months, has also declined to respond.

In the United States the international campaign committee is hoping for a more sympathetic response from the Episcopal Church and from Episcopalians who share its goals.

For more information, readers may

contact The Campaign to Free Vanunu and for a Nuclear Free Middle East, 6 Endsleigh St., London WC1H 0DX, England; Kathleen Kelly, Peaceful Futures/Middle East, 1460 West Carmen, Chicago, IL 60640, or the author at 2206 Fox Ave., Madison, WI 53711.

The Media and Foreign Policy

When the alleged experts reinforce the message that foreign affairs is too difficult to understand and much too complicated to act on unless you have a clear-cut villain like the "Baghdad Bully," they help lay the groundwork for the most retrograde brand of U.S. foreign policy, a policy that is jingoistic, punitive, and inhumane in the extreme. They also ensure, by ignoring the plight of Bosnian and African mothers, that the racist and sexist girders supporting our particular style of nationalism and imperialism remain as strong as ever.

Worst of all, they promote the conceit that the United States really is the center of the universe, that what happens here, no matter how trivial, is more important than what happens anywhere else.

Susan Douglas, *The Progressive*, 10/92

Animals in Crash Tests

General Motors continues to kill monkeys, dogs, rabbits, pigs and ferrets in automobile safety tests, despite the fact that such tests have been shown to be less effective than crash tests with dummies, are not required by law, and have been all but abandoned by other major auto companies. Automakers with the highest safety ratings, including Mercedes-Benz, SAAB, Audi, Volkswagen and Volvo, use dummies to test their new cars. Toyota, Mazda, Nissan, Isuzu and Hyundai have never used animals. Ford has discontinued animal testing.

***New Directions for Women*, 9-10/92**

Unemployment Down, Poverty Up

Fifteen Appalachian counties have

been identified as "beyond distress" by the Commission on Religion in Appalachia (CORA). The label has been coined to describe areas where conditions are so bad that, ironically, official measures of poverty suggest improvement. When jobs are so scarce that large numbers of people drop out of the workforce or do not enter it, official unemployment figures drop. Thus, counties such as Owsley, with an official unemployment figure of 8.5 percent, are no longer labeled "severely distressed" by the Appalachian Regional Commission. However, a recent study at the University of Kentucky found that 46.8 percent of that county's residents are unemployed and want work.

***The Commission on Religion in Appalachia*, 10/28/92**

Short takes

— Prepared by Marianne Arbogast

Human beings next?

Omni Magazine reports that British researchers have performed successful "memory transplant" surgery on bees. Newborn bees which received injections of proteins and molecules from the brains of adult bees demonstrated an ability to find their way back to the donors' hives when placed in a field a mile away. The injected bees also took on other aspects of adult behavior, such as foraging for food.

When a visual artist takes up the subject of aging, it is the physical manifestations that are most often addressed. In some cases they will be looked on in horror; in others they may be seen as fascinating or beautiful. The artist's concern may go no further — an interest in the lines and folds of old hands and faces might simply parallel an interest in the lines and folds of the southwestern landscape. Or, the visual surface of age may be used to push further — into aging's psychological manifestations or its symbolic meanings: Think of Vincent van Gogh's lovingly detailed paintings of weather-beaten peasants, or Kathe Kollwitz's dark and somber self-portraits as an old woman.

Artist Nancy Burson's approach to the aging process, however, has been quite unique. Intrigued by the question of what an individual might look like when much older, she began exploring, in the mid- 1970s, the possibility that a computer could be used to extrapolate the future appearance of a given face. Working with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and its visual imaging resources, she began to produce crude pictures showing one's likely appearance after a chosen number of years; by 1981,

her work in this field had progressed enough to qualify for a patent. In a collaboration among Burson, David Kramlich (now her husband) and Richard Carling, the process was developed further, to the point that the F.B.I. licensed it in 1987 as a potentially useful tool in identifying missing children many years after their disappearance. (The three collaborators had first applied their tech-

the "age machine" — at New York City's New Museum. It could, in just 30 seconds, add 25 years to the facial appearance of any participating adult, with the result visible on a video monitor. (Burson prefers that children not participate in this interactive "aging" process both because the programs for plotting the "aging" of still-developing and fully-formed faces are very different, and because she fears that children may be more impressionable.)

The broad appeal of this work might derive from its seemingly magical nature: to catch a convincing glimpse of oneself 25 years older suggests catching a glimpse of the future. On a psychological level, the sight of oneself so much "older," although initially disturbing, could also be oddly comforting, subliminally suggesting the certainty of one's survival to the visualized age.

Burson's exploration of the appearance of aging process has led to an interest in the premature aging syndrome known as progeria. Although extremely rare, this disease raises many questions. The incongruities of wizened skin and deep wrinkles on the face of a toddler, or the death from "old age" of a 12-year old, turn our reality upside down.

Nancy Burson and her collaborators have combined their artistic vision and scientific calculations to present images that can be presented on a computer screen for people's entertainment and be adapted to concrete social applications. Burson's is an art that metaphorically and literally has moved beyond the studio and out into the world; it is also an art that should give us pause to think about our temporality and how much we have to learn about our own existence.

TV



Julia Roberts, of *Pretty Woman*, in a computer-aged image that added 25 years to her age.

Computer Aging

by Blaise Tobia and Virginia Maksymowicz

niques in this way at the request of the parents of missing child Etan Patz, in 1983.) The applicability of Burson's and Kramlich's process to detective work was not something they had foreseen, but Burson has been profoundly affected by its successful utilization in the recovery of missing children.

Last year, Burson and Kramlich installed a version of their system — dubbed

art and society

Blaise Tobia and Virginia Maksymowicz, Philadelphia artists, edit the Art & Society section of *The Witness*.

Germaine Greer on aging

by Ginger Hentz

The Change: Women, Aging and Menopause by Germaine Greer. Knopf Publishing, New York, 1992.

I recall reading *The Female Eunuch* back in the 1970s with some dissatisfaction. Germaine Greer seemed then to all but throw feminist theory the way of Cyndi Lauper or Madonna. Tossing care to the wind like Isadora Duncan and her scarf. Throwing serious feminist thought to the side. As if not wearing underwear suddenly became the most important symbol of the women's movement. Gee, what a contribution. It was embarrassing.

So it was with more than minor prejudgment at work, I picked up her latest book, *The Change*. What would she be saying about women and menopause...God, I hoped it wouldn't be something about diapers.

However, surprisingly, Germaine Greer has more than redeemed herself with a thoughtful and not un-feminist look at what has so lovingly been called "the change of life."

She begins by describing cultural prejudice against aging women through a historical and literary view of menopause. Patriarchal society's negative interpretation of "the climacteric" — what it means to women, and how we should feel about it — is exposed. We are given pictures of women twisted with pain, off balance, failures in relationships, neither loved nor loving, never to regain ourselves. In our culture, menopause is regarded more

as a disease than a natural process, an adjustment like living through adolescence.

Menopause has not been a safe passage for women. As Greer notes, every woman experiences the climacteric differently and elder women report it as not



Woman selling asparagus

credit: Jim West

necessarily traumatic or even notable when seen in the broader context of life. However, older women have been made to feel vulnerable, asexual, and invisible. We have been ridiculed, discounted and cast out. We still live in a youth-valued culture and the impact of socialization on women is deadly. Women are given the role of stimulating and gratifying men and nurturing children — and liking it all the while. When femininity is defined as perpetual girlishness, older women become the objects of just another version of misogyny.

A friend recently showed me her estrogen patch slap-stuck on her hip — easy and much preferable to uncontrollably sweating during a public lecture. How-

ever, according to Greer's research the jury is still out on the value and effectiveness of hormone replacement therapy and other medical solutions. She underscores how the medicalization of menopause is convenient for doctors and profitable for pharmaceutical companies.

It is disappointing that the book is not more radical. Greer tantalizes us with phrases like "There is no point in growing old unless you can be a witch," but does not pursue the thought. One longs for a more developed analysis — the shamefulness of aging, the mechanisms of woman-blaming, the social attempts to destroy the power of the mother, and class/racial differences.

Despite enticing chapter titles, the book is anything but uplifting or reassuring in the end. Greer concludes there are no answers about menopause. Aging is inevitable and the only cure for aging is death. Our challenge is to use the time to take stock and decide who we shall be.

Another friend said that women at 40 come into their own power. We shed the mantle of "should be" and take more risks — what have we to lose? With half our lives before us, there is a freedom to choose more carefully what we want to do, say, be.

book review

The Change does inject into mainstream reading what feminists have known for a long time. And that is its merit. We must learn how to age, how to die. We can't change the moon but we can live in harmony with its tides, and we can make some ripples of our own before we pass on.

TW

Ginger Hentz is the founder of the Womyn's Concern Center in Battle Creek, Mich. and a freelance writer.

A tiny, white-haired woman with a quick step and an air of authority is a familiar sight on the narrow streets of East Jerusalem. Every Sunday morning she walks to St. George's Anglican Cathedral a mile from her home near Damascus Gate. She is Anna Grace Lind, 87, raised in Jerusalem when it was under Turkish domination. She is now director emeritus of the Spafford Children's Center, her family's mission in the Muslim Quarter of the Old City.

Lind's grandparents, Anna and Horatio Spafford, came to Jerusalem from Chicago in 1881 to find spiritual solace after the deaths of five of their young children. With friends they established the American Colony in a large, three-story limestone building near the Damascus Gate.

Lind was the first baby born at the American Colony.

"Before the English came into power [in 1917], there was a lot of fighting going on just north of us," Lind recalled. "My brother and I got very interested. Mother was busy at the hospital nursing the wounded and our nanny was a bit old. Horatio and I sneaked out and followed the army. We got up to the north where there had been a big battle and saw soldiers lying around dead. The place was full of grenades and rifles. We had a field day! We loaded up with all the things we could possible carry. Finally, Mother came home, found us gone, and sent out a search party. When they found us on the



Anna Grace Lind (far right) with her family at the time of World War I and today.

Spanning a century

by Gloria Thiele

outskirts of city, we had rifles hung on us.

"They took everything away from us. But I had sneaked one hand grenade and after we went upstairs to our nursery, my brother said, 'The only thing that makes a hand grenade dangerous is what's inside. If you open up the screw at the bottom and let out the powder, it's quite harmless.' He proceeded to do that over the stove. The whole stove exploded!" No one was harmed.

As a child Lind was not interested in the hospital work her mother was doing. She played with her five brothers and sisters and the children of diplomats. She says she was oblivious to the work of her mother, Bertha Spafford Vester, who founded the Spafford Children's Center in 1925. The Center has always intentionally employed at least one Jewish and one Arab doctor. It has served people regardless of race, creed or political beliefs.

After World War II, Lind returned to Jerusalem after spending 23 years in the U.S. Her mother had asked her to come help with the family work. Lind says simply, "What began as a duty became my vocation."

For more than 40 years, Lind has guided the facility through wars, uprisings and desperate poverty. Throughout the Gulf War and Scud missile attacks, the center stayed open. Lind believes it is even more necessary to keep the Center open in time of extreme hardship. The Intifada is such a time, she adds, since the Palestinians pay a high financial price for their shopclosings which protest Israeli occupation. In 1990, the Center gave out over nine tons of food.

Lind hopes that the Center can be a model of the kind of Jewish and Arab cooperation which will be necessary for reconciliation and peace.

TW

*Witnesses,
the quick and the dead*

Gloria Thiele is a freelance writer and photographer in Belleville, Wash.

Nonviolence and travel

Fellowship of Reconciliation (FOR), which co-hosted a peace camp in Iraq and is dedicated to social change through active nonviolence, organizes delegations to the Middle East, former Soviet republics, Latin America, the Caribbean and within the U.S. [FOR, P.O. Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960; (914) 358-4601.]

Nonviolence Alternatives is offering four-week and six-week programs on Gandhian nonviolence starting in March and July. It also offers "Learning Harmony With the Lakota: Unlearning the Dis-Harmony of Racism," a three-week program exploring the contributions of the Lakota culture to a whole earth ethic, and examining racism. Participants will live in groups on the Rosebud, Pine Ridge and Cheyenne River Reservations. [Carl Kline, Nonviolent Alternatives, 825 4th St., Brookings, S.D. 57006; (605) 692-8465.]

Witness for Peace (WFP) continues to send escorted delegations to Nicaragua, Southern Mexico and Guatemala. [WFP 2201 P St. NW, Washington D.C. 20037; (202) 707-1160.]

"Ben" Arnold dies

Bishop Morris F. ("Ben") Arnold, urban ministry pioneer and former member of the Episcopal Church Publishing Company Board, died December 3. Arnold was the retired suffragan bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts.

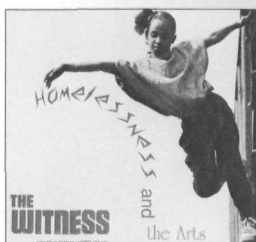
When *The Witness* resumed publication in 1974 after a year's hiatus following editor Bill Spofford's death, Arnold was asked to serve on the new board. In 1977, he succeeded Bishop John Hines as board chair.

Arnold served as rector of Christ Church, Cincinnati from 1950 to 1972. The parish was "a beehive of creative, intelligent activity," says Bob DeWitt. Arnold helped institute a national yearly gathering of rectors of city parishes.

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The text for today

credit: Robert Hodgell

March issue: "Be ye perfect"
Lent, again



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