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What Canst Thou Say?

Friends • Mystical Experience • Contemplative Practice

*You will say, Christ saith this, and the apostles say this: but what canst thou say?
Art thou a child of Light and hast thou walked in the Light, and what thou speakest,
is it inwardly from God? —George Fox*

Questioning

From the Editors

Judith Favor with Mike Resman

To Question IS the Answer. A 1970s bumper sticker composed by Adrian Melott first seeded my insight that questioning can be sacred work. Wary of people who posed tricky or loaded questions to trap others into compliance, I began to notice scriptural questions that invited humans into deeper relationship with the Divine.

Soon after making apples and snakes, God raised the first question: **Where are you?** The Great Creator seeks relationship but Adam and Eve, newly formed and barely conscious, evade Mystery. The first couple set an unconscious precedent, leading to religious doctrines and liturgies that seem to come between the naked soul and The Holy One.

Seeking something more, I was drawn to The Religious Society of Friends through daily encounters with Faith and Practice queries posted on the refrigerator of a Quaker home where I rented a room in the 1990s. Queries have become the cornerstone of my faith and practice, and the impetus for this issue of WCTS. I collect great questions like others collect teaspoons or baseball caps.

We invite readers to experiment with the spiritual practice of **Questioning as a Way of Discernment**. Simply notice any questions that rise as you browse this issue. Jot down a few. Circle the one that seems most lively. Record it as the first line on a fresh page. Let your pen move in worshipful silence, recording whatever thoughts, sensations, images, feelings or questions emerge from your center.

Queries encourage presence, deepening relationship with self, others and the Source of Love.

The Psalmist asks: **O my soul, why are you so troubled, so deeply disturbed?** (Psalm 32) and **Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, or flee from thy presence?** (Psalm 139).

Prophets explore holy leadings: **What does the Lord require of me?** (Micah 6:8).

Jesus urges truth-telling: **Who do you say I am? What do you want me to do for you?**

Saints raise common concerns: **What is it you want to change?** (St. Catherine of Sienna).

Leaders challenge us to respond in fresh ways: **What canst thou say?** (George Fox).

What new steps of yielding is God asking of me now? (Douglas Steere).

Poets invite us to see from a different angle: **What can anyone give you greater than now, starting here, right in this room, when you turn around?** (William Stafford).

Notice any insights interesting enough to tell someone? Any shifts in perception or perspective? Any invitations to further reflection? Any prompts toward action?

“Each one is born into the world as a question for which old answers are not sufficient” said Thomas Merton. May we continue to follow the path of inquiry set out by historic Friends, known as Seekers After Truth.

Where are you, Adam?

Roswitha Jarman

Adam and Eve hid themselves in the garden of Eden after they had eaten of the fruit of the forbidden tree. Martin Buber, who tells this story in *The Way of Man*, explains, “Adam hides himself to avoid rendering account, to escape responsibility for his way of living. Every man hides for this purpose, for every man is Adam and finds himself in Adam’s situation. To escape responsibility for his life, he turns existence into a system of hide-outs.” Adam stands for man or woman; I know this to be true of my life.

I need to hear this question and face it; I need to render account of my life. I need to take responsibility for myself, to understand where I am and what my purpose in life is in any place at any time.

I felt the power of this question recently as I sat in front of Fra Angelico’s fresco of the Annunciation in the monastery of St. Marco in Florence. This wonderful fresco hangs just above the main staircase as you come up into the area of the monastic cells. I found a chair and pulled it up and did not mind the people as they came

up the stairs. I knew I had to sit with this image. It is an Annunciation like many others, but I experienced a power pulling me deeper and deeper into the image. I believe Fra Angelico painted this Annunciation in a deeply prayerful moment. Prayer united the artist and me as I experienced the universal and timeless message depicted in this beautiful image.

This is not about the contested virginity of Mary, who is told by the angel that she will give birth in a miraculous way to the son of God. No, this Mary is you or me, man or woman, Christian or person of any faith or none, asked to lay aside our garments of ego and self importance so that we can hear and receive this powerful message: **I am to give birth, we are to give birth to the Divine in our lives.**

In this fresco I saw Mary sitting in her chamber, her private place, leaning slightly forward in an intense listening mode; her arms gently folded in front of her. Her right hand—the hand of reason?—held gently by the left hand, the hand of compassion. Her blue outer garment—her personality in the

world—softly slipped aside. She is looking past the angel to hear a voice far deeper in the space beyond. She hears that she is to be pregnant with the Divine and will give birth to the Divine; the seed within is complete.

I was overwhelmed as I understood this universal message; my body shook and I could not speak for some time.

Meister Eckhart speaks continually of our challenge to give birth to the Divine in our lives. We need to let go of all that gets in the way, all that clouds our hearing. We need to enter the deep stillness in humility and readiness. When Eckhart was asked what this silent stillness is, he answered, “potential receptivity,” and added, “It is in this that you will be perfected.” Potential receptivity is a condition we can be in at any moment, and when we are open to it, the seed within us can come to life in us and through us in the world.

When asked, “How do I know that this birth has taken place in me?” He answers: “When everything tastes of God.” If we could come into this state, where we taste (see and hear and feel) God in everything, would we not be filled with joy and with compassion for this our earth and all creation on it?

The challenge to live this experience in my life is ongoing. Too often my outer garment shields me from hearing the voice within; I go into hiding.

I pray that our contemplation may lead us to render account of our lives so that the seed within us can be touched by the Divine and become fertile and flow out in our lives wherever we are. Amen.

Roswitha Jarman, York, England, walks to meeting along a small river. She always watches for a kingfisher; her bird of Divine presence, seldom seen. She rejoices at the wren that shows up instead; humble bird with a magnificent voice. Reading Meister Eckhard is inspirational for her. “I try to live prayer rather than say prayer; but I need constant reminding.”

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Lord, did you also wash dishes?

Evelyn Miranda-Feliciano

It was a querulous question.

Here I was, trapped before a sink stacked with dishes, pots and pans that I had to wash three times a day, seven days a week, forty-eight weeks a year. So deep was my grudge, I even took the pains of multiplying the days by the number of years

since I got married—16,060 days of cleaning up, soaping, rinsing, wiping,

stacking almost the same plates, the same spoons, saucers, cups and glasses (admittedly, many had been broken and replaced through the years), the same banged-up pans, the same dented pots. Was there no way to escape washing all these?

It was a question smoldering with resentment.

Why, a hubby could just burp and leave the table scratching his well-filled tummy, lounge on a sofa, pick his teeth contentedly while the wife stays to take care of the after-meal mess! She needs to be adept in shifting gears from cooking to serving, and now to cleaning up! To the credit of my own husband (God bless him!), he is responsible for scouring off the soot on our kettles and woks to shininess—the ones we use for cooking in our “dirty kitchen” (an open-fire kitchen area where wood is used, a common feature in Asian households to save on electricity). Despite that help sparing me from having chipped, blackened fingernails, I still groused. The world is not fair!

And, for some time, I took it out upon other writers better situated than I was. Once in an international conference of writers, artists and publishers, I shared the podium with a male non-Filipino writer from the USA. “What it

takes to be a writer” was the theme; our audience was young aspiring writers. My partner narrated his daily routine as a professional novelist: He would have his devotions first thing in the morning, then he jogged around for exercise, ate a hearty breakfast and exactly at 8:00,

he would head for the garage where he had his private den. There, he would write to his heart’s de-

light—uninterrupted and oblivious to the world—until he thought he had written enough for the day.

That was exactly my ideal picture of a Christian writer. But where was I most times? In the market, haggling

It was a question smoldering with resentment.

over the price of fish early in the morning. Or in a long commute by public bus for a speaking date. Or standing there washing dishes! When people called me a writer I would laugh.

It was a question bristling with self-importance.

I wanted special treatment from God because I was writing about and for him. I wanted to be excused from doing the menial, the seemingly unimportant. All I wanted

was to concentrate on what I perceived as significant and honorable. Washing greasy dishes was definitely not one of them.

With this crumpled, grudging frame of mind, my clatter was unusu-

ally loud. I swished and swashed, flooding the tabletop near the sink. In the clashing of silverware and clanging of pans, the Lord’s voice came.

“I even washed dirty, smelly feet, didn’t I?” The answer came softly, in a clear voice that tapped gently in my heart, heard by my inner ear. I paused, startled, holding a soaped-up glass. Why, the Lord spoke to me! Clear as a bell. Gentle as the passing breeze, cooling my heated-up spirit. His tone was tender and understanding, unshamed by any recrimination. He did not shame me or made me feel guilty for asking what seemed a silly question. I think he was smiling right beside me, amused by my frowning face and splashing about. Truly God is remarkable in his ways!

With the realization of his presence right beside me, my grouching turned to joy; my resentment and self-importance turned to awe. Jesus washed dishes! Surely he must have in his lifetime. Being the eldest child of Joseph and Mary, he must have been his mother’s errand boy. Did not the narrative say, “So Jesus grew both in height and wisdom, and he was loved by God and by all who knew him”? (Luke 2:52, NLT). Doing the dishes could be one of those tasks that made Mary love this mysterious son of hers more, whose secrets she kept in her heart. For if it were not so, it would have been most unnatural for the

Lord to wash his disciples’ feet towards the end of his life. No one volunteered to do this servant’s duty

among them except him, their Master. Not only was the Lord Christ used to washing things; he came purposely to cleanse people of their sins by shedding his blood on the cross on their behalf. Yes, he has cleansed me through my faith in him, and he is not over with me yet.

“Thank you, Lord,” I said aloud, grinning. The revelation freed me from smallness. The truth that the Lord Christ, the Savior of the world and Creator of the Universe, washed dishes and human feet is enough reason for me and all the washers in the world, especially women, to sing and do a jig while doing our work.

This means nothing is too low or menial for the children of God to do. Every place, including that space before the kitchen sink, is holy ground. Every task, including scouring the pot’s bottom, is a holy task. I am impelled by his love to do everything excellently, whether washing dishes or writing, because Christ, my Lord, stands alongside me—not merely as a spectator, but as one who had done the task himself. I must do everything for God; “and so even the meanest of tasks is clad with glory,” as William Barclay puts it.

From the experience I learned to ask God any question that bugs my mind and disturbs my spirit. At times, his answer comes quite quickly, and at other times, he keeps me waiting and guessing. But he answers, nevertheless. I do think that our Lord is very much open to engaging us in a discussion. Job challenged him and Habakkuk peppered him with questions. Both came away stronger in their faith and became more intimate with him and his ways.

The glasses gleamed as I lifted each one from the water and laid them carefully on a towel-lined tray. My plates sparkled ready for use again. I walked from the sink quieted and humbled, but smiling. I just had a conversation with God right at my kitchen sink! Awesome.

Evelyn Miranda-Feliciano has not stopped asking God questions, though politely and with reverence. Writing from the Philippines, her “Christianity in Cities” is included in the 2009 Atlas of Global Christianity, 1910-2010 by the University of Edinburgh Press.

What Canst Thou Say?

A Narrow Way

Maurine Pyle

In 1978 I was attending a worship-sharing group at Baltimore Yearly Meeting. The query was this: If you could ask God any question, what would it be? Immediately I asked, “What should I be doing with my life?” In response I received my first leading. The message was, *Look to your husband’s needs*. I was shocked because I knew I had not been doing that. My selfish inner reply was, “What about me?” But I knew that God was making a request of me, and I needed to take it seriously, if I ever intended to call myself a spiritual person. So I asked my husband a question when I returned home. “If I could give you any gift, what would it be?” His answer was immediate. He wanted to return to his hometown in Illinois. I felt my heart sink, as I knew that was the last thing I wanted to do. I had known from the beginning that if we ever lived near his family, it would threaten our relationship. But God had spoken, so we set out on our journey of suffering. Years afterward, my marriage faltered and failed. God had set before me a narrow way of obedience. I continue to walk it faithfully, not always understanding the reason why.

Maurine Pyle is the former Field Secretary of Illinois Yearly Meeting. She is a member of Southern Illinois Quaker Meeting, Carbondale.

Where Are You Going?

James Baker

God didn’t just ask me, *Where are you?* He asked me, *Where are you going?* It took me four years to answer Him. To answer myself, really. The question shocked me into Reality. I had been coasting.

I had my own business and then an additional one with a partner. These followed many years of working in industry, because I liked working with my hands and mind. Making things. Anything. Tools. Sculpture. Buildings. Then massage. I tried many things. Searching. Door-banging. As someone had said of himself, “When I came to a fork in the road, I took it.” Me, too.

At the time of the Question I was working for a company which packaged nuts and bolts and miscellaneous items in small plastic packages. I had come there because I was fired from managing what used to be called a workshop for the handicapped. I lost my temper at one of the management because I had come to believe that the handicapped people were being misused.

So I applied to work for the company that supplied items for the handicapped people to package. My goal was to make sure they had items to package. However, something in my work situation had become stale. I didn’t know what it was.

This led me to examine how I spent my hours in a day to see whether I was consistently working toward a worthy goal—specifically, to find out how I was actually spending my time, and my disposable time. I made a chart dividing my day into quarter hours spent in all my separate activities, including my goal. Throughout each day, I drew what became a time line for the day. At the end of the day I could total the times spent in each activity.

By this means I was able to increase my goal-oriented time from about one percent to about fifteen percent, just by paying attention to time spent in wasted or irrelevant activities, like watching TV. My happiness level increased accordingly. Yet, something was still missing.

The owner of the company had a large motorboat. Periodically he liked to have parties or other entertainment for his employees. One day he arranged for all of us who wanted to go out for a ride on his motorboat. During the ride, at one point he invited me to sit beside him as he captained his boat. We talked briefly, and then, after a silence, he said, “*Jim—where are you going?*”

Shocked, I don’t remember what I said in answer. He had accurately detected that my life-energy was not in the same direction as his. I began a serious re-examination of my life-direction. One step at a time. Massage led me to a then-famous elderly doctor in New Jersey. For me to better understand his work, he encouraged me to get further professional health care training—become a physician myself.

In doing this, I eventually lucked into becoming a faculty member in our university’s research department, not only teaching and continuing to learn how to be healthy, but in a situation where all my prior technical skills could be applied making needed research equipment. I was so happy in this that I would go to work early—at five, or three, or even two in the morning. One day I remembered my daily time chart and did it again. I discovered that I was working toward my goal ninety-five percent of my time. No wonder I was happy and overflowing with energy.

That was not the first of many times God has spoken to me through another human being. If it is really important He sends it by direct messenger. It happened again just the other day.

James Baker is a Friend Away from his beloved Downers Grove Meeting in Illinois.



Q & A

Janis Ansell

Why me, God?

Why not you—

Who else?

What’s next then?

One step and then—

one more and then . . .

Alone?

I AM with

you all ways

Where?

Toward the Light,

Follow me . . .

How can I?

With Love,

simply with Love

When?

Now, in this moment

and in the next . . .

Why me, God—why do you love me so much?

Why not you?

Who else?

Janis Ansell is a member of Rich Square Meeting, North Carolina Conservative. “*I am always in a Q&A with God, and the questions and answers are all pretty much the same, though the specifics may vary. It was questioning God as to whether there was anything on this topic that led to this poem.*”

What Would You Be Doing Instead?

Mariellen Gilpin

I was stuck, because of the mental illness, in a really stultifying job: typing nonsense strings of alphanumeric characters, day after day after day. I could have been replaced by a computer program that would have taken 20 minutes to write. I needed to stay employed, but I was much too creative to put up easily with such a routine task. However, it was the sort of job I could still do on my sickest days. So for the present, I needed to stay where I was. Also at that time, I was wishing I could forgive myself for being mentally ill. I knew God had forgiven me, but I continued self-recrimination, day after day after day. So, that was the context for this little story:

I decided that each morning before I sat down at my desk, I would dedicate that day's work to God. It was my way of trying to think of the awful job as sacred work. I was in the process of repeating my little prayer one morning, when there was a Question in my mind: "What would you be doing instead if you really had forgiven yourself for being mentally ill?"

I sat down at my desk and thought for maybe 20 minutes. Then I walked

down the hall to the education wing of the lab where I worked, found a friend, and said to her, "Give me a task that doesn't have a deadline and that I can do at my desk when my regular work is caught up, because I have to put my work for Tebby first. But give me a task that will require my education and experience." I walked back to my desk and started the day's data entry tasks. Shortly my friend walked into my office carrying a computer printout, and asked me to take on a task that badly needed doing and for which I had unique qualifications. Over the next three months, I finished the task... and she gave me another, and another. Two years later, a job opening in the lab came up, a job for which I had current qualifications and a good reference from my friend.

I didn't think about it this way at the time, but what I believe now is that God's question helped me stop regretting the past and instead focus on the future, by behaving as if I had forgiven myself. And, as I worked for the future, one day I realized I really had forgiven myself.

Mariellen Gilpin is a member of Urbana-Champaign Meeting, Illinois, and an editor of WCTS. Correctly typing all those alphanumeric character strings has made her a demon proofreader.

Through the Door

David Blair

In the early spring of 1971, I sat on a hillside in eastern Kentucky and asked no one in particular: Will I marry Linda? We had been living together for a year and she'd made it clear that it was time to marry or for her to leave. As I sat there, I received an image of myself walking into the mountains on a pilgrimage. The pilgrimage was life: the pilgrimage was marriage. I would find my mountains there. It was clear. I went in and asked Linda to marry me.

In the spring of 1987 I had to choose between two job offers that would take me and my family either to Turkey or to the Philippines. Linda and I had made the lists of pros and cons and still it wasn't clear. I went for a walk with the question, following a stream up through forests toward my house. Suddenly it was clear that we would go to the Philippines.

I had not consciously asked God these questions, but now I know the answers came from somewhere outside myself, from God. All these years, God was asking me a question: *Will you let me in the door, David?* While I'd cracked the door open a few times and glimpsed something beyond, I had never really let God in.

Then, in spring 1997, after I'd admitted an affair to Linda, I felt my world fall apart: my marriage felt broken, my wife's and children's trust in me was shattered, and most of all, everything I thought I knew about myself was in pieces. An image came to me again, of a stream covered in ice that is beginning to break up in the spring thaw. I asked that, whatever the turmoil and pain of the breakup, I never freeze over again.

God heard me, and after a painful 15 months, God entered my life as I walked in the sunlit countryside near a Buddhist retreat center. I was

Tell Us Your Stories!

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overwhelmed with a feeling of joy and grace. I knew that God loves and forgives me. I cried and cried. When I returned to the center, I told my spiritual adviser what had happened and asked: Can this really be true? He told me: Stop walking and sit.

So the next morning, in the half-light of a meditation hall, I sat with this question: "Is what I experienced really real?" I looked up and saw a photo of the Buddha smiling down at me with that knowing, compassionate smile. I burst into tears again. I knew that this love and compassion is what God feels for each of us. My answer was clear, and it has transformed my life.

A few months later, I sat on a hillside again and asked God whether it was time to end a separation of three months from Linda. I heard no voice, but I did receive an answer. I returned to my marriage with a certainty I'd never had before

Linda died of cancer in the summer of 2007. I grieved for her, yet it was not hard to live alone. To my surprise, I fell in love with our best friend from the Philippines, who was going through her third cancer surgery at the time Linda was dying. One night, I knelt down and cried, asking God: Am I crazy, Lord, to marry a woman who has had cancer three times when I've just lost my wife to cancer? I confessed my fear, and as I did, it was lifted from me. I am now married to Lina, and I feel no fear for the future.

God has been asking me, again and again: *Will you trust me with your life, David?* I am learning to answer with another question: Lord, what will you have me do?

David Blair directs the Mariposa Museum in Peterborough, NH, a museum that celebrates both the diversity and the unity of world cultures and the human family. A Quaker mystic with a Buddhist practice, he attends both a local sangha and the Harrisville Community Church. He has traveled widely and finds the inner journey even more remarkable.

Questioning God for Lost Items

Mary K. Mallett

I often ask God to help me locate lost items. I have had excellent results with asking God (or his designated helpers, whom my friends inform me include his Angels or Saints) to provide me with my important lost items.

One morning, as I was rushing off to work, I realized I did not have my eyeglasses. I can move around my house easily without my glasses. I can even read without my glasses. However, I cannot drive without distance correction. I felt my stress level rising to panic when I realized I had no glasses.

I scurried around my house, asking God, both aloud and within my thoughts, to please help me locate my eyeglasses. I looked first at my newly made bed, then at the nightstands. Nothing. Then I checked the nearby book shelves. No luck. I moved on to the bathroom where I had bathed, dressed and applied makeup. No glasses! I peeked into other rooms I had entered, begging God ever more loudly, "Where are my glasses? Am I not supposed to go to work today?"

On the verge of tears, I sat down on a dining room chair. "God," I implored, "Where are the glasses? What are you telling me?" I entertained the thought that maybe God was slowing me down

to protect me. I remembered that sometimes in the past, things like this actually had turned out to be a blessing. Sometimes I would discover there was an important reason for the delay. For example, when I finally would get out on the road, I sometimes discovered a big auto accident had happened only a few minutes earlier. I had missed being injured or worse, due to what I had considered my annoying delay.

With a few words of gratitude to God, I retraced my steps. I looked again at each and every place I had just searched. When I finally reached my bedroom again, I scanned the top of my neatly made bed. There, in the very center of the bed, were my glasses. They were folded and positioned as though they were looking directly at me. I laughed to find them there in plain sight. But had I left them there? No, I was certain I had not. My question to God and my gratitude to Him for watching over me had been rewarded. As the old hymn says, "I was blind but now I see!"

Mary K. Mallett is a member of Sandy Spring Meeting, Maryland. She discovered Friends through a Quaker work camp in 1964. A member of the Society of Friends since 1976, she became an active member of Sandy Spring Meeting, Maryland, in the 1980s. She has a continuing call to work with intertribal peoples of the American Indian Society of Washington, DC. An intuitive since childhood, she has written for Angels on Earth magazine and What Canst Thou Say.

WCTS Editor Mariellen Gilpin was interviewed on "Keepin' the Faith" November 25, 2007. <will.uiuc.edu/am/ktf>

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Because I Love You

Words by Elaine Meyer

Music by Judy Lumb

Emin F Emin Amin
 Deep with - in my soul, a sitr - ring, a ques - tion forms.

4 Emin G7 C Amin G7
 As old as time yet nev - er an - swered. Why am I here, God?

7 Amin G7 Emin F
 Why am I here, God? The words trem - ble on my lips

10 Emin F Emin G7 C
 and yet the ans - wer comes Clear - ly, lov - ing - ly speak - ing to my soul.

13 Amin G7 F Emin F G7
 Dear child, you are here be - cause I love you.

16 Amin G7 F Emin F C
 Dear child, you are here be - cause I love you.

19

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I read this poem, "Because I Love You" by Elaine Meyer in Unity's Daily Word and knew immediately that I was to set it to music. I tore out the page and carried it around with me for a couple of years. Then one day I sat down at the piano and the music poured out of me, the melody and the chord progression. —Judy Lumb

Resources

The Scalpel and the Soul: Encounters with Surgery, the Supernatural, and the Healing Power of Hope; Allen J. Hamilton, M.D., FACS. Jeremy P. Tarcher/Putnam, 2008. Reviewed by Alicia Adams.

Allen Hamilton is a good storyteller. He is also a sensitive, caring and intelligent man who has been molded by his training as a surgeon. His bravery, in speaking his truth about his profession and its more enlightening moments, is to be commended. This book is much needed by our allopathic medical professionals. Hamilton's discoveries and conclusions are important to us as patients, as well.

I've benefited by reading Hamilton's book. Could it be true, I thought, that a highly trained—and thus rigidly molded—surgeon has seen some of the Light that ordinary people are now experiencing? Hamilton is part of an effort by the University of Arizona Health Sciences Center to integrate our current medical practices with what is

usually termed in the U.S. “alternative medicine.” He is one of many medical specialists who work closely with Andrew Weil, M.D., in what they call “Integrative Medicine.”

Early in his career he discovered he knew, through a visual warning, when someone was going to die. He had a patient, Harry, who was brought into the emergency room unconscious after a massive heart attack. He was brought back to consciousness and his heart function stabilized. While he was writing in Harry's chart, Harry admitted that he had had a near death experience during his heart attack. “There was nothing scary about it,” he told Hamilton. “I just felt at peace, loved . . . Like I'd been lookin' forward to it for the longest time, and now I was goin' to finally get there.”

This filled Harry with euphoria and relieved him of a life-long grief. He was able to release his concern for friends who'd been left behind when their ship was destroyed by U boats in World War II. The convoy's orders were not to pick up survivors of U

Boat attacks; it made the rest of the boats too vulnerable. He'd never been able to release his memory of friends calling to be rescued while his ship continued on course.

In spite of an absence of danger symptoms, the next day Harry began to emit the yellow, waxy light that Hamilton had learned preceded a patient's death. Hamilton got Harry transferred to the cardiac coronary unit. Harry seemed to know that his death was near. He reassured his wife that all was in order and sent her home to rest. When he went into cardiac arrest, Hamilton had the emergency team summoned. Harry heard the summons over the public address system. “Don't worry, kid,” he said to Hamilton. “You can't stop to pick up stragglers. Know what I mean? Full steam ahead.” He died.

This is just one of many incidents that opened Hamilton's heart and mind to the reality of our greater Life. His book may change you, even if it doesn't have a great initial effect on his co-professionals.



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(See instructions for authors on page 6)



November 2010

Silence and Music

**Guest Editor: shulamith eagle
with Judy Lumb**

For many people, music is an integral part of worship. Whether it's shape note singing, shouts of gospel joy, choral-orchestral works involving hundreds of musicians, or simple children's rounds, many people can't imagine corporate prayer without song. Quaker traditions for many of us include an important period of silence in our worship, or may even be "waiting worship," which can be completely silent if no one is moved to speak. How does worship change for you, depending on if you are embraced in silence or carried on wings of song?

Deadline: August 15, 2010

February 2011

Prayer

Editor: Mike Resman

Pray always. (1 Thessalonians 5:17) Prayer can be so many things—conversation, petition, source of growth and fount of healing, to name a few. What happens when you pray? How has your prayer changed over time, and how has it changed your life? Share gifts you've received and miracles you witnessed. Have you ever prayed in ways that you regretted later? Tell us about the interior process that can form the center of life.

Deadline: November 15, 2010

May 2011

Animals

**Guest Editor: Amy Perry with
Mariellen Gilpin**

And God saw that it was good (Genesis 1:20-26). How has an animal or part of one, real or envisioned, encouraged your spiritual journey? Has an animal become sacred to you? Are there any animals you have a spiritual connection to? What is that like? Has an animal somehow saved you? Have you experienced an animal's soul, or have you communed with one? Tell us how experience with an animal brought you closer to God.

Deadline: February 15, 2011

What Canst Thou Say?

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Questioning