



Number 47
August 2005

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

Seeing

Seeing God by Seeing What Is

Amy Perry

One way I worship God is by using my camera to record what I see. It feels holy to notice what's there before me and then to honor it by framing it just right, holding the camera still, and pushing the button. This act creates a stillness and a release inside me.

When I capture what I see before me, I am honoring what is

and honoring God, who created it and put it there before me. I honor God's creation by capturing the way it looked at that exact moment. (It may never look that way again!) When I honor what is, I am appreciating it exactly as it is. I am somehow participating in, somehow reflecting, the fact that God loves me and appreciates me exactly as I am.

When one is in the Now, one isn't concerned with the past or the future, so one has the ability to be aware of and connected to another dimension—the Eternal. Taking pictures enables me to preserve that particular Now.

Honoring what is enables me to somehow participate in

the holiness, awesomeness and Otherness of God as conveyed by the Old Testament name for God: *JHWH—I am that I am*—the *is* of my subject and the *am* of God are connected.

Seeing what is; honoring what is, including who I am; knowing God loves me as I am; being in the now; preserving the Now that I have seen and delighted in—they are all related. I honor God's love for me and God's holiness by seeing and by using my camera to preserve what I see.

Amy Perry is a member of First Friends Meeting, Indianapolis. She finds her photographic inspiration in the work of Thomas Merton.

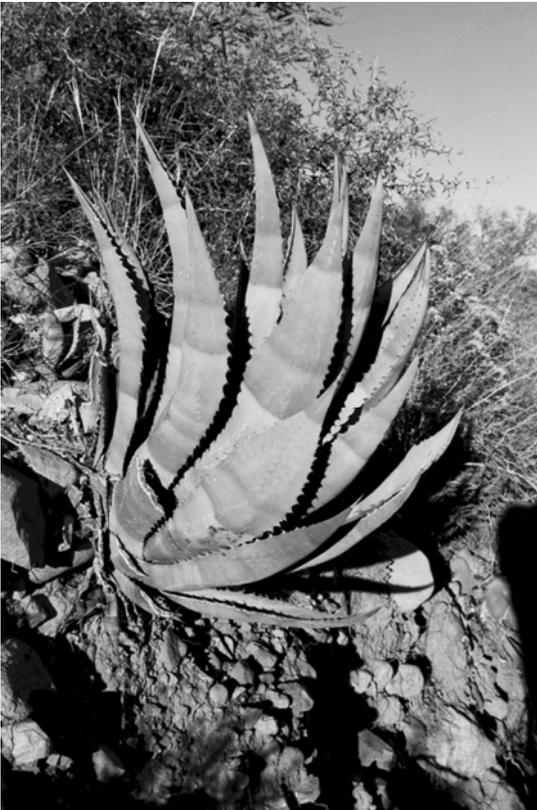


Photo by Amy Perry

From the Editor:

Gary Ferrington wrote, "On a clear day rise and look around you, and you'll see who you are. On a clear day how it will astound you, that the glow of your being outshines every star. You'll feel part of every mountain, sea and shore... You can see forever and ever and ever and evermore." Thanks to our authors, who tell us just to look and listen, and give thanks for what is. Thanks, too, to Sue Spirit, whose writing inspired the query for this issue, and who provided the Gary Ferrington and Simone Weil quotations.

Mariellen Gilpin, Editor

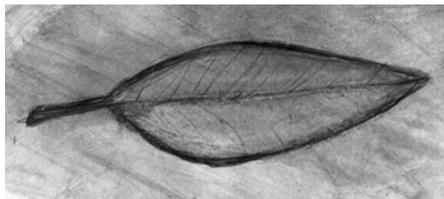
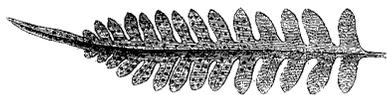
Thank You

Christine O'Brien

I have told this story many times. My earliest memory is of me on the swing my Daddy made for me. It hung on a branch of the black walnut tree in the front yard of our farmhouse. Sitting there on my swing, I could see down the hill along the dirt road, the stream at the bottom with the little bridge over it, and Jess and Fat's cherry orchard in the valley. I could see our windmill and barnyard. I could see the tree and the wide blue sky. I felt filled with light. I felt that God was me, and everything else, as well. This was a profound experience that I have cherished over the course of my life whenever it visits me again.

When I was a child, if anything was beautiful or precious, I knew it was God, saying hello. I sent messages to myself in the future. I said, *Don't forget, Christine. Don't forget.* Don't forget how dear it is to sit at the kitchen table with Grandma; don't forget the secret of dark cherries in the orchard or the adventure of a dirt road. The grown-ups seemed to be forgetting the miracles all around. I never wanted to lose the sparkling juiciness of the moment. Don't forget the light, the excitement of a breeze, the friends and family along the way, a yellow leaf falling, falling. I see the leaf still; I didn't forget.

I still know how sacred every moment is; I live this way, as much as I am able. I try to remember that God is in all. I still have a sweet child alive inside me. What a gift that is. When I open my eyes in the morning, I hope to always say *Thank you.*



Drawing by
Rachael Johns

My Eyes, My Heart

Christine O'Brien

I think my eyes are somehow connected directly to my heart. My friends all know that I will be made happy by a yellow leaf, or a red one. Some colors just make me want to eat them; they look so luscious and exuberant. My home, Lizard Hall, is a sight to behold and is filled with my heart, with bright colors and interesting things: art from my daughter, my grandfather, and my friends; seedpods from far away or from my garden; shells and stones from here and from all over our earth. Lizard Hall has been called an art installation rather than a proper house. Most people who come here for meetings or spiritual conversations find my home deeply affecting—peaceful and serene, yet engaging because of the amount of visual interest. Our eyes and our hearts awaken in the sweetness and light of my home. Old things live

here. Happy things live here. It looks safe, almost like another world. People love coming to my home.

I am a visual artist, and seeing is, for me, a way of traveling very far without going anywhere. I think of colors a lot, and paint parts of the world as I see them because they are

Absolute attention is prayer.

Simone Weil

so beautiful to me. But there are blessings and burdens to everyone with an open heart; I have noticed that I tend to see more than most people, both the beauty and the ugliness.

Recently I had an experience of seeing that touched me in a different

What Canst Thou Say? is an independent publication by and for Quakers with an interest in mystical experience and contemplative practice. It's published in August, November, February, and May. The editorial and production team is Lissa Field, Mariellen Gilpin, Lieselotte Heil, Chris Johns, Judy Lumb, Patricia McBee, Grayce Mesner, Kathy Tapp, Eleanor Warnock, and Margaret Willits.

Subscriptions are \$8 for one year, \$15 for two years. Back issues are \$1.50 each, \$15 for a partial set (1-20; 21-40) and \$40 for a complete set. Email subscriptions are \$5 per year. Subscription correspondence should be directed to Margaret Willits at mwillits@alum.swarthmore.edu or P.O. Box 5082, Sonora CA 95370.

Please write for WCTS! Instructions to authors are on page 7. Send editorial correspondence to [<m-gilpin@uiuc.edu>](mailto:m-gilpin@uiuc.edu) or WCTS, 818 W. Columbia, Champaign, IL 61820.

way. I had gone out to the main post office at night to mail an urgent letter. As I was coming out, a young woman smelling of alcohol came up and began to speak to me. I could not understand her, but she clearly wanted something from me. I took her by the arm and looked deeply

The moment one gives close attention to anything, even a blade of grass, it becomes a mysterious, awesome, indescribably magnificent world in itself.

Henry Miller

(November 2002 WCTS, *Spiritual Metaphors.*)

into her dark eyes; I felt an instant connection with her that was profound and perfect. I knew, in that moment, that she and I were one—no separation between us—and I loved her with all my heart. Finally, I understood she wanted money. Others, more worldly than I, might have brushed her off, but I felt blessed by this opportunity. I gave her money, and after her surprise at how much I had given her, she got on her bike and rode away. It may be that she wanted the money for drugs or for alcohol; I don't know; I did not need to know. It was not a transcendent experience for her; she wanted money, but I got the bigger gift. The experience woke me up to remember again, that all of us have that of God in us, and sometimes we can connect with that beauty in a stranger. It was a gathered moment for me and I still feel the loveliness

that comes from being reminded that we are all kindred to each other—whatever our circumstance.

Life is filled with incredible beauty, and incredible pain and all of the other possibilities on this earth. Sometimes I wonder how people can not see. I feel blessed by the intensity of what I see and how it goes right inside me. It is life-changing to open my eyes, my heart.

Christine O'Brien is a member of the St. Petersburg Meeting, Florida, and recently retired after clerking it for 24 years.

The Plea of an Old Dog

Linda Theresa

Blind and deaf, my dog Kelsie escaped the back yard. My health prohibited me from going after her. Chronic fatigue syndrome put me flat on my back most of the day. To walk twenty feet felt like willing dead legs to go just one more step...just one more step. Now my loving companion of 17 years roamed busy streets without a clue what was going on around her.

My calm reaction surprised me. Any other time there would have been a panic: worry and a sickening feeling of helplessness. Instead, I remained in a place of clarity and

peace carried over from a lesson in love.

A few days before, I had dizzily gotten out of bed for my major outing of the day: hugging the wall on the way to the bathroom. As I sat on the toilet, my faithful companion joined me. *White shadow*, I called her, because ever since she was a puppy she clung to my side. Her hair bleached whiter as she got older, but she never lost her long eyelashes framing her large, dark brown eyes.



I groaned at the thought of petting Kelsie. Every movement used some of my nearly depleted energy supply, and cost me dearly. Anger swelled up. Kelsie had recently lost bladder control. *You are so much work!* I told her, *And now you want pets too.*

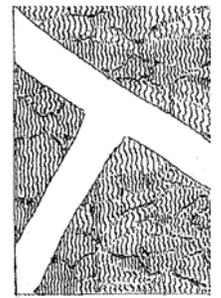
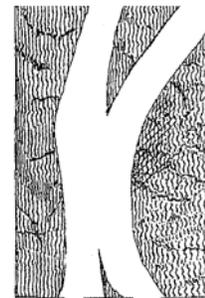
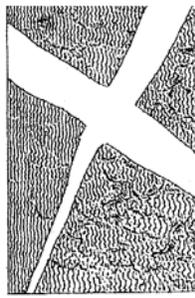
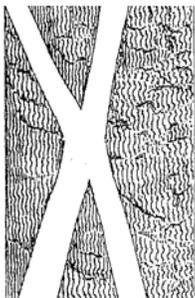
As I stared at her I couldn't help but soften. *All right, if this is the last thing I am able to do today, I give you what little energy I have.* As I buried my fingers in the soft, curly

hair of her back, time stood still. She turned, and our eyes locked in embrace. Without

Sitting on the toilet was hardly the place I expected for a lesson in love.

warning I became her and she became me. I *knew* her more intimately than myself. For that moment in eternal time, I understood her and knew she had goals in life just as I did.

Then it was back to my aching muscles, and I inched my way back



to my bed. However, that night I dreamed I was being loved unconditionally. The feeling was the same as between Kelsie and me, only God was loving the scared and helpless parts of me as if they were treasure.

Before, I thought of love as the strong desire to share your life with someone. Although my love had a caring quality, it also was possessive. I expected reciprocity and attention. But now, as I realized my beloved dog had run off, my first thoughts were, *Go for your goals, Kelsie. Live your life to its fullest!* It was a new kind of love.

I called friends and shelters trying to find my companion. When we were still unable to locate her the next day, I still could not make myself worry. Later that afternoon, I received a phone call. Some cheerleaders were preparing to practice next to the high school football field. They noticed a white patch in the middle of the field and went to remove it. There, curled into a little ball, was a dog. They presumed it was dead since it didn't move when they touched it. But when they shifted the collar to look at the tags, it opened its soft brown eyes.

A friend drove me to the high school, a few miles away. I wasn't strong enough to walk to the field, so I sat in the car and watched several girls huddling around a white mass. My friend knew Kelsie well, and I sighed with relief when Kelsie got up and limped along beside him.

Since she was nearly blind, Kelsie didn't recognize me until she came really close. Then she sprang into the air. She leaped and jumped. In the car, she bounded into my lap and couldn't stop licking my face. She had braved the wild, and come home for her last remaining days of life.

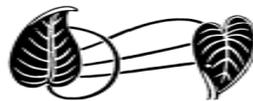
For a couple weeks after she died, every once in awhile I'd feel a



Photo by Chris Johns

loving energy in the room, and I knew Kelsie was checking up on me. She seemed so happy and ready for her next adventure. It was easy to let her go. In some mysterious way, I knew none of us ever really part.

Linda Theresa gives thanks to the editors, staff, readers, contributors and authors of WCTS. Reading and writing for WCTS is a joy.



What Treasures!

Bob Barnes

Living in Northern California means I am blessed with the opportunity of walking to meeting for worship (and many other places, too!) through the flora and fauna of the Gold Rush foothills. Increasingly and happily over the last few years a marvelous phenomenon takes place:

Suddenly I stop (but not so quickly as to stumble!) and find that

I'm nearly stunned:

Everything has changed.

And nothing has changed.

The shrubs, the trees, the hills, the rocks, the clouds are all the same as they were—except there is a qualitative difference in their colors, even though the colors are just what they were just before the shift. To say it is marvelous is the understatement of the century. Words are too miniscule to carry the weight of the experience. What can I do except gaze in awe, in wonderment at what is happening, to throw my arms wide open, make a little circle dance and over and over exclaim, *Thank you, Thank you! Whoever, whatever, wherever you are: Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!* (Expressed in as many languages as I can recall.) Thankfulness inundates me, envelops me, as though I were standing in a Niagara of gratitude.

And then it passes, more slowly than it began.

These precious flashes—but they are longer than just a flash—occur in other settings as well. Sitting in Meeting, seeing the many familiar faces, sensing those presences as well as knowing their presence in the room. Digging a ditch and being lifted up in the gratitude of hard, heavy, sweaty meaningful work. When I read the call for this message from WCTS the room came vibrantly alive as I glanced over to the card table, the cedar walls, the papers laid out on the carpeted floor.

Oh! What treasures!

Bob Barnes is a member of Grass Valley Meeting in Nevada City, California. He spends as much time in prison as he can—he is a facilitator for Alternatives to Violence. He tries to follow the motto, If my life does not speak, my words are hollow.

Thy Kingdom Come

Harry Holloway

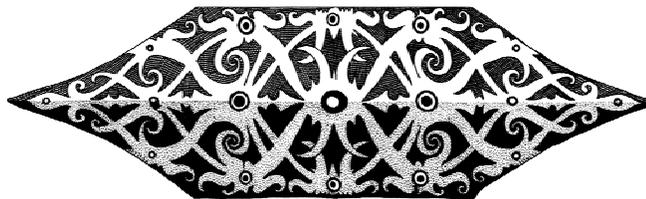
Suddenly it happened to me while I sat on the parapet of a bridge over a stream in India: Everything, still the same—but brilliant, scintillating—interconnected with all things. All was happening for the best. In Love.

It seemed to last for some time, but in fact was over in a second or so. Walking away I felt uplifted. I was certain everything was for the best.

Strangely, some days later, during a visit to Dom Bede Griffith's ashram, High Experiences were described as was being in Heaven, in the Kingdom. It flashed through my mind: *Thy Kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven*. Also the Gospel phrase *The Kingdom is here and now. It is all around*. It seemed to make sense after all. I wondered if I had been guided to that lecture.

Mystics report that every bit of the world radiates from one center—every cricket, every grain of dust, every dream, every image, everything under the sun or beyond the sun, all art and myth and wildness. If they are right, then we have no more important task than to seek that center.

Scott Russell Sanders
(May 2001 WCTS, Solitude.)



Later, on going to another ashram, typically Indian, the Guru said, *Have you heard of a High Experience? Well*, he continued, *that is the opening of the first chakra. It is being in heaven*. I couldn't help but believe it. It then seemed the other chakras must be higher heavens.

And my mother's admonition: My grandfather was sleeping in his rocking chair on the verandah in the afternoon sun, and I must have been creating a bit of a noise. She said sternly *Hush, your Grandfather's in his Seventh Heaven*.

Harry Holloway became a Quaker in Australia, and felt led to find out what happens when following Christ. He went to India and received many openings to the Gospel. He worships at Simcoe-Muskoka Meeting, Ontario, and Sarasota Meeting, Florida.

An All- Encompassing Affinity

Hazel Jonjak

It may seem out of character for a Pagan Quaker crone to divulge that her Seeing deepened and radiated with the use of a substance, yet that is the truth in my life. I do remember one spontaneous surreal experience from childhood: *I am sitting on the medium-green linoleum bespangled with large pink and beige roses of my sister's and my upstairs bedroom. I am playing with the furniture and dolls of a homemade dollhouse my mother created of wood and paint.*



Photo by Chris Johns

The hinged roof of the dollhouse is folded back, allowing sunshine from the dormer windows of our room to wash the dolls' house, upstairs bedroom, me, and the colorful floor with light. I feel permeated with Golden Something—and feel absolutely serene and open.

When I was 25, I had another experience which transformed me spiritually. I became friendly with the young hippie couple next door. They were Canadian foster parents, taking in troubled teenagers for an income, but were rather unstable themselves.

At their urging, I at last capitulated to Timothy Leary's *Tune in, turn on, and drop out*, taking my first tab of LSD. My first acid perception was of the miraculous flow and play of light in and about what had once been an ordinary clear glass doorknob. Light shimmered and prised into and from the many angles of this magical object. I was eager to step outdoors to see the living world with this fantastic visioning. I stepped out onto their second floor balcony and felt an all-encompassing freedom and affinity between my Hazel-organism and the universe. When my more experienced companions cautioned me to come back in—the balcony was rickety and not to be trusted—I reluctantly re-entered the house. Now I knew if I did stop being Hazel, if I reunited with Creation, that was wonder-full, but my parents would never recover from the shock and loss if I crashed to my death from this shabby building.

It was time for me to leave. I walked on the little roadway to my home, witnessing the catkins on a bush transform from plant-beings to caterpillar-beings within the shifting of an eyelid.

I spent the next few hours in absorbed, borderline-freaky See-ing. The multiple, identical, photograph copies of an unknown stiff young man from the 19th century that I had chosen from an antique store bin and

Fulfillment

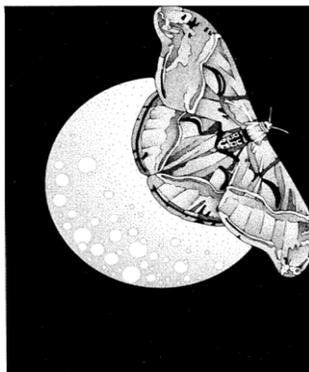
Joyce Povolny

*In deep fulfillment of my hope and dream
I have seen and probed with open eye
Beyond this massive, man-made world
Where our thought-forms lie
To the shimmering filament of light
In which we all are cast
And have our being
As the one Holy Family of Innocence
Never begun and never to die.*

Joyce Povolny lived joyfully on a farm her first 18 years. "That there is that of God in everyone and that the Christ within teaches you Himself, without need of clergy and formal church, perfectly fits my soul and is the foundation from which my poetry comes."

tacked side by side on my living room wall now proved *not* to be identical. He was just pretending to be the same man in the same pose in each picture. When I washed dirty dishes in the sink I knew this was a sacred task, and I would never again resent the ritual of the cleansing of the dirty dishes. When I at last felt able to go to sleep I crawled into my bed profoundly exhausted, but infinitely wiser than I had been at noon.

Hazel Jonjak appreciates the Inner Light and the peace witness of Friends, and also values sweat lodges and living in the woods for insights and guidance.



A New Suit of Clothes

Lillian Heldreth

Marvelous! My father exclaimed. Before us, West Virginia mountains plunged to the sheer sandstone cliffs of the Gauley River Gorge. Pink rhododendron blossoms spilled along the road bank beside us, while the more distant ridge tops gleamed like emeralds against a blue satin sky. Below, the wild river foamed around boulders big as army trucks. Behind us, luckily, there was no traffic, for we had slowed to a near stop. *And yet*, my father went on, *it is not perfect. Even this lovely scene is nature red in tooth and claw. Revelation tells us that The Lord shall make all new, and the lion shall lie down with the lamb after the Second Coming of Christ. Perhaps I will live to see it.*

He stepped on the gas, and we descended toward the wood-floored bridge that crossed the river. Although my father was a learned Baptist minister (college, seminary,

and post-graduate work) and I was only ten, I sensed a contradiction.

When I was eight, he had taken me for my first real hike in the woods. We walked under mature trees whose emerging leaves filtered the midday sun of late spring. My father told me not to talk, and I didn't, although usually I was a nonstop babbler. *Just look*, my father said, *and listen*.

I saw brown leaves under our feet, the forest's carpet. Young shrubs and plants pushed through here and there. I heard our feet in the leaves, making soft noises, because my father had shown me how to avoid scuffling—in order to see birds or animals, we would have to keep our own sounds minimal.

He was an experienced hunter of the *still-hunter* persuasion. His ancestors learned from the Indians, who were also their relatives, how to hunt game for food, not sport. My forbears gained patience, woodcraft, and respect for the living creatures who fed them. Having no son, my father passed his way of seeing the natural world to me, beginning on that first spring day.

We came to an area that was not quite a clearing, where he seated us on a fallen log. Again, he asked for stillness. I looked around. The log was cushioned in green moss, soft to my touch. Sunshine sifted through the early leaves in lazy rays, and not far off a wood thrush belied the time of day with a sleepy warble. But it was nearly noon, so the birds were mostly silent, except for the occasional scuffle as one looked for lunch. I looked up to see a green worm descending toward me on a slender thread. Its sinuous body brought out the little girl in me.

Ooh! I shrieked, sounding exactly like my mother. *A worm! It's going to get on me!*

Shh! whispered my father. *Don't move, and watch. It's harmless. It can't hurt you.*

The worm descended farther,

Tell Us Your Stories!

WCTS has a vision—we want to tell the world God is much more various and wonderful than our skeptical culture allows. We hope to help Friends be tender and open to the Spirit. We need your experience—it may be just what someone else needs to know! Please stay in touch with us—write letters and share your stories. WCTS is here to strengthen us all on our journeys. Please let us know how your journey has been transformed by your experience.

When you write for WCTS, here are some things to keep in mind: Articles that best communicate to our readers generally focus on specific events and are written in the first person. There is a special richness when the writer goes beyond describing the experience and tells how it has changed her/his attitude and/or behavior. However, mystical experiences and contemplative insights may transcend editorial processes, so please consider these guidelines as gentle assistance rather than limitations. In general we shy away from articles that expound on theoretical or theological propositions. Write for us as frequently as the Spirit moves, though perhaps we will publish only one or two of your offerings in a given year.

spinning its silken thread, until it landed on my sleeve. It raised its inch-long body upright, as if to look around. Then it humped itself into an inverted U-shape, and started down my arm, stretching to its full length, then humping up again, to walk. It had legs only on either end, so it couldn't crawl like a centipede. The sun shone right through its fragile body.

What is it, Daddy? I asked.

It's an inchworm, he said. *Our Aunt Nell used to say that you must never squash one if it gets on you, because it is measuring you for a new suit of clothes. So we never squashed one.*

It's pretty, I admitted, watching the little thing go. When it got to my bare hand, its tiny feet tickled.

Something went *Chirk! Chirk!* high in the trees. *Hear that squirrel barking?* said my father. *He sees us. He's up in that big oak tree over there.* I looked up, but I didn't see anything. *Look just above the crotch of the tree, on the left. Watch. He'll switch his tail.*

I focused, and soon something did twitch. I saw the curve of the squirrel's tail, then its whole body as it skittered around the trunk, spiraling upward, to scold us from a higher perch. Soon it was time to go. Without being told, I carried the inchworm to a bush, where I eased it onto a leaf. It went on measuring the edge of the leaf.

From then until I reached adulthood, I hiked the woods many times with my father. Because our mountains were also home to timber rattlers and copperheads, he taught me to scan the path ahead for ground-level occupants. And the ground held mountain tea, pipsissewa, ground pine, Indian pipe, and an infinity of mosses. To look overhead, we stopped. Varying leaves marked the oaks, for instance—black and white, red, and chestnut—and I learned useful trees like locust for posts, and hickory for split fence rails. I came to love the wild earth so much that I grieved when I saw strip mines and road-building erase forever places I dearly

loved; I saw whole mountains removed so that some coal company could make more money. If we needed that *new earth* my father had spoken of, it would be because we had flagrantly abused this one, taking literally that phrase from Genesis, that Adam and his descendents should *have dominion over the Earth and every living thing*. As I grew older, and encountered people less enlightened than my father, I also learned that *every living thing* included women, who were created to be held dominion over, as well, and were in all ways *lesser beings*.

During my adulthood, I attempted many spiritual paths, some lasting many years, but they always fetched up against either the total maleness of the Judeo/Christian spiritual symbolism, or the implied principle that Earth doesn't matter, as it is temporary anyway. And somehow, those seemed to be connected.

A mystical experience punctuated that long seeking time. One summer my spouse and I were staying with my in-laws. A day came when human relations went to hell in the proverbial handbasket (as they tend to do for most of us under those circumstances). I could not sleep, so got up and walked out under the moonlight of a June night to an old beech tree, and there I lay

down on the cool earth and cried.

I sobbed against the swelling ground as if I leaned on the shoulder of a sympathetic woman, a mother older than time and wiser than preachers, and suddenly I became aware that She was there, a Presence, holding me, comforting me, reassuring me that in Her strength I would survive, I would live as Her daughter, and that I would find Her if I truly needed Her. I felt as if Earth Herself moved under me, enough to feel, but not enough to disturb any living thing.

Did I invent her? Possibly, but I don't think so, for my despair was so deep that I wasn't looking for anything but a place to cry without disturbing the family. I returned comforted, and went to sleep, holding the knowledge of Her in my heart.

I raised our two sons to young manhood, walking with them in the North Woods of Michigan's Upper Peninsula, teaching them to see the natural world as I had been taught, teaching them that all living things are important to the survival of all other living things, whether individuals perceive it or not. But I came into a period of years when I could not pray at all.

My sons were entering college when I attended the opening of an art installation called "Creation Cycle." It took the form of a



Quaker Heritage Press

makes available various historical Quaker writings that have been allowed to go out of print.

Works of Isaac Penington, Robert Barclay, James Naylor, and other early Quakers are available in print, and some are available online for downloading.

<http://www.qhpress.org/>

ceremony, after the manner of the First People of this place. I listened as the artist spoke to the four directions, addressing each as *Grandmother* and *Grandfather*. He poured water, and told us that water was the blood of our Mother, and that water came before all life, that



Photo by Chris Johns

we should honor our Mother, and respect Her, along with the Creator, for She gave form to life. He spoke of laying tobacco, honoring all the directions, all beings, and all life.

The next day, I took some tobacco left from the pipe my spouse had given up smoking, and went outside with it in my left hand. I didn't know the words the artist had spoken in the Ojibwa language, but he had told us what they meant. When I included all creation, as he had done, I could pray again, and my spirit was whole.

In time, there came to be an all-people's ceremonial community here where I live, helped by that artist and by Ojibwa elders who believe that unless more people come to understand their world view, we as humans are likely to seriously impair our Earth's ability to support life at all.

I practice my spirituality quietly; it is the Way that is natural to the way I was taught to see the world. My father could overlook the contradictions between his spiritual path and his way of seeing; I could not. But indeed, many years ago, the inchworm measured me for a new suit of clothes—new to me, but older, much older, than the spiritual suit I could no longer wear.

Lillian Heldreth lives in Marquette, Michigan. "I became one of the founders of the Native American Studies program at the university, because I felt I should return the gift I was given by helping those who helped me, and by building respect for their society and their culture. It was the most rewarding part of my teaching career, and now that program is native-run and largely native-taught."

A WCTS - Friends Bulletin Connection!

The June issue of *Friends Bulletin* is devoted to mysticism and spirituality, and includes as a bonus a sample issue of *WCTS*. If you would like to buy the June *Friends Bulletin*, or subscribe outright to *Friends Bulletin*, write Anthony Manoussos, Editor, 3223 Danaha St., Torrance CA 90505. It costs \$3.95 for one issue, or \$12 for a seven-month trial subscription, June-December 2005 (\$35 until December 2006). Write *Attention WCTS* on the envelope.



SUBSCRIPTION FORM

Please send this form to: WCTS c/o Margaret Willits
P.O. Box 5082, Sonora CA 95370.

Enclosed is my check to What Canst Thou Say?

_____ \$8 for a one-year subscription _____ \$15 for two years

_____ \$5 for a one-year electronic subscription

_____ \$40 for a complete set of back issues

Enclosed is a contribution of \$_____

I cannot afford \$8, enclosed is \$_____. Please keep me on the mailing list.

Name _____

—

Address _____

City, State,

Zip _____

Please write for *What Canst Thou Say?*

(See instructions for authors on page 7)



November 2005

God's Humor

Editor: **Judy Lumb**

Deep in worship have you found a chuckle of delight growing in you? Has an irony or paradox of faithfulness brought you to laughter? Has a message during prayer (or a coincidental event) amused and challenged you? Have you awoken from a dream laughing out loud? Has God helped you to laugh at your own folly and set you back with your burdens lightened? Please share your experiences of God's humor and remind us of the joy of being close to God.

Deadline: August 15, 2005.

February 2006

Miscellany

Editor: **Patricia McBee**

We're not soliciting new material for the February issue, because we have accumulated a store of material waiting for a theme. This time the theme will evolve from the content. We'll bring you an interesting miscellany of stories, poetry, and resources that attest to the presence of Spirit in our lives.

May 2006

Jesus

Editor: **Kathy Tapp**

I am the light that is above everything....Split the wood and I am there. Lift the stone and you will find me there. (Gospel of Thomas)
For the past generation, Friends have had an ambivalent relationship with our Christian heritage. Yet, sometimes unbidden, we have experienced Jesus' presence in our prayer life, in meeting for worship, or at times of crisis. Tell us about times when Jesus has come to you, and how that has touched your life.

Deadline: February 15, 2006.

What Canst Thou Say?

c/o Margaret Willits

P. O. Box 5082

Sonora CA 95370

Address Service Requested

In this issue:



Seeing