

Pendle Hill Bulletin

Number 159

February 1962

PENDLE HILL SUMMER TERM

July 1 to 22, 1962

THEME: "A Community of Faith in an Unredeemed World"

WHAT is the faith that gathers individuals into The Religious Society of Friends? What faith can bind men to others across sectarian lines and heal the breach between men of conflicting ideologies? What faith can redeem and free men to act in the world? When is faith idolatrous? When is it true to Biblical faith? What is the nature and extent of unfaithfulness in our society and in our individual lives?

UNDER the leadership of Richard Stenhouse, the Dean of the summer term, Paul Lacey, Richard Ullman, Dan Wilson and others, the three weeks of summer term will be devoted to finding a deeper understanding of the requirements of faith and its renewal.

Enrollment: about 50. Enrollment should be made early.

Cost: \$150 (including room and meals) \$10 registration fee is applicable to the total and is unreturnable after June 20.

For further information and registration forms write
The Secretary, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pennsylvania.

A Letter From Hiroshima

In the spring of 1955, the "Hiroshima Maidens" began their stay in America with a two week visit to Pendle Hill. The twenty-five Japanese girls went on to live in various homes while they received plastic surgery for injuries received in the bombing of Hiroshima. Since their brief visit here, they have become a part of Pendle Hill life. Each Christmas they share a photograph with us of those who come to a reunion in Hiroshima. The letter is from Emiko Takemoto, one of the Maidens.

Hiroshima, Japan
January, 1962

Dear Pendle Hillers:

Happy New Year!

May you have good health and happiness throughout this year.

I hope we can cooperate hand in hand to extinguish nuclear weapons.

Last November Yukio Irie came to visit us in Hiroshima with Miss Catchpool and we had a very pleasant time together. We saw many pictures of Pendle Hill taken six years ago while we were there. We were



told recent news about Pendle Hill which made us feel as if we left Pendle Hill yesterday. We were surprised to learn about a highway plan; would Pendle Hill be a highway? Though we are far away from you our hearts are always close with you. Therefore if there is anything we can do to help you on this matter let us know. We are ready to do anything we can.

All of us in our group are well. Following is a list of what each of us is doing.

In Hiroshima:

Michiko Yamaoka—teaching at a dress making school
Sayoko Komatsu—working at a department store
Yoshiko Enoka wa—running a knitting shop
Hiroko Tasaka—running a dress making shop
Terue Takeda Kawamura—mother of a two year old girl and twins (a boy and girl) born last December
Atsuko Tada Yamamoto—mother of a girl
Tazuko Shibata Takeda—married last February
Suzue Oshima Hinokiyama—mother of two girls, has a beauty shop
Michiko Seko Hamazaki—mother of a girl, expecting another in February
Hideko Sumimura—mother of a boy and a girl
Chieko Mimura—staying home
Takako Harada—working at the prefectural office
Motoko Yamashita—staying home
Michiko Hisakata—working at the Institute for Vocational Training

In Tokyo:

Toyoko Minowa—running a dress making shop
Fudeko Enomori—studying at a dress making school
Masako Wada—studying at Meiji University

In New York:

Shigeko Niimoto—studying
Misako Kanbe—studying

In California:

Mitsuko Kuramoto—mother of three children

I have been working in a dress making school for four years. I enjoy my teaching every day. I am always thankful to you for your warm kindness which protects us and makes us happy wherever we are. We all try to make our experience in the U.S.A. meaningful in each of our lives, wherever we are. Please take good care of yourselves. I pray that the new year is full of happiness with beautiful light and pure fragrance.

Emiko Takemoto

The Reality of Our Two Worlds

by Henry J. Cadbury

(Edited from a Baccalaureate Address given in June, 1961, at Bryn Mawr College, where Henry Cadbury is Chairman of the Board of Directors)

I HAVE recalled of late the title of a book published in my younger days. The author was an American college president, Henry Churchill King, of Oberlin. The date I discovered was just fifty years ago, in 1911. I do not remember the contents, but the title has stayed with me. It was *The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life*. As sometimes happens, the title of a book has by itself long-lasting significance.

The spiritual life is a favorite phrase in religious circles, such a favorite that one of the most devout and conscientious persons I know has become allergic to the adjective. Happily it can be spelled with a small letter as well as with a capital, an ambiguity which adds much to the difficulty of those who have to translate the Greek Testament into English. There is for me an attraction in the frank admission of the title that what is spiritual often seems unreal.

I think in this connection of another book, written even longer ago, by Mary Baker Eddy. Its title might well have been "The Seeming Reality of the Material World." In a way this amounts to the same thing. The senses by their impressions of greater reality often impose on us.

The fact is, in spite of Wendell Wilkie, and all other sorts of monists, we appear to live not in one world but in two, and we are called to be in all the reaches of life some sort of amphibians.

A still older book, the Gospel of John, also struggles with the seeming unreality of the spiritual world. There Jesus talks to a literalistic minded woman at Jacob's well about living water that does not have to be fetched from afar. He uses to Nicodemus terms like being born again or born of the spirit and adds the comparison "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." This Gospel describes the spiritual world, as one has to do, by metaphors or parallels taken from the seemingly real world—birth, wind, water and many others. Indeed the word spirit is after all the same as wind, as the pun on it in the Greek indicates. This necessary effort at expression only mystifies the hearers, as it did both the academic orthodox Nicodemus and the simple minded jar-toting Samaritan woman.

The unreality derives in part I believe from the difficulty of communication and from the natural tendency to try to express the spiritual in borrowed terms. This is inevitable and not to be censured. But it is not

very satisfactory and it tends to strengthen an artificial line between the material and the spiritual, between the secular and the religious, the Sacred and the profane. This dichotomy is often of limited value for those whose experience actually includes both.

In religion this habit has long taken the form of dramatization. It has peopled the world with major or minor beings, personalized more or less, and providing the imaginative figures by which personal relations can be portrayed or projected. If poetry has been well described as "the imaginative dominion over experience," that is equally true of most forms of religion known to us. I am impressed by the ease with which in many different traditions this transposition is made and accepted.

When this imaginative element is taken seriously, not to say dogmatically, it becomes too codified. We forget that it is a crude and tentative effort to phrase a reality for which a different vocabulary is not readily available. We are caught in our own devices, and, in the absence of wider perspective, the stumbling blocks of religion are largely man-made. It is we, or our predecessors, who have attributed to one and the same supernatural being the diverse superlatives of unlimited power, of unlimited knowledge, and unlimited goodness. We get enmeshed in the theoretical problem of how to reconcile these with each other, or our personal responsibility with divine control.

THE real difficulty of the spiritual world is not its logical and philosophical dilemmas, but our simple inability to identify what others try to express. The indifference which men feel to conventional description is perhaps due to the inadequate way of presentation. I was present lately when a group of adults was deeply pained by the reported remark of a Sunday School child to her teacher, "I have never needed God yet." My own impression was that this was not evidence of the child's pagan self-sufficiency but a commentary on the image she had obtained from adults of the limited role of God in their own thinking. Atheism usually is disbelief in the god of someone else.

Conversely, inadequate expressions of religious faith prevent persons from recognizing the spiritual element when it impinges on us in unexpected ways. Preconceptions interfere with natural recognition; a predetermined focus blinds us to spontaneous vision. How frequent is this obtuseness and partial blindness. It is akin to the familiar absentmindedness for which our academic profession is rightly notorious. This is well expressed in the poem of Francis Thompson, *In No Strange Land*:

O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Not where the wheeling systems darken
And our benumbed conceiving soars!
The drift of pinions, would we harken,
Beats at our own clay shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places:—
Turn but a stone and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendored thing.

The word spiritual I do not confine to religion. There is an analogous element in other parts of experience. In many if not all the academic disciplines exists a double strand—the more and the less easily identified with the reality that the senses give us. This is obviously true in the field of medicine, where the combination is expressed by the hyphenated phrase “psychosomatic.” It is also true in the field of politics. Here we have long been under the influence of the self-styled realists. Again and again they have miscalculated because of the seeming unreality of imponderable features, including moral principles.

AS an historian I am perhaps most aware, or at least most often reminded, of the deceptively inconspicuous factors that, though seemingly submerged, frequently survive, or from small beginnings prove to be the determinates of history. They are sometimes called “the idea whose time has come.” Size and traditional authority are no criteria of their true significance. They may be unwelcome, or they may be wholesome and constructive. Their actual role reminds us to try to look behind appearances.

In this larger unsectarian and almost secular sense one must appraise the total spiritual impact of an education. In natural science, in art and music, literature and human life, one has manifold opportunity to discover the reality behind the seeming unreality of the spiritual. The aspiration and prayer appropriate then is that in one field or another we have learned the kind of insights that will unconsciously grow or that we can consciously cherish.

This is what is often called faith. I would call it trusting commitment. For the real cause of the seeming unreality of the spiritual life is our failure to practice it as we could. The proof is in trying it out. Let me illustrate it by another analogy, the experience of learning to swim. It appeals to me because I have watched it in my own case, my children's and my grandchildren's. My friend Richard Gregg describes it so well in his book, *The Self Beyond Yourself*, that I put it into his words rather than into my own:

Entering the spiritual life is like learning to swim. Before I learned how to swim I did not realize that the water displaced by floating objects acts as an upthrusting force upon the floating object. I was well aware of the weight of my body, but had never compared it with the

weight of an equivalent volume of water. I did not know that when my lungs are filled with air, the total weight of my body is just slightly less than the weight of an equivalent bulk of water—just enough to enable the upthrust of the displaced water to make me float just barely above the surface and, in proper position, enable me to breathe . . . I had seen people swim. But to trust my own body and life to this new and only faintly recognized force of bouyancy, to sink into the water until I felt it come into my ears and eyes and nose and mouth so that at first I could not breathe—that was terrifying. . . .

But other people who were my own age and not in other respects more gifted than I were doing it around me and offered to help. . . . Finally, I, like the others, learned how to keep my nose and eyes above water. Then with practice I developed skill and self-confidence. Now, even though the water beneath me were a mile deep yet I can swim safely on top. . . .

On such narrow margins, with such delicate balances and integrations, life of all kinds has proceeded all down the ages. So the subtle intangible power of the spirit is to be trusted. It can be secured by learning the right ways of behaving, and making them into habits.

I have already used the word “amphibian.” Learning to swim is literally making good in this capacity. There are other fields for new navigation. Now mankind with great pains and expense is learning to fly into outer space, though with characteristic forgetfulness—“estranged faces”—we often overlook the fact that we have always been astronauts. Our earth is a space-ship moving in relation to the sun some 68,000 miles an hour instead of the paltry 18,000 of a man-carrying satellite with relation to itself.

TO unscramble these comparisons let us come back to the simple personal experience of living. In every act, in every human relationship, beyond the obvious and the commonplace, are factors more refined, more tenuous, but none the less real. God give us eyes to see and ears to hear. As was said long ago of Moses: “By faith he left Egypt not being afraid of the anger of the king; for he continually kept his eyes on the invisible one.” Or as Thoreau said, perhaps a man hears “a different drummer. Let him step to the music that he hears, however measured and far away.”

O world, thou choosest not the better part!
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world, and had no chart
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.

George Santayana, *Faith*

THE HIGHWAY

ON December 7, 1961, the public hearings were held on the proposed interstate highway, one version of which would run through Pendle Hill. Of the seventy-three people who spoke at the hearing, which lasted from 7:30 p.m. to 6:30 a.m., sixty opposed the highway.

Since the time of the hearing, the State Highway Department has indicated that it will not request funds for this highway from the Federal Bureau of Roads for at least two years. The issue is not settled, but we are hopeful that the overwhelming opposition to the road will eventually defeat it. Copies of nearly 1500 letters written on behalf of Pendle Hill to the highway officials have been received from all over the world.

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