

NEWS & VIEWS

AUTUMN & WINTER 2015-16



BOURNEMOUTH COASTAL AREA

**RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS
(QUAKERS)**



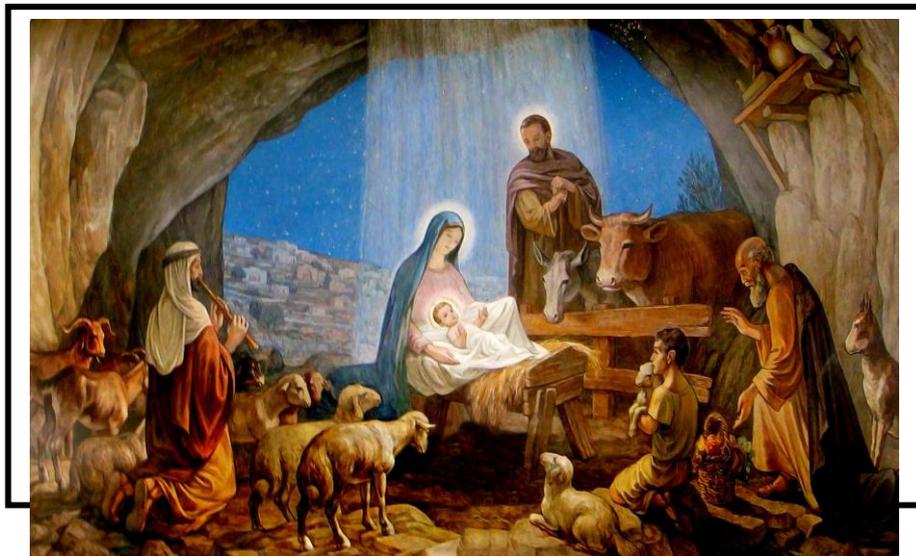
FROM THE EDITOR

Autumn speaks to us of change. It is a most beautiful time when the country yields glorious reds and golds. As leaves fall away we can see more scene through the branches and the path becomes brighter. At times refreshing change is essential for development. Often it is unpopular, but without it opportunity for progress can be missed. Live adventurously we are advised, to discover the joys of things new and perhaps as yet unimagined - things prepared for us by our loving spiritual Shepherd.



Winter brings us Christmas - it's what you make it and if the Gospels ring true a reminder of God's amazing humility to come amongst mankind revealing eternal truth and unconditional love.

We're grateful indeed for all contributions to this magazine. If an article does not appear it is because we try to keep a balance, serious and light, to keep it interesting and so kept by for the next issue.



THE EDITORIAL TEAM

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|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
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| Fordingbridge David Brown | Printer Liaison Peter Wilson |



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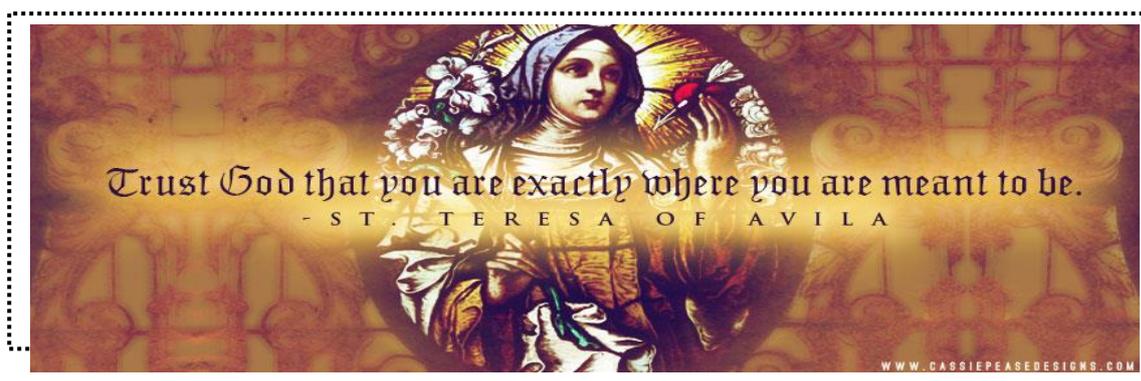
FRONT COVER

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*Friends  
are the  
family  
we choose  
for  
ourselves*



"Ask the animals and they will  
teach you" Job 12  
*Do you agree ?*



# Being Friends Together

Bournemouth Coastal Area Meeting allocated part of its July meeting to a workshop on Becoming Friends Together, facilitated by Tim Cook and Annette Gamblin, from Quaker Life Network. The opportunity to explore this online resource was welcomed by Friends. It enabled deep reflections, in smaller groups, as to how Friends in different local meetings are using study/learning time together.

Tim and Annette guided us through 13 ready made pathways, organised within the four themes: "growing as community together", "deepening the life of the spirit together", "exploring our living tradition together", and "being in the world together". This gave us a route plan to explore the website, even though a single word entry produces lots of options too. We were also guided through a ready-made discernment exercise for meetings.

Two of our local meetings have subscribed to Being Friends Together, Poole and Wimborne. In Wimborne, since Area Meeting, we have held a "taster" evening for our meeting for learning. We explored the pathways, and, using the discernment exercise offered, felt led to use one of the "deepening the life of the spirit together" pathways, entitled "spiritual practice and prayer" for our autumn meetings. We are a new Meeting, with many new Friends. This pathway has six threads/sessions, and it will help us focus upon our meeting for worship, and how ministry emerges. We can then move to another pathway, from another theme, as we are led.

So, lots of potential, Friends. Make sure that you and/or your meeting has good access to Wifi. The resources can of course be printed as well. If you like what Being Friends Together offers, ask Quaker Life Network to arrange a visit to your meeting, by Friends familiar with the website.

Richard Bush

<http://together.woodbooke.org.uk>

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One interesting Meeting

Helen Waygood

The first weekend in July 2015 saw the convergence of a remarkable series of 'Quakery' things. The Sheppard family, Eric, Lynda and their son Karl, from Dublin Area Meeting visited Fordingbridge for a family reunion. They booked their stay at the guesthouse in Godshill owned by our Friend Helen Waygood. She lives in Croft Cottage, which had been lived in by the Pask family from the 1920's until 1975. Alice Pask (known as Elsie) had run a 'dame school' for the village for many years there, and from 1954 until her death Friends had used Croft Cottage for their Meetings.

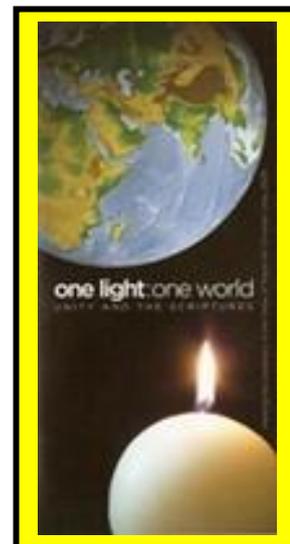
Since their stay included the first Sunday of the month, they all attended the MfW held in the Rainbow Centre of the URC. A delightfully enriching time was had by all. At the end they brought greetings from the two Meetings they attend regularly near Dublin. One is in a semi-rural setting, with windows that look out over the countryside. They can see birds and butterflies, as well as other creatures going past. Occasionally even a fox, which they call 'George' of course.



SONJA'S CHALLENGE

from Sonja McGuirk

The sun shone brightly Saturday 18 July and the gates swung open on the recreation ground to visitors of the Fordingbridge Fair, a fun occasion where craft stall holders, market growers, animal trainers, musical bands and charitable groups display their wares and share information useful to local people and tourists.



All churches Together for the Avon and surrounding districts had a pitch close to the entrance featuring the **Quaker Peace banner**, information leaflets, drinks, cakes, games, face painting and scheduled events with focus on ministry.

People came for the free refreshments and crowds gathered to listen to the escapologist who was timetabled to minister on Love and Peace whilst engaging in eye-catching feats. On one such occasion a vicar's wife put her head in a mock guillotine that fortunately, in falling, only sliced carrots!

I left reflecting on what we might offer next year. Quakers from the Bournemouth and Fordingbridge Meeting have a variety of gifts that include embroidery, pottery, card making, jam production and art. Could these, in the future, be on display too? I imagined that a Quaker singing group and Dances for Peace be offered as scheduled events. As there was interest in our wristbands, marked 'LIVE ADVENTUROUSLY', I thought about the many ways in which local Quakers contribute to this, from the meals given to rough sleepers in Bournemouth through to the solar farm in the Lymington area and there will be many more acts to recount. In my mind's eye I could see a display board for 2016 showing these types of activity.



Andrew O'Hanlon, the Outreach Officer at Friends House, informs me that an outreach cluster will take place in the Priory Rooms in Birmingham on December 5. This will include a section on contributing to festivals. If anyone would like to be there or has ideas to pass on please let Andrew know.

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## To Be

To be in the hands of the living God  
And feel the feeling, feeling good.

To be under heel, His heel, weight down;  
To gasp, cry out, not wish it done.

To be the object of thinking, His thought,  
Wrestling always, not one jot thwart.

To be inside a place shaped like a heart  
And hear all beats and each beat hurt.

To be within, without, the mystery,  
Dazzled and blind - seeing light is why.

from james sale



## BACKPACKING SOUTH INDIA IN FEBRUARY

It's good to get away sometimes, have a complete break, find new experiences, reflect and return to view life afresh. India, I was warned, had so much poverty and associated dangers that I would not enjoy going there. But I like a challenge so off I went on 1 Feb escaping the cold and drear for a month in the sun. The whole month had continuous sunshine about 30C. First stop the beaches of Goa. I'd arranged to meet a Hindu fellow, Dilip, to be my guide. I'd booked a beautiful inexpensive hotel comprising a series of chalets in a colourful garden setting. Dilip told me about the various deities he worshipped which surprisingly ended with Jesus Christ. Hinduism involves attributes of God rather than an image of God; different aspects of God that help people find devotion. He led prayers / worship with his wife and sons and often visited his local temple to pray. A new CV that I compiled for him was successful so after a few days he was off to Dubai with a new job.



### BACK PACKING

I could not imagine hauling my flight luggage around South India so packed a few things in my rucksack leaving the flight bag at a friendly homestay. I got an overnight sleeper train to Fort Cochin in Kerala 500 miles south, almost getting on the wrong train going the opposite way to Mubai - same track and no notices to say where it was going! On arrival my new guide duly took me in his tuk tuk to a beautiful homestay with trees, shrubs and plants surrounding it. I had breakfasts provided on the balcony with views of the local life and children going to school. It cost £50 for 4 nights. Kind Mum made me porridge I requested to make a change from her usual onion omelettes and then she brought me cups of coffee to my room.

### THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS



My guide at Fort Cochin was Sherif, a splendid fellow who called round 10am every morning to take me to interesting places, I asked what I owed him and he replied 'Oh whatever you think is OK.' I paid him £15 per day. He was a Moslem, had never drunk alcohol and was happy with his arranged marriage. He would ask me, 'Are you happy John?' to which I would reply 'Yes indeed thank you'. He would reply: 'You happy, I happy'. Surely he had discovered the secret of happiness. His tuk tuk weaved in and out of busy traffic with Lewis Hamilton skills to get me around quickly.

### THAT DIVINE DRINK

In the evenings I wandered locally. Boys played lots of cricket, not football. I usually ended up at a pretty little restaurant built like a cavern for a nightcap of amazing loose-leaf tea. Unlike any tea I've experienced it had a rich smooth taste that really hit the spot first with digestion and relaxed the mind. It was tea from the MATHCHARY hills and I got 3 beautiful cups from the pot for £1.

### THE BOATMAN & HIS HOME

Sherif drove me down the coast to a homestay called Dazzle Dew. I took a soothing canoe day trip along countryside canals to see some villages. I bought a coconut for 30p for the fresh drink. The ride was gentle and peaceful with Anthony rowing the stern. He took us to his home afterwards for a generous meal. The house was only half built and he didn't have money to complete it with children at high school to pay for so we tipped him generously.



## A HINDU TEMPLE

Close to Dazzle Dew was a Temple that woke me in the early hours with its horrible female wailing - rather like a loud strangled cat poor thing. Later I visited the Temple, a large open area with several shrines / booths around and one in the middle. The 'priest' inside appeared with an incense stick. Several ladies with a small child went from shrine to shrine worshipping, but then one man entered to kneel before the main shrine in fervent prayer. God listens to the prayers of our hearts I thought and He is able. The priest invited me inside and kindly gave me a small piece of bread and a colour for my forehead.

## THE ROMAN CATHOLICS

As I ventured further inland Sherif handed me over to a friend who had a car, Sharnavah, to be my guide. Sharnavah was another Muslim too also with a happy arranged marriage. He drove me on and I fell in love with a pretty, bustling little town called Thekkady. In the middle was a large white Roman Catholic church that used megaphones to transmit Christian songs over the town. It seemed twice as loud as the Hindu speakers so I suppose, like the Spanish, Indians must enjoy loud music. I could not visit the church simply because I couldn't get in for the crowds!

## MONKEY IN THE ROOM

The home stay there was new with all mod cons £14 per night for 2. Sharnavah was going to sleep in his car but I insisted he use the other bed in my room. Our balcony overlooked a water meadow and I could watch the buffalos come from the forest to feed. Once while I was in the shower Sharnavah gave a great shout. A large monkey had come into our room!

## THAT SHIRT



Sharnavah drove me to some spectacular view points high in the hills. For breakfast he took me to a Muslim restaurant that seemed to be run by two young boys. I preferred a charming hotel nearby that did full English breakfasts. I'd like to stay there. Our trips included various places of worship in town including a synagogue. Nearby in the Jewish precinct I saw a shirt hanging outside a shop. It was of very fine cotton and I needed a cool shirt. It pictured a figure playing a flute (Krishna) so I didn't barter for the price £3. Later people asked me where I'd got the shirt

and if I knew what the writing said on it. I was delighted to learn that I was wandering around India wearing the message 'Praise the Lord!'.

## A MAGIC WORD

Traders can approach holidaymakers on beaches or in market places. Some persistent can become a nuisance. I was advised a word that will automatically get such people just to turn around and walk away. Simply say 'Cello' (as the musical instrument). It is not rude or heavy; it just works !

## ABOVE THE TEA PLANTATIONS

I stayed at the next location Munnar several days - and met a Norwegian lady, Ozil, who wanted to join me going to the ashram. Sharnavah arranged a trip for us up the mountains in a jeep. It was a mighty rough ride up the stony track but the views looking down on mountains over 7,000 ft up were breathtaking. The British had built a tea factory at the very top and we were shown around. Ozil could not endure the jeep descending but preferred to run all the way down through the tea plantations. Next we went across country to Trichy and Shantivarnam, a Hindu / Christian ashram.





## Appleseed at Woodbroke

In August I had the pleasure of attending a long week-end course with the title "Seasons of the Spirit". One of the leaders was Brenda Heales, of New Milton LM. (Aren't we blessed that Brenda moved into our Area ?) She is the co-author of 'Seeding the Spirit', an Appleseed Workbook. I had bought a copy a few years ago having had a taster session during a Quaker Life Rep Council week-end at Woodbrooke. I guessed that the pattern of the August course would follow the Appleseed idea.

For anyone not familiar, this is where a theme is explored by an introductory talk with excerpts from literature, poetry, music, paintings and so on to amplify the theme and then followed up by an invitation to individuals to respond in a "kindergarten-simple" way using arts-based materials. The purpose of this call to respond is to 'make the journey inward in order to make the journey outward'. Very inspiring!

The group I was with seemed very familiar with the process. I was by comparison a beginner and my first delight was in realising the breadth of the theme and then in discovering the fantastic resources in the Art Room. It really amazed me to see the huge variety of materials, ranging from tissue paper to feathers, different glues to all types of paint and pens, wool to hessian, ribbon to velvet..... I reveled in the prospect of being able to choose from amongst these delights. A child in a shop with everything 'free'!

During the four days we immersed ourselves in each season in turn, starting in Autumn, the signs of which were apparent in the garden. Each response activity was different. In one we painted, in another we 'let pictures choose us'. In the evenings we could work on

our own project that was to express ourselves in a 'zig', a sort of concertina of card. It was hugely engaging and revealing. I discovered many things; no, not that I am a closet artist! I did not find it easy to let go of the 'brain' and of the organising self. The imagination needed to flow. I discovered that trusting in the process is paramount. I gradually warmed to this and felt excited by its possibilities.

On the last morning, everyone's finished pieces were displayed. To end, as with each of the previous sessions, we held a worship-sharing time in the Quiet Room. In the stillness, sudden insights became clear. There at our feet were our Zigs, evidence of the work of heart and hands as we had let our spirits sing the responses to the seasons, sometimes in tune, sometimes with discordant notes. My Autumn was, I believe, the most revealing to me. The picture 'which chose me' was of a grape harvest : this event has many happy associations in my life. I liked the vibrant colours and I had overlaid the scene with see-through tissue (seasons of mists.....) and some fine wispy material (having discovered the phrase 'silk sack clouds' created by the threshing of the corn GMH). The resulting image suddenly spelled out bread and wine, perhaps the bread and wine of the Eucharist.....my Anglican background? I concluded that I am most alive, spiritually, in Autumn and Winter although I enjoy all seasons. Is it obvious that I am a fan of Appleseed?

My grateful thanks to the facilitators of this course, Brenda and Kathleen, and thankfulness for the inspiration of Brenda and Chris Cooke who conceived the whole idea many years ago.

*from pat yates*

### KINDLERS ON THE ROAD

A Saturday Workshop 13 FEBRUARY 2016

Bournemouth Meeting House

**"PRAYER as LONGING and LISTENING"**

*explore the concept and practice of prayer*

All Welcome: Friends, Attenders, Newcomers

10.00am refreshments for 10.30am start; finish 4.30 pm with tea

Bring your own lunch (coffee/tea provided) - Suggested donation for the day £5

## A QUAKER 100 YEARS AGO

### Joining the Friends' Ambulance Unit - World War 1

One hundred years ago, in November 1915 a 21 year old man from Clonmel in Southern Ireland signed papers in Birmingham to join the FRIENDS AMBULANCE UNIT. He was Alfred Victor Grubb. He was a Quaker and had been at Sidcot School 1910-11. Then he became an engineering draughtsman in 1912-15. His connection with this area is because he had met Dorothy Neale at Sidcot. She was from a Quaker family who had moved here. He left F.A.U. in the spring of 1919 and they married here on December 22<sup>nd</sup> 1919. He is mentioned in Bournemouth Meeting minutes as if he was part of the meeting during the war. He had about 2 weeks leave each year and possibly spent much of it here. From 1920 he worked on water turbine designs but in 1922 he became manager of the Reliant Laundry at Pokesdown. Maybe they had decided to marry, but chose to wait until he came home for good.

The F.A.U had an unofficial motto: 'Find work that needs doing, do it and regularise it later if possible'. The postcards readily available now show men with ambulances, delivering bread, working at a hospital or a Casualty Clearing Station. However Alfred did none of these things. He spent virtually all of the war in and around Dunkirk. This was NOT what he had wished. We can discover this from his application form, which together with his service record cards are in the Quaker Library archives.

I think these documents enable us to get to know him a little. *What is your reason for offering?* I desire to be of Service at this time. But owing to conscientious reasons am unable to undertake military service. I wished to join the Friends War Victim Relief Committee but they have little work to be done at present. If after six months the position of affairs alters I should like the opportunity of transferring should the way open. AVG.

FRIENDS AMBULANCE UNIT (1914-1919) PERSONNEL CARD SERIES 1

NAME: Grubb, Alfred Victor. ADDRESS: 11, Newington Road, Clonmel, Ireland. NEW ADDRESS: 11, Newington Road, Clonmel, Ireland.

Brassard N: 7185. Date: 1915. Cap Badge N: 3253. Unit N: 1914-15. Identity Disc N: 1152. Passport N: 17719. Exemption: Grounds: Certificate N: 11/10/1915.

Vaccination: 11/10/15. 1st. Inoculation: 11/15. 2nd. Inoculation: 11/15. Re-Inoculation: 11/15. Kit Expenses to: 11/15. Period of Service: 11/15 to 11/15.

Religion: Member. Previous occupation: Draughtsman. Hospital: 11/15. Motor: 11/15. Language: 11/15. Special Training: 11/15.

*Are you strong, have you good health, have you had any illness which would prevent you from undertaking heavy physical work?* Have recently been through the engineering shops & have not missed a day through illness for over 3 years! Not afraid of hard work! *Have you any special qualifications that might be useful?* Can turn my hand to most jobs! Good at figures, some carpentry, general machinery repairs. *For how long are you prepared to serve with the unit?* I would like to join the Ambulance Train for six months at any rate. Further time if any, to be decided later.

Fortunately he wrote his story in 'The Island' the magazine by and about Sidcot alumni (PERS/SID/4) p9-12. December 1917, which the Library staff kindly discovered for me. The following is edited from what he wrote:

The F.A.U. Recreation Rooms at Dunkirk. About May 1916 Harry Carter and several others opened our first Recreation Room in Dunkirk. There were several thousand English soldiers in the district, and during their off-duty hours they had no opportunity for writing letters, reading or playing. There was very little for a soldier to do in his off time, especially during wet weather, but to lie on his bed or spend the time in a French cafe. The usual organisations that provided recreation such as Y.M.C.A or the Salvation Army had not opened huts there. Thus there were strong reasons why the F.A.U. should branch out into work so different from anything it had attempted before or had intended to do. The men we had to deal with first were dockers from Glasgow, most of them over military age.

Two huts were built, then the R.N.A.S. lent us a large shed at one of their aerodromes for their men which became known as the Green Dragon. This was on the site where the men worked and were billeted. A further F.A.U. hut, which became known as the Cat and Fiddle, because of a large painting above the stage, was opened on Christmas day 1916. There was a canteen, reading and writing room, a small billiard table and a library where men could borrow books without charge. In winter months this room was used to hold French classes. Outside a garden was created, which was used by the staff for sleeping when weather allowed. Others used the veranda or slept on tables in the canteen. In the early morning they were seen and discussed by a group of grinning Frenchmen, who never understood why people from across the Channel persisted in doing such extraordinary things!

Every Sunday evening the service was held, generally conducted by one of the Army Chaplains or by a member of the F.A.U.. Nearly every Saturday evening in the winter and sometimes in summer a concert was held. There was seating for about 400 men and standing space for 150 more. On other evenings of the week besides the newspapers and magazines, chess, draughts, quoits and other games were provided. Alfred spend much of his time in the canteen, which sold what one would expect like tea, coffee, snacks, but also

shaving soap, boot polish and the like. The biggest difficulty was money exchange. Copper coins from 11 different countries were accepted, silver coins from 5 countries and paper money from 4. These commonly included French and English of course, but also Scottish, Irish, American, Canadian, monies from Russia, Japan and Mexico also appeared.

When he wrote his article the current exchange rate was 27.25 francs to £1. Suppose a man came in with £1 note, spent 4 francs and wanted half of his change in English and the other half in French coinage. 'It takes not a little brain strain to work it out, even with paper and pencil!' Just as well in his application form he said he was good at figures! As a further complication there was a great shortage of French low value copper coins. So every town of any importance had its own local currency for 2 francs, 1 franc and 5 centimes; and these notes were of no use in any other town, so when a soldier was moved to another area he found he had money he could not spend. Needless to say the F.A.U. canteen accepted any of these notes but only paid out ones valid in Dunkirk.

Although Alfred did not do what he had hoped or expected, clearly he was of service. That continued when he was resident here. He left the laundry in 1952 and emigrated south the following year. He died on October 17 1967 in Christchurch - the New Zealand one!

*Len Wigg*

## QUERIES QUANTIFIED - FROM LAURA SUNDERLAND

### FEATHERED FRIENDS

These birds have got a bit mixed up.

Can you help sort them out?

You will find 5 birds of seashore, and five woodland birds.

- 1) FNIPUF
- 2) TTAUCHNH
- 3) AKIBBRCLD
- 4) NPOIR
- 5) RMNCOTAOR
- 6) ZILLBROAR
- 7) UNRHHTGOSS
- 8) OPCOREWEDK
- 9) TAGENN
- 10) KWITAKITE

### And the solution to the CROSSWORD in the last edition :

#### ACROSS

1 SPIRAL

4 ASTERS

7 OSPREY

8 PUREST

10 FLORAANDFAUNA

15 LAVA

17 APE

22 POLL

23 EVERGREENTREE

24 ASTAIN

25 STINGS

27 BONSAI

29 TEASES

#### DOWN

1 SNOWFLAKE

2 IMPROVE

3 ARENA

5 STUFFED

6 RESIN

9 GNARLED

11 LAP

12 RA

14 APPLEPIES

19 FORESTS

20 OLE

Lymington Meeting has had a quiet Summer with different Friends being away, or caring for loved ones in poor health. For those remaining, there have been discussion groups after Meeting every 4th Sunday at the home of Phyl Lemon. We will miss Phyl's hospitality, as she has now moved to Brockenhurst. We wish her every happiness in her new life and hope to have her with us in Meeting as often as possible.

Our regular Sunday Worship has also moved, from the Robert Hole room in the Community Centre to the Fuller-McLellan Hall. This has given us a permanent place to house our book trolley and other belongings and may prove to be a peaceful refuge when the renovation of the main building gets under way. Meanwhile, the door-keepers are learning a whole new set of procedures to keep the Centre secure and the key safely stowed, and we are all trying to adjust to the acoustics of the large Hall, where quiet ministry, or notices softly given, float away towards the very high ceiling. (Oh ye, who are not hard of hearing, please take note!) However, we are together in the loving atmosphere of Quaker worship and that is what matters most.

Summer, in Lymington, has been truly beautiful - nowhere more so than in Cliff and Sue's garden at Marley Mount, where we met in sunshine for a shared lunch and social time. In September, too, this was the venue for a coffee morning in aid of the Rosamund Douglas Fund. This is our own special fund, in memory of a dearly loved Friend, and supports local children whose parents are in need, helping to pay for school trips, music lessons, sports equipment etc. which can make all the difference to a child's happiness. Laura's calendars, with local views that convert into postcards, are now selling at £5.00 in aid of the same fund.

As Autumn days approach, we hope to restart our discussion groups and to organise some open meetings as outreach, thus strengthening and perhaps being able to share our beliefs.



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## Wild Flowers from near Wimborne Meeting

picture John Gibbs news Jane Schwarz

**Wimborne Meeting** has now resumed *Meeting for Learning* fortnightly at the Hanham Centre on Wednesday evenings, 7.00 for a 7.30 start. Using the 'Being Friends Together' pathways, we are exploring Quaker Faith & Practice and reflecting and deeply sharing together our reactions to it. In due course we will pass our thoughts on to the Book of Discipline Revision Preparation Group. **Jeff and Cory** visited Detroit meeting during September, carrying with them a Travelling Minute from our Meeting. They received a warm welcome there.

**Jane & Peter** thoroughly enjoyed the course 'Simplify, Simplify, Simplify' at Woodbrooke the same month, for the stimulating yet comfortable and welcoming surroundings and fellowship of Friends and non-Friends alike who attended. Discussion included Henry David Thoreau's book 'Walden' and 'The Effect' by Linda Hoy who facilitated the event. The final evening was spent sitting around a campfire, singing in the firelight together. It was an inspirational first visit for both.

A number of Wimborne Friends and many friends and neighbours attended the funeral of **Ceri Wolfe's husband Michael** at the beginning of October. This was a moving celebration of Michael's life that included poetry, readings including passages from the 'Just William' books, favourite songs to guitar accompaniment and several songs by the band started by Michael many years ago, 'Soggy Biscuit'. Ceri joined with her singing group 'Jubilate' and they sang beautifully. The autumn sun shone all afternoon.

We look forward to welcoming Friends from neighbouring Meetings when they have the time to join us for Meeting for Worship.



## **EASY SCRUMMY VEGGIE SOUP (LEEK, ONION & POTATO)**

From Yoko Ono

4 LEEKS  
5 POTATOES  
1 ONION  
1 ½ PINTS STOCK  
1 oz BUTTER  
PARSLEY GARNISH



*Cut potatoes into pieces and cook in water*

*Trim leeks and discard outer layer - split in half lengthways and slice thinly and wash and drain*

*Chop onion to small pieces*

*In big saucepan / wok melt butter and add leeks, onions and cooked potatoes.  
Add little pepper and cook low heat 15 mins*

*Add stock to simmer for 20 mins until veg soft.*

*Allow to cool a little then put all into blender (in batches). Blend to puree.*

*Return soup to saucepan and gently reheat to serve. Parsley garnish if you wish.*

***AMAZINGLY TASTY!***

(Some say, Chef Yoko Ono was named after an egg dropping incident . . .)

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

## **MATERIALISM, EQUALITY - AND A GAY GUY**

Four Jewish lady friends met 30 years after school at a reunion.

One goes to bring some food while the other 3 talk about how successful their sons have become.

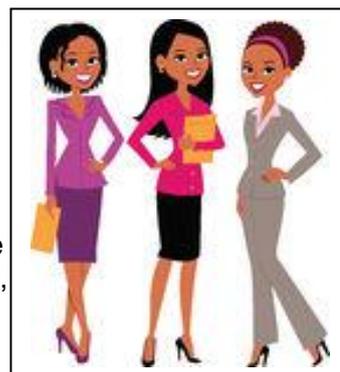
No. 1 says her son studied economics, became a banker and is so rich he gave his best friend a Ferrari.

No. 2 said her son became a pilot, started his own airline became so rich that he gave his best friend a Jet.

No. 3 said her son became an engineer, started his own development company became so rich, he build his best friend a Mansion.

No 4. came back with a plate full of food and asked what the buzz is about. They told her they were talking about how successful their sons became and asked her about her son. She said her son is gay and works in a Gay Bar. The other three said she must be very disappointed with her son for not becoming successful. "Oh no!", she said, "He is doing very well - last week on his birthday he got a Ferrari, a Jet and a Mansion from three of his boyfriends!"

All the 3 ladies fainted . . .



*From, and the winner of a competition.*

*Each person is unique, precious, a child of God.*

## *Suffering in Child Protection*

**At** any time now about one in twenty families with children are referred to children's services for a child protection concern. This proportion has risen by four times over the last 25 years. It is set to rise further when the government plans to criminalise failure by professionals to make a referral bear fruit. Of course a tiny proportion of these referrals are taken further than the initial assessment by social workers who enquire of every agency involved as well as the family. But some 10,000 families a year find themselves in care proceedings numbers of which have risen relentlessly since 2008. Some three or 4000 of these cases result in adoption of the children without the consent of their parents. That is surely the severest punishment our legal system can inflict on anyone and indeed one that is unknown in the rest of Europe, where children's family ties are never severed without consent. No wonder, in many communities, a visit from the social worker is something to dread. Many children are removed because a parent has difficulties with mental health, domestic violence, or a learning disability. Little chance that the scant treatment available can bear fruit in the six months within which proceedings must now be settled. I became interested in the work of the Family Rights Group in the 1980s when my salaried duties left me with time to offer. I took part in supporting families through Proceedings and in the reform process that led to the current Children's Act. Since moving to Dorset I have got to know families who have suffered in the Family Courts. One couple, who are now good friends, have lost four children to

adoption despite their case being so strong that one of the adoptions was set aside for nearly a year by the Court of Appeal, so that they, and we, could redetermine the matter in High Court. My interest in their sufferings has prompted me to renew my support for the family rights group (which is much concerned with supporting members of the wider family who offer help when parents are failing and proceedings are imminent) and to volunteer as a McKenzie friend to one or two families who cannot hire lawyers.

I took part this month in a gathering of professionals, volunteers, parents and young people in the care system convened by the Transparency Project. We listened to each other, we heard some very painful stories, and we all hoped that this growing network can turn the tide back from judging and punishing families to upholding children and parents as they deal with their own challenges in their own homes.

To Quakers, the family is central, equality of treatment and openness of expression flow from our witness to the light in every one of us. I am deeply grateful to be upheld by friends in this area while I struggle to offer something to the people I know who have lost so much. To bring the love in action which I found was growing in social work when I entered it over 40 years ago is a huge challenge. But we can uphold individuals who offer their time and gifts to parents who struggle and children who languish away from home. Young parents, and their own parents, need that love in action if their families are to survive and their children are to thrive settled and loved.

*Peter Leever, Wimborne Meeting*

When you love you should not say 'God is in my heart', but rather, 'I am in the heart of God'.      Kahal Gabran



## QUAKER QUIZ WITH QUOTATIONS

Find the missing 'Qu' words

- |     |                                                                                     |                |
|-----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| 1)  | Drop thy still dews of . . . . .<br>Till all our strivings cease                    | John Whittier  |
| 2)  | They dined on mince and slices of . . . . .<br>Which they ate with a runcible spoon | Edward Lear    |
| 3)  | . . . . . of Nineveh from distant Ophir<br>Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine  | John Masefield |
| 4)  | Our 4-footed friends                                                                | . . . . .      |
| 5)  | A savoury tart                                                                      | . . . . .      |
| 6)  | Waves to us from outer space                                                        | . . . . .      |
| 7)  | Are you stuck ? Not in this I hope                                                  | . . . . .      |
| 8)  | Vegetable protein                                                                   | . . . . .      |
| 9)  | A square space                                                                      | . . . . .      |
| 10) | A quasi-autonomous non-governmental organisation                                    | . . . . .      |
| 11) | Portion of ream                                                                     | . . . . .      |
| 12) | Silica occurring in hexagonal crystals                                              | . . . . .      |
| 13) | Did William Penn have one of these ?                                                | . . . . .      |
| 14) | The first Sunday after Easter, well known in Notre Dame                             | . . . . .      |
| 15) | Keeps typing fingers in order                                                       | . . . . .      |
| 16) | A Roman oak tree                                                                    | . . . . .      |
| 17) | Bird beloved by the Aztecs                                                          | . . . . .      |
| 18) | Two crotchets - or one chocolate biscuit                                            | . . . . .      |
| 19) | May be defined by a yellow flag                                                     | . . . . .      |
| 20) | Frequently made of patchwork                                                        | . . . . .      |

And here is a new and delightfully onomatopoeic word for the 21st century :  
A QUONK - any accidental noise made too close to a microphone and thus  
disrupting a radio or TV programme.

*Laura Sunderland*

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### **Beginning with Stillness, my Faith becomes Action**

From David Brown

Deep down in the human heart there's an ocean of love and light.  
Below fear and doubt and worry is this place of joy and delight.

We need to bathe in these waters of peace, to heal our pain and our fear,  
To open like flowers in the light of the sun, to allow our true selves to appear.

Love requires us to show our light, to help the frightened and weak,  
To use our gifts to heal the world, to let our lives truly speak.



FROM PETER WILSON - Quaker Lay Chaplain at Poole Hospital

When you are the head of hospital chaplaincy (not me!) you get many strange letters. This is one is from a company called Cardboard Fabrications Ltd. and goes as follows:-

*Dear Reverend.*

*We are sure that you have come across our extremely successful products already. Among our lines are cardboard police cars to discourage speeding and cardboard policemen to deter shoplifters.*



*Following on the success of these we are pleased to announce that we can now supply cardboard clergy. The cardboard minister is invaluable to hard-pressed clergy who need a holiday. It is life sized and comes in Liberal, conservative and evangelical models. It is especially effective when stood behind the lectern.*

Field trials have shown that when a cardboard minister was installed without the congregation knowing, 40 per cent of those later questioned had noticed no difference, while 25 per cent said there had been a considerable improvement.

Soon we hope to have available a cardboard Bishop which can be placed in the Diocese while the real Bishop is away in Rome or Canterbury. Trial models have been installed for some time in the Bishop's Synod without being detected. One is even said to have made a short excellent speech related to its topic.

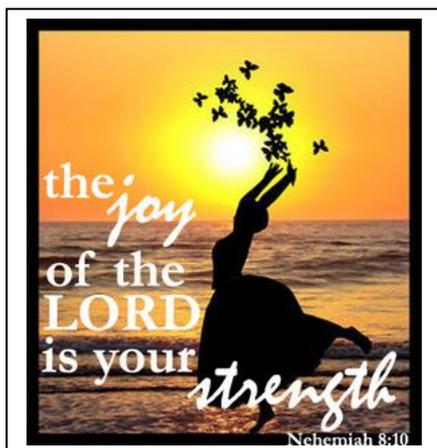
Work on the cardboard Chaplain has unfortunately been abandoned. Market research demonstrated that since nobody actually wants the real thing, there would therefore not be much demand for the cardboard substitute.

Our cardboard congregation is however now on the market and selling well. Its response to sermons is indistinguishable from the real thing, and it has the positive advantage that when volunteers are called for nobody makes a dash for the door. In some churches there has even been a marked improvement in the singing.

*We recommend our quality products for your consideration and hope that you will find that they are just what you have been looking for.*

*Yours faithfully, Cardew Cancutt (Marketing Director.)*

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Especially in difficult times our strength is often to be found in that Joy knowing the presence of God alongside us.

oooOOOooo

## ONE GRATEFUL HEART

*From Maggie Stalker, Wimborne Meeting*

My life changed in 2012, when my much loved husband of 51 years died. He was a type 1 diabetic, on insulin for over 60 yrs. He never complained about this, nor let it interfere with his great enjoyment of life. I don't think the word 'hate' was in his vocabulary. I never heard him use it. He had strong feelings that far too many wars were fought in the name of religion. My younger brother pointed out I didn't need to go to Meetings as Joe's outlook on life was so 'Quaker like'. Maybe I am guilty of not introducing him to Quakerism.

Wimborne Meeting has helped me through difficult times. A second blow in 2013, when our eldest son died suddenly is still very painful. I try to think of them both together somewhere.

I was fortunate to go to a Quaker school and loved it. I am still in touch with friends/Friends from those distant days. Finding that Quakers meet in Wimborne has been a great blessing and I am so grateful for the comfort and F/friendship which Wimborne Meeting provides.

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### *Bournemouth William Temple Association*

William Temple was a well loved Archbishop of Canterbury, famed especially for his outspoken speeches and sermons that brought great insight and wisdom. The Association aims to perpetuate this tradition in his honour. Amongst recent eminent speakers is Richard Bush, Wimborne Meeting. Always interesting, here is the forthcoming programme meeting at the Marsham Court Hotel 8pm.

5<sup>th</sup> October 2015     Revd Pat Southgate - Associate Priest at St. Peter's Parkstone  
***Routes to Roots - God's Love in Action in Poole***

2<sup>nd</sup> November 2015     Rabbi Mark Solomon - Interfaith Consultant for Liberal  
***Christ Through Jewish Eyes***

7<sup>th</sup> December 2015     David Firth - Representative of Mission Aviation Fellowship  
***The Work of Mission Aviation Fellowship***

4<sup>th</sup> January 2016     Mrs Sheila Soper - Salisbury - Sudan Link  
***South Sudan - A Personal Experience***

8<sup>th</sup> February 2016     Andrews Wells - Lay Chaplain of Salisbury Law Courts  
***Justice and the Kingdom of God - Glimpses from the Salisbury Law Courts***

7<sup>th</sup> March 2016     Canon Dr. Bill Merrington - Chaplain of Bournemouth University  
***New Approaches to Grief in Children and Adults***

4<sup>th</sup> April 2016     The Right Reverend Dom Timothy Bavin OSB  
***The Best Kept Secret - Do We Need Monks and Nuns?***

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Your daily life is your temple and  
your religion.                      Kahal Gabran

# Can war ever be justified as a means to peace?

Tom Sanders writes :

*"Thou shalt not kill."*

Ten Commandments

*"Love your enemies and do good to those that hate you."*

Jesus

(for 'love' read 'care and respect'...).

Quakers have had their Peace Testimony since 1660. A key passage reads: *"We utterly deny all outward wars and strife and fightings with outward weapons, for any end, or under any pretence whatsoever; and this is our testimony to the whole world. The spirit of Christ, by which we are guided, is not changeable, so as once to command us from a thing as evil and again to move unto it; and we do certainly know, and so testify to the world, that the spirit of Christ, which leads us into all Truth, will never move us to fight and war against any man with outward weapons, neither for the kingdom of Christ, nor for the kingdoms of this world."*

Declaration to Charles II, 1660.

Quakers have never been alone in their stance against violence in any form.

*"I object to violence because, when it appears to do good, the good is only temporary; the evil it does is permanent."*

Gandhi

War, killing, violence - any use of force or economic strength in order to oppress - these are not part of the will of God. There is no such thing as a just war. That's why you will see the 'Quakers for Peace' banners flying at so many demonstrations.

In the very imperfect world in which we live basic freedoms have to be preserved, which is why we have the United Nations and peace-keeping personnel working under its mandate. This is part of peace building - but it's important to emphasise that the use of force by such personnel is avoided, and is only ever a last resort. This is not the same thing as launching an invasion in order to secure supplies of oil or other resources...

Of course, it's not the military that starts the war; it's the politicians. Soldiers are often as much the victims of war as its perpetrators.

*"Oppose war, wage peace".*

Quaker poster

Peace is not just the absence of war, or of violence. It is a positive, pro-active force for good. It is about wholeness, health, justice, freedom, equality...

War results in the absence of these things.

War is almost always **caused** by the absence of these things.

To work for peace is to work for good in society, communities, groups, nations...

*"Peace I leave with you; my peace I give you, but not as the world gives."*

Jesus

Quakers say:

- There is a better way than conflict,
- A more equal world would be a world of less conflict,
- War and the arms trade are a waste of the world's resources,
- It would be more productive to invest all that energy and knowledge in seeking solutions to the world's problems.

*"I am not unmindful of the fact that violence often brings about momentary results... But, in spite of temporary victories, violence never brings permanent peace. It solves no social problem; it merely creates new and more complicated ones."*

Martin Luther King

Can true and lasting peace in society ever be achieved through violent means?

I doubt it.

## TOO BUSY TO CARE

I am that refugee.  
The world sees, but does not need  
or wants to know.  
But where do I go?  
Dust bowl is my land,  
Home is a sheet, my bed the ground.

I look around me my people to see,  
Mothers so weary, huddled in hearts  
children so frail, not strong enough  
even to weep, their faces like masks,  
no expression, even to ask.

Children in poverty each day do die.  
Did I hear you sigh or ask why?  
The Red Cross feeds us,  
but I cry out to Jesus  
'Please help us in our need'.  
We have no greed, only despair.  
Show the world how to care.

Countries spend money  
seeking people in space  
but here on earth exists the human race.  
So give us your hands to help us now.  
Give us your words to teach us how.  
Never be too busy not wanting to care  
for the day may come,  
so be aware that just like me  
you may be that homeless Refugee.



## A DEDICATION

A soldier he was,  
a keeper of peace, dedicated so.  
Full of compassion, love,  
even for his foe.  
He had forgiveness in his heart,  
for his killers so,  
who slayed, destroyed him,  
and left him in parts.

No revenge did he want on his death,  
Just understanding.  
Love for others was on his last breath.  
For love inspires trust,  
and trust dispels fear,  
enables nations to see,  
hold each other sacred and dear.

It's for all of us, the world over,  
to remember his last wish.  
And honour his memory by seeking repose.  
So let's finish with war,  
make that vow here and now.  
Never no need for man to die any more.  
For we will all be living in peace, harmony.

*poems by Terry Redman*



### **INSIDE THE LIGHT**

The Lord wraps himself in light as  
with a garment.

Psalm 104

## WINTER DAWN IN THE NEW FOREST



The ponies, legless in low bands of mist  
Await the awakening shafts of morning light'  
The bushes draped in lazy shrouds  
Are humped and etched in black and white.

But now the scene is changed, as sunlight rays  
Slant down between the trees.  
The ponies start to graze and owls departing  
Leave the trees to thrush and blackbird  
For their morning praise.

Skeletal branches trawl the sky  
Stirred by the winds relentless bite.  
Restless, they toss and net a star or two  
Left stranded by the ebbing night.

Here on the frosted grass are traced  
The slotted footprints of the deer,  
whose shy retreat to deeper glades  
Heralds another silvery day dawned clear.  
The mystery and magic of the darkness born  
Are banished by the joyous aubade to the winter dawn.

*Gillian Young*

Aspire to charity - it is the will of  
God

Aspire to kindness - it is the gift  
of God

Aspire to gentleness - it is the  
strength of God

# BOOK REVIEW

*from Laura Sunderland*

There are not many books written about Quakers which cause serious outbreaks of mirth, but *"Much Madder: The Chronicles of a Quaker Meeting"* written by Basil Donne-Smith is one such book. First published in 1975, with cover illustrations by Gerald Hoffnung, this little book was amongst my Mother's treasured possessions, and so came to me. (My Mother was a life-long Quaker). If not obtainable through Meetings' libraries, I would be happy to lend my copy to anyone who would enjoy it.

With gentle, but perceptive, humour Basil Donne-Smith looks at some of our Quaker Institutions and the way in which we run things, through the perspective of Much Madder Meeting, with its cast of eccentric characters. Much Madder (not far from Slightleigh Madder) is set in deepest Dorset.

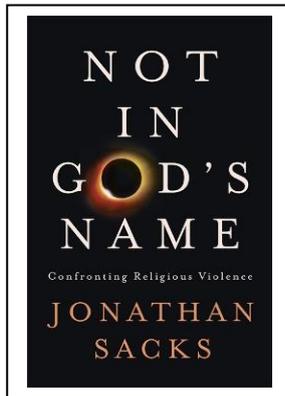
Find the book, and you will find Arthur Trumpington -Jones, an enthusiastic, if expensive, washer-up after Monthly Meeting teas, scrunching up handfuls of doilies and slow-bowling them towards the trash-can to be neatly fielded by Felicity Gargle who likes everything done with propriety and smooths out the less jammy ones in a counter demonstration of Quakerly caring.

You might sympathise with the Elders and Overseers who have to deal with the problem of Gwilym Powell, when that engaging and hirsute youngster, embracing his own idea of Quaker simplicity, comes to Meeting barefoot and discovers, just as others are 'centering down', that he can pick up a hassock with his toes. And what should they do about Mercy Mee, a visiting Friend, who wants Quakers to form a rope of peace, from John O'Groats to Lands End by joining up all the odd bits of string abandoned in Quaker cupboards? An extensive piece of outreach indeed!

**Barbara Lacey** has interpreted some of the members of Much Madder Meeting for us. Sadly, Barbara, who was a much loved member of Lymington Meeting, died last year. For several years her delightful drawings and quirky poems were featured in our Newsletters.



You give but little when you give of your possessions .  
It is when you give of yourself that you  
truly give.                      Kahal Gabran



## *How does a man kill 'in God's name'?*

asks former UK Chief Rabbi Jonathan Sacks

Ten years on from the 7/7 London bombings, in which 52 people were killed and hundreds were injured by four separate suicide bombers, the world is still looking for an answer as to why religious people kill in the name of God.

“When religion turns men into murderers, God weeps.”

So starts the first line of Jonathan Sack's new book, *Not in God's Name: Confronting Religious Violence*, revealing a book by a believer distressed not only by the violence, but puzzled by the theological tragedy that drives the violence. He wants to know what makes religious people kill in the name of God, and shows broad learning in evolutionary biology, social psychology, sociology and theology to present an argument that is sure to enlighten as well as provoke.

Sacks is well placed to muse on this theme as the former Chief Rabbi of Britain and a prolific author on religious conflict. In fact, he has carved out a niche for himself as the man who gave theological coherence to the Samuel Huntington “clash of civilisations” thesis while also critiquing it. Sacks' 2004 book, *The Dignity of Difference: How to Avoid the Clash of Civilisations*, remains one of the wisest texts for negotiating religious pluralism in the modern world.

Sacks has no time for the politician's mantra that violence committed by religious extremists like ISIL has nothing to do with Islam. Yes, the vast majority of the conflicts in the world today are nothing to do with religion, but “when terrorist or military groups invoke holy war, define their battle as a struggle against Satan, condemn unbelievers to death and commit murder while declaring ‘God is great,’ to deny that they are acting on religious motives is absurd” (p.11). Harder work needs to be done to glimpse the twisted logic and primitive psychology of these groups, he says, otherwise the proffered solutions will never create a compelling enough counter-narrative that weans believers from hate to love, and to value weakness rather than power. Religious violence is rooted in the same source as all violence - identity wars, and Sachs worries

that the West, which secularised so merrily, has created societies and institutions that cannot provide enough identity because it has forgotten humans are meaning-seeking creatures; “The result is that the twenty-first century has left us with a maximum of choice and a minimum of meaning” (p.13). Having thought religion was finished, now the West has seen it roar back - partly because of the vacuum secularisation created and, tragically, the religion that has returned is not gentle or ecumenical, but adversarial and aggressive. Make no mistake he warns “the greatest threat to freedom in the post-modern world is radical, politicised religion” (14). So if you don't realise you are dealing with religion - however twisted - you are not going to find any meaningful responses.

So Sacks takes us on his epic journey to the roots of the problem. First stop is evolutionary biology and the fact that humans always group; we are altruistic to our in-group, and aggressive to our out-group - which is where violence comes from. We learn not to kill strangers through reciprocal altruism, and religion evolves as the main means of ensuring that groups of strangers do not keep killing each other. So “violence has nothing to do with religion as such...it has to do with identity and life in groups” (p.39).

Yet we cannot do without an identity, and the chronic tribalism that fuels religious violence today has occurred primarily because the three great secular substitutes for religion - nationalism, communism and race - have failed to unite us according to Sacks. People take up religious violence fundamentally because they long for a community that engages something greater than just the self he argues.

*Contd.*

## Religious Violence Contd.

But the kind of religion that seduces them into violence as opposed to altruism is due to dualism for Sacks. Dualism, where God is split into a 'good' and an 'evil' Person, results in an attitude that sees the in-group as all good, and the out-group as all evil. Sacks urges us to take a tougher path, and see God as the source of bad as well as good, of "judgement as well as forgiveness, justice as well as love" (p.53). A pathological dualism drives violence because it does three things: "It makes you dehumanize and demonize your enemies. It leads you to see yourself as a victim. And it allows you to commit 'altruistic' evil, killing in the name of God..." (p.54).

Sacks continues to build his case. What then turns dualism into a pathology? After all, not all dualists sign up to ISIS. He turns to the cultural anthropologist Rene Girard, who argued that the best way for two rival groups to end a cycle of violence is to kill a third party, a scapegoat. Of course, religion ritualized this, but for Sacks for many centuries, the way different religious groups avoided destroying each other was to scapegoat the Jews. Girard and even Freud himself argued that it was not religion that led to violence, but violence that led to religion. For Girard, the source of all violence was memetic desire, which is wanting what someone else has because they have it. This is behaviour seen most baldly in the interactions of children, and since sibling rivalries are the spine of the book of Genesis - Cain and Abel, Isaac and Ishmael, Jacob and Esau, Joseph and his brothers - Sacks comes at last to his favourite ground - theology.

If anyone is interested in reading a thrilling and detailed guide to the stories of the book of Genesis, they could do worse than to enjoy the middle third of this book. Sacks's limpid prose, allied to wise exegesis, goes through the great family stories and shows that God never overlooks those he appears to reject - Ishmael, Esau - but actually blesses them

differently. In fact, he argues, God makes two promises, a humanitarian one to everyone because they are made in His image, and a covenant one to a specific group because they have been called His children. In a striking reversal of sibling rivalry, the covenant promise to Isaac, Jacob and Joseph subverts the sibling rivalry, the pay-off being that if you can identify with your rival in a role reversal, you can find a better way to eschew violence. That is what the best kind of religion offers, but one must attempt this whether from a religious motive or not.

Fundamentalism in religion subverts this he claims, because it "reads texts as if God were as simple as we are." (p.207). Sacks finishes up with a few prescriptions that are powerfully phrased but vague.

He may be a theologian but he is no policy wonk. "We must put the same longterm planning into strengthening religious freedom as was put into the spread of religious extremism" he says (p.262). And, "we must train a generation of religious leaders and educators who embrace the world in its diversity, and sacred texts in their maximal generosity." (p.262). Noble imperatives, but it will take another kind of person than Sacks to convert these into workable policies and programs.

Sacks' great gift to us has been to lift the lid on why someone can behead someone else, convinced they are bringing glory to God. It is not enough to denounce it as merely pathological. It has a pathology with a religious lineage. Miss that, and you can never win. Start there, and you are on your way. Still a long way to go, but the only effective starting point - however unfashionable it may be to say - is to start with theology. As he writes, "wars are won by weapons, but it takes ideas to win a peace." This book, while not startling for its originality of thought, is so clear, cogent and wise, it must rank as a vital text for anyone aspiring to "win the peace."

*By Dr. Ronald Boyd-MacMillan, Dir of Research and Strategic Trends, Open Doors International*



World Watch Monitor reports the story of Christians worldwide under pressure for their faith. Articles may be reprinted, with attribution.

## **WHAT'S ON AROUND NEW MILTON**

Much has happened in the last year and it's good to be able to share with others what has been going on in our neck of the woods. First of all, we've been delighted to welcome two of our regular Attenders as Members, **Heather Lewis** and **Calvin Germain**, and to celebrate these events with a bring-and-share lunch after Meeting for Worship. In each case we were glad that Area representatives could be with us to say a few words and make appropriate presentations to our new Members. We're pleased to welcome **Ann Santini**, who transferred to our Meeting from Hampshire with husband Rodney.



Quaker House Friends continue to be very much with us, although not always able to attend Sunday Meeting for Worship. Some of us go to their mid-week Meeting for Worship at Quaker House. A highlight of the year was an afternoon get-together at the Meeting House to celebrate two 90<sup>th</sup> birthdays, **Brenda Johnson** and **Lorna Fermer**, and to hear reminiscences by them of how New Milton Meeting used to be. Two or three remembered the excitement of moving in the 1980's from rooms in the old "Institute" in Gore Road to our present Meeting House in Whitefield Road - what a huge effort this must have been coming so close upon the setting up of Quaker House a few years earlier by Friends in both Bournemouth & New Milton Meetings. The afternoon ended with a delicious tea, birthday cake with candles - but not 90 candles!

Coming back to the present, we've been supporting a local charity "**First Opportunities**" for many years. This is an independent charity that provides therapeutic play and education for babies and young children with special needs. We held an Open Coffee Morning for them and asked **Geoff and Christine Pitts**, the organisers, to tell us about their work. They brought along an interesting display and gave an excellent talk. It was good to hear at first hand how our donations are being used.

We now have a clerking team for a trial period, two act as clerk and assistant clerk at our Working Group meetings and our Business Meetings. There's also a small group that is meeting, again for a trial period, to look at eldership and oversight matters. Our regular discussion groups continue, the larger one at monthly intervals and the two smaller ones on a more adhoc basis. Recently, **Betty Hagglund**, a tutor at Woodbrooke, gave us an interesting study day about Margaret Fell and we were glad other members of Area Meeting could join us for this.

Our mid-week Meetings for Worship continue once a month on the first Tuesday, 12.15 to 12.45 p.m. followed by sandwiches and chat so do join us when you can.

*Kathleen Hall*

## ***Dear Editor,***

What an indictment this seems to me on contemporary society :

***Would you recognise a buttercup if you saw it, or a conker, or a starling? I was dismayed today to read that many words reflecting the natural environment have disappeared from a new dictionary, compiled for 7-9 year olds. Instead, the editors of the Oxford Junior Dictionary have included such terms as: blog, celebrity and voice-mail. Their reasoning - that they better represent today's culture.***

*Robert Macfarlane in National Trust magazine, Autumn 2015*

True, traditional areas of countryside are fast diminishing under urban development, which spreads its tentacles farther and farther around towns and villages. So please, please let's make sure that our children and grandchildren get out into some natural space, even if only in town parks and gardens, so that they grow up with a foundation of experience in what I would call the real world rather than second-hand and manufactured "virtual reality". Or am I wrong to try to cling on to the deeply felt delight, continuing throughout my life, in that which is natural and "otherly" and good? Some people will say that a changing world needs to engage with changing attitudes, and I agree. Surely though it's not a case of "either, or" but of "both, and".

*from Heather Lewis*

## CONVENT SCHOOL

*by Heather Lewis*

Piano tinkles, thin notes  
that seep between thin voices  
shrill as unseen larks.  
Small mouths angled upwards  
like nesting baby sparrows  
sing out of tune to Jesus  
in the sun-dancing dust  
that seesaws down in shafts  
from high paned windows.

The music stops. The light is blotted out  
as nuns with pale tight faces,  
white, skin-stretched and hidden,  
walk on soft feet, and clatter rosary beads.  
The beads swing bee-busy,  
attention-seeking garlands,  
in swathes of tree-trunk habits.

Classroom breath warm, chalk-filled, cloying,  
where nuns glide, footless, round the furrowed  
desks  
and coo like pigeons on a crucifix.

Philip, freckled, under ginger thatch,  
is sitting fourth row back. He slices out  
the paper from his book - and scrumples it.  
His ears have crimsoned as he totters up  
a cul-de-sac of hate.

Poised on her pedestal  
Mary's plaster statue simpers down  
and the nuns echo through their veinless  
hands  
her temperate compassion, honey-dewed.

Then Philip screams.

Twelve round faces turn  
in the uncertain hush, and stare,  
their wide blank eyes like seeds of honesty.  
For an eternal moment, crystallised,  
the convent class hangs mute.

## Childhood Memories

*by Peter Schwarz*

I was a three year old boy, standing with my  
parents on the Munster Bridge (die  
Münsterbrücke) that crosses the River Weser.  
This is in the town of Hameln, in which I spent  
my childhood, also the town in which the fable  
'The Pied Piper of Hameln' (Der Rattenfänger  
von Hameln) is set. The Weser is certainly  
'Deep and Wide' and the bridge on which we  
were standing has a 3m high weir a few  
metres downstream, which salmon leap later  
in the year.

The year was 1946 and my parents and elder  
sister had escaped from East Germany a few  
months earlier. I was on the bridge with my  
father Fritz, looking down into the water, I was  
sitting in a pushchair. My mother had knitted a  
teddy for me, small enough for my toddler-  
sized hands to grasp, which I was holding. It  
was dark brown and I can't remember if it had  
a name. Somehow, my teddy was not held  
tightly enough and it fell into the swirling water.  
I was distraught, sad and horrified. My parents  
reacted with dismay. My father said 'It is too  
late, it has gone' and carried me along the  
bank in the vain hope of somehow finding it.  
All I could do was gaze at the rushing river.

This is not my first memory; that was when I  
was only two and a half. We were on a goods  
train making our escape and I remember the  
frightening situation of my father trying to  
distract others from finding us. It was only as I  
grew older I realised they were probably  
Russian soldiers, and my father was bravely  
distracting them from discovering his family  
concealed in a corner. Whether they did not  
realise we were there or turned a blind eye, I  
will never really know. This and the loss of my  
teddy are memories I will never forget.



*I really think we should thank our  
printer Jim from Swanage for  
providing his dedicated service  
over many years - thank you Jim !*

# INTER-FAITH PEACE WALK

Southampton Sunday 7 June 2015

**I've** recently returned home after a truly inspirational day. For the last 18 years Southampton Council of Faiths has organised a peace walk for people of all faiths or none. People of all age groups; families with babies in push-chairs, many nationalities and varying backgrounds assemble at the Peace Fountain in the park at the centre of Southampton. Usually we are welcomed by the Mayor; this time it was by the lady Sheriff, though in such a large gathering it was difficult for me to hear what she said. Two young community constables came to ensure our safety as the column made its way slowly to the Abu Bakr Mosque.

There must have been about 150 or so of us, though people joined or left along the way. At the Mosque, which used to be a girls' Grammar School, the ground floor is used as a restaurant and social area. When we arrived, long tables were set out with plastic plates and forks and a bottle of water for each person. As we arrived we were made welcome by one of the Imams. He also made it clear that the purpose of the day was not to underline the differences between our Faiths, but the need for respect and tolerance between all people. We were served with rice, chapati and chicken or vegetable curry - quite a challenge with about 200 to feed. My neighbour at the table was one of the volunteer gardeners for the public garden behind the Mosque, so she and a friend took me to see the garden that had been created from the old playground, not a horticultural gem, it must be said, but a welcome oasis in a densely packed city.

In spite of having been on the Peace Walk a number of times, I had not known of its original inspiration - Mrs Parvin Damani, who is a Senior Public Health Practitioner, spoke

to us about the Peace Walk's creation eighteen years ago. At that time, severely wounded children from the Bosnia/Croatia conflict were being sent to Southampton Hospital. Southampton Council of Faiths felt that by building understanding between people of different faiths we could come to realise our common humanity. Her speech was very sincere and moving. Finally, before leaving the Mosque the youngest Moslem children sang for us. It was a song about the children of the world singing together to the tune of "Three Blind Mice". Rather a far cry from ISIS!

From the Mosque we had quite a long walk to the Vedic Temple. Here we had a very well presented, inclusive and positive talk about the Hindu religion. David Vane, one of the people responsible for organising the walk, spoke to us, as there is no Buddhist place of worship in the city. His personal sect of Buddhism comes from the Japanese tradition.

Our next stop was at the Nanaksar Gurdwara. Their worship area is on the upper floor of the building; the ground one is for hospitality and social occasions. I found the Sikh elder who addressed us hard to follow, but the rhythmic chanting was enjoyed by even the youngest children. Finally, a young woman, who had been elected to the City Council, spoke to us of her concerns about financial cuts to welfare payment and the NHS - Faith and politics.

My stamina was beginning to wilt, so I did not visit either the Synagogue or St Edmund's Church. Going on my own enables me to meet so many wonderful people and I can truly try to love God and my neighbour. I hope other Friends may be able to go next year.

Mary Lewis-Bizley

*If you wander off the road to the right or the left, you will hear a voice  
behind you saying "Here is the road - follow it!".  
Happy are those who put their trust in the Lord. (Isaiah 30)*

# **Once in September**

**I**t was one of those tranquil September days when it seemed that the scents and colours of Summer would linger for ever. Fat velvet bees travelled amongst the hollyhocks and butterflies warmed their wings in the sunshine. I was five years old and I thought our garden was like the enchanted garden in the story of the “Snow Queen” where flowers of all seasons bloom together and tell their stories. Golden rod and Michaelmas daisies towered above my head. Dahlias made great splashes of crimson and scarlet. Yet still the roses scattered their petals, and Easter-card pansies crowded the borders. Red as jam they were, yellow as knobs of butter, or deep purple like Grandma's slippers.

“Come and have your photograph taken, Laura” my Mother called, “before we go to Uncle Joe's wedding.”

This was not the usual aproned Mother whom you could hug with sticky fingers, but an elegant, unfamiliar version with a hat on - a wide-brimmed navy affair with a white flower. Big brother John was pulling his socks up and having his hair smoothed, and baby Roger was cherubic in cream smocking, although his small fingers had already encountered a blob of oil from his push-chair. I ran joyously, in my new dress and sunbonnet, to join the wedding trio and give my smile to the photographer.

The camera clicked and all the bright colours, warm life, scents and sounds became black and white and grey, became memories, fragile as pressed flowers - a snatched moment of happiness to be recorded in an album. My father always typed neat labels for his photographs and as I turned the pages, many years later, I read the simple legend: “September 1940. Battle of Britain Overhead.”

*Laura Sunderland*

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The Lord *is my pace setter - I shall not rush.*
He makes me stop for quiet intervals.
He provides me with images of stillness
which restore my serenity.
He leads me in the way of efficiency
through calmness of mind and his
guidance of peace.
Even though I have a great many things
to accomplish each day, I will not fret,
for his presence is here.
His timelessness, his all importance will keep
me in balance.

(A Japanese version of 23rd Psalm)

VISITORS ARE WELCOME !

Quakers offer friendship and silent worship open to God's Spirit at these meetings.
Whatever your faith please feel really welcome to join us.

| | | | |
|---------------|---|---|--------------|
| POOLE | 52 Wimborne Rd, BH15 2BY | Sundays 10.30am | 01202-681443 |
| BOURNEMOUTH | 16 Wharncliffe Road Boscombe BH21 1AS | Sundays 10.30am | 01202-882914 |
| WIMBORNE | Hanham Centre Hanham Road BH21 1AS | Sundays 10.30am | 01202-840994 |
| SWANAGE | Queens Mead Room Queens Road BH19 2ES | The last Sunday of each month 10.30am | 01929-425740 |
| NEW MILTON | 30 Whiterfield Road BH25 6DF | Sundays 10.30am | 01425-619831 |
| LYMINGTON | Community Centre Cannon Street SO41 9BQ | Sundays 10.30am | 01590-678706 |
| FORDINGBRIDGE | United Reformed Church Salisbury Street SP6 1AB | 2nd & 4th Weds of the month 1pm & 1st Sun 10.30am | 01425-652527 |



A PRAYER - BY PEN WILCOCK (BRF)

Dearest Friend, sometimes you feel so near, other days I almost feel I imagined you. Direct my feet in the paths your flock follow; lead me in your living way; keep me close to you. Amen.



*CAKES AND KINDNESS
AT GODSHILL NEAR
FORDINGBRIDGE ON
SUNDAY 23 AUG 2015
THANKS BRIDGET!*

*"Peace I leave with you,
my peace I give to you;
not as the world gives,
I give to you."*

