



Worship points

Additional quotes

**Passage B11 *Who Do We Think We Are?* Young Friends General Meeting
Swarthmore Lecture, 1998, p 23.**

A friend of mine once said to me,
'So what do Quakers do?
Wear black hats and quake a lot:
That doesn't seem like you!'

My efforts to describe to her,
I fear, did not explain.
Exactly what it means to me, so
Here I go again...

It's a feeling of belonging
It's standing on one's own,
It's shouting out together,
It's speaking all alone.
 It's knowing we are all unique,
 With thoughts, desires and fears,
 It's sharing our emotions,
 It's laughter and it's tears.
It's freedom to and freedom from,
It's freedom to be me,
It lets me be just who I am,
It sets my spirit free.
 It's joyfulness and laughter,
 It's sadness and remorse,
 It's passivity and letting go,
 It's power and it's force.
It's love and understanding,
It's joy respect and awe,
It's something deep inside my heart,
Within my very core.

We're all of us on journeys;
The destination is unknown.
Our paths may sometimes intertwine,
Sometimes we tread alone.

It's there to support us,
To light the darkened way.
We see the light in others
In spectacular array.

(I fear this answer baffled her
As all she said was 'Cor'.
I felt I should say one more thing,
'It's all of that... and more.')

From Passage B1 *Who Do We Think We Are?* Young Friends General Meeting Swarthmore Lecture, 1998, p 18.

Why am I a Quaker? Sometimes, I am transformed by a powerful force. It has unrelentingly dragged me shaking to my feet in Meeting for Worship as I burn with something to say; it has held me as I walk through a still avenue of huge sycamore trees, worrying about a family member who has just been admitted to hospital; it has filled me with joy as I contemplate a vista of sky and landscape from the top of a mountain...it is a kind of force which prompts me, prompts my conscience, my emotions, my desires. Quakers give me the space to seek that force in myself and in others, to come to know it, to test it, to act upon it. Quakers give me that space unconditionally. I can explore it by being just me, and I feel valued for who I am. That is why I belong.

Thomas Ellwood 1659 Quaker faith & practice 19.16.

A knot of my old acquaintance [at Oxford], espying me, came to me. One of these was a scholar in his gown, another a surgeon of that city... When they were come up to me, they all saluted me, after the usual manner, putting off their hats and bowing, and saying, 'Your humble Servant, Sir', expecting no doubt the same from me. But when they saw me stand still, not moving my cap, nor bowing my knee, in way of congee to them, they were amazed, and looked first one upon another, then upon me, and then one upon another again for a while, without a word speaking. At length, the surgeon ... clapping his hand in a familiar way upon my shoulder and smiling on me said, 'What, Tom, a Quaker!' To which I readily, and cheerfully answered, 'Yes, a Quaker.' And as the words passed out of my mouth I felt joy spring in my heart, for I rejoiced that I had not been drawn out by them into a compliance with them, and that I had strength and boldness given me to confess myself to be one of that despised people.