

FRIARGATE NEWS

May 2020

Issue 19



Early April

photo: Alison Clarke [Thirsk]

This is the time to be slow
Lie low to the wall
Until the bitter wind passes

Try, as best you can, not to let
The wire brush of doubt
Scrape from your heart
All sense of yourself
And your hesitant light.

If you remain generous,
Time will come good;
And you will find your feet
Again on fresh pastures of promise,
Where the air will be kind
And blushed with beginning.

John O'Donohue 1956 – 2008

On My Mind during Lockdown

Last month I asked for readers' comments re this extraordinary pause we're experiencing. Thank you to Roger for starting the ball rolling/taking up the baton.

As the spectre of coronavirus hangs over us all - and especially over us older people - three haunting quotations come repeatedly to mind.

First, Quaker MP John Bright, speaks against the Crimean War: 'The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings'.

Second, Foreign Secretary Lord Grey the night before the outbreak of the Great War in August 1914: 'The lamps are going out all over Europe'

Third, poet WB Yeats writing of the impact of the Easter Rising in Dublin 1916 and its aftermath: 'All changed, changed utterly: A terrible beauty is born'.

I believe that our society will be changed irrevocably by coronavirus.

The Quaker task is to ensure that the change is for the better.

Roger Pierce

PLEASE SEND MORE NEWS, IDEAS, EXPERIENCES

Who will take up the baton next? I await your contributions.

FRIARGATE NEWS

Birth Camilla Wimberley and Huw Still announce the birth of Noah on 22 February. An almost palindromic arrival in the world and in Friargate hearts.

Deaths Isabel Wakeman aged 84. On 17th April in Nottingham at her daughter's home, Joan Wrigley aged 99. On 19th April in care in Oldham near her son's home.



The Assisted Dying discussions are postponed. The topic assumes a freedom of choice regarding one's death. At present this is very theoretical. **Sarah Allen**

May Local Meeting for Business

Two topics are flagged up for our first Zoom business meeting on Sunday May 3rd:

- ❖ GRASP: simplifying our meetings. What do we want to consider or propose?
- ❖ How shall we allocate charitably £10,000 from Friargate resources?

You will recall that the Treasurer asked in April FN for comments on her three questions below. Contact mgtbryan@gmail.com as soon as possible if you still wish to comment.

- Do we divide it into 4 gifts of £2,500, 5 of £2,000, 10 of £1,000 or in some other way?
- Should the beneficiaries be local, regional or national charities?
- How will these gifts express our testimonies?

God
 Doesn't have to knock
 Uses the front door key
 Doesn't check how clean the house is
 Knows how to use the kettle
 And where the spoons go
 Washes up
 Is content to sit
 And chat about issues
 Of no importance
 Or just be quiet.

Andrew Rudd: Manchester
 Cathedral Poet in Residence 2020

*Thanks to Anne Oates for spotting
 and providing this gem of a poem*



Cherry blossom in Kent

FRIARGATE'S ZOOM DATES IN MAY

- every Sunday meeting for worship [zoom] 10.30-11.30 followed by chat
- every Wednesday – midweek worship [zoom] 1.15 worship; chat 1.45
- every day – see 'The Upholding Group' above 9.00 – 9.15
- Monday to Friday – Quaker cuppa & chat 10.30 – 11.30
- some groups may decide to meet by zoom – it's in your hands, Friends

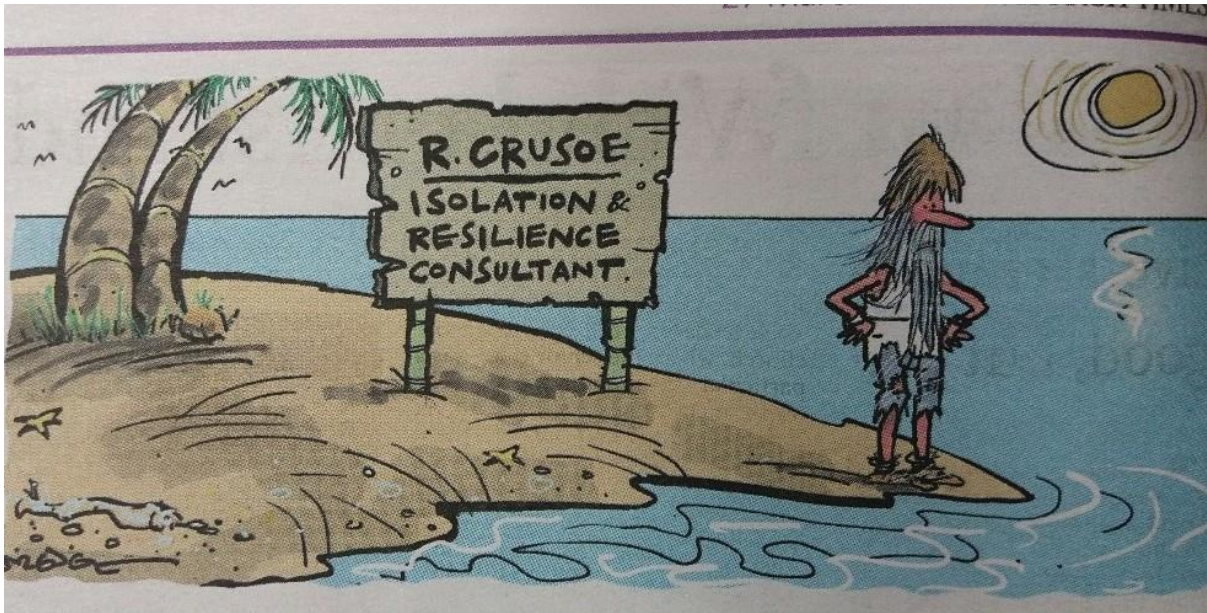
SUNDAY COLLECTIONS IN MAY

3 & 10 May	Christian Aid
17 & 24 May	Bradford Peace Museum
31 May	Friargate Funds

YORK AREA MEETING

will take place via Zoom on Saturday 9th May 1.30 – 3.30 pm [or earlier]

York Interfaith Group sent a unified letter of objection to the closure of York Crematorium to the City of York Council. Changes have now been implemented, respecting the needs of all. For the latest information, please see <https://www.york.gov.uk/news/article/145/confirmation-of-additional-arrangements-in-place-at-york-crematorium-for-families-to-pay-their-respects>



Thanks to Sheila Roden & Church Times

Still

This earth is the same earth, is it not,
which we traversed with determination,
where in former times we ventured forth,
when travel was permitted, and the choice was ours
over time and destination? This earth
now proclaims a different dominion.

It cries out now from the fissures
We have torn in it, from the scars
We have clawed in it, from the brutality
Of our embrace, our craving for conquest.

Yet we, defeated by victory, remain apart
Until in the bowels of the earth we bury our dead
And scatter our ashes in its still fertile loam.
Still, even now, it is ready to receive us.

We are its children, are we not, made of its flesh,
Dust of its dust? Our hearts beat to its rhythms.
We spin as the earth spins. Though we tasted the fruit
Of the tree of knowledge and Eden became exile,
We remain the offspring of its seasons.
Still the earth offers us ground for our planting,
generous still if we would grow wise and tender,
earth for our planting, trees for our healing,
a new, fragile, an abundant harvest. Still.

Harvey Gillman *Rye Meeting*

*Harvey writes to me that he finds he is writing a lot of poetry at present.
I hope to have room for part of another one in York Area Quakevine.*