

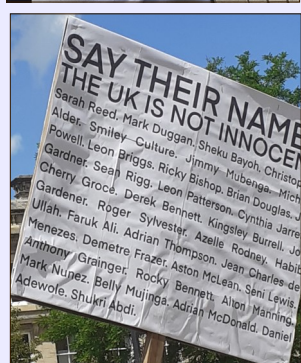


# STAFFORDSHIRE QUAKER



SUMMER EDITION, JUNE 2020

## BLACK LIVES MATTER ... IN STAFFORDSHIRE



All the photos in this article were taken by Teresa herself at the rally in Stafford

On June 13 Julia and I travelled to Stafford to take part in the Black Lives Matter event in the market square, one of the many events around the world triggered by the killing of George Floyd in Minneapolis on May 25. The event was very peaceful, moving and inspiring; it was a privilege to be there. The photos on this page and on page 12 show the many home-made banners and notices carried that afternoon.

At the end, all those who could knelt on one knee and were silent for 8 minutes and 46 seconds. As a Quaker, that gathered silence was so familiar: "As, together, we enter the depths of the living silence, the stillness of God, we find one another in the things that are eternal: upholding and strengthening one another" (QFP 2.01).

Just as it is important to bear witness and speak truth to power in this way, I also need to ensure for myself that I don't lose "another" in my day to day faithful living. My actions in the world need to reflect the meaning from the gathered silence. My testimonies have to be living testimonies, strengthened and enriched by the light that comes from the gathered silence.

We saw Friends from Stafford Meeting, and similarly some of the Lichfield Quakers were present at the Black Lives Matter event in Lichfield on June 9. Wolverhampton Quakers published a minute on June 7:

"We are dismayed by the illegal killing by police of George Floyd in Minneapolis, USA and the damaging effects it has had on the relationships between people in the USA and round the world. Such events affirm the need for Quakers to strive for peace, justice and racial equality both within British Yearly Meeting and in the wider world and we recognise our share in responsibility for events like this. We are reminded of the death of Clinton McCurbin in similar circumstances in Wolverhampton in 1987."

BYM published the following statement on June 2: "Alongside Quakers in the USA and their American Friends Service Committee, we stand with those whose lives are blighted by racist, discriminatory policies... We pray for the courage and steadfastness that will be needed as we uphold our testimony of equality, justice, peace, sustainability

(continued on page 12)

## OPENING UP UNDER LOCKDOWN

- Books
- Dreams
- Spaces and places
- Kinship
- Solidarity

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## BETTY TITLEY

**Betty Titley of**

Stone Meeting died in March, aged 85. She had been active in the Meeting for many years prior to moving to a nursing home, and fulfilled the roles of Clerk and Elder. Betty was the much loved leader of the Children's Meeting and missed by all Friends who knew her. Her family sent this poem at the time of her funeral.

I made my will last week and I got to thinking about my funeral.  
I'd like to go with a bit of a bang  
and I don't want you whimpering if you can help it.  
Do you think there will be enough mourners to have it in church  
or had we better settle for the chapel at the crem?  
I should like a hymn or two, but I don't want you embarrassed  
if hardly anybody turns up.  
It depends on how long I last,  
You can't expect people to turn up if they're dead.  
I shall try to be present myself.

I hope for some kind of resurrection and rejuvenation seems possible.  
I can't feel whoever's in charge will want  
to be bothered with a lot of arthritic old people  
for all eternity. Think of the cost of all those hips to the Eternal Health Service.  
So imagine me perched ethereally on that rail above the pulpit  
with my resurrected legs looking good again in fish net stockings.  
Don't bother, yourself, with black or high heels or a hat,  
unless you can find something cheeky with an eye veil.  
Wear your long purple frock and the red boater.  
Your brother looks lovely in his leather jacket  
and I shan't mind his jeans on this occasion.  
You won't be standing about at the graveside because naturally  
I shall want to be hygienically disposed of  
in a hot oven at the crematorium.  
I should like my smoke to mingle with a cloud  
but I don't expect I shall have the puff  
to get high enough. As for the ashes,  
I don't of course expect you to harbour me  
in a plant pot – filial duty has its limits – but I might make useful fertiliser in a tub  
for a winter jasmine, say, with a few spring bulbs.

After the crem I should like a bit of a do.  
If the cousins are alive enough to come, I want them properly fed.  
Good bread and ham from a real pig and trifle from my special recipe.  
Sit them down with a glass of sherry and let them relax  
and the reminiscences and perhaps the photos will come out,  
and one of them will say "She would have enjoyed this" and perhaps another will say  
"Wish she were here."

This is how I should like it.  
But if I have to hang about till I'm ninety who knows how many will be able to come?  
You'll just have to use your initiative.

## KEN BRADBURY

Kenneth was born in Heron Cross, Fenton on 26<sup>th</sup> January 1934 but he was brought up in the city of Worcester when his parents moved there before the start of the Second World war. Kenneth had one younger brother, Douglas, and two younger sisters, Heather and Rosemary.

Through Ken's childhood he was brought up in an old Georgian building with a graveyard outside the front door (quite daunting for him and his younger brother)! This was because Ken's mother worked part time as a caretaker at a Quaker meeting house, part payment of which included use of the cottage next door, which the family moved into.

Because of this, the Quaker meetings that took place next door became almost like a Sunday school for Ken and his brother. This eventually led to him becoming a devout Quaker.

When he left school, Ken went to work at Rists Wires and Cables as a tool maker.

In 1957, Ken met Lin through the Quaker Meeting in Newcastle and they were married at the same meeting house in 1963.

During this time, Ken came to realise that his true vocation lay in teaching, so he went away to study and gained his teaching qualification after which he taught for many years at Blackfriars School for pupils with physical disabilities. Later still, he

qualified as a teacher for the visually impaired, and working with children with vision impairments became the main focus of the rest of his career.

Ken and Lin were members of the Ramblers Dramatic Society for many years and Ken enjoyed performing a variety of roles in their play readings as well as enjoying their summer walks. He also was very interested in steam engines and steam railways.

Ken and Lin started their family in 1966 when Anna was born, followed by David in 1968. As a family, they enjoyed many happy holidays together, particularly caravan and motor caravan holidays. Ken was not afraid to tow a caravan although there were several hairy moments involving narrow lanes, reversing in tight spaces and one caravan overturning on the motorway! One of Ken's favourite holidays was a four week family trip to Finland to visit some of Lin's relatives and experience the culture over there.

Ken enjoyed music very much and used to play piano and guitar, especially when Anna and David were youngsters. He would often pull out his guitar on weekend evenings and start a sing-a-long to old folk tunes, which everyone enjoyed, and at Christmas time he would play Carols on the piano.

Another of Ken's interests was watercolour painting and he produced many beau-

tiful pictures over the years. He also very much enjoyed working with wood; he was an able carpenter and also enjoyed wood crafts, and particularly wood turning with a lathe.

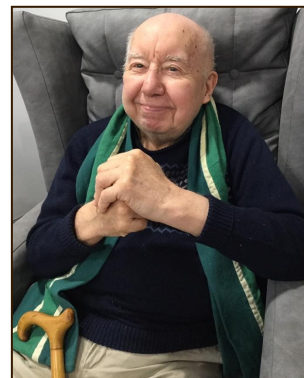
During his retirement, Ken took up Tai Chi which he found very relaxing and he even went on to teach a Tai Chi class.

Having 3 siblings, meant that Ken also became an Uncle to quite a number of nieces and nephews who have always been very fond of their 'Uncle Ken'!

Ken's closest friend Peter and his wife Lydia live in Australia and in 1999, Ken went out there with Lin to visit Peter and his family. It was a once in a lifetime experience and opportunity to spend precious time with good friends, which he thoroughly enjoyed.

Ken went on to become a Granddad to six Grandchildren, and a Great Granddad of two! All his Grandchildren remember lots of fun times with him over the years. He always enjoyed passing on his knowledge and skills, was always patient in showing them how to do things, and he always had a great sense of humour and loved to tease!

He was a quiet, gentle, talented, funny, kind, devoted, loving, family man who had a big impact on many people and he will always be remembered with love by his friends and family.



These words from Ken's family were read at the funeral by Shirley Torrens of Stoke Meeting.

## EXILED

The inherent violence of the state is currently well exemplified by President Trump's bellicose threats of military intervention against the thousands of people protesting against the blatant murder of yet another black person by a white police officer in Minnesota, USA.

I well remember many of my sociological studies students, especially those from the southern half of England, regarded the perspective that emphasised the capitalist class's recourse to violence against its "own people" to be grossly exaggerated, if not downright offensive to the traditional mythology of Britain's commitment to "policing by consent."

That was before the miners' strike of 1984-85 and the brilliant film, Billy Elliott, where police violence, exemplified by the notorious "Battle of Orgreave", is graphically illustrated by baton-happy police chasing peaceful strikers through the terrace houses, literally ram-paging in the back door, through the house and out through the front door, in pursuit of peaceful miners whose legal right to strike was graphically being delegitimised.

Prime minister Thatcher's goal was to destroy the strongest workers' union in the UK and to destroy the mining industry with no plan to offer alternative employment. Entire communities were left bereft of the means for a decent livelihood; whole communities aban-

doned as exiled islands without hope of support from the state that had violently stripped them of their income, their pride, their community cohesion.

Of course, Thatcher's so-called-neo-liberalism dismantled much more of Britain's industrialisation, making the way clear for the financialization of the economy. It may be that a further decline in commitment to Faith groups was also a consequence of unleashing such a naked commitment to profit above people.

I don't recall much if any discussion of the Trinity in my formative years at home but I do remember quite vividly the ban on the triumvirate of politics, money and religion. No wonder I constantly pushed against the ban and once old enough hardly ever stopped talking about all three!

As a teenager, I would escape as often as possible to stay with my best school friend for whole weekends to enjoy the political discussions around the dinner table as well as at socialist gatherings and CND group meetings. There were no bans on any topics at their house.

So when people say to me politics and faith are totally separate and should be kept that way I am left with the thought: "How does Faith inform your life between Sunday Meetings for Worship?" A prior question might be: "What do you gather together for?"

Since we have been spending increasingly longer periods each winter in southern Portugal for my health reasons I eventually tired of meeting on my own at 11am each Sunday since I have failed to make contact with any Quakers in the region and so with the on-set of winter last year I started to attend Holy Communion at St Vincent's Anglican service, co-operatively accommodated in the Praia da Luz Roman Catholic church.

What dawned on me eventually in my self-imposed exile was the extent to which I missed fellow Faith seekers. In fact, quite a few things have dawned on me during these recent years dividing my life between Portugal and Britain, not least that I feel much less rigidly compartmentalised with my ongoing search for Faith. If the essence of a Faith is peacefulness and focuses on treating one's neighbour as one would be treated then neither the denomination nor the bigger divisions between the major Faiths is of much interest to me.

Exile is so easy with needless barriers; exile can foster fear; exile can encourage aggression. The so-called "social distancing" rules imposed by governments could have been better described as "physical distancing" which is what is intended. Social interaction, need not be holding hands but two meters distance is not so distant that

*(continued on page 5)*

EXILE CAN  
FOSTER FEAR;  
EXILE CAN  
ENCOURAGE  
AGGRESSION



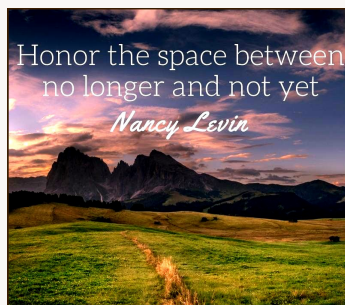
## LIMINAL SPACE

*This meditation by Richard Rohr was sent by Maggie Jeays of Stafford Meeting.*

Liminal space is an inner state and sometimes an outer situation where we can begin to think and act in new ways. It is where we are betwixt and between, having left one room or stage of life but not yet entered the next. We usually enter liminal space when our former way of being is challenged or changed—perhaps when we lose a job or a loved one, during illness, at the birth of a child, or a major relocation. It is a graced time, but often does not feel “graced” in any way. In such space, we are not certain or in control. This global pandemic we now face is an example of an immense, collective liminal space.

The very vulnerability and openness of liminal space allows room for something genuinely new to happen. We are empty and receptive—erased tablets waiting for new words. Liminal space is where we are most teachable, often because we are most humbled. Liminality

ty keeps us in an ongoing state of shadowboxing instead of ego-confirmation, struggling with the hidden side of things, and calling so-called normalcy into creative question.



It's no surprise then that we generally avoid liminal space. Much of the work of authentic spirituality and human development is to get people into liminal space and to keep them there long enough that they can learn something essential and new. Many spiritual giants like St. Francis, Julian of Norwich, Dorothy Day, and Mohandas Gandhi tried to live their entire lives in permanent liminality, on the edge or periphery of the dominant culture. This in-between place is free of illusions and false payoffs. It invites us to discover and live from broader perspectives and

with much deeper seeing.

In liminal space we sometimes need to not-do and not-perform according to our usual successful patterns. We actually need to fail abruptly and deliberately falter to understand other dimensions of life. We need to be silent instead of speaking, experience emptiness instead of fullness, anonymity instead of persona, and pennilessness instead of plenty. In liminal space, we descend and intentionally do not come back out or up immediately. It takes time but this experience can help us reenter the world with freedom and new, creative approaches to life.

I imagine that even if you've never heard the word liminal before, you likely have a sense of what I'm talking about. It would be difficult to exist in this time of global crisis and not feel caught between at least two worlds—the one we knew and the one to come. Our consciousness and that of future generations has been changed. We cannot put the genie back in the bottle.

THIS GLOBAL PANDEMIC WE NOW FACE IS AN EXAMPLE OF AN IMMENSE, COLLECTIVE LIMINAL SPACE.

### EXILED (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4)

feelings of social exile emerge. Covid-19 has thrown into sharp relief scores of vital issues which demand national/international debate. Much is being written about the need to avoid a return to “normal” but few have begun to articulate the steps to a new normal.

Our St Vincent's service at the church stopped in March and has been held successfully via the technological wonder of Zoom every Sunday and Thursday since. Then, what happened to disturb the quiet calm I had found for my continuing search for Faith? Leek Quaker meeting emerges on Zoom at 11am

on Sundays, precisely half way through the St Vincent's Holy Communion Zoom service!

Peter Kent-Baguley  
Leek Meeting

FEW HAVE BEGUN TO ARTICULATE THE STEPS TO A NEW NORMAL.

## THE COMMON PLOTT



EVER THE  
SENSE OF  
SOMETHING  
NEW,  
SOMETHING  
UNSEEN,  
UNFELT,  
BOTH  
PHYSICALLY  
AND  
SPIRITUALLY

What is there new to say about our nation's and world's story at this time? We know of the toll of deaths and anxieties; of the pain of separated families and friends when all our instincts are to be together. We know too of the society we want to emerge from this time of trial, one moving towards the values of our testimonies which as a Society we hold so dearly. We know we have to pray and work, work and pray.

Back in March, Joan was told she was on the "at risk" register and that we had to self-isolate for 12 weeks. Family and friends have kept us supplied with food and entertained. We have been well cared for, we feel fortunate. For several weeks we didn't leave the house, except to visit the nurses at our GP practice in Cumberland House.

Five minutes walk away from our home is an area called The Common Plott, (sic!) It's not big. There are

three main fields which slope upwards to an area of small trees and hedges. From there you can see Cannock Chase and the Wrekin. On one side is a steep slope covered in tall, mature trees. The Plott is interesting historically. The land was part of the mediaeval three field system; you can still see ridges and furrows. The army of the Duke of Cumberland, on its way in 1745 to meet Bonnie Prince Charlie, is thought to have camped there. (That's right: the GP practice is in the building stayed in by Butcher Cumberland). In about 1800 the area was protected by Act of Parliament. Today, farmers rent the land for their grazing cattle which are looked after by the Plott Keeper. Bird-song is plentiful; I have seen a fox, many rabbits, butterflies. Many people walk their dogs, there is much to see.

Growing in experience and confidence we have realised that it is safe to walk on the Plott. Joan has been occasionally while I visit several

times a week, (but, say it quietly, depending on the weather). I've walked all the footpaths many times yet there is ever the sense of something new, something unseen, unfelt, both physically and spiritually. It would seem a nonsense, of course, to associate the Plott with the Cairngorms. Nan Shepherd writes about them in "The Living Mountain"; what she says could equally apply to any countryside. "Knowing another is endless.... The thing to be known grows with the knowing". And again, "The mind cannot carry away all that it (ie the area of the Cairngorms) has to give, nor does it always believe possible what it has carried away."

Every visit to the Plott is like seeing an old friend, refreshing a relationship, learning something new but knowing there is always more. Above all, walking on grass or rock, being within the natural world always makes me feel more alive, more connected with what is real; no matter how local it is. If only I could experience William Blake's words.

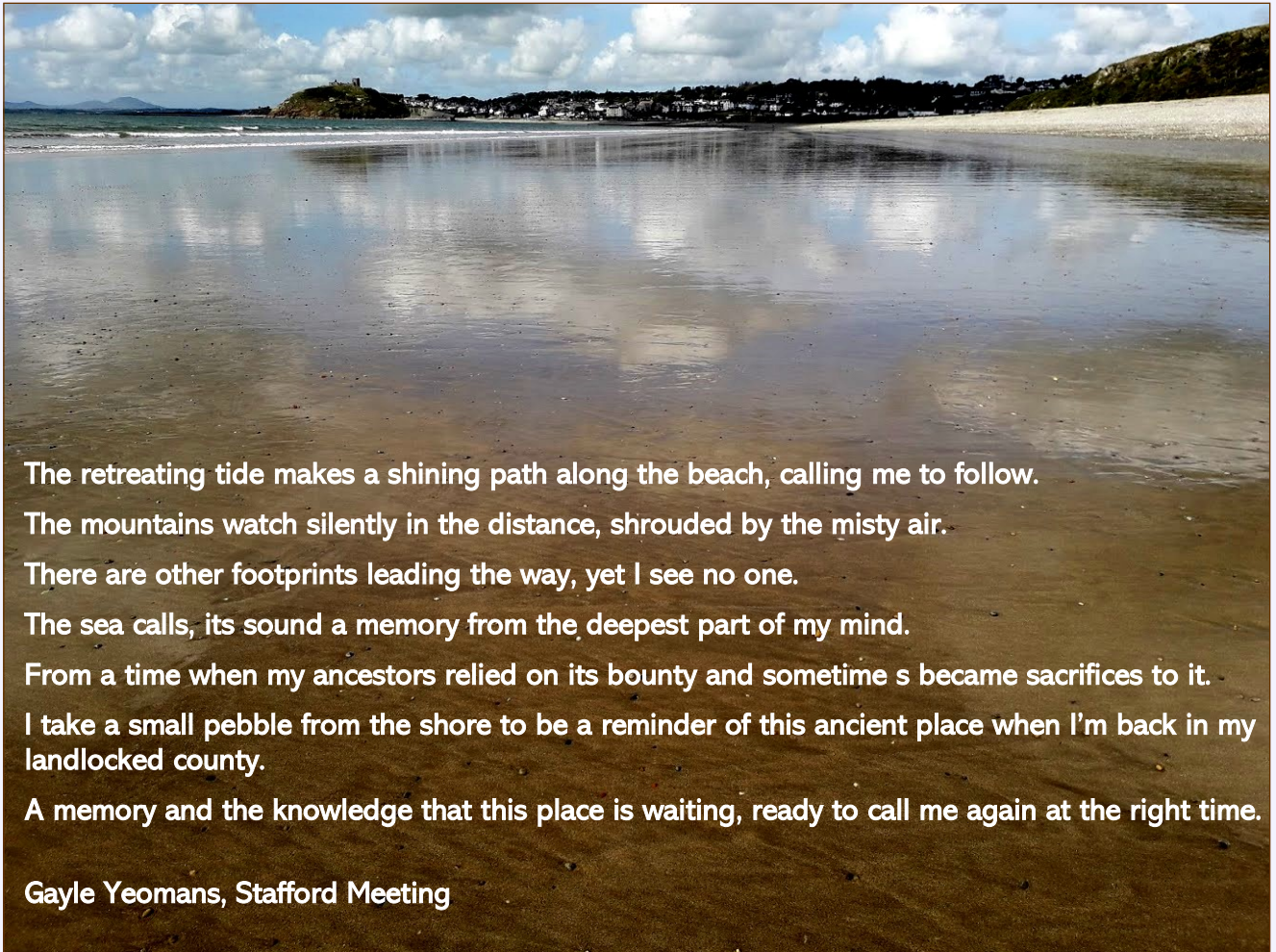
*To see a World in a Grain of Sand,  
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,  
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,  
And Eternity in an hour.*

Peter Holland  
Stone Meeting





## DREAMING BEYOND LOCKDOWN



The retreating tide makes a shining path along the beach, calling me to follow.  
 The mountains watch silently in the distance, shrouded by the misty air.  
 There are other footprints leading the way, yet I see no one.  
 The sea calls, its sound a memory from the deepest part of my mind.  
 From a time when my ancestors relied on its bounty and sometimes became sacrifices to it.  
 I take a small pebble from the shore to be a reminder of this ancient place when I'm back in my  
 landlocked county.  
 A memory and the knowledge that this place is waiting, ready to call me again at the right time.

Gayle Yeomans, Stafford Meeting

## READING IN LOCKDOWN

I have been reading 'The Classical World From Homer to Hadrian' by Robin Lane Fox. He follows three themes - freedom, justice, luxury. Recent events show that not enough has been learned from history and there is a long way to go to achieve freedom and justice for all.

I have also re-read Pierre Lacout 'God is Silence'. To

re-phrase Lacout 'Words (can) divide. Silence unites.' I have felt the unity of our shared silence when we meet at distance.

The Burton group meets fortnightly on Monday morning at 10-30. Our next meeting is June 29th.

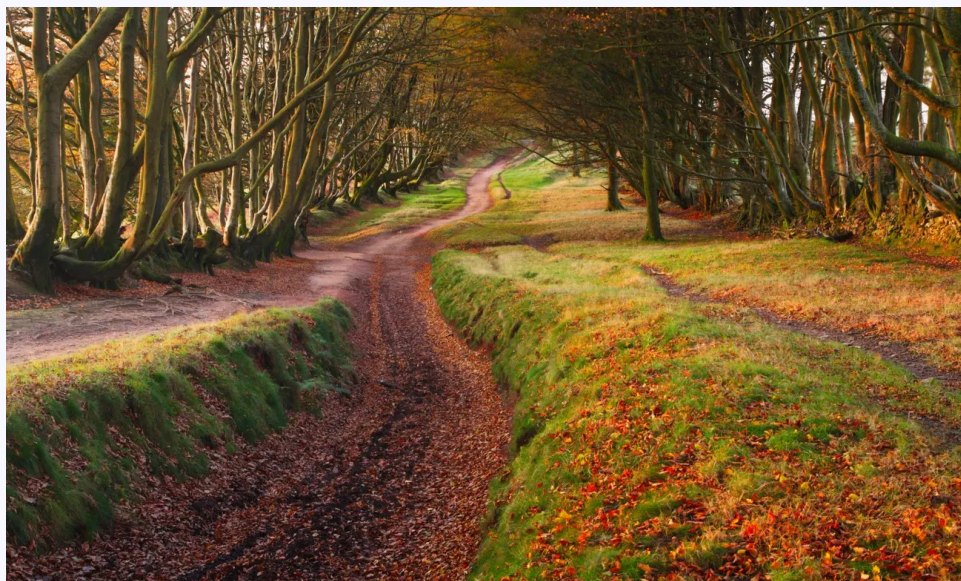
Enid Slater  
Burton group

In silence which is active, the Inner Light begins to glow -- a tiny spark.

By an attention full of love, we enable the Inner Light to blaze and illuminate our dwelling and to make of our whole being a source from which this Light may shine out.

From *God is Silence* by Pierre Lacout

## WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE: THE YEAR OF MARVELS



Crossing paths ... the Quantock Hills, where Wordsworth and Coleridge walked

LANDSCAPE AND  
WEATHER  
PATTERNS  
WHICH HE  
BELIEVES WERE A  
CRUCIAL  
INFLUENCE ON  
THEIR WRITING.

For this 250<sup>th</sup> anniversary year of the birth of William Wordsworth, a recent book by Adam Nicolson beautifully describes the momentous year in Somerset that Wordsworth and his friend Samuel Taylor Coleridge spent writing some of their most inspirational poetry. In preparation for *The Making of Poetry, Coleridge, the Wordsworths and their Year of Marvels*, Nicolson immersed himself in the Somerset haunts of the poets for many months to gain an intimate knowledge of the landscape and weather patterns which he believes were a crucial influence on their writing. The result is a rich month by month account of the poets' lives from June 1797 to July 1798 when they lived within easy reach of each other close by the Quantock hills. During this period of intense poetic creativity, and not yet thirty years old, Coleridge wrote *The Ancient Mariner*, *Frost at Midnight* and *Kubla Khan*, and Wordsworth wrote *Tintern Abbey*. Wordsworth's sister Dorothy features as her brother's close confidante and companion, and an exquisite observer of nature as shown in her journal writings.

Wordsworth had just returned from France at the time of the Revolution. His passionate hopes in the revolutionary cause had been dashed as scenes descend-

ed into chaos and terror, and he needed a period to recover and find an alternative vision. Coleridge, who had sought out Wordsworth's company and persuaded him to move to near Nether Stowey where he lived, was instrumental in his recovery, and together they thrashed out a new vision for poetry and a whole new way of using language.

At this time Coleridge was immersed in Unitarianism and had even done a spot of preaching. Unitarians encourage an enquiring spirit and, like Quakers, do not have a creed. Coleridge believed in a universal spirit of love that is intimately, powerfully connected with nature. In his poem *The Aolian Harp* (1795), he had written:

*"And what if all of animated nature  
Be but organic Harps diversely framed,  
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps  
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,  
At once the Soul of each, and God of all?"*

Coleridge uses "plastic" in its original meaning derived from Greek, expressing the idea of "moulding" or "shaping". Nicolson writes: "The idea of the world as a harp to be played on by the winds of intelligibility and significance.... A beautiful connectedness in all living things, by



## WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE (CONTINUED)

which all were part of one life, a coherence to which human society should be tuned and in which poetry, if it were to be valuable, needed to find a language.” Coleridge, with a sense of an all pervasive, all powerful and all loving divinity, was searching for the language to tune into the beauty and connectedness in all aspects of existence through God in that One Life. It was not always easy to hold on to that vision of completeness. *“The needle trembles...and has its dips and declinations, but it is pointing to the right pole, or struggling to do so: and as long as God does not withdraw his polar influence, nor the soul its polar susceptibility, I must not dare withdraw my love.”*(Coleridge: Notebooks).

Throughout 1797 and 1798, Wordsworth, Dorothy and Coleridge walked the length and breadth of the Quantock Hills, endlessly exploring and discussing poetry. Dorothy, by all accounts, took an active part in these conversations and acted as scribe, writing out her brother’s poems and keeping careful notes in her Journal. As their ideas about poetry formed and re-formed, towards the end of 1798 Wordsworth and Coleridge were ready to publish (anonymously) their joint enterprise: the *Lyrical Ballads*.

First comes *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* by Coleridge, probably his most famous poem. A powerful and mysterious tale written in ballad form, this is a lesson for our time: a graphic illustration of what happens when a terrible disconnect occurs between humankind and the natural world. But there is still the possibility of transformation, and when, after the mariner has wantonly shot the albatross, he sees strange sea creatures in the calm and windless sea he “bless’d them unaware”. At this point of tentative reconnection, the wind begins to blow, and the stranded ship sails again. The mariner returns a changed man, forever haunted by his deed and compelled tell his tale to anyone who will listen.

Wordsworth gradually came to embrace Coleridge’s belief in the strength and power of

nature as a source of love and connectedness and took this vision to new levels. Unlike Coleridge, he did not embrace formal religion, preferring to find his own spiritual path through his connection with the natural world. His influence was far reaching, as he found new ways of using words to express profound truths. Towards the end of the *Year of Marvels*, Wordsworth wrote his masterpiece, *Tintern Abbey* the final poem in the *Lyrical Ballads*, where he hints at the beyond in our midst where the poet, the natural world and the universal spirit combine in harmony:

*“And I have felt*

*A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought  
And rolls through all things “.....*

*“Therefore, am I still*

*A lover of the meadows and the woods  
And mountains, and of all that we behold  
From this green earth.”*

This book deepens our acquaintance with Coleridge, Dorothy and Wordsworth and their search for what could be described as a language of the soul. The book is enhanced with colourful images by artist Tom Hammick who accompanied Nicolson for much of his journeying in Somerset prior to writing the book. For additional insights into the lives of both poets I can recommend the R4 programmes “In Wordsworth’s footsteps” and “Beyond Belief: Wordsworth”, all available on the free app BBC Sounds for the rest of this year.

Rosemary Fox  
Wolverhampton Meeting



*Rime of the Ancient Mariner,*  
engraving by Gustave Doré

DOROTHY  
TOOK AN  
ACTIVE PART



*Illustration by Tom Hammick,*  
collaborator on Nicolson’s book

## WAKE UP, JUDY

A friend once told me that following surgery the recovery nurse kept asking her to open her eyes by saying "Wake up Judy". She remembers not complying with the request as she states her name is Judith not Judy.

Whilst a student nurse E. Shepherd (Nursing Times 2010) describes how she observed a patient whom she addressed as Mrs Smith rather than by her first name and says that they got on well with each other, although other nurses felt the lady difficult and uncooperative. When relatives visited they explained that she never used her full name and had always refused to answer to it, preferring a shortened version of it. Shepherd goes on to say, "We can never make assumptions about patients and basic social conventions are vital in establishing relationships, particularly when patients feel vulnerable, dependent and emotionally fragile."

Reflecting on attendance last year at a dementia awareness session, we had been encouraged to consider our own personal preferences if we developed a condition where our mental capacity or ability to communicate were affected. The tool we utilized was Tom Kitwood's 'The Flower of Emotional Needs'. Love is visualized as a heart shape at its centre, with five petals to form the flower. Labeled as – comfort, identity, occupation, inclusion, and finally attachment. We were then

asked to imagine we had been admitted to a long stay dementia care facility and what did we feel was im-



portant to us as an individual. Basically what might enhance the care the staff provided to treat us individually, that might help us to feel loved and secure.

For example:

Comfort – likes to sleep with low light on

Identity – use full name not Polly or Poll for Pauline

Occupation – retired teacher enjoyed travelling, travel programs and reading about travel.

Inclusion – enjoys the company of others when watching TV

Attachment – widow with grown up children and grandchildren

In recent times we have seen exceptional circumstances where people have become both suddenly and critically ill due to Covid 19. There are many reports of people being admitted to hospital without being able to have

any close family or friends to visit them and often the medical team is the only ones talking and 'comforting' them, sometimes in their last moments.

On a more practical level, the BBC website 8<sup>th</sup> April 2020 featured an article on wills 'being signed on car bonnets' during 'lockdown', "at a time when many people want to finalise a will at relatively short notice" due to the social distancing required and a need to have such documents witnessed.

To quote part of Advices and Queries no 29 "...as far as possible, make arrangements for your care in good time, so that an undue burden does not fall on others..."

Considering I had eventually made a will a couple of years ago after already having a pre paid funeral plan in place and in light of recent events I shared my 'flower of emotional needs' with my close loved ones. Although Allen Saunders quoted "Life is what happens to us while we are making other plans" and none of knows for certainty what the future holds for us. My hope is that in discussing my 'flower of emotional needs' it may provide clarity and enhance any decisions my close loved ones have to make regarding my 'physical, emotional and social care' if they need to.

K. B. W-P  
Stafford Meeting

MAKE  
ARRANGEMENTS  
FOR YOUR CARE  
IN GOOD TIME,  
SO THAT AN  
UNDUE BURDEN  
DOES NOT FALL  
ON OTHERS

## A LITTLE BIT GREENER

How can my actions be a little greener? I realise that I've been asking myself that question for quite a few years now although I must confess that it's not been entirely down to altruistic motives. It's been a subtext for the "real" question of how can I do this action more cheaply? How can I save money? Scrooge? Moi?

My three score years and ten have seen quite a few changes in technology and materials and, having used some of them, I'm reverting to childhood fancies, so to speak. Here, in no particular order, are some:

Bags. I'm sure that we've all seen pictures of wildlife both terrestrial and marine injured or killed by plastic. An easy change for me has been to eschew the use of plastic bags entirely in the kitchen and bathroom bins as well as for shopping. It makes you think a little more about what you are putting in the bin so, for example, I avoid any liquids. When going shopping I've gathered a few cotton carrier bags. Yes, I know that cotton production has issues of its own but I feel that , once made, then it doesn't need any more treatment apart from the occasional wash. "Use them as long as thou canst." When food shopping, I'm now more wary about buying food that's pre-packed in plastic and can't wait till the time when I can go to the

market for fruit and veg to obtain items That are nearly all loose.

From filaments through compact fluorescent to LED lighting – what a change in lifespan and reduced energy use. All the bulbs in the house now are LED ones with the exception of those in the loft which are still compact fluorescent. My reasoning there is that they are used so very little that I can't really justify the expenditure of changing them.

I've been using body lotion of various sorts for a few years now and recently realised that they are not too kind either to the body or the environment. The commercial creams usually come in plastic containers and also contain various chemical compounds that are included to prevent bacterial and fungal infection of the cream. So I looked in my local health food store and found almond oil in glass bottles. Job done! I had to go a little further for soap to find One Village who sell a vegan soap with no sodium laureth sulphate, no microbeads, no triclosan and no parabens. There's no plastic container – just two layers of paper. It comes in either sandalwood or neem perfumes and they recommend it for hair washing too. So you can remove the plastic bottles that shampoo comes in along with the sodium laureth sulphate that you'll see is usually the first in the list of ingredients

which can be a skin irritant.  
Go to [www.onevillage.com](http://www.onevillage.com)  
for more information.

Four years ago, shortly after moving to my present house, I found that the boiler of the gas central heating needed replacement. So I had it replaced. And only then began to think about going green and had a log burning stove installed in place of the very ineffective gas fire. I came to realise that only electricity has the potential to be a renewable energy source. The gas hob was easy to change for an induction hob – both energy efficient and as controllable as a gas one and far easier to clean. The separate oven was already electric. I have a couple of fan assisted convector heaters and use these as top-up heating for short periods.

I have a car that's a diesel but have been reducing my mileage travelled by car and am using – or was till lockdown – public transport more especially rail.

So my message in all of this is to ask "What canst thou do, Friend?" Not to induce feelings of guilt or to seek instant change but to ask ourselves what incremental changes can we bring to our lives week by week or month by month to reduce our effect on the planet. Have fun doing it!

## A North Staffordshire Friend

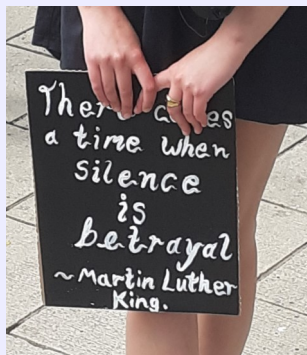


WHAT CANST  
THOU DO,  
FRIEND?



## BLACK LIVES MATTER (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

and truth. For us prayer is inseparable from action.”



“(Racism) is a thing you have to keep scooping out of the boat of your life to keep from drowning in it” (Scott Woods 2014, cited at BYM Trustees meeting in June).

Quakers have a long tradition of working in collaboration with the oppressed and marginalised. We have many things to be proud of, including our role in advancing the cause of abolition of the slave trade, the provision of soup kitchens during the Great Hunger, and our work in Palestine to name but a few, but we cannot and should not be complacent. We need to keep ‘scooping out’.

As a white organisation we need to understand the “institutionalised racism” that comes with the culturally privileged position of the Religious Society of Friends. We need to listen to the

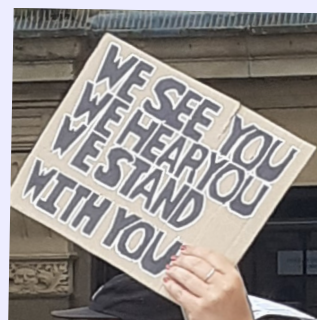
truths that will challenge our own, we need to consider our actions in light of these new truths, we need to learn new ways of being and doing, and take action to ensure our daily lived experiences do not perpetuate the comfortable status quo. We need to be brave enough to give up the privilege we have gained at the expense of others.

We are lessened by our lack of knowledge around the stories and narratives of others’ truths. This can lead to tragedy, as in the BAME death ratio in the current public health crisis, the findings of enquiries like the Scarman Report (1981) and the Stephen Lawrence Inquiry (1999), and the apparent “carelessness” in many quarters that compounded the fire at Grenfell in 2017.

I was a schoolgirl in the 1960s and 1970s. The atlases at home and in school were the “Mercator” maps created initially to highlight a Eurocentric geographical narrative. Lots of the countries we coloured in pink to



show the British Empire. In my late teens I encountered the “Peters projection”, which showed far more accurately the various sizes and relationships of the different countries in the world. I was stunned. Just looking at Google Earth I have a feeling



that its world map may be more informed by a Mercator projection than a Peters one.

Our artefacts and language define the narrative of the world we inhabit. We need to make this world more truthful and honest, to reflect that which is eternal in all of us.

Quakers in Britain are putting on a series of lectures/talks virtually from June 24 to July 22 entitled “Whiteness and racial justice, learning for Quakers”. These are 5 two-hour events.

Teresa Murray  
Stoke Meeting

**NO ONE IS  
BORN  
HATING  
ANOTHER  
PERSON  
BECAUSE OF  
THE COLOR  
OF HIS  
SKIN, OR  
HIS BACK-  
GROUND,  
OR HIS  
RELIGION.  
PEOPLE  
MUST  
LEARN TO  
HATE, AND  
IF THEY CAN  
LEARN TO  
HATE, THEY  
CAN BE  
TAUGHT TO  
LOVE, FOR  
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COMES  
MORE  
NATURALLY  
TO THE  
HUMAN  
HEART  
THAN ITS  
OPPOSITE.**

**NELSON  
MANDELA,  
‘LONG  
WALK TO  
FREEDOM’**

**SUGGESTED BY  
NIGEL PECKETT,  
STAFFORD  
MEETING**

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE: TUESDAY 1 SEPTEMBER BUT PLEASE START NOW!

ARTICLES ARE USUALLY A MAXIMUM OF ABOUT 620 WORDS LONG — ONE PAGE

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