

The Future of the Religious Society of Friends in Britain

The Prophetic Silence

After Advices, I weightily contemplate
 Ministry midwiving virtuous acts to birth.
 Climate Change claims me: *Raise up a rushing great wind,*
Blow, buffet Friends to sustain the suffering Earth.

I rise but feel Earth shake: *Relieve the poor,*
Rescue the lost, preach peace in war torn lands,
Comfort the mourning woman, feed the child,
Send quaking Friends to save with healing hands.

Now standing, Fire commands: *Recruit your Friends,*
Inspire the Meeting to activity
For victims of hatred, oppression, violence, greed,
Ignite the flame of full equality.

Silent and humble, pride and all passion spent,
 I wait
 I wait
 The voice is small and still

'When Elijah heard it, he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out, and stood in the entering in of the cave. And behold, there came a voice unto him, and said: *What doest thou here, Elijah?*

And he said: *I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts: because the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life to take it away.*

And the Lord said unto him: *Go, return on thy way to the wilderness.....'*

So Elijah was led to Elisha, who '*ministered unto him*' and continued the Prophet's work. For he was not, after all, the only one left, and had drowned the voice of his God in the torrent of activity and ambition.

1 Kings 19: 11-15, 21.

