

Young Adult Friends Report
November 3, 2018

Queries for the Body

Are there people towards whom we hesitate to trust or love? Where are these hesitations grounded?

Do we expect our institutions to be centered in trust and love? What does it look like to support that?

In whose hands do we place the work of building trust and love? Should that work be spread among more of us? Why do some of us relinquish it?

At our Young Adult Friends Fall retreat, we came together to speak of leadings – of where we have been, where we are now, and the future we collectively dream of and work towards. We asked ourselves how the decisions we make shape us as individuals and as a community. In worship a Young Adult Friend asked the question, “What if leadings are not what shape me, but how I discover who I am?”

Since Annual Sessions, where Young Adult Friends discerned and shared our leading to mobilize Quakers in the movement to Shut Down Berks, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting has participated in Juntos’ organizational sign-on to the Shut Down Berks Campaign. We are actively reaching out to migrant justice communities and organizations to align our practices with the needs and wants of communities most directly impacted by xenophobic policing practices.

We are planning a direct action outside of Berks Detention Center this upcoming spring with a date set for March 23. Thoughtful and sustainable leading for this will take work, and it is work that Young Adult Friends are welcoming and ready for. We know that many in this room have long histories of following leadings and challenging oppressive powers and systems. We know that many in this room are feeling the devastation and heartbreak of

these times. We invite you to worship with us in protest of Berks Detention Center and the illegal incarceration of families and children on March 23, 2019.

What Kind of Times Are These
BY ADRIENNE RICH

There's a place between two stands of trees where the grass grows uphill
and the old revolutionary road breaks off into shadows
near a meeting-house abandoned by the persecuted
who disappeared into those shadows.

I've walked there picking mushrooms at the edge of dread, but don't be fooled
this isn't a Russian poem, this is not somewhere else but here,
our country moving closer to its own truth and dread,
its own ways of making people disappear.

I won't tell you where the place is, the dark mesh of the woods
meeting the unmarked strip of light—
ghost-ridden crossroads, leafmold paradise:
I know already who wants to buy it, sell it, make it disappear.

And I won't tell you where it is, so why do I tell you
anything? Because you still listen, because in times like these
to have you listen at all, it's necessary
to talk about trees.