

Quaker

Tasmanian
Newsletter

November 2020

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Unidentified women of the convict ship HMS *Rajah*, *The Rajah quilt* 1841, National Gallery of Australia, Canberra (see p.11 for more information)

1.23 this we can say

It isn't just a question of being artistic or not. It is worshipful activity: it is a way of celebrating beauty. It is a form of ministry given to all of us to offer in one form or another, all valuable: it is a form of ministry which we can all receive with gratitude — be it music, pottery, painting, poetry, knitting or writing. Creativity and spirituality are very close together. Perhaps they are the same.

Frances Parsons 1997

Tasmanian Quaker Newsletter

Tasmania Regional Meeting
The Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) in Australia

Contributions: Copy for TQN should be sent to the editor, Yvonne Joyce (rmtasnews@quakersaustralia.info).

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The image adopted as the logo for Quakers in Australia represents the Aurora Australis, a natural phenomenon of the southern hemisphere, associated with Antarctica, a fragile and magnificent part of the planet. The Aurora Australis is considered an appropriate logo because of its association with:

• pure light, the centrality of the Light for Quakers

- beauty, a quality many associate with God or the Spirit within
- nature, a permanent reminder of everyone's responsibility to care for the world
- the colour blue, used by the UN
- the ephemeral and intangible, a reminder that language is inadequate to describe God, the truth or the Spirit within.

Creativity with Maxine

THERE IS so much I could say about my journey in this space!

It has not been an easy journey. Identifying a beginning is difficult, I was a child who loved to draw and paint and make things, including quite sophisticated cubby houses in the backyard. One even had floorboards.

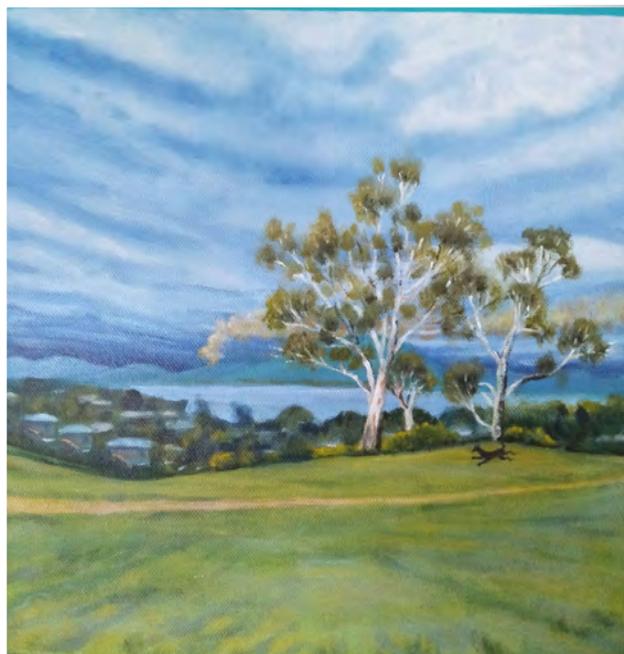
This sounds like a promising start, but teen years and self-doubt — it seems they go together. Then starting a family was not helpful, while in the midst of angst and grief at the loss of my mother. Creativity was diverted into making things for the children, including little illustrated books, even a jigsaw for my sick daughter.

Retirement from work was supposed to be the beginning of the ‘career’ in painting that had been so long delayed. It didn’t take long to discover that the buzz words are ‘young and emerging’, not old and emerging. It took a while to realise that I had even entertained unrealistic dreams of recognition as an artist, and then to shake off that self-imposed yoke. It was extraordinarily helpful to commit to, and complete the course *The Artist’s Way*, from a book by Julia Cameron, given me by my eldest daughter decades earlier. This takes three months of daily journaling, which acts as a ‘brain dump’ and clears away the clutter to free up creativity. Thanks to that process I completed 15 paintings over quite a short period, in time for an exhibition at the famed Magnolia Cafe, which had been scheduled two years earlier.

Overcoming the creative block had several facets: seeing again the beauty in the ordinary and its possibilities for making a composition; rediscovering the sheer joy of making; being freed from the inner critic’s voice of doom when the work is in its early stages, and the savage critique from the same source when the work is near completed.

During this time, I even managed to finish a stalled work of crochet that the inner critic had consigned to the disaster bin. I wore it to the exhibition opening.

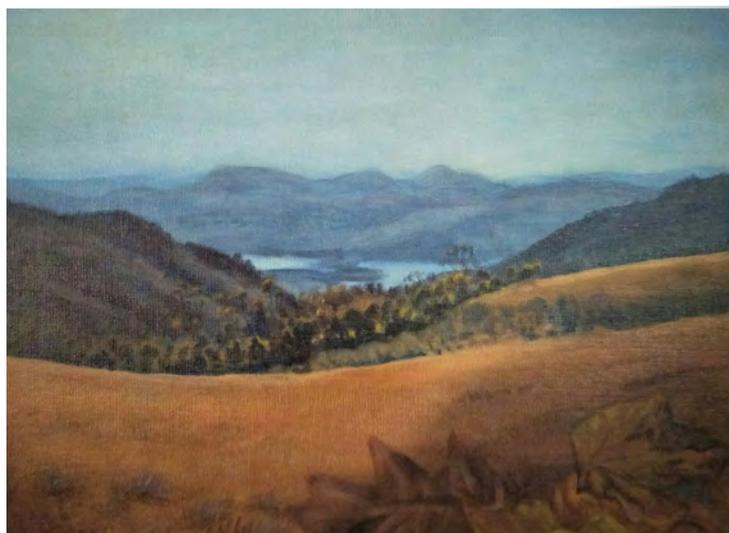
A highly unexpected and wonderful development unfolding through *The Artist’s*



Way was the revivification of my spiritual life, which had also been languishing during the ‘dark times’ along with my creativity. Julia Cameron emphasises the connection between creativity and its source in the Creator, whichever way one names that inner spirit. I was confirmed in my growing sense of ‘that of God in everything’, which had been drawing me towards my art practice as a way of recognising and celebrating this connection and myself within it.

Never too old or too late!

Maxine Barry



At the Winter Solstice of this COVID-19 Year

THIS IS the day of the winter solstice for 2020, a year of high challenge and disciplined physical restriction for each one of us. As we meet* on this shortest day, we can look forward to the coming seasonal increase in daylight hours; we can also look back on three months of hard-won communal gains in containing the COVID-19 virus outbreak, both locally and as a nation. Yet, just as our restrictions are being eased in response to those gains, communal focus has faltered causing threatening new outbreaks to emerge over the past few days. Our battle, rather than won, may only be at the end of its beginning. And we must necessarily act on that assumption.

Seasonally, winter's most exacting weather conditions substantially lag the solstice. We adjust and endure. In the season of COVID-19, we have so far done the same and done it well. If, however, we are indeed about to face its strong resurgence, a new and deeper winter as it were, we are already tired and will each need to draw on new strengths from within and outside. This seems to depend on a truer presence between, and a richer cherishing care for, each other. How shall we find and minister these personal and joint resources when wider face-to-face

gathering and any brief physical contact is to be so very much limited?

Let us resolve that we shall seek to come through this virus winter into a more deeply gathered and yielded sense of shared presence in community, both with each other and with the Presence that reaches out to hold, enable and cherish us? Let us trust in that aim and in the hope that will inspire us to move together to welcome the gently refreshing rains of a newer Spring.

(This is written in response to a request for a newsletter contribution relating to ministry offered at Meeting for Worship (* by Zoom) on 21 June 2020. It closely follows the form, as I recall it, of that ministry, but it is not a verbatim record. And it is rather longer in content than the spoken words, mainly to make the parallel used between calendar season and virus 'season' more clearly explicit to a casual reader, but also to more carefully express the concern that spoken words may carry but lose in a written record. The words do not provide answers to concerns expressed; ministry most frequently does not, and its outcome lies with such resonance as the listener or reader may find.)

Ken Carroll

Bursary for Tasmanian F/friends who attend the Friends' School

THE CLAREMONT Bursary is used for specific purpose requests to support students with extras that they might otherwise have difficulty in meeting, such as the purchase of equipment, an instrument or an excursion.

Applications are open to all Friends' students who are children of the Tasmania Regional Meeting and who are in need. Applications are considered on a case by case basis. When and if the money runs out, this fund will not be available until the following year.

The fund is managed by the Fee Assistance Committee, but it does not require the same administrative rigour as a fee assistance application. It is likely that smaller requests would be considered more favourably than a large one but each case will be considered on its merit and fund availability.

There is another process for assistance with the fees at the Friends' School. Enquiries for fee assistance should be directed to the School's Enrolments Manager.

The Claremont Bursary fund is relatively small (around \$2,500 p.a.) and it was thought that this

might be most usefully put to supporting specific purpose extras rather than fee assistance.

The Claremont Bursary Fund was established around 1946 with money from the sale of the Claremont Meeting House property to assist children of Tasmanian Friends to attend the School. The fund continues to receive contributions from the Tasmania Regional Meeting and these are added to the capital. Award recipients are nominated by the Fee Assistance Committee of the Board of Governors of the Friends' School.

An application does not require a special form but should be made in writing, outlining what is required and why assistance is needed. All applications will be treated in confidence and could be addressed to Sally McGushin, Convenor of the Fee Assistance Committee or they may be directed through the School's Enrolment Manager.

I am quite willing to discuss the process further with anyone who is interested, and will treat all such discussions in confidence.

*Sally McGushin, ph: 6278 9149
email: mcgushin@bigpond.com*

Memories in Stitches

Dear Friends

Many of you may know this story which I heard at Woodbrooke. It was quoted in 'Thoughts on Prayer' by Elizabeth Holmgard:

A very old lady told her priest that for years she had been praying the Jesus prayer without having perceived God's presence at all. His advice was to sit down and knit before praying. This she did and in her words 'I became more and more aware of the Silence. Then I perceived that the Silence had substance ... a density, a richness and it began to pervade me. The silence around began to come and meet the silence in me. All of a sudden I perceived the silence was a presence. At the heart of the silence was God who is silence, all peace, all poise.

I learned my knitting and sewing sitting beside my grandmother during WW2. My mother liked to do cross stitch and tapestry and, like me, had a stash. When my grandmother died, I 'inherited' most of her unfinished pieces.

My mother died soon after. We were very close. It was late May, near winter and I found one of her cushion covers had just a corner sewed. So, I sat and did cross stitch, the colours changed slightly, hours of sitting, remembering, thinking. It was a very special time. 'Oriental Bird' a design by the Royal School of Needlework, now sits with me every day.

At a 'Pause for Peace' retreat day we heard a local First Nations Aunty tell us of a quilt she inherited from her grandmother. It needed repair and she turned to it during her course of cancer treatment. She told of the great solace she found whilst stitching and sewing.

I have always enjoyed knitting and cross stitch, something to 'switch off' with during a busy professional and family life. Two years after retiring, with Jane Walker, I joined Hobart Embroiderers' Guild and loved learning new skills. Jane and I did a workshop in Kendal at the Quaker Tapestry Centre.

My son, Steve, said "Why don't you embroider one of my drawings", so I chose one of his linocuts of gum leaves, embroidering it on a thick linen using stem, satin, chain stitch and French knots. The colours are my choice. Steve gave me his version to frame together. Very special.

In the time of COVID 19 lockdown, Hobart Embroiderers' Guild could not meet each week but we continued our projects which were a great source of comfort, reflection and reassurance — even when it is taking out wrong stitches!

Jenni Bond

Work with needle and thread can open secret rooms inside our hearts ... it helps us get in touch with something ancient, something alive, something creative and joyful.

Cecilia Lofstrom

Quaker Faith and Practice

21.34

ONE OF the most vivid experiences [of individual worship] on my part was sitting quietly for at least an hour before a picture by the Dutch painter Vermeer, and absorbing its sheer beauty... The room was crowded with people, but I was oblivious of them, as I was equally oblivious of the passage of time. As a result of this act of concentration the vision of this particular masterpiece is indelibly stamped on my mind which has forever been enriched by it. I know that my ordinary acts of seeing and observation have been sharpened by that experience. There was drawn from me an acknowledgement of the greatness of the artist and his painting and I caught, with awe, the light of his inspiration and creativeness. Further, something was given to me that I can only describe as, literally, a transcending of the normal everyday world. This quite simple secular act was for me a truly worshipful experience.

George Gorman 1973



Reflections on my creative practice

Attentiveness is the natural prayer of the soul

Malebranche

SOME CREATIVE practices sneak up on us. I am a newcomer to poetry, an 'emerging poet', they say. In my case this means I am naive and unschooled with respect to poetry. These past three years, several accidents of gently being mentored brought me to verse. Disability has focused and enhanced my practice. I no longer have the dexterity to draw or practice a range of visual arts and crafts. But through the generosity of inspired Friends I received a gift of software. It enables me to dictate to the computer if I am having a tremulous day. So I am looking forward, but more, looking at today in all its textural, mystical glory. And I am delving deeper into the joy in my sink, out my windows, in the garden.

Good poetry demands that I 'show', rather than tell or describe. To incorporate the sensory vividly in language, I must first engage it directly myself. This is a Friendly practice, because we do believe that 'living experimentally' keeps us grounded. These words of early Quakers today carry multiple meanings. Living mindfully, attentively, through experience rather than theory or creed, and being prepared to be discomforted, to live in a way that witnesses to truth even when it is restless or confronting. Our spirituality focuses on what 'is revealed to us', a daily quest, not what we know by rote, teaching or second-hand. Poetry presents me with the delicious vexing challenge of reducing the experiential to two dimensions, the written word, while capturing most fully immediate awakening of all the senses.

One of the trickiest, most entertaining aspects of poetry is that it is an aural and verbal engagement that demands attentiveness to its rhythms and melodies. This includes both those implied by the experience in question and that other layer of word-play. This continues to entertain me as I read other poets and my own work aloud, and as I live with hearing impairment.

I found it difficult to express my spirituality in verse, until I discovered that most of my poetry does have a spiritual dimension at its core. So giving myself more license, moving the bushel from my light, helps me to find my authentic voice as I write to engage with the divine, the essence in the every day.

Unschooled in poetry I am, but I enjoy fabulous 'master classes' with (mostly dead) poets. These are devoted weeks for a deep dive into the work and inspiration of a poet who has left a considerable legacy, most of including recordings and video footage. This, along with a few volumes 'by' and 'about' makes for a very rich experience. The poet of the week usually answers my questions in our time together. Those who have given me such gifts of seasoning include Seamus Heaney, Gwen Harwood, Billy Collins, Rumi, Mary Oliver, Phillip Larkin, John O'Donohue, Dylan Thomas, Padraig O'Tuama and Les Murray. I am sure I would benefit immensely from more time with each.

This week, my creative practice has included making friends with phytoplankton. The steady companionship of my chooks, Elfrieda Vipont Foulds (Elfie) and Lucretia Mott (Luca) has built a new bridge for me into the great wide creation (to which, of course, we belong). The chooks have kindly initiated me into their joys and sorrows, fears and hopes, and I am compelled to embrace all that beauty. Phytoplankton, to which I have never previously given the time of day, are plankton plants as opposed to plankton animals (zooplankton). They mostly can't swim, another inspiration from inability. There can be hundreds of thousands of them in one teaspoon of sea water, confronting in a friendship. But what is immediately exciting for me is that they are visually delicate, gorgeous and endlessly delightful in form and colour, crystalline, seen through a microscope or in my case, computer images. I have yet to write my plankton poems, but they will come in their own time.

My creative practice holds me in the now. It presses a giant 'reset' button that brings me back from anxieties and tensions, from what wasn't, isn't and may never be, to delight in the here and now, this present. Language is a phenomenal dimension of relationship, laden with the things that are eternal-right-now.

Pamela Leach

From Murray Street to Boa Vista Road, Hobart Meeting

ONE OF the delights of staying at Silver Wattle is the opportunity to trawl through old copies of the *Australian Friend*, dating back to 1957 when we were a General Meeting of London Yearly Meeting (now Britain YM' of course).

The December 1957 edition carried news from Hobart Meeting which said:

On 23 November last Friends from all over Tasmania were invited to join Hobart members in a Meeting for Worship in the old Meeting House. The occasion was wonderful and the Meeting House was filled to capacity.

There were a few more Meetings in this Meeting House (in Murray Street where the RAC now stands), which had been sold so that a new larger Meeting House could be built; and then Friends met in the Frank Wells Hall in the Preparatory School until the present Meeting House could be built.

This photo is in the Meeting House Archives, and was taken on the day, along with another with everyone standing outside of the meeting House.

The Tasmania news in the February 1961 edition reported that the first Meeting in the new Meeting House was held at 8.30 a.m. on Christmas Day, and then:

On 27 December, 1960, Elspeth Erskine and Paul Howard were married in the Hobart Meeting House. The bridal pair said their words with calm, deliberate reverence, and several Friends subsequently spoke. Elspeth in simple white with a small spray of flowers, looked lovely. As the bride is a musician, the Meeting for Worship was preceded by music from Vivaldi's Double Concerto, played by three of her friends, and concluded with the last two movements of the Boyce Trio Sonata.



The Meeting over, everyone present signed the marriage certificate, as it was Elspeth's wish that this should be done. Elspeth's grandmother, Ruth Erskine, was at that time in hospital, so the first visit of the couple was to her bedside. The day was fine and a delightful reception was enjoyed by the guests in the garden at 'Dormie', where the well known hospitality of Barclay and Belle Erskine was enjoyed.

This was, not surprisingly, the first marriage to be held in the new Meeting House in Boa Vista Road. The next marriage there was only three months later, on 17 March, 1961, and this time the couple were Keith Wells and Sue Aves.

Elsbeth and Paul moved to Melbourne soon after their marriage, so would not be known to many Hobart Friends today. Sue and Keith remained in the Hobart area for almost all of their lives together, and were stalwarts of Tasmania Regional Meeting for that time. Sadly, they have both died, Sue in 2003, and Keith more recently.

Elsbeth and Paul still live in Melbourne, and came to stay at Quaker Cottage in the Blue Mountains late last year. Unfortunately, the bush fires came so close to that area that the Rural Fires Authority advised them to evacuate, which of course they did. On 27 December they will be celebrating 60 years of marriage.

Liz Field

Quakers took part in the Dead Sea March on 3 October

MAXINE MADE a beautiful banner. She made this banner for the Student Strike for Climate Action which was on the week before. In the fullness of time, she intends to make this banner out of fabric. She has featured the ocean, which was the theme of this event.

In the same theme, Sally dressed up as a Shy Albatross. They breed in Bass Strait and Sally came down from the north west coast for the rally in a carload of other NW rebels. Shy Albatross have a wing span of 2.4 metres, live to be 60 years old and have recently been listed as endangered.

We are both members of the Tasmanian Quaker Earth Care Working Group and have encouraged one another.

We both went to the Student Strike the week before, Maxine in Hobart and Sally in Burnie. We also wrote a letter to the Friends School suggesting that it would be appropriate if Friends students were allowed to wear school uniforms. We don't know if our letter had any effect, but we understand that this year, unlike last year, students were not told not to wear Friends School uniforms and Maxine did see students in uniform. They were delighted to see her banner and to know that we support them.

The Tasmanian Friends Earth Care working group meet on the third Monday of the month and are eager for new members. We have a lovely web page – Google 'Tasmanian Friends Earth Care Working Group' and it takes you right there. You can find the Zoom link to our meeting and lots of articles and videos which you can click on, Quaker and otherwise.

Maxine Barry and Sally O'Wheel



For the artist at the start of the day

A blessing by John O'Donohue

*May morning be astir with the harvest of night;
Your mind quickening to the eros of a new question,
Your eyes seduced by some unintended glimpse
That cut right through the surface to a source.*

*May this be a morning of innocent beginning
When the gift within you slips clear
Of the sticky web of the personal
With its hurt and its hauntings,
And fixed fortress corners,*

*A morning when you become a pure vessel
For what wants to ascend from silence,*

*May your imagination know
The grace of perfect danger,*

*To reach beyond imitation,
And the wheel of repetition,*

*Deep into the call of all
The unfinished and unresolved*

*Until the veil of the unknown yields
And something original begins
To stir toward your senses
And grow stronger in your heart*

*In order to come to birth
In a clean line of form,
That claims from time
A rhythm not yet heard,
That calls space to
A different shape.*

*May it be its own force field
And dwell uniquely
Between the heart and the light*

*To surprise the hungry eye
By how deftly it fits
About its secret loss.*

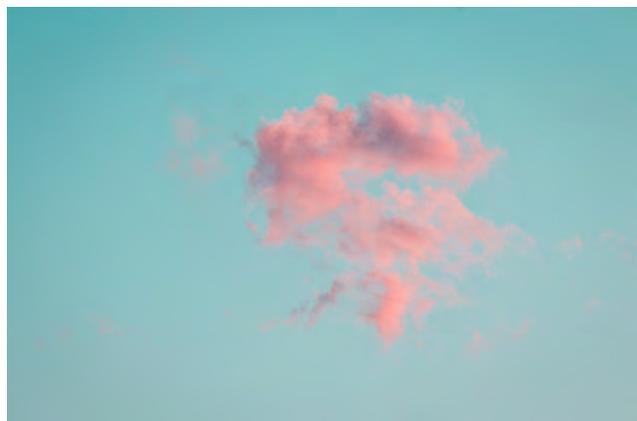


Photo by Martin Adams on Unsplash

Rainbow Friends and allies – Online Meeting for Worship

ON THE 4th Sunday of every month, beginning on 23 August, we invite you to join us for a new online Meeting for Worship.

Because our intention is to be as inclusive as possible, we have wondered how to name this meeting – or whether it needs to be named at all. LGBTIQ+ Friends and Allies? Alphabet Friends and friends? Rainbow Friends and supporters? It's finally not a major issue, but you get the idea.

Respect and inclusion and welcome are more important to us than labels. So, if you would like to worship with us, we'd love to spend the time with you. Meeting for Worship will be for 30 minutes, followed by after-thoughts and time for socialising.

We have tried to choose a time that is compatible with other regular in person or online gatherings, because we see this Meeting for Worship not as an alternative, but as complementary. So please join us at 4 p.m. Australian Eastern Standard Time on Sunday, 23 August. For those who need more than 30 minutes of worship time, the space will be available from 3:45 for silent worship.

If you would like to know more, or if you need some help, please email Mark Macleod at markmacleod@gmail.com or text him on his mobile 0425 233 144. He'll be able to connect you with one of the organising group who can give you support.

We're holding everyone in the Light, because from a time of terrible suffering, loss and uncertainty, new possibilities are slowly emerging. We look forward to sharing this one with you.

Join Zoom Meeting

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/83253846845?pwd=K1MwS2Z3blZnRmo0WmQ1VE1UeTZZZz09>

Meeting ID: 832 5384 6845

Passcode: 457636

One tap mobile:

+61280156011,,83253846845#,,,,,0#,,457636# Australia

+61370182005,,83253846845#,,,,,0#,,457636# Australia

Dial by your location:

+61 2 8015 6011 Australia

+61 3 7018 2005 Australia

+61 731 853 730 Australia

+61 861 193 900 Australia

+61 8 7150 1149 Australia

Meeting ID: 832 5384 6845

Passcode: 457636

Find your local number: <https://us02web.zoom.us/u/kJWrMtE8I>

Please download and import the following iCalendar (.ics) files to your calendar system:

Monthly: https://us02web.zoom.us/meeting/tZcvcuqqqj0iHtFZSOAB4aDmzjHEjlfU-fha/ics?icsToken=98tyKuGrrD4pEtCTuB2CRpwqAI_4b_zwiCFHgrd7pizKIgIHYyf7LOhqF7hzFu2d

The spiritual art of knitting

THERE IS a humility in the act of knitting. What could be more simple than a pair of knitting needles and a ball of yarn? Spun threads being pulled, twisted, knotted, and looped under and over themselves to form a fabric that has been a staple in the art of textiles used to clothe the human body for hundreds of years.

This simplicity of knitting probably contributes to its low regard in the world of art. That and its consignment to the realm of femininity and domesticity: ‘women’s work’. I once heard someone marvelling over a beautifully cabled garment on display among other equally notable knitted pieces, because it had been knitted by a man. Once, while waiting with a crowd of other travellers on the *Spirit of Tasmania* waiting to be released onto the streets of Devonport, I sat next to a man from Wynyard who was knitting a fair isle jumper. He was getting a lot of attention from people in the crowd. Somehow a man knitting makes it special, but a woman knitting is nanna-erly.

Although, that’s not entirely true. When I knit in public, I often notice people looking, raising their eyebrows, smiling and nodding at me. Some will come over and want to touch and ask about what I’m doing. I remember a time knitting on the train on the Pakenham line and a young kid, maybe ten or eleven, sitting on his BMX and seemingly transfixed with watching me knitting asked “What are you doing?” “I’m knitting; it’s knitting”, I replied. “That’s awesome!”, he said and his mate, also sitting on a BMX, gave him an embarrassed nudge. On another occasion a gentleman in a café peering over his newspaper told me I could buy pairs of socks for \$2 at Rivers, when I answered his question about what I was knitting. But I have also had grown men come out of their way to tell me that I reminded them of how their mother, or aunt or grandmother used to knit. I wonder at times like this, could knitting be a form of ministry. Witnessing someone knitting may trigger remembrances of other times, of relationships lost, and invoke reaffirming feelings of belonging and connection. It might serve as a reminder about what is important, what life is all about. And perhaps it can encourage us out of our minds (where intellect and ego reign) and into the body, heart and spirit. The presence of a knitter may have a humbling effect on those in her company.

Knitting is an exercise in grounding and centring. Especially, I have found, when knitting in silence, as I did through four months of chronic fatigue. For long hours there was me, my knitting needles and my yarn, and the quiet gentle rhythm of my hands making stitches. The needles become an extension of myself. My hands hold the knowledge of how to make stitches, a knowledge formed over at least four decades of knitting, and, as I knit, bits of my DNA get caught in the fibres so that the garment becomes part of me, and like me it will retain its form until it is too old or too damaged and will eventually decay and become part of the earth again.



Knitting is a celebration of life. Like grace before a meal, I give thanks to the cycle of life involved in the creating of the yarn. In knitting I become a participant in a creative act that starts with the origin of the yarn — a Merino perhaps, a Blue Faced Leicester, or an alpaca, or a cashmere goat — who has at some time experienced the sun on its back and the scent of a breeze; who grew its fleece, that was shorn by others and scoured and spun and maybe dyed. The wiry lace weight yarn I receive from Shetland still smells of the small, docile sheep, primitive to that part of the world. Yarn produced ‘in the grease’ still holds a great deal of lanoline, a fatty substance secreted through the sheep’s skin, as well as particles of dead skin and the residue of sweat, and you’ll find prickly bits of vegetation from the sheep’s environment to pick out as you knit.

I have been learning to knit traditional Shetland lace — not for the faint hearted! Cobweb weight yarn produces a gossamer fabric, that sometimes feels like knitting with thin air. In my lace knitting I collaborate with the designers of the patterns — Una, Wilma, Gladys — who created their designs

fifty or sixty years ago. Patterns that are written out more often than charted and using knitting terms that need some interpretation: cast means yarn forward; tva taggider is knit two together; a loop is a stitch and a geng is a row. Across the seas and across the years we collaborate in creativity.

In my chair, in my room, I sit and quietly knit, and 'sink down to the seed'. Knitting becomes a worshipful practice. In these times I am with myself,

experience a re-discovery of my true nature, and at once my belonging with what is eternal. The simplicity and gentleness of the activity of knitting has a healing effect. It soothes, and in that soothing I give over and allow that which is tender and open to transformation to grow in my heart, to breathe in me, and act in me, by the sweet experience of God.

(Thanks to Isaac Penington for my final words.)

Yvonne Joyce



Front page illustration

THE RAJAH QUILT was stitched by convict women on board the *Rajah* sailing from Woolwich, England to Van Diemen's Land during 1841. In 1816, the British Ladies Society for the Reformation of Female Prisoners was established by Elizabeth Fry, Quaker and social reformer. The Society provided sewing supplies, thread and fabric to female convicts with the aim of providing the means for creative activity, developing their skills and to be able to produce handwork for sale. *The Rajah quilt*, consisting of 2815 pieces, stitched by a group of women with varying degrees of skills, and working in penal condition created an item of great beauty.

A stitched inscription on the quilt reads:

To the ladies of the convict ship committee, this quilt worked by the convicts of the ship Rajah during their voyage to van Dieman's Land is presented as a testimony of the gratitude with which they remember their exertions for their welfare while in England and during their passage and also as a proof that they have not neglected the ladies kind admonitions of being industrious. — June 1841.

<https://nga.gov.au/rajahquilt/>

Friends' Meetings in Tasmania

Sunday Zoom Meeting for worship at this link: <https://zoom.us/j/96868802082?pwd=TctUTm10bVQra1JxRTkvejBmVmZpdz09>

Meeting ID: 968 6880 2082

Passcode: 740317

Meeting is scheduled for 10.30 a.m. but the room opens and you can enter into the silence of Meeting from 10.15. Meeting runs for 30 minutes, worship sharing for 15 minutes and then gathering in groups for 'morning tea'. Please do come long and join us.

Hobart

Friends' Meeting House, 5 Boa Vista Rd, North Hobart (just off Argyle) Contact: 0432 159 606
Children's contact: Dawn, 0409 033 479;
JYF contact: Maree-rose, 0437 617 802.

Meeting for Worship every Sunday 10.00 a.m., Hobart Meeting House, Thursday mornings in school term 7.45 – 8.20 a.m.

Regional Meeting for Worship for Business

1st Sunday of the month at 11:30 a.m., Friends' Meeting House, Hobart.

North West Coast Recognised Meeting.

Contact: Sally O'Wheel, 6428 3019.

WORSHIPPING GROUPS

Southern Tasmania (formerly Huon)

Contact Ann: 6266 6439.

Kingborough

Contact: Flora Fox, 6267 2851 or 0413 667 555, email: cr.florafox@bigpond.com

South Hobart

Contact: 6223 4040 or 0408 273 994, Vivienne Luke and Des FitzGerald.

Launceston

The Red Dove (formerly Maggie's Café), Pilgrim Church complex, 34 Paterson St, Launceston

Contact: Julie Walpole, 0402 048 147.

Quaker Women's Lunch

Each second Thursday and fourth Friday of the month at Macquarie Food Store, 356 Macquarie St., South Hobart, 12 p.m.–2 p.m., upstairs. Enquiries: katepnl@hotmail.com
Contact: 0432 159 606



TASMANIA REGIONAL MEETING
PO Box 388
North Hobart TAS 7002