

Forty-Three Newsletter

Number 554

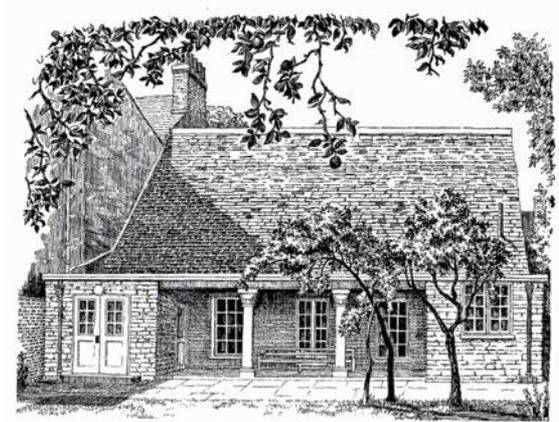
June 2025

Oxford Friends Meeting

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office@oxfordquakers.org



Outpouring of grief and shock

Nicole Gilroy

When Tasha put out a call for content I had offered to write a review of *Three Acres and a Cow*, which I know was attended recently by a number of Friends. But instead I feel I have to write something to mark the tragic event that shook my town last week.

Driving my daughter to her dance class just before 7pm on Thursday we noticed smoke, lots of it. Then two police cars heading to Bicester Motion, the former Bomber Command headquarters on the edge of the town that has recently been redeveloped as a heritage motorsports and aviation venue, a hub of small specialist restoration businesses and for a short while the town's covid vaccination centre.

The police cars were going fast. Much faster than they would normally go down a 30 mph limit even with sirens. Then the fire engines followed. And the smoke increased. By the time she came out of her lesson 45 mins later, we could hear explosions at the site a quarter or a mile away, and the smoke could be seen all through the town. It sounded like fireworks. The streets were lined with people watching, the Facebook groups were wildly speculating.

By morning we knew that David Chester, who had worked at the site since it was begun 12 years ago,

and firefighters Jennie Logan and Martyn Sadler, both also part of Bicester Rugby Club, had died at the scene and two further firefighters were critically ill.

Bicester is a small town. It has almost doubled in size from around 20,000 residents when I first moved there 25 years ago to around 37,000 at last count, and is projected to hit 50,000 before long. By comparison Oxford has something like 165,000. But despite this rapid growth and influx of new people, Bicester retains deep and strong local connections, notably to the military, having been the site of the Central Ordnance Depot from the 1950s, and nowadays Bicester Garrison employing around 1000 personnel, St George's Barracks occupying a significant area of the town's outskirts and the area around Bicester Motion, the site of the fire, having previously housed the DCTA (defense clothing and textiles agency) employing significant numbers of civilians. Much of the old WW2 infrastructure at the north edge of town has become "heritage" with the Garden Quarter made up of high-end apartment conversions from old military buildings and Bicester Heritage itself offering luxury vintage-themed hotel accommodation onsite.

Bicester is also fiercely proud of its rugby teams and from school age players up to adults the sport is taken extremely seriously.

The town has a strong culture of local businesses supporting the community, and is the home of Nash's Bakery, and Fresh Direct (who used to supply most of the produce sold in Oxford's Covered Market). North Oxfordshire and Northamptonshire are at the epicentre of the motor sports industry and many people are employed in this field either directly as engineers and support staff or indirectly by offering accommodation for visiting staff or tourists to Silverstone.

Bicester Motion, formerly Bicester Heritage, was a brainwave of a group of entrepreneurs who saw an opportunity in a difficult to develop site. A gliding club and a large airfield which belonged to the MOD was in the sights of the property developers, but the stalwart Bomber Command Heritage group fought to save these historic hangars and the layout of the airfield. Important no doubt, and of interest to military historians, but hard to monetize. However as much of the land had been subject to compulsory purchase by the MOD in the 1940s, its sale for commercial use was complex. Setting up a heritage service with benefits to the local community as well as jobs and tourism was a way to save the site while creating something viable.

The "Sunday Scrambles" a kind of vintage vehicle rally held every few months, attract thousands of visitors and sell out every time. Pop up restaurants and music nights with a micro brewery as well as a new gin distillery are all popular activities on the former empty spaces. Specialist businesses offer work experience and entrepreneurship advice to local school children.

I tell you all of this to set the scene. A sudden, catastrophic fire which killed two young firefighters and rugby players and a local well-known and loved businessman, as well as causing catastrophic damage to a heritage site and destruction of a number of historic vehicles, has hit this community hard. I have never experienced communal grief like it.

Bicester fire station, a tiny facility on the one road into town had to ask people not to leave any more

flowers as the entrance was becoming blocked. Flowers and tributes were redirected to Garth Park, the former hunting lodge that serves as our town council offices. Heaps of flowers and tributes have piled up outside Bicester Motion itself, still guarded at every entrance by police as the investigation starts.

Across social media tributes have flooded in. Schools have issued statements of support to the children and families. Churches have opened with books of remembrance; several services were held at the weekend just two days after the fire, to mourn the loss of the town's own. There is talk of a permanent memorial. Several GoFundMe pages have sprung up to raise money for the Firefighters Charity and others directly to the families. People are writing poems, painting pictures, offering their expressions of grief to the community which is hungry for these outlets to express their horror and sadness.

I have always felt uncomfortable about public mourning of celebrities I've never met. I have never met the three people who lost their lives last week. But I have found myself profoundly grieving them. Some of this grief comes with the shame and guilt of relief; the feeling I had when I heard that neither of my two dear friends who are local firefighters were named that morning, and then the shame at feeling this must mean I'd prefer someone else to have lost their life instead. The feeling of grief that we feel when anyone dies, and which connects us to our own personal losses by proxy. But more than that, I have felt an appalling injury to the soul of my home, a terrible assault on the best of humanity, and loss of precious life. Ironically tragedy brings people together, and there is certainly a "Blitz mentality" in Bicester right now.

Although I work in Oxford I have been here in Bicester or the village immediately in the other side of the Heritage site my entire working life, never having been able to afford the rent in Oxford. It is not unusual to hear condescending comments about Bicester and the many ways in which it is inferior to its near neighbour: Bicester is not a town of medieval architecture or

intellectual rigor, museums or theatres. It's not a picturesque market town like some, nor is it a hive of left wing liberalism. I've often despaired of the xenophobia and small town mentality of this place, and have often felt deeply uncomfortable at the way that militarism is so deeply embedded in the local psyche.

But in the depth and honesty of feeling, in the genuine despair and humanity of the townspeople in response to this awful thing that has happened in our home, of which we have all taken ownership, I have felt very profoundly that of god in my community.



Photo copyright: ITV Meridian News

Spoken ministry from Sikhuphukile Nare, visiting from Zimbabwe at 11 o'clock meeting 11th May

When I look up I see stars, and whenever I look down, I see that I am among Friends. These are words that have sat with me for the longest of times. It takes me back down the line to when I was eleven and first came to a Quaker meeting house. As I stand here today, what amazes me is how this faith that I walked into - in that small room with a few chairs and a few people sitting in silence - has this magical ripple effect bigger than one can imagine or comprehend. I mean, how can something that appeared to be so small in that room I walked into become so magical that I find it in every corner of the world I set my foot on? The thought of this brings me to so much gratitude.



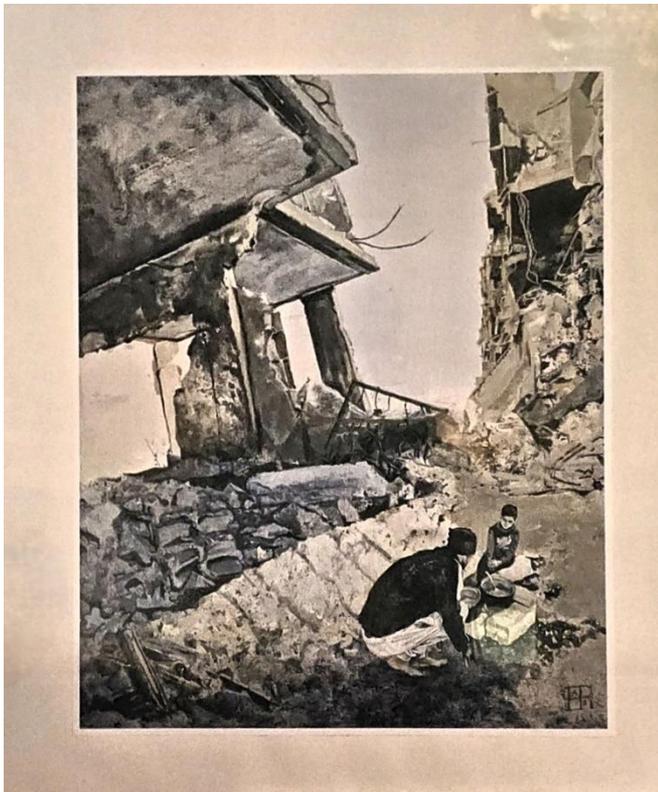
Photo opposite: Sikhuphukile Nare photographed by Anne Watson

Oxfordshire Artweeks 2025

Rupert Booth

Over a hundred people visited our meeting house and garden for our contribution to Artweeks. The reactions were uniformly positive, though varied, e.g. complimenting the composition, or the technical quality of production. There was a wide range of exhibits of 2D and 3D art, with around fifty items in all. The 2D work ranged from paintings (oil, watercolour and gouache), dry-point printing, fibre art, photographic collage, and digital collage with manipulations. The 3D work included hand-built and thrown pottery, moulded clay forms, fused glass, enamels, copper-plated porcelain, and a range of jewellery, including wire, electro-plated organic items, and silver moulded forms. Furthermore, we had a dynamic digital film on display on the large LCD monitor. There can be few exhibitions in Oxford with this range of artistic media.

Our objectives for participation were varied. The primary purpose was outreach – to entice people into our buildings and garden so they could be aware of Quakers and if they chose, to ask what we stood for. Also, we were able to communicate what we had to offer in physical terms and the peaceful garden and mellow meeting house met with approval. Some wanted to start a conversation on common human themes, or simply to entertain. This was also a chance to show the range of talents that were present within the local meeting, and the eight exhibitors (Anthea Richards, Jill Green, John Mourby, Lizzie Babister, Rebecca Howard, Richard Seebohm, Rupert Booth and Trio Watson) were keen to display their work, a sample of which is shown below.



Artworks from above (moving clockwise):

Lizzy Babister

John Mourby

Catriona (Trio) Watson

Letter to the Editors

As you had a feature on the farewell lunch for Virginia and Alan Allport in the last newsletter, here is Virginia's farewell to all of us, the song she and the children, helpers and parents sang, with parent Gabi accompanying on the violin, at the end of Meeting for Worship (the Allports' last one) on Sunday 25th May:

*Each child, each voice,
Matters in the world we share.
All deserve love and equal care,
Let love grow.*

*Dear Friends, Dear Friends
Let me tell you how I feel
You have given me such riches
I love you so.*

The musicality was so pure and true, the sentiments so touching, that there was an involuntary gentle applause (not usual in our Quaker context), especially as the worship had not yet ended. Yet that seemed appropriate this time and came from us Elders at the front.

A few minutes later came a heartfelt shaking of hands, and blessings bestowed upon Virginia and Alan, both present, for their new life in Bath and thanks for everything they have done.

Carol Saker

Letter to a Young Doctor Concerning the Direction of my Soul

Sally Bayley

In truth, I have no idea how old you are. You might be young, you might be old, it is irrelevant. We both have souls. And we hover around shared reference points although mine are older than yours because I grew up Victorian, but I know you had a mother who stayed at home. You were well educated while I went to a sticky corridor of a Comprehensive for a year before I was shut away.

Those were the days when I was entombed; a voice speaking back from the dead. Those years are grey and blurry, and I have no photographic evidence. I may even have imagined it because the school I went to was closed down and moved away. A piece of Lego shuffling about in a yellow Lego town.

I think the parts in your town were more permanent. Your mother was at home; she was a stay-at-home mother. My mother was too, but she was disabled. Her heart had been torn out. A black bird swooped down upon her and took her innards, her child. First a son, then me, for all eternity.

You are a doctor of sorts, and I am your patient, is that the right word? Although I often think you are the patient one putting up with me. I am a writer, and I ask a lot of questions. If you ask questions you don't have to speak of yourself; it is a way of carrying yourself elsewhere. And it is more interesting and less embarrassing while I am pinned to your table like a butterfly in a glass cage. And my questions are sincere, they are genuine, the butterfly does care*.

We speak of our childhoods, and we speak of families, because you are building one now with your wife. You have definite ideas about family which makes me laugh: your definiteness, not your ideas. They are good ideas, and you have inherited them, I suspect, from being loved. This is a good inheritance.

You tell me that being a mother is the most important calling. A mother is a priestess; she must be revered. I listen but I don't always respond to your beliefs because they are very firm, as firm as the table I lie upon, my flat sarcophagus. Instead, I think, and I see. I see Anubis, guardian of the Egyptian underworld, the sleek-headed jackal embalming souls. Anubis counting all those souls passing through his waiting room trying to make them smell better.

The Greeks had a word for souls – PSUCHE -- which sounds like sugar in French. *Sucree*. Is a soul sugary, I wonder, is she sweet? The Egyptians

made their souls lie out for a while inside sarcophagi, inside pyramid-tombs, before they allowed them to sail across the sky. I hope they had some sugar to suck upon, and I hope it lasted a very long time. I travel backwards on your table, and I forget about time. Time, I find, is so often irrelevant, and none of us knows what to do with it. We waste it, we lose it, we fill it with nonsense. Your appointments last for thirty minutes, and you try to be strict with time; but it is hard to be strict when someone is asking you questions about the direction of your soul.

I have been coming to see you for some months now, perhaps forever. I have come to you so you can reset my bones, improve my blood flow, my capacity to produce spinal fluid. We are not sure yet whether I can do that: produce more fluid, feed my spine. You are going to ask your wife, she will know. I hope she has a hopeful answer because I seem to be running out. My internal spring is not flowing so well, not since a man with grand ideas stepped in --- Science we call him, not Medicine but Science. Science has affected my capacity to walk, to see, to know where it I am putting my hands and feet, how it is I feel. My senses are all jangled, my empirical evidence is off. Science hasn't taken my soul, but he has bashed at my heart and there is something wrong with my brain. Science has jettisoned time. The clocks are turned off. Time is running out, but her winged chariot is still heading for eternity.

I don't tell you this, but it is quite humiliating lying out upon your table. I feel as if I ought to be giving birth to something, to some ideas, if not a baby. Children are everywhere in this room because they come to have their cervical spines adjusted too, and some of those children I know because I recommended you to them as your child must have recommended himself to you before he was born.

He has a beautiful name, and you told me the name came to you in a dream. Because I believe in dreams as Daniel did in the Bible, and he so impressed King Nebuchadnezzar with his dreams he was spared the lion's den. Daniel loved the

Babylonian King, or the King loved Daniel. I like that reading because my brother is called Daniel and I love him, and I would like my brother to be spared from the den, and I would like him to be a sort of king.

I am speaking of brothers because you remind me of my brothers, especially the lost one. I told you that once in a fit of madness or love. Writers have those – fits -- and prophets too as we wrestle with our souls. The Greeks took souls for granted. PSUCHE with an accent on the 'e' facing outwards towards the earth and sky. Soul, life, self, spirit, inner being, succour; the part of you that never ends and is transferred somewhere else. To the roots of trees I believe, to the green chlorophyll of leaves.

I tell you I know I will have other lives because I have had them before. I tell you I am related to the roots of trees, the very bottom. The trunk where fungi and algae and tiny buttonheads of tiny flowers grow. It disconcerts you, but you tell me your wife believes something similar: that we have a soul, and the soul must move on and go somewhere other than here. Recycle, remake herself, because energy is neither created nor destroyed. The physicists have made this fact a home truth, and so it is easy to trot out now. Of course it is hard to imagine nothing else happens after they lay out my body in the ground. I like the idea of burials, a green mound with spring flowers growing around. Primroses, the soft yellow ones, the colour of pale butter. Soft so my soul can tread gently over and through as she works out her visions, her plans.

*In Greek mythology the butterfly is the symbol of the soul.



Image copyright Suzie Hanna: <https://www.suziehanna.com/>

Reading Francis Thompson

Bridget Walker

When Sally Bayley suggested the theme of 'visible or invisible worlds' for a recent poetry group meeting I thought immediately of 'In No Strange Land' by Francis Thompson.

The first verse brings those worlds together.

*O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!*

I first read the poem when I was quite young. It was in an anthology of poetry in my grandparents' small book collection. I spent school holidays with them. Their house stood on its own some distance from the village, and I spent a lot of time on my own, either reading what was available or out in the surrounding woods and fields. I would scan the hawthorn hedges for birds' nests, look at the earth rising above the moles as they moved underneath, turn over logs and lift the stones in the garden to see what was underneath. These were all sources of wonder.

These words in the poem spoke particularly to me

*The angels keep their ancient places—
Turn but a stone and start a wing!*

I did not seriously expect to find a wing, but the thought of the possibility, and the image it evoked was entrancing. I did once find a toad and knew it was said to have a jewel in its head.

The last verse in the poem that stayed with me was another image with angels

*But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry—and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.*

I didn't live in London and had no concept of Charing Cross. I wasn't sure what the sadness was about. However, I did know about Jacob's dream

and imagined the ladder spanning earth and heaven with the angels travelling up and down.

This poem was not written for children, but I remember the poem with a child's eye and imagination.

If you would like a comprehensive analysis of form and content, definitely written for grownups, you might like to read Carol Rumens' 'Poem of the Week' which focuses on the poem, and paints in the background.

<https://www.theguardian.com/books/booksblog/2017/jun/26/poem-of-the-week-in-no-strange-land-by-francis-thompson>

'In No Strange Land' - Francis Thompson

O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air—
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumour of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars!—
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places;—
Turn but a stone and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry;—and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging to Heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water,
Not of Genesareth, but Thames!

I've always wondered...?

Tany Alexander & Caro Humphries

Garden Room Discussion Meetings starting on 20th May.

If you would like the chance to understand more about how each of us understands the peace testimony or other aspects of Quakerism in a friendly, discussion-based format, we would be delighted to welcome you to one or more of the **Tuesday Night in the Garden Room** discussion meetings we have planned.

They will be held on: 20th May; 24th June; 29th July.

Everyone is welcome, whether you know a little or a lot. After the first meeting, topics will be decided by the group:

- **The Testimonies** – what they are and how we use them (this will be the focus of the first meeting on 20th May)
- **What do you do in a Quaker Meeting?**
- **Are Quakers Christians** and does it matter?
- **What about God?**
- **Quaker ways** including Meetings for Clearness, Discernment, Marriage, Ministry, Meeting for Worship for Business, plain speaking...

Please let us know at caro128@hotmail.com if you would like to come, and what topics (whether they are on this list or not) you are most interested in.

We look forward to welcoming you.



Photo from Friends World Committee for Consultation retreat at Charney Manor in May (credit: Tas Cooper). Link for more information on FWCC's work:

<https://www.quakersintheworld.org/quakers-in-action/345/Friends-World-Committee-for-Consultation-FWCC>.

Appeal for June:

Quaker Council for European Affairs

Our June collection is for the Quaker Council for European Affairs (QCEA) in Brussels. As our Quaker voice in Europe since 1979, it now brings together 17 European Yearly Meetings.

Brexit doesn't make it any less relevant to Friends. Its web site is easily found (qcea.org) and its work is plain to see there. But do try their reflection of the EU Joint White Paper on Defence Readiness 2030 as a taster: [*Publications – News and Views – Blogs – The real cost of rearming Europe*](#).

This summer Tracey Martin, who has been Director for the last four years, is handing over to Andrew de Sousa. There are five more staff members. They work in our well placed and indeed spectacular Quaker House, providentially bought by Britain Yearly Meeting in 1982.

This needs money; current politics and economics make it all the harder to raise.

Please support us...

Bank transfers: CAF Bank, British Friends of Quaker Council for European Affairs, account 00004748, sort code 40-52-40

Cheques: payable to British Friends of Quaker Council for European Affairs, posted to 33 Shaw Lane Gardens, Guisley, Leeds, West Yorkshire LS20 9JQ



QCEA headquarters in Brussels (photo: Richard Seebohm)

British Friends of Quaker Council for European Affairs is a UK registered charity (2937776)

Diary

‘The Child Inside’

Second session exploring gifts and challenges of all-age community.

Sunday 1 June, 12:00–1:15pm, Meeting House.
Followed by shared lunch.

Local Meeting for Worship for Business

Thursday 5 June, 7:30pm, on Zoom.

Forest Foxes

Outdoor fun and friendship around a fire for ages 10–12.

Saturday 14 June, 2:00–4:30pm.

Booking: juliad@quaker.org.uk

Memorial Meeting for Worship

To celebrate the life of Marieke Faber Clarke.

Saturday 14 June, 2:00pm, Meeting House.

Third Thursdays: Conversations on Contemporary Quakerism

For Friends in East Midlands, Thames Valley and nearby areas.

Thursday 19 June, 12:00–1:00pm, on Zoom.

Register:

<https://quaker.zoom.us/meeting/register/tZEkderyurjwJGNfKs5QT2MoSeBaSnJ1ySTao#/registration>

Discussion Evening

On Quaker Practice and Faith

Tuesday 24 June, 6:00–9:00pm, Garden Room.

Quaker Spring: Listening to the Inward Christ together

A Spirit-led international Quaker gathering.

Wednesday 26 – Saturday 29 June, on Zoom.

<https://www.quakerspring.org/>

Bring and Share Lunch

Food and fellowship for all.

Saturday 29 June, 12:15pm, Garden Room.

Oxford & Swindon Area Meeting (OSAM) and AGM

Meeting for Church Affairs (am) and spiritual nurture (pm).

Saturday 12 July, 10:30am–3:00pm, Burford Meeting House.

<https://osamquakers.org.uk/about-osam/>

Regular Events

Beansprouts Children’s Meeting (under 4s)

Sundays – 10:30am (first Sunday), 11:00am (others), Long Room.

<https://oxfordquakers.org/cyp/beansprouts/>

Sunflowers Children’s Meeting (school-age)

Theme for June: Truth and integrity.

Sundays – 10:30am (first Sunday), 11:00am (others), Short Room.

<https://oxfordquakers.org/cyp/sunflowers/>

Tea Cake and Play

Friendly stay-and-play for babies, toddlers and their grown-ups.

Tuesdays, 10:00am–12:00pm, Meeting House.

playgroupsupport@oxfordquakers.org

<https://oxfordquakers.org/cyp/baby-and-toddler-group/>

Looking further ahead

Junior Gathering & Senior Conference

Residential Quaker gatherings for ages 11–14 and 15–18.

23rd–30th August 2025.

<https://fsse.org.uk>

Oxford & Swindon Area Meeting (OSAM)

Worship with Abingdon Friends (am), picnic lunch and Meeting for Church Affairs (pm).

Sunday 14 September, 10:15am–3:00pm, Abbey Centre, Abingdon.

<https://osamquakers.org.uk/about-osam/>

World Quaker Day

Theme: *Love Your Neighbour (Galatians 5:14).*

Sunday 5 October 2025.

<https://fwcc.world/worldquakerday/>

All-Age Meeting for Worship

Theme: *Love Your Neighbour.*

Sunday 5 October 2025, 10:30am, Meeting House.

<https://oxfordquakers.org/cyp/all-age-mfw/>

Young Friends General Meeting (YFGM)

National gathering for Young Adult Friends (18–35).

17th – 19th October, Liverpool Meeting House.

Berks and Oxon Regional Meeting

Theme: *The heart of the Quaker Way.*

Speaker: *Ben Pink Dandelion, Honorary Professor of Quaker Studies and Director of the Centre for Postgraduate Quaker Studies, University of Birmingham.*

18th October 2025, Swindon Meeting House.

Volunteer Service Opportunities

Children's Meeting Helpers

Support Beansprouts or Sunflowers at 11:00 meetings.

Speak to a CYPC member. DBS and references required.

Tea Cake and Play Volunteers

Help run Tuesday stay-and-play sessions.

Contact Sally Lawson:

playgroupsupport@oxfordquakers.org

Welcomers for Sunday 11:00 Meetings

Provide a warm welcome to all who worship with us.

Contact Paul Fine: paul.fine@lshtm.ac.uk / 07854 618146



Vegetarian friendly

LEBANESE FEAST

A celebration & fundraiser for
Brummana High School

12.30PM – SATURDAY 12TH JULY 2025

at OXFORD QUAKER MEETING HOUSE
with live video link to Brummana.

TICKETS £30 –
from: <https://quietcharity.org.uk/feast>



QUAKER INTERNATIONAL
EDUCATIONAL TRUST

www.quietcharity.org.uk

**Oxford Quaker Meeting House,
43, St. Giles',
Oxford. OX1 3LW**

Quaker Video (Podcast) of the Month

Why Quakerism is Difficult: On Spiritual Dryness

From the YouTube channel *Quake It Up: Understanding Quakerism in Britain Today*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tABRSB8QXjU>



From Quaker Faith & Practice 20.05

Living faithfully today: The source of our strength

The people whom I know who live a truly nonviolent life are in touch with the source of power, call it what you will; the Light, the seed, God, the holy spirit. Many others of us find this wellspring when we need it, and lose it again, find it and lose it, find it and lose it. Regrettably, I am one of the latter. When I have something very difficult to face that I know I can't cope with, then I turn desperately to the source. One of the things I find most infuriating about myself is that I often let the contact go when the emergency is over and flounder along without it for months on end when my everyday existence could be transformed by it. It is as if I opened the blinds in my house for only an occasional hour when – for example – I had an important visitor, or a cable arrived, or I had to sweep up some broken glass; and afterwards allowed the blinds to fall closed again. So that for ninety-per-cent of the time I bumble around, do my housework in semi-darkness, strain my eyes trying to read and can scarcely discern the features of those to whom I talk. More than anything I want to learn to live in the Light. So I think, anyway, but in fact I perhaps don't altogether want to take the demands involved, don't want to see all the dust in my life.

Jo Vellacott, 1982

June 2025

Many meetings and events are held via Zoom. Link for all Oxford Meetings for Worship:
<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/87383304611?pwd=VkkyYzZweVVRZjRmOE1JVDBFdTdwUT09>

Please contact the Office for more details:

Email: office@oxfordquakers.org Telephone: +44 (0)1865 557373

OXFORD MEETINGS FOR WORSHIP

Meetings for worship are in person. Zoom connections are available only when indicated.

For more information, contact the Office at
office@oxfordquakers.org +44 (0)1865 557373

First Sunday of each month:

Meeting for Worship 10:30-11:30 (in person & Zoom)
MfW for Business 12:15 (in person & Zoom)

All other Sundays:

Meetings for Worship 09:30-10:15 (in person and Zoom)
11:00-12:00 (in person and Zoom)

Monday:

Young Adult Friends 19:00-21:00 (in person and Zoom)

Tuesday:

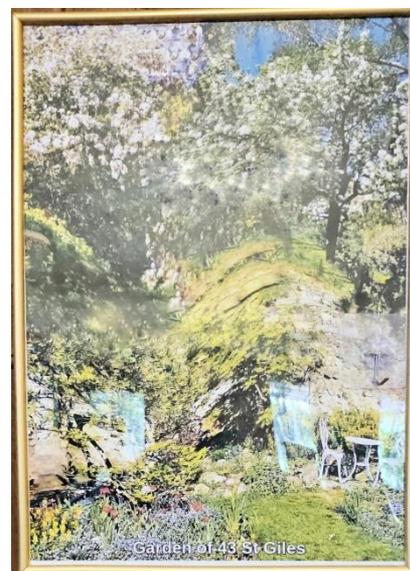
Meeting for Worship followed by breakfast 07:30-08:00

Wednesday:

Meeting for Worship followed by lunch 11:45-12:30

Thursday:

Meeting for Worship followed by breakfast 07:30-08:00



Artwork by Rupert Booth, exhibited as part of
Oxfordshire Artweeks

Forty-Three is available online at

<https://oxfordquaker.com/newsletter/>

and on the Oxford Quakers website,

<https://oxfordquaker.com/>

The views expressed in **Forty-Three**
do not necessarily reflect those of the editors.

Editorial Team

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Nicole Gilroy

Michael Hughey

Jimin Kang

SJ Spencer

HEADINGTON MEETING FOR WORSHIP

Headington Meeting meets each Sunday at 10:00
at Old Headington Village Hall,
Dunstan Road, Headington, OX3 9BY

For full details see

<https://headington.quakermeeting.org/>

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Please send newsletter contributions by the 15th of the month, the submission deadline.

Contributions, preferably of 500 words or fewer, can be emailed to newsletter@oxfordquakers.org or a paper copy can be left in the office pigeonhole of any editor.

For more information: tel. +44 (0)1865 557373 or visit www.oxfordquakers.org.