

## Summer Pilgrimage

Friday, late August, twelve members  
and attenders of Horsham Meeting  
set out by car and train seeking  
1652 country, Lancaster,  
Swarthmoor, and Fox's revelations

Silence falls thickly all around us  
on stone floors and carved chairs,  
we feel the presence of Fox and Fell  
lived in this room, this house,  
the danger and drama of those days

At Brigflatts we hear about Fox's vision  
while sunshine strains through leaded windows,  
we are illuminated as we sit below,  
above us balconies, bonnets and history  
set out amongst thoughtful Quaker quotes

On Firbank Fell we see the place  
Fox preached and people were convinced,  
we sit and consume sandwiches and drinks  
while curious horses make us nervous  
then on to view the Quaker Tapestry

We climb the stone block path of Pendle Hill  
rough and tough we struggle to the summit,  
Lancashire is laid before us, green and sunlit,  
we recall Clitheroe Meeting that morning  
and the gathering of seekers on this hill

Finally, to Lancaster castle and gaol,  
grim reminder of injustice and cruelty  
meted out to Quakers, inequality  
of sentences. Thoughtfully we take our leave,  
thankful that we can, unlike Friends before us

The peace and generosity of Swarthmoor  
stays with us, the beauty of the hills,  
we know much more of Fox and Fell.  
Returning now, home to Horsham,  
refreshed and inspired, a proper pilgrimage.

Maggie Weir Wilson, Sept 2018