



THE
RECOVERY
OF *love*

PART ONE: TO BEGIN

PAPER THREE

*And then
there was silence...*

A Series of Discussion Papers by

DAVID CADMAN



Finally, as part of this beginning, I wish to take us into Silence. For the practice of mindfulness and contemplation as a source of Love is an essential part, indeed the ground, of all and each of the diverse and different teachings of which I have spoken. It lies, of course, at the root of Quakerism and of Buddhism, but it is also to be found in Christian Orthodoxy, Sufism and Raja Yoga.



For Quakers, silent contemplation, prayer and worship is said to lead us to the still centre of our being. In our Quaker meetings, we hold the silence and the silence holds us. When we step *into* it, we are refreshed by it, comforted by it, inspired by it, and while we remain there, and even when we have left it behind for another day, we are drawn to serve it. In deep unity with others, this is a place in which we discover our relationships and find an awareness of our true reality. It is a place where we wait on the divine, a place that is very much like the one described by T. S. Eliot in *East Coker*:

I said to my soul, be still, and wait without hope
For hope would be hope for the wrong thing; wait without love
For love would be love of the wrong thing; there is yet faith
But the faith and the love and the hope are all in the waiting.
Wait without thought, for you are not ready for thought;
So the darkness shall be the light, and the stillness the dancing.
Whisper of running streams, and winter lightning.
The wild thyme unseen and the wild strawberry.¹

Not only do silence, prayer and reflection form the core of Quaker worship, they are also part of daily life. For example, Quaker business meetings begin and end with a period of silence, and it is to silence that we return for guidance in times of difficulty, despair or dispute.

In Buddhism, mindfulness is part of the teaching of the Eightfold Path that leads to the cessation of suffering.² Here, too, the practice of meditation leads to a state of attentive tranquillity in which, letting go of the distracting restlessness of our mind,

we come to see things as they are – that there is suffering, impermanence and emptiness. In this state we open our hearts to both wisdom and compassion. Abiding in Love we find insight.

Silent prayer and contemplation are present also in the hesychast tradition of Orthodoxy where, as Sherrard tells us:

...it is only through the contemplative life in all its aspects... that we can actualize in ourselves the personal love and knowledge of God on which depend not only our own authentic existence as human beings, but also our capacity to cooperate with God in fulfilling the innermost purposes of creation.³

And it is there in the Sufi tradition of Islam. Indeed, in discussing the poetry of Rumi, the scholar Annemarie Schimmel says:

Becoming silent, because the secret of Love cannot be conveyed ... is a motif which occurs often in his early poems. The word *kbāmush*, “silent,” “quiet,” is used so frequently that some scholars have been inclined to regard it as being Rumi’s original nom de plume.⁴

The Raja Yoga of the Brahma Kumaris is essentially a yoga of mindfulness and silent contemplation, and in the *Gita* it is said:

When a man dwells in the solitude of silence, and meditation and contemplation are ever with him; when too much food does not disturb his health, and his thoughts and words and body are in peace; when freedom from passion his constant will;

And his selfishness and violence and pride are gone; when lust and anger and greediness are no more, and he is free from the thought ‘this is mine’; then this man has risen on the mountain of the Highest: he is worthy to be one with Brahman, with God.

He is one with Brahman, with God, and beyond grief and desire his soul is in peace. His love is one for all creation, and he has supreme love for me.

By love he knows me in truth, who I am and what I am. And when he knows me in truth he enters into my Being.⁵

And, more recently, I have found it expressed in a wonderful passage of the *Gospel of Mary Magdalene*. The version I like to read is the one written by Jean-Yves Leloup and translated into English by Joseph Rowe.⁶ Towards the end of the gospel, Mary Magdalene is speaking of a recent teaching she has received from her Teacher, Yeshua:

‘Henceforth I travel towards Repose
where time rests in the Eternity of Time;
I go now into Silence.’
Having said all this, Mary became silent,
for it was in silence that the Teacher spoke to her.

This is such a beautiful and intriguing text, since not only does Mary choose Silence, but she also refers to having been taught in silence. In his commentary on this passage, Jean-Yves Leloup says that the place of Repose, the place to which Mary is travelling, is a place beyond ordinary time, a place where there is nothing for the senses to grasp on to. It is a place which lacks all sensations, emotions and thoughts. *There is only Silence*. Even love does not feel like love in this space. Not as we know it. And yet it is there that we find the very source of Love.

It seems to me, then, that each of these teachings, separately and together, tell us that the ground of reality, or Reality, the still point of being and Being, is to be found in contemplation and meditation; that such reflection, such practice, is the *necessary foundation* of true action, and that this is also the source of Love; it is where Love dwells – it is there all the time, waiting for us.

This being so, we need profoundly to change our perspective, our ways of being. Returning to the proposition put forward in Paper 1, that we need to find a new language, to move away

from an ethos of separation, conflict and competition towards one of wholeness, co-operation and compassion, I note that in his introduction to the poetry of Rumi, Colman Barks says that all language “is a longing for home.”⁷ All language, especially all naming and numbering and the work of the rational mind, is a struggling attempt to regain and give expression to that which has been lost. And that which has been lost is a sense of one-ness, of being at one with, of Being in (within) Love.

But we do not always need to name our paths or even try to describe them. Rather, we need to walk along them, shuffle about and sit by the roadside, meeting companions, sharing food and stories. Naming them is just words, and in the end they fail us, for as we have seen, Love is beyond anything that we can say. Indeed, the irony is that in the end, in an age that is full of noise and distraction, we come once again to Stillness and Silence, the dwelling place of the divine.

In *Quaker Faith and Practice* it is said:

So one approaches, by efforts which call for the deepest resources of one's being, to the condition of true silence; not just of sitting still, not just of not speaking, but of a wide awake, fully aware non-thinking. It is in this condition, found and held for a brief instant only, that I have experienced the existence of something other than 'myself'. The thinking me has vanished, and with it vanishes the sense of separation, of unique identity. One is not left naked and defenceless... One becomes instead aware, one is conscious of being a participant in the whole of existence, not limited to the body or the moment... It is in this condition that one understands the nature of the divine power, its essential identity with love, in the widest sense of that much misused word.⁸

In the words of the Buddha:

When a man knows the solitude of silence, and feels the joy of quietness, he...feels the joy of the DHAMMA.⁹

In the words of the *Gita*:

When the sage of silence...closes the doors of his soul and, resting his inner gaze between the eyebrows, keeps peaceful and even the ebbing and flowing of breath; and with life and mind and reason in harmony, and with desire and fear and wrath gone, keeps silent his soul before final freedom, he in truth has attained final freedom.¹⁰

And for Rumi, too, in the end there is only silence:

When it comes to Love, I have to be silent...
To describe Love, intellect is like an ass is a morass,
The pen breaks when it is to describe Love.¹¹

So be it.

Somewhat oddly then, it seems to me that the starting point of a journey towards Love is not political activism or even social conscience. Nor is it intellectual endeavour, the writing of books and the giving of lectures. Rather, I suggest, and COVID has now surely made this clear, that it is the rare qualities of *slowness* and an *attentive* and *compassionate silence* which, when practised together and with intent, lead us towards a necessary path of Love. It may be difficult for us in the West and in the twenty-first century to accept that slowness might add to our well-being and that silence and compassion might bring happiness. But that, of course, is the teaching of the sacred tradition of wholeness, of holiness – that to become whole, to be fully ourselves and at one with all that is, we have to learn to dwell in the divine.

Such a dwelling requires a certain spontaneity and a vivacity of spirit, but above all else it also requires an uncommon capacity for slowness. Like many of us, I suspect, for most of my life I have had an obsession with ‘doing’, seldom living in the present, but always in some kind of anxious future. But I have come to see this as a mighty hindrance – although I have to admit that I still have great difficulty changing my ways of being and putting this lesson into practice!

So far, I have quoted from unquestionably profound sources

such as the *Dhammapada*, Meister Eckhart and Al-Hallaj. By contrast, some years ago I read the following extract from the *Curly Pyjama Letters*¹² on the noticeboard at Schumacher College in England:

Dear Vasco, in response to your question “what is worth doing and what is worth having?” I would like to say this. It is worth doing nothing and having a rest; in spite of all the difficulty it may cause, you must rest Vasco – otherwise you will become RESTLESS! I believe the world is sick with exhaustion and dying of restlessness... Yours sleepily, Mr. Curly

At once, I hear the outraged voices of those who see that there is much to be done and who, like me, carry the childhood burden of always having to have something to do. But on reflection, is not Mr. Curly right when he goes on to point out that our restlessness and consequent fatigue are “ultimately soul destroying as well as earth destroying”?

The Buddha regarded restlessness as one of the Five Hindrances to Liberation. And, in my own Quaker tradition, we are also urged to recognise the dangers of busyness. The following advice is taken from our *Quaker Faith and Practice*:

Every stage of our lives offers fresh opportunities. Responding to divine guidance, try to discern the right time to undertake or relinquish responsibilities without undue pride or guilt. Attend to what love requires of you, which may not be great busyness.¹⁴

Of course, you may think that I am proposing a way of inaction, of distancing ourselves from the world and doing nothing. That is not so. Rather, I am proposing that we distinguish more clearly between what we might call Distracted Action and True Action. The former is common and the latter is rare. In the Parable of the Talents, Yeshua makes it clear that we have a duty to use our talents.¹⁵ And in the opening chapters of the *Gita*, the Lord Krishna instructs the prince Arjuna that he has no option but to be active. Indeed, he teaches him that each one of us has a vocation

– a way of life that is the true expression of our nature – and that this vocation is inescapable and cannot be set aside. However, it is also made clear that this *svadharma* can only be realised with the discipline, love and understanding that flow from a pure mind and a pure heart. It is in this way, and only in this way, that our *karma* can be transformed into True Action.¹⁶

I suppose this realisation of the importance of quietude should not come as a surprise to me since, as a birthright Quaker, my childhood was founded upon regular periods of silence, both in the local Meeting House and, indeed, at home, where my father's after-lunch nap and Sunday afternoon sleep were sacrosanct. Silence was the punctuation of our lives, the spaces in between, the commas and the full stops of the everyday. I gave it no thought. It was all I knew. But now, so much later and in the midst of cacophony and unrest, I realise I was given a Great Gift. And it is expressed in this extract from a passage written by the American Quaker mystic, Rufus Jones, in 1926. He was speaking of his youth:

While I was too young to have any religion of my own, I had to come to a home where religion kept its fires as always burning. We had very few things, but we were rich in invisible wealth. I was not christened in the church, but I was sprinkled from morning to night with the dew of religion. We never ate a meal which did not begin with a hush of thanksgiving; we never began a day without a family gathering at which mother read a chapter of the Bible after which there would follow a weighty silence. These silences, during which all the children of our family were hushed with a kind of awe, were very important features of my spiritual development. There was work inside and outside the house waiting to be done, and yet we sat there hushed and quiet, doing nothing. I very quickly discovered that something real was taking place. We were feeling our way down to that place from which living words come, and very often they did come.¹⁷

I am writing this passage in February 2021. We are still in COVID lockdown. It all began nearly a year ago, when it was commonly supposed that the restrictions that were imposed would

last perhaps a couple of months. But they have persisted and then The Virus mutated to a more quickly spreading form. The wearing of masks has now become widely accepted, social distancing is part of our lives, and we have all reduced the amount we travel. At Christmas many families were separated at the very time when they would expect to gather together, and on New Year's Eve there were no public firework displays, just a few families letting off rockets and Catherine-wheels in their gardens. It is a world we have not known before, and now it is everywhere.

Vaccines are being given to more and more people, but there seems little prospect of immunity for everyone in anything like the short term. Speaking to friends on Zoom, we talk about the ways in which this has changed our lives, perhaps forever. Are we hoping to return to the way things were before The Virus, taking up once again our old habits; or are we, inevitably, being moved towards another way of being? Quite early on, I cannot remember exactly when or where, I read an article by two young Chinese scientists that said that The Virus was not an enemy, it was a messenger, that it was Nature's way of telling us that we had to stop what we were doing; that in forcing us to change, it was showing us what this 'other way' would be like – had to be like – slow down, consume less, travel less, give greater respect both to all other people and to Nature herself. If that is true, then any attempt to return to how things were before may be foolish and unlikely to succeed.

But how does this relate to the matter of Silence and Love? It seems to me that all that has happened, all that we are being shown, requires the deepening of the practice of Silence, especially Gathered Silence.

During these recent months, my local Quaker Meeting has been unable to meet in person, and so some of us have taken to meeting via Zoom. From quite early on in lockdown we began meeting every Tuesday morning for half an hour of Gathered Silence followed by what we call After Words, a period in which we can share with each other thoughts and feelings that have either arisen in the previous week or have arisen during our time of Silence. To start with we all felt the same unease and uncertainty at this form of gathering, but quite soon, since those attending became a small but constant group, we became familiar with the

practice and, indeed, began to experience a quality of Silence that was different from usual. There was something about meeting from our own homes and being able to see not only everyone else but also ourselves within the Zoom 'gallery view', that deepened the experience, bound us together.

Perhaps because a number of our group were living alone, in an isolation intensified by forced separation, to begin with there was quite often an outpouring of emotion as Friends (as we Quakers call each other) shared their suffering at being unable to be with others and with family, to be living without any physical touch. But as the weeks and then the months went by something else happened. The Silence became deeper. And it began to change us. It began to heal us. The solitude of lockdown took us to another place, a place in which we were surrendering to the stillness and silence, shedding parts of whom we had been.¹⁸

I can only explain this – insofar as it needs explaining – in my way, and I cannot tell whether this will make sense to anyone else. But for me, it has made me realise that in Silence – and without words – we may be discovering something important about our true selves; that stillness and silence are more of who we truly are than restlessness and noisiness; that we were silent before we spoke; that we were slow before we became pacey; and that if silence has always been there, hidden away in small places, now it is spreading, now it is being found everywhere. For, it seems to me that like Love, Silence, too, is of the essence, the true realm of all that is.

There are many views of what Silence is.¹⁹ Some speak of it being in the underlying silence of Nature or that it is to be found in sculpture and painting or in music, silence being the intervals between the separate and gathered sounds. It is there in the cloister and in the lives and stories of hermits and those who pray, not least those who say the Hesychast's prayer, prayer without ceasing. Some present Silence as if it were an absence, a blank page, an entirely interior experience, a withdrawal. But that is not how I find it. For me, Silence is a presence, an ever-moving energy or force that permeates all that is both within and beyond. It courses through the Cosmos and it courses through each one of us. It is rather like water, which flows everywhere and finds the niches and cracks before pouring through, and which is sometimes hidden

underground. It is in every cloud and raindrop, in every river and in the great oceans, and it runs through trees and plants and through the arteries and veins of our bodies and all that is. And it is as much in the muddy puddle as the clear stream. This is what Silence is like when we step into it.

I had a dream the other night, which was quite unlike the dreams that I normally have, full of anxiety, missing trains and being in the wrong place, or wearing the wrong clothes. In this unexpected dream, I experienced a profound acceptance of Love, a form of grace that flowed into me because I was open, utterly open. Perhaps that is what Love sometimes requires, a still and open place into which it can flow.

And so, as we try to come to terms with what The Virus is telling us, I have a sense, that we are now being asked to return to this place of Repose, this place of Silence that Mary Magdalene spoke of, both to learn what has already been said about it and to experience it anew in every moment of our lives. To strike a new balance between action and words and stillness and quietude.

And this brings me back to my life as a Quaker.

Quakers worship in silence, but the silence is not just the context for worship, it *is* the worship, which is to say that the worship is a kind of surrendering to Silence. It is a kind of waiting, not in the sense of anticipating but simply being there. At this point, I should say, of course, that I cannot speak for Quakers as a whole. No Friend can do that, for there is no Quaker doctrine, no creed, no priest to tell us what the Church requires. Rather, I speak for myself, for the experiences I had as a child and while growing up, and for the experience I now have with local Friends in this part of Suffolk.

Quakers are very careful with words. Within the setting of Gathered Silence, there may be ministry, when someone in the meeting will stand to speak, to 'bear witness'; but, in accordance with the only book of guidance that we have, *Quaker Faith and Practice* – which includes guidance, reflections and what are called 'Advices and Queries' – Friends are advised to think carefully before speaking and never to speak for too long. "Beware," says Advice 13, "of speaking predictably or too often, and of making additions towards the end of a meeting when it was well left

before.”²⁰ And when one Friend speaks, the others gathered there are asked to listen attentively. When the Friend has spoken, there should be a period of silence before anyone else speaks, and even then, their ministry should not be in the form of a rebuttal or even an acclamation of what had just been said. Breaking the silence is significant, and no-one should do it without feeling sure that what they have to say is being called for.

This careful practise is called ‘right ordering’ and it applies not only to regular meetings for worship but also to all meetings, including business meetings in which the minutes of the meeting are agreed there and then as we go along, one item at a time. What is written down is shared with Friends until all are content with it. There is never a vote, the purpose of the minute being simply to record ‘the feeling of the meeting’. Silence pervades the meeting, and no voice will be ignored. If a minute cannot be agreed, Friends will either move into silence and try again, or leave the matter until another time when they will have been able to reflect upon what is best. You might think that this would mean that decisions are delayed, but in my experience this is seldom the case, and, knowing they will be heard, Friends most often find agreement. Throughout such meetings, which are themselves regarded as meetings for worship, Silence is ever-present, it is the realm in which decisions are made. And this is because the Silence is active. It is not a context for what might otherwise be no more than a muted hearing, it is the very substance within which Friends speak and listen thoughtfully.

Amongst Friends, this sense of an orderly Silence is found in the following extract from a meeting held in Wiltshire in 1678. The meeting was one in which, in each quarter of the year, Friends would have gathered to consider the life of their local meetings. This extract sets down “Advice on the conduct of meetings for church affairs:”

Wherefore let whatever is offered, be mildly proposed, and so left with some pause, that the Meeting may have opportunity to weigh the matter, and have a right sense of it, that there may be a unanimity and joint concurrence of the whole. And if anything be controverted, that it be in coolness of Spirit calmly

debated, each offering their reasons and sense, their assent or dissent, and so leave it without striving. And also that but one speak at once, and the rest hear. And that private debates and discourses be avoided, and all attend the present business of the Meeting. So will things be carried on sweetly as becomes us, to our comfort: and love and unity be increased: and we better serve Truth and our Society.²¹

Here the matter of silence is touched with a necessary gentleness and an attentive listening. Things are “carried on sweetly.” “True silence,” said William Penn in 1699, “is to the spirit what sleep is to the body, nourishment and refreshment.”²² And later, in words that speak of Silence as a refuge, John Bellows, in 1895, said:

I know of no other way, in these deeper depths, of trusting in the name of the Lord, and staying upon God, than in sinking into silence and nothingness before Him... So long as the enemy can keep us reasoning he can buffet us to and fro; but into the true solemn silence of the soul before God he cannot follow us.

There is something attractive, even comforting, in the apparent certainty of faith in these Quakers of another time, although I have to confess that I do not share their anthropomorphic reference to God as singular and male. My ‘God’ is without gender and without form, something more akin to an Ultimate Reality, an expression of a mysterious and deep Love. But I share their intent, which I think is captured in these more recent (1937) words, again of Rufus Jones:

[The early Friends] made the discovery that silence is one of the best preparations for communion [with God] and for the reception of inspiration and guidance. Silence itself, of course has no magic. It may be just sheer emptiness, absence of words or noise or music. It may be an occasion for slumber, or it may be a dead form. But it may be an intensified pause, a vitalised hush, a creative quiet, an actual moment of mutual and

reciprocal correspondence with God.²⁴



The great spiritual traditions have always understood the need for attentive silence, for the regular practice of meditation and contemplation. For such a practice is regarded as the very foundation of true action. Indeed, as the late Greek orthodox writer, Philip Sherrard, has made clear, silent contemplation is the foundation upon which all else stands. Suggesting that true knowledge requires us to become one with the divine, Sherrard proposes that this must be through the practice of contemplation:

... For contemplation is essentially the action through which we are led to a knowledge of our true identity and being and hence the true identity and being of other things as well... It is not (then) that contemplation is opposed to action: Not only is it in itself a form – the highest form – of action, but also unless all other actions are informed by the knowledge that it embraces they will be performed in ignorance... To act well, we must first know. Thus, while contemplation and action are complementary, they are not on an equal footing: contemplation must precede action.²⁶

And for those who have had the privilege of living, even for a short while, with those that most patently lead a holy life, it will be clear that the distinction between contemplation and action is a false one. Indeed, by contrast, it seems to me that it is our thoughtless and compulsive urge to 'do' that so often leads to harm.

Huxley's *Perennial Philosophy* had something to say about this attentive contemplation, the still and clear tranquillity of meditation. Indeed, there is a paper in this series of papers that is entitled 'Silence' in which, there is the following quotation from the great Chinese figure, Lao Tzu, the author of *The Tao Te Ching*:

Those who know don't talk.

Those who talk not know.²⁷

So, there we have it – slowness, stillness, silence and attentiveness. How different all this seems from the unending noise, pace and destruction of today. In this, I note with some amusement that writing in 1945 Huxley says:

The twentieth century is, among other things, the Age of Noise. Physical noise, mental noise and the noise of desire – we hold history's record for all of them. And no wonder; for all the resources of our almost miraculous technology have been thrown into the current assault against silence. That most popular and influential of all recent invention, the radio, is nothing but a conduit through which prefabricated din can flow into our homes.²⁸

One wonders what he would have said today with television and the intrusive compulsion of mobile phones, not to mention the constant noise of aeroplanes and traffic near and distant.

But this morning I woke, as I often do, at about a quarter past five. Everything was still and silent. I opened the curtains of my bedroom and lay in bed, my head propped on my pillow so that I could look out into the garden and watch the light come. The silence was everywhere, and I let myself rest within it. And then I remembered these words spoken by Anne Baring in an interview we did together for the Spirit of Humanity Forum. ²⁹ When I got up, I checked the recording:

Love is the Pulse of the Cosmos and the pulse of our own deepest nature. We are all connected to each other and to the Earth and the Cosmos through our participation in a miraculous Web of Life. If we can become aware that Love is the deepest, most essential quality of our nature, we will strengthen our capacity to radiate love to the planet, and to each other, and to heal the immense suffering of the world. We urgently need a New Story that would provide a different context for addressing all our problems, a different vantage point from which to approach them – utterly different from

the one that has prevailed for millennia. We need to relinquish old habits of power, rivalry, control and dominance and old beliefs that have divided us, and define a new spirituality grounded in Reverence for Life.

The New Story, coming to us from the astounding discoveries of quantum physics, tells us that we are indissolubly connected to each other, to the life of the planet and the life of the cosmos. Embracing this New Story asks us to develop what mystics call the Eye of the Heart, serving a new image of Spirit that is not remote from this world but immanent in every aspect of it – the invisible ground of the entire manifest universe and the ground of our own consciousness. We are not separate from Spirit, but co-creators with it. This gives us the immense responsibility of caring for the life around us with new insight, new compassion and new vision.



So, to find Love, we must attend to our Language and find the time to step into Silence. Is this the realm of The Divine?

I am learning from listening to the teachings of the Jungian Analyst, Brenda Crowther,³⁰ that when we come to The Divine, we have to distinguish between ‘God’ and ‘The God Image’. The former is the unknowable and universal reality, the cosmic consciousness. The latter is the ways in which this unknowable source is manifested in different times and places, The Buddha, Yahweh, Jesus Christ, and so on. This latter form changes over time, or may change over time, and in our present time is being expressed in forms that I would call Love and the Divine Feminine, and perhaps this is leading us to a place where, once again, we shall discover an intertwining of the Divine Feminine and the Divine Masculine in the Great Divine.

Endnotes

1. T. S. Eliot, *East Coker*, Four Quartets.
2. The Buddhist teaching on Mindfulness is set out in MN 10 and 118 and an excellent teaching is also given by Larry Rosenberg in his book *Breath by Breath*, Shambhala, 1998.
3. I regret that I can no longer find this reference.
4. Annemarie Schimmel, *As Through a Veil: Mystical Poetry in Islam*, Oneworld Publications, 2001, p. 97.
5. Op cit, *The Bhagavad Gita*, p. 84.
6. Jean-Yves Leloup, *The Gospel of Mary Magdalene*, Inner traditions, 2002, p. 37.
7. *The Essential Rumi*, Translated by Colman Barks, Penguin Books, London, 1995, p. 17.
8. Geoffrey Hubbard, 1974, quoted in *Quaker Faith and Practice*, Fourth Edition, The Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) in Britain, 1995-2008, 26.12.
9. *The Dhammapada*, Penguin Classics, 1973, p. 64. 15.205
10. Op Cit, *The Bhagavad Gita*, p. 29. 5.27 and 28
11. *Rumi, Mathnawi*, ed. R. A. Nicholson, Chapter 1 Lines 112-15. Quoted in Annemarie Schimmel, *As Through a Veil: Mystical Poetry in Islam*, Oneworld Publications, 2001, p. 101.

12. Michael Leunig, *The Curly Pyjama Letters*, Viking, 2001.
13. Ibid.
14. Op cit, *Quaker Faith and Practice*, Advice 28.
15. Matthew 25 14-30.
16. See *The Bhagavad Gita*, Penguin Classics, 1962, translated by Juan Macasró, especially chapters 2-5; and Vinoba, *Talks on the Gita*, published by Sarva Seva Sangh Prakashan, 14th edition, November 2000, especially chapters 2-5.
17. Rufus Jones, *Quaker Faith and Practice*, The Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends, London, Fourth Edition, 1995-2008, 21.01.
18. Reviewing this text for publication in February 2022, I can report that we continue to meet every Tuesday.
19. See, for example: Alain Corbin, *A History of Silence*, Polity, 2019, Robert Sardello, *Silence: The Mystery of Wholeness*, Goldstone Press, Heaven and Earth Publishing and North Atlantic Books, 2006 and Max Picard, *The World of Silence*, Eight Day Press, 2002, first published in 1948.
20. Op Cit, *Quaker Faith and Practice*, Advice 13.
21. Op Cit, *Quaker Faith and Practice*, 19.57.
22. Ibid. 2.13.
23. Ibid. 2.15.
24. Ibid. 2.16.

25. Philip Sherrard, *Christianity, Lineaments of a Sacred Tradition*, T&T Clark, 1998.
26. Ibid. 246-7
27. *Tao Te Ching*, translated by Stephen Mitchell, Kyle Cathie, 2000.
28. Op cit, Huxley, 249-250.
29. See davidcadmanetwork.com/thoughts.
30. In her webinar series of Jung and his Red Book on the Ubiquity University website:ubiquityuniversity.org.