

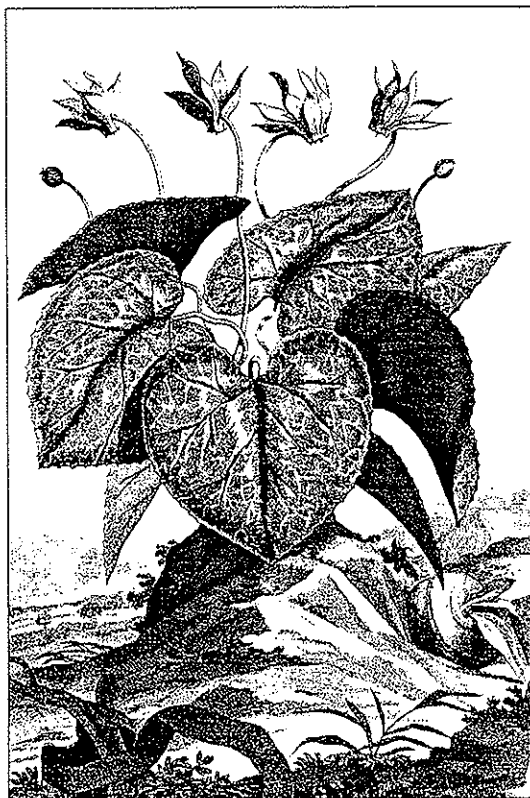
Daring to stand in the light

This morning, I found a strikingly beautiful cyclamen in the garden. It had been hidden by a large plant of wild rocket, which had seeded itself and I had left *in situ* to cover the empty space by the gate. The cyclamen had been completely forgotten. It looked a little shaky after its re-emergence to the light but now it has a chance to radiate its beauty to those who pass by. I uttered a prayer of thanks for its re-discovery and pondered on the wonder of life.

I've found something else as well. That simple thing had been hidden for years. Its exposure to the light is a little frightening but, handled with care, it seems to be responding well. What am I talking about? Please, take my arm for a while and come with me into my adventure of discovery.

A memo from Rex Ambler, calling the participants to a training week in Experiment with Light, at Glenthorne in the English Lake District, advised us that we would be coming together 'to stand in the light that exposes and discloses ... prepared to risk what the light may reveal, to do our own work but also to participate in each others' experiment and to see how we might be led to share our understanding more widely. ...

We can expect that this work will be challenging and moving'. Standing in the light is one thing. Being ripped open by it is quite another. For some on that training week the experience was incredibly painful. Tears, anger, frustration and intolerance were all there, in company with joy, laughter and hugs. For me, it was a revelation into the simplicity of my own truth. In a cool, detached way, I saw something of my real self,



looked closer, understood with something other than words and came to accept. There were some difficult questions for me to answer but, by looking into the light in the most honest way I could, I did find answers.

I'm not the only one who can do this. I heard that within Britain Yearly Meeting alone, light groups are plugging in! Perhaps it won't be long before the continent is alight too. With the aid of Rex's meditation guides, that which came to be true for Fox and early Friends can become available to us, despite our modern rush and demands of daily life. In that process of opening ourselves to the light and learning of the truth which is revealed, we can indeed become whole. That healing of our broken selves enables us to reach out to others 'with a tender hand'. In turn, if one lives and walks in that truth our natural response leads us to witness to the world and live our testimony to the truth that has been revealed.

The temptation to think that this is an inward navel-gazing process must be overridden. For sure it is a discipline which demands our time and concentration, but it actually leads us out of our ego-centred selves into something that cannot be named or touched – only experienced. We are asked to change, from selfish creatures into holy beings. We can choose as to whether we are ready for that.

Up to now, the language of George Fox has always passed me by. Thanks to *The Fox Anthology* that too has changed. His metaphors have become meaningful as I discover more of what they touch. The phrase, 'That of God' is Fox pointing us to the mystery without giving it a name. It is 'That of God which lets you see yourself', or equally, 'that in you which shows you the way to go'. We often struggle to get our heads around it and some have even juggled the words around to make sense of it!

The light shows us everything. Perhaps we do need to 'become as little children' to dare to stand in it. My little cyclamen, having been exposed to the light by the removal of the rocket plant, is now thriving. Maybe we could remove the things that cover us to reveal the startling self underneath. Others might stand and wonder at what is radiated. We might even find the words to explain how they can find the same for themselves.

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