

Quakers (from New Zealand, US, Rwanda, Cuba, Peru, Britain) in front of a very Peruvian-looking mountain.



A Godly Play workshop, where we were told a story of how to enjoy/explore God's creation (through our senses, through silence, through reading and music, through being together)

If closing worship is something to measure a gathering by, then this one was intense, soulful, and obedient to God's calling for us to be each other's voices and hands.

Obedience is something that comes out strongly for me from this conference. Someone shared about being obedient to God in a side note, and that has grown really strong in me. When I recognise that I'm called to share a message in worship (my heart is beating hard and I can't catch my breath, my face is trembling and my hands are cold sweating) - it's my obedience to this physical and emotional call that gives me back my freedom. Obedience has also meant asking for different friends to support me through transformational turmoil, because I couldn't go through it alone.

Transformation isn't done for us but through us. I believe that I have to give myself up in order to become something new. When I felt very troubled during the conference, a beautiful Friend said to me: "I always think about how hard it must be for a seed to break open." It's a very forceful symbol! A seed has to change its way of being in order to live. Sure, a seed can stay a seed if it stays in the same condition. But it will never continue a fuller life unless it does break; takes in the nourishment of its environment; and trusts that life will also happen after a transformation. After the death of a part of your ego... Life will re-emerge.

Kristin Skarsholt