

Adult Young Friends Epistle, 2015

AYF came into ILYM concerned about the present situation and the future of the group. Several members were stepping down and moving away, and the size of the group seemed to be shrinking.

Several individuals, who were more recently graduated from HS program, were hesitant to come to ILYM because of their apprehensions about AYF. They only knew about business meeting, and didn't know many AYF members, and entered ILYM with uncertainty about their role in the community and meeting.

"We stood at the edge of the camping groups, and watched tumbleweeds blow by, as only mosquitos swarmed from the muddy lake to greet us. AYF was nowhere to be found; present but unformed", a shadow within a dream. A single dove flew by, a lone signal of hope: they found no welcoming branch of friendship and flew out into the sunset to die.

That night I found myself drawn across the campground, a lonely moth to a light bulb of the false promises and half drowned in the muddy swamp of my disappointment and sorrows. Every inch of skin covered in moist and weeping sores, that even the mud could not keep me from scratching. We swam, and lo! Found ourselves on the island of envisioning, sheltered from the storm by the fair white tent of Quaker process and nourished with the sweet fruits of newfound community.

The gentle rain was as our tears, a symbol of the potential grandeur and the meta-self-hope from which our ideas sprung. At last we joined hands for the long black march to the land of the dead and beyond. Wherein we cuddle-puddled upon the guardian rocks of our ancestors - and stars lit our return. The body of the meeting was yet dismembered. We met for business and toiled on as paint dried and grass grew and the moon traveled across the sky-keeping up our strength and courage with pillaged pizza, won by brilliant and elaborate stratagems. The sweet taste made only sweeter by triumphs at Wink.

All this only to serve Adult Young Family!"