

UUMH Newsletter

236 Commercial Street • Provincetown • Massachusetts

September 2017

“The members of the UU Meeting House hold sacred each individual’s spiritual and ethical development. We welcome all and seek unity in diversity. We commit ourselves in service to the wellbeing of the congregation and to all of life.” ~Mission Statement of the Unitarian Universalist Meeting House of Provincetown



Photo: Susumu Kishihara



Photo: Marty Cowden

“My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
the more I have, for both are infinite.” Shakespeare

• Squirrel
something
away

• Turning over a
new leaf

• That's an old
chestnut

• The autumn of
our years

• You're the apple
of my eye!

• The apple doesn't
fall far from the
tree

• School days,
school days, dear
old Golden Rule
Days



[Editor's Note: In looking for a "school days" poem I came across this beauty by Langston Hughes which so wonderfully dovetails with April Baxter's essay in this issue.]

Theme for English B

by Langston Hughes

The instructor said,

Go home and write
a page tonight.
And let that page come out of you—
Then, it will be true.

I wonder if it's that simple?
I am twenty-two, colored, born in Winston-Salem.
I went to school there, then Durham, then here
to this college on the hill above Harlem.
I am the only colored student in my class.
The steps from the hill lead down into Harlem,
through a park, then I cross St. Nicholas,
Eighth Avenue, Seventh, and I come to the Y,
the Harlem Branch Y, where I take the elevator
up to my room, sit down, and write this page:

It's not easy to know what is true for you or me
at twenty-two, my age. But I guess I'm what
I feel and see and hear, Harlem, I hear you.
hear you, hear me—we two—you, me, talk on this page.
(I hear New York, too.) Me—who?

Well, I like to eat, sleep, drink, and be in love.
I like to work, read, learn, and understand life.
I like a pipe for a Christmas present,
or records—Bessie, bop, or Bach.
I guess being colored doesn't make me not like
the same things other folks like who are other races.
So will my page be colored that I write?
Being me, it will not be white.
But it will be
a part of you, instructor.
You are white—
yet a part of me, as I am a part of you.
That's American.
Sometimes perhaps you don't want to be a part of me.
Nor do I often want to be a part of you.
But we are, that's true!
As I learn from you,
I guess you learn from me—
although you're older—and white—
and somewhat more free.

This is my page for English B.

Worship Worship Worship
Worship Worship Worship
Worship Worship Worship
Worship Worship Worship



September Worship Services

Sunday, Sept. 3: Right Relationship **Rev. Kate Wilkinson**

*Civil discourse these days feels a little bit...uncivil!
What can we learn from the principles of Right Relationship to inform our interactions with strangers, those we disagree with, co-workers, fellow UUMH members, friends, and even ourselves?*

Rev. Kate's mom, Lynne, will be directing the choir on this Sunday while Mary is at her nephew's wedding!

Sunday, Sept. 10: Water Communion **Rev. Kate Wilkinson**

This morning we mingle waters from our favorite sources to create the holy water of our community. It is through the mingling of our stories, selves, and journeys that we create spirit-full community. Please bring a small amount of water from someplace special to you.

Sunday, Sept 17.: Rev. Christie Hardwick preaching

Sunday, Sept. 24: Apology & Forgiveness **Rev. Kate Wilkinson**

Inspired by the Jewish holidays of Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, we delve into the concepts of apology and forgiveness.

Helping Hands. . .

Another UUMH great idea! Do you need a ride? have a pet who needs a walk? need some medication picked up? Helping Hands has been at work since November assisting the UUMH community. Every month a different volunteer is in charge of matching your need up with someone who has volunteered to help. These volunteers are creative and resourceful people--
-don't hesitate!

Dianne Kopser is the facilitator:
508-237-1321

I've never known anyone yet who doesn't suffer a certain restlessness when autumn rolls around... We're all eight years old again and anything is possible.

Sue Grafton

A Note from Rev. Kate
A Note from Rev. Kate
A Note from Rev. Kate



September

Even though as an adult my life is not scheduled around a school year, there's a definite back to school feeling that I get every September. The evening air grows crisp, reminding me that summer has come to a close. I pick out a new day planner (yes, I'm the last woman in the world to still use a paper calendar) and start thinking more deeply about the year ahead. When I can I even buy a new outfit, which feels just as exciting as buying new school clothes did as a kid.

Even more than at the change of a calendar year, the beginning of Fall feels like a time for starting fresh, for making resolutions, for creating new habits and patterns. With less and less daylight, each hour feels more precious. There is new urgency for using my time well. It's also time to plant some new things in my garden... hearty vegetables that thrive in the cooler weather. New rows of carrots and lettuce. Kale that will last sometimes even through the winter months. It's still a growing season, after all.

I hope that the fall can be a generative and meaningful time for you, too. Let's do some planning together, and some dreaming. Let's look at our Meeting House habits and see if they are still healthy ones. Maybe we can even buy some fun new office supplies to play with! And to the teachers and kids in our midst... happy new school year to you!

Rev. Kate

Among Ourselves

Among Ourselves Ourselves

Among Ourselves



Among Ourselves

- At long last, **Bruce DeSteCroix** has had his ankle surgery. Here's hoping for some pain-free dog walking in the very near future.
 - Congratulations to **Frank Bellistri** on opening his new practice in town. We love having you among ourselves. Also, we are glad to hear your mom is doing better.
- So grateful that **Will Hildreth** is able to see and healing so well.
 - **Sasha Curran** had her knee surgery and we expect to see her lovely face back here soon!
 - **Barbara Loren-Murphy** is retired! How well-deserved is that?
- Welcome home, **Ellen Rottersmann**! We hated it when you weren't with us!
 - Thank you to **Melissa Nussbaum** for bearing witness for peace in Palestine and Israel! You are a warrior!
 - So sorry to hear that **Pastor Brenda Haywood's** friend, Julie passed away. We send our love to Brenda in these times.
- **Pastor Brenda** suffered a pretty bad fall when she was surprised in her garden by a Fisher Cat! Heal well, Brenda. We love you.
- Thoughts and love go out to **Kim Marrkand and Kathleen Henry** after a fall left Kim with a broken wrist. Healing thoughts and love go out to you. And speaking of falls, **Paul Roberts** fell down his stairs and broke his wrist in three places. We love you and **David Young** and send hopes for a speedy recovery.
 - **Ave Gaffney** rocked the PMC bike ride!
- We are missing: **Jan Ranken, Rita Burke, Sheila Sheehan and Nancy Yuronis**, to name a few.
- We are keeping **Tracy Katchick-Anders** and her family in our hearts.
 - We are thinking of **Annie Daignault** and all others who have been deeply impacted by the passing of Janice Allee.
 - **Susumu Kishihara** has had a photograph accepted into a book by none other than Cornell Laboratory of Ornithology. This is a big deal! And, by the way, may his back feel better soon!
- Here's hoping that **Keith Hunt** heals rapidly from his most recent surgery, on his nose, no less!
 - Welcome home **Kalden Wangmo**!

a reflection

a reflection. . . for action

In regard to Racism, I am simultaneously speechless and have too much to say...

Most of us realize by now that racism is very active in this country and in other parts of the world. After tragic happenings like what happened in Charlottesville, Virginia, people tend to be shaken up, woken up and at least seem to be paying attention... for a while.

What may surprise us is that racism exists in our own community. It's a more insidious, this silent form of racism, perhaps, than what we have seen on tv or read in the newspaper. To be completely honest, it is only through listening to the courageous sharing of stories by people of color that I have begun to have a change of perspective.

From a good friend who is a woman of color I heard: "I am sick and tired of living in a white person's world... not being 'seen' or 'heard' in my struggles of racial injustice."

Why do white people not see it? Why is it invisible to those of us who are white? Because we are not living it. We do not share the experiences and perspective of a person of color.

I've only begun my journey to better understanding through listening to people of color share their stories. This sharing is a key to opening the doors of better understanding. The courageous active sharing of stories from people of color and the active listening (putting our own white narrative aside while doing so) has put me on a journey toward a better understanding of what racism looks like in its more invisible and less obvious forms. To be an active listener means letting my defensive armor down and taking these stories in and believing them--not chalking them up to being coincidences or exaggerations. We who are white may find the stories we are told difficult to believe because we have not lived that reality. But, someone who has experienced it all their lives knows racism when they experience it. They are attuned to it because they have had to be, in order to survive.

In order for people of color to share their stories with those of us who are white people, there needs to exist a level of trust. If we who are white negate the stories of people of color by trying to explain away how it may have been a "coincidence", etc., then the white persons are not doing their part to build that trust. If I do that, I am not doing my part. I need to let people know they are in a safe space when sharing difficult stories with me--that they are truly being heard. This vital exchange is beneficial to both the story-teller and the listener... and bit by bit, like ripples in a pond, telling these stories and listening them, will benefit the whole world.

~ April Baxter



Sky Dance,, Denise DeMirjian

another reflection ... for action

The View From Here

My wife, Mel, and I participated in the March for Peace in Boston. That is what I am calling what we were a part of. A peaceful movement of people walking down a Boston avenue proclaiming the unity of citizens. As one poster stated, "There is Only One Side." We were united for equality for all--black, white, immigrants, gay, trans--everyone. I carried "Black Lives Matter" sign and my wife carried "Love is the Way" and "Love Trumps Hate."

We marched with our friends from Ptown; we stayed together; found water for each other; had each other's back--just in case. But there was no violence to be seen. The crowd was huge and had a rhythmic quality to it partly because much of the way, we marched next to a jazz band that added musical pop to the mantras we sang.

Having made the early morning trek to Boston with our small band of townies, we marched through the South End of Boston, where folks, young and old, appeared on their stoops and in their windows, some waving flags, eyes glued to the crowd, smiles on many faces. I felt a swelling in my own heart. I was there to say: I care; it's not ok; I am standing up for you in your neighborhood in your town. At that moment, there was a power, a force, a side to take. As we say in UU--**"Standing on The Side of Love."**

There were others in the march that were dressed in black, faces partly covered by bandanas. They marched alongside everyone else. I was intrigued by them, but never felt intimidated by them. I knew they were with "us." In some sense, I felt protected by them.

Towards the end of the march, as we neared the Commons, a young white male, dressed in black, appeared on the side of the road. At one point, he engaged one of the marchers verbally.

I can only surmise that the content of what was said was negatively-charged. He, too, intrigued me. I wanted to run over to him and engage with him, partly out of outrage and partly out of curiosity. My wife urged me to stay with our group--as she said, "We are here together; what you do affects us all." One of the marchers, dressed in

black, gorilla masked and carrying an American flag went over to the young man. I don't even know that words were exchanged, but the young man receded onto a stoop near the overpass. He sat watching the crowd go by, hands stuffed into his pockets--just watching.

The peaceful march went on. What stirred inside of me was a mix of fear, anger and curiosity. Was that man full of hate, a Neo-Nazi? He had looked scary to me, someone from the other side, someone to take down. But, I thought, what about that sign I saw as we started the march, "There Is Only One Side?" I could not reconcile what I was feeling and what I believed in that moment, on that day.

When we arrived on The Commons, we collapsed together under a tree. our little band of travelers, feeling the safety of the earth and space around us. My friends and I strolled the park. There were 3 or 4 gatherings of people in sections of the park, each with informal speakers, rallying the crowds: Black Lives Matter grouping, People for Socialism, and what I suspect was the Anti-Fa group. No violence. I felt at ease walking through the crowds. We stopped in front of the bandstand where the Freedom of Speech Rally had taken place a short time before. The space was empty. We had heard only 50 or so people had shown up for the rally.

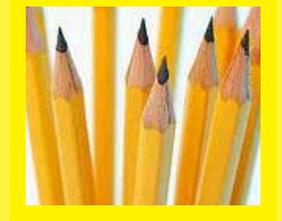
As we made our exit from The Commons, we met up with the Boston Police Commissioner Bill Evans. He was himself, casually dressed, strolling through the park. He stopped to speak to us. He said he was pleased with how the day was going, that 99% of the people had come for peace not violence. He made reference to a few scuffles that had happened earlier but assured us that it was minor in the face of thousands of people gathering together under these circumstances.

As I write this, I am still sitting with my feelings about and for that young white man and what he represents to me and my belief about "there is only one side." I suspect this will take me to a deeper place and more questions. Recently, I heard a spiritual teacher of mine say we all must wrestle with arrogance and ignorance.

Arrogance plus Ignorance creates the darkness.

~ Alison Dwyer

Racial Justice Provincetown



"Few will have the greatness to bend history itself, but each of us can work to change a small portion of events and in the total of these acts, will be written the history of this generation. It is from numberless diverse acts of courage and belief, that human history is shaped.

"Each time a person stands up for an ideal, or acts to improve the lot of others, to strike out against injustice, he sends forth a tiny ripple of HOPE. And crossing each other from a million different centers of energy and daring, those ripples build a current that can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance."

~ Robert F. Kennedy: University of Cape Town, South Africa:1966

RACIAL JUSTICE PROVINCETOWN was NEVER on VACATION! We continued pursuing our vision and mission to address racial injustice, bigotry and discrimination in Provincetown, the Outer Cape Cod communities, and in the wider spectrum of our country.

We opened July with the town's denial of our participation in the annual 4th of July community parade. Their objection was we were "too" social and political, based on our wearing apparel (T shirts), but NOT our mission and vision statements. The word " RACIAL" on our T shirts was not acceptable. After the town's decision, we began our plans for civil disobedience action at the Fourth celebration. We successfully got 200+ signatures to present to our Town Selectmen urging them to revise the town's rule concerning "social and political" marchers not being allowed in the parade. We report to you that the petition has been taken under advisement! We continue to strengthen our presence within town government, making small inroads with appropriate actions, that will develop an improved relationship with town government and town committees.

We recently received a Commendation of Service from the Provincetown Police Association for our commitment and support of racial and social equality. We believe that our strong police partnership is vital in shaping a diverse community where all residents have the same human rights, personal protection, and just process of law.

Racial Justice group has continued its focus on educational workshops, this summer offering "Transforming Racism: One Person at a Time:" facilitated by: Rev. Christie Hardwick. She states that the tools she introduced at the workshop will help individuals become aware of their own prevailing ideas or conclusions about racism and also perhaps, what to do about it. Rev. Christie's workshop is about recognizing that we all have ideas from which we act and some contribute to racial justice moving forward and some do not.

This workshop was a safe means for our personal exploration and guidance in our individual paths to right action.

Recently we were instructed in Civil Disobedience Training and also in "What happens when you get arrested."

This also was a community educational gathering at the UU Meeting House, open to all residents and group members involved in racial and social justice activism. This 5-hour course introduced participants to what non-violence is, why non-violence works, and also provided examples of non-violent actions. Small group discussions and "role -playing" added important do's and don'ts tips for days of protest.

Little did we know how soon this workshop would become invaluable as we got ready for the Boston Common Rally: LOVE IN BOSTON, August 19, 2017! Several members, friends and various community groups attended the day long rally to protest hate speech after a woman, Heather Heyer, was murdered in Charlottesville, VA by a neo-Nazi protestor who drove a car into a throng of peaceful protestors. While 20,000+ protestors waited on the Boston Common for 20,000 marchers to enter, we had an opportunity to share our thoughts and emotions with friends and strangers: why we came and what the rally speeches would entail, and our hope for a peaceful, nonviolent conclusion. When the speakers from the group whom we feared were going to use hate speech left without presenting their speeches, 40,000+ advocates for justice screamed their approval!!

There was a very large and old American Elm tree we were under to shade us from the hot and humid day. I reflected how many other Boston patriots had stood there deciding on political events of their time as we began to leave this historic old space. AUGUST 19, 2017 this gathering of 2017 Patriots made a unanimous new, historic decision: Boston and our Commonwealth would be "NO PLACE FOR HATE."

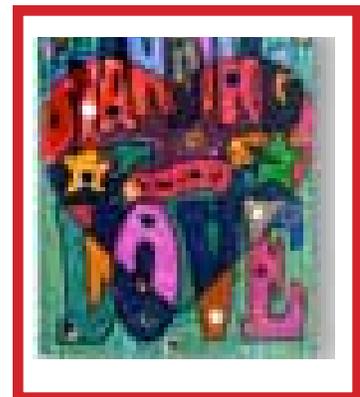
~ Next STAND for JUSTICE and PEACE VIGIL: Sat., Sept. 16, @ noon -1pm @ Town Hall

~ Next RACIAL JUSTICE PROVINCETOWN Meeting; Wed. Sept. 20, @ 5pm - 7pm

Racial Justice Provincetown
Pastor Brenda Haywood, chair



At the Boston Rally:
Alison and Mel Dwyer, and Donna Walker



Standing on the Side of
Love graphic designed by
Mason Morfit for the Art
in Motion by the Ocean
event.

We welcome all to our shores!
30th Provincetown Swim for Life
& Paddler Flotilla
September 9th!



Greetings Swimmers, Kayakers, Boaters, Volunteers and Friends,

The Big 3-0! It's still a bit surreal! We've turned the AIDS tragedy into an American story of resilience and hope!

Thank you for helping create this celebration of life.

We send our love and hope to the people of Texas and Louisiana in their time of tragedy.

For those who are swimming for the 25th time, or are joining the Circle of Honor, please let us know before the event. Thanks.

We have \$10,000 in prizes for top fundraisers and \$1000 Club members!

Check last year's prizes and 2017 business sponsors. Volunteers are still needed for help with: wetsuits and tea distribution, Long Point Platoon, Kayak assistance on the beach and cleanup (everyone's favorite!). Contact Ginny: rbinder@thebindergroup.com

Peace, Jay Critchley

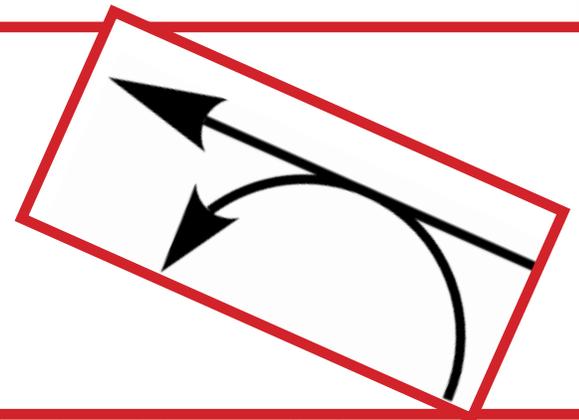
www.swim4life.org

**24th ANNUAL CELEBRATION OF LIFE
FREE COMMUNITY CONCERT ON FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 8
AT 8 PM
AT UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST MEETING HOUSE OF
PROVINCETOWN**

On every Friday after Labor Day since 1994, the historic and elegant sanctuary of Provincetown's Unitarian Universalist Meeting House in the center of town (236 Commercial Street) has been the home of an event filled with music, celebration, life, memory, and joy. It is the annual CELEBRATION OF LIFE concert, free in every aspect of the word: free admission, free performances, free space, time and labor. It is Provincetown's longest running free music festival. This year's **24th annual event begins on Friday, September 8 at 8pm.**

Hundreds of local and visiting performers have shared their talents throughout the years. The Celebration of Life's spirit is another expression of the legendary caregiving capacity that Provincetown's people continue to express in their daily lives.

This year's performers reflect a focus on international music and culture and include Anna Bell, Paul Bisaccia, Tony Castellanos, Tim Desrosiers, Peter Donnelly, Pastor Brenda Haywood, Roxanne Layton, Zoë Lewis, Ken Loneragan, Elena Mancheva, Zoran Matich, Dimitar Mitev, Hilde Oleson, Sylvie Richard, Scarbie, John Thomas, Janet Villas, West End Wendy Wendell, Rev. Kate Wilkinson and other surprises!



The Celebration of Life concert is not a fund-raiser: it's a FUN-raiser. Luminarias set along the path to the front door guide hundreds of Provincetown's extended community into the sanctuary where aromas and music fill the space. At precisely 8 pm, hundreds of colorful prayer ribbons rise up until they arch from the top of the trompe l'oeil ceiling to begin another Celebration of Life.

The Celebration of Life is produced and hosted by John Thomas and co-sponsored by the Unitarian Universalist Meeting House of Provincetown and Great Music on Sundays @5. The Celebration of Life is presented in association with the annual Provincetown Swim for Life and Paddler Flotilla, which launches the next morning.

"Celebrate your life, every day." – Laurel Brooke, Celebration of Life 1998

Announcements
Announcements
Announcements
Announcements

Start saving your give-aways now!
Yard Sale CHANGE OF DATE :
October 7th!!



Castle Hill has so many offerings and interesting goings-on, there is not enough room in these pages to announce them.

Please check it out at:

<https://www.castlehill.org>

Talent/No Talent? Show

September 22nd

A rare and memorable evening, always!

Contact Char about YOUR performance!

Contact Kathleen about donating a service to the service auction

Bring desserts!!

Check out the UUMH website for a brand new WEEKLY announcement of events! www.uumh.org

click on

THIS WEEK at the MEETING HOUSE

Hope And The Moment

So... (an increasingly popular introduction, it seems)... So, most of you know this part of my story – I grew up in a depressed family (yawn) and learned early-on of a genetic condition which (at the time, anyway) condemned me to a very short lifespan. As an adult I became a psychotherapist and soon decided to focus at least a portion of my practice on helping people who were living with dying. It was a deep, private confusion for me: growing up in a circumstance fairly devoid of hope – vowing that I myself never would be depressed – then choosing to tackle everyone’s dying. Training for that work taught me that it was (a) unethical to impose false hope on people facing dying, and (b) unethical to take hope away, even when there seemed none. Finally, each of the above, in their own time, led me to studying and practicing Buddhist meditation. The core wisdom I found (and surely needed to find) there was that life is inherently uncertain, momentary, and a fertile garden of suffering – at least until one can embrace life’s temporal, ever-changing nature. This could have made room for both Hope and Inevitability. In my tainted view, however, it simply confirmed what my childhood had shown me – that the source of anguish inherent in life was the illusion of Hope. Clearly some form of Hope must have been alive and well somewhere inside my smiling, compulsively not! depressed! persona. But on the outside I embraced and worshipped at the altar of stoic Inevitability. “We’re all dying,” I smiled too-broadly to myself and to others (masking the continuing confusion inside). “Just honor and enjoy the Moment we’re in.”

Then, as most of you also know, last December the FDA unexpectedly announced approval of the first-ever treatment for the genetic, neuro-muscular condition I’ve lived with all my life. It isn’t a cure, but with ongoing treatment it has been shown to stop and reverse the progression of nerve-muscle deterioration, and significantly extend lives – possibly even deferring death until an unrelated, more typical terminal condition might naturally claim us.

My partner and I were utterly stunned – it seemed even more inconceivable than the November election had felt. I myself had never even imagined such a thing in my own lifetime – and, as a champion of my own not! depressed! I had never dared consider Hope as an option, even through decades of sincere friends urging that I try mega-vitamins, positive consciousness, the willingness to be well, and the zillion other honest efforts to cure me of Inevitability. Even with this shocking news, my first response was to convince my partner that, while it might be true, we should keep it to ourselves until we knew more. In fact, I soon realized, the slight chance, not of experiencing physical improvement, but merely of experiencing Hope, was deeply traumatizing me. It was as though I could hear my family’s sorrow snickering at me.

But that story isn’t my message here, so fast forward to late Spring. After six months of researching the trials and the FDA approval, contacting pharmaceutical and advocacy officials, and communicating directly with the neurologists chiefly involved in the trial studies, I found – as had most others with Spinal Muscular Atrophy who were drawn into the frenzy of sudden, unexpected Hope – a virtual, indeed national, wall of silence. I’ll spare you the activist’s agonizing frustrations – what I want to share here is

the spiritual epiphany I experienced when I realized that this peaceful Inevitablist was EN-RAGED at Hope being stolen from the hundreds of thousands of us who had risked so much by being seduced into the simple, albeit naïve, American belief that a discovered, approved, life-altering medication surely would be as accessible as cancer, heart or other treatments were. In fact, this miracle drug was virtually nowhere to be found, with no source claiming to have any explanation or responsibility. The last veil of life-long pretense in my not! depressed! belief in non-Hope was being violently ripped from around my heart.

Then, one day in July, my partner quietly observed, “Remember, we were happy before the news of this discovery.” Another epiphany – suddenly becoming clear that I had in fact succumbed to Hope and its agony of disappointment – that my former un-Hoping belief in Inevitability had been flat and without some vibrant, essential truth – and that my fear of Hope had been not only of the agony of Disappointment, but a fear about how to embrace both Hope and my abiding trust for living in the Moment. It seemed that I had been embracing life’s “duality” theoretically, but had long avoided feeling it in my heart. And, while this avoidance had cushioned me through much pain of life’s pain, now it was disintegrating.

I won’t say more, except to let you know that my fervent research and self-advocacy decided to take a restful summer vacation, basking in the light and ecstatic agony of duality, keeping Hope serenely in the Moment. I’ve learned that some of us are addicted to Hope; some are allergic to it; and that Hope is the subject of many of countless divine inspirations as well as the source of some of our most profoundly painful disappointments and sorrows. Countless human parables, phrases and expressions have depicted our inner struggles with Hope, our fear of it, and our wish to find the peace of being in the Moment. So many of our wisest beings have tried to offer remedies for these inner conflicts. “Only in the darkness can you see the stars,” said Martin Luther King, Jr. I’m not philosophically or theologically sure why we cannot have both the light of day and the magical stars of night, but it seems we cannot – physically, anyway – although I’m beginning to see that we might see both if we manage to venture (or find ourselves thrust) beyond our personally constructed boundaries.

~Michael Fernandes



“We must accept finite disappointment, but never lose infinite hope.” Martin Luther King, Jr.



Guess!



Guess again!



"REJOICE! Where is Mr.U(Urbanski), the band director? I need the practice and performance schedules for marching band and concert band." In high school, I was always so filled with anticipation and excitement for a wonderful musical year ahead. Rita Burke



Left to Right: Rev. Kate, Sasha Curran, Roger Chauvette, and Roger Chauvette again!

A big thank you to all of your for patience about this delayed newsletter.
Thank you for kindness about my wife's injury. She is on the mend!
Your Editor

The act of sharpening your pencil--the purpose therein.
The striving.
The papery curl of the bright yellow shaving--a corona.
The pointiness of
the tip, its angle to the page.



Too much pressure--
and it will snap.

Too little pressure--
and words will fade, will
fail you.

Get your wits about you! Grab a fistful,
sharpen them, each,
Line 'em up!

Call to the muse: I am ready!
Where are you?
[KMH]



Back Page

The
Meetinghouse News

Kathleen Henry, Editor

Submissions are welcomed
and encouraged!

Please submit written work,
announcements,
and artwork,

by the 20th
of the month

to

meetinghousenews@gmail.com