

UUMH Newsletter

236 Commercial Street • Provincetown • Massachuset

December 2018

“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



Love is the Spirit



Worship Committee Retreat

Rev. Kate
Char
Kathleen
Ellen
Kate
Jen
Ryan



Walking Club

Ellen, Marty, Rev. Kate

of this Meeting House

December



Photo by: Annette Olsen

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

December



••**Sunday, December 2: Hanukkah** Rev. Kate Wilkinson

Each year we tell the ancient story of the Maccabean Revolt and the rededication of the temple in Jerusalem after it has been defiled. The miracle of the oil lasting for eight nights is a story of perseverance and faithfulness. But even though the same story has been told for centuries, some familiar Hanukkah traditions are actually relatively new. It is an evolving holiday as well as an ancient one. This morning we explore how candles, donuts, latkes, chocolate coins and dreidels have come to be treasured parts of the Hanukkah celebration.

••**Sunday, December 9: Something Told the Wild Geese**
Rev. Kate Wilkinson

Inspired by Rachel Field's beautiful poem, Something Told the Wild Geese, we reflect this morning on knowledge that lives deep within us. Perhaps it has been passed down from our ancestors, or maybe it is knowledge from our own past experiences, but we each have instincts and inner wisdom that help to guide us through life. How do we access that wisdom more fully?

••**Sunday, December 16 Time Audit** Rev. Kate Wilkinson

In the natural world, some animals use the winter months to hibernate. In the story of Mary and Martha in the Bible, Jesus chastises Martha for being so busy while Mary sits at his feet and listens. But we also know stories like the Ant and the Grasshopper by Aesop in which the ant prepares for the winter while the grasshopper has fun and then regrets it. What do all these stories teach us about how to use our time? Can we use this winter to take an honest look at how we use our time and whether or not our choices actually reflect what we value?

••**Friday, December 21: Winter Solstice 5pm in Acker Bosworth Hall**

Tonight we sit in the darkness of the Winter Solstice and tell ancient stories of the return of the light.

••**Sunday, December 23: Winter Lessons and Carols** Rev. Kate Wilkinson

Bringing together tales of Christmas, Solstice and Hanukkah, we celebrate the winter season in story and in song this morning.

••**Monday night, December 24: Christmas Eve** Rev. Kate Wilkinson 7pm

Annual Christmas Eve candlelight service. Bring friends!

••**Sunday, December 30: Taize Service**
Rev. Christie Hardwick

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



Homemade Christmas

Last Christmas as we looked at the endless piles of wrapped gifts under the tree at my sister's house, my family experienced a collective re-evaluation of our holiday habits.

For one thing, we decided that there were too many gifts. It wasn't a joyful sense of abundance that was driving our gift-giving but rather a capitulation to consumerism. It was too many and too much. On the spot my mother, sister, Lisa and I committed to only giving home-made Christmas presents this year.

Instead of frantic holiday shopping, my mother has been knitting sweaters and the rest of us have been stretching our creative crafting abilities. There will be far fewer gifts under the tree this year. But they will all be meaningful and personal.

Another big change is that we won't be together on Christmas this year. This change brings both sadness and relief. I love being with my family on Christmas morning. And seeing my Connecticut relatives for dinner. And Lisa also likes seeing the different branches of her family tree. But our commitment to these traditions means that all we do on Christmas is drive. Last year I drove eight hours through two snowstorms and for an entire hour thought my mother had been in a car accident. It was awful. And I decided not to do it this year.

For the first time ever, I am staying home on Christmas.

So things are changing and as with all change, there will undoubtedly be some sense of loss involved. I love holiday traditions, but we can't let our traditions own us. We can't let the marketing of the season own us. Each year we have to be a little self reflective about what we are holding onto and why. And ask what it would be like if we tried something different.

Who knows, maybe I'll regret it. But I'm having a homemade Christmas this year.

I can't wait!

Rev. Kate

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 2016 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

from the Board

from the Board



Board Report for December 2018

On November 18, approximately 13 people took the CPR training after Sunday service. It was a really valuable session and our trainer extraordinaire, Gordon Miller, familiarized us with our new AED (Automated External Defibrillator).

We are now equipped to save lives. I am constantly amazed by the willingness and generosity of this congregation. Throughout the training, participants offered up their own experiences and it rounded out our learning in such a humane way.

I want to thank you all for being there and for helping our Meeting House become a “Safer Space!”

submitted by Jane Lea

[i carry your heart with me(i carry it in]

by e. e. cummings

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere
i go you go,my dear;and whatever is done
by only me is your doing,my darling)
i fear
no fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i want
no world(for beautiful you are my world,my true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;which grows
higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)





Among Ourselves
Among Ourselves Ourselves
Among Ourselves

Among Ourselves

*To all affected
by the fires*

in California, we send love and strength.

*Paul Breen made it through his surgery and we are happy
to have him back with us.*

Steve Gove is home and recuperating from cardiac surgery.

*Welcome home, Kalden! We are so happy you and Bodhi
found a new forever home! We are also happy to know that Kalden's mom is
home and well after suffering a minor stroke.*

*Great to have Annie Daignault back in our midst. Let's savor her before she
scurries off to Florida.*

*Jan Fox, may you walk without pain and play many rounds of golf or
whatever you want to with your new knee!*

*Kate Wallace Rogers and her son, Oliver, are being held tightly in our hearts.
We are still surrounding Christie Hardwick and Jane Harper with love and kind-
ness.*

*We miss some of our folks around here. The lovely Bernie Mainz and her equally
lovely wife, Margueriete Van Doren. And speaking of lovely, where is that Sheila
Ryan?*

We wish all
a happy
season

Love

is

the

spirit

of

this

Meeting

House



'Twas the night before Christmas, when all
through the Meeting House

Just one creature did stir-- *April's* little rascal
mouse.

"Black Lives Matter" hung o'er the doorway
with care,

In hopes that equality soon would be here.



Rev. Kate in her stole, with *Jane* as Worship
Host,
Had just started the service when up from the
coast
Landing down on the lawn, there arose such a
clatter,
Marty, Peter and *Bo* sprang up to see what was
the matter.
Away to the window *Will* and *Richard* flew
like a flash,
Lorraine and *Nina* tore open the shutters;
Nathalie, Michelle and *Elizabeth* threw up the
sash!



The moon on the crest of the *Wave* in a
Bonnie billow
Upon *Pat* and *Steve* cast a lustre, a *Gallant*
seaglow.

When what to *Jen* and *George* and *Marie*
and *Norma* and *June* and *Brian* and *Kurt* and
Brenda's wondering eyes did appear,
But a miniature sleigh and at least eight-een
of our main dears!

With a little old driver so lively and quick,
We knew in a moment she must be our
Crick't!



More rapid than seagulls her helpers they came,
As she whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, *Moses!* now, *Lawrence!* Now *Jimmy & Ellen!*
On, *Ryan!* on, *Ada!* on, *Susan and Karen!*
On *John,* and on *Rita,* on *Terri,* and *Courtney!*
Now *Michael,* now *Kalden,* now *Sewall,* now *Jerry!*
Now *Dana!* Now *Sheila!* Eighteen in all—
Wait-- plus *Shelley,* and *Jonathan,* *Nancy* and *Paul.*
To the top of the vane, to the top of the steeple!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away, people!"
As leaves that before the *Howell-*ing hurricane fly
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the church top, the helpers, they flew
With the sleigh full of gifts, and good *Cricket*
too.



Len, Loretta and Char could hear on the shingles
Such dancing and singing it gave *Kate Wallace Rogers* the tingles;
As *Peg* and *Frank Drew* in their heads and turned 'round,
Down the bell rope *Ms. Cricket* came with a bound.
She was dressed all in seaweed, from her head to her hand,
And her clothes were all covered with seashells and sand;
A bundle of gifts she had stored in a box,
And she handed it over to *Lisa*, to *Eric*, and also *Jan Fox*.
Linda's eyes — how they twinkled! *Alison's* dimples, how merry!
Bruce's cheeks were like roses, *Elaine's* nose like a cherry!
Mel's droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the hair on *Anne's* (& *Anna's*) head was as white as the snow;
A fish from the cellar was in the hand of our *Keith*;
Bernie placed it in the center of our holiday wreath;
Bill made a joke; *Kat* and *Chris* crooned.
Kathleen shook when she laughed; *Mary* sang a sweet tune



Dianne (& Dian, Diana) & Mason were right jolly old elves
Barbara, Christie and Tony laughed in spite of themselves;
Stan and Dan winked an eye and *David* nodded his head
And *Roger and Kitty* hoped for good going ahead.

Cricket spoke not a word, but went straight to her work,
And handed out presents; then turned with a jerk,
And laying her finger aside of her nose,
And giving a nod, up the bell rope she rose;
She sprang to her sleigh, to her team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.

But we heard her exclaim, ere she drove out of sight—
“Share your gifts with the world!
And to all a good night!!”

Announcements Announcements Announcements



Check out the UUMH website for a
WEEKLY
announcement of events!
www.uumh.org
click on
THIS WEEK at the MEETING HOUSE

UUMH Members!

Sunday December 2 after the service

2018 ANNUAL MEETING

ALWAYS IMPORTANT

USUALLY FUN!



Member's Mailing

Haiku-ish

Letters for Member's Meeting
each label I pause...
thinking of the addressee
and smile

by April Baxter

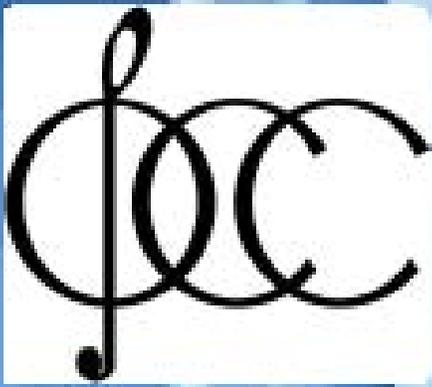


JOHN THOMAS

IS THE FEATURED PERFORMER

**COFFEEHOUSE AT THE MEWS IN
PROVINCETOWN**

MONDAY DECEMBER 3 AT 7PM



FAURÉ

Requiem

Rutter

**Outer
Cape
Chorale**
&
Chamber
Singers

Allison
Beavan,
Artistic Director

When
Icicles
Hang

Dec. 7 & 8
Provincetown
Town Hall 7 PM

Dec. 9
Orleans
Nauset Middle
School 3 PM

Admission is
FREE



UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

Many UUMH
members are
singers in the
Outer Cape
Chorale:

Come support
them!



UU Meeting House News,

Even by his poisonous standards, the rhetoric President Trump has used to describe the caravan of families desperately fleeing brutal violence in Central America is appalling. Now, he's taken executive action to limit the ability of migrants to seek asylum at the southwest border.

We can't know how many of these families will withstand such malice and actually reach our border. But there are two things we do know:

They have every legal right to seek asylum in our country.

The Trump administration will do everything it can to block them from exercising that right.

That's why UUSC is urgently working with our grassroots partners to give this group of asylum-seekers the support and assistance they urgently need.

And that's why I'm asking you to support this urgent effort by making a special contribution to UUSC right now.

Every dollar you send right now will help our partners on the ground welcome these exhausted families with the compassion they deserve and defend their rights against whatever actions the Trump administration is planning.

Right now, UUSC staff are in El Paso meeting with partners in Texas to prepare the way for an immediate response. With your emergency contribution, we will work with local partners to make sure that every family that crosses the border gets the legal support they need to apply for asylum and also help them gather documentary evidence from their home countries to support their claims.

We have to be prepared. Please, send what you can right now to protect vulnerable families at the border.

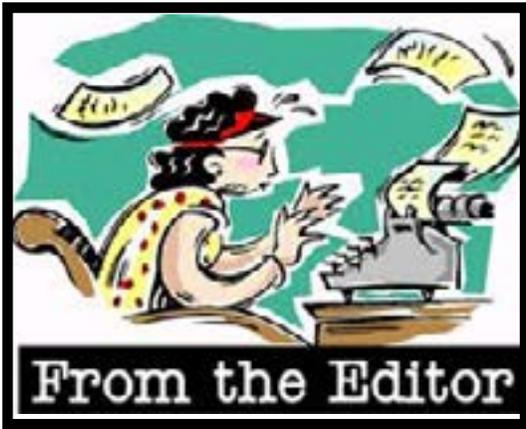
Thank you so much for getting back to me right away and for all that you do to put our values into action.



Sincerely,

Rev. Mary Katherine Morn
President and CEO

P.S. There's no telling how far President Trump will go in his campaign against these vulnerable families. We're doing everything we can to help — but we need your support, urgently. I hope you'll be as generous as possible but thank you for whatever you are able to give.



Okay, what is Christmas to a UU? For those in the UU Christian Fellowship it is the celebration of the birth of Jesus.

For some UUs it can be a problematic holiday.

Theology and Deity (and commercialism) aside, Christmas is a day that promotes giving and kindness, hospitality and joy. Love, too.

Those things are certainly worth incarnating in the world and we can do that by sharing our giving hearts, by being open to kindness and to being kind, by being welcoming and thankful for being welcomed, and by being joyful even when times are tough.

It all comes down to love, whether of the Divine or human variety. (or both!)

UUs celebrate love on Christmas Day.



Meditation on Eternity

by Pat Curran

Love is
Our beginning and our ending
A silent spring
From which arises
The tenderness that caresses all that is,
A spiral on whose undulating waves we ride
Spilling out
(With mouths wide open to an unsounded Om)
Into that sweet place
Of Being and Belonging.



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