



The Mystic Messenger

June • July • August

Reflecting on Covenant

“A Covenant is a living, breathing aspiration, made new every day”

Rebecca Kelley-Morgan

One hears often that Unitarian Universalism is a covenantal faith, rather than a creedal one. As a religious tradition that embraces a plurality of beliefs and non-belief, we do not devote our worship and practices to one understanding of ultimacy. We don't commit to a single definition of the ineffable, nor do we ask members to make a profession of faith. But that doesn't mean we are without a central core. We are a people of covenant. Webster's defines covenant as *a usually formal, solemn, and binding agreement*. The sacred texts of the Jewish and Christian faiths define covenant as *an agreement between God's people and God*. In 1960 when American Unitarian Association and the Universalist Church of America joined to create the Unitarian Universalist Association of today, the Commission on Appraisal established through consensus an affirmation of our Principles. Since then, the Principles have been revisited and amended. Today *“We the Member Congregations of the Unitarian Universalist Association Covenant to affirm and promote”* the Principles and Sources of our faith (see p. 9).

I prefer Victoria Safford's definition quoted in the title of this piece. We do not just agree and then seal up the promises in stone carvings or unchanging theologies or relationships. We are a people of covenant, and our promises are renewed every time we gather. Our covenant offers both guidance and aspiration in the promises we make to one another. I call these chalkboard promises. Not promises that are so meaningless that they will be erased and forgotten, but rather promises that are so significant



that we do not engrave them once and call ourselves done. Promises written in chalk must be re-inscribed lest they fade. We write our covenants over and over again, testing for the sincerity and au-

thenticity of the words and challenging ourselves to evaluate how well we have lived into our aspirations.

Chalkboard promises make space for change, growth and transformation. And we, each one of us, make space for that growth. In doing so, we powerfully create and re-create our communities of faith. Our covenant comes to life in our actions with and on behalf of each other. Our covenant is written not only in ink or chalk, but in the lives we live when our hearts and minds are willing to live larger than mere words can convey. ©

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Winchester Unitarian Society

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Rev. Heather writes...

As I write this reflection, we are in a time of turning, from the rhythms and energy of one season and into the next...

We turn from days that move back and forth between the chill of winter and the warmth of spring to deep heat. We turn from the relentless demands of school and work to (hopefully) a summer that includes times to relax, to travel, to sit by the edge of the water – with loved ones or alone – to just “be.” We turn from regular commitments to communities we cherish to (hopefully) times of setting things aside for a time – renewing, restoring, regrouping our efforts.

Long-time members of the WUS community know that congregational life shifts in the summer. We go into slower gear, a simpler time of being together. And, yet, I am mindful that not everyone has the gift of paid time away from work or the resources to travel. I am mindful that for all of us, our social and spiritual needs do not suspend for two months.

So, as I think of this season ahead, it is with anticipation and a sense of loss. It will be good to connect with the wider Unitarian Universalist family at General Assembly in New Orleans and it will be good to rest, to spend ample time making my new house a home. I look forward to joining Cynthia Randall and Mary Saudade in visiting



our Partner Church community in Transylvania and coming back to the beautiful, familiar place of my family’s cabin in northern New Hampshire. The photo is from Back Lake, the view outside the cabin’s window. (If things go as planned, I will make that trip with a new member of my family, a dog. It is time to adopt again!)

But through it all, I will miss the experience of the program year. I will miss deep engagement with the community through worship, learning, service and meaningful work. I need to change gears and slow down but I don’t want what I love about congregational life to go on hiatus.

Thankfully, our worship ministry will continue through the leadership of June Edwards and the many gifted members who will preach. If you have never attended a summer worship service, I highly recommend it. We will also be blessed by Intern Minister Deborah Morgan Bennett’s service as our Summer Minister. Deborah will be offering

some low-key programs throughout the summer to feed body, mind and soul.

May this coming season be one of contentment, happiness and peace, wherever we go and no matter if we stay put. Either way, be sure to collect a little water during the summer to bring to the Ingathering Water Communion service on September 10th. See you then! @

Experience General Assembly ONLINE!

General Assembly (GA) is the Annual Meeting of the UUA. This year, GA is in New Orleans from June 21-25. Attendees worship, witness, learn, connect, and make policy for the Association through democratic process. Anyone may attend; congregations must certify annually to send voting delegates. There are no delegates from WUS, but Rev. Heather, Sam Wilson, and Alison Baron are all attending. If you can’t be there in person, the following events will be streamed live on the web at <http://www.uua.org/ga/2017>. No registration required. *Times are Central Daylight Time.*

- **Wednesday, June 21** Welcoming Celebration and General Session I 7:30 PM - 9:00 PM
- **Thursday, June 22** Morning Worship 8:00 AM - 8:30 AM / General Session II 8:45 AM - 12:15 PM / Service of the Living Tradition 8:00 PM - 9:30 PM
- **Friday, June 23** Morning Worship 8:00 AM - 8:30 AM / General Session III 8:45 AM - 12:15 PM / Presidential Candidates Forum 8:00 PM - 9:30 PM
- **Saturday, June 24** Morning Worship 8:00 AM - 8:30 AM / General Session IV 8:45 AM - 12:15 PM / Synergy Bridging Worship 5:00 PM - 6:15 PM / Ware Lecture 8:30 PM - 9:30 PM
- **Sunday, June 25** Sunday Morning Worship 9:00 AM - 10:30 AM / General Session V / Closing 12:30 PM - 3:30 PM

For more information [.http://www.uua.org/ga/off-site](http://www.uua.org/ga/off-site)

As part of this year's pledge campaign, we invited members to share why they give to Winchester Unitarian Society.

Why I Give to WUS

Vanessa Gobes

During a 2013 interview, comedian Louis C.K. talked about his dysfunctional relationship with smart phones. The moment he'd feel emptiness or loneliness, typically while alone in his car, he'd start texting friends. He would message dozens of people, looking for someone to end the silence, fill the void. The day he became aware of this habit, he pulled his car to the side of the road and bawled. By surrendering to the emptiness, he was able to experience the wholeness just beyond it. To smartphone users, he warned, "You never feel completely sad or completely happy, you just feel kind of satisfied with your product. And then you die."

(That's supposed to be funny.)

This got me thinking about the long list of products I buy—some technical, some not—and whether they make me "just feel kind of satisfied."

Three grande chai lattes at Starbucks: \$4.25 each. I bought the first one on my sister's recommendation. I bought the second one because, even though I didn't like the latte all that much, I wanted to share in the family tea drinking ritual. I bought the third one because walking to my office holding a steaming Starbucks cup made me feel like I was part of the cool kid club.

I'm not sure there will be a fourth. \$12.75 worth of tea does not magically tether me to my family—only love does that. While navigating Thompson Street with a latte in hand helps me play a coveted role, it's really not me.

Once, I subscribed to three years' worth of the *Oprah Magazine* for just \$84. The magazines stacked up in my family room, unread. I'd look at them and think, "I should read those." One day, I found my daughters in the kitchen with poster board and glue, scissors and glossy clippings... making vision boards. \$84 worth of neglected inspiration... brought to life with mixed feelings of relief and waste. I haven't subscribed to another magazine since.

In her book *The Art of Money*, Barri Tessler suggests that we do a "Body Check-in" every time we make a financial transaction: You close your eyes, take a conscious breath, and become aware of the way your body feels physically, then notice any emotions and thoughts that rise up while swiping your credit card or handing over



your hard-earned dollars. I have been mindfulness practitioner for about 10 years—in fact, I own a meditation center here in town—but I had never practiced a body scan at a cash register. What I learned was fascinating.

At BJ's, while hoisting cases of organic chocolate milk and bulk granola bars onto the conveyor belt: tight chest, shame, thoughts of "Wow, that's a lot of sugar for my growing kids."

In my kitchen, while reviewing an Amazon cart filled with books: squinty eyes, overwhelm, thoughts of, "How many self-help books can one woman own?"

At the local shoe store while ringing a pair of overpriced waterproof boots: sinking belly, fear, thoughts of "Why am I doing this when my kids need new sneakers and spring is only four months away?"

My response? Well, I abandoned the granola bars on the belt, replaced my Amazon order with a trip to the library, and after a few weeks of deliberation, returned those waterproof boots—unused, of course.

This check-in at check-out is helping me to better understand the way I want to feel about spending money. Just "kind of satisfied" about a product, followed by death, ain't gonna cut it. I want to use the energy of money to feel uplifted and help others feel the same. Tessler says, "Body Check-in never glosses over the complexity of our emotions, but often reveals new depths—both positive and negative."

There are lots of times I feel positive during financial transactions:

Writing checks to the talented teachers at my center.

Purchasing plane tickets for a special mother-daughter getaway.

Ordering the supergrain bowl at B.Good in Woburn.

And slipping cash into the offertory bowl every Sunday here in church.

When John signals the choir to rise, I usually dig through my purse for money. I check in with my body. Sometimes my eyes well up or my heart flutters. Most of the time I smile. I feel safe, supported, and think, "Everything about this place makes sense to me."

I've never left here wishing I gave less. In fact, it's the opposite. There are days when I open my purse and produce only a crumpled dollar bill. I make hound-dog eye contact with the usher as I make my financial transaction and am received not with loneliness or emptiness, but with a wink or a smile. Spending money here—no matter how much—feels good. Downright satisfying. @

Goodbye from Deborah

We come into the world not knowing that one of the major lessons we will need to learn is how to say good bye. It's one of those little secrets about life that we don't often talk about.

Hellos, beginnings, new opportunities are the things our hope dwells within. Walking into the gorgeous stone building at the corner of Mystic Valley and Main over a year ago was one of those beginnings that filled me with hope.

I had come that day to explore the church and its people as I was deciding on a location for my internship – a decision that I quickly realized it would not be hard to make. It wasn't just that so many folks came to introduce themselves to me that day or that Rev. Heather's sermon was wonderful, or that the music was spectacular or that Judy Murray uttered those fateful words, "would it kill ya?" from the lectern or that Sara Delano took me to Mamadou's after the service and gifted (bribed?) me with a loaf of their delicious bread. No, it was something more.

Have you ever walked through a bookstore or the library and a book that you weren't necessarily looking for jumps off the shelf and lands by your feet or at least catches your attention in a way that you just know you must read it? You begin reading and after only a few pages you discover that it contains the exact message you needed to hear. Well, that bookstore for me was the Winchester Unitarian Society and its beloved community was the sacred book.

And what a read it has been! I could take pages and pages to write about how each one of you in large and small ways have contributed to my growth as a minister and as a person. All the stories would be different, but each one starts and ends with two very important



things: your heart and your willingness to share it. Whether you were serving on a committee, as a pastoral care associate or worship associate, engaging in an after service group conversation or social justice work, whether we crossed paths while doing yoga, meditation or qi gong, or

chopping veggies at the Women's Lunch Place, whether you came to a Sacred Sisters' Supper, Soup and Conversation or a spaghetti meal before Vespers, whether you are one of the youngest visitors, or are one of the oldest members, whether WUSYG is your Sunday spot or you prefer your regular Sunday am pew your presence in all its many ways has been a gift and I thank you with my whole heart.

As I get ready to do that hardest of things and say goodbye, I am aware that I long as well to say I am sorry. I am sorry if there was ever a moment when you did not feel heard or held, if you ever felt that my words were not what you needed in the moment or if I somehow did not fulfill my promise to you.

(continued on p. 7)

September *Welcome*
October *Courage*
November *Abundance*
December *Hope*
January *Intention*
February *Perseverance*
March *Balance*
April *Emergence*
May *Creativity*
June *Blessing*

2017-2018 Worship Themes

The Winchester Unitarian Society is a [Soul Matters](#) congregation, connecting with many other UU communities in drawing from resources organized around monthly themes.

Like this year, we are actively seeking visual art from people in the congregation that illustrates these themes. Have you or someone in your family created a painting, sculpture, photograph or drawing that depicts "abundance?" "Balance?" You need not be a professional artist, just someone who creates from the heart. Contributions from people of all ages welcome! If you have images that illustrate any of these themes and you

grant permission for their use on the Order of Service, contact Rev. Heather.

Stories from WUSYG's Trip to the Border

A travel journal and collection of stories from teens who tell us what impacted them the most on their "Activate Immigration Justice" immersion learning journey with the UU College of Social Justice

Day 1:

Arrival at partner organization, BorderLinks, in Tucson, Arizona. Our group included 13 teens, 6 from the UU Area Church at First Parish in Sherborn, and 7 from Winchester Unitarian Society: Pang Boches, Lana Clifford, Teva Kenny, Beatrice Magee, Kate McPhee, Jared Richardson & Elizabeth Sharon. There were 4 adult leaders

including former WUS Intern Minister, now Reverend Heather Concannon, and Sam Wilson, who served as WUS adult leader and as the trip's Program Leader from the UU College of Social Justice.

Day 2:

Easter Service at Southside Presbyterian Church, known for beginning the Sanctuary Movement in the US in the 1980s.

Desert Hike near Lake Arivaca and water/food drop for partner organization No More Deaths.

As I stepped out of the car, a few miles from the border, I was immediately hit by a wave of heat. As I got over the feeling, I noticed that I was in a desert, though one with lots of vegetation. As I started the walk, I noticed the danger of the ground, with jagged rocks and spiked bushes, and I realized immediately that this would be a long and treacherous hike. As we went farther away from everything I considered to be safe, I noticed how tired the group seemed. We got to an enclosed area on the trail a little while later and sat



The group notes the stark contrast between the Arizona desert and the ugliness of our border policies for those who migrate through it

down. As I sat down I noticed that I was in a shaded area for the first time that afternoon. Our BorderLinks leader, Cy, told us all about the walk and how it was similar to and different from the actual crossing that many undocumented immigrants have to face. We were told that it could take a week's worth of hiking in dangerous areas just like this, which were also home to snakes and other dangerous creatures, and with little access to water or respite from the glaring sun. Despite the dangers, some of the crossers were relieved to finally be en route, as they had often been planning their trip for months if not years. I was intrigued by Cy's telling of the average time it took to get medical help for those who are hurt this close to the border. In many cases, if someone actually had access to a cell phone and called 911, it would take an average of 7-8 hours and typically at least 4 in order for a rescue team to reach them, not because of the distance but because they were assumed to be undocumented, and therefore not a high priority. In many cases people close to the border, whether immigrants or not, died because they were not pro-

vided with the 10 minutes that it usually takes to reach a person who calls 911 from elsewhere in the US.

As we were heading back to Tucson we had to go through a border patrol checkpoint. Though we had already gone through this point on the way to the hike, it was more taxing to get back. The people at the point looked in the car as

we stopped and checked around to see if we were carrying anyone who was not a citizen of the United States. It shocked me that this was a common occurrence for a huge portion of the United States, and we learned that places up to 80 miles away from any given border, land or sea, are technically under the jurisdiction of Border Patrol.

-Jared

Day 3:

At BorderLinks: Legal Immigration Simulation Workshop. Screening of short film Immigrants for Sale and movie 13th.

Operation Streamline, a joint initiative of the Department of Homeland Security and Department of Justice, started in 2005. It effectively fast-tracks prosecutions of people caught crossing the border in as little as one day after they have been arrested. Up to 70 people per day are tried for illegal entry to the US and then sentenced for up to 6 months in jail before being deported.

One of the most impactful moments in my entire life was watching Operation Streamline in action. As we walked into the courtroom, the first thing I noticed was the smell. It smelled like urine and

WUSYG's Trip to the Border, continued

body odor. I soon realized with horror that what I was smelling was weeks of struggle walking in the hot desert. All 70 men and women had chains around their hands, feet, and torsos. I began to feel sick realizing that these people had risked their lives and gone through the unimaginable to reach salvation in America... only to be humiliated in court and sent away.

The system is built against them; they effectively have no choice but to plead guilty to their charge of entering the United States illegally. I watched in disgust as one by one they were forced to accept fines and sentenced to months in jail, just for seeking a better life. Most of them could not speak English, and some were from indigenous communities and even struggled with Spanish.

The bench in front of me had writing carved into it. They had names upon names up and down the bench, not organized at all. I never learned how those names got there but my guess is that friends or family of someone getting sentenced sat on that bench and wrote their names as they watched someone they knew and loved get sent to a detention center. The little things were the most touching on this trip.

There were a couple of people who stuck out to me the most. One of them was a man who told the judge he was having kidney failure and needed medical treatment. The detention center he was going to would not provide him with the treatment he needed. However, the judge told him there was nothing she could do. Another one tried to explain to the judge why he felt he had to cross the border into the US. I can still hear the terror in his voice as he told the judge that if he were sent back to his home country his life would be in danger. A few men occasionally looked

over at us and I looked into their eyes to try and read their emotions. I never knew, nor will ever know what they were thinking in that exact moment.

I will never forget what I witnessed that day in court. Injustice is not just a theoretical concept. Everything I saw, heard and smelled that day was real, and it has been etched into my mind, and my heart, for eternity.

- Beatrice & Pang

Day 4: Trip to Mexico.

Finally, we were coming close to the United States/Mexican border, and I would soon be in Mexico for the first time in my life! As the two vans entered the city of Nogales, Arizona, I noticed the border wall that I always thought was just an imaginary boundary agreed upon by the United States and Mexican governments. I was shocked that it was a very real fence despite others' claims



that we need to build one. As we went across the border we had to go through the border customs. It was quick and easy to cross into Mexico, with no need to show our passports, unlike the long lines and entire process when we returned.

Later in the day, as we drove through Nogales, Mexico (a city that was split in half by the wall), we stopped by one of

the three factory areas in the region. Our main guide in Mexico, Manuel, stopped us close to one of the factories. We were at an overlook upon a small town that to me looked like some sort of ghetto or internment camp from World War II. The houses were very small with barely enough room for living space, and water was driven around town in a truck. They do not have plumbing in their houses so the residents had to collect and store their own water. The town looked dirty to me with unmaintained houses and properties.

As I looked in shock at the place that people who have been trying to cross the border formerly lived, Manuel told us about the industrial complex. The complex had three parts spread over different parts of Nogales, and each had factories that dealt with things like mineral production. The people living in these towns worked in these factories. The workers are paid a small amount of money for their work, 68 pesos a day, which is roughly the equivalent of \$4. This amounts to underpaid workers who can barely afford a gallon of milk per day with their salary.

The minimum wage for me back in Winchester is \$11 an hour, which for 10 hours amounts to \$110. This makes me furious that people who work hard in Mexico do not get fair pay for their work despite the hours they put in. The \$4 can barely afford these people a "free education," as we learned that families also have to pay for all of the materials needed for their children's school. The students would often get out of school before graduating in order to help their parents make money for the family. Even though I assumed that they might do sports, it is expensive to pay for all of the equipment, and thus most of the families in the area are unable to pay for their children to do any-

WUSYG's Trip to the Border, continued

thing like that. Although we were just in Mexico for one day, this experience gave us a glimpse of global poverty and showed us why so many people will go to such great lengths to get into the US.

- Jared

Day 5:

At BorderLinks: Presentations from Mariposas Sin Fronteras and the Sierra Club, which noted intersections with LGBTQ and environmental justice work. Workshop on Solidarity and Charity.

Reflection and hike during sunset at Gate's Pass.

Day 6:

At BorderLinks: Action planning and ways to bring this experience back to our communities.

Canvassing with local organization, Keep Tucson Together.

One day of the trip we went canvassing: simply a group of four white students and a chaperone with a cause. I, a sixteen year old white, small, female, held close to 100 bright neon signs that said "ALL LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIALS: DO NOT ENTER WITHOUT A LAWFUL SEARCH WARRANT." We walked for a couple blocks, trying to get neighbors to put up this sign as a symbol of support for those being raided by ICE, and recognition for all of our civil rights, while vocalizing the lessons we had learned about immigration in days prior. A woman saw our signs with excitement in her eyes and she asked if we could be recorded for her international radio podcast from Spain. As we began, we talked proudly and confidently about our shared beliefs and hopes for the change in immigration justice. Hearing this, a young man tapped me on the shoulder. He asked me to personally tell him about the trip and our associations with nearby programs. As I tried to sum up BorderLinks and the Activate trip, the key words he was looking for came out: immigration, change, help.

These words were almost instantly met with his question of "So, could you help an undocumented person?"

With the question surrounding me, I quickly said "I know people that can help, but I will see what I can do." I let my thoughts pass through me. I need to do something. We walked inside together as I reassured myself that three years of Spanish would be adequate.

As my eyes adjusted to the light of the cafe, I followed the man to a table. From the experience of witnessing Operation Streamline, I was not shocked to see a casually-dressed, disheveled but sweet-looking man at the table. His hands were

steady; his eyes were soft. His cheeks and forehead showed his age through wrinkles that were covered with a surface layer of grime. In our first moments of meeting, all that seemed to be understood was that my accent was fake and yet he was real. Everything I thought I knew: statistics, numbers, protests, and laws that had been my main interests for months in preparation for the trip, were met with the reality of a so-called "alien" right in front of my eyes.

I called our chaperones after speaking to the man. My hands moved with an urgency that was not necessary. My thoughts were beyond the situation as I called the chaperones and then the BorderLinks leaders to come to the rescue.

It has taken me weeks to understand why this moment was not different for our trip leaders. Those at BorderLinks, whom I called to come help this man and speak better Spanish with him, understand the reality of the relationship America has to its immigrants. We later learned that the BorderLinks staff told him where to go for food and shelter, but the heartbreaking truth is that they simply could not help him any more than that, like one might have imagined.

-Teva

Day 7:

Cross Streets Community, a ministry of Southside Presbyterian for those without housing in the Tucson area. Our group helped serve breakfast to hundreds of folks in the morning.

Closing: our youth were each blessed and commissioned "to a life of justice, service and being the hands of love in the world" before heading back home.

Final Reflection: Why Do they Leave in the First Place?

On one of the first days of the trip our group took a hike on a migrant trail in the Arivaca Desert. We packed up water and food to donate and set off. Each one of us had sunscreen and nice hiking shoes and we only walked for about an hour. At one point we took a break at a shrine made by migrants passing through and dropped off our food and water for them. We poured the water we brought into gallon jugs on the ground. We were all sweating and tired but had only traveled about 2 miles. Some migrants travel hundred of miles in the desert with no hiking shoes, no sunscreen, and no water only to be sent to jail and deported when they arrive. At the shrine, we talked about some statistics, like the fact that 1 in 5 people who cross the border die. This walk first got me thinking about the real problem, the reasons that people are fleeing their countries.

At one point on the trip we traveled to Mexico, and our guide talked to us about the situation in factory villages in Mexico.

WUSYG's Trip to the Border, continued

We looked out on tiny houses with no plumbing, squished together, while he talked about the wages for factory workers being \$4 an hour, and how school was very expensive to pay for and not many made it past high school.

Another woman came to talk to us and she was with an organization called Mariposas Sin Fronteras ("Butterflies Without Borders"). She had crossed the border into the US several years earlier, without papers. She was a transgender woman and faced a lot of discrimination and abuse at home and needed to leave. There were no legal protections or support services for her in her hometown. Once she was here she was caught by the police and told that she could be deported or spend 6 months in jail for the duration of the asylum process. She chose the latter but then ended up spending 3 years in jail here before her asylum was granted. She was 3 in a men's prison because they would not respect her gender identity, but because of her femininity she was tortured by other inmates and spent much of her time in solitary "for protection," which is in and of itself a form of mental torture.

Before this trip I had never heard these stories. This trip opened my eyes to the bigger problem. These migrants have life-threatening problems that they are escaping, and building a wall will not keep them out. When we were in Mexico we saw the wall that is already in place, which has done nothing to fix any of the root causes for migration. These big issues seem



Water left for migrants at a desert shrine.

daunting, but we are all capable of creating change, even here in our own communities. The amount of water we poured into jugs for migrants on our hike was a small amount compared to all the water that I have access to, but to someone else who's crossing the border after hiking in the desert for a week? That water was life. That water was hope. Each of us is capable of creating change and doing something.

- Elizabeth @

Goodbye from Deborah, continued

During my commissioning ceremony in September I said, "My commitment to you is to call forth from you that which is most sacred and hold tenderly that which is most real. I commit to continually invite you into deeper relationship with each other, with those that minister here and with your own spiritual journey, to listen deeply not just to your words, but to your heart, to reflect back to you the beauty that you are in every endeavor, to ask of myself to show up fully in relationship and invite you to do the same." I am sure there were times I could have done these things better and I apologize for my shortcomings. Please forgive me.

There is much that we teach each other and I will carry in my heart the ways you have taught me and loved me. Goodbyes to those we care deeply about are hard. Of all the lessons I have been offered this year, this one may be the hardest for me to comprehend. Yet for this I am grateful, as the wisdom in goodbye is the opportunity to feel how the heart truly is not bound by time or space.

You are a blessed community. I pray you continue to hold each other in the light of unconditional love as you find your own places of darkness that long to be brought forth. I pray you continue to invite each other into deeper relationship, sharing your joys and your most tender pains. I pray you continue to listen to your own heart and invite it to open wider and wider so that there is room for all. *Come, Come, However You Are, for you have been and will always be a caravan of love. Blessed Be.* @

Unitarian Universalism's Principles and Sources

Principles

Unitarian Universalist congregations affirm and promote seven principles, which we hold as strong values and moral guides.

1st Principle: The inherent worth and dignity of every person;

2nd Principle: Justice, equity and compassion in human relations;

3rd Principle: Acceptance of one another and encouragement to spiritual growth in our congregations;

4th Principle: A free and responsible search for truth and meaning;

5th Principle: The right of conscience and the use of the democratic process within our congregations and in society at large;

6th Principle: The goal of world community with peace, liberty, and justice for all;

7th Principle: Respect for the interdependent web of all existence of which we are a part.

Sources

We live out the UU Principles within a “living tradition” of wisdom and spirituality, drawn from six sources as diverse as science, poetry, scripture, and personal experience. These are the six sources our congregations affirm and promote:

- ☉ Direct experience of that transcending mystery and wonder, affirmed in all cultures, which moves us to a renewal of the spirit and an openness to the forces which create and uphold life;
- ☉ Words and deeds of prophetic women and men which challenge us to confront powers and structures of evil with justice, compassion, and the transforming power of love;
- ☉ Wisdom from the world's religions which inspires us in our ethical and spiritual life;
 - ☉ Jewish and Christian teachings which call us to respond to God's love by loving our neighbors as ourselves;
- ☉ Humanist teachings which counsel us to heed the guidance of reason and the results of science, and warn us against idolatries of the mind and spirit;
- ☉ Spiritual teachings of Earth-centered traditions which celebrate the sacred circle of life and instruct us to live in harmony with the rhythms of nature.



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Summer Services

June 18 “Why We Need William James More Than Ever”
 Martin Newhouse

June 25 Showing of UUA General Assembly Ware Lecture:
 Bryan Stevenson, author of *Just Mercy*, in the Symmes Room

July 2 “The Way of Play” – Deborah Morgan Bennett

July 9 “Living Intentionally on the Internet” – Jo Jaquinta

July 16 “Meeting the Beloved” – Deborah Morgan Bennett

July 23 “The Spiritual in Art” – Nancy Scott Newhouse and John
 Kramer

July 30 “Isten Hozott: The Gospel According to AirBnB”
 Rev. Heather Janules

Aug. 6 “What’s a Nice Atheist like Me Doing in a Church
 like This?” – Peter McEntee

Aug. 13 “Can We Talk About Sex: the Power, the Shame, the
 Spiritual?” – John Loewy

Aug. 20 “Zoroastrianism” – Zareen Araoz

Aug. 27 Blessing of the Animals – Rebecca Kelley-Morgan

Sept. 3 “Is This All There Is?”

*How UU beliefs affect how we live our lives and how we
 approach the end of life* – Phyllis Preston

Except for June 25, all services will be held in the sanctuary.

Summer Ministry Note from Deb

While my time as your intern minister has come to an end, I will be joining you for summer services in July and August. Expect to see me most Sundays supporting the lay ministers in creating inspiring services. I hope you can join us.

I will be offering the reflection on two Sundays.

Additionally, I will be at WUS **most Tuesdays** in July and August. If you are in need of pastoral or spiritual support or would just like to chat, please stop by or email me so we can set aside some time together.

Then on **Tuesday evenings from 6:30–7:30**, join me for some qi gong and meditation! Keep an eye out for specific dates to be advertised in Highlights. If you’d like to be on my qi-gong mailing list so you are sure to not miss a session, drop me a line.

I’ll e-mail you the dates as soon as they are confirmed.