



June • July • August

Reflecting on Blessing

Blessing

By Rev. Heather Janules

As we turn to the month of June, we turn to the theme of blessing. As one member of the Winchester Unitarian Society observed, “blessing” is both a noun and a verb. This month, are we to dwell on the experience or the action of blessing? Both meanings of the word afford opportunities for rich reflection...

Perhaps you have heard my philosophy about offering a blessing? As with other bits of wisdom, I learned this perspective from someone else. The Rev. Victoria Safford, drawing on the novel *Gilead*, once affirmed in a sermon that to offer a blessing does not change the nature of that which is being blessed – an object, a living being, a moment. A blessing merely affirms the goodness that is inherent. And the only difference between a minister offering a blessing and someone else is that ministers are asked to bless more often.

Thus, you might consider engaging your life – and the people and experiences in it – through blessing. In our often indifferent and hostile world, this is a counter-cultural act!

The Soul Matters materials for this month invite us to bless others as one of the spiritual practices: “Wayne Muller, in his book *Sabbath*, encourages a practice he calls secret blessing. He writes, ‘Bless strangers quietly, secret-

ly. Offer it to people you notice on the street, in the market, on the bus. [Silently say to yourself] “May you be happy. May you be at peace.” Feel the blessing move through your body as you offer it. Notice how you both receive some benefit from the blessing.’”

What would your day be like if you viewed others through this lens of blessing? It is difficult to be angry at the person who cuts you off in traffic if you are blessing them in that moment. It is hard



to be wary of a stranger walking nearby if your attention is focused on their happiness and peace.

But all of us are also worthy of blessings. One of the gifts of the summer season is a change-of-pace, if not a lengthy time apart from regular *continued on p. 4*

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Reflection on Religious Education

By Rebecca Kelley-Morgan,
Director of Lifespan Religious Education
From worship service of April 11, 2018.
Edited slightly for print.

Today, I cannot help but feel a sense of urgency.

I will share with you only one statistic, reported by Christina Wille McKnight in 2010. In a comparison with other established protestant traditions, whose average rate of faith raised affiliation hovers at around 50 percent, only 12 percent of children raised as Unitarian Universalists choose to remain as adults. Let that sink in. 12 percent. 88 percent of our children do NOT choose this faith when they reach adulthood.

We need to talk, frankly, about ourselves. We need to reflect upon our aspirations as a faith and a congregation. And we need to think about what those aspirations need from us, to become alive in our community.



Earlier, Heather described one of the foundational values of this faith as “to build partnerships between different people towards a common goal.” Our faith is predicated on relationships. We are not united by creed, but rather by covenant, our agreement to stand with each other in support of common values, regardless of personal belief or circumstance.

We cannot guide children we do not know. We cannot support families we do not understand. We cannot make connections with empty nesters or elders

if we never find ourselves in the same space, or the same conversations. Our covenant calls us together as a faith family. If we do not build cross-generational connections, our family fractures. I do not aspire to a broken family. Do you?

Within this congregation, we have many who are committed to another of our foundational values – that of inclusion and celebration, not merely tolerance of, difference. There are ongoing efforts to educate ourselves as we and our society grapple with endemic racism, ableism, sexism and classism. But as important as these initiatives and conversations are, we must also remember that we do not need to look outside our walls for diversity. We are blessed with a diversity of age and ability across the lifespan. Right here. This morning. Or on any Sunday.

When we engage diversity, we call out thought patterns that can be so entrenched they are invisible. Assumptions. Biases. Prejudices. Marginalization.

Separate but equal. What do those words conjure up for you in today’s context? Do you feel defensive, misunderstood, and frustrated? Or do you feel confident that we are creating an environment where our youngest members are supported and guided as the complex humans they are? I love

kids, on most days, I find them among the best companions I could hope for. But there are days when they try my patience to its last frayed thread. But I could say the same thing about my spouse. Cherishing children does not mean romanticizing them. It means that we offer guidance and welcome them with open hearts. It means we celebrate their achievements and development, and it means we offer spaciousness and forgiveness as they grow and learn. Just as I do with my spouse... and, just as I

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Reflection on Religious Education *continued from previous page*

would hope, we do with anyone. If we aspire to an inclusive and just society outside these walls, then how do we embrace those aspirations within these walls?

Now this is where I should break out my ten-point plan and timeline to tell you all how we're going to offer an ideal constellation of programs and faith development to our youngest members so that they will one day fill the pews as Unitarian Universalist adults. But the honest truth is that I don't know what that will look like. I don't know what will keep our children in this faith when they are no longer children.

What I can tell you from many years of observation is that one does not spring fully formed into "Unitarian Universalist Identity" but rather grows into it over time. It takes attention and intention and if we do not deliberately engage this work, then we are likely to be among the last generations of Unitarian Universalists.

And that brings me to my final point, that this is OUR work. We are in it together. It is a co-creative endeavor and like many co-creative endeavors it will take all of us. It will take trust and faith in each other and it will take a deepened commitment to the future represented by our children. It will take creativity and compromise, and it will take resources. Not just money as you might imagine – but more significantly time and energy from every single one of you. I am challenging all of us to commit and re-commit ourselves to individual and collective engagement across the generations. Together we must look for the bright spots – the places where solid and robust ministries to children and families already exist and put our efforts into these. It's also possible that we need to invent something that doesn't yet exist. But we cannot wait until we become completely cut off from each other and Unitarian Universalism is diminished.

And while we ponder the long view, here are some things you can do right now. Make a point of getting to know the kids at this congregation. (They usually



congregate in the parlor with shoes off, in the playground or in Metcalf with a couple of parents in tow after worship.) They're pretty easy to find. Make a point of introducing your family to someone outside of your age cohort. And mark your calendar for noon on June 3rd and the evening June 6th, when our Standing and Religious Education Committees host community conversations on "the future of Religious Education" at Winchester Unitarian Society.

I close with an invitation to consider the parable of the Lobster:

Long ago, when the world was very new, a certain lobster determined that the Creator had made a mistake. So they made an appointment to discuss the matter. "With all due respect," said the lobster, "I wish to complain about the way you designed my shell. For I just get used to one outer casing, and then I have to shed it for another; it's very inconvenient and rather a waste of time."

The Creator replied, "I see. But do you realize that it is the giving up of one shell that allows you to grow

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Reflection on Religious Education continued from previous page

into another?"

"I like myself just the way I am," the lobster said. "Very well," smiled the Creator. "From now on, your shell will not change... and you may go about your life as you do now."

At first, the lobster was very content with wearing the same shell. But as time passed, he found that his light and comfortable shell was becoming quite heavy and tight. After a while, in fact, the shell became so cumbersome that the lobster couldn't feel anything at all outside himself. Finally, it got to the point where he could barely breathe. So with great effort, he went back to see the Creator.

"With all due respect," the lobster sighed, "contrary to what you promised, my shell has not remained the same. It's shrinking!"

"Not at all," smiled the Creator. "Your shell has remained the same size. But YOU have changed inside, beneath your shell. No one remains the same. That's the way I've made things."

"That's very sensible," said the lobster.

The Creator added, "I'll tell you something more. The wisest choice is to shed your old shell as you grow." ©

Blessing continued from p. 1

obligations, than slower routines born of more hours of sunlight and heat.

In these slower days, we are invited to pay closer attention to the blessings available to us at all times but perhaps too harried to really notice. A devoted canine's kiss on our face. A smile shared with someone in our intimate circle of loved ones or with a stranger. Connecting with an old friend as we walk along the shore.

As Rachel Naomi Remen observes, "A blessing is not something that one person gives another. A blessing is a moment of meeting, a certain kind of relationship in which both people involved remember and acknowledge their true nature and worth and strengthen what is whole in one another. By making a place for wholeness within our relationships, we offer others the opportunity to be whole without shame and become a place of refuge from everything in them and around them that is not genuine. We enable people to remember who they are."

In the days to come, for those who stay connected to WUS throughout the summer and those who take some time apart, may you enjoy a season of blessings – blessing and being blessed. May you find new wholeness in your connections with others and fully rest in the beautiful knowledge of who you are. ©

Ingathering Water Communion, September 9th, 10:30 AM

Bring a little water from your summer, whether from a backyard puddle or someplace far away, to pour into the common bowl. Annual ingathering community potluck follows!



Photo by Heather Janules

How I Got Here

By Stephen Perepeluk, New WUS Member
From worship service of February 11, 2018

When Reverend Heather asked me to reflect about my experiences as a new member of this congregation, I must admit I was honored and equally horrified.

What would I say?

I don't have the time.

Someone else could do a much better job.

But I quickly realized what a gift she presented. How could I turn down the invitation to reflect about my desire to reconnect with my spiritual self and to try to share that complicated, intimate and confusing journey with a captive audience. But don't worry, I promise I'll be brief.

Here we go...my name is Stephen Perepeluk.

I believe I am currently the newest member of this congregation because two of us signed 'the book' on the same date in early January of this year --- and I happened to go last. I'm also a new resident of Winchester and a transplant to Massachusetts from New York City. My partner Terry and I moved here two years ago for work related reasons.

By the way, that's Terrence -- he's a he and in a few weeks we will be celebrating the 25th anniversary of our relationship. Why Winchester, and more about Terry, at another time.

I considered naming this reflection "If My Friends Could See Me Now." In other words, they'd be shocked. But when I learned that we would sing the hymn *What We Need is Here* just prior to my time at this podium, I decided to go with "How I Got Here." Here to this church. I love the irony. You see, for most of my adult life I have actively avoided any hint of religiousness -- and heaven forbid -- to participate with eagerness. Being part of a church was for other people. Definitely not for me.



Like other positive stories in my life, my journey towards UU-ism began in Provincetown on Cape Cod. I am lucky to spend a lot of time there and one Sunday morning several years ago I decided to attend a service at the beautiful UU Meeting House on Commercial St. This was a really big deal for me. I was deciding to voluntarily attend a Sunday service even though no one had died, was being married, getting baptized, etc. I can't fully articulate why I decided to go on that particular day (it was Mother's Day and I think the year was 2013) except to say that I had been feeling a strong desire to reignite my spiritual self, to feel truly connected to others and to be reminded of the divine energy within every person and living thing. I was seeking something more than my work, friends, family -- a pathway towards greater meaning in my life. I knew nearly nothing about Unitarian Universalism and actually read a Wikipedia article before convincing myself to go. Part of me expected some sort of divine message -- maybe to hear a voice in my head (other than my own), maybe to see sparks (as opposed to actual angels), something -- instead I encountered a group of wonderful people trying to live meaningful lives, to be good to one another, and to accept one another. I also loved what *wasn't* there -- no predictable service or monotonous routines, no disengaged people. I loved it and began attending during every visit -- maybe 5 or 6 times a year.

Fast forward to 2016 -- Terry and I had new jobs and relocated here. Honestly, for quite a few months and longer than I care to remember, I felt completely lost and homesick for my familiar life in New York. That's when I decided once again to enter a UU church. But coming to the Winchester Unitarian Society felt different than occasionally attending the Meeting House in Ptown -- because I lived here now and therefore had the opportunity to attend with regularity...and if that were the case, I would need to confront my fear and reluctance towards being a part of a church.

After attending two or three services here, I became

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Looking Ahead to Next Year's Worship Themes



September: Vision
October: Sanctuary
November: Memory
December: Mystery
January: Possibility
February: Trust
March: Curiosity
April: Journey
May: Beauty
June: Wholeness

The Soul Matters Sharing Circle is a network of Unitarian Universalist congregations who follow the same monthly themes so we can more easily share small group material, as well as worship, sermon, music and children's religious education resources.

For more information,
see <https://>

www.soulmatterssharingcircle.com/

Do you have artwork – a photo, painting, picture of a quilt, collage – that reflects one of these themes? Would you be willing to submit it as cover art for the monthly order-of-service? If so, contact Rev. Heather. Art by all ages welcome!

Eternity and the Horseshoe Crab

By Sam Berliner, III, WUS Member

Last night, as I stood on the sea wall at the beach and wondered at the suck of the Sound and the color and organisms that, accelerated by the incredible heat, multiplied to form a "red tide," there came the great grand-daddy of all horseshoe crabs.

Floating along listlessly, propelled hither and yon by the waves, he was the biggest specimen I ever recall seeing; so big that he had a mantle of good-sized barnacles, some fifty to a hundred of them, which in no way diminished his appearance, but rather emphasized it. There was a hole in his carapace, rough shaped, about the size of a nickel, and the seawater squirted in and out with each wave. The littoral drift carried him along slowly and the waves pulled him back and forth. His enormity in shape and age pulled at me and I toyed with the idea of lifting him from the water. Would he desiccate properly before rotting? What would I do with such a giant, anyway? Had he died long since of the blow that holed his back or had the red tide done him in? Had he, perhaps, died of sheer old age, which well he might have done? So many unanswered and unanswerable questions, as in all of life!



So, I stood there, still unmoving, and thought of time, of the immense span which this once-living fossil represented, of the great changes which have been wrought in his own lifetime, and, of course, of the changes sweeping over me, here and now.

And, as I pondered weightily on such matters, he slowly turned away and sculled gently but powerfully against the tide into deep water. Perhaps he was

aware of me, looming above him and decided that, since I made no move, I was not alive and, therefore, not worth the attempt at communication after all. ©

All rights reserved - S. Berliner, III. First read in a worship service at the North Shore Unitarian Universalist Church in Plandome, Long Island, New York, on 10 August 1980 and also published in the 1985/86 issue of OUTGROWTH, a literary journal from Plandome Press. Revised 24 Dec 2015. Written at Bayville Bridge on Long Island's North Shore (off Long Island Sound).

If you have a piece to share
in *The Mystic Messenger*,
please contact Alison in the office:
alison@winchesteruu.org

Raising Kids Today

By John O'Callaghan, WUS Member
From worship service of April 11, 2018

For those of you who don't know me, I'm John O'Callaghan, better known as Marsha Durbano's husband. I'm thankful to be her husband and that we have three awesome kids: Caroline, age 14, Craig age 11 and Sean age 9.

When Rebecca asked me to share some thoughts this morning, I started thinking about what values we wish to pass on to our children.

There are two sets to pick from: the values I was raised with and the values I see here in this congregation. My role as a parent is to take the best of those and apply them.

I grew up here in Winchester. My parents had a few basic rules for our house growing up. My dad's were: no tattoos, no earrings and don't even think about asking me for bail money. My mom's rule was simpler: homework first. They wanted us to be the best versions of ourselves.

My parents supplemented these rules with Sunday School at St. Mary's across town. I feel like my value system had a good foundation. I'm still a big fan of the "no tattoos" rule and with a touch of *schadenfreude*, I love the "homework first" rule.

Having joined WUS on numerous Sundays over the past few years, I can say there are terrific values espoused by the congregation. Four, in particular, are ones I strive to instill in my children.

Value #1: The choices you make are important. My personal example may be the most instructive for my kids. (Newsflash: this is an example of "learn by doing the opposite!") A snowstorm was upon us 14 years ago when Caroline was ready to join us. Marsha was already in the hospital. She told me to go home and grab her overnight bag for her. I called my mom to tell her the news. My mom said "it's going to be a long night for you, join your dad and me for dinner." I met them at a restaurant. An hour later, Marsha called, asking where I was. Needless to say; the nurses gave me the evil eye when I finally brought

the bag up to the room... I have learned that parenting is as much a learning process as it is a teaching process.

Value #2: Believe in yourselves, trust yourselves, know that you can make a difference. Kids need to believe in themselves; they need to have confidence. Whether it's going up to the plate or dancing in front of a huge recital audience for the first time, I've witnessed their journey out of nerves and into comfort. Kind of like the Nike ad.... Just Do It.

In an era increasingly defined by a lack of civility on the internet (thanks in large part to our President), I'm glad that our kids can make better choices and even set an example among their friends. Recently, following a certain group text, Caroline's friend told her that that she sounded like her grandmother. After I laughed a little, I realized that I was proud. Maybe it's a singular example, or maybe it's a reversion to civility on the web. We will see.

Value #3: Feel a sense of awe in the world, and live lives of empathy. On New Year's weekend, we participated in the group helping the homeless through Common Cathedral. We were on the Boston Common and it was 4° out. The kids saw human beings who needed food and warmth. They jumped right to action, asking people if they needed hot cocoa. They never once complained about the conditions.

Frankly, I think I learned as much about them that day as they learned about the world. I won't stop barking about the unmade bed and the clothes on the floor, but in this context they sure do look different.

Value #4: You are cared for, you are part of a bigger family. Maybe the most important value of all. I've always thought that communities that strongly support all their members are the happiest. It is here that this congregation plays a big part in our lives.

At the end of the day, echoing my own parents' hope, I just want my kids to be the best and happiest versions of themselves. But maybe in the meantime, I'll hold out hope for clean rooms too. ©

What values do we wish to pass on to our children?

Thoughts on My Sabbatical

By John Kramer, Music Director

In response to everyone who has asked about my sabbatical period, I offer the following reflections. But first I want to repeat my gratitude for the time that was extended to me. I have been making music on Sunday mornings for the better part of my adult life and it was really interesting and extremely useful to take some time away from that practice. I returned refreshed and re-energized for the important work that we do together.

One of my sabbatical goals was to visit other churches, something I am unable to do regularly. I was able to take some time to practice more and do some composing. Of course, I was still teaching at Berklee College of Music (my other half-time appointment), so it wasn't a complete sabbatical. However, the space in my schedule was very meaningful and the weekend time valuable.

I spent most of my Sundays exploring worship at other UU churches. I did attend Emmanuel Church (Episcopal) on Newbury Street to witness their worship, in which they perform a Bach cantata every week along with a high-church Episcopal service. Quite an amazing feat. The UU churches I attended were in Milton, Cambridge, Peterborough (NH), Needham, Dorchester, Joliet (Illinois, while visiting our friend, a UU minister in Chicago), Montclair (NJ - visiting a friend who is music director there) and Lexington. The services were similar in format, but varied in style and energy. I really appreciated the time to take in worship as a part of the congregation which is entirely different from creating worship as music director.

Most of the services included a good amount of music, several hymns, an anthem, prelude, offertory, and postlude. Choir sizes and abilities were various and I am happy to report that our adult choir is larger than most and at a very high level comparably. In Dorchester there was a special music service with many congregation songs for us to sing rather than music presented to us. In Lexington I witnessed their Chorale and Youth Choir sing five songs for the service (no adult choir was present that Sunday). In

Montclair I played in the band that led the congregational singing. For me, singing hymns in the congregation was a joy and it was nice to find some singers near me in the congregation. It makes me wonder what that experience is like at WUS! Several churches had the choir turn to face the congregation to help lead the hymns. The hymn selections were many and varied and not too different than our hymnody. Exceptions were the use of the Spanish language hymnal *Las Voces del Camino* in Cambridge and the practice of beginning worship with a medley of hymns (replacing the prelude) in Montclair, NJ.

Most instrumental selections were not as closely aligned to the worship theme as the ones I choose. Some seemed fairly generic (*Prelude in E*, for example), a practice that I do sometimes employ, but not routinely. Several churches recapped the final hymn in an instrumental version. Most churches did listen to the postlude although a few erupted into conversation, drowning out the postlude. Most churches used piano exclusively; only in Milton did I hear an organ. As mentioned earlier, there was a band in Montclair. It was interesting to witness the varieties of style in music and presentation and consider the possibilities of doing things differently here. This might be an interesting conversation for the congregation - do you want anything different from the music program?

Every church has its own feel created by the people, and worship leaders, and architecture.

Aside from music, it was very interesting to visit other churches and take in worship. Every church has its own feel created by the people, and worship leaders, and architecture. Several practices are different than ours: weekly joys and concerns, community greeting at the start of the service, congregational

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Thoughts on My Sabbatical *continued from previous page*

covenants read during the service. But there are many similarities: singing the children out, the music described above, and a sermon. I am reminded that visiting a new place is never really that easy or comfortable and I often felt awkward and a little out of place. When there was an open door, it felt much better entering the building (not always possible in



the winter). A competent greeter who welcomed me and led me to a name-tag station also helped make me feel at home. The community greeting at the start of the service was also very useful in getting to know those around me. It is useful to be reminded that visiting a new place is often quite scary and we should be aware of this when welcoming visitors and newcomers.

Above all, my time away renewed my devotion to the work we do together here at WUS. I believe that congregation worship has a powerful role to play in our lives and that music is a vital component of that worship. I feel recommitted to the work of bringing people together through music here at WUS and creating high quality and spiritually meaningful music in our worship. @

How I Got Here *continued from page 5*

convinced that I needed to learn more. I studied and attended several meetings for newcomers. Many things stood out for me – and still do – almost like being an anthropologist studying a new, unfamiliar culture. In the beginning, my senses were taking everything in and I remember being keenly aware of small details – the rainbow flag at the entrance, the 7 principles on the back of the Order of Service, the beautiful music, the extinguishing of the chalice. By far, I've been touched by the many amazing sermons and reflections I've heard. They have been truly meaningful to me. I find myself returning to them during the following week. I have enjoyed getting to know many of you and I want to thank Heather for her special way of encouraging me to participate. I'm not even sure she if she intended to do so. I also want to thank Vicky Coccoluto for reaching out in just the right way.

In preparation for this morning, I went back to Wikipedia. I wanted to reread an entry or two about UU-ism through the lens of the new knowledge, feelings, affection and experiences I've accumulated over the course of my time here, at this church, with

you. I came across one entry that contains a series of 'elevator pitches' from UU members from across the country who were asked to describe what Unitarian Universalism means to them. I'd like to close with one that perfectly matches how I feel:

*It's a blessing each of us was born;
It matters what we do with our lives;
What each of us knows about God
is a piece of the truth;
We don't have to do it alone.*

(Laila Ibrahim,
Berkeley, CA)

I guess I no longer
need a red mug. @



WUS Youth Group (WUSYG) in Nicaragua

By Sam Wilson, Director of Youth Ministries

“Tell the world what is happening to us.”

These words were left on notes in several of our “mailboxes” in Nicaragua. Mailboxes are a WUSYG tradition where each youth puts up a lunch bag with their name on it (during a service trip or weekend retreat, etc.) and others write them notes of love, encouragement, thanks, etc. But this note was different than most. It was written by Celia, our Nicaraguan tour director from Me to We, the organization we partnered with in Nicaragua. She wrote it hastily on dozens of notes and slipped them into our mailboxes the night before we were effectively evacuated from the country and sent home 72 hours before we had planned.

For us, this was a moment of terror. We were in a foreign country amidst some of the most brutal protests and violence the nation had seen in decades. For Celia and many of her friends and colleagues though, it was a moment of bittersweet triumph; sadness for lives lost but more so hope amidst a lifetime of worsening repression. The phrase “absolute power corrupts absolutely” came up as we learned from Celia and other Nicaraguan leaders that Daniel Ortega, once the championed freedom fighter and overthrower of the corrupt US-backed Somoza government, had since turned into the very thing he and so many people in the country had defied and fought against many years ago. No one who talked to us even tried to hide their distaste for him, his current regime, and the destructive inequality, injustice and overall inhumanity that presently stemmed from it.

Despite having to come back early, having to deal with the stress of evacuation, and having to miss 3 days of programming – WUSYG did get a lot of work done during the first part of our week and we also learned a lot from the community partners on the ground and through the various workshops that we participated in with Me to We. Ultimately, the experience of rushing off to the airport – seven hours be-

fore the roads to it were shut off – was a captivating one that will remain in the hearts and minds of our teens forever. It undoubtedly activated their engagement with global politics and international relations, especially with countries in the Global South and otherwise most impacted by colonialism, imperialism and the USA’s foreign policies, especially during the Cold War. In fact, I would argue that we could not have planned or paid for a trip that left a more indelible mark on our teens in this regard.

We also had the privilege of leaving, and, now we have the privilege of speaking up. One of the most insidious acts of terror that Ortega used during these riots (and continues to use) was suppressing the media. He controls 7 of the 8 media stations in the country and shortly after the violence erupted he shut down the 8th. The world was not even hearing what was happening down there when it first started. On the day that we

left, a reporter who was sending a video of the protests (and militarized resistance to them) was shot in the head during a live stream on Facebook.

So please, if you are reading this, help me to help Celia and to fulfill the wish that she bestowed upon us. Read more about what is happening in Nicaragua. Tell other people about what’s happening. Here are a few figures to get you started: As of May 21st, at least 76 people have been killed and over 868 have been injured due to the ongoing violence there. Which doesn’t come close to accounting for the number who have suffered and lost their lives early due to the incredible poverty and economic inequality that faces the majority of the country (70% of the population lives on under \$2 a day).

However, recognize that what is going on is both terrible and yet hopeful; change may be afoot and that is a good thing. But in order for change to happen, the people of Nicaragua will need help, and in order for them to get help, the world needs to know that they need it. The world needs to know what is happening, and today, now, that starts with you. Thank you. @

photos on next page

“Tell the world what is happening to us.”



Work hard.



Play hard.

Photos by Pang Boches and Jared Richardson.



Build community.





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Summer Services 2018

June 17 No Subject, No Object, No Separation – True Love
(from Buddhist teacher Joshu Sasaki Roshi)

Ron Denhardt

June 24 Showing of UUA General Assembly Sunday Service

Ryan Levering

July 1 My Gratitude for Unitarianism

Bob Kenerson

July 8 What Are You Practicing?

Deb Morgan Bennett

**July 15 Why? The Unanswerable Question
That Must Be Asked**

Sam Berliner, III

**July 22 What Shall We Do with This God
We Have Created?**

Jo Jaquinta

July 29 Shelley's Defense of Atheism and Poetry"

Mike Hyde

Aug. 5 Waking Up White and Learning to Listen

Deb Morgan Bennett

Aug. 12 Towards the Sublime

Nancy Scott and John Kramer

**Aug. 19 Purpose and Values in Life: Cultural and Religious
Roots and How They Affect Us**

Zareen Araoz

Aug. 26 Blessing of the Animals

Rebecca Kelley-Morgan

Sept. 2 The Crooked Timber of Humanity

Martin Newhouse

*Except for June 24 and August 26,
all services will be held in the sanctuary.*

*A discussion with the service leader on the reflection topic will
usually be held in the parlor following the after-church
reception. A bell will ring five minutes before time to gather.
Everyone is invited.*