

UUMH Newsletter

236 Commercial St. Provincetown MA

April 2023

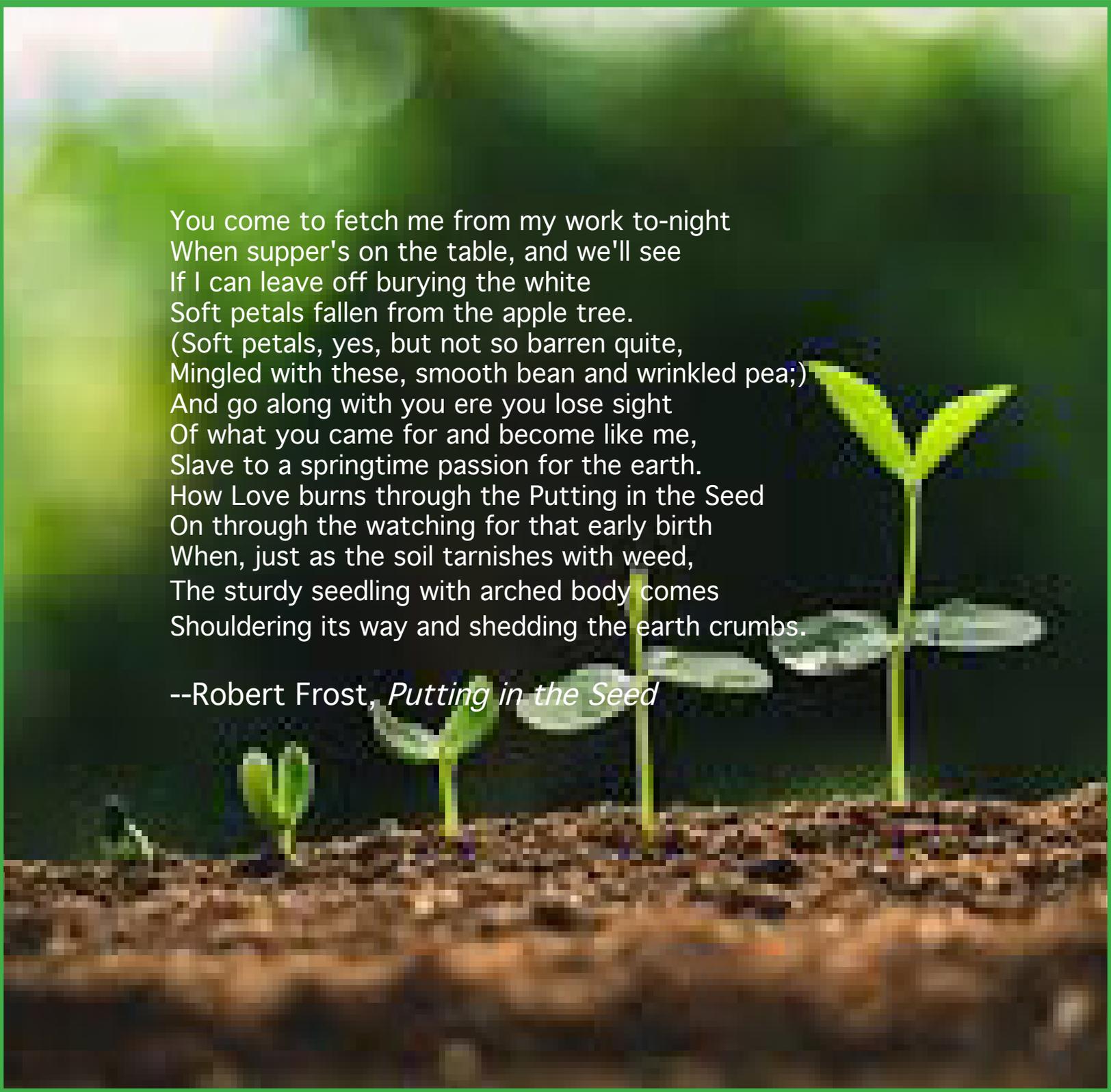
“The members of the UU Meeting House hold sacred each individual’s spiritual and ethical development. We welcome all and seek unity in diversity. We commit ourselves in service to the wellbeing of the congregation and to all of life.”

~Mission Statement of the Unitarian Universalist Meeting House of Provincetown



You come to fetch me from my work to-night
When supper's on the table, and we'll see
If I can leave off burying the white
Soft petals fallen from the apple tree.
(Soft petals, yes, but not so barren quite,
Mingled with these, smooth bean and wrinkled pea;))
And go along with you ere you lose sight
Of what you came for and become like me,
Slave to a springtime passion for the earth.
How Love burns through the Putting in the Seed
On through the watching for that early birth
When, just as the soil tarnishes with weed,
The sturdy seedling with arched body comes
Shouldering its way and shedding the earth crumbs.

--Robert Frost, *Putting in the Seed*

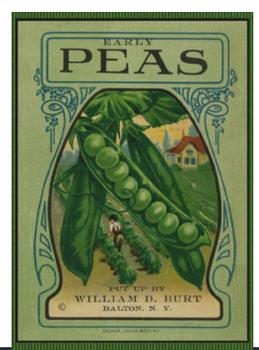




Meinrad Craighead, *Mother and Daughter*

Worship Worship Worship
Worship Worship Worship
Worship Worship Worship

April



We are Live
and
On-line
Sundays
11 am

Robert Louis Stevenson: “Don’t judge the day by the harvest you reap, but by the seeds that you plant.”

We will be live-streaming via YouTube.

join in at 11 am

www.uumh.org

Click on Sermons

A note from Rev. Kate A note from Rev. Kate



High Tea

April is my birthday month and this year I've decided to celebrate my birthday by hosting a tea party for a few friends. It's not a milestone birthday, so the party isn't strictly necessary, but it's a good excuse to have people over! The theme is just for fun. And because I love tea.

When we were little every birthday was special. We often celebrated with our whole class at school. Or had a family birthday party with cake and ice cream. Some people even had birthday parties at special locations like Chuck-E-Cheese or the bowling alley. But as we get older, birthdays involve less fan-fare. Especially on the between the milestones years.

Still, it's nice to celebrate another turn around the sun. It's nice to do something to mark time, to honor our journeys. As an adult, we get to choose how we want to celebrate. A quiet night at home. A trip. A day at the beach. A dinner out with friends. There's no rule about it. No wrong answer. Just the question... what would you enjoy? It's good to have a day set aside that asks that of us. What would you enjoy?

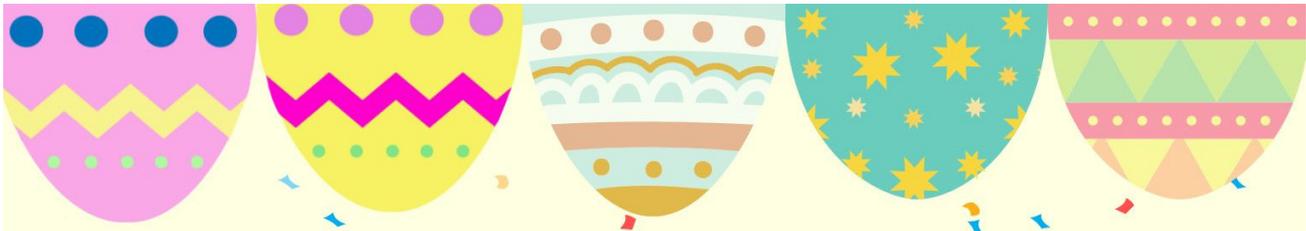
For me, it's a tea party.

How did you mark your birthday this year?

Rev. Kate

High Tea in England!





LET'S CELEBRATE TOGETHER!

Easter Sunday

APRIL 9, 2023, 11AM

FAMILY-FRIENDLY WORSHIP

FOLLOWED BY AN
ALL AGES EASTER EGG HUNT

UU Meeting House of Provincetown
236 Commercial Street





"We know that a peaceful world cannot long exist, one-third rich and two-thirds hungry." -Jimmy Carter

Remember our
Little Free Pantry.
People are depending on our
contributions as prices climb.



Photo of November 2022 vigil

JOIN RACIAL JUSTICE PROVINCETOWN FOR

A SILENT VIGIL FOR PEACE AND JUSTICE

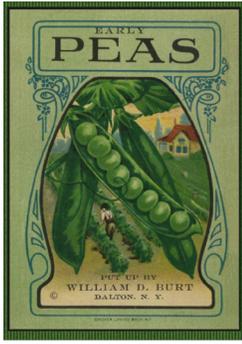


**THE FIRST
SATURDAY**
OF EVERY MONTH

**FROM NOON
UNTIL 1PM**
AT TOWN HALL ON
COMMERCIAL STREET

**WEAR A MASK AND MAINTAIN
SOCIAL DISTANCING OF 6 FEET**

[FACEBOOK.COM/PROVINCETOWNRACIALJUSTICEPROJECT](https://facebook.com/provincetownracialjusticeproject)



Some of what the Board does is to help preserve our history--keeping records, maintaining our landmark property, caring for antique photos and plaques, instruments. Bulbs that were planted years ago still bloom because the Board and the Committees and all of you put attention and TLC into making sure our garden blooms. The Board also thinks about our future and , to overuse the metaphor, plants seeds to encourage the growth of new members, develop leaders, trying to envision the changes to come and preparing. Just as these old bulbs still grow, so do we as a congregation, a faith family; once planted we grow. Beautiful and hardy.

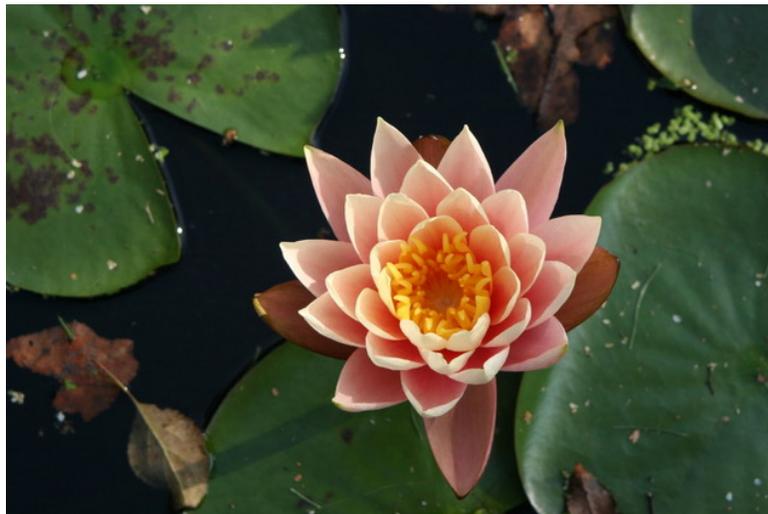
If your vision is for a year, plant wheat. If your vision is for ten years, plant trees. If your vision is for a lifetime, plant people.
--Chinese Proverb



Monday Night Meditation Group

We gather each Monday on Zoom from 6 to 7 PM for meditation and discussion. This group is open to all, seasoned meditators and beginners alike. We begin with a 20 minute period of meditation and then open up to discuss a topic. Each week an article is sent out for the discussion the following week. The past couple of years we have been focusing mostly on Buddhist teachings. We believe that taking a modern approach to these ancient teachings can be useful to people from all walks of life regardless of their religious background. Articles are by teachers like Thich Nhat Hanh, Pema Chodron, Koshin Paley Ellison, and Phillip Moffitt, just to name a few.

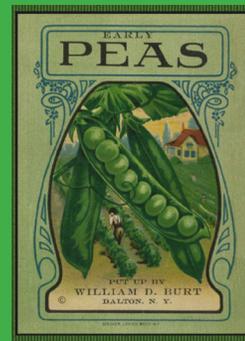
Reading the articles is not required. The topics all focus on some aspect of being human. About how to live with the inevitable ups and downs of life with awareness and compassion. Our discussions are always interesting!



In the discussions we avoid cross talk and advice giving. We take the stand that nobody needs to be fixed and that we all have the inner capacity for wisdom for growth and healing.

The group is run by myself, Jen Shannon, and Claire Willis. We are both members of the UUMH and have backgrounds in social work and as well as being long time Buddhist practitioners. For further information or to join us some Monday email Jen at jen@percykai.com.

Poets' Corner Poets' Corner Poets' Corner



News Flash: 2000-year-old Palm Seeds Sprout

1 Methuselah

He was the last of the righteous. Methuselah held the flood at bay with a single glare. A tsunami towered above him and stalled, for you cannot defeat love. The earth shuddered and calmed. The tide subsided meekly.

Do we ever die? The seeds of extinct date palms waited. Methuselah sprouted in Israel. The clash of ancient battles dimmed. In Herod's palace, in old Masada, hope prevailed over crumbling bones. We shall prevail.

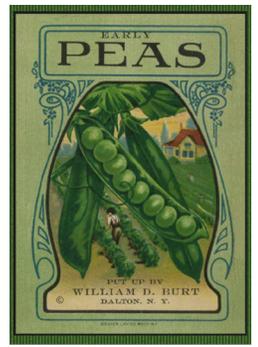
2 Judith and Hannah

Water is our purest memory. It splashes heavier than quicksilver.

We cast a lingering sideways glance, regal as Judean date palms. Come hither. We gave our sweetness abundantly. Our tears watered parched soil.

We sprouted against all hope: elegant and exuberant. We nourish you in hard times. We appear in dreams when you need us most.

--Heather Ferguson



The story of the “resurrection” of the ancient date palms is a fascinating one of seeds dating back to the Battle of Masada over 2,000 years ago. A scientist, Dr. Sarah Sallon of the Natural Medicine Research Center, brought some seeds back to life and her efforts brought forth this tree called the Methuselah and its fruit, the date. Read more about it at <https://dustyoldthing.com/biblical-era-date-palm-bears-fruit/>

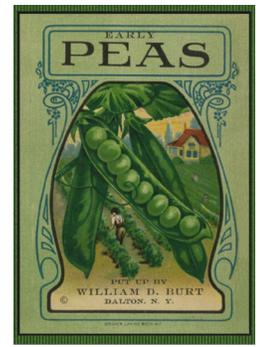
Thank you, poet Heather Ferguson, for writing so beautifully about this on the preceding page!!

“A seed neither fears light
nor darkness, but uses both
to grow.”
-- Matshona Dhliwayo

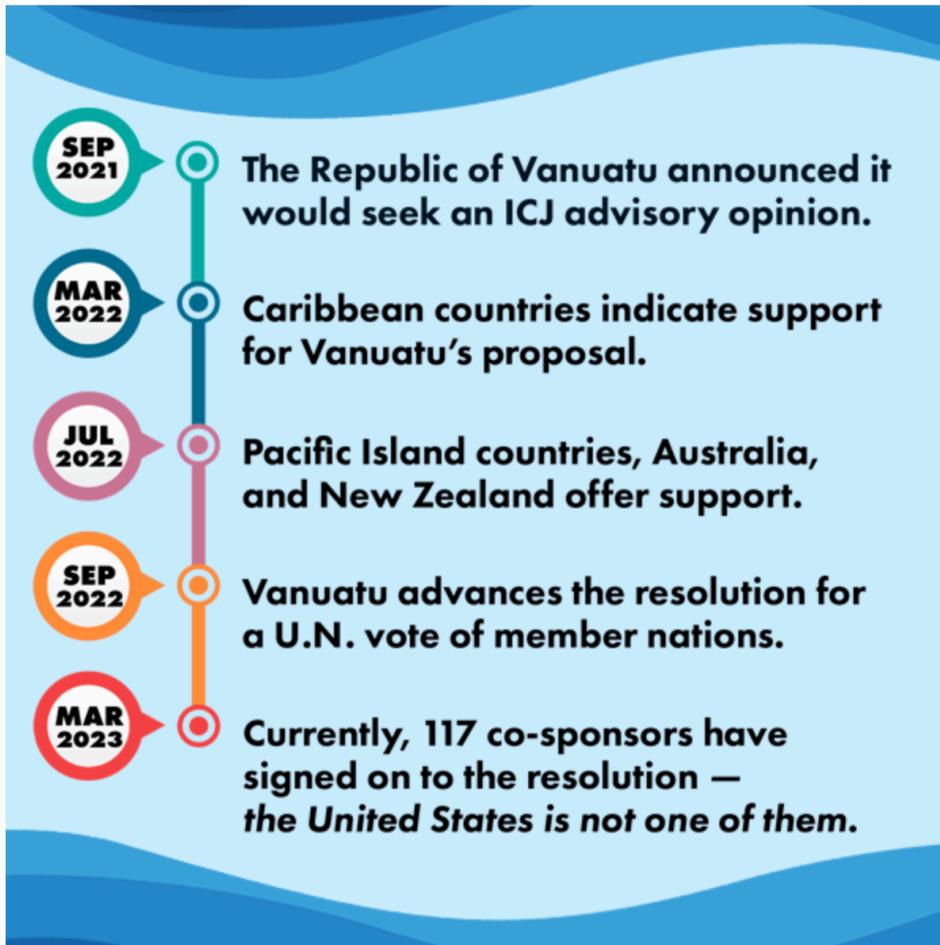


Gentle Rain, 12 x 12 on wood, by Brenda Silva

“What better way to plant a seed than a bird,
gentle rain, and flowers!”



UUSC partner Pacific Island Students Fighting Climate Change wants the world's highest court to give a legal opinion on climate change and human rights.



The United States, as the world's largest carbon emitter, has a moral and ethical responsibility to sign on to the U.N. resolution seeking clarification from the world's highest court on the obligation of States in protecting future generations.

Thank you for showing solidarity with our Pacific partners protecting their homes, livelihoods, and ways of life. Together, we can safeguard the rights of future generations threatened by climate catastrophe.

With appreciation,

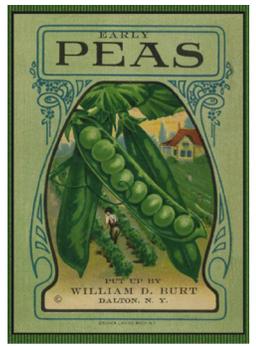


Salote Soqo
Director of Advocacy, Global Displacement
Unitarian Universalist Service Committee

[DONATE](#)

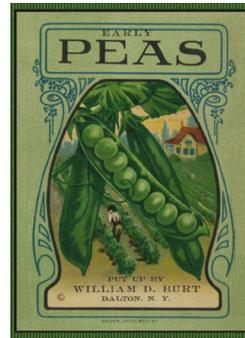


Among Ourselves



Love is the Spirit of this Meeting

- We are holding **Bonnie Breidenbach** on our hearts in the wake of her friend, Cass's, death.
- We are also holding **Kathleen Henry** and **Kim Marrkand** in our hearts--their years long friend, Kathleen McGonagle, died in March.
- We are sending great love and support to **Dianne Kopser**, as her mother is facing some medical issues.
- We are missing some folks, among them: **Lawrence Crisara** and **Kenneth Sutton**, who is healing beautifully! We are also thinking of **Bernie Mainz** and **Margueriete Van Doren**.
- Our hearts are with **Mary Abt** and **Pastor Brenda Haywood**. The loss of family members runs deep. We love you both.
- Congratulations to **Ellen Anthony** on her successful show at Preservation Hall in Wellfleet. **Myra Kooy** had a fabulous show as well at Castle Hill's Edgewood Farm
- So great to see **Terry Conti** in our midst. And, **Moses Kafka**, too!
- Good luck to **Mary DeRocco** on her healing path from ankle surgery.



- **Mel and Alison Dwyer**, we are thinking of you!
- May **Marty Hassell** be of good health.
- **Shelley Vermilya and Lucinda Garthwaite** are reveling in their new puppy, Percy. We thank them deeply for their stewardship of Linnet's dog, Pokey while Linnet was away. And, may they heal well.
- Welcome back, **Linnet Hultin!**
- Thinking of our new member, **Marilyn Bayer**. We are so happy to have her among ourselves.
- Sending **Bruce De Ste Crox** all our healing energy, after his hernia surgery. We love you, Bruce.



UU-ers Dave, Jen, Jane,
Deb at Ellen's show

Photo by Marty Hassell

Every month, it seems, we have a page commemorating yet another life lost or tragically wounded because of systemic racism. If we fight the good fight together, if we make “good trouble,” we can change the world.



“They tried to bury us. They didn’t know we were seeds.”
-Mexican Proverb

A week or so ago, 38 migrants detained in Mexico were so desperate they lit afire their prison mattresses and they died. They died because their Mexican guards walked away and left them in their locked, smoked-filled cell. Many more were seriously injured. There are so many ways to read this situation--was it the seeds of despair the jailed men were planting when they burned their beds, so, in a sense they killed themselves? Or, was it a kind of hopeful seed -- a hope in humanity, because of course the guards would let them out? The desperation of the men on both sides of the prison bars makes them seem similar in many ways... the guards ran for their lives; the migrants were trying to cross a border for new lives. What is our responsibility in this, we Americans? Who really lit the match?



Pop in the Pot



A long time ago it was, but nevertheless I was certainly old enough to have been taught how to care for plants, except that my mother did not *do* planting or gardening—barely did flowers in a vase.

It was 1971. Graduate School. Kim and I had an apartment with a sunny windowsill in the pantry that overlooked the backyard in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. I had bought a tiny plant at the grocery store, just a skinny sprout, basil perhaps, or thyme, perfect to sit on my sunny windowsill and grow. When transplanting the grocery tendril to the pretty ceramic pot that would sit on the sill, I knew I was supposed to line the bottom of the pot with small stones.

Drainage. I knew that much.

Instead of simply going into the backyard and scooping up some random pebbles, I reached for a bag that was on the pantry shelf. Just the right size, those popcorn kernels, for this little thing to sprout in this little clay pot, I thought.

Fast forward a week or so and imagine my surprise! Little green shoots were pushing up around the original plant. What is this..., propagation, I wondered? A few days more and the green shoots were becoming small stalks and overtaking the original sprout dramatically.

You get it, yes? I was growing popcorn on my pantry windowsill. Oh, be careful in determining a pebble from a seed.

Morals of the story are:

1. It is easy to mistake a seed for a lowly rock. You might be planting and not know it. Hmm . . . we are ALWAYS planting and not knowing it.
2. As my mother (NOT a gardener) always said: be careful...that might *grow*.
3. What you plant can take over before you realize it.
4. Sometimes the little surprises you make on your own windowsill are sources of giggles and wisdom for decades.



DECAY AND REBIRTH: another way to plant a seed.

Photo: Marty Cowden



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