## SUNDAY WORSHIP
### October - December 2021

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Worship Leader</th>
<th>Musician</th>
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<tr>
<td>October 3</td>
<td>Donna Dolhman</td>
<td>Julie Gardner &amp; Chris Poulin</td>
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<tr>
<td>October 10</td>
<td>Sara Hayman</td>
<td>Colleen</td>
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<tr>
<td>October 17</td>
<td>Mark Worth</td>
<td>Julie &amp; Chris</td>
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<tr>
<td>October 24</td>
<td>Vanessa Williams</td>
<td>Colleen</td>
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<tr>
<td>October 31</td>
<td>Drew Moeller</td>
<td>Colleen</td>
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<tr>
<td>November 7</td>
<td>Jodi Hayashida</td>
<td>Colleen</td>
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<tr>
<td>November 14</td>
<td>ANNUAL MEETING</td>
<td>Colleen</td>
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<tr>
<td>November 21</td>
<td>TBA</td>
<td>Julie &amp; Chris</td>
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<tr>
<td>November 28</td>
<td>Amy Fiorilli</td>
<td>Colleen</td>
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<tr>
<td>December 5</td>
<td>Lane Fisher</td>
<td>Julie &amp; Chris</td>
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<tr>
<td>December 12</td>
<td>Vanessa Williams</td>
<td>Colleen</td>
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<tr>
<td>December 19</td>
<td>Margaret</td>
<td>Julie &amp; Chris</td>
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<tr>
<td>December 24</td>
<td>Margaret</td>
<td>Colleen</td>
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<tr>
<td>December 26</td>
<td>Margaret</td>
<td>Colleen</td>
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**Happy New Year!!!**

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**Our Mission**

To establish and promote an open and welcoming congregation that supports and sustains the spiritual, ethical, intellectual and overall well being of our members while serving our broader communities.
A Message from the Treasurer About Next Year’s Budget

The Congregation’s Annual Meeting is on November 14th. At that time, members of the Congregation will be asked to approve the budget for next year. Between now and then, the several committees that administer our operational and philanthropic programs will be asked to let me, the Treasurer, know what they think their programs will need for next year. That information will be combined into an overall budget, reviewed and approved by the Board of Directors for presentation on November 14th. This review and approval process - which will require several meetings - has to be completed by October 28th.

This past year has been unusual, with the limitations Covid has put on our services and programs - some spending little or nothing while other, unexpected, costs have come up. For now, however, we can’t predict that next year will be significantly different. I recommend that Committee chairs set their budget for what they HOPE to be able to do. Our philanthropic activities have proceeded unabated - Covid or not (maybe more-so). If we find areas we are unable to spend the budgeted money, it’s still there. I will be personally contacting Committee chairs in the next week or so, sharing with them some notes from Margaret regarding next year’s budget.

Looking forward for your input.
Peter Fairbank, Treasurer

Call for Submissions

Calling all poets, prose writers, lovers of the written word, jokesters and those who need just a little encouragement to put pen to paper.

Our monthly newsletter, The Common, has a few pages needing to be filled. Do you have a favorite quote, would you like to remark on a news article? Perhaps you would like to write anonymously keeping us guessing about who the author is. Is Fall your favorite season, why or why not? Do you have a question about the history of the Meeting House or Castine we might be able to answer?

Let’s have fun, submit an item to Jean Lamontanaro at jean.lamontanaro@gmail.com by October 28 for the November Common.

Service for Sunday, October 17

Sunday, October 17, our guest speaker will be Rev. Mark Worth. His topic is, “Is Anger Ever Useful?” Anger confronts us on the internet, in our national political discourse, and sometimes in our personal lives. Some psychologists say anger is best viewed as a tool that helps us read and respond to upsetting social situations. But if we respond to anger with anger of our own, conflict escalates. How can we de-escalate conflict? Mark Worth was our minister from 1991 to 2013. He is retired and lives in Ellsworth.
Good news

Eve Stwertka is happy to be home from the hospital after the fourth time this year. Her new heart valve and pacemaker don’t make her feel as bionic as she had feared. In fact, she feels fine. She send greetings all around and thanks her many friend for their support and good wishes.

Smoke
by Johanna Sweet

The original version was written in 1995 and revised several times over the years. It resonates with the state of our world twenty-six years later in which climate change drives ever increasing smoke and fears.

Rolls from the Northwest through bedroom windows, across fields, down to the sea, filling our sleep with fear, driving us from our beds.

Sharp-sensed, we panic, fly through rooms, search for flames, stand over sleeping children, call to each other in the night, “Smoke, do you smell smoke?”

“From Canada–Three Rivers–two million acres–out of control–three fires–no rain–too long no rain–Visibility limited from Bangor to Bar Harbor.”

Shutting windows, we guard pockets of air. No clothes go out to dry this day; No children play in cinder-scented streets. Two hundred miles away three fires converge, sending their fear-smoke here.

Touching us here.

Filling
by Vanessa L. T. Williams

9/26/2021

Who were you yesterday? Who are you today? Time it passes and we are always in this moment Alive, Never in the past Nor future, Always the now, We are, Being, Experiencing, Telling of what we know, Keepers of the past, From our memory of the passed, Our souls the constant That bind together the moments, Stringing minutes, hours, days, Into years, decades, lifetimes, Soul filling self; Spirit filling soul, Filling time, Filling now, Filling, Being, Who we are.

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Submissions from the Congregation

Over the next few pages, you will find poetry and quotes that were sent in by members and friends of the congregation. These are words that they found inspiring, meaningful or relevant to our current times. Perhaps you will find meaning in them as well.

Continue by Maya Angelou

My wish for you
Is that you continue
To remind the people that
Each is as good as the other
And that no one is beneath
Nor above you

To be who and how you are
To astonish a mean world
With your acts of kindness
To remember your own young years
And look with favor upon the lost
And the least and the lonely

To allow humor to lighten the burden
Of your tender heart
To put the mantle of your protection
Around the bodies of
The young and defenseless

In a society dark with cruelty
To let the people hear the grandeur
Of God in the peals of your laughter
To take the hand of the despised
And diseased and walk proudly with them
In the high street
Some might see you and
Be encouraged to do likewise

To let your eloquence
Elevate the people to heights
They had only imagined

Continued on next page
Continue by Maya Angelou

To plant a public kiss of concern
On the cheek of the sick
And the aged and infirm
And count that as a
Natural action to be expected

Continue

To let gratitude be the pillow
Upon which you kneel to
Say your nightly prayer
And let faith be the bridge
You build to overcome evil
And welcome good

Continue

To ignore no vision
Which comes to enlarge your range

Continue

And increase your spirit

Continue

To dare to love deeply
And risk everything
For the good thing

Continue

To float
Happily in the sea of infinite substance
Which set aside riches for you
Before you had a name

Continue

And by doing so
You and your work
Will be able to continue
Eternally…

Reading Dante’s Purgatory
While the World Hangs in the Balance

“…..Dante was a good companion for the pandemic, a dark wood from which the escape route remains uncertain. The plagues he describes are still with us: of sectarian violence, and the greed for power that corrupts a regime. His medieval theology isn’t much consolation to a non-believer, yet his art and its truths more necessary than ever: that greater love for others is an antidote to the world’s barbarities, that evil may be understood as a sin against love, and that a soul can’t hope to dispel anguish without plumbing it…..”

Judith Thurman, A Critic at Large
“Reading Dante’s Purgatory While the World Hangs in the Balance”
In The New Yorker, September 20, 2021
Azure Creek by Wang Wei

To reach Yellow-Bloom River, they say, you'd best follow Azure Creek through these mountains, its hundred-mile way taking ten thousand twists and turns, first rock-strewn, kicking up a racket, then its color serene deep among pines, rapids tumbling water-chestnuts here, crystalline purity lighting reeds there. My mind's perennial form is idleness, and the same calm fills a river’s clarity, so I'll just linger here on this flat stone, dandle my fishing line—and stay, stay.

Psalm 139, vs 7-11

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend to heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; Even there shalt thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Francis of Assisi

God came to my house and asked for charity. And I fell on my knees and Cried, “Beloved, what may I give?” “Just love,” He said. “Just love.” Such love does the sky now pour; That whenever I stand in a field, I have to wring out the light When I get home. No one knows his name— A man who lives on the streets And walks around in rags. Once I saw that man in a dream. He and God were constructing An extraordinary temple.

When I Met My Muse by William Stafford

I glanced at her and took my glasses off—they were still singing. They buzzed like a locust on the coffee table and then ceased. Her voice belled forth, and the sunlight bent. I felt the ceiling arch, and knew that nails up there took a new grip on whatever they touched. “I am your own way of looking at things,” she said. “When you allow me to live with you, every glance at the world around you will be a sort of salvation.” And I took her hand.

Rumi

I like when the music happens like this: Something in His eye grabs hold of A tambourine in me, Then I turn and lift a violin in someone else, And they turn, and this turning continues; It has reached you now. Isn’t that something?