



THE COMMON

UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST CONGREGATION OF CASTINE

October 2021

SUNDAY WORSHIP October - December 2021

Date	Worship Leader	Musician
October 3	Donna Dolhman	Julie Gardner & Chris Poulin
October 10	Sara Hayman	Colleen
October 17	Mark Worth	Julie & Chris
October 24	Vanessa Williams	Colleen
October 31	Drew Moeller	Colleen
November 7	Jodi Hayashida	Julie & Chris
November 14	ANNUAL MEETING	Colleen
November 21	TBA	Julie & Chris
November 28	Amy Fiorilli	Colleen
December 5	Lane Fisher	Julie & Chris
December 12	Vanessa Williams	Colleen
December 19	Margaret	Julie & Chris
December 24	Margaret	Colleen
December 26	Margaret	Colleen

Happy New Year!!!

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.

Contact Us

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Website: uucastine.org • “Like” us on Facebook

For questions or comments about *The Common* or to submit items for this newsletter, please contact Jean Lamontanaro at jean.lamontanaro@gmail.com.



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.

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.

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.

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

Continue

To be who and how you are
To astonish a mean world
With your acts of kindness

Continue

To allow humor to lighten the burden
Of your tender heart

Continue

In a society dark with cruelty
To let the people hear the grandeur
Of God in the peals of your laughter

Continue

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

Continue

To remind the people that
Each is as good as the other
And that no one is beneath
Nor above you

Continue

To remember your own young years
And look with favor upon the lost
And the least and the lonely

Continue

To put the mantle of your protection
Around the bodies of
The young and defenseless

Continue

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

Continue

Continued on next page



Continue by Maya Angelou

Continued from previous page

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

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.

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.

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?

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.

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.