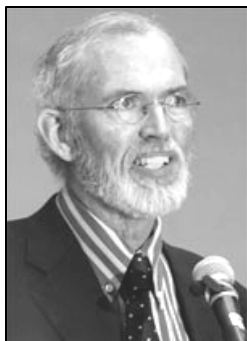


Hope and Fear: An Election Day Sermon

BY F. FORREST CHURCH, MINISTER OF PUBLIC THEOLOGY, UNITARIAN CHURCH OF ALL SOULS, NEW YORK, NEW YORK



Editor's note: This sermon was originally preached on October 25th, 1992. You may find that the context of an Election Day sermon hasn't changed all that much.

There's a noble tradition in the ministry, going back to the 17th Century. One or two Sundays before an election, almost every preacher in the land would devote his sermon to the body politic. It's a great literary genre. Often, the fire was so hot and the clay so fine that an Election Day sermon was the one sermon a minister might be remembered by.

There was a reason for that. No words were minced. He entered the pulpit and for the next two hours—count your blessings, folks—for the next two hours he proclaimed a jeremiad. As in Jeremiah, the great Hebrew prophet.

Here's how it went.

The world has gone, or is about to go to Hell. The reason is simple. God is punishing you for your sins. Whatever is wrong in this world is wrong because you are wrong-headed, wrong-hearted, inattentive to God's commandments, and God is watching and God is angry, and if you keep on messing up you will burn forever.

At least they burned for two long hours. But, nonetheless, by the end of the pastor's jeremiad, almost everyone who listened did in fact feel at least partially responsible for everything that was going wrong. No more "throw the bums out"; the bums were us.

I won't give you two hours worth of sermon, since the last man to truly fill a pulpit to capacity just before an election—I'm talking two hours and no doubts—has been gone for at least 150 years. I'm not going to tell you who to vote for. I'm not even going to tell you that everything wrong with this country is your fault, the result of God's responsive wrath.

Both the candidates for office are flawed men. I accept that. In fact, I want a flawed person in the White House. One who knows that he or she is flawed. The reasons are simple. First, the president will be less dangerous. Second, we will be more accountable.

The president of the United States is not going to save us. The president can help us, can work with us and for us, but is not going to save us. Here the old Puritan preachers were right. The votes we cast for president are much less important than the votes we cast for our neighbors and ourselves, the votes we cast with and in our lives.

So here—that brief stab at a jeremiad behind us—I want to talk about us. Who we are and who we can be. If the United States of America is about anything it is about that. E pluribus unum. Not one for many, but out of many, one. It is finally far less important that the trains run on time than it is that the passengers are willing to take responsibility for one another's welfare.

We won't ever get it right; that's not the goal. In passing judgment, the early Puritan preachers too often forgot the importance of forgiveness. Of loving kindness. Of self-acceptance. Of honest doubts. But they did remind us that we are accountable—that despite our failings we are accountable, not someone else.



Vol. LXIII, No. 10

NOVEMBER 2008

If the only prayer you said in your whole life was, "thank you," that would suffice.
—Meister Eckhart

A monthly for religious liberals

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So I'm going to make this election sermon a little more personal than usual. My subject is hope and fear.

First to define fear. Hate is not the opposite of love, fear is. When we are frightened, by others, by life itself, we cannot love. We can hide. We can fight. But we cannot love. Conversely, love casts out fear.

We are good at fear. That's why politicians play on our fears. Fear gives power to others, and inspires us to try to take power away from them. Fear divides and then conquers us. It feeds on our weakness and envy and jealousy. It leads us to follow those who tell us we are victims. It closes hearts and poisons minds.

One of the ways fear drives the world today may, on its face, seem positive. Fear loves order and hates disorder. Fear will sacrifice justice and freedom for order in a minute. I'm not suggesting that disorder is good and order bad. Both are neutral in value. It depends on the ingredients which create them. But, in the spirit of our founders, controlled disorder is far more American than imposed order. Imposed order almost always rises phoenix-like from the ashes of scapegoats. Jews, gays, feminists, Blacks; take your pick.

But let me go back. Let me play with definitions for a minute. Paul said the three great virtues were faith, hope, and love. If the opposite of love is fear, using a similar paradoxical twist of logic, the opposite of faith is belief, and the opposite of hope is certainty.

Faith is confidence, a basic trust in being. Belief is a set of propositions that true-believers say make it possible for one to have faith. It works like this. If I believe, say, that the Bible is the word of God, that Jesus was born of a virgin and resurrected on the third day, my faith could be dashed. Which is precisely how belief kills faith. We believe something, or in someone, and it disappoints us or they disappoint us and we lose our faith.

Think about politics in America today. Surely each one of us has believed at some point in someone, but then times changed or we changed. Camelot came and went and we lost our faith. We become cynical.

Then someone happens along to make us believe again. He is different. She can do it. But they can't do it. Only we can do it, all together. Think of how many ex-communists joined the Catholic church. The God who failed, fails again and again and again.

**I know it is a lot to ask,
but that is what I ask of
my president. I ask a lot.
Not belief, certainty and
fear, but faith, hope and
love.**

Faith should never be sacrificed to belief. Faith says yes to mystery, wonder, possibility, change.

Let me put it this way. I have faith in myself, but I certainly don't believe in myself. You see the difference. Only faith gets us through a dark night of the soul. It's the difference between a view and a fortress, the difference between horizons and walls.

As for hope, the opposite of hope is certainty. Hope says things can be different, be better, the world and ourselves strangely redeemed if only we win, align ourselves with life by doing what we can and being who we yet might be. Hopelessness is one form of certainty. Assurance is another. Both squeeze out the ambiguities of hope.

I don't want my president to ask me to believe in him. I simply won't. And I don't want her to play on my fears of others. Believe me, I have such fears, I surely do. And I don't want him to crush my hope by setting up an impossible dream, any more than I want to succumb to the cynics who have lost their ability to dream.

Instead I want my president to inspire hope. I want her to give me faith. And I certainly want him to encourage me to open my heart to love.

I know it is a lot to ask, but that is what I ask of my president. I ask a lot. Not belief, certainty and fear, but faith, hope and love.

It's a religious request. I know that. But, after all, this is a religious nation, an experiment in religious freedom, founded in the spirit, not the letter of the scriptures. On Election Eve, I am no more ashamed of making a religious request than my forebears were when they fulminated for hours in just as sincere a desire that everything, somehow, would turn out right.

I ask a lot, because our founders and early leaders asked a lot of us. As Abraham Lincoln once said, "The question is not whether God is on our side, but whether we are on the side of God."

The United States of America is perhaps the most ambitious, open, vital experiment in government that has ever been fashioned. Our responsibilities are equal to the promise of our dream.

I have great faith in our system of government. I love this country and its people. I



hope that our future will fulfill the promise of our founders' dreams.

Yes, I have my doubts. And I have my fears. All of us do. Yet my faith and hope are strong. We who already have so much will somehow muster the capacity to rise to historic occasions such as this one.

Soon we shall measure ourselves again. If we rise to the occasion, whatever it brings, November fourth will mark not the end of this election, it will mark its beginning. ■

A Modest Thanksgiving

BY DAVID BUMBAUGH, PROFESSOR OF MINISTRY, MEADVILLE LOMBARD THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

When I consider the Thanksgiving season,
I am embarrassed to realize how very small, trivial,
 insignificant
are the things, which come to my mind.

I know I should give thanks for the big things,
and in some intellectual sense, I do.
I am grateful for love and hope and nourishment,
for challenge and ambition and opportunity,
for the history out of which we have come
and the tradition in which we stand
and the occasional glimpse of what we shall be,
for all the people whose lives are woven into mine
and who, all unknowing, make my life possible.

For all of this I am truly grateful.
But there are moments
when I am startled into thanksgiving—
a gratitude deeper than words
that shakes me to my very core.
Most often, it is occasioned
by something small, modest, common, and ordinary.

In the morning
I stand in the shower,
the splash of warm water spilling over me,
cleansing me and renewing me.
I am suddenly aware
of the curving feel of a fresh cake of soap
nestled in my hand
and an unexpected sense of being blessed
washes over my being.

Sitting quietly, reading,
I am gradually aware
of the steady sound of the clock on the wall
ticking away the unvarying moments of the day and the night,
knitting together past and present and future.
And I am grateful to the wise person
who, creating battery-powered clocks,
chose not to eliminate the steady, redundant
tick-tock sound of time's passage.
What wisdom and restraint!

I walk into the living room and there
on the freshly vacuumed carpet,
one bright red leaf
tracked in from the outdoors,
which will not be tamed and caged and kept in its place—
an unbidden reminder that despite centuries of culture
we are still rooted in the natural world,
still enveloped in its cycles,
still caught in its endless patterns of turning and returning.



I smile at the small white asters
which cluster around the tree trunks
in the front lawn,
and the mushrooms which spring up after rain,
reminding me of the persistent patterns
which underlie and resist our efforts at structure and control.



Outside my window
a flock of small brown birds
makes a home in the tall, unsightly bush,
which borders the drive.
Summer and winter they are there
chattering and fluttering and sweeping in and out.
I would like to cut down that bush,
or trim it back severely,
and surely my neighbors would applaud the effort.
But where would the birds go?
Summer and winter it is their home.
They flutter by the window,
reminding me I am steward, not owner,
that power does not confer right,
that the arena of duty and obligation
is large and inescapable.

I am stirred by the young and the vulnerable—
the gray kitten playing with a bright red pod
until, weary, it seeks out its friend and surrogate mother,
a small, taffy-colored dog.
Lying securely in the curve of the dog's body
the kitten sleeps while the dog keeps watch.

And the children,
everywhere the children:
in shopping malls
and on the streets,
resting trustfully in their parent's arms,
lying quietly in strollers,
trotting along beside adults,
eyes wide and bright,
welcoming the world in all its confusion and complexity.
I watch them
and remember the child I was and still am,
and I try to see the world as they see it,
new and bright and full of hope.
And in their presence I am renewed.

My thanksgiving is a modest thing:
rooted in the common and the ordinary.
My thanksgiving is a modest thing:
rooted in the here and now.
My thanksgiving is a modest thing:
rooted in a faith that in every moment
is beauty and glory and blessing enough
to astound God almighty and strike a horde of angels dumb. ■

My Turkey

BY TOMS CHADE, MINISTER, FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH OF WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

I remembered this year why I don't like to make turkeys for Thanksgiving.

I had not made one for several years. We have been taking the "anything but a turkey option" for Thanksgiving. We have had the overpriced brown sugar encrusted, spiral cut hams from the baked ham boutiques. We have had overpriced roasts of beef. We have dined in fancy overpriced French restaurants, and even in an Italian restaurant, which raised its prices for the occasion.

I am not sure why I resist making a roast turkey for Thanksgiving; I just do.

This year, however, someone recommended to us that we buy a turkey at the local grocery store. It was assured to us that it had the very best turkeys imaginable, and that they were suitably overpriced, so that, at least, one tradition would be maintained. So that's what we did.

I had to go to the store a week in advance and speak with the turkey consultant at the special turkey order desk. And there, after a short interview, our family was matched with a suitable Thanksgiving turkey.

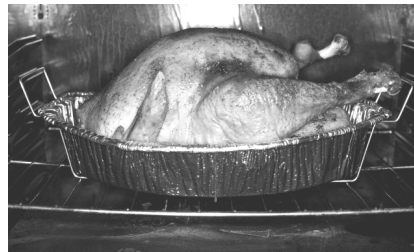
Our turkey was a splendid specimen. It had an excellent resume, and came with references. It had avoided the temptations of drugs and chemicals and was as pure as the driven snow. It was represented to me that it had spent its life strolling about the great open plains, grazing across the range where the deer and the antelope play (and the sky is not cloudy all day), doing whatever young, innocent and touchingly naïve turkeys do.

Had our children been younger, I would have engaged this turkey as a governess for them.

On Thursday, I got out my *Betty Crocker's Cookbook*, the one with the big pictures, and read the instructions for roasting the turkey.

I have to tell you at this point that I have one of those ovens that come with a temperature probe. You stick this thermometer into the turkey, and it turns off the oven when the bird is perfectly cooked. Could it be any easier?

I hooked everything up, set the oven and put my brand new roasting pan, holding this tender, innocent yet outdoosy turkey in to roast. Betty Crocker said that it should take three to four hours.



90 minutes later, the alarm goes off.

The turkey is done, according to the thermometer. How could this be? Well, it looks golden brown on the outside, but that doesn't tell you whether it is cooked down in the innards. And it is only half way through the recommended time. Perhaps the temperature probe is not accurate. Perhaps I didn't sink the probe into just the right place in the turkey. ("Next year," I say to myself, "you should buy a kitchen model X-Ray machine that will guide your thermometer placement more accurately.") Perhaps my oven is too hot. I am perplexed.

So, I decide to cook the turkey some more. After all, the rest of the meal is not yet done, and not everyone is ready to eat. It seemed like a rational decision at the time. On the one hand, I had the high-tech oven, with its well-engineered temperature probe, telling me it was done. It even showed me the internal temperature of the turkey with a digital display, in case I was unable

to squint enough to read a regular thermometer. On the other hand, I had a vague intuition, knowledge beyond all rational knowing, that it just couldn't be fully cooked yet.

So, I cooked the turkey for another hour. After all, if I believed in empirical evidence, I would have been called to another profession.

The result, of course, was that our Thanksgiving feast was splendid. The Schades gathered around the groaning board; we expressed our great gratitude for all our blessings, which included the chance to live close to one another, the peace that reigns in our family, our shared sense of purpose, our good health and fortune. Surely, we are blessed. The food was delicious and plentiful, with one tiny exception: the turkey was kind of dry. As in, Iraq is kind of dry. You didn't really slice this turkey; it sort of crumbled when touched. The best strategy for eating it was to try to glue the turkey dust together with a lot of gravy so it wouldn't blow off your fork on the way to your mouth.

Later on, during the cleanup stage of the meal, I did find the special roasting instructions that came with my very special turkey. It turns out that because the turkey is so fresh, so natural, so healthy, so close to the Platonic ideal form of turkey-ness, it cooks more quickly. Naturally, my 1987 *Betty Crocker's Cookbook* with the big pictures had not kept up with these developments. Apparently the only thing Betty Crocker has over Martha Stewart is that she was not in prison.

There are, of course, many lessons to be learned from this tragic tale. I'm just not sure what they are. Perhaps simply that there is such a thing as too much striving for perfection, and that gratitude is warranted even when perfection evades our grasp. Or maybe just that when Thanksgiving rolls around, any one of us can end up being the turkey. ■

Upcoming Online Classes

Ancient Roots: The Feminine Face of Western Religion

Part II—Women and the Sacred in Judaism and Christianity

This second part of the Ancient Roots curriculum (Part I ran in September) addresses women in early Jewish and Christian story and history, looking again at some elements and characters we may know well—or may not know as well as we think! Starting with Eve and the lesser-known Lilith in the Hebrew bible, we'll look also at the roles and relevance of some famous matriarchs in early Judaism. Then moving on to Christianity, we'll consider the Gnostic gospel of Mary Magdalene—which presents a very different early Christian woman with very different significance than has come down in popular understanding. Finally we'll move into early European history by exploring different roles for women in the early Irish church.

Taught by the Rev. Elizabeth Lerner, this course begins November 3rd, and runs for four weeks.

This course is partially funded by a generous grant from the UU Women's Federation.

Religion and Ecology: A Shared Fate, A Shared Task

How are the world's religions responding to environmental concerns?

Is the environment a religious issue? John Henry Newman has stated that people will die for a dogma who will not stir for a conclusion. What if, then, environmentalism was discussed in religious rather than scientific language? Would the 2/3 of the world's population who belong to a religion then pay more attention, be willing to make changes? In this course we'll explore the spiritual aspects of the environmental crisis and how the world's religions are working separately and together toward saving this sacred space called Earth. We'll look at the resources that these religions bring to the discussion of what is being called "deep ecology," the religious and ethical dimensions of viewing the earth as sacred.

Taught by Peg Shaffer, one of our most popular online teachers, this course begins January 12th and runs six weeks.

To register for these or other classes, or to learn more about CLF online classes in general, go to www.clfuu.org/learn.

These courses carry a \$40 registration fee. ■

Thanks be Given!



An excerpt from a sermon given by József Szombatfalvi, minister and district dean, Székeleykeresztúr, Transylvania

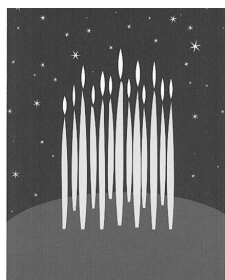
I have brought you the greatest gift,
the crown of life that rules all life—
including our walking together;
I have brought you Love,
love that fills the universe, and
holds us together.
For Love ultimately is God.
Our relationship is based solely on
love
and has a divine blessing on it.

I have brought you the joy
that walking on a divine path brings
into anyone's life.
This enables me to rejoice with
those who celebrate life,
to cry with those who mourn,
to forgive and be forgiven
This is my joy over the miracle of
life itself,
and the divine presence in nature,
and in history—
and in you and in me
as we live out our faith acting
through our deeds.

Thanks be given! ■

Gifts from the Heart

The CLF shop carries a wide variety of chalice jewelry and note cards perfect for holiday giving.



Whether you are sending holiday greetings, looking for a gift for a volunteer, wanting a meaningful present for a teen or needing something special for a stocking, the CLF has just the right thing. You can view items as well as purchase them at our online store (click "CLF Shop" at www.clfuu.org), or order by phone at (617) 948-6150. All proceeds from the sale of our chalice themed jewelry, note cards and other gifts support the many ministries of the Church of the Larger Fellowship. ■





From Your Minister

BY JANE RZEPKA,
SENIOR MINISTER,
CHURCH OF THE LARGER
FELLOWSHIP

The United States is poised for an election. While many members of the Church of the Larger Fellowship are not US citizens, to some extent or another everyone in the world will be affected by this vote. Therefore, one might expect a word on the topic in a column such as this.

It's not that I don't know who I'm going to vote for. I do.

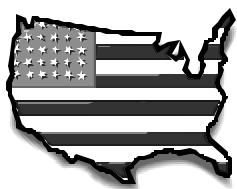
It's not that I don't know who *you* should favor. I do.

I have thought these elections through, I have strong opinions, and I'd like to tell the world what's what.

It's just that, darn it all, I believe in democracy. And if I believe in democracy, I have to accept the fact that even though I am perfectly clear in my own mind about who ought to win this election, even though I'm so sure I know who the best candidate is, those other folks, those folks who are about to vote the "wrong" way, might turn out to be right. Unimaginable, I know.

True, in our religious tradition, ministers in my neck of the woods have always preached "Election Sermons"—right back to Colonial times. But alas, our clergy have never figured out a system where we get to tell voters how to cast their ballots. At most, election sermons comment on an aspect or two of the current political scene.

In my heart of hearts, I know that's best. In a democracy, the views of a minister have no particular clout. And



within the context of Unitarian Universalism, we want people who have a

variety of views to feel at home. While members of the Church of the Larger Fellowship are *religious* liberals, we need not be *political* liberals.

My mother is a Democrat. When I was growing up, she was the only Democrat in our village. My father was a Republican. When I was growing up, he was the only Republican in our Unitarian church, which was some miles away. I remember that both in town and in

Religion *does* get to comment on how we live our lives both in the private and public arenas—that's what religion is for.

church, one or the other of my parents was the designated political oddball. But because in both places they were always included and treated with warmth, respect, and good-natured humor, I have seen that political diversity can work just fine.

So, I am not in favor of exclusionary partisan politics from the pulpit. Yet I am all for politics in church! Religion and politics couldn't be more tightly linked.

I know that the first phrase that comes to many of our minds is "Hey, what about the separation between church and state that the USA is so famous for?!" Certainly we would never support the establishment of a state religion—that's what the separation of church and state is designed to prevent. But religion *does* get to comment on how we live our lives both in the private and public arenas—that's what religion is for.

In the end, the election is not so much about politics as it is about real life, same as religion. Whether you plan to vote this way or that, most of your concerns are shared concerns that manifest in the world beyond this election.

None of us, and none of the candidates, has sure-fire answers about how to solve all our problems. None of us knows the very best order of priority in a complicated world, none of us could ever predict all the wild cards that will show up in the future.

In 1630, John Winthrop preached a sermon on the deck of the little ship *Arbella*, before the Puritans set foot on land in North America. He said:

We must be knit together, in this work, as one.... We must be willing to abridge ourselves of our superfluities, for the supply of others' necessities.... We must delight in each other, make others' conditions our own, rejoice together, mourn together, labor and suffer together, always having before our eyes our commission and community in the work, as members of the same body. So shall we keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.

I, for one, find it difficult to, as Winthrop suggests, "be knit together in this work as one." As I said, inside I feel as though I know exactly who to vote for, I know who's right and who's wrong. But we need to move beyond that. That's not what democracy is. That's not what Unitarian Universalism is.

As my colleague Ken Sawyer once wrote,

*Whoever wins or loses in the races
on Tuesday
or in the next or the next beyond
them,
let us bear our little victories with
humility
and our defeats with grace.*

*In the midst of whatever may come,
may we be spared from venge-
ance and bitterness alike.*

*May we instead be graced with
laughter,
perspective, gentleness,
forbearance,
patience, and peace. ■*

November 2008

REsources for Living

BY LYNN UNGAR, MINISTER FOR LIFESPAN LEARNING, CHURCH OF THE LARGER FELLOWSHIP

If you look through this issue of *Quest*, you'll find that it has kind of a split personality. Because this November brings us not only North American Thanksgiving, but also the US presidential election, we've kind of put together two topics that don't really go together. I mean, every year the US president pardons a turkey, but that rather silly ceremony is about as close as the two different topics get. Or is it?

Well, I'm sure that I'm not the only person who is very grateful that the US will have a new president in the near future. Couldn't come soon enough for me. But that's not the point I wanted to make. Really, what I wanted to say is that those of us who live in countries where there is an open democracy, where we get to freely debate issues, and vote for the people who we think we will do the best job helping to run the country, we have every reason to be grateful.

Democracy, a form of government where decisions are made by the people voting, is a pretty new way of running countries. For most of history, power belonged to families that had always held power—or to people who managed to grab power with weapons and fighting. It's only in the last couple of hundred years that this democracy idea has really caught on in a big way, and there are still countries where the average person doesn't have a voice and a vote.

But this whole idea of a voice and a vote is so important that we put it into our Unitarian Universalist statement of principles and purposes. Our fifth UU principle affirms "the right of conscience and the use of the democratic process within our congregations and in society at large." In other words, UUs want all people to



be able to decide what is right for themselves, and to have a say in the decisions that affect

them. Of course, you may be saying about now, "Hey, what about kids? I don't get to vote in elections!" Which is a good point. In most congregations, and in "society at large," which is to say, the world in general, children don't get to vote.

That sounds pretty unfair, the way it was unfair that to begin with in the United States, the only people who got to vote were white men who owned property. But here's the thing about democracy. It's not just about voting. It's mostly about the whole process that happens before the voting.

Here's the thing about democracy. It's not just about voting. It's mostly about the whole process that happens before the voting.

Because before you cast your vote, you need to figure out *how* to cast your vote. And I don't just mean punching out bits from a paper ballot or using a touch screen. If you are voting on who should be president, first you need to decide which candidate will do a better job. Who will help create a peaceful world? Who will do the best job making sure that people can get a good education? Who will be best at building an economy where people have jobs and can afford what they need? Who will be the most dedicated to taking care of the planet? Those are only a few of the important questions that people need to ask before they vote. And finding out the answers to those questions—or what you think are the right answers to those questions—takes work.

Responsible voters read articles in the newspaper or online. They listen to opinions on the radio. They watch the candidates debate, listening to

each person answering questions about how they would do the job. Responsible voters talk with their friends, and maybe even seek out people who disagree with them, so that they can make sure they're hearing different opinions. They find out what choices the candidates have made earlier in their careers, so they have an idea of what choices they will make in the future.

Of course, not everyone who is allowed to vote goes to all that work. But the people who designed the system really had in mind that democracy was something that took effort—thinking and talking and listening and learning. They wanted people

to really get involved in running the country, not to just cast a vote because they liked the sound of someone's name or because they liked their looks. They wanted voters to take that responsibility seriously, knowing that their choices would affect everyone in the country.

Although there are certainly some children who are ready to take on that responsibility, it seems like a lot to put on the shoulders of someone who hasn't had a chance to grow into the job. *But*, it's never too early to start growing into the job. Talk to grownups you trust about who they vote for and why. Ask your teacher about what "the economy" is, and why people are concerned about it. If you or your family belong to organizations, like the Sierra Club or the Human Rights Campaign, find out if those organizations support a particular candidate. And if you disagree with your parents or your teacher or your friends' parents, explain to them why you disagree. You may not yet have a vote, but you have a voice. ■

ability seriously, knowing that their choices would affect everyone in the country.



Perhaps the World Ends Here

The world begins at a kitchen table. No matter what, we must eat to live.

The gifts of earth are brought and prepared, set on the table. So it has been since creation, and it will go on.

We chase chickens or dogs away from it. Babies teethe at the corners. They scrape their knees under it.

It is here that children are given instructions on what it means to be human. We make men at it, we make women.

At this table we gossip, recall enemies and the ghosts of lovers.

Our dreams drink coffee with us as they put their arms around our children. They laugh with us at our poor falling-down selves and as we put ourselves back together once again at the table.

This table has been a house in the rain, an umbrella in the sun.

Wars have begun and ended at this table. It is a place to hide in the shadow of terror. A place to celebrate the terrible victory.

We have given birth on this table, and have prepared our parents for burial here.

At this table we sing with joy, with sorrow. We pray of suffering and remorse. We give thanks.

Perhaps the world will end at the kitchen table, while we are laughing and crying, eating of the last sweet bite.



by **Joy Harjo**, published by *W.W. Norton* in her books *The Woman Who Fell From the Sky* and *How We Became Human*.



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Unitarian Universalist

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