



# The CommUUnicator

Newsletter of the Unitarian Universalist  
Fellowship of Waynesboro

## Losing Track

It's that time of year again. Everything's a blur. Our bookmark marking our place in the universe slips. Dominant culture has the Advent season, religiously, or the number of shopping days to Christmas, secularly, as devices for anchoring our psyches in space-time while we change to our winter mode. But this year is different.

How many of you find yourselves showing up to meetings on the wrong day or the wrong location? It is not an uncommon experience. We are being jarred loose from our moorings. This week I sent my ministry report to the board to the wrong email address. There was nothing confidential in it, but it was embarrassing. Eventually I sent it to the right place.

We've had just about enough of this, right? It is becoming a tiny bit easier than before to comprehend the worldview of our friends, neighbors, and family members who simply refuse to believe anything science would tell them about this disease, who refuse to take the proper precautions. We are itching for normalcy.

My partner Walter has a sweet tooth. And I enjoy preparing our meals. But I am not very good about preparing the sweet things he likes to nosh on. I buy cookies and pies, which he enjoys. And the pies tingle my taste buds too. But it doesn't have the same feel to it as when I do even something quite modest for him myself.

I grew up in the 1960s and 70s in a family where resources were extremely tight, but where every evening meal and every Sunday noon meal ended with homemade dessert. Multiple times a week, Mom would bake pie or cake or cookies. Perhaps it wasn't the best choice nutritionally, but our meals ended with pleasure and satisfaction, even when

they were otherwise plain or even kind of skimpy. So Walter's affinity for desserts has always felt very natural to me, even though I wasn't baking desserts constantly like my mother did.

So there I was last week, suddenly with an urge to fix something sweet for Walter. I went online and bought a bundt pan – I'd never made a bundt cake before. And while I was there, I bought a Golden Eggnog Cake mix to bake in it as the first bundt-baking experience. Walter absolutely loved this new cake sensation!

For the moments of the week we spent eating this cake, the thing we lost track of was something different. Yeah, meetings and appointments, time of day and day of the week were still a jumble. Yes, we're still waiting and sometimes feeling mixed up in the waiting of this pandemic year. But even as all that rolls on, this act of preparing and together enjoying a special treat broke a pandemic pattern, broke a seasonal pattern. And for a while, we lost track of that sense of losing track and felt embodied and present at our kitchen table.

Your mileage may vary, as they say online about variable outcomes. The thing that breaks your pattern may be something very different. But as we get closer and closer to the solstice, perhaps we can all prepare to break patterns that have left us feeling stuck in a COVID world. May we enjoy our holiday lights and foods! And may we break into tomorrow together!

Season's Greetings!  
And Happy  
Holidays!  
Peace and Blessings,  
Rev. Paul