



# The CommUUnicator

Newsletter of the Unitarian Universalist Fellowship of Waynesboro

## In the Yearbook

I received word last week that another high school classmate had died. Getting that news is no longer a rarity. Prompted by news of another death, I looked through my yearbook again.

In my senior picture, I had a moustache, feathered hair over my collar with a center part, and I wore a white turtleneck. It was a year that also included a tight perm, a full beard, and some out-of-the-



mainstream clothing choices, like a dashiki. We'd never heard of cultural misappropriation then. Some of my clothes I sewed for myself. I worked at a drugstore that year. And sometimes I was able to borrow the family car to go to football games and on a few dates.

It was also the year of a sexual assault, a polygraph test administered by the state police without my parents present because I was not believed when I reported the assault, and more than a little angst and confusion. A few weeks after graduation and three days after my 18th birthday, I got married, leading to the possibility of my beautiful family of three daughters, five grandchildren, and one great-granddaughter. And, of course, life continued to be complicated and human, as life always is.

It would be fantastic to have that hair and that body again. For both good and ill, it was a formative time. Potential and limitations - both objectively real and mind-forged creations - were in ferment. It was challenging and included its measure of pain. I'm content that it's 45 years in the past.

But I'm also glad I was that 17-year-old once. I'm glad for some of the experiences though not others. And I am grateful that we experience time as something that allows emotional and spiritual change and growth, along with the development of aches and pains and wrinkles and fat that balance out this life.

At every step along our paths through our lives, the direction of our momentum is sometimes beyond our control or influence but sometimes depends explicitly on our choices. Every moment of our lives, we are in the process of becoming who we are. Both our joys and our sorrows make us who we are. We are both muscle and fat, both resilience and bundles of unhelpful feelings. And the same progress of time that brings aches makes our spiritual equanimity and growth possible.

I hope that the harvest season is good to you even when it is not perfect, and that it allows you the time and space to accept the whole package of your life, with joy in the good and gratitude for making it through the bad and with the strength to meet the challenges.

Peace and Blessings,  
Rev. Paul

## New Member Spotlight



**Heidi Hill** moved to Waynesboro with her partner, Jonathan Corey, when their daughter, Lydia, was just

one week old. She discovered UUFW on walks around her new neighborhood. After some Googling, she decided to check us out.

Heidi grew up in the Pittsburgh area and was raised in different Protestant churches. As a young woman she toured around the country for six years in a folk band with her three brothers. Their band, "The Hills and the Rivers," performed their own music with lyrics featuring a deconstruction of religious themes. She still loves music, as well as a variety of arts and crafts.

The move to Virginia was due to a career opportunity for Jonathan to open a new Charlottesville restaurant, [South and Central Latin Grill and Steak House](#), which he now manages. Heidi feels fortunate to be able to parent Lydia (now 17 months old) full time.

Community is important to Heidi. She looks forward to getting to know us better and participating in the life of the Fellowship.



**Annie Foerster** has been a Unitarian Universalist since the age of sixteen. Like many of us, questioning the beliefs she was expected to have in a traditional Protestant church led her to our faith tradition.

Annie is a retired UU minister. After attending Meadville Lombard Theological School at age 50, she served congregations in Seattle, Cincinnati, and most recently, Ft. Worth, Texas. She has experience helping to

grow two small fellowships to a point that they could hire full-time ministers.

Our area is familiar to Annie because she once lived in Crozet. As a young business writer, she took time off to work on a book, hike on the AT and take classes at UVA. Upon deciding to retire to this area, she found Crozet had become too pricey, but there was Waynesboro.

Annie's interests at this time of life include knitting, gardening and quilting. She also has an interest in carpentry. She is quickly becoming an active member of the Fellowship, having already joined the Membership Team. We will all have the chance to get to know Annie better when she preaches at an upcoming service and leads a discussion of the book, *Braiding Sweet Grass*, which she described in last week's newsletter.

### Autumn Scenes

Trees grow, increase shade.  
 Others' burning bushes flame.  
 Mine still huddle green.  
 Nearby tree blocks view.  
 Wind shimmers gold leaf spangles.  
 All gone by morning.  
 Frost blackens flowers.  
 Pots near house survive one freeze;  
 Next night gets them too.  
 Heaps of leaves to rake.  
 Wind storm shifts most to neighbors.  
 I sip my coffee.

*Heather Banks*

