



The CommUUnicator

**Newsletter of the Unitarian Universalist
Fellowship of Waynesboro**

The Mundane and the Magnificent

A bit more than a week ago I got back from spending time in Illinois to help my 91-year-old father get some things straightened out. My father was always wary of what lawyers do. Because of that distrust, neither he nor my late mother had a will. And, when Mom died, Dad just kind of ignored the formalities of dealing with things. So I went to Illinois, not so much to visit Dad this time as to consult with a lawyer and get things in proper order. I am happy that I was able to achieve that goal. Dad even consented to go to the lawyer with me to sign a general power of attorney and a power of attorney for healthcare, something he had previously refused to consider. When we left the lawyer's office, Dad gratefully shook the lawyer's hand and thanked him for explaining the documents' intention and use in a way that he could understand. In short, though every weekday was busy going between the lawyer's office, tax assessors' offices and recorders' offices, the bank, a financial services firm, and Dad's doctor, it was a good time as well. There is still one thing to finish, but we know where we're going on it. It had been a long time since I had that much time with my dad, and though he sleeps a lot and repeats himself even more, he's doing okay.

And on the two weekends, a little relaxation was possible. One Saturday, afternoon, after a moving *bat mitzvah* at "my"

synagogue in St. Louis, I went with my friend Leslie Caplan to Bellefontaine Cemetery and Arboretum on a mission to see the granite labyrinth our friend, artist Robert Fishbone, was commissioned to build there. It was almost complete, though not yet open for walking. We thought we were just going to see how Robert's labyrinth was going, but we ended up marveling at the wealth Victorian families had poured into mausoleums and graves in that cemetery. We especially spent time enjoying the arboretum and the flowering trees and shrubs throughout, especially enjoying the red buckeye blossoms. We stopped just for one specific grave, that of Beat Generation and postmodern author William S. Burroughs, who, though he lived many years in Lawrence Kansas, was the son of a wealthy St. Louis family. On leaving the cemetery/arboretum, we went to the south side of the city to a pop-up art show and sale. One of the five artists featured was a friend and neighbor of Leslie's. There was painting, photography, and woodworking. I ended up buying one piece and coveting another.

The second weekend, I took Dad to spend a full day with my aunt and uncle for their 60th wedding anniversary. Dad wanted to go to worship at my aunt's church, the congregation my mother grew up in. It was the first time I had been to a Sunday service of the denomination I had grown up in in at least 40 years, which was strange. And then at the

anniversary celebration itself, I spent time with the handful of Mom's remaining cousins and widows and widowers of others, family I hadn't seen in decades. It was wonderful to be with extended and close family for the first time after so long. As Dad and I were leaving at the end of the day, one of my cousins, who had been uneasy around me in the past, gave me huge hug that felt like it might crack something.

So in light of my title, can you perhaps tell me which parts of my time away were mundane, and which magnificent? Because I am sure I can't distinguish.

Peace and Blessings,
Rev. Paul

Get to know our Musicians

Each Sunday we have the benefit of different musicians who bring their own unique styles and genres for our enjoyment. Over the next months the newsletter will feature the people who make wonderful music to lift us up.



Ruth Capobianco, our newest pianist, just happened to sit beside Kristin Maxwell at a Heifetz concert. Their budding friendship led her to visit a UFW

service. One thing led to another, and she is now the accompanist for choir practice and choir Sundays.

Ruth grew up in New York as part of a musical family. She attended college in

Pennsylvania. After an extensive career as a teaching artist, she recently moved from Maryland to this area.

For 25 years, Ruth was the resident music director for Triple Threat Theatre Studios in the Baltimore area. This organization prepared young people for careers in the performing arts. A "triple threat" is someone who can act, sing and dance equally well. Her former students have performed on The Voice, America's Got Talent, and on Broadway.

In addition to performing with big bands, jazz bands, combos, and cabarets, Ruth held the role of vocal director at several community theaters. She has created and facilitated music programs and workshops for community colleges, public schools, churches, and theaters for children.

With the many repercussions of the pandemic on the arts world, she felt she needed a change. A chance encounter with a couple from Waynesboro led to a visit followed by a decision to move to our beautiful area. Ruth is currently exploring her options here as a musician, Reiki master, and organizer. With her talent and resume, she will not be lacking in opportunities to create a new path. We are lucky to have her once a month as part of our Sunday service.

**Spring climbs the mountains.
The green time washes skyward.
The silent one paints.**

Joe Good

