



# The CommUUnicator

Newsletter of the Unitarian Universalist  
Fellowship of Waynesboro

## Summer Sun and Cooling Rain

The last two days have been unseasonably hot. I measured 96° yesterday afternoon, and that's a July temperature where I'm from, not one suited to May. My skin was sheltered from the rays but still felt parched and half-cooked. As I write this on Wednesday evening, it's raining. Really raining – with thunder and all. In a lull between times of heavier rain with thunder distant rather than shaking my walls, I walked out to the alley to bring my trash bin back to the house because, when I leave it at the alley, people walking down the alley throw all manner of stuff in it. Some of it unpleasant to deal with. When I came back in, a little damp from the cooling rain, I made myself a bowl of red miso soup with tofu and seaweed in it that hit the spot.

It was a moment like Proust's reawakening of old memories when he had madeleines with tea in the opening of *Swann's Way*. When I came back from Japan in 1991, I frequently fixed miso soup for me and Walter. And the memory of walking the mile to work during the rainy season, passing Okazaki castle, watching taxis maneuver the narrow streets, and walking along the Oto River, merge with miso memories.

The sound of the rain on the roof tonight reminds me of the rain on the roof of the house I grew up in, the same house where my brothers and I would sit on the front porch and watch the drama of summer thunderstorms play out. Mom wouldn't let us play in the rain for fear of lightning striking. But we got as close as we could to the danger.



Today I discovered a poem by Minneapolis poet Dobby Gibson titled "Are We There Yet?" It includes a few poignant observations from life and a madeleine moment: "You only have to make her one grilled cheese/ in the suffocating heat of summer/ while still wearing your wet swim trunks/ to know what it's like to be in love.// ...We're all struggling to say the same old things/ in new and different ways./ And so we must praise the new and different ways.// ...One medicine stops the swelling,/ another medicine stops the first medicine./ Just like you, I entered this world/ mad and kicking, and without you,/ it's precisely how I intend to go."

Are we there yet? It's an impossible question, a shifting position. Sometimes we think we know, and then life happens. Or else we reach it and find that "there" isn't there after all. Not yet. But we are approaching the end of our fiscal year, knowing our shared journey has many more legs. We prepare for our annual meeting, evaluating a version of where the year has taken

us and making decisions about the next fiscal year's leaders and how we plan to use our resources on the next leg of joining our hearts and our commitments together to make something even better tomorrow. May we all be safe from excess heat and passing thunder! And may we appreciate our madeleines!

Peace and Blessings,  
Rev. Paul

## Adult Education is Returning to UUFW

By Sarah Fritts

The welcoming nature of this congregation is what drew me to the UUFW. Clearly, I'm not the only one, as evidenced by all the lovely new people who have joined recently. Times are hard, with the negative impulses of society seeming to loom larger and larger every year. Having a place to go to connect with a community of like-minded people with a commitment to centering love has provided a much-needed sanctuary. But the need for connection, community, and spiritual growth is more than one day a week can fulfill, even as nice as Sunday Services are!

So, as the new leader of the Adult Education and Enrichment team, I want to create new opportunities to deepen our connection to our community and enrich our individual spiritual paths. We have so much we can learn from each other and the larger community. If you or someone you know have knowledge you would like to share with our congregation, or if you have some other suggestions or resources you would like to share, please contact me at [adultee@uufw.org](mailto:adultee@uufw.org)! I will also be holding some interest meetings after the Sunday Service if you would like to discuss possibilities in person.

## Member News

**Dave Magnone** is currently a resident of The Legacy at North Augusta in Staunton. With the additional care he is receiving, his health has improved significantly. He is walking each day and is playing music again. He even performed a gig at the Legacy for residents. Dave enjoys visits and calls and invites friends to come over and have lunch with him in the dining room.

**Margo Kiely** has moved into assisted living at Aviva Baldwin Park in Staunton. She is eager to stay connected with her friends since losing her husband Ted and her sister. Margo cannot hear well enough to answer the phone, but she reads lips and really brightens up when visitors drop in. Cards and especially visits are very welcome.

## In Flanders Fields

By John McCrae

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

