

MERE LYS

September 2018 Newsletter

Nora Unitarian Universalist Church

Services

Coffee 10:00 am
Worship 10:30 am



September 2

“It Matters What We Believe”

September 9

“By What Authority?”

September 16

“Deep Hunger and Deep Gladness”

September 23

“What Are Mountain Lions For?”

September 30

No Service, Clean Up



A View From the Hill

While Lisa is attending to family matters she has invited the Reverend Emily Gage, Minister of Liferspan Faith Education at Unity Temple Unitarian Universalist Congregation in Oak Park, Illinois to write this month’s column.

I have worn glasses for decades, so I can barely remember what it was like not to have them. One of the last things I do before I go to sleep is take off my glasses, and one of the first things I do in the morning is put them back on. My eyesight is not so bad that I couldn’t function without my glasses. I can--when pressed--do stuff without them. But there’s nothing quite like that moment when I put them on. It’s like, all of a sudden, things are clearer. More focused. More vivid. I tend to take that moment for granted. (It’s one of things that it’s all too easy to take for granted, until such moments at the glasses are broken. Or no longer the right prescription...) Still, though, if I take the time to pay attention, I am a little bit in awe of this technology that lets me see like I do. Would that the other kind of vision--the kind where we envision something--were so easy to find or focus on, or--if necessary, discarded, if it turned out that wasn’t what we needed.

September always seems to me to be the beginning of a new year. (The result of so many years of schooling, and now working in a program year that reflects that school calendar.) It’s a great time to consider the vision for our lives (or at least this chapter)--how do we want to grow this year? Where should we be pushing ourselves to deepen the meaning of our existence? What might we do to make sure our core values and beliefs align with the way we are living each day?

There are different arenas to live these questions out--different places to cast a vision. We might do this individually, or as a family, or as a congregation. Happily, we have recently done the internal work within the congregation; our congregational vision is articulated as welcoming all, inspiring compassion, nurturing wonder, and serving community. We’ve got a direction--a lens through which to consider decisions we make as a congregation or for the congregation. It’s a terrific tool. It helps makes things clearer, more focused, even more vivid.

One of our Unitarian Universalist principles is acceptance of one another and encouragement to spiritual growth; this principle perfectly aligns with our theme of being a people of vision. While we share a vision as a congregation, on our own individual quests we will have personal visions that are wildly diverse. What a gift--there’s so much we can learn from each other’s different perspectives and goals, so many ways we can cheer each other on as we each work towards where we wish to be. For us, as part of a Unitarian Universalist community, being a people of vision means embracing that particular complexity.

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It just so happens that I have been getting reminders from my eye doctor, telling me it's time to set up my appointment to get my eyes checked again. I've been putting it off, feeling like it's a burden, something that I have to do that I don't really want to do. So I'm trying to remind myself of this precious gift of clear vision that I have been given. And I think of the poem Sweet Darkness from David Whyte:

“When your eyes are tired/ the world is tired also. /
When your vision has gone,/no part of the world
can find you./Time to go into the dark/where the
night has eyes/to recognize its own./There you can
be sure/you are not beyond love...../Give up all the
other worlds/ except the one to which you belong./
Sometimes it takes darkness and the sweet/
confinement of your aloneness/to learn/anything or
anyone/that does not bring you alive/is too small
for you./”

May our exploration of vision help bring us alive.

Road Clean-up Sept 2

Following potluck weather permitting we will clean the road ditches for two miles of highway 247. Eight walkers means four teams of two, one mile of walking and about an hour of commitment. Four walkers will take us twice as long. Can we get eight energetic earth conscious walkers? Bring gloves. Bags and vests provided.

Congregational Read

The UUA encourages congregations to read a specific book yearly, and then hold a discussion. The book for the 2018-2019 church year is entitled Justice on Earth: People of Faith Working at the Intersections of Race Class, and the Environment. More information will be forthcoming.

Nora Calendars

The 2018-19 Nora Church calendar is in the fellowship hall. Keep up to date with church events and friends' special days by having this calendar at the ready. There are enough copies for one per household.

Lunch Bunch

It's back-to-school time, so the Lunch Bunch team is gathering up its book bags, thinking caps, etc., to meet for lunch at the Martin Luther College cafeteria in New Ulm on Tuesday, September 11, 11:30 a.m. There's always plenty of good food and good

company so we hope you can make it (attendance will be taken).

Lunch Bunch is a monthly, social lunch gathering, open to any Nora members, friends or visitors.

Lisa on the Loose

Lisa on the Loose is on hiatus until further notice.

Art with Attitude

Please watch for announcements about forthcoming Art with Attitude gatherings!

Supper Club

Supper Club is held the third Wednesday of each month, at 6:30, at alternating locations. Keep your ear to the ground for September's location!

Smorgasbord Work List

Country Store: Sandi Benge, Mimi Kamleiter, Shirley Olson, Lara Fletcher

Museum: Lee Schmitt, Algot Blomquist

Parking: Jeremy Schmitt, John Schmitt

Tickets: Warren Paulson, Kristine Paulson, Wendy Tuttle (caller)

Hosts: Jeanie Hinsman (Kaffe Stua), Julie Peck (Fellowship Hall), Nancy Brudellie (Foyer)

Buffet Table: Julie Sellner, Shannon Hoechst

Coffee: Christopher Olson

Beverages: Susan Allen

Meat & Carrot Server: Christina Schmitt

Meat Slicers: (Saturday @ 12pm) Roger Breu, Lee Schmitt, Wally Wellmann, Tony Erickson, Carson Erickson

Potatoes: Edith Beckius, Kate Monnens

A Note From the Treasurer **July Income and Expenses**

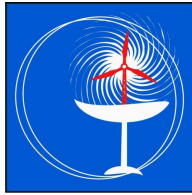
Income: \$5,252.00

Expenses: \$6,551.78

Income and expenses are listed for the full month prior to the publication of the newsletter, not including special collections or memorial gifts.

Pastor Lisa's Schedule

Pastor Lisa has Mondays off.
Friday is sermon writing day.
She can be reached on her
cell when not in the office:
507-766-7822.



Cookie Trays: Kate Becken, Diane Becken

Appetizers: Susan Evers, Vicki Sieve, Bev Wellmann, Jordan Kuelbs

Wait Staff-Kaffe Stua: Colleen Tasto, Courtney Schmitt, Toby Weiss, Thor Weiss, Kadence Hesse

Wait Staff-Fellowship Hall: Nora Peck, Nita Gilbert, Kristi Paulson

Wait Staff-Iverson Room: *Karen Farrell, Lucia Reyes

Take Outs: Norma Breu, Georgine Tepley

Publicity: Georgine Tepley, Jeannie Hinsman

Dishes-Kaffe Stua: Scott Schmiesing, Wayne Johnson, Gene Tepley, Lee Drogemuller

Dishes-Fellowship: Daryl Hinsman, Ron Peck, Dick Gurska

Clean Up (1:00): Ross Chambard, Scott Chambard, Sally-Anne & Dave Bensen, Jerry Allen

Greeters: Gil & Sally Hanson

Floater: Joy Rathman, Carol Chambard, Louise Guggisberg

Donations

Bread: Kate Monnens

Carrots and Celery: Janet Rosenbloom

Coffee: Ryann Kaim

Scrullers: Susan Evers, Georgine Tepley

Cookies-Fancy: Julie Peck, Shannon Hoechst, Colleen Tasto, Karen Farrell, Susan Allen, Vicki Sieve, Louise Guggisberg, Nita Gilbert, Jordan Kuelbs

Romme Grot: Edith Beckius, Janet Rosenbloom, Carol Chambard, Vicki Sieve, Georgine Tepley

Flat Bread: Shirley Olson, Carol Chambard

Rice: Jeannie Hinsman, Julie Sellner, Jordan Kuelbs, Nancy Brudeli

Sot Suppe: Kristine Paulson

Cottage Cheese (3#): Lisa Doege

Berliner Kranser: Michelle Bethke, Muriel Fredrickson, Diane Becken

Sandbakkels: Chrissie Schmitt, Edith Beckius

Milk (1 Gal): Scott Chambard, Jeremy Schmitt, Christopher Olson, Mimi Kamleiter, Lee Drogemuller, Ross Chambard, Nita Gilbert, John Schmitt, Wayne Johnson

Fattigmand: Susan Evers

Rosettes: Bev Wellmann, Norma Breu

Kringla: Julie Sellner, Joy Rathman

Notes from the Nora Office...

Email Updates

Email address update Please send an email to norachurch@sleepyeyetel.net so we can add your correct email to our database, along with if you want to receive the E-Newsletter and/or the Grapevine. We should be able to send Grapevines out again sometimes in September.

Order Of Service:

Content due Thursdays by 8 am

Please send content of any kind, for the newsletter or order of service to the Nora email. Announcements generally run for two weeks.

October Mere Lys ~ content due

Monday, May 21

Church Email: norachurch@sleepyeyetel.net
Phone: 507.439.6240
Brooke Knisley, Office Assistant
In the office Mondays and Thursday (AM).

Bruh

By: DeReau Farrar

"Aight, bruh."

—Smiling stranger on the street

My father (whose name is Drake, for those of you who prefer to pray with names) has taught me a lot in the way of things one needs to know in order to survive life as a Black man in America. It was from him that I learned what it means to be pulled over by the police. I witnessed it happen to him, and he was wise and insightful enough to explain to my brother and I what had just occurred. That was an important, life-saving lesson.

Another important lesson he taught me was to always acknowledge the other Black folks I see around town. I was to greet those I knew with the highest respect and give them as much time as it takes. For those I don't know, a simple nod, smile, or "Aight, bruh" would do. You see, Black people are so accustomed to being ignored and invisible that a simple acknowledgement — a simple I see you — from a peer goes a long way. Also, Black people carry enough in their days that any lightening of the load is appreciated.

This lesson resonated with me, and I committed to "seeing" every Black person I come across in my daily life. I understood this practice in theory, but perhaps subconsciously believed it to be outdated. Since moving to Portland, Oregon (a city that's more than three-quarters White), I've come

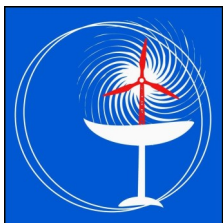
to recognize each Black face as precious, and each opportunity to greet them a blessing.

I'm not sure if the best word to describe the experience is joy or relief, but I can say that it is a sense of remembering that I am not alone. There's an immediate recognition that someone else knows, in a very real way, what my day has been like so far. And from that recognition comes necessary peace and blessed assurance. Thanks, Dad.

Prayer

That which is in us, all around us, and which constantly draws us to our holiest selves, thank you for community that can exist beyond the need to know names and faces. At times when it becomes difficult to see the truth, remind me that my struggles are not unique. Remind me that, for the sake of those like me, especially those to come, it is important to keep going and show new ways to love.

From Braver/Wiser



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