

FUUN FOR ALL AGES—CONNECTION WITHOUT ZOOM

13 December 2020

Dear All:

These materials can supplement the worship service before, during, and/or after the service. *They can also stand alone and be used at any time you wish.* In this time of so many kinds of fatigue, the hope is that families, children, youth, adults, anyone of any age, alone or as a group... everyone can have one more way, a way that has nothing to do with Zoom, to stay connected. **This is our single greatest goal right now: To. Stay. Connected.**

Meanwhile, this Sunday's Zoom gatherings are:

10:30 a.m.

PreK-1st Grade—Story & Song

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/87288152140>

2nd-4th Grade—Tools of Faith & Minecraft

<https://zoom.us/j/94518102020>

5th-8th Grade—ChUUrchCraft & Minecraft

<https://zoom.us/j/98572464291>

11:30 a.m.

Youth Group for 9th-12th Graders @ 11:30 a.m.

<https://zoom.us/j/94148119890?pwd=L1FYQXh0emp2TzJNUTZsWWxxZkt2Zz09>

Please stay in touch. If you have questions, suggestions, concerns, anything at all... I would truly love to hear from you.

Blessings.

Marguerite

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13 December 2020

The Once and Future Church

Rev. Diane Dowgiert

Hope has a future orientation. It looks forward to what is yet to be. The future grows out of the past and all that came before. Today we'll consider the Unitarian Universalism that is yet to be.

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BECOMING OURSELVES

By Amanda Poppei

“Real isn't how you are made,” said the Skin Horse. “It's a thing that happens to you. When a child loves you for a long, long time, not just to play with, but REALLY loves you, then you become Real... It doesn't happen all at once. You become. It takes a long time.”

— Margery Williams Bianco, *The Velveteen Rabbit*

When I was pregnant with my second child, one of the things I was most curious (and anxious!) about was telling my first child the news of her expected sibling. She was three at the time, and I wasn't sure how much she would be able to grasp about the major change her life was about to undergo.

I was ready to answer any question she might have, honestly and age-appropriately. I started off by being as literal as possible. “Guess what?” I said. “You're going to have a sibling! There's a baby growing in my tummy!” That seemed like a good start, though I was ready to switch over to the anatomically correct *uterus* if needed.

But my older child isn't a scientist, it turns out. She's a philosopher, and so she asked the one question I hadn't prepared for.

“Oh!” she said. “Who is it going to be?”

“I don't know!” I said. “We're going to have to wait and see.”

Isn't that always the way? We're still waiting to see who that second child is going to be, although she's been with us for seven years now and is very much her own person. But she's also changing and growing, becoming someone new all the time — as her older sister is, and as I am, and as you are.

Sometimes our becomings are dramatic: we realize that the gender we thought we were, or others thought we were, isn't correct after all; or we discover that the career we had planned or the marriage we had begun isn't really who we are, or is no longer right for who we have become.

Sometimes, though, our becoming is gradual, a kind of unfolding and changing and shifting over time. Always, it is lifelong. Which isn't to say we aren't already who we are—we are that, too. We are already ourselves, the minute we are born, and every minute thereafter. However long our lives end up being,

even when they are cut painfully and tragically short, we are our full selves for every second, every month, every year of those lives. And we are also becoming ourselves, growing and stretching.

In the “growing” time of my life, my soul experienced something like the growing pains I remembered in my legs as a child. I became a minister; a mother; a middle-aged person. It’s usually been uncomfortable, and almost always inconvenient. The old me seemed fine, the one I was just yesterday; why bother with all this shifting? And yet when I come out the other side, I invariably think, *Ah yes: this is the me I was supposed to become. This is who I am.* Until next time. Who is it going to be?

Who are *you* going to be, today? And tomorrow? Who are we all becoming, together?

Prayer

Spirit of life and love, come to me in this moment. Wrap around the fullness of me, the now-ness of me, the me-ness of me. Let me breathe in who I am, right now. Wrap around the fullness of me, and leave room. Leave room for the rest of me, the me I haven't yet discovered, the me I am becoming. Let me breathe in who I am going to be. Spirit of life and love, stay with me as I become.

From <https://www.uua.org/braverwiser/becoming-ourselves>

For consideration...

- What, if anything, does this bring up for you?
- How does the prospect of ongoing—never ending?—change make you feel?
- Is there an “old you,” and if so, how was that person similar to or different from the current you?
- Do you “become,” at least in part, with others? Or is it a solitary experience? Are there advantages or disadvantages to either way?

THE CATERPILLAR THAT WAS AFRAID OF THE COCOON

by Latoya Wakefield

Once upon a time there was a caterpillar named 'Irie'. Irie loved his name, although he did not know why it had been given to him. One starry night, he asked his grandma.

"Good evening, Grandma, why was I named Irie?" he asked.

Grandma smiled and told him, "Your mother gave you that name because instead of crying when you were born, you laughed. Irie means that everything is all right. When you laughed, we knew you were alright."

And oh, did Irie love to laugh!

However, there was one thing that didn't make Irie happy. The idea of going into a cocoon. His older cousins all went into cocoons so that they could become butterflies, but Irie was afraid of being in that silky stuff all by himself.

One day, he asked his mother, "Mom, can I just stay a caterpillar forever?"

But his mother replied, "Irie, there are some things that are inevitable in life."

"In-every-table?" he repeated, confused.

She laughed. "Yes, my Sunshine. That means that there some things in life you have to do."

"Ok," he said.

But the more cocoons he saw, the more afraid he got.

One day, as he was crawling across the warm soil, someone called his name from above.

"Irie, Irie!"

That voice sounds so familiar, Irie thought. He looked above and saw a butterfly, breathtaking and beautiful in the sun's glory. She was coming toward him.

"It's me, your cousin Shuggie," the butterfly said. "It feels so great to finally be up here in the sky. Now I can go anywhere I want to."

"That's great," said Irie. "You look great, Cousin Shuggie."

"I *feel* great. Hurry up and join us. You should have been in the cocoon by now!"

“Do I really have to go in the cocoon, before I can be with you guys?” Irie whispered.

But Cousin Shuggie no longer heard him. She had already flown away. Irie watched her soar above him, wondering if he would ever be able to fly with the butterflies.

At home, his mother and grandparents were concerned about his development.

“He seems afraid of his path,” Grandma said.

“He is, mom. I’m worried,” his mother said. “If he doesn’t go into the cocoon soon, he could...” She dropped her head, too afraid to even speak the words. They gave her a big hug.

“Don’t worry daughter. Give him time, he’ll find his way,” Grandpa said.

“Yes, everything will be alright,” Grandma said.

Meanwhile, Irie had gone to visit his cousin Junior. His cousin was almost fully merged into the cocoon.

“Junior, not you, too!” Irie exclaimed.

“It is our destiny, Irie,” Junior could barely talk.

“I don’t want you to go,” Irie sniffed.

“Don’t worry, it will be okay. The sun will shine in a few days. It always does,” Junior smiled, and his head disappeared into the cocoon.

“No, nooo!” Irie said. He stayed there for a while and watched Junior. That was his last cousin. Now he was gone. Irie was all alone.

The next morning, Irie arrived home to find all the butterflies in a gathering.

“Where were you?” his mother shouted while flying towards him as fast as she could.

“I was with Junior, he’s gone.”

“Oh Irie, he’ll be okay,” his mother hugged him tight.

“I’m so afraid, mum” Irie said softly.

“We’re all here for you, Irie,” his mother answered.

“Yes, Irie, we’ll be here day and night while you’re in that cocoon,” Grandma confirmed.

“You might be in by yourself but you’re never alone,” said Grandpa.

“When you’ve transformed, just imagine the bougainvillea we can visit on the North Coast,” Cousin Shuggie said.

“And Junior will be here with us too,” Grandma added.

“I know you’re scared of being by yourself in the cocoon, my sunshine, but it’s only temporary. It’s only for a little while. And when you come out, you’ll get to soar with us,” his mother said.

“We’ll always be here for you, Irie,” his Grandma said.

Irie felt it, the time was right.

“I’m ready, mom,” he said with a big bright smile. “I can do it, I’m still afraid of being there all by myself, but as long as I have you all, everything will be alright.”

His cocoon was made and Irie went in bravely.

For days and nights, his family watched and waited. Then finally, the cocoon broke. And a few seconds later, Irie emerged, laughing as he always did. He was the most beautiful butterfly.

“There’s that laugh again,” Grandpa said. “The sweetest sound that ever befell our ears.”

The whole family was there waiting for Irie as he came out of the cocoon, just as they had promised. Junior, himself now a butterfly, was there too. And they all had a feast.

“After the dark times, every little thing always gonna be alright,” Grandma said, and so they started singing in the sunshine.

DISCUSSION

Adapting for age, consider...

- Do you like who you are?
- Do you like who you (believe you are) becoming?
- What would you like to become? Why?
- What do you need to become what you would like to be?
- What if you start becoming someone who is not what you imagined? Is this good? Or bad? If you want it to change, what are you able or prepared to do to make that happen?
- Does the thought of going through a change that you have no control over frighten you? Why?
- Do you think you do have control so long as you know who you are and what you value? That in the end, you'll be fine?
- Have you ever found yourself, like Cousin Shuggie, encouraging someone else to take the next step? How did you do that?
- Have you ever been like Irie, needing someone like Cousin Shuggie to encourage you? How did they do that?
- However and whatever you are right now, how do you feel about the prospect of becoming someone and something else in the future?
- No matter what changes you encounter, what is the essential you that continues?

ACTIVITIES

Watch XPloration Station's [How a Caterpillar Becomes a Butterfly](#)

Watch Eric Carle's [The Very Hungry Caterpillar](#)

Play a Memory Game [about The Very Hungry Caterpillar](#)

Make a Coffee Filter Butterfly

Materials:

- Coffee filters
- Pipe cleaners
- Watercolor paints
- Paintbrushes
- A work surface that can take a lot of water



Instructions:

- Spread a coffee filter out flat
- Paint it as you wish. Notice that the more water you use the more it will spread out in a lovely butterfly kind of way. And the longer it will take to dry!
- When it is dry, pinch it in the middle such that it looks like a figure eight, or butterfly wings.
- Fold a pipe cleaner in half, put it around the middle of the wings and pull it up so that it holds the pinched part together. The two open ends of the pipe cleaner should be facing up, like antennae. Twist around a couple of times at the top to secure.
- Fan out the wings.
- Bend or curl the ends of the antennae.
- You have a butterfly!

WORD SEARCH

Find the words from the story *The Caterpillar that Was Afraid of a Cocoon*.

M T J B S D E N U H E B D N O
Q K N Q E M I D E L X R E Y Z
O F U E E A J A B Y S A M R R
D V R R M D U A R W Q V R A S
B E G N C P T T E F J E O O M
Q E O M R I O R I S A L F S F
D Z K V V L X L E F C Y S V M
Q O R E U H V D E M U D N R P
N B N O O C O C B V G L A J N
D I A F P B T R L G E O R N Y
R A L L I P R E T A C D T L L
U K U J E D D B H M I Y F N O
F J H J R M S X Z G P A L O Q
B U T T E R F L Y B D A T L C
L A J M A J F H O Z V E Z S C

AFRAID

BEAUTIFUL

BRAVELY

BUTTERFLY

CATERPILLAR

COCOON

DEVELOPMENT

EMERGED

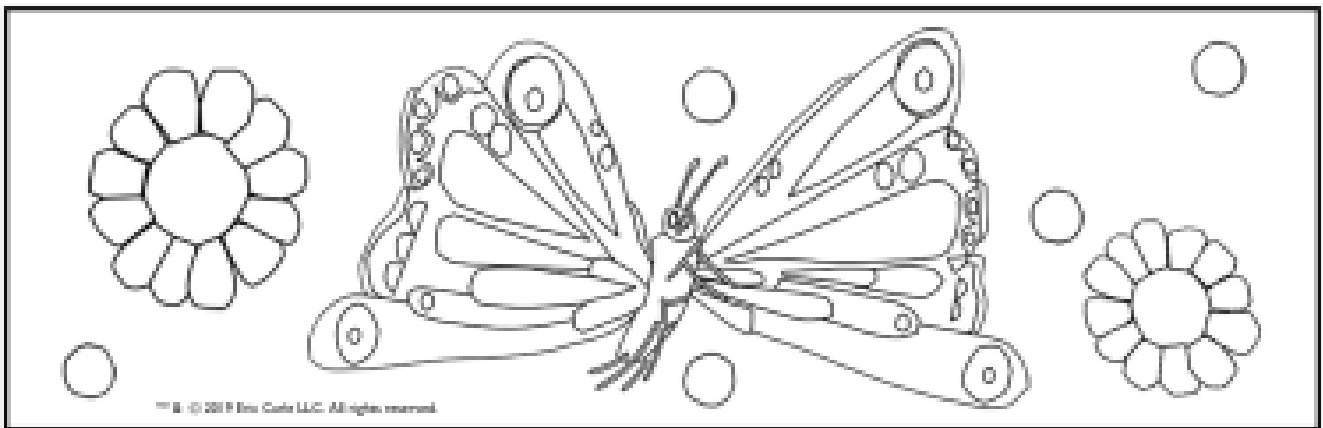
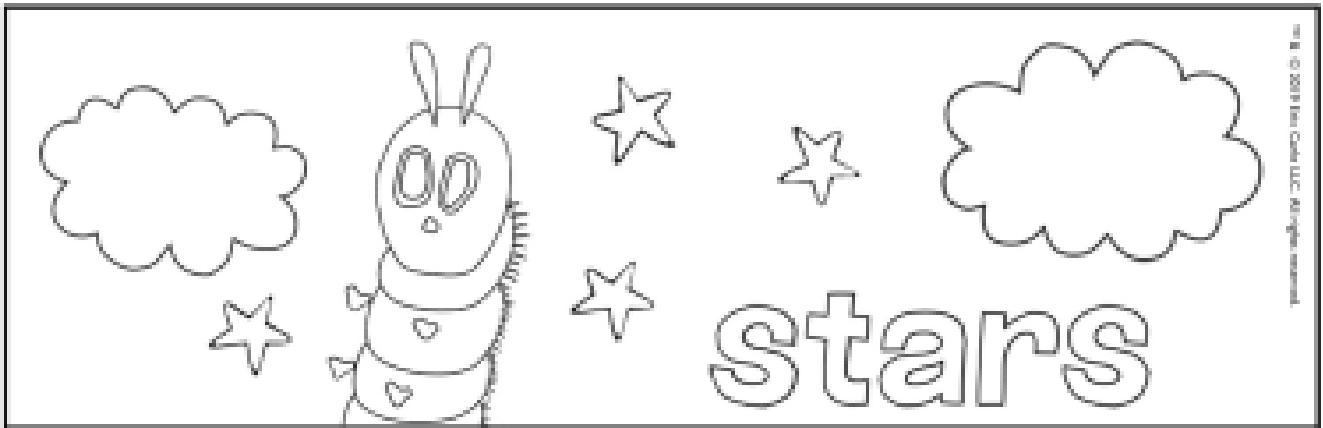
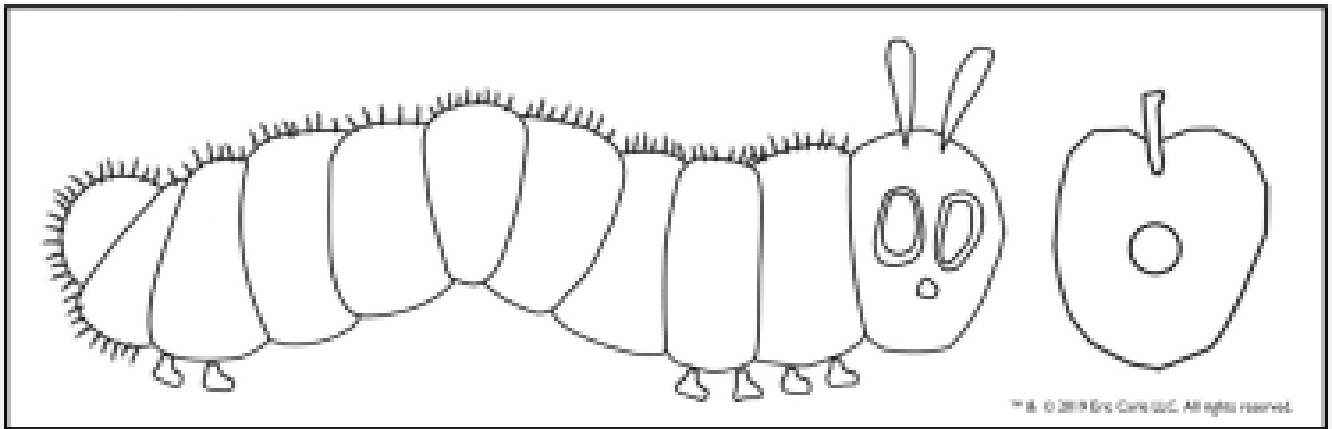
FLY

INEVITABLE

SOAR

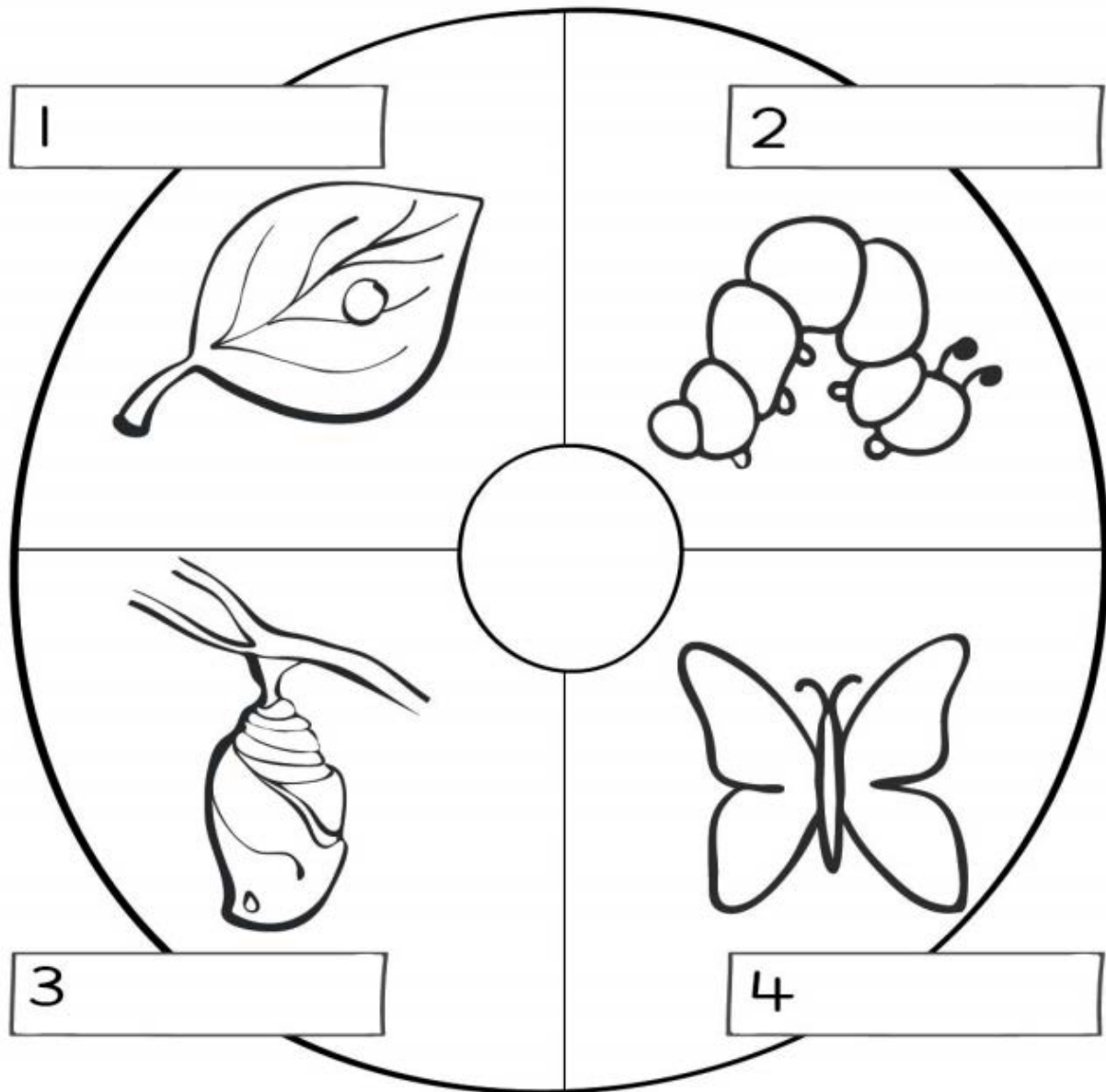
TRANSFORMED

COLOR YOUR OWN BOOKMARKS...



Life cycle of a Butterfly

Color the life cycle stages below.



Cut out the stages of the butterfly life cycle and paste it on the correct picture

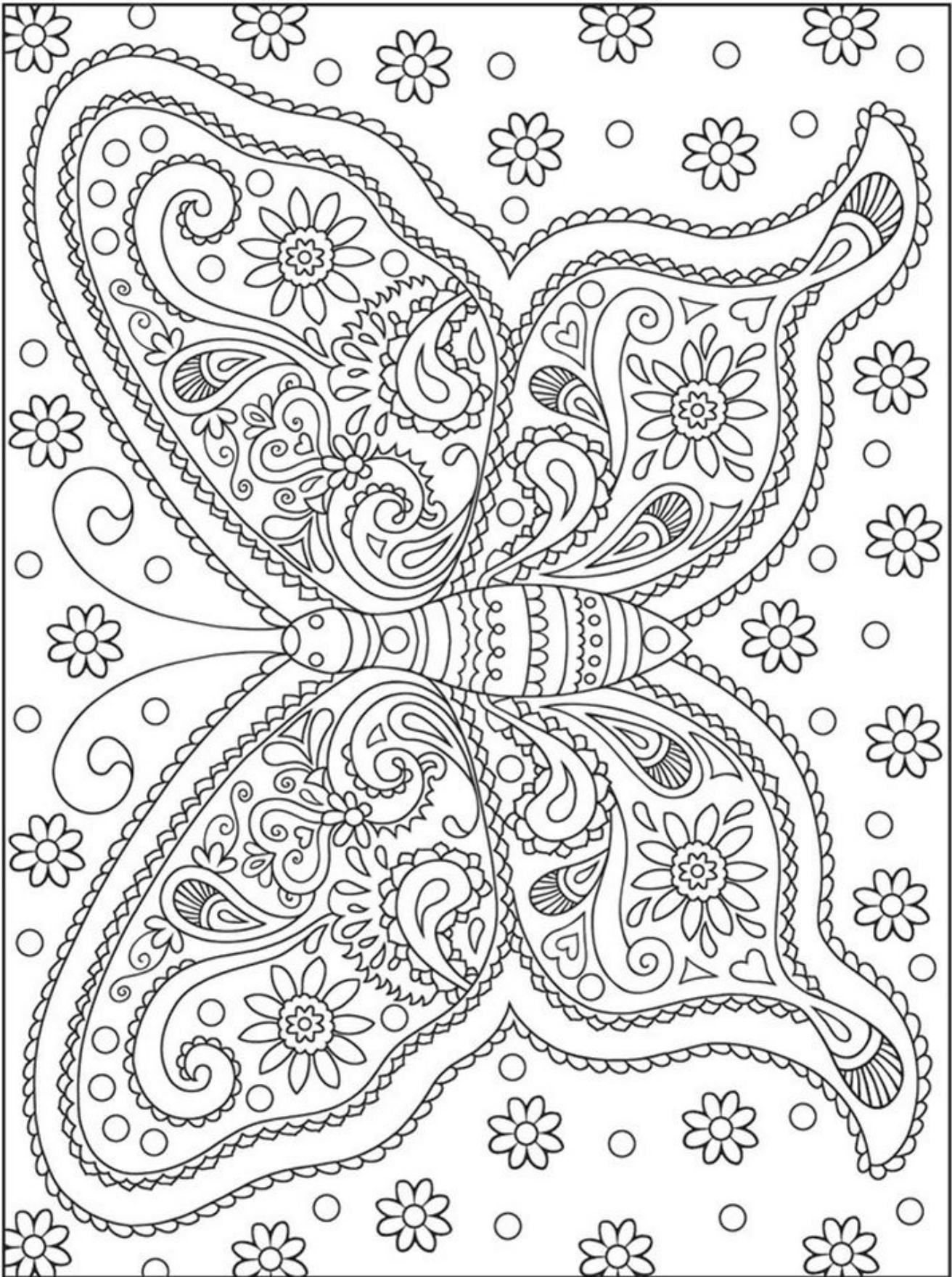
Caterpillar

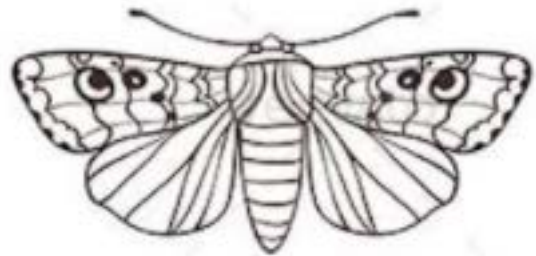
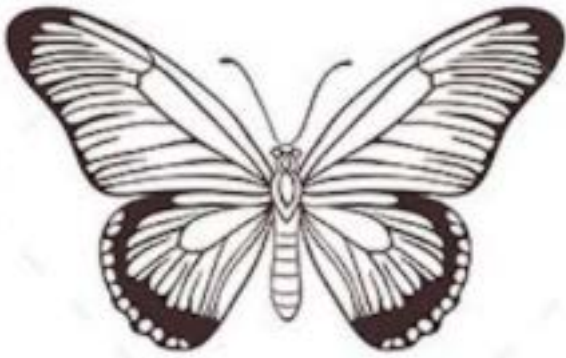
Butterfly

Chrysalis

Egg







APPENDIX I. CHALICES, CHALICES, CHALICES

Make your own chalice



Materials:

- Small clay flowerpot with detached saucers
- Embellishments: markers, paint, stickers, ribbon, whatever you like
- Tea light
- Glue gun, optional

Instructions

- Decorate the pot and saucer as you like
- Turn the flowerpot upside down and place the saucer on top (see picture)
- If you wish, glue the saucer to the pot
- Place the tea light in the saucer

Then light your chalice and say some words, and don't forget to extinguish it. You might use a chalice lighting and a chalice extinguishing from the following two pages. Or on the page after that, you might write your own!

SELECTED CHALICE LIGHTINGS

A Child's Chalice Lighting of Gratitude for the Earth

By Karen G. Johnston

What if when
I light the chalice,
you hear an invitation
to welcome gratitude
for the earth?

This week, as I got ready to light the chalice,
my family talked about blessings
from this planet.

Here is my list:
[list 3-7 things]

And now, with this flame of hope
shedding light in your heart:
what is *your* list?

Welcoming the Stranger

By Tracy Bleakney

A child journeys far from home
Fearful and brave,
in need of safe harbor.
Guided by this chalice, may we seek to understand the causes of flight.
Like the comfort of a candle flickering in a window of darkness,
Let us welcome this child into our home with
warmth, nourishment, and love.
Would we not want the same for our own child,
lost and alone in a strange land?

Many of the Past Generation and Many of Today...

By Sophia Lyon Fahs

Many of the past generation and many of today have found three abiding values in prayer: the quiet meditation on life,
the reaching out toward the universal and the infinite,
and the courageous facing of one's profoundest wishes.
Let parents sense and share with their children the glory and mystery of everyday things.
Let them look with sympathy upon humanity's age-long dilemmas.
Let no questions be taboo.
The next generation can ill afford to have the deeper values deleted from the book of life.

SELECTED CHALICE EXTINGUISHINGS

As Breath to Song

By Becky Laurent, adapted

As flame is to spirit, so spirit is to breath, and breath to song. Though we extinguish this flame for now, may we tend it in our hearts until we light it again.

Daring Vision

By Maureen Killoran

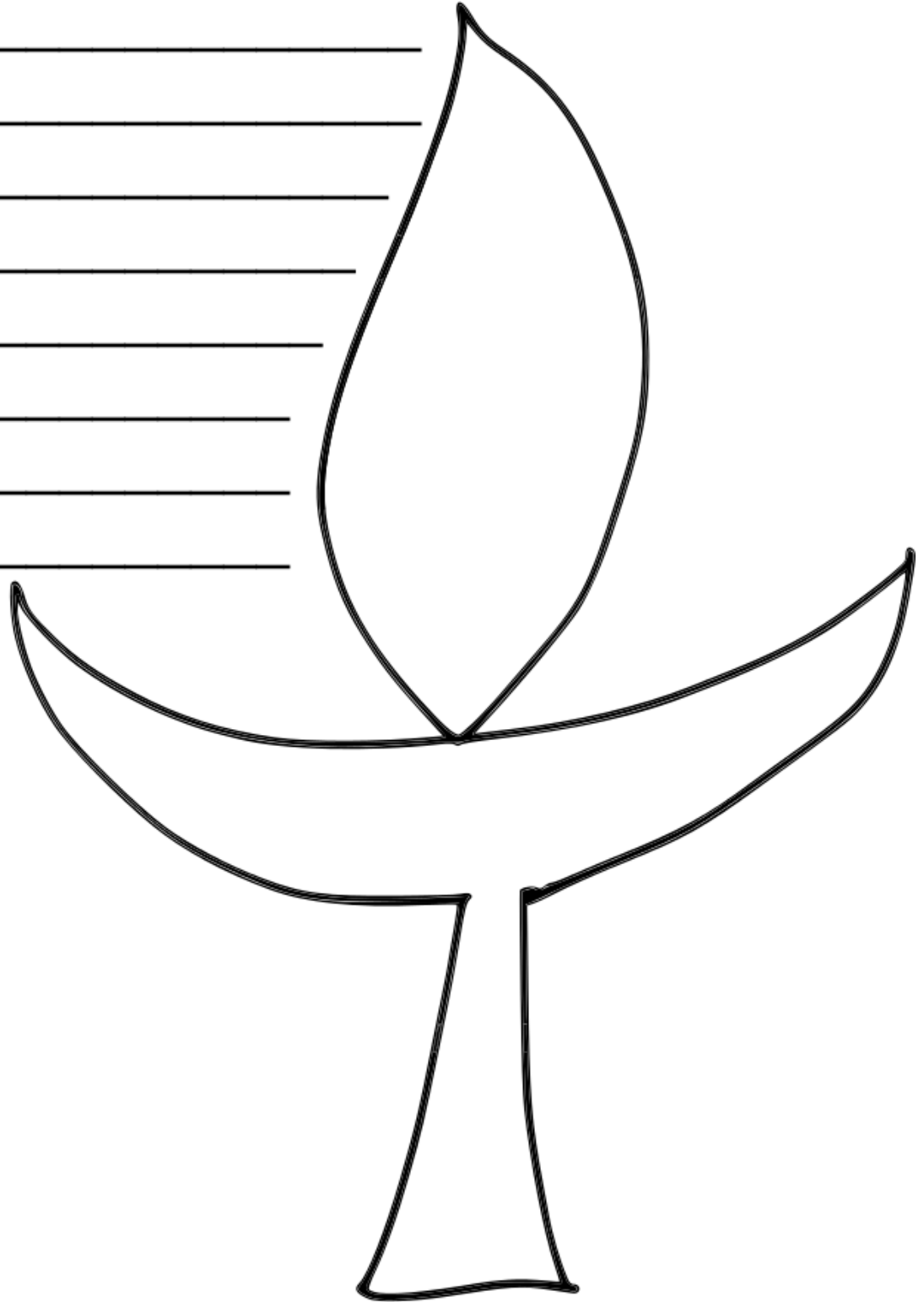
We extinguish this chalice flame,
daring to carry forward the vision of this free faith,
that freedom, reason and justice
will one day prevail in this nation and across the earth.

It Becomes More

By Amy Zucker Morgenstern

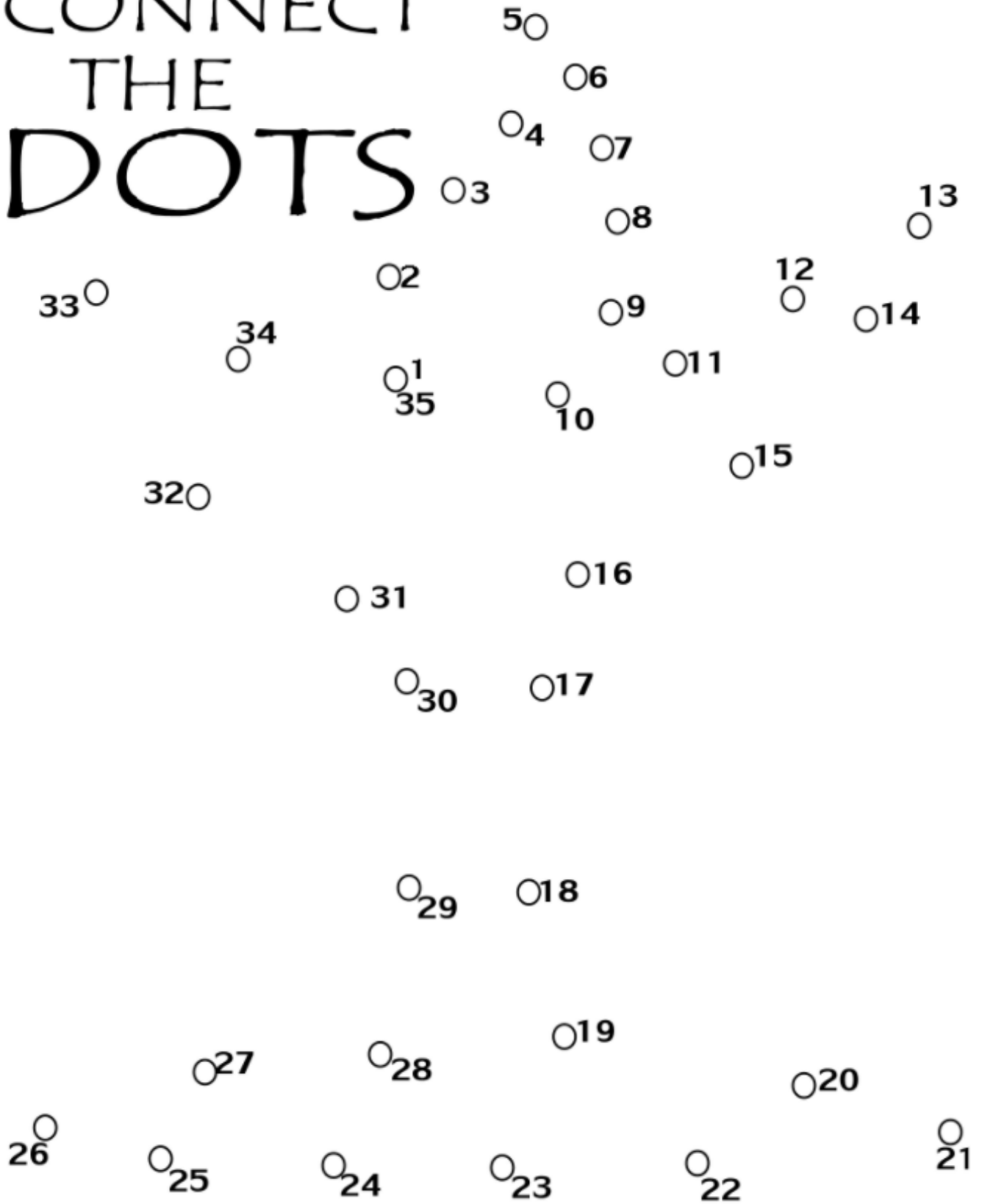
When we take fire from our chalice, it does not become less.
It becomes more.
And so we extinguish our chalice, but we take its light and warmth with us,
multiplying their power by all of our lives, and sharing it with the world.

Write your own chalice lighting!

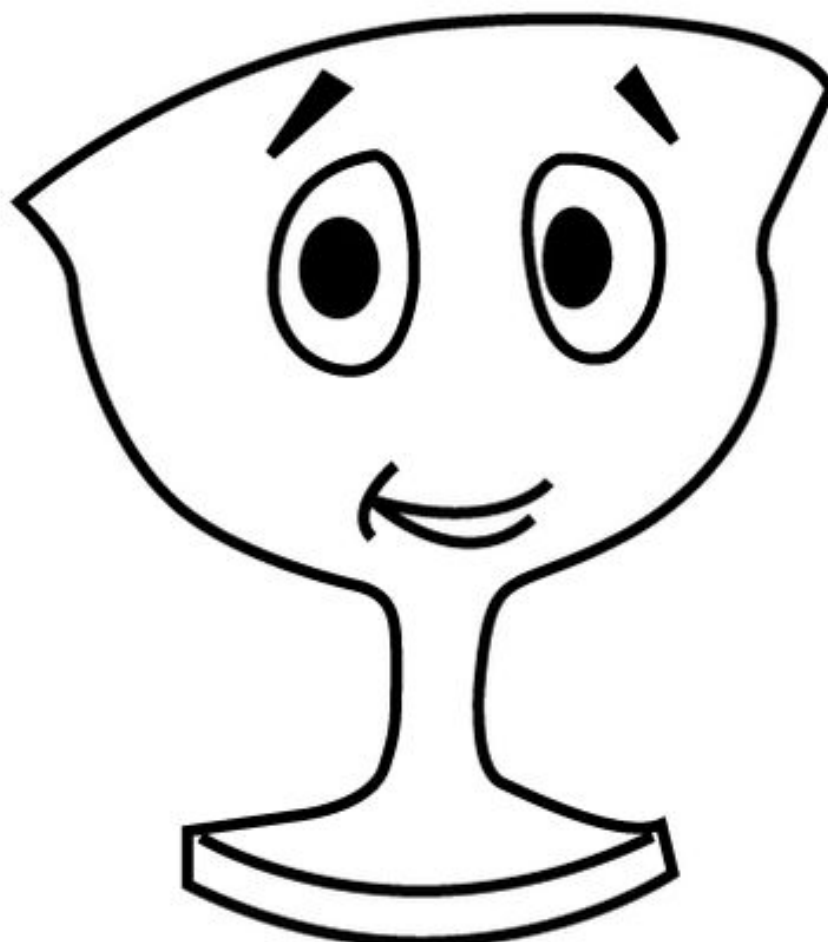


Name _____

CONNECT THE DOTS



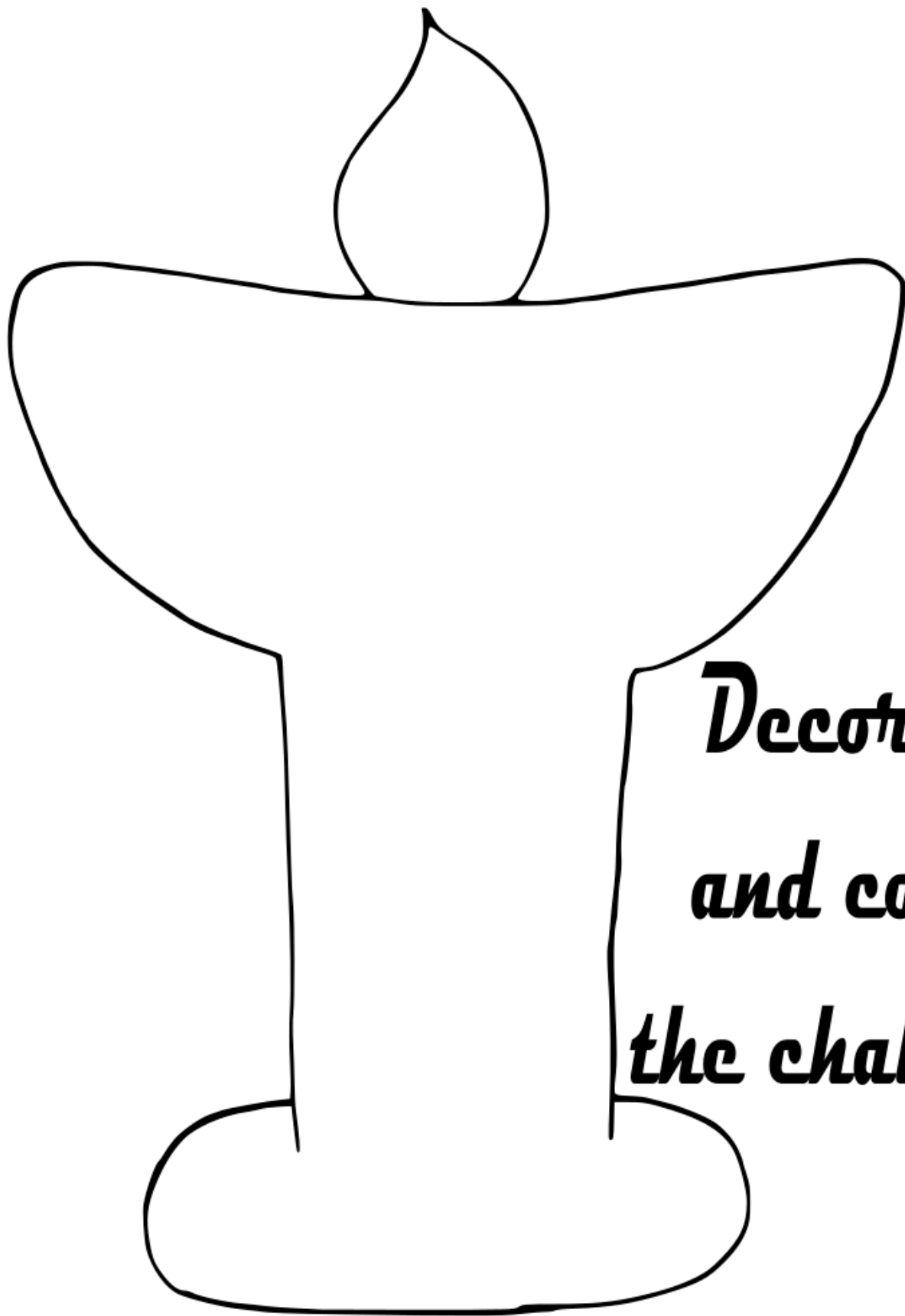
**KIDS: Color "Alice the Chalice"
and draw her a flame!**



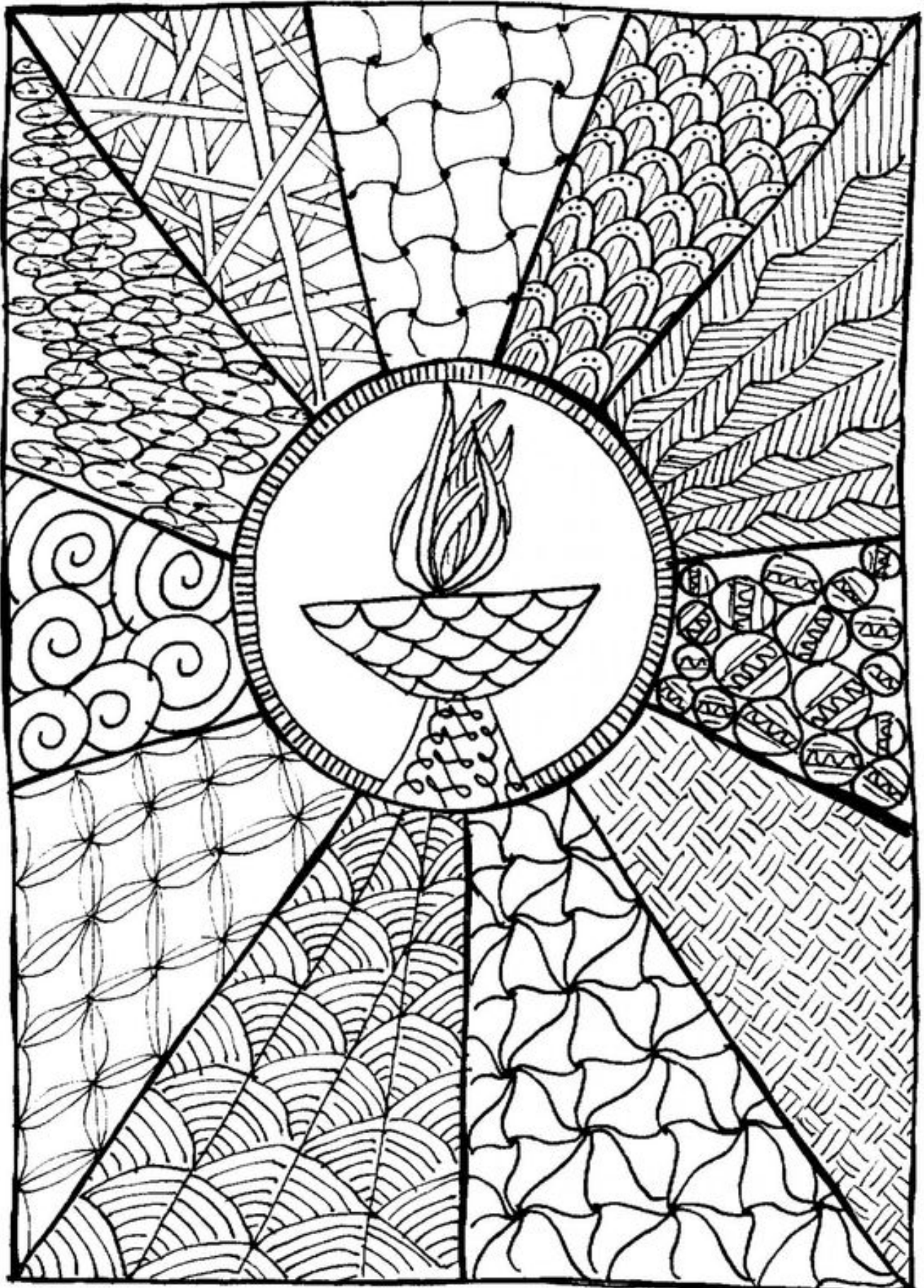
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*Decorate
and color
the chalice*



ell 2015



2020-2021 SUNDAY SCHOOL & YOUTH GROUP SCHEDULE

1ST SUNDAYS @ 10:30 A.M.

All Ages—Special Guest

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/86558123983>

2ND SUNDAYS @ 10:30 A.M.

PreK-1st Grade—Story & Song

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/87288152140>

with Suzanne LeBeau & Susie Wilcox

2nd-4th Grade—Tools of Faith & Minecraft

<https://zoom.us/j/94518102020>

with Marguerite Mills & Christopher Cotton

5th-8th Grade—ChUUrchCraft & Minecraft

<https://zoom.us/j/98572464291>

with Chas Sisk & Jason Plummer

3RD SUNDAYS @ 10:30 A.M.

All Ages—Family Games

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/89770398199>

with Christopher Cotton, Colin Guerrette, & Jason Plummer

4TH SUNDAYS @ 10:30 A.M.

PreK-1st Grade—Story & Song

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/85217697987>

with Suzanne LeBeau & Susie Wilcox

2nd-4th Grade—Tools of Faith & Minecraft

<https://zoom.us/j/94398891671>

with Marguerite Mills & Christopher Cotton

5th-8th Grade—ChUUrchCraft & Minecraft

<https://zoom.us/j/92332008761>

with Chas Sisk & Jason Plummer

5TH SUNDAYS @ 10:30 A.M.

All Ages—Story & Song

Nov 29, 2020:

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/81465722239>

Jan 31, 2021:

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/86352116223>

with Marguerite Mills & Harmon Nine

SUNDAYS @ 11:30 A.M.

Youth Group (9th-12th grades)

<https://zoom.us/j/94148119890?pwd=L1FYQXh0emp2TzJNUTZsWWxxZkt2Zz09>

with Shannon Hayes, Elizabeth Leiserson, Holly Mueller
