

LAKESHORE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST CONGREGATION



AS WE ZOOM ALONG

**APRIL 15TH – 10:30 – A UNITARIAN EASTER IN 2020 - FAITH, HOPE,
COLLABORTION AND RENEWAL**

Speaker: Gary Spiller

Join the **Zoom** Meeting on your device:
<https://us04web.zoom.us/j/490921797>.

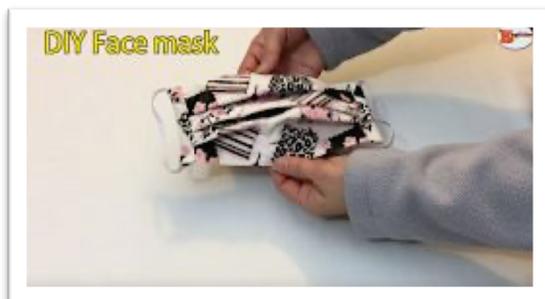
Or **Zoom** by phone 438 809 7799
Meeting ID is 490 921 797 # (and # if prompted)

What does Easter mean to Unitarians this year? A survey of our members reveals that in other years the Easter tradition means family gatherings, celebrations of spring and Easter egg hunts for the children.

This year finds us connected by computer and telephone locked down in our residences with our older generation remembering similar times like the Bombing of Britain where Jean wore a gas mask as a face mask, Dori was hiding in a house in Holland, Maude compares this time to the beginning of WWII in 1939 when Canada supported Britain while the US stayed out of the war until Pearl Harbour was bombed in 1941.. The common thread that keeps us strong is our Resilience and will to Survive. That is our Easter, Passover, Buddhist New Year, Hindu, Tamil and Bengali New Year (April 14). For Muslims Ramadan starts April 23 and runs until May 23. All these religions celebrate rebirth, resilience, facing hardship together and supporting each other.

Unitarians embrace and respect people of all faiths along with atheists, agnostics and people who identify primarily as humanists all of whom celebrate the resilience of the human spirit. This year we feel closer to our fellow human beings from all over the world as we greet the spring or new year with hope and determination to support each other in our communities.

MASKS



Margaret Godbeer has found a mask pattern that she likes and has started production. She rummaged through her *'forgotten'* things in storage and found new cotton material from and her quilting days, some bias tape and elastic. Her masks will go to senior residences group homes where they are much needed.

~ ed

IN TIMES OF CORONA



Dori Abbott writes - Yesterday my cousin's husband passed away at the age of 91. In the late afternoon they had a zoom gathering with their family, children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and Peter and I. The family is spread all over the USA. The Minister of the Unitarian Church of Danbury was the moderator. She did an excellent job with connecting everyone and read a beautiful poem at the end. They whole gathering gave us a warm feeling of being there for each other in this difficult time.

We'll Meet Again...

Isolation is the right thing to do
 We will succeed
 Better days will return
 We will be with friends and family again
 We will meet again.

~ *Her Majesty*

Milda Graham has a 30-minute audio on Mindfulness in the Current Situation with meditation practices, which she has kindly offered to share with anyone who is interested. Her e-mail address is: milda2@sympatico.ca. In Milda's e-mail to me, she wrote...*I am delighted to attend (the service) on Zoom – Hats off to all who pulled it together. Wishing you good health.*

Gabor send this “A human being experiences himself, his thoughts, and feelings as something separated from the rest – a kind of optical illusion of his consciousness. This delusion is a kind of prison for us. Our task must be to free ourselves from this prison by widening our circles of compassion to embrace all living creatures and the whole of nature in its beauty.”

~ *Albert Einstein*

It's Easter – even if it doesn't really feel like it – but I hear from reliable sources that the Easter Bunny has been designated as an essential worker – so he may come hop-hop-hopping to your house soon.

This Beautiful Malayan Tiger – Nadia – has contracted covid-19. She's 4-years old and lives in the Bronx Zoo where a few other large cats are also sick.

~ *ed*



STAY SAFE – PRACTICE P-H-Y-S-I-C-A-L DISTANCING – WASH YOUR HANDS

WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO AMUSE YOURSELF?

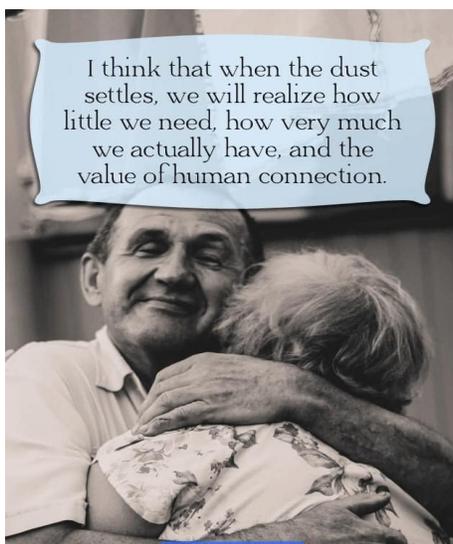
When this is all over, I want to feel that I haven't totally squandered my time watching mindless TV – that something useful will be the result. Basically, there are four things I am doing to occupy myself while in solitary confinement. The first is to clear out my locker, where boxes have been stored, unopened for 10 years. I have almost won that battle amidst all the dust etc. – but now have a whole pile of stuff destined for NOVA – but when will they reopen? One more thing to put on hold!

On warmer days I have been walking or yoga-ing – sometimes. I have dabbled with my genealogy and am back to the 1600s on many lines – (that's 10th great grandparents – all in the UK) – not sure what to do with all this information – but some of it would make a good novel. And, while glued to the TV, I have been knitting blankets for cats and other small creatures at the animal shelters - all from recycled wool.

In these unusual times, this is my personal effort for social action. I am a hands-on person – and like to do something where I can see the results. That is why years ago in the late eighties, when Fred and Bonnie started their Child Havens, my friend and I were among the first to volunteer at the Haven in Gujarat. There were only 4 children at the time but it was a life changing experience for me. I resolved to raise money to help out. This was when I still had my house and garden - so I put on annual plant sales – which proved surprisingly profitable. Then, together with Fred's assistance and Stephane, another volunteer, I organized the first Child Haven Dinner. Those dinners are still going strong – more than a quarter of a century later. PS: I visited the homes many years later – when there were nine homes and projects, housing hundreds of children and women – as well as financing many youth at university... from such a humble beginning....

But now, the Child Haven dinners cannot be held until Covid-19 has abated and Fred and Bonnie would like us to remember them with a donation, as their valuable work goes on.

~ **Heather**



SUITCASES FOR AFRICA



One of the many standouts for us while in Kenya was the celebration of the completion of the Shamoni Well Project. This project became a reality thanks to Gerry & Lenore van de Weyden and their very generous supporters, who financed the well through their Cairo to Cape Town bicycle trip. Unfortunately, the well construction encountered several set-backs and was not totally functional by the time we arrived for the celebration. In fact, the laying of the bricks for the lining inside the well was completed while we were on site with the members of the Shamoni Community. It was truly a joyous occasion. To actually witness the expertise of the construction team was a real learning experience for us. The well was functional the week following our visit.

~ Wendy Buchanan, from her newsletter

AN INVITATION

Gary Spiller and I would like to invite you to a very important event entitled "HEALING OUR WOUNDED SELVES and the WORLD" being presented by Dr. Elaine Ubalijoro next Wednesday, April 15th at 7:00 p.m. via ZOOM. Please see the attached invitation.

(This is not an LUUC event, but one which Gary and I are organizing ourselves and one which we thought might be of interest to you.)

Once you have confirmed your attendance, we will send you the ZOOM link at least one day in advance of the conference.

We are inviting people to submit questions of which Dr. Ubalijoro will answer several after she finishes her presentation. You are more than welcome to send us your questions if you should have any for her.

Please respond to this invitation before next Tuesday, April 14th.

Thank you and we hope to see you on ZOOM next Wednesday! Take good care.

~ Kerry-Anne and Gary

**KEEP SMILING THROUGH
THIS IS VERY SERIOUS**

I heard today that there is Covid-19 in **Jean Merryfield's** building. Jean, and the rest of the residents are confined to their rooms and their food is delivered to their doors. **Maud Bonnier** has been living under these lonely conditions for some time now, as has **Hélène Cimon-Auer**. In Vaudreuil, **Margot Barclay** and **Sharon** are allowed to leave their apartment and go for walks outside. **Barbara Jackson** is in isolation too in her long care residence – where there is a staff shortage. We keep the safety of these precious ladies in our hearts until we see each other again. - ed



A Word from the President:

We are at Easter – the most sacred time in the Christian calendar.

According to the Biblical rendering of the story, the climactic moment builds up in the week before Jewish Pesach (the Feast of Passover). An itinerant preacher, who had been walking the pathways of Judea for several years, with a passel of disciples, enters Jerusalem on a donkey, followed by an ecstatic crowd. His preaching is incendiary. For many, it was a clarion call to reform and renewal. For many others it was a treacherous attack on the existing social order. He spent the days leading up to Pesach preaching against the hypocrisy of the most elevated leaders of Judaism, “and cast the money-changers out of the temple.” He was subjected to a whisper campaign, betrayed by one of his followers, and crucified. Standard treatment for truth-tellers and trouble-makers.

After two thousand years of history, how do you react to his messages? – for example: “Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, bless those who curse you, pray for those who mistreat you. If someone slaps you on one cheek, turn the other one to them also.” ~ Luke 6:27-29.

I hope that all of you will participate thoughtfully (albeit remotely) in any one or all of the Feasts and Festivals that mark nature’s rebirth – the return of Spring – especially our own LUUC service this Sunday.

--Susan

TRY IT – YOU’LL LIKE IT

Trending now – latest internet sensation: Dalgona Coffee – rather like an up-side-down cappuccino: 2 tbsp. instant coffee, 2 tbsp. sugar, 2 tbsp. boiling water whip until stiff and frothy. Layer over 400ml. of milk (hot or cold with ice).

~ ed

RECYCLING LESSON

I saw two birds recycling
Just the other day
And using odd material
In a most constructive way.

But soon it ripped and off they flew
Each with his precious load
And now I'm sure in two new nests
Those very sheets are stowed.

A flash of white had caught my eye
Outside the window pane
And then I saw a tug of war
Occurring in the lane.

The other tissues in such rolls
Dissolve like endless words
But this one had a new career
- It was strictly for the birds!

A square of toilet tissue,
And two sparrows with strong beaks
Were tugging it with all their strength
While I took frequent peeks.

Alan Tustin, 8 April 91
Alan Tustin is Sheila Laursen's Father

WE ZOOMED IT AGAIN! **And 34 people 'attended' this service**

Rev. Heather Fraser Fawcett's reflection on "**Growing Edges**" for our April 5 "Zoom" Sunday Service was both helpful and hopeful about facing the challenges we all have during this "season of pandemic". Since not everyone was able to participate in the service, here is a summary of how "growing edges" and "praxis" could be useful to us all.

"Margaret Atwood has written that "in the spring, at the end of the day, you should smell of dirt." ...here we are, in the season of silver rain, brisk winds, the season that seed catalogues point you to. The season of rebirth and transformation. Here we are, this year, in a season within a season, an extra and extraordinary season within a season. This pandemic season.

This new season within the season of spring has grabbed the world like a slowly building, world travelling tsunami. The buildings still stand but the roads, parks, businesses, and public spaces are almost empty.... There is an eerie, echoey feel about it all. And although the snow is receding in many places, including here, we do not at the end of the day, smell like dirt. Things have not yet returned to normal. Spring's flourishing unfolds before us. Yet, our human flourishing seems to have been put on hold.

And usually in spring, our wind-chilled bones begin to thaw. Not quite so this year though. For we are in this season of pandemic. There is a term used in ministry, and especially in clinical pastoral care and counselling that is called "growing edges". The best and shortest definition of growing edges that I've ever found says that "a growing edge is a frightening opportunity."

We do keep on going..... However, that end of winter accumulation of winter tension, does not get chucked off with our layers of heavy clothes. It sticks to us as expertly as the Virus. And alongside that, the mounting tension associated with the pandemic rises. Fear rises. And our egos kick in. Certainly, we've handled so many challenges in the past, and we have developed resiliency. Thus, we try our usual ways of handling this challenge.

LOCKDOWN

*Yes there is fear.
Yes there is isolation.
Yes there is panic buying.
Yes there is sickness.
Yes there is even death.
But,
They say that in Wuhan after so many
years of noise
You can hear the birds again.
They say that after just a few weeks of
quiet
The sky is no longer thick with fumes
But blue and grey and clear.
They say that in the streets of Assisi
People are singing to each other
across the empty squares,
keeping their windows open
so that those who are alone
may hear the sounds of family around
them.
They say that a hotel in the West of
Ireland
Is offering free meals and delivery to the
housebound.
Today a young woman I know
is busy spreading fliers with her number
through the neighbourhood
So that the elders may have someone to
call on.
Today Churches, Synagogues,
Mosques and Temples
are preparing to welcome
and shelter the homeless, the sick, the
weary
All over the world people are slowing
down and reflecting
All over the world people are looking at
their neighbours in a new way*

*All over the world people are waking up
to a new reality
To how big we really are.
To how little control we really have.
To what really matters.
To Love.
So we pray and we remember that
Yes there is fear.
But there does not have to be hate.
Yes there is isolation.
But there does not have to be
loneliness.
Yes there is panic buying.
But there does not have to be
meanness.
Yes there is sickness.
But there does not have to be disease of
the soul
Yes there is even death.
But there can always be a rebirth of
love.
Wake to the choices you make as to
how to live now.
Today, breathe.
Listen, behind the factory noises of your
panic
The birds are singing again
The sky is clearing,
Spring is coming,
And we are always encompassed by
Love.
Open the windows of your soul
And though you may not be able
to touch across the empty square,
Sing
Brother Richard Hendrick, a Capuchin
Franciscan living in Ireland, has penned
a touching poem about coronavirus and
posted it on Facebook March 17, 2020*

- submitted by Sari Kelen