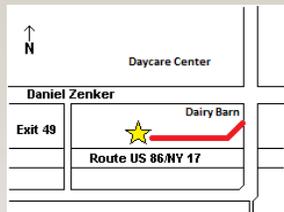


Welcome to the
Unitarian Universalist
Fellowship of Big Flats.

We are an intentionally
inclusive congregation,
welcoming all!

UU of Big Flats, NY
48 Hibbard Road Extension
Big Flats, NY 14814
<http://www.bigflatsuu.org/index.php>



UUFBF Chairs

President
Ron Telford

Vice President
Carolyn Scopelliti

Secretary
Jackie Wilson

Treasurer
Jen Spicer

Trustees
Ruth Darrow-Heljustine
Janice Fitzpatrick

Programs
Jackie Wilson

Newsletter
Chris Telford

Pianist
Anthony DeLuca



Normally, Formal Services
are held September through
mid-June

Sunday mornings

10:30-11:30
with a casual coffee hour
following.

Informal Summer Services are
held July through the beginning
of September.

No matter what time
of year...
Please join us!

June 2020 Uni-Verse



COVID-19
EDITION

Unitarian Universalist Fellowship of Big Flats, NY

Cleveland
Clinic
© 2020



Service Schedule

All in-person worship services are canceled, until further notice.

We are still meeting ONLINE using the Zoom video-conferencing platform. We are joining the Cortland and Athens-Sheshequin Fellowships.

Upcoming Worship Services, all at 10am unless otherwise noted (on-line)

June 14 - Hope and Doubt - Rev. Laine

June 21 - Summer Solstice and Bridging Ceremony - Rev. Laine

June 28 - General Assembly Worship

Please watch for an email & Facebook notification the closer we get to each date. The Zoom online meeting links for the service and social hour will be provided.

UUFBF Summer Solstice
Bonfire

Saturday, June 20, 7:30pm

Bring your
own food &
camp chairs.
We'll social
distance
outside!



New Columns at “Living In Spirit”

An archive of Rev. Laine’s “Living in Spirit” column is available online. Recently added posts include “An extroverted Spiritual Practice” <https://livinginspiritrevlaine.blogspot.com/2020/05/an-extroverted-spiritual-practice.html>



Celebrating Graduates

This year we have not been able to celebrate our graduates in some of the usual ways, so we want to make a special point of honoring them in our online community. At our June 21 service we will be celebrating high school graduates with a “bridging ceremony” and we want to honor all the graduates in your family. If you have a child, grandchild, niece or nephew who is graduating from high school, college, or any other degree or program please send their name, their relationship to you, their accomplishment and a photo if you like to Rev. Laine (darceylaine@earthlink.net) by Tuesday June 16 and she will include them in our 6/21 service.

Member Thoughts...

Hello to everyone! Are we having fun yet? We’ve been going through slides almost every night, reliving some amazing trips we took when the kids were young. When we weren’t visiting family back east, our routes mostly explored the west, from Texas to Crater Lake in Oregon, the Black Hills to the Grand Canyon, with considerable time spent in California and the Rockies. We camped our way around national parks and historic sites. I’ll never forget my heart plummeting to my toes watching the children descend the wooden ladders to the cliffside pueblos of Mesa Verde!

And then another day rolls around, and we’re back to being old and in isolation, save for the occasional trip to the grocery store or pharmacy. There’s still plenty to do, and many more slides to go through. I’ve made a list: for me it’s to recover the lid of the cedar chest in the bedroom, make more masks, and (a nearly impossible task) reduce the number of emails in my account to fewer than 100; for Frank it’s to find new recipes to try and to set the Guinness World Record for the number of FreeCell games logged by any one player.

We look forward to the day when New York’s coronavirus stabilizes like Wuhan’s has. Meanwhile, we’ll fill our social void with Zoom meetings and Facebook postings—and each other.

~Leslie and Frank Potter (4/27/2020)

Just wanted to say that I’m adjusting to life without my mom. Slowly. She was with us and not in a nursing home when she went so there’s that! She had specifically said when my dad went that she didn’t want to go like that, i.e. in a hospital surrounded by machines. My sister is taking it hard so my being here for isolation is actually a good thing. I have to make sure she eats. We’re also caring for our mom’s kitty who has cancer. She is very sad without my mom, too. There are a lot of things that are complicated going on now that she’s passed. I’m trying to help out my sister as I can. I’ll try to figure out the Zoom thing so I can participate in the online services. Wishing everyone the best possible outcome from the pandemic.

~ Mary Terhune (4/8/2020)

Starless Night By Jeni Paquette

Preface - *I was a student at SUNY Corning Community College in 1978. There had been a major blackout in NYC, followed by looting. I was moved enough to write this fictional account. It seems relevant today...*

.....

Hanna moved slowly about the store, making preparations for closing. She reflected on how pleasant a day it had been. On days like this people seemed to bring the sunshine inside, smiling, willing to stop and talk. Hanna's newspaper/novelty store was a neighborhood landmark on this Brooklyn Street. The faces that entered were kind and familiar. Dust particles were suspended in the golden light of late afternoon, and she remembered how Peter had loved this time of day. Her husband had died of a stroke five years ago. She had found him lying on the floor by the tobacco pipe display. Hanna had many fears about managing the store without her "silly old goat." But she was surprised at her strength and now felt very proud.

Two young boys entered the store and headed straight for the candy counter. "Hello, boys," she said with a smile. "Hi," they answered, shyly. "Don't be too long now – its closing time." "Ok," said the taller boy.

The small one with the dark curly hair skipped back to the comic book section. He asked for the price of several different comics, and Hanna walked back to help him. Silently the other boy began slipping gum and chocolate bars into his denim jacket, hiding his movements with his back. The small boy finally settled on a Batman comic and the other chose a bag of Planters Peanuts. As they pushed their quarters toward her, Hanna shook her head slowly.

"I'm afraid you don't have enough," she said. They looked up at her with wide, searching eyes. Hanna reached for the boy's jacket and it unsnapped as he pulled away, spilling the pilfered candy and a pack of cigarettes. The two boys stared at the floor for a moment and slowly bent to pick up their lost treasure. "I don't know who you are, but I'm sure the police could tell me," she said. No response. "But it's late, and I can't be bothered this time." Still they could not look at her. "Now I'm going to keep your money and you'll get nothing for it – and I hope you've learned a lesson," she said sternly. "Yes Ma'am," whispered the older boy. "You may go now." The boys bolted for the door, but before leaving the smaller boy stopped and turned towards her. "Ma' m," he said in shaky voice, "We're sorry." Then they were gone. Hanna locked the door, hung the closed sign and turned out the lights. As she slowly made her way up the creaky stairs she wondered what kind of adults these kids would be. Recently, stealing incidents had become almost a daily occurrence, and no strange face could be trusted. But this was a fact of life for all shop owners, and all in all she still felt good about the day. Hanna was greeted at the door by Fritz the cat and watched TV before starting her supper. Later in the evening Hanna relaxed in an overstuffed chair watching Hawaii Five-O. Although a window in the kitchen was open, she was barely aware of the noisy trains and traffic below. Suddenly, there was complete darkness. Fritz jumped from her lap as the TV picture shrank to a dot and lights went out simultaneously. "Stay out of my way, Fritz. You know I can't see as well as you right now." With the lamp lit, the kitchen took on a cozy glow and she decided to make some tea. Hanna sat at the table, sipping her hot tea, and thinking how lucky she was to be safe in her home at such a time. To be in a public place during a blackout would be awful, people panicking so easily. About twenty minutes later she figured she might as well go to bed. The sound of crashing glass made her jump. Hanna hurried

(cont'd next page)

(continued...)

to the window. Across the street she could see men with flashlights moving into the liquor store. She watched in disgust and helplessness as they hurried out of the store with boxes and loaded them in their cars. Gradually she could see more and more dark figures file out of apartment buildings and head for the many small businesses on 67th Street. Excited voices called to each other in a spirit of great adventure.

The sound of crashing glass was coming now from all directions, and Hanna put her hand over mouth, trying to calm the sick feeling in her stomach. Sudden awareness pulled her out of shock and she ran to the closet. Throwing off her robe, she pulled on a coat and hunted for her shoes. Her sense of urgency was stronger than the pain in her arthritic fingers as she buttoned the coat, "God help me, please help me!" she pleaded as she found a flashlight and headed downstairs. As she entered the back of the store she was relieved that everything looked normal. Shining her light on the front door and window reassured her that she was not too late. They won't bother with a newspaper store, she thought. Why trifle with candy and magazines when there's an appliance store down the street? There were swarms of people in the street now, hollering and laughing. They think it's Christmas, for God's sake! How can people take such advantage of an emergency? They're no different than wild animals freed from their cages! As these thoughts swelled inside her, Hanna felt bitter and then angry. Finally her rage was so great she felt she would bust wide open.

The front door crashed inward. Hanna shined her light on the face of a young man standing behind the jagged glass. Her presence and light startled him. "Get out of here!" she shouted hysterically. "Leave me alone!" The man turned to look at two companions. "It's just an old lady, man! Go on!" answered one. Hanna was gripping the flashlight hard, but did not move as the man reached inside to unlock the door. "Please don't," she begged as they shone their lights around the store. "If you know what's good for you, you'll keep out of the way," warned a man harshly. Powerless and beaten, Hanna watched them clear the shelves. First the cigarettes, then the watches, camera equipment, pipes, X-rated magazines and candy. She could hear sirens in the distance but the sound did not encourage her. A dozen more people of all ages had come to see what pickings were left. One boy, about twelve years old, was cleaning out the comic books, and even flashed her a smile. Hanna approached him, turned him around and with tears in her eyes asked, "Why?" "Because," he said, pulling away. "You only get one chance, lady, and this is it." His eyes were cold and betrayed no feeling of guilt or remorse. Hanna found the back door and slowly climbed the stairs. She entered her apartment and ignored the cat's anxious greeting. Feeling tired and empty and old, she went to the kitchen window and looked at the sky. Clouds had gathered; there would be no stars tonight.





JUNETEENTH

CELEBRATION / MARCH

SPEECHES, MUSIC & MORE
HOSTED BY **DOMARI GREENE**

OLD TOPS

JUNE 19TH 2020 12:30-3:00 PM

S MAIN ST ELMIRA

 **ELMIRA: BLACK LIVES MATTER MOVEMENT**

Want to include
something in future
newsletters?

Easy!

Email by the 15th of
the month before at

UU.BigFlats@
gmail.com

Thank you to all
essential workers.



Fellowship Hosting Schedule

We shall see if services resume in the Fall. If we **should** meet for small group in the summer, please bring a pre-packaged “grab-n-go” snack to share.

Submitted by UUFBF Member Sara Hurley

RELATIONS WITH ONESELF

Know who you are and live it

One's friendship with oneself, based largely on solitude, determines what we do with our life and is the basis of real success. Ultimately, we live in our own reality, and our inner life determines that reality.

Not until we are lost do we begin to understand ourselves.

Things do not change, we change.

Our truest life is when we are in dreams awake,

I want to go soon and live away by the pond, where I shall hear only the wind whispering among the reeds. It will be success if I shall have left myself behind. But, my friends ask what will I do when I get there. Will it not be employment enough to watch the progress of the seasons?

Partial journey entry 1841
~ Henry David Thoreau
1817-1862



UUFBF
Board
Meetings
are *normally*
held on the
SECOND
SUNDAY
of every
month after
a brief
coffee hour
following the
service. All
members are
welcome to
attend.



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