

TAPESTRY

A Magazine for All Peoples UU

June 2022



Detail of the sanctuary's tree tapestry, quilted by All Peoples UU members.

Editor's Note

In the past, it was easy to draw a line separating the human world from the natural world. "Islands" of civilization were surrounded by a "sea" of wilderness. As a burgeoning human population approaches eight billion, people are claiming every habitable acre of the planet and converting more and more natural terrain to cultivated, managed, or urbanized landscapes. As a result, the truly "wild" parts of our planet have been reduced to vanishing fragments. Floating plastic washes onto once-deserted shorelines, cell phones ring on isolated mountain tops, and logging roads crisscross old-growth forests. Although the myth of an endless frontier still lives in our imagination, in reality the human and natural worlds have become inexorably intertwined. As the seventh UU principle points out, humans themselves are an integral part of the web of life. Scientists acknowledge the magnitude of human influence over the Earth with a new term for the "brave new world" we have wrought. Ready or not, we've entered the Anthropocene, or Human Age.

If humankind now governs the planet, how does that change our relationship with nature? Since biblical times, pilgrims and prophets have wandered off into the wilderness to gain perspective, or to receive divine inspiration. In the Anthropocene, where is our wilderness? Where can we go to find quiet? to be inspired by nature's majesty? to acquire wisdom? The Buddha taught that miracles of creation manifest all around us, if only we can attend to their mysteries. Nature's frontier may be as far away as the crescent moon or as close as the geranium on your windowsill. Experiencing nature may no longer require a trip to a different place, but rather a shift in focus. That's the intent of our June issue: to take a moment to notice the natural wonders hidden within every corner of our surroundings, and within every seam of our daily lives. --Rob Kingsolver

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Together on the Journey

*by Rev. Bruce Beisner
Minister, All Peoples UU Congregation*

I grew up in West Virginia, in the foothills of the Appalachian mountains. Much of my childhood was spent playing in the woods and creeks that surrounded my parents' home. I remember my mom telling me once "To be healthy, you should spend at least a little time outside every day." Some prophetic words to say the least. My young adulthood found me living in Cincinnati, a place in the rolling hills of the Ohio Valley not that different from Louisville. Despite calling a very urban neighborhood my home, densely forested parks were always nearby and life there was defined by the dramatic shifts in seasonal weather.

Yet for much of my life I didn't find much spirituality in nature, or at least I didn't think I did. All those flowery poems and essays about finding god in the sunset and the ocean and the birds in flight never really did it for me. I could appreciate that others found them meaningful, but they never seemed to move me in the ways that human relationships did. My "go-to" sources for religious inspiration were the courage of Rosa Parks on that bus, the spirit of labor union protests led by Cesar Chavez, or the compassion of stories of people helping strangers during Hurricane Katrina.



That changed for me ten years ago. Moving from southwest Ohio to the flat, gulf coast of Texas made me recognize how much I had taken the natural beauty around me for granted. Living in a place with few trees, lots of concrete, and one year-round season (summer), taught me how much nature really did influence and nourish my spirituality. Sometimes we don't know what we have until it is no longer part of your everyday experience.

One of the great gifts of being part of a Unitarian Universalist community is that it offers us the opportunity to be exposed to diverse ways of considering religion and spirituality. Churches like ours attract all kinds and include many forms of worship and ritual. Pagan and earth-based traditions are among the essential influences on our lives, whether we explicitly acknowledge them or not. And that is because they are an expression of our affirmation of the interdependence of life and our calling to live with reverence for our planet.

Paganism is one of those broad categories of spirituality which actually

refers to a vast variety of traditions and practices and beliefs. Just as saying “I’m a Christian” can and does mean very different things to different people, and can lead to wildly different belief systems, identifying as Pagan places you within a wide range of both ancient and modern perspectives. It could mean you are Wiccan, basing your religious practice on adoration of Sky God and Earth Goddess, celebrating the cycles of the seasons, and affirming the presence of magic and mystery within the forces of natural world. Or it could mean you consider yourself Neo-Pagan, following practices and stories which are polytheistic or pantheistic and grounded in ancient forms of nature worship such as Druidism, Celtic, German, and Norse mythology or matriarchal Goddess religion. Or it could even mean you like to dabble and mix many of these religious forms and traditions into your own unique brand of spirituality.

What all these diverse Pagan belief systems have in common is that they are inherently experiential and of this world. Although some may concern powers and spirits which are beyond us, their gods and forces exist around us, in nature, not above or separate from it. In some way, all Pagan ritual and practice points towards connection and relationship, harmony, and balance.

In our times of accelerating climate change, polarized politics, and broken governance, we need deeper connections. In our society of consumption, waste, endless war,

competition, and violence, we need religious teachings that push us together rather than apart. We must embrace the greater relational realities of life and know ourselves to be truly interdependent with the world around us. And perhaps earth-based approaches to religion can do that for us in unexpectedly powerful and transformative ways.

In the novel “The Challenge Box,” the Wiccan author known as Isobel Bird describes a practitioner of the Pagan arts as: “someone who has dedicated her life to learning about the connections between things. She studies the different cycles and her place in them. She learns how to use the energy in herself and in the world to make changes. And most of all, she tries to make the world a better place for herself and other people.” That sounds to me like path I think most of us can identify with and aspire to.

This spring we celebrated Earth Day and Beltane together here at All Peoples. In the coming weeks we will mark the arrival of the Summer Solstice. May these special days not be isolated observances for us. May we approach each and every day of the year as just one more opportunity for us to praise the interdependent web of existence and to strive to live more deeply in the blessed connectedness of everything.

Peace,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Bruce". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

How Civil Wars Start: And How to Stop Them

Crown Press, 2022

Author: Barbara F. Walter

Book Review by John A. Busch,
Elwood Sturtevant, and Sheila Ward

This is not a book to take to the beach for your summer read. It does, however, give us an idea of what a civil war might look like in the United States. It won't be marching troops with blue or gray uniforms. It will be more like the 1995 truck bombing of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City, or the insurrection that took place in Washington DC on Jan 6, 2021.

In *How Civil Wars Start* Dr. Barbara F. Walter presents a concept new to many of us: anocracy. The term "anocracy" was created in 1974 to describe countries that are neither full democracies nor complete autocracies. The term matters to the book because it is anocracies that are in danger of civil war, and it matters to us because the United States has been moving in the direction of anocracy.

According to the Center for Systemic Peace, which quantifies different systems of governance with a Polity Score, pure democracies have a score of +10, and pure autocracies have a score of -10. Canada, New Zealand and Denmark have +10 scores; North Korea and Saudi Arabia score -10. Anocracies score between +5 and -5. The United States was rated as +5 back in 1797-1800, when it had largely one-party governance. It spent most of its history as a +10, with occasional dips that remained in the range for democracies. But in 2016, its score fell to +8, then to +7 in 2019, and to +5 on 1/6/2021. That is, the United States had fallen into a condition of anocracy for the first time in more than 220 years.

Walter, a professor of political science and an authority on international security, with an emphasis on civil wars,

Bookmarks

terrorism, and unconventional violence, explores how civil wars have become more common recently, with the number doubling over the last 20 years. She explains how civil wars have changed from what America experienced in the 1860s or Spain in the 1930s to now involving acts of violence and terror accelerated by social media and fear. According to Walter, former president Trump's challenge of the peaceful transfer of power on January 6, 2021 led to America's polity score dropping from a +7 to a +5, the lowest score since 1800.

Walter uses scholarship and insights from studying contemporary foreign examples and applies it to what is happening around us, warning that while civil war is not inevitable in America, it becomes more and more possible the longer we fail to address its causal factors. Understanding how civil wars start, she insists, is the first step in preventing them from breaking out, and her book is meant not just to warn us, but to help equip us to move our country back towards full democracy.

The author believes our country is more prepared to counter foreign enemies such as al-Qaeda than we are to disarm the warriors in our midst, even though the latter are currently more virulent and dangerous. If we are to avert civil war, she says we must devote the same resources to finding and neutralizing homegrown combatants as we do to foreign ones. According to Walter, the best way to neutralize a budding insurgency is to reform a degraded government: bolster the rule of law, give all citizens equal access to the vote, and to improve the quality of government services.

In spite of the weight of the subject matter, the book is well written, fully documented, and offers hope toward preventing a civil war in our own country.

The Poet's Corner

Passover, Easter, Ramadan 2022 Fall Simultaneously

About thirty years
Till it'll happen again
It's rare, but it's nice

To think the whole world-
Or much of it, anyway-
Can share the feelings

Of gratitude, joy,
Togetherness and sharing
Love, food, calm, prayer....

I think in my heart
We should all be together...
We should all want peace.

--by Joan Miller



@Jill 0/23/2020
Baker 0/6/2020

"Tree" Drawing by Jill Withrow Baker



The Wonder

He showed me the desert and took my hand,
With the cactus in bloom like joyful friends
Welcoming all to the magical sight
Of the barren earth bursting forth its delight.
The enchantment surpassing what words can say.
And, he opened my eyes to the wonder, that day.

He showed me the mountains and took my hand,
While the rocks stood watch like quiet friends,
Who were part of the planet far longer than me,
Made from ancient creatures and fallen trees,
Churning deep in the earth then crumbling away.
And, he opened my life to the wonder, that day.

He showed me the forest and took my hand.
Each plant bore a name like a long-lost friend.
The stillness and coolness seeped under my skin.
It awoke something primal that before had not been.
That walk was more sacred than kneeling to pray
And he opened my soul to the wonder, that day.

He showed me the heavens and placed my hand
On a hollow tube with lenses within.
We explored the galaxies, suns, moons and stars.
The rings of Saturn and the craters of Mars.
It expanded my vision, revelation, insight.
And we became part of the cosmos, that night.

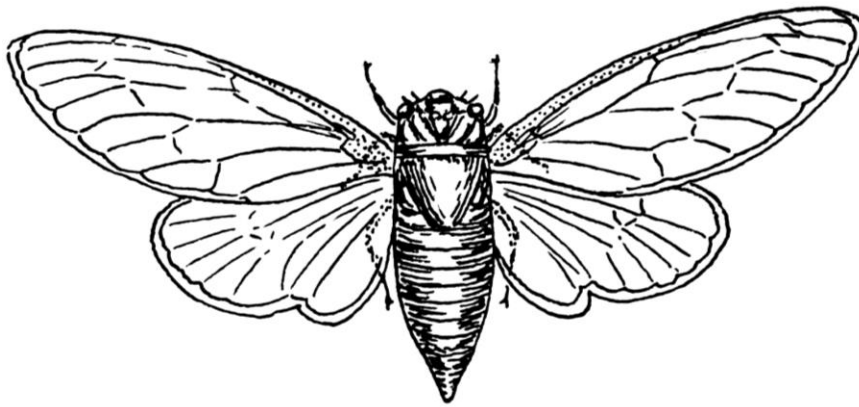
He showed me the ocean and held my hand.
Every shell served its creature as a home in the sand.
Its power and majesty swirled all around.
I absorbed every feeling, sight and sound.
We're of earth, sea and sky and have always been.
And, he opened my heart to the wonder, of him.

--LeeAnn Lemay Bernier

Periodical

Here they come again.

In the course of an average life,
The sun will come up 28,854 times.
The moon will wax and wane 1,031 times.
Fresh snow will cover our hometown 419 times.
An equinox will fairly split day from night 158 times.
You'll witness dogwoods blossom over 79 bright Aprils.
And over 79 Octobers watch maple leaves turning crimson.
Seven puppies could by turns grow up, grow old and pass on.



But periodical cicadas will erupt from the earth beneath your feet,
And leave their amber shells on tree trunks, and buzz around you,
And fill the air with their urgent, throbbing declarations of love,
And exhaust themselves, and drop in legions onto the sidewalk
Only four times--five if your lifespan falls in step with theirs.
I was alive to see them in 1953, 1970, 1987, 2004 and now.
So like the cicadas, I know the final turn of life's carousel
Is our best chance to emerge, fly free and sing out loud.

--Rob Kingsolver, Louisville KY, June 2021

Cicada drawing contributed to Wikimedia Commons by Pearson Scott Foresman.

The Creative Spirit

My jacket

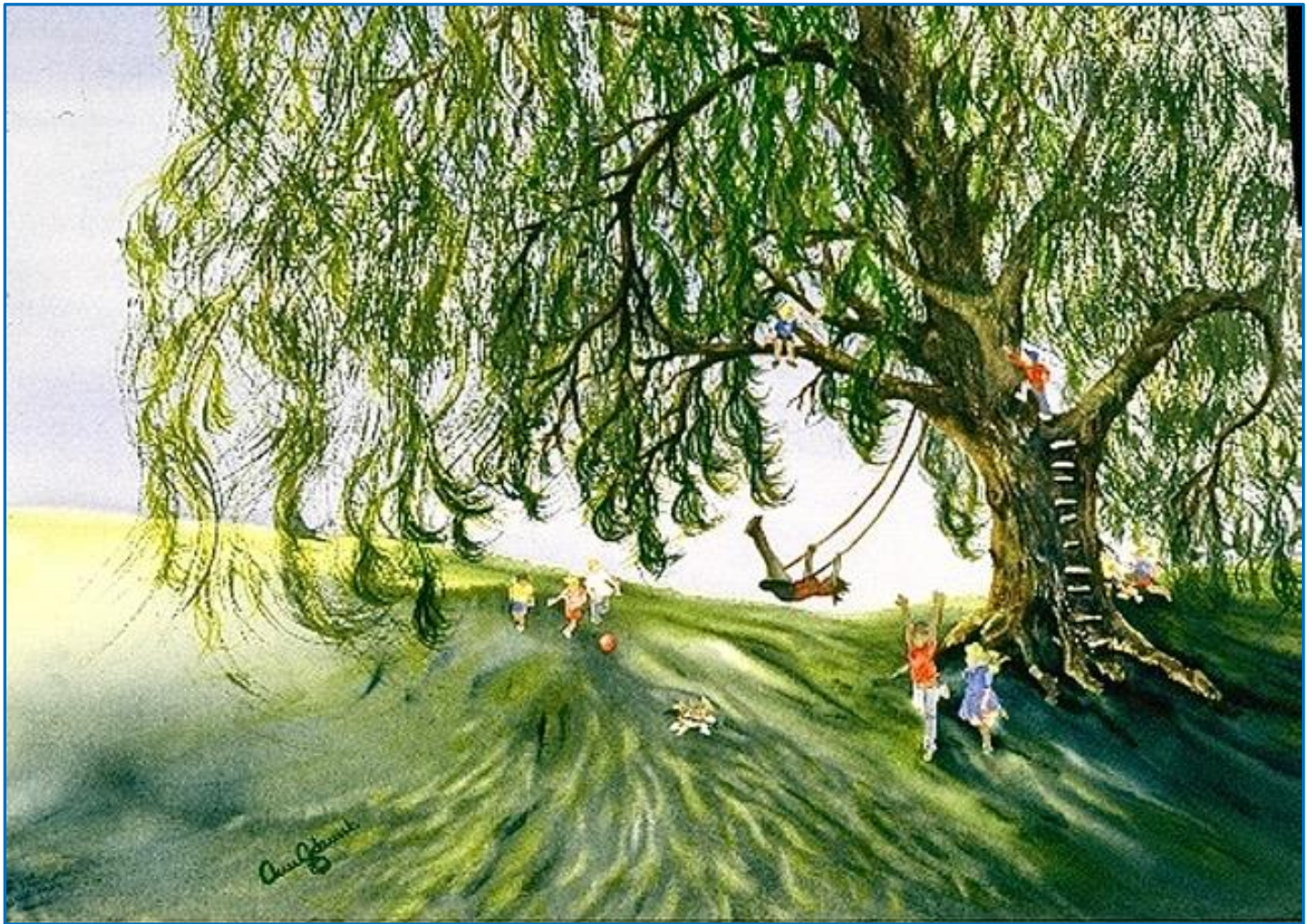
was an idea for a very specifically personal, wearable art piece. It speaks to my lifelong fascination with, and love of ferns. The red flowers on the back are an attempt to show the flowers in three perspectives and utilize the shadings of the tie dyed velvets. On the front, I used a beautiful periwinkle velvet, but in structure, those are tulip poplar flowers, another favorite. The hummingbirds are just special: I am awed, honored and grateful when I see one.

The other fun aspect of a jean jacket is that it is a set of symmetrical, multisided frames, inspiring matching, not mirror images. In this project, I was waiting, musing, looking around, finally knowing that each successive idea was the right one; I needed to be sure. On the front, I couldn't "see" the stems for the red flowers and then I saw an art deco image with crossed stems and it was right. I am glad people have liked it.



*Art and Comments by Ellen Cowley--
physician, gardener, and fabric artist*





"Laughing Willow," painting and comments by Ann Adamak



When my sisters and I were little, we had a great big Weeping Willow tree in our yard. We loved gathering armfuls of branches and swinging on them, much to our parents' dismay. As I grew older, I never understood why it was called "Weeping Willow", because it was such a happy tree. The painting "Laughing Willow" was inspired by this happy childhood experience. I think the horticulturalists should change the name!

Ann Lawson Adamek, KWS, is a Watercolor Artist, Hosparus volunteer, and an All Peoples Member since 1975. She loves making authentic connections, bridge, contra dancing, hammer dulcimer, working in flower beds, making real-flower jewelry, and anything outdoors.



Pileated Woodpecker with Chick, painted by Jill Harmer

Jill is a watercolorist who likes to paint birds and other natural subjects. This painting was recently exhibited in the congregational art show at All Peoples.

Our Place in the Web of Life

Essays on the Natural World from All Peoples members

THE SOUND OF BIRDS

--by Fran Kenealy

My walk through the neighborhood today was unplanned. A trip to the mailbox prompted me to continue walking down the road without my usual earbuds. The captivating chorus of birds in an otherwise silent neighborhood quickly captured my focus and I felt mesmerized; their spontaneous sounds were a welcome contrast to the blasting music I normally play on my walks.

Some birds were sweetly and innocently chirping, expressing cheer and optimism, while others harshly cawed in the background, sounding almost ominous, offering a reminder that there's evil in the world. Other birds trilled in measured verses, adding cohesiveness to the jumble of sounds. Altogether the juxtaposition of sounds formed an exquisite melody to accompany me while I walked. At times the symphony quieted, becoming almost undetectable and creating an eerie moment of silence. Perhaps the birds were pausing to contemplate the arrival of spring.

My mother, in the solitude of her final years, loved watching the birds through a large window at her home. She marveled at their sprightliness and seemingly synchronized melodies. With the birds as her background, my mother's thoughts wandered, from philosophical musings to reflections on life's injustices. Did the birds offer her a longed-for serenity or were they a mournful reminder of wrongs never rectified? By this question, even the birds are silenced.



photo by Andrew Kingsolver



AT THE FARTHEST REACHES
OF THE COMMONWEALTH,
I FIND MY CENTER.

--by Dawn Moretz

My meeting calendar and GPS conspire against me, sending me from one scheduled appointment to the next, from Point A to Point B and on and on I go, providing:

representation
support
guidance
resolutions

IT'S TOO MUCH!



photos by Dawn Moretz

Oh, to allow myself to wander without a deadline OR a destination— away from the bumper to bumper traffic on the webs of twisting, turning, intersecting highway asphalt during rush hour--and every other hour.

The solution is within my means—it only takes a full tank of gas. Driving on Interstate 64 East OR West for three hours will get me “there”--towards *freedom*. Westward to the woods, water, and wildlife of Land Between the Lakes, or eastward to the cliffs, crags, and crests of Red River Gorge, Natural Bridge, and Cumberland Falls.



En route, I habitually use my smart phone to listen to music, check the route, or make phone calls until...
"There is no reliable cell service."

That's when I know I have arrived at my *solitary sanctuary*; I am now blissfully unaware of ANYONE attempting to reach me with “just a quick question.”

And yet, I am still taking conference calls with the birds high in the trees, gathering with the butterflies at the flower blossom “water cooler”, and jostling for space on the trail among

the hard-working ants still focused on their tasks.

When I finally reach the apex of Auxier Ridge at Red River Gorge or glide my kayak out onto Kentucky Lake, I don't even feel beholding to the flora OR the fauna. Instead, I feel at one with the water as it pushes me along with the tide, rocking me gently as a mother would soothe her child.

Or, I intentionally sit on the hard, dusty, uneven ground that feels anything but comfortable. I splay my hands flat on either side of me to feel connection to the



sunbaked sandstone at Natural Bridge.

When I hike a trail and stop to touch the spongy moss and bumpy tree bark, or paddle through the water watching dragonflies playfully chase each other as other insects skim its surface, or exhale silently, while taking in the sunrise or sunset from amazing vantage points, *I reconnect, recharge, and recommit.*

Upon occasion, I have spoken quietly to Selene, the Moon Goddess, who has peeked through the bare

branches as I have trudged back to my campsite after staying on the trail longer than was wise. Other times, I've thanked the God of my youth for the verdant woods, kaleidoscope of wildflowers, and noisy forest animals (from squirrels to deer) who make their presence known while traversing across the forest floor on crunchy leaves.

Eventually, I return to my camper and sigh with content exhaustion as I fall into slumber. I accept the fact that while I *claim* I want to be separated from the demands of humankind, I am never more than a short walk from the bathhouse which conveniently includes a flush toilet and hot shower. And at that, I offer my gratitude for those who built such a wonderful structure.

The reality is that I am connected, both to nature and to my life of manmade convenience.



SANDHILL CRANES: ONE OF THE GREAT MIGRATIONS

*Photos and Essay by
Dennis Stilger*

About 15 years ago an article came across my news feed about the world's greatest migrations. Many were beyond my reach like Emperor penguins in Antarctica, etc. But one in particular caught my eye; the great Sandhill Crane migration in



Nebraska. I am embarrassed to admit that at that time I had never heard of a Sandhill Crane and barely knew where Nebraska was. I filed it away as a trip idea.

Several years later Lauri and I had an opening for a vacation in early March. I remembered the article and sure enough, early March is the peak season for this migration. The Platte River around Kearny, NE has been a natural stop off for several million years for these magnificent birds. Standing a little under 4 feet tall, they have a 6-foot wingspan. They are most notable for the red patch on their forehead. These birds prefer to stand in ice water up to their knees as they flee the southern summer heat. Their call sounds more like a Mourning Dove coo than anything else, but MUCH louder. It carries for miles.



On a brisk 10-degree March morning a dedicated 20 or so of us birdwatchers waited for dawn to break in the bird blind on the Platte River. A little before the sun fully rose there was a rush and 80,000 birds took off from the icy Platte. It is an awe-inspiring sight and sound. The cranes scatter over fields of corn stubble for miles to fatten up from the spillage on the ground. To thwart the sandhill crane population

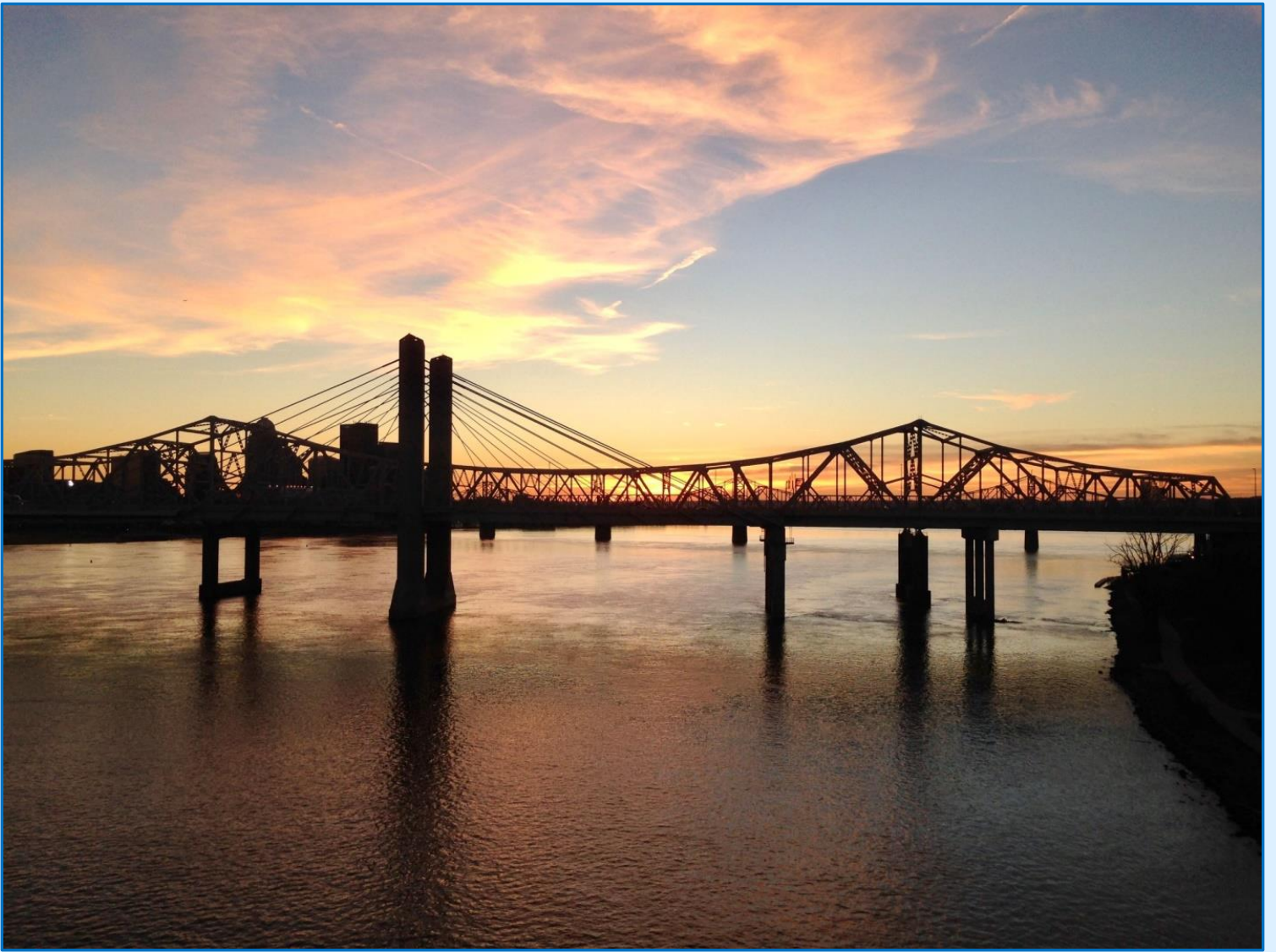
decline, a coalition of farmers decided years ago to leave their corn fields fallow over the winter. This provided a consistent source of food during the crane's long migration, the crane population increased and the farmer's fields were fertilized by the cranes.

At night, the trip is reversed. Within a few hours of sundown, the sky is filled with 80,000 or more cranes in Vs of 20 to 50 as they gather on the shore of the Platte. Just after the sun is down and all at once, the 80,000 birds move from their gathering area on shore into the Platte. The average bird stays around the Platte River about 2 weeks before moving on north to the nesting grounds in Minnesota, Canada and Siberia. In the Fall, the whole trip is reversed but without the great gatherings as in the Spring.

After that trip, I started noticing that groups of Sandhills migrate over Kentucky as well. While it is not as well traveled as the Central flyway in NE, Kentucky gets its share of Sandhills too. The Muscatatuck NWR in Seymour Indiana is a clearing house for information on these birds that gather in the thousands in corn fields around nearby Brownsville. They usually go unnoticed despite their huge wingspan because they fly VERY high, about a mile up in many cases.

So, start listening next February or so outside. If you hear something that sounds like a distant group of doves look up, really high and you may be lucky enough to spot some of these magnificent birds.





Ohio River --photo by Ernie Weill

"The face of the water, in time, became a wonderful book--a book that was a dead language to the uneducated passenger, but which told its mind to me without reserve, delivering its most cherished secrets as clearly as if it uttered them with a voice. And it was not a book to be read once and thrown aside, for it had a new story to tell every day."

--Mark Twain

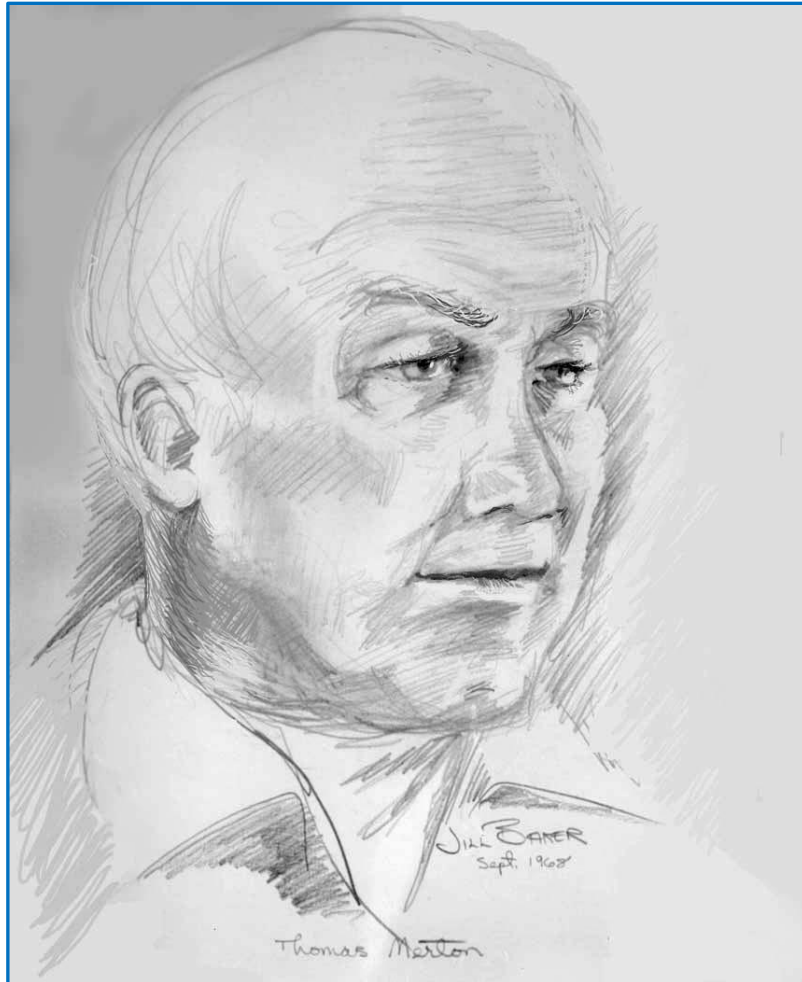
Life on the Mississippi

WHEN I MET THOMAS MERTON

--by Jill Withrow Baker

They are making a saint out of Thomas Merton. Someday there will be very few people who will be able to say "I knew Thomas Merton, the saint, or St. Thomas Merton." But I will and I didn't know him as a saint, even though he was supposed to be in his saintly days.

I knew him first through my husband, who "became Thomas Merton" while he was writing about and corresponding almost daily with Merton. Merton was all I heard about from my husband's lips. I knew every word Merton spoke, every theological innuendo, every foray into the world or the world of books, as I typed the words of the thesis my husband was writing. I knew every thought that ran through his head, and I knew his background as if I had been growing up with him, both the good and the bad. Because my husband really became Thomas Merton as he researched and talked with the man himself.



Sketch of Thomas Merton by Jill Withrow Baker

So, when I met Merton and talked with him, I didn't feel at all strange with him. The questions he asked me were the things I thought he would ask. And yet, because he was a person unto himself, he did unexpected things, like choosing the hamburger rather than the cheese sandwich in the lunch I prepared for us and offered to filch beer from the kitchen and did other personal things that would never be mentioned in books or written about in letters, or from conversations that people later related in their memoirs. We met with him several times at the Monastery.

Probably the most surprising thing about saints is that they have bodies. Even after seeing a multitude of pictures, and hearing descriptions of Merton, a clear picture of what he might look like hadn't really

appeared in my mind. So, when he walked into the little room we had decided to meet in, there he was. He was very ordinary looking, wearing a farmer's shirt and coveralls that, unlike monk's clothing, fit him well and showed him to be muscular and strong. On his feet he wore tall boots, quite dirty. His clothing was completely utilitarian. He

had just come into the main building, tromping through the mud, up the path from his cabin in the woods and would be walking back before dark. He almost always wore these clothes.

He was not especially tall, but neither was he short. His skin was clear, his face a bit round with a pointed chin and after talking with him awhile I began to realize that the most outstanding characteristic of his face was his deep-set eyes. His eyelids were long and smooth and his face, almost devoid of hair, appeared to be of modeled stone, as if the Romans had sculpted it. Except, of course, he was made of soft skin that flashed into a smile quite often and the eyes crinkled and twinkled when a satirical remark or joke was made.

Neither was he your triptych saint as represented in so many beliefs. His thoughts swung to anger at the very people about him who would raise him to sainthood. He both sought and despised the very state of being a saint, so he made being a saint something that he could be – human. People who would worship him and raise him above them he would have nothing to do with. He spoke to and favored those who would rise, or come down, to his own

level. People who didn't think or who kept to narrow ways of thinking were his antithesis. He had been that once, but said he had outgrown it and therefore loved people for what they might become, while he hated their present imprisonment.

That last time we saw him he spoke with excitement of his upcoming trip to the Near East. He cautioned us about mentioning it to anyone because it was not to be known until he left that he was going or where he was going. But his growing excitement and the camaraderie he had with Jim allowed him to talk about it in candor and freedom. It was to open the door to new dimensions for understanding between the churches and nations – he explained more fully his personal hopes and his thought on the growing feelings he had for a personal faith that included the best of East and West.

It was a shock when we heard that he had been killed at just the point where the door was opening for him. He had reached the door and was stepping through. Perhaps if he had been allowed to go through that door we would not now be considering him as a saint, and yet that would have made him one, if anything could have.



"Either you look at the universe as a very poor creation out of which no one can make anything, or you look at your own life and your own part in the universe as infinitely rich, full of inexhaustible interest, opening out into the infinite further responsibilities for study and contemplation and interest and praise."

--Thomas Merton

ALL PEOPLES PEOPLE

Van Hurst

Interview by Paula Kingsolver

Congregational Administrator

Van Hurst Loves the Green Attitude

Maybe it's built into her name, since "hurst" can variously mean a hillock, sandbank, or wooded rise; Van Hurst loves nature. She also loves walking around our campus (Van reports one round of the building = 1/5 mile), enjoying the rabbits, squirrels, and birds. "I really appreciate the green attitude here. The real care that everybody has taken for this place is very soothing and healing."



Van Hurst--photo by Paula Kingsolver

This June will mark one year since Van joined All Peoples as our Church Administrator (her position was recently redefined as Congregational Administrator). Van had first interacted with our congregation as a guest speaker at a Sunday service in 2013, when she spoke on the topic of compassion, and was impressed by the intelligent and open-minded congregants she met, reminding her of the atmosphere at the Monastery Immaculate Conception, a community of Benedictine women in Ferdinand, IN, where Van was Marketing and Programming Coordinator at the retreat center.

Van grew up in southern Indiana, moved around the Midwest, and has now lived in Louisville for 15 years. She shares a home with one son and three cats, one of whom recently found full-time work as a project manager and plans to buy a home (no, it's not one of the cats). With her son's potential move and the easing of pandemic restrictions, Van is experiencing relaxation and has an opportunity to explore new aspects of life and of herself, "being able to be me and breathe into that."

Van describes herself as an "introvert who loves being around people," so she enjoys the interaction her position with All Peoples brings, while also appreciating the relatively quiet times completing various administrative duties. Van is in the front office full-time, so when people need something in the building she can either assist them or direct them to someone who can help. She handles communications,

coordinates the church calendar, schedules Zoom meetings (“and then prays everything works out!”), and works with Powerchurch (our database). As Congregational Administrator, she is recently becoming more involved with financial aspects of congregational work as well.

While we depend on Van’s administrative skills, she also loves programming and creative expression. Her many accomplishments include writing four books, addressing the topics of compassion, contemplative living, non-violence, and intuition. Van has taught tai chi at All Peoples and is looking to offer another session, this time outdoors. Also, she is completing her Spiritual Direction certification offered through UU and plans to offer a group here at All Peoples. “We live in relationship with each other. Even if I can’t help somebody, how can I empower them to help themselves?”



All Peoples grounds -- photo by Rob Kingsolver

Van enjoys assisting congregants in a variety of ways. Though she is available all week, the best times to contact her are Tuesdays and Thursdays, since Mondays usually start with a bang, Wednesdays are crunch time for sending out congregational communications and, “After 1 p.m. on Fridays is kind of when I ‘go dark.’ Anything I haven’t had a chance to get done that week I do on Friday afternoons.” If you like to send emails, that may be the quickest way to reach her, though you can also find assistance by calling the office; office hours are 9:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.

Van considers everything she does a vocation, not just a job. “I can use my skillset here and work in a more wide open and liberal environment, so that’s what drew me. I am amazed at all the volunteers here, and all the people who want to make All Peoples a success.”





Virginia Bluebells, photographed by Bruce Murray, All Peoples woods 2022

"The bluebells made such a pool that the earth had become like water, and all the trees and bushes seemed to have grown out of the water. And the sky above seemed to have fallen down on to the earth floor; and I didn't know if the sky was the earth or the earth was water. I had been turned upside down. I had to hold the rock with my fingernails to stop me falling into the sky of the earth or the water of the sky."

--Graham Joyce

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

March crossword solution

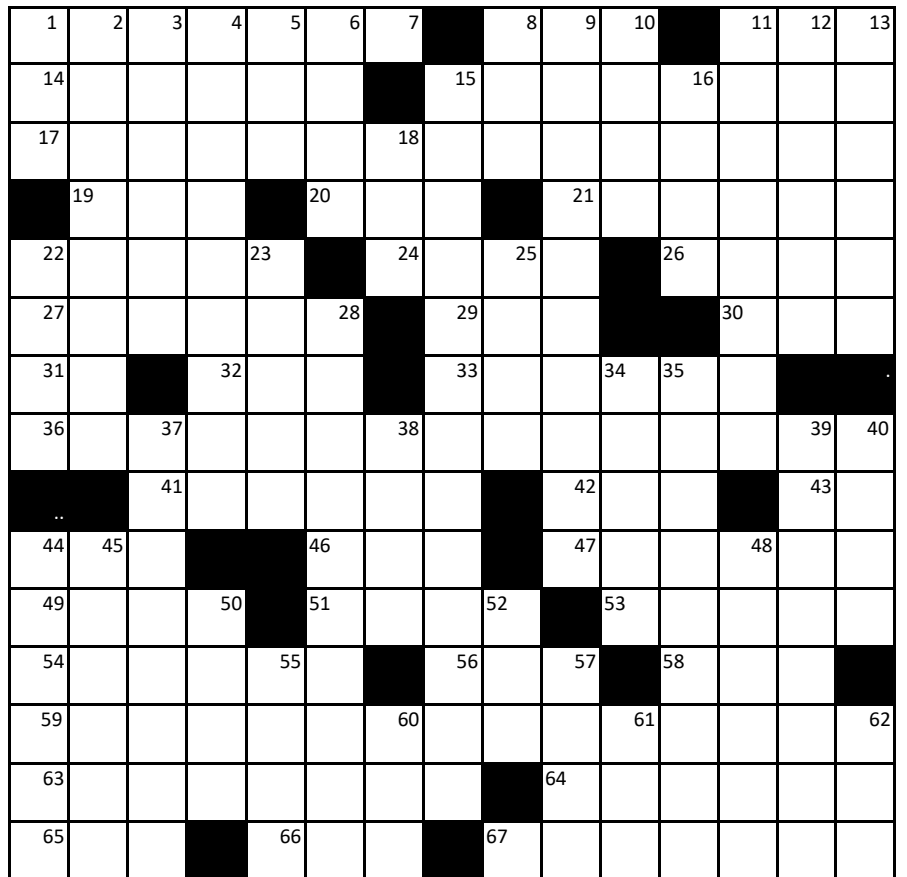
PEOPLES PUZZLE

Outdoor Life

by Rob Kingsolver

Across

1. All kinds of folks
8. Inquire
11. Amazon tree dweller
14. Mason's legal secretary
15. Decorating
17. Sierra Club cause (3 wds)
19. Grocery chain
20. Tar Heels' school
21. Easter art supply (2 wds)
22. Deep river sections
24. Information tidbit
26. Kind of pea or bean
27. Wire service reports
29. Scots' version of John
30. 3 hrs. ahead of 1-Down
31. $X \div V$
32. Fed. cultural funder
33. Slavic ethnic group
36. EPA focus (4 wds)
41. Televangelist Joel
42. Musical aptitude
43. Second- largest US city
44. Social insect
46. Baseball stat.
47. Noted for its opera house
49. Impending disaster
51. Manageable
53. Sifter
54. Underused space, of late
56. With 1-Across, our name
58. Fed. protective agency
59. USDA concern (2 wds)
63. Polar Bears, often (2 wds)
64. Bouquets
65. DC VIP
66. Monterey Bay preserve
67. Most compact



Down

1. Jan. West Coast time
2. African nation
3. State in 1-Down zone
4. Paroles? (2 wds)
5. Meadow
6. Caesar's rebuke (2 wds)
7. With 67-Down, home to Wind Cave Nat. Park
8. US accessibility law
9. Elegies (2 wds)
10. Las Cruces radio station
11. Hatchling's home (2 wds)
12. Great report card (2 wds)
13. U. place for agronomists
15. Caribou and Musk Ox
16. Eggy quaffs
18. Prefix with -form or -fied
22. Jack and Jill's vessel
23. Workout result
25. Deserve
28. More reluctant singer? (2 wds)
34. "___ off" : Not too soon
35. Habit of showing up late
37. Once in a blue moon (2 wds)
38. Country singer's TV show
39. Lifts
40. Comic actress Martha
44. Aphrodite's lover
45. Digital clock feature (2 wds)
48. Monster's nickname
50. DI + DII
52. Tolkien character
55. First name in fashion
57. Easy stride
60. Conjunction
61. Presidential nickname
62. Formerly fast flier
67. See 7-Down

ACROSTIC PUZZLE

--by Rob Kingsolver

Follow the clues and fill in the blanks to complete each word. Then copy letters into the matching numbered squares to complete a quotation from a well-known UU writer. The first letters of each of the words, read from top to bottom, spell out the author's name and topic.

1 B	2 P	3 U	4 O	5 S	6 K	7 G	8 F	9 V	10 Q		11 M	12 E	13 X		14 L	15 T	16 I	17 K	18 R	19 M	20 L	21 S	
22 M	23 U		24 G	25 M		26 R	27 K	28 D	29 L	30 Y	31 A	32 R	33 R	34 H	35 Q	36 E		37 Q	38 U	39 A		40 Z	41 T
42 D	43 N	44 E		45 T	46 G	47 Y	48 F		49 R	50 U	51 M	52 H	53 P	54 B	55 Q		56 A	57 R		58 V	59 D	60 G	61 T
62 N	63 S	64 U	65 G	66 A	67 X		68 M	69 G	70 W	71 C		72 L	73 V	74 C	75 J		76 V	77 R	78 J		79 O	80 N	81 Z
82 S	83 L	84 Y		85 R	86 Q	87 L	88 Z		89 G	90 O		91 M	92 R	93 I	94 P	95 U		96 J	97 Q	98 W		99 V	100 O
101 Y	102 M	103 B	104 N	105 Z	106 T	107 V		108 R	109 X	110 D	111 O	112 B		113 F	114 U	115 N		116 W	117 P	118 G	119 E	120 K	121 W
	122 Y	123 N	124 N		125 Q	126 W	127 C		128 J	129 U	130 Y	131 I	132 R	133 J	134 T	135 L	136 F		137 M	138 U	139 S	140 L	141 V
142 B	143 F		144 C	145 X	146 J	147 T	148 U		149 N	150 L	151 P		152 Y	153 O	154 G		155 X	156 Q	157 B		158 G	159 W	160 I
161 O		162 Y	163 L	164 T	165 Q	166 C	167 U		168 G	169 J		170 U	171 M	172 H		173 A	174 Y	175 E	176 D	177 P	178 P		

A. Started

56 39 173 66 31

B. Lawn tools

1 157 103 54 142 112

C. Confound

144 71 127 74 166

D. At present

110 42 176 28 59

E. Levels in a hierarchy

175 12 36 119 44

F. Puddles following a brainstorm?

8 136 48 113 143

G. Site of genes for color vision

154 118 7 158 69 24 168 60 65 89 46

H. Easy dish?

52 34 172

I. Resistance units

93 131 16 160

J. Shed, or fled (2 wds)

96 78 146 75 133 128 169

K. Collaborative group

6 120 17 27

L. A dozen, vs. a score (2 wds)

135 20 29 150 87 72 163 140 83 14

M. Yielders don't have it (3 wds)

102 22 68 171 19 51 137 11 91 25

N. Like some needles

149 123 104 62 80 43 124 115

O. On the other hand

111 153 79 90 100 161 4

P. Invigorate

151 178 53 117 2 177 94

Q. _____ Irene

10 125 35 55 156 86 165 97 37

R. Words following "Help Wanted" (2 wds)

32 49 108 92 57

85 132 33 77 26 18

S. Difficult

63 139 21 82 5

T. Skyscraper locale

164 15 45 147 61 41 106 134

U. John le Carré's Smiley (2 wds)

3 114 148 138 64 167 38

129 95 50 23 170

V. Dark phase (2 wds)

9 141 76 58 73 99 107

W. Dog breed

116 159 70 121 126 98

X. Accumulate

155 145 109 67 13

Y. Not yet home (2 wds)

122 162 30 47 84 152 174 130 101

Z. Allen Ginsberg poem

88 105 40 81

Answer to March Acrostic PUZZle: "To be yourself, in a world which is doing its best night and day to make you everybody else, means to fight the hardest battle which any human being can fight." -- e. e. cummings

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE:

The next issue of *Tapestry* magazine will arrive September 1. This issue will focus on **All Peoples' new Covenant**. We would welcome your thoughts about our guidelines for harmonious and productive collaboration. How does a group of like-minded people become a mutually supportive congregation? How can we attempt to use these values to create a better society?

If you would like to share your story, art work, poem, book review, or photograph on this or any other topic, drop us a line at Tapestry@allpeoplesUU.com. Our goal for the *Tapestry* is to build community by representing everyone in the congregation.

OUR COVENANT

Together we have chosen to create a Community woven together by these promises each one makes to the others:

Listen with an open mind, reflect before I react and actively work to be part of the way forward.

Offer my energy, skills, time and financial share as I am able.

Value others by celebrating the inherent worth of all through open and compassionate communication.

Evolve by rising to challenges; embracing new people, ideas, technology, customs and traditions.

--Adopted by All Peoples Congregation, 2021

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Tapestry's mission is to celebrate All Peoples congregational life through personal reflections, stories, poetry, music, visual arts, and a healthy measure of fun.

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Thanks to all *Tapestry* contributors for sharing your talents and insights with our church community.