

## **FUUSM Sunday Services Zoom Link**

<https://zoom.us/j/94822183499?pwd=ZVhkMHZWSnR1bTI5czZWRk1zdFFmQT09>

Meeting ID: 948 2218 3499      Passcode: fuusm2323

Dial in by phone from your regional location    (929) 205-6099 (NY)    (301) 715-8592 (Germantown)

Same Meeting ID (as above): 948 2218 3499      Different Passcode: 772050

Gathering Music (10:30am)

Welcome Slide (11am)

### **“Together Apart: Our Pandemic Year: Perspectives from Women’s Group”**

The Rev. Kat Hawbaker, Martha McGovern, Rebecca Phillips

#### **Greeting**

Reverend Kat

#### **Welcome Song**

“Whoever You Are” (words and music by Hal Walker)

Whoever you are, we welcome you

Wherever you come from, we welcome you

Whomever you love, we welcome you.

#### **Welcome**

Martha McGovern

**Chalice Lighting** #433 How rare it is, how lovely, this fellowship of those who meet together.

#### **Opening Song** #347 Gather the Spirit

Jim Scott has graciously given permission for UU congregations to use his songs in online worship. This is the "social distancing" version of "Gather the Spirit" with Pat Lamanna's revised lyrics.

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vDhBGpB7Z\\_o](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vDhBGpB7Z_o)

#### **REFLECTION**

“Together Apart: Our Pandemic Year”

Rebecca Phillips

#### **Mission**

#### **Celebration**

Martha

Once upon a time, when women were birds, there was the simple understanding that to sing at dawn and to sing at dusk was to heal the world through joy. The birds still remember what we have forgotten, that the world is meant to be celebrated.

Terry Tempest Williams, *When Women Were Birds: Fifty-four Variations on Voice*

#### **Personal Development through Community**

Rebecca

I do not want to have you  
To fill the empty parts of me.  
I want to be full on my own.  
I want to be so complete  
I could light a whole city.

Rupi Kaur, *Being Independent*

## Support Through Tough Times

Martha

After a while  
you learn the subtle difference between  
holding a hand and chaining a soul  
and you learn love doesn't mean leaning and company doesn't always mean security.  
And you begin to learn that kisses aren't contracts and presents aren't promises  
and you begin to accept your defeats with your head up and your eyes ahead  
with the grace of a woman, not the grief of a child.

And you learn  
to build all your roads on today  
because tomorrow's ground is too uncertain for plans  
and futures have a way of falling down in mid-flight.

After a while you learn that even sunshine burns if you get too much  
So you plant your own garden and decorate your own soul  
instead of waiting for someone to bring you flowers  
And you learn that you really can endure, that you really are strong and  
you really do have worth and you learn and you learn  
with every good-bye you learn.

Veronica A. Shoffstall, *After A While*

## Self Acceptance

Rebecca

Today I asked my body what she needed,  
Which is a big deal  
Considering my journey of  
Not Really Asking That Much.

I thought she might need more water.  
Or protein.  
Or greens.  
Or yoga.  
Or supplements.  
Or movement.

But as I stood in the shower  
Reflecting on her stretch marks,  
Her roundness where I would like flatness,  
Her softness where I would like firmness,  
All those conditioned wishes  
That form a bundle of  
Never-Quite-Right-Ness,  
She whispered very gently:

Could you just love me like this?

Holli Holden, from *On the Banks* blog

## **Valuing of Our Contributions**

Martha

I've got the children to tend  
The clothes to mend  
The floor to mop  
The food to shop  
Then the chicken to fry  
The baby to dry

I got company to feed  
The garden to weed  
I've got shirts to press  
The tots to dress  
The cane to be cut  
I gotta clean up this hut  
Then see about the sick  
And the cotton to pick.

Shine on me, sunshine  
Rain on me, rain  
Fall softly, dewdrops  
And cool my brow again.

Maya Angelou, *Woman Work*

## **How We Carry On in Pandemic Times**

Rebecca

### **Closing Hymn - #212 We Are Dancing Sarah's Circle**

### **Closing Reading**

Martha

I Will Not Die an Unlived Life—Dawna Markova

I will not die an unlived life  
I will not live in fear  
of falling or catching fire.  
I choose to inhabit my days,  
to allow my living to open me,  
to make me less afraid,  
more accessible,  
to loosen my heart  
until it becomes a wing,  
a torch, a promise.  
I choose to risk my significance;  
to live so that which came to me as seed  
goes to the next as blossom  
and that which came to me as blossom,  
goes on as fruit.