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lapping circles. Rev. Mac Campbell will explore some of the tensions that arise when linear and circular meet.



## Women's Monthly Pot Luck Dinner

The women's pot luck dinner for March will be held Friday, March 27th. at 6 PM. Haifa, Allison and Mei will host the gathering at the fellowship, 874 York Street. The topic for the evening will be "Setting Intentions: What experience would you like to create in this Spring of 2009?" For more information contact Joan at [jebrewer@rogers.com](mailto:jebrewer@rogers.com) or 455-5169



## Sunday Services

**March 1** *Medical Errors: How frequent are they? Why do they occur? What to do?* A look at studies and blame. Presenter Dr. Larry Lacey, pathologist.

**March 8** *Late Blooming Women.* The wisdom of the aging woman can help her either to begin or to continue a life of creativity. Presenter: Nancy Bauer, novelist, publisher, teacher, journalist, mentor, and grandmother will explore creativity at the upper register of life.

**March 15** *Gone to the Fields to Be Lovely,* presented by Rev. Peter Short

**March 22** *When a Country Loses a Generation of Children.* . . . —If you were there what would you do? Grandmothers Helping Grandmothers in Africa (Steven Lewis Foundation), with Carol Ann Hanley presenting, Linda Sprague service leader.

**March 29** *Going Around In Circles.* We live in a world that encourages and regards very linear thinking—every cause has its effect, every input generates an output, the all-important "bottom line." But natural processes seem to be organized in endlessly over-



## Goods & Services Auction

Plans are proceeding for the goods and services auction on Saturday, March 14, at the Fellowship. The auction starts at 7PM and light refreshments will be served.

Below are some of the items received so far. Perhaps others will be inspired to be as generous.

1. Art by Jaansen, Robin Wall, James Johnson, Leo Ferrari, Margaret Bannister, Laurie Winter.
2. An original occasional poem, delivered as a singing telegram by Lorna Drew.
3. Dinner for 4 with the Hanleys, candle light, wine, scrumptious menu, humour.
4. Two alternative healing sessions worth \$75.00 each by Sharon Flatt a reiki master.
5. 2 tickets for TNB's "Tuesdays with Morrie" in late March.
6. An Indian Meal for 4 with Sabine Campbell, several excellent curries, soup, appetizer, dessert.
7. Guided walk on the Keswick Islands followed by a supper for 4 offered by Ken and Sheila Moore.
8. An afternoon of gardening by Sylvia Hale.

9. Items are coming in for the Silent Auction slowly, but have a few really nice things.

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**Spring Fling**  
874 York St

The Unitarian  
Fellowship of  
Fredericton

## ART AND CRAFT SALE

Friday April 3, 2009

12:30 – 6:00

Saturday April 4, 2009

10:00 – 4:00



*Jewelry, Photography, Paintings, Fabric Items,  
Cards, Pickles, Crafts, Weaving, Pottery*

*Coffee and Muffins*

*Relax and Browse*

Separate Room: A Selection of Quality Used Items.

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## Evening Meetings and Robberies

the Fredericton police have advised our Fellowship to call them, 460-2300, when we have meetings at the fellowship in the evenings. Parking lot break-ins are common. If we call, they will have us on their list for that evening to check.

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## Spring Fling Art and Craft Sale

Our second Art and Craft fair will be held on Friday, April 3 from 12:30 - 6:00 pm and Saturday, April 4 from 10:00 am - 4:00 pm at The Unitarian Fellowship of Fredericton. This event is held as a fundraiser for our Fellowship as well as an opportunity to raise awareness of the Unitarian Fellowship in the community. We hope every member of our Fellowship will come to the sale and bring a friend in support of this venture. What a success it can be if every member brings just one guest!

To date the following artisans have agreed to exhibit:

1. Pat Kennedy with original oil paintings
2. Lynda Rae Burke with water colours, both paintings and note cards
3. Sarah McIntyre “unbeweavable” a jurried weaver
4. Mani Irani, “Mani’s Treasure Chest”, jewelry from semi precious stones
5. Shasta Merlini, original photographic images on embossed note cards
6. Don MacPherson a wood worker.

There are various parts of this event where your help will be appreciated

We have room for 20 venders and anyone interested in renting a table should contact Nancy Beltrandi by phone: 459-8004 or by email: beltrand@rogers.com **BEFORE MARCH 6.**

We need volunteers to make coffee and muffins for vendors and - to help in the kitchen on sale days. Contact Sheila Moore by email: smoore@nbnet.nb.ca or phone: 363-2480

We need volunteers to help set up and tear down and be on-call should an emergency arise at the Fellowship. Interested volunteers contact Carol Ann Hanley by email: info@anncarol.ca or phone: 459-1077

There will be a table for quality used articles, baked goods, pickles, jams, jellies for sale to buyers contributed by Fellowship members.

To help with the sale of these table items or to contribute, contact Carol Ann Hanley by email: info@anncarol.ca or by phone: 459-1077.

Please spread the word! If you have contacts for publicity, contact Janet Crawford by email: janetcra@nbnet.nb.ca or phone: 454-0441.

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## Letter from Sharon

Hi Tony Life in Surfside Beach, South Carolina is a very interesting unique experience. We use our bikes regularly, we walk by the ocean regularly, watching for pods of dolphins that sometimes grace us with their presence, leaping through the air in their hunt for fish. Pelicans fly overhead. With such ample bodies we wonder how they keep airborne, but they do. Swans and Canadian geese and other strange looking ducks with red heads, wander around the village, tie up traffic, swim in the many ponds and canals that are part of this 200 acre property we are on. We have met several Canadians from the Ontario area, and many more Americans from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Maryland...all here for the same reason as we are, to escape the brute force of winter. The village will

empty out in April, but then others will come and take our place who love the beach.

We enjoy our life at All Souls Waccamaw Unitarian Universalist Fellowship. Web site is [www.aswu.org](http://www.aswu.org) if anyone is interested in reading about this group. We have experienced circle suppers with them, groups of 8 getting together and sharing a potluck meal at someone's home. Each Sunday morning coffee and conversation follow the service. The Forum begins Sunday mornings; a group of about 10 men and women getting together to 'discuss, share' using a UU program. A potluck follows the first Sunday of the month service. It is easy to get to know the people, food being the common denominator most of the time.

Some of the topics thus far...The Cost of Cynicism Becoming the Beloved Community Spring, a Time of Divine Renewal (Baha'is) A Tourist's View of China and Risky Business presented by a Unitarian minister/Episcopal Priest.. Like us, All Souls manages well without a full time minister. They rent their facility and it changes location from time to time. This has been going on for 20 years. A brick bungalow with ample space for parking and development has been purchased. By fall they hope to be in their first permanent building. John and I were part of a Saturday morning work party early in January, cleaning out the garage (me) and John helping tie roots to a heavy truck to remove unwanted vegetation.

We will miss our life here in the village and at the at this Unitarian fellowship when we depart end of March. Believe me though, we will enjoy getting back to what is familiar, to our own home and to our life with y'all at Frederickton's Unitarian Fellowship. We miss all y'all but we are not pining. We are unusually busy. The books I brought from home to read, remain unread. New opportunities present themselves every day. John is studying Spanish at Coastal Carolina University, and I am studying the Wisdom of the Enneagram. We attend concerts, French film festival, symphonies, plays. even water aerobics each morning with 25 of our fellow villagers in the heated pool down the road.. We sang American the Beautiful at the end of our workout one day, so guess what..next day I led them in O CANADA...had to teach them the words and only three Canadians in the pool to help me.

No heat waves here, but sunny days, gentle breezes, some rain...good travelling weather. We remain confirmed CANADIANS and will be happy to be home about April 5th or so..give or take an unexpected snowstorm along the way. The palm trees on our front lawn will have to blow in the breeze without me to watch them.

Respectfully submitted by  
Sharon van Abbema

p.s. I just remembered, I have met two other unitarianlay chaplains here and am getting some good info from them. I look forward to being involved in some training when I

return.

One more thing..John and I will drive to Charleston later next week, and attend the Unitarian Fellowship there. 300 in the congregation, with 50 adults meeting Sun at 10 before the service. Established since 1775, this large stone church has stained glass windows and a wonderful ancient graveyard out back with meditative paths.



## Companions Along the Way



We came upon them in a graveyard. It was a wild, unruly place. "As it should be," said the Sexton, "not like one of those artificially manicured cemeteries." He saw it as a place where a spent life is laid to rest and where new life begins again, struggling to survive the elements, competing with other life around it. It was a natural place, not trimmed and groomed by

some larger force favouring one life form over another. "As it should be," he repeated.

On a cold day in February 2009, in South Carolina, we had stumbled upon the oldest Unitarian Church in the South. This National Historic Landmark, founded in 1772, is the second oldest church in Charleston. By chance, we found the Sexton closing up for the day. He very kindly offered to give us a guided tour.

Spring flowers, suffering from the unusually cold winter, were tentatively poking through the dead grasses. Snowdrops were thinly dispersed throughout the yard. Camellias bloomed furtively inside the most protected bushes, and magnolia buds only just dared to show their tips. But each and every bit of colour was a delightful find, to be searched out and admired. These little companions to the faded moss covered headstones would soon bloom in the warmth ahead and give life to the memories lying there. Across the fence there laid another church's cemetery. Well manicured with winter-dormant grass, but with no flowers thrusting forward, no rebellious weeds standing their ground and no colours to hold our interest.

The Sexton also appeared to have weathered a challenging ageing process. As he showed us around and gladly answered our many questions, we didn't focus on the effects of age and surgery. Instead, we felt a sense of hospitality and grace, and the genteel sharing of his being. Like the flowers were to the headstones, he was for us a living companion to this sacred historical landmark, bringing insight and sentiment to warm our hearts.

He soon led us to the children's Religious Education centre and presented Sharon with two red camellias that he had teased out of the shrubs. They brightened our dining table for many days thereafter. In the R.E. centre, beyond the headstones and past an ancient stone fence, we found a quiet corner with an old wooden bench inscribed as follows:



*Each person is important  
Be kind in all you do  
We are here together  
And search for what is true  
All people need a voice  
Build a fair and peaceful world  
We care for earth's lifeboat.*

After another turn and a little farther, we came upon the epiphany of our day. Against the back wall of the church stood some newer headstones. They were engraved with the names of recently departed members from this Fellowship under the heading, "Companions Along the Way". Not for them to inertly 'Rest in Peace', to be forgotten 'In a Better Place' or to suffer the ignominy of the 'Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust' syndrome. Their memories as living companions were welcomed and present for the inspiration of all visitors.

And so it should be. The people with whom we interact, no matter how briefly or for how long, no matter their culture, race, creed or age and no matter the difficult challenges life has handed them, are all companions along the way. This notion struck a chord with me. What better expression than this to value life in all its forms? I would personally gain more comfort from the thought of my memory being remembered, at my passing, as a 'companion' to those left behind— still guiding, still comforting, still encouraging— than to be shuffled off in platitudes I cannot realistically hope to experience or to relate back to the living.

We were privileged to have experienced this ancient garden in Charleston...with gratitude to the Sexton.

John van Abbema

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## Beer Wisdom

Here's to a long life  
and a merry one  
A fair love and a true one  
A quick death and an easy one  
A cold beer and another one.  
- William Sands

I had this written in my address book and thought I would share. I'm not sure where I read it first, but it was while enjoying a brew with friends and was on the back of the glass in which the beverage was served. I thought it worthy of preserving at the time and worthy of sharing now.

A Google search for "William Sands" and "Beer Wisdom" got one hit, an eBay reference for an Upper Canada Brewing company beer glass which has the quote on it. Broadening the search by just looking for "William Sands" and "Beer" gave the first hit as an archival entry in *The New York Times* for April 6, 1896, about Sands having opened a beer saloon just across a bridge from and thus just outside the jurisdiction of local authorities and was able to serve the 300 men crowded into the barroom and veranda, some having arrived on the cars from the "city". The article noted that Mr. Sands sold out his inventory.

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## Vernal Equinox

To our pagan friends, a joyous celebration of Ostara. Ostara is one of the "quarter days" and thus a "Lesser Sabbat". The pagan traditions were not controlled by a central authority so tended to vary locally and modern attempts to recover the ancient heritage have introduced even more variability.

The festival's name is from the German *ôstarâ* and is probably related to the Goddess Eostre. While the Goddess Brigid who was celebrated at Imbolc was the virgin maiden Goddess, Eostre is the maiden Goddess at full fecundity. This aspect of the Goddess is recognized in the various fertility symbols of Easter (eggs, rabbits, chicks...) and expressed in the meaning of the word "estrus" probably from common roots although there is a supposed passion and frenzy also associated with the root of estrus.

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## Sunday Services Report

Hello Everybody, allison calvern here, as chair of Sunday Services.

Hope this finds you all well, and happy with the weather. OK, for the rest of us who are not Betty Ponder, happy in spite of the weather. Happy because, now that we have the light, spring can't be too far away.

We have had some excellent Sunday services so far this year. For those of you who missed a few (including me who missed one or two), we have explored: Buddhist meditation (thanks to Feit Weber and Lorna Drew); the life of Aunt Bessie, an amazing woman from Gagetown who drew the map on nursing in both Canada and the United States (thanks to Virginia Bjerkelund); in verse, William Laud, the Archbishop of Canterbury who lost his head (thanks to Robert Hawkes—not for lopping off poor Laud's head, but for presenting on this historical figure); what having Barack Obama as president of the United States of America means to Black people (thanks to Saa Andrew Gbongbor, who surely touched us all with his family story of tragedy and recovery)—and that was just in January.

February brought services on: mother tongues and other tongues—what it means to live in more than one language (thanks to Jo-Anne Elder-Gomes); the liberating value of forgiveness (thanks to Rev Mac Campbell, ever up to the challenge presented by a room full of Unitarians); the importance of citizens in the arena of public policy (thanks to the energizing presence of former MP Andy Scott—he told me we would get our money's worth, and, man, he delivered way, way more than that [especially considering his fee. . .]); and a finale with Rev Raymond Drennan on our first and most distinguishing source, direct experience. We are so lucky Ray lives close enough for us to enjoy his frequent and welcome visits, a direct experience that enriches our connections with one another.

Those of us who participated in these services have been moved and even transformed by the wealth of experience and insight they represent.

Our next month is also full with presentations on: Medical Errors (that's one you won't want to miss, thanks to Dr. Larry Lacey, pathologist); Late Blooming Women (thank you to writer and friend, Nancy Bauer, herself a creative older woman); Gone to the Fields (and we will let the Rev Peter Short, former moderator of the United Church of Canada, explain that somewhat mystifying title for us when he gets here); When a Country Loses a Generation of Children. . . (thank you to Carol Ann Hanley and Linda Sprague, each one a Grandmother Helping Grandmothers); and Going Around In Circles (brought to us by Rev Mac Campbell, a straight-up kind of guy, in a roundabout way.)

Our prospects for April Sundays include a sleepover in Bouctouche on the nineteenth, with a tandem service here in at TUFF for those staying behind.

OK, every other Sunday is TBA at this point, but our intrepid committee members are meeting this Wednesday, and the prospects look good. With Joan McFarland's

formidable list of suggestions, Gail Moore's gentle insistence on spiritual substance, and Sue Steen's calm insight, we will surely bring you programs that have something in them for most of you. (And thank you to Sue for the memorable treats she has for us when we gather around her kitchen table—but i'm bringing something to the next meeting, Sue!).

We each live our own journey, and perhaps our goals (for those of us who have goals) do not exactly match, but we find home here. Because we are all open to truth, which has a way of opening us as soon as we reach it. If any particular Sunday service is not our cup of tea, we can be glad. Because that means that it is the right cup of tea for the person sitting next to us. We can be glad we have a place to sit. We can be glad we have a faith community we can all contribute to and receive from. (TUFF rocks!)

Take care,  
allison



## From When We Were Young

### Monday, February 13, Sunny day—Going to town

Whenever we were going to town on a school day, Mum wouldn't tell us before we ate our lunch or dinner. This was because we'd be so excited we couldn't eat, and would be starving by the time we reached town. Usually, one of us could ask a friend to go, too. After all, some kids didn't get to town as often as we, and for us it was a really big occasion. We only went once a month or less, when somebody really needed something. Usually we went on a Saturday, as did everyone else. That was Market Day. People would come to market at City Hall early in the morning with their produce. Us kids weren't too interested in this stuff. We liked to get into the stores.

I remember Edgcombs' where Creighans' most recently was. When you bought something, the cashier would make up a bill, take your money, and put both in a tube-like thing. The tube was then placed on a wire over the cashier's head and it would fly off to some remote place. In a few minutes, it was back. The sales lady took out your change, the receipt, and your business was finished. To me, this was sheer magic. The apparatus had a buzzing sound as it came and went. I liked just to go in to see this happening before my very eyes. I thought some machine made the change.

Another big thrill was to hear the 12 o'clock whistle, like a big fog horn. I think it would blow twelve times. There is much, much more I want to write about our trips to town, and our reactions. But that will have to wait for another day. Now I'm off to town!

### Tuesday, February 14, Snowing a lot, had to shovel

On Valentine's Day we always had a Valentine's box at school. The box was decorated by our teacher with pretty hearts, crepe paper, and lace. We had to wait until after three o'clock for the excitement. I imagine each of us got at least one Valentine, but some got oodles. We didn't have a party with cookies and cake, but we all enjoyed this special day. Often we came home to find more in the mail and these were put on the kitchen shelf, the mantle piece, and the piano. I can't remember that Mum and Pup exchanged greetings, but I guess they enjoyed the day, no doubt in ways we kids knew nothin' about—I'm sure of that!

We could buy Valentines in Ward's or Lorne's store for a cent a piece. They were Slam Valentines, and we had a lot of fun with those, too. We thought them very risqué—"To a smarty pants," or "To a braggart," or to someone who was "Stuck-up," "A mousey person," or "A liar." Sometimes people got their feelings hurt, but for the most part, it was a fun day. Later, in our teens, it was romantic.

Postage was one cent. The Valentines were much more elaborate, too. Some were three dimensional and stood up on their own, with beautiful crepe paper hearts which, when the Valentine unfolded, would turn from hearts to cupids. They were exotic, really. This kind usually came from the bigger centres. We didn't celebrate every special day away back then, but Valentine's Day has always been a day apart, and the day is for all romantics. Love to you all!



## Calling Creative People

Dear Artists, Photographers, Poets and Creative People

The third annual chapbook is being prepared for publication for the next ACM in Thunder Bay. The title will be: "The Moon That Follows You Home: poems of call and response" and we are looking for a suitable image for the cover.

If you have images you'd like to submit please send a jpg attachment to Janet Vickers, tojan@smartt.com and include in the body of the email your name, contact information and a 50 word bio by March 14, 2009.

best regards  
Janet Vickers  
on behalf of the Editorial Committee  
for CUC Poetry – Chapbook  
tojan@smartt.com

This space wants your material!



## Church of the Larger Fellowship

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Questions?  
Contact Beth Murray:  
[bmurray@clfu.org](mailto:bmurray@clfu.org)  
617-948-6150



## Letter re Tar Sands

For those who are interested, a recent letter from the CUC to the Prime Minister may be found at:

[http://www.cuc.ca/social\\_responsibility/environment/TarSandsResponseOnline.pdf](http://www.cuc.ca/social_responsibility/environment/TarSandsResponseOnline.pdf)

where the URL should be typed into your browser navigation box as all one line with no breaks or spaces.

*Editor's note: I do apologize for this, the file appears to be a scanned image so I was unable to extract the text to print and printing text from a scanned image is usually much less than satisfactory. In the past, the CUC has usually circulated these letters in plain text form which is trivial to print.*



Sunday, March 8, 2009.  
Enjoy! So far come, so far left  
to go. March on!

