

OCTOBER 2015

# SOUNDINGS



Unitarian Universalist  
Church of Charlotte

DISCOVER DEEPER SPIRITUAL MEANING

*Depth through reflection*

[WWW.UUCCHARLOTTE.ORG](http://WWW.UUCCHARLOTTE.ORG)

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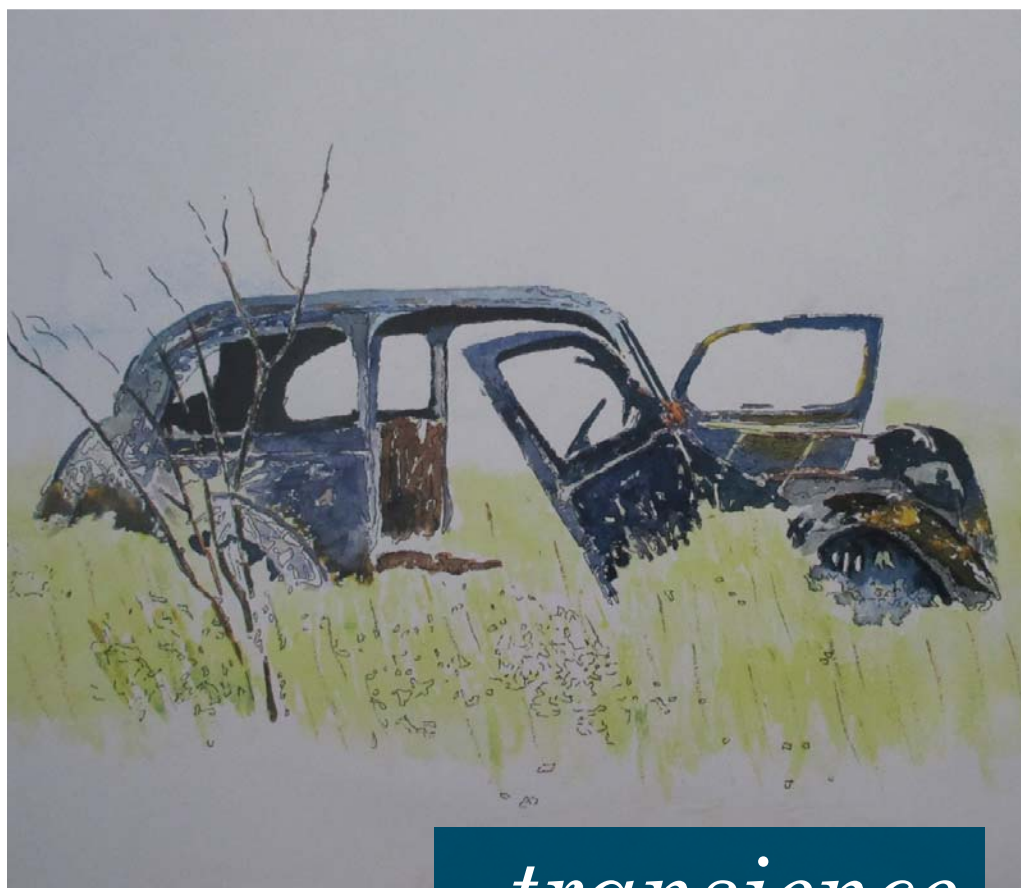
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*transience*

*"It all goes away. Eventually, everything goes away."*

— ELIZABETH GILBERT, *Eat, Pray, Love*



*The Mission of the Unitarian Universalist Church of Charlotte is to inspire children, youth and adults to discover and articulate deeper spiritual meaning evidenced in lives of integrity, compassion and stewardship of the earth.*

*La mision de la iglesia Unitaria Universalista de Charlotte es: is to inspirar a los ninos, jovenes y adultos para que descubran y articulan un significado espiritual profundo, evidente en una vida de integridad, compasion y en el mnejo de los recursos de la tierra*

## THE CHANGES IN MY LIFE



Judy Reynolds

TRANSCIENCE (briefness, swiftness, unpredictability, changeableness, etc.) It is inevitable. If I tell you of the changes in *my* life, perhaps you will wish to consider the changes in *your* life and how you have been affected by them. What changes have you been forced to accept, and what changes have you chosen to create?

The first change for me came when I was just ten days old: my mother died of pneumonia. I refused to accept the bottle. My brilliant, pragmatic father introduced condensed sugar milk – problem solved, except for years I wouldn't drink milk without sugar!

I was the sixth child, the eldest being 14. This family did not need a baby on board, so I was “given” to another family on day thirteen. My mother's second cousin became my “mama”, her husband, my “daddy”. I was christened in their Presbyterian faith.

We moved from the small town of my birth into the countryside. I loved it. When I was about 10 or 12, my “daddy” died. We moved again into an interesting old farmhouse and began attending the country Methodist church nearby. High school and college years were great. Along with academics I began dating, learning about acceptance and rejection.

Career wise, there were many changes: secretarial and bookkeeping jobs, a short time as a flight attendant. In 1947 I married and had a son and two daughters. I packed and unpacked a lot, as we were frequently moving. My elder daughter became severely mentally ill, and this created much stress for the rest of us. In the meantime, my husband and I had separated several times during our 20 years of marriage, and in 1967 he died. My “mama” and my birthfather also died that year. It became necessary for me to go back

*continued on pg 7*

## THE CONSTANT TRUTH OF CHANGE

On being unleashed upon the world at the tender age of 18, I moved my feet often and far. I began the period of my life that was a study, if not a worship, of transience. Following high school



Emily Katz

graduation I moved to Boston to do Americorps. After two years of that I went to music school followed by two years full time programming at The Mountain. I moved to Florida and facilitated ropes courses; I moved to San Diego and played banked-track roller derby. In each instance people accused me of bravery to take

such a chance, to pack up and move so far. In reality I was leaning on life's transience. I was collecting experiences and friends while avoiding the stomach ache which often accompanied introspection.

In each of those places, those experiences, I swam within the safety of impermanence. I found tranquility in the transient, the temporary. Life seemed endlessly adjustable, circumstances entirely changeable. I became the champion adapter. When I grew tired of adapting I could just give the snow globe the ultimate shake and life would settle in an entirely new configuration. With the landscape unrecognizable and unfamiliar there came a crisp freshness. While the contents of my self remained the same, completely changing my experience forced me to use different skills, find new assets and discover new talents. What a rush! What a freedom! The freedom of knowing you can land on your feet, take stock, and take off. This was power and I wore my love of transience as a shield.

And then. And then... life shifted. It's so clichéd it almost hurts me to admit. My life started to grow roots. I married my best friend, the one that got away 16 years ago, my other half. We made quick work of growing our family and wisely decided to end our Southern California adventure. We traded

*continued on pg 7*



Jay Leach

Grand Isle, Louisiana is a barrier island fifty miles due south of New Orleans. Located in the mouth of Barataria Bay at the Gulf of Mexico, it's a mere slip of land, barely eight miles long and a scant mile-and-a-half at its widest point.

The Chitimachas and the Ouachas visited the island to hunt and fish. The Spanish created a settlement there. Pirates moved in and out of its coves. Plantations sprung up. Then, Chinese immigrants arrived. Literary types—Lafcadio Hearn and Kate Chopin—joined others on holiday at its resorts. It is still renowned for its fishing and continues to attract summer vacationers.

Years ago, while on a rambling drive, I arrived unexpectedly on Grand Isle. I found my way to the state park hunkered down on a sandy stretch of the island's eastern point. There I discovered an intriguing exhibit depicting, in a series of maps, the widely varying shape of the island over an extended period of time. Grand Isle, buffeted by surf, battered by storms, caught between the flow of the Mississippi and the churn of the Gulf had transformed radically. I would have never recognized the island shown in one of the images as the same island presented in an adjoining image. The eastern edge swelled only to become the target of the current. Worn away, it built up the western end. For a few years the island looked fairly symmetrical. Then, it would morph into some other, really odd, unrecognizable shape.

It was fascinating to see just how drastically Grand Isle has been reshaped over and over. But, I found myself feeling a bit uneasy. Here I was, alone, out on the tiny tip of a miniscule island that was, even

as I stood there, shifting. The sense that I had my feet planted securely on terra firma was just an illusion. In fact, there was nothing secure about it. Even on a balmy day of bright sunshine and calm sea breezes, I experienced the slightest sense of discomfort, a mild anxiety that caused me to want to make my way back to the mainland.

However, the mainland on that particular journey meant a drive through south Louisiana wetlands, one of the most vulnerable, malleable places on earth. Home at that time was in my little shotgun house in New Orleans, blocks from the river where there is a regular sense of threat from the elements

of nature and where social upheaval and instability is, to put it ironically, reliably predictable.

Now, decades later, I realize in a much deeper way: we're always standing on shifting sand. If you've seen those aerial images of the Charlotte area you know very well just how dynamic and fluctuating our region is. Things

remain predictably in place only until they are torn down, renovated, or relocated. Those who trace the flow of our nearby waterway understand clearly that the mighty Catawba is forever shifting and changing its course.

Our little blue ball spins in its circuit around a fiery star and though our orbit may seem fixed we are, in fact, forever in flux. Permanence may be our necessary illusion but our need doesn't make the misconception more truthful. North Carolina poet A.R. Ammons recognizes

*manifold events of sand  
change the dune's shape that will not be the same shape  
tomorrow . . .*

We know, with ever increasing clarity, that whatever sense of deep meaning we may discover will always be found amidst life's enduring transience.

Peace, Jay



Sunset by Chris Clark



## FAMILIES: LET'S DIVE IN!

*Our spiritual journey begins at birth and continues throughout our lives. We invite parents to use the material presented in LET'S DIVE IN! to engage their children in this journey.*



### Chalice Lighting

*Our lives are constantly changing. Nothing stays the same, for better or worse. We finish projects, meals, games – and move on to new ones. Even the people in our lives change, changing us in the process. Let us light our chalice to celebrate who we are and who we yet shall be.*

## THE PAINTING SPIDER

Once upon a time, there was a painting spider, one of those artistic species of spider that live in the basements of museums and galleries. They live there alongside paintings left and forgotten for years – certainly a suitable place to spin the most impressive of webs. Our spider spun the best webs in the whole museum, and her house was really spectacular. All her efforts went into looking after the web, which she considered the most valuable in the world.

However, as time went on, the museum set about reorganizing its paintings, and it started making space upstairs to put some of the basement paintings on display. Many of the basement spiders realized what was happening, and were cautious about it, but our spider paid it no mind:

“Doesn’t matter,” she would say, “It’ll just be a few paintings.”

More and more paintings were removed from the basement, but the spider carried on reinforcing her web. “Where am I going to find a better place than this?” she would say.

That was, until early one morning when, too quick for her to react, they took her own painting, along with the spider and her web. The spider realized that just for not having wanted to lose her web, she was now going to end up in the exhibition room.

In an act of strength and decisiveness, she chose to abandon her magnificent web, the web she had worked her whole life to build up. And it’s a good job she did so, because that way she saved herself from the insect killer they were spraying on the paintings up in the exhibition room.



*Leap of Faith* by Patricia Steele Raible

In her escape, after overcoming many difficulties, the spider ended up in a secluded little garden, where she found such a quiet corner that there she was able to spin an even better web, and became a much happier spider.

- I wonder if the spider was sad when the web she worked so hard on disappeared
- I wonder if you have ever had to start completely over after something you built was knocked down or removed or lost.
- I wonder what it would be like if nothing ever changed.
- I wonder if you ever worry about things changing.
- I wonder if you’ve ever thought about what life would be like if nothing ever changed – children stayed children forever, pets never died, phones and cars always looked the same, you lived in your same house forever.

## PARENT REFLECTION

### *"Snapshots"*

I recently read a blog post by a mother of a 20-month old daughter who shared her approach for capturing the "fleeting moments" of her daughter's childhood, moments during which "I can't blink for fear of them being over." She wrote: "A few months ago, I tried something new. When Emma and I are snuggling on the bed or laughing or dancing, I pretend to take a picture. 'Snap!' I say, while clicking my finger down on an imaginary camera. I can try to take pictures with my iPhone, but by the time I look at the photo, the moment is over. I understand now that I can't really capture them. Instead, I am reminded of our constant impermanence."

I was struck by this use of an imaginary camera because I have done this same thing this for years. The older I get, the more time seems to fly by—and the more aware I am of the transient nature of my life, of ALL our lives. So I find myself sitting on my patio alone except for the birds and the breeze, standing in a mountain meadow in awe of all the flowers in bloom, watching my son gazing at his bride as he slips a ring on her finger, laughing with my friends as we play yet another game of hearts, hugging my mother good by ("will this be the last time?") – and I'm taking imaginary pictures of all of these scenes. Sometimes I actually hold up my fingers to frame my shot but more often than not, it's all in my mind. I have found just the mental effort of pretending to take the picture actually does make it more real, more precious. In an hour's time, I may be somewhere else and in a day's time, I may well have forgotten the details of my earlier activities. But in that moment, I was grateful.

Life with children can sometimes be so hectic, it can be difficult to appreciate the swirling life

*"Life with children can sometimes be so hectic, it can be difficult to appreciate the swirling life around you. I offer you this tool of the imaginary camera."*

around you. I offer you this tool of the imaginary camera. Use it to capture those "fleeting moments"—including those moments that you may not necessarily describe as sweet. Just by virtue of pulling out that imaginary camera, your perception and appreciation change. The next time you find yourself out walking through the neighborhood with your three young children to avoid the baby crying and the boys throwing blocks at each other, try taking that imaginary picture of the four of you, walking and talking and laughing. And appreciate it as a snapshot of a time that will never, ever, ever be repeated.

Trust me. There is no camera in the world that can truly capture these beautiful, magical moments anyway.

Kathleen Carpenter

### *Preparing for a Daughter's Move West*

for Caroline

*The deer have come early to feed – first  
a young buck with his mother, then  
six more does and a fawn. They've gathered  
next to a gravel driveway under dogwoods  
and red maples that only hours ago were bathed  
by a slanted moon. From a window frame  
I watch them bend their necks toward  
a mound of corn, lift and nibble, bend again.  
One stands apart, chewing her cud.  
She is so close I can see each muscle  
flex and swell from stomach to throat. I watch  
every swallow she makes, every twitch  
of her veined ears, alert to the unexpected.  
Back in the herd, the fawn moves in to suckle.  
Its mother nudges it away from the others,  
out of my sight to a place I know I can't go.  
Still, I press my cheek against the glass  
to peer past blue salvia and cleome,  
a loose stack of broken limbs  
at the woods' edge, and beyond that,  
flickers of light and dark through the trees.*

— Barbara Conrad  
from *Wild Plums*  
FutureCycle Press 2013

## STOP TRYING AND JUST DO SOMETHING

by Megan Van Fleet, Co-Chair UUCC Board of Trustees



Megan Van Fleet

In May my cousin Julie lost her battle with cancer.

She was 43 years old, happily married with three beautiful children. She had a successful career, and managed their family's hectic social and extracurricular schedule with ease. She planned birthday parties, PTA events, and finally, her own memorial service.

When Julie was first diagnosed with osteosarcoma in late 2012, we all, including Julie, thought: "Let's get her through chemo and radiation, and she will be back to being Julie in no time." How could the story end another way? She had too many tomorrows to account for, too many memories to make. When she was re-diagnosed less than a year later, and the treatments clearly weren't working as they should, we, including Julie, still lived in this hope that the next trial would do it. Though there were certainly times of weakness, her Type A personality would kick in with a to do list to get through the next step, and the next, and the next. Julie often admitted that she was constantly trying to create a picture perfect life out of the chaos that is maintaining normalcy while fighting cancer. It just wasn't happening, no matter how many decorative baskets she bought to wrangle clutter, or Pinterest Boards she created of healthy dinner recipes.

When it became clear that there would be no recovery, Julie took on the task of planning her memorial service. She wrote in the Order of Service, "What I truly learned is the happiest times of my life happened when I stopped trying so hard and just did something...If you want to honor me, go make a memory." With the understanding that life is indeed transient, she learned to cherish each moment. Because of her life, we are reminded that each moment is special because it simply...is.

I was truly and wholly transformed by Julie's battle and her message. She gave many gifts, and the appreciation of each moment for its uniqueness and its transience is one that lives on in the memories I make each day when I stop trying so hard and just do something. It brings to mind oft-quoted Voltaire: "Don't let the perfect be the enemy of the good."

I believe Julie's message has merit at the Congregational level too. As a Board we are tasked to be visionaries for the Church, and to be proactive in thinking about the future. But equally important is a focus on today, and what we can do to positively impact the world right now. Sometimes it becomes necessary to get out of our heads, out of the particulars, and just try something and see how it goes. In this way transience is a gift that invites us to take thoughtful, bold action today, knowing that how we live out our mission is constantly changing, due to the times we live in, the issues we face, and the members that are active and engaged. With a solid Church foundation supporting us, we will move forward together.

While our Congregation focuses its efforts in part toward the future—our forthcoming technology enhancements, our longterm Visioning work, and our continued investment in our shared community—we should not forget about today and the wonderful opportunity it provides. Every step toward a more just and equitable world need not be a giant leap. Oftentimes it is the small changes collectively that spark major transformation. How might we make our church and our world a better place today? What ideas can you share today?



to work. It was during a part of this time that I worked at the UUCC as religious educator.

After many years of living with me, or being hospitalized, my beloved first-born had managed her illness well enough to move into her own apartment; but she still required a significant amount of help. At age 56 she became physically ill and eventually died. My second daughter had married and made me a grandmother. My son had to make a career change after a serious neck injury.

I lived alone until I met a new love. It was an interesting relationship. We were in so ways different, in other ways very much alike. I moved in with him and, when we agreed it wasn't what we had hoped for, I moved out. I was alone again. We still cared for each other, however, and maintained a close and loving relationship until his tragic death.

I now live in a retirement community. I have new friends, new challenges.

My philosophy, generally, is to “go with the flow”. There are times, however, when the flow goes against my grain. I see a need for change and make an effort to help bring it about. This happened profoundly in my life when I discovered Unitarianism. No longer satisfied with my childhood faith, which had been significant in my life, I switched, but I did not “throw out the baby with the bathwater”. I am who I am in part by what I learned in “Sunday School”.

We can deal with the transience in our lives by accepting the status quo or we can work to change things. I hope you have found your place in the scheme of things, whether by acquiescence or by “rocking the boat”. I leave you with the reminder that “today well-lived makes yesterday a dream of happiness and every tomorrow a vision of hope”.

in 72 and sunny for seasons, mosquitos, cheap living and most importantly, family. Both of our siblings, parents and grandparents are now within an afternoon's drive. We bore a perfect son, bought a house and went ahead and made another boy while we were at it.

The world has shifted, and with it the idea of transience. This constant truth of change is now tinged with fear. What used to fill me with strength and comfort now brings mild panic and a sense of vulnerability. I'm certain it was the transition to motherhood that precipitated this shift in focus. I am no longer the subject, rather the observer. The

power of change has been wrested from my grasp and I watch helplessly as time goes by, dragging us with it. The transience I now experience lies in the things that I might miss, the things that fade so fast. Tiny toes, baby snores, shrieking giggles, sleepy cuddles. Transience is responsible for the emotional flip that

takes me from tedium to tears in an instant while singing The Itsy Bitsy Spider for the 75th time at 10 a.m. The chilling realization that he won't always be so excited about the spider climbing back up the spout.

With us weeks away from welcoming Charlie's new brother this fear has intensified. I find myself grasping desperately to moments. My heart hurts every day knowing that my time with just Charlie is so short, my attention so soon to be divided. It has become much harder for me to look forward with unsullied excitement now that I also mourn the loss of the present. Still, I bask in the recognition that this is a result of swimming in so much current sweetness.



*Waterfall by Chris Clark*

## CELEBRATING OUR VOLUNTEERS

### Chris Clark

If you're here after Freeman Hall has mostly cleared out on Sunday afternoon, you may notice Chris Clark closing things up. If you've looked up in the sound booth on your way back to your seat after lighting a candle, you might have seen him there. You might not have been aware of everything else Chris Clark has done in our congregation. Since joining the UUCC in 1999, he has ushered, provided information technology support, chaired the Finance Team and the Communications Team and served on the Ministerial Search Committee that brought Jay Leach to us. He currently volunteers as a Sunday Closer, as an Audio Visual Technician during Sunday services and is again on the Communications Team.



Chris Clark

Though he was raised Universalist in Akron, Ohio, Chris didn't visit the UUCC at first. Charlotteans had advised him we were 'too liberal' so he stayed away. After he realized we probably weren't more liberal than his childhood congregation, he did visit. Chris still remembers that Rich and Emily Greene were the first people to talk to him and make him feel welcome. Now our congregation "feels like a second home" to him. He appreciates that people here are accepted as they are and not expected to be who they aren't.

In leadership roles and in roles many might not notice, Chris has volunteered as a way to help create and maintain our beloved spiritual community. It's part of who he is, he says. He sees himself as doing what needs to be done. On a recent Sunday morning when another A/V technician had a last-minute emergency and wouldn't be here at the start of the service, Chris didn't hesitate to step in so we could all experience the worship that feeds us throughout the week. Inspired by our congregation, he is trying to make choices and act based on compassion. The UUCC is "always moving forward", he noted. As he has done for many years, Chris continues to help us do just that.

### *Because It Crumbled in an Unnamed Storm of '62*

*my mother and aunts still pace  
like sentries along the breezeway, marking  
off the night, while under pilings, we girls  
hold fort in sleeping bags and damp dreams.  
The men have taken their highballs to bed.*

*A rusty chain on the porch swing sings  
its repetitions riddle. Dogs long gone  
of bone and sinew bark and race the surf  
for seagulls, steady as a church creed.*

*In a wooden shower  
warm pee puddles at the feet  
of small brown bodies eager for sleep.*

*Our barren aunt bakes us sand biscuits  
light as morning, sneaks us sodas  
for supper, lets us wrap her in miles of gauze  
like a mummy. She and the mothers  
are gone now, and the fathers*

*and every board and shingle, and  
because in the mingle of shattered glass  
the only reclamation was the icebox,  
stocked with bluefish, fresh-caught  
and still cool to touch, and because*

*I will never go back,  
I'll forever be twelve and tender.*

*No one will grow old there or bent with time.  
Lap pools at low tide will hold whole worlds.  
The women will shelter, their voices soft  
as attic dust. And somewhere  
in some ocean, for the men's sake,  
the blues will always be running.*

— Barbara Conrad  
from *Wild Plums*  
FutureCycle Press 2013



Ron Maccaroni

### *Above & Beyond*

*Thank you to Ron Maccaroni, our UUCC  
Treasurer, for his faithful dedication and the  
many hours he gave to ensure our recent  
accounting system transition was successful.*



## MEET OUR NEW MEMBERS



### ***Peggy "Peg" & Joseph "Joe" Argent***

Peg & Joe live in Belmont. They have been married for 28 years and have three kids; Tom, 25; Jake, 21; and Makayla, 11. They enjoy pottery, gardening, cooking and raising a small flock of chickens.



### ***Yasmiin & Richard Tarlton***

Yasmiin and Richard are excited to be a part of the Unitarian Universalist Church of Charlotte. We have lived in Charlotte for more than 13 years and have two daughters, Aria, 2 and Sienna, 6. We look forward to being involved and building new relationships.

### ***Erika Sliger***

I grew up UU and feel very much at home in this church. My husband, two children and I live in Huntersville. I work as a physical therapist at Carolinas Rehab-Mt. Holly.



Erika Sliger



Eric Smith

### ***Roy Smith (Husband of Member Julie Smith) & Eric Smith (Son of Roy & Julie)***

This is the first church we have attended where we

have felt that if we miss a service, we will be missing something important, inspiring and challenging. It is time to join our friends and family in the church and give up the red paper name tags.



Roy Smith

## PRINCIPLES & PURPOSES

We, the member congregations of the Unitarian Universalist Association, covenant to affirm and promote:

- The inherent worth and dignity of every person;
- Justice, equity and compassion in human relations;
- Acceptance of one another and encouragement to spiritual growth in our congregations;
- A free and responsible search for truth and meaning;
- The right of conscience and the use of the democratic process within our congregations and in society at large;
- The goal of world community with peace, liberty, and justice for all;
- Respect for the interdependent web of all existence of which we are a part.

## FOR FURTHER ENGAGEMENT:

*Below you will find resources for further engagement on this month's theme.*

### BOOKS:

*Planting Seeds: Practicing Mindfulness with Children*

by Thich Nhat Hanh

*Love and Death: My Journey through the Valley of the Shadow*

by Forrest Church

*A Troubled Guest: Life and Death Stories*

by Nancy Mairs

*Who Will Remember Me?: A Daughter's Memoir of Grief and Recovery*

by Barbara Hamilton-Holway

*While Still There Is Light: Writings from a Minister Facing Death*

by Nancy Shaffer, Mary McKinnon Ganz, Editor

*Living When a Loved One has Died*

by Earl A. Grollman

*Where Two Worlds Touch: A Spiritual Journey Through Alzheimer's Disease*

by Jade C. Angelica

*Landscapes of Aging and Spirituality: Essays*

Kathleen Montgomery, Editor

### POETRY/REFLECTION/MEDITATION:

*Thanks Be for These: Meditations on Life and Death*

by Richard Gilbert

*Beyond Absence: A Treasury of Poems, Quotations and Readings On Death and Remembrance*

Collected By: Edward Searl

*Nothing Gold Can Stay*

by Mark Belletini

### MOVIES:

*Age of Adeline* (2015)

*Boyhood* (2014)

*The Curious Case of Benjamin Button* (2008)

*Glen Campbell – I'll Be Me* (2014)

*Hachi: A Dog's Tale* (2009)

*My Girl* (1991)

*My Life* (1993)

*Remains of the Day* (1993)

*The Theory of Everything* (2014)

*The Truman Show* (1998)

*Up* (2009)

### BLOG POSTS:

"Some Things Aren't Permanent"

[http://www.huffingtonpost.com/david-vienna/some-things-arent-permanent\\_b\\_7339230.html](http://www.huffingtonpost.com/david-vienna/some-things-arent-permanent_b_7339230.html)

"6 Life Lessons on Embracing Change and Permanence"

<http://tinybuddha.com/blog/6-life-lessons-on-embracing-change-and-impermanence/>

"Kids Ask About Death"

<http://longestshortesttime.com/episode-65-kids-ask-about-death/>

### LECTURES:

*BJ Miller: What really matters at the end of life*  
| TED Talk | TED.com

[http://www.ted.com/talks/bj\\_miller\\_what\\_really\\_matters\\_at\\_the\\_end\\_of\\_life?utm\\_source=newsletter\\_daily&utm\\_campaign=daily&utm\\_medium=email&utm\\_content=image\\_\\_2015-09-10](http://www.ted.com/talks/bj_miller_what_really_matters_at_the_end_of_life?utm_source=newsletter_daily&utm_campaign=daily&utm_medium=email&utm_content=image__2015-09-10)

## THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS:



Barbara Conrad

### Barbara Conrad

Barbara Conrad is author of *Wild Plums*, published by FutureCycle Press in 2013 and editor of *Waiting for Soup* (2004), a collection of art and poetry from her weekly workshops with homeless neighbors in Charlotte, NC. Her poems have appeared in numerous journals and anthologies such as *Tar River*

*Poetry*, *Sow's Ear*, *Southern Women's Review*, *Icarus* and *Kakalak*, and have won awards, honorable mentions and a *Pushcart* nomination. Her writing focuses on personal exploration, nature and social justice issues.



Patricia Steele Raible

### Patricia Steele Raible

Patricia Steele Raible is a contemporary abstract artist working primarily in mixed media. Her first introduction to art was an elective course in college where she immediately became entranced. An alumni of the McColl Center for Art + Innovation in Charlotte, NC, Patricia's work has been collected

and exhibited throughout the South and Mid-Atlantic regions in solo and juried shows. Currently, she exhibits and teaches art classes at Ciel Gallery in Southend Charlotte. She and her husband Michael have been members of the UUCC for about 8 years.

### Zeke Foard

Zeke Foard has been a member of the UUCC since 2005. He and his wife, Harriet, began taking painting classes in 1991 in Atlantic Beach, North Carolina. From his instructors Zeke learned that "you need to paint your passion and what is important to you." As you can see--water, fishing, boats are significant in his life. Zeke says that for him "painting is good for the mind and the nerves."



Zeke Foard

### Chris Clark

A UUCC member since 1999, Chris Clark says he tries to take photographs of things other people might not notice. He writes software for a living. For more about Chris, see page 7.



Chris Clark

### Copal Grill Bulldozed in 67 Minutes

*There is no silence like the silence  
of dust and rubble on a city street when a city  
turns to glitter and glow.*

*All its old beauties have come down.  
Hotels, coliseum, this local diner  
that for six decades fed  
the working class and out-of-work.  
And last year another one, the Coffee Cup,  
where black and white sat side by side, even as  
the paint was drying on the "colored"  
bathroom door. Gone  
are the fish bones, chicken  
necks, a past tinged in toil and gristle.  
Like a divorce, when a man leaves the house,  
takes off with nothing*

*but his grandfather's silver,  
and even that he'd sell for a new iPhone  
or carbon frame road bike.*

*Who needs him anyway?  
He's a condo where lush woods used to be, built  
on the backs of birds and foxes. Not a bona fide  
bungalow left in this town, or a greasy spoon  
where renegades can perch in suits or overalls,  
elbows-to-elbows on the counter.*

— Barbara Conrad  
from *Wild Plums*  
FutureCycle Press 2013



**CHURCH OFFICE HOURS:**

MONDAY-FRIDAY, 9 AM - 5 PM

PHONE 704-366-8623 | FAX 704-366-8812

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