

JANUARY 2016

# SOUNDINGS



Unitarian Universalist  
Church of Charlotte

DISCOVER DEEPER SPIRITUAL MEANING

*Depth through reflection*

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## HOPE

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*In the Beginning*, mixed media by Patricia Raible

My hope emerges from those places of struggle  
where I witness individuals positively transforming  
their lives and the world around them.

– bell hooks from *TEACHING COMMUNITY: A PEDAGOGY OF HOPE*



*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 misión de la iglesia Unitaria Universalista de Charlotte es inspirar a los niños, jóvenes y adultos para que descubran y articulen un significado espiritual profundo, evidente en una vida de integridad, compasión y en el manejo de los recursos de la tierra*

## HOPE IN ACTION



Joanna Bartell

I was raised by a single mom who had barely enough to get us by. There was an understanding and acceptance growing up of the way things were. We didn't see hope as futile, but in my house there was no hope without action. There was no sitting back. My brother and I both hoped to be in a place in life better than

where we were. It was a constant state of hope and expectation that things always turn out for the best.

When I was about to give up on college right before my senior year and there seemed to be no way to get the funds to finish my last year of school, my brother said to me, "When there's a will there's a way." And though it may sound clichéd, if we really think about those words, there is truth and power in them. If you have enough will and want for something, there is usually always a way to get it.

My mom had many hopes: I remember her talking about someday moving back to Puerto Rico. She wanted to foster kids and fix up the apartment building we just bought with my step-dad. But her life was ended early by renal cancer at the age of 46. With a disease like cancer, there are times when no matter what, you can't will together a cure.

And, as life sometimes follows patterns, I was diagnosed with breast cancer a little over a year ago at age 41. But I had benefits that my mom didn't – a cancer that was caught early and modern medicine. I have confidence in them – in their understanding and expertise – which gives me hope that everything

*continued on pg 6*

## THE ROLLER COASTER

College is hard. No, really, it is. Even looking past the academic rigor, extra curricular activities and exploration of new relationships, there is still something even more difficult lurking beneath it all. For many people, college is the first time they ask the most difficult question they will ever face: Who am I, and what do I – not my friends or family – want?



Jessica Coates

It was only in college that I realized that life is, in fact, not a linear tube you move through at a steady pace. Instead, it is a huge, messy puddle with no boundaries, limits or instruction manuals. And sure, it was fun to splash around in for the first few months. But then I realized that, without boundaries, I can – and will – fall easily into some foreign, previously inconceivable territory.

I've barely even begun to dip my toe into these murky stretches but, by

golly, I am seeing them now more than ever. And now that I've become aware of the existence of these spaces, which are neither black nor white, positive nor negative, I can't help but wonder... What can I hope to achieve now that my goals are no longer laid out in a neat and tidy row? How can I retain hope that I will still lead a fulfilling life even though the rulebook that I've come to know has been thrown out?

I tried for a while to dodge this question entirely, attempting to squish my life back into the tube that had once given it comforting borders. I thought that

*continued on pg 6*



Great blue herons roosting near Four Mile Creek Greenway Charlotte, photo by Phyllis Bertke



Jay Leach

*The Cure at Troy* is a brief book by the Nobel Peace Prize-winning Irish poet Seamus Heaney. In retelling an ancient myth by the Greek tragedian Sophocles, Heaney offers a wild romp full of personal and collective conflict. The first time I read *The Cure at Troy* I was moved by its soaring final

“Chorus”, lines that have become some of Heaney’s best-known and most often cited.

The “Chorus” begins in seeming despondency:

Human beings suffer,  
They torture one another,  
They get hurt and get hard.  
No poem or play or song  
Can fully right a wrong  
Inflicted and endured.

Heaney’s assertion, borrowed from the distant past, rings as true as ever. We are barraged with daily accounts of human suffering. Heartrending stories of homeless refugees, brutal shootings by terrorists and by police officers, deaths accounted as “collateral damage”, domestic violence, raging racism – these foster immense anguish. Are such wrongs ever really righted?

Heaney acknowledges our daunting, discouraging predicament:

History says, Don’t hope  
On this side of the grave . . .

How often we hear echoes of that kind of despondency. Don’t get your hopes up. Don’t invest emotional energy in false expectations. Especially where often overwhelming social, political, global problems are concerned – some assert that nothing ever really changes so we best not assume anything ever can change. Safe cynicism offers a no-risk approach: expect very little and you are less likely to be disappointed.

Some now offer an account of things that seems almost devoid of hope. They are stoking the fires of fear with ominous warnings and a disturbing willingness to undermine our core values. With their focus on the menacing malice in our world they offer little cause for real hope.

Will we join them, succumb to such despair? In reaction to them, we will lash out at these fear-mongers with insults and derision, only deepening the conflict? Will

we keep our distance, convinced that we can’t really change anything anyway?

One critique calls Seamus Heaney “a poet of the in-between.” Reflecting often and uneasily on the “Troubles” in Ireland, Heaney could be bleak in his unflinching glimpses into that sectarian struggle’s horrors. He was certainly no naïve romantic or simple-minded idealist. And yet, many find in his poetry an unyielding resolve, a battered but not bowed belief in human capacity.

That relentless spirit finally shimmers through.

Having faced down the suffering, having admitted the long odds, he nonetheless breaks into celebration:

. . . But then, once in a lifetime  
The longed-for tidal wave  
Of justice can rise up  
And hope and history rhyme.

A contemporary poet looks deeply into our past and finds reasons for hope. His rendering of ancient words beckons us away from the brink of despondency with a summons to remember.

Remember the times when things did change.  
Remember the suffering that has been overcome.  
Remember . . . the ardent abolitionists, the long-suffering suffragettes, the unrelenting Civil Rights



*Winter Confection*, art textile by Nancy Cook

*continued on pg 7*

*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**



*We light our chalice, the symbol of our faith, in the spirit of hope. We reflect for a moment, in this safe place with each other, on the meaning of hope in our lives.*



Kathleen Carpenter

**PANDORA'S JAR**

*A story from ancient Greece, retold by Gail Forsyth-Vail with accompanying questions to share with your children. Both are found in the Winter 2013 issue of UU World magazine on the "Families: Weave a Tapestry of Faith" insert.*

A long time ago, the gods gave Prometheus and Epimetheus the task of creating creatures to inhabit the beautiful earth.

The two brothers gave each creature a special quality from a jar in their workshop – wings for some, scales or webbed feet for others. Some animals received strength, or courage, or wisdom. When Epimetheus fashioned a human being, Prometheus was amazed. None of the qualities in the jar was a gift worthy of this new creature!

So Prometheus decided to steal fire from the gods and give it to humans. And thus humans became more powerful than all the animals.

The gods were angry that humans had such power, so they made a plan. They fashioned a beautiful and intelligent woman named Pandora, and she became the wife of Epimetheus. Pandora was curious about everything on the earth. She explored the woods and the fields, watched the stars, and observed all the animals and plants.

With her strong sense of curiosity, Pandora could not resist a mystery. One day, when she came upon the jar in the workshop, she just had to lift the cover. A cloud of evils instantly poured forth:

disease, anger, greed, jealousy, pain, violence, war, and more. She quickly covered the jar, but it was too late. These evils were now part of life on earth.

Epimetheus, dismayed, told Pandora she had released all the evils he had wanted to protect humans from. "Look," he said, opening the cover once again, "there is a gift still left inside, a quality that humans now need, because of all those evils." She looked and saw at the bottom of the jar something very beautiful and special, a gift that can help us all live fully, help one another, and feel joy, wonder, and love despite all the bad we may find in the world.

We call that gift HOPE.

The myth of Pandora offers us the gift of hope, the quality that allows us not only to cope

with life's difficulties and disappointments, but also to take action to turn things around.

**When News Isn't Good News**

**Open** a newspaper or turn on the TV. It won't take long to find a story that is devastating and seemingly hopeless.

**Share** one that disturbs you with a family member(s).

**Challenge** yourselves to find something hopeful in the story.



*Amelia's Wish Pot, by Don Faires*

**Talk** about the facts. **Look** at the photo.

What sources of hope can you find? Is there a way you could help? As Unitarian Universalists, we search for a source of hope, even in an apparently hopeless situation.

**What about you?** What gives you hope about injustices in our world?

What gives you hope when you face a personal challenge?

## HOPE

by Marsha Kelly, UCC Board of Trustees



Marsha Kelly

In a small classroom in Mexico, where 25 lovely young women gather each day to be educated in the art of professional midwifery, a sad story is being told.

The night before, a baby born in the birth center downstairs from this room has died. The midwife in attendance shares details

of the birth and the resuscitation efforts in a clinical, professional way. A quiet discussion is held.

But then, a young student dressed in the indigenous clothing of her pueblo deep in the mountains of rural Mexico, asks the midwife: “And you, senora, how are you feeling?” And with that, this senior midwife breaks down in tears, telling how much she wishes she could have prevented this tragedy.

The same young student suggests that we all go out to the terrace for an “exercise.” The grieving midwife is placed in the middle of a circle of students and faculty, arms entwined. They invite me into the circle, where first one by one, and then as a group, we shout our words of affirmation and encouragement. “You are strong, Sofia. You are powerful. You are wise. I trust your hands, your heart. You must always believe in yourself. We support you.” Sofia turns round and round inside this circle of love, crying and smiling, her heavy heart beginning to ease.

I wonder if this is some mysterious indigenous Mayan ceremony, and I ask the young student where her idea originated. “Oh,” she tells me in Spanish, “it’s from a course I took on the book by Louise Hay called *You Can Heal Your Life*. And I realize the universality of the need we all have for support and

encouragement, and the irony that I would think this was some secret ceremony known only to more “primitive” and exotic peoples.

I think I once thought that “The Board” was a mysterious and secret group, above and apart from me. Now in my second year on the Board, I see that we nine are merely taking our places within the circle of affirmation that is this church we love, serving as stewards of our resources and of our congregation.

Whether in a shared spiritual experience, generous giving, participation in leadership positions, or through our bold visioning project, let us all form a circle around each other, always leaving room for others to join in. As we gather in hope, compassion and strength, let us all choose a vision of our future that is framed around encouragement and hope.



Winter Wonderland, painting by Rita Bowers

will turn out OK. I look at the statistics and numbers and know that they’re on my side.

Many times I thought back to my mom and what she must have thought about and where she got her strength. I now understand her strength, even in the end when she knew that a cure wasn’t going to happen for her. At that point I don’t think her hope was for a cure, but her hope had extended to us – my brother and me. She was looking ahead for our futures. She wanted to make sure that we would be taken care of. She was deeply religious and her hope was part of her faith.

For me it’s been quite different. I don’t hold the same beliefs as my mom, and I don’t believe in prayer. Where does hope come in? For me it’s trust in others, my community and the team of doctors that have taken care of me. I’ve been surrounded by loving and caring people. Again, with action, they showed me that in a time of need many people will come and offer assistance in abundance.

It’s been a difficult year. Through it though, I’ve always kept my focus on the end. When you grow up living with pretty much only hope to get you by the really difficult times, you learn that the current situation isn’t what will always be. We can make our way out of the situation. We use our will. That opens up the different ways in which we can resolve the problem.

Hope is having faith that there’s always a solution – even if we don’t know what it is yet.

*For more information about Joanna and to read her blog visit <http://www.jmilanes.com/>*



Quechua man in Pisac, Peru, photo by Phyllis Bertke

I could make it as it once was and thereby avoid the scary new frontier that I found myself in. But, after I was forced to acknowledge the futility of that effort, I came to realize that the best path forward would involve embracing the utter chaos that my life had become.

This chaos has made itself apparent to me in many forms – relationships, time management, financial burden, local and global injustice, to name a few. These manifestations come together for me every day in different ways to form the weird, soupy mess that the absence of my tube has created. So the only way that I’ve been able to maintain hope of having meaning or order in my life is to view the ups and downs of this enigmatic puddle as hills on a roller coaster.

Roller coasters, in my mind, are like 3-D versions of yin and yang. Sometimes you are freefalling down a huge hill for what seems like months in the pouring rain; sometimes you are being carried up a gentle uphill in the warm glow of the afternoon sun with your closest friends around you. But you cannot have one without the other, and because one exists the other inherently must be present. What is an up if there is no down to compare it to? How do you know what joy is if you never experience pain?

This roller coaster metaphor has always worked for me, even when the uphill and pitfalls of my life were more manageable. But now that I am constantly questioning my habits and ideals, noticing that the bedrock of my life is looser than ever, I find myself turning to this idea more than ever. I take comfort in the simple idea that, no matter how long I have been on a downhill, an uphill will inevitably come soon enough. And, furthermore, this metaphor helps me appreciate the inherent importance of my downfalls – without these times, I would never truly appreciate the beautiful moments of clarity that I have.

warriors, the enthusiastic advocates for marriage equality. Remember all those rare but powerfully transformational moments when justice rose up, when hope and history rhymed.

We honor again this month our nation’s great prophet of hope. We recall the accounts of suffering he both witnessed and experienced. We retell his dream of a day not yet realized when justice will rise up and cause, again, hope and history to rhyme.

In his Nobel address, Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. urged: “We must still face prodigious hilltops of opposition and gigantic mountains of resistance. But with patient and firm determination we will press on until every valley of despair is exalted to new peaks of hope . . . .”

—Rev. Jay Leach, Senior Minister

## Hope

*The anticipation of spring is my greatest source of hope. Every year I go out and clear the mulch off my spring bulb beds. Returning to the garden is a relief – after several months away from this spirit-lifting activity. Green shoots of crocuses and daffodils are already courageously pushing out into the cold air. I am, like Thoreau, “a self-appointed observer of the growth of flowers.” The earlier-than-March winds are blowing, while the sun darts playfully in and out of the clouds on this welcome winter-spring day. Recent rain melted the snow, making the ground moist and ready for the explosion of spring production. Energy begins to flow as icy tightness melts with the snow. People, too, loosen up like the soil, as the sun warms us all. If the earth can renew itself again, then surely I can, too.*

—Carol Gay

## HOPE (an acrostic poem)

H  
O  
P  
E:

How often, way too  
Often, we humans  
Perceive with sadness  
Everything around us as

Hopeless, damning, dooming.  
Often we end up  
Pitying ourselves and,  
Eventually, sometimes even

Hating, loathing  
Ourselves for that.  
Perhaps . . . no, DEFINITELY  
Everything is better with

H  
O  
P  
E:

Happy  
Optimistic  
Possibilities  
Everywhere!

—by Loyd Dillon

**Laura Hamilton**

Since she became a member 22 years ago, Laura has been helping to create this community that so many of us cherish. She had sung in choirs for most of her life and started volunteering by singing in our Adult Choir and still does



Laura Hamilton

today. Laura also sang in our Chamber Choir. Music is an important part of our worship and adds to her own spiritual experience, she notes. While sharing her musical talents with us, Laura also enjoys getting to know and care about the other musicians, even feeling choir become a sort of extended family.

Laura's singing is just her most visible contribution to our music program. For several years, she and Jane McLaughlin have been the music librarians for the choir, categorizing and filing all the music the choir uses. Laura says she is glad to help John Herrick, as she notices him regularly going above and beyond for the musicians. For her second time, she is also serving our congregation as a member of the Music Team. This role allows her to better understand what's needed and help facilitate our music program as a whole, she feels.

The music program is not the only area in our congregation where Laura volunteers. Some weekdays, you might reach her when you call the church office. By volunteering at the front desk, she helps make it possible for the church office to remain open while staff is in meetings or away. Previously, Laura also did the important work of helping count and deposit the offering collected during Sunday services. And for many years, Laura coordinated the group that opened and closed the building on Sunday mornings, as well as opening the building herself.

Though for decades she has consistently volunteered in more than one role at a time, Laura modestly thinks she hasn't done much here. When asked why she volunteers in our congregation, Laura explains the most fundamental reason is that she feels

Unitarian Universalism is worth supporting. She appreciates that we encourage a voice of reason in the world and in our local community. The Unitarian Universalist Church of Charlotte is a place where each of us can participate and contribute in so many ways, Laura said. For the last 22 years, she has used her skills, time and kindness for the benefit of us all.

**Love after Charleston**

Stars and bars are finally coming down  
I sing hallelujah but I won't turn away  
Cause I've learned this battle goes on, yes it rages  
with beautiful black lives gunned down or in cages

Spirit of love, help me be bolder  
Spirit of love, help me use my voice  
Spirit of love, help me play the part  
that's meant for me  
Until all of us are free

It's the moment and the movement's now  
I used to think what could one person do  
I'll start from where I am, tear down racist lines  
Expand my sense of whose children are mine

Spirit of love, help me be bolder  
Spirit of love, help me use my voice  
Spirit of love, help me play the part,  
that's meant for me  
Until all of us are free

Amazing grace I feel you working  
I celebrate you troubling my heart  
I open to your call, I see justice in the distance  
I see so many struggling, and strengthen my  
commitment

Spirit of love, I will be bolder  
Spirit of love, I will raise my voice  
Spirit of love, I will play the part,  
that's meant for me  
Until all of us are free

—Melissa Mummert

## MEET OUR NEW MEMBERS



Lindsay & Alyssa Birmingham and Emily Eudy

### **Lindsay Birmingham & Emily Eudy**

Emily is a project manager for Barbizon Charlotte and she designs theatrical lighting on the side. Lindsay is a stay-at-home mom with a passion for creative outlets. They have a 16 month old daughter named Alyssa, who is the light of their lives.



Pamela Huser

### **Pamela Huser**

I moved to Charlotte last year and after a few months discovered this wonderful church. The amazing music, inspiring sermons and interesting classes have helped me greatly on my spiritual path. I am excited to join the UUCC community and continue to grow and

support the vision of greater social justice in the world.

### **Robert Sorber**

I was raised Christian but have acquired enough doubts along the way to make the UUCC a better spiritual home. I believe that we should strive to be kind to each other, to animals and to the earth. My wife Ann and I have two great sons, Jimmy and Tommy. I enjoy playing with our boys, photography, hiking and camping.



Bob Sorber

### **Dana Lockwood & Mark Sanders**

We moved to Charlotte nine years ago. Mark works at the University of North Carolina Charlotte in the philosophy department. Dana works at Davidson College as a HRIS Database Specialist. We have been Unitarians since 2013. Our daughter Celeste, is five years old.



Mark Sanders, Celeste Sanders-Lockwood and Dana Lockwood

### **Bria & Philip Singer**

We recently fled New England winters and wanted to connect with open-minded, socially active, diverse people we can learn from and get to know.



Philip & Bria Singer

## FOR FURTHER ENGAGEMENT

*Below you will find a list of books, reflections, movies, lectures and much more for further engagement on the subject of Hope.*

### BOOKS:

*Meditations of the Heart* by Howard Thurman, 1999

*Tattoos on the Heart: The Power of Boundless Compassion*, by Gregory Boyle, 2010

*Choosing Hope: Moving Forward from Life's Darkest Hours*, by Kaitlin Roig-DeBellis, 2015

*Prayers for Hope and Comfort: Reflections, Meditations and Inspirations*, edited by Maggie Oman Shannon, 2008

*Did I Say that Out Loud?: Musings from a Questioning Soul*, by Meg Barnhouse, 2006

*The Holy Universe, A New Story of Creation for the Heart, Soul, and Spirit*, by David Christopher, 2013

*Stitches: A Handbook on Meaning, Hope and Repair*, by Anne Lamott, 2013

*All the Light We Cannot See*, by Anthony Doerr, 2014

*The Great Big Book of Hope: Help Your Children Achieve Their Dreams*, by Diane McDermott, 2000

### Preschool-Age 7

*Circles of Hope*, by Karen Lynn Williams, 2011

*How to Heal a Broken Wing*, by Bob Graham, 2008

### Ages 6-12

*A Long Walk to Water*, by Linda Sue Park, 2011

*Henry's Freedom Box: A True Story from the Underground Railroad*, by Ellen Levine, 2007

*The Tin Forest*, by Helen Ward, 2003

*Beatrice's Goat*, by Page McBrier, 2004

*On That Day: A Book of Hope for Children* by Andrea Patel, 2002

*Harvesting Hope: The Story of Cesar Chavez* by Kathleen Krull, 2003

*Tuck Everlasting*, by Natalie Babbitt, 1976

### Ages 11+

*A Boy Called Hope*, by Lara Williamson, 2014

*The Hunger Games*, series by Suzanne Collins, 1990

*The Absolutely True Diary of a Part-Time Indian* by Sherman Alexie, 2007

*Sadako and the Thousand Paper Cranes* by Eleanor Coerr, 1977

*Something Like Hope*, by Shawn Goodman, 2010

### MOVIES:

*Schindler's List*, 1993 (R)

*Life is Beautiful*, 1997-1998 (PG-13)

*The Hurricane*, 1999 (R)

*Cast Away*, 2000 (PG-13)

*Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring*, 2001 (PG-13)

*The Pursuit of Happyness*, 2006 (PG-13)

*Freedom Writers*, 2007 (PG-13)

*The Bucket List*, 2007 (PG-13)

*Amreeka*, 2009 (PG-13)

*The First Grader*, 2010 (PG-13)

*Selma*, 2014 (PG-13)

### OTHER:

#### Blog Posts for Parents

[Raising Cynics, or Raising Hope: Talking With Older Children about Mass Shootings](#)

<http://parenting.blogs.nytimes.com/2015/12/03/raising-cynics-or-raising-hope-talking-with-older-children-about-mass-shootings/?module=BlogPost-Title&version=Blog%20Main&contentCollection=U.S.&action=Click&pgtype=Blogs&region=Body>

## THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS OF ART AND POETRY:

### Phyllis Bertke

Phyllis has been a passionate amateur photographer since she discovered that experiences are richer if she has a camera nearby, even if she's not taking pictures. Her camera helps keep her present in the smallest of moments.



Phyllis Bertke

### Lloyd Dillon

Lloyd Dillon loves words and wordplay. Over the decades, he has written many articles, limericks, poems, sermons, word puzzles and humorous fiction. He is a retired interior designer, the former national president of the Interior Design Society, a freelance illustrator, an adjunct faculty member in the Interior Design Department of CPCC and a UU lay minister who in 2008 won this UU district's Distinguished Service Award. Lloyd is also Brenda Dillon's husband, the father of their three sons and the grandfather of five grandchildren.



Lloyd Dillon

### Rita Bowers

Rita Bowers paints mostly in oil. She developed her artistic talents taking classes from a wide range of regional professionals while rising in her career as a graphic designer for a Fortune 500 Company in Chicago. Her travels inspire her domestic and international subjects which hang in many homes in the US, Europe



Rita Bowers

and Central America. Her work has been displayed in many juried and judged shows and has won many awards. Rita and her husband Tom have been members of UUC since 2000.

### Don Faires

Don Faires created Amelia's Wish Pot for the first grandchild of members Pete and Pat Parks. Don made the box from a small gourd, painted with luminous paint on the inside. Grandmother Pat supplied the embellishments from her own jewelry box to honor the place that could hold her hopes.



Don Faires

### Nancy Cook

Nancy has been working in the textile medium since 1994. Her art is in public and private collections throughout the USA and she has won numerous awards. She has exhibited in over 50 juried, invitational and traveling exhibits on five continents and the USA. Cook's art textiles



Nancy Cook

are widely published. Martha Seilman selected her as a featured artist in *Art Quilt Portfolios: The Natural World, 2012*. Two of her quilts can be seen in *500 Art Quilts*. She was a 2004 Summer Affiliate Artist at the McColl Center for Visual Arts.

### Carol Gay

Carol Gay first realized she liked to write in the seventh grade when a poem she wrote was selected for a regional student publication. She has written pieces for family occasions, like memorial tributes, and pieces for services here at the UUC. She does autobiographical writing, and participates in a writing group here. Probably her most appreciated piece of writing was her parents' memoirs, which she presented to them on their 60th wedding anniversary. Part of the piece she has included in *Soundings* was written after a long, cold winter when she lived in Boston. (Though our winters are much milder here, the sentiments still apply.)



Carol Gay

## Melissa Mummert

Melissa Mummert is a Unitarian Universalist minister and a longtime advocate for the incarcerated and their families. She's worked for the last 12 years at the Mecklenburg County Jail and also produced two documentary films about families impacted by incarceration. She now works for the non-profit agency Changed Choices and is spearheading a new initiative to connect clients of Changed Choices with livable wage jobs. Melissa is also a singer-songwriter and released her first CD in 2013. She's the mom of nine-year-old Annie and is married to Jay Leach.



Melissa Mummert

## CREATIVE SUBMISSIONS FOR SOUNDINGS

The editors of *Soundings* invite members of the congregation to submit creative written and visual material for publication. Submissions should reflect one of the congregation's upcoming Second Sunday themes: February - Sacrifice; March - Vocation; April - Stewardship of the Earth. Written pieces (poems or prose) should be no more than 150 words. Visual works can include photographs or high-quality photographs of paintings, sketches, fiber art, sculpture, etc. All submissions must be original. The editors – the UUCU professional staff – will review all submissions and contact the authors regarding suitability for publication.

Please send submissions to [uucc@uuccharlotte.org](mailto:uucc@uuccharlotte.org)



Patricia Raible

## Patricia 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 UUCU for about 8 years.

## 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.

# SOUNDINGS

## CHURCH OFFICE HOURS:

MONDAY-FRIDAY, 9 AM - 5 PM

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*Children and Youth Religious Education (CYRE),  
Denominational Connections, Young Adult Group (YAG)*

**Donna Fisher**, Children's Choir Director  
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