

FEBRUARY 2016

# SOUNDINGS



Unitarian Universalist  
Church of Charlotte

DISCOVER DEEPER SPIRITUAL MEANING

*Depth through reflection*

WWW.UUCCHARLOTTE.ORG

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We need to remember that avoiding sacrifice is a spiritual mistake much more so than a physical one.

— UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST MINISTER KAAREN SOLVEIG ANDERSON  
IN HER SERMON “WHAT A FOOL!”



*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 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*

## AM I SACRIFICING?



Peter Huxtable

I grew up in a family of five in Plano, Texas, a well-to-do suburb of Dallas. My mother stayed home taking care of us kids and my father worked as an independent sales rep. The privileges afforded me were abundant. Through childhood I had everything I thought I wanted. The newest shoes, best clothes, lavish vacations,

and Christmases overflowing with gifts. With all of this there came sacrifice. My father was very rarely around. If he was, he was busy working in his office making sure we were able to keep up with the status quo. When I look back at my childhood, although I am grateful for the life and experiences my parents gave me, what I wish I had most were more memories of family time together.

I would love to say that as I grew up through high school and went off to college, I took advantage of the privileges that were afforded me, but that was not the case. I stumbled through life for the next nine years. I chose a dark path of selfishness and self-seeking. I was unable to live life on life's terms; I was still a kid. I made a multitude of mistakes – until God snapped me out of it and I was given a way out. Through self-reflection and the help of God I was able to turn my life around.

Fast forward to today: I have a beautifully amazing seven-year-old daughter, I'm a single dad and have a career that is fulfilling in many ways. Here I am, with a life at times I don't think I deserve. I am blessed just to be alive today. It is not shoes, clothes, a house or money that fill my life, but the joy of being a father who is present in my child's life, sharing memories and experiences.

When I consider whether I'm making personal sacrifices for my daughter, that is a difficult conversation in my head. I read an article about a father, much like myself, who is an active part of his daughter's life, even braiding her hair. When praised for "stepping up" he would become frustrated because he feels he's only doing what every father should do.

*continued on pg 7*

## "TO EVERY YES, THERE IS A NO"

In the fall of 2011, my mother decided she wanted to move from her assisted living apartment in Decatur, Alabama, and live with us in our home here in Charlotte. Mom had dementia. At the time, saying yes to her request didn't feel like a sacrifice, although friends expressed concern for me and my family.

They reminded me that I was not yet a year away from breast cancer and complications from treatment, that my husband Norden had been disabled for eleven years, and that my girls, in their early 20's, were still not launched.

I wanted to care for my mom. A phrase came to my mind when I was asked to write about sacrifice, "To every yes, there is a no." Saying yes to her meant no for me in many ways, but I felt clear about honoring her wish. My mom and dad had helped us so much since Norden's health began to decline. Dad's death in 2006 left my mom unmoored, and watching her lose her memory was like watching her drift away in a rough sea. I wanted to hold on.

I'm grateful I was clear about my intention to love my mother in our home, because the sacrifices quickly plunged me into entirely uncharted waters. Sacrifice requires courage to face the painful unknown. I could never do enough for mom; every time I left her room she asked when I would return. The ability to be thankful was disappearing from her personality. I kept reminding myself that her life was better with us than in a memory unit.

The hardest part of the sacrifice was witnessing my mom's fear and despair about her memory loss. Sometimes at night, her blue eyes would fill up and she would say, "This is awful. I don't know anything anymore." Her voice was quivery. "I'm ready to go to sleep and not wake up."



Judy Weingarten

*continued on pg 7*



Jay Leach

Muslims call it *Eid al-Adha*, the Feast of Sacrifice. A day of great significance, it is observed around the world as the Hajj (pilgrimage) is ending for pilgrims in Mecca. It is marked by offerings, celebratory meals, gift giving, and help for the poor.

*Eid al-Adha* finds its meaning in a particular story in the Qur'an. Ibrahim (the man Jews and Christians call "Abraham") is asked by God to sacrifice his son Isma'il. According to the story, both Ibrahim and Isma'il are willing to comply. Though they are stopped from committing the horrific deed, within Islam they both become great exemplars of faith.

Religious literalists accept this story precisely as written in the Qur'an or, based on a different version, in the Hebrew Bible. Skeptical literalists completely dismiss this tale, regarding it as one of the worst examples of what makes religions based on ancient sacred texts rationally and ethically untenable.

Between these polarities, some with imagination still find meaning in the story. They read disconcerting sacred stories much like we might reflect on gruesome Greek myths or disturbing stories from Shakespeare. They ask not "Did it happen?" but "What might it mean for us?" and wonder "Why might someone tell such a story?" and "Why has this story been repeated for centuries?"

Judaism, Christianity, and Islam have all found such deep meaning in this story that they are still known as the "Abrahamic religions". It suggests the important role that the notion of sacrifice plays in these traditions. Whether expressed literally as the willingness to embody "submission" at any cost or more metaphorically as the sacred act of relinquishing something of lesser value for something of greater value, sacrifice is a common link among the religions of Abraham.

Does sacrifice have any meaning within our liberally religious tradition? We clearly reject any possibility that the story of Ibrahim and Isma'il could be taken literally or that it could serve as some "true" tale that we should emulate. Unlike many, maybe most other

religious traditions, we don't really talk much about sacrifice as a virtue. Can we seriously imagine sacrifice as a spiritual value worth considering?

Hans Deutsch was an Austrian artist who fled Nazi Germany. He began working with the Unitarian Service Committee, an organization helping Jews escape Nazi persecution. Deutsch wrote Rev. Charles Joy, that organization's executive director:

There is something that urges me to tell you . . . how much I admire your utter self-denial [and] readiness to serve, to sacrifice all, your time, your health, your well-being, to help, help, help.

During World War II, Hans Deutsch created the very first image of the flaming chalice for use within Unitarianism. Deutsch offered this rendering to Rev. Joy who wrote to his board back in Boston, explaining that it was

a chalice with a flame, the kind of chalice which the Greeks and Romans put on their altars. The holy oil burning in it is a symbol of helpfulness and sacrifice.



photo by Jay Leach

Imagine: our chalice, central symbol of our liberating religion, designed by a man primarily impressed with Unitarians' depth of commitment, a devotion he described as "readiness to . . . sacrifice all." Imagine: the initial description of our flaming chalice as "a symbol of . . . sacrifice."

Maybe sacrifice has meaning within our tradition after all. Perhaps it is a spiritual notion still worth considering. We need not turn only to an ancient and disturbing sacred story. We have our own account and even our own symbol suggesting sacrifice is a part of our religion too.

*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, to remind us that we are a people of love, love that sometimes requires us to think of others first.*



Kathleen Carpenter

**TWO STORIES, TWO PERSPECTIVES ON SACRIFICE**

As a family, read both Shel Silverstein’s *The Giving Tree* and Unitarian Universalist Rev. Jerry D. Wright’s story “The Nurturing Tree”. *The Giving Tree*

is available on the bookshelf in the education wing, along with other books addressing this month’s theme of sacrifice. “The Nurturing Tree” is available on the nearby table.

When you finish reading, summarize the stories together. Talk about how they are the same and how they are different. In *The Giving Tree*, a story about the love between a boy and a tree, the tree sacrifices her apples, her branches, and her trunk, which kills her, to show her love for the boy. However, the tree in “The Nurturing Tree”, also about the love between a boy and a tree, doesn’t give indiscriminately. She tells the boy no when he asks for things that will hurt or kill her. Realizing that he has been selfish, the boy, now grown, finds ways to show the tree how much he loves and appreciates her.

While both stories paint poignant pictures of love, “The Nurturing Tree” provides us with a different perspective on sacrifice, showing us that it is not necessary to give everything to show love and that

love can even be stronger when both sides are giving and gracious.

Consider the following Wondering Statements with your child. Share your own responses to the statements and the reasoning behind your responses. Encourage your child to do the same.

I wonder if you think “the nurturing tree” was being mean to the boy when she wouldn’t give him her trunk to make him happy.

I wonder if you always get everything you ask for.

I wonder what we can learn from these stories about how we should treat people.

I wonder how you show someone you appreciate what they give you or do for you.

Your children can learn beauty in sacrifice – ways to practice generosity. One way suggested by family blogger Allison Hendrix is through a Jar of Sacrifice.



*Shade from the hot July sun in Charleston under this old tree, by Laura Hamilton*

Choose a jar and place a tag on it that says: “Jar of Sacrifice: Give until it hurts and then keep giving until it doesn’t.” Then make it available for occasional donations of coins, birthday money, chore payments, etc. When the jar is filled, call a family gathering to discuss how you are going to bless others with its contents. The joy in seeing how their sacrifices have directly blessed others may lead them to become generous givers with all that has been entrusted to them.

For another approach where good deeds earn credit rather than money, see this link. The author has created “Lenten Sacrifice jars” but the concept is easily modified.

## SACRIFICING FOR OUR SPIRITUAL COMMUNITY



Rob Marcy

by Rob Marcy, Co-Chair  
UUCC Board of Trustees

My husband Michael and I joined the UUCC in 2007 and upon joining were encouraged to consider making a sacrifice that at the time felt unrealistic. It wasn't a requirement and there was no shame attached to not following the suggestion, but it did catch

me a bit off guard. The request was that we pledge 5% of our income to the church and another 5% to other charitable causes which were meaningful to us. I knew that other churches required tithing of their membership, so I was familiar with the concept, but I wasn't expecting something similar at the UUCC.

I was soon asked to make an additional sacrifice, that of my time. I became a member of both the Finance Team and the Stewardship Team, giving up hours of my time to benefit my new, and first, church community. I joined the Teams and immediately understood how important it was for us to contribute to our new spiritual home.

During my nine years as a member of the UUCC family I've continued to give of my time in various ways. Having grown up unchurched, simply becoming a member here was a big step for me. Our motivation for joining was attending Sunday services which started our weeks off both intellectually and spiritually stimulated. We were also seeking community, having recently moved to Charlotte from the Boston area, leaving behind all of our family and friends. The sacrifices that aligned with the privilege of being a part of this dynamic, supportive and joyous community hadn't crossed my mind when we joined, but are now understood.

In 2014 the Board of Trustees launched a visioning process to help us, as a congregation, define our collective vision for the UUCC of the future. The Vision Steering Team was formed and tasked with working

with the congregation to develop a vision statement that will guide us into the next phase of our growth. This Team has sacrificed tremendous amounts of time and energy in fulfilling its commitment, and we'll be hearing a lot more about its efforts over the next several months. The Team's commitment to the process ends in June, which is when the larger congregation's work really begins. The Board of Trustees is charged with setting the vision for the congregation and the Vision Steering Team's work will be invaluable to our guiding the congregation forward, together as a community.

The 5% pledge commitment that seemed unattainable to me in 2007 is now our reality, although it took us a few years to get there. We also open our wallets and contribute to the basket as it's passed across the pews every Sunday morning, knowing that this small weekly monetary sacrifice will ultimately help us to achieve our collective vision. Over time I began to understand that our sacrifices of time and financial resources are required not only to hold our spiritual community together but to continue to make it stronger.

### Dining Al Fresco

Daddy built  
a fire outdoors  
laid a sheet of metal  
over the flames  
poured wet oysters  
from a burlap bag  
to sizzle onto the heat

Dusk falling, we children capered  
around the warm glow  
waited for the shells  
to pop open  
and the succulent bit to crinkle  
around the edges  
before we scooped it out  
devoured it  
with soda crackers

Not until years later  
did it occur to us  
he had driven eighty miles  
over dirt roads  
to McClellanville and back

—Doris Thomas Browder

## “CELEBRATE COMMITMENT!”

by Ann Doss Helms

When I pine for grandchildren, my 26-year-old son likes to remind me that the lifetime cost of raising a child runs close to \$250,000. If he ever earns that kind of money, he says, he'd rather spend it on cars and travel.



Ann Doss Helms

Well, sure, when you put it that way ... Truth is, if we had to sign an informed consent form before reproducing, many of us might say “no thanks.”

But over and over I've heard people in this congregation speak with joy and pride of the sacrifices they've made for family. Once you commit to children, they're not only a part of you. They transcend you.

To sacrifice is not simply to pay a price or give something up. It's surrendering a part of your life in order to make it sacred.

I am slowly coming to see what I give to my church in that light as well.

I arrived with a very different mindset. I was an unchurched young adult in the skeptical profession of journalism. I arrived at *The Charlotte Observer* near the end of its coverage of the shady financial practices of the PTL Club (officially that stood for Praise the Lord, but everyone knew it as Pass the Loot).

Clearly things were different at the UUCC. I liked the way they did things, but I stayed alert for signs they might be just another church with designs on my checkbook. I made three-figure pledges, in line with my annual donations to many other good causes.

Eventually, though, I realized there was no “them.” The very things that drew me here – the respect for individual views, the reliance on the democratic process, the absence of a paternalistic hierarchy laying down rules – mean there is no one out there making decisions and paying bills. Our staff, our community presence, the richness of our music and worship and congregational support – all of these come only from us.

Slowly I shifted from seeing myself as a consumer (“What’s a reasonable payment for the services I use?”) or a donor (“This is what I’ll give; I’m sure they’ll be grateful”) to taking ownership. As Jay and previous stewardship teams challenged us to think about what we might sacrifice for our religious home, I fought past my PTL-alert reflexes and decided a commitment of 5 percent of my income is reasonable, even if that meant a big step up from “just another donation.”

I doubt I'll ever be able to make the kind of gifts that get my name on buildings. But through our church I can see my mark on the community. When staff and members lead the fight for marriage equality, march on Moral Mondays and engage with courage in the quest for racial justice, I take pride in knowing that's my church.

When religious seekers find a home here, I know that's because regular middle-class people like me are keeping this church alive and thriving. When a Sunday service stirs my soul or we come together to share each other's life transitions, I'm not just a passive audience member.

I don't know if I'll ever get those grandkids. But I see children exploring big ideas in religious education, teens mapping their spiritual lives in Coming of Age and a young adult group energizing our congregation. And I know that I'm creating something sacred to outlast me.



Being a father and taking an active role in guiding my daughter through life is not a sacrifice in itself. Are there times I wish I could leave all my responsibilities behind untethering myself from the world? Or go out at 10:00 at night to satisfy that craving for ice cream? Do I find myself mentally, emotionally, and physically exhausted most of the time? Yes. Am I sacrificing? I don't see it that way.

There will always be somewhere else I think I should be or something else I think I should be doing with my life. But the truth is I am right where I am supposed to be. Nothing in this world can match the feeling I get in those moments when my daughter snuggles up to me on the couch, looks up at me and says with such truth and realness, "I love you, Daddy." Those are the moments that get me through.

So maybe sacrificing one's needs or wants for a greater good is not only selfless but selfish. By being the best father I know how to be, I in return get so much more out of the deal that I could never simply view it as sacrifice.



*Mother and Child*, ink drawing by Beth Mussay

On those nights, after tucking her in, I would climb the steps to our bedroom, having sacrificed time with Norden, crawl in the bed beside him and cry. Was this a huge mistake? What had I been thinking?

There were moments of calm and joy. One evening I was cooking dinner and listening to music. James Taylor was singing, "Walking My Baby Back Home." Mom wheeled her walker into the kitchen, took my hand, and with slow, shuffling steps, began to dance with me. She didn't speak, her eyes were bright. Her hands were frail and fragile in mine. My heart burst with love for her.

After living with us for 8 months, my mom decided she wanted to move to Michigan, to live where she and my father had lived for 35 years and where my sister Becky still lives.

She dreamed of her old friends and the happy life they'd had. Sacrifice meant letting her go, realizing that my hope of caring for her in our home was over. Part of me was relieved because I was exhausted. I grieved that without me to fix breakfast for her and tuck her in at night, she might not know me the next time I saw her.

My sister and I were clear that again, we wanted to honor mom's wishes, even as she was losing her memory. I was committed to trying to help her live her last days in as much happiness as she could find. I just didn't know how much courage it would take to say goodbye.

My mom died five months after she moved to Michigan. I'm so grateful to have the memory of my mother in our home, with all of the sweetness, intimacy and heartache that involved. These days, I believe sacrifice is its own gift. For me, it required clarity, courage and commitment, and deeply enriched my life.



*Strawberry Field*, ink drawing by Beth Mussay

### Farmer 1943

I must leave  
these things I love

Fresh-turned loam  
behind the plow  
Honest odor  
of mule in the stable  
Damp cypress watering trough  
Musty leavings  
of last year's corn and shucks  
Foam of cow's milk  
warm in the bucket  
Watermelon splitting  
ahead of the knife  
Ripe scuppernongs  
weighting the dusk

No money here  
for new shoes  
school books

—by Doris Thomas Browder

## MISSION AND ENDS STATEMENTS

### Mission Statement

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.

### ENDS Statements

AS A CONGREGATION, WE COURAGEOUSLY NAME THESE ENDS TO WHICH WE ASPIRE:

We are a joyful, dynamic community of people who care about and are connected to each other.  
Here people are welcomed, heard, included and respected.

We are a sanctuary for those on a liberal religious path and  
a beacon of progressive thought and action in the larger Charlotte community.

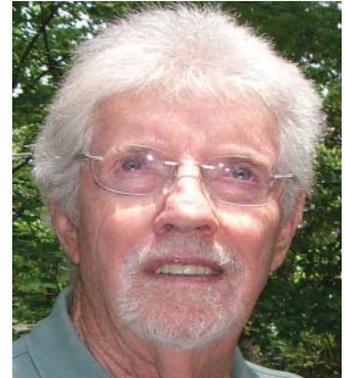
We cultivate lives of generosity and responsibility, sharing our personal abundance.

We are intentionally growing in our diversity as a congregation,  
each of us working with others to overcome the barriers that divide the human family.

We strive for peace, justice and equity in our hearts, our interpersonal relationships, our community and our world.

**Zeke Foard**

After Zeke Foard left the Army in 1955, he and his wife joined the then Unitarian Church of Charlotte, which was located on East Boulevard and had about 150 members. He did not start volunteering right away. Zeke first served as a volunteer when the church moved to our current location on North Sharon Amity Road in 1965. Because of his expertise in the sign business, Zeke was asked to help provide the sign that still greets us as we enter the parking lot from Gaynor Road. He also helped update the sign when our name changed to the Unitarian Universalist Church of Charlotte in 1993. Many of the signs inside and around our building -- for rooms and offices, the Visitors' Table, and the new signs outside that point to the entrances -- were obtained with Zeke's assistance. And, at the top of the stairs in the vestibule, there is a large wooden sign with gold lettering that the congregation commissioned Zeke to make.

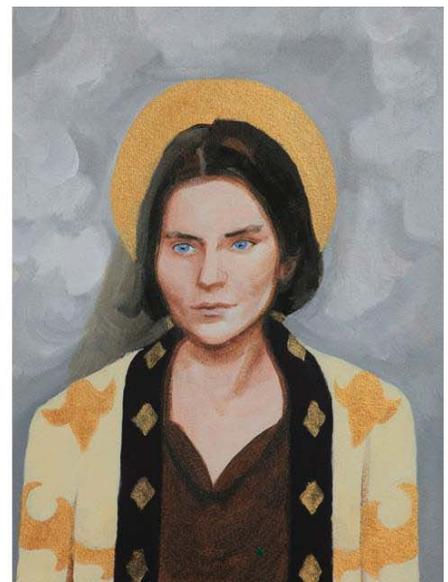
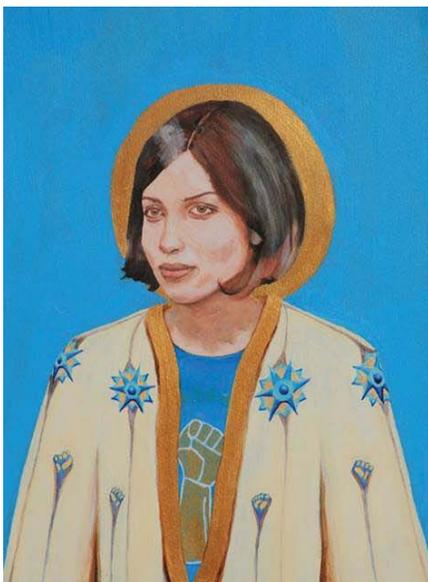


Zeke Foard

Zeke has shared more than his sign knowledge with our congregation. He gained a reputation as a handyman by fixing a problematic drawer in the kitchen, and an invitation to join the Building and Grounds Team soon followed. He is proud of the many ways the Team has improved our space, including refinishing the floors in the sanctuary and installing the drain at our front entrance. He appreciates how members of the Team take on projects and work hard to get things done.

Zeke says, "If you believe in an organization enough to have the energy to be there, you should have a sense of ownership of it." When asked to help with the stewardship campaign, he gladly contacted members about pledging. For years, he was one of the people who opened the church on Sunday mornings, has been a greeter on those same mornings, and is often a welcoming presence for memorial services. Again, he noticed where he could help, so he volunteered.

He feels strongly about the Unitarian Universalist Church of Charlotte and he wants to contribute to making things even better. In a variety of ways over many years, Zeke's efforts have helped make our church a more welcoming and vibrant place for members and visitors alike.



Pussy Riot is a Russian feminist punk rock protest group based in Moscow. The group's lyrical themes include feminism, LGBT rights just to name a few. The ink drawings above were created by Beth Mussay.

## MEET OUR NEW MEMBERS

### **Debra Van Aller Dahlin**

“I am from Yakima, Washington. I adopted my kids in 2004, Max, 15 and Beau, 14 from the Ukraine. I’ve taught at Winthrop and Warren Wilson, now seeking a position in Public Administration. I’ve been a Unitarian Universalist (more Universalist) since Montessori kindergarten. I love sushi, educational advocacy, origami, animal rescue, travel and movies.”



Debra Van Aller Dahlin



Greta, Claire, Nick and Fisher Lukens

### **Claire & Nick Lukens**

“Our family came together in Charlotte in 2005. We enjoy being outside and many types of artistic expression. Our kids both went to (still go to) Open Door School. We have a welsh terrier named Wallace.”

## Patched Overalls and Other Signs

Grandpa mended harness  
repaired broken chain links  
made rope from pieces of string.

Grandma canned tomatoes  
sewed the girls’ dresses  
saved every remnant for quilt tops.

Papa labored at a job he despised  
wore shoes re-soled twice  
fashioned dog collars from old belts.

Mama wrote letters on scrap paper  
squeezed out just enough toothpaste  
used the cheapest face cream.

I select store-brand cereal  
dine happily on leftovers  
buy clothes only on sale.

I did not arrive here alone.

–Doris Thomas Browder  
from *Searching for Maypops*  
Finishline Press 2015

## 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: March - Vocation; April - Stewardship of the Earth; May - Beacon/Witness. 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 UUC 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)

## FOR FURTHER ENGAGEMENT

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

### BOOKS:

- And the Mountains Echoed*, by Khaled Hosseini, 2014
- A Thousand Splendid Suns*, by Khaled Hosseini, 2007
- Little Bee*, by Chris Cleave, 2010
- Please Look After Mom*, by Kyung-sook Shin, 2011
- The Memory Keeper's Daughter*, by Kim Edwards, 2005 (also 2008 movie)
- The Last Temptation of Christ*, by Nikos Kazantzakis, 1960 (also 1988 movie)
- A Tale of Two Cities*, by Charles Dickens, 1859 (also 1935 movie)

### Preschool-Age 7

*The Magic Box: When Parents Can't Be There to Tuck You In*, by Marty Sederman, 2003

### Ages 6-12

- The Legend of the Bluebonnet*, by Tomie dePaola, 1996
- The Can Man*, by Laura E. Williams, 2010
- Those Shoes*, by Maribeth Boelts, 2009
- Charlotte's Web*, by E.B. White, 1952
- The Gift of the Magi*, by O. Henry, 1905

### Ages 11+

- The Hunger Games Trilogy*, by Suzanne Collins, 2010+
- Number the Stars*, by Lois Lowry, 2011
- The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*, by C.S. Lewis, 1950

### MOVIES:

- Amour*, 2012 (PG-13)
- Gran Torino*, 2008 (R)
- John Q*, 2002 (PG13)
- Pay It Forward*, 2000 (PG-13)
- The Insider*, 1999 (R)
- Saving Private Ryan*, 1998 (R)
- Life Is Beautiful*, 1997-1998 (PG-13)
- The Turning Point*, 1977 (PG)

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



Doris Thomas Browder

### **Doris Thomas Browder**

In the late 1980s Doris joined The Jabberwocks, a poetry group begun by the inimitable Katherine Kennedy McIntyre. Doris has taken poetry courses from Susan Ludvigson, Diana Pinckney, and most recently (for the last 10 years) from the incomparable Anthony

S. Abbott, retired Davidson professor. Her chapbook, *Searching for Maypops*, was published in 2015 by Finishing Line Press and is available in the church bookstore.

### **Laura Hamilton**

"It started with my first point-and-shoot: a Kodak Baby Brownie. In the many decades since, I have enjoyed capturing pictures that are both interesting and pleasing. Transforming a 3-D vision into a 2-dimensional image is challenging and satisfying. I look for curious perspectives, different angles, unusual designs, or fun situations. For me, photos provide great memories and wonderful entertainment."



Laura Hamilton



Beth Mussay

### **Beth Mussay**

Beth Mussay is a painter and illustrator originally from Indianapolis. She feels proud and lucky to come from a family of compassionate, politically conscious musicians. Beth is inspired by the beauty and complexity of people and the natural world. She aspires to contribute to the global political and artistic conversation

happening at this unique time in history. Beth currently lives and works in Waxhaw, North Carolina where she takes care of her kids, works on her green thumb, and does portrait commissions.

### **Sherry Sample**

From an early age, expression through art has been a passion for Sherry. Over the years she has created works in many mediums including acrylic, watercolor, mixed media and professionally as a product designer in trend and design. Realizing the joy she finds in creating art, Sherry challenged herself to work on one new piece of art each day in January.



Sherry Sample

# SOUNDINGS

## CHURCH OFFICE HOURS:

MONDAY-FRIDAY, 9 AM - 5 PM

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