

## JUNE UPDATE

2016



Poppies blooming in our moon garden

*Dear Union Church family,*

*As I sit here at the end of May, looking out on the lushness around me I feel overwhelmed with gratitude for the beauty everywhere. Family, friends and strangers will soon flock to our area to enjoy for a short while the splendor that we revel in all year. How blessed are we! May you have a wonderful summer and enjoy all that God has to offer.*

*Love,*

*Nancy*

**Union Church Web Site:** The Union Church Web Site <http://www.unionchurchme.com/home/> includes the weekly sermon and Sunday Bulletins and inserts as well as news items and pictures of church and community events. Please visit our web page often!

**VOLUNTEER OPPORTUNITY:** Seeds of Hope Neighborhood Center has a shortage of volunteers in June, particularly on Thursdays and Fridays. If you have a few hours to spare, please contact Rev. Shirley Bowen at 207-283-1783. Please contact Debbie Lamb if you have any questions about volunteering at Seeds. The Neighborhood Center is open from 9AM - 1PM Tuesday through Friday.

### **Calendar of Events:**

**June 4 – Saco Bay Gardening Club**

**Plant Sale:** Lots of healthy, inexpensive plants. Arrive early for the best selection.

**June 5 – Start of Summer Church**

**Service Schedule:** The Sunday Service will begin at 9:30 a.m. This schedule will hold until October 2<sup>nd</sup>.

**June 12- Annegret Baier** will be a

guest musician at the Sunday service.



**June 18 – Biddeford Ball:** The 3<sup>rd</sup> annual Biddeford Ball will occur on Saturday evening, June 18<sup>th</sup> in the mill building opposite the train station on Saco Island. The event will include great local food and drink, a silent auction, good music and a fashion runway show. All proceeds go to charity with a focus this year on hunger. For more information visit <http://www.suger.me/ball/>



**June 19 – Father’s Day**

**June 20 – Saco Meals**

**June 26 – Union Church Semi-Annual Meeting:** The all-church meeting will be held following a shortened coffee social after the Sunday service. Some new officers, deacons, and trustees will be elected. Highlights of the reports that you will receive prior to the meeting will be given and various new business will be discussed.



**AWARD WINNERS:** Tom Craven and Kathleen White, both long-time active volunteers with the Friends of Wood Island Lighthouse, were awarded American Lighthouse Foundation Len Hadley Volunteerism awards during the Foundation's gala held on May 15 at The Nonantum Resort. Congratulations!

**OPENING TO GRACE** (thanks to Peter Makena)

I want to play this song over and over again,  
as it plays the strings of my body into empty moments,  
clear, fluid moments  
without edges to interrupt  
its flow.

Music streaming like blood  
lifts me into the sky to currents of air  
that move me through my life.  
I soar past jagged peaks of thought  
and my mind lets go moving me higher into timeless space.  
The green earth solid and far beneath me,  
there to land on later.

Now, my arms are stretched wide for flying  
past forgotten dreams of pain  
I am not attached to any longer.  
I breathe in fresh new air and moments  
That move me into gratitude.

I am buoyed, held, the moment is now  
in this music.... the poem,  
are invitations to be with my joy  
and to dance with wildness  
As I soar I find fear hidden inside my joy,  
I begin to free fall towards earth.  
The trees reach up to hold me,  
the softness of their leaves cradle me,  
I am captured by their form  
and for one sweet moment I am their form.

I am leaves, branches, tree,  
the green solid earth  
and then once more.... only air.  
My arms as branches leave my side and lift me  
into oblivion,  
whirling through air, free again....free.....  
Oh how I yearn to feel the freedom of air.  
My breath draws in and exhales again and again  
Hold it in, then let it go.  
Let it go, let it go.... let go.....let go.....let go....

By Lisa Barstow in *Poems from the Heart*

## EDGES

Sand on the edge of the churning, singing sea,  
where sea and sand tickle each other,  
where sand tries to settle but sea won't let it,

Edges where plovers find their beloved delicacies buried,  
the edges where rocks sit quietly, no matter  
what the sea throws at them.

Suddenly I'm aware of the edges of everything.  
How a stubborn thought with a hard edge can disappear if I exhale.  
How anger can be distilled by a smile. How the life force everywhere

can enter my braced heart, loosen it, stir up a song.  
How the edge along a useless pattern looks tough and unyielding  
but is porous and elastic, easily sloughed off with a little willingness.

How happiness can suddenly interrupt a depression,  
like a wild purple sea throws itself onto the rocks  
and changes everything.

My edges are softening now  
as I ease toward a final edge where one  
day—how soon?—I'll be folded up and taken deeper, I hope,

into that wild and glorious body, that big and gracious heart  
where edges have completely dissolved  
where I too might begin to sing without end.

*Deborah Burke*