

ROXBURY UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, U.C.C.

May-June 2023 Newsletter

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO RECEIVE THIS NEWSLETTER BY EMAIL, PLEASE SEND YOUR EMAIL ADDRESS TO PASTOR SUE AT sue.church43@gmail.com.

LIGHTING THE CHURCH

The church is lighted in May and June by Pastor Sue in honor of fathers and mothers everywhere.

If you would like to light the church, please contact Claire Chomentowski at 485-7779.

WEDNESDAY VIDEO SERIES

Our Wednesday video nights are suspended until September when we will pick up again on the first and third Wednesdays of each month.

FOOD SHELF

The food shelf is open from 12 to 1 PM every Wednesday. Many thanks to all who volunteer, especially Linda and Barb, helping to serve the members of our community. If you have fresh produce during the summer the Food Shelf will be glad to distribute any extra veggies, etc. you wish to donate.

ANNUAL RUMMAGE SALE

With the arrival of Spring, many of us will begin Spring house cleaning. It is not too early to mention that Roxbury will celebrate Independence Day this year on Saturday, July 1st. We will be accepting gently used items from mid-June on.



Our friend, Jeanette Fernald, was honored for her ten years as a member of the American Legion. Congratulations, Jeanette!

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On May 18, we were honored to have music for worship provided by Northfield Fiddle.

Members: Cheryl Lake, Hannah Morvan, Nancy Motyka, Jenny Jackson, Sandy Weaver, Paul Carter, and Susan D'Amico

FROM THE UCC DAILY DEVOTIONAL

A Single Glorious Thing by Talitha Arnold

[The Lord] loves righteousness and justice; the earth is full of the steadfast love of the Lord. - Psalm 33:5 (NRSV)



Sometimes it's just plain hard to believe the Bible.

I'm not talking about things like the earth being created in six days or the parting of the Red Sea. I mean the Bible's really outlandish claims like; "the light shines in the darkness and the darkness has not overcome it" or the psalmist's proclamation that "the earth is full of the steadfast love of the Lord."

Really? What planet was the psalmist living on? Had they read the morning news? Had they looked around and seen the wars, the hunger, the injustice that filled the earth three thousand years ago as much as they do now? Believing that Moses parted the sea is a piece of cake compared to trusting that the earth is full of God's love sometimes.

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In such times, I need the wisdom of others to restore my faith. Perhaps you do, too. "In my own worst seasons," author Barbara Kingsolver wrote, "I've come back from the colorless world of despair by forcing myself to look hard for a long time, at a single glorious thing." For her, it was "a flame of red geranium outside my bedroom window ... my daughter in a yellow dress ... the crescent moon."

Kingsolver compared her process to that of someone recovering from a stroke, retraining new parts of the brain to grasp lost skills, until "I taught myself joy, over and over again."

I wonder if that's what the psalmist did. I wonder if you and I can do it, too.

Prayer: *When it's hard to believe the earth is filled with your love, retrain us to see your single glorious thing. Amen.*

PASTOR'S MESSAGE

We have been celebrating Pentecost and talking a lot about Trinity. I found this poem by Maren Tirabassi and want to share it with you. It's called,

Theology for Trinity Sunday.

God is like a braid, not a tousled lob.
God is like a symphony, not a soloist.
God is like a family,
any shape family –
steps and blends and chosen,
water cooler family and
recovery group family ...
not like a hermit.
God is like a soup kitchen,
where everyone eats together,
worker and guest.
God is not like take-away.
God sounds like the United Nations
or a really big airport,
God doesn't sound
like a national anthem,
anyone's national anthem.

God is more like prayer concerns
than a sermon,
anyone's sermon, especially mine.
God is like Facebook, oh, no!
with pictures of dogs and vacations
and grandchildren, not a blog.
(Have you looked at the mess
That is the Bible?)
God is like a rambling farmhouse,
or a trailer park, or public housing,
all those many, many rooms ...
God is not like a condo.
God is like
a baby born in a borrowed cave,
who flung the aurora borealis,
laughed at pterodactyls,
and is related to a burning bush,
who is also a chicken,
but sounds like a santa ana,
or Babel turned inside-out.