

UUMH Newsletter

236 Commercial Street • Provincetown • Massachusetts

July 2022



“The members of the UU Meeting House hold sacred each individual’s spiritual and ethical development. We welcome all and seek unity in diversity. We commit ourselves in service to the wellbeing of the congregation and to all of life.”

~Mission Statement of the Unitarian Universalist Meeting House of Provincetown

Pie **MAKES
IT ALL**



Better!

EAT MORE PIE.



Lessons Learned From Making Pie

It's about your touch: gentle, but sure.
It's about your memories: Thanksgivings, oh, the Fourths of July.
It's about your mother or your aunt, apron dusty with flour, showing you how.

It's about not knowing:
The filling, is it cooked?
It's not like you can look.
The bottom crust?
You gotta trust.

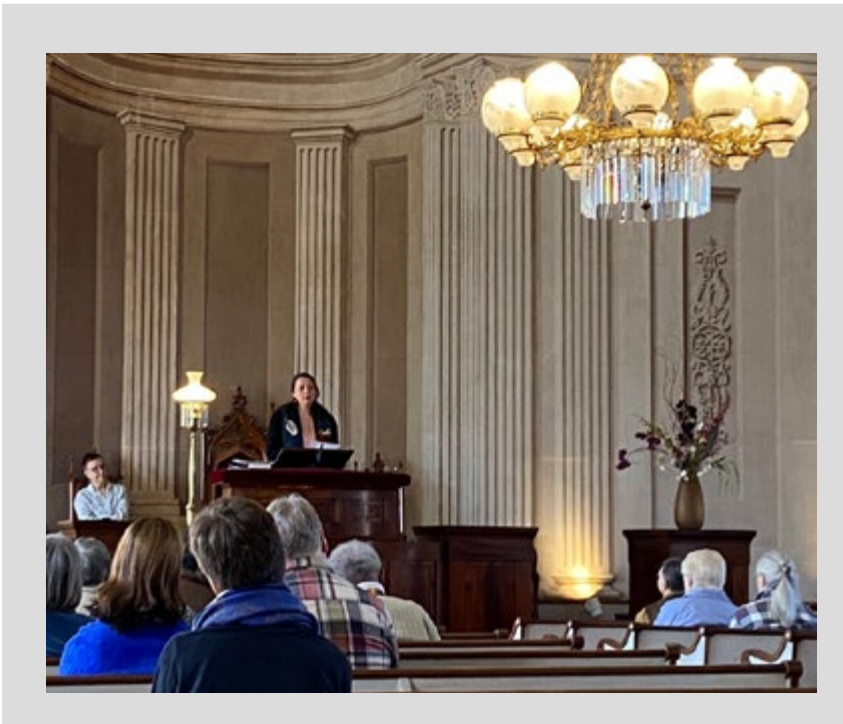
It's about choices:
Washing with egg or milk on the top?
Sprinkling with sugar, or, not.
Edging it-- beveling with the round of a spoon, or pressing with tines,
Or braiding or crimping, all fine, all fine.

The blueberries baking so juicy and full.
Stop here for a moment to conjure that smell.
Oh, how grand.
And

Pleasure and laughter bubble inside
as does sweetness, and then if it's rhubarb, sour.
"Sweet Hour,"
As Gram would say.
Ah.

[kmh]

Worship Worship Worship
Worship Worship Worship
Worship Worship Worship June



We are Live
and
On-line
Sundays
11 am

We will be live-streaming via YouTube.

join in at 11 am

www.uumh.org

Click on Sermons

A note from Rev. Kate
A note from Rev. Kate
A note from Rev. Kate



In lieu of a column this month, I submit this poem by Lynn Ungar, who has been my pandemic poet of choice these last few years. I think she says it well...

Keeping Faith
by Lynn Ungar (11/5/20)

It's hard, these days, to know what to believe in.
I still pray to Goodness,
Truth and Mercy,
but I am starting to suspect there are stronger gods.
and war brewing on the mountain.
Hope is still in the pantheon,
but Optimism
slunk off a while back. Joy, and her sister Delight,
still come around, and I leave the door open as I can.
But sometimes its hard for the soul to keep faith.
I am trying to listen behind its high, anxious whine
to prayers of the flesh. Tea, says the body.
Rain, lavender, red leaves, pie.



From the Board

From the Board

From the Board

I am the Secretary of the Board and I love my job. When I was three my mum taught me my alphabet by fashioning a keyboard out of cardboard, just like a typewriter's. I learned my abc's in Qwerty! So, I can type up a storm! I can take notes and still look at the people around the table (or, on the screen) and not miss a beat. There is not much opportunity to use this peculiar skill, actually, but being Secretary of the Board is the perfect chance to keep my fingers agile. (I have not figured out yet how to talk while taking the notes of myself talking, however. I get distracted by the sound of my own voice and my fingers stop. Something to work on.)

As I have said before in these pages, serving on your Board is an honor and a pleasure. I have never worked with a group so grounded in its covenant and focused on carefully, thoughtfully, proceeding with the people's work.

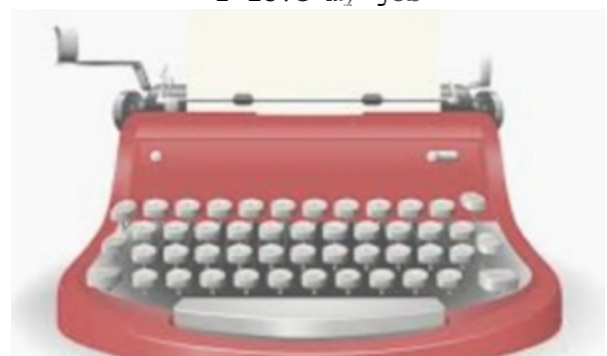
I have served under two Presidents of the Board, Bruce and now, Will. The transition was seamless. Bruce had created a vibrant and supple Board that was well-prepared to face the difficulties to come and Will assumed leadership with a gentle yet strong hand. He is a whiz at things technological and is deeply caring about all the Board members and indeed, all of the membership.

You may be approached at some point in the future to serve on the Board and I invite you to consider doing so. For sure, it is a *mitzvah* and it is also a gift to yourself.

In covenant,

Kathleen Henry
Secretary of the Board

I love my job



FROM: Ada Park Snider

I recently received this letter via the UU list in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico. It was posted by Stan Allen who is a member of the San Miguel UU congregation as well as the director of **ABBA House in Celaya, Mexico**

Since Covid, ABBA House has been less of a short term refuge for migrants traveling north than a home for amputees receiving services to help them restart their lives.

Stan asked that I include this appeal when posting his article to the UUMH Provincetown.

FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT

...May is the hottest month in San Miguel. We are in the High Sierra Mountains and the dry desert heat is very intense in the afternoons. It is the topic of most every conversation. We had a recent heat wave with temperatures in the mid 90's...

At ABBA, there is a ... migration of life and death fueled by desperation and hope. Migration is a human right and for the most dispossessed [it is] their only option to escape poverty, violence, and oppression. Young men and sometimes women leave everything familiar and known to undertake a dangerous, risky migration. Their freedom of movement creates a possibility for a hoped-for future that will provide safety and opportunity.

For many of our residents at ABBA House, their migration was tragically interrupted by serious accidents, most often, falls from the trains. ... At the present ABBA has 11 amputees in rehab and prosthetic therapies. ...

I am always touched by their openness, candor, and humor. Last year when Luis, a double amputee, got his prostheses, he commented with childlike innocence his disappointment that he wasn't taller. Luis wrote rap and had some YouTube notoriety. He left on his own two feet on his birthday all dressed up to meet family in Monterrey. Jorge returned to ABBA two months ago. He is a double amputee and lost his legs in a motorcycle crash with a truck and a collapsed storefront. He grew impatient and left for the border by bus in his wheelchair to file for a humanitarian visa with immigration. He was unsuccessful and now is recommitted to his therapy. ...Oscar has been at ABBA for maybe two months. He is articulate, bright and has quickly won the respect of all. He lost his foot above the ankle. He is the father of two young daughters. When I was empathizing with him about his serious loss, he gave me a look, and said "a serious loss would be death". I have such admiration and respect for their courage, faith, and determination.



I recently read an article about treatment for amputees. “Getting in the water is the single most important part of their rehab and recovery”. In a flash I recognized how to celebrate their patient and painful daily hard work, commitment to rehab and the recovery of their mobility. We’ll go swimming! ...

I have never planned anything like this before in Mexico. I knew the basic requirements must include privacy, easy and safe access into a pool no deeper than four feet, lots of flotation devices, healthy snacks, lots of beverages, sun block, water pistols, beach balls, water goggles, music and a very, vigilant staff.

The first most difficult challenge was to locate an appropriate pool hopefully close to ABBA House in Celaya... So, I do what I always do, network.

One of my very connected tennis buddies recommended Loma Largatija just outside of San Miguel. It is a family run and has thermal pools, jacuzzies, park like grounds and restaurant. ... I checked it out and it was perfect. Abril, the ABBA psychologist, worked out affordable bus transport to and from Celaya. The bus ride would just add to the fun of a full day field trip. We were scheduled for Wednesday June 8th. ...

What a sight as our 21 long-term residents filed off the bus in wheelchairs, and crutches helped by the able-bodied residents and staff. As they got closer to the pool passing through the shaded picnic area, they were like any other family preparing to enjoy a day together creating new memories. ...

While others were settling in and getting their bearings, Jorge quietly and efficiently lifted himself down from his wheelchair into the deep end of the pool. He rested for a minute before going underwater and coming up with his long white streaked hair floating behind him. One by one in their own time the pool was full of splashing, squirt-gunning, and noodle floating with cries of fun and water play. In thirty minutes, everyone was in and wet! . . .

From Stan Allen: (copy the link and put into your browser)

JOIN RACIAL JUSTICE PROVINCETOWN FOR

A SILENT VIGIL FOR PEACE AND JUSTICE



**THE FIRST
SATURDAY**
OF EVERY MONTH

**FROM NOON
UNTIL 1PM**
AT TOWN HALL ON
COMMERCIAL STREET

**WEAR A MASK AND MAINTAIN
SOCIAL DISTANCING OF 6 FEET**

[FACEBOOK.COM/PROVINCETOWNRACIALJUSTICEPROJECT](https://www.facebook.com/provincetownracialjusticeproject)

Poets' Corner



Heather Ferguson

Pies

“Write about pies,” she said.

Mud pies, magpies, cutie pies?

Or meat-free mincemeat pies?

A pied piper is leading our children
out of town forever. We ignore the gunfire,
and dither: Like another piece of apple pie?

Piebald dreams play out
in black and white, beyond change.

We're shackled to the rails,
and a train's coming, right on time.

A derisory pie-faced moon rises over the tracks.
It smirks: Unshackle yourself. It's easy:
the key to the combination lock is pi.

Jack R. Wesdorp, July 2022

3.14 ...

We ate humble pi,
it didn't taste good.

I suspect that's why
it's misunderstood.

Perhaps if the peach
or plum whatever
remained out of reach

we could endeavour
to glom apricot,
bisect the square root.

Geometry's not
aware that it's fruit.



This recipe came from my mother and grandmother, who were raised in Austria/Czechoslovakia. It can be used all summer long with whatever fruit is in season. My personal favorite is currants, which usually fruit in early August. In Europe, they are plentiful, but here they are difficult to find.
from Wendy Kahn

Muerbe dough (Cookie crust for fruit tarts)

1 1/2 sticks unsalted butter (soft)) } } } } } } } } }	mix well with hands.
2/3 cups sugar		chill at least several hours.
2 eggs and 2 yolks (or 3 whole)		
grated rind of 1 lemon		
3 cups flour		(freezes well)
1 t baking powder		

roll out chilled dough, or pat into pie pan or quiche pan.
makes 2 9-10" or 3 8" tarts.

This dough is generally very useful, but for currants I use another: 1 1/2 c. flour, 1/2 stick butter, 1/3 c. 3 yolks (somewhat richer) ^{no lemon or baking powder}
(2 8" tarts or 1 10-12" spring form) ^{over}

"From Deb Felix: "What do you mean you don't know how much milk you use?!" my 20 year-old self asked my grandmother. "This much," she smiled, pouring some milk into a bowl. I grabbed a blank 3x5 card and watched as this angel we called "Gram," who raised my siblings and me, made my favorite - Lemon Sponge pie - for my birthday instead of a cake. She did not use a recipe, so I measured the ingredients as she worked and wrote down everything she used and did. Of course, when I tried to make the pie later (repeatedly), it was never as good as hers.

Years later, I was stunned to see a recipe for Lemon Sponge Pie in the local newspaper. I cut it out and compared it to hers (see photo attached). Maybe this summer, I'll try making the pie both ways and see what happens! Best pie ever!

Lemon Sponge Pie *All handwritten notes come from my grandmother, Grace Brandt Straw.*

6 to 8 servings
 This tart dessert gets its name from the consistency of the baked filling, which seems like a combination of moist spongecake and creamy custard.
 It is best served the same day it is made.
 Adapted from a recipe by Catherine Bishop McGlone; crust from Washington Post staffer Peggy McGlone.

Ingredients

*For the crust **

- 1½ cups flour, plus more for the work surface
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup solid vegetable shortening
- ¼ cup ice-cold water

For the filling

- 1 cup sugar ✓
- 4 tablespoons (½ stick) salted butter, at room temperature - 2 Tbsp
- 2 large egg yolks, well beaten, plus 2 large egg whites, beaten until stiff ✓
- Finely grated zest and juice of 2 lemons - 1½ lemons
- 1 cup whole milk - 1½ cups
- 2 tablespoons flour - 1 heaping
- ½ teaspoon salt - pinch salt

Steps

- For the crust: Lightly flour a work surface.
- Use your clean hands or two forks to combine the flour, salt and shortening in a mixing bowl. Add the water and stir just until a crumbly dough forms.
- Transfer the dough to the work surface; knead it together to form a smooth dough, then use a rolling pin to roll it out to a round that measures 10 inches across. Fold the dough over the rolling pin to transfer it to an 8-inch pie plate (not deep-dish, and preferably metal). Fit in the dough and crimp the edges around the rim. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate until just firm, or up to a day or two.
- Preheat the oven to 325 degrees.
- For the filling: Combine the sugar and butter in the bowl of a stand mixer or handheld mixer; beat on medium-low speed, until well incorporated and a little fluffy. Stop to scrape down the bowl.
- On low speed, add the egg yolks, lemon zest and juice, beating until well combined. Stop to scrape down the bowl. The mixture may look a bit curdled; this is okay. Add the milk and sprinkle in the flour and salt; beat on low speed just until well incorporated.
- Gently fold in half the beaten egg whites, being careful not to deflate them; once any signs of white have disappeared, gently fold in the remaining egg whites.

Bake at 450° for 10 min., 350° for 30-40 more

• When ready to bake, place the pie pan on a baking sheet, discarding the plastic wrap. Use a fork to poke a few sets of holes in the bottom of the pie dough crust.


• Pour the filling into the pie shell; transfer the baking sheet to the oven and bake (middle rack) for about 1 hour; the filling will be set with a few nicely browned spots, and the crust will be just lightly golden.

• Let it sit for 30 minutes before serving.

** 8 Tbsp. flour, 4 Tbsp. water, 2 Tbsp. Crisco, (all heaping), 1 Pinch of salt.*

Nutrition | Per serving (based on 8): 390 calories, 5 g protein, 46 g carbohydrates, 21 g fat, 11 g saturated fat, 65 mg cholesterol, 370 mg sodium, 0 g dietary fiber, 27 g sugar

Recipe tested by Peggy McGlone; email questions to food@washpost.com



From: Mo Kafka

Here is a photo I found of my pumpkin pies. These are my family favorite. They are made annually for Thanksgiving from the same recipe my parents used in my childhood. This was found in the inimitable Fannie Farmer's Cookbook. Ms. Farmer was Unitarian and ahead of her time. She developed the now common standardized measuring cups and spoons and had MIT measure the caloric content of her recipes for her reworking of the Boston Cooking School Cookbook. Within her cookbook she insisted on the then radical idea that women needed the same caloric intake as men by body weight. Even people who claim they don't like pumpkin often will enjoy the custard consistency and subtle spicing of this pie. It is so much more appealing than a 'squash pie' that tastes like a vegetable dish.



Photo: Mo Kafka

So this is not my own personal recipe, though I have written my version of it. It has been in print and shared in minor variations since her cookbook was first published in 1896. If you count every edition of her cookbook it is the best selling of all time, so I am told.

This recipe is easily doubled and if so will fill 3 or 4 shallow 8" pie plates, great if one is baking to offer pies to others.

Prepare or purchase a 9" pie shell. Ideally use a sturdy deep pie plate, such as a glass one with handles. Place rack in center and preheat oven to 425 degrees.

1.5 cups of steamed and mashed or pureed pumpkin or plain canned pumpkin. Do not use canned 'pumpkin pie mix'

1 cup sugar

1 heaping teaspoon powdered ginger

1 heaping teaspoon cloves (you may substitute or add nutmeg or allspice to personal taste but the hint of cloves is a delightful surprise to many)

1.5 heaping teaspoon cinnamon

.5 teaspoon salt

1 can evaporated milk

1/2 cup milk

2 eggs, slightly beaten

Combine pumpkin, sugar, spices and salt well in a large mixing bowl (optimally one with a handle and pour spout). Then add the milk and eggs and combine well ensuring the spices are well distributed. The batter will be thin, it will thicken as it bakes. It does require focused handling to get it into the pie plate and into the oven without spilling. SO...here's my tip: I prefer to temporarily place a cookie sheet on the rack below the center rack, then put the pie crust in the center rack with that rack extended, meaning pulled out.

THEN carefully pour the liquid batter into the pie plate, have a rubber spatula ready to get it all out, then slowly and gently slide the rack in. The cookie sheet below can then be pulled out as it should have caught any drips so they don't burn and smoke in the oven.

Bake at 425 degrees for 10 minutes and lower the heat to 300 degrees. Then bake 45 minutes or until a toothpick inserted in the middle of the pie comes out clean or with little bits of solid filling. If the filling jiggles a lot when you pull the rack forward the pie needs more time, some ovens may require an hour or more bake time. Cool completely on wire rack, then chill overnight for best serving results. Once cooled you may cover in carefully stretched cellophane or wax paper but if it sticks to the top of the pie the nice smooth shiny finish will be affected. The pie also freezes well if tightly wrapped. Enjoy!

[Editor: See the pumpkin poem on the last page of this newsletter!!]

Grace says.....this is how you roll the dough for the best pie ever!!



The finished pie!
Proud chef!



Home-baked pies were pretty rare in my family. We always went to my grandparents' home at Christmas. Everyone worked together to cook a delicious meal, except for dessert. The dessert was always pumpkin pie. My grandfather was in charge of getting them and he always went to the A&P and bought the store brand. They were okay, but not great. My father suggested that we would bring a nicer pie from a bakery, but my thrifty farmer grandfather insisted on the A&P pies. My father did get his way with having real fresh whipped cream to go with them. One time he bought a lovely cake from a French bakery as an additional dessert. Somehow our dog managed to sit on the box in the car (he must have been in cahoots with my grandfather), so we never got to eat it! Sigh.

from **Sasha Curran**



“Good apple pies are a considerable part of our domestic happiness.”
Jane Austen

I don't have a pie recipe for Rhubarb pie but I remember as a child we had Rhubarb growing in the yard and we used to give it to my grandma to make Rhubarb pie. I don't remember liking it. Someone brought a Strawberry Rhubarb pie a few years back to a party we had and to this day I only remember the pie and how amazing it was so I hope someone has a recipe for it.
Cheers,

Lisa Bergeron

My parents were newlyweds, and Mom decided to make a cherry pie. She followed her mother's recipe to the letter and made a beautiful pie. You know, with the crisscrossed strips on top. Dad was impressed and touched by her efforts. He took his fork, dug in, and put the bite in his mouth. He bit down and discovered that she hadn't removed the pits. Clearly a case for thorough instructions.

from **Dianne Kopser**

“Cut my pie into four pieces.
I don't think I could eat
eight.”
Yogi Berra



**July 2nd
10am to 12pm**

Visualize Peace Another World is Possible

We Outer Cape Peaceniks are inviting you and your organization to be a part of this offering/action on **July 2nd from 10am to 12pm.**

Large numbers of visitors will be driving onto the Cape for the 4th weekend. We will stand all along the sides of route 6 on the Outer Cape.

People will hold posters and banners with pro peace and anti war messages.

It is time to stand up and say no to war everywhere, to say no to the creation of more and more refugees and the destruction of communities and the environment. It is time to support immigrants and asylum seekers who have suffered war and violence.

It is time to invest our tax dollars into housing, health, education and the arts.

We will have drummers and music. The messages are whatever anyone feels compelled to say, ie, no war in Yemen, in Palestine, in Ukraine, in Ethiopia, in Kashmir, etc.

Also messages like stop the proliferation of weapons of war.

Let us offer some inspiration for this holiday.

We are open to whatever ideas you may have for your participation.

Peace,
Mel Dwyer
Alison Dwyer
Wave
Karen Pagano
Chuck Cole
Olga Kahn
Catherine Russo
Roland Blair
Sara Blandford
Barbara Murphy
Linda Loren
Donna Flax
Rev. Kate Wilkinson
UU Social Action Committee



MUSICIANS!
AUDIENCE!
IN-PERSON &
LIVE STREAM!

24th season Great Music on Sundays @5

PRODUCED BY JOHN THOMAS



Unitarian Universalist Meeting House 236 Commercial St. Provincetown MA

July 17

Broadway: Curtain Up!
favorite songs from great musicals
with the GMS@5 Broadway ensemble
John Thomas music director & pianist

July 24

Songs from the Road
from west to east on the Silk Routes & beyond
Eric Maul flute
John Thomas piano
Justin Torrellas woodwinds
Parker Ousley cello

July 31

A Symphony of Crickets
music & spoken word & the poetry of Charles Coe
Charles Coe voice
Ken Field sax & flute
Mark van Bork guitar & voice
Darlene van Alstyne voice
Blake Newman bass
Phil Neighbors drums

On Sunday July 9 at 5pm at the First Congregational Church of Wellfleet (200 Main Street), pianist John Thomas and saxophonist Ken Field will present "Music for Ukraine" to raise funds to help Ukrainians. 100% of donations will be sent to the International Rescue Committee and United Church of Christ Global H.O.P.E. Ukraine Emergency Appeal.
More information at wellfleetchurch.org or 508.349.6877.

free admission donations welcome handicapped accessible

YouTube @Great Music on Sundays at 5 live-stream & one-week availability PayPal donations welcome venmo





Photo: Marty Cowden

Among Ourselves

As Fourth of July celebrations begin, let us pray for the protection of our freedoms and our human rights and let us pray for freedom for all people, for the recognition of all peoples' human rights, and for the community of nations.

Let there be peace on earth
And let it begin with me
Let There Be Peace on Earth
The peace that was meant to be
With God as our Parent
Family all are we
Let me walk with my family
In perfect harmony.
Let peace begin with me
Let this be the moment now.
With ev'ry step I take
Let this be my solemn vow
To take each moment and live
Each moment in peace eternally
Let there be peace on earth
And let it begin with me

Songwriters: Jill Jackson / Sy Miller

Every month, it seems, we have a page commemorating yet another life lost or tragically wounded because of systemic racism. If we fight the good fight together, if we make “good trouble,” we can change the world.



HYMN FOR THE HURTING

BY AMANDA GORMAN

Everything hurts,
Our hearts shadowed and strange,
Minds made muddied and mute.
We carry tragedy, terrifying and true.
And yet none of it is new;
We knew it as home,
As horror,
As heritage.
Even our children
Cannot be children,
Cannot be.

Everything hurts.
It's a hard time to be alive,
And even harder to stay that way.
We're burdened to live out these days,
While at the same time, blessed to outlive them.

This alarm is how we know
We must be altered —
That we must differ or die,
That we must triumph or try.
Thus while hate cannot be terminated,
It can be transformed
Into a love that lets us live.

May we not just grieve, but give:
May we not just ache, but act;
May our signed right to bear arms
Never blind our sight from shared harm;
May we choose our children over chaos.
May another innocent never be lost.

Maybe everything hurts,
Our hearts shadowed & strange.
But only when everything hurts
May everything change.



For my grandmother's 99th birthday, my mother made her a cherry pie. Her favorite.
Rev. Kate



Ordained!

On June 5, 2022, UUMH members Kat Black and Chris Vazquez were ordained as Interfaith Ministers, by the Chaplaincy Institute of Maine. Over two years, they each completed 500 hours of academic study and 300 hours of community service.



Kat did much of her community service through the UUMH pastoral care program. Chris did his through interning with the Provincetown United Methodist Church. The academic study included weekly classes and monthly weekend workshops which introduce students to a diversity of ideas, practices, beliefs and theories. The program delves into religious and spiritual traditions from around the world, and stresses artistic expression to discover and experience the sacred.

In the coming months, Kat and Chris will be exploring ways to serve as chaplains in the Outer Cape community. Spiritual care, coaching and counseling is one area of interest to both. They will definitely be available to officiate celebrations and memorial services. Chris will be using his carpentry and building skills to help elders “age in place.” And Kat will be combining sound healing with spiritual care.

*“Tell me what is it you plan to do with your one
wild and precious life?”*

Mary Oliver

Getting to Know You

Keith Hunt: I am an avid gardener and love to build jigsaw puzzles.



> My birth name was Muriel Sklenar. Got married and it became Muriel Crisara and now is Lawrence Crisara.



I have lived for a year in 3 different countries and have travelled in 40 different countries. I have also travelled to 48 US states and have been to airports in all fifty states. Stan Hudson



From the Editor

Well, I hope your mouth is watering and you are hankering for that perfect piece of pie. It is balm for the soul. It is home.

Go get some, or bake one, and take it to your friend who is hungry for conversation and hugs.

Go get some, or bake one, and eat it all up all by yourself! Get your mug. Fill it full with steaming tea. Settle in your chair. Turn off the headlines rattling through your brain, just for the moment, and pick up your fork. Lean in.

There you go.

Gardening does it for some, singing for others, a good long walk in the woods is just the thing for many...but pie? Pie is for everyone.

**It ain't an indulgence.
It is medicine.**

The Pumpkin
by John Greenleaf Whittier
(excerpt)

. . . .

Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South comes the pilgrim and guest;
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored;
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before;
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye,
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin pie?

Oh, fruit loved of boyhood! the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin, -- our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like steam
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!

Then thanks for thy present! none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking, than thine!
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin pie!



Photo: Mo Kafka



Back Page
The
Meetinghouse News
Kathleen Henry, Editor
Submissions are welcomed
and encouraged!
Please submit written work,
announcements,
and artwork,
by the 20th
of the month
to
meetinghousenews@gmail.com