



FRIDAY, JANUARY 7TH, 2022



Dear Ones,

Happy Snow Day! Childhood memories of being bundled into a snowsuit and standing next to a wall of snow three times my height still tingle with astonishment. Being married to a teacher and living at a school has added to the joy. I especially love watching the first-year students from tropical climates experiencing snow for the first time — exhilarating and hilarious! That said, my apologies to those of you for whom snow is your least favorite part of winter. I'm told that Mark Twain said, "If you don't like the weather in New England now, just wait for a few minutes."

*

This Sunday, both Andrew Stack and Rev. Joanna Lubkin are doing "double duty" — Andrew playing piano and singing baritone and Jo singing mezzo soprano and preaching! #SoMuchTalent!

Some highlights: Rev. Jo's poem for the chalice lighting is American poet Mary Oliver's *Mindful*. Director of Music Mark David Buckles (guitar) and Julie Metcalf (violin) sing the Gaelic melody and Eleanor Farjeon's words *Morning Has Broken* and Leah Song and Chloe Smith's (Rising Appalachia) *Harmonize*. Andrew and Jo are joined by Bek Zehr (mezzo soprano) on Brendan Taaffe's *Come Love Away*. Hala Hazar is our worship coordinator. Rev. Jo's sermon is called *Cultivating Delight*.

Here's another Mary Oliver favorite — "First Snow," from *American Primitive*.

The snow
began here
this morning and all day
continued, its white

rhetoric everywhere
calling us back to why, how,
whence such beauty and what
the meaning; such
an oracular fever! flowing
past windows, an energy it seemed
would never ebb, never settle
less than lovely! and only now,
deep into night,
it has finally ended.

The silence
is immense,
and the heavens still hold
a million candles, nowhere
the familiar things:
stars, the moon,
the darkness we expect
and nightly turn from. Trees
glitter like castles
of ribbons, the broad fields
smolder with light, a passing
creekbed lies
heaped with shining hills;
and though the questions
that have assailed us all day
remain — not a single
answer has been found —
walking out now
into the silence and the light
under the trees,
and through the fields,
feels like one.

Faithfully yours, with love
Kim

