



FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5<sup>TH</sup>, 2021



*Photo Credit: Joann Vitali*

Dear Ones,

First a reminder: Daylight Saving Time begins just in time to get an extra hour of sleep before the service on Sunday. Don't forget to "fall back" your clocks!

This Sunday morning, AnnaLotte Smith opens the service on piano playing Reena Esmail (born in 1983) and Claude Debussy (born 121 year earlier!). Andrew Stack (bass), Hannah Shanefield (soprano), and Yunona Tabala (soprano) sing Rev. Gretchen Haley and Rev. Jason Shelton's *Come, Let Us Worship*:

Whatever you have come in  
anticipating  
Whatever you expect  
Or worry  
For our world,  
for the future  
For our lives  
let it go  
make space in your heart  
in your heart  
to be surprised  
Make room  
in your soul  
for a new story to take shape  
Be for this time,  
astonished  
at this life

this life  
that remains  
A miracle  
make space  
in your heart  
for still this dreaming  
together  
this being hope for each other  
and courage  
to believe  
in this new day  
dawning  
For us all  
Come, let us worship  
Together

We'll all sing/hum *Circle 'Round for Freedom* and *Let Go*. Mark David Buckles and Julie Metcalf sing *Northern Harmony* and Mia and Lev Friedman's setting of Isaac Watts' ancient text, *Amelia*, and Emma's Revolution's *Better Days*. Mark David is joined by Rev. Joanna Lubkin and Matt Malinkowski to lead us in *Shake It Out*.

John O'Connor is our worship coordinator. My sermon is called *The Three Poisons*. AnnaLotte concludes the service with a Bach fugue on the organ.

*Faithfully yours, with love,  
Kim*

Wednesday's weekly tea with Rev. Beth and me is an intimate, hilarious Zoom gathering — a wonderful way to get to know Arlington Street members and friends. All are welcome! This week's prompt was, What are your favorite smells? Here are some of our answers: roasting nuts, gardenias, camphor, pine trees (white pine, balsam, a pine forest on a summer day, Christmas trees), a Chinese herbal medicine store, English leather, eggnog with nutmeg, orange, chocolate, coconut, cinnamon, vanilla, the air in March and April, bookstores, a riparian environment in the desert, coffee ice cream, onions and garlic sautéed in butter, homemade pasta, Chinese energy soup, the air in late August and September, ginseng and dong quai, Olde Time Woodsman bug repellent, incense, lemongrass, lilacs, the ocean and salty air, chocolate chip cookies in the oven, pumpkin spice, mulled cider, flowering citrus trees, tea olive trees, model airplane glue, olive oil, stinky cheese, dried tobacco, boiled peanuts, Murphy's oil soap, fresh sheets, oil-based paint, toasted orange peels, camomile flowers, honeysuckle, dry leaves in Autumn, beeswax votive candles, pipe smoke, purple grapes, creosote, sandalwood, patchouli, bergamot, lavender, clover, honey, baked lasagna, gasoline, a fireplace fire, coffee, citrus (lemon, lime), flowering citrus trees, mint, basil, the forest floor when you scuff it up with your boots, a Parisian chocolatier, burnt toast, puppy breath, puppy paws, a clean house, ripening apples, sheets dried on the line in the summertime, sunny skin, roses, carnations, cornbread in the oven, roasting corn, food that is being smoked, hyacinths, cloves, Casablanca lilies, fresh-cut lumber, popcorn, darkroom chemicals, a "homey" home smell, slow-cooked food, crystallized ginger, the "winter" spices, fresh-baked bread (with butter and strawberry or raspberry jam), coffee, a good bottle of wine (or coffee at an AA meeting!), Cashmere Bouquet soap (still available at the Vermont Country Store), Aveda hair products, and — get ready for it — skunk!



### **The Road Not Taken**

by Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.