



FRIDAY, MARCH 13TH, 2020

Dearly Beloved,

Last Sunday, COVID-19 felt very far away. When our tech team (Art Nava, Hala Hazar, and Sandy Dixon) began exploring how we might move Arlington Street's worship and in-person gatherings to an online platform, it felt like an abundance of caution. I prayed it would never come to that.

But as of last night, heeding advice from *everyone,* we've made the decision to do just that.

This coming Sunday, March 15th, we strongly encourage you to stay home and worship online. Rev. Beth will lead our virtual service with music by Mark David Buckles and a sermon called A Declaration of Interdependence, preached by Rev. Fred Small, our Minister of Climate Justice. A centerpiece of the service (as always) will be sharing our sorrows and joys together in beloved community. You can submit candles in advance of the service here or share them during the service via live chat. On Saturday, I will update you with a link to access Sunday morning's 11:00 worship. As we get up to speed on what it means to gather virtually, more updates will follow. In addition, for the time being, all Arlington Street-sponsored meetings and events will be shifted to an online format or postponed. Know that these are temporary measures! This coronavirus, too, shall pass.

Meanwhile, dear ones, let's be in touch with one another. Let's be especially mindful of those who are at greatest risk of isolation. If you can offer to grocery shop for someone who is immune compromised, that would be wonderful! If you've never tried Zoom and you'd like to hold a meeting, here's your chance to learn; you can click here for a Zoom tutorial. I'm so excited to hear all the ways we can be creative and connected and generous as we navigate this new normal.

Even when we are physically apart, I am holding you very close.

*Faithfully yours, with love always,
Kim*

Here's a poem for you by my colleague Rev. Lynn Unger.

Pandemic

What if you thought of it
as the Jews consider the Sabbath-
the most sacred of times?
Cease from travel.
Cease from buying and selling.
Give up, just for now,
on trying to make the world
different than it is.
Sing. Pray. Touch only those
to whom you commit your life.
Center down.

And when your body has become still,
reach out with your heart.
Know that we are connected
in ways that are terrifying and beautiful.
(You could hardly deny it now.)
Know that our lives
are in one another's hands.
(Surely, that has come clear.)
Do not reach out your hands.
Reach out your heart.
Reach out your words.
Reach out all the tendrils
of compassion that move, invisibly,
where we cannot touch.

Promise this world your love-
for better or for worse,
in sickness and in health,
so long as we all shall live.

~ Lynn Ungar 3/11/20