

Our Fathers
UU Community Church of Santa Monica
Small Group Ministry
June 2013

Welcome and Explanations 5 minutes

Chalice Lighting

The truth of it is that if you really listen to another person, whether on the surface she is talking about the weather or predicting the outcome of the World Series or even preaching a sermon, if you really listen, you begin to realize that what she is really talking about is herself. She is saying, "Love me," or maybe "Hate me" or "Pity me," but always she is saying one way or another, "Listen to me. Know me."

- Frederick Buechner

Check in / On Our Hearts 20 minutes

Covenant

Reading

How I miss my father
I wish he had not been
so tired
when I was
born.

Writing deposit slips and
checks

I think of him.
He taught me how.
This is the form,
he must have said:
the way it is done.
I learned to see
bits of paper
as a way
to escape
the life he knew
and even in high school
had a savings
account.

He taught me
that telling the truth
did not always mean
a beating;
though many of my truths
must have grieved him
before the end.

How I miss my father!
He cooked like a person
Dancing
in a yoga meditation
and craved the voluptuous
sharing
of good food.

Now I look and cook just like
him:
my brain light;
tossing this and that
into the pot;
seasoning none of my life
the same way twice; happy to
feed
whoever strays my way.

He would have grown
to admire
the woman I've become:
cooking, writing, chopping
wood,
staring into the fire.

-Alice Walker, "Poem at
Thirty-Nine"