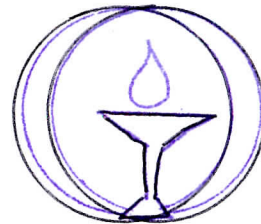


# UNITARIAN CHURCH

ELLSWORTH, MAINE  
Sundays 10:30 am  
Phone: 667-4393

DR. HARRY C. MESERVE, Minister  
Box 1066 Southwest Harbor, Me.  
Phone: 244-7124



## NEWSLETTER September 1979

### SUNDAY SERVICES

Sept 2 The Rev. Timothy W. Ashton  
The Universalist Unitarian  
Church  
Brockton, Massachusetts  
Sept 9 Dr. Harry C. Meserve  
Sept 16 Dr. Harry C. Meserve  
Sept 23 Dr. Harry C. Meserve  
Sept 30 Dr. Harry C. Meserve

Dr. Meserve can be reached in case of need at 244-7124. The mail address is Box 1066, Southwest Harbor, Maine 04679.

### TRUSTEES

On Sunday, November 11, at 7:30 pm Midge Rowbotham will present a slide show and lecture on her recent visits to China. This will be a church benefit occasion and open to the public.

All members of the congregation, and especially members of committees, are welcome to attend Board meetings. The next meeting will be held at the church at 7:30 pm on Wednesday, September 5.

### SEXTON'S DUTIES

Sept 2 & 9 Chandler & Marion  
Richmond  
Sept 16 & 22 Stanley & Joanne  
Richmond  
Sept 30 & Oct 7 Ray & Ruth Royal

### WOMEN'S ALLIANCE

The first meeting of the Alliance, for 1979-80, will be held September 12, at the home of Louise Ramsdell, with hostesses to be Louise Ramsdell and Adelle Day.

Sept. 28, Friday, the PARISH SUPPER and meeting will be held at 6:30 pm at the church, under the supervision of Ruth Royal and Gail Strout.

### DOORS AND WINDOWS

Will the last person leaving the church please check to see that all doors and windows are secure, especially see that the bolts on top and bottom of front door are in place. Thank you.

### NEWS

Mrs. Ethel Cary is now home from Collier's Manor!

Dr. Meserve held a funeral service in August for Gordon Ramsdell's mother.

### FLOWERS

Joanne Richmond needs volunteers for floral arrangements on Sundays in September. Those who could contribute flowers for future services should call Joanne at 667-8932.

SUNDAY SCHOOL - SEPTEMBER 9th

On Sunday, Sept. 9, at 9:45 to 10:30 am, our Sunday School for young people at the church will resume, with Deborah Cravey as teacher. The overall program will be a study of the family, developing from an initial discussion of the child and the structure of one's place in the family to one's place in the "family of man," after many discussions.

Mrs. Cravey asks for the young people planning to attend the Sept 9th Sunday School to please bring a photograph of one's self as a baby and another one including the family, (even pets if any) for a poster. These should not be "treasured" photos as Mrs. Cravey cannot be sure of their safekeeping although every effort will be made to safeguard them. On the

back of the family photo, names and ages of each member should be noted if possible. In case a photo is not available, a drawing of the family would do nicely.

As the year progresses, ceremonies of children in families around the world will be studied, with drama and first-hand sampling of foreign foods, music, etc., included. For examples, around Thanksgiving a Pilgrim party, at Christmas a celebration, and in the spring, an Indian festival are planned.

At 10:30, the formal part of the lesson will be over. Mrs. Cravey will be available for the next hour during the church service for those young people who wish to remain in the Sunday School. More details may be obtained from Deborah at 667-9416.

## The Bird in Your Bosom

I think it was the Quaker Isaac Pennington who wrote, "If you ever kill the bird in your bosom, it's all up with you." The phrase is one which has been in my memory for many years. At first I wondered what it meant. The figure seemed a bold one, somewhat sentimental, somewhat awkward. Then one day a friend said to me, "I think I shall be old on the day when I wake up in the morning and dare not expect or hope that anything lovely will come my way." Then I recalled the bird in the bosom and saw what it meant. I also recalled the cryptic lines of Keats in his poem, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci":

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
Alone and palely loitering,  
The sedge is withered from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

The bird in your bosom is that in you that answers to everything lovely and valuable in the world around you: to persons, to places, to sounds, sights, and meanings that enlarge your own life by keeping your mind alert and your heart open. We are kept alive essentially by our ability to let the bird inside of us fly, sing, and feed on the seeds that nature, art, and humanity offer. The food is always there. We keep the bird alive by letting him be free.

It is not a question of age in years. I have known people who have killed the bird at an early age and are old before they are thirty and people in their nineties in whom the bird still sings. It is a matter of learning how to stay fully alive as long as you live. People carry many different kinds of birds in their bosoms. They are as varied and colorful as all the birds in the ornithologists' life lists, and there are more of them. The catalogue of human interest, expression, and love is inexhaustible. That interest may center on nature as well as God, the dust of the earth and its humblest creatures as well as the farthest reaches of the universe, and everything in between. Each one of us has his own preferences and special sources of joy and wonder. But whatever these may be, there are three attitudes that help keep the bird in the bosom alive and active.

One is the ability to pay careful attention to whatever is under your observation. The person who watches, listens, and waits with patience is the one who not only can give affectionate concern but also the one who finds many very ordinary things quite refreshing and interesting.

A second essential quality is the capacity to put yourself in another's place, to feel what the other is feeling, see as he sees, understand things as he understands them. We call this gift empathy. It is a wonderful gift, not only because it helps us identify with experiences and persons outside ourselves, but also because it spares us a lot of trouble and pain. We do not have to do everything personally in order to understand what it might be like. Hence, we are set free from futile efforts to achieve the impossible and can turn our attention to things within our reach.

The third essential that arises out of the first two is imagination. We live not only where we are or can go physically, but where we can go in our minds and hearts. My grandfather, whose birds lived in his bosom almost up to the day of his death, never left New England for more than a few days. But with him I traveled to all the great cities and sights of the world. "Where shall we go today?" he would ask me. And we would be off on the wings of his vast knowledge, his keen sympathies, and his vivid imagination to whatever place I might name. It was no wonder that, when years later I visited some of those places in person, they looked familiar to me. I had already been there, traveling with the birds in my grandfather's bosom.

It is not a bad way to travel: no energy crunch, no worthless dollars, no outrageous expenses, no delays in airports, and no trouble getting home. Also it helps keep you alive.

H.C.M.