

“Aging”

A Covenant Group Curriculum, River of Grass Unitarian Universalist
Congregation

Opening Meditation/Music/Silence/Chalice Lighting (whichever one(s) you choose to do)

Opening Words:

“Old paint on canvas, as it ages, sometimes becomes transparent. When that happens it is possible, in some pictures, to see the original lines: a tree will show through a woman’s dress, a child makes way for a dog, a large boat is no longer on an open sea. That is called *pentimento* because the painter “repented,” changed his mind. Perhaps it would be as well to say that the old conception, replaced by a later choice, is a way of seeing and then seeing again. {In writing this autobiographical expression I recognize that} the paint has aged now and I wanted to see what there was for me once, what there is for me now.”

- *The playwright Lillian Hellman*

Check-in/Sharing

Topic/Reading:

Facilitator: Please read the passage below. Ask them to consider this question while they listen: “What is the greatest blessing that getting older has given you and what is its greatest curse?” Start your reflections with their answers and their thoughts about the reading.

“Ever since the age of six I have had a mania for drawing the forms of objects. Towards the age of fifty I published a very large number of drawings, but I am dissatisfied with everything which I produced before the age of seventy. It was at the age of seventy-three that I mastered the real nature and form of birds, fish, plants, etc. Consequently, at the age of eighty, I shall have got to the bottom of things; at one hundred I shall have attained a decidedly higher level what I cannot define, and at the age of one hundred and ten every dot and every line from my brush will be alive. I call on those who may live as long as I to see if I keep my word.”

- *Japanese painting master Hokusai, who lived to be ninety*

Likes and Wishes/Feedback

Closing Words:

(I know we don’t have real autumn down here, but this is still beautiful)

Autumn, we know, is life en route to death.
The asters are but harbingers of frost.
The trees, flaunting their colors at the sky,
In other times will follow where the leaves have fallen,
And so shall we.

Yet other lives will come.
So we may know, accept, embrace,
The mystery of life we hold a while.

Nor mourn that it outgrows each separate self,
But still rejoice that we may have our day.
Lift high colors to the sky! And give,
In our time, fresh glory to the earth.

- Robert T. Weston

Amen. May you live in blessing.