

Summer

By Kathryn Warrior

Unitarian Universalist Community Church of Washington County, Hillsboro, OR

June 17, 2018

Chalice Lighting: As we light this chalice, we are glad of summer light that wakes color in the world and keeps it up so late. We are glad of the light of the mind that does not depend on the time of day, the time of year or the time of life to enlighten us and to beckon us inward, outward, and onward, in exploration of the many realms of being.

We are glad of the light of the heart that accompanies us in our search for companionship in life, for worthy work to do, and for ways to overflow in joy and in deeds of courage and compassion. Let us rejoice in the many glad meanings of light.—Greta W. Crosby, Rejoice Together, pg. 38.

Check-in:

Focus Topic/Readings

Summer

Summer is the season of the body, of love, of sensuality, of warmth, and of spending and being spent. Summer is an invitation to experience the extremes within to plunge into nature's all-out-rout of the senses just as if we were to jump into the cool waiting waters of a lake. There is little of traditional religion in summer. The Holy is found where it should be, in lived life, not in forever reaching beyond. Some religious calendars call these weeks "ordinary time" implying, of course, that the common can be uncommonly illuminating. Summertime is "now" time. Spring and winter look ahead, autumn looks back, but summer is most at home in the here and now. It asks us to act now or never. It is nature's extroverted season, seldom subtle! Air is dense and heavy. Shade becomes a hunger. Fields droop with green, and gardens lean under the weight. Beauty overpowers. Heat oppresses and thunderstorms build like pressure in the body until warm rain washes the hot streets, leaving steam to rise like the memory of a fleeting passion. Pavement warms the body as the night air begins to chill. Nights are soft to the touch and full of murmuring sounds. In summer everything is feeling, and all roads tempt from seashores to mountaintops. It is the time of nature's benevolent dare: Go ahead, see how I will care for you!" The God of summer is as Eudora Welty implied, apprehended not by argument or lengthy process but in a moment—that forever province of childhood." **Excerpted from An Almanac for the Soul, Marv and Nancy Hiles, pg. 136, July 1-8**

Summertime is the annual permission slip to be lazy, to do nothing and have it count for something, to lie in the grass and count the stars, or to sit on a branch and study the clouds.—**Regina Brett**

Summertime, I think, is a collective of the unconscious. We all remember the notes that made up the song of the ice cream man; we all know what it feels like to brand our thighs on a playground slide that's heated up like a knife in a fire, we all have lain on our backs with our eyes closed and our hearts beating across the surface of our lids, hoping that this day will stretch out a little longer than the last one, when in fact it's all going the other direction—**Jodi Picoult**

Questions:

- Summer—what does it mean for you?
- Share with us a favorite summer memory from your childhood.
- Share a recent memory which shows how you feel about summer.
- Is there anything about summer you dislike or have bad memories of?
- What are you looking forward to THIS summer?

Likes & Wishes: How was this session for you? What take aways?

Closing Words:

“And so with the sunshine and the great bursts of leaves growing on the trees, just as things grow in fast movies, I had that familiar conviction that life was beginning over again with the summer.-**F. Scott Fitzgerald, F. Scott Fitzgerald, The Great Gatsby**”