



## UUFL Weekly Newsletter

Sunday, October 11, 10:45 AM

### Program: " Embracing Change "

Carol will be our worship Leader presenting this recorded service given by Rev. Marlin Lavenhar.



*Why are people so angry these days? Whether we are talking about wearing a mask or politics or race or schools or the corona-virus response, people's reactions are often fueled with anger. But what's behind the anger? How are you managing it? Anger often is directed outward and makes us think that the solution to what we are feeling can be fixed by changing someone or something else outside of us.*

### Zoom Sunday Service Link

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/8780546386?pwd=dIFMVHNRSDcwS1N0TE5aazlUWnVadz09>

### UUFL Board Meeting via Zoom:

Sunday, Oct. 11, 2020, at 2:00 PM

Zoom link, <https://us02web.zoom.us/j/8780546386?pwd=dIFMVHNRSDcwS1N0TE5aazlUWnVadz09>

### Carol's Words of Wisdom Collection:

*Never be bullied into silence. Never allow yourself to be made a victim. Accept no one's definition of your life; define yourself.* (Harry Fierstein)



*It takes half your life before you discover life is a do-it-yourself project.* (Napoleon Hill)

*The monotony and solitude of a quiet life stimulate the creative mind.* Albert Einstein

### UUFL Financial Support:

Those of you who wish to contribute financially can mail your contributions to:

UUFL P O Box 3451 Longview, TX 75606. If you would like to contribute electronically, contact Tammy.

[1021der@gmail.com](mailto:1021der@gmail.com)

## **Our Favorite Story Teller: (Applesauce)**



Learning disabilities are a serious problem for a great many people, but I've found throughout my life that having just a little learning disability can sometimes be fun. Lauren Bacall wrote about her time on Broadway in the musical *Applause*, saying that each time she approached the theater for a performance, she would look at the marquee and read it as *Applesauce*. That has stuck in my mind for a very long time. It strikes me funny because I have just enough hash in my own head to distort written words the same way. Last week I read a rather dire article from the *New York Times* with a photo showing the stage where the first Presidential Debate of 2020 was held on Tuesday evening, September 29, and the tall red sign at the forefront of the photo read "The Commission on Presidential Debates." I read this as "The Confession on Presidential Debates." I read it this way twice before my brain could turn loose of its small twist, and it seemed to me as I read it correctly that my mind had been pretty accurate the first couple of go-rounds. Tuesday was a confessional, baring our democracy's deep secret, that of its frailty. That evening all across America we watched something that no high school in the land would have called a debate, something that would have been stopped had it ever begun in an American high school.

You see, I have some small experience with high school debate. Very small. When my daughter was a member of the debate team for a small high school in Northern New Mexico, we parents volunteered as judges when debate tournaments were held at her school, and I was one of those volunteers. We were used for judging debates between members of teams other than those of our own children's school, and we were taught how to do this, how debates are conducted, and how the participants are expected to conduct themselves.

I'll confess here that when I was a kid myself, my high school here in Shreveport had too few of us who wanted the debate to justify the hiring of a debate coach. My friends and I asked, and we tried to find enough other kids to make the justification, so I really do know this is why Fair Park High didn't offer debate. My late-in-life experience at Espanola Valley High School was then all the debate experience of my life. But it was a lovely small taste of what Lincoln Douglas Debates are supposed to be. And given my very small experience, I think that what we watched on television on Tuesday, September 29, 2020, would never have been permitted in any high school in America. Ever. But there it was, big and bold, on our television screens, and there was no one there who could stop it. No principals, no debate coaches, not even a school crossing guard. Or a large parent or two. Democracy is indeed a fragile thing, frighteningly fragile.

So what can we do about it? We can vote. We can urge others to vote. We can contribute money and time to the candidates and the parties of our choice if we are in a position to do so. We can put signs in our front yards for the candidates of our choice. We can write letters to the editors of our newspapers. We can run for office in our home communities, or beyond. This fragile democracy needs all of us. Mother Google says that

democracy is “A system of government by the whole population or all the eligible members of a state, typically through elected representatives.” We’ve been honing that eligibility thing for all the years of our United States democracy, and we’re still working on it, but for all of us who are eligible, it’s our obligation to cast our votes. And those of us who believe in the efficacy of prayer can pray. Even some of us who doubt the efficacy of prayer is praying now, fervently. We’ve witnessed a confession of the frailty of our democracy, and we must turn to and rescue it from peril.

***Sherry K.***

***UU humor:***

### Senility Prayer

*Grant me the senility to forget those people I never liked anyway, and the good fortune to run into those I do like, and the eyesight to tell the difference.*

***2020 Election:***

*Gregg and surrounding counties are looking for election poll workers for the November general election. This could be a way for you to contribute some time and energy.*

THE UUFL

