



### ***UUFL Weekly Newsletter***

**Sunday, October 25, 10:45 AM**

**Program:** *"7 Habits of Compassionate People"*

Carol West will be our live & in-person speaker. She will be sharing with us how we can treat ourselves and others with care, concern, and sensitivity. Roberta Overholt is our Lay Leader for this combined onsite and virtual service.



### ***Zoom Sunday Service Link***

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/8780546386?pwd=dIFMVHNRSDcwS1N0TE5aazIUWnVadz09>

### ***Carol's Words of Wisdom Collection:***



Love & Compassion are necessities, not luxuries. Without them, humanity cannot survive. ( Dalai Lama)

We must strive to be moved by a generosity of spirit that will enable us to outgrow the hatred and conflicts of the past. ( Nelson Mandela)

We all feel better when we're dancing! ( Josette Tkacik)

### ***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: (COVID Fatigue, or Dancing with Reality)***



We've passed the seven-month point in our awareness of the Pandemic as an up-close-and-personal thing, and we seem to be shifting gears, even though the statistics show the virus to be on a third upswing. I feel the gears shifting in myself, and I hear it echoed by news commentators on television. They're calling it COVID Fatigue, and that seems apt. In part we've coped long enough to have some confidence in the measures we're taking, I think. We've seen people making the errors that cause large outbreaks of the virus, so we know to keep our masks on when we're out and about, we know to maintain our six-foot distance, we know to wash our hands well and often, and to use alcohol-based sanitizers when soap and water are unavailable, and we know to keep contact with others brief. Most of us even know that our masks need to cover our noses as well as our mouths. Beyond all that, we know that we're thoroughly fed up with all of the above.

This leaves a different set of responses open to us. I think the choices being made by our Longview UU congregation are good ones. Our very first foray into distance fellowship was Kipseys UU Friends, a marvelous Facebook gathering. Then Huey and Steve gave us Sunday services via Zoom, a new miracle for many of us, and one I love dearly. Most recently the young and the bold are gathering in our beloved building on Sunday mornings, masked and maintaining distance, avoiding eating, drinking, and singing, but together again. To make it better still, an equal number of us are joining them via Zoom, giving us a dual sort of service. Both actually and virtually, we can *see and be seen* – my Grandmama's notion of what church was all about for the folks who didn't have her level of piety. Sanctity? Actually, my Grandmama was a cranky little woman, an ever-present example of what I don't want to turn into. My own notion is that we humans are social animals and need to see other people and be seen by them. That some of us can meet this need by sitting in our dining rooms, kitchens, and living rooms, and sometimes still in bed, looking at others on our computer screens, is a miraculous sort of thing, isn't it? I'm just delighted with this way of being with others while staying home and safe. And I'm enchanted to see a baby at the Fellowship! A thousand thanks for that dear little miracle. Babies are one of my felt needs, beyond a doubt.

And on the other hand, I'm learning that I don't catch the virus when I go into the drugstore to buy Jerry's insulin syringes – my mask and my efforts, sometimes thwarted by other shoppers, to maintain a six-foot distance seem to have kept me safe. That was my first visit to a store in seven months, and I survived it, a major milestone. I'll find a way to order insulin needles online, I hope, but I'll also be braver the next time I have to go into a store – just as cautious, but a little less shaky. I went to the doctor yesterday and was okay with sitting in the waiting room, far away from the woman who kept her mask below her nose, and then in the exam room with the doctor and nurse, all of us masked, even though we were closer than the six feet I've grown comfortable with. So I'm coming out of the self-imposed shell, little by little.

I content myself with phone conversations with my two grown children and barring disaster, I'll not be traveling to visit either of them until travel is a great deal safer. But last night I carried on a long conversation with my son via texting, far and away the longest conversation I've ever had with my thumbs! I'm pretty proud of that. I put it in the Not Bad for a Little Old Lady category of achievements. It was Ted's birthday, and it was a lovely silly way of spending part of the evening together, recalling high points in our lives together, and a few low ones as well, and interspersing them with *gifs*, the little pictures our phones can toss into thumb conversations.

So I'm learning new ways of doing, and at my age, learning anything is a healthy accomplishment. I'm learning too that I can be out in the world when I need to be without necessarily signing my death warrant. Part of me is cordially sick of all these precautions, and part of me is beginning to modify them where I can and to accept them as a sort of New Normal, at least for the duration of the pandemic.

How the next seven months will go is beyond my ability to guess. My hope, of course, is that a vaccine will be available, effective, and accepted by most of us. I think we'll probably continue masking, and I hope more of us get on board with that practice. Distancing too is not really so awful, but that may just be my mother in me. She so needed her space that she backed away from people when they got too close, never realizing that she was traveling in reverse. After she developed osteoporosis, Daddy would stand behind her, waiting to catch her if she should stumble in her backing away from friendly Southerners who came too close. Danes from South Dakota didn't, apparently, get too up-close-and-personal. Or that's what we attributed her distancing to. If she were living now, she'd be a champ at the distancing thing.

I like the idea of dining *al fresco* at restaurants – haven't done it yet, but I do like the idea. However, winter will be here soon, and eating outdoors will lose its luster, I imagine. My evening walks are a thing I hope to continue, and I now have a watch cap to keep my head warm and a head-lamp to light my way when the twilight comes earlier, mail-order gifts from my walking companion. These walks while linked by cell phone with a friend who lives in another parish have become such a habit that I rely on them. And I'm actually getting stronger and feeling better because of all the miles I'm racking up. Must find new shoes, having worn out the pair I've been wearing. And I have more confidence in my ability to stay safe while going to a shoe store. We don't dare go to our respective gyms yet, and again, cell phones provide a good way to visit.

So how we humans will proceed in the next seven months is beyond my ability to guess. I would never have imagined myself walking two miles three evenings a week, and I certainly wouldn't have imagined myself wearing a head-lamp and a watch cap. That I'll stay dependent on my car is almost a certainty, but that dependency long predates the pandemic. That I'll keep developing my ability to communicate remotely is a likelihood, and I'm pleased with that. It's possible that some people's Pandemic Fatigue may make them dangerous to the rest of us, but then it may just make us all more ingenious at finding ways to be together while staying safe. Humans have weathered pandemics before with many fewer resources for coping, and we've also seen much greater mortality rates than we're seeing now. When Jerry wants to remind me of this, he chants in a

sepulchral voice, “Bring out your dead, bring out your dead,” which he says is a line from a comic movie about the Plague Years in Medieval times. Hard to imagine that as comedy, isn’t it? And no, I don’t think I want to find that movie online and watch it. Not right now!

I’d love to turn this into a conversation – if you have suggestions for coping as we move forward through this strange time, I’m betting Huey would include them in future issues of our newsletter. Perhaps we could develop an exchange of ideas, a sort of COVID Chronicle. What say you, Friend Huey?

### ***Sherry K.***

It would be great to hear other individual’s comments and the effects Covid has had on themselves. would be shared in the Newsletter.

Huey

### ***UU humor:***

Has anybody let the Amish know what going on yet?

What's a Camel? A horse designed by committee.

### ***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. If you would like to assist contact Gregg County’s election office at 903-236-8458 and ask how are you able to help.*

The below link will provide the necessary information for the dates and locations for early voting.

<https://www.greggcountyvotes.com/early-voting/>