



May nUUzletter

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**Deadline for June Newsletter
is May 15. Submit to
MichDiano@gmail.com**

From the Minister:

Lie down in the grass on the first sunny day of this month. Look up at the branches, heavy with foliage. For years I tried to figure out by what date I could be assured of full-leafed trees. I finally got it! May 1st. Of course I was roughly at the latitude of Kingston all during this time, so the rhythms of the seasons were fairly constant. Seasons aside, the first of May holds layer upon layer of significance.

May 1, May Day, signals International Workers Day, a celebration of the international labor movement and a holiday in over 80 countries.

Related to the Celtic festival of Beltane, May Day concludes the “unfarmable winter half of the year.”

On the first of May, 2011, this congregation will observe New Member Sunday.

On the first of May, we'll honor Blue Jeans Sunday in our attire and our readiness to dig in (literally) for spring cleaning inside and out right after the second service!

On the first of May, 2011, many of us will join the Crop Walk, raising funds and consciousness on behalf of our neighbors who know hunger and poverty.

May begins with promise and possibility. It concludes with memory. When I do a graveside rite as a last farewell to a loved one, I commonly speak the words: “In the bones of our soul we know the fit of a human life span into the seasons of the generations.” What if the days of May were such a life span and we had to fit it all in between the first of May with all its markings and that resonant chime of the clock telling us that it's time, time to remember, time to reflect, time to gaze into that rear view mirror before we take our last breath.

In the reality of time, promise and possibility, vision and memory, hindsight and insight awaken us in cycles. We are blessed with second and third chances and more to move through our paces, hoping to arrive at that final hour prepared for the hindsight, strong enough for the insight, and grateful beyond grateful for our day unto days.

For now, you have done the work of winter. Let the buds burst!

Jan

