

2020-2021 Chalice Circle Session Plan

2020 September	- Navigate Uncertainty
2020 October	- Transform Rage
2020 November	- Keep Going
2020 December	- Seek Delight
2021 January	- Stay Grounded
2021 February	- Love Well
2021 March	- Pay Attention
2021 April	- Nurture Beauty
2021 May	- Find Belonging

Chalice Circles

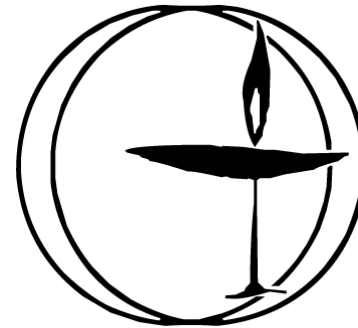
3rd Thursdays 7 pm - Kathie Bergman and
Peter Holmes, facilitators

2nd Wednesday 9 am - Jeanne Murphy and
Lisa Fritsche, facilitators

2nd and 4th Wednesday 7pm - Qhyrrae
Michaelieu and Crystal Buffaloe, facilitators

2nd Thursday 7pm - Christine Heath,
facilitator

Chalice Circle



**Unitarian Universalist Church of
Columbia, Mo.**

Navigate Uncertainty

We are all falling. This hand's falling too -- all
have this falling-sickness none withstands.

– Rainer Maria Rilke

Opening Words and Chalice Lighting

We are all falling. This hand's falling too -- all have this falling-sickness none withstands.

And yet there's One whose gently-holding hands this universal falling can't fall through.

– Rainer Maria Rilke

Check-in

Take a deep breath and check in with how you are feeling in your body. Now briefly describe where you are in your life now.

Reading

Ground Control– Erika A. Hewitt (see pages 3-4)

Sitting in Silence

Take this time to center yourself and think about what you will share with the group.

Sharing/ Deep Listening

Share your reflections on confusion and loss - aka uncertainty -from your experience. What does this mean to you now?

Additional Thoughts

What came up for you while listening to others?

Reading

You are there, One Who Holds Us All, whether we're clinging on for dear life or oblivious to the bumps. Help me attune to your voice, and remind me that more instructions will arrive.

– Erika A. Hewitt

Checkout – Likes and wishes

What did you like about this meeting?
What do you wish for future meetings?

Closing Words/Extinguishing the Chalice

O Source of peace, lead us to peace, a peace profound and true; lead us to a healing, to mastery of all that drives us to disease within ourselves and with others.

Ground Control

By [Erika A. Hewitt](#)

July 22, 2020



“We are all falling. This hand’s falling too—
all have this falling-sickness none withstands.

And yet there’s One whose gently-holding
hands
this universal falling can’t fall through.
—Rainer Maria Rilke, “Autumn” (trans. J.B.
Leishman)

I hate flying. I get scared by turbulence;
understanding the physics doesn’t help my
head communicate with my fear centers. I
realized long ago that it wasn’t sustainable to
blitz the fear away with pharmaceuticals,
which means I’ve spent my adult life

developing strategies for staying... calm? No,
let’s call it *less anxious*... in the air.

A few years ago, a pilot friend threw me a
lifeline by introducing me to live air traffic:
the staccato transmission of static-popping
chatter between pilots and air traffic control
professionals. If you’re in the air, you can
listen to your own pilot exchanging
information with air traffic control: an audible
reminder, or even a revelation, that a host of
trained human beings watches over every
move, making sure pilots know what they need
to know in any given moment.

It doesn’t matter that I can barely decipher the
rush of code and engineering that comprise
this language of the sky. I’m soothed by the
occasional bursts of human kindness (“Roger
that, delta-two-niner. Thank you very much for
your patience and have a great day”), and I
now know that as planes travel through a
patchwork of designated zones, air traffic
control professionals hand off the plane at the
border of one zone to those in the next. We,
the passengers, are a baton being passed, hand
over invisible hand, zone by zone, to safety.

During these confusing, turbulent pandemic
times, I sometimes feel my stomach lurching
from uncertainty and loss. On any given day, I
feel as out of control as I do at thirty-four
thousand feet. (I am, however, just as

determined not to rely on chemical substances as a coping mechanism.)

This great and fearful loneliness is made lonelier by the muddling of my connection to Spirit, to Mystery. I find myself trying to make decisions, asking for help, and straining to find it. It used to be that if I held still long enough, I'd feel gentle guidance bloom inside of that silence. Today, there's so much noise— anxiety, brittleness, disappointment in my fellow human beings—that it's harder to discern wise, steady instructions amid the static.

I did not ask for, or want, a months-long lesson that I am not in control. What I do know is that the most faithful, life-giving coping strategy—for me—is to attune to a voice calmer and wiser than mine, and to allow that seeking to be its own expression of faith.

Prayer

You are there, One Who Holds Us All, whether we're clinging on for dear life or oblivious to the bumps. Help me attune to your voice, and remind me that more instructions will arrive.

About the Author



[Erika A. Hewitt](#)

Erika Hewitt is the UUA's Minister of Worship Arts and Editor of Braver/Wiser, a weekly spirituality series.