

Wings



FIRST UNITY CHURCH – *Serving the spiritual needs of the St. Louis community for over ninety years.*

The Newsletter of
First Unity Church
Of Saint Louis

October, 2017

- ❖ *Inspiration*
- ❖ *Information*
- ❖ *Illumination*

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An Ode to Fall

By Marie Howard

When my husband and I were stationed in England, we had delightful English neighbors. We spent many fun-filled hours teaching each other the different usages for certain words in their country and ours. One different usage we have for a word in our country that our English neighbors just loved, was calling the season of autumn, *fall*. They found it so descriptive of the season, and I do too. I love to see the colored leaves on the trees and to watch them dance in the wind as they fall. I love the colorful fall wildflowers. I love seeing wet, colorful leaves decorating the wood on my outdoor deck.

But fall is more than this. Fall lends itself to meditation and contemplation—a harvesting of thoughts and ideas and dreams and feelings and lessons and experiences that fall like colorful leaves on the mind. It is a time of gathering in the fruits of what we sowed in the spring, inwardly as well as outwardly—sorting through them, evaluating them, giving thanks for them.

It is a season of harvest, of reaping, and of new beginnings, of getting back into things after the long, lazy days of summer.

In these new beginnings, we have the opportunity to begin all things with God. Beginning with God is not just prayer and meditation.

It is consciously being aware of God's presence always at work within us.

It is being aware of all the wonderful resources that are a part of us, that make us what we are.



Fall can mean to "fall in with God," to march to God's drumbeat within us, the one only we as individuals can hear. "Seek first his kingdom" (Mt. 6:33). Seek to be all that you can be; seek the Truth behind all appearances and acknowledge your source in spirit. In the presence of our constant Companion, we can glory in these golden days of fall and its magnificent splendor. And as we go within, we can feel our peace and oneness with all there is and give thanks for all the good that has "fallen" into place in our consciousness—our spiritual harvest.



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WINGS NEWSLETTER
Faye Schmelig, Editor
Email: fayeschmelig@Gmail.com

OFFICE HOURS
Mon. - Thu. 9am - 3pm
Church phone: 314-845-8540
Minister's home: 314-520-3440
Fax: 314-845-0022

www.firstunitychurchstlouis.org/
Silent Unity: 1-800-669-7729

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Flocknotes Updates

First Unity has implemented our new Flocknote program to keep you posted on upcoming events via text or email. If you would like to receive regular updates, please call the church office or send an email to firstunity@firstunitychurchstlouis.org.



Third Thursday Quilters

For information contact Jane Vondruska (636 226-4562) or Sandy Etheridge (314 309-8136).

Ladies' Night Out: October 16, 5:30 pm at Gianino's, 4571 Chestnut Park Plaza, 63129 at Yeager & Telegraph.



October 10: Conclave by Robert Harris

November 14: Hillbilly Elegy by J.D. Vance

December 12: An Orphan Tale by Pam Jenoff

January 9: Running from Safety by Richard Bach

February 13: Woman of God by James Paterson

eScrip News – Remember to use your eScrip card at Schnuck's. Go to www.escrip.com, or look for the link on the First Unity website to earn money for First Unity as you shop. Thank you!

Youth Education



Calling all kids to join our incredible Sunday School Classes. Also we welcome extra adult hands. If you could help just one Sunday a month, it would make a difference.

Stop by Our **Lending Library** and check out an inspirational title from among a wide selection of books written by some of Unity's greatest authors.



Feed My People ... for I was hungry and you gave me food; I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink; I was a stranger and you welcomed me. -Matthew 25:35



www.feed-my-people.org

Ukulele Concert: November 16. Price is \$15 for adults, \$7 for children under the age of 10. Doors open at 5pm, dinner at 5:30pm, concert at 7pm. Menu-turkey dinner, dinner rolls & dessert.

Fall Luncheon:

Join us on October 29 immediately after service for a fall luncheon and to meet Jan's mentor, Reverend Russell Heiland from Unity of Fairfax.



Dean Christopher...just himself

Join us on October 7 at 7:30 p.m. for Dean Christopher in concert! Tickets are \$20 and may be purchased by calling Chuck at 314-614-2950.



Payer Chaplain Fall Retreat: Oct. 13-14

Choir rehearsals are starting up again on *Friday afternoons* at 4pm beginning September 8th. We thought we'd give this new day and time a try. We are always looking for new voices to add to the choir. Our rehearsals are open to everyone. We are a fun-loving, friendly group that is supportive of one another. Members get a lot of joy and personal fulfillment from singing in our choir. Feel free to stop one of them on a Sunday and ask them about their choir experience. If you enjoy singing with others, we'd truly love to have you in the choir!

October Affirmations



Inner Peace: My heart is a sacred space of peace.

Guidance: I easily and gracefully express my inner wisdom.

Healing: I relax into the infinite stream of divine life and I am healed.

Prosperity: I am openly receptive to the rich ideas of Spirit.

World Peace: Peace in the world begins with peace in my heart.

OCTOBER



Advice from a pumpkin



Be well-rounded.
Get plenty of sunshine.
Give thanks for life's

bounty.

Have a thick skin.

Keep growing.

Be outstanding in your field.

Think big!

—Ilan Shamir

A prayer for neighborliness

O God, we pray for a broader vision of the needs of humanity, and a deeper compassion to fill those needs; for a planting of the seeds of concern for all humanity in our hearts; for a tapping of the wells of generosity. May we live together as people who have been forgiven a great debt. May we be gentle, walking softly with one another. May we be understanding, lest we shall add to the world's sorrow or cause to flow needless tears. May we be as anxious for the rights of others as we are for our own. May we be as eager to forgive as we are to seek forgiveness. May we know no barriers of creed or race or sex, that our love may be like Yours — a love that sees all people as Your children and our kin. May we be ministers of humanity.

—Peter Marshall

Appreciate — and act

October is Pastor (or Clergy) Appreciation Month, reminding church members to thank their hardworking ministry leaders. But the people in the pews — though they might lack official church titles — also play important roles in doing God's work.

In *User Friendly Churches* (Regal Books), researcher George Barna compares the behavior of people in growing vs. stagnant or declining churches. Members of growing

churches actively participate in the church's ministry. "They did not divorce their faith from their lifestyle; their faith was their lifestyle," Barna writes. "They took seriously the classical Reformation doctrine of the priesthood of all believers."

By contrast, laypeople in stagnant churches tend to observe rather than participate. "They perceived their role as being in the audience in the stands," Barna notes, "nodding approvingly in efforts to demonstrate religious behavior as the clergy went through their paces."

Appreciate your pastors, but then follow their example by living out your beliefs!

Just show up!

In *A Million Little Ways* (Revell), Emily Freeman says in order for Christians to "show up as you are with what you've been given," we must confront these statements:

- I'm not cut out for this.
- Someone else can do it better.
- People might not like it.
- I have nothing to offer.
- I hate my calling.
- It's a waste of time.
- It's too much work.
- Who do you think you are?

"A million loud voices ... keep us from the million little ways [Jesus] wants to show up through us to the world," Freeman writes.

A Table Blessing for Children

We thank you, God, for happy hearts
for rain and sunny weather.
We thank you, God, for this our food
And that we're all together.

"Quotable Quotes"

Autumn carries more gold in its pocket than all the other seasons.

—Jim Bishop

You aspire to great things? Begin with little ones.

—St. Augustine

The pessimist sees difficulty in every opportunity. The optimist sees opportunity in every difficulty.

—Winston Churchill

The way to get started is to quit talking and begin doing.

—Walt Disney

Don't let yesterday take up too much of today.

—Will Rogers

It's not whether you get knocked down; it's whether you get up.

—Vince Lombardi

If you are working on something that you really care about, you don't have to be pushed. The vision pulls you.

—Steve Jobs

We may encounter many defeats but we must not be defeated.

—Maya Angelou

Knowing is not enough; we must apply. Wishing is not enough; we must do.

—Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe

We generate fears while we sit. We overcome them by action.

—Dr. Henry Link

Whether you think you can or think you can't, you're right.

—Henry Ford

The man who has confidence in himself gains the confidence of others.

—Hasidic Proverb

From Anxiety to Freedom

By Kathy Robinson

Panic attacks or anxiety attacks can disrupt people's lives without warning, and panic disorder is not uncommon.

So, what can you do to regain control of your life if you suffer from these attacks?

I was sitting in my office reading some papers and focusing on my work. My breath became a little short, and I shifted somewhat and read more intently. Again, my breath was short, and the left side of my chest felt numb. I took a deep breath, and it caught in my chest. I tried to swallow. Panic seized me. My body felt weak and shaky. I tried not to notice it; yet my mind was saying, Oh no, here it is again! I told myself there was nothing wrong. Again, my breath was short, my throat tightened, and my body responded with a tremble. My legs felt like Jell-O. I walked to the window and looked out. My mind was telling me things I did not want to hear, and my body was responding to my «mind talk.»

As the day continued into the evening, I was filled with dread. I was constantly aware of my breath. I could not take a good breath. My heart beat faster. I felt absolute terror. I knew I would die. I was going to have a heart attack and die! How absolutely absurd and how absolutely real! My body was cool and clammy. Panic rose in my throat. I gagged. As I looked around, everything seemed hazy, and I could not focus. It was a horrific cycle trying to survive this unknown thing that had invaded my life. At the same time I was thinking I was going to die, there was another part of me thinking how stupid this was and how stupid I was for feeling this way.

I went to bed and went to sleep.

In what felt like an instant, my eyes opened, and I gasped as my heart went "thud" so loudly it woke me up. My heart was beating fast, and I could not breathe-"Oh God," I whimpered! I splashed cold water on my face, which helped a little. I held my hand to my heart (as if it were going to leap out of my chest). Fear grasped me to an extent that it totally consumed me.

I know some of you have no idea of what I am talking about. But those who have experienced panic attacks or anxiety attacks know exactly the sensations I have described. I once believed that no one else could understand what I was going through.

I read on a great Internet site that "people with panic disorder have feelings of terror that strike suddenly and repeatedly with no warning. They can't predict when an attack will occur, and many develop

intense anxiety between episodes, worrying when and where the next one will strike. In between times there is a persistent, lingering worry that another attack could come any minute."

At the time of my attacks, I had been attending a Unity church and was taking classes on Unity principles. One of the classes taught denials and affirmations. Although I had been praying "God help me" and "Please don't let me die," there was something about denials and affirmations that made sense to me. I began to deny this fear had any power over me and affirmed that the power of God's love for me was greater than any condition or situation. Denials and affirmations can be short and powerful words, so I began using them when panic attacks occurred. *The power of God in me is greater than any fear. I am not afraid; God is here. There is no weakness with God as my strength.* I affirmed strength and denied any weakness. I affirmed power and denied the fear. I also remembered a quote from Myrtle Fillmore, "I am a child of God and therefore I do not inherit sickness."

As an adult, I no longer needed to be afraid. My life had changed so much, and I had become stronger and more confident. That is why having panic attacks was so incredulous! I could not understand what was going on. Yes, I experienced difficult times, but they were a normal part of life.

I have read many different books about anxiety attacks. One of the books I read, *The Meaning of Anxiety*, was written by Rollo May, noted psychologist and teacher. He says, "We speak of anxiety as 'basic' not only in the sense that it is the general, original response to threat, but also because it is a response to threat on the basic level of the personality. It is a response to a threat to the 'core' or 'essence' of the personality rather than to a peripheral danger."

The denials and affirmations did help me get through these episodes, but despite my efforts, the panic attacks continued. During one of these episodes, I reached the "end of my rope." I was going to either die or be put in an insane asylum. I asked God why I had not been healed. I wanted to be healed. I wanted the fear to go away. I wanted to block it out of my existence. I wanted to deny that part of me which was afraid. I went to the Bible, and I do not know or remember why, but somehow I came to Psalm 139:1-18 (RSV):

*"O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me!
Thou knowest when I sit down and when I rise up; thou
discernest my thoughts from afar.
Thou searchest out my path and my lying down, and art*

acquainted with all my ways.

*Even before a word is on my tongue,
lo O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.
Thou dost beset me behind and before, and
layest thy hand upon me.
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is
high, I cannot attain it.
"Whither shall I go from thy Spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend to heaven, thou art there!
If I make my bed in Sheol, thou art there!
If I take the wings of the morning
and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there
thy hand shall lead me,
and thy right hand shall hold me.
If I say, 'Let only darkness cover me, and the light
about me be night: even the darkness is not dark to
thee, the night is bright as the day;
for darkness is as light with thee.*

*"How precious to me are thy thoughts, O God!
How vast is the sum of them!
If I would count them, they are more than the sand.
When I awake, I am still with thee."*

I felt this Psalm that had been written so beautifully had been written just for me. I felt vulnerable, yet understood. I felt God's hand touch me with such tenderness.

Many revelations came to me, reading this Psalm. One revelation was that this "fear" was not an alien: this fear was part of me, *was* me. God knew all about me, knew about my anxiety attacks, and knew my fear. I realized this fear was afraid *for* me. Always, there seemed to be a presence of innocence, sadness, and fear of a little child in me. This fear was the little girl in me that I had tried to hide for many years. But I could not let "her" surface. I couldn't let that happen.

You see, I had experienced a lot of trauma in my childhood and young adult years. As I made my journey into life as an adult, I had to create life on my terms, on the basis of what I knew. I didn't know

much, but I thought I did. I either created dramatic events or traumatic events, one after another, and didn't understand why my life didn't work. I felt I needed to be strong and do things my way or somehow I wouldn't survive. [would not *allow* myself to be afraid. I couldn't be a little girl, and I'm not sure if I ever felt like a Little girl. I felt guilty and didn't know why and kept creating life experiences that made me feel guilty. I began to realize "she" was afraid for me. Fear had helped me stay alert, Fear kept my wits about me-kept me safe.

As I renewed my relationship with God and my life's journey took a different path, I would still sense this presence in me; this childlike sense of sadness pervaded all that I did. I did not want to go back to who I was, and I felt this little child was a part of my past that I did not want to acknowledge. The anxiety attacks were about this little girl in me, her fear for me and her survival.

My affirmations to God took on a new meaning for me as they became affirmations of love for myself and love for this little girl in me. I would affirm: *The love of God loves every aspect of me, and God loves me unconditionally.*

I spoke words of peace and love to my inner child, that part of me which was so frightened and never felt at peace. *Peace be still, dear child; God is peace. With God, all is well.* I thanked her for always being there for me. After reading Psalm 139, I learned there was nothing to hide; there were no secrets. God knew me and loved me the same yesterday as today. I was a different person then, in a different time. This little girl had always been there and needed me. "She" had helped me survive for so many years. "She" was still trying to survive. It was time to embrace this little girl of long ago and let go. I came to a time of mourning as I mourned the loss of someone close to me. We were going to be just fine. We had God the Good Omnipotent to guide our way. I wept for "her" many times from this awareness. *I remembered something from May's book that I had read. "Anxiety is the reaction when a person faces some kind of destruction of his existence or that which he identifies with it."*

The panic attacks began to subside and then just went away. That's all I can say. They just went away. But the lessons, the revelations, the knowledge, and the self-realization that transpired have changed me and stayed with me. I learned much about myself.

I did talk about these experiences with my family through the years, and at one time a member of my family started having panic attacks. They expressed through him in a different way. My experience was unique to me. What was significant was this person and his spouse felt they could talk to me about the

panic episodes. Our conversations validated him. He went to the doctor and received help. In one of our conversations, he told me, "I'm sorry you had to experience something like that; they are awful." He understood, and I felt validated. I was not alone in this. You are not alone.

I was sharing this experience with another friend of mine, and she told me about a couple of people close to her who had developed phobias in certain situations as a result of panic attacks. Also on the Internet I read that "panic disorder is often accompanied by other conditions such as depression or alcoholism, and may spawn phobias, which can develop in places or situations where panic attacks have occurred. For example, if a panic attack strikes while you're riding an elevator, you may develop a fear of elevators and perhaps start avoiding them."

Panic attacks strike in numerous ways and in all walks of life. For some strange reason, we cannot accept this seeming phenomenon. Panic attacks give us the feeling of complete helplessness, something we **feel** we have no power over. For some reason, other people who have not suffered from panic attacks still do not understand. **It** is very difficult to talk about with others.

God works in and through us in a myriad of different ways. Let us be receptive, not only to the love and comfort of God but to God's revelations and guidance. If you are experiencing anxiety attacks, please be mindful of the fact that there is help. Be kind to yourself. If you do not experience anxiety attacks, or never have, please be as understanding as you possibly can to those who go through this terrifying, yet transforming experience.

If you would like more information regarding Anxiety/Panic Disorders, please resource the internet at:

<http://www.algy.com/anxiety/panic.html>

Joy is Real

BY BERNICE KETCHUM

HAVE YOU EVER thought of joy as a bubble, something very fragile? Do you remember blowing bubbles? They got bigger and bigger, and they looked so beautiful. You could see rainbows in them, and sometimes you let them float away until

they settled on something and broke. As a child, I also loved balloons. My mother would buy me one if I would promise not to cry when it broke. But try as hard as I could, I would still cry. One of my earliest memories is of my father playfully thumping my balloon and how badly he felt when it broke with a loud bang, and I cried.

Joy is not like a bubble or a balloon. Joy is real, is lasting. What is real? Do you think only the things you can see, touch, and feel are real? When I was a little girl I went to church every Sunday. It was a white church with a steeple. The Sunday school was in the basement. There were tables, little red chairs, and a dear lady named Mrs. Tannehil was my teacher. The years went by, and one day sitting at the same table with the same teacher were my children. Now Mrs. Tannehil lives on another plane, and my children are all grown up. The church building has been tom down. What was real? The spirits of the ones who sat at the table, and what Mrs. Tannehil taught were real, lasting, and enduring. We sang, "Jesus loves me," and also about how Jesus loves little children, "red and yellow, black and white, they are precious in His sight," we sang with all our might. Jesus' love for us and all the children of the world is what is real.

We visited the Vatican and saw a statue that had a large part of its foot worn away where it had been kissed so often through the years. We saw Michelangelo's "Pieta" before it was damaged by the man with an axe. It was repaired and placed in a protective glass case. Statues seem real, but what is real are the teachings of Jesus. They can not be diminished or destroyed.

The joy of which Jesus spoke, "No one will take your joy from you" (In. 16:22), is real. Oh, there is a temporary joy that is dependent on people, things, and happenings. But it is fleeting and usually exhausting. However, the joy of which Jesus spoke is strength. "For the joy of the Lord is your strength" (Neh. 8:10). It is felt in stillness. It is a wellspring within us. It is unspeakably sweet. It makes miracles, such as turning sorrow to joy. Joy in our hearts is an open door to the kingdom of God. It can draw forth what our hearts desire. In Isaiah 12:3 we read, "With joy you will draw water from the wells of salvation."

Joy is real, for it is God's gift of Himself. When we feel the reality of Omnipresence, those negative attitudes that are joy stoppers give way, and joy stoppers give way, and joy and gladness fill our hearts.

October 2017

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1 <i>Sunday Services, 10:30 AM Youth Ed, 10:30 AM</i>			4 <i>A.A. Men's Group, 10 AM CA, 7PM</i>	5 <i>Ukulele Practice, 7PM</i>		7 <i>Dean Christopher Concert, 7:30 PM</i>
8 <i>Sunday Services, 10:30 AM Youth Ed, 10:30 AM</i>		10 <i>Book Club, Conclave, by Robert Harris at Bread Co. at 2PM</i>	11 <i>A.A. Men's Group, 10 AM CA, 7PM</i>		13 <i>Prayer Chaplain Conference</i>	14 <i>Prayer Chaplain Conference</i>
15 <i>Sunday Services, 10:30 AM Youth Ed, 10:30 AM</i>	16 <i>Ladies' Night Out, Gianino's, 4571 Chestnut Park Plaza, 63129, 5:30 PM</i>		18 <i>A.A. Men's Group, 10 AM CA, 7PM</i>	19 <i>Third Thursday Quilters, 10AM Ukulele Practice, 7PM</i>		
22 <i>Sunday Services, 10:30 AM Youth Ed, 10:30 AM</i>			25 <i>A.A. Men's Group, 10 AM CA, 7PM Planning Meeting, 6PM Board Mtg, 7PM</i>			
29 <i>Sunday Services, 10:30 AM Youth Ed, 10:30 AM Mentor Luncheon</i>		31 <i>Wings Production Day</i>				

Wings

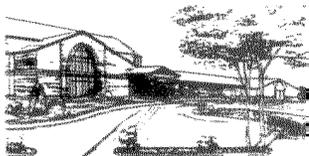
THE OCTOBER, 2017 NEWSLETTER OF
FIRST UNITY CHURCH OF ST. LOUI

First Unity Church
4753 Butler Hill Road
St. Louis, MO 63128

Phone: (314) 845-8540
Fax: (314) 845-0022
Email: firstunity@firstunitychurchstlouis.org
www.firstunitychurchstlouis.org

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The light side -- A little holy humor

Think a gallon of gas is expensive?
This makes one think, and also puts things into perspective.

Diet Snapple, 16 oz , \$1.29 ... \$10.32 per gallon!

Starbuck's Reg. Coffee 16 oz,
\$2.10... \$16.80 per gallon!

Lipton Ice Tea, 16 oz , \$1.19 ...
\$9.52 per gallon!

Gatorade, 20 oz , \$1.59 \$10.17 per gallon!

Ocean Spray, 16 oz , \$1.25 .. \$10.00 per gallon!

Brake Fluid, 12 oz , \$3.15 \$33.60 per gallon!

Vick's NyQuil, 6 oz , \$8.35 ...

\$178.13 per gallon!

Pepto Bismol, 4 oz, \$3.85 . \$123.20 per gallon!

Whiteout, 7 oz, \$1.39 \$25.42 per gallon!

Scope, 1.5 oz, \$0.99\$84.48 per gallon!

And this is the REAL KICKER.

Evian water, 9 oz , \$1.49 ...\$21.19 per gallon!

\$21.19 for a gallon of WATER!!
and the buyers don't even know the source!!
(Evian spelled backwards is Naive.)

Ever wonder why computer printers are so cheap? So they can hook you for the ink. Someone calculated the cost of the ink; you won't believe it but it's true: \$5,200 a gal.
\$5,200 A GALLON!

So, the next time you're at the pump, be glad your car doesn't run on water, Scope, Whiteout, Pepto Bismol, NyQuil or, *God forbid*, Printer Ink!