

# THE GAZETTE

*"a news-sheet, a periodical publication giving an account of current events"*

West Falmouth Religious Society of Friends

**JANUARY 2021**



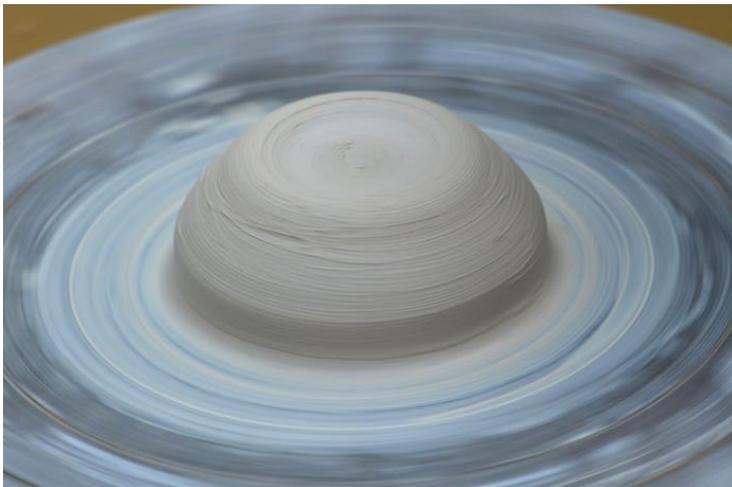
## **Contents**

***Upcoming Events* . . . . . 2-6**

***Homelessness on Cape Cod* .... 7**

***Readers Write, with Special  
Section on Poetry and  
Meditations* . . . . . 8-16**

***Happy New Year!***



## **On the Wheel**

I am clay  
I have no center  
but something centers me

I am clay  
I have no shape  
but something shapes me

I am clay  
I have no strength  
but something fires me

I am clay  
I break  
but something holds me

I have been touched, worked,  
made useful, broken  
remembered and forgotten

If I remember I am clay  
I do not suffer

I am clay  
I do not suffer  
but something suffers

I am clay  
I suffer and do not suffer  
I remember and forget

I am clay.

*Eric H. Edwards*

*December 2020*

## **Officers**

**Fran Lightsom, clerk**

**(508-548-9186;**

**fran.lightsom@gmail.com)**

**Molly Cornell, recording clerk**

**Clyde Tyndale, treasurer**

## **Regular Events**

### **Adult Discussion Group**

*Sundays at 9:00 a.m.*

### **Peace and Social Order**

*2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday at 12:00 p.m.*

*Larry Jordan, convener*

### **Growth and Learning**

*3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday at 12:00 p.m.*

*Sunny Davidson, convener*

### **Empathy Practice (NVC)**

*Usually 1<sup>st</sup> Saturday 9:30–11:45*

*Brenda Nolan, convener*

### **Restorative Circle Practice**

*Usually 1<sup>st</sup> Saturday 1:00-3:00*

*Brenda Nolan, convener*

### **Ministry & Counsel**

*Deborah Bradley, convener*

*(508-564-4744)*

*Carolyn Jordan*

*Sunny Davidson*

*Larry Jordan*

*Cynthia Rankin*

*Abigail Young*

### **West Falmouth Meeting for Worship with Attention to Business**

*Usually 4<sup>th</sup> Sunday*

*(January 24, February 28)*

*Note: Due to COVID, many of these events are on hold. Check with committee conveners to be sure.*

## **Upcoming Events**

### **New England Yearly Meeting**

**What Makes Online Worship Gathered?** Many Friends Meetings have been worshipping over Zoom for months now, encountering both special opportunities and challenges. On **January 5** from 7:00 - 8:30 p.m. David Coletta (Beacon Hill and Three Rivers) and Kathy Malin (Smithfield) will facilitate a workshop addressing this question. Register at <https://neym.org/events-calendar/2021/01/what-makes-online-worship-gathered>.

### **Friends Decision Making: Active Participation, Clerking, and Recording**

– This four-part series will meet on consecutive Wednesdays, **January 27, February 3, 10 and 17** from 7:00 - 8:30 p.m. Join Friends to develop skills in Quaker decision-making processes in our meetings and committees, including the particular functions of clerks and recording clerks.

Current clerks/recording clerks of meetings, committees, or other groups, as well people who would like to prepare to step into these leadership roles, are particularly encouraged to attend. The series will be facilitated by experienced New England clerks and recording clerks including Holly Baldwin (Fresh Pond), Brian Drayton (Souhegan), Sarah Gant (Beacon Hill), and Regina McCarthy (Wellesley). Space is limited. Register and learn more at <https://neym.org/events-calendar/2021/01/friends-decision-making-active-participation-clerking-and-recording>.

### **Beacon Hill Friends House – Simple Morning Meditation**

**Practice** – Held via Zoom **Monday through Friday** from 8:00 – 8:30 a.m. The meditation is 15 minutes long, and begins and ends with a brief introduction to the practice. Orientation for newcomers begins at 8:00 a.m. and practice begins at 8:10. Join once or join regularly! The meditation is free and open to the public. See <https://bhfh.org/virtualprograms/simple-morning-meditation-practice-5/>.

### **Beacon Hill Friends House --Responding to the Call:**

**Healing from the Sin of Separation.** A multi-part course run from **January 12 – February 23**. The sin of separation – separation from each other, from creation, from our own humanity, from whom God calls us to be – is at the root of the interconnected social, ecological, and spiritual injustices we are living in right now. To truly interrupt and address white supremacy, the climate crisis, and the ongoing harm of settler-colonialism, we must do the work of healing and realign our lives into right relationship.

Responding to the Call is a two-month long, weekly workshop to do this critical work of climate justice, dismantling white supremacy, and beginning reparations. We will meet every other week in a whole group Zoom session, with alternating weeks dedicated to ongoing small groups. As the work of systems transformation – both the societal systems we engage with daily and ourselves as systems of change – is not purely academic, this workshop will use somatic and Quaker spiritual practices along with discussions, readings, and videos.

Participants are encouraged to sign-up with area f/Friends so their small group work can be locally grounded. Pending enough registrations, we will also have a small group option dedicated for BIPOC participants. <https://bhfh.org/responding-to-the-call/>.

## West Falmouth

**Weekly Sunday Worship** continues to be held via Zoom. We invite Friends from Yarmouth and East Sandwich to join us. An e-mail with the specifics on connecting to this virtual format will be sent a day or so before. The Zoom meeting opens at 9:30 a.m. Starting at 9:50, we settle into worship.

**Quaker Women** – We are meeting weekly via Zoom on **Thursdays** at 7 p.m.

## Also of Interest

**Weekly Taizé service.** Thursday evenings in **January** (7, 14, 21, 28) at 7:00 p.m. This is a style of worship that comes out of an ecumenical monastic order in central France with a strong devotion to peace and justice through prayer and meditation. The service will include recorded chants, spoken prayers and readings, and about twenty minutes of traditional Quaker silent waiting worship. See <https://neym.org/events-calendar/2020/12/weekly-taize-service-online>.



### People's Climate Empowerment Series.

Friend Carlyne Jordan recommends this 7-part series of resource materials from the Quaker United Nations Office. The series covers: Overarching International Environmental Law; the Paris Agreement and Nationally Determined Contributions; Inspiring Actions to Create New Laws on Climate Change; Climate Change and Human Rights Systems; Implementing Rights-Based Approaches to Climate Action; Climate Change Litigation; and the Connections between Climate Change and Human Mobility. Details on downloading or obtaining a hard copy of this free series at <https://quno.org/resource/2020/12/peoples-climate-empowerment-series>.



**Radical Acting in Faith for White People – E-Course.** Engage in deep, embodied learning and practice with other white people of faith working to end white supremacy. We will build the skills to show up fully, follow BIPOC leadership, speak effectively, and engage in direct action. Join Lucy Duncan, Lisa Graustein, and Mila Hamilton in sessions codesigned by Shanene Herbert and Sharon Goens-Bradley

and prepare to take meaningful risks in the struggle for racial justice. Participants are required to do work between core sessions including highly recommended small group gatherings. See <https://www.afsc.org/radicalaif>.

### **How to Intervene if Someone is Being Harassed: Bystander Intervention Do's and Don'ts.**

Have you ever wondered what you should do if you witness public instances of racist, anti-Muslim or other forms of interpersonal violence or harassment? With white supremacist violence on the rise, it is more important than ever that we know how to keep each other safe. Learn some do's and don'ts of bystander intervention to help you to assess how to intervene while considering the safety of everyone involved. See <https://www.afsc.org/bystanderintervention>.



### **FCNL Virtual Events –**

**Witness Wednesdays**, Silent reflection, together, in community. 5:15 – 6:15 p.m. Registration required.

**December 30** -- See <https://act.fcnl.org/event/witness-wednesday-virtual-events/1979/>.

**January 6** – See <https://act.fcnl.org/event/witness-wednesday-virtual-events/1987/>.

**January 13** – Special Witness Wednesday: *Love Thy 117<sup>th</sup> Congress*. Register at <https://act.fcnl.org/event/witness-wednesday-virtual-events/1988/>.

**Thursdays with Friends**, Biweekly Conversation Series, 4:00 – 4:30 p.m.:

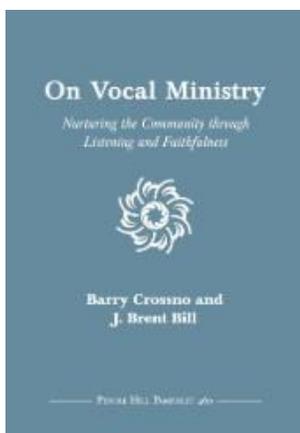
**January 7** -- *Public Health and Healthcare*. Register at <https://www.fcni.org/events/thursdays-friends-public-health-and-healthcare>.

**January 21** – *The Administration’s First 100 Days*. Register at <https://act.fcni.org/event/thursdays-with-friends/1920/signup/>.

### **Pendle Hill Events --**

**Daily worship** via Zoom from 8:30 – 9:10 a.m. See <https://pendlehill.org/explore/worship/join-us-online-for-worship-in-the-barn/>.

**First Monday Lecture with Francisco Burgos: Re-creating Hope. Monday, January 4**, 7:30 – 9:00 p.m. via Zoom. Free and open to the public, but registration required. See <https://pendlehill.org/events/re-creating-hope/>.



**New! Online Reading Group** – This monthly online reading group, free and open to all, will focus on a mix of Pendle Hill Pamphlets and other Quaker materials. The first reading group of the new year will discuss the best-selling 2019 Pendle Hill pamphlet #460, *On Vocal Ministry: Nurturing the Community through Listening and Faithfulness* by Barry Crossno and J. Brent Bill. Wednesday, **January 13** from 6:30 -- 8:00 p.m. via Zoom. See <https://pendlehill.org/-events/pendle-hills-reading-group-january/>.

**What Love Requires: Heart-Opening Practices for Mindful Awareness, Peace, and Compassionate Action.** A New Year’s Retreat Online with Valerie Brown, Monday, **December 28** – Wednesday, **December 30**. Three 90-minute sessions, 11:00 a.m. - 12:30 p.m., each day. Program is **full**, but there is a **wait list**. See <https://pendlehill.org/events/what-love-requires-heart-opening-practices-for-mindful-awareness-peace-and-compassionate-action/>.

**Candle Light Meeting for Worship with Care to the New Year.** Thursday, **December 31**, 11:00 p.m. – midnight. Take time to reflect and pray at the close of 2020. Free and open to the public! Registration required. See <https://pendlehill.org/events/candle-light-meeting-for-worship-with-care-to-the-new-year/>.

Be sure to read ***A Quaker Statement on Migration***. Jointly developed by American Friends Service Committee, Britain Yearly Meeting, Friends Committee for National Legislation, Quaker Council for European Affairs, and Quaker United Nations Office, the statement draws on their Quaker foundations and work with migrants and on migration. Read the statement at <https://www.fcnl.org/updates/2020-12/quaker-statement-migration>.



We recently received this letter from Delia Windwalker, a long-term tenant staying in Quaker House through the end of February.

Dear Friends –

Every morning when I awake in this beautiful haven

I am GRATEFUL

For a place so familiar

For the gift of your hospitality

For the beauty of the ocean and seaside walks

For the convergence of the thoughts and manifesting that have brought me once again to this restorative retreat.

May we all remain safe and well!

Warmest regards, Love & Light

Delia/Feather



## ***Homelessness on Cape Cod***

The longest night of the year, December 21, is designated as National Homeless Persons' Memorial Day, and this year marked thirty years of remembering those who have died homeless in our communities. In the past year, twenty-eight men and women from the Cape Cod and Islands community were lost, having suffered the deprivations of poverty and homelessness. They ranged in age from twenty-nine to seventy-four.

To call attention to this day of remembrance and to the plight of our homeless brothers and sisters, Belonging To Each Other, a local Quaker-supported organization, organized an interfaith memorial service held virtually on the evening of December 21.

In the candlelight of the service these men and women were lovingly remembered as fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, and brothers and sisters. We were reminded of our common humanity, of the urgency of eradicating the ongoing tragedy of homelessness, and of the need to bring light and hope after the darkest night of the year.

Here are the names and ages of the twenty-eight men and women who died homeless on Cape Cod in 2020.



Mark B 62  
Tammy M 62  
Cheryl E 62  
Bradley (Brad) F 62  
Kerri B 39  
Leanne B 50  
Alicia B 35  
James (Jimmy) N 50  
Barbara M 63  
Louis (Louie) P 66  
Matthew S 43  
James G 74

William M 57  
Ashley G 34  
Eugene (Mickey) M 62  
Richard G 58  
Brett H 29  
Matthew (Matty) C 58  
John P 60  
Heather (Fluffy) E 31  
Danny V 35  
Jonathan (Red) K 44  
Bruce O 69  
Stephen (Fitzy) F 61

Carolyn (Legend) P 38  
Donald (Donny) M 59  
James D 62  
Stuart M (age unknown)

## **Special Section on Readers' Meditations**

### **The Dream**

*Lewis M. Randa*

*East Sandwich Preparative Meeting*

Dreams can have an amazing effect on people, but to be honest, I rarely remember dreams long enough to consider any of them all that important. One, however, I cannot stop thinking about and it has changed the way I view reality. How long the substance of this dream will pervade my mind and spirit is anyone's guess. I hope it lasts a lifetime.

With each tragic and horrible bit of news these days, and there have been many, I have been struggling with the question that countless others struggle with as well, and that is, how could there be a "personal" God? With all the suffering in the world — war, famine, greed, indifference, murder, disease and pandemics-- how could a personal God allow these things to happen, given that God, supposedly, is in charge? Free will is one thing; senseless tragedy another. I have pretty much concluded that the idea of there being a personal God is nice, and comforting, something I learned in catechism as a child and even embrace as a Quaker. But in light of all the tragedy and suffering around us, this is seemingly not the case. Or, if there is a personal God who would allow these things to happen to anyone at any time, then I certainly am missing something. Then one night, Christmas night of 2010, through a dream, what I was missing was explained to me.

I retired following a wonderful Christmas day 2010 with my family. Our holiday ritual included the recitation of the prayers for peace of the major faith traditions of the world in the interfaith chapel at The Peace Abbey. Though troubled by the recent tragic death of a friend of my daughter, I was at peace, at least with the principle that everyone and everything that exists is an expression or creation of a loving God. What I was struggling with, however, was that this so-called loving Creator would permit such horrible things to happen so randomly in the world. No doubt, nearly everyone has had that thought cross their mind at some point, only to work through it until it had to be addressed again, under new and



different, difficult circumstances.

What I failed to understand until it was revealed to me in the dream, was that God, whom I thought had no personal relationship with us, actually “experiences” what we experience — physically, emotionally, mentally, spiritually -- each and every experience everywhere, at all times and that is why all things are allowed to happen. God isn’t just allowing things to happen to us, God allows things to happen to itself.

The dream provided an awareness that whatever can occur in our earthly existence is worth occurring, however joyful or tragic, because through these experiences God comes to know itself by experiencing all the pain, just as we do; all the joy, just as we do; all the sorrow and grief, just as we do, and when we do. And that, the dream conveyed, is because everything that exists is God.

It seems that in the process of being born into a physical body, and succumbing to continuous phases of ego development, we become detached, not only from our connection with God, but more accurately, the awareness that we are God, and that everything around us is God, and that every experience we are having is, fundamentally, God having the experience. That thought never crossed my mind. I sensed that everything was God in a macro-universal sense, but never came close to considering God as having my personal experiences. That changes everything. I feel I now need to reread every important and meaningful text, scripture, poem, prayer and revisit every philosophy, ideology, theory and principle of life on which I have based my understanding. The dream was for me the mother lode of all paradigm shifts.

What God is on earth was clarified for me, in intimate terms, through the dream. I now recognize more than ever that surrendering one’s ego, as best one can, is required to illuminate the awareness that there is a personal God to whom my physical body and personality give form. How much more personal can God get if, in fact, the experience I am having, God is having — not in addition to, not with, not through, but having exactly as I am having, when I am having it, because we are one and the same in time and space? Within earthly existence, this oneness has confounded humanity in its search for God, as God is concealed within the ego framework of personhood.

As this was being communicated through my dream, a sense of profound peace and self-surrender enveloped me. I found myself in an alert state of sleep with no images or back drop that I can recall. I felt like I was being told the secret of the universe which, perhaps, others are aware of, but I certainly was not.

Prior to the dream, I understood each experience I had as one I alone was having. How could it be otherwise? I was taught that God was aware of all things, even my experiences. I was never taught, however, that God *is* all things, and therefore is aware of all things; and is aware of all things because God is experiencing all things! We think, because of our separation from what we really are, personal experience is ours alone. My dream told me otherwise. It was as though I saw God the next day in everything around me.

Now it seems the very question, “is there a personal God?” is akin to a cell on my physical body questioning a personal relationship with me because the cell is unable to appreciate the relationship between us. The relationship, of course, is so integral, so one and the same, that it is indiscernible.

While we can assume God is much more than what is taking place in the cosmos, it is enough to know that where God exists on Earth is as personal as each beat of our heart, for we are the outward and visible embodiment of Godhood. We are the physical form, imbued with a concept of self that at once denies we are God, while existing for the sole purpose of God being us. And in being us, God experiences in the first person the reality we create.

So, I awoke the next morning with a sense that what I have had explained to me in a dream now needs to be absorbed so I never again fall into thinking that God is something other than everything and everyone, and then begin questioning whether or not he/she/it is personally involved or cares enough to prevent horrible things from happening. Forgive the redundancy: If something can happen, no matter how horrific and unfair or wonderful and affirming, it is allowed to happen. It is allowed to happen because God manifests itself through us in order to experience everything that can happen, both the good and the bad, in our terms (and everything in between), and therefore we and everything else are created and exist for that end. And because it's God's experience, it's our experience too, not the other way around. Thus, God couldn't be more personal, and as such, mystifyingly, doesn't seem to be personal at all, or even exist for that matter. Before the dream, none of this crossed my mind.

Talk about not seeing the forest through the trees.

For years I have been drawn to the Sikh saying: "If you can't see God in all, you can't see God at all." I never really understood it until now. Thanks to the dream, this saying awakens me to an understanding that takes my breath away.



## ***Parting Gifts from Grandma***

*Alan Burt*

*East Sandwich Preparative Meeting*

As a toddler growing up in the late 1950s with only a limited understanding of the world, what I knew with absolute certainty was that my grandmother loved me and that she was always busy in the house, the yard, and the garden. Essentially, I just knew she loved me. Even today, I can recall memories of being in the garden, with my hands dirty from helping grandmother, planting things.

At age 5 or 6 I was more aware of just how very safe I was and how cherished I was by her, no matter what. I knew this because when I did something wrong and she scolded me, it was never brought up again. This sense of safety and of being so loved, helped me to listen to her every word, to learn and to remember.



My grandmother around 1963

When I was in college, my grandmother would often ask me what I had learned. And she was always so impressed and proud of me. This gave me a powerful sense of pride, of feeling I was doing my best both as her grandson and as a person. One day I came home excited about an analogy my psychology teacher had used to talk about the distinction between optimists and pessimists. He said that optimists see the glass of life as half full, while pessimists see it as half empty.

I thought Grandma would be impressed. Instead, she said, "What kind of nonsense is that, half full, half empty?" I told her that everyone else seemed to get the significance of this and was puzzled by her view. She said, "Alan, once you find God or the higher power that people talk about, your glass becomes overflowing and all you want to do for the rest of your life is to share this joy with others so that they can discover this gift for themselves." When I went back to class, I shared what Grandma had said. My teacher said, "I like Grandma's theory better."

Although I can only remember some, I feel that she instilled many more lessons, which continue to guide me today. I never felt she was trying to control me, or even trying to influence me in any conscious way. Instead, the influence was her unconditional love for me, simply there in its natural state. It was always left up to me to decide whether to accept or reject her lessons, and although I struggled with some of them for years, ultimately, I came to cherish and incorporate all of them into my way of life. I think of these lessons as her parting gifts to me.

Another lesson came when Grandma talked about the importance of not sacrificing one's respect and love for others, even when in conflict with them. Grandma said, "During the depression I loaned a neighbor fifty dollars which she agreed to pay back in weekly payments. However, she never made any payments and clearly was avoiding having any contact with me. So, one day, I knocked on her door. When it opened, she lowered her head in shame. I said, 'I have come to apologize for making that fifty dollars

more important than you. I don't want the fifty dollars anymore. I want your love and friendship back." I never forgot this story and have been reminded of it so many times in my life. Grandma always seemed to know just how and when to say things.

My Grandma has been dead for over forty years and, yet, in a very real and significant way, she has never left me. In fact, my love for and faith in her and my love for and faith in God are the same. Of all the people who have blessed me in my life, and there have been many, she shines the brightest and resonates the most deeply in me.

And I cannot help but believe that she would want her messages of love to be shared with others as her parting gifts to them as well. And I smile now as I finish this last sentence, sensing her smile, her nod and that twinkle in her eye, and hearing her whisper in my heart and soul, hearing her say, "thank you, dear, and keep me near as I love, loving you."



***A Timeless Gift and Prayer for Us and the World***

*Alan Burt*

*East Sandwich Preparative Meeting*

I have been moved to repeat a prayer that has deeply touched my heart over the years. It was found on a crumpled-up piece of paper in the pocket of Chuck Gates, a homeless man in Nashville, around 1985. He was stabbed, likely robbed for what little he had, and left to die alone in a dark alley, while the city around him slept.

Handwritten, the prayer indicated that Chuck Gates was working on forgiving himself and making amends for not living the way he prayed. In my reading, the prayer was also his parting gift, his prayer for all of us. It inspired me to begin my work with the homeless; to know them, help them and love them; My Faith in Practice.

Recently, as I stood next to the Global Pandemic Stone at the Peace Abbey in Millis, Massachusetts, I was thinking of poverty, homelessness, racism, and all hatred and injustice as long-standing pandemics upon the earth. As I touched the Global Pandemic Stone, I was thus led to say this prayer.

## The Prayer of Chuck Gates

Each day when day was done,  
I then knelt and prayed.  
Dear Lord, Bless everyone.  
Lift from the deadened heart the pain,  
and let the sick be well again.  
But hardly ever did I go see  
the sick man next door to me  
or try to lift a heavy load  
from anyone suffering  
alongside the road.  
Yet each day,  
when day was done,  
I knelt and prayed,  
Lord Bless Everyone.  
And then one day  
as I knelt to pray  
I heard a voice within  
which seemed to say,  
pause, hypocrite, before  
you pray, who have you  
tried to Bless today?  
I then bowed my head and cried.  
Forgive me Lord, for I have lied,  
but if you let me live another day,  
I promise to better live the way I pray.



## On Writing

I am writing --  
that astounding arrogance  
the way addicts love...  
words run off the page,  
liquid mercury with no message  
drops fall on the floor into smaller  
more indiscernible and broken letters  
cuneiform before baking  
when the word was closer  
to a gesture, a sign language  
made by a stridulating spider;  
can't hear, seeing irrelevant,  
feeling is indistinct  
but the hand stutters on,  
ink runs out in front  
jeering the great names,  
before being thrown  
under the bus of my left hand --  
but I write  
I can't even hold my ears shut,  
I write  
everything -- a finch, a cat,  
one fuchsia -- impinges or impales;  
the words, now flies,  
alight on some sweet flowers  
become deranged  
if not ecstatic,  
  
or at least as close to death  
as the tourniquet of life allows.

*Eric H. Edwards*

*December 2020*



## Turkeys

I've decided to walk my neighborhood most walks paying closest attention, I can't do what my friend Nick calls the Small World my small part of this wide world such as it is and

Turkeys appear on nearly every walk along the way wild turkeys that is pecking foraging yabbolling, kolobodling, walking mostly sometimes running less often perching on wood piles or deck railings or porches very less often flying generally one place along my walk which seems to be a favorite place of theirs though they could appear nearly anywhere one of them will take off like an ungainly improbable helicopter straight up into a scrub pine branch 50 or more feet in the air and perch there seemingly just for the Hell of it

Males six of them walking down our street and entering our yard couldn't care less that it's our yard and start squabbling with each other after mating season perhaps in preparation for future mating jousts while the females herding 9 or 10 little goblets they had we had one female with a limp took to our yard so I got to know her she'd hop jump and flap up on our deck railing and hang out there a while eventually she had her poults 9 of them and she'd parade them round our yard front and back once during a cold rain she covered them all with her wings then we could see little heads protruding.

Oh I just LOVE turkeys

the way Eloise just Loves room service.



Photo credit: Bill Holcombe

Another lifetime walking my blind student  
arm in arm in high school parking lot  
we hear repetitive metallic pinging  
a big male CT turkey pecking Hell into the  
shiny bumper of a car we walk around the school  
20 minutes later walking by same bird  
still doing exact same thing  
did he see his own reflection  
and want to destroy his competitor (?)  
perhaps not the brightest birds on the beat.

Eating their way across and through our yard  
as many as 50 birds 2 or 3 distinct flocks/groups  
in front yard and back.

Eating anything that moves and much that doesn't  
anything in their path pecking pecking pecking  
acorns, azalea galls, blueberries, blackberries, crabgrass  
way to go, guys—eat that crabgrass,  
bulbs, stems, buds, leaves, flowers, seeds,  
slugs—oh yes, take them right off my tomatoes,  
prickly pear, pecans, paw paws, small snakes,  
frogs and tadpoles, little sunfish, worms  
voracious yet somehow unlike clouds of  
locusts they leave my garden intact perhaps  
improved and rid the pests from my tomatoes and kale  
untouched way to go again guys and gals  
as much as my wife tires of you and tries  
to shoo you away at which you merely blink  
and go about your business  
you're welcome in my yard anytime all the time  
my champions of the wooded hill next door  
my companions on this walk any walk  
I'll walk with you anytime anyplace.

*Bill Holcombe*

*East Sandwich Preparative Meeting*



Photo credit: Bernie Nolan



**Next Gazette Deadline  
Friday, January 22**

*The Gazette is a publication of West Falmouth Preparative Meeting  
Rita O'Donnell, Editor; Alta Mae Stevens, Editor Emerita;  
Stephen Gates, Photographer; Brenda Nolan, Transmitter*



East Sandwich Meeting House, December 31, 2018  
Photo credit: Steve Gates