**Small Group Ministry**

**Group Session Plan**

**Attachment**

**Opening Words**

Perhaps

for a moment

the typewriters will stop clicking,

the wheels will stop rolling,

the computers desist from computing,

and a hush will fall over the city.

For an instant, in the stillness,

the chiming of celestial spheres will be heard

as earth hangs poised

in the crystalline darkness, and then

gracefully

tilts.

Let there be a season

when holiness is heard, and

the splendor of living is revealed.

Stunned to stillness by beauty

we remember who we are and why we are here.

There are in explicable mysteries.

We are not alone.

In the universe there moves a Wild One

whose gestures alter the earth's a axis

toward love.

In the immense darkness

everything spins with joy.

The cosmos enfolds us.

We are caught in a web of stars,

cradled in a swaying embrace,

rocked by the holy night,

babes of the universe.

Let this be the time

we wake to life,

as spring wakes,

in the moment of the winter solstice.

Rebecca Parker, President, Starr King School for Ministry

**Check-in/Sharing**

**Topic/Activity**

We listen with humor and a little envy to tales from Lake Wobegon, the fictional town where all the people are from the same place and have known each other for a lifetime or two. The ideas of friend from childhood or happily married high school sweethearts was our imaginations.

And yet, at ever increasing rates, we move far from our families, leave our adult homes for retirement villages, and follow economic opportunity from location to location, town to town, state to state.

1. Are we attached to anything or anyone?
2. Is there anything that we would not leave behind?
3. How attached are we to people, places, things?

**Likes & Wishes**

**Closing Words**

"Hold on to what is good

even if it is. a

a handful of earth.

Hold on to what you believe

even if t is

a tree which stands by itself

Hold on to what you must do

even if it is a

a long way from here!

Hold on to my hand even when

I have gone away from you."

Nancy Wood, *Singing the Living Tradition* #688

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