



Quest

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A blank piece
of paper is God's way of telling us
how hard it is to be God.

• Sidney Sheldon •

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Imagining a Way

BY KAREN HERING, ASSOCIATE MINISTER, UNITY CHURCH-UNITARIAN OF ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

One of the best ways I know to get things moving when I'm facing significant change is to engage my imagination. The facts of my situation, and the logic and reason I use to arrange them, will only take me to the edge of what I know. Even using my five senses will only extend as far as the range of my sight, hearing, taste, smell and touch. But imagination has the ability to reach farther by accessing the deeper well of the unconscious and creatively

rearranging what I've known before. The uniquely human capacity to imagine is a valuable threshold skill that can open a way into and through the unknowns of a future filled with change.

When we cling to what we know, it is easy to forget about the massive storehouse of knowledge hidden within each of us, a vast library filed away behind a door aptly labeled "the unconscious." It is there, in the back stacks of the mind, that our experiences first get shelved. Cognitive scientists tell us less than one percent of that material gets transferred to our conscious mind. Like a "closed stack" library where patrons submit requests for materials to be retrieved by librarians, our unconscious stores an expansive collection of knowledge entirely out of sight. Some of it is also out of reach of language itself, collected and shelved as pre-verbal feelings, sensory experiences and images that constitute the knowledge we call intuition. Dream worker and author Jeremy Taylor called this knowledge "not-yet-speech-ripe," using an old Anglo-Saxon term for the unconscious.

Fortunately, accessing the treasures of the unconscious does not require mastering the Dewey decimal system or turning to a librarian. Rather, we can be assisted by the colorful cast of characters appearing in our dreams at night, or by any piece of music, poetry or art that speaks to us. We only need to pay attention to anything flinging open the doors to the unconscious and beckoning us in to wander among the hidden stacks, often without knowing what we are looking for.

Imagination, dreams, ritual and the arts are all tools for accessing this larger pool of consciousness. In dominant culture today, these ways of knowing are often disparaged as less reliable and useful than science and historical fact. But any scientist worth their white coat knows that exploration begins with a dance between curiosity and imagination. We need to access a larger body of knowledge, especially when facing an unknown future. Our imaginations, creativity and dreams all extend our awareness to do just that.

Wang Maohua, a tai chi master in Beijing, once gave me an important lesson that changed my understanding of tai chi and now also guides me on the threshold of change. He began our time together by asking me to show him the tai chi I practiced at home. But soon after I launched through several forms, he stopped me. I was pushing myself through the moves, he observed.

"Try to focus your attention on the space above your head and below your feet," he advised instead. "Extend your awareness to the space beyond your fingers." He then led me in a meditative journey through my body, awakening me first to the space within my body and then beyond it. He told me to stop pushing my body. "Instead," he said, "let your body move by a gentle intention into the space around it, where your awareness is already waiting to meet it."

We can borrow this practice of "gentle intention" when living on the threshold, casting our awareness across the gap of the unknown. By imagining ourselves on the far side of our threshold, we are actually stretching our attention beyond the limits of our senses. Gentle intention will open our awareness, allowing us to perceive what lies beneath the surface of things. It is a way of open-ended wondering, imagining what we are moving toward. Then, having imagined ourselves on the far side of the threshold we are crossing, we look up to find our own self waiting there, encouraging us on, and welcoming us as we arrive in a place where we have never been before. ■

excerpted and adapted from Living in the Between: a thresholder's guide to personal and global change, by Karen Hering, to be published by Skinner House in late 2020.

Creative Imagination

BY LEAH ONGIRI, ASSOCIATE MINISTER, FOX VALLEY UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST FELLOWSHIP OF APPLETON, WISCONSIN

Appleton, wisconsin

When I was in college, a professor began the term by assigning a novel set in a dystopian future, where everything was grim and hope was absent. I diligently read the book, a science fiction story by Ursula LeGuin. I'm sure I wasn't the only person thinking that the term was already heading in the direction of being a serious downer. But the professor surprised me. When we arrived back at class the next week, he split us into small conversation groups, asking that we reflect on our ideal society. Get as far away as possible from the world the book imagines, he urged. In the utopia of our personal dreams, what would life be like?

We had some interesting conversation. One of the cool ideas I remember being tossed out was free public transportation, locally, and also globally. Can you imagine that? One fellow student in my group had recently interned with a collective that built housing using environmentally sustainable materials like cob (which is a mixture of [clay](#), [sand](#), [straw](#), water and [earth](#) that's similar to [adobe](#)). He shared a long convoluted plan about everyone getting to create their own one-room living space that would adjoin huge communal compounds he described as being like beehives. I was 19 and remember thinking it was very sophisticated.

But I have been forever haunted by the comment of a smart, thoughtful young woman. She was very quiet and listened to all the ideas presented. Then she said, "In my version of a perfect and ideal culture, anyone who abused or mistreated anyone, especially children, would be severely punished." That's the only contribution she made during that assignment.

I hope I will always be first in line to advocate for accountability when wrong has been committed, especially against another person, let alone a child. But in my dreamland of total bliss and complete equality, people would not be harming other people. Couldn't we at least even fantasize about what it might mean to inhabit a place where children were not violated? Where we did not have to fear for the safety of our littlest ones?

This experience, of being confronted with an intelligent and worldly person who had so little capacity to dream big and think outside the box when the opportunity presented itself, helped teach me that imagination is complicated. It can be hard to imagine.

In Unitarian Universalism, one of the ways we have access to imagination is through Humanism. The worldview of Humanism can help us imagine. This might seem incongruent, but it's not! Humanism often gets a bad rap because it can be mistaken for an overly rational perspective, one that is too literal and rigid for expansive beauty and joy. That is one kind of humanism, but I would characterize the flavorless and crotchety kind as secular in nature. In other words, it's not interested in religious questions, and it can even be a fundamentalist sort of humanism.

By calling it fundamentalist, I mean that it's an absolutely certain viewpoint, unable to allow for the mystery of the world or the possibility that another truth might be valid in another context or for another person. There's no imagination in that.

Religious humanism is not confining in this stereotypical way; rather, it's one of the least limiting forms of religious expression available to us. The reason it's long been one of the most imaginative religious forces is because it says

yes to so much! It asks us to accept that our physical and spiritual lives are the result of vast and diverse influences, including science, history, human thought and natural beauty. It even holds a place for those mysteries that have not yet become known to us. All these perspectives—philosophical, biological, environmental—are resources. They're tools that we can use to fashion lives of worth and dignity for ourselves.

For the religious humanists (and in the past hundred years religious humanists have also tended to be Unitarians), imagination is the key that provides hope to alleviate suffering. Rather than imagination being rooted in privilege, it's the opposite. When times are hard (even oppressive), that's when it's most important. This was a new idea to me, that suffering could be addressed by imagination.

The Rev. Lewis McGee called this “creative imagination.” Although he was born into an AME (African Methodist Episcopal) family in Pennsylvania in 1893, by 1927 Lewis McGee was connected with the burgeoning humanist movement and its many illustrious Unitarians. These included signers of the first Humanist Manifesto in 1933, which outlined humanist principles in a splashy fifteen-point platform. Here are some highlights in brief:

Religion consists of those actions, purposes, and experiences which are humanly significant.... The distinction between the sacred and the secular can no longer be maintained.... Believing that religion must work increasingly for joy in living, religious humanists aim to foster the creative in man [we might broaden that language today but I think the fact that all the signers were straight white men somewhat limited their perspective]....

The goal of humanism [it continues] is a free and universal society in which people voluntarily and intelligently cooperate for the common good. [My favorite part:] Humanists demand a shared life in a shared world.

Lewis McGee loved this. He wanted more. But when he eagerly approached a Unitarian minister of his acquaintance about entering the ministry, he was told candidly that he would have to supply his own church since it was of course out of the question for a Black man to serve a white congregation—and there were only white Unitarian congregations in existence.

He bided his time, not giving up on Unitarianism, but not able to move forward with it either. Finally, when he was in his mid-50s, he entered Meadville Lombard Theological School in Chicago to prepare for the Unitarian ministry. And then, in 1948, he did start his very own Unitarian congregation, a predominately Black but somewhat multiracial congregation called the Free Religious Fellowship, located on Chicago's South Side.

Imagination is an idea that was central to McGee. This is how he summarized his theological beliefs: “We believe in the creative imagination as a power in promoting the good life.” For him and for other Black humanists of his time, creative imagination wasn't an abstract, theoretical concept too vague to be pinned down. It was clearly, tangibly, irrevocably located in human capacity. Imagination helps to resist suffering.

So, according to McGee and his contemporaries, here is how the world works: We, flawed yet mighty humans, contain within our minds and bodies the capacity to solve individual and social problems. These African American theologians were understandably motivated to address, in particular, white supremacy and racism. They didn't see the suffering that resulted from oppression as an opportunity for redemption. Since they didn't believe in a God who called the shots (and they reasoned that only a twisted, sadistic slave master type of God would force suffering on people for their own good), they blamed white racism and other forms of unfair pain and sorrow on human folly. Instead of participating in what they termed a collective God delusion, humankind should quit shirking the task of

righting the wrongs caused by evil behavior.

Human effort and moral struggle are the only ways to alleviate oppressive conditions and rebuild a kinder and more just collective existence. The task of social progress is ours and ours alone, since humans and not God possess the agency to make change happen.

Nor is this a fools' mission; with imagination, our world can actually get better and more livable. McGee and Black humanism are clear that by dint of human effort and wisdom our world can and will improve. We'll get there eventually if we are committed. This process itself is important. McGee wrote that inherent in existence is a "continuing search for truth" and so he called life an "adventurous quest." Our creative imagination is a necessary travel accessory as we embark on the adventure of lifework that must always include addressing suffering. Henry David Thoreau, another Unitarian from a different time, geographical region and social location, put it this way: "The world is but a canvas to our imagination."

In a way, the dystopian novel I was assigned years ago tells the truth. The world can feel grim, and hope can seem absent because the reality is that many people are suffering, nearby and around the planet. It can be tempting to succumb to the idea that all we could ever hope for is to contain the damage by keeping life from degenerating even more.

We might swiftly impose consequences for unacceptable behavior, but not restructure society so that our children are born into a society where they are safer. The "shared life in a shared world" demanded by religious Humanism will not be easily realized. We are going to have to work for it—and we are.

People all across the globe are striving for it, but the task is immense. It's so huge that in the meantime, in order that we not forget what it is we're struggling for, we must imagine it. Lewis McGee reminds us that the creative imagination is a powerful aid in promoting the good life. Our brains and sweat and a whole lot else is required. But without imagination, how will we know where we're going? ■

Pure Imagination

BY PAUL LANGSTON-DALEY, CONSULTING MINISTER, BELL STREET CHAPEL OF PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

We live in a world that seems bereft of potential, a world that seems to have lost its imagination.

I read recently in a Connecticut newspaper that: "at least 1,967 students age 6 and under were suspended last school year—almost all of them Black or Hispanic. According to a report from the Connecticut Department of Education, the number of students suspended is actually higher, but privacy issues restrict the state agency from releasing information." That's preschoolers we're talking about—the article also mentions a seven-year-old being arrested.

I could never have imagined this. I would never *want* to imagine this.

We are in an endless war on drugs and terrorism...and no one seems willing to imagine what the end of those wars might look like. We face unprecedented levels of carbon dioxide in the air, and yet we cannot imagine a world without oil and coal.

I wonder at times if we are so cynical that we have lost the capacity to imagine a different kind of world. I wonder at times if we are so deadened that we cannot lift our head from the cold, hard concrete to look at what is around us.

When I am feeling most cynical, most hopeless, most helpless, when I am feeling most desolate and alone, when I have no vision beyond my bed at night and only the thought of doing it all over again tomorrow, I can be overtaken by hopeless boredom, and the monotony of helplessness and lost creativity.

Where has my imagination gone?

When I was a child, I remember playing for hours in the fields around my house. Imagining we were swimming with sharks, exploring the ocean, climbing the highest mountains and tracking lions and elephants. The top of the slide at the play ground was a rocket to the moon. The sand was quicksand—don't slip and fall in! Don't fall in... Pay attention. Watch where you step. Stay awake. Don't fall in... I guess a lot of us fell in, and fell asleep.

Where are the dreamers, the lovers, the poets, the artists—the ones who cause us to see the world with our head cocked to one side, or standing on our heads, our left finger in our ear? These are the ones who awaken us. They do not wake us with dire predictions of death and destruction; that only causes us to want to drink more Koolaid, to check out—*Why strain ourselves? It's all going to crash and burn; I might as well sleep through it.*

No, the dreamers are the ones who see a light. They are the ones who see the world as a giant ball of possibility. The ones who shake us gently and whisper in our ear: *Wake up! Look around; it's so beautiful here. Hey!*—another gentle nudge—*Hey, wake up. Look at all this endless possibility. Look at this awe and wonder!*

The dreamers invite us to wake up and participate in the world. They inspire us, by their own faith, to see the invisible and to wonder about the future.

We slowly open our eyes and allow them to focus, and we are invited into the world of endless fascination. The dreamers ask us to participate in its creation, to consider its intricacies and its diversity. We are invited to wonder at the options and imagine the possible future outcomes of the choices we make. The artists, the musicians, the writers, the dancers, the poets, the actors invite us to consider together the world that we are bringing into being.

Imagine for a moment that the binary world no longer exists—because it doesn't. There are instead shades and tones in a spectrum of life—human identity spilling over and filling many cups at once. Each cup a moment of memory, a snippet of story, a wellspring of wisdom. Each cup a new opportunity to share ourselves with others, to inspire deeper understanding and to develop deeper wisdom about this thing we call life.

Imagine for a moment that our ancestors matter, that our history matters, that our culture matters, that all cultures matter. Each culture is an aspect of us as human beings, inspiring curiosity and respect for our complex nature, as well as the complexity of all life.

Imagine for a moment that all paths to the holy are sacred, and we hold each other's paths in the palm of our hands. Would you hold your palms open to guide others on their way, or close your fists so you can get there first?

We can imagine we all belong, because we do. We can imagine that we are all loved because we are. And we invite others to belong with us because we know the pain of being unwelcome, of feeling unloved.

Imagine for a moment a world of peace—but with an element of chaos. (I don't mind a world of chaos, so long as the chaos isn't violent.) Perhaps like the chaos of an English garden: lush and colorful, a surprise in every corner, a seemingly random cacophony of color and texture. Imagine a world not without conflict, but one with ingenious and inspired ways of responding to the conflict. Ways that honor and value the dignity and inherent worth in all life.

Each choice we make shapes the world, creates new possibilities, brings love or pain. Each choice is made with intention or made in deep sleep. The artists, the dancers, the puppeteers ask us to wake up, to pay attention, to consider and to think. They remind us of our interdependence, the cause and effect of life lived.

Nothing we do in the world is done in a vacuum. Our actions ripple out beyond ourselves in ever-widening circles that intersect the ever-widening circles of life all around us.

The poets and dreamers have invited us to look behind the curtain, to see beyond the veil. Tu-shun, the First Patriarch of Huayan Buddhism, offered the image of the jeweled net of Indra: a net that stretches across the universe, with a jewel at each juncture of the net. Each jewel reflects all the other jewels in the cosmic matrix. Each jewel represents a living being, intrinsically and intimately connected to all the others. A change to any one jewel is reflected in all.

We are intrinsically and intimately connected to one another, reflected in each other's eyes, the beauty and grace of the divine spark shining in each of us. We are buoyed by each other's dreaming, imagining together a future we have set in motion. Our children and our children's children will live in a world so different from our own we cannot even begin to conceive of it.

Their world is shaped by our actions today. Imagine one year from now, five years from now, one hundred years from now, seven generations from now. What kind of world will our actions leave them seven generations from now? If we are awake, we teach them to walk gently on the earth. If we are awake, we teach them to care for the smallest, and recognize the sacred and profound in all life. We teach not just with our words, but also by our actions, by our example.

If we are awake, we see that we must help awaken others, because our children and children's children live in a world that is shaped by our actions today.

The painters, the sculptors, the dreamers, the songwriters shake us and call to us in our sleep—disturbing us, stirring us, rousing us to participate thoughtfully in the creation of the future. Calling us away from the love of power and towards the power of love.

The poets remind us that our intentions, thoughts and actions carve the world into being each day. But if we are in deep sleep, we may act as though we are awake but tumble through the world stumbling and tripping, hacking away at the life around us. We hear the news of war and death, of terrorism and fear. We hear of children sold as slaves, children forced to fight wars, children with little opportunity and even less hope.

And we sleep...unable to dream except in restless dreams of *no, no more, of what if?* and *I'm only one*.... And then we feel that tugging on our elbow, that persistent ache, that nudge at the edge of our consciousness calling us awake. The artist, the singer, the poet, the song, inviting us to try something new, to take a risk and open our eyes, to experience the world again from a new and different perspective. Inviting us to imagine together a world in which we can be both awake and be in deep joy. Singing a song of love and peace, inviting us to imagine a world beyond our wildest dreams, calling us to imagine what the world would be like if we lived our lives on the side of love. ■

Living by Imagination

BY **BY STEFAN JONASSON**, MEMBER OF THE QUEST EDITORIAL TEAM AND FORMER BOARD MEMBER, CLF

When I was a boy, I had a vivid imagination. Some might have even called it overactive. It found expression in many ways and my parents, along with our neighbors, encouraged it, as long as it didn't stray in the direction of fabrication.

Long before our family owned a car, my father began replacing our potholed asphalt driveway with concrete. He did it a patch at a time, cutting away the failed asphalt down to the gravel base and replacing it with concrete that he mixed by hand in a wheelbarrow. Each slab was irregularly shaped and their sizes varied. He tinted each batch of concrete a different color. After pouring each slab, Dad finished the surface with a corn broom for texture and then carefully edged it with a smooth trowel. Over the course of a summer or two, he made his way up each side of the driveway, leaving a remnant of asphalt in the center. The result looked a little like the shape of San Francisco Bay—without the Golden Gate channel. The asphalt was the bay while the concrete was the surrounding landscape, albeit a prairie terrain rather than a mountainous one.

It didn't take long before I was using the edging as "roads" for my Dinky Toys and Matchbox cars, which fit perfectly along the roadways Dad had created. The textured surface on the rest of each slab made perfect fields, not unlike the wheat fields we passed on the real highways. I had a few hundred miniature vehicles—I was a bit spoiled!—so it didn't take long for traffic jams to develop around Riverbend Bay as I laid out my toys. It's a good thing we didn't have a car to park on the driveway, although I did have a toy or two crushed by vehicles turning around at the end, seemingly unaware that this particular driveway was alive with imaginary people and places.

Stories unfolded in my imagination as I drove my vehicles up and down the roadways. There were wars and disasters, deliveries and country drives—every conceivable circumstance that a youngster's imagination could dream up. I spent hundreds of hours in this landscape, my imagination running wild. I'm 60 now, but I still keep some of those toys I played with when I was six in a box downstairs, and whenever I take them out, my imagination still overflows.

I graduated eventually from toy cars to a paper route, but that didn't interfere with my imagination. Delivering papers is boring work, so there was plenty of time to think as I pulled my wagon filled with newspapers from house to house. Along the way, I would talk to myself out loud, sing or whistle, and keep my mind occupied by letting it drift to other places. Some of my customers would just shake their heads as their daydreaming, tow-haired paperboy meandered along the street—usually late—delivering the day's news. Other customers actively engaged my imagination, encouraging my storytelling and singing, playing along with me when they could.

The curious thing in all of this is that I grew into who I am through the unfettered growth of my imagination. Looking back, I realize that the values I treasure were shaped through my imaginary wanderings as a child and refined through my experiences as an adult. But whoever it is that I am today, that person can be glimpsed in a boy who played on the driveway and delivered papers. If I am impatient with the world as it is, it is only because I learned to dream of a better world as a child. And I've never ceased believing that the world of our dreams could

become a reality if we pursued our dreams with imagination instead of caving in to so-called common sense and practicality.

In *The Conduct of Life*, Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote: “We live by our imaginations, by our admirations, by our sentiments. The child walks amid heaps of illusions, which he does not like to have disturbed.” I agree that we live most fully when we live by our imaginations, and I acknowledge that, as a child, I was surrounded by heaps of illusions. But if my imagination and illusions have been disturbed, it’s only because, as adults, we allow ourselves to become disenchanted and estranged from our imagination, which happens to be where our better angels reside.

Imagination, whatever our age and circumstances, is vital.

Which is why I am so excited to see a new leadership team come on board at the CLF. The board and the search committee were bold in imagining the CLF’s future—a future that responds to the urgent call of justice that we feel in the present moment. They were bold in imagining ministry as something that goes beyond those who are ordained, and chose a leadership team that includes two religious educators as well as an ordained minister. And I am so eager to see what the vivid imaginations of the CLF’s new lead ministry team—Aisha Hauser, Christina Rivera and Michael Tino—will bring us as we imagine the future together. ■

REsources for Living

BY LYNN UNGAR, MINISTER FOR LIFESPAN LEARNING, CHURCH OF THE LARGER FELLOWSHIP

I have to say that I feel like I am writing this to you from another country. Our *Quest* publication schedule is such that I am writing in March for publication in September. Which is generally not too much of an issue, except that March 2020 feels like a date that will go down in history, like the War of 1812, or 9/11. At the moment I am writing this, all of California, where I live, has been told to stay home to avoid spreading COVID19. I imagine the rest of the country will follow. I imagine that we are just at the beginning of enormous loss of life. I imagine hospitals in the US will soon be overwhelmed the way they already are in Italy. We are all, right now, pretty much in shock, but I imagine grief is on its way.

I imagine, but I don’t know. This is a message in a bottle, sent out to the future. I imagine (but don’t know) that by the time you read this in September, the worst of this crisis is past. I imagine being able to dance with my friends, to sing together, to go out to dinner or to a play. When you read this, you will either think “Of course!” or “How could she be so naïve!” I don’t know what September will bring, but I can imagine.

And perhaps that need to imagine is the real blessing in this time of crisis. Usually we go about our lives assuming that one day will be very much like the next. Some lousy days, some special treats, but generally all of a piece. Then a novel virus comes along and it’s all, well, novel. New. Unpredictable. We have some models based on the experiences of other countries, and the reasonable predictions don’t look good. But maybe we will have a medical breakthrough. Maybe people will be so careful for one another’s sake that we will stop this thing in its tracks. You know the answer, although I don’t.

But what I do know is that in this time of crisis an enormous amount of imagination is being required from us. Churches are re-imagining worship in a world of enforced social isolation. Musicians are re-imagining what a concert is as they continue to try to share their music with the world. Parents whose children are home from school

are re-imagining education and family time and work and leisure and what a day might look like.

At this moment I am furious at the US government for what I would consider a criminal lack of preparation. But the rest of us have no choice but to be unprepared. We couldn't imagine the place where we are now. But we're working on it. I have to say that I am wildly impressed with the creativity and generosity of spirit that I am witnessing. So far this week I have done Zumba with a man who was live-streaming from some unknown country, attended a couple of virtual house concerts and watched live on Facebook as a friend drew a Venn diagram for her dogs to illustrate appropriate and inappropriate barking. The dogs watched studiously.

When everything is different, we have no choice but to live imaginatively, to create things that have never existed before. Radical disruption invites radical imagination. So now I am wondering just how radical our imagination might become. I wrote this poem today:

Imagine

Imagine with me for a moment—

don't worry, I'm not saying it's real.

Imagine, if you can, that there has been

not a calamity, but a great awakening.

Pretend, just for a moment,

that we all so loved our threatened earth

that we stopped going on cruises,

limited international flights,

worked on cherishing the places

where we already are.

In this pretty fantasy, everyone who possibly can

stops commuting. Spends the extra time

with their kids or pets or garden.

We have the revelation that everyone

needs health care, sick leave, steady work.

It occurs to us that health care

workers

are heroes. Also teachers.

Not to mention the artists of all kinds

who teach us resilience and joy.

*Imagine, if you will,
that we turned to our neighbors
in mutual aid, trading eggs for milk,
checking in on those who are elderly
or alone. Imagine each of us
felt suddenly called to wonder
In this moment, what does the world
need from me? What are my gifts?
Yes, I know it's just a fantasy.
The world could never change
so radically overnight.
But imagine.*

Whatever life looks like in the world of September, I'm sure that we will still be imagining a better world. ■

The Church of the Larger Fellowship has always been fueled by imagination. By our nature, this church without walls has required imagination and creativity to build a world-wide community of people who have gathered in a variety of ways as technology has changed. Please join in helping our imagination become reality as we respond to the growing needs of a changing world. Your help makes all the difference. You can contribute by sending a check in the enclosed envelope, or by giving online at clfuu.org/give.

New Lead Ministry Team

The CLF Board enthusiastically announces the CLF New Leadership Team—a gifted, experienced, vibrant and passionate team who promise to lead, encourage and sometimes even prod us into the future—willing to experiment, willing to examine all our assumptions and willing to follow our faith and our commitment to justice. We are more than delighted to welcome Aisha Hauser, Christina Rivera and Michael Tino.

We are who we imagine ourselves to be.

Our very existence consists in our imagination of ourselves.

Our best destiny is to imagine, at least, completely, who and what, and that we are.

The greatest tragedy that can befall us is to go unimagined.

N. Scott Momaday, from his 1968 novel House Made of Dawn

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