Social Justice Action
“What one does is what counts. Not what one had the intention of doing.” Pablo Picasso

If you have something YOU are passionate about, please tell us so we can spread the word.

UUCSW Service Project
Social Justice FAMILY Event – When – Sunday December 1, 12:00 – 12:30 PM
Where – In our very own church kitchen.
What – Pack meals. We will be packing meals for people in a homeless shelter in Worcester. There will be jobs for all ages. We deliver 100 meals on Sunday and they are handed out the next two days. The shelter does NOT provide lunches so this is a big help for people.

Thanks for signing the ballot initiative to restore voting rights to incarcerated individuals. Here is what will happen. Your signatures were picked up by Cassandra Bensahih of UU Mass Action who took them to the Statehouse. There they need to be validated – each town that we collected must verify that those who signed are in fact actual voters of that town. This could take a while 😊 This petition will appear on the 2022 ballot – it will take that long to validate that there are 70,000 signatures from around the Commonwealth.

I subscribe to a UU email that arrives every Wednesday in my in-box. This story is by Rev. Misha Sanders. I recommend uua.org/braverwiser to sign up.

I heard the incoming screams from the far end of the parking lot of the home improvement store. The vehicle swerved crookedly into the lot and abruptly stopped. Someone inside was forcefully hitting the driver for a few frightening moments, and then emerged from the passenger side and fell to the asphalt, continuing to scream.

I drove slowly to the driver’s side of the vehicle, and asked the woman weeping behind the steering wheel if she was okay, and asked how I could help. She told me that she was a new respite caregiver for this young man, and did not know what might be triggering his discomfort. Shaken but unhurt, she was calling his parents and would appreciate me waiting with her.

Another man had by this time stopped and gotten out of his truck to see if he could help. I felt immediate relief at having more back-up.

To my naive surprise, upon seeing a large white man walking quickly toward us, unmistakable fear returned to the face of that shaking young black woman in hijab. She screamed, "No! He has autism! Please do not touch us!" She flinched and lifted her hands to her face against this man’s approach just as instinctively as she had earlier, when her agitated young charge had been striking her.

Thankfully, the man gracefully backed away, hands up in a gesture of peace, drove to another part of the lot and parked, keeping watch.

After the parents of the man with autism arrived and he willingly got into their car, his caregiver wept and said to me, "I don't know who scared me more," gesturing to the now-calm young man and then to the other man in the truck still parked across the lot.

Oh, my dear fellow people of privilege. We have more damage to undo than we realize. Even in our efforts to help, we can so easily strike terror in the hearts of our beloveds in the margins. We will not always get it right. But can we strive to have the grace to back away when our presence doesn’t feel like safety?

Jerry Breecher is your editor. Please contact him at Jerry@Breecher.com