

CONNECTIONS

Welcome to the Unitarian Universalist Church of Chattanooga. My name is Matt Hoyt and I am a member of the congregation. We begin each Sunday at this time with Connections. This is a time of community and contemplation, where we share the joys and the sorrows going on in our lives. This is not a time for announcements, politics or expressions of personal anger, but a time of deep sharing, where we are reminded that we are all human beings and we're all in this together.

Sit still for just a moment and listen to your breathing. When you are moved to speak, please come forward, tell us your name and what's on your mind. Take a breath after each person has spoken so that we may focus our attention on the moment.



Let us pause to dwell inward. Spirit of Life, please meet us where we are, in the struggles we choose for ourselves; in the ways we move forward in our lives, and bring our world forward with us. It is right that we pause to remember those who need love and support; who are ill or in pain, either in body or in spirit; who are lonely or have been wronged. Let us open our minds and hearts to a place of quiet, to a silent prayer for the healing of pain, and the soft, gentle coming of love. In this time of silence let our thoughts be with those who have spoken or been spoken about this morning. Amen and Blessed Be.

Please rise now and greet your neighbors at the door. Welcome them into the sanctuary with a hand of warmth and a smile.

HYMN 168, One More Step

GREETINGS



“Well, they look undocumented to me.”

The Immigration Bogeyman

*A Worship Service by the REV. JEFF BRIERE
Unitarian Universalist Church of Chattanooga
September 19, 2010*

KRISTIE. Thanks so much for joining us in worship today. We hope you find the service rewarding and that you leave here inspired and uplifted. And thank you so much for helping to create a reverent atmosphere during *Connections*.

If you have a particular joy or sorrow or something you'd like added to the prayer of the people, please clearly write it on an index card and drop it in the basket back there. You may sign it or not, as you wish.

Today there is no religious education for children. We welcome them to stay here for the entire service.

A complete listing of announcements is included with the bulletin and is available on our web site. The best way to find out what's going on around here is to sign up for a weekly e-mail. To do that, please see Chris in the office.

Steve begins this morning with a piece by the German composer, Robert Schumann.

PRELUDE: About Strange Lands and People

LIGHTING THE CHALICE

The Vedas are considered the most sacred books of India. There are four of them, very large books, and they are the original scriptures of Hindu teachings, containing spiritual knowledge of all aspects of life. The Vedas' philosophical maxims is the highest religious authority for all sections of Hindus. To light our chalice this morning, lets read together a passage from the Atharva-Veda.

May the atmosphere we breathe
breathe courage into us:
Courage on earth and courage in heaven!

May courage guard us behind and before!
May courage surround us above and below!

May we be fearless of friend and foe!
May we be fearless by night and by day!
Let all the world be my friend!

STORIES: Kauthar, Quynh & Virpal

Do you know what the word "immigrant" means?

A person who moved to this country from another country.

Do you know any immigrants?

John and Kay Spehar are immigrants. They lived in Canada before moving here.

Anyone else an immigrant?

Right now, the leaders of our country are having a hard time figuring out what to do about immigrants. There's a problem, you see. Too many people want to emigrate to this country. We'd like to accommodate them, but they all want to come right now, and that would be too many all at once. And next year, there'll be even more people who want to come to America.

So it's a problem. We want people to come to this country, but we also want to make sure they can take care of themselves, like they have a place to live, a job and can speak enough English to get by. And we don't want too many immigrants to overwhelm the social service system. And, I'm sorry to say, some immigrants wish to wreak havoc or hurt people, so we want to keep those people out. Like I said, it's a problem.

But immigrants are people. They're people. We can't just treat them like numbers or 2X4's. They're people and they are all looking for a better life. We don't often meet immigrants as people, I'm sorry to say, so I brought three stories today about young people who emigrated to this country.

WENDY. I am Kauthar Hassan and I moved from Kenya to the United States in 2000. It was exciting to travel from there to here as we didn't travel much before and suddenly we were on a very big trip. We came to the United States because my parents wanted better things for all of our family, so they brought us to this country.

When we arrived in Georgia, the change could not have been more different. Yes, there were big cities in Kenya, but there was nothing to compare with the atmosphere of the Atlanta area where I now live. In Kenya, we had a large variety of animals and wildlife. The plains of Kenya were very close to the city. The joy and wonder that went with them, whether it was going on a safari or watching a beautiful sunset, was easy to find and enjoy. Here the city seems to go on and on. Even when we travel away from the city the wide-open spaces like I knew in Kenya are hard to find.

One of the things I miss most about Kenya is the early morning when I would wake up and smell the aroma of pancakes and mandozi—that's a Kenyan pastry. I also loved the sunsets in Kenya as the sun slid over the horizon.

Although I miss those parts of my life, I do like it here. Everyone is friendly. When I first arrived everyone would ask me about where I had come from and they wanted to know all about me. Their friendliness made me feel good.

There are lots of things to do here that I couldn't do at home. There are different foods and different cultures all waiting to be explored. I have found something I like as much as the plains of Kenya and that is vacationing along the coast of Florida and enjoying the shore there.

There are some funny things that happened to me when I arrived here, things that American children take for granted. A couple of great examples are in the changes I found in kitchen. I did not know what a microwave oven was. I had never seen a dishwasher as we had always washed our dishes by hand. Here there was this machine to do such as task. I liked that!

While I do miss my home, I know that was the right place for our family to come to. We have opportunities here that we would not have had in Kenya or Somalia.

KAY. My name is Quynh, and I am 11 years old. When I was younger my parents decided that our family would have a better way of life if we moved to this country. My parents and I moved to the United States from Vietnam with my younger brother and sister in 2001.

My parents were both photographers in Vietnam and I was doing well in school, but they still felt opportunities were here for us that were not in my home country. Although we have always lived in the southern part of the United States we have not always lived in the Atlanta area.

My first thoughts were this was a very crowded area. Now, however, we live in a part that I think is quiet and peaceful and I enjoy that. I also think it is colorful here. The trees, flowers, people, and the city itself all have lots of color. I have relatives here and they have helped us adjust to the way of life here. But I must admit that I miss my grandparents and friends who I left behind.

Life is better here for our family. There are many things we have here that we could have never enjoyed at home. For instance, I think school here is the best. Even though I won a contest in second grade and third grade as the top student in my school, school here is better. We do study hard, but I think I enjoy it more. We write and I can express myself. I learn art and music as well as reading and writing.

I have a teacher who makes all the learning something I want to do. It seems she makes the hard work less hard.

I am glad we came here. There are new things every day for me. I do not know what the future holds for me but I welcome everyday to see what it brings.

JEFF. My name is Virpal, I am 13 years old and from Punjab, India. My mom was granted a visa to move here five years ago, after my father passed away, but my sister and I just recently moved here three months ago. So, it had been five years since my sister and I last saw our mother. Up until three months ago, we were living in India with family. Not a day went by that I didn't dream about the reuniting with my mother again.

Finally, after five years, the United States granted my sister and me permission to come live with our mother again. The day started off wonderfully, as we boarded an airplane from India to Holland. We landed in Holland and had to board another airplane, but we didn't realize our airplane had been delayed for four hours. We were hungry and thirsty and we didn't have any money. It was pretty obvious that my sister and I were foreigners and while waiting in Holland, I was pulled to the side so that the airport workers could investigate a box that I was carrying. Luckily, while living in India, I took English classes, and this came in handy because the airport worker understood a little English, and I was able to tell him that the box was filled with sweets for my mother.

Four hours later, my sister and I finally boarded the plane that was to take us to the United States of America. While on the plane, my sister and I were crying because we were so tired, hungry and thirsty. Finally, we landed and I was so happy. As soon as we got off of the airplane, we were told to get in line, the line where newly arrived immigrants check in. This felt like the longest wait ever, even longer than the 13 hour trip from India. My sister and I began to worry that our mother might think we didn't make it after all and leave. We both

began to cry with worry. Just then, an officer that worked at the airport came over and helped us find our mother.

When I saw my mother, I ran over and hugged her. I cried so hard it was the happiest day of my life. As soon as I walked out of the airport, I noticed many differences between India and America, but I was mainly surprised by how beautiful America is. I am now a 7th grade student in Fresno, California. I am in Mrs. Tracy's class and she is helping me learn how to read and write in English. I love my new school and my new country.

OFFERTORY: Cradle Song

This morning I bring you two stories about immigrant musicians who were born exactly two months apart in 1882. The stories illuminate something about our attitudes towards immigrants.

Do you know this guy? I'm pretty sure Steve knows him. His name is Artur Schnabel. Ever heard his name? He was an Austrian pianist, notable for his playing of Beethoven and Schubert. He was born April 17, 1882 and died in 1951.

In 1940, Schnabel's son Stefan, an actor, was visited by a publicity agent. Toward the end of the interview she asked: "Are your parents in America?"

"Yes," replied Stefan.

"And your father—what does he do?"

"He is Artur Schnabel."

The lady was bemused. "I see," she said. "But what does he do?"

"He's a pianist," replied Stefan. "He played at Carnegie Hall several

times this season.”

“That’s nice,” said the agent. “I’m always so glad to hear of a refugee getting on well.”

The other story is about Igor Stravinsky. You ever heard of him? He was a Russian composer, born June 17, 1882 and died in 1971.

When Stravinsky was 57, he settled in the United States and a year later decided to apply for American citizenship. He made an appointment to see the appropriate official. At his first interview the official asked the famous composer his name. *Stra-vin-sky*, he replied, speaking each syllable distinctly. *Igor Stra-vin-sky*.

“You could change it, you know,” suggested the official.

We’ll collect the morning offering now, for the support and ministry of this church. No need to change your name, just be sure to spell it correctly. If you have an pledge payment, please mark it as such. As always, the Wood-Wilhoit Memorial Food Bank is happy to accept your donations of non-perishable food and household items for the Community Kitchen. The collection basket for that is by the front door. If you wish to light a personal candle of joy or sorrow, you may step up here and Mary Hunter will assist you.



Eternal Spirit of life and love, we are profoundly thankful for the blessings we experience today. Would that we recognize our blessings every day and remember to be thankful for them.

Christina, please lead us in our Hymn of Thanksgiving.

HYMN OF THANKSGIVING

Oh, we give thanks, for this precious day,
For all gathered here, and those far away,
For this time we share, with love and care,
Oh, we give thanks, for this precious day.

ORISON

Dona Nobis Pacem. Give Us Peace. Dona Nobis Pacem.

Today, my prayer is simple. I pray for Josseline. Josseline Jamileth Hernandez Quinteros. She died in late January of 2008, seven miles north of the Mexican border, in the Sonoran desert, near the town of Arivaca, Arizona. She was there because it was her job to get herself and her ten-year-old brother to her mother in California.

Her father was in Maryland. Her family had paid several thousand dollars for a guide to lead her and others through the desert to a place where they could board a bus or hitchhike to their destination. During the course of several weeks, she had traveled about two thousand miles from El Salvador and along the way slept in flop houses, on the street and now, in the desert.

She was alone now. The coyote had left her because she had begun vomiting. He took the rest of the group and left her in a canyon, assuming that the border patrol would soon find her and take care of her.

During the night, the temperature dropped to 29 degrees. Josseline bundled up in her sweatpants and jacket. And that’s where she was found three weeks later. Josseline was fourteen years old.

Josseline died in the desert because in the mid 1990's the United States clamped down on casual border crossings in the cities like

Tijuana, Mexicali, Juarez and Nuevo Laredo. This forced anyone without documentation into the Arizona desert. The US government thought no one would risk their life to cross the border in the harsh conditions of the desert. They were wrong. More than five thousand bodies have been found in the Southwest borderlands since 1994.

Today, I pray for Josseline and all whom she represents.

Thou, which are everywhere,
Many are your names.
May we always feel your presence,
May your wisdom guide us,
In our deeds as well as in our dreams.
May we have what sustains our body and soul;
Lead us first to forgive the mistakes of others
Even as we hope our own mistakes will soon be forgiven.
May we resist the temptation of the quick and easy,
And be delivered from that which demeans and destroys life.

May we live purposefully and joyfully
in every moment, in every encounter,
now, and in the time to come.

During this time of silence let us hold close to our hearts all those who travel in danger and in despair, but let us never forget those who suffer the fallout of war.

Dona Nobis Pacem. Give Us Peace. Dona Nobis Pacem.

RESPONSE

When our heart is in a holy place
When our heart is in a holy place
We are blessed with love and amazing grace
When our heart is in a holy place

SERMON: *The Immigration Bogeyman*

Before I get to the Immigration Bogeyman, I want to tell you a little story about finding atonement. Yom Kippur was yesterday. It is the culmination of the High Holy Days and is also known as the Day of Atonement. Now atonement can mean several things, but I take it to mean a balance; balance in your relationships with your friends, your family and with your God. The Day of Atonement is the day to find your balance.

It is traditional, on Yom Kippur, to tell the story of Jonah the Prophet from the Bible. Prophets are predictable, except for Jonah. When a prophet hears God's message, he responds "Yes, Sir! Right away, Sir!" and off he goes to deliver long messages to people who don't want to hear it.

But Jonah is different. God called him to go to Nineveh to tell the people there that they are waaaay bad—wicked, even. Now the people in Nineveh were Assyrians, who were not the nicest ancient society. As a matter of fact, they beat up on the Jews any chance they got. Jonah knew this, and he had absolutely no desire to go to Nineveh, not even on a mission from God.

But Jonah is a prophet, and when God speaks, he responds, "Yes, Sir! Right away, Sir!" But when God turns his back, Jonah runs off to Tarshish, which is as far away as you can get—on land—from Nineveh. It's like if he were in Chicago and God tells him to go to San Diego, he goes to Boston instead.

Then Jonah decides that Tarshish is not far enough away from Nineveh, so he gets onto a boat, figuring that God is like a bloodhound and cannot follow him through water, and anyway, the farther he gets from Nineveh, the better he'll be.

Next thing you know, a big storm comes up. The people on the boat

wonder whose god is mad at them.

“Is it you?” they ask each other. “Not me. Is it you?” comes the reply.

Then they look at Jonah. He admits his God is mad at him, so in order to save their own lives, they throw Jonah overboard. And in fact, as soon as Jonah hits the water, the storm dies right down.

God, ever the crafty fellow, sends a big fish to save Jonah from drowning, but the big fish decides Jonah looks like lunch and swallows him right up.

You’d think at this point Jonah would just give up and do what he promised to do and go to Nineveh. But no, he holds out as long as he can. He stays inside that big fish’s tummy for three days and three nights. Then Jonah decides that maybe life is better outside the fish even though he’ll have to go to Nineveh. Unable to take it any more, he hollers real loud so God can hear him, “OK! All right already! I give up. I’ll go to Nineveh.”

The fish spits him out on the shore. As he’s wiping off the fish gunk, God tells him to go to Nineveh with a very short, simple message. So Jonah goes to Nineveh and spends all day saying just this and only this: “Forty days more and Nineveh is no more!” One sentence, that’s it. He doesn’t even say why he’s there.

The funny thing is, everyone in Nineveh hears him, And there’s about 120,000 Assyrians living in Nineveh. It’s a big city, but they all believe his message and repent, which means they see they were wrong, ask God for forgiveness, and promise to do better.

So God changes his mind and decides not to destroy Nineveh. Then Jonah gets mad at God. He says, “Fer Pete’s sake! Why in the world did I have to come here and waste my time just so that you could save all these jerks? I mean, what’s the point? Why didn’t you just

save them already and let me die? Just let me rot right here in the sun.”

God sends him a little bush to give him shade and Jonah decides it’s better than nothing and goes to sleep. Then in the night God sends a worm to eat the bush, and the bush dies. Jonah, ever the drama king, cries, “I shoulda stood in the fish. I’d-a been better off as fish meal than living this life.”

God says, “Awwwww, poor Jonah. Is this about the bush?”

Jonah says, “Duuh. Yeah, it’s about the bush! That’s the only shade I had.”

God says, “You care about the little bush, but you think I shouldn’t care about this great city with 120,000 people.”

At that point, Jonah understands. Or maybe not, because that’s the end of the story.

Now why do you think Jews tell this story on Yom Kippur?

Yom Kippur is also known as the Day of Atonement. For each of us, there is atonement. Atonement as a friend, as a colleague, as a parent, as a son or daughter, as a student, as a lover, as a human being. The Assyrians achieved atonement, even though they were waaaaay bad, even wicked. Jonah achieved atonement even though he first refused it.

You don’t have to do that. You can find atonement easily. Look for that point of balance in your life. If you find you tilt too much one way or the other, just move a little closer to Nineveh. Move a little closer to what you fear.

I told you the story of Jonah for a couple reasons. It’s not in my tradition, but it is traditional to tell that story at this time. I think it’s

a good metaphor for finding balance. And I told the story as a prayer that all the parties involved in the current dust-up over immigration and foreigners find atonement and soon.

American citizens and immigrants need to find a point of balance so that we can all get on with our lives. And some of us, I believe, are running away from atonement on the issue of immigration.

Along our border in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California, there is no doubt that the status quo cannot endure. A war between criminal gangs in Mexico is beginning to spill over into this country. Mexican narco-gangs intimidate officials, infiltrate the police and threaten the stability of the government. They also kill anyone who gets in their way.

Aside from that, desperate people from the more impoverished South American countries pay thousands of dollars to men known as “coyotes” who promise to lead them through the desert so that they can live and work in this country. That’s bad enough, but what’s worse is that too many of them die in the desert.

What’s driving all this are three things: the American appetite for cocaine and marijuana, the lure of easy money and the desperation of people who are tempted to live in the United States.

I don’t intend to offer a solution to this unholy trinity, although I once suggested that we could offer citizenship for a fee, say \$300. Plus all the current tests and hurdles. If every undocumented alien living in this country bought their citizenship for \$300, that would raise about four billion dollars.

I’m just sayin’. I love that phrase. I heard it first on Talk radio. It allows you to propose just about anything and you don’t have to stand behind it, because you’re just sayin’.

We could buy a lot of border guards with four billion dollars. With

four billion dollars we could set up English classes, citizenship centers, social service agencies and a whole bunch of other enterprises that would ease this crisis.

But that’s not gonna happen, and it was only a half-serious suggestion on my part. I’m just sayin’.

And what I am sayin’ here are some things that we should consider as we consider what to do about immigration. The issues of immigration, citizenship, narco-gangs, violence, coyotes and all the rest are far too serious for simplistic, black-and-white solutions. We can’t just say, “Illegal is illegal.” and stop the conversation right there. That only confirms the status quo.

I want to address three things about immigration: politics, framing and language and how they can be used to incite fear or how they might be used for a constructive discussion. My colleague Tom Schade made these remarks recently:

“It is important to recognize the larger political context, for it is as important now as it was in the days of Selma.

“The Southwest is a political base for the Republican Party in part, because all the undocumented aliens living there are disenfranchised. They cannot vote. A path to citizenship for undocumented immigrants spells political doom for the Republicans and they know it. It is entirely in their interest to prevent immigration reform and they have set up a series of artificial roadblocks to it.

“The immediate motivation behind the new Arizona law is the belief that liberals aren’t tough enough to enforce the law. Thus, Arizona lawmakers voted to require police to check immigration status. The law is a wedge issue to isolate liberals. Maintaining Anglo unity in the midst of the demographic changes of the country is the key to maintaining the status quo; and so, liberals must be isolated and demonized.

“The conservatives plan to reduce the immigrant population through a policy of *attrition by enforcement*, that is, make the experience of being an undocumented immigrant so painful that people voluntarily return to their original country. While this may sound plausible in the way that cracking down on graffiti and broken windows is part of an anti-crime strategy, in practice, it fosters continuous harassment of citizens and non-citizens who are not clearly Anglo in ancestry.

“Conservatives think that they can put the liberals in the “soft on crime” box by calling for this strategy. They would say they have the guts to take a firm stand while liberals are too wishy-washy to do anything effective. They are the strong fathers and liberals are enablers of bad behavior. This framing worked for Nixon, for Reagan and especially for George Bush, who got the country to go along with torture out of fear of being labeled wimpy.

“As long as this issue bounces around Congress and in the national media, this framing works. However, the frame that beats the strong father frame is the brother-sister solidarity frame. When the siblings stand together against the abusive father, the dynamic changes. *The words of Tom Schade.*

The frame that he mentions was proposed by George Lakoff several years ago. The strict-father family model assumes that evil and danger will always lurk in the world, that life is difficult, that there will always be winners and losers and that children are born bad—they want to do what feels good, not what’s right—and have to be made good.

A strict father is needed to protect and support the family and to teach his kids right from wrong. That can be done in only one way: punishment painful enough that, to avoid it, children will learn the internal discipline necessary to be moral. Perhaps you can see why this model has some appeal with folks. It promises order in the midst of chaos and it punishes the evil-doers. It’s the Ten Commandments for modern society.

But framing and language are critical. The war on drugs, the war on terror, the crackdown on crime—all these use the strict father frame. And language. Oh, boy, don’t get me started on language. Take the two words, “undocumented” and “illegal.” Just those two words alone. Can you see how one immediately prejudices the conversation? There is nothing good about anything “illegal.”

But *people* are not illegal, only actions. *People* can have documentation or not. Let me quote Tom Schade again. “It is useful to remember that being in the United States without having gone through the proper immigration procedures is not a crime. It is a civil offense—like jaywalking—and it is handled outside the criminal justice system. And that is why deportation rather than a jail sentence is appropriate. The undocumented person is guilty of nothing. Calling undocumented people “illegal” is a deliberate obfuscation and inflammatory.

“What to do with an undocumented person who is accused of no crime? There are many suggested procedures for this and they are the subject of immigration reform legislation. That legislation is stalled because the conservatives will let nothing move forward that has any suggestion of “amnesty” in it. Can you imagine a strict father letting a teenager get away with something?

“Everyone knows that we cannot deport 11 to 12 million people without igniting civil unrest. We can no more fix our immigration system by punishing immigrants than we can promote healthy sexual practices by punishing unmarried mothers or than we can stabilize marriage by denying it to gays and lesbians.” *Again, the words of Tom Schade.*

I don’t have much more to say about immigration except that we should all be careful of the frame we use to think about it and the language we use to talk about it. For frames and words will certainly determine what we think about it.

On a related note, I want to address the controversy about a certain building in lower Manhattan. Notice my choice of language there. Talking about a “mosque at ground zero” is inflammatory and misleading. But talking about the Cordoba House, an Islamic cultural and community center at 45 Park Place is accurate. The “Mosque at Ground Zero” is not exactly a mosque, nor is it at Ground Zero. You can’t even see Ground Zero from the future site of the Cordoba House.

Two blocks is significant territory in Manhattan, which is, after all, a small, densely populated island. The proposed site was once a Burlington Coat Factory. Within a few blocks of Ground Zero there are a couple of mosques, which have been there a long time. There are plenty of profane enterprises as well. The primary language of New York City is commerce; Ground Zero, once it is re-built, will not appear as holy ground nor stand out as a holy shrine, but will be primarily a commercial site, mostly indistinguishable from the commercial sites around it.

Regarding this building, it would be easy enough for me to say that I don’t have a dog in this fight. I don’t live in New York City, I am not closely related nor did I know anyone who died on 9/11, and I have never been personally attacked by a Muslim. However, I do not oppose the building.

On the other hand, I am not enthusiastic about any religious group building anywhere. Some religious groups are hate-mongers. Fred Phelps’ Westboro Baptist Church comes to mind. The Westboro Baptist Church has the same First Amendment Right as the Unitarian Universalist Church of Chattanooga to build a house of worship. But would I support Fred Phelps building a branch of his church on Germantown Road? Or two blocks from Ground Zero or ten miles from the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City? In each case, no. Regardless of the First Amendment, I do not support the Westboro Baptist Church building a house of worship anywhere. Period.

But my vote is trumped by the Constitution. Pretty much everyone understands that the Cordoba Institute has the right to build the building. This isn’t going to get tied up in courts, because the right to build the building is clear.

Religious freedom protects ignorance, discrimination, insensitivity, hatred, bigotry, lying, inhospitality, and a lot more. Religious freedom protects that nutcake in Gainesville who wants to burn a Qu’ran. It protects all the homophobia, sexism, and racism within American religious expression. It protects Fred Phelps with his signs that proclaim that God hates homosexuals. And religious freedom protects those who march around carrying signs with the most vulgar, racist, xenophobic, and hateful slurs against Muslims that you can possibly imagine.

So I think we cannot just appeal to the first amendment to settle this. We need to calmly sit down and discuss it. I suspect that will not happen anytime soon, given the fear of those who oppose the building.

And fear is what ties everything together in this long and winding sermon. You may have wondered if we would ever get to this point. Well, have no fear, especially fear of “the other.” Have no xenophobia, have no fear of foreigners.

Did you ever wonder why Japanese Americans were herded into internment camps during World War II, but neither German Americans nor Italian Americans? Fear. Fear of “the other.” The same reason that immigrants are demonized, the same reason that Muslims are demonized and the same reason that President Obama is demonized. A fear of “the other.” A fear of the bogeyman.

Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, is a perfect time to rid ourselves of fear, get back into balance with each other and tackle the challenges of living in this land of immigrants. Together we can face any bogeyman.

HYMN 170, We Are a Gentle, Angry People

Extinguishing the Chalice

We extinguish this flame,
but not the light of its truth,
the warmth of this community,
nor the fire of our commitment.
These we carry in our hearts
and share with all the world.

BENEDICTION

In lieu of a benediction today, I want you to meet someone. Several someones actually. I can't bring them here, but I have their stories. Inside each bulletin is a story or two about immigrants. Please read the stories and meet the people. Each one is different, so if you want to read more, look for other bulletins. The title of the postlude is *Grillen*, which is German for Whims. I assure you, the immigrants you meet did not come here on a whim.

POSTLUDE: Whims