

**Touchstones REACH**

***Touchstones REACH* (Religious Education Arts Clearing House)**

**Lifespan RE Resources for Authority & Leadership**

**Introduction**

The content of this packet is shaped by the theme of Authority & Leadership. To these we have added the theme of power for exploration since authority plus leadership is a basis for power. Our approach to authority is influenced by our 4th principle, “A free and responsible search for truth and meaning, as well as the “right of conscience” included in our 5th principle. These both suggest that our own experience is a source of authority for us. Regarding this, we may be asked: “Where do you stand and why?” We can cite external sources of authority that we value as well as our own experience. Our response to authority can be one of respect or challenge.

While our six sources also outline sources of our authority, our second source points us to exemplars of leadership: “Words and deeds of prophetic women and men which challenge us to confront powers and structures of evil with justice, compassion, and the transforming power of love.”

Children will understand that rules are a basis of authority, and that people in their life are sources of authority: parents, teachers, doctors and other health professionals, police and fire fighters. These also are roles of leadership. Rules are also a source of authority in the games that children play. Some games with teams, usually involve a leader, but there are circumstances in which leadership can rotate among team members.

It is also important to note that effective leadership depends, in part, on effective followers.

**List of Resources**

**1.0: Pins**

**2.0: Children’s Homilies, Sermons, Time for All Ages & Resources**

**2.1:** *Free and Responsible Beliefs* by Martha Dallas (482 words)

**2.2:***Fair vs. Equal* by Rev. Erika A. Hewitt (507 words)

**3.0: Wisdom Stories about Compassion**

# *Authority*

**3.1:** *Two Monks* by Jessica York, a Zen Buddhist tale, retold by Jessica York (191 words)

**3.2:** *Speaking Out Maria Cook, Universalist Preacher* by Janeen Grohsmeyer (878 words)

**3.3:** *The Mystic and the Scientist* (348 words)

**3.4:** *A Journey of Forgiveness, Joseph and His Brothers* by Janeen Grohsmeyer (1,537 words)

**3.5:** *Game Day* (590 words)

**3.6:** *The Noble Ibex: A Jataka Tale* by Sarah Conover (1.046 words)

**3.7:** *One Flower in a Field* (1,252 words)

**3.8:** *Mabouya, Chief of the Well*, *a*dapted from a Haitian tale (545 words)

**3.9:** *Sunny Side Mary* by Searle-White, Joshua (1,731 words)

**3.10:***The Binding of Isaac*, Genesis 22: 1-13 (NRSV) (384 words)

**3.11:** *Creation*, Genesis 1: 1-31; 2:1-4 (NRSV) (835 words)

**3.12:***Moses and the Ten Commandments*, **Exodus, Chapter 19, Verses 16-25 (593 words)**

# *Leadership*

**3.13:** *The Audre Lorde Project* by India McKnight (855 words)

**3.14:** *The Gates of the Forest* by Elie Wiesel, from The Gates of the Forest (237 words)

**3.15:** *John Murray and the Winds of Change* (553 words)

**3.16:** *The Empty Pot* (711 words)

**3.17:** *Muhammad of Makkah* (533 words)

**3.18:** *The Perfect Peace Harvest* (1,090 words)

**3.19:** *Harriet’s Freedom Journeys* (998 words)

**3.20:** *Antoinette Brown and Olympia Brown* (680 words)

**3.21:** *Belling the Cat,* adapted from an Aesop fable (225 words)

**3.22:** *The Journey of the Birds* (450 words)

**3.23:** *The Colombian Children’s Peace Movement* (662 words)

# *Power*

**3.24:** *Amelia and Her Super Magical Powers* by Gail Sphar (938 words)

**3.25:** *Ruby Bridges*, Surrounded by Love by Janeen Grohsmeyer (718 words)

**3.26:** *The Great Kapok Tree*, a Tale of the Amazon Rain Forest (916 words)

**3.27:** *Brave Enough* by Noreen Kimball (430 words)

**3.28:** *John L. Cashin, Witness for Justice* (654 words)

**3.29:** *The Green Man* by Sophia Lyon Fahs (788 words)

**3.30:** *The Prince and The Rhinoceros* (637 words)

**3.31:** *Green Like the Wind* by Julie Simon (653 words)

**3.32:** *The Teachings of the Rain God* (525 words)

**3.33:** *The Clearwater* by Janeen Grohsmeyer (1,443 words)

**3.35:** *Trees for Kenya* (543 words)

**3.36:** *Life of an Ally* (795 words)

**4.0: Children’s Books about Compassion, Kindness & Empathy**

***Authority***

**4.1: *Yertle the Turtle*** by Dr. Seuss (1958)

# 4.2: *Bartholomew and the Oobleck* by Dr. Seuss (1949)

# 4.3: *Huggly’s Trip to the Beach* by Tedd Arnold (2002)

# 4.4: *Lilly’s Purple Plastic Purse* by Kevin Henkes (2006)

# 4.5: *Mortimer* by Robert Munsch, author & Michael Martchenko, illustrator (1983)

# 4.6: *Strega Nona* by Tomie dePaola (1975)

**4.7:** *The Story of Ferdinand* by Munro Leaf, author and Robert Lawson, illustrator (1936)

**4.8:** *Don’t Cross the Line!* by Isabel Minhos Martins, author & Bernardo Carvalho, illustrator (2016)

**4.9:** *My Uncle’s Donkey* by Tohby Riddle, 2010 (published in Australia)

***Leadership***

**4.10:** *The Butter Battle Book* by Dr. Seuss (1984)

**4.11:** *My First Biography: Martin Luther King, Jr*.by Marion Dane Bauer, author & Jamie Smith, illustrator (2009)

**4:12:** *Nelson Mandela* by Kadir Nelson (2013)

**4.13:** *I Dissent: Ruth Bader Ginsburg Makes Her Mark* by Debbie Levy, author &Elizabeth Baddeley, illustrator (2016)

**4.14:** *The Story of Ruby Bridges* by Robert Coles, author & George Ford, illustrator

**4.15:** *Brave Girl: Clara and the Shirtwaist Makers’ Strike of 1909* by Michelle Markel, author & Melissa Sweet, illustrator (2013)

**4.16:** *Gandhi: A March to the Sea* by Alice B. McGinty, author, & Thomas Gonzales, illustrator (2013)

**4.17:** *The Day the Crayons Quit* by Drew Daywalt, author and Oliver Jeffers, illustrator (2013)

**4.18:** *Swimmy* by Leo Lionni (1963)

**4.19:** *Winston of Churchill* by Jean Davies Okimoto, author & Jeremiah Trammell, illustrator (2007)

***Power / Strength***

**4.20:** *Tomorrow I’ll Be Brave* by Jessica Hische (2018)

**4.21:** *Malala’s Magic Pencil* by Malala Yousafzai, author and Kerascoët, illustrator (2017)

**4.22:** *In a Small Kingdom* by Tomie dePaola and Doug Salati, illustrator (2016)

**4.23:** *Sonia Sotomayor: A Judge Grows in the Bronx* by Jonah Winter, author and Edel Rodriguez, illustrator (2009)

**4.24:** *That Is My Dream!: A picture book of Langston Hughes’s “Dream Variation”* by Langston Hughes, author and Daniel Miyares, illustrator (2017)

**4.25:***Dangerous Jane* by Suzanne Slade, author and Alice Ratterree, illustrator (2017)

**5.0: Music & Videos for Children**

# No resources identified.

**6.0: Curriculum & Theme-Based Classroom Activities for Children for Authority, Leadership, and Power**

# *from Tapestry of Faith*

***Authority***

**6.1: Signs of our Faith: A Program about Being UU Every Day for Grades 2-3**

**6.1.1:** *Session 14: Fair Group Decisions*

**6.2: Amazing Grace: A Program about Exploring Right and Wrong for Grade 6**

**6.2.1:** *Session 4: Telling Right from Wrong*

**6.2.2:** *Session 11: Rules, Rules, Rules*

**6.3: Building Bridges: A World Religions Program for 8th-9th Grades**

**6.3.1:** *Workshop 20: Cults: Lose Your Will, Lose Your Soul*

***Leadership***

**6.4: World of Wonder: A Program on the Seven Principles of Unitarian Universalism for Grades K-1**

**6.4.1:** *Session 2: Nature’s Partnerships*

**6.4.2:** *Session 15: Working Together to Make a Difference*

**6.5: Love Will Guide Us: A Program for Grades 2-3 that Applies the Wisdom of the Six Sources to the Big Questions**

**6.5.1:** *Session 15: Love in Action*

**6.6:** **Signs of our Faith: A Program about Being UU Every Day for Grades 2-3**

**6.6.1:** *Session 2: We Lead*

**6.6.2:** *Session 16: Signs of Faithful Leadership*

**6.7: Love Connects Us: A Program on Living in Unitarian Universalist Covenant for Grades 4-5**

**6.7.1:** *Session 7: One Person Makes a Difference*

**6.8: Sing to the Power: A Social Justice Program for Children Grades 4-5**

**6.8.1:** *Session 10: The Power of Passion*

**6.9: Heeding the Call: A Program on Justice-making for Junior High School Youth**

**6.9.1:** *Workshop 8: The Call for Peace*

**6.9.2:** *Workshop 12: The Call for Responsible Leadership*

**Resources for Youth & Adults**

**7.0: Reflections, Readings, Stories & Poetry**

**7.1:** *Ten Questions to Ask Public Leaders* by Madeleine K. Albright (366 words)

**7.2:** *Ten Observations about Leadership* by Lovett H. Weems, Jr., adapted (409 words)

**7.3:** *Ten Evolutionary Behaviors for Leaders* byDeepak Chopra (184 words)

**7.4:** *Hospitality is Necessary for Interfaith Leadership* by Eboo Patel (229 words)

**7.5:** *The Abuse of Authority* by Ta-Nehisi Coates (244 words)

**7.6:** *The Authority of the Self: Not Born, But Made* by Alice Koller (200 words)

**7.7:** *The Moral Authority of the Universe* by Roger Housden(247 words)

**7.8:** *Dialogue is Countercultural* by John Backman (254 words)

**7.9:** *The Authority of Heresy* by Elaine Pagels (240 words)

**7.10:** *Which Superpower?* by Kevin Kelly (359 words)

**7.11:** *The Loneliness of Leadership* by **Elie Wiesel** (251 words)

**7.12:** *A Real Leader* by David Foster Wallace (261 words)

**7.13:** *Solitude and Leadership* by William Deresiewicz (408 words)

# 7.14: *Great Power Lives in Our Love* by Parker J. Palmer (259 words)

**7.15:** *My Father Is Not a Powerful Man: Lessons from My Refugee Father* by [Kao Kalia Yang](https://onbeing.org/author/kao-kalia-yang/) (421 words)

**7.16:** *Leadership Beyond Anger* by [Doris Kearns Goodwin](https://www.spiritualityandpractice.com/search?author_first=Doris+Kearns&author_last=Goodwin) (225 words)

**7.17:** *Leading Change* by Thomas Friedman (257 words)

**7.18:** *Lead Yourself First* by Raymond M. Kethledgeand Michael S. Erwin (249 words)

**7.19:** *The Wisdom of Leaders* by Margaret Wheatley (183 words)

**7.20:** *The Death of Expertise* by Tom Nichols (249 words)

**8.0: Curriculum & Theme-Based Classroom Activities for Youth & Adults**

***Youth***

**A Tapestry of Faith**

**8.1: A Chorus of Faiths: A Program That Builds Interfaith Youth Leaders**

**8.1.1:** *Workshop 6: Spreading the Good News*

**8.1.2:** *Workshop 8: New Habits of the Heart*

Link: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/youth/chorus/workshop8>

**Other**

**8.2: The Lost Thing**

**Adults**

**8.3: Resistance and Transformation: An Adult Program on Unitarian Universalist Social Justice History**

**8.3.1:** *Workshop 2: Prophetic, Parallel, and Institutional*

**9.0: Popular Music**

# 9.1: *Leader of the Band* by Dan Fogelberg (4:18)

**9.2:** *Lookin’ For A Leader* by Neil Young (4:32)

**9.3:** *Brave* by Sara Bareilles (3:57)

**9.4:** *You Gotta Be* by Des’ree (4:00)

**9.5:** *I’m Gonna Be Somebody* by Travis Tritt (4:01)

**9.6:** *The Champion* by Carrie Underwood (3:37)

**9.7:** *Unwritten* by Natasha Bedingfield (3:41)

**9.8:** *I Hope You Dance* by Gladys Knight (4:01)

**9.9:** *Power & Control* by Marina and the Diamonds (3:28)

**9.10:** *Never Give Up* by Sia (3:04)

**9.11:** *Fight Song* by Rachel Platten (3:25)

**9.12:** *Stand By You* by Rachel Platten (3:25)

**9.13:** *Dream On* by Aerosmith (4:42)

**9.14:** *With My Own Two Hands* by Ben Harper (3:56)

# 9.15: *With My Own Two Hands* byPlaying for Change (4:06)

**9.16:** *Authority Song* by John Mellencamp (3:31)

**9.17:** *Doubt* by Mary J. Blige (3:44)

**9.18:** *I Hear a Call* by Emmylou Harris (2:51)

# 9.19: *The Authority Song* by Jimmy Eat World (3:47)

# 9.20: *Whose Authority* by Nada Surf (3:10)

**10.0: Videos, Short Films, Movie Clips, Audio Recordings & Photography**

**Authority**

**10.1:** *The Styrofoam Cup* by Simon Sinek (3:32)

**10.2:** *By Whose Authority?* by Dusty Thompson (5:08)

**10.3:** *Positional and Relational Authority* by David Falk (2:45)

**10.4:** *Authority Issues* by Andy Wynn (0:40)

**10.5:** *Political Authority, An Examination* by Academy of Ideas (9:28)

**10.6:** *Obedience to Authority* by Concepts Unwrapped (6:26)

**10.7:** *Authority vs Responsibility: Find the Balance!* by Michael Greer (5:37)

**10.8:** *The Influence Shift—Positional Authority to Moral Authority* by John Maxwell (1:56)

**10.9:** *Peer Pressure and Obedience to Authority* by David Eagleman (16:10)

**Leadership**

**10.10:** *How to be a Leader* by Simon Sinek (8:35)

**10.11:** *On Leadership* by Ronald Heifetz (8:21)

**10.12:** *What is a Leadershift?* by John Maxwell (5:21)

**10.13:** *Leadership as an Infinite Game* by Simon Sinek (16:16)

***Power***

**10.14:** *How to Gain Real Personal Power* by Brendon Burchard (6:23)

***TED Talks***

**Authority**

**10.15:** *Owning our Authority* by Tanya Geisler (15:44)

**Leadership**

**10.16:** *Everyday Leadership* by Drew Dudley (6:02)

**10.17:** *Why Good Leaders Make You Feel Safe* by Simon Sinek (11:47)

**10.18:** *The Surprising Truth in How to be a Great Leader* by Julia Milner (12:51)

**10.19:** *Great Leadership Comes Down to Only Two Rules* by Peter Anderton (17:28)

**10.20:** *The Rarest Commodity is Leadership Without Ego* by Bob Davids (12:50)

**10.21:** *Great Leadership Starts with Self-Leadership* by Lars Sudmann (12:46)

**10.22:** *What do all Great Leaders have in Common* by Matt Beeton (12:22)

**10.23:** *What to Look for in Great Leaders* by Gary Bertoline (10:30)

**10.24:** *Stop Managing, Start Leading* by Hamza Khan (18:12)

**Power**

**10.25:** *How to Understand Power* by Eric Liu (7:02)

**10.26:** *The Power of Influence* by Shawn King (16:39)

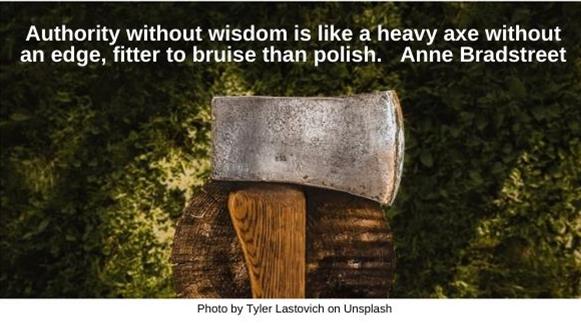
**10.27:** *What New Power Looks Like* by Jeremy Heimans (14:59)

**10.28:** *The Extraordinary Power of Ordinary People* by Sherwin Nuland (12:25)

**Resources**

**1.0: Pins for**

**Authority & Leadership**

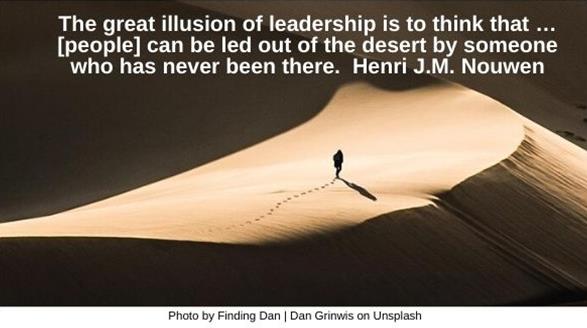
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**Resources for Children**

**2.0: Children’s Homilies, Sermons, Time for All Ages & Resources**

**2.1:** *Free and Responsible Beliefs* by Martha Dallas (482 words)

I’m curious to know what you believe… about what is the best...food. Think about that for a moment. And if you’re wondering what I mean exactly, I leave it to each of you to interpret as you choose. What do you believe is the best food? [Allow a few moments for reflection.] And when you have one in mind, raise your hand. [When you see a bunch of hands, continue.]

Now, in a moment I’m going to scan slowly across the room, and when I’m pointing in your direction, if you feel comfortable, call out your best food.

[Put your palms together, arms outstretched like a big pointer, and start at one side and slowly scan the room. If possible, repeat what you hear. There may be too many, too fast, to do this successfully.]

Wow! What a diversity of beliefs! Not surprising! So now I’m wondering what one word you would use to describe your best food. Maybe it’s sweet or crunchy or healthy or local or creamy…. And I’m going to ask just a few of you to share your one word. [Ask for hands, especially of children, and see if you can draw out a diversity of adjectives.] Wow! So many different words—different qualities—of foods that you believe are the best foods!

Now, I believe that for many of you—perhaps even most of you—that the food you believe is the best today, will not be what you believe is best for the rest of your life. I believe it’s very possible for that best food to get knocked from its throne and replaced by a different food—a new best food. So, what has to happen in order for this to occur? What must you do?

[Be prepared for naysaying children who believe they’ll always have the yummy treat in their mind as best! Entertain the responses you receive, which will likely include trying it. Ask what would get you to try it in the first place. Remind them of things like seeing the food and concluding it looks good; smelling the food and deciding it smells yummy; and getting a recommendation from a trusted friend or family member along with some encouragement to try it. Remind them that if you taste something and it’s yucky, you can always spit it out. See if some are familiar with a “No, Thank You” bite, which some adults expect of a child who’s encouraged to try something for the first time.]

We, as Unitarian Universalists really value the freedom each of us has to believe about not just things like what we think is the best food, but about bigger things like: Why are we here? What’s the meaning of our lives? What’s most important and valuable to me? How can I be most true to the purpose I see for my being alive in the world? We affirm the freedom to believe what we choose about these things, but we also have the responsibility to work out those beliefs with thought and care. Can we believe anything we want? [Shake head no.] But we do believe what our hearts and minds tell us is right.

Thank goodness we don’t have to do this all by ourselves! No, we are fortunate to have one another to help us try out our beliefs. It’s like we can offer one another “tastes” of ideas that feel true. It’s like, together, we each bring our best food to share at a pot-luck. We each bring our treasured beliefs to share with one another here in our congregation. We can put several on our plate—first the ones we’re confident we like, and then we can maybe go back for seconds, for a chance to try something that our friends recommend as really yummy. And sometimes those new, yummy tastes will become favorites.

So, children, as you go forth, I encourage you to share with each other what you believe is the best food… and perhaps even more fun: what you believe is the worst!

Source: <https://www.uua.org/worship/words/story/free-and-responsible-beliefs>

**2.2:***Fair vs. Equal* by Rev. Erika A. Hewitt (507 words)

What does “fair” mean? Is “fair” the same thing as “equal”? Which one is reflected in the concept of “justice”? Designed to be used as a Message for All Ages or as part of a Children’s Chapel service, this activity uses cookies (yum!) to explore the differences between fair and equal.

To prepare, you’ll need cookies or crackers (“regular” sized, not goldfish crackers or mini-cookies). You’ll also need two plates. Be sure to first read through this description carefully, as this activity requires “on the ground” thinking!

Today’s service/message is about fairness. What does it mean when something is unfair? Has anything unfair ever happened to you?

Invite people to share their comments and experiences, or simply ask for a show of hands as affirmation that they have been in an “unfair” situation.

Is “fair” the same thing as “equal”?

Listen to and moderate opinions about “fair” versus “equal.”

To help us see for ourselves whether “fair” and “equal” are the same thing, we’re going to use some volunteers and this bag of cookies [or crackers].

Explain as you go: Bring out 10 of the cookies/crackers and two plates. Invite two volunteers, preferably children or youth of about the same age, to come forward. Give each of the children an empty plate. Narrate as you divide the 10 cookies/crackers equally between the two children’s plates. (Make sure that all of your volunteers know that the cookies are for demonstration purposes—no fair eating them until the service is over!)

Each of our volunteers has five cookies. Is that equal?

Confirm: ten divided by two = five cookies each.

Is it “fair” for each person to get five cookies? It might be. But let’s start asking our volunteers some questions.

Ask your two child volunteers what they had for breakfast, and it should be obvious whose breakfast was bigger.

Since X (name) had a bigger breakfast than Y (name), their breakfasts weren’t equal size. Don’t you think that it’s fair to give Y more cookies, to make up for their smaller breakfast?

Invite people to offer their opinions, thanking them for each opinion. As they make suggestions, you or the volunteers can shuffle the cookies back and forth on the two plates to reflect general consensus of what a “fair” distribution of the ten cookies looks like. If no one has already mentioned it, say:

Wait! Maybe one of our volunteers is hungrier than the other!

Determine – however whimsically, or just on a self-reported scale of one to ten, which child is hungrier than the other.

Since X (name) is hungrier than Y (name), isn’t it fair to give X more than half of the cookies, even though it’s not equal?

Again, solicit feedback about what a “fair” distribution of cookies is, based on hunger. Send one of the volunteers back to their seat (big thank you from the group). Invite a volunteer of a much different age to come join the other volunteer. Each of them should still hold a plate.

Now we have people of different sizes to share the ten cookies. X (child’s name) is n years old. Z (adult’s name) is... well, older than that!

Since X is so much smaller than Z, is it fair to split the cookies evenly? Do you think that Z get more cookies because they’re bigger than X? Or should Z get fewer cookies because they’re a grown-up and can buy cookies anytime they want to?

Solicit opinions and move cookies from plate to plate, according to comments. Then:

You know, we haven’t even talked yet about what kind of cookies these are! Maybe we should find out whether X and Z even like gingersnaps (or lemon cookies, or fig newtons...)!

Ask your volunteers whether they like the cookies being offered.

If both volunteers report that they like the cookie type, send one volunteer back to their seat (with thanks). Ask for yet another volunteer: one who does not like the type of cookie being offered, or who is allergic to the type of cookie being offered.

Now we have a very different situation. Z really likes eating this type of cookie. But Q (dislikes/allergic) doesn’t want to eat any. What’s the fairest way to split the cookies now? Is it fair that Z gets all ten cookies just because they like (the gingersnaps), and Q doesn’t get any?

Ask people to suggest a “fair” re-distribution of the ten cookies, and move the cookies to the appropriate plate.

Thank both volunteers, taking the plates with cookies and inviting them to return to their seats with thankful “applause.”

What did we see, by bringing up different pairs of people and trying to split ten cookies between them? What are some factors that make something seem “fair”?

As you invite comments and discussion, narrow the conversation to the “moral” of this service:

It turns out that “equal” is not the same thing as “fair.” Equality is a good thing: when we talk about people being “equal,” or having “equal” rights, we mean that all people have the same giant amount of inherent worth and dignity.

As we saw, though, fairness is different. Fair doesn’t mean we get the same thing that everyone else has. Fair means that we go beyond what looks equal and instead ask a lot of questions. We’re beginning to see that fairness is complicated!

As Unitarian Universalists, we talk a lot about “justice.” When we use the word justice, often we’re talking about fairness. When we see something that’s unfair, we believe in saying so. And just like we had to talk about ways to divide up the cookies, sometimes we need to talk (...a lot) about how to make things fair. This can be complicated, but it’s a wonderful thing about Unitarian Universalism: we believe in equality AND in fairness, even when they’re different.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/worship/words/activity/fair-vs-equal>

**3.0: Wisdom Stories about Compassion**

# *Authority*

**3.1:** *Two Monks* by Jessica York, a Zen Buddhist tale, retold by Jessica York (191 words)

Two monks set out on a journey, one young, the other older and wiser. It was after the rains and the road was very muddy. At one point in their journey, they encountered a young woman standing before a large mud puddle. The younger monk passed her by, but the older monk offered to lift the young lady and carry her over the puddle. She thankfully accepted his offer and he carried her easily to the other side and put her down. Then the two monks continued on their way.

The farther they walked, the more the older monk noticed a change in the younger monk’s behavior. He did not speak and he seemed angry. Finally, the young monk stopped in the middle of the road and confronted the older monk.

“Why did you carry that woman across the road? You know, as holy men, we are forbidden to touch any women, much less one so young and pretty!”

The older monk replied, “It is true that I broke a vow in touching the young woman. However, I put her down back on the road. Why are you still carrying her?”

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/grace/session11/two-monks>

**3.2:** *Speaking Out Maria Cook, Universalist Preacher* by Janeen Grohsmeyer (878 words)

In 1779, more than two hundred years ago, a girl named Maria Cook was born in New York State. When she was born, the Americans were fighting the British in the War for Independence. The Americans wanted to have their own country where they could be independent and free to make their own decisions and say what they thought.

When Maria was four, the Americans won the war. They had their own independent country, and they were free to make their own decisions. When Maria was eight years old, Americans decided to have a constitution that promised freedom of religion and freedom of speech. The Constitution promised that, in America, people had the right to choose what to believe in and the right to speak out for what they believed.

Maria chose to believe in a religion called Universalism. People called it Universalism because that religion said God loved all people, everyone in the universe, no matter what. And since God loved everyone, eventually, everyone would be with God in heaven.

Other religions said only a few people went to heaven. The rest went to hell. And not just people who did bad things. In those religions, it didn’t matter if people did good things or bad things. In those religions, people who did bad things went to hell, and some people who did good things went to hell, too. God chose only a few to come to heaven.

Maria didn’t believe that. She believed that God chose everyone. She believed God loved everyone in the universe, even if they did bad things. After all, sometimes she did bad things, and her mother and father still loved her. God was her parent, too. That’s what Maria believed, and so she chose to be a Universalist.

When Maria was grown up, she decided to speak out for what she believed. She started talking to people about how God loved everyone and everyone would go to heaven. She talked to everyone about Universalism. She talked to people in their houses; she talked to people on the streets; she talked to people in the stores.

And then she started talking to people in church. Not just after church or before church, but during church. She actually went up to the pulpit, where preachers go, and started talking about Universalism.

Then people started talking about her. Because, back then, even though the Constitution promised all people would have freedom of speech, it didn’t really work that way. Women weren’t supposed to talk in public. Women weren’t allowed to vote, which is a very important way of speaking out for what you believe in. Women were not allowed to give speeches and run for office, so no one could vote for them, either. And they certainly weren’t supposed to be preachers. Some people thought it said so in the Bible.

But Maria preached anyway. She spoke out for what she believed in. She traveled from town to town, preaching about Universalism. Lots of people came to listen, even though she was a woman. She spoke so well that many people started believing in Universalism, too. In 1811, a Universalist church gave Maria Cook a letter of fellowship, and today we remember her as the first woman to be a Universalist preacher.

Not everyone liked having a woman preaching in their town. They didn’t want her there. In 1813, she was arrested. The police said it was because she was a vagrant and didn’t have a house to live in, even though she did, because she was staying with friends at their house. When the police came, Maria didn’t argue. She didn’t resist.

But she didn’t help either. Maria refused to walk. The police had to pick her up and carry her to a wagon. They drove the wagon to Cooperstown. Then they had to carry her out of the wagon to go see the judge. Maria knew she hadn’t done anything wrong. In the courtroom, she spoke out and told the judge that. She told him she didn’t recognize his authority. She did not think he had a right to be the judge of her. She refused to answer his questions.

For that, the judge sentenced her to jail. Maria wouldn’t walk there, either. The police had to pick her up and carry her to jail. And once she was there, guess what she started to do? She talked to the people in jail. She talked to the police; she talked to the prisoners; she talked to everyone she met about Universalism. She just kept right on preaching.

After a few weeks, the judge let her go. Maria continued traveling to different towns and preaching about Universalism. All her life, Maria Cook spoke out for what she believed in and did what she thought was right. She didn’t yell. She didn’t push or hit. She spoke out.

The Universalist religion Maria Cook talked about is part of our own heritage and part of our religion’s name: Unitarian Universalist. Like Maria Cook, we believe every person should stand up and speak out for what they think is right and true. We believe everyone should have a say about matters that concern them. And no one should be put in jail for speaking out.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/journeys/session10/speaking-out>

**3.3:** *The Mystic and the Scientist* (348 words)

One day a Religious Man approached a Mystic and asked, “Does God exist?” “Allow me to go within for an answer,” the Mystic replied.

After meditating for quite some time, expanding her heart-consciousness to embrace the totality of existence, she answered, “I do not know what you mean by the word ‘God,’ but I do know that this world is more mysterious and more wonderful than I could ever imagine. I know that you and I are part of something so much larger than our own lives. Perhaps this ‘something larger’ is what you seek.”

Then the Religious Man approached a Scientist. “Does God exist?” he asked. “Let me think,” the Scientist replied.

And so she thought. She thought about the vastness of the universe—156 billion light-years, or something like 936 billion trillion miles, in diameter—and the almost immeasurable smallness of a quark. She thought of how the energy of the Big Bang fuels the beating of her own heart. And then she answered, “I do not know what you mean by the word ‘God,” but I do know that this world is more mysterious and more wonderful than I could ever imagine. I know that you and I are part of something so much larger than our own lives. Perhaps this ‘something larger’ is what you seek.”

The Religious Man then thought to himself. He thought of what he knows and what he does not know. He thought about how he knows what he knows, and how he knows he doesn’t know what he doesn’t know. He thought about his experience of the world and how it is but one tiny, infinitesimal fraction of all experience. He thought about his dependence on forces larger than himself, and he thought about the interdependence of all existence. He experienced wonder and pondered mystery. And then he knew—he knew in his soul the truth of what the Mystic and the Scientist said—that he is part of something so much larger than his own life.

And then, only then, did he think about what he’d call it.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/adults/practice/workshop5/59475.shtml>

**3.4:** *A Journey of Forgiveness, Joseph and His Brothers* by Janeen Grohsmeyer (1,537 words)

Have you ever felt as if some grown-ups liked another kid more than they liked you? Maybe your teacher lets someone else get away with stuff you would get in trouble for. Maybe your mom or dad doesn’t make your brother or sister do as much work as you have to do. Or your brother or your sister gets to stay up later than you, or they have more toys. Or your grandparents pay attention to the baby and ignore you.

It’s not fair.

Sometimes, when we feel as if someone else is getting special treatment, when they’re the teacher’s pet or the parent’s favorite, we get angry. We get angry at the grown-up for not being fair, and we get angry at the other kid for being the favorite one.

Once, a long time ago in a land called Canaan, there lived a man named Jacob. He had four wives and thirteen children: one girl and twelve boys. Wow! That’s a lot of kids. Do any of you have 12 brothers and sisters? It might be hard to remember all the names. Jacob’s boys’ names were Joseph, Rueben, Naphtali (Naf-TAL-ee), Issachar (IS-sah-khar), Dan, Gad, Zebulum, Judah, Benjamin, Asher, Levi, and Simeon (SIM-ee-on). These brothers became the leaders of the 12 Tribes of Israel in the Hebrew world. I have flags with each brother’s name to remind us how important the 12 brothers were to the Hebrew people.

(Leader: Distribute the flags to volunteers. Say the names so non-readers will know which flag they are holding. Invite them to hold up the flags when you say the brothers’ names later in the story.)

Of those four wives, Jacob loved Rachel the best. Of those thirteen children, Jacob loved Rachel’s two sons, Benjamin and Joseph, the best. Joseph was the favorite one.

And his sister and his brothers all knew it. They knew their father liked Joseph best. At meal times, their father let Joseph sit next to him and eat the best food. During the day, their father let Joseph stay in the tent and while they all had to go farm in the fields or take care of the sheep.

Their father even gave Joseph a beautiful coat to wear. It had long sleeves and was finely woven with shimmering colors. Whenever Joseph wore it—and he wore it all the time—everyone stopped and turned to look at him. Because in those days, long ago, clothes took a long time to make, and they were very expensive. Most people only had one set of clothes, and they were usually brown, or maybe grey or black. Nobody except the very richest people had blue or green or red or yellow clothes. Nobody except Joseph, that is. He had a coat that was all those colors, and more. I wonder how you would feel if you had a beautiful coat with long sleeves like Joseph.

So, Joseph knew he was his father’s favorite. He knew he was special. He even had special dreams, dreams that told the future. He told his eleven brothers about one of his dreams. “I dreamt that we were in the field harvesting the corn, and your eleven sheaves of corn all turned and bowed to mine.”

The brothers didn’t like hearing this. Who can wave their flag and help us remember all the brother’s names?

(Leader: Help and encourage the children to say the names on the flags.)

Well, the brothers didn’t want to bow down to Joseph. They didn’t like Joseph. They were jealous of him. They were angry at him.

They seemed to hate him.

One day, when Joseph was seventeen years old, he went to the fields where his brothers were taking care of the sheep. As always, he was wearing his beautiful coat of many colors. His brothers grabbed him, tore his coat off, and shoved him into a pit. “Let’s kill him,” said one brother.

“No,” said another. “We can’t kill our own brother. Let’s sell him as a slave.”

And so, Benjamin, Asher, Levi, Simeon, Judah, Dan, Zebulum, Gad, Rueben, Issachar, and Naphatali sold Joseph to slave traders for twenty pieces of silver. Then the brothers dipped Joseph’s beautiful coat in the blood of a goat and ripped it all up. They took the bloody coat back to their father, Jacob, and told him, “Joseph has been killed by a wild animal.”

But Joseph wasn’t dead. The slave traders made him march for days, on a long journey to the land of Egypt, and there they sold him as a slave. People ordered him around all the time, and sometimes they would hit him. Joseph had never been treated like that before; he’d always been the favorite one. And Joseph had never had to work very hard before; his father had let him stay in their tent. Joseph wondered if he could ever forgive his brothers for selling him.

What do you think? Is it hard to forgive brothers and sisters?

But Joseph did what they told him to. He did the work well, and he didn’t complain. His owner noticed and began treating him better. But after a while his owner got angry with him and put him in jail.

Joseph certainly wasn’t the favorite one now. Not only was he a slave, he was a slave in jail. Joseph sat in that jail, day after day after day, alone and forgotten. Sometimes, he would wonder about his father and his sister and his eleven brothers. Was his father still alive? Did his sister still like to weave cloth? Did his brothers still farm the fields and take care of sheep? Had any of them married and had children?

Joseph didn’t know. And he wanted to. Earlier, when his brothers had sold him into slavery, Joseph had been very angry with them. He had hoped that they would be torn away from their family and sold as slaves. He had wanted to hurt them the way they had hurt him.

But now as he sat in the jail, alone and far from home, and the days and the months and years went by, he began to understand why his brothers had been angry. Even though his brothers had done a horrible thing to him, Joseph missed them, and he wanted to see them again. Joseph forgave his brothers. But his brothers didn’t even know that they were forgiven.

More years went by, and Joseph stayed in jail. Then one night the king of Egypt—called a pharaoh—began having a strange dream: a dream about seven thin cows who ate seven fat cows but stayed thin. One of his servants said, “Lord Pharaoh, there is a man in jail who knows about dreams. His name is Joseph.”

The pharaoh sent for Joseph, and Joseph told him that the fat cows meant there would be seven years when food grew well, and the thin cows meant there would be seven years when food didn’t grow. First there would be plenty to eat for seven years, and then there would be a famine for seven years and people would go hungry.

The pharaoh was impressed. He said, “Joseph, you are free, and you shall be my governor, in charge of all the land and all the food that is grown.” For the next seven years, the farmers grew a lot of food, and Joseph made sure they stored most of it.

After seven years, the famine started, just as Joseph had predicted. No plants grew. But the people in Egypt didn’t go hungry because they could eat the food that Joseph had stored.

But far away where Joseph’s family lived, they hadn’t stored any food. They hadn’t known a famine was coming. Joseph’s father and his sister and his brothers and their wives and children were starving. “Let’s go to Egypt,” one brother said. “I heard they have food.”

His brothers made the long journey to the land of Egypt, walking on the same road that Joseph had walked as a slave all those years ago. When the brothers got to Egypt, they went to the pharaoh’s governor, the man who was in charge of all of the food. They bowed down low in front of him, saying, “Please, sir, let us buy food for our families. We are starving.”

Thus, it was that the dream Joseph had told them about all those years before—the dream of the eleven sheaves of corn bowing down before Joseph’s sheaf—had finally come true. But the brothers didn’t know the pharaoh’s governor was their brother Joseph. They hadn’t seen him in more than twenty years. He’d grown up and was wearing different clothes. He’d changed.

He’d changed on the inside, too. He had forgiven his brothers for selling him into slavery, and he was happy to see them again.

He could tell his brothers had changed as well. They were worried about their father, and they took good care of Joseph’s younger brother Benjamin, and they were sorry for what they’d done. They didn’t hate Joseph anymore.

So, Joseph said to his brothers “I am Joseph, your brother.” And they were amazed, and worried that he would be angry with them and put them in jail or kill them. But Joseph said, “I forgive you. I welcome you. Bring our father and all your wives and children to Egypt, and live here with me.”

So, Jacob and his children and their children came to Egypt, and the entire family was together again.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/lovesurrounds/session4/169958.shtml>

**3.5:** *Game Day* (590 words)

Abby always liked school, but she was especially excited about today. Her class had earned a reward: a game day! Their teacher, Dr. Liu, promised they could spend most of the day playing games. Abby’s best friend, Kamal, hoped they would play his favorite board game. Abby hoped they would play basketball.

Before everyone had taken a seat, Kamal was showing everyone the board game he had brought from home. “Can we play my favorite game?” he asked Dr. Liu.

“Who has a game in mind that they would like to play today?” asked Dr. Liu. Almost everyone raised their hands.

“How will we decide which games to play?” Dr. Liu asked.

“Since you are the teacher, you could decide,” said Corey.

“Well, I could,” said Dr. Liu, “But I would rather the group decide, because the decision affects everyone. I think that would be more fair. What do you think?”

“Why don’t we play everyone’s game?’” asked Ty.

“Let’s do the math,” said Dr. Liu. Everyone groaned. “We’ve just started learning division. Let’s see who can find out how much time we would have to play each game.” The children added up all the time they would need for lunch in the cafeteria, their visit to the school library, and their music class. Not even three hours were left to play games. The class had twenty students. That meant if they played each student’s game, they could only play each game for about ten minutes. No one thought this was a good idea: Some games take almost that long to set up!

“We could vote on which games to play,” suggested Abby. “In my congregation, we say that everyone deserves a say about the things that concern them.”

Everyone thought this would be fair. Dr. Liu invited everyone to suggest games and wrote all their suggestions on the board. Some games needed special equipment which they did not have; Dr. Liu asked the children who suggested them if he could cross these off the list and they agreed. Dr. Liu suggested a game, too. It was a game he used to play as a child in China.

“If we take a simple vote, most of you will vote for the game you suggested,” said Dr. Liu, “and that won’t get us very far. So, I will give everyone three star stickers. Put your star stickers by three games you would enjoy playing. After everyone has voted, we’ll see which games have the most stickers.” Everyone talked excitedly while placing their stickers.

Dr. Liu tallied the votes. He listed all the games in order of most votes. Dr. Liu said he wanted to make sure everybody got to play at least one game for which they had voted. He pointed to the top three games and said “If you did not vote for any of these games, raise your hand.” Two people raised their hands. Dr. Liu pointed to the top four games and asked the same question. No one raised their hands. “We will play these four games today.”

So, the Game Day started. Dr. Liu’s game had the most votes because everyone wanted to learn a new game. Kamal was happy that his board game was third on the list. He enjoyed playing it, even though he did not win.

When Abby went home, her sister teased her. “I thought school was for learning, not playing games.”

“We did learn something today,” Abby countered. “We learned a new game from China and we learned about making fair decisions.”

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/signs/session14/288076.shtml>

**3.6:** *The Noble Ibex: A Jataka Tale* by Sarah Conover (1.046 words)

From the book Kindness: A Treasury of Buddhist Wisdom for Children and Parents.

Once upon a time, the Buddha was born as a magnificent ibex. The forest in which he lived was far from civilization and therefore tranquil, inhabited by many creatures both small and large. Along the banks of clear, babbling brooks were found rare flowers, which blossomed nowhere else on earth. Trees towered above the lush undergrowth and kept the forest cool and mild.

The noble ibex that lived in this forest, the Former Buddha, was as beautiful as he was sleek and swift. He had the body of an animal but the intelligence and empathy of a human being. So deep was his kindness for all living creatures that he often trod delicately so as not to crush anything. He ate nothing but the tips of grasses already gone to seed.

As this region was renowned for its great beauty, hunting parties would at times make long journeys to reach it. On one such occasion, a king and his friends camped on the edge of the forest, hoping to bag large amounts of game before the end of their stay. One morning, the king set out on horseback with his small group following him. Not long after, the king caught a glimpse of the splendid ibex and wanted to hunt him down. Snapping his reins across his horse’s neck, the king dashed away in chase, leaving the group far behind.

When the ibex heard the quick pounding of hooves, he turned and saw the king swiftly bearing down upon him. The king’s bow was drawn taut and an arrow ready in the sites. Although the ibex could have fought the king’s attack, he chose to avoid violence, even in self-defense. So, the ibex spun around and took off with great speed towards the dense center of the forest, confident the king could not catch him. Through the thick forest he sprang, still pursued by the king, but the distance between them was increasing. The ibex came to a familiar, small, deep chasm and leapt over it effortlessly. But the king’s horse, coming to that same rocky cliff, abruptly pressed his weight backwards and refused to jump. The king had been watching the ibex, not the forest floor. So, when the horse stopped with a jolt, the surprised king fell forward, headlong, into the chasm.

After a time, the ibex heard no hoof beats in pursuit. He slowed and twisted his head around to examine the situation behind him. There in the distance he spotted the rider-less horse at the chasm’s edge and correctly guessed what had happened to the king. A sudden welling of kindness overcame him. He anticipated that the king must be in severe pain, surely having broken a number of bones in the fall. He knew also that the king would never survive long in this forest because there were many tigers and other beasts.

The ibex walked up to the chasm edge and saw the king far below, moaning and writhing in pain. He no longer looked upon the king as his enemy, but felt his suffering keenly. The Former Buddha gently inquired, “I hope your majesty has no serious wounds? Might the pain of your injuries be diminishing by now?”

The king looked up at the ibex in utter astonishment. He felt a dreadful pang of remorse for his behavior towards this noble animal. Oh, how the king felt his shame!

“You see, your Excellency,” comforted the Ibex, “I am no wild devil to be hunted for sport. I am just a peaceful creature living within the bounds of this beautiful forest.”

“Oh!” blurted the king. “It is I who acted as a beast, not you! Can you ever forgive me?” he asked. “My physical pain right now,” continued the king, “is far less than the pain I feel for having threatened a noble creature as yourself.”

“Sire,” responded the ibex, “let me help you out of your predicament. I can rescue you if you’ll trust me.” The ibex took the king’s silence as a sign of goodwill and knew that the king would accept his help. He then searched for a boulder as heavy as a man and practiced lifting it. When he felt he could do it safely, without slipping, he made his way down the rocks beside the king. “If you mount me as you would your horse, your Excellency, I believe I can leap out of the chasm with you on my back,” offered the ibex.

The king followed these directions and held on as best he could. In an instant the ibex leapt in a great arc onto the cliff rim. There the king found his waiting horse but was so overtaken by the goodness of the ibex he could not leave. “What can I do to repay you?” begged the king. “If you would come to my palace, we would see that your every need was met. I can’t bear to think of you left in this forest with hunters in pursuit. Please, please come back with me,” insisted the king.

“Sire, do you think I, who am so contented in the forest, could really adjust to that? I love nothing better than to live here, in peace. But there is one great favor I would ask of you.”

“Anything,” said the king.

“I ask that you give up hunting for sport. You now realize that all creatures want happiness and security. Can it be right to do to them what you yourself would despise? A true king,” proclaimed the ibex, “will gain his people’s love by showing great goodness, not by showing power.”

The grateful king agreed to the request. “Now, let me show you the way back to safety,” suggested the ibex. “Mount your horse and I will guide you home to your camp.”

The king soon returned to his palace, and the ibex disappeared into the shelter of the forest. But forevermore, the king lived by the wise words of the noble ibex, the Former Buddha. He forbade hunting for sport throughout his kingdom’s domain. He protected his people, but no longer waged costly wars against nearby countries. His kingdom flourished. And thus, the good king was greatly loved and respected by his people as the gentlest and wisest of all kings.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/wonder/session11/noble-ibex>

**3.7:** *One Flower in a Field* (1,252 words)

Adapted from “One Flower in a Field” by Joshua Searle-White, in Magic Wanda’s Travel Emporium: Tales of Love, Hate and Things in Between (Boston: Skinner House, 2007).

Once upon a time there was a field. It had dry grass, brambles and thistles, and high places and low places, and rocks scattered around, and a stream that passed alongside. And scattered around, here, there and everywhere, were flowers. Buttercups and tulips, coneflowers and lupines, all kinds of bright, beautiful flowers growing up out of the dry grass.

Now, you may ask, how could these flowers grow when the field was so dry? The answer is that next to each flower was a hole in the ground. And in each hole lived an animal whose job it was to tend that flower.

Most were rabbits, but there were hedgehogs and field mice and even a badger or two. Every morning, each animal would come out of its hole, hop or scurry down to the stream, and use a leaf to scoop up some water. Then they would each carry their leaf back and water their flower.

In a little gully in this field, next to a tall sunflower, lived a rabbit. Every day she would go down to the stream and get some water for her sunflower. She loved that flower. It was tall and bright, strong and healthy, and she took very good care of it.

One afternoon, the rabbit decided to hop up to the top of a little hill alongside her gully. When she got to the top, she saw something she had never seen before. Down a ways, she saw a flower. It might have been a daisy, but it was hard to tell. This flower looked in bad shape.

Now, why had she never seen that flower before? It’s not that big a mystery. She had just never climbed that particular little hill to look in that direction. Of course, she knew the field was full of flowers. She may have heard some were not doing quite as well as her sunflower. But she’d never actually seen one that looked as bad as this.

She hopped down the hill to take a closer look, and then, she began to understand. This flower needed water. Its stem was bent. Its petals were wilting in the heat. The ground around it was parched and dry. The rabbit felt bad that a flower could be so neglected. And then she did... nothing.

Even though the flower looked terrible, it was just one flower in a field, after all. The field had plenty of other flowers that were doing fine. The rabbit had enough work to do, watering her own flower. So, she went home and got on with her business, getting up every morning, going to the stream, watering her sunflower and hopping around all afternoon.

But the other flower didn’t go away. At least once a day, the rabbit couldn’t help but hop up to the top of the hill and take a quick look. Every day, the other flower looked a little worse.

It started to get to her. The rabbit thought about that flower at night while she was trying to sleep. She thought about it in the morning when she hopped to the stream for water. She couldn’t even enjoy her own flower so much, knowing the other flower was wilting more and more every day.

Now, you may wonder: Why didn’t that rabbit didn’t just go over and water the flower? After all, it was not far away, just on the other side of the hill. The stream had plenty of water. And the rabbit had plenty of time.

Well, that’s a good question. The rabbit thought about it all the time. She’d think about making an extra trip to the stream, to get some water for that flower. But then she’d think, “Well, you don’t just march into someone’s front yard and water their flower without asking, do you? What if that flower is someone else’s to water? They might yell at me or something.” Or she’d think, “What if the flower likes being dried-up and droopy? That’s possible, isn’t it?” Or she’d think, “Aren’t there animals who are supposed to go around and help out flowers whose animals don’t water them? I should leave it to them... Right?”

With all these questions swirling in her head, the rabbit went about her business, taking care of her sunflower every day and trying not to think about the other flower. But it kept bothering her, especially at night. It was kind of irritating, actually. Sometimes she wished the flower would just get better by itself, or die. But every time she sneaked a peek, there it was, looking more dry, more wilted and more droopy.

Finally, the rabbit could stand it no longer. One morning, hopping from the stream with a leaf full of water for her sunflower, she suddenly thought, “It’s just not right. Flowers are not supposed to wilt like that. Flowers should be healthy and colorful and bright and beautiful.” And she found herself hopping over the hill toward the other flower, taking the water there instead.

At the top of the hill, the rabbit got a bit nervous. Her nose twitched as she sniffed the air. It might be dangerous over there. She shouldn’t be watering other animals’ flowers. But then she said, “It’s just not right,” and kept going, over the hill and down the other side.

The rabbit hopped close to the dry flower, closer than she had been before. Suddenly, a hedgehog suddenly popped out of a hole in the ground. The hedgehog yelled, “Hey! What are you doing?”

“I’m going to water this flower,” the rabbit said. “It’s too dry, and if I don’t water it, it will die!”

The hedgehog said, “What business is it of yours whether this flower dies? This is my flower. I’ll take care of it how I want. Go home and take care of your own flower!”

But the rabbit answered, “I’m sorry, but I tried that. Flowers are supposed to be bright and beautiful, not wilting and droopy. So I’m going to water this flower.” She watered that dry, wilted, drooping daisy, right in front of the hedgehog, though he fussed and mumbled and gave her mean looks. And she turned around and hopped back over the hill.

The next day, she came back with a leaf full of water, and watered it again.

And the day after that, she watered it again.

And then another day, and another, and another. The hedgehog continued to fuss and mumble and give the rabbit mean looks. But the flower started to look better. First the petals perked up. Then the stem began to stand up a little straighter. Then its leaves started to fill out and get bigger. The flower even grew a little taller.

Strangely enough, as this flower got brighter and healthier and taller and more beautiful, so did the rabbit’s own flower. And so did every other flower, all the flowers in the field, even ones she never watered—flowers she had never even noticed before. The whole field began to brighten as the colors of every flower became more vivid and the flowers stretched taller. It was almost as if there was more water everywhere.

How could that be? Were other rabbits and hedgehogs and field mice and even badgers sneaking around and watering other animals’ flowers, too? Or was it because when someone waters a wilting flower somewhere, all flowers everywhere grow a little brighter?

Who knows? Maybe we’ll just have to try it and see.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/multigenerational/gather/workshop3/149496.shtml>

**3.8:** *Mabouya, Chief of the Well*, *a*dapted from a Haitian tale (545 words)

To whom does the water belong?

There was once a drought in the country. The streams dried up and the wells went dry. God saw there was no place for the animals to drink. God provided a well with the condition that it must be taken care of so all may use it. God said, “You’ll have to take good care of my well. One of you will have to be caretaker. The caretaker will stay by the well at all times to see that no one abuses it or makes it dirty.”

Mabouya, the lizard spoke up saying, “I will be the caretaker.”

God looked at all the animals. He said at last, “Mabouya, the lizard, will be the caretaker. The well is over there in the mango grove.”

The others animals went away. Mabouya went directly to the well. When the other animals began to come back for water, Mabouya challenged them. First the cow came to drink. The lizard sang out in a big voice: “Who is it? Who is it? Who is walking in my grove?”

The cow replied: “It is I, the cow, I am coming for water.”

Mabouya called back: “Go away! This is God’s grove, and the well is dry.”

So, the cow went away and suffered from thirst.

Then the horse came and Mabouya challenged him, saying: “Who is walking in my grove?”

The horse answered: “I am the horse and, I am coming for water.”

And Mabouya called back:” Go away! This is God’s grove, And the well is dry.”

So the horse went away and he too suffered from thirst.

Other animals came to the well and the lizard challenged all of them in the same way, saying: “Go away! This is God’s grove, and the well is dry.”

So, the animals went away and suffered much because they had no water to drink.

God saw all the suffering going on and said, “I gave the animals a well to drink from, but they are all dying of thirst. What is the matter?” And God went to the well.

When the lizard heard footsteps, she called out: “Who is it? Who is it? Who is walking in my grove?”

God answered: “It is I, Papa God. I am coming for water.”

And Mabouya said: “Go away, Papa God. The well is dry.”

God was very angry. He said once more: “It is I, Papa God. I am coming for water.”

And the lizard called back again: “Go away, Papa God. The well is dry.”

God said no more to the lizard. He sent for the animals to come to the well. He said, “You came to me because you were thirsty and I gave you a well. I made Mabouya the caretaker. But she gave no thought to the suffering creatures all around her. If one has a banana tree in their garden, it is theirs. If one has a cotton tree in their garden, it is theirs. But if one has a well in their garden, only the hole in the ground belongs to that one. The water is God’s and belongs to all creatures.”

And it is a saying among the people: “The hole in the ground is yours, the water is God’s.”

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/multigenerational/gather/workshop5/149579.shtml>

**3.9:** *Sunny Side Mary* by Searle-White, Joshua (1,731 words)

*From* “Sunny Side Mary” in *Magic Wanda’s Travel Emporium: Tales of Love, Hate and Things in Between.* Boston: Skinner House, 2006. Used with permission.

In a medium-sized town not far from here, there was a middle school. It was just like any other middle school, except for two things. First, instead of an auditorium, it had a courtyard, a huge round covered area right in the center of the school. In the middle of the courtyard was a big round pool with fountains and lights. Right in the middle of the pool was a circular stage, connected to one side of the courtyard by a narrow bridge.

The kids who went there liked having the only school with a round stage; it was very cool. But there was one problem. Whenever there was a concert, half of the kids would always have to look at the performers’ backs. Plus, that side of the courtyard didn’t have very good lights, and it was always a little bit cold. Because of this, everyone called that part the shady side, while the other part of the courtyard was called the sunny side. Now, it wouldn’t be too bad to have a sunny side and a shady side, if the kids sometimes got to be on one side and sometimes on the other. But that’s not the way it was.

That’s the second thing that was different about this school. Some kids in the school came from the North Side of town and some from the South Side. And there was a rule: during concerts in the courtyard, only the North Side kids could sit on the sunny side. The South Side kids had to sit on the shady side.

What would happen if a South Side kid went onto the sunny side? It was always the same. The North Side kids would just pick her up and dump her into the fountain. And if she came back, they’d just keep dumping her into the fountain until she went back to her side. It was pretty awful.

You’re probably wondering exactly who made up this crazy rule. Well, no one exactly knows. The North Side kids always said that the principal had made the rules and they were just doing what she said. So besides getting to sit on the sunny side, the North Side kids got to feel important, too, because they said they were doing what the grown-ups wanted. However, if you asked the principal, she would say that it was the kids’ choice, and that the South Side kids actually liked to be on the shady side because they were used to it. And what if you talked to the teachers? Well, some of them would say that the North Side kids behaved better than the other kids, and so the North Side kids should be on the sunny side. Besides, they would say, it was natural for kids to divide up like that. There were some other teachers who would say it probably shouldn’t be that way. But none of them did anything to change it.

So, the school was a great place to be, if you were from the North Side. But if you were from the South Side, it wasn’t so great. It wasn’t just that you couldn’t really see what was going on during concerts. What was worse? Knowing that you couldn’t go over to the other side, because if you did, you’d get thrown in the fountain. It just didn’t seem fair.

Things went on like that for a long time, until the day that Mary went wading. A big concert was planned for lunchtime that day, with a band called the Zoot Suit Tooters. Mary had been waiting to see this band for a long time. She was a huge Zoot Suit Tooters fan. She had all the Tooters CDs and tee-shirts, and she had their posters plastered all over the walls of her bedroom. They were her absolutely favorite group. But Mary was a South Side kid so she knew she was going to have to sit on the shady side and not see the front of the band at all. That made her angry.

So, Mary decided to do something different. She planned it all out. On the day of the concert, she got to the courtyard early and found a place to sit on the sunny side. Over and over, she said to herself, “I don’t care what they do or what they say, I am not moving. The Tooters are my favorite band, and I am going to see them from the front, no matter what.”

Well, it came time for the assembly, and the North Side kids started showing up. Of course, the first thing they saw was Mary sitting on their side. And what do you think they did? First, they just looked at her like she was crazy. Mary didn’t move.

Then they said, “Hey South Sider, get over on your side of the courtyard!”

Mary just pretended not to hear them. They yelled louder. They called her names. They stared at her and told her to move or else. And still Mary ignored them. So, what did they do? A bunch of the biggest North Side kids picked her up and threw her in the fountain with a big splash!

Mary did not like that at all. She stood up in the water, dripping. She wasn’t hurt, since the pool wasn’t that deep—only up to her waist or so—and the water was pretty warm. But she did not like being thrown out of her seat. It made her angry. She glared at the North Side kids. They glared back.

Mary stepped out and went back to where she was sitting. The North Side kids threw her into the fountain again. She got up and went back to her seat. They threw her back in the fountain. She got up again, and as she got out of the fountain, they started to come after her... so she walked back into the fountain. It was better than getting thrown in, anyway.

Mary sat down in the water and thought, “This is awful! Here I am, soaking wet. If I ask the teachers to help, they’ll just say that I should have stayed on my side. If I ask the principal, she’ll just say that I should like the shady side better. Nobody’s going to help me. What am I going to do?”

Finally, she stood up, feeling totally defeated. She started walking through the fountain back toward the shady side—slosh, slosh, slosh. As she walked, the rhythm of her feet reminded her of a song that her grandmother used to sing. It went like this: Wade in the water / Wade in the water, children, / Wade in the water, / God’s gonna trouble the water.

With that song flowing over and over again in her head, she realized with a giggle that, believe it or not, she actually was wading in the water! She looked at the shady side and all the South Side kids there. She looked at the stage, and she thought about the song. And she thought to herself, “Wait a minute. If wading in the water is good enough for God, it’s good enough for me!”

And you know what Mary did? She turned right around and started sloshing back to where she had started.

Wade in the water / Wade in the water, children, / Wade in the water, / God’s gonna trouble the water.

As she hummed the song and bounced along with the rhythm, the strangest thing happened. Somehow the other South Side kids must have heard the song. They got up from where they were sitting, and they walked into the fountain, too. Slosh, slosh, slosh, slosh, all together! Mary sloshed back toward the sunny side, and the other South Side kids followed. And wouldn’t you know it, just as they all got to the front of the stage, the Zoot Suit Tooters ran across the bridge and onto the stage, and the concert started. Mary and the other South Side kids were on the sunny side, in the water.

The North Side kids were stunned. They had never seen anything like this! They didn’t know what to do. They couldn’t throw the South Side kids into the fountain because they were already in the fountain—with the best view of the concert. It was wrong! The North Side kids looked at each other, and then they all rushed into the fountain to get in front of the South Side kids. They had to be first! They were always first! So, they pushed, and shoved, and squirmed, and finally they got themselves right up to the front, squished right up next to the stage, where no one could be in front of them. The Zoot Suit Tooters were playing practically right over their heads, and... and... and they looked around and suddenly realized that while they were struggling to get in front of the South Side kids, the South Side kids had all gotten out of the fountain and were now sitting in the seats on the sunny side, drying off!

The North Side kids were stunned again. What could they do? They were in the fountain, and the South Side kids had all the best seats, with Mary right in front. There was no way the North Side kids could throw all the South Side kids in the fountain at once. The teachers and principal were speechless. The Zoot Suit Tooters played, and the South Side kids listened, and there wasn’t much else the North Side kids could do. They sloshed over to the shady side to dry off. And that’s where they sat to watch the concert.

Things were different in that school from then on. The principal learned that if she made crazy rules, people wouldn’t follow them. The teachers learned that the South Side kids didn’t want to be behind the stage all the time. The North Side kids learned that if they wanted to get a good seat at an assembly, they had to get there early. The South Side kids learned that if you all stand up together for something that is right, sometimes you can win. And because Mary had helped the South Side kids get a place on the sunny side, all her friends began to call her Sunny Side Mary, the name they call her to this very day.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/multigenerational/gather/workshop5/149580.shtml>

**3.10:***The Binding of Isaac*, Genesis 22: 1-13 (NRSV) (384 words)

After these things God tested Abraham. He said to him, “Abraham!” And he said, “Here I am.” He said, “Take your son, your only son Isaac, whom you love, and go to the land of Moriah, and offer him there as a burnt offering on one of the mountains that I shall show you.” So Abraham rose early in the morning, saddled his donkey, and took two of his young men with him, and his son Isaac; he cut the wood for the burnt offering, and set out and went to the place in the distance that God had shown him. On the third day Abraham looked up and saw the place far away. Then Abraham said to the young men, “Stay here with the donkey; the boy and I will go over there; we will worship, and then we will come back to you.” Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering and laid it on his son Isaac, and he himself carried the fire and the knife. So the two of them walked on together. Isaac said to his father Abraham, “Father!” And he said, “Here I am, my son.” He [Isaac] said, “The fire and the wood are here, but where is the lamb for the burnt offering?” And Abraham said, “God himself will provide the lamb for the burnt offering, my son.” So, the two of them walked on together.

When they came to the place that God had shown him, Abraham built an altar there and laid the wood in order. He bound his son Isaac, laid him on the altar, on top of the wood. Then Abraham reached out his hand and took the knife to kill his son. But the angel of the Lord called to him from heaven, and said, “Abraham, Abraham!” And he said, “Here I am.” He said, “Do not lay your hand on the boy or do anything to him; for now; I know that you fear God, since you have not withheld your son, your only son, from me.” And Abraham looked up and saw a ram, caught in a thicket by its horns. Abraham went and took the ram and offered it up as a burnt offering instead of his son.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/multigenerational/hebrewscriptures/workshop6/binding-of-isaac>

**3.11:** *Creation*, Genesis 1: 1-31; 2:1-4 (NRSV) (835 words)

In the beginning when God created the heavens and the earth, the earth was a formless void and darkness covered the face of the deep, while a wind from God swept over the face of the waters. Then God said, “Let there be light,” and there was light. And God saw that the light was good; and God separated the light from the darkness. God called the light Day and the darkness he called Night. And there was evening and there was morning, the first day.

And God said, “Let there be a dome in the midst of the waters, and let it separate the waters form the waters.” So, God made the dome and separated the waters that were under the dome from the waters that were above the dome. And it was so. God called the dome Sky. And there was evening and there was morning, the second day.

And God said, “Let the waters under the sky be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear.” And it was so. God called the dry land Earth, and the waters that were gathered together he called Seas. And God saw that it was good. Then God said, “Let the earth put forth vegetation: plants yielding seed, and fruit trees of every kind on earth that bear fruit with the seed in it.” And it was so. The earth brought forth vegetation: plants yielding seed of every kind, and trees of every kind bearing fruit with the seed in it. And God saw that it was good. And there was evening and there was morning, the third day.

And God said, “Let there be lights in the dome of the sky to separate the day from the night; and let them be for signs and for seasons and for days and years, and let them be lights in the dome of the sky to give light upon the earth.” And it was so. God made the two great lights—the greater light to rule the day and the lesser light to rule the night—and the stars. God set them in the dome of the sky to give light upon the earth, to rule over the day and over the night, to separate the light from the darkness. And God saw that it was good. And there was evening and there was morning, the fourth day.

And God said, “Let the waters bring forth swarms of living creatures, and let birds fly above the earth across the dome of the sky.” So, God created the great sea monsters and every living creature that moves, of every kind, with which the waters swarm, and every winged bird of every kind. And God saw that it was good. God blessed them, saying, “Be fruitful and multiply and fill the waters in the seas, and let the birds multiply on the earth.” And there was evening and there was morning, the fifth day.

And God said, “Let the earth bring forth living creatures of every kind: cattle and creeping things and wild animals of the earth of every kind.” And it was so. God made the wild animals of the earth of every kind, and the cattle of every kind, and everything that creeps upon the ground of every kind. And God saw that it was good.

Then God said, “Let us make humankind in our own image, according to our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the air, and over the cattle, and over every creeping thing that creeps upon the earth.”

So, God created humankind in his image, in the image of God, he created them; male and female he created them.

God blessed them, and God said to them, “Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the air and over every living thing that moves upon the earth.” God said, “See, I have given you every plant yielding seed that is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree with seed in its fruit; you shall have them for food. And to every beast of the earth, and to every bird of the air, and to everything that creeps on the earth, everything that has the breath of life, I have given every green plant for food.” And it was so. God saw everything that he had made, and indeed, it was very good. And there was evening and there was morning, the sixth day. …

Thus, the heavens and the earth were finished, and all their multitude. And on the seventh day God finished the work that he had done, and he rested on the seventh day from all the work that he had done. So, God blessed the seventh day and hallowed it, because on it God rested from all the work that he had done in creation.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/multigenerational/hebrewscriptures/workshop8/creation>

**3.12:***Moses and the Ten Commandments*, **Exodus, Chapter 19, Verses 16-25 (593 words)**

It came to pass on the third day when it was morning, that there were thunder claps and lightning flashes, and a thick cloud was upon the mountain, and a very powerful blast of a shofar, and the entire nation that was in the camp shuddered. **17** Moses brought the people out toward God from the camp, and they stood at the bottom of the mountain. **18** And the entire Mount Sinai smoked because the Lord had descended upon it in fire, and its smoke ascended like the smoke of the kiln, and the entire mountain quaked violently. **19** The sound of the shofar grew increasingly stronger; Moses would speak and God would answer him with a voice.

**20** The Lord descended upon Mount Sinai, to the peak of the mountain, and the Lord summoned Moses to the peak of the mountain, and Moses ascended. **21** The Lord said to Moses, “Go down, warn the people lest they break [their formation to go nearer] to the Lord, and many of them will fall. **22** And also, the priests who go near to the Lord shall prepare themselves, lest the Lord wreak destruction upon them.”

**23** And Moses said to the Lord, “The people cannot ascend to Mount Sinai, for You warned us saying, Set boundaries for the mountain and sanctify it.” **24** But the Lord said to him, “Go, descend, and [then] you shall ascend, and Aaron with you, but the priests and the populace shall not break [their formation] to ascend to the Lord, lest He wreak destruction upon them.” **25** So Moses went down to the people and said [this] to them.

**Exodus, Chapter 20, Verses 1-15**

God spoke all these words, to respond:

**2** “I am the Lord, your God, Who took you out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

**3** You shall not have the gods of others in My presence.

**4** You shall not make for yourself a graven image or any likeness which is in the heavens above, which is on the earth below, or which is in the water beneath the earth.

**5** You shall neither prostrate yourself before them nor worship them, for I, the Lord, your God, am a zealous God, Who visits the iniquity of the fathers upon the sons, upon the third and the fourth generation of those who hate Me, **6** and [I] perform loving kindness to thousands [of generations], to those who love Me and to those who keep My commandments.

**7** You shall not take the name of the Lord, your God, in vain, for the Lord will not hold blameless anyone who takes His name in vain.

**8** Remember the Sabbath day to sanctify it.

**9** Six days may you work and perform all your labor,

**10** but the seventh day is a Sabbath to the Lord, your God; you shall perform no labor, neither you, your son, your daughter, your manservant, your maidservant, your beast, nor your stranger who is in your cities.

**11** For [in] six days the Lord made the heaven and the earth, the sea and all that is in them, and He rested on the seventh day. Therefore, the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and sanctified it.

**12** Honor your father and your mother, in order that your days be lengthened on the land that the Lord, your God, is giving you.

**13** You shall not murder. You shall not commit adultery. You shall not steal. You shall not bear false witness against your neighbor.

**14** You shall not covet your neighbor’s house. You shall not covet your neighbor’s wife, his manservant, his maidservant, his ox, his donkey, or whatever belongs to your neighbor.”

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/youth/bridges/workshop6/moses>

# *Leadership*

**3.13:** *The Audre Lorde Project* by India McKnight (855 words)

“Honey, those girls were being chased for at least half a mile once school got out,” Ms. Myra recalled. I shook my head knowingly. We had just walked out of the subway station across the street from Boys and Girls High School and were listening to the owner of Cafe 258, one of our original safe spaces.

She went on: “Since business was somewhat slow, I was standing in the doorway and saw them down the block, running toward me. I heard the boys yelling, ‘Dyke,’ ‘You think you a dude’, cursing and carrying on. When the girls got closer, I opened the door of the shop, pulled them inside, and locked the door. Those boys banged on my windows so much I thought they would break them. After about 15 minutes they left. I fixed the girls some hot chocolate and called their parents. I don’t know why folks act out like that, but not on my block!”

Not on my block, not in my neighborhood, not if I am aware of what is happening. This is the aim of the Safe Neighborhood Campaign created by the Audre Lorde Project, a New York City-based community organizing center for people of color who identify as gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgender, and gender-variant. The Safe Neighborhood Campaign was started by the Safe Outside the System collective, one of three working groups at the Audre Lorde Project. Its mission is to work within People of Color communities to end violence against LGBTQ people. The Safe Neighborhood Campaign engages communities in developing a deeper level of accountability for one another. We recruit local businesses and community nonprofits as safe spaces and safe havens for the neighborhood. A “safe space” is one in which the employer and employees are willing to intervene in the harassment of LGBTQ people inside as well as outside of their place of work or business. A “safe haven” is a place in which community members can seek refuge from the threat of harassment and physical violence. Ms. Myra turned her coffee shop into a safe haven that day and continues to do so.

Audre Lorde Project members have gotten somewhat used to the looks or comments directed toward them as they walk through the neighborhoods together. The most negative interactions have not been about our perceived sexual orientation or gender identity but rather about the shades of our skin. Our multiracial group can definitely stand out in racially homogeneous neighborhoods whose demographics are slowly shifting. Most of our members identify under the umbrella term People of Color, a term that implies a solidarity across cultures for people who are marginalized by race or ethnicity. We also have to acknowledge the ways in which internalized racism still divides us, both within our specific racial or ethnic groups and across groups.

The divisions are made apparent by our interactions with business owners or community organizations as we recruit them for our Safe Neighborhood Campaign. I have a pretty good relationship with the owner of a local bookstore, so I thought it would be great to recruit the bookstore as a safe space. At the time, I was training one of our new members in the process of recruiting safe spaces, so I asked him to come along. Although Thomas and I arrived together, the owner stopped me as I began to speak about the campaign and said, “Are we actually going to talk about this in front of him? He’s the problem.” “What? What do you mean?” I asked. The bookstore owner replied, “Those white folks are moving in here, bringing the police and causing the violence against our people.” Thomas identifies as Hapa, meaning that he is both Asian (Japanese) and white. I identify as African American, as does the bookstore owner. Thomas interjected, “Sir, I’m not white, I’m bi-racial, half Japanese, and I’m very invested in ending the violence against folks in the community. It’s where I live.” The owner silently shook his head, so we decided that we would follow up another time. Although it would have been easy to dismiss him, we realize that meeting folks where they are and continuing the dialogue is a vital part of the process of creating safer neighborhoods. Thomas and I debriefed our experience, discussing the way that assumptions about our racial identities have affected our ability to make cross-cultural connections. We made sure to share this experience with the other members of the collective and learned to intentionally identify our members as invested community leaders when introducing them to safe space owners.

As I work on the campaign, I’m reminded of what Tracy, another safe space owner, says about the neighborhood:

In this community, we are not going to all look the same, go to the same church, or eat the same food, but we have a responsibility to look out for one another regardless.

This organizing campaign at the Audre Lorde Project calls us to redefine community across identities and cultures. We have learned that we need to engage one another in order to survive as business owners, as community organizations, and as human beings.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/adults/btwwdaya/workshop7/lorde-project>

**3.14:** *The Gates of the Forest* by Elie Wiesel, from The Gates of the Forest (237 words)

When the great Rabbi Israel Ba’al Shem-Tov saw misfortune threatening the Jews, it was his custom to go into a certain part of the forest to meditate. There he would light the fire, say a special prayer, and the miracle would be accomplished and the misfortune averted.

Years later when a disciple of the Ba’al Shem-Tov, the celebrated Magid of Mezritch, had occasion for the same reason, to intercede with heaven, he would go to the same place in the forest and say: “Master of the Universe, listen! I do not know how to light the fire, but I am still able to say the prayer,” and again the miracle would be accomplished.

Still later, another rabbi, Rabbi Moshe-leib of Sasov, in order to save his people once more, would go into the forest and say, “I do not know how to light the fire. I do not know the prayer, but I know the place and this must be sufficient.” It was sufficient and the miracle was accomplished.

The years passed. And it fell to Rabbi Israel of Ryzhyn to overcome misfortune. Sitting in his armchair, his head in his hands, he spoke to God: “I am unable to light the fire, and I do not know the prayer, and I cannot even find the place in the forest. All I can do is tell the story, and this must be sufficient.” And it was sufficient.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/adults/life/workshop2/159144.shtml>

**3.15:** *John Murray and the Winds of Change* (553 words)

You never know what the wind will blow in or which way the wind blows. The wind can change directions and maybe change your life. It happened to John Murray. As a young man, John Murray had excellent fortune blow his way. He had a fine education, a steady job, a loving wife, and a young son. Life was good. Then, suddenly, everything changed. John Murray’s wife and their son became sick and died. John lost his job, lost all his money, and was put in jail because he could not pay his bills.

John was a very religious man, a Universalist, who had even preached about a loving God. Now, he was not so sure what he believed. He felt his life was over. Friends urged him to go someplace where he could start again.

He sailed for America on a ship named the Hand In Hand. The wind blew the ship toward their destination, New York. But then, fog rolled in and the ship ran aground in New Jersey instead. John and a few others volunteered to leave the ship, go on land, and get directions and supplies.

As he was walking ashore, John saw a farmhouse with a small chapel or church beside it. It belonged to Thomas Potter. Thomas Potter greeted John, gave him food for everyone on the ship, and invited John to come back and have dinner with him that night.

When John came back, Thomas Potter showed him the chapel. Thomas Potter said that he believed in a loving God who wanted to accept all people into heaven. John said that he believed the same thing. Thomas Potter told John that he had built the chapel and was waiting for God to send him a minister. “You, John, are that minister. I have waited for you a long time”.

John did not want to hear this. He was not a preacher anymore and he was determined to never preach again. Yet, Thomas Potter seemed confident that John was the Universalist preacher he waited for and he asked John to preach on Sunday. “I can’t preach on Sunday,” said John, “because as soon as the wind changes, my boat will set sail and I must be on it.”

“If the boat has not sailed by Sunday, will you preach?” asked Thomas Potter.

“If I am still here on Sunday, I will preach,” said John Murray.

Now, what do you think happened? Did the wind blow? Did the Hand In Hand sail away, taking John Murray with it? No wind blew. No ship sailed.

John Murray preached on Sunday morning, September 30, 1770, in the chapel Thomas Potter built for him many years before.

The Universalist message of the power of love was good news to many who heard. It was good news for John. The winds of change blew yet again for John Murray. He now wanted to preach more than anything and he did, for many years, and helped found Universalism in America. He is one of the ancestors of our faith home and we, as Unitarian Universalists, owe a special thanks to Thomas Potter. It was his hospitality that brought John Murray back to the pulpit. We also owe a special thanks to the wind that blew him in and would not blow him out.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/home/session12/60161.shtml>

**3.16:** *The Empty Pot* (711 words)

Adapted from The Empty Pot by Demi (New York: Henry Holt, 1990); permission pending.

Long, long ago, the Emperor of an ancient land was old and dying. He loved children but had none of his own. So, the Emperor decided to choose one of the children of his land to be the next Emperor.

The Emperor also loved plants, and of these, he had many. So, nobody was surprised by the test he offered the children of the land.

The Emperor called all the children to his palace. He said, “I will give one seed to each of you. Come back in one year. When I see what you have grown from your seeds, I will choose the next Emperor.”

The children ran from the palace smiling. All they had to do was grow a seed and they would be Emperor. But a year is a long time. Most of the children decided to wait a while to do their planting, and as the year went by, many children forgot their seeds.

But one child, a boy named Chen, took care of his seed right away. Just like the Emperor himself, Chen loved plants. Chen carefully carried the Emperor’s seed home, sealing it securely in his hands so it wouldn’t fall, but not so tightly that it might crush.

As soon as he got home, Chen found a clay pot made by his Grandfather. He thought that pot would be just right to grow his seed. He washed the pot and dried it carefully. Next Chen found rich, black soil that had many worms in it to make it nourishing. Chen filled the pot with the soil. Then he planted his seed, carefully covering it with the soil.

Chen set the pot in the sun. Each day, he lightly sprinkled water on the seed. But nothing grew from the seed. Nothing at all.

Some weeks went by. The other children boasted to each other of the wonderful large plants they had grown, but Chen’s seed did not grow. He tried moving the pot to another window. He tried watering his plant more, and even singing to his plant. But no matter what Chen did, his seed did not grow.

Then, a year had passed. It was time to return to the Emperor. Chen was ashamed that his seed had not grown.

His wise Grandfather said, “You did your best, Chen. You were caring and patient. Be honest with the Emperor and explain that you did your best. It will be enough.”

So, Chen returned to the palace with his empty pot held carefully in his arms. The children lined up to present their plants. The first child had a large plant with thick leaves, a ginseng plant that could be used to make paper and medicine. The next child had a eucalyptus plant, a healthy, strong plant that soon would become a tree big enough to produce food for many animals. By the time Chen’s turn came, he was so sad about his empty pot.

Feeling very embarrassed, Chen held his empty pot up for the Emperor to see. Chen explained how he had lovingly cared for his seed. Chen talked about his love for his Grandfather who had made the pot. He told the Emperor everything he had done to care for the seed, and how sad he felt that the seed would not grow.

The Emperor smiled and spoke. “There is only one among you who is honest enough to be the Emperor,” he said. “The seeds that I gave you had been boiled so they would never grow. These wonderful plants some children have shown me did not come from the seeds I gave them.”

Now some of the other children looked ashamed, because they had not been honest. And the Emperor knew it. “Only one child cared for the seed even when it did not grow,” the Emperor said. “Only Chen gave the seed all it needed and asked for nothing. Only Chen was honest enough to show me an empty pot. Chen will be the new Emperor.”

Chen moved to the Emperor’s palace with his Grandfather. The old Emperor taught him many things, about gardening and much more. And when the Emperor died, he was smiling, because he knew that Chen would care for his land with love and honesty.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/home/session13/60162.shtml>

**3.17:** *Muhammad of Makkah* (533 words)

This is a story about a city. The name of the city is Makkah al-Mukarramah, but sometimes it is called Makkah or Mecca. This city is in Saudi Arabia. It is a city thousands of years old.

This is also the story of a man. His name was Muhammad. Shortly before Muhammad was born in the city of Makkah, his father died. Before Muhammad was six years old, his mother died. Then Muhammad lived with his grandfather for two years until his grandfather also died. After that, he lived with his uncle. While Muhammad was still young, his uncle died, too, but other members of Muhammad’s tribe took care of him until he became an adult, got a job, married, and started a family.

Muhammad’s tribe was one of the largest in Makkah. Makkah was Muhammad’s family home, but it was also his faith home. The people who lived there believed that the city was founded by the prophet Abraham and his son Ishmael. They believed their city was holy.

The ka’ba was a holy building in town where thousands of people would come to pray. Some of them believed and prayed to only one god, but most of them prayed to several gods. Statues representing these gods surrounded the ka’ba. Muhammad’s people prayed to their gods at the ka’ba, and Muhammad did, too.

Various people praying to many different gods at the ka’ba was part of everyday life for Muhammad. He witnessed it all the time.

One day, Muhammad heard what he could only explain as the voice of God speaking to him. Muhammad was instructed to be a prophet or teacher to people everywhere that there was only one God. And so, he began to teach.

Many people did not want to hear what Muhammad said. They wanted to continue to worship the gods the same way they always had, and not change. They threatened Muhammad and his followers.

Muhammad could have chosen to keep quiet, but he did not. He saw the world differently now. He believed he had a right and a responsibility to speak what he saw as the truth because God had told him to do so. It was important to him that this city, that was the faith home to many, be a home to what he believed was the one true faith.

Muhammad had to leave Makkah because it was dangerous for him there. He moved to Medina and his followers grew. They called their faith Islam and they acknowledged Islam’s connection to the prophets of Judaism and Christianity, who also prayed to only one god.

Even though he had many followers in his new home of Medina, who practiced Islam in a beautiful temple (or mosque, as they are called in Islam), Muhammad was not content. He believed that God wanted him to bring the faith of Islam to Makkah.

In 630 AD, he returned to Makkah and brought Islam to the city he had always considered his faith home. It is still the predominant faith in Makkah. It has also spread to many other places, and is now practiced by 1.2 billion people. It is the second largest religion in the world.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/home/session15/60167.shtml>

**3.18:** *The Perfect Peace Harvest* (1,090 words)

From the book Aisha’s Moonlit Walk: Stories and Celebrations for the Pagan Year, by Anika Stafford (Boston: Skinner House, 2005).

Tell the children you will signal them with a drumbeat (or another signal) when it is time to join in the refrain.

Every year on Lammas, we clamor our way to City Hall with posters and placards to picket for peace. Every year since I was a baby we have a big rally. Speakers and singers, dancers and screamers, we all gather to say that we want “peace now, peace now.” Lammas is a time to raise your voice, even when it’s hard. It’s a time to say no to war and to anything else that hurts anyone, anywhere in the world.

Most of the people at the rally aren’t pagans, but they all yell, “Peace now, peace now,” which is as much of a Lammas celebration as anything I can think of.

We carry drums to bang and cymbals to clang. Since I’ve been coming here all my life, it’s not too hard to get ready to clang and bang. I come ready to make some noise.

*On Lammas you’ve gotta stomp your dancing feet, / On Lammas you’ve gotta raise your voice and speak, / Lammas is the harvest, we’ve gotta harvest peace.*

This year there are at least a hundred people, maybe more. There are people with canes, people with crowns, people draped in crazy costumes, yelling, “Peace now, peace now!”

There are people with puppets taller than the treetops and people holding signs that say “No War.” Standing in back are people watching in silence until we all yell, “Peace now, peace now!” Then everyone yells together.

My family and I meet people under a banner that says “Pagans for Peace.” There are pagans we know who greet us with big happy hugs and pagans we don’t know but we all yell, “Peace now, peace now!” for Lammas.

*On Lammas you’ve gotta stomp your dancing feet, / On Lammas you’ve gotta raise your voice and speak, / Lammas is the harvest, we’ve gotta harvest peace.*

There are babies snug in their snuggly carriers and toddlers toddling on the grass. They yell, “eace, now, eace, now,” which is definitely close enough to “peace now” for any of us. “That’s how you used to say it when you were little,” my dad tells me. My brother Eli yells and sings, and I swing him up onto my shoulders.

There is a stage at the front of the rally with microphones and banners. Huge flags with doves and peace signs wave in the August wind. There are old women in crazy hats who step up and sing for peace. But there are no kids up there. There are teenagers in silly skirts and socks who step up and cheer and chant for peace. But there are no kids. Everyone speaks out, but there are no kids at the microphones.

“This is ridiculous,” I burst out to my mom. “I have been coming here my whole entire life and I’ve never seen a single kid on that stage!”

“Aisha,” my mom says, “what a great idea! Run up and tell them you want to speak. Hurry!”

I freeze. I hadn’t meant me. Just some kid. My heart thuds in my chest. I just meant someone, anyone else.I look at the crowd: a hundred people, maybe more. I am ten years old. I do not want to speak in front of all of them.

But I have been coming here for ten years, and for ten years I’ve chanted the same words:

*On Lammas you’ve gotta stomp your dancing feet, / On Lammas you’ve gotta raise your voice and speak, / Lammas is the harvest, we’ve gotta harvest peace.*

My stomach is fluttery. My legs are jittery. This feels nothing like peace, but I’ve got to do it. I know I do. So, I slowly lift my brother off of my shoulders and put him on the ground.

“I’m going to go up,” I tell my mom, and she grins her biggest grin. “I’m going to go up!” I exclaim loudly to everyone around us under the “Pagans for Peace” banner. Our friend Alex comes over to me.”Hooray!” he yells. He picks me up in a big bear hug and swings me around.”Good for you!” our friends cheer. Now I have to do it.

I run all the way up to the stage before I can lose my nerve and run back. There are organizers standing next to it. “I am here to speak,” I tell the grown-ups on the stage.

One man looks at me. “There isn’t enough time,” he says.

I want to run back but I don’t. Instead, I take a deep breath and try again. “There are never any kids speaking,” I tell him. Then I turn to the other organizers. “What if I only say just four quick things?” The organizers look at each other and shrug. “Okay,” they say.” Just four quick things.”

I stand at the microphone with my fluttery stomach and jittery legs. I have been coming here since I was a baby, but raising my voice in front of the whole crowd is one of the hardest things I’ve ever done. Even though I don’t feel the littlest bit of peace, I take a deep breath and begin.

“War doesn’t help anything,” I say. “It doesn’t give us clean water.”

Everyone yells back, “No!”

“It doesn’t give us land to grow our food!” I say.

And again, the crowd yells, “No!”

“It doesn’t let kids grow up healthy!” I call out.

“No! No! No!” everyone yells.

“We all need the Earth and the water, and we all need each other.” I raise my voice loudly into the microphone. “So,” I finish, “what do we want?”

And the crowd goes wild, yelling, “Peace now, peace now, peace now!”

I look down and see that our “Pagans for Peace” group is starting a big, snaking, twisting, spiral dance through the crowd. I run down and grab hands with them as more and more people join us, taking each other’s hands and singing.

We sing and smile, dancing our way through the crowd and around the buildings. Our song fills me with bouncy gleefulness. With my legs strong and sturdy again, I imagine our song is like water splashing us.

*On Lammas you’ve gotta stomp your dancing feet, / On Lammas you’ve gotta raise your voice and speak, / Lammas is the harvest, we’ve gotta harvest peace.*

I have come here every Lammas since I was a baby, but speaking in front of the whole entire crowd is the most perfect peace harvest I’ve ever made.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/journeys/session7/132410.shtml>

**3.19:** *Harriet’s Freedom Journeys* (998 words)

(Leader: Invite the group to join you in singing the chorus of “Follow the Drinking Gourd.” Teach the words and tune, if needed. Tell them that any time during the story they hear you start to sing, they should join in.)

Harriet Tubman knew that no person should be enslaved. She knew it was wrong for one person to own another person as if they were a cow or a horse or a wagon. She knew it was wrong when she was about seven years old, and her mistress whipped her over and over again if the baby cried at night. She knew it was wrong for one person to work in the fields or the house all day long without getting any pay. She knew it was wrong that owners broke families apart, selling children away from their parents, and wives away from their husbands.

Often Harriet thought about freedom. Sometimes at night she would dream that she was flying. In her dream she would come to a big wall that she couldn’t pass. On the other side of the wall there were women wearing white, reaching up their arms to help pull her over it.

(Leader: Sing the chorus of “Follow the Drinking Gourd.” Encourage the children to join in.)

When Harriet was a young woman, she learned that she and three of her brothers were about to be sold to a plantation owner in the deep South. She would never see her family or her husband again. It was time for Harriet to escape from slavery. She knew escaping was very dangerous. White people would hire slave catchers to chase after the people who escaped. The slave catchers’ brought dogs to sniff where people had escaped and find them. If you were caught, you would be cruelly punished, perhaps even killed. But Harriet knew she must be free.

She made an escape plan with her brothers. She did not even tell her husband, John Tubman. He was a free African American and Harriet knew he did not want to leave their home. Harriet thought he might try to stop her. While he was sleeping, she slipped out of their home at night and met her brothers. As they walked through the woods her brothers became very afraid. It was dangerous to try to escape slavery. Finally, her brothers insisted they all go back. Harriet tried to encourage them to keep going, but they refused and brought Harriet back home with them.

Harriet knew now she had to escape by herself. She could not wait any longer or she would be sold. Harriet’s father, Ben, had taught her all about the woods. She knew which plants and berries were safe to eat. She knew how to walk silently, without making a sound. She knew how to imitate bird calls. She knew that moss only grows on the north side of trees and how to feel for the moss to help guide her on cloudy nights. Most of all, she knew how to find the Big Dipper, and the North Star so she could follow it north to freedom.

(Leader: Sing the chorus of “Follow the Drinking Gourd.” Encourage the children to join in.)

Walking through the woods at night, Harriet only knew one place to go for help: to the home of a white woman who was an abolitionist—someone who believed slavery was terribly wrong and who worked to end slavery. This woman was part of the Underground Railroad.

The Underground Railroad wasn’t a real train. It was a network of people in the South and the North, men, women, black, and white, who worked together to help enslaved people escape to freedom. Their homes were the “stations” on the Underground Railroad, hiding places where people could safely rest and eat while traveling north.

Harriet traveled from station to station, walking for hundreds of miles until she finally reached a place without slavery where she could live free.

Harriet was free! She could choose whom she would work for and she would be paid. No one could ever whip her again. She could come and go as she pleased. She could set up a comfortable life for herself and live happily and safely for the rest of her life. But Harriet could not be comfortable knowing there were still more than two million people enslaved. She knew slavery was wrong. She knew she had to go back and help lead other people to freedom—no matter how dangerous it was. Harriet became a conductor on the Underground Railroad.

Harriet Tubman went back to the South again and again. She led more than 300 people out of slavery to freedom by following the North Star and walking to safe stations on the Underground Railroad. Pictures of Harriet were posted throughout the South, where she was wanted as a criminal. She carefully disguised herself so she would not be recognized. Sometimes she dressed in a man’s suit. Sometimes she dressed like an old woman. The people she helped to flee hid in barns, in secret rooms, and in churches. They walked, they took trains, or rode in horse-drawn wagons, hidden under blankets or sacks of potatoes and onions.

(Leader: Sing the chorus of “Follow the Drinking Gourd.” Encourage the children to join in.)

People would get scared along the Underground Railroad and wonder if they should turn back. They were exhausted and often near starvation. Tubman encouraged them to keep on going to freedom in the North. To keep babies from crying or making noises that might expose a hiding place, Harriet gave them medicine which made them sleep. Sometimes she carried babies them in a cloth bag tied around her waist. Harriet Tubman risked her life over and over again because she knew that no adult or child should ever have to be enslaved.

Then the Civil War came. When it had ended, slavery was over in the United States. The law had been changed. No longer could any person own another person. Harriet lived for many years after that, working for the rest of her life to help the people who had been enslaved begin their lives in freedom. Once, she gave a speech, where she said, “I was a conductor of the Underground Railroad for eight years, and I can say what most conductors can’t say. I never ran my train off the track and I never lost a passenger.”

(Leader: Sing the chorus of “Follow the Drinking Gourd.” Encourage the children to join in.)

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/loveguide/session15/169032.shtml>

**3.20:** *Antoinette Brown and Olympia Brown* (680 words)

Today we will hear about two girls from long ago, who both had the last name of Brown. As you hear the story, see if you can notice other things they had in common, besides a name.

Let’s go back in time together, about 200 years, to meet Antoinette Brown. When Antoinette was a young girl, her faith was important to her. The way she wanted to show her faith was to share it with other people and encourage them to live their faith, in their own way. She decided to become a minister. But she was told, “No, that is impossible.” Because in those days in this country, there were no women ministers.

People laughed at Antoinette. They discouraged her. They told her she was being foolish and should give up this idea. But her mother supported her. Antoinette’s mother pinned a white ribbon on her dress and said, “You can do it. I believe in you.” When Antoinette Brown felt discouraged, she would touch the ribbon and remember that she had support.

There were many obstacles. Antoinette’s family could not afford to send her to college. Antoinette touched the white ribbon. She found a job, and worked for three years until she could pay for college herself. She attended Oberlin College, the first U.S. college to admit women and blacks. Oberlin was proud to support people who others thought not worthy of college. But when Antoinette asked to enter a program to become a minister, Oberlin College said, “No. That’s impossible.” I bet Antoinette Brown touched her white ribbon then. She did not back down. Eventually, she entered the program, but once her studies were done, Oberlin College refused to grant her a degree. Do you think she touched her ribbon?

Antoinette found other people who supported her. Friends invited her to speak in public and in churches. She gave speeches for women’s rights and other social justice causes and she inspired and supported many people even without being in a church. Seventeen years after her mother had pinned the white ribbon on her, in 1853, Antoinette was ordained. It is believed that she was the first woman ordained as a minister in our nation. She was a minister of a Congregationalist church, but she left it and became a Unitarian minister. She is one of our faith ancestors.

Reverend Antoinette Brown liked to give speeches to women in college. She remembered the obstacles she had faced to become a minister. She wanted to support young women with their goals, even when others might have said to them, “No. That’s impossible.” Becoming a minister had been one sign of Antoinette Brown’s faith. Now, encouraging other young women who came after her was another.

One time, a young student invited Reverend Antoinette Brown to speak at Antioch College. The student’s name was Olympia Brown. They shared the same last name, but they were not related to each other. Olympia Brown had never heard a woman minister before. Olympia told Antoinette that she wanted to be a minister, too. Like Antoinette, she wanted to live her faith by working to make the world a better place for all people. But, Olympia Brown had not been sure a woman could become a minister. People had said to her, “No. That’s impossible.”

Antoinette Brown gave Olympia Brown a white ribbon. Maybe she told her, “You can do it. I believe in you.”

Olympia was ordained as a Universalist minister in 1863.

These two women were some of the first women ministers in our country. They are our faith ancestors. Like us, they had great hopes for the future. Like us, they accepted the mantle of faithful leadership. When we show these and other signs of our faith, we honor their memory and strengthen our connection to our UU legacy.

It takes courage to live your faith, day in and day out. It takes extra courage when people keep telling you the way you want to live your faith is wrong or impossible. How much courage did Antoinette Brown and Olympia Brown have?

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/signs/session16/288929.shtml>

**3.21:** *Belling the Cat,* adapted from an Aesop fable (225 words)

Once there was a family of mice living on a farm. They had a pleasant life and all the food they could eat.

Then, one day, the farmer brought a cat to live on the farm. The cat was very good at one thing: chasing mice! The cat could move so quietly, the mice did not know it was there until it pounced on them. The mice became desperate. They were afraid to venture out into the grain because of the cat and they were hungry.

The mice held a meeting. They decided they could not stop the cat, but it would be good to at least know when the cat was approaching. This would give them enough time to run and hide. Many mice offered suggestions, but none that everyone thought good enough. Then, a mouse said, “I have listened to all your suggestions, but they are no good. I know what to do. This will be successful. We must hang a bell around the cat’s neck. When the cat is on the move, we will hear the bell and can run to safety.”

The mice became excited. This was indeed a very good idea. In the midst of their excitement, the wisest mouse spoke, “It is indeed a good idea. But tell me: who will bell the cat?”

All the mice became silent.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/signs/session2/belling>

**3.22:** *The Journey of the Birds* (450 words)

Inspired by the ancient epic poem, “The Conference of the Birds,” by the Persian Sufi Muslim writer Fariduddin Attar.

Once upon a time, all the birds in the land decided they needed a leader for their community. A leader, they thought, would make their community stronger. Representatives of all the bird species gathered to discuss finding a leader.

“A leader will tell us the right things to do,” said the robin.

“Our leader must be wise,” said the owl.

“A leader must believe we each are important, big and small,” said the sparrow.

“I want the leader to be caring, like a friend,” said the dove.

“Yes, the leader should help us share and get along better,” said the jay.

“The leader must make us feel safe,” said the hawk.

“I know where you can find such a leader,” said the hoopoe bird. “It is the Simorgh and it lives far from here.”

The birds were very excited. They said they were willing to go anywhere to find such a leader. “It might be dangerous,” said the hoopoe. A few birds looked troubled, but all the birds voted to go find the Simorgh.

The hoopoe took off and all the birds followed.

They flew at night. They flew in sunshine. Days and days passed. Some birds got tired and left the group. Other birds were filled with doubt. How did they know the Simorgh really existed? Only the hoopoe had ever heard of this bird. Some of the doubters dropped out, but others kept flying.

One valley was filled with fiery mountains. All the birds were afraid.

“I’m too small to make it over that mountain,” lamented the sparrow.

“No, keep flying. We can make it together. We will help you.” And they did.

The strong flyers helped the weaker flyers. The birds with good vision helped find food for the group. Along the journey, the birds learned how to better respect, share and care for each other. It seemed that every bird had something special and unique to offer that made the journey easier.

Finally, the hoopoe announced, “We are here!”

The other birds look around in anticipation. “Where is the Simorgh? We don’t see it!’ they cried.

“Come. It is over here,” said the hoopoe.

The birds stood beside hoopoe and realized they were on the edge of a lake. They looked in... and saw their own reflections. Then, they understood.

The Simorgh was not another bird. The Simorgh was all of them, and all of them were the Simorgh. They remembered that each of them had something good and strong and special inside of them and that each bird had gifts to bring to the community. They were all that was needed to keep the community strong. They knew now that together they could do anything.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/signs/session9/journey>

**3.23:** *The Colombian Children’s Peace Movement* (662 words)

Based on information from People Building Peace, Peace News, My Hero, and Sara Cameron’s website.

Adults are usually regarded as the leaders in working for peace and—for good reason, as many have made a tremendous difference. Yet children can make a tremendous difference, too. Farliz Calle is one of those children. She is one of twenty-six children who organized an election in her home country of Colombia as it was being torn apart by violence. On October 25, 1996, 2.7 million children in Colombia cast their votes for 12 basic rights that included the right to love and family, the right to a clean environment, the right to justice, and the right to peace. With the aid of UNICEF (The United Nations Children’s Emergency Fund) and adults from the community, the children of Colombia started a movement that created “peace zones” in schools and parks. One year later, 10 million adults also voted for peace in a national election.

On the day of the Children’s Mandate there was peace in Colombia. If there can be one day of peace, why not a week, a month, a year, fifty years Why not fifty years of peace to make up for our fifty years of war? — Juan Elias, 16 years

Why was Columbia in need of peace? In 1948, civil war broke out in Colombia. A civil war is one where the opposing factions both live in the country. These wars can be particularly destructive and difficult to end.

Without equal education children who have nothing can never have the same opportunities as those who have everything. — Angelica, 13 years

Often civil wars have the appearance of being about two groups with different identities that cannot get along. However, scholars and researchers have determined that most civil wars are caused when one group tries to control resources, resulting in limited access to resources for other groups, who become frustrated and take up arms. This is one reason why war (and hence, peace) is a justice issue.

Another reason is because the toll of war generally falls heaviest on marginalized groups. This frequently means children. War hurts children by taking away their loved ones. It hurts children by filling their lives with fear and instability. It hurts children by forcing them to grow up too soon, often making them into soldiers even before reaching puberty.

Neither the children’s vote nor the adult’s vote a year later ended the violence in Colombia. It continues to this day. Still, the children of Colombia did not give up. Supported again by UNICEF, they established the Retorno de la Alegria (Return to Happiness) initiative. This program trains youth to be peer counselors to youth and children suffering from the effects of war. Over 500 volunteers have been trained in counseling, therapy, peace-building and self-esteem building skills. They work with individuals and institutions, like schools, religious organizations, and government.

I work as a volunteer play therapist with children who have been forced to leave their homes because of the war. Some of the children have seen terrible things, like seeing their father be tortured and killed. They find it very difficult to understand what happened. We play together with the trucks, and boats and rag dolls and sometimes after that you can figure out what went on. Some of the children are very shy but I give them the parrot puppet and sometimes they tell him things. They often talk about the goats and chickens and cows they left behind when they left their homes. They worry about the animals. — Wilfrido, 16 years

Being a peace builder takes skills, and young people do not need to wait until they become adults to develop those skills.

Children are sweet and beautiful, but we want to show adults that the role of the child must be elevated; there are acute crises in countries when children have to make up part of the solution. You say children are the future. But we are the present, a present which we all have to build together. — Farliz Calle

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/youth/call/workshop8/172987.shtml>

# *Power*

**3.24:** *Amelia and Her Super Magical Powers* by Gail Sphar (938 words)

This is the story of a young girl named Amelia. Amelia was fascinated by tales of people with super powers, like Wonder Woman, or magic like Harry Potter. She yearned to have powers like that so she could help people. Like the boy she often saw sitting all alone at lunch, looking very sad. “If I had magic powers, I could make him smile,” she said to herself. Or like the little kids who were being picked on in the school yard by an older girl. “Oooo...super powers would straighten her out fast!” she said. And whenever she walked past the old, run-down park near her house, she imagined how magic powers could fix it up so kids had a place to play.

One night, just as Amelia was about to fall asleep, a fairy godmother came into her room. “Hello Amelia,” she said. “I’m here to help you. What have you been wishing for?” “Oh” said Amelia. “Please give me some super magic powers so I can make a difference!” “Well,” said the fairy godmother, “I’m happy to give you some magic, Amelia, but my...” “Oh thank you, thank you,” cried Amelia—and with that she fell right to sleep!

The next morning when Amelia woke up, she remembered what had happened the night before. She jumped out of bed, eager to get going and test out her new super powers. As she walked to school, she realized she’d forgotten to ask what she needed to do to release those powers--you know, say some secret words, give a high sign or something else--but she decided she’d figure it all out as she went along.

That day at lunch she saw that same sad boy sitting by himself at lunch again. “Let’s try my magic,” she said, as she wiggled her fingers at him from a distance. Nothing. “Maybe I need to be closer,” she thought. So she walked closer to him and he looked up at her. She couldn’t help but give him a friendly smile, and when she did, his face beamed with his own huge smile. “HA!” thought Amelia. “I really do have magic.” “Can I join you for lunch?” she asked. “Sure!” he said, smiling even bigger. The two of them laughed and talked all during lunch time. She learned his name was Bobby, he’d lost his father earlier in the year, and he and his mother had moved here after that. He didn’t know anyone and was too shy to go up to kids and talk. Well, Amelia and Bobby became good friends and Bobby smiled a lot from then on.

One day soon after that, Amelia and Bobby were in the playground when they saw Karen bullying two younger kids by the swings. She’d read what to do about bullies, but she had never tried any of it before because she wasn’t really sure she could do it. But now with her super powers she was ready. “Come on, Bobby. Let’s go help those kids.” So they walked up to where Karen stood over the two children and Amelia wiggled her fingers at her and said loudly, “Karen, stop it right now! Come on, Dodie and Lou. Come with Bobby and me. You’re safe with us.” After they four of them had left, Amelia told the two, “If she bothers you again, just turn around and walk away. Act like you don’t hear her. Don’t show any emotion. And if she keeps on trying to hurt you, let Mr. Crenshaw in the office know. I’ll go with you if you need me to.” They did just as Amelia said and Karen never bothered those kids again.

Well, by now Amelia was feeling pretty good about her super magic powers. “How can I use them to fix up our old park?” she wondered. Wiggling her fingers didn’t work. She still didn’t know any magic words. “Maybe if I start working to clean it, something will occur to me.” And so, she did.

She took trash bags to the park and started picking up trash that had been left there. Before long a couple friends came by and asked what she was doing. “I’m fixing our park so we can play in it again.” That sounded like a great idea to her friends and they began to help. Soon other kids joined them. They picked up trash, pulled weeds, and cleared out dead brush. Little by little the park began to look better.

When some of the parents saw the improvement, they decided to help. Some mowed the grass, others built picnic tables, and still others convinced the city to buy some new equipment.

It was hard work and it took many days, but they got their new park. When it was all done, the whole neighborhood had a picnic in their new park to celebrate it.

After the picnic, Amelia fell exhausted into bed. She was just about asleep when the fairy godmother came back. “Oh, I’m so happy to see you,” said Amelia. “I want to thank you for giving me all those super magic powers!” “But I tried to tell you my wand was broken. I didn’t give you any,” said the fairy godmother.

“You must have given me powers,” protested Amelia. “How else could I have made Bobby happy, stopped a bully and given our neighborhood a wonderful park?!”

The fairy godmother just smiled. “My dear, you did that because you possess three powers that you developed yourself: kindness, bravery, and determination. With those three things, you are making a difference.”

And with that, Amelia fell fast asleep.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/worship/words/time-all-ages/amelia-and-her-super-magical-powers>

**3.25:** *Ruby Bridges*, Surrounded by Love by Janeen Grohsmeyer (718 words)

When Ruby Bridges was six years old and in the first grade, just like many other children, she went to a new school. Ruby’s school was called William Frantz Elementary School. It was in the City of New Orleans in the state of Louisiana.

And, just like other children, Ruby was nervous about the first day of school. She knew everything was going to be different: a new building, new teachers, new rules, new things to learn, new children to play with, and (she hoped) new friends.

But, unlike other children, Ruby didn’t go to school by walking or riding in her parents’ car or in a school bus. Ruby went to school in a police car, followed by people from her neighborhood to help keep her safe. Ruby walked to the front door of her school surrounded by four tall men who had guns and wore armbands with the words “U.S. Marshal” on their sleeves.

Because Ruby wasn’t just like the other children at William Frantz Elementary School. She was the only African American child in the entire school, and some people didn’t think she should be there.

You see, Ruby started first grade in 1960, about sixty years ago. Back then, in some parts of the United States, children with different skin colors went to different schools. There were schools for children with dark skin, and there with schools for children with light skin. That was called segregation.

Some people liked segregation, but many people knew it wasn’t fair. The schools for white children always had more books, better buildings, and lots more of everything than the schools for black children. Because of that, our government made a law that said all children—no matter what their skin color—can go to the same schools. That is called integration.

The parents at William Frantz Elementary School who liked segregation did not like integration. Because Ruby had dark skin, they thought she didn’t belong at the school. They kept their children home from school, away from her. Ruby was the only student in her class. She didn’t have anyone to play with or to talk to, except for her teacher, all day long.

And every day, those people who didn’t like integration would go to Ruby’s school, and they would yell horrible, mean things at her. Some called her names. One woman threatened to poison her. Sometimes they would even throw rocks or eggs or tomatoes, trying to keep her away from the school.

Yet every day, Ruby Bridges would go to that school. She would get dressed and eat breakfast and get ready for school, and then her mother would say, “I’m proud of you,” and her father would say, “You’re my brave little girl,” and they would all say, “I love you” to each other.

Every day, her neighbors would surround the police car that Ruby was riding in, and the four U.S. Marshals would surround her as she walked through that crowd of angry people, to help keep her safe.

And every day, Ruby would say a prayer—but not for herself. Ruby prayed for the angry people who yelled at her, asking God to forgive them and to change their minds. When Ruby Bridges was surrounded by hate, she surrounded everyone with love.

After a while, it worked.

The next year, when Ruby Bridges was seven years old and starting the second grade, the angry crowd of people wasn’t there. She didn’t have to ride in a police car. There were no U.S. Marshals surrounding her. White people did not keep their children home from William Frantz Elementary School, even though Ruby was there.

When Ruby went to her classroom on that first day of second grade, there were twenty other children. Some of them had dark skin, like her. Some of them would be her friends. Integration had happened, and William Frantz Elementary School was a school for all children.

Fifty years ago, Ruby Bridges helped to integrate a school, and integration helped make our country fairer for everyone. Today, Ruby Bridges is all grown-up, and she travels to schools all over the country, telling her story and teaching people to respect and appreciate each other.

Each of us can be like Ruby. We can all surround each other with love.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/lovesurrounds/session11/ruby-bridges-surrounded-love>

**3.26:** *The Great Kapok Tree*, a Tale of the Amazon Rain Forest (916 words)

Book by Lynne Cherry (A Gulliver Green Book), (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1990); permission pending.

Two men walked into the rain forest. Moments before, the forest had been alive with the sounds of squawking birds and howling monkeys. Now all was quiet as the creatures watched the two men and wondered why they had come. The larger man stopped and pointed to a great Kapok tree. Then he left.

The smaller man took an ax he carried and struck the trunk of the tree. Whack! Whack! Whack! The sounds of the blows rang through the forest. The wood of the tree was very hard. Chop! Chop! Chop! The man wiped off the sweat that ran down his face and neck. Whack! Chop! Whack! Chop! Soon the man grew tired. He sat down to rest at the foot of the great Kapok tree. Before he knew it, the heat and hum of the forest had lulled him to sleep.

A boa constrictor lived in the Kapok tree. He slithered down its trunk to where the man was sleeping. He looked at the gash the ax had made in the tree. Then the huge snake slid very close to the man and hissed in his ear: “Senhor, this tree is a tree of miracles. It is my home, where generations of my ancestors have lived. Do not chop it down.”

A bee buzzed in the sleeping man’s ear: “Senhor, my hive is in this Kapok tree, and I fly from tree to tree and flower to flower collecting pollen. In this way I pollinate the trees and flowers throughout the rain forest. You see, all living things depend on one another.”

A troupe of monkeys scampered down from the canopy of the Kapok tree. They chattered to the sleeping man: “Senhor, we have seen the ways of man. You chop down one tree, then come back for another and another. The roots of these great trees will wither and die, and there will be nothing left to hold the earth in place. When the heavy rains come, the soil will be washed away and the forest will become a desert.”

A toucan, a macaw, and a cock-of-the-rock flew down from the canopy. “Senhor!” squawked the toucan, “you must not cut down this tree. We have flown over the rain forest and seen what happens once you begin to chop down the trees. Many people settle on the land. They set fires to clear the underbrush, and soon the forest disappears. Where once there was life and beauty only black and smoldering ruins remain.”

A bright and small tree frog crawled along the edge of a leaf. In a squeaky voice he piped in the man’s ear: “Senhor, a ruined rain forest means ruined lives... many ruined lives. You will leave many of us homeless if you chop down this great Kapok tree.

A jaguar had been sleeping along a branch in the middle of the tree. Because his spotted coat blended into the dappled light and shadows of the understory, no one had noticed him. Now he leapt down and padded silently over to the sleeping man. He growled in his ear: “Senhor, the Kapok tree is home to many birds and animals. If you cut it down, where will I find my dinner?”

Four tree porcupines swung down from branch to branch and whispered to the man: “Senhor, do you know what we animals need in order to live? Oxygen. And, Senhor, do you know what trees produce? Oxygen! If you cut down the forests you will destroy that which gives us all life.”

Several anteaters climbed down the Kapok tree with their young clinging to their backs. The unstriped anteater said to the sleeping man: “Senhor, you are chopping down this tree with no thought for the future. And surely you know that what happens tomorrow depends upon what you do today. The big man tells you to chop down a beautiful tree. He does not think of his own children, who tomorrow must live in a world without trees.”

A three-toed sloth had begun climbing down from the canopy when the men first appeared. Only now did she reach the ground. Plodding ever so slowly over to the sleeping man, she spoke in her deep and lazy voice: “Senhor, how much is beauty worth? Can you live without it? If you destroy the beauty of the rain forest, on what would you feast your eyes?”

A child from the Yanomamo tribe who lived in the rain forest knelt over the sleeping man. He murmured in his ear: “Senhor, when you awake, please look upon us all with new eyes.”

The man awoke with a start. Before him stood the rain forest child, and all around him, staring, were the creatures who depended upon the great Kapok tree. What wondrous and rare animals they were!

The man looked about and saw the sun streaming through the canopy. Spots of bright light glowed like jewels amidst the dark green forest. Strange and beautiful plants seemed to dangle in the air, suspended from the great Kapok tree. The man smelled the fragrant perfume of their flowers. He felt the steamy mist rising from the forest floor. But he heard no sound, for the creatures were strangely silent.

The man stood and picked up his ax. He swung back his arm as though to strike the tree. Suddenly he stopped. He turned and looked at the animals and the child. He hesitated. Then he dropped the ax and walked out of the rain forest.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/lovesurrounds/session14/170354.shtml>

**3.27:** *Brave Enough* by Noreen Kimball (430 words)

There was once a girl who loved to write stories and poems. She often wrote about the land and birds around her home. Her name was Rachel Louise Carson and she was born in 1907. When Rachel grew up, she became a writer and a scientist. Rachel wrote wonderful stories and she always explained the beauty of nature so well you could almost see what she was describing. As a scientist, Rachel was also very careful to describe things exactly as she saw them. She made sure everything she wrote was true.

Since Rachel was always outside studying nature or writing about it, she noticed that a lot of birds and fish were dying. She figured out that the animals were dying from poisons being sprayed from airplanes to help farmers get rid of insects that damaged plants. The poison not only killed the insects, but it also got into the soil and water and killed other animals. Eagles and many other birds and species of animals began to disappear.

Rachel wrote articles and spoke to the U.S. Congress so everyone would know how we were destroying the environment. She even wrote a book about the problems caused by the poison. In her book she described a spring where the skies were quiet and still because so many birds had died. She called that book Silent Spring.

People who read Rachel’s book started to demand that the government stop spraying the chemicals. The President and Congress asked scientists to look at the chemicals to make sure Rachel was right about what she had said. At first, the chemical companies said that Rachel was wrong, but eventually scientists figured out that the chemicals were getting into the earth and water and were killing many animals, just like Rachel’s book said. Because Rachel kept writing and speaking until someone would listen, the government finally stopped using the dangerous chemicals and began to test new ones much more carefully.

People still use poisons and chemicals in the wrong way today, but Rachel Carson helped start a whole new kind of environmentalism—a movement to control pollution of our earth. Even though Rachel was a small, quiet woman, she believed people have the power to save the environment. If Rachel had not been brave enough to stand up for the environment and fight for it until someone listened, we might not have as many species of birds and fish that we do today. Thanks to this brave woman who always told the truth, we still have Bald Eagles flying in our beautiful blue skies.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/lovesurrounds/session15/brave-enough>

**3.28:** *John L. Cashin, Witness for Justice* (654 words)

One day in Alabama, in 1968, as farmers worked in their fields, a small airplane swooped into view. The farmers looked up wonderingly as papers fluttered out of the plane, into the sky and came swirling down to earth all around them. The papers were flyers about the upcoming elections—flyers with a picture of an eagle and the names of the candidates the pilot of the airplane liked the best.

That pilot was John L. Cashin. He hoped those farmers would vote for the candidates of the National Democratic Party, a political party he founded to help African Americans run in Alabama’s elections. He wanted the farmers, and everyone else, to know that these candidates, if elected, would use their positions in government to make life better and fairer for the farmers, their families, and all their neighbors.

John Cashin was not only a pilot, he was a dentist, too, and a husband, and a father of three children. He himself had run for mayor in his town, Huntsville, Alabama. He did not win. Later in his life, he would run for governor of the state of Alabama. He didn’t win that election, either, but then again, he had not expected to win.

In those days in Alabama, African Americans had little chance of winning public office. Even though about one third of Alabama’s people were Black, the Alabama state government had no elected officials who were African American. Very few Blacks ran for election. Very few Blacks could even vote in elections. They were kept away by unfair laws—sometimes called “Jim Crow” laws—and by threats of violence by white people who did not want their black neighbors to vote.

So, with so little chance to win, why did John L. Cashin run for mayor, and then for governor? Well, John was an activist who understood the power of public witness. And he had made a promise when he was 11 years old, to do whatever he could to get Blacks involved in the political process and to speak out against the injustices that kept them away. Every time John Cashin put his name on a ballot and his picture on election posters and flyers, he caught the dreams of other African Americans in Alabama. Campaign speeches gave him a chance to make some noise for justice, and speak out against laws that were not fair to African Americans.

When John Cashin formed the National Democratic Party, he chose as its symbol, an eagle—the well-known symbol of American freedom. With eagles printed all over their flyers and signs and posters, the National Democratic Party made sure even blacks who could not read could vote for justice-loving candidates, the ones with the eagles by their names. Soon, African Americans in Alabama were running for sheriff, city councils, and judgeships—and the National Democratic Party helped get many get elected.

Cashin did not have to witness alone. His family, his Unitarian Universalist congregation in Huntsville, Alabama, and many other UUs and friends joined him. They came to his rallies, made their own speeches to support him, and helped him raise money to run for elections. Like John, they believed that to witness against the wrongs committed against African Americans was an important way to show their faith.

Over time in Alabama, more African Americans voted. More African Americans ran for public office, and won. As more African Americans became part of the Democratic and Republican parties, John Cashin’s National Democratic Party was less important for public witness, and it was dissolved.

John Cashin died in 2011. We can be a new generation witnessing for justice. Every time we speak up against a wrong or support people to speak up for themselves, we are part of John Cashin’s legacy. He witnessed for the justice he wanted to see in his community and in our nation—an America where everyone’s vote is counted.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/signs/session15/288119.shtml>

**3.29:** *The Green Man* by Sophia Lyon Fahs (788 words)

From Stories in Faith: Exploring Our UU Principles and Sources Through Wisdom Tales (Boston: Unitarian Universalist Association, 2007).

Once upon a time, there lived a rich and vain young squire. Servants prepared his favorite foods each day. His every wish was granted.

One of the young man’s favorite things to do was to ride through the woods that were part of his kingdom, hunting small animals for sport. He thought that the woods and all its creatures belonged to him and he could do as he pleased with them.

The people in the village had a different idea about the woods. The woods provided a home to all the creatures that lived there: chipmunks, birds, squirrels, rabbits, deer, and wild pigs. They told their children a story about a Green Man who lived in the woods and cared for all of the small creatures. They said he even watched out for children in the woods. The villagers faithfully left out food on winter nights for the Green Man to eat.

One autumn day, the squire decided to go on a hunt. He called to all of his servants to saddle up the horses and get on their riding clothes: they were going into his woods.

They rode into the woods, trampling nests and dens as they went, sending dogs out ahead to chase small animals out of their homes so they could be easily hunted. After a time, the squire became separated from the rest of the hunting party. He was looking for them when he came to a pond—a beautiful, clear, cool pond.

“How clever of me to have a pond in my woods to refresh myself!” he said.

The young man began to remove all of his fine clothing — his shoes, his hat, his jacket, his shirt, his pants, and his socks. He laid his clothes neatly folded by the edge of the pond and jumped into the cool water. He swam back and forth, enjoying himself immensely.

While he was swimming and splashing away, a hand reached out from behind a tree and took his clothing and led his horse away. When the squire got out of the water, he discovered that he had nothing left to wear save a piece of rope. He took the rope and fastened some leaves to it to make a cover up. When his hunting party came looking for him, he was embarrassed to be seen dressed in nothing but leaves. So, he hid.

At night, the squire went looking for some shelter and he stumbled into a cave. He didn’t sleep much that night. It was dark, and he was frightened, and he kept hearing animal noises all night.

In the morning, when the daylight came, he saw that he was not alone in the cave. There was a goat there, and a chicken, and a gourd for holding water. Someone had been living in that cave! He found some grass for the goat and feed for the chicken. He discovered some grain that he could eat as well.

Over time, the squire settled in to life in the cave. He fashioned a whole garment out of leaves. He ate eggs from the hen and drank milk from the goat. He covered his hand with mud to prevent stings and reached into a beehive for honey to eat. He became acquainted with all the small woodland creatures, and he cared for them, helping them over swollen streams when heavy rains fell, making sure they had food and water, and sheltering them in the cave on the chilly nights.

One day he came upon two small children trapped by a wild pig threatening to bite. When he had chased the pig off, they looked at him. There he was, covered head to toe with leaves and mud, with a wild-looking beard and hair. “Are you the Green Man?” they asked.

“I guess I am,” said the man, who no longer looked anything like a squire.

When winter came, the Green Man was happy to go into the village at night and to take the food that the villagers left out for him, sharing it with all his animal friends. A year passed peacefully, until one warm day when a hunting party came into the woods. The Green Man hid behind a tree to watch. A rich young man, a squire perhaps, became separated from his hunting group and decided to take a swim in the clear, cool pond. He took off his clothes, folded them, and left them under a tree. The Green Man reached out a hand and took the clothes and the horse, leaving behind his garment of leaves and a coil of rope. He used a sharp stick to trim his hair and beard, and rode into town, back to his parents’ castle.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/welcome/session10/green-man>

**3.30:** *The Prince and The Rhinoceros* (637 words)

*An Indian tale of speaking kindly, from Teaching Tolerance, Rhinos & Raspberries kit. Permission pending.*

Once upon a time in India, a rare rhinoceros was born, with skin so beautiful it almost glowed. The rhinoceros was given to a noble prince who was very lonely and whose kingdom was poor. The prince was so delighted with the unusual gift that he laughed joyfully. So, he named the little calf Great Joy.

The prince treated the rhino with great kindness. He fed her rice, fruit and choice tender plants, and he always spoke in a kind and gentle voice. Great Joy grew and was happy. The prince thought Great Joy was quite beautiful.

At sunrise she would be golden. At sunset, she would be a canvas of pink and red and orange, and later the dark blue of evening. Sometimes after a rain, she would reflect everything around her. She seemed almost enchanted.

“You are wonderful and special to me,” the prince whispered softly.

In time, Great Joy grew into an enormous rhino. She was very strong. One day she thought about her good life with the prince and what she could give him in return. “I am only a rhino, but I can use my strength to help him earn gold for his kingdom.” She suggested to the prince that she compete in a contest of strength against the town’s strongest bulls.

A rich merchant with many fine oxen agreed to the wager: Great Joy would pull a hundred loaded wagons usually towed by his team of eight oxen. The bet was one thousand gold pieces.

The next day, the prince inspected the wagons and harnessed Great Joy to the front. Then he climbed onto the driver’s seat. Great Joy waited for a few kind words of encouragement before starting. Instead, the prince, thinking only of the gold, waved a whip in the air and shouted, “Pull, you big wretch. Move, you worthless rhino.”

Great Joy was shocked at her beloved prince’s words. Wretch? Worthless? “I’m no wretch,” she thought. “I’m not worthless, either.” She stiffened her huge legs and refused to move an inch.

Humiliated, the prince ran home and hid in his royal bed. “I’m ruined,” he cried.

Great Joy was filled with pain and sorrow. She needed to understand what she had done to deserve such cruel insults. After many days and nights without food or sleep, she went to the prince’s palace, which had grown shabby due to his impoverished state. “Oh, Prince, in all our years together, have I ever done anything to hurt you?”

“No, never.”

“Then why did you say those terrible things to me? Was the thought of gold worth more than what I can offer?”

The prince hung his head. Tears ran down his face. “The gold distracted me. I forgot the importance of our friendship. I am so ashamed.”

“Then we will try again,” Great Joy said. “Go back to the merchant and double your bet.”

Again, the carts were loaded, and Great Joy was harnessed to the front. The prince climbed up and sang out, “All right, you marvelous marvel, you splendid rhino, my Great Joy. It’s up to you!”

The powerful rhino snorted, pawed the ground and charged forward. Her sides heaved as she pulled, until the last cart crossed the finish line. The townspeople cheered wildly as they covered her with garlands of flowers and strands of tinkling bells.

The prince collected his two thousand pieces of gold, then humbly thanked Great Joy for a job well done. That very evening, the prince and the rhino walked along the river in the red glow of sunset.

“I didn’t mean to say such hurtful words to you,” the prince whispered. “Please forgive me.”

“I already have,” said Great Joy.

And that’s how they lived forever after — in friendship and great joy. Never again did an unkind word pass between them.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/welcome/session3/prince%20-rhinoceros>

**3.31:** *Green Like the Wind* by Julie Simon (653 words)

In a bay of the North Sea, in the middle of Denmark, on an island called Samso, the wind blows and blows. On this windy island, lived a man named Soren Hermansen. He farmed some land and played guitar in a band, but mostly he thought about the planet. On the island also lived fishermen and dentists, shop keepers and ferry boat drivers, teachers and electricians, and of course children. The children loved to fly kites on the windy beach of the island.

The people of Samso were ordinary in many ways—especially when it came to thinking about and using energy. They drove cars that ran on gasoline. To power their lights, they used electricity carried by a big underground cable from the mainland. And during the long, cold nights of winter, they kept their homes toasty warm with oil brought to Samso by giant tankers. All of Samso’s energy had to be made somewhere off the island.

Then one day, thinking about energy on Samso became extraordinary! The island was picked to be the energy demonstration project by the government of Denmark. From that day forward, Samso would work to use green energy and create all its energy right on the island—local energy—as much as possible.

Now Soren Hermansen, the man who thought a lot about the planet, knew making green energy locally would be less polluting for the island, Denmark, and the planet. He became Samso’s champion for green energy. So, he brought lots of people together to figure out greener ways to save energy and to make energy on their very own Island of Samso.

At first, many of the grownups on the island were not convinced it could be done. They thought green, locally-created energy would cost too much money. They thought it would take too much time out of their already busy days. They thought it would just be too hard and too much trouble. What could they do on such a small island?

But Soren Hermansen did not give up. He knew his country had a long history of co-operative community projects. So, he continued to get people together. He asked the children for ideas. He asked the grownups for ideas. He asked for big ideas and little ideas. What about riding bicycles instead of driving cars someone suggested? What about collecting energy from the sun? How about using all the wind that we have on the island?

After several years of thinking and talking, a few residents decided it was time to start doing. One person put up a small used wind turbine in the backyard to make electricity to use at home. Another invested money to build a huge wind turbine. Then he sold the wind-powered electricity to the power company who connected it to the homes on Samso. Finally, Samso had two green energy projects! The island residents still used plenty of polluting power from other places, but it was a good start.

Then one winter night, an icy storm shut off electricity on Samso. All the lights went out and everywhere was dark. Except the house with its own backyard wind turbine. It continued its “whoosh whoosh” throughout the storm. After that, a lot more people on Samso got serious about green energy sources from right on the island.

Some people installed solar panels on their farms. Someone built a biomass furnace to burn straw from the fields rather than oil. And someone invented a way to make tractor fuel from plants that grow on the island, instead of using gasoline. More and more people jumped in and figured out what they could do to contribute to green energy right on Samso. Many pooled their money to build more big wind turbines. Today, 20 wind turbines on the island and in the sea around it help power Samso and even send extra green energy back to the mainland of Denmark.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/wonder/session13/green-like-wind>

**3.32:** *The Teachings of the Rain God (*525 words)

Adapted from a version on the 2003 [*International Year of Fresh Water website*](http://www.un.org/events/water/).

One day a long time ago, the elephant acted like a bully. He challenged the Rain God.

“You covered the Earth in green,” the elephant said, “and I’ll bet you feel pretty good about yourself. But guess what! If I tear up the grass and the trees and the bushes, the green will all be gone. What then?”

“What then?” answered the Rain God. “I’ll stop sending rain. No more green will grow, and you won’t have anything to drink or eat. That’s what!”

But a few words weren’t going to stop the elephant. He ripped up all the trees, the bushes, and the grass with his trunk. All the green disappeared from Earth.

That made the Rain God mad. He stopped the rain. Deserts began appearing everywhere.

Soon the elephant was dying of hunger and thirst. He tried digging where the rivers used to be, but he didn’t find a drop of water. So the elephant changed his tune. He praised the Rain God and apologized.

“I’m sorry,” the elephant said. “I was too proud, and I misbehaved. But now I’ve learned my lesson. I repent, so please make it rain!”

But the Rain God said nothing. Every day the world dried up more.

The elephant knew the rooster was loud, so he asked the rooster to praise the Rain God.

After looking all over the place, the rooster found the Rain God hidden behind a cloud. The rooster praised the Rain God with such fine words that the Rain God relented. A little rain fell and made a small pool very close to the elephant’s home.

The same day, the elephant decided to go into the woods and look for food. He ordered the tortoise to protect the pool.

“Don’t let anybody drink here,” the elephant said. “Tell them the water is mine and nobody else’s.”

The tortoise tried to obey, and turned some small animals away. But then the lion came, and the lion wasn’t impressed. He growled at the tortoise and drank all he wanted.

When the elephant returned, he grew very angry at the tortoise.

“Sir,” said the tortoise, “what could I do? The lion was big and had sharp claws. And all the other animals were mad at me, so I got out of the way.”

“I’ll show you mad,” the elephant said. He raised one foot and stamped on the tortoise to crush her.

The tortoise was very strong, and the elephant did not kill her. But he flattened her out, and the tortoise has remained flat ever since.

Suddenly the Rain God spoke. His loud voice filled the sky, and he warned the animals not to follow the elephant’s example.

“If you want more rain, don’t be like the elephant,” the Rain God said. “Don’t challenge powerful gods or anything more powerful than you. Don’t wreck the things you need. Don’t make weaker animals protect your property, and don’t punish animals that are trying to help you. Most of all, don’t be too proud and don’t try to have everything for yourself. If you are lucky and have a lot, share it with others who need it.”

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/multigenerational/gather/workshop2/teachings-rain-god>

**3.33:** *The Clearwater* by Janeen Grohsmeyer (1,443 words)

In the month of July in 1969, a gigantic rocket was launched into space. It sailed through the darkness away from the Earth, and it carried three people to the moon, a quarter of a million miles away. Two people got out of the spaceship and walked on the moon.

It was amazing. Through the ages, people have looked up at the moon and wondered what it would be like to go there. And finally, we had. People had walked on the moon. It wasn’t easy. We had to come up with new ideas, figure out new ways of doing, invent new techniques and build new machines. Thousands of people had to work together to make the trip to the moon happen. And we did. We made it happen.

There was another group of people working together to build a ship, and that was another amazing thing that happened in the month of July in 1969. It wasn’t as famous, so perhaps you haven’t heard of it.

After all, this ship wasn’t a space ship, full of new inventions. It was a sailing ship, built like the sailing ships of old, the kind called a sloop. It had wooden beams, strong ropes, and a towering mast more than 100 feet high.

It didn’t go to the moon, a quarter of a million miles away. It sailed the Hudson River, 142 miles from the state capital at Albany down to the great port of New York City, and then back again.

It didn’t have thundering rockets or powerful thrusters; it had great white sails—like the wings of gull—that caught the breeze and carried it forward on a whisper of the wind.

The name of this ship was the Clearwater, and she still sails the Hudson River today.

Thousands of people worked together to help build the Clearwater, but she started from the idea of just one man. His name was Pete, and he and his family had lived next to the Hudson River for years and years. When they first moved there, after World War II, trees grew all along the banks. Otters slid down the muddy slopes into the water. Fish swam in the river. Birds nested in those trees. The Hudson was a living river.

But as the years went by, people cut down some of the trees and put up oil tanks. They dumped old cars and made a junk heap right across the river from Pete’s house. People built factories up and down the river and dumped chemicals into it. People built homes near the river and dumped their dirty water and their garbage in it. Every year, people kept cutting down more trees and dumping in more filth.

After a while, the water got so dirty that the fish couldn’t live there anymore. With the fish gone, the otters didn’t have anything to eat. With the trees gone, the birds didn’t have any place to nest. The Hudson River wasn’t a living place anymore. It was barely even alive.

Pete knew this was wrong. He knew the fish and the otters and the birds needed a place to live. He knew the trees shouldn’t all be cut down. He knew the river should live. He knew the water should run clear again.

So, he decided to make that happen. He decided to build a ship, like the great sailing ships that had traveled the river 100 years ago, back when it was clean and clear. The ship would show people what had been, and what could be again.

That ship would be the Clearwater.

Pete knew he couldn’t build a ship all by himself. It takes a lot of work to build a ship, and it takes more than a dozen people just to sail it. He would need help.

He knew he couldn’t clean up the river all by himself, either. The Hudson is a long river; a lot of people live near it. All of them would have to help.

So, Pete went to get help. He asked people. He wrote letters to people. He talked to people. But mostly what Pete did was sing to people.

You see, his full name was Pete Seeger, and he’d been a singer and a songwriter all his life. He sang at concerts, at campouts, at meetings, and at temples and chapels and churches—including at least one Unitarian Universalist one. His mother had been a Unitarian, and Pete joined a Unitarian Universalist congregation in New York City and sang there.

He sang in many places, and his songs were for everyone. Maybe you know some of them?

He wrote: If I had a hammer, I’d hammer in the morning...

And he wrote: Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing...

And a lot more. Maybe you’ve even sung a few of his songs.

Pete knew that music could bring people together. He knew that the words in the songs could help people see a better world. So, Pete wrote songs about the river, about the water and the trees, and about what we would have to do to make the water clear again. He traveled all over, singing these songs.

People came from all over to hear him sing, and in his music, they saw a better world. So, they gave money to help build the ship Clearwater; $60,000 was collected from those concerts. Plus, thousands of people sent in membership money for the Hudson River Sloop Restoration group. In July of 1969 (four years after Pete got the idea, and the same month that people walked on the moon), the ship Clearwater was launched into the Hudson River. She slipped into the water, and her sails caught the breeze, flying like a gull on a whisper of wind.

Less than a year later, in April of 1970, the Clearwater sailed down the Hudson River and out into the Atlantic Ocean, down past New Jersey and Delaware and Virginia, and into the Chesapeake Bay and up the Potomac River, right to the capital of the United States: Washington, DC. Clearwater went to Washington for the very first Earth Day, 40 years ago, to help teach people about how to help keep our land clean and our water clear.

Because Clearwater is more than a special ship. She’s a special school. More than10,000 people go on board every year—all kinds of people—old people, young people, big kids, little kids—and they learn about fish and crabs and water and bubbles and grass and all the things a living river needs. Some of the teenagers get to help sail the Clearwater to different places. They hoist the sails and tie the ropes and scrub the decks, just like real sailors do. They even spend the night on the ship.

And they often sing songs, just like sailors do, just like Pete Seeger. People are still singing his songs, and the Clearwater is still sailing, up and down the Hudson River, 142 miles from the state capital at Albany down to the great port of New York City, and then back again.

She’s done a good job. People have done a good job. The Hudson River’s cleaner now than it was, all those years ago when Pete first got the idea to build Clearwater. The sky is cleaner, and the land is cleaner, too. Other rivers are cleaner too. But they’re not as clean as they used to be, hundreds of years ago. They’re not as clean as they could be. They’re not as clean as they ought to be.

That’s our job—to make that happen—to make the land clean and the air fresh and the water clear. It may not be easy. We’ll have to come up with new ideas, figure out new ways of doing things, invent new techniques, and build new machines. And we’ll probably write some new songs. Millions of people will have to work together to make it happen.

And we can do it. After all, we’ve worked together before to make things happen. We went to the moon! And that was an amazing thing, no doubt about it.

But you know... no one stayed on the moon. They all came home. No one lives on the moon. It has only dry dust and dead rocks. The moon has no air. The moon has no water. The moon has no earth.

We need Earth.

We need Earth to be a living place—our living place—with clean land and fresh air and clear water. Because fish and otters and birds aren’t the only ones who live here. We do, too.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/multigenerational/gather/workshop8/149703.shtml>

**3.35:** *Trees for Kenya* (543 words)

When Wangari Maathai was a little girl growing up in central Kenya in Africa, the land was green, the streams full, and the trees grew thick and lush. To help her family with meals, Wangari gathered firewood from the trees around her village.

On her first day gathering, her mother told her “Don’t collect any firewood from a fig tree.” Wangari asked “Why not?” Her mother answered, “That is a tree of God. We don’t cut it, we don’t burn it, we don’t use it all.” And so Wangari was careful, along with the rest of the village, to let the fig trees live a good long time. She didn’t know it then, but the roots of the strong tree helped water come to the surface from deep below the earth. Until they fell to the ground naturally of old age, the fig trees helped the Kenyan soil stay rich and alive.

Wangari was a smart girl and worked hard in school. When she grew up, she went to America to study biology in college.

But when Wangari returned six years later, Kenya had changed. Many trees had been cut to make way for new buildings and large coffee and tea plantations. In some places, the land was bare and the streams had dried up. Even the fig trees had been cut. And no one had thought to put in new trees. Kenya was becoming a desert. That was hard for the birds, insects, and many other animals.

It was also hard for the people. Soon Wangari was hearing from the women of Kenya that many people did not have enough to eat. Clean water was hard to find and so was firewood for cooking. Wangari listened to the women who spoke to her, and she began to get an idea.

Wangari’s idea to help everything was to plant trees. She planted small seedling trees in her own back yard, right in the city. When she saw the trees grow strong and green, she taught the women in her village to plant trees and gave them seedlings to plant. When other women saw the village turn green again, they wanted to plant trees too. Soon Wangari started a nursery and gave tree seedlings to women all over Kenya. She paid them money for each tree planted and kept alive, which helped them to buy food.

Some people laughed and said that women could not plant trees, but more and more women planted trees. And dried, brown land in Kenya turned soft and green again. But the cutting of trees continued. Wangari tried to protect the trees and told the tree cutters to stop. She did not believe so much building was needed. But powerful people disagreed. Wangari was arrested and went to jail for what she believed in. But others continued to plant trees and protect those that were still alive. Eventually, Wangari was released from jail.

As more trees were planted, the desert was pushed away and the land came back to life. Streams flowed once more. The soil became rich and healthy again. More and more people helped plant trees. By 2004, when Wangari won the Nobel Peace Prize, more than 30 million trees had been planted. Kenya was green again.

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/multigenerational/trees/workshop8/288840.shtml>

**3.36:** *Life of an Ally* (795 words)

Juliette Hampton Morgan was the only child of Frank and Lila Morgan of Montgomery, Alabama. Her white skin and family pedigree gave her entrance to the finest shops, restaurants, galleries and concert halls. For much of Juliette’s life, her privilege meant someone else did her laundry, cooked her meals and did her yard work. She was a public-school teacher, a librarian in Montgomery’s Carnegie Library and later served as the director of research at the Montgomery Public Library. These were acceptable positions for a white woman in society to hold. However, some of Juliette’s activities outside of work were not as acceptable. She belonged to an interracial prayer group. The group had to meet in black churches because no white church would welcome them. Many of Juliette’s friends and family members did not understand her desire to belong to this group.

One seemingly insignificant thing about Juliette’s life separated her further from her privileged friends: she had severe anxiety attacks. These attacks prevented her from driving her own car so, to get to work, she rode the city buses in Montgomery. On those buses, she saw white bus drivers “use the tone and manners of mule drivers in their treatment of Negro passengers.” She watched them threaten and humiliate black men and women who paid the same 10-cent fare she paid. They threw their change on the floor, called them derogatory names, and left them standing at bus stops in the rain.

One morning as she rode the bus, Juliette watched a black woman pay her fare and then leave the front door of the bus to re-enter through the back door, as was the custom. As soon as the black woman stepped off, the white bus driver pulled away, leaving the woman behind even though she’d already paid her fare. Incensed, Juliette jumped up and pulled the emergency cord. She demanded the bus driver open the door and let the black woman come on board. No one on the bus, black or white, could believe what they were seeing. In the days that followed, Juliette pulled the emergency cord every time she witnessed such injustices.

News spread quickly, and bus drivers began to bait Juliette, angering her so she would get off the bus and walk the rest of the way to her destination, sometimes a mile or more. White passengers would mock her as she got off the bus. Her own mother told her she was making a fool of herself and tarnishing the family’s good name.

In 1939—16 years before the famous 1955 Montgomery Bus Boycott—Juliette began writing letters to local newspapers denouncing the horrible injustices she witnessed on the city buses. Her last letter was published in 1957 in the Tuscaloosa News in which she thanked the newspaper’s editor for his opposition to a local council of white men that he believed—and Juliette agreed—was contributing to continued racial violence. “I had begun to wonder,” she wrote, “if there were any men in the state — any white men — with any sane evaluation of our situation here in the middle of the Twentieth Century, with any good will, and most especially with any moral courage to express it.”

During her years of letter writing, Juliette was bombarded by obscene phone calls and hate mail. White people boycotted the library where she worked. They called her an extremist. Teenage boys taunted and humiliated her in public and in front of her staff at the library. Juliette’s personal campaign against racism and injustice caused her to become estranged from friends, colleagues, neighbors and even her own mother.

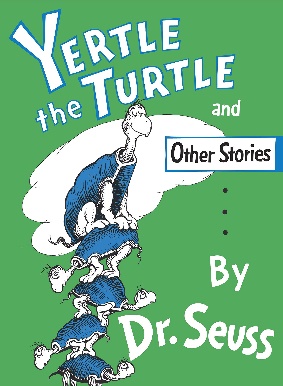
Powerful white men and women in Montgomery demanded that Juliette be fired. The burned their library cards and boycotted the library. The library superintendent and trustees refused. The mayor withheld municipal funding to the library, in an effort to force the library to cut Juliette’s position. On July 15, 1957, a cross was burned on her lawn. Juliette resigned from the library the next day and committed suicide that night, leaving a note that read simply, “I am not going to cause any more trouble to anybody.”

Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr, in his book, Stride Toward Freedom, remembered Juliette and gave her credit for first comparing the Montgomery bus boycott to Gandhi’s work in India. In 2005, Juliette Hampton Morgan was inducted into the Alabama Women’s Hall of Fame. Later that year, the Montgomery City Council voted to rename the main public library after her. Juliette’s actions and her words are as relevant today as they were when she was alive: “There are thousands who want to change our old order, but they are afraid of speaking out. I believe that it is our biggest problem—overcoming the fear of decent white people.”

Source: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/youth/call/workshop5/172096.shtml>

**4.0: Children’s Books about Compassion, Kindness & Empathy**

***Authority***

**4.1: *Yertle the Turtle*** by Dr. Seuss (1958)

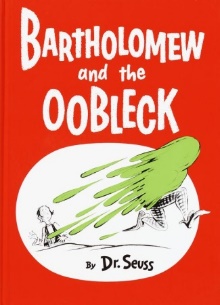
“In *Yertle the Turtle*, we read about Yertle, the ambitious king of the pond, who decides he wants to expand his kingdom. Yertle orders the turtles to stand on each other’s back to form a tall throne, ignoring the complaints of the turtles at the bottom. He then sits atop this throne and proclaims that he rules over all that he sees. Eventually, Mack, the exhausted turtle at the bottom of the stack, burps, and Yertle’s throne and power crumble beneath him.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OCWSDJzRWLs> (9:12) reading story

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kLgdDPoaz-I> (8:10) animated version

Teaching Resource: <https://www.teachingchildrenphilosophy.org/BookModule/YertleTheTurtle>

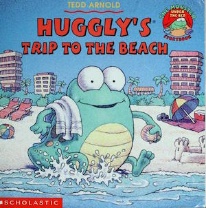
# 4.2: *Bartholomew and the Oobleck* by Dr. Seuss (1949)

“When King Derwin grows tired of the same four things always falling from the sky he asks his magicians to create something new. They say they will and that it will be called Oobleck. The next morning the pageboy, Bartholomew Cubbins, sees the Oobleck falling from the sky, causing problems all over the place. He tries to stop it as best as he can, but it is only when he gets King Derwin to take responsibility and apologize that the Oobleck stops falling.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eDef7vCgrk0> (19:02)

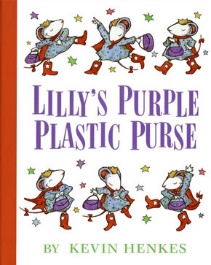
Teaching Resource: <https://www.teachingchildrenphilosophy.org/BookModule/BartholomewAndTheOobleck>

# 4.3: *Huggly’s Trip to the Beach* by Tedd Arnold (2002)

****“Huggly and his friends live in the monster world but sometimes their curiosity gets the better of them and the human world waits to be explored. Huggly leads his friends on a wild adventure above ground where they face foreign elevators, witness the world’s greatest ‘slime pit’ and narrowly evade detection from humans all the way!”

Teaching Resource: <https://www.teachingchildrenphilosophy.org/BookModule/HugglysTripToTheBeach>

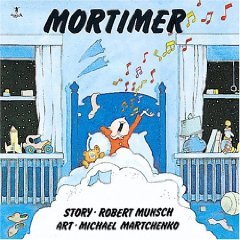
# 4.4: *Lilly’s Purple Plastic Purse* by Kevin Henkes (2006)

“Lilly loves everything about school, especially her cool teacher, Mr. Slinger. But when Lilly brings her purple plastic purse and its treasures to school and can’t wait until sharing time, Mr. Slinger confiscates her prized possessions. Lilly’s fury leads to revenge and then to remorse and she sets out to make amends.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EeeyREvjWYQ> (13:59)

Teaching Resource: <https://www.teachingchildrenphilosophy.org/BookModule/LillysPurplePlasticPurse>

# 4.5: *Mortimer* by Robert Munsch, author & Michael Martchenko, illustrator (1983)

“As bedtime approaches, the young Mortimer is put into bed. However, Mortimer resists going to sleep by singingly loudly and waiting expectantly for somebody to come up to his bedroom to tell him to “be quiet.” His mother, father, siblings, and the police all take turns trying to quiet Mortimer. Eventually, the frustration from the failed efforts to get Mortimer to sleep builds up and develops into a large argument, enveloping all the characters except for Mortimer. Mortimer finally falls asleep waiting for the characters to finish arguing.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4LOjdOwo-UM> (5:05)

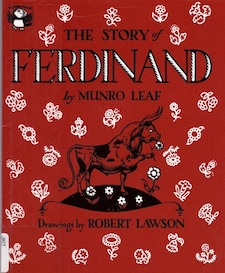
Teaching Resource: <https://www.teachingchildrenphilosophy.org/BookModule/Mortimer>

# Image result for strega nona by tomie depaola4.6: *Strega Nona* by Tomie dePaola (1975)

“Strega Nona is a witch who helps her fellow villagers with their troubles. But, since she is getting old, she employs the assistance of a young man named Big Anthony to help her with her chores. One day, he observes her singing a spell to a magic pasta pot to produce large amounts of cooked pasta; unfortunately, he fails to notice that she blows kisses to the pot three times to stop the pasta production. One day, when Strega Nona leaves her house to visit a friend far away, Big Anthony decides to use the magic pasta pot to feed the villagers. Unfortunately, a great flood of pasta begins to overflow the entire town because Big Anthony doesn’t know how to stop the pot. Upon Strega Nona’s arrival, she blows three kisses and saves the town. For punishment, Strega Nona hands a fork to Big Anthony and commands him to eat all the pasta.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ULUG8IIo9-8> (10:01)

Teaching Resource: <https://www.teachingchildrenphilosophy.org/BookModule/StregaNona>

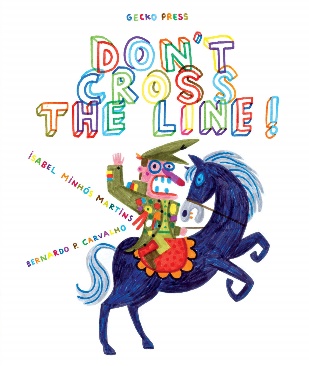
****4.7:** *The Story of Ferdinand* by Munro Leaf, author and Robert Lawson, illustrator (1936)

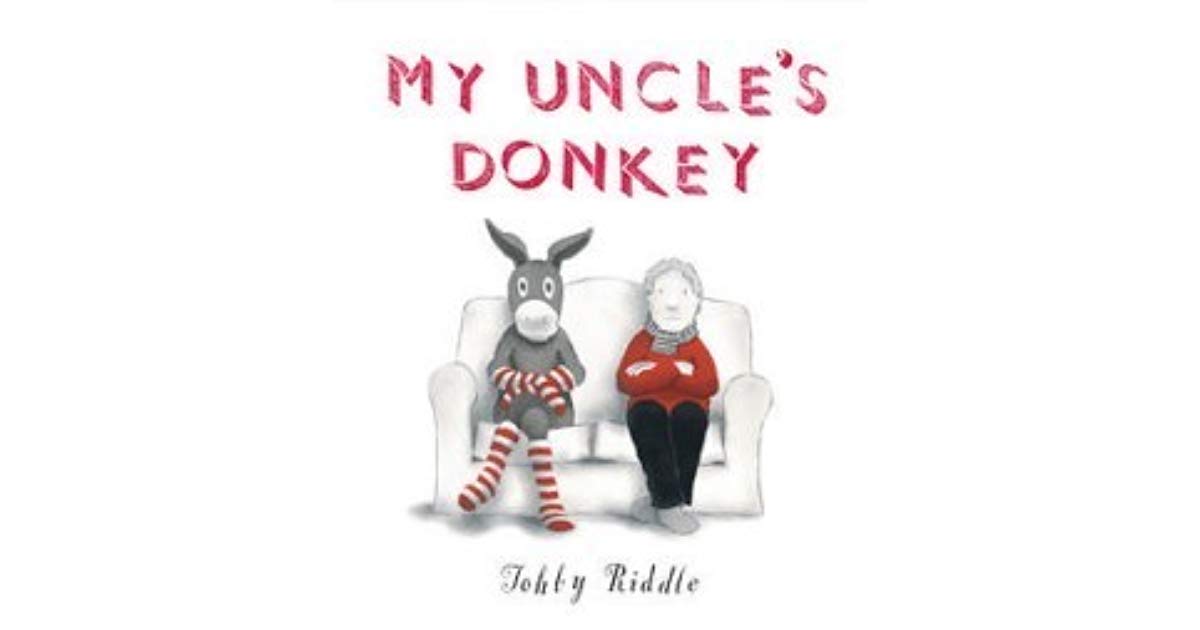
# “*The Story of Ferdinand* tells of a young, peaceful bull, who lives in a pasture with his mother and a large group of other young bulls. All the other bulls like to run and buck all day long, but he prefers to sit under his favorite tree and smell the flowers. When five scary men come to take the meanest bulls away, Ferdinand stays calm and content, assuming the men will not choose him. Suddenly, a bee stings Ferdinand. Startled, he loses control, bucking and fussing more than anyone else! Assuming that he is a very fierce bull, the men take Ferdinand away against his will, and they force him into the fighting ring. However, they become very angry when they find he refuses to fight….”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jtMd8lSmASE> (5:07)

Teaching Resource: <https://www.teachingchildrenphilosophy.org/BookModule/TheStoryOfFerdinand>

**4.8:** *Don’t Cross the Line!* by Isabel Minhos Martins, author & Bernardo Carvalho, illustrator (2016)

“Originally published in Portugal, this raucous story blends metafictional elements with sharp political commentary that makes it clear that people—and that includes ghosts, aliens, spacemen, animals, and a newborn baby—won’t suffer injustice. At issue: a guard, under orders from one General Alcazar, refuses to let anyone cross over to the right-hand page of the book. ‘But why?’ asks a confused citizen. ‘Is there some terrible danger? Are we being invaded?’ Nope, the guard explains, ‘my general reserves the right to keep the page blank, so he can join the story whenever he feels like it.’ Soon, the left-hand page is crowded with outrageously varied (and none-too-pleased) characters with bean-shaped noses and wide eyes, painted in vivid, crayon-box colors.…”

**4.9:** *My Uncle’s Donkey* by Tohby Riddle, 2010 (published in Australia)

“Everyone loves this funny donkey. But the question that the last page leaves us with: ‘I wonder if my uncle’s donkey would be allowed in our house?’ is interesting. I do know that a donkey would definitely not be allowed in mine‼ And I think that would be most everyone’s initial response. But then we get thinking: ‘Well … how is a donkey different to a dog?’

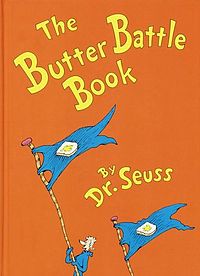
“This is a great book for helping children figure out their own boundaries and come up with reasons to do things or not to do things on their own. …My Uncle’s Donkey helps children realize that it’s ok to have different rules in different places.”

Review: <https://www.wherethebooksare.com/blog-1/review-my-uncles-donkey>

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CQvXLz_tYo4> (2:32)

***Leadership***

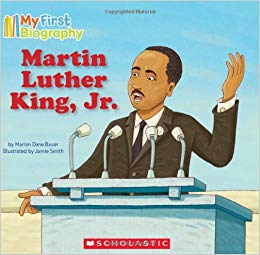
**4.10:** *The Butter Battle Book* by Dr. Seuss (1984)

“The Yooks believe firmly that bread should only ever be eaten with the butter side up while the Zooks believe just as strongly that bread should only ever be eaten with the butter side down. A grandfather gives an account to his grandson of how the two societies segregated themselves by increasingly threatening means until the present day has come when the grandfather and his Zook rival VanItch come to an ultimate standoff over how far their mounting aggressions will go”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z71Czfh8w3o> (8:37)

Teaching Resource: <https://www.teachingchildrenphilosophy.org/BookModule/TheButterBattleBook>

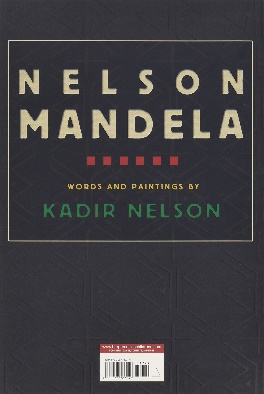
**4.11:** *My First Biography: Martin Luther King, Jr*.by Marion Dane Bauer, author & Jamie Smith, illustrator (2009)

“This book, aimed at beginning readers, describes Dr. King’s journey from a child who sees social injustice all around him to the iconic civil rights leader who helped Americans move closer to racial equality.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JpPrrenKvek> (2:13)

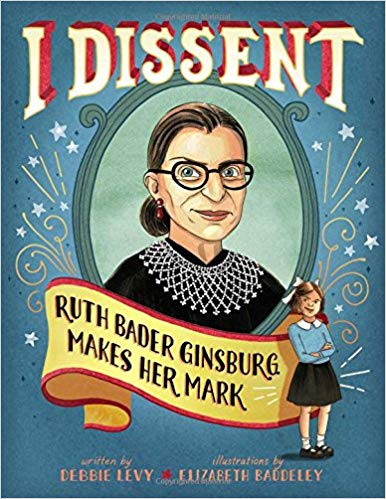
Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1artaZZrKeQ> (5:49) mixed with words & images of MLK, Jr.

**4:12:** *Nelson Mandela* by Kadir Nelson (2013)

“Kadir Nelson tells the story of global icon and Nobel Peace Prize winner Nelson Mandela in poignant free verse and glorious illustrations. It is the story of a young boy’s determination to change South Africa, and of the struggles of a man who eventually became the president of his country. Mandela believed in equality for all people, no matter the color of their skin. Readers will be inspired by Mandela’s triumph and his lifelong quest to create a more just world.”

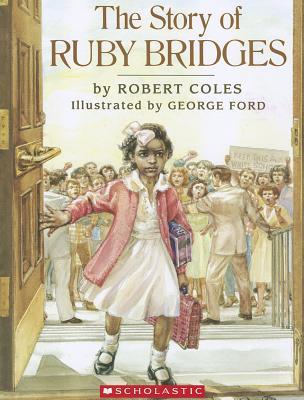
Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=naTgbRXGRpY> (5:27)

**4.13:** *I Dissent: Ruth Bader Ginsburg Makes Her Mark* by Debbie Levy, author &Elizabeth Baddeley, illustrator (2016)

 “Get to know celebrated Supreme Court justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg—in the first picture book about her life—as she proves that disagreeing does not make you disagreeable!

“Supreme Court justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg has spent a lifetime disagreeing: disagreeing with inequality, arguing against unfair treatment, and standing up for what’s right for people everywhere. This biographical picture book about the Notorious RBG, tells the justice’s story through the lens of her many famous dissents, or disagreements.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HiK4cG9_ivc> (11:34)

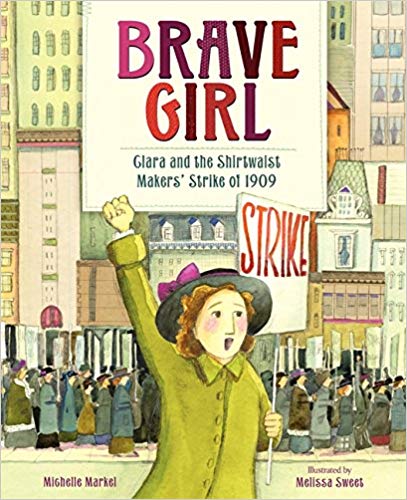
**4.14:** *The Story of Ruby Bridges* by Robert Coles, author & George Ford, illustrator

“The year is 1960, and six-year-old Ruby Bridges and her family have recently moved from Mississippi to New Orleans in search of a better life. When a judge orders Ruby to attend first grade at William Frantz Elementary, an all-white school, Ruby must face angry mobs of parents who refuse to send their children to school with her.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E5iL7H-S99s> (11:39)

Ruby Bridges speaks: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ajE9G4aUJRA> (2:00)

**4.15:** *Brave Girl: Clara and the Shirtwaist Makers’ Strike of 1909* by Michelle Markel, author & Melissa Sweet, illustrator (2013)

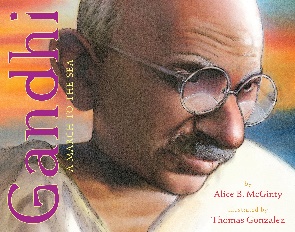
 “When Clara Lemlich, a Ukrainian immigrant, arrived in America, she couldn’t speak English. She didn’t know that young women had to go to work, that they traded an education for long hours of labor, that she was expected to grow up fast.

“But that didn’t stop Clara. She went to night school, spent hours studying English, and helped support her family by sewing in a shirtwaist factory.

“Clara never quit, and she never accepted that girls should be treated poorly and paid little. Fed up with the mistreatment of her fellow laborers, Clara led the largest walkout of women workers the country had seen.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iYz8_l0ImVA> (5:47)

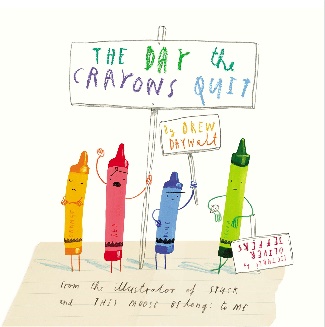
**4.16:** *Gandhi: A March to the Sea* by Alice B. McGinty, author, & Thomas Gonzales, illustrator (2013)

“Mohandas Gandhi’s 24-day March to the Sea, from March 12 to April 5, 1930, was a pivotal moment in India’s quest to become an independent country no longer ruled by Great Britain. With over 70 marchers, Gandhi walked from his hometown near Ahmedabad to the seacoast near Dandi. The march was a non-violent means to protest the taxes that Great Britain had imposed on salt-not the salt that the Indians could get from the sea, but the salt that Great Britain forced them to buy. Gandhi believed that peaceful protests were an effective way to challenge British law, and his peaceful but ultimately successful movement became known as Satyagraha.”

The Salt March clip, from the movie Gandhi: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WW3uk95VGes> (4:46)

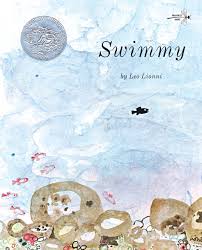
Gandhi - Kid Book Review: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fVUbqEq3u5A> (0:57)

**4.17:** *The Day the Crayons Quit* by Drew Daywalt, author and Oliver Jeffers, illustrator (2013)

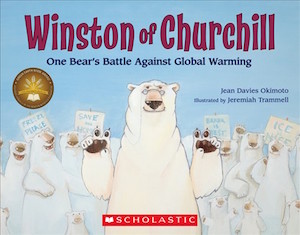
“A boy named Duncan opens his box of crayons one day and finds it empty. That’s because they’ve gone on strike due to various grievances, which include overwork, boredom and professional jealousy. In the end, a solution is reached that makes everyone happy. This funny story shows that part of leading is about understanding the perspectives and feelings of others.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZttMDho5HMw> (8:17)

**4.18:** *Swimmy* by Leo Lionni (1963)

“Swimmy is different than the other fish in his school. But when the other fish are scared of the dangers in the deep water, he learns how to combine his uniqueness with a little bravery, ingenuity and teamwork to lead his friends to overcome their fears.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IRfEflzeOIo> (4:12)

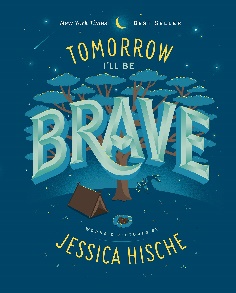
****4.19:** *Winston of Churchill* by Jean Davies Okimoto, author & Jeremiah Trammell, illustrator (2007)

“The polar bears of Churchill, Manitoba live their lives in fear from global warming, which seems to be the greatest threat of all. One bear, renowned for his leadership and bravery, rises above them all to take charge and save their homes on the ice; this bear is none other than Winston. Winston proposes that Global Warming is not the fault of polar bears at all; in fact, there was nothing that they could do to make it worse, except for Winston’s smoking habit. He and his polar bear followers decide to take initiative and protest to the humans. The plan is accepted and under way, but Winston’s wife refuses to join until Winston can quit his smoking habit. His wife assumes he is no better than the humans who have contributed to the wreckage of their home. The next day when the plan is enacted and the tourists gather to see the bears, all the bears show up with their “save our home” banners and their leader shows up with a twig as a cigar substitute. The tourists took pictures to show their friends and family.”

Teaching Resource: <https://www.teachingchildrenphilosophy.org/BookModule/WinstonOfChurchill>

***Power / Strength***

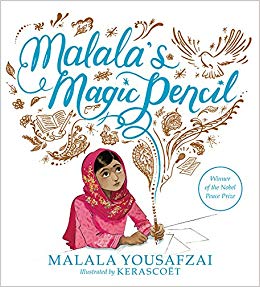
**4.20:** *Tomorrow I’ll Be Brave* by Jessica Hische (2018)

 “Tomorrow I’ll be all the things I tried to be today: Adventurous, Strong, Smart, Curious, Creative, Confident, & Brave. And if I wasn’t one of them, I know that it’s OK.”

“Journey through a world filled with positive and beautifully hand-lettered words of wisdom, inspiration, and motivation. As this book reminds readers, tomorrow is another day, full of endless opportunities—all you have to do is decide to make the day yours.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S37y8mjk4Mg> (2:03)

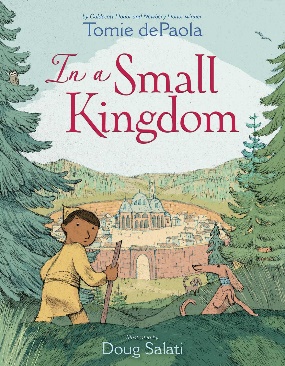
**4.21:** *Malala’s Magic Pencil* by Malala Yousafzai, author and Kerascoët, illustrator (2017)

“As a child in Pakistan, Malala made a wish for a magic pencil. She would use it to make everyone happy, to erase the smell of garbage from her city, to sleep an extra hour in the morning. But as she grew older, Malala saw that there were more important things to wish for. She saw a world that needed fixing. And even if she never found a magic pencil, Malala realized that she could still work hard every day to make her wishes come true.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MYPqaMFU_RY> (8:37)

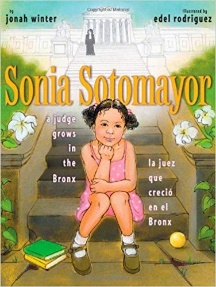
Malala Yousafzai tells us about her children’s book: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=alb7J_SIldg> (2:09)

**4.22:** *In a Small Kingdom* by Tomie dePaola and Doug Salati, illustrator (2016)

“This enthralling modern fairy tale …celebrates the greatest power of all: love. In a small kingdom along an ancient road, a bell rings out. The beloved king has died, leaving his magnificent and powerful Imperial Robe to his heir, the young prince. But when the prince’s jealous older half-brother steals the Imperial Robe, slashing it to bits, the prince can no longer rule—and the small kingdom is in great danger. Now the young prince must find another source of power and of strength—and he finds it in a surprising place.”

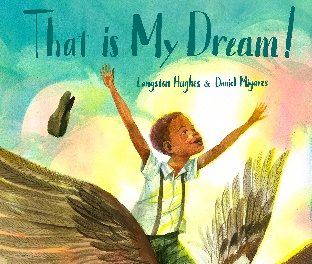
Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gtLacYr-Y1c> (7:31)

**4.23:** *Sonia Sotomayor: A Judge Grows in the Bronx* by Jonah Winter, author and Edel Rodriguez, illustrator (2009)

“Before Supreme Court Justice Sonia Sotomayor took her seat in our nation’s highest court, she was just a little girl in the South Bronx. Justice Sotomayor didn’t have a lot growing up, but she had what she needed -- her mother’s love, a will to learn, and her own determination. With bravery she became the person she wanted to be. With hard work she succeeded. With little sunlight and only a modest plot from which to grow, Justice Sotomayor bloomed for the whole world to see.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9k36qpQqGh8> (8:27)

**4.24:** *That Is My Dream!: A picture book of Langston Hughes’s “Dream Variation”* by Langston Hughes, author and Daniel Miyares, illustrator (2017)

 “Langston Hughes’s inspiring and timeless message of pride, joy, and the dream of a better life is brilliantly and beautifully interpreted in Daniel Miyares’s gorgeous artwork.

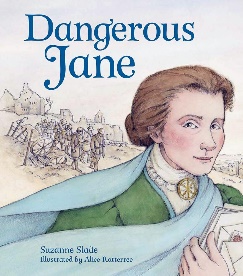
“Follow one African-American boy through the course of his day as the harsh reality of segregation and racial prejudice comes into vivid focus. But the boy dreams of a different life—one full of freedom, hope, and wild possibility, where he can fling his arms wide in the face of the sun.”

Dream Variations, reading of poem: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YZXOfsTOcn4> (2:13)

Text of Dream Variations: <https://poets.org/poem/dream-variations>

Dream Variations song by Nicole Cabell: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=To5i3Sy9F2o> (2:03)

**4.25:***Dangerous Jane* by Suzanne Slade, author and Alice Ratterree, illustrator (2017)

 “Jane’s heart ached for the world, but what could she do to stop a war?  
This energetic and inspiring picture book biography of activist Jane Addams focuses on the peace work that won her the Nobel Peace Prize. From the time she was a child, Jane’s heart ached for others. At first the focus of her efforts was on poverty, and lead to the creation of Hull House, the settlement house she built in Chicago. For twenty-five years, she’d helped people from different countries live in peace at Hull House. But when war broke out, Jane decided to take on the world and become a dangerous woman for the sake of peace.”

While not a Unitarian, Jane Addams was well known to Unitarians. She gave the Ware Lecture to the American Unitarian Association in 1931.

**5.0: Music & Videos for Children**

# No resources identified.

**6.0: Curriculum & Theme-Based Classroom Activities for Children for Authority, Leadership, and Power**

# *from Tapestry of Faith*

***Authority***

**6.1: Signs of our Faith: A Program about Being UU Every Day for Grades 2-3**

**6.1.1:** *Session 14: Fair Group Decisions*

Link: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/signs/session14>

Participants will:

* Understand that to strive to make group decisions as fairly as possible reflects our UU Principles and is a sign of our faith
* Discuss three different ways to make group decisions: authority, majority, and consensus
* Practice making fair group decisions
* Learn the congregation’s system of governance from a guest presenter from the board of trustees.

**6.2: Amazing Grace: A Program about Exploring Right and Wrong for Grade 6**

**6.2.1:** *Session 4: Telling Right from Wrong*

Link: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/grace/session4>

Participants will:

* Develop a vocabulary of synonyms for “virtue” and “sin”
* Learn the story behind the hymn “Amazing Grace”
* Recognize versions of the Golden Rule from different religions
* Continue to examine the role conscience plays in ethical decision-making
* Express and reflect on their own beliefs about faith and right and wrong
* Explore the concept of ethical eating.

**6.2.2:** *Session 11: Rules, Rules, Rules*

Link: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/grace/session11>

Participants will:

* Consider the nature and impact of spiritual art
* Become acquainted with the Ten Commandments
* Identify unwritten rules in their lives
* Consider a story in which rules conflict

**6.3: Building Bridges: A World Religions Program for 8th-9th Grades**

**6.3.1:** *Workshop 20: Cults: Lose Your Will, Lose Your Soul*

Link: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/youth/bridges/workshop20>

This workshop illustrates that some sources of authority can be very problematic.

This workshop will:

* Establish a working definition of a “cult” and introduce some fundamental characteristics of cults
* Provide resources for analyzing the behavior of groups
* Introduce the story of the growth and tragic end of the Peoples Temple
* Acquaint participants with ways in which Unitarian Universalism is sometimes considered a cult.

***Leadership***

**6.4: World of Wonder: A Program on the Seven Principles of Unitarian Universalism for Grades K-1**

**6.4.1:** *Session 2: Nature’s Partnerships*

Link: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/wonder/session2>

Participants will:

* Perform leadership tasks
* Learn about and identify unusual animal partnerships
* Identify partnerships in their own lives
* Work cooperatively.

**6.4.2:** *Session 15: Working Together to Make a Difference*

Link: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/wonder/session15>

This session will:

* Foster an ethic of responsibility to take action to nurture and protect the web of life
* Engage participants in cooperative activities and demonstrate the power of working cooperatively with others
* Introduce the UUA’s Green Sanctuary program
* Empower participants as leaders in the group
* Reinforce the seventh Unitarian Universalist Principle, “respect for the interdependent web of all existence of which we are a part.”

**6.5: Love Will Guide Us: A Program for Grades 2-3 that Applies the Wisdom of the Six Sources to the Big Questions**

**6.5.1:** *Session 15: Love in Action*

Link: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/loveguide/session15>

Participants will:

* Explore the second Unitarian Universalist source, in child-friendly language “The people of long ago and today whose lives remind us to be kind and fair,” through a story about Harriet Tubman and the Underground Railroad
* Discuss the “bystander” role and experience, in role play, ways a bystander can choose to get involved when something is wrong
* Explore what makes a good leader and practice ways to respond to injustice, unkindness, or when a leader promotes a poor choice
* Develop empathy through identifying with enslaved people seeking freedom.

**6.6:** **Signs of our Faith: A Program about Being UU Every Day for Grades 2-3**

**6.6.1:** *Session 2: We Lead*

Link: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/signs/session2>

This session will:

* Show that accepting leadership can be a sign of our faith
* Propose that everyone can be a leader in their own way
* Name qualities of a good leader
* Introduce stoles as a symbol of participants’ accepting a leadership role.

**6.6.2:** *Session 16: Signs of Faithful Leadership*

Link: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/signs/session16>

Participants will:

* See themselves as embodiments of our Unitarian Universalist faith, connected to a UU past and a UU future
* Understand why and how UUs help and support one another on our individual faith journeys
* Learn a story that connects two UU faith ancestors, Antoinette Brown and Olympia Brown
* Accept their stoles, as a sign of their journey toward becoming faithful leaders

**6.7: Love Connects Us: A Program on Living in Unitarian Universalist Covenant for Grades 4-5**

**6.7.1:** *Session 7: One Person Makes a Difference*

Link: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/loveconnects/session7>

This session will:

* Explore the power of each individual to make a difference in the world through service
* Consider the nature of leadership and how our actions can encourage others to act for good
* Empower participants to think of themselves as leaders who can make a difference
* Promote empathy with child laborers and others around the world whose lives our service could change.

**6.8: Sing to the Power: A Social Justice Program for Children Grades 4-5**

**6.8.1:** *Session 10: The Power of Passion*

Link: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/children/sing/session10>

This session will:

* Demonstrate that everyone, including a young person, can be an agent of positive change
* Develop skills for sharing personal passions
* Connect the first UU Principle, the inherent worth and dignity of every person, with affirmation that we all have a fire inside which we can share.

**6.9: Heeding the Call: A Program on Justice-making for Junior High School Youth**

**6.9.1:** *Workshop 8: The Call for Peace*

Link: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/youth/call/workshop8>

This workshop will:

* Identify a commitment to peace building as a quality needed to bring about a more just world
* Encourage youth to work for peace
* Introduce peace-building tools
* Explore individual and collective roles in building peace.

**6.9.2:** *Workshop 12: The Call for Responsible Leadership*

Link: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/youth/call/workshop12>

This workshop will:

* Identify responsible leadership as a quality needed to bring about a more just world
* Demonstrate the importance of individuals working together to create justice
* Reflect on the work of those who have joined in past struggles for justice.

**Resources for Youth & Adults**

**7.0: Reflections, Readings, Stories & Poetry**

**7.1:** *Ten Questions to Ask Public Leaders* by Madeleine K. Albright (366 words)

We cannot, of course, expect every leader to possess the wisdom of Lincoln or Mandela’s largeness of soul. But when we think about what questions might be most useful to ask, perhaps we should begin by discerning what our prospective leaders believe it worthwhile for us to hear.

1. Do they cater to our prejudices by suggesting that we treat people outside our ethnicity, race, creed or party as unworthy of dignity and respect?
2. Do they want us to nurture our anger toward those who we believe have done us wrong, rub raw our grievances and set our sights on revenge?
3. Do they encourage us to have contempt for our governing institutions and the electoral process?
4. Do they seek to destroy our faith in essential contributors to democracy, such as an independent press, and a professional judiciary?
5. Do they exploit the symbols of patriotism, the flag, the pledge in a conscious effort to turn us against one another?
6. If defeated at the polls, will they accept the verdict, or insist without evidence they have won?
7. Do they go beyond asking about our votes to brag about their ability to solve all problems put to rest all anxieties and satisfy every desire?
8. Do they solicit our cheers by speaking casually and with pumped up machismo about using violence to blow enemies away?
9. Do they echo the attitude of Mussolini: “The crowd doesn’t have to know; all they have to do is believe and submit to being shaped.”?
10. Or do they invite us to join with them in building and maintaining a healthy center for our society, a place where rights and duties are apportioned fairly, the social contract is honored, and all have room to dream and grow.

The answers to these questions will not tell us whether a prospective leader is left or right-wing, conservative or liberal, or, in the American context, a Democrat or a Republican. However, they will us much that we need to know about those wanting to lead us, and much also about ourselves.

For those who cherish freedom, the answers will provide grounds for reassurance, or, a warning we dare not ignore.

Source: *Fascism: A Warning* by Madeleine K. Albright

**7.2:** *Ten Observations about Leadership* by Lovett H. Weems, Jr., adapted (409 words)

1. **Leadership needs to be demythologized:** We need to take much of the mystery out of leadership. For example, some feel that leaders are born, while it is clear that most of the skills of leadership can be learned. People too often think of a leader as a solo leader, when most effective leadership involves a team.
2. **Leadership is not simple:** Leadership is extremely complex and ambiguous. It is filled more with frustration and joy than with order and clarity.
3. **Leadership is spiritual:** Leadership is a spiritual experience and endeavor. The effective leader relies not so much on effort, education, or experience, although all three are essential, but on judgment, feeling, sense, values, and intuition. In essence, we are talking about a kind of discernment.
4. **Leadership is about group purpose:** Leadership is always for people and group purpose, Leadership never occurs in a vacuum, but always within an organization, a group, a community, a context.
5. **Leadership is chaotic:** Someone has observed that for leaders, much of the time most things are out of control. Terry Deal writes that the task of the leader is “the ability to be out of control comfortably.” Leadership is often characterized by problematic goals, unclear technology, fluid participation, and ambiguity.
6. **Leadership is funny:** It is almost impossible to consider the possibility of an effective leader who does not have a working sense of humor. Without a sense of humor, the leader not only misses an important element of leadership, but also the release that humor brings.
7. **Most research about leadership is not taking place in the church:** Most of the research and writing about leadership has been done in business. Fortunately, more is being done about leadership in congregational settings.
8. **Any learning about leadership is only a beginning:** Effective leadership involves a lifelong journey filled with continuing growth. Leaders are people with a capacity to grow, who thrive on challenge and new experiences, and who are excited about the possibilities of new learnings and change.
9. **Leadership is an art:** Max DePree writes, “Leadership is much more an art, a belief, a condition of the heart, than a set of things to do.” The more one learns about leadership, the more one realizes that it is more an art than a science.
10. **Leadership is never an end in itself:** Leadership exists to make possible a preferred future (vision) for the people involved, which reflects the heart of the mission and values to which they are committed.

Source: *Church Leadership: Vision, Team, Culture, and Integrity* by Lovett H. Weems Jr.

**7.3:** *Ten Evolutionary Behaviors for Leaders* byDeepak Chopra (184 words)

[Practice these 10 evolutionary behaviors of leaders.]

* Don't obsess over risks. Keep your focus on positive outcomes.
* Face problems when they are still in seed form.
* Be attuned to the group's needs first and foremost.
* Take responsibility for your last bad decision, and then let it go.
* Don't blame others or make excuses for yourself.
* Be immune to the good or bad opinion of others.
* Show confidence in those to whom you delegate authority.
* Be generous in giving rather than taking.
* Open yourself to every avenue of information and wise counsel.
* Promise yourself to tell the truth, particularly when it's most tempting to lie.

Evolutionary behavior can't be forced — it has to be cultivated. Many successful leaders learn how to evolve naturally, as the result of being tuned in to their inner voices and guided by intuition. Destructive behavior has a way of weeding out bad leaders through failure. But the behaviors listed above are aligned with the evolutionary power of the soul, invisibly bringing that power to aid and support you. Right behavior keeps you subtly aligned with evolution itself, the tendency for all things to organically grow and expand.

Source: <https://www.spiritualityandpractice.com/book-reviews/excerpts/view/20899>

**7.4:** *Hospitality is Necessary for Interfaith Leadership* by Eboo Patel (229 words)

If the chief virtue in our diverse society is respect for identity, we are in danger of becoming a nation where people accommodate those with whom they disagree but have little else to do with them. They keep their most substantive conversations only within circles of the like-minded. When there is a serious disagreement on a principle with public implications—abortion, same-sex marriage, Middle East politics—on which one group decides it cannot respect a divergent view, the absence of relationships means the potential for conflict is high.

Even if violent conflict does not actually erupt, grudging respect and chilly distance between identity communities is not a particularly inspiring vision for a diverse society. It views diversity as a problem to be mitigated rather than a good to be approached with warm, if considered, embrace. That is one reason that building relationships between diverse communities is a second key principle of pluralism. By “relationship,” I mean positive, constructive, warm, caring, cooperative engagement. This takes the form of conversation, activity, civic association, and friendly contact. It almost always involves some dimension of concern for the other's well-being. These are not connections based on the fiction of total agreement across all dimensions of identity, but rather engagement in full awareness that there are areas of both commonality and divergence and a commitment to care for one another in recognition of both.

Source: <https://www.spiritualityandpractice.com/book-reviews/excerpts/view/28106>

**7.5:** *The Abuse of Authority* by Ta-Nehisi Coates (244 words)

I write you [my son] in your fifteenth year. I am writing you because this was the year you saw Eric Garner choked to death for selling cigarettes; because you know now that Renisha McBride was shot for seeking help, that John Crawford was shot down for browsing in a department store. And you have seen men in uniform drive by and murder Tamir Rice, a twelve-year-old child whom they were oath-bound to protect. And you have seen men in the same uniforms pummel Marlene Pinnock, someone's grandmother, on the side of a road. And you know now, if you did not before, that the police departments of your country have been endowed with the authority to destroy your body. It does not matter if the destruction is the result of an unfortunate overreaction. It does not matter if it originates in a misunderstanding. It does not matter if the destruction springs from a foolish policy. Sell cigarettes without the proper authority and your body can be destroyed. Resent the people trying to entrap your body and it can be destroyed. Turn into a dark stairwell and your body can be destroyed. The destroyers will rarely be held accountable. Mostly they will receive pensions. And destruction is merely the superlative form of a dominion whose prerogatives include friskings, detainings, beatings, and humiliations. All of this is common to black people. And all of this is old for black people. No one is held responsible.

Source: <https://www.spiritualityandpractice.com/book-reviews/excerpts/view/28044>

**7.6:** *The Authority of the Self: Not Born, But Made* by Alice Koller (200 words)

I surround myself with silence. The silence is within me, permeates my house, reaches beyond the surfaces of the outer walls and into the bordering woods. It is one silence, continuous from within me outward in all directions: above, beneath, forward, rearward, sideward. In the silence I listen, I watch, I sense, I attend, I observe. I require this silence. I search it out. The finely drawn treble song of a white-throated sparrow is part of it. Invasions of it by the noise of engines are torments to me.

This is my solitude.

I do not cloak it among other persons, and I know how it appears. No sign of submission, in the eyes of most men; too assured, in the view of most women; not properly respectful, to the gaze of all those in authority. I have become that third gender: a human person, the being one creates of oneself. I fell in love with my work, became fiercely protective of my freedom, started to make new rules. In this, Sartre is surely right: persons are not born but made. The choice lies escapably within ourselves: we may let it wither away, or we may take it and run.

Source: <https://www.spiritualityandpractice.com/book-reviews/excerpts/view/21225>

**7.7:** *The Moral Authority of the Universe* by Roger Housden(247 words)

…Spiritual materialism prospers here to a degree that would stagger any European mind. Transformation, or spiritual rebirth itself …has become a major product line, which points to how unhappy people must be with who they are already. Yet… I have found that the practical genius of America is, even so, expressing the deepest aspirations and insights of the human spirit in any number of tangible forms. These forms are determined, not so much by an organization, religious or otherwise, but by the genius of the individual for the common good.

“…We are preparing the way for a global democracy,” said Vaclav Havel, “…but that democracy cannot emerge until there has been a full restoration and recognition of the moral authority of the universe.” The moral authority of the universe is what is beginning to make its presence known in countless individual and collective initiatives around this country. There is no manifesto other than the small voice of conscience that the universe—the soul we all share in—uses to speak in and through us.

…That spirit can rightfully be called sacred when it is in the service of something greater than itself. Just think…, there is a group of women in Boise, Idaho, unknown to anybody, who are busy at work making their peace quilts. When they are done, they send one to a senator. Over fifty senators have slept under one so far. As Brother Lawrence said, “It is necessary to have great things to do.”

Source: <https://www.spiritualityandpractice.com/book-reviews/excerpts/view/15110>

**7.8:** *Dialogue is Countercultural* by John Backman (254 words)

In sociology, …countercultural has a …precise definition: “cultural patterns that strongly oppose those widely accepted in a society….”

…Dialogue is countercultural: it …[resonates] with the message of Jesus. His emphasis on mercy over rigid observance of the law—healing on the Sabbath, talking with women of a despised class or ethnicity, dining with the dreaded tax collectors and even calling one of them to be an apostle—ran …afoul of the authorities. When called to task by these same authorities, Jesus challenged them to reflect and reconsider their own assumptions. Dialogue presents a similar challenge to our long-held assumptions and rigid categories, no matter how gently or delicately we pursue it. …[Dialogue] seeks to engage the other in a deep experience of listening and conversing.

…As we have seen, dialogue is a funny thing. Sometimes it succeeds beyond all expectation, the parties reach consensus, and everyone moves forward together. Sometimes it fails, we end up squabbling, and the answer arises from the ashes. Often it falls short of uncovering the truth, but satisfies the deepest longings of our souls, like the hunger for companionship or the need to be heard. At times it fails to achieve a policy solution, but moves the participants to see the legitimacy of the “other side” and the humanity of its advocates. Sometimes dialogue sheds little light on a situation but somehow, mysteriously, brings us closer.

Maybe, just maybe, we can say that dialogue never fails. Often it just succeeds in unexpected ways, and we fail to perceive it.

Source: <https://www.spiritualityandpractice.com/book-reviews/excerpts/view/24908>

**7.9:** *The Authority of Heresy* by Elaine Pagels (240 words)

This act of choice—which the term *heresy* originally meant—leads us back to the problem that orthodoxy was invented to solve: How can we tell truth from lies? What is genuine, and thus connects us with one another and with reality, and what is shallow, self-serving, or evil? Anyone who has seen foolishness, sentimentality, delusion, and murderous rage disguised as God's truth knows that there is no easy answer to the problem that the ancients called discernment of spirits. Orthodoxy tends to distrust our capacity to make such discriminations and insists on making them for us. Given the notorious human capacity for self-deception, we can, to an extent, thank the church for this. Many of us, wishing to be spared hard work, gladly accept what tradition teaches.

But the fact that we have no simple answer does not mean that we can evade the question. We have also seen the hazards—even terrible harm—that sometimes result from unquestioning acceptance of religious authority. Most of us, sooner or later, find that, at critical points in our lives, we must strike out on our own to make a path where none exists. What I have come to love in the wealth and diversity of our religious traditions — and the communities that sustain them — is that they offer the testimony of innumerable people to spiritual discovery. Thus, they encourage those who endeavor, in Jesus' words, to “seek and you shall find.”

Source: <https://www.spiritualityandpractice.com/book-reviews/excerpts/view/13994>

**7.10:** *Which Superpower?* by Kevin Kelly (359 words)

Dear Young Hero,

Imagine you can choose your own superpower from one of these three: flying, invisibility, or being able to read. You’d be the only person in the world with that superpower. Which one do you choose? Flying is not so useful without other superpowers. Invisibility is okay for being naughty or for a little fun but not good for much else. But if you were the only person who could read… you’d be the most powerful person on Earth. You would be able to tap into all the wisdom of the smartest people who ever lived. Their knowledge would go from their heads through squiggles on paper right into your head. You would learn things from them that no ordinary mortal would ever have enough time to learn. You would be as smart as everybody in total. Not that you have to remember it all. With reading you just look it up.

Reading is a superpower that also gives you a type of teleportation; it moves you a million miles instantly. That feeling of being immersed in a different place, or even a different time period, can be so strong you may not want to leave.

When you have this superpower, you can see the world from the viewpoint of someone else. This helps protect you from the mistakes and untruths of others as well as your own ignorance.

More and more of our society is centered on pictures and images, which is a beautiful thing. But some of the most important parts of life are not visible in pictures: ideas, insights, logic, reason, mathematics, intelligence. These can’t be drawn, photographed, or pictured. They have to be conveyed in words, arranged in an orderly string, and can only be understood by those who have acquired the superpower of reading.

This superpower will always be with you; it will never leave you. But like all superpowers, it increases the more you use it. It works on paper and screens. As we invent new ways to read, its value and power will expand and deepen. At any time, reading beats any other superpower you can name.

Yours,

*Kevin Kelly*

Source: A Velocity of Being: Letters to A Young Reader, edited by Maria Popova & Claudia Bedrick

**7.11:** *The Loneliness of Leadership* by **Elie Wiesel** (251 words)

…I could have chosen any character in the Bible to treat or deal with the problem of solitude in regard to that particular individual, man or woman. But I chose Moses because, of all the biblical characters, Moses is the loneliest. More than his predecessors or followers, his solitude is linked to his extraordinary talents, virtues, and responsibilities as our people’s supreme leader. In fact, he embodies the very concept of leadership with its collective triumphs and personal disillusionments.

…Naturally, a true leader cannot function without those whom he or she leads. By the same token, the leader cannot work or live in their midst as one of them. Hence the ambivalence of his or her position. There must be some distance between the leader and those being led; otherwise the leader will be neither respected nor obeyed. A certain mystique must surround the leader, isolating him or her from those whose servant he or she is called upon to be or has been elected to be. Is there a leader, here or anywhere, who does not find time to complain about the terrible solitude at moments of decision?

…Here is Moses’s singularity. A man of the situation, he was always there when needed, and then he gave himself completely to his task. He had no ambition to become a prophet, but once he became one, he was the greatest. He did not seek the role of political or military leader, but once he took it on, he was the best.

Source: *The Loneliness of Moses* by **Elie Wiesel**

**7.12:** *A Real Leader* by David Foster Wallace (261 words)

It is just about impossible to talk about the really important stuff in politics without using terms that have become such awful clichés they make your eyes glaze over and are hard to even hear. One such term is “leader,” which all the big candidates use all the time — as in e.g. “providing leadership,” “a proven leader,” “a new leader for a new century,” etc. — and have reduced to such a platitude that it’s hard to try to think about what “leader” really means….

Obviously, a real leader isn’t just somebody who has ideas you agree with, nor is it just somebody you happen to believe is a good guy. Think about it. A real leader is somebody who, because of his own particular power and charisma and example, is able to inspire people, with “inspire” being used here in a serious and non-cliché way. A real leader can somehow get us to do certain things that deep down we think are good and want to be able to do but usually can’t get ourselves to do on our own. It’s a mysterious quality, hard to define, but we always know it when we see it, even as kids.

…A leader’s real “authority” is a power you voluntarily give him, and you grant him this authority not with resentment or resignation but happily; it feels right. Deep down, you almost always like how a real leader makes you feel, the way you find yourself working harder and pushing yourself and thinking in ways you couldn’t ever get to on your own.

Source: *Up, Simba: Seven Days on the Trail of an Anticandidate* by David Foster Wallace

**7.13:** *Solitude and Leadership* by William Deresiewicz (408 words)

What can solitude have to do with leadership? Solitude means being alone, and leadership necessitates the presence of others—the people you’re leading. When we think about leadership in American history, we are likely to think of Washington, at the head of an army, or Lincoln, at the head of a nation, or King, at the head of a movement — people with multitudes behind them, looking to them for direction. And when we think of solitude, we are apt to think of Thoreau, a man alone in the woods, keeping a journal and communing with nature in silence.

…We need to begin by talking about what leadership really means.

…Leadership and aptitude, leadership and achievement, leadership and even excellence have to be different things, otherwise the concept of leadership has no meaning.

…We have a crisis of leadership in America because our overwhelming power and wealth, earned under earlier generations of leaders, made us complacent, and for too long we have been training leaders who only know how to keep the routine going. Who can answer questions, but don’t know how to ask them.

…What we don’t have, in other words, are *thinkers*. People who can think for themselves. People who can formulate a new direction: for the country, for a corporation or a college, for the Army — a new way of doing things, a new way of looking at things. People, in other words, with *vision*.

…What makes … a thinker—and a leader—is …to think things through…. and …the confidence, the *courage*, to argue for …ideas even when they aren’t popular. …Courage: There is physical courage …and then there is another kind of courage, moral courage, the courage to stand up for what you believe.

…Thinking for yourself means finding yourself, finding your own reality.

…You have to be prepared in advance. You need to know, already, who you are and what you believe: …not what your peers believe …, but what *you* believe.

How can you know that unless you’ve taken counsel with yourself in solitude? I started by noting that solitude and leadership would seem to be contradictory things. But it seems to me that solitude is the very essence of leadership. The position of the leader is ultimately an intensely solitary, even intensely lonely one. However, many people you may consult, you are the one who has to make the hard decisions. And at such moments, all you really have is yourself.

Source: <https://onbeing.org/blog/william-deresiewicz-solitude-and-leadership/>

# 7.14: *Great Power Lives in Our Love* by Parker J. Palmer (259 words)

Martin Luther King, Jr. was a man of ideas, as reflected in his comments about love and power, delivered in his last presidential address to the Southern Christian Leadership Conference on August 16, 1967: “…Power properly understood is nothing but the ability to achieve purpose…. …And one of the great problems of history is that the concepts of love and power have usually been contrasted as opposites, polar opposites, so that love is identified with a resignation of power, and power with a denial of love…. …Now, we got to get this thing right. What is needed is a realization that power without love is reckless and abusive, and that love without power is sentimental and anemic. Power at its best is love implementing the demands of justice, and justice at its best is love correcting everything that stands against love…. …It is precisely this collision of immoral power with powerless morality which constitutes the major crisis of our times….”

Here’s a question worth asking: Am I using whatever power I have in the service of love — via my voice*, my vocation, my personal and public witness?*

Dr. King was also a man of action, non-violent action. Here’s another question worth asking: Am I willing to engage in acts of love, truth and justice whenever I have a chance? Each of us has such chances every day — in our families, neighborhoods, classrooms, congregations, and workplaces.

…Let’s honor his legacy by joining love to power in our personal and public lives. Let’s ask our political leaders to do the same.

Source: <https://onbeing.org/blog/parker-palmer-great-power-lives-in-our-love/>

**7.15:** *My Father Is Not a Powerful Man: Lessons from My Refugee Father* by [Kao Kalia Yang](https://onbeing.org/author/kao-kalia-yang/) (421 words)

My father is unemployed. His paperwork says that he is 61 years old. His only source of income is social security. He has a few chickens, some healthy, others not so much. He lives on a stretch of land in cold Minnesota, feet to the ground, eyes to the sky. He takes the weather in the ache of his bones, the burn in his back. My father spends a lot of time looking out the windows when he is not outside, walking along the tree line. There are many men like my father the world over. They give birth to daughters like me. My father is not a powerful man.

When I was young, I believed that my father was powerful.

When I was a little girl in Ban Vinai Refugee Camp …it was the presence of my father that kept me safe.

…In Phanat Nikhom Transition Camp to America …I did not cry because my father was holding me.

…In St. Paul, Minnesota, I grew from a skinny six-year-old girl who held his hands everywhere into a young woman who walked in front of him across the streets….

He said, *“…Calm your raging heart.”*

…He said, *“Tread lightly. You are a guest in this country.”*

Each time my father said these things to me, I heard him but I also did not hear him. …I came to see my father not as a powerful figure, but a poor man.

Now, I am comfortable with the fact that my father is not a powerful man. In fact, he did not give birth to a powerful daughter. At 36, I’m reckoning with the lessons I’ve learned from my father and the lives of other powerless people.

One: you can grow up being poor, raise children being poor, and love them immensely and well in the process.

…We came to America. We grew here. …In the process, our parents taught us, “We are poor but our hearts are not poor places.”

Two: your vulnerability is your grace. There is no room to hide when you need help.

…Three: you do not have to be powerful to live a powerful story. …In my teenage years …I told my father that I had not chosen this life, that I wanted something better for myself. My father’s response to me was, *“Life is going to teach you how strong the human heart is, not of its fragility.”*

His perspective has protected me all of my life.

…It does not take powerful men to live powerful lives.

Source: <https://onbeing.org/blog/kao-kalia-yang-my-father-is-not-a-powerful-man-lessons-from-my-refugee-father/>

**7.16:** *Leadership Beyond Anger* by [Doris Kearns Goodwin](https://www.spiritualityandpractice.com/search?author_first=Doris+Kearns&author_last=Goodwin) (225 words)

When angry at a colleague, Lincoln would fling off what he called a “hot” letter, releasing all his pent wrath. He would then put the letter aside until he cooled down and could attend the matter with a clearer eye. When Lincoln’s papers were opened at the turn of the twentieth century, historians discovered a raft of such letters, with Lincoln’s notation underneath; “never sent and never signed.” Such forbearance set an example for the team. One evening, Lincoln listened as Stanton worked himself into a fury against one of the generals. “I would like to tell him what I think of him,” Stanton stormed, “Why don’t you,” suggested Lincoln. “Write it all down.” When Stanton finished the letter, he returned and read it to the president. “Capital,” Lincoln said. “Now, Stanton, what are you going to do about it?” “Why, send it of course!” “I wouldn’t,” said the president. “Throw it in the waste-paper basket.” “But it took me two days to write.” “Yes, yes and it did you ever so much good. You feel better now. That is all that is necessary. Just throw it in the basket.” And after some additional grumbling, Stanton did just that.

Not only would Lincoln hold back until his own anger subsided and counsel others to do likewise, he would readily forgive intemperate public attacks on himself.

Source: <https://www.spiritualityandpractice.com/book-reviews/excerpts/view/28397>

**7.17:** *Leading Change* by Thomas Friedman (257 words)

…Daniel Patrick Moynihan famously observed: “The central conservative truth is that it is culture, not politics, that determines the success of a society. The central liberal truth is that politics can change a culture and save it from itself.”

…I …like the definition of leadership offered by…Ronald Heifetz, who says the role of a leader is “to help people face reality and to mobilize them to make change” as their environment changes….

…The power of a visionary leader to help a society and culture navigate its way through big moments requiring adaptation is beautifully depicted …in the film *Invictus.* [It] tells …how Nelson Mandela …enlists the country's famed rugby team, the Springboks, …to win the 1995 Rugby World Cup and …start the healing of that apartheid-torn land. The almost all-white Springboks had been a symbol of white domination, and blacks routinely rooted against them. When the post-apartheid, black-led South African sports committee moved to change the team's name and colors, President Mandela stopped them. He explained that part of making whites feel at home in a black-led South Africa was not uprooting all their cherished symbols.

“That is selfish thinking,” Mandela, played by Morgan Freeman, says in the movie. “It does not serve the nation.” Then, speaking of South Africa's whites, Mandela adds, “We have to surprise them with compassion, with restraint and generosity.”

…Mandela did a lot to change the culture of South Africa. He created a little more trust and healthier interdependencies between blacks and whites and, in doing so, made that country more resilient.

Source: <https://www.spiritualityandpractice.com/book-reviews/excerpts/view/28254>

**7.18:** *Lead Yourself First* by Raymond M. Kethledgeand Michael S. Erwin (249 words)

Embrace hard thinking. …Among the most valuable functions a leader can perform is hard thinking about complex problems: identifying the problem precisely, making the premises of …thought explicit, and then examining each link in …[a] logical chain….

…A leader who embraces hard thinking can lead himself, and then others, through the process of finding effective solutions.

…Identify your first principles and stay connected with them. A leader's first principles are the wellspring of all the benefits that solitude provides: clarity, creativity, emotional balance, and moral courage. A leader out of touch with …first principles will eventually run short of all these things. With a lack of direction internally, he will become directed externally. He will find himself governed by optics.

…An authentic leader finds herself on different ground altogether. A leader who identifies her first principles and then periodically measures her actions against them is likely to act in accordance with them. That kind of leadership is inner-directed; and an inner-directed leader is unlikely to be diverted by moral criticism or praise. …It is only this kind of leader – clear, balanced, courageous – who truly leads.

Find a higher purpose for your leadership, and share it with your followers. The most inspiring leaders are ones who find some transcendent meaning in the enterprise they lead. …A transcendent meaning is one that by definition stands apart from the specific goals at hand. To find it, therefore, usually requires reflection. The leaders who do find it are the ones we honor most.

Source: <https://www.spiritualityandpractice.com/book-reviews/excerpts/view/28240>

**7.19:** *The Wisdom of Leaders* by Margaret Wheatley (183 words)

* We have unshakable confidence that people can be kinder, gentler, and wiser than our current society tells us we are. We rely on human goodness and offer this faith as a gift to others.
* We offer ourselves not as activists to change the world, but as compassionate presences and trustworthy companions to those suffering in this world. We embody compassion without ambition.
* Our confidence, dignity, and wakefulness radiate out to others as a beacon of who we humans are.
* Our confidence is not conditioned by success or failure, by praise or blame. It arises naturally as we see clearly into the nature of things.
* We create an atmosphere of compassion, confidence, and upliftedness with our very presence.
* We create a good human society wherever we are, whenever we can, with the people and resources that are available to us now.
* We rely on joy arising, knowing it is never dependent on external circumstances but comes from working together as good human beings.
* We encountered life's challenges with a sense of humor, knowing that lightness and play increase our capacity to deal with suffering."

Source: <https://www.spiritualityandpractice.com/book-reviews/excerpts/view/28468>

**7.20:** *The Death of Expertise* by Tom Nichols (249 words)

There is a self-righteousness and fury to this …rejection of expertise that suggest …that … [it] isn't just mistrust or questioning or the pursuit of alternatives: it is narcissism, coupled to a disdain for expertise as some sort of exercise in self-actualization.

This makes it all the harder for experts to push back and to insist that people come to their senses. No matter what the subject, the argument always goes down the drain of an enraged ego and ends with minds unchanged, sometimes with professional relationships or even friendships damaged. Instead of arguing, experts today are supposed to accept such disagreements as, at worst, an honest different of opinion. We are supposed to 'agree to disagree,' a phrase now used indiscriminately as little more than a conversational fire extinguisher. And if we insist that not everything is a matter of opinion, that some things are right and others are wrong …well, then we're just being jerks, apparently.

…We do not have a healthy skepticism about experts: instead, we actively resent them, with many people assuming that experts are wrong simply by virtue of being experts. We hiss at the 'eggheads”—a pejorative coming back into vogue—while instructing our doctors about which medications we need or while insisting to teachers that our children’s answers on a test are right even if they’re wrong. Not only is everyone as smart as everyone else, but we all think we’re the smartest people ever.

And we couldn't be more wrong.

Source: <https://www.spiritualityandpractice.com/book-reviews/excerpts/view/28208>

20 articles

**7.26:** *Does Mindfulness Make You More Compassionate?* by Shauna Shapiro (277 words)

On the fourth day [of my first meditation retreat], I met with a monk from London, who asked how I was doing. It was the first time I had spoken in four days…. “I’m a terrible meditator. I can’t do it. I am trying so hard, and every time I try harder, I get even more tangled up. Meditation must be for other, more spiritual, calmer kinds of people. I don’t think this is not the right path for me.”

He looked at me with compassion and a humorous twinkle in his eye. “Oh dear, you’re not practicing mindfulness,” he told me. “You are practicing impatience, judgment, frustration, and striving.” Then he said five words that profoundly affected my life: “*What you practice becomes stronger*.”

The monk explained to me that mindfulness is not just about paying attention, but also about *how* you pay attention. He described a compassionate, kind attention, where instead of becoming frustrated when my mind wandered, I could actually become curious about my mind meandering about, holding this experience in compassionate awareness. Instead of being angry at my mind, or impatient with myself, I could inquire gently and benevolently into what it felt like to be frustrated or impatient.

In this way, I began to cultivate kindness toward myself, as well as a sense of interest and curiosity for my lived experience. I started to practice infusing my attention with care and compassion, similar to a parent attending to a young child, saying to myself, “I care about you. I’m interested. Tell me about your experience.”

Understanding this connection between mindfulness and compassion has been transformational, helping me embrace myself and my experience with greater kindness and care.

Source: <https://greatergood.berkeley.edu/article/item/does_mindfulness_make_you_compassionate>

**8.0: Curriculum & Theme-Based Classroom Activities for Youth & Adults**

***Youth***

**A Tapestry of Faith**

**8.1: A Chorus of Faiths: A Program That Builds Interfaith Youth Leaders**

**8.1.1:** *Workshop 6: Spreading the Good News*

Link: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/youth/chorus/workshop6>

Participants will:

* Learn how to facilitate interfaith dialogue and have the opportunity to role play difficult dialogue situations
* Experience different and creative ways to publicize an interfaith service event.

**8.1.2:** *Workshop 8: New Habits of the Heart*

Link: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/youth/chorus/workshop8>

This workshop will:

* Support participants to integrate their ideas about religious pluralism and their experience of interfaith service into their Unitarian Universalist identity
* Encourage participants to make interfaith work a part of their lived faith
* Suggest ways for participants to be leaders in future interfaith work.

**Other**

**8.2: The Lost Thing**

A sort animated film in which people who are “too busy doing other things” fail to see the Lost Thing or help it find its way home. A boy, using his own authority, helps the Lost Thing find out where it belongs

Film: <https://www.snotr.com/video/10101/The_Lost_Thing_-_Short_Film> (15:53

Study Guide for *The Lost Thing* by Kate Raynor (12 pages)

Link to pdf: <https://files.clickviewapp.com/v1/files/ba549980c28b4778a8b61312320a3b3b>

**Adults**

**8.3: Resistance and Transformation: An Adult Program on Unitarian Universalist Social Justice History**

**8.3.1:** *Workshop 2: Prophetic, Parallel, and Institutional*

Link: <https://www.uua.org/re/tapestry/adults/resistance/workshop2>

Participants will:

* Understand three strategies—prophetic, parallel, and institutional—as a basic framework for examining social justice work in this and future workshops
* Explore a historical example of each of these three strategies of resistance and transformation
* Consider how their own approach to social justice work might fit into this framework
* View the three strategies as interconnected and complementary, rather than valuing one approach over all the rest.

**9.0: Popular Music**

# 9.1: *Leader of the Band* by Dan Fogelberg (4:18)

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qsocZrEcp0Y>

**9.2:** *Lookin’ For A Leader* by Neil Young (4:32)

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lUT4oU5Ljb0>

**9.3:** *Brave* by Sara Bareilles (3:57)

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QUQsqBqxoR4>

**9.4:** *You Gotta Be* by Des’ree (4:00)

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pO40TcKa_5U>

**9.5:** *I’m Gonna Be Somebody* by Travis Tritt (4:01)

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Vnro5QOY5Fw>

**9.6:** *The Champion* by Carrie Underwood (3:37)

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Htu3va7yDMg>

**9.7:** *Unwritten* by Natasha Bedingfield (3:41)

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cFFBSSntZgs>

**9.8:** *I Hope You Dance* by Gladys Knight (4:01)

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YonlJfxk4Rw>

**9.9:** *Power & Control* by Marina and the Diamonds (3:28)

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o3Rp_0hoNTY>

**9.10:** *Never Give Up* by Sia (3:04)

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PxjaUmaD2VQ>

**9.11:** *Fight Song* by Rachel Platten (3:25)

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xo1VInw-SKc>

**9.12:** *Stand By You* by Rachel Platten (3:25)

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bwB9EMpW8eY>

**9.13:** *Dream On* by Aerosmith (4:42)

# Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sZfZ8uWaOFI>

**9.14:** *With My Own Two Hands* by Ben Harper (3:56)

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aEnfy9qfdaU>

# 9.15: *With My Own Two Hands* byPlaying for Change (4:06)

# Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Sc8t6BZUSJs>

**9.16:** *Authority Song* by John Mellencamp (3:31)

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wsEwK69LXjQ>

**9.17:** *Doubt* by Mary J. Blige (3:44)

# Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NUE5r4Mzf80>

**9.18:** *I Hear a Call* by Emmylou Harris (2:51)

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJhTr9l552k>

# 9.19: *The Authority Song* by Jimmy Eat World (3:47)

# Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AKs3G84GLVE>

# 9.20: *Whose Authority* by Nada Surf (3:10)

# Video Link: <https://vimeo.com/5604586>

**10.0: Videos, Short Films, Movie Clips, Audio Recordings & Photography**

**Authority**

**10.1:** *The Styrofoam Cup* by Simon Sinek (3:32)

The benefits that accrue to a position do not accrue to the person.

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wd7V9vIqX8Y>

**10.2:** *By Whose Authority?* by Dusty Thompson (5:08)

A speech at a Leadership Class. Quite funny!

Video Link:<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SA7bKo4HRTg>

**10.3:** *Positional and Relational Authority* by David Falk (2:45)

Positional Authority is a cup half-full. Relational Authority is the necessary addition to be an effective leader.

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Pm8EIp7PM5U>

**10.4:** *Authority Issues* by Andy Wynn (0:40)

A silly look at rogue policemen who have authority issues, however that is actually a huge problem especially in communities of color.

Video Link: <https://vimeo.com/30335978>

**10.5:** *Political Authority, An Examination* by Academy of Ideas (9:28)

“Is political authority legitimate? Justifying the special moral status of government is known as the problem of political authority. In this video we will look at the various ways this problem has been approached.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S7zaR-qwZz4>

**10.6:** *Obedience to Authority* by Concepts Unwrapped (6:26)

“Obedience to authority describes our tendency to please authority figures. We may place too much emphasis on that goal and, consciously or subconsciously, subordinate the goal of acting ethically. For free teaching and learning resources related to this topic, visit <https://ethicsunwrapped.utexas.edu/video/obedience-to-authority>”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Uk4uqMj1nBk>

**10.7:** *Authority vs Responsibility: Find the Balance!* by Michael Greer (5:37)

“This video uses simple, real-world examples to distinguish between authority & responsibility. And it makes the argument that by finding a good balance between the two, we can improve the quality of life at home, at work and in all of society.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KR5lIW4Rbpk>

**10.8:** *The Influence Shift—Positional Authority to Moral Authority* by John Maxwell (1:56)

The ability to influence increases as one shifts from positional authority to moral authority.

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TneSfhEITv0>

**10.9:** *Peer Pressure and Obedience to Authority* by David Eagleman (16:10)

“Which side were you on? The Jets or the Sharks? The Capulets or the Montagues? The Greeks or the Trojans? Antony or Caesar? William or Harold? And so, the list goes on ... Indeed, maybe the whole of human history is the story of group-making and group-breaking. The passions of loyalty and love for the in-group are matched by the de-humanizing indignation and hatred for the out-group.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7KsAFALdp2w>

**Leadership**

**10.10:** *How to be a Leader* by Simon Sinek (8:35)

Explains why leadership is a choice.

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=urrYhnaKvy4>

**10.11:** *On Leadership* by Ronald Heifetz (8:21)

His research focuses on creating a conceptual foundation for the study of leadership, creating teaching, training, and consulting methods for leadership practice, and building the adaptive capacity of organizations and societies.

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ioocNc-HvTs>

**10.12:** *What is a Leadershift?* by John Maxwell (5:21)

John Maxwell talks about the importance of making change as a leader.

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tBEKR66Im2M>

**10.13:** *Leadership as an Infinite Game* by Simon Sinek (16:16)

Simon Sinek explains what almost every leader gets wrong.

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ar20m23XY_c>

***Power***

**10.14:** *How to Gain Real Personal Power* by Brendon Burchard (6:23)

“Genuine personal power is the ability to consciously choose one’s own aims, attitude, and actions.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ymc82_Hsf0U>

***TED Talks***

**Authority**

**10.15:** *Owning our Authority* by Tanya Geisler (15:44)

“Tanya Geisler’s talk explores the space between the continuum from Imposter to Authority.”

Video Link:<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=J3Em-IIAQ6I>

**Leadership**

**10.16:** *Everyday Leadership* by Drew Dudley (6:02)

“We have all changed someone's life—usually without even realizing it. In this funny talk, Drew Dudley calls on all of us to celebrate leadership as the everyday act of improving each other's lives.”

Video Link: <https://www.ted.com/talks/drew_dudley_everyday_leadership?language=en>

**10.17:** *Why Good Leaders Make You Feel Safe* by Simon Sinek (11:47)

“What makes a great leader? Management theorist Simon Sinek suggests, it’s someone who makes their employees feel secure, who draws staffers into a circle of trust. But creating trust and safety …means taking on big responsibility.”

Video Link: <https://www.ted.com/talks/simon_sinek_why_good_leaders_make_you_feel_safe/discussion>

**10.18:** *The Surprising Truth in How to be a Great Leader* by Julia Milner (12:51)

“From giving advice to creating a space for learning.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sW_PN3BDa0A>

**10.19:** *Great Leadership Comes Down to Only Two Rules* by Peter Anderton (17:28)

“Peter Anderton takes us on a whistle stop tour of leadership in the last 16 centuries and tells us why everything you ever need to know about leadership comes down to only two rules.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oDsMlmfLjd4>

**10.20:** *The Rarest Commodity is Leadership Without Ego* by Bob Davids (12:50)

“Bob Davis says 'Leadership without ego is a rarest commodity'. Persuasively presented, extremely insightful and endlessly entertaining, this is a memorable talk. Highly recommended for the leaders and aspiring leaders.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UQrPVmcgJJk>

**10.21:** *Great Leadership Starts with Self-Leadership* by Lars Sudmann (12:46)

“What would leadership in Utopia look like? To start with, imagine the best leader you have ever worked with. How did he or she get to become this type of leader? Leadership lecturer and former corporate executive Lars Sudmann argues that it's likely that they learned to overcome the ‘leadership formula of doom’ and then developed themselves as a leader. In this funny and invigorating talk Lars walks us through the personal journeys of great leaders, shows lessons from the golden age of leadership and shares 3 strategies on self-leadership to develop yourself into a ‘Utopia leader’”.

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vlpKyLklDDY>

**10.22:** *What do all Great Leaders have in Common* by Matt Beeton (12:22)

“Matt Beeton will share insight into a few of those most common denominators and use these findings to offer advice to the next generation of leaders. Leadership is there within us all, we just need to know how to harness it.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KgmKNKM0i1g>

**10.23:** *What to Look for in Great Leaders* by Gary Bertoline (10:30)

“What are the personal characteristics that connect great leaders throughout history? Dr. Gary Bertoline has identified the 5 attributes of authentic leadership and teaches us how to identify effective leaders, and even how we can become leaders in our own communities!”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7IHQyEC2GRU>

**10.24:** *Stop Managing, Start Leading* by Hamza Khan (18:12)

“According to Hamza, managing millennials and knowledge workers the way we used to manage traditional factory workers can be disastrous. Speaking through his own experience of being managed and alternatively as a manager, Hamza makes the case that millennials must be led, instead of managed and given autonomy to complete their tasks, so that they may grow and reach their full potential.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=d_HHnEROy_w>

**Power**

**10.25:** *How to Understand Power* by Eric Liu (7:02)

“Every day, we move and operate within systems of power that other people have constructed. But we're often uncomfortable talking about power. Why? Eric Liu describes the six sources of power and explains how understanding them is key to being an effective citizen.”

Video Link: <https://www.ted.com/talks/eric_liu_how_to_understand_power?language=en>

**10.26:** *The Power of Influence* by Shawn King (16:39)

“Shawn King draws upon his own experiences in the business world, as well as on the Amazing Race Canada, in order to discuss how individuals can positively influence one another to create change.”

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=44MeI3FeXn4>

**10.27:** *What New Power Looks Like* by Jeremy Heimans (14:59)

“We can see the power of distributed, crowd-sourced business models every day — witness Uber, Kickstarter, Airbnb. But veteran online activist Jeremy Heimans asks: When does that kind of ‘new power’ start to work in politics? His surprising answer: Sooner than you think. It’s a bold argument about the future of politics and power; watch and see if you agree.”

Video Link: <https://www.ted.com/talks/jeremy_heimans_what_new_power_looks_like?language=en>

**10.28:** *The Extraordinary Power of Ordinary People* by Sherwin Nuland (12:25)

“Sherwin Nuland, a surgeon and a writer, meditates on the idea of hope -- the desire to become our better selves and make a better world.”

Video Link: <https://www.ted.com/talks/sherwin_nuland_the_extraordinary_power_of_ordinary_people?language=en>