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## May 2025: Outlaw's Bridge Universalist Church

*Welcoming Congregation*

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### The Bridge

You are encouraged to join us for 11:00 a.m. church services.

No Sunday School programs and no childcare.

The playroom is clean and open for parents who wish to use it.

**May 4: "The Spirituality of Ted Green, Master Musician and Teacher to Many Guitarists."** – Jimmy Merritt

**May 11: "Mother, I'm Coming Home"** – with Clark Lane & Phyllis Outlaw – Stories of Mothers and Grandmothers; History of Mother's Day & Homecoming.

**May 18: "Faith (Trust) We Can't Live Without It"** – Reverend Brian Clougherty – "Faith" in the bible usually means "Trust", as in "confidence" and "assurance". I need to talk about trust before I talk about hope. Trust is the ground from which hope grows. Political events are shattering trust in government and finance. Trust is the bedrock of civilization. When trust is destroyed, bullies reign. Let's examine when earthquakes (distrust) rock the bedrock of civilization.

**May 25: "Earth Day Revisited"** – with Lisa Stolar – Stories of those who participated in this year's Earth Day events.

**May 7, 8:00 p.m.: Universalist Convocation Monthly Zoom Vesper Service.** This month's service is with our own Justin Lapoint presenting. The title is "What is Universalism". To receive a Zoom link, visit Universalist Convocation Monthly Vesper Schedule Page to see dates, topics and speakers and learn how to receive the Zoom link.



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#### Dates to Remember

**May 4, 1:15 p.m. Musical Concert with Jimmy Merritt, Chris McNally and Adita Harless.**  
**Spaghetti lunch.**

**May 8, 11:45 a.m.: Dutch-treat lunch followed by A UW meeting at 1:00 p.m.**

**May 11: Homecoming service with Clark Lane & Phyllis Outlaw. Covered-dish lunch following service.**



## **"THE GIFT OF REMEMBRANCE"**

**BY: GEORGE A. TYGER**

**"The young dead soldiers do not speak...**

**They have a silence that speaks for them at night and when the clock counts.**

**They say, we were young. We have died. Remember us."**

**Archibald MacLeish (1940)**

I met Scott's father a year after he was killed. It was a pilgrimage for me. I drove a thousand miles, every moment wondering if he'd see me as a symbol of a system that had taken his son. When he and his wife met me in their front yard, Mike and I hugged for too short an eternity.

As an Army Chaplain and therapist, I understand the spiritual, psychological and physiological foundations of trauma. I can talk for hours about how the "body keeps the score"; about vagus nerve response; about the flight, fight or freeze mechanism. I can reflect with you about the spiritual meaning of loss, grief and suffering; how they fit in your life; and how they can burden the Soul if held too tightly.

I understand all this, yet not a day goes by when something doesn't bring to mind a young life now gone. Ghosts of what might have been are my everyday companions. I will not let them go, for I fear if I do that I will forget. I'm greeted when least expected with waves of unbidden grief. A tightness in the throat. Vision blurred by welling tears. A little tremor in my hand. All things that remind me that I cannot – I will not – forget. How many children lost? How many parents grieve?

These memories, these ghosts, are necessary reminders of the futility of war and the desperate need for peace in our world. The memories, which come upon me not as thoughts but as bodily sensations, have deepened my compassion and steeled commitment to bringing peace to this suffering world.

I serve in the U. S. Army. I support the readiness of those who have and will fight and win the wars our civilian leaders call us to fight. I love the people I am called to serve, knowing full well the dreadful reality we will one day face again. How then can I speak of peace? This is the difficulty of a holiday like Memorial Day.

Memorial Day is not to be celebrated. It is to be observed, scrutinized and witnessed on behalf of the true witnesses of our human failure to love our neighbor as ourselves. They are ghosts now: haunting lives with the gift of remembrance, so that we will not forget their living – but even more, that the grief of remembering will create in us a yearning for peace that will stir us to action.

