

TAPESTRY

A Magazine for All Peoples UU

March 2023



Belle of Louisville, seen from the Big Four Bridge. Photo illustration by Rob Kingsolver

Editor's Note

Although I grew up in a small Kentucky town a world away from Louisville, and lived in ten different places during my nomadic professional years, I have now spent a longer stretch of my life

in this city than I have lived anywhere else, and I have to say I really like it here. Rural life has many advantages, but there are limitations too. For example, liberal religious communities like All Peoples are hard to find outside the state's metropolitan areas.

The people I grew up with could not have been more honest, friendly, or generous to one another. Everyone in my home town felt the bond of a similar upbringing, faith, and philosophical perspective. On the other hand, I have grown to appreciate the broader spectrum of cultures and viewpoints that I encounter daily among residents of Greater Louisville. The human diversity within our cosmopolitan city helps me learn more about the world, and to discern what values and preferences I can intentionally claim as my own.

Historically, Louisville is a region of confluence between people who crossed the Appalachians, folks migrating up from the South after Reconstruction, and those who came down the Ohio River from the Northeast. We are not quite Southern, not quite Midwestern, and not quite Mid-Atlantic in geography or character. Our Jefferson County landscape incorporates a hefty chunk of the Knobs Region, the middle reach of the Ohio Valley, and the western fringe of the Bluegrass. Louisville straddles boundaries and defies simple description. I kind of like living on the edge, don't you?

In this issue, we hold the mirror up to the Louisville community, examining some of the problems our city faces, but also celebrating all the quirky things that have attracted us and held us in this special place. One magazine issue cannot capture it all, so if you think we have left out something important about our "weird" and wonderful city, we would love to hear from you!

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Together on the Journey

by Rev. Bruce Beisner
Minister, All Peoples UU Congregation



In one of my favorite meditations, writer Robert Walsh talks about learning a profound lesson about life from looking at a ferry boat ticket stub he found in the laundry. The ticket read, “Not Valid If Detached.” Unitarian Universalism is, at its essence, about the holiness of community and the sacredness of our connections to all living things. We see this in how we are transformed when we gather in our sanctuary (and online) on Sunday mornings to honor our shared values and hear stories, messages and music together. We experience it when we go out into the world to witness for justice and respect. We know it to be true when we reach out to one another in times of illness and loss.

I don’t know about you, but getting outside is an essential part of each day for me. Being among my natural surroundings is an opportunity to connect with sources of life that are so much bigger than I am. The changing of the seasons and the arrival of spring are powerful reminders of the forces and cycles that sustain me, in every breath I take. The wind in my face, the call of wild birds, and the warmth of the sunlight on my skin are all humbling experiences which invite me into deeper relationship with the realities of life. They are immediate and sensory forms of revelation that cannot be ignored.

While I am not a gardener, I am blessed to have purchased a home that was previously owned by a woman who had a passion for all types of flora. Although she passed away in 2020, the bulbs she planted around my yard continue to burst forth in colorful abandon each spring. She knew what she was doing

and stocked the beds around my home with a variety of flowers that bloom in gradual stages as the months unfold. Whenever I behold a new set of roses or a bunch of peonies opening up it makes me grateful for her and it also makes me think about what legacy of beauty I might be able to leave for others.

We live in a society which feels very detached at times. From our smart phones to our fenced-in back yards, we live more and more at a distance from other people and from the natural world around us. There are times when detachment can be a good thing. It can allow us to be objective, differentiate our emotions and issues from those of others, and step back enough to see the big picture. Yet it is through our detachment that we can so easily lose perspective and see ourselves as the center of the universe, putting our own wants and needs before the common good. Disconnection is what allows systems of oppression and inequality to continue and other people to become objects to us rather than relatives. It is why we are able to ignore the discrimination, pollution and violence caused by our ways of living.

In his writing, Walsh puts it this way: “There are times when some detachment is appropriate and necessary. But the greatest

source of evil in our time may be that we are too detached from people, and too detached from the earth. If we meet everything objectively, then there is no sacredness and no mystery.”

What I love about Unitarian Universalism is that it speaks of interdependence, of a web of creation where I am an essential thread and so are you. Our faith does not ask us to give up ourselves to a greater truth but rather to be connected and participate fully in the becoming of ourselves and the world. This is challenging but also incredibly affirming.

Perhaps our UU ticket might read, “More valid if less detached.”

Blessings!

Bruce

"Bookmarks"

Book reviews by our congregants

Flavors from Home, by Aimee Zaring

University Press of Kentucky, 2017

Book Review by Arlene Tuttle

Flavors from Home is an uplifting book recounting stories of courage, perseverance and self-reinvention. Aimee Zaring shares stories of refugees seeking freedom in our country. Ms. Zarick has taught English as a Second Language to these amazing people for several years. She has collected stories of parts of their lives and shows how they have become important American citizens. Ms Zarick has also collected many of their native dishes. YES, food does bring us together!! There are many delightful and delicious recipes included in the book.

Flavors from Home makes one aware that many of these refugees, although not able to pursue their major skills here, have made a life as chefs..and, yes! as restaurant owners right here in Louisville. As the book jacket says, “Native dishes contribute to the ongoing evolution of American comfort food, just as the refugees themselves are redefining what it means to be an American.”

This book is a MUST read!



New Member Focus

by Janet Taylor

Larry Farr

Larry Farr is a Louisville native. He attended Eastlawn Elementary, Parkview Junior High, and Jeffersonville High School, where he ran cross country and lettered in wrestling. A fond high school memory was hearing the Kingsmen (who recorded the famous song, "Louie Louie") play a concert in the old JHS gymnasium.

Larry graduated from Asbury College with a chemistry major, math minor, and certification in secondary education. He says he joined the Kentucky Air National Guard in 1973 to avoid Vietnam and made a career out of it, retiring in 1993. He taught at a private religious school in Mobile, Alabama from 1973-1977, returned to Jeffersonville, and finished his teaching career at Jeffersonville High School for his last 30 years, retiring in 2008.

Larry is a prolific poet, and enjoys the art of collage. He says, "I love discussing religions, morals, and philosophies of life. He has long admired the theology and activism of the late Liberal Episcopal Bishop John Shelby Spong, whom Larry identified as a friend.

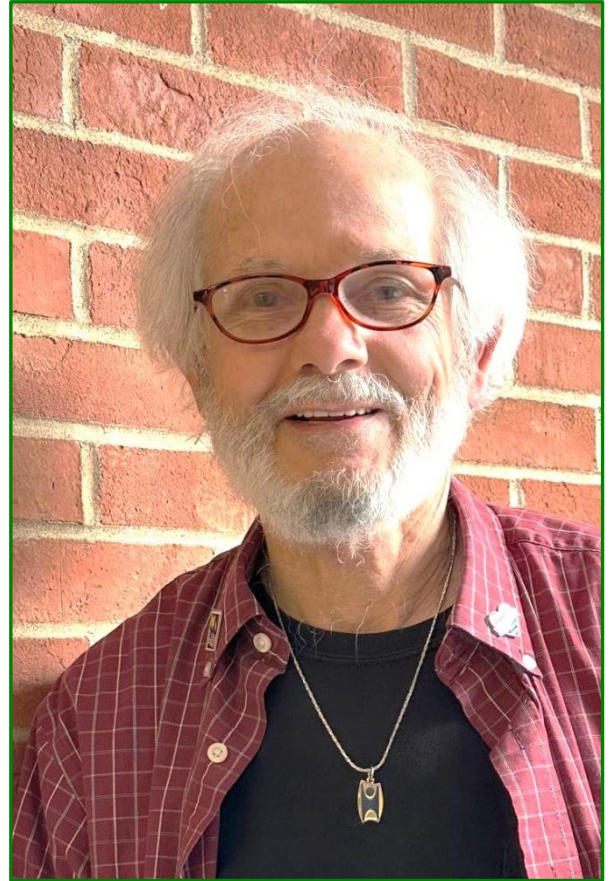


Photo by Rob Kingsolver

The task of religion is not to turn us into proper believers; it is to deepen the personal within us, to embrace the power of life, to expand our consciousness, in order that we might see things that eyes do not normally see.

*-- John Shelby Spong,
"Eternal Life: a new vision"*

Louisville Stories

All Peoples Recollections

Susie Pasikowski

As I stop and think about my family history here in Louisville, two very special stories come to mind. The first one concerns my mother's father, Oscar Jones. I can remember so well the stories my mom shared with me as we would work together to paint the walls in my childhood home. She insisted that I learn how to paint equally well using either hand -- right or left, whether using a brush or a roller. At first I didn't understand why she was so insistent on this, but I began to see her reasons as she began telling me about her father. I learned that he was one of the original painters of the interior of the Brown hotel, which opened in 1923. Even though Mom was only six years old at the time, she remembered that her father said that a good painter always worked equally well using either the right or the left hand. That influenced my mom to make sure her daughter also knew how to paint equally well using either hand. Whenever I am painting walls or furniture at my home, I always think of my mom and my grandpa Jones, and I'm proud that I can use either hand as I paint each stroke in their memory.

The second story I want to share concerns my father's memory of the 1937 flood here in Louisville. At that time my dad was 18 years old. The home he shared with his parents and five siblings was located at the intersection of S. 22nd St. and W. Ormsby Ave. Their home was totally underwater at the height of the flood. Even at such a young age, my dad volunteered to use a boat to help several neighbors, as well as his family, to get to higher ground. At one point when dad had no one else in the boat, he spotted a large piece of furniture floating down West Ormsby Ave., and decided it was too nice to let the floodwaters destroy it. He thought his mother would love to have this piece of furniture once the flood waters receded. Sure enough, after the major cleanup of their home, this table became one of the central pieces in their living room. I can clearly remember seeing it there whenever we visited them. After my grandparents, Fred and Lillian Biven died, the table was moved to my parents' living room. When my parents Al and Dot Biven died, I inherited the beautiful table. It now sits in my living room. I have had it refinished, and now it holds precious pictures of my family. At Christmas time, it holds my Christmas tree -- all wonderful memories from my past!



Antique table that Susie's dad salvaged from the 1937 flood



Something: Don't Do It! (A Young Person's Lament?)

by Larry E Farr



POET'S
CORNER

Some things got a hold on your life, making you crazy, wanting to fight.
Some things got a hold on your strife, making you truly, wanting it right.
It is hard now, don't get down on yourself.
Questioning morals on the shelf.
It's fine for how, you have the right to know.
Take that decision very slow.
In the end, may be nothing to show.

So, please, listen to me.
Before you're me, you see. Don't do it!
For your life is precious to all.
...And no one, wants to see your fall.

Some things got a hold on your time, making you hazy, wanting to cry
Some things got a hold on your climb, making you angry, wanting to fly.
It's my caring, your downfall that I fear.
Keep you from that illegal "cheer".
It is my thing; your future to be great.
To change your strait into a great straight.
Create a date to not take their bait.

So, please, take my advice.
Before you pick my vice.
Don't do it!
For your life is more than just food.
Be shrewd dealing with a prude, rude dude.

Some things got a hold on your view, making you empty, wanting to stand.
Some things got a hold on your clue, making you misty, wanting to land.
It's by and by, the key is "do no harm".
Portraying kindness with its charm.
It's time this guy, my love, for you, profess.
To access, my time, for your stress.
I am here for you and that's no guess.

So, please, years I share from.
To keep you from numb scum.
Don't do it!
For your life is full-time to dwell.
Don't take steps for a life of Hell.

Some things got a hold on your skill, making you sorry, wanting to pace.
Some things got a hold on your will, making you phony, wanting to brace.
It's living sin, their Bible message bent.
No clue of the love that was meant.
It's a fake spin, their opinion a scam.
In deceit, they don't give a damn.
Their cruel Theocracy is such a sham.

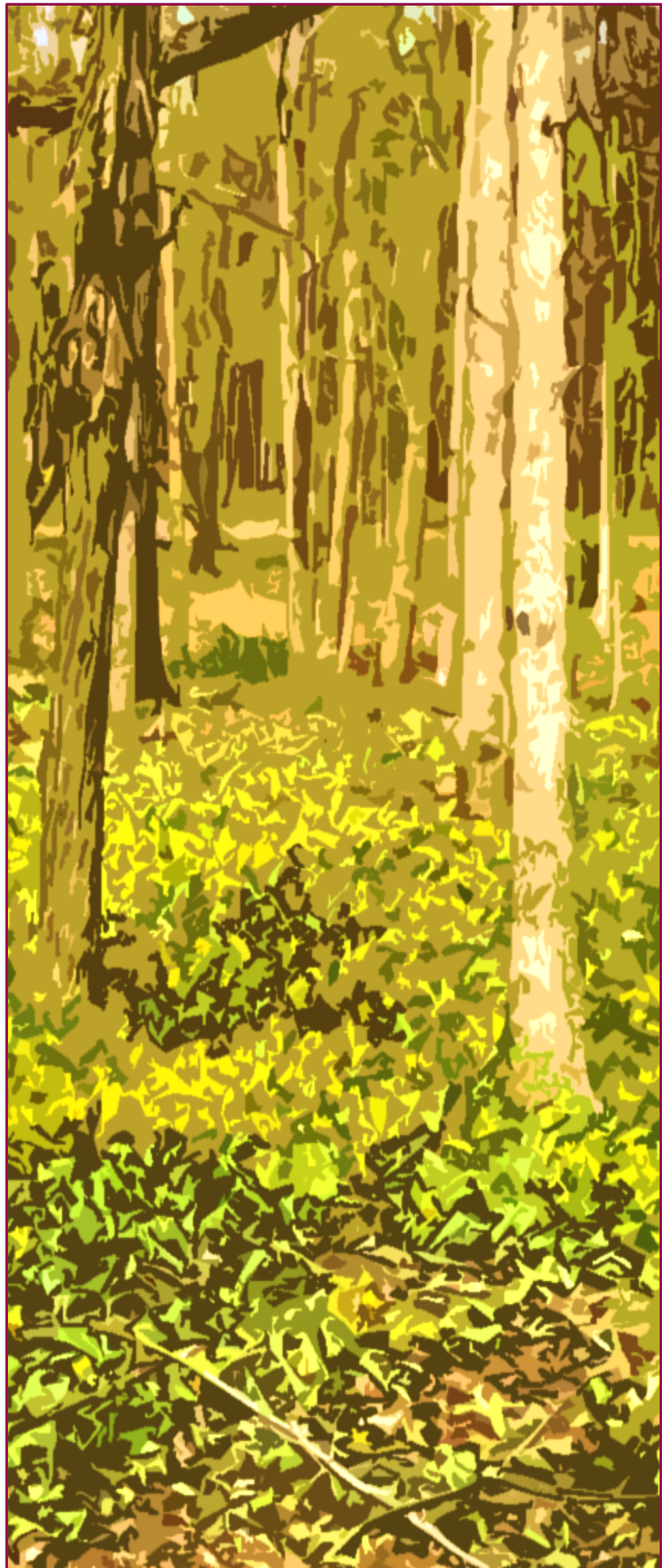
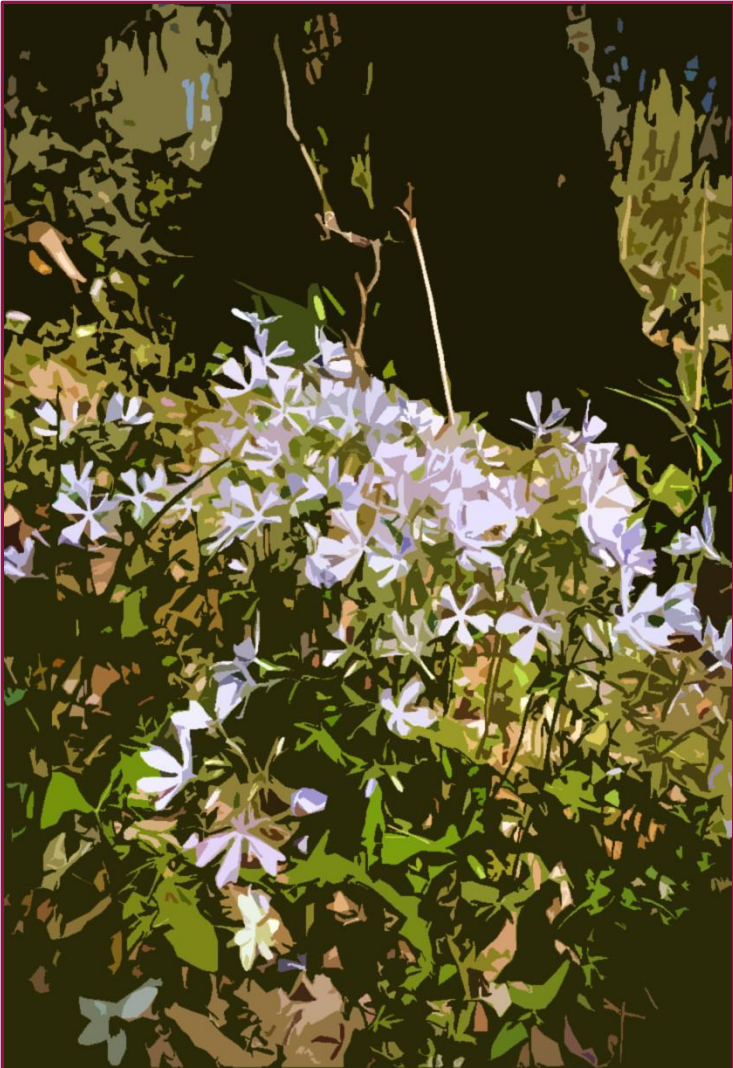
So, please, no Deity.
Human, like you and me.
Don't do it!
He died teaching love for us all.
No true sin, no atonement, no fall.

Tomorrow's the Day!

by Joan Miller

After cold and wind
Blustery and overcast
There's a hint of warm

We're looking forward
To peeks of green, soft breezes
Even dandelions!



Heard from the Pulpit

Quotations from sermons and talks recently delivered at All Peoples.

On finding The Way

"I think it is important to recognize that Daoism is not simply about being passive--about accepting anything and everything without ever taking action. The teachings of The Dao are about identifying that there is a natural sense of harmony and peace to the Universe--a larger force of interdependence and relationship that is life as it's meant to be. . . Respect, mutuality, and shared responsibility are The Way. They are The Dao. And until our society becomes more aligned with it, we will all continue to suffer.

The words of Lao Tzu and others tell me that to create social change, to be that change we want to see in the world, to be effective advocates and justice makers, we have to get our hearts and our minds aligned with The Way, with The Flow, first."

Rev. Bruce Beisner

from "Goin' With The Flow," Feb. 4, 2024



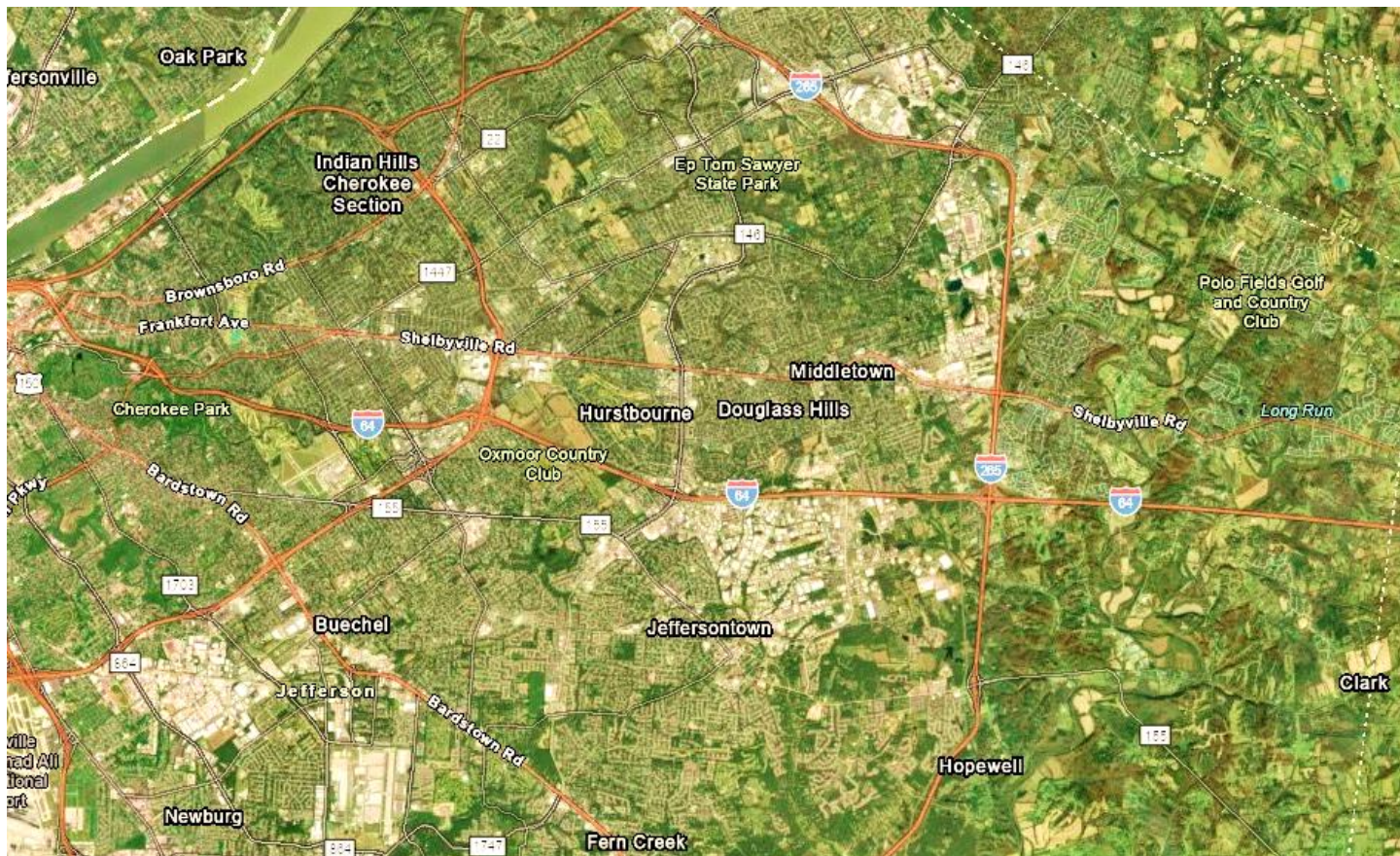
*"Horses are divine mirrors,
reflecting back our inner
emotional truth."*

*--Allan J. Hamilton,
Zen Mind, Zen Horse*

Painting by Jill Baker

Louisville's Neighborhoods--a Patchwork of Nature and Culture

by Rob Kingsolver



USGS/ ESI Satellite image of neighborhoods surrounding All Peoples indicates a variety of land uses and habitats.

On the map, Louisville Kentucky looks like a city of a million people. On the ground, as a resident of many years, "Greater Louisville" feels to me more like a loose amalgamation of neighborhoods. Like medieval occupants of walled fiefdoms, Louisvillians love and fiercely defend the city blocks or suburban streets surrounding their own homes, but their feelings toward any broader population or regional government tend to be lukewarm at best. This disjointed character of our city conveys both advantages and disadvantages. On the plus side, it is possible for many of us to live the life of a villager within the boundaries of a major city. Small-town customs such as courtesy to strangers and collaboration with next-door neighbors exist alongside easy access to big-city amenities like regional hospitals, museums, fine restaurants, and a variety of entertainments. A patchwork of neighborhoods with different histories also lends pleasing architectural

variety to Louisville. I appreciate living in a city that includes the cast-iron façades of Whiskey Row, classic shotgun houses in Russell, the Victorian mansions of Old Louisville, and the 1920s bungalows of the Highlands.

On the other hand, our fractured metropolis has allowed social stratification and racial division to persist over decades, in spite of determined efforts by generations of civic leaders to bring us all together. Resistance to an inclusive urban identity comes from all quarters, making advancement very difficult for the Metro area as a whole. Whenever the city proposes major infrastructure improvements, whether it's completion of the 265 loop to an East End bridge, building a new hospital, repurposing an abandoned shopping center, construction of a food hub to support the farm to table economy, or adding to our affordable housing stock, defenders of the status quo in our neighborhoods inevitably delay, alter, or kill the project.

I believe our civic myopia explains why Louisville so often fails to support representations of city-wide excellence. We have no iconic monument to compare with St. Louis' Arch, the Memphis Pyramid, or Seattle's Space Needle. The Bingham family's gift of \$2.6 million for the Falls Fountain in the 1980s was intended to create a focus of community pride in the Ohio River near the Second Street Bridge. Its 900-horsepower motor shot water 420 feet into the air to form a giant gushing fleur-de-lis, but not for long. The fountain fell into disrepair and was scrapped after ten years of sporadic functioning. This happened in part because the Ohio is a difficult place to maintain any permanent structure, but also due to a lack of popular support.

Most cities embrace songs that inspire unity and a love of place, whether it be "Walking in Memphis," "Nashville Cats," "Sweet Home Chicago," "Meet Me in St. Louis," or "Oh, Atlanta!" What do we have? "My Old Kentucky Home"? That homage to plantation life is not about Louisville, and is dismissed as insensitive and inappropriate by a growing share of our citizens. One could imagine local folks joining into a song about their Fincastle or Schnitzelburg neighborhoods before they'd sing any anthem about Louisville Metro. Even our signature civic event, the Kentucky Derby, is splintered into factional celebrations. The West Broadway Derby cruising tradition is a world away from the celebrity galas in the Highlands or the house parties of the East End. We all watch the same horse race on TV, but our human races are not on the same track.

Even our signature civic event, The Kentucky Derby, is splintered into factional celebrations.

Sports can unify a community, but our grab-bag of neighborhoods lacks the cohesion to back a major league baseball, football, basketball, or hockey team. (Women's soccer offers a hopeful exception, though soccer is still primarily a suburban sport here.) The local state university has fans, but about half of Louisville residents root for another school located in another Kentucky city 70 miles away. Across our community, most of the time, UK blue vs. Uof L red engenders more bickering than brotherhood.

Arguably our most important common denominator, forced on the community by a 1975 Supreme Court decision, is a unified public school district. Good intentions notwithstanding, Jefferson County Public Schools are fated to endure eternal criticism because finite resources are stretched across such wide racial, economic, and social divides. Attempting equal access to quality education in all our neighborhoods forced the city to confront a hundred-year history of discriminatory practices that had separated Black and white communities along the Ninth Street divide, with concomitant suppression of property values in the West End. Cross-town busing of school kids, meant to integrate public schools in the 1970s, was only partially successful. Many white families reacted by placing their children in the parochial system or by fleeing Jefferson County altogether. The exodus of middle-class families following city-wide integration of our school system had the effect of accelerating urban sprawl. New exurban neighborhoods popping up just beyond our county boundaries undoubtedly pulled people and resources out of Metro Louisville. For example, Oldham County, just north of Jefferson, became both the wealthiest and fastest growing area of our state.

So how did we get here? Louisville is a relatively old Midwestern city that was developed in parcels by a series of diverse immigrant groups. First, the Falls of the Ohio provided a reason for establishing a center of commerce in this place. Boats coming downstream from Pittsburgh had to stop at Westport (in present-day Oldham County) to avoid the shallows above the rapids. Freight was brought by wagon around the falls through Louisville to Portland, where it was re-loaded on riverboats for shipment down the lower Ohio and Mississippi all the way to New Orleans. In the late 18th Century, Portland was a bustling port city. Many early settlers of the neighborhood were French immigrants fleeing persecution following the 1789 French Revolution.

Subsequent waves of immigrants established neighborhoods of their own. Reading through historical accounts, I find their stories both heartbreaking and inspiring. Phoenix Hill, a neighborhood of German and Irish Catholics in the 1840s, was burned down and torn apart on election day in 1855 by anti-immigrant goons from the Know-Nothing party who opposed voting by these recently naturalized citizens. Tenements were torched, and anyone trying to escape the fire was shot.

Although the Archdiocese estimated 100 deaths, no one was ever charged with a crime and no property loss was ever compensated. Even so, like the mythical bird of its namesake, Phoenix Hill rose from the ashes. The Limerick neighborhood, established in the 1860s by the L&N Railroad as a home for their work crews, was settled primarily by immigrants from the Limerick region of Ireland who had escaped the potato famine and had been denied most other work opportunities. Parkland, originally an enclave for rich white residents at the Western edge of the city, was leveled by a tornado in 1890. The Parkland neighborhood was then resettled and rebuilt by Black Louisvillians who had fled the South following Reconstruction.

Louisville's oldest neighborhoods had to be compact and connected by walkways and alleys because walking was the only way most people had to get around. Commercial activities often served as a focus of development, and gave names to several of our traditional neighborhoods: Butchertown (a meat packing center), Smoketown (where tobacco was processed), and more recently, Rubbertown (still home to several chemical plants). As transportation improved, residential neighborhoods with larger lots and more greenspace were developed farther from downtown. Streetcars made the inner circle of suburbs like Bonnycastle and Tyler Park possible. Then the Inter-urban railway system was built in the early 1900s to connect the old city of Louisville with Okolona, Fern Creek, Jeffersontown, Shelbyville, LaGrange and Prospect. New exurban neighborhoods served by interurban lines were designed to accentuate natural and architectural beauty. Names like Seneca Park and Cherokee Gardens advertised their verdant character. Audubon Park was named for onetime Louisville resident John James Audubon, who produced the first comprehensive bird atlas of North America. Nearly all the streets in Audubon Park are named for birds: Chickadee Road, Oriole Ct., Cardinal Dr., Nightingale Rd., Curlew Ave., etc. Strathmoor, created in the 1920s, was promoted as an "airplane subdivision" due to its proximity to Bowman Field, the oldest continuously operated commercial air field in North America.

The interurban system came to an end in the 1930s after a short but useful life. The Great Depression undoubtedly reduced ridership, but the death knell was orchestrated by General Motors in cahoots with eight other companies including Firestone Tires, Phillips

Petroleum, and Mack Trucks. These corporations, later convicted of illegally monopolizing transportation, bought up the rail companies in 25 US cities and shut them down so that the perpetrators could sell more automobiles, tires, and gasoline. Since the current geography of "Greater Louisville" was largely defined by the old interurban rail system, it is a tragedy that corporate shenanigans cancelled the public transportation system that we so urgently need in the 21st century.

A turning point for Louisville neighborhoods came with city-county merger in 2003. Prior to merger, there were 71 recognized neighborhoods in Jefferson County. Afterwards came a rush to incorporate municipalities so that local control could limit the reach of urban government into formerly rural communities. Larger municipalities like St. Matthews began annexing their neighbors. Smaller communities responded by incorporating themselves to maintain their independence. There are now 150 recognized neighborhoods, and the number of home-rule municipalities within Jefferson County has swelled to 85. Of these cities within a city, most are affluent suburbs located in the eastern half of the metro area. Only three are located west of I-65: the traditional Shively neighborhood, and the relatively tiny Hollyvilla and Southpark neighborhoods to the south.

These new municipalities seem dedicated to uncompromising conformity.

Unlike the charmingly diverse traditional neighborhoods, these new municipalities seem dedicated to uncompromising conformity. A quick perusal of local ordinances reveals low tolerance for eccentricity, either in home construction, landscaping, or human behavior. Most outlaw parking off your driveway or keeping a boat within view of the street. Permits are required to make any improvements, like building a fence or replacing shutters on your house. Lawn maintenance and plantings are strictly regulated. The Northfield neighborhood outlaws "any non-ornamental wild plant that grew from wild starts without being planted by human hands." Indian Hills publishes a "design manual" dictating how to maintain the edge of woodlands that border your yard. The Westwood neighborhood posts a

helpful online complaint form so that you can tattle on your neighbors if their grass is allowed to grow too tall or their trash can sits outside for too long.

Some of our municipalities use the carrot instead of the stick to preserve neighborhood standards. The city of Broeck Pointe presents awards for the "Lawn of the Month." You can admire the winners' photos online. All the "Lawns of the Month" look alike to me--turf grass monocultures manicured to resemble green carpeting with ruler-straight edges. My wife Paula and I have been counting bird species as we walk through nearby neighborhoods ever since our time of COVID isolation. We've noticed that neighborhoods with "perfect" lawns have very few birds--rarely more than five species encountered in a three-mile stroll. This makes sense to me. Why would a hungry bird even try to forage in such a sterile environment? "Perfect" landscapes provide no grasses tall enough to produce seeds, no worms or grubs to hunt beneath the chemically treated turf, no dead tree limbs left unpruned for the woodpeckers, no borders grown wild for wildlife cover. My house is not located in an incorporated neighborhood. If it were, it's a sure bet my lawn would win no prizes. The neighbors might even file complaints about my natural landscape. I prefer my weedy yard and brushy boundaries, because along with the unkempt landscaping come goldfinches, phoebes, tanagers, owls, mourning doves, wrens, chickadees, towhees, and dozens more species to delight us every day.

Housing developments are often named for the landscape features that used to be there before the subdivision was built.

Paula points out that housing developments are often named for the landscape features that used to be there before the subdivision was built. When the Forest Springs development was constructed across the street from our house, we watched in horror as bulldozers destroyed the entire forest and excavators diverted the natural spring into a sewer. The Brownsboro Farm neighborhood pushes the irony even further. In these bucolic-sounding estates, "it shall be unlawful for any person to keep or harbor any livestock, fowls or animals within the corporate limits of the City of Brownsboro Farm." Sorry, Old MacDonald. No moo-moo here or quack-quack there at Brownsboro Farm!

Not content with controlling nature, Louisville's suburban Edens micromanage human activities as well. In Anchorage, you are allowed to teach painting in a home studio, but piano lessons are forbidden. Several of our urban municipalities limit business activities to 10% of the space in your house. I guess that means if you and your spouse have set up separate office spaces to work from home, you need to have 18 other unoccupied rooms in your McMansion to be in compliance. In Creekside, residents are asked to set out luminaries on Christmas Eve. The city happily supplies the bags, to make sure every home falls in line with identical seasonal décor.

Why do so many people band together to create these introverted enclaves designed to limit individuality and constrain personal freedoms? I keep thinking of those medieval walled cities. Upper middle-class homeowners seem to want more services than Metro government can provide--more security from a local police force and fire department, more dependable yard waste pickup, better community park maintenance, etc. Residents of home-rule cities are willing to pay higher property taxes to provide these amenities for their own locality, but are we all willing to share responsibility to serve folks with similar needs on the other side of town? Are Louisville's ensconced municipalities really all about insulating "us" from "them"? Do they enforce conformity to ensure that "we" all belong to the same tribe?

As Rev. Bruce Beisner observed in his opening remarks for this issue of the Tapestry, disengagement from one another is not serving the greater community or its people well. It is up to each of us to observe and participate in our own neighborhood, of course, but to identify with and contribute to our entire city too!

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All Peoples' People

Ellen Sisti Wade--

from Church to Woodstock, and Back Again!

interview by Paula Kingsolver

Ellen Sisti Wade is not only one of the longest term members of All Peoples, she is also one of the most devoted to serving the congregation. Her outgoing personality and enthusiasm have led to a life rich in adventure.

Ellen describes how her parents met during World War II. "Mom was from Germany, Dad met her in the war, actually arrested her, and then got her out of jail, so that started the relationship. After that, he brought her over here." While Ellen's mother was from a well-off German family, "Dad was just from a poor Italian family in Brooklyn, so he had to prove to her father that, if she were going to give everything up, he was going to do right by her. I think she was kind of like, *Oh, my God! What am I getting into?* But he studied engineering and became a chemical engineer." Ellen's father worked for Dupont, and when Ellen was in primary school, his job brought the family from Michigan to settle here in Louisville, where Ellen has been ever since. She describes her mother as a "super homemaker," a renaissance woman whose talents included many arts and crafts.

After moving to Louisville, her family started attending First Unitarian Church in downtown Louisville. In 1962, when Ellen was in her early teens, several First Church members found property, part of which was gifted to the church, at the current All Peoples site. That year they founded Thomas Jefferson Unitarian Universalist Church, which became All Peoples. "Dad. wasn't officially a founder on the charter, but he was a founder. Mom wasn't as big a follower of the church, except that she took on all the practical things that needed to be done. She and [founding and current member] Ann Dorzback were making curtains and doing all kinds of stuff!" Ellen's father served in various roles, including Board President and Religious Education (RE) Chair. "Dad was basically an atheist at that point, so he felt closer to Unitarian beliefs than anything else. And he loved it here, because he found that Humanism fit who he was."

Ellen graduated from Westport High School, (where she recently attended and helped organize her 55th reunion) and earned her bachelor's degree in applied Sociology from Ohio Wesleyan University. As a Methodist affiliated school, "We had a required chapel once a week that I plodded through. It was a cool college. Unfortunately, I wasn't mature enough to really appreciate it. I ended up falling in love with a lifeguard in my first summer job in Louisville between freshman and sophomore year when I was a locker girl. I was commuting home often, which means I wasn't as engaged with some of my friends there."



Not only did the lifeguard become Ellen's husband, but the swimming pool group also led to her attending the famous Woodstock music festival in 1969. In the era before the internet, one of her group was a music aficionado and had heard about the music festival through newsletters; Ellen decided to attend, along with a few other young people.

"Mom was out of the country; that's the only way I got to go. And Dad was pretty nervous about the whole idea." He agreed only on the condition that Ellen bring the whole group (including Ellen's future husband and his older brother) to the house for a conversation. "So they came over, and one of them happened to be an Eagle Scout. That clinched it for Dad; he felt good about them."

At Woodstock, Ellen was fascinated by the scene that unfolded before her. "We were close to that hog farm commune, and I was like, whoa, this is so cool!"

At Woodstock, Ellen was fascinated by the scene that unfolded before her. "We were close to that hog farm commune, and I was like, *whoa, this is so cool!* There was a guy that was dressed like Jesus; he had a sheep and he wandered around. We brought canned chili con carne and fruit cocktail, and lime Kool-Aid. The water there was not sanitary, and my father had packed sanitation tablets but we forgot about them, so we drank it without them. And we were okay.

"I had promised my father that once I got there I would phone home, thinking there would be a telephone booth. Well, there wasn't even a front entrance! But I promised I would call him – he was so adamant about that. So I had to hike two and a half miles with another friend to get to a farmer's house, and they were kind enough to let me call collect. I called my dad and he said, *Where the hell are you?! There's pictures on TV of National Guard helicopters. Your mother's going to kill me!* But it turned out okay. We didn't get to stay as

long as we wanted to because one of our group was going to be drafted as a medic in the Vietnam war, so he wanted us to go home a little bit early. But it was a cool experience. I still have the three-day tickets at my house, hung on a Woodstock poster."

Ellen married when she was twenty years old, in a summer wedding with a reception at All Peoples. Her first marriage lasted only eight years, and led indirectly to meeting her second and lifelong husband, Doug. "My first husband played banjo, and he was in a group with my future brother-in-law Jeff, Doug's youngest brother. I got to know Doug's family through Jeff. Doug and I ended up getting together because I was there in the hospital waiting room when Jeff and his wife Linda were having a baby, and I got to meet Doug. I was divorced by then and we just kind of hit it off. He was so charming. He took me to the break room and fixed my coffee, and he ended up putting parmesan cheese in it instead of creamer! We laughed over that. But I ended up going home that night really happy. It was a big, beautiful full moon, Linda and Jeff's baby was born later that night, and they had named her Betsy Ellen, after me."

Ellen had a long career in social work that involved many personal accomplishments along with great challenges. "When I came out of Ohio Wesleyan I really thought I was going to work for Humana. At the time they had all these group homes and programs like that. And I couldn't get in! I couldn't get in anywhere. I had a degree, and good grades, and it didn't make any difference." So she took a job with the state working with Food Stamps. "I worked there a year and a half, and I was a senior employee because it was so stressful that people were just dropping like flies. Then I found an opening in Social Services. I would have a caseload of something like fifty families, where I would have to go out and talk to them about family planning, and this and that. Some of them were Protective Services cases, and some of them were Foster Care. Then we reorganized again, and I ended up taking over a Foster Care team."

"The very first challenge was a case where a child had died from malnutrition. I hadn't been there during that tragedy, thank God, but followed the care of the remaining children. There was a consent decree to follow for our agency. It was very hard, but we made it through. Then in 1978 the federal government decided to give funds to each state for independent living and we reorganized again. I was selected as the Supervisor of the Independent Living team for out-of-home kids between the ages of 16 and 21. That was hard, because there were different degrees of care. Some were in good homes and really nurtured, able to graduate and maybe go into vocational training or college. And because of this new grant we were able to extend their commitment beyond age eighteen as long as they were able to do what they needed to do and had acceptable grades – a B or C average. But the rest of the kids we were just trying to keep out of jail; they had such rocky childhoods. For some of them, parental rights were terminated and we were able to pursue adoption, or we were able to pursue a permanent care agreement with the foster family.

Ellen's biggest challenge during her work years demonstrates the personal peril those in service professions may encounter. She and two others on her team were sued for negligence (because the plaintiffs were not able to sue the state) regarding a medically fragile child in a permanent foster care placement. As a result of the lawsuit, a team for medically fragile children was created to make specialized services available. Yet the lawsuit took an enormous toll on Ellen, taking two or three years to resolve. "I had just had Brian and I got served when I was sitting at home on maternity leave. I realized my house was in my name; that's what we were all risking. Fortunately, the person I had assigned the case to, and a prior caseworker were both meticulous in keeping records, and I had documented every-other-week supervisory conferences with the people involved. Once the plaintiffs got what they wanted, they were pretty much satisfied. But it was a horrendous time."

Ellen worked for twenty-eight years, from 1971-1999. She had a second job from 1996-2014 as an investigator for a personal injury law firm. "Brian was in school and I needed a little more for his tuition, and a good friend got me the job. After Brian graduated from college, we bought some long term care insurance with some of the money, and I went on a few beautiful vacations and socked the rest of it away. So it turned out to be a really good deal."

When Ellen went to Ohio Wesleyan there was no Unitarian church nearby, and she dropped out of organized religion for the next twenty years. "I didn't see the point. There wasn't any nagging feeling that I needed to find my spiritual self. Then I married Doug and had our son. When Brian was four years old going on five, Dad said to me, "I gave you a choice; I gave you an opportunity to find a religious home. You need to do the same for your son." And so I brought Brian, and I had to teach RE for five years, because I couldn't get the kid to church unless I went with him!" Playing baseball eventually displaced church attendance for Brian, but Ellen is glad All Peoples provided a good experience for him and the ability to make a choice about religion, as was his grandfather's wish.

When Brian was four years old going on five, Dad said to me, "I gave you a choice; I gave you an opportunity to find a religious home. You need to do the same for your son."

Doug, Ellen's husband, was raised Methodist but was not drawn to organized religion in adulthood. "My only regret is that we didn't get to participate in church as a couple; I would do activities, but I always had a nagging feeling like, *I need to be home too*. So I envy people who get to do things here together. After Doug died in 2018, I just felt like I needed to be more involved, because I am an extrovert. So I poured myself into All Peoples, just started doing a lot of things.

I remember going to the service auction and signing up for cool things and getting to meet friends who I really enjoyed. Then, of course, I did a lot of the volunteer work that I didn't have time for before. I could attend activities that I couldn't be involved with before."

Ellen has volunteered in many roles for All Peoples over the years, including teaching RE, co-chairing both Winterfair and Art in the Arbor (a primary fundraiser for many years), serving twice on the Board of Trustees, and leading the Promotions team, which includes both facility rental and digital media. "Rental Intake is my job. Then I handed it over to Wanda Ferrell, who is the perfect Hospitality Coordinator. In 2018 Digital Media created the website we have now. I'm so proud of that! We also update everything on the website constantly; if I'm out of town Gary Guss will do it. If it's artwork, Jen Reid does that. There's a lot that goes on at All Peoples!"

Ellen is active in social justice causes, including healing systemic racism, LGBTQ+ advocacy, and working for environmental justice. She has enjoyed participating in Evolve Kentucky, a group of electric vehicle owners (you may notice her Tesla with the license plate *NIXCO2*). And when long-time member Jon Tyson's father-in-law bequeathed two electric chargers to All Peoples, Ellen was inspired to donate two additional chargers.

"Elwood [Minister Emeritus Elwood Sturtevant] did a dedication, the mayor did a proclamation, and we are considered the first house of worship to have electric vehicle chargers. And now, people like Presbyterian USA come to us and want to know how we did it! I saw this beautiful letter from the head of the Presbyterians to eight of their churches that said, *we need to be good stewards of the earth*. And they've all installed chargers. So I feel really good about that."

Through her work recruiting business sponsors for Art in the Arbor, Ellen inadvertently also helped educate the community about Unitarian Universalism.

Minister Emeritus Elwood Sturtevant did a dedication, the mayor did a proclamation, and we are considered the first house of worship to have electric vehicle chargers.

"At that time, I started and led the Northeast Louisville Business Association for quite a few years, and we went from sixty members to two hundred members. It was really exciting. I created a booth for them at the art show, and asked people to donate money or certificates. The first people I approached were the Fenley Brothers; they owned all this property around here. So I talked for about forty-five minutes with one of the Fenley twins, and at the end he said, *Now, let me understand a little bit more about your religion. You're the ones with the white robes at the airport?* I thought, *Oh my God!* But I got the sponsorship anyway."

Ellen's career skills and abilities, such as creating and working from an action plan, teamwork, and recruiting community support, have all transferred well to supporting All Peoples. "I tend to not ask anything that I wouldn't ask of myself, so I end up volunteering a lot, because how can I ask anyone else if I don't do it? And if someone is loyal to something we're working on together, I get so excited! That can also be a deficit, though, so I am working on it. Because I tend to get so excited and enthusiastic, I can run over somebody else's ideas."

Though Ellen serves the congregation in many capacities, she is working on transitioning out of her Winter Fair co-chair role. "My mom always said stop and smell the roses, and I want to pull back, so I've got some ideas how I can give manageable pieces of Winterfair to people, so they can feel good about contributing." While she may be transitioning to a little more "smelling the roses," we expect Ellen Sisti Wade's vibrant presence to be part of All Peoples for many years to come.





Dutchman's Breeches

Dutchman's Breeches, *Dicentra cucullaria*, is a native spring wildflower common in woodland habitats around Louisville. The plant gets its name from the trouser-shaped flowers, arrayed like a collection of baggy pants hanging out to dry. A quick internet search confirms that traditional Dutch costumes really did include men's pants just as generously cut as these flowers appear to be. ([Traditional clothing of the Netherlands. Dutch baggy pants, lace bonnets, and wooden klompen are the trademark of the Netherlands - Nationalclothing.org](http://Nationalclothing.org))

--photo by Rob Kingsolver

Unitarian Unit Takes Jefferson's Name 11/8/60

Members of the new Unitarian fellowship being formed on Brownsboro Road have chosen the name of Thomas Jefferson Unitarian Church.

The fellowship is the former Suburban Chapel of First Unitarian Church. Forty-eight persons signed articles of incorporation of the new group Sunday night.

The Rev. Philip A. Smith, pastor of First Unitarian Church, noted afterward that Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence and third President of the United States, had declared himself a Unitarian and that his writings were in the Unitarian spirit.

Members of the fellowship took the title of "church" in the belief that the fellowship would achieve full church status, with its own minister, in a short time.

Planners Are At Work

A planning committee of the new organization is working on building and development plans for the new church's 9-acre tract at 4938 Brownsboro Road, which will be decided by the sponsoring First Unitarian Church at Fourth and York. Services are now held in a former residence on the property.

Fiscal separation of the fellowship and the sponsoring church is expected to be completed next May 1, subject to

actions to be worked out by the two boards of trustees.

Gene E. Campbell, 4433 Bleenheim Road, is president of the Jefferson church trustees. The planning committee is headed by attorney Earle B. Fowler, Prospect

Looking Back

Reflecting on our Church History
Clippings provided by
Ellen Wade



Worshipping at the farmhouse in the early 1960's

Ellen Wade identifies the minister preaching from the porch of the Farmhouse as Carl Ulrich. The church voted to change its name to All Peoples Unitarian Universalist Congregation in 2020.

Young Ellen Wade is shown standing front and center in the congregation in this photo of an early meeting of our church.

I have always loved horses. I may have even learned to draw because of them. I remember I had tiny horses running around the margins of my papers that I turned in at school, so much so that my teacher gave me blank paper to draw on when I finished my schoolwork in class, as that was how I filled the time waiting for class to end.

The Creative Spirit

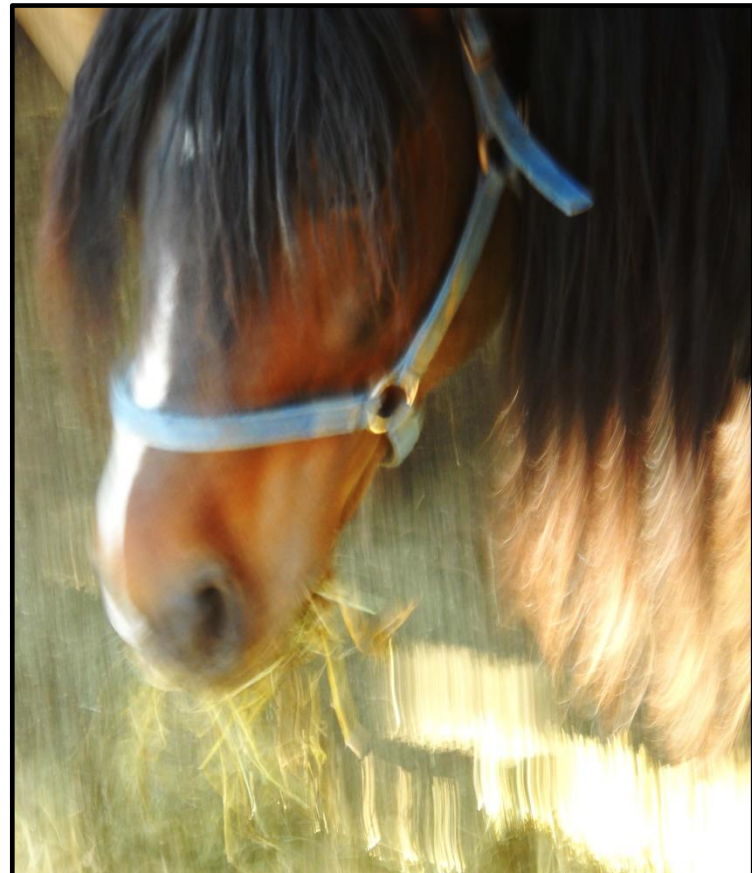
Equestrian Art by Jill Baker

I dreamed of horses and always wanted one. Finally, when I was in my 40's, I married a man because he had 15 horses. Well, that wasn't the only reason, but when he was courting me, his first gift was a trail-riding horse. I couldn't believe I had my own horse! Eventually we were raising them and I owned several colts and mares in our growing herd of Tennessee Walkers. I groomed them, trained them and rode them in shows. One of ours was a champion, a Blue Roan named "Ghost Pusher." What a beauty he was (photo below).

So I have painted, photographed and loved horses, watched the races, the Kentucky Derby, the Oaks and any other horse-related event I could attend. It's a good thing I live in Louisville, because of the city's love of horses.

-- Jill Baker





December Puuzzle Answers

Crossword--"Into the Woods"

Acrostic

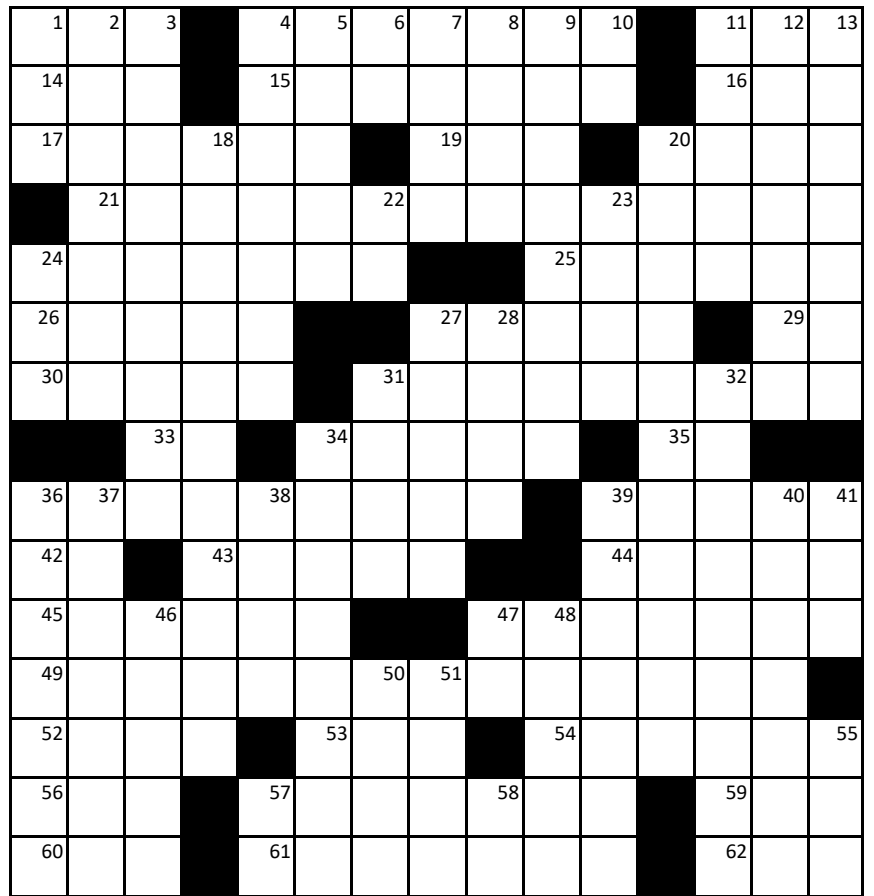
S	A	U	C	E	S	F	O	R	M	E		A	M	E		
A	P	P	E	L	L	A	T	I	O	N		H	U	A		
F	E		T	H	O	R	E	A	U		P	A	S	S		
A	M	Y		I	B	E	X		S	P	A	R	K	Y		
R	A	U	L						B	E	A	N	P	O	D	
I	N	C	A	S	E			H	A	S	N	T		D	U	
			C	R	U	M			I	T	W	A	S	N	O	T
S	H	A	G	B	A	R	K	H	I	C	K	O	R	Y		
Y	O	S	E	M	I	T	E			S	E	I	S			
N	B			M	I	L	E	R			H	A	R	T	E	S
C	O	L	I	T	I	S							T	R	A	P
H	I	S	S	S	S			R	A	V	I		A	S	H	
I	D	A	S			S	O	I	L	I	N	G		E	E	
N	E	T				E	U	R	O	P	E	A	N	F	I	R
G	A	S				W	E	S	T	E	R	N	P	I	N	E

To the attentive eye, each moment of the year has its own beauty, and in the same field, it beholds every hour a picture which was never seen before, and which shall never be seen again.

--Ralph W Emerson

PEOPLES PUZZLE

"In the 'Ville" by
Rob Kingsolver



Across

1. Like Haydn's Symphony #46
4. Louisville park designer
11. Parts per hundred (abbr)
14. Dove call
15. Empty
16. Rooter's cry
17. Male models ? (2 wds)
19. Sunshine state (abbr)
20. Thoroughbred's locks
21. Where winners get roses
24. Giggles
25. "Imagine" author
26. Plastic wrap brand
27. Construct
29. West Coast city (abbr)
30. Understaffed clinic's need (2 wds)
31. Goes swimming (3 wds)
33. Basic mantra
34. Puts out a call for
35. Rocky's salutation
36. Familiar falsehoods (2 wds)
39. Flanged fasteners
42. It begins with Matthew (abbr)
43. Whimsical
44. Accurate
45. Treasury Dept. employee (abbr)
47. What the thoroughbred did
49. Reason for Louisville's founding
52. Four pm, on a sundial
53. HBCU in Richmond, VA (abbr)
54. Quantities of soda or wine
56. Business letter abbreviation
57. Mortars' partners
59. "Just a _____"
60. Louisville to Atlanta dir.
61. Post office task
62. Texter's "I've heard enough!"

Down

1. German first-person pronoun
2. Landlocked (2 wds)
3. "Don't let it __ __." (2 wds)
4. Tumbling "end __ __" (2 wds)
5. Jousting's weapon
6. Scottish surname prefix
7. Islamic mystic
8. Bridge crossing fee
9. Nations friendly to Europe (2 wds)
10. Disappointing grades
11. Shrimp cousin
12. Italian pastry
13. Start of a football play (2 wds)
18. Most famous Louisvillian
20. NFL time slot
22. Grades 9-12 (abbr)
23. Upended sled ?
24. Airport authorities
27. Roll with a hole
28. Shortened string instruments
31. Back of the plane
32. Most in need of kneading?
34. Rewrite a novel ? (2 wds)
36. Brings together
37. Pushes to the limit
38. Between meds and xrgrs
39. Soloist joined by two others?
40. Statement inviting proof
41. Norm (abbr)
46. Cold-cut serving
47. Granite state (abbr)
48. Catcher of long fishes
50. You might blow it.
51. Disapproving utterances
55. Middle school subject (abbr)
57. Book length measure (abbr)
58. Word expressing wonder

*Each one of us fulfills a
piece of a larger puzzle.*

--Eric McCormack

ACROSTIC PUZZLE

by Rob Kingsolver

Follow the clues and fill in the blanks to complete each word. Then copy letters into the matching numbered squares to complete a quotation from a well-known UU author. The first letters of each of the words, read from top to bottom, spell out the author's name and topic.

1 E	2 Z		3 U	4 K	5 S	6 B	7 N		8 H	9 A	10 A	11 T		12 G	13 M		14 Y	15 J	16 P
17 Y		18 C	19 W	20 R	21 H	22 @	23 D		24 C	25 Z	26 H		27 X	28 B	29 M	30 V	31 #	32 @	33 W
	34 X	35 L		36 J	37 E	38 O	39 @	40 P	41 S	42 D	43 N	44 O		45 M	46 R	47 B	48 S	49 Q	50 V
	51 #	52 P	53 I	54 Y		55 G	56 W		57 H	58 D	59 I	60 R		61 T	62 O	63 X		64 K	65 W
66 K	67 X	68 K		69 P	70 S		71 L	72 M	73 R	74 O		75 C	76 @	77 F	78 @	79 V		80 Y	81 V
82 V		83 X	84 F	85 M	86 C	87 Z	88 U		89 P	90 E	91 V	92 O	93 N	94 @	95 L		96 U	97 W	98 @
99 W	100 U		101 W	102 A	103 R	104 H	105 Z	106 Y	107 E		108 Z	109 J		110 A	111 #	112 S	113 A	114 Q	
115 C	116 Q	117 V	118 Q	119 T	120 A	121 #		122 M	123 F	124 M		125 C	126 E	127 #	128 U	129 T		130 G	131 O
132 Z	133 C	134 @	135 G		136 O	137 B	138 Y	139 I	140 W	141 H	142 T		143 M	144 B	145 X		146 Z	147 C	148 X
149 F	150 Z	151 #	152 B	153 S	154 Q	155 G		156 R	157 D		158 G	159 Y	160 D	161 K	162 A	163 O	164 K		165 I
166 G	167 @	168 C	169 V		170 U	171 J		172 S	173 B	174 L	175 V	176 E	177 O						

A. Largesse

110 162 9 102 113 120 10

B. Small fractions

173 47 137 152 28 144 6

C. Beings

86 75 147 133 24 168 18 125 115

D. Conditional phrase

42 157 58 160 23

E. Experiencing *agape*

176 37 126 1 107 90

F. They carry a charge

77 84 123 149

G. Ungainly

158 12 135 55 130 166 155

H. Brushed lightly

57 21 141 104 26 8

I. *Othello* villain

139 53 165 59

J. "___ said!"

36 15 171 109

K. Expansion

68 164 66 64 161 4

L. Without consequence

71 174 35 95

M. Frame of mind

122 29 143 85 45 72 124 13

N. NW tribe "___ Perce"

93 7 43

O. Say again

38 177 92 74 163 62 136 131 44

P. Flooded

89 69 40 16 52

Q. Dome home

118 49 114 154 116

R. *Nike* logo

73 60 156 103 20 46

S. Wrap around

5 48 112 70 41 153 172

T. Leavening

129 119 61 11 142

U. Bivalve

170 100 88 3 96 128

V. Capital (2 wds)

81 175 169 30 82 117 91 50 79

W. Respectful

65 19 97 101 99 56 140 33

X. War survivor

83 63 34 145 148 27 67

Y. Footstool

106 54 17 80 14 138 159

Z. Oh no! (3 wds)

105 25 108 146 87 2 150 132

@. Circle makers

134 167 39 32 76 78 22 98 94

#. Hostility

127 151 31 111 51 121

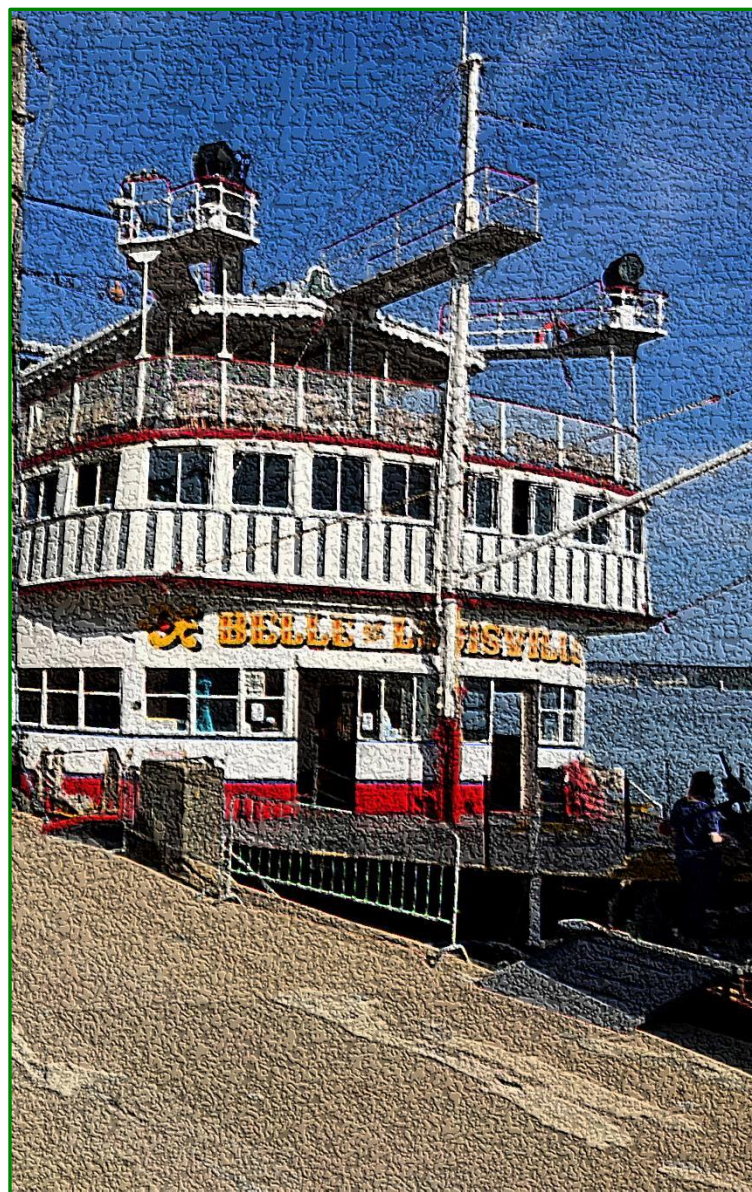
Life Lessons

To paraphrase Ben Franklin, "Experience is the best teacher, but also the most expensive." As we look back on all the twists and turns we have taken through the course of our lives, most of us can think of times we would have acted differently, if only we knew back then what we know now!

As we get older, we might give up some of the optimism, vitality, and flexibility of youth, but we do accumulate wisdom. What better gift to leave the next generation than to share a few life lessons we have learned along the way?

If you could place one gem of wisdom from your personal experience in a time capsule for the benefit of future generations, what would you have to say? Might some of the younger members (or future members) of our congregation be interested in your perspective?

Send us your words of wisdom, poems, stories, photos, and observations to share with the congregation in our next issue.



Tapestry magazine is published quarterly by **All Peoples Unitarian Universalist Congregation**, 4936 Brownsboro Road, Louisville, KY. Please send communications to tapestry@allpeoplesuu.com.

Tapestry's mission is to celebrate All Peoples congregational life through personal reflections, stories, poetry, music, visual arts, and a healthy measure of fun.

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Thanks to all Tapestry contributors for sharing your talents and insights with our church community.