

Mattatuck Unitarian Universalist Society, Woodbury, CT
The Rev. Jeanne Lloyd, Minister

“Earth’s Transforming Beauty, II
The Words of Emerson, Oliver & Thich N’Hat Hanh”©

April 25, 2010 ~ Earth Day 2010
at Bent of the River
(Location changed to MUUS due to rain)

PRELUDE¹

Nicholette Tartaglia (Violin)

(In the spirit of peace, we invite you into silence and quiet reflection while we listen to the prelude.)

CALL TO GATHER

Come, Come Whoever You Are, #188

MINISTER:

“Come, come, whoever you are;
Man, woman, parent, child
Whatever your religious journey,
Whatever your skin color,
Whatever your abilities,
Whomever you love-
You are welcome here this morning.
You are welcome at our table.
You are welcome in this religious home.”

WELCOME AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

Good Morning! Welcome to the Mattatuck Unitarian Universalist Society, affectionately known as MUUS. I am The Rev. Jeanne Lloyd, and it is my great pleasure and privilege to serve this wonderful congregation. We welcome all of you.

- Later in the service newcomers will have an opportunity to introduce themselves and we hope that you will do so. It is optional, but we would like to give you a proper welcome.
- To parents – children are always welcome to stay in the service, or join the other children in our religious education classes at the point that we sing them out.
- Since our Sunday services offer a variety of worship experiences, including ordained clergy as well as brilliant lay speakers, we encourage you to come back often.

- If you are a newcomer, and haven’t signed our guest book in the entryway, please do so before you leave so that we may send you a newsletter listing our activities. Newcomers may look for people with gold nametags. These are members of the Membership Committee, and they will be happy to answer any questions you may have. If you have been attending our services for a while and would like to join the society please see me or a member of the Membership Committee.
- Our time together continues after the service with coffee, tea, and conversation after the service, and we invite you to join us. If you are a member, or even a long time visitor, please sign up to brew coffee and to bring and serve simple but wholesome snacks on the sign up sheet at the back table.
- So, too, when we have flowers they are donated by individual members, sometimes in honor of a loved one or a special event. Today’s flowers are given by _____, in honor of _____. If you would like to donate flowers in honor of something or someone special, you can sign up at the back table. Many hands and hearts make light work.
- As we explore the possibilities for finding a new Music Director, a Music Task Force has formed to help bring in a variety of different types of music initially on the Sundays I am preaching. Today’s special musician is _____.
- So that we may maintain our spiritual space, please place your cell phone in a meditative state of being.
- Important parts of our community life are the invitations we give to one another for activities beyond our morning’s service. Please note the announcements in your order of service. I have these additional announcements:
- If there are any other MUUS related announcements, we ask that you line up to my left to share them now and please use the microphone.”

Here end this morning’s announcements.

“And, now: I invite everyone to relax your body, come into this space of community, faith and love. Take the next few moments to focus on your breathing. Breathe deeply. Relax. We welcome you into this place made more sacred by your presence.
re end this morning’s announcements.”

SOUNDING OF BELL

* CHALICE LIGHTING & RESPONSIVE READING

"Each and All" by Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1834

The delicate shells lay on the shore;

The bubbles of the latest wave

Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,

And the bellowing of the savage sea

Greeted their safe escape to me.

I wiped away the weeds and foam,

I fetched my sea-born treasures home;

But the poor, unsightly, noisome things

Had left their beauty on the shore

With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar. . .

As I spoke beneath my feet

The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,

Running over the club-moss burrs;

I inhaled the violet's breath;

Around me stood the oaks and firs;

Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;

Over me soared the eternal sky,

Full of light and of deity;

Again I saw, again I heard,

The rolling river, the morning bird;--

Beauty through my senses stole;

I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

HYMN #396 *"I Know This Rose Will Open" (sung in round)*

Jim Heetmann

*I know this rose will open. I know my fear will burn away.
I know my soul will unfurl its wings. I know this rose will open.*

OFFERTORY MUSIC – Mary Lander

As we take our collection, we invite first time visitors to let the basket pass them by, you are our guests today." Today's special collection (white envelope) will go to Home front, of which MUUS is an equal partner with other faith traditions.

Invite Drew Morton forward to speak of Homefront.

And so,
For this place of peace, and silence that heals our spirits, we give thanks.
For this place of memory and history that warms our souls, we rejoice.
For this place of prophecy and its vision that changes our hearts,
We offer our life's treasure so that others, too, may know these gifts. ¹

SHARING JOYS AND SORROWS**

As we begin our time of sharing our joys & sorrows, one of our joys is in welcoming visitors among us. If you are visiting for the first time, or have come back after a long time, or if you are still getting to know us, we would love it if you would introduce yourself to us. It is purely optional, but we'd like to give you a proper welcome. Please raise your hand so we can bring you a microphone."

PAUSE

Let the congregation say, "Welcome!"

As we begin the sharing of our joys and sorrows, please remember to tell us your name before sharing.

And, now, if you woke this morning with a sorrow so heavy that you need the help of this community to carry it; or if, in the spirit of thankfulness, you woke with gratitude in your heart that simply must be shared, now is the time for you to speak.

"Please wait for the microphone so that all will be able to hear."

Sorrows & Joys

For the joys and sorrows that have been spoken, and the myriad of experiences, thoughts, joys, and concerns which remain in the silent sanctuaries of our hearts, we offer our presence & compassion. May, all of these joys and concerns weave us together in the fabric of community. **Amen.**

SINGING THE CHILDREN ON THEIR WAY

*As you go may joy surround you, as you go, go in peace;
know our love is with you always, as you go, as you go.*

¹ Adapted from Reading 429 (SLT) by William Schultz.

PRAYER AND MEDITATION

In Words

"Morning Poem" by Mary Oliver

Every morning . . . the world is created.
Under the orange sticks of the sun . . . the heaped ashes of the night
turn into leaves again
and fasten themselves to the high branches—
and the ponds appear like black cloth
on which
are painted islands of summer lilies.

If it is your nature to be happy
you will swim away along the soft trails for hours,
your imagination alighting everywhere.
And if your spirit carries within it
the thorn that is heavier than lead—
if it's all you can do to keep on trudging—
there is still somewhere deep within you
a beast . . . shouting . . .
that the earth is exactly . . . what it wanted—

Each pond with its blazing lilies
is a prayer heard . . . and answered lavishly, . . . every morning,
whether or not you have ever dared to be happy,
whether or not . . . you have ever dared . . . to pray.

[Insert Joys & Sorrows]

Amen, and Blessed Be.

In Silence

In Song—Spirit of Life, #123

POEM 1 *"Landscape" by Mary Oliver*

*Isn't it plain . . . that the sheets of moss
(except that they have no tongues),
could lecture all day (if they wanted)
about spiritual patience?
Isn't it clear . . . the black oaks along the path
are standing*

*as though
they were the most fragile of flowers?*

*Every morning,
I walk like this around the pond, thinking;
if the doors of my heart ever close,
I am as good as dead.
Every morning, . . . so far,
I'm alive!*

*And now . . .
the crows break off from the rest of the darkness
and burst up into the sky— as though . . .
all night . . .
they had thought of what they would like their lives to be,
and imagined their strong, thick wings.*

HYMN #83 "Winds Be Still" Verse 1, seated
*Winds be still. Storm clouds pass and silence come.
Peace grace this time with harmony. Fly, bird of hope,
and shine, light of love, and in calm let all
find tranquility.*

POEM 2 "Spring" by Mary Oliver

*Somewhere . . .
A black bear has just risen from sleep . . . and is staring . . . down the mountain. All night
in the brisk and shallow restlessness of early spring . . . I think of her:*

*Her four black fists . . . flicking the gravel.
Her tongue, . . . like a red fire, . . .
touching the grass
. . . the cold water.*

There is only one question: "How to love this world?"

*I think of her rising like a black and leafy ledge
to sharpen her claws
against the silence of the trees.
Whatever else my life is
with its poems . . . and its music . . . and its glass cities,
it is also this dazzling darkness . . .*

*coming down the mountain . . .
breathing . . .
and tasting.*

*All day I think of her—her white teeth, . . .
her wordlessness, . . .
her perfect love.*

HYMN #83 "Winds Be Still" *Verse 2, seated*
*Bird fly high. Lift our gaze toward distant view.
Help us to sense life's mystery. Fly high and far,
and lead us each to see how we move through the winds of eternity.*

POEM 3 "Sunrise" by Mary Oliver
*You can die for it
—an idea,
or the world.
People have done so, brilliantly,
letting their small bodies be bound to the stake
creating an unforgettable fury of light.*

*But, this morning,
climbing the familiar hills in the familiar fabric of dawn,
I thought of China,
and India,
and Europe,
and I thought how the sun blazes for everyone
just so joyfully
as it rises
under the lashes of my own eyes,
and I thought
I am so many!*

*What is my name?
What is the name of the deep breath I would take over and over
for all of us?
Call it whatever you want,
it is happiness,
it is another one of the ways . . . to enter fire.*

HYMN #83 "Winds Be Still"

Verse 3, seated

*Light shine in. Luminare our inward view.
Help us to see with clarity. Shine bright and true
so we may join our songs
in new sounds that become full symphony.*

SILENCE

Invite children (if they are ready) to share their picture(s) of the place of beauty where they most like to visit.

CLOSING WORDS

Words of Thich N'Hat Hanh (544)

*Water flows from high in the mountains.
Water runs deep in the Earth.
Miraculously, water comes to us, and sustains all life.
Water and sun green these plants.
When the rain of compassion falls,
even a desert
becomes an immense, green ocean.*

EXTINGUISHING OF THE CHALICE

"Please join hands for the extinguishing of the chalice."

"We extinguish this flame, but not the light of truth, the warmth of community, or the fire of commitment. These we carry in our hearts until we are together again. Let the congregation say AMEN."

Minister: The Rev. Jeanne Lloyd, M.Div., M.A.;
Director of Religious Education: Denise Pedane; Violinist: Nicholette Tartaglia

¹As a courtesy to all gathered here today, please silence your cell phone.

* Please rise in body or spirit.

** Joys and Sorrows is a sacred time of sharing heartfelt personal experiences. Once the bell is sounded, please honor those who chose to share these very human moments. Announcements or political statements are inappropriate at this time. When sharing, please be brief, state your name, and speak directly into the microphone. Please use the portable microphone even if your voice is usually heard. This will enable those behind you to hear you.

