

Full Text of the Service at WBUUC

Sunday 30 August 2020

PRELUDE MUSIC

Come Into This Place of Peace - William Schulz/Thaxter Cunio (WBUUC Choir)
Skid - written and performed by Craig Hansen

GIVING VOICE TO THE SPIRIT

Ella's Song - Bernice Johnson Reagon (Sweet Honey in the Rock)

*We who believe in freedom cannot rest
We who believe in freedom cannot rest until it comes*

Until the killing of black men, black mothers' sons
Is as important as the killing of white men, white mothers' sons

Young people come first, they have the courage where we fail
And if we can but shed some light they will carry us through the gale

The older we get the better we know that
the secret of our going on
Is when the reins are in the hands of the young,
who dare to run against the storm

Not needing to clutch for power,
not needing the light just to shine on me, I need to be one in the number as we stand against tyranny

Hold On Just a Little While Longer (James McCoy)

Hold on just a little while longer
Hold on just a little while longer
Hold on just a little while longer
Everything is gonna be alright,
Everything is gonna be alright.

Pray on just a little while longer
Pray on just a little while longer
Pray on just a little while longer
I know justice is coming soon,

I know justice is coming soon.

Sing on just a little while longer
Sing on just a little while longer
Sing on just a little while longer
Everything is gonna be alright,
Everything is gonna be alright.

Fight on just a little while longer
Fight on just a little while longer
Fight on just a little while longer
I know justice is coming soon,
I know justice is coming soon.

WELCOME

Good morning, and welcome everyone, to White Bear Unitarian Universalist Church. We are a congregation in the free faith tradition, a community of youth, adults and children, dedicated to pluralism in the spiritual search and ethics grounded in action. I am Rev. Jack Gaede, Assistant Minister. We're grateful to share this space with you.

Service participants today include Amy Peterson Derrick, Carol Caouette and Victoria Safford, supported by Erin Scott and Anna Gerhes. Music today is from Carol Caouette and Craig Hansen, and the WBUUC Choir directed by Thaxter Cunio.

Today, after the service at 11:15, we hope that you will join us for Social Hour. We'll put the Zoom link and easy instructions in the chat box.

Welcome to our church. Together we grow our souls and serve the world.

Singing bowl

CALL TO WORSHIP (by Rev. Rebecca Edmiston Lange, adapted)

Come in.

Come into this space which we make holy by our presence.

Come in with all your vulnerabilities and strengths,

fears and anxieties, loves and hopes,

for here you need not hide, nor pretend,

nor be anything other than who you are

and who you are called to be.

Come into this space where we can heal and be healed, forgive and be forgiven.

Come into this space where the ordinary is sanctified,
the human is celebrated, the compassionate is expected.
Come into this space –
Together we make it a holy space.

Jean Doolittle will light the chalice.

LIGHTING THE CHALICE (video)

OPENING WORDS (in unison)

Love is the spirit of this church, and service is its law. This is our great covenant:
to dwell together in peace, to seek the truth in love, and to help one another

HYMN Morning Has Broken *Singing the Living Tradition #38*

Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing
Praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh from the word

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven
Like the first dew fall on the first grass
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden
Sprung in completeness where God's feet pass

Mine is the sunlight
Mine is the morning
Born of the one light Eden saw play
Praise with elation, praise every morning
God's recreation of the new day

STORY

On my home altar I keep several objects that remind me of my childhood home congregations--these objects have moved with me wherever I have gone, and have always reminded me of the lessons and people that have formed the foundations of my Unitarian Universalist Faith. .

One of these cherished objects is a small brown pouch containing 5 smooth stones, gifted to me, and to each of my classmates who completed the Coming of Age Rite of Passage program in 9th grade. We were told that these stones represented 5 of the tools that Unitarian minister and teacher James Luther Adams suggested that we each have as religious liberals--touchstones for us to turn to when we felt unsure, or the way was unclear.

These tools are, simply put: Learning, Community, Justice and Love, Action, and Hope.

But I have been thinking a lot lately about the 3rd and 4th stones-- the stones of Justice and Love, and the stone of action-- as we have heard so many calls for Justice in our world. What is my faith calling me to do? It can feel overwhelming.

When I look at these stones, I am reminded of James Luther Adams' suggestion that the power of thought isn't enough when it comes to justice and peace--that we can quietly hold ideas about justice and peace all we want, but that these ideas only really begin to mean something when we begin to live them out loud in the world-- even, and especially, when it is hard. This idea reminds me of a story about a famous Buddhist teacher named Patrul Rimpoche.

Patrul Rimpoche was known to wander around, bringing his lessons to people far and wide-- often while in disguise so the people would not recognize him. One day, Patrul heard a rumor about a wise old man who had been living by himself in a mountain cave for over 20 years, contemplating and perfecting patience. And so, Patrul, after a long journey, finally came upon the cave of this master of patience, and, without waiting for an invitation, walking right inside the cave.

"Hello?" Came a voice from the dark. "Who are you?"

"Who am I, indeed!" Answered Patrul. "That *is* the question isn't it? Who am I? Who are you? Who are any of us, really?"

After a few moments of silence, the calm voice of the wise man came again, "Why are you here?"

"Another great query!" Exclaimed Patrul "Isn't this the question that we all are pondering: *Why are we here?* What is the greatest goal in this life? You ask great questions!" Patrul laughed and invited himself to sit on the floor next to the master, who had clearly been interrupted from his morning meditations.

Patrul took a deep breath, and looked at the wise old man and said, "So. What are we thinking about today?"

The old man was clearly becoming a little annoyed, "Sir. I am thinking of the same thing I have been thinking about for over 20 years-- patience." The wise man's voice wasn't as calm as it had been before. He went on, "In all that time I have led a simple life of meditation and watching the seasons come and go. I have perfected patience."

"Oh how wonderful!" exclaimed Patrul. "Let me try."

And so when the wise old man stood up and looked outside, Patrul stood up and looked outside. When the wise old man sat for meditation, Patrul sat for meditation, carefully being sure to match the wise old man's movements and breaths... and heavy sighs... the best he could.

"Psst" Patrul said at last "What are we going to do next? This is getting a little boring."

At that the wise old man stood up, his eyes wise: "Why can't you just leave me to my quiet retreat?! Please leave my cave at once!"

"I will leave" said Patrul, "but it looks as if your patience has already left."

It would have been so easy for the wise old man to quietly perfect patience, without interruption, in his unchallenged and safe space, in his thoughts alone. But what happens when we are challenged? How are we practicing living out loud our beliefs in patience, or justice, or love, when an unexpected guest shows up at the door to our mountain caves? May we be reminded to work towards growing AND serving together, not just quietly in unchallenged and safe spaces, but especially when it is hard--bravely, outloud, and every single day.

MEDITATION

Please join me for a moment as we pray and meditate. We meditate on the highs and lows, the mountains and the valleys. We notice and honor the multiple facets of this precious gem we call life--even when the sharp angles cut us and when all we really want is a smooth and calming stone to hold in the palm of our hands. Sometimes when we meditate on this life, we find jagged edges and harsh beauty, and even then the value of the treasure is maintained. And so...we settle in, we take a breath, and we wait.

We pray--speaking our desires and aspirations out loud--not so that the world will necessarily change. We pray and hope and ask for what our world needs so that we will remember what we need, what others need. We pray to remind ourselves that we are not self-contained units. We are not sealed off from bias, influence, cause and effect.

These acts of reminder and re-remembering help us retrain our brains--toward mindfulness, toward compassion, toward curiosity, toward complexity. When we meditate on the ways we have fallen short from reaching our own goals, we become aware how much grace we require. And when we meditate on our own need for grace, we become more gracious toward others.

In that space of graciousness and openness, we pause. We take a moment to ponder the names and faces and stories of the people on our hearts and minds this morning. Whether you say their names out loud or silently in the quiet of your spirit, we hold them in light and in love. We settle in, we take a breath, and we wait.

Our community is made stronger with the addition of your voice, with your prayer, with your intention, and with your presence. May we be blessed and may we be a blessing. May it be so and make it so. Amen.

OFFERING

OFFERTORY **Skad** (written and performed by Craig Hansen))

FIRST READING

A New National Anthem

Ada Limón

The truth is, I've never cared for the National Anthem. If you think about it, it's not a good song. Too high for most of us with "the rockets

red glare” and then there are the bombs.
(Always, always, there is war and bombs.)
Once, I sang it at homecoming and threw
even the tenacious high school band off key.
But the song didn’t mean anything, just a call
to the field, something to get through before
the pummeling of youth. And what of the stanzas
we never sing, the third that mentions “no refuge
could save the hireling and the slave”? Perhaps,
the truth is, every song of this country
has an unsung third stanza, something brutal
snaking underneath us as we blindly sing
the high notes with a beer sloshing in the stands
hoping our team wins. Don’t get me wrong, I do
like the flag, how it undulates in the wind
like water, elemental, and best when it’s humbled,
brought to its knees, clung to by someone who
has lost everything, when it’s not a weapon,
when it flickers, when it folds up so perfectly
you can keep it until it’s needed, until you can
love it again, until the song in your mouth feels
like sustenance, a song where the notes are sung
by even the ageless woods, the short-grass plains,
the Red River Gorge, the fistful of land left
unpoisoned, that song that’s our birthright,
that’s sung in silence when it’s too hard to go on,
that sounds like someone’s rough fingers weaving
into another’s, that sounds like a match being lit
in an endless cave, the song that says my bones
are your bones, and your bones are my bones,
and isn’t that enough?

SECOND READING

from an interview this week with America Ferrera, actor, on the 100th anniversary of the passage of the 19th amendment

The fight for suffrage is not over. It isn’t like: “Oh, great, women have access to the vote! Our democracy is now full and whole and healthy.” I spend a lot of time thinking about who still doesn’t have access to that system... There are true obstacles to our participation in this democracy. It’s all well and good to celebrate what has been achieved, but it’s also our responsibility to ask: What is the present-day fight?

MUSIC Bread and Roses

As we come marching, marching
In the beauty of the day
A million darkened kitchens
A thousand mill lofts grey
Are touched with all the radiance
That a sudden sun discloses
For the people hear us singing
Bread and roses, bread and roses

As we come marching, marching
We battle too for men
For they are women's children
And we mother them again
Our lives shall not be sweated
From birth until life closes
Hearts starve as well as bodies
Give us bread, but give us roses

As we come marching, marching
Unnumbered women dead
Go crying through our singing
Their ancient call for bread
Small art and love, and beauty
Their drudging spirits knew
Yes, it is bread we fight for
But we fight for roses, too

As we come marching, marching
We bring the greater days
The rising of the women
Means the rising of the race
No more the drudge and idler
Ten that toil where one reposes
But the sharing of life's glories
Bread and roses, bread and roses

SERMON Lifting as We Climb

This has been a week, has it not? A week on the far end of a summer that has been a summer, nestled inside a year that has been (at least so far) a year, the fourth of four long years which began in 2016, and have been a time. This has been a time, this week, and before we go another step I want to invite you to take a breath again, to close your eyes and breathe deep the breath of life, the spirit of life –

-your breath,
even there inside your house and there inside your chest, joining you to every living thing that's breathing now or ever has,
your breath joining you to everyone, to all of us.
And see if, breathing in and out, you can take a breath, a gulp, of gratitude for the beauty of the day, this morning which has broken just like the first morning, spilling light all over the place, born of the one light Eden saw play.

See if, breathing in, you can gather calm, and gratitude,

and then breathe out a prayer of love and hope to Jacob Blake and to his family;
breathe out prayers of love and memory to the families of Joseph Rosenbaum and Anthony Huber,
breathe out a prayer for healing to Gaige Grosskreutz,

and breathing in again, still calm,

breathe out a prayer for the officer, and a prayer for the shooter in the street,

for breath joins us always and forever to every living thing that's breathing now or ever has.

Breathe in and out,
and find space within your spirit for the beauty and the promise of this day.

The poet Ross Gay has a lovely meditation. He says, *I suspect it is simply a feature of being an adult, what I will call being grown, or a grown person, to have endured some variety of thorough emotional turmoil, to have made your way to the brink, and, if you're lucky, to have stepped back from it — if not permanently, then for some time, or time to time. Then it is, too, a kind of grownness by which I see three squares of light on my wall, the shadow of a tree trembling in two of them, and hear the train going by and feel no panic or despair, feel no sense of condemnation or doom or horrible alignment, but simply observe the signs — light and song — for what they are — light and song. And, knowing what I have felt before, and might feel again, feel a sense of relief, which is cousin to, or rather, water to, delight.*

Even in the hardest of times, the hardest of weeks, may there be spaces of calm, spaces for gratitude, for the morning, for each other. May we notice the light and the songs of birds, songs of children, song of a train passing by, and know that even in the midst of grief, the midst of serious fear for our country and our world, even in the midst of boiling rage and helpless, fist-pounding frustration, even in the midst of bone-weariness, there is space for beauty, even joy, and like water, it brings life. Breathe deep, drink deep.

The quote Jack read to us from America Ferrera is from a set of eleven interviews last week with American women ranging in age from 13 years old to 110, one for every decade since the ratification of the 19th amendment, granting women the right to vote in this country – each of those women asked to speak about what this means now to them personally. From Ruthie Tompson who, at 110 years old, clearly remembers being 10 years old on August 26, 1920, to Mari Copeny, a young water rights activist, troubler of the waters of complacency and greed, who for so much of her life, like so many other kids she knows, for most of her life, has drunk and bathed in bottled water because no other kind is safe, even though her family can't afford it; who knows how wrong that is and who fights for change in Michigan and everywhere, and believes young citizens like herself, whose lives and health and bodies and brain development are affected every day by policies enacted by adults... she believes young citizens like herself should have the right to vote. Take a breath before you roll your eyes and say "That's crazy!" – because that's exactly what women were told for two centuries in America. It's exactly what black people were told and still are told by legal and illegal voter suppression, and native people and poor people, and people in prison, and people with disabilities, like Kiara Marshall, also interviewed: a 27 year-old black model who lost a leg at age 10 when a drunk driver ran her down, who says, "What we need to do is make voting more accessible. Sometimes you have to drive and drive and drive before you reach a voting station, and then you get there, and they close. It makes it so hard for people with disabilities, elderly people or people who can't drive for whatever reason. And some people — like me — can't stand in line for six hours." This week, celebrating 100 years of women's suffrage, it's good to take a breath before rolling our eyes at any suggestion of any infringement of the franchise, and hear first from those most affected, hear first from the margins of democracy and the frayed edges freedom. *The fight for suffrage is not over, says America Ferrera. It isn't like: "Oh, great, women have access to the vote! Our democracy is now full and whole and healthy." I spend a lot of time thinking about who still doesn't have access to that system... There are true obstacles to our participation in this democracy. It's all well and good to celebrate what has been achieved, but it's also our responsibility to ask: What is the present-day fight?*

The present-day fight, for justice, equality, freedom, civil rights and human rights, from the right to vote without impediment or obstruction to the right not to be shot in the back 7 times while your three children look on from the backseat of the car – the movements that we're in the midst of now carry forward older movements, they build on the principles and power, the vision and brilliance, and the imperfection, of past struggles. I don't think there really are separate eras; history writes it that way, but time is a continuum. At some point you may trade your bustle and your corset for a t-shirt, but you're still in the same long march for liberation, singing and striving together.

I was reminded this week, paging through so much history of the women's suffrage movement – this amazing legacy of courageous and creative and often improbable activism – how even the most inspiring and most beautiful chapters of that story are shadowed through and through by failures we see clearly now, if we're willing to look, the failures of racism and classism. White supremacy poisons every page, and there is no vaccine. I was reminded how part of the struggle, in every age, is to move forward better, to weave into our work, every step of the way, more honesty, more truth, more humility, more complexity, and more fidelity, more faithfulness to the deepest, broadest values and convictions that on our own and all together we say we mean to hold. To practice our religion – better. adrienne maree brown, a queer, black activist, philosopher, agent of change, says in her book, *Emergent Strategy*, that she's learning to work more collaboratively, not all on her own, and to measure success not only by clear victories, but by how we travel toward them, mindful that some

things, but not all, and perhaps not most, will be completely fixed or transformed in our lifetime. She says success could look like this, at the end of a day:

*I am living a life I don't regret
A life that will resonate with my ancestors,
and with as many generations forward as I can imagine.
I am attending to the crises of my time with my best self.
I am of communities that are doing our collective best
to honor our ancestors and all humans to come.*

This is lifework, she says, with benefits.

To me it's a reminder that all this work for social justice, all this marching, organizing, dreaming, is as spiritual as it is political. It reminds me that years ago, when I first worked with the Quakers in the American Friends Service Committee, and from there stumbled on to divinity school, it was because I was having difficulty, and had always had difficulty, and I still do, in discerning the difference, the clear line, between the life of the spirit and the life of engagement, transformation, action, and sometimes direct action; the contemplative life and the active or activist life. To me it's all of a piece, round and round, the call to service, call to prayer, and the struggle, in every age, every movement, is to stay true to, keep faith with, a sacred vision, bifocal vision: to see this world both as it is, unflinchingly, and as it could be, unflinchingly.

In 1850, in a staged and blatant action of defiance, and civil disobedience, Susan B. Anthony was arrested in Rochester, NY for voting before women legally could. (She was pardoned for that recently, but she would be the first to scorn that gesture.) Mostly though, through most of the 19th century, leaders in the movement for women's right to vote had not yet learned or dared to couple their formidable organizing skills with direct action or public demonstrations. Throughout the 1800's, and even long before that, the movement was about networking, fundraising, lobbying, building databases of thousands of contacts (all by hand on index cards and in leather-bound ledgers written by candlelight); it was about mass marketing through penny postcards and pamphlets and tracts, the social media platforms of the time, and crowd-funding the costs of travel and speeches and lectures by literally passing their hats. Perhaps it's why they wore such big ones. This was organizing at a cellular level, establishing women's clubs and guilds, thousands of them, quietly infiltrating the drawing rooms of sewing circles, quilting bees, and the minds and hearts of church ladies of all denominations (and their husbands, for many men were in it, too). It wasn't till the turn of the century that the women added to this steady, solid work behind the scenes a much more visible, public, noisy strategy of mass demonstrations, rallies and parades, banners, buttons, civil disobedience - the "silent sentinels" chaining themselves to the White House gates, and other actions elsewhere, mass arrests and hunger strikes, and the concurrent and carefully crafted public relations campaigns to illuminate then the barbarous treatment not only of the suffragists in jail, but of everyone in jail. They organized parades in small towns and major cities, flooding the streets with hundreds and thousands of people. "They became," says one historian, "really good at making sure suffrage was a topic on everyone's mind. It was everywhere, so you had to take a stand." And people might shake their heads and roll their eyes and wish the activists would settle down, use nicer tactics, not block the roads and avenues, lean more toward propriety and patience; people might shake their heads and say, "These ladies are undisciplined; they're hurting their own cause," but the movement was everywhere by then.

You could not not talk about it, could not help but begin to maybe wonder what impelled them, what the issue was, what their problem was, and whether maybe they could have a point. Just like movements now.

There are other parallels to our time. In 1866, just after the Civil War, a coalition including Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony and Frederick Douglass formed the American Equal Rights Association, with the goal of securing the right to vote for all Americans “irrespective of race, color or sex.” But when the government moved to enfranchise Black men with the 14th and 15th amendments, while continuing to exclude all women, white women suffragists were indignant and defensive. (The story is told by writer Jamelle Bouie.) Although Black women activists, and also Frederick Douglass, continued to fight for *universal* suffrage, many white women leaders, including and especially Elizabeth Cady Stanton, felt that was no longer expedient. In the interest of their own cause, they lobbied against the vote for newly-freed black men. By contrast, in 1896, black leaders Ida B. Wells Barnett, Mary Church Turrell and Harriet Tubman formed the National Association of Colored Women to work for civil rights, including voting rights, for everyone. Their motto was “lifting as we climb,” signaling their firm belief that unless your movement extends its hand to others, unless you pull others up the mountain with you as you struggle, you’ll never reach the top. Despite their great success organizing poor black women in the south as well as in the north, in 1913, when one of the largest suffrage parades was planned for Washington DC, white leaders demanded that the black women march not with their state delegations, but in an all-black assembly at the back of the line. Ida B. Wells Barnett refused, and took her place that day with the women of Illinois. We are lifting as we climb, they said, even as the liberal white elite tried subtly and not subtly, consciously and subconsciously, to push them down, and in fact, in the summer of 1920, when 35 states had approved the new Constitutional amendment and Tennessee became the leading candidate to push it over the finish line, it was a biracial coalition of Nashville women’s clubs, led by black women, that successfully convinced the legislature to pass the measure on August 18, 50 votes to 46. That’s what we celebrate this week. Frederick Douglass, who, despite the betrayal of his white comrades, remained a staunch supporter of the universal cause, and who had been among the 32 men who signed the original Declaration of Sentiments at Seneca Falls in 1848, said at one point, “When I ran away from slavery, it was for myself; when I advocated for emancipation, it was for my people. But when I stood up for the rights of woman, self was out of the question, and I found a little nobility in the act.” More than a hundred years ago, he was understanding and speaking and living and risking and breathing through every fiber of his being the intersected and interconnected, indivisible intertwining of human liberation struggles. And I’m reminded, paging through this history, how we’re always learning and re-learning how to do this this better, do this well, do with more integrity the work of justice and peace-making, the work of civil rights and human rights, and environmental justice and economic justice, how to do, humbly and bravely, the soul work of transformation. Marching only takes us anywhere if we move *forward together*, in the words of William Barber, *forward together, not one step back*. It’s in the “together” part that we find a little nobility, that we start to figure out *how to live lives we won’t regret, lives that will resonate with our ancestors, and with as many generations forward as we can imagine*.

In her poem “A New National Anthem,” poet Ada Limon admits to not liking the old one. “It’s not a good song,” she says, but she admits to liking the flag,

*how it undulates in the wind
like water, elemental, and best when it’s humbled,*

brought to its knees, clung to by someone who has lost everything, when it's not a weapon, when it flickers, when it folds up so perfectly you can keep it until it's needed, until you can love it again, until the song in your mouth feels like sustenance, a song where the notes are sung by even the ageless woods, the short-grass plains, the Red River Gorge, the fistful of land left unpoisoned, that song that's our birthright, that's sung in silence when it's too hard to go on, that sounds like someone's rough fingers weaving into another's, that sounds like a match being lit in an endless cave, the song that says my bones are your bones, and your bones are my bones, and isn't that enough?

At our best, we're always reaching with the bone and blood and flesh of our hands for each other's hands, reaching with the blood and the bone of our stories and our longing for the stories and longing of others, and lifting one another as we climb, lifting all the stories, and all the longing together.

Writing in the *New York Times Magazine* this week about the Movement for Black Lives as it has unfolded in Minneapolis in the last 6 or 7 years, writer Jenna Wortham says, *It is impossible to measure the success of social movements by outcome alone. Instead, we should weigh them against the possibilities they summon.*

Quoting the scholar Robin D.G. Kelley, she says, *"It is precisely these alternative visions and dreams that inspire new generations to struggle for change." Black Lives Matter is an old prayer spoken in new tongues, articulated in a hashtag. Change is both cyclical and incremental and oftentimes nonlinear. Polls suggest that as many as 26 million people in the United States, in every single state, have participated in demonstrations over the death of George Floyd. Even now people are still taking to the streets. Six months ago, the notion of abolishing the police was a radical idea, a concept too ambitious for most people to take seriously; now defunding and abolishing police departments are topics of rigorous debate and conversation. Victories are slow, but they are happening.*

And again, the conversation itself is a victory. The way we hold it, the way we all move forward, carries inherent in itself the goal. Jenna Wortham goes on,

In the days following George Floyd's death, the city of Minneapolis transformed the block of 38th and Chicago into a shrine. Each road that meets at that intersection was barricaded to prevent vehicles from plowing into it. Volunteers kept watch beneath large, laminated signs that read: "This is a sacred space for Black and African-Americans." You didn't need it written down to feel it. Every possible surface — the bus stop, the street, the building walls, the neon sign at the gas station — was covered in memorials, tributes, paintings, drawings and pledges in multiple languages, including Spanish, Hebrew, Persian and Thai. The ground feels holy. There are signs to remind people to refrain from taking photos, to wear masks and protect those who come

here to pray, to reflect, to mourn. Within that newly formed town square, there is a velvet rope draped on gold posts to protect the patch of land where Floyd spent his final moments in this realm. On the ground, someone chalked his body in blue and added wings, and mourners filled the ghostly outline with candles, toys, shells, rosaries, offerings of fruit and flowers to form a man-shaped garden, blooming on concrete — as though the land where he died itself is now fertile, capable of giving birth to something new.

This is how I hold the anniversary of suffrage this week, of one glorious, complicated, and imperfect and unfinished struggle, intertwined within us and among us with innumerable others. We're learning as we go, our bones and stories as intermingled as our breath, if only we'd believe it and honor it. Every movement is the seed of some new transformation, with every step we're learning to be lifting as we climb, mindful of and grateful for the countless, sometimes nameless, ones who've lifted us. *We who believe in freedom cannot rest*, said Ella Baker. *Not needing to clutch for power, not needing the light just to shine on us, she said, we need to be part of the great number as we stand against tyranny.*

HYMN Building A New Way

We are building a new way.
We are building a new way.
We are building a new way,
feeling stronger every day,
We are building a new way.

We are working to be free.
We are working to be free.
We are working to be free
hate and greed and jealousy.
We are working to be free.

We can feed our every need.
We can feed our every need.
We can feed our every need.
Start with love, that is the seed.
We can feed our every need.

Peace and freedom is our cry.
Peace and freedom is our cry.
Peace and freedom is our cry,
Without these this world will die.
Peace and freedom is our cry.

CLOSING WORDS

May peace dwell within our hearts, and understanding in our minds
May courage steel our will, and love of truth forever guide us.

FAREWELL

Friends, thank you for joining us. If you're not receiving our EMAIL NEWS, go to our website and sign up! We'll send updates twice a week about groups and gatherings, updates from the Board of Directors, and more. Call or write with questions, or to ask for help, or to offer help. Please join us at 11:15 for Cyber Social Hour. This is a wonderful opportunity to connect with others in the congregation, to make new connections or renew old ones. We hope to see you there. We are sending love to you from Maple Street and all of our locations. Stay well and stay connected, everyone. So be it. See to it. Amen.

POSTLUDE **Hand in Hand** (written and performed by Jaylanthi Kyle)