

**Full Text of the Service at White Bear Unitarian Universalist Church
Sunday, October 25, 2020**

PRELUDE MUSIC

Come Into This Place of Peace - William Schulz/Thaxter Cunio (WBUUC Choir)

Come into this place of peace, and let its silence heal your spirit
Come into this place of memory, and let its history warm your soul
Come into this place of power, and let its vision change your heart.

Meditation on Breathing (Sarah Dan Jones)

Margo Berg & Carol Caouette; Margo Berg, production

When I breathe in, I breathe in peace
When I breathe out, I breathe out love.

GIVING VOICE TO THE SPIRIT

Loosen, Loosen (Ali Halpert)

Loosen, loosen, baby, you don't have to carry
The weight of the world on your muscles and bones
Let go, let go, let go.

Holy breath and holy name
Will you ease, will you ease this pain.

I'll Fly Away (Carol, a cappella)

Some bright morning when this life is over
I'll fly away
To that home on God's celestial shore
I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh glory
I'll fly away (in the morning)
When I die, Hallelujah by and by
I'll fly away

When the shadows of this life have gone
I'll fly away
Like a bird from these prison walls I'll fly
I'll fly away

Oh, how glad and happy when we meet
I'll fly away
No more cold shackles on my feet
I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh glory
I'll fly away (in the morning)
When I die, Hallelujah by and by
I'll fly away

Just a few more weary days and then
I'll fly away
To a land where joys will never end
I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh glory
I'll fly away (in the morning)
When I die, Hallelujah by and by
I'll fly away

WELCOME

Good morning, and welcome everyone, to White Bear Unitarian Universalist Church. I am Laurie Wenker, serving on your Board of Directors.

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. Our mission is to grow our souls, and serve the world, in love.

Service participants today include Rev. Sara Goodman, Amy Peterson Derrick, Victoria Safford, and Carol Caouette, supported by Anna Gehres and Erin Scott. Music today is from Carol Caouette, Craig Hansen, Julia Ryan-Holch, and the WBUUC Choir directed by Thaxter Cunio.

Friends, the snow reminds us that winter's on the way. **We need each other** to get through the months ahead! The best way to find out what's happening here at church - in fact the only way - is to open the ENews, the email we send out twice a week. It takes 2 minutes to read through, and there you'll find groups you can join, classes, special services, updates, and more. Please help us keep connected. We really need each other!

Today, after the service at 11:15, we hope that you will join us for Cyber Social Hour. It's a fun way to meet others, see old friends, and share a little conversation in small facilitated groups. We'll put the Zoom link and easy instructions in the chat box.

We're glad you're here! Welcome to our church.

Chime

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.

Joe Mechtenberg will light the chalice.

LIGHTING THE CHALICE (no text available)

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 Amazing Grace (Melody, New Britain; Words, John Newton)

Amazing Grace! How sweet the sound!
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, But now am found
Was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear.
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come.
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home!

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun;
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun!

Shall I be wafted to the skies
On flowery beds of ease
While others strive to win the prize
And sail on bloody seas?

Amazing Grace! How sweet the sound!
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, But now am found
Was blind but now I see.

STORY

One of the things that I like most about stories is that they can help us hold things that are hard and maybe even a little bit scary with awe and wonder. When we share stories together, we are invited to pay attention to how we feel and to wonder what these stories are calling us to do or remember.

In the case of this morning's story, called "The Brothers" from Sarah Conover and Freda Crane's *A Treasury of Islamic Wisdom for Children and Parents*, we are invited to think about life and death. As I share the story I invite you to notice: What does this story make you feel? What is this story calling you to?

Once there was and twice there wasn't two old brothers who were inseparable travelers: one was named Life, the other Death. One time, after journeying across a desert, they came to a refreshing green oasis where they were greeted by the spring-keeper.

"Would you like some water to drink?" he asked them. Both the men nodded their assent. Dipping his gourd into the pool, the spring-keeper added, "It is the custom to let the elder drink first. Which of you is the elder?"

Life spoke up first. "I am the elder," he said, stepping forward. "No," Death contradicted, "I am the elder." And he stepped forward too, next to his brother.

Life smiled, but said, "That is impossible. Things must live before they die." Death responded, "On the contrary, things begin in death, are born, live for a time and then return to death."

Said Life, "That's not how it works at all. All things come into being, live and then die. Death began after the first creature lived and died."

Said Death, a spark in his eyes: "Death is the before and after of all life. Things arise from it and return to it; therefore, death is the elder."

The two debated like this next to the spring, and had yet to drink a drop of water. Finally, they asked the spring-keeper to judge truly who the eldest was.

"Gentlemen, I cannot say," said the spring-keeper. "What you've each told me is true." He looked at the two brothers. "How can one speak of death without life? Death is like a desert until the rain falls; then, all the living things sprout miraculously from the rocks and sand." He smiled.

“And how can one speak of life without death, to which all things are certain to return?” The spring-keeper paused. “Neither can exist without the other: Neither of you is elder or younger.”

*He held out a single gourd. “Drink now, together, and go in peace.”
And the two travelers took the gourd, drank their fill, and headed off in the comfort of each other’s company.*

--

This story reminds me that all of us hold stories about life and death-- the stories of how we came to be, the stories of our ancestors, and the stories of what we hope for the future; even after we are gone.

One of the ways that we make space for honoring our own stories of life and death is to build altars. Sometimes we build altars in formal ways together, by lighting candles writing down names of loved ones.

And sometimes we just carve out a little corner on the top of our dresser or on top of a table, and we might place special items that help to tell our story--items that make tangible where we have been, what we value, lessons we have learned, people and communities that we love and that love us. We lay items that remind us of our ancestors and of where we hope to go.

Our altars are a place to not just lay down what we are holding but also hold it high; they help us hold at the center our stories and what we value most. And through this naming, we also make space for wonder, anger, sadness, joy. Altars can help us hold all of this.

And sometimes we build altars all together as a community, our altars become about our stories, our lives, our losses, what we together hold high.

This morning you'll notice that our altars include these pieces of paper, that have names written on them by you and placed on our community altar in past years. We are holding your stories with us today.

We invite you as you listen to today's service to create an altar, imagining that all of our individual altars are connected, as of course they always are, telling our stories together. We'll hold each other at the center together.

MEDITATION

Join me in a time of meditation and prayer. Take a few deep breaths, find your center, feel your body and how it's connected and interconnected to your place.

Spirit of Life, Spirit of Love, Amazing Grace, All that Is, we bring our attention to you today. We bring our attention to you when we feel the cold air bring pink to our cheeks. We bring our attention to you when we see the sparkling miracle of snow falling. We bring our attention to you

as we huddle close to our heaters, or partners, or animal companions. We are once again aware of all of the ways we are, each of us, part of the whole of All that Is.

As we are struggling through the barrier of emotional pandemic fatigue, dragging ourselves through ever shortening days, remind us, remind us again, remind us one more time that we can share our sorrows, we can pass them on to you. Remind us how we can keep going on. Remind us again, to keep going on. We can keep going on.

Amen

OFFERING

Once a month, our Sunday offering is given to a community organization whose work we're honored to support. Cynthia Tomlinson is our liaison to the Food Shelves in White Bear Lake and Mahtomedi; she's going to tell you about today's special collection.

OFFERING VIDEO

Good morning, My name is Cynthia Tomlinson, and I am here to ask you to donate to this month's special collection. The pandemic has been financially difficult for many of our neighbors, and families have been counting on food shelves like never before. For every dollar that we donate allows the Mahtomedi and White Bear Lake food shelves with eight dollars of food for those in need. If you are able, please join me in donating today. Thank you!

OFFERTORY MUSIC Pack Up Your Sorrows (Richard and Mimi Farina) Craig Hansen and Carol Caouette, music and vocals

No use cryin', talkin' to a stranger,
Namin' the sorrow you've seen.
Too many bad times, too many sad times,
Nobody knows what you mean.

But if somehow you could pack up your sorrows,
And give them all to me,
You would lose them, I know how to use them,
Give them all to me.

No use ramblin', walkin' in the shadows,
Trailin' a wanderin' star.
No one beside you, no one to hide you,
And nobody knows what you are.

No use roamin', goin' by the roadside,
Seekin' a satisfied mind.
Too many highways, too many byways,
And nobody' walkin' behind.

But if somehow you could pack up your sorrows,
And give them all to me,
You would lose them, I know how to use them,
Give them all to me.

READINGS

The Day of the Dead

Janice Gould

I wish it were like this:
el dia de los muertos comes
and we fill our baskets with bread,
apples, chicken, and beer,
and go out to the graveyard.
We bring flowers with significant colors—
yellow, crimson, and gold—
the strong hungry colors of life,
full of saliva and blood.
We sit on the sandy mounds
and I play my accordion.
It groans like the gates of hell.
The flames of the votives
flicker in the wind.
My music makes everything sway,
all the visible and invisible—
friends, candles, ants, the wind.
Because for me life ripens,
and for now it's on my side
though it's true I am often afraid.
I wear my boots when I play the old squeeze-box,
and stomp hard rhythms
till the headstones dance on their graves.

Talking to Grief

Denise Levertov

Ah, Grief, I should not treat you
like a homeless dog
who comes to the back door
for a crust, for a meatless bone.
I should trust you.

I should coax you
into the house and give you
your own corner,
a worn mat to lie on,
your own water dish.

You think I don't know you've been living
under my porch.
You long for your real place to be readied
before winter comes. You need
your name,
your collar and tag. You need
the right to warn off intruders,
to consider
my house your own
and me your person
and yourself
my own dog.

Blessing for the Brokenhearted

Jan Richardson

Let us agree
for now
that we will not say
the breaking
makes us stronger
or that it is better
to have this pain
than to have done
without this love.
Let us promise
we will not
tell ourselves
time will heal
the wound,
when every day
our waking
opens it anew.
Perhaps for now
it can be enough
to simply marvel
at the mystery
of how a heart

so broken
can go on beating,
as if it were made
for precisely this—
as if it knows
the only cure for love
is more of it,
as if it sees
the heart's sole remedy
for breaking
is to love still,
as if it trusts
that its own
persistent pulse
is the rhythm
of a blessing
we cannot
begin to fathom
but will save us
nonetheless.

MUSIC **Ech day me comëth tydinges thre,**
(Middle English text; Guitar music, Craig Hansen; improvised vocals, Carol Caouette)

Ech day me comëth tydinges thre,
For wel swithë sore ben he:
The on is that Ich shal hennë,
That other that Ich not whenë,
The thriddë is my mestë carë,
That Ich not whider Ich shal farë.

Every day I am plagued by three thoughts—
A heavy weight on my soul.
First, that my time is finite
Second, I know not when I will depart
But it is the third that torments me most
That there is no way to know where I'll go

SERMON “Light Perpetual Keep Them”
The music we just heard is very old, the lines written in Middle English:

*Each day I am plagued by three thoughts- a heavy weight on my soul.
First, that my time is finite.
Second, I know not when I will depart.*

*But it is the third that torments me most:
That there is no way to know where I'll go.*

It's such a gloomy Celtic, Saxon, Nordic song. It's like the theme song of the weather this past week: pretty snow was one thing, but then sleet and rain and ice pellets and hail and wind and "wintry mix" (which sounds like a salty-sweet, excellent snack for the cozy couch, but it's not), and the encroaching, lowering dark in the morning and the evening, the gloaming, which meant "gloom" in Middle English. It's a fitting song as the season turns this coming week toward All Saints Day and All Souls, Samhain and All Hallow's Eve, the Day of the Dead, when they come back to haunt us, the dead - or they don't, despite our loneliness and longing, our beseeching; sometimes our loved ones lost are truly lost it seems, nowhere to be found, and we feel it keenly in the fall with darkness closing in.

This ancient singer may have been a Christian, tormented by not knowing when they'll die nor where they'll go, fearing the fires of hell they'd been taught all their life to expect, as people were back then; or they may have been a pagan, worrying and wondering as we do even now, what happens after this, what happens when we die, what becomes of us, ashes, dust and spirit? Whoever first sang those lines has been dead a long, long time, but still the wondering remains: what becomes of us? What's become of our loved ones who died?

In memorials and funerals, I sometimes read the words of Langston Hughes, the great poet of the Harlem Renaissance, great poet of humanity. He said, "Dear lovely death..." - and these are not welcome words, most of the time. Those are harsh, hard words for a roomful of people numb with grieving, raw with sadness, bewildered (which means literally, made wild), even if their person was old and the death was expected. There's no way to expect it, no way for living hands to hold it really. Your person is gone and the first words you hear are "Dear lovely death," when all our battered souls can comprehend is "O evil death, bitter, cruel, unmerciful, unbearable, unfair..." But Langston Hughes in his poem reckons right up front with the reality:

*Dear lovely death,
that taketh all things under wing
never to kill, only to change
into some other thing
this suffering flesh,
to make it either more or less
but not again the same
Death lovely death –
change is thy other name.*

He's writing, of course, about our relationship to the one who's died (which continues as long as we live, only differently), and he's writing also, of course, about their transformation into spirit, the transformation (mystical, mysterious, and commonplace, natural, not supernatural), into soil and seawater, and stars and memory. But he's writing also and maybe mostly about the transformation of the mourners themselves, all of us remaining. O death, that taketh all things

under wing, all of us – change is thy other name. And we know, you know, if you have ever lost somebody, that in some ways, no less than the one who has died, you also are undergoing, must undergo, a mighty transformation, be born again into a world that you're not sure you even want to live in anymore, not without your person, this sunny, oblivious world - but here you are, the empty shell of you, a kind of carcass, really, and you're offered this choice, to love living, love life, love sunlight and snowfall and friendship and hope, love laughter and food and music and dancing and breath, even so, even though they're gone.

This month our theme has been reformation, and that's what death asks of us, the deaths of those we love: that we re-form, re-calculate pretty much everything, re-imagine what life and love and joy in the morning could be for us without them. Change is death's other name, not only for the ones who've died. And the old medieval poet, whoever they were, is right: there's no way to know where we're going to go, not when we die and not while we're still here. None of that's foretold or preordained- we choose what to make of these days, laced as they are with their sorrows and losses, knowing as we do, when we lift our gaze and remember, that every single person we meet has a sadness inside them, or they will someday, as deep and wide and hollow and holy, as utterly defining, as our own sadness. What do we do with it?

I wish it were like this, says a poet, closer to our own time.

I wish it were like this:

el dia de los muertos comes [the Day of the Dead]

and we fill our baskets with bread,

apples, chicken, and beer,

and go out to the graveyard. [as people do, in many countries, many places]

We bring flowers with significant colors—

yellow, crimson, and gold—

the strong hungry colors of life,

full of saliva and blood.

We sit on the sandy mounds

and I play my accordion.

It groans like the gates of hell.

The flames of the votives

flicker in the wind.

My music makes everything sway,

all the visible and invisible—

friends, candles, ants, the wind. [MY music makes everything move.]

Because for me life ripens,

and for now it's on my side

though it's true I am often afraid.

I wear my boots when I play the old squeeze-box,

and stomp hard rhythms

till the headstones dance on their graves.

There's ferocity in grief like that, anger and power and humor and passion and a rage that burns so hot you know it comes in fact from love. There's nothing demure or private or stoic or respectful – but it is reverent, through and through.

I'm realizing, now in the 8th month of our plague, that coursing through me now, white-hot, is a trace of that rage. I feel it rising whenever I read the latest numbers, which I do every day, religiously, out of respect, sometimes more than once a day, the numbers of people who have died from Covid-19, worldwide and in our country. When I read early this morning 1.4 million deaths globally since mid-February, 224,819 of them in our country, I could feel rising that rage, like a wave inside me, followed by a second wave of fear, not for my own health, but for what we have become as a people, even though I see every day, and so do you, such evidence of tenderness, sacrifice, compassion, courage, intelligence, creativity, hope – it's everywhere, and I know that we could yet rise to the call of this moment and already so many are. Our story is neither foretold nor pre-ordained, and anything is possible if we can imagine it. So rage rises in me with these numbers, and fear rolls in, with hope. The third wave that comes with the rage and the fear, crashing on the shore of me, shattering the core of me, is sadness, a sadness so unsettling because I don't even know yet how to hold the catastrophe of one human death, let alone all of these, and so, so many preventable. There should be national days of mourning now, every day, with flags at quarter-mast, accordions and candles, our feet stomping the earth till the headstones dance on the graves and the President's phone, full of tweets and lies and malice, is shaken from his hand. If we held a moment of silence for each person who's died, we'd be here for hours and hours, hungry, thirsty and squirming in our seats – our bodies (and our children) would be telling us what the President apparently can't: that this is too much.

It's the grief I want to hold to, tremble in, stay present to, when I click on the chart, scan through the data, look at those maps with their hotspots and statistics. The rage will come to me regardless, and the fear is right behind it, but the grief is more elusive. I push it away to get on with my day; it feels somehow needy or weak or indulgent, soft and not strong, whiny, not hopeful, a waste of my time, embarrassing. But the grief is what redeems us, reforms us, transforms us, cracks us open like milkweed pods. Grief binds us to each other and to people we don't even know, who may not look like us or vote like us but whose hearts beat and hearts break just the same. It binds us all to all. When I read those numbers in the morning and at night, or the names of the dead, I squint my eyes and try to see past them to people, to humans, in nursing home wheelchairs and hospital beds, assisted living, their own homes, the living room transformed into a MASH unit of IV tubes, syringes, and oxygen and take out containers, and someone on the phone to someone who's not there, saying, "No, you can't come visit; I promise I'll call you as soon as she passes, as soon as he dies, as soon as they're gone. I'll call you. I love you. And yes, I'm ok." But they're not. It's the grief that breaks our hearts right open, reminds us they're still beating in here, that we ourselves are still alive.

Denise Levertov's poem is just right:

*Ah, Grief, I should not treat you
like a homeless dog
who comes to the back door*

*for a crust, for a meatless bone.
I should trust you.
I should coax you
into the house and give you
your own corner,
a worn mat to lie on,
your own water dish.
You think I don't know you've been living
under my porch.
You long for your real place to be readied
before winter comes. You need
your name,
your collar and tag. You need
the right to warn off intruders,
to consider
my house your own
and me your person
and yourself
my own dog.*

The people who have died – our people - were overwhelmingly elders, a generation of wisdom and stories and memory, somebody's grandpa, somebody's nana, thousands and thousands and thousands. And they were also young, alarming numbers of people between 25 and 45 years old, people at the height of their power - and their parents and their partners and their children are weeping. They were overwhelmingly poor, but not all; overwhelmingly black and Latinx and Native, people of color, but not all. And here our grief meets rage.

By the end of this year, the end of December, the CDC predicts there may be as many as 400,000 dead. And if we let it in, we will be transformed by this grief, we will never be healed, restored to some old kind of normal. Death's other name is change - we know this from the losses we ourselves have sustained, the ones we're still in the midst of surviving, and will be all our lives- and we will not go back to any kind of complacency or denial or willful ignorance about the meaning of these numbers and how these deaths could have been prevented, how more sadness yet to come could be avoided. In their honor, in their name, their 1.4 million names, in every one of their holy, sweet, beloved names, we resolve to live forever changed. That's what that 5th verse of Amazing Grace is about, an old verse, maybe original, that's almost always edited out because it's jarring and disturbing and hard, acknowledging injustice and complicity: *shall I be wafted to the skies on a flowery bed of ease, while others strive and struggle to sail on bloody seas?* That's a person wondering, like the old medieval poet, where am I going in this life? How should I live, how should I be, who will I be, before I die?

You know, I am coming to understand - I don't know what I believe about it, but I think I understand - what people mean when they say their talk to their loved ones who've died, pray to them even, ask them for wisdom, for blessings, for strength, as if the dead could see more

clearly than we can, see through to the truth of things, the simplicity of things, the heart of every matter that seems so complex and fraught to us. The veil is always thin between our bright world and theirs, not only now in fall; they're speaking to us always, just as our lived lives, our actions and intentions, are calling to the future, whispering encouragement and hope and signs of life to descendants we will never meet.

And so a prayer for all souls:

Gratitude and wonder,
to those whom we loved and all those before them whose names we don't know,
whose cells and stories sparkle still in our memory and blood and bone-
the inheritance we carry, which cannot be lost.

Gratitude and wonder to the elders, the ancestors,
centuries back, and more recent.
I tell my mother's picture on the table,
"You have no idea what this is, what this time is like."
Without breath, with no smile, only love,
her gaze is as steady as ever:
"No. But I did see some things in my time.
Remember who you are,
made of love and blood and bone,
made for this moment, your moment, your time."

Spirit of life,
help us to remember:
we're companioned on this strange hard road
by spirit guides and loved ones now.
We are held within, and hold within ourselves,
among ourselves,
this ancient legacy of love.

May our lives bring honor to their memory.
May light perpetual keep them.

MEDITATION FOR ALL SOULS AND ALL SAINTS

Offering of names

I invite you now to take a breath; light a candle if you have one close to you, and bring to mind, bring to mind, bring to heart, bring into this shared space your beloved dead, loved ones lost yet ever-present to your spirit. We're going to play some music, an old Shaker prayer sung by Julia Ryan Holch and Carol Caouette, and as it plays we invite you to share the names of those you're remembering today by typing them into the chat, here

on Zoom, or in the comments on Facebook - just their first names, no last names, no story - their first names, so we can hold them all in love.

Music: Lay Me Low (Shaker Song) Sung by Julia Ryan-Holch and Carol Caouette

Lay me low, lay me low, lay me low, low

Lay me low, lay me low, lay me low

Where the Lord can find me,
where the Lord can own me,
where the Lord can bless me

Prayer

On the threshold of All Hallows Eve,
the feast days of All Saints and All Souls,
on the edge of Samhain and the Day of the Dead,
holy moments in the waning year
when the veil between the world of those who've died
and our own bright, busy world
is said to be a thin veil, even porous,
when they haunt us with their love again
and come beside us, gently whispering again,
we give thanks
for those who touched our hands
and held us and beheld us
in ways we won't be held again,
not quite in that same way –
and yet we are forever changed for having known and loved them,
and having been so loved.
We give thanks for the joy of their company,
which while they lived we hardly even understood.
Fully mindful of the cost of love,
we give thanks for memory and mercy.
In the rising of the sun and in its going down, we will remember them.
May every broken heart be soothed, strengthened for the days ahead.
May we hold each other now in soft and tender care.
Amen.

HYMN Comfort Me (Mimi Bornstein-Doble)

Comfort me, comfort me, comfort me, o my soul

Comfort me, comfort me, comfort me, o my soul.

Sing with me...

Speak for me...

Dance with me...

Comfort me...

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, please go to our website and sign up! This is the best way - and the only way - to find out what's going on at church. We know (*we really do*) that everyone's inbox is flooded with email right now. We promise that the eNews you get on Monday and Thursday will be brief and crystal clear, with news about classes, groups and programs you can join. On Monday we send a reading with reflection questions to inspire and anchor your spirit; on Thursday we send a prayer to center your soul. There's a lot happening this fall; please help us all keep connected!

Today at 11:15 join us for Cyber Social Hour. It's actually just half an hour of easy conversation in small groups with friends old and new.

And at 12:30, join us for a conversation with Victoria about keeping the faith in our fragile democracy. Here's a link to the Zoom gathering for this discussion called "The Soul of a Citizen."

Farewell, and stay well, friends, from all of us. So be it. See to it. Amen.

POSTLUDE What a Wonderful World (Bob Thiele and George David Weiss)

I see trees of green, red roses too
I see them bloom for me and you
And I think to myself what a wonderful world

I see skies of blue and clouds of white
The bright blessed day, the dark sacred night
And I think to myself what a wonderful world

The colors of the rainbow so pretty in the sky
Are also on the faces of people going by
I see friends shaking hands, saying how do you do
They're really saying, I love you

I hear babies cry, I watch them grow
They'll learn much more than I'll ever know
And I think to myself what a wonderful world
Yes, I think to myself what a wonderful world
Ooh, yes