

**Full Text of the Service at White Bear Unitarian Universalist Church  
Sunday, November 1, 2020**

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**PRELUDE MUSIC**

A Change is Gonna Come  
Some were born by the river, or in a little tent,  
And just like that river, they've been runnin' ever since  
It's been a long time comin', but I know a change is gonna come.

It's been too hard livin', but I'm afraid to die  
'Cause I don't know what's out there beyond the sky  
It's been a long, a long time comin',  
but I know a change is gonna come, I know it will.

So I say to my brother and I say to my sister, help me please  
They say they really wanna help me but somehow, somehow  
I'm back down on my knees.

There've been times when I thought I couldn't last for long  
But now I think I'm able to carry on  
It's been a long time, a long time comin' but I know a change is gonna come  
It's been a long time, a long time comin' but I know a change is gonna come.

This is My Song  
This is my song, O god of all the nations  
A song of peace for lands afar and mine.  
This is my home, the country where my heart is;  
Here are my hopes, my dreams, my holy shrine;  
But other hearts in other lands are beating  
With hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.

My country's skies are bluer than the ocean,  
And sunlight beams on cloverleaf and pine;  
But other lands have sunlight too, and clover,  
And skies are everywhere as blue as mine.  
O hear my song, though God of all the nations,  
A song of peace for their land and for mine.

## **GIVING VOICE TO THE SPIRIT**

### **Sun Don't Set in the Mornin'**

Sun don't set in the mornin',  
sun don't set in the mornin', lord  
Sun don't set in the mornin'  
'cause light shines over the world, yes  
Light shines over the world.

Oh, oh, pray on, keep a-prayin' people  
Pray on, keep a-prayin' people  
Pray on, keep a-prayin' people  
Light shines over the world, yes  
Light shines over the world.

### **You Can't Steal My Shine**

You can't steal, you can't steal,  
You can't steal my shine cuz  
Oh, I shine too bright.  
Oh, I shine too bright,  
You can't steal my light.

Like a thief in the night, oh you come  
Like a thief in the night, oh you come  
No darkness in hell can steal my light  
No you can't steal my shine.

Like a star in the sky, oh, I shine.  
Like a star in the sky, oh, I shine.  
The darker the night the brighter the light.  
No you can't steal my shine.

## **WELCOME**

Good morning, and welcome everyone, to White Bear Unitarian Universalist Church. I am Lisa Borg, 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, and members of 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.

Gena Borgmeier will light the chalice.

**LIGHTING THE CHALICE**

**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** I Am Willing

I am open and I am willing, for to be hopeless would be so strange  
It dishonors those who go before us  
So lift me up to the light of change.

There's a hurting in my family, there's a sorrow in my town  
There's a panic in the nation, there is wailing the whole world 'round.

May the children see more clearly, may the elders be more wise.

May the winds of change caress us even though it burns our eyes.

Give me a mighty oak to hold my confusion, give me a desert to hold my fears.

Give me a sunset to hold my wonder, give me an ocean to hold my tears.

I am open and I am willing, for to be hopeless would be so strange

It dishonors those who go before us

So lift me up to the light of change.

## **STORY**

This morning's story is called Chaitra and Maitra and can be found in Katha Sagar Ocean of Stories, Hindu Wisdom for Every Age By Sarah Conover and Abhi Janamanchi, whose telling is adapted here.

Once, not very long ago, a teacher had two very devoted students, Chaitra and Maitra. They could not have been more different from one another.

Maitra was quick, ambitious, and impulsive; he tried to be the first to anticipate his teacher's every wish and be the first to fulfill it, elbowing Chaitra away from their teacher whenever he could. Chaitra, for his part, was thoughtful and contemplative in nature, and he never acted impulsively, as he took time to consider things.

No matter the words of wisdom the teacher said to him, Maitra, running about, vigilant and determined to be the guru's favorite, seemed to miss the point.

One day, their teacher decided he'd had enough. If words couldn't reach Maitra, perhaps action would. He concocted a lesson that would put Chaitra and Maitra to the test.

He gave them each a single coin and took them to two empty rooms. "With just one humble coin," said the guru, "you must fill your room."

Chaitra stood there, his interest piqued, and thought over the challenge, but Maitra took off at a run for the village to see if he could be the first to succeed. Of course, Maitra soon discovered that there wasn't much that he could buy with a single coin; But another idea struck him, so feeling very clever indeed, he sought out a cart full of rubbish to take back to his room. The garbage seller, puzzled by the young man's agitation but delighted to be paid for the trash, agreed and happily drove the cart to their home, with Maitra giving directions.

Arriving at their destination, they encountered Chaitra just leaving for the market. He smiled kindly at Maitra, held up the coin, and continued on his way. Maitra guffawed—too bad for Chaitra! He was too slow!

Delighted with himself, Maitra unloaded the cart and easily filled the room from floor to ceiling with ruined baskets, worn shoes, slimy banana peels, and rotten vegetables. Standing in the doorway, surveying the lot, he swelled up a bit with pride—all this in less than an hour! No doubt the guru would show up soon and praise his accomplishment. Maitra basked outside in the sunshine and in his self-admiration, knowing that his task was complete.

All the time Maitra had been gone, Chaitra had sat in his room and meditated on the challenge; it was a tough challenge indeed. His mind having become quiet, the solution came to him just before Maitra's return. Chaitra walked to the village market, where he found an old man selling the three things he sought—a matchbox, one incense stick, and an oil lamp. Unhurried, he returned to his room, where he lit the sandalwood incense and then the lamp. A warm glow and a lovely scent filled the whole room. Chaitra then sat down again to meditation.

Meanwhile, Maitra's impatience made it impossible for him to be still. He paced about, mumbling and angry. Where was the teacher? If he didn't arrive soon, how would he ever know Maitra succeeded first? Weren't cleverness and quickness the qualities his teacher sought in students?

A few hours later, when the guru came back to inspect the room, he turned on his heels without even entering Maitra's room—it was much too smelly to go inside. He shook his head in disbelief, chuckled, and walked over to Chaitra's room. Maitra following on his heels. Chaitra's room, softly illuminated, was filled with fragrances of sandalwood and Jasmine. The teacher stepped inside and encouraged Maitra to come too. Sitting in contemplation, Chaitra opened his eyes when he heard them.

"What I offered you both was indeed a challenging task. Maitra, you filled your room quickly and easily, yet you could hardly stand to be in the room of your own creation. Chaitra, after much contemplation in the face of this seemingly impossible challenge, you chose to surround yourself with simple beauty."

Chaitra said nothing.

Maitra cast his eyes down.

"We must choose carefully," said the guru. "We must take the time to listen to what is in our hearts, no matter how hard the challenge that faces us."

## **MEDITATION**

Join me in the spirit of prayer or meditation.

Find a comfortable place for your body, find your breath in your lungs, listen to the sounds that surround you.

This morning, we may be a little discombobulated. The time has changed, and we don't feel quite right.

We can feel that the times are changing, and we don't feel quite right. Breathe a few times, feel that not quite right. Where does it live in your body?

Breathe, listen, hold your hands out in front of you, if you are able. What are you holding in your hands today? Is it your fear? Is it your anger? Is it your grief? Is it laughter? Hope? Joy? Acknowledge those things - hold them close, or let them free - whichever you feel is right.

Hold your hands together - feel the warmth or the coolness, feel the texture of your skin. Are you able to give yourself compassion today? Are you able to send love into your own bones?

Hold your hands over your heart. Think of all of the people and creatures that you love. Hold them close to your heart today, while you say their names aloud.

We are holding them all. We are holding you all.

Blessed be, and Amen

### **OFFERING**

To sustain our online programming, Sunday services, pastoral care, and our work in the wider world toward justice and equity, your church needs your financial support. Please be generous today! Click on the link, or send us a check - we're all in this together!

### **OFFERTORY In Times Like These**

In times like these we need to be strong  
We need to carry on, we need to get along hold on and right what's wrong  
In times like these we need to find a way to make a better day  
Keep my feet on the ground turning 'round, come what may

Everybody, everybody needs someone they can lean on  
Everybody needs to lean on someone  
Everybody, everybody needs someone they can lean on  
Everybody needs to lean on someone now.

In times like these there's no one not to care, no there's no one anywhere  
who doesn't feel it in their hearts, gotta make a new start, ya'll  
In times like these let the world understand  
That together hand in hand, every woman child and man, united we stand

Everybody, everybody, needs someone they can lean on  
Everybody needs to lean on someone  
Everybody needs something, everybody needs someone  
Everybody has a friend of friend who knew a friend of a friend  
Who's gotta friend of a friend.

Everybody, everybody needs someone they can lean on  
Everybody needs to lean on someone now.

### **FIRST READING**

from Naomi Shihab Nye, American poet

## A Palestinian Might Say

What?

You don't feel at home in your country,  
almost overnight?

All the simple things  
you cared about,  
maybe took for granted...

You feel

insulted, invisible?

Almost as if you're not there?

But you're there.

Where before you mingled freely...

appreciated people who weren't  
just like you...

divisions grow stronger.

That's what "chosen" and "unchosen" will do.

(Just keep your eyes on your houses and gardens.

Keep your eyes on that tree in bloom.)

Yes, a wall. Ours came later but...

who talks about how sad the land looks,  
marked by a massive wall?

That's not a normal shadow.

It's something else looming over your lives.

## **SECOND READING**

from Marilynne Robinson, American novelist

["Don't Give Up on America," *The New York Times*, 9 October 2020, adapted]

I love my country with a feeling that is like a love of family, a hope that whoever by accident or choice falls under the definition of family will thrive and will experience even a difficult life as a blessing because their worth is a fact without conditions. A family would take practical steps to ease one another through hard times and to preserve the integrity of home as a special refuge. The honor of a family would consist in a very generous acknowledgement of claims on its loyalty and care.

It is often said that America is an idea: namely, that human beings are sacred, therefore equal. We are asked to see one another in the light of a singular inalienable worth that would make a family of us if we let it. The ethic in these words should be the ethic by which we judge ourselves, our social arrangements, our dealings with the vast family of humankind. It will always find us wanting. The idea is a progressive force, constantly and necessarily exposing our failures and showing us new paths forward.

I am loyal to this country in ways that make me a pragmatist. If someone is hungry, feed them. They will be thirsty, so be sure they have good water to drink. If They are in prison, don't abuse, abandon or exploit them. Or assume that they ought to be there. If these problems afflict whole populations, those with influence or authority should repent and do better, as all the prophets tell them.

There is much to be done, more than inevitably limited people can see at a given moment. But the other side of our limitation is the fact that it carries with it a promise that we still might see a new birth of freedom, and another one beyond that. Democracy is the great instrument of human advancement. We have no right to fail it.

## **MUSIC**      Revolution

And now we got a revolution  
Cause we see the face of things to come.  
Yeah, our Constitution, well my friend,  
It's gonna have to bend.  
I'm here to tell you about destruction  
and all the evil that will have to end.

It's gonna be alright, yeah, it's gonna be alright  
You know it's gonna be alright, yeah, it's gonna be alright.

Some folks are gonna get the notion  
I know they'll say we're preachin' hate  
But if we have to swim the ocean,  
well we will just to communicate  
Its not as simple as talkin' jive  
The daily struggle just to stay alive

It's gonna be alright, yeah, it's gonna be alright  
You know it's gonna be alright, yeah, it's gonna be alright.

Singin' about a revolution  
Because we're talkin' about a change  
It's more than just evolution  
Well you know we got to clean our brains  
The only way that we can stand, in fact,  
Is when we get our foot off their backs

It's gonna be alright, yeah, it's gonna be alright  
You know it's gonna be alright, yeah, it's gonna be alright.

What to do, I'm tellin' you  
Soon we'll see if we'll be through  
Do your thing whenever you can  
When you must, take a stand.

It's gonna be alright, yeah, it's gonna be alright  
You know it's gonna be alright, yeah, it's gonna be alright.

### **SERMON**      Precedented Times

Someone said to me this summer - when already, for several months, it was feeling to all of us as if everything was just a bit too much – someone said, “I wonder what it would be like, to live, just for a little while, in *precedented* times. I'm feeling like I'd like to live for once in my life in *precedented* times.”

Right?

And not wake up every single morning, if you were lucky enough finally, restlessly, to fall asleep at all, to not wake up, every single morning, to the latest unprecedented apocalypse in our country, which is how we've been living for the past four years: glued to our phones; sometimes grimly laughing and shaking our heads in disbelief, but more often weeping; grinding our teeth; pounding our fists; losing composure; sometimes marching, marching till we've worn out our shoes and our voices, burned through all our Black Lives Matter buttons, #MeToo stickers, trans pride pins, giving them to strangers in the grocery store who timidly asked where they could get one, and urgently, absolutely, solemnly promised they would wear it, so you took it off and handed it over, a sacramental transaction, as you locked eyes for a moment with an unexpected kindred spirit, a citizen-comrade, who saved you that day from despair and then disappeared into the frozen food aisle – like an angel.

And yes, it's true: most of the multiple catastrophes we're facing now were well underway before 2016: the devastations of climate change, the devastations of white supremacy, the devastations of ubiquitous poverty and the unsustainable cruelties of capitalism run amok- these did not just suddenly appear, sweep over the land, when the current administration came to power. If anything, this presidency has exposed, in its cynical rampage, the clear and present dangers that have threatened our people and all people and the planet so acutely for a long, long time. This presidency has exposed what was already upon us, within us, among us, inside the folds of fabric woven thread by thread into every star and stripe of our history. But the willingness of our people to allow the volume to be cranked up as it has been (the volume of hate, murderous hatred); the willingness of our people to allow the fragile, bright promise of democracy to be so undermined in so many ways, disregarded, disrespected, possibly beyond repair; the willingness of our people to allow and encourage the mismanagement of the pandemic, sacrificing hundreds of thousands of lives for the political power and profit of a handful of people (*how can they sleep at night?*); the willingness of our people to support leaders with no capacity for moral leadership, who without chagrin and not missing a step follow

the wobbly goose-step of an unstable tyrant; the willingness of our people to support all this, or simply not to notice, not to care, has reached a new level. (And obviously not all the people, but enough of them - enough of our neighbors, and strangers, relations and friends, to make some of us pretty worried right now with 48 hours to go till the election; we're edgy and brittle this week as we've been for four years, overcome with a nervous, exhausted, sad, scared anxiety which is contagious as a virus and for which there aren't even words anymore.)

Could we stop for just a moment with these unprecedented times?

This week I prayed,  
*We know there are no saviors in this race.  
No matter who wins the election  
the work ahead of us is mighty;  
No rest awaits on the day after.  
This old order cannot, must not stand, will not stand,  
and candidates can't take it down.  
That work happens hand to hand, here on the ground where we're living.  
What we need here is a gut check.  
What we need now is to know that people,  
some majority of people,  
neighbors, strangers, friends, relations,  
the people in the grocery store inscrutable behind their masks,  
other drivers on the highway,  
the parents of the other kids in the parking lot at school,  
that one walking their dog,  
that one pumping their gas,  
that one revving that pickup,  
that one raking leaves as the snow comes down  
in the fading fall light of 2020-  
we need to know the people know  
what evil looks like now, what evil acts like,  
what fascism feels like when it starts, not so subtly, to take hold.  
We need to know they know the damage lies and greed and  
walls and words and hate and rape and plunder really do,  
have done, are doing every day  
to bodies that bleed and to the body politic.  
We need to know our people will say no,  
have within them, within us, among us  
the will to say no,  
which is to say, which is to whisper,  
yes,  
to clench a fist around yes  
and hold it safe like a handful of seeds.*

This week, I prayed,

*Oh God – whatever happens on Tuesday  
and beyond Tuesday,  
may the hands of those itching for violence be stayed.  
May the guns of murderous proud grown white boys  
stay silent, stay home, stay away.  
There’s enough sadness already; there’s enough dying already.  
We are ready now for change,  
to plant our seeds like winter wheat  
and bring the harvest home.*

And we know this is not new. People have prayed like this always, in all of our towns. Perhaps you haven’t before, but others have and their parents before them, all the way back, prayed every night that violence not come when angry white people get restless. Not all of this is unprecedented, but for sure, it’s intensified now, blatant and exposed.

I heard Naomi Shihab Nye speak at St. Kate’s two years ago, and near the end she offered us her poem, as yet unpublished, “A Palestinian Might Say,” she herself a Palestinian-German-American poet from Texas. On that night it was still only 2018; we were only half-way in to what we’re in right now. She told us,

*A Palestinian Might Say*

*What?  
You don’t feel at home in your country,  
almost overnight?  
All the simple things  
you cared about,  
maybe took for granted. . .  
you feel  
insulted, invisible?  
Almost as if you’re not there?  
But you’re there.  
Where before you mingled freely. . .  
appreciated people who weren’t  
just like you. . .  
divisions grow stronger.  
That’s what “chosen” and “unchosen” will do...  
(Just keep your eyes on your houses and gardens.  
Keep your eyes on that tree in bloom.)*

She’s saying here: keep your eyes on what you cherish. Remember what matters and defend it. Keep holding what is holy in the cup of your hands; warm it with the fire of your outrage and

your love; water it with tears. The poem goes on, with what a person from the West Bank or Gaza might say if they were trying to comfort or to reassure a distraught American like you or like me who find ourselves suddenly living under what feels like a kind of occupation,

*Yes, a wall. [And] who talks about how sad the land looks,  
marked by a massive wall?*

*That's not a normal shadow.*

*It's something else looming over your lives.*

That not-normal shadow has loomed over us for a long, long time; these are in fact precedented times.

We like to imagine that it was once unimaginable that our own government would deliberately design a system, that people would sit around a table and hash out the particulars of a policy, that tears children, literally, physically, by hand, tears them from the arms of their parents, then jails the parents pending deportation to places unknown, and then jails the children separately, some of them as young as 5 years old, in metal cages or concrete dormitories. We long to return to a time when such a thing was impossible, but it's always been possible.

We want to believe it was once unthinkable that teargas and tanks and military weapons would be deployed against inconvenient but peaceful civilians in the streets of our cities, but I don't know when that would have been. (You may have heard -and cried, as I did - this past spring, the families of students killed at Kent State marking the 50th anniversary.) Or that we could rewind to some moment in the past when the numbers of black men in prison were not greater than the numbers graduating high school or going to college or surviving childhood. When was that time when America was perfect, and great?

Precedented times – when land theft would have been unthinkable, snaking pipelines through sacred, sovereign territories, or drilling for oil in a fragile national refuge, fracking and mining and poisoning water forever. When was that ever not how we do it? Or times when the health and well-being and well bodies of everyone, trans and gender-queer and female, as well as the others, were cherished, protected, provided what basic, decent care they need to thrive. Times when likely sexual predators weren't president, or appointed to the Supreme Court.

We have always lived in precedented times. The volume's been turned up for sure now, the heat is way hotter, the danger less carefully cloaked – but tyrants are always arising, and here in our country, and elsewhere, in every age, everywhere, resistance rises too. Hope arises too. Courage and love and creative, nonviolent rebellion also rise up and they always have. That we've come this far is proof of that. No matter what happens on Tuesday, we are not going back, we are carrying our history forward into what Langston Hughes called “the America that yet shall be.” We are ready now, we're more than ready, to imagine and envision and embody, to dedicate our lives, our fortune and our sacred honor to shaping truly unprecedented times. We will not be turning back, nor slipping under the comfortable coverlets of despair, because for every step backward in these past four horrific years, we have also seen people all over the

world rising up to say no, which is to say yes. From streets filled with outrage and beauty to quieter, steady subversions – kindness, curiosity, generosity – we are speaking with new fluency and unshakable conviction now the languages of antiracism, of trans- and gender queer inclusion, the vocabulary of environmental justice which includes not only precious land but the precious human communities most impacted by the desecration. We've learned a lot in four years about decentralized power beyond politicians, older voices giving way to younger, smarter activist strategy, even in the Congress, and we have learned a lot about intersected dreaming, how the longing and struggle and hope of one community is the struggle and hope of all others. No matter what happens on Tuesday and beyond, we are going forward with renewed solidarity, honesty, outrage and joy in the struggle. They can steal the election, but they can't steal our shine. They can hack the election, they can suppress voting, intimidate voters, lose and refuse to count ballots, change the rules, change the hours, God knows what - but they can't steal our shine.

And this tenacity also has precedent.

You know, in the Middle Ages, when the plague came to Europe, village by village the people believed it was surely the end of the world – and it was, for many. Their own world, the known world, was collapsing, stricken, and they had no way of knowing that in other places, other whole continents, most of the planet, Africa, America, Antarctica, Australia, Asia, the sun was still shining, the sky was still blue. Without knowing that, they still remembered blue sky, they held onto hope without any reason whatsoever to do so, and some of that hope yet survives. And our case now is different: we know that much of our catastrophe is global now, and comprehensive, from rising fascist states to melting polar ice. But still, we don't always see or understand in the moment the variety and complexity and spontaneity of resistance movements and resilience, flickers of hope, glimmers of beauty, winds of change blowing everywhere like the wild wind last night.

We're scared now, and rightly so. We're right to be wary, and ready, and also to move gently with ourselves and with each other in the coming week and weeks beyond. But to give in to despair would be to disrespect the memory of so many all around us, and so many before us, so many thousands gone, who held to life and love not foolishly, but firmly, fiercely, faithfully, in times at least as troubled as our own. That legacy of ferocious faith lives on. We can't sit here in 2020, whimpering, wringing our hands, without looking back to 1619, which some say marks the true founding of America, , when the first people were kidnapped from West Africa in chains, bound head to foot in the belly of a ship, all through the Middle Passage, the living and the dead together in the dark, alighting at last, barely able to walk, on the green shores of a new hell. The world ended then, that year, and it ended and ended and ended again every day for more than 300 years, and that old trouble is our trouble still. This is not the time at all to lay the struggle down and say it's just too much. We're only getting started in our hope and our redemption. Someone said to me this summer, "I'm 21 years old. I've got 70 years, at least, ahead of me here. I don't have time for your regrets and your despair; I have nowhere to put that." This moment in our history is not an end at all, no matter what happens in the days to come; this is a

beginning now, either way, reaching out to us, calling us by name, daring us to answer. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Our theme this month is outrage: the practice of holding what is holy.

Many years ago, James Baldwin, the brilliant black, gay, expatriate artist and activist, novelist, critic, and prophet, wrote, *To look around the United States today, is enough to make prophets and angels weep. This is not the land of the free; it is only very unwillingly and sporadically the home of the brave.* Our calling as a prophetic people, striving to stay on the side of the angels, is to be in our words and in our actions, in our spirit and in every move we make henceforth, more willingly and more consistently brave. You may or may not believe every day, especially lately, that the arc of our history is bending toward justice, toward courage, toward wisdom, toward mercy, toward truth, but we must act, every day, as if we believe it, because lives are at stake, real human lives are at stake, dependent on the hope and the resilience we can muster in this moment. When you feel yourself falling, gasping for air, slipping into shadow, call someone up to sustain you. Call me up. Call Sara or Jack, Amy or Nico or Carol or Thaxter. Call your church. Come on Tuesday night this week to the vigil we'll be holding on Zoo. To encourage each other. When you see someone else stumble under the weight, the impossible weight, of what we're all bearing right now, call them up. Cast a lifeline. Share your shine. This week, no matter what, we go forward together, not one step back, loving our country, which is to say our people, which is to say each other, which is to say our family, however broadly you want to define that, loving our country and each other as if our lives depended on it.

From Denise Levertov

*How could we tire of hope? -- so much is in bud.*

*How can desire fail?*

*We have only begun to imagine justice and mercy,  
only begun to envision how it might be  
to live as siblings with beast and flower,  
not as oppressors.*

*Surely our river cannot already be hastening  
into the sea of nonbeing?*

*Surely it cannot drag, in the silt, all that is innocent?*

*Not yet, not yet –*

*there is too much broken that must be mended,  
too much hurt we have done to each other  
that cannot yet be forgiven.*

*We have only begun to know the power that is in us  
if we would join our solitudes in the communion of struggle.*

*So much is unfolding  
that must complete its gesture,  
so much is in bud.*

We want to invite you to share with us and with each other now, just one or two words. We'll use the chat box and the comments on Facebook, just like last week. take a breath now, the breath of life, and as the music plays, tell us what you're voting for this time. Not who you're voting for, not who you're voting against – but what you're voting for- what you cherish, what you won't give up if you can help it, what you hope for. As the music plays, tell us what you cast your ballot for.

**MUSIC** during the sharing in the chat - I'm on My Way (instrumental)

## **READING**

*from Alberto Rios*

We plant seeds in the ground  
And dreams in the sky,

Hoping that, someday, the roots of one  
Will meet the upstretched limbs of the other.

It has not happened yet.  
We share the sky, all of us, the whole world:

Together, we are a tribe of eyes that look upward,  
Even as we stand on uncertain ground.

The earth beneath us moves, quiet and wild,  
Its boundaries shifting, its muscles wavering.

The dream of sky is indifferent to all this,  
Impervious to borders, fences, reservations.

The sky is our common home, the place we all live.  
There we are in the world together.

The dream of sky requires no passport.  
Blue will not be fenced. Blue will not be a crime.

Look up. Stay awhile. Let your breathing slow.  
Know that you always have a home here.

**HYMN**            Go Yonder

Go yonder, go yonder and gather the people  
Tell all the people that peace is a-come  
Tell all the refugees they will find home again  
Tell all the people that peace is a-come.

Go yonder, go yonder and gather the people  
Tell all the people that peace is a-come  
Tell all the nations their weapons aren't needed  
Tell all the people that peace is a-come.

Go yonder, go yonder and gather the people  
Tell all the people that peace is a-come  
Tell all the children their hunger is over.  
Tell all the people that peace is a-come.

Go yonder, go yonder and gather the people  
Tell all the people that peace is a-come  
Tell all the refugees they will find home again  
Tell all the people that peace is a-come.

### **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 your inbox is flooded with email right now. We promise that the eNews will be brief and crystal clear.

If you are new today or visiting please come to a brief Welcome Orientation right after the service. Our ministers will greet you there and answer questions, tell you more about our church.

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

There's a vigil here on Tuesday night at 8 pm, so we can all take a break from the election returns and center our spirits with singing and hope. You'll find details in tomorrow's ENews.

And finally - vote. If you still have a paper ballot, don't mail it now. It won't arrive in time. The deadline's changed. Make a plan to drop it off in person tomorrow or Tuesday, or to vote at the polls. Contact us if you need help.

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

**POSTLUDE** You Gotta Move

You gotta move, you gotta move,  
you gotta move, child, you gotta move  
'Cause when the lord gets ready, you gotta move

You may be rich, you may be poor  
You may be young, you may be old  
But when the lord gets ready, you gotta move

You may be black, you may be white  
You may be wrong, you may be right  
But when the lord gets ready, you gotta move  
You may be high, you may be low  
You may be down, no place to go  
But when the lord gets ready, you gotta move

You may be gay, you may be straight  
You may be carrying a heavy weight  
But when the lord gets ready, you gotta move

You gotta move, you gotta move,  
you gotta move, child, you gotta move  
'Cause when the lord gets ready, you gotta move