

Full Text of the Service at White Bear Unitarian Universalist Church
Sunday, January 24, 2021

PRELUDE MUSIC

Come Into This Place of Peace 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.

Present Moment, Wonderful Moment WBUUC Choir

Breathing, calming, present moment, wonderful moment
Breathing, healing, present moment, wonderful moment

GIVING VOICE TO THE SPIRIT

May I Be Filled with Loving Kindness

Ubi Caritas

WELCOME Nancy Ver Steegh

Good morning, and welcome everyone, to White Bear Unitarian Universalist Church. I am Nancy VerSteegh, 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.

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

Your Pledge Committee has a gift for you and your household: a paper luminary to place in your window or yard, and a pack of hot cocoa, to warm your spirit as the winter settles in. You can pick these up here at church, right outside the front doors, any time - gifts of thanks to all of you for supporting our church in so many ways. "Strong is what we make each other."

Watch for the Enews this week on Monday and Thursday for news about upcoming classes and programs for children, youth and adults.

Today, at 11:15, plan to join us for Cyber Social Hour. It's a fun way to meet others and share conversation in small facilitated groups. 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 in love.

CALL TO WORSHIP (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.

John Weiss and Sue Dallman will light the chalice.

LIGHTING THE CHALICE John Weiss and Sue Dallman

In this time of terrifying political divide and divisiveness, I am called to honor those who have the courage to attempt to hear the voices and opinions of those who think and vote the very opposite of how WE believe and vote...whether it is blue or red.

It takes bravery to hold on to our words about OUR beliefs, and why we are SO right, and that "THE OTHER" is all wet, stupid, a misguided follower, and SO wrong!

It takes courage to say "I want to hear about your beliefs. I want to listen to you and hear you. I do not want to shame you for your beliefs. I would love it if you would listen to me, and try to understand me and my beliefs."

As we navigate this unprecedented period in our nation's history, I encourage each of us to reach down deeply and look for the courage to just listen to the words and beliefs of "THE OTHER".

Today we light this chalice in honor of the courage we all have within us.

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

The hymn is What Wondrous Love , #18 in the grey hymnal.

HYMN What Wondrous Love

What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul,

What wondrous love is this, O my soul.

What wondrous love is this that brings my heart such bliss

And takes away the pain of my soul, of my soul,

And takes away the pain of my soul.

When I was sinking down, sinking down, sinking down

When I was sinking down, sinking down.
When I was sinking down beneath my sorrow's ground,
Friends to me gather'd round, O my soul, O my soul,
Friends to me gathered round, O my soul.

To love and to all friends I will sing, I will sing,
To love and to all friends I will sing,
To love and to all friends who pain and sorrow mend,
With thanks unto the end I will sing, I will sing.
With thanks unto the end, I will sing.

STORY - Amy

This morning, I'd like to share one of my most favorite stories; a Buddhist story called "The Broom Master." As you listen, you will hear me repeat this phrase: "Sweep Away the Dust, Sweep away the dirt." When you hear it, I invite you into meditation with me: sweeping with your hands, if that feels comfortable...breathe in when we sweep away the dust...breathing out as we sweep away the dirt. Let's try it: Sweep Away the Dust, Sweep Away the dirt.

The Broom Master

Chunda and his brother, Raj, lived in a small village. Above all else, Chunda admired his older brother, Raj who, at the age of 16, was a bright and brilliant scholar and was preparing to move to the city to study Buddhism at the monastery.

Chunda wanted more than anything in the world to accompany his brother, but he knew that part of the work of a student at the monastery would be to read, memorize and recite the lessons of Buddhism. This worried Chunda, because though he had a kind and generous heart, he was not a very skilled reader and worried that he wouldn't be able to memorize the simplest of lessons.

Raj knew that there was more to Buddhism than reading and reciting text, and so encouraged Chunda to come along, even if it was to earn his keep at the monastery by working. Chunda was persuaded, and off the brothers went to the city-- Raj studied and Chunda worked. After a while, Raj noticed that Chunda became sad; for it was Chunda's greatest wish to join Raj in his studies. One day, Raj sent Chunda to see the Buddha, the wise master of the monastery.

The kind man sat in silence with Chunda for some time, until finally, the Buddha asked, "Chunda, you are a hard worker, are you not?"

"Yes, sir," replied Chunda

"You do all that you do with all your heart and soul, do you not?"

"Yes," replied Chunda once more

The Buddha continued, "I would like to give you a special job. I want you to sweep the temple hall each day, can you do that?"

"Oh yes, teacher" Chunda said, jumping up with delight. "That is something I can do well!"

"Very well then, Chunda. I will give you the job of sweeping the temple. That is all that you must do, but as you sweep the floors, you must speak these lines to yourself, over and over: 'sweep away the dust, sweep away the dirt.' Can you remember that?"

"Sweep away the dust, sweep away the dirt," Chunda repeated. "Yes, teacher, I can remember that because that is what I will be doing. Sweep away the dust, sweep away the dirt."

And so, Chunda set off to complete his work. Every day he swept the temple and recited his words: "Sweep away the dust, sweep away the dirt. Sweep away the dust, sweep away the dirt." The more he said it, the easier the words were to remember. The more that he said it, the more at peace he began to feel: "Sweep away the dust, sweep away the dirt." One day, Chunda stopped, and the Buddha came upon him. "Share your thoughts," said the wise teacher.

"Master; you are very wise, and this task that you gave me was very simple; to sweep away the dust and the dirt in the temple. But I wonder if there was another lesson that you meant for me to learn."

The Buddha smiled and nodded, "Yes, Chunda. What have you learned?"

Chunda replied: "Dust and dirt cover what is beautiful and cloud what is clear; when I say these words, I feel at peace. So while I am sweeping away the outer dust and dirt in the temple, I am also sweeping away the inner dust and dirt."

The Buddha nodded once more, "tell me Chunda, what is inner dust and dirt?"

Chunda thought for a moment and replied, "I believe that inner dust and dirt is a grasping: If we don't like something in our lives, then we grasp for a different situation. But if we do like something that we have, then we also grasp because we don't want it to change." Chunda continued, "To look at life clearly, we must always see through this. We must sweep the dust and dirt away and keep our inner Temple clean. Sweep away the dust, sweep away the dirt. Sweep away the dust, sweep away the dirt."

As the years passed, Chunda was able to share his wisdom with the other Monks, and stories of his teachings spread throughout the city, and students would come from far and wide to hear the simple, profound wisdom of Chunda, the Broom Master.

MEDITATION - Rev. Sara Goodman

Join me in the spirit of meditation - find a comfortable place for your body. Take a deep breath.

Spirit of Life, Spirit of Love, Spirit of Compassion - hold us today in all of our complexities. Hold us in the struggles of everyday living, the struggles we hide, the struggles we carry sometimes alone, but never alone.

Hold us in our joy – unfettered, or complicated, in the brightness of a new beginning, in the brightness of a rainbow of amazing women sharing their joy and their power on a stage – bringing us beauty and grace, ushering in an age of possibility.

Hold us as we mourn the ones we've lost, and fear for the ones who are ill. Hold us as we celebrate births and grieve deaths. Hold us as we move through the world with weights on our shoulders, lighter this week than before.

Hold us, and all the ones we love in a warm embrace. ____

Spirit, help us to always remember, we are whole, we are holy, and we are not alone. AMEN

OFFERING INTRODUCTION - Nancy VerSteegh

Every financial gift to our congregation goes to support the programs we've come to rely on as anchors in our lives: gathering space and materials for children, youth and families, choral rehearsals and music, classes and small groups, justice work and public witness, pastoral care, rites of passage, Sunday services. You can contribute to the offering today by sending a check, or by following the easy prompt to "text-to-give." Please note that we have changed the number you should use! The correct number appears on today's screen. Thank you for your generous support!

OFFERTORY - To Sing With You Is Home To Me (Choir - audio only?)

To sing with you is home to me,
A compass at the close of day
to guide my soul in deeper ways
as o'er the years I roam.
To sing with you is home.

To sing with you is home to me,
a throng of friends together breathe.
We set the ancient spirits free
and drink the blended tone.
To sing with you is home.

To sing with you is home to me,
beneath the sky all black and bright
We join the loud and holy night
of galaxies unknown.
To sing with you is home.

READINGS - Rev. Sara Goodman

The first reading is from poet Arcelis Girmay, from her poem, "ON KINDNESS."

At the Airport
with the turtle-hours to spare
between now & my flight, there is
such a thing as the kindness
of the conveyor belt who lends me
its slow, strange mollusk foot
as I stand quiet, exhausted... somehow
its slow & quiet carrying of the load
reminds me of the kindness of donkeys
& this kindness returns me to myself.

It reminds me of the kindness of other things I love
like the kindness of sisters who send mail,
wherever you are, &, speaking of mail, there is
the special kindness of the mail lady
who says, "Hi, baby" to everyone, at first
I thought it was just me, but now I know
she says "Hi, baby" to everyone. That is kindness.
Too, there is the kindness of windows, & of dogs.

& then there was that extraordinary Sunday
I heard a woman screaming
about how she was lonely & so lonely
she didn't know what she'd do,
she said, over & over like a parrot
in a cage, a parrot whose human parent
only taught it that one sentence. I looked out
the window & saw her from behind, the way she flung her arms
& her voice seemed fogged out with methadone, I don't know,
something, & I walked away from the window
& sat, angry with her for screaming, & sad,
& not long after, I heard her saying,
"What'd you say? What'd you say to me?"
& a man's voice, low, I could not tell if it was kind.
& she said, "I'll kill myself, I'm so lonely."
& did I tell you, yet, that it was Mother's Day?
Flowers & mothers, flowers & mothers all day long.
& the woman saying, "I'm so lonely."
& then quiet. & the man's voice saying, "It's okay."

It's okay. I love you, it's okay."

& this made me get up, put my face, again, to the window
to see my landlord's nephew outside, just hugging her so, as if
it were his mother, I mean, as if he belonged to her...

When the front door of the brownstone opened up
& let the tall nephew in with his sad & cougar eyes,
handsome & tall in his Carolina-Brooklyn swagger, I heard
him start to climb the stairs above me,
& though it was none of my business
I asked him, "Do you know that woman out there?"
& do you know what happened next?
He said, "No." The nephew said no, he didn't know
the woman out there. & he told me "Happy Mother's Day"
as he climbed the rest of the stairs. & I can't stop seeing them
hugging on the street, under trees, it was spring, but cold,
& sometimes in the memory his head is touching hers
& sometimes in the memory his eyes are closed,
& sometimes *she* is holding *him*
& singing to him "I love you. It's okay."

I mean to tell you that everywhere I go
I hear us singing to each other. I mean to tell you
that I have witnessed such great kindness as this,
in this, my true life, you must believe me.
I mean, on a Sunday, I saw this happen, the two
of them hugging, when nobody was supposed to be
watching, but not a secret either, public
as the street, not for glory & not for a joke,
the landlord's nephew ready to stand there for the woman
like a brother or a sister or a husband or son,
or none of these at all, but a stranger,
a stranger, who like her, is an earthling.

Perhaps this thing I am calling kindness
is more simple than kindness, rather, recognition
of the neighbor & the blue, shared earth
& the common circumstance of being here:
what remains living of the last
two million, impossible years...

The second reading is from poet Raymond Carver, "Late fragment."

And did you get what
you wanted from this life, even so?
I did.
And what did you want?
To call myself beloved, to feel myself
beloved on the earth.

MUSIC You Are the New Day - **Carol Caouette**

You are the new day
You are the new day
I will love you more than me
And more than yesterday
If you can but prove to me
You are the new day
Send the sun in time for dawn
Let the birds all hail the morning
Love of life will urge me say
You are the new day
When I lay me down at night
Knowing we must pay
Thoughts occur that this night might
Stay yesterday
Thoughts that we as humans small
Could slow worlds and end it all
Lie around me where they fall
Before the new day
One more day when time is running out
For everyone
Like a breath I knew would come I reach for
The new day
Hope is my philosophy
Just needs days in which to be
Love of life means hope for me
Borne on a new day
You are the new day

SERMON The Kindness of Friends and the Friendliness of Strangers (**Victoria**)

As she shared with you and me and the whole world her inaugural poem last Wednesday morning, Amanda Gorman wore a ring gifted her by Oprah Winfrey. It's shaped like a birdcage with a bird inside, an homage to Maya Angelou, another inaugural poet. The image comes from the poem that lent a title to her memoir:

"The caged bird sings

with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.”

It has felt this week as if the door to a cage confining us these past few years has been opened, not miraculously but by the hardest of hard work, and we've all come out, blinking in the sunshine, stretching wings and limbs and muscles tensed and constricted so long we'd forgotten almost how they work, the core musculature of imagination, the sinews of hope that bind us to life and each other. We're a little lighter now, more free to imagine health and restoration, transformation, free again to expect that the most basic of basic decencies might once more be commonplace among us.

I don't want to take that metaphor too far without acknowledging straight up that freedom falls to different people very differently and if anything we're free now to imagine more diligently how that disparity might change. Cornel West, theologian, writes of the many millions of people, black and brown, who are held in right now in literal cages, iron cages, and he compares those jails, those detention centers, those prisons, to what he calls the golden cage of privilege. It's almost as hard to get out of one cage as the other, he says, and each in its way can choke the human spirit of its power. I might squint my eyes to pretend the bars of a golden cage do not exist, that they do not surround me and protect me, but I know they're there, and what's changed from last week to this is that now I'm a little more free, a little more at liberty, a little more able to take up the work, to back the work of dismantling every manner of cage, bars of iron, bars of gold. So I think Amanda Gorman's ring, like her poem, says something to us all.

There's more room to breathe this week in our country, and therefore our whole world, so let's draw breath and put it to good use. There's more room to remember now who we are, each of us, who we're called to be. More room, more breath, more capacity, more stamina, more hope - and strangely, some of that hope for me was illuminated, kindled from within, on Tuesday night, when the reflecting pool in Washington was ringed in lights and music: a national observance of 400,000 dead. Sadly, strangely, I felt something stirring that I think was hope, as I saw our leaders grieving too, bearing witness and disconsolate like us. It was, if not a comfort, then a confirmation, that we're not crazy, that our losses are real and our fear is justified, that our dead are worthy of our tears. The new administration says, not with gloom but honesty, respect, that we can expect the toll to rise to half a million soon, and I don't know what to do but light more candles, shine more light, and ask you all to hold with me a little silence. None of us can understand 400,000 gone, and the millions more who loved them. How many can a single person mourn? But in the silence here, for just moment, see if you can think of one, maybe someone you knew, or someone you heard about, or imagine that nursing home or hospital you drive by every day; try to picture one person. For just a moment, let's breathe in and out, in silence and in memory.

Those of us remaining are a little freer now, to move about the cabin of our daily days, to dream around the edges of our Zoom-tangles, to remember who we are, what we think we stand for, what we long for, what we need, as a country and our own selves, one by one. Now that we can breathe more easily, not hyperventilating all the time, or gasping, sputtering with rage, we can re-set our sights, recalculate direction, sort through what we're learning in pandemic time, and what we'll carry with us into a future that we might soon be able to envision. It feels good to have a little space, psychic, emotional space.

Julie Cadwallader Staub is a poet in Vermont. We know her here; she gave a reading for us in the sanctuary last year when her most recent book came out. She's the sister of longtime member Doris Petrie. Julie has a wonderful poem which I think is about the expansion of imagination, which is always a courageous act, to take the risk of thinking and dreaming, being and becoming, larger and deeper and broader, more creative and kinder, than you have been so far. Our theme this month has been "courage," and I think that's partly what it is. Her piece is called "Jesus Buys a House in South Burlington, Vt.," and it tells a little story about a woman with a new neighbor who annoys her:

"I live in a lovely
neighborhood or at least it
used to be, before he
moved in next door.
Now there's a stream of raggy people on bikes,
in cars, most trudging up the street on foot to
his raised ranch.
Those old unkempt men who live under
the bridges and back in the woods.
Those women, streetwalker-types, and
old ones with walkers or canes.
Children too, and migrants, immigrants,
illegals, college kids all the riffraff plus a
few decent people some fancy cars
mixed in.
And he feeds them.
Has an old Weber
grill set up in the front
yard.
I called the police and saw them pull up— I
thought they would shut down the
operation— but apparently he's not
breaking any laws not even disturbing the
peace and today the paper reported that the
officers resigned from their positions and
moved in with him.

And it's true—I've seen them working side by side with the others serving food cleaning up weeding that big garden in the front yard.

The article didn't include what Jesus said, though, that made those officers leave good jobs to stay with him. What does he say that makes all those people want to be near him? Every night he builds a bonfire out front. Stands there in the light with everyone gathered around him and I have to tell you—

I don't know why I'm doing this, I'm not the kind of person who does this kind of thing— but here I am, standing in my bedroom next to my open window to listen.”

She's intrigued, in spite of herself. She's intrigued by these people, the police weeding the garden and stirring the soup, the raggedy poor feeding the hungry themselves, and tending the old and the sick and the young and the battered and beaten and broken, strangers and strange people acting like family right there in the front yard. She's not just disgusted or fearful; she's curious about what her rangy new neighbor is saying and doing. She's not only nosy but curious, and maybe also knowing, knowing at last and even out loud, her own loneliness, her own poverty of spirit, the limitations of her golden cage. Curiosity like that is the beginning of courage. There's more space for that now, for all of us.

We've been cooped up inside, cooped up in constriction, for so long. It's time to move toward the window, open the window, even though it's still winter, and listen. Listen. Who's hungry? Who's hurting? Who's helping? Who's out there? Who else is cooped up in here with us, and out there, just like us? It's cold, but still we should lean out our windows and listen, like the crabby woman in the poem, to what the rest of the neighborhood is saying, feeling, sharing, suffering, doing, dreaming, trying, needing, singing. The danger of pandemic time, beyond the physical danger, the danger of isolation is that sometimes we can't see beyond it. We begin to believe that our own suffering is the worst suffering, or that our own sadness is silly, that we should just get a grip. If we're lonely, it's our own damn fault- we should have made friends years ago. We lose perspective in isolation, doubt ourselves and doubt each other, forget the wisdom of the plastic lawn signs that ten months' in are fading now and weather-worn, but you can still make out the words: “We're all in this together.”

We've heard a lot about self-care throughout this quaran-time, how to pace ourselves, forgive ourselves, not drive ourselves to death or to distraction with all our pre-pandemic goals for productivity, most of which were overdue for re-examination anyway -and so much of this is wise and right. We should be reciting reminders to ourselves and to each other like incantations, exhortations, to rest, drink water, wash hands, log off, log out, shut down the ipad, computer, the phone; recite this to ourselves and to each other like a litany at night and a blessing on the day when we get up: take care, take care, take care. Teach it to our children so they know and won't forget that what matters is not screen school now, but whether they feel

happy, whether they feel safe, whether they feel curious about the world and brave and strong, and what answer they can give to Raymond Carver's question, which is an adult question suitable for kids and all of us, at the end and at the start of every day:

"And did you get what
you wanted from this life, even so?
I did.
And what did you want?
To call myself beloved, to feel myself
beloved on the earth."

And this gets to the heart of what I really believe about "self-care" in pandemic times and all the time: that it really is not a personal project, but a common one, a work we hold together. So much of the self-care industry now is itself so judge-y and expensive and demanding: "Eat better food!" – which is hard to do if you're poor, or working long shifts in a dangerous space and too tired to get to the store. "Get more rest!" – which is impossible without sufficient child care, money, time. "Buy this product, take this class, read this book, work out more, practice yoga, meditate!" – so much sometimes can sound like messaging blared from a megaphone from inside a gilded cage. Self-care is about the community of care, and maybe now there's space, more spaciousness, to imagine again what that looks like: a community of care, a country of care, a theology of care, not each person or household fending for themselves, for all of us, everyone, all the raggedy neighbors of the woman in the poem, who are us, by the way, on our not so shiny days. Policies of care to hold us all: I think of Jacinda Adern in New Zealand, and her plan to make mental illness, family violence and child poverty the focus of national concern, the primary focus of national concern, investment, policy and programs during the pandemic. I think of our own administration, invoking on day one last week the Defense Production Act, and SNAP extensions to combat hunger, and immediate workplace protections, and so many other initiatives to address Covid-19 as if it were a catastrophic national emergency. All of this common care makes self-care more likely and more possible.

We - none of us - feel worthy.
We - all of us - live locked within the lie of self-sufficiency,
bootstrap grandiosity.
There's no holiness in that, and not a drop of mercy.
I tell you, it's a sacrament.
It is, I'm telling you,
a visible and outward sign of grace
inside you,
and among us,
holding us together, weary as we are,
all waiting for permission,
every single one of us,
to ask for help when we need help.

May we find the strength now, and the courage,
to show each other how this might be done.

“Call to ask for help,” When the pandemic began, we said this each week in these services.
“Call to ask for help, or offer help.” Either way, it is a sacrament.

On Wednesday I asked the people who came to the Soulwork group to share stories about the people, specific people, named and unnamed, who’ve helped them in tough times, without whom they might not have made it, maybe the ones who are helping them now and it was beautiful to hear about family and friends, and also strangers, who sent out a lifeline, sent up a flare. One person said, almost in astonishment, “I feel myself buoyed along, by so many floats,” and they told us about letter-writing and phone calls, and texting and Zoom groups, including with many of you, and in another group – same question – someone talked about neighbors and food, and I didn’t quite catch who was bringing food to whom, but either way and both ways, it was a saving grace, all these ways that we show up and thereby save each other. This is a collective project, whether on the micro-scale of our own lives, or the macro stage of our whole country.

Arcelis Girmay tells another lovely story in another lovely poem about leaning out the window and spying on the neighbors (which I guess I am endorsing – not spying exactly, but watching and listening for clues, about how to be a human, how to be and become a human among humans in this life). She saw and heard and took into her bones and her soul an extraordinary thing, an exchange between her landlord’s nephew and a stranger. Her poem is called, “On Kindness:”

“... & then there was that extraordinary Sunday
I heard a woman screaming
about how she was lonely & so lonely
she didn’t know what she’d do,
she said. I looked out
the window & saw the way she flung her arms
& I walked away from the window
& sat, angry with her for screaming, & sad,
& not long after, I heard her a man’s voice,
& the woman saying, “I’m so lonely. I could kill myself,”
& then quiet & the man’s voice saying, “It’s okay.
I love you, it’s okay.”
& this made me get up, put my face, again, to the window
to see my landlord’s nephew outside, just hugging her so, as if
it were his mother, I mean, as if he belonged to her...

Later I asked him, “Do you know that woman out there?”
& do you know what happened next?

He said, "No." The nephew said no, he didn't know
the woman out there.
& I can't stop seeing them
& sometimes in the memory his head is touching hers
& sometimes in the memory his eyes are closed,
& sometimes she is holding him
& singing to him "I love you. It's okay."

I mean to tell you that everywhere I go
I hear us singing to each other. I mean to tell you
that I have witnessed such great kindness as this,
you must believe me.
I mean, I saw this happen, the two
of them hugging, when nobody was supposed to be
watching, but not a secret either, public
as the street, not for glory & not for a joke,
the landlord's nephew ready to stand there for the woman
like a brother or a sister or a husband or son,
or none of these at all, but a stranger,
a stranger, who like her, is an earthling.

Perhaps this thing I am calling kindness
is more simple than kindness, rather, recognition
of the neighbor & the blue, shared earth
& the common circumstance of being here"

She says in the poem, "this kindness returns me to myself."

We have space now to think about such things again, to breathe into and imagine compassion,
but more than compassion, kindness, and more than kindness, the kind of self-care that cares
for everyone, strangers and lovers and friends, all of us.
It's a new day. Together, we are a new day.

HYMN Do You Hear? (112 in Singing the Living Tradition)

CLOSING WORDS - Nancy

Please join me in the 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 - Victoria

Friends, thank you for coming today!

At 11:15 join us for Cyber Social Hour. It's actually just half an hour of easy conversation - we hope you'll come.

We're sending love to you today from Maple Street and all of our locations.
Farewell, and stay well, friends, from all of us. So be it. See to it. Amen.

POSTLUDE The Parting Glass (Carol Caouette, David Heath and Julia Ryan Holch)

Of all the money that e'er I had
I spent it in good company
And all the harm I've ever done
Alas it was to none but me.

And all I've done for want of wit
To mem'ry now I can't recall
So fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be to you all.

So fill to me the parting glass
And drink a health whate'er befall
And gently rise and softly call
Good night and joy be to you all.

Of all the comrades that e'er I had
They're sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had
They'd wish me one more day to stay.

But since it fell unto my lot
That I should rise and you should not
I gently rise and softly call
Good night and joy be to you all.