

Full Text of the Service at White Bear Unitarian Universalist Church
Sunday, February 14, 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.

Ballad, by Takashi Yoshimatsu (instrumental; Mary Duncan, pianist)

WELCOME LISA BORG

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.

Service participants today include Rev. Jack Gaede, Amy Peterson Derrick and Victoria Safford, supported by Erin Scott. Music today is from the Choir, directed by Thaxter Cunio, supported by Steve Goranson, and from Mary Duncan, Margo Berg, Claire Gilbert and Carol Caouette.

Watch for the Enews this week on Monday and Thursday for news about upcoming classes and programs for children, youth and adults, including a new class on the philosophy of Baruch Spinoza, led by Thomas Christie. Watch also for weekly videos about how to set up an account and use our new data directory, called Breeze. It's really easy, and will help us all stay even better connected.

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.

Paige Hietpas will light the chalice.

LIGHTING THE CHALICE Paige Hietpas - 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
The hymn is "Promise."

HYMN Promise by Barbara McAfee (used with permission)

I am as near and deep within you as the air you breathe.
Fill yourself with my refreshment. Take all the air you need.

I am as near and deep within you as the blood in your veins.
I bring you life with every heartbeat, life that will remain.

I am as near and deep within you as you will allow.
I have been here since time's beginning, and I am with you now.

STORY - Amy

A Frog in a Shallow Well

As told in *Harmony a Treasury of Chinese Wisdom for Children and Parents* by Sarah Conover and Chen Wei

Long ago, a frog lived in a shallow well, but he did not know how very small it was. One day, a friend of his, a turtle from the East Sea, came by. The Frog looked at the blue circle of sky above him and noticed the turtle peering down into the well. The Frog croaked, "hello friend! I am so happy you've come for a visit!" hopping about in excitement, he added, "I bet you were just thinking how perfect my home is! I think it is, too!"

The frog jumped up onto the rim of the well. "See! When I want to go out, I can hop to the rim in one jump." And the frog jumped back into the well. "When I come home, I simply hop down and find a cozy hole in the broken wall of the well."

The Frog noticed that his friend the turtle did not seem impressed, so he continued to brag: "if I jump into the water, it comes right up to my armpits and holds up my cheeks so I can rest. And if I choose to walk in the mud, it covers up my feet so they never dry out."

The turtle still seemed unmoved by these facts, so the Frog thought of a few more things to boast about: "When I look around at the wriggly worms, the little crabs and tadpoles, none of them compared with me. I am lord of all these waters, and so I am satisfied."

The frog thought it odd that the turtle has yet to offer some praise. Then it occurred to him that the turtle might not feel welcome in the frog's home. So the frog said, "My dear friend, why don't you come in and look around my place?"

The turtle smiled and slowly began to climb down into the frogs well. But before the turtle could get very far, his right knee got stuck in the well's small opening. The turtle hesitated and then retreated."

Then the turtle explained to the Frog about the Great East Sea. "My friend," he said, "I live in a place so vast you cannot imagine it. Even the distance of a thousand Li cannot give you an inkling of the East Seas width; even the height of a thousand Ren cannot give you the idea of the East Sea's depth."

The Frog listened intently but was not convinced. He himself lived in the largest body of water he knew. But the turtle had more to say: “in the time of King Yu of the Xia Dynasty, there were floods nine years out of 10, but the waters in the sea did not increase.”

The Frog's eyes grew large at this fact. “And then,” said the turtle, “in the time of King Tang of the Shang Dynasty, there were draughts of seven years out of eight, but the waters in the sea did not decrease.” the Frog looked confused and alarmed. “The sea does not change with the passage of time,” said the turtle,” and it is so enormous that its level does not rise or fall according to the rain that falls.”

“My friend,” said the turtle, “I must tell you that the greatest happiness of all is to live in the immeasurable East sea.”

After listening to the turtle's words, the Frog began to understand that there were many, many things he had yet to learn and many things he had yet to see.

MEDITATION Rev. Jack Gaede

Spirit of Life and Love--spirit that inspires mystery and deepens our wonder--

We pause today in the stillness, in the cold, just beyond midwinter. We notice the air surrounding us--our breath visible, physical droplets of moisture that freeze on impact with the cold air. As we inhale, we breathe in this cold air, we breathe it into our bodies. The wind, the spirit fills us, animates our organs. We take what we need and give back to the world what we don't. Exhaling the carbon, which nourishes the plants that cohabit with us. The cycle continues, as they put out oxygen again to re-nourish us. We think about the past year and how much we've noticed this interconnected web and many others. A community of solidarity has been building despite our divisions.

Tracing back through the memories of this year, we realize that we may have accrued more memories than normal. We may have slowed down and noticed more, being truly present to more moments. And yet those moments held repetition and sameness, patterns of constriction. The monotony and the rhythm changed our perception of time and of memory. Just eleven months ago, coronavirus cases in the US were multiplying. We had no idea about the threshold through which we were passing. But from where we now stand, we have the opportunity to make meaning out of our memories...the ones from last year and from the last presidency to the ones from one hundred years ago, when our country was just recovering from its last pandemic and a World War. These threads exist whether or not we notice them. May we find these strands and hold them in our hands. May we notice the way they twist and braid with other strands, creating a rich and textured tapestry that is our history.

We take time today to consider and hold in prayer those that might need warmth and support, healing and energy, courage and hope. For those who struggle with addictions of all kinds, we pray for courage. For those who are sick--whether sick in spirit, mind or body--we pray for healing. For those who are experiencing loss or processing deep grief, we pray for strength and comfort. For those who are feeling helpless, isolated, and scared, we pray for support and hope. For those who are experiencing homelessness, joblessness or purposelessness, we pray for homes, for functioning systems, and for guidance. For our youth who catapulted into virtual learning before any of us had been fully trained, we pray for balance and joy. For our teachers and healthcare professionals and essential workers, we pray for fortitude and better wages. For our elders and those most vulnerable to viruses, we pray for connection and community. For all these things and for many more, we pray, taking time to speak out loud the names of those we're holding in prayer.

Knowing that this real community--gathered together in this virtual space--is big enough to hold all of these concerns, we say may it be so and Amen.

OFFERING INTRODUCTION - Lisa Borg

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 - Meditation on Breathing by Sara Dan Jones Singing the Journey #1009 Margo Berg and Carol Caouette, vocalists

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

READINGS - Rev. Jack Gaede

FIRST READING from Lauret Savoy, a woman of mixed heritage, and a professor of geology and environmental studies

In the dead of winter I like to walk on water, held above liquid depths of the nearby lake by a vast frozen plain. This ice demands respect. I look... again. Listen again ... attentive to any *k-r-a-a-ck* or yielding to my weight. When the surface is more solid than a hardwood dance floor, and much thicker, I venture far. Even then I hear the *ga-loop*. A distant *plo-o-rp*. Water undulating beneath ice and me.

Sunlight appears to emanate from above and from below on cloudless February days, raying through the crystalline lattice underfoot. Any sense of depth, of refracted distance, yields to a sense of motion arrested. Air bubbles halt in mid-ascent. Oak leaves descend as if on invisible steps, suspended for a season above the lake bottom. The recent past lies beneath me in these leaves, plucked and blown here by January's heavy winds. Inches away from my hand, they are out of my reach.

Thoughts of time's passage always come to mind on such walks, thoughts of how memory of any form becomes inscribed in the land. The hills surrounding this lake and my home are worn remains of long-vanished mountains. Glacial debris from the last ice age produces a rock-crop in my garden each spring. Stone walls that two centuries ago bordered fields and pastures now thread the dark heart of forests.

Human beings are denied the dimension of time, so rooted are we in our particular now. We cannot in person step backward or forward from our circumscribed pinpoints in the present. I cannot touch a leaf encased in ice - nor can I feel the calloused hands that stacked these stone walls. Yet we make our lives among relics and ruins of former times, former worlds. Each of us is, too, a landscape inscribed by memory and loss.

I've long felt estranged from time and place, uncertain of where home lies. My skin, my eyes, my hair recall the blood of three continents as paths of ancestors - free and enslaved Africans, colonists from Europe, and peoples indigenous to this land. They converge in me. But I've known little of them or their paths to my present. Though I've tracked long-bygone moments on this continent from rocks and fossils - those remnants of deep time - the traces of a more intimate past have seemed hidden or lost.

To live in this country is to be marked by its still unfolding history. From my circumscribed pinpoint, I must try to trace what has marked me. Home lies in re-membering – in piecing together the fragments left – and in reconciling what it means to inhabit terrains of memory, and to **be** one. Re-membering is an alternative to extinction.

SECOND READING *from Ysaye Barnwell, musician and composer, remembering her parents*

I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.
Since you've gone and left me, there's been so little beauty,
but I know I saw it clearly through your eyes.

You said you'd rock me in the cradle of your arms.
You said you'd hold me 'til the storms of life were gone.
You said you'd comfort me in times like these and now I need you.
Now I need you... and you are
- gone.

So, I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.
The world outside is such a cold and bitter place.
Here inside I have few things that will console.
And when I try to hear your voice above the storms of life,
then I remember all the things that I was told:

I think on the things that made me feel so wonderful when I was young.
I think on the things that made me laugh, made me dance, made me sing.
I think on the things that made me grow into a being full of pride.
I think on these things, for they are true.

I thought that you were gone, but now I know you're with me.
You are the voice that whispers all I need to hear.
I know that I am you and you are me, and we are one.
I know that who I am is numbered in each grain of sand.
I know that I am blessed, again, and again, and again, and again, and, again.

I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.

MUSIC *Here, In the Silence* words by Niki and Gordon Davis; music by F.F. Fleming
WBUUC Choir, directed by Thaxter Cunio

Here, in the silence,
May our hearts be open,
Open to feeling
Human pain and sorrow,
Open to healing,
Mending the tomorrow,
Moved by this silence here.

SERMON

The Whole Truth

How does memory become history? All these slender threads, wisps and strands of recollections and emotions carried in the body as much as in the mind, as Rev. Sara said last week. How does perception become a matter of record, a foundation to build on, truth?

Watching the impeachment trial this week, it's clear the House prosecutors meant to stir within their Senate colleagues (and within us all) a visceral memory of January 6, not only what went down on that terrible day, the facts of the case, which are many - but what it felt like to them, to these senators who are now the jury, what it felt like as they heard the breaking glass, heard the shouting, taunting, terrifying threats; what it felt like to sweep their papers and their laptops up against their pounding hearts and run to safety in advance of the marauding mob; what it felt like to cower, some with their families, behind a wooden door as someone tried to break it down. All the video, the narration, has been not an appeal to emotion so much as a recollection, a re-remembering of bodily trauma - because it's so easy, even after an event like this, witnessed by millions of people, it's so easy for the mind to organize the data into a story that it believes coheres somehow, a redacted memory that might make some kind of sense, fit some kind of pattern, be easier, less disturbing, to review and "keep on file." The House managers see the importance of recalling disturbance, calling it forth to the forefront of our consciousness, the essential responsibility of that. It's the only way to tell the truth.

All our memories, as humans, of everything, are redacted, always incomplete, fragmentary, often embellished unawares. We remember what we want to; we remember what we can. Our minds aren't cameras, tape recorders, sediment to hold the fossil record, and even if they were, no single point of view can hold it all. There's great danger in a single story as novelist Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie reminds us, and so many others, including scientists, philosophers, artists, remind us. There's no single way to see a sunset or a sunrise, tell a story, tell the truth. I'm sure that in your family as in mine there are those two uncles, two cousins, two sisters - they shift their shape from house to house, but they're still squaring off with diametrically opposed opinions about what actually happened at that Thanksgiving dinner 40 years ago. There's the sequence of events recalled, and there are also the feelings, still felt, still simmering, still trembling, echoing with anger or sadness or fear. Common sense reminds us: there's danger in a single story, a single strand of memory unwoven from the whole.

So these impeachment managers are telling the story in a multitude of voices, evoking it in images from many cameras, and sounds from many microphones, recalling adrenaline and sweat and breath, not only to help the Senators remember and maybe sway their vote, but also to remind us all, so we also don't forget, don't let our reasoning minds rationalize it entirely, so we will tell the story in our multitude of voices of that one day and the days, months, years, tweet upon tweet, leading up to it, so our collective memory of this moment becomes our living history, and the record is not left only to some professional historian, years from now, to tell. History is plural, always, and embodied.

Sometimes I think our justice system sets us up, all of us, for perjury. In courtrooms individuals who testify must "swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" - and I'm not sure that's possible. But we can swear to try. We can promise, remind each other, enlist each other, teach our children, as others have taught us, to try.

If we've learned anything in the past four years, it's that truth truly matters. Facts matter. Proof matters. Science matters. And "alternative facts," also known as lies, are a powerful force, poisonous substance, so seductive, easy to swallow, as contagious and deadly and soul-deadening, as a virus. Truth matters, yet truth

is more than facts, more than photographs or videos, evidence, exhibits A, B, C. Truth is also about memory, carried in the body, and the body politic, as much as in print or in words. Toni Morrison, the novelist, wrote and spoke frequently about this, about how she, as a writer of fiction, making her living by making things up, inventing characters and plots, gave her whole life, shaped her whole craft, around telling the truth, as much of the whole truth as she could hold, as much as she could see from within her own limited singular experience. She was a scholar of slave narratives early on in her career, and she knew that they were few, because slaves by definition and by law couldn't write, and she knew that the few that did exist were shallow, incomplete, two-dimensional, because white publishers in the 19th century were not interested at all in what they called "emotional" accounts from black writers: they wanted to print stories of survival by extraordinary, plucky individuals of noble character who, unlike all the others, were surprisingly intelligent and could with cool detachment, without excessive feeling, offer their own lives as a logical sequence of facts. The publishers actually thought that this approach would strengthen the abolitionist cause. Morrison meditated on the narratives, literally incorporated them, stitched them into her being. She peered into them, bore down, drilled down, layer upon layer, the way you stand on a clear frozen lake and look at leaves captured in the ice, several inches (or many) apart from each other, visible all the way down. She meditated on those sparse accounts, the layers of generations, and her own body told her then, her heart and her humanity told her, her soul revealed to her imagination what was missing, what was lost about the interior lives of these people, her ancestors. And so she did her work, so she made her books, fiction not entirely made up. "The distinction for me," she said, "is not the difference between fact and fiction, but the distinction between fact and truth. Because facts can exist without human intelligence, but truth cannot." Truth is deep and wide and storied, not theoretical, but embodied, not singular, but plural.

Lauret Savoy, in the reading, is a geologist who studies the history of the land by what time has written upon it, exposing layer beneath layer of stone and fragment and fossil, to understand where mountains used to be, or lakes that are now deserts, or living soil made out of bones and blood and plants that died ten thousand years ago. She can look out a window at a forest or a hill and tell you a long story or that place. She's had to uncover her own personal history in this same way she says, as a person of mixed heritage, a living confluence of free and enslaved Africans, colonists from Europe, and peoples indigenous to this continent. She's trying to find her place in place, to trace her story within the larger story of the land and the humans who've lived here, re-remembering what she calls "the terrain of memory." What is my history within the whole history, my own truth within our shared truth? And how have we told it and how will we tell it going forward? To swear to tell the whole truth, to uncover and remember and pass on the whole truth, is a covenant, a promise we make to each other, to all our relations past, future and present.

Jabari Saaed Jones is a Black, queer, non-binary Unitarian Universalist in Vermont, a baker and a novice gardener. This week they posted about using a DNA test kit from African Ancestry.com because "I want to learn where I'm from. Learning about my roots is a radicalizing journey; the word "radical" means "to the root." One thing I've learned," they write, "is that at the core of white privilege is the entitlement to amnesia... To forget that America was founded on stolen land, stolen labor, and genocide, and that we live in a society structured by this history, is to embrace an identity rooted in a false innocence and a flight from truth and healing. This is the rot at the root of the nation." Jabari Jones goes on, "Before his inauguration, Joe Biden memorialized 400,000 US deaths from the Covid-19 pandemic, saying 'To heal, we must remember. It's hard sometimes to remember, but that's how we heal. It's important to do that as a nation.' So my prayer," says Jabari, "is that we may remember the wounds of the past that bleed into the present, so that we may heal and grow into the future together, whole and wise. May we remember and be free at last." Their whole post is achingly personal, yet mostly written in the plural. May we, all together, remember. May we all be free.

I think of this, the pluralism of memory, and think of the hearing in St. Paul recently, about the Rondo Land Bridge, which for me is the most exciting project in Minnesota, maybe in the whole country right now. It's been ten years in the dreaming, but longer than that really, the dream of restoring what was broken, what was shattered in St. Paul, when the Federal Highway Commission and city leaders chose to build Interstate 94 right through the Rondo neighborhood. Between 1956 and 1968 construction of the highway cut the neighborhood in two, destroying 700 homes more than 300 thriving businesses, displacing thousands of people who became then and still are a kind of diaspora, right in their own home town. Rondo had been a beautiful mixed-income community with a flourishing middle class; at one point 80% of St. Paul's African American people resided there, went to school there, went to church, worked and played, were born and died in the neighborhood. The ruin of Rondo to make I-94 is acknowledged now as a catastrophe for the community, not just in the moment, 50 years ago but echoing still, culturally, emotionally, and also and especially economically, in the loss of black wealth, because none of those people was compensated rightly. It's a loss compounded generationally. The Land Bridge, first imagined formally, out loud, in 2009, would build a cap over the road, many blocks long, rejoining the severed neighborhood with up to 20 acres of new land, with space for homes, businesses, parks, centers for the arts, and space for memory to set a root. "This is more than a land bridge," says Reconnect Rondo, the organizing body. "This is the way to right past wrongs, reweave the community through shared history and create an equitable future we can all be proud of. It will not only empower Rondo, and make it up to those who lost so much; it's a critical way to reverse racial disparity gaps in Minnesota. It is an emblem of hope and reconciliation." For all of us. Marvin Anderson, one of the founders of the project, says the first and only time he saw his father cry was the day their family's house came down. Anderson says now, "There's an old saying in Rondo that there are only two days that count: the day that you're born and the day you know why you were born. I'm here to make sure that Rondo is not just a memory but that it's a living spirit that stays alive." This is about remembering the future of what we could all become. I love the thought of driving on that road, someday maybe not too many years ahead, and somewhere in between Chatsworth Street and Grotto, entering the tunnel in my car, and in the narrow darkness underneath the newly thriving neighborhood, whispering a prayer, every time, every trip, northbound, southbound, a prayer of thanks for the courage and resilience carried forward by shared memory.

How does memory become history? How do we learn to recall and retell and pass on the whole truth? Jack read to us from Ysaye Barnwell, the words of her song spoken here as a poem, remembering her parents who have died, fearful, as we all are when beloveds pass, that she doesn't have enough yet, enough story, enough wisdom, enough beauty, enough confidence and strength to go forward on her own.

"I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.
Since you've gone and left me, there's been so little beauty,
but I know I saw it clearly through your eyes.
You said you'd hold me 'til the storms of life were gone.
You said you'd comfort me in times like these and now I need you,
and you are - gone.

So, I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes..."

You maybe feel as she does, here in the pandemic, wanting memories of those who've gone, those you've relied on and loved in the past, to teach you, guide you, show you the way through this hardest thing. I know I feel that way these days, missing certain loved ones keenly.

Ysaye Barnwell starts to remember, starts to hear in her spirit the voices of her parents, her grandparents, their wisdom and their love, becoming her own voice, her own wisdom, her own love.

“When I try to hear your voice above the storms of life,
then I remember all the things that I was told:
I think on the things that made me laugh, made me dance, made me sing.
I think on the things that made me grow into a being full of pride.
I think on these things, for they are true.
I thought that you were gone, but now I know you're with me.
You are the voice that whispers all I need to hear.
I know that I am you and you are me, and we are one.
I know that who I am is numbered in each grain of sand.
I know that I am blessed, again, and again, and again, and again,
and, again. “

The only way to heal is to remember. The only way to heal, from grief, from trauma, from loss, from the past, is to remember, to do the holy work of telling the whole truth. And sometimes the memories are horrific, and sometimes the memories are sweet.

This is how our people live on, even after death. It's how we will live on. I think this is what immortality is, the true stories not only of what happened, but what it felt like, what it meant. Even if our own specific memories, or those of ones we love, crumble in the ruins of dementia and forgetting, the meaning of our lives unfolds, lives on, in what those who come next carry forward, just as we've been doing, all along. Our separate, slender strands are interwoven into larger history.

What is a human life, in the end, yours or mine or anyone's, but a woven braid of memory and hope?
Remembering the future, dreaming up the past, each one of us this morning is the very intersection, our bodies and our minds the very intersection, meeting place, a living bridge, between ancestors whose names we don't remember and descendants whose names we will not know. We're part of that whole truth.
For just a moment, let's take a breath, the breath of life, holding silence, apart, but still together.
In closing I want to offer you a final poem from January Gill O'Neil, poet and professor of English. This piece came to mind at the end of this week, a poem about an old historic church and the memories it houses, memories of past and future both. I offer it in honor of Black History Month, and also in honor of the hard and holy work undertaken at the capitol this week, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and from memory make history.

OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE

January Gill O'Neil

“We draw breath from brick
step on stones, weather-worn,
cobble and carved
with the story of this church,
this meeting house,
where Ben Franklin was baptized
and Phillis Wheatley prayed—a mouth-house
where colonists gathered
to plot against the crown.
This structure, with elegant curves
and round-topped windows, was the heart
of Boston, the body of the people,
survived occupation for preservation,

foregoing decoration
for conversation.
Let us gather in the box pews
once numbered and rented
by generations of families
held together like ribs
in the body politic. Let us gaze upon
the upper galleries to the free seats
where the poor and the town slaves
listened and waited and pondered
and prayed
for revolution.

Let us testify to the plight
of the well-meaning at the pulpit
with its sounding board high above,
congregations raising heads and hands to the sky.
We, the people—the tourists
and townies—one nation under
this vaulted roof, exalted voices
speaking poetry out loud,
in praise and dissent.
We draw breath from brick. Ignite the fire in us.
Speak to us:
the language is hope.”

Our closing song was written and is led today by our own Claire Gilbert: “I want to write songs my children will sing.”

HYMN *I Want to Write Songs My Children Will Sing* by Claire Gilbert

I want to write songs my children will sing,
Songs that with joy and happiness bring,
Songs that will move them and songs that will ring,
I want to write songs my children will sing.

I want to write books my children will read,
Books that will give them all that they need,
Books that will guide them until they can lead;
I want to write books my children will read.

I want to build roads my children will roam,
Roads that will lead them always back home,
Roads that will take them to places unknown;
I want to build roads my children will roam.

I want to write songs my children will sing,
Songs that with joy and happiness bring,
Songs that will move them and songs that will ring,
I want to write songs my children will sing.

CLOSING WORDS - Lisa Borg

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 *Mozartino* by Takashi Yoshimatsu; Mary Duncan, pianist