

PRELUDE MUSIC

Come Into This Place of Peace Thaxter Cunio and William Schulz; 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.

Awake (Sarah M. Greer)

Awake said the lark cuz she saw the spark of the first morning sun
Cockle doodle doo that old rooster saw it too,
sang a song cuz the morning had come
Whatcha doin' sleepin'?
The morning' sun is creepin'.
We birdies should be cheepin'.
Lift your voices and sing, there's a new day beginning.

Get up let's go called the noisy old crow, you've been in bed for far too long
The robins, the geese, and all those chickadees
raise their voice in a chorus of song
Whatcha doin' sleepin'?
The morning' sun is creepin'.
We birdies should be cheepin'.
Lift your voices and sing, there's a new day beginning.

Now there was one bird found this ruckus absurd, unlike all the other fowl,
With a grunt and sigh opened one birdie eye, "quiet!" hooted the owl
Can't you see I'm sleepin'?
Just cuz the sun is creepin'
Don't mean you should be cheepin'.
Why don't you just let up, it ain't time to get up

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION TO GUEST MUSICIAN, SARAH GREER - Carol Caouette

GIVING VOICE TO THE SPIRIT

Babylon

Loosen, Loosen

WELCOME LISA BORG

Good morning, and welcome everyone, to White Bear Unitarian Universalist Church. I am LISA BORG [pronouns], serving on your Board of Directors.

We are 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 Carol Caouette, MJ LaVigne, Kaari Rodriguez, Victoria Safford, and special guest, Sarah M. Greer, supported by Anna Gehres and Erin Scott.

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.

March is the month when we ask you to make a commitment to support our church by making a pledge, a promise, to support it financially in the coming year, beginning with the new fiscal year in July. We need pledge commitments now so the Board of Directors can shape a budget, and plan responsibly for building maintenance, programming, justice work, and compensation for our staff. This is critical. About 2/3 of you have made a pledge – THANK YOU. We're so grateful to you all, and especially to those who were able to increase their pledges to help cover those who, because of furloughs or lay-offs, are struggling in this pandemic year. We're 2/3 of the way there, and now on this last Sunday in March, we really need everyone to make a pledge commitment if you can.

Our budget is lean, and we need to sustain it. We're heading into a year of exciting transitions, returning at some point to the building, welcoming an interim minister, and paying fair wages to the staff who've sustained us all through this year. There's a link in the chat to more information. Thank you all for showing that "strong is what we make each other."

GREETING FROM THE 2021 PLEDGE CAMPAIGN - Sue Will and Rev. Sara Goodman (no text available)

MUSIC

Let Our Prayers: Spoken Word (Sarah M Greer)

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.

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 The Bells of Norwich Sidney Carter and Julian of Norwich

Loud are the bells of Norwich, the people come and go.
Here by the tower of Julian, I tell them what I know.
Ring out, bells of Norwich, let the winter come and go
All shall be well again, I know.

Love, like the yellow daffodil, the flower in the snow
Love, like the yellow daffodil, is Lord of all I know.
Ring for the yellow daffodil, the flower in the snow.
Ring for the yellow daffodil, and tell them what I know.
All shall be well, I'm telling you, let the winter come and go
All shall be well again, I know.

Loud are the bells of Norwich and the people come and go.
Here by the tower of Julian, I tell them what I know.
All shall be well, I'm telling you, let the winter come and go
All shall be well again, I know.

READINGS

The readings this morning are two poems from Mary Oliver, maybe fitting for a "This I Believe" Sunday, when two of our beloved members will speak to us about the journeys they've travelled and questions they've carried along the way.

Roses

Everyone now and again wonders about
those questions that have no ready
answers: first cause, God's existence,
what happens when the curtain goes
down and nothing stops it, not kissing,
not going to the mall, not the Super
Bowl.

"Wild roses," I said to them one morning.

"Do you have the answers? And if you do,
would you tell me?"

The roses laughed softly. "Forgive us,"
they said. "But as you can see, we are
just now entirely busy being roses."

What is the greatest gift?

What is the greatest gift?

Could it be the world itself — the oceans, the meadowlark,
the patience of the trees in the wind?

Could it be love, with its sweet clamor of passion?

Something else — something else entirely
holds me in thrall.

That you have a life that I wonder about

more than I wonder about my own.
That you have a life — courteous, intelligent —
that I wonder about more than I wonder about my own.
That you have a soul — your own, no one else's —
that I wonder about more than I wonder about my own.
So that I find my soul clapping its hands for yours
more than my own.

INTRODUCTION TO THE OFFERING - LISA

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 - Breathing In, Breathing Out

INTRODUCTION TO "This I Believe" and INTRODUCTION OF FIRST SPEAKER -Victoria Safford

We are delighted this morning to hear from two members of our congregation, invited by the Worship Advisory Council to share with us their journeys of faith, including their paths to this community, and what they know, what they've learned, what they wonder about sacred and ordinary things. "This I believe" is an old tradition here, and in this year of distance from one another, it's felt important to us to expand the number of Sundays when may experience the wisdom and the variegated brilliance of our people.

MJ LaVigne (la VING) lives in Birchwood and teaches writing at the White Bear Center for the Arts. She raised three discerning human beings and has three fine grandchildren. She and her husband, sculptor Allen Christian, operate the House of Balls, an art studio and event space in Minneapolis' Cedar Riverside Neighborhood. She still has the Model T Ford she grew up with. She's looking forward to taking it out for a spin once the weather turns.

THIS I BELIEVE - Mary Jane LaVigne

Thank you, Victoria. I am speaking to you today from Dakota Makoce, the homeland of the Dakota, and Mahto Ska Bde, White Bear Lake. It means so much to me to share this with you, thank you.

I grew up the middle of three sisters, a family small by St. Paul Catholic standards. We went to Immaculate Heart of Mary, an ugly church, with all the soaring majesty of a gymnasium. I remember being there for Mass, arguing in my head with the text while reciting the Lord's Prayer. My first issue, being led into temptation never sounded that bad. "Thy Kingdom come, thy will, be done," gave me a picture a guy in the sky swooping down to boss people around. There was a line I liked. "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." I turned it over and turned it over in my head. Distilled it down to my own version. Meet people where they are and cut them some slack, respect boundaries, yours and theirs.

When I was seven years old my next-door neighbor and playmate Jimmy McCall died. We said good bye at the alley. He went to put his bike away. The garage door fell on his liver. That's what I remember being told. I was

the last one to see him alive and unhurt. We went to his funeral, and afterward my parents thought it best we stay home so his poor mother wouldn't have to hear the sound of children. Just a few months later my cat went astray. I found Pierre the next day in that same alley. There was a tread mark through his belly. My grandmother came, she was wearing a house dress and carrying her dish-gloves. We buried Pierre next to the garage. I thought about death after that, how quiet it can be, and how visceral. Alone in bed at night I said my Hail Mary's, fingering the white beads of my Rosary when I couldn't sleep.

Awhile after Jimmy died, I asked my dad about heaven. We were riding in the Model T Ford my family had, coming back from the Lake Street Sears. What happens after you die? I asked. No one knows Mare, no one knows. My dad glanced at me as we drove into a shadow, or perhaps it was under a bridge. You don't believe in heaven? I asked. Well, he said, I wouldn't be surprised if there was nothing. It was hard and good to know what my father struggled with.

My quibble with the Garden of Eden story cast me out of the Catholic fold. I just didn't get how eating an apple, or seeking knowledge was sinful. And why did Eve get all the blame? At twelve, when it was time for me to be confirmed, I couldn't stand the idea of sitting in a classroom for hours mouthing things I didn't believe. It was 1972. My mom suggested I might be taking it too seriously. But she made an appointment and went with me to talk to Monsignor. We met in his office in the rectory across Summit Avenue from the church. If I was so eager for knowledge, he said, placing his elbows on his shiny desk, perhaps I could list the seven deadly sins. The catechism quiz-bowel left me feeling crumby, but also clear-headed. I took the confirmation classes, went through the ceremony, but never was Catholic after that. Tops on my own list of deadly sins is pretending to believe something you don't.

Still, I am grateful to have come from a church going family, one that dedicated time each week to matters of spirit. I still remember the awe I would feel emerging from a dark confessional. It's great for a child to have a way to earn a clean slate. I do believe in re-dos.

I came to WBUUC because I was looking for a wedding venue and the Mahtomedi Avenue church had such a pretty façade. It was too small for the wedding I had in mind, but it was fun. The first service I remember was Easter Sunday, 1985. After a reading from the Velveteen Rabbit, the congregation formed a conga line and bunny hopped around the church.

It wasn't easy to attend that church casually. Bob Stowe would be at the front door, his hand reaching for you like a catcher's mitt, asking for your name, and if you were new. To get to the basement social room, you'd snake down the stairs flattening yourself against the wall while people made the tight ascent balancing their coffee cups. The place was like a cocoon.

I joined a women's study group called Cakes for the Queen of Heaven. One night a week we met in the basement, maybe a dozen of us, all ages, first in rows on folding chairs, then on the floor in a circle, talking about the feminine divine. I began to pray with female pronouns. This opened a new view of God.

Going to Sunday service was always optional for my kids. We seldom went as a family. That left me free to explore other practices. In the 1990s I attended St. Croix Valley Friends Meeting. Being quietly uncomfortable, listening for the still small voice, the Quakers helped me through a very dark period, mostly without words.

I tried new age stuff, including Theophilus Divinity School in 2001, quirky mix of breath-work and The Course in Miracles. We met twice a week, were assigned affirmations to write, and were told to spend time living in each

other's homes. Full circle from the spiritual rebellion of my youth, I'd come around to a different form of Catechism.

The Divinity School course finished with a ritual isolation. You went to a room and stayed alone for four days, three nights. No clocks. Mirrors draped. Food left for you on a tray. They gave you one book to read. Its title was *The Door of Everything*, and a notebook and pencil to write your thoughts. I emerged feeling new, and wobbly. I am reminded of this feeling as the pandemic ends, to step gingerly as we re-enter the world.

Over the last two decades my life has taken root in this church. Neither hiding, pretending or being other than who I am and who called to be. That call is as reverent as *The Lord's Prayer* once seemed. I cried the first time I heard our opening with the line "touch and be touched" eliminated. I miss weeping shamelessly on ordinary Sundays, and the solemn passing of tissues. I miss middle school kids with sign-up sheets. And the Pledge Drive, I miss the Pledge table.

Most of all I miss how much you helped me hold space for hard things. I'm thinking here of a time just a couple years ago. I was driving our sanctuary family back from an appointment and we stopped at McDonald's. The little brother went to play in the maze, mother and I ate fries, teen sister checked her phone. I showed them a picture of my toddler grandson. Our guest reached across the table to show me a picture on her phone. The picture was of a girl, obviously dead, fallen to violence or fatal sadness. It blind-sided me. Later I shared it with our Love Lives Here Committee. They helped me hold it, and shared things they were themselves holding.

If you commit to witness, you're going to have to leave yourself open to knowing about a lot of things which you can do nothing about. This is a big challenge for me. Who was the worst German, the one who knew about concentration camps but had not courage to do anything, or the one who never could stand to look?

Picking up trash is nearly always a right thing to do. There's a refuge for me in refuse. That could be a hymn. I try to never pick up litter if I'm feeling smug or resentful. I leave it on the ground if I don't have the heart. It's a sign I'm low. After the Minneapolis Uprising an army of people came out to sweep up broken glass, and collect exploded tear gas shells. Making it just a little better is the essence of hope. Like confession, the road gets a clean-slate.

The last twenty-two years have been the happiest of my life. I met my mate, raised my children, and found work that I love. I have friends I can call on the phone, and cry in to their silence, and feel better without a word spoken. How rich is that? Yet I know too, that how it has been, it will never be again. We'll come back different. Like a chrysalis, bursting for what's next.

MUSIC

I Remember, I Believe

I don't know how my mother walked her trouble down
I don't know how my father stood his ground
I don't know how my people survive slavery
I do remember, that's why I believe

I don't know how the rivers overflow their banks
I don't know how the snow falls and covers the ground
I don't know how the hurricane sweeps through the land
every now and then

Standing in a rainstorm, I believe

I don't know how the angels woke me up this morning soon
I don't know how the blood still runs thru my veins
I don't know how I rate to run another day
I am here still running, I believe

My God calls to me in the morning dew
The power of the universe knows my name
Gave me a song to sing and sent me on my way
I raise my voice for justice I believe

INTRODUCTION OF SECOND SPEAKER - Victoria Safford

Kaari Rodriguez was born in St. Paul and other than some time in France, Mexico and central California, has lived most of her life in the Twin Cities. She has been a teacher for nearly 24 years and been married for just as long. Kaari has also been a teacher here in our religious education program, and a dedicated volunteer in our Coming of Age Program. She is a core member of our sanctuary committee, called Love Lives Here, providing essential support to our guest family when they were here in sanctuary, and continuing the work on immigration justice now. Kaari has two children ages 19 and 14 and lives with her husband, kids and two cats in White Bear.

THIS I BELIEVE - Kaari Rodriguez

Hello, My name is Kaari Rodriguez. I have been coming to White Bear Unitarian Universalist Church since the summer of 2007. At the time, I was at a point in my spiritual journey where I could not in good conscience raise my children, 1 and 5 years old at the time, with the message that Jesus was the only path to God or salvation. I was not even sure there was such a thing as a god or heaven.

When I first came to WBUUC, the beautiful sanctuary was still under construction and the current social hall was the worship space. Like many of you, I felt at home right away. But it was not the opening words or the sermon that stuck with me that first week, it was the coffee. When I saw people cradling their mugs during the service I thought, "this is my place." Beyond the coffee, I stayed because it provided a safe place for me to let go of the certainty of a creed and discover my own spiritual truths.

I was raised in a loving Lutheran family and benefitted from a welcoming church community that provided a second family of adults and friends. I grew up with stories of Jesus welcoming and even seeking out the people rejected by society, Zacchaeus the tax collector, the sick who were untouchable, the sinners and Samaritans. These stories showed me that every one of us is worthy of love. Jesus said that, "what you do unto the least of these you do unto me." I was raised by parents who have always taken that message to heart. Not only did I grow up surrounded by unconditional love, I watched my family extend that to everyone around them. My parents have welcomed refugees to our country, exchange students into their home, and expanded our family to include many others over the years. Another reason WBUUC felt like home was that they welcomed everyone, no matter what.

As I learned about the history and principles of Unitarian Universalism, I realized that I had been a universalist since childhood. The first UU principle, a belief in the inherent worth and dignity of every person is a restatement of a truth I have known my whole life: being worthy of love and forgiveness is not something you earn. It is something you are, inherently. I still find truth and wisdom in the message of Jesus that there is

something sacred in each of us. I believe there is something sacred, a light, a spark, a spirit, in each of us. Whatever you call it, I have seen this light and believe we need to honor and nurture it, both in ourselves and in each other.

I nurture my inner light by remembering to enjoy everyday moments like celebrating the magical “aha” when I see one of my 5th grade students making a new connection, noticing the beauty of a sunrise or the spring call of the Chickadee. I soak in the feeling of having a good laugh with my family or friends. I pause my lesson planning in the evening to listen to my husband strum his guitar.

Over the years, I have learned how important it is to nurture and value the light inside each of us. While I treasure the happy moments, it is the darker moments that have taught me how precious and strong that inner light can be. I have also learned that we need each other. We need to share our pain, not just our joy.

I have looked into my own child’s eyes and seen no spark or light. I have held their hands and begged them to trust me when I say this darkness will not last, we can get out of this deep hole together. And, with support of those around us, and access to amazing resources, we did. Part of what helped was my own experience with postpartum depression. I too had gone through a time when the world was dark and flat. I imagined not bothering to turn the steering wheel and just letting the car go straight over the edge. I remembered the day I noticed the music on the radio again and it actually gave me a happy feeling rather than just background noise to drown out what was in my head.

I have stood at the window of a hospital with a friend who was standing right next to me, yet far, far away and listened to them tell me how they wished they could jump out onto the pavement below, while I ached to help them see how precious and beautiful their light is and how it is needed in this world. I knew, with all my being that they matter and are precious, no matter how far they were from being OK in that moment.

I have seen a friend lean on her faith as she and her children lost her husband to ALS. I sat in our nearly empty church building and listened to a brave woman who took refuge here tell me the story of holding her husband as they drove to the hospital after he was shot in front of their home and taking the dangerous journey north only to have him sent back at the border while she and her children were left here on their own. I have listened to a loved one tell me how she knew her drinking was a problem and how she decided to check herself into treatment. I have listened to stories of rape and assault. I have learned that sharing in the darkest stories and moments of others is a privilege. In sharing these stories I have most clearly seen the strength of the human spirit.

Thank you to everyone who has shared their darkest moments with me. When you do, it shows me that it is safe to share my own. It is why I am not afraid to talk about surviving postpartum depression or finding therapists for my family. In turn, I regret the times I have hidden my struggles from friends who I know would have helped me. When I do, I miss an opportunity to connect and the chance to show others it’s OK to not have it all together. When we allow others to see our suffering, we share our deepest selves. We have to trust that others will see our light amongst all the darkness.

Even when the world is full of fear and darkness, I have learned to nurture whatever light I can find. Around four years ago, I realized I could not listen to the news in the car on the way to work any more. So I popped in the Peter Mayer CD I had in the car. The very song Peter sang for us a few weeks ago. “The Morning,” became my daily meditation. The line that I most needed to hear was: “There is hate, but there is more love. I know, for I am made of the same light that made the morning.”

I still find ways to keep up with the news of the world around me, but I try to balance it with nurturing what brings me joy and things that kindle my own internal spark. This can mean reading or spending time in nature. (It can also mean bingeing Bridgerton on Netflix). I can hardly teach my kids and students to enjoy the world if I don't find ways to have fun myself. For example, my husband and I started playing Dungeons and Dragons a few years ago, and I found that the monthly gatherings with our group of friends to eat, drink and kill imaginary monsters brought me joy. As we moved our gatherings to zoom this last year, we miss the shared space and food, but still treasure the time together. We share our struggles: How is your mom's cancer treatment going? Did your folks get the vaccine yet? How's online learning going for the kids? Then, we escape into a world where we choose what happens, where we join forces to swing swords, shoot fire and save each other.

Having a church community that pushes me to explore my own beliefs has also given me the strength needed to handle the challenges of the world around me. Many Sundays, I sat in the pews, (or this last year, on my deck or at my kitchen table) and have been reminded of what really matters. The poems of Mary Oliver or Naomi Shihab Nye, the songs of resistance, the sermons that bring tears to your eyes all touch on some deeper truths of what a hard and beautiful thing is to be human and alive in this world.

Taking time to sit with these truths impacts my choices and actions in the world. Regularly being reminded of the inherent worth of every person affects who I am. It has helped me weather challenges in marriage. It affects how and what I teach and my ability to find love and patience on the most challenging days. It has allowed me to walk with my children through struggles with love. When my oldest child told us that what helps their light shine bright is for us to call them by a new name and learn how to use they and them as a singular pronoun, how can I say anything but "yes, of course."

Being part of a spiritual community helps me stay grounded in a way that gives me the conviction and bravery to speak up and work for change in ways I would not have in the past. We listen to each other's struggles and hold each other up. Then we too can join together to fight the challenges of the real world. While I don't think I will ever feel like I am doing enough, I am glad for a congregation that has given me the opportunity to work with the sanctuary committee that housed an asylum seeking family in our building. All of you inspire me to stay informed, attend marches, write letters and work to improve my community and world.

Writing my "this I believe" statement for today helped me see why the poem, "The Ponds", by Mary Oliver is one of my favorites. I will close with an excerpt:

Still, what I want in my life
is to be willing
to be dazzled-
to cast aside the weight of facts

and maybe even
to float a little
above this difficult world.
I want to believe I am looking

into the white fire of a great mystery.
I want to believe that the imperfections are nothing-

that the light is everything - that it is more than the sum of each flawed blossom rising and fading. And I do.

With people and as with nature, I believe the total is more than the sum of its parts. Not only do we help kindle and rekindle each others' sparks, I believe that when we share our light with each other, we access something more than we can on our own. Some may call this God, others might say we are tapping into a great spirit that permeates the world. I do not know what it is or claim to have a word for it, but I have faith in our collective light.

Thank you.

MEDITATION - Victoria

Kaari, thank you. And MJ thank you.

I want to just rest here for a moment, in the wisdom that you both have given us, the generous, vulnerable glimpse of your human, beating heart, and the wisdom too from Sarah Greer – your music is like sunlight, all fire and warmth. For just a moment, in gratitude for the gifts of wisdom and kindness, let's just hold silence, breathing together.

Spirit of life,
god of thousand names and beyond all naming,
let us not forget,
let us be reminding one another, constantly,
that in the midst of loneliness, confusion, fear and isolation,
light is shining all around, to warm us and to cheer us,
shining through the wisdom and resilience,
the generous over-spilling joy of good companions,
whose lives are works of art,
raising children, raising trouble, raising their voices for justice and love.
We give thanks for today's wise teachers, Sarah, MJ, Kaari, and for so many others showing us how to be human, how to shine like stars.

Today we hold in our hearts those who are lonely or fearful
those struggling with depression and anxiety, mental illness,
soul sickness, or sickness in their bodies.

We hold those who lives with chemical addiction, in themselves and those they love. Our prayer is for healing, and hope.

This week we hold those in Colorado who lost beloved friends and family in the Boulder shooting, as we hold those in Atlanta, who lost loved ones there. May we embolden one another to shine a braver light.

Into the silence and out of it, I invite you now to speak silently, or right out loud then names of those you're holding in your heart, trusting that even in this space we will hold them with you.

AMEN

Our closing hymn is an old one, Where My Free Spirit Onward Leads. #324 in the grey hymnal.

HYMN Where My Free Spirit Onward Leads *Singing the Living Tradition 324*

Where my free spirit onward leads,
well, there shall be my way;
by my own light illumined,
I've journeyed night and day;
a time-worn cloak I wear,
as once I wore my youth;
I celebrate life's mystery;
I celebrate death's truth.

My family is not confined
to mother, mate and child;
but it includes all creatures,
be they tame or be they wild;
my family upon this earth
includes all living things
on land, or in the ocean deep,
or borne aloft on wings.

The ever spinning universe,
well, there shall be my home;
I sing and spin within it
as through this life I roam;
eternity is hard token and harder still is this:
a human life when truly seen,
is briefer than a kiss.

CLOSING WORDS - LISA

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

Thank you, everyone, for joining us today. Thanks especially to our speakers MJ and Kaari, our musicians Carol Caouette and Sarah Greer, and to Anna Gehres and Erin Scott, who make every Sunday morning possible.

You're all welcome to join us in a few minutes for Social Hour. There's a link in the chat box to get you there. And finally we hope you'll join us next week, Easter Sunday, not only for the service but for a special social hour. Bring a sign of spring to show us, wear your Easter bonnet or your fanciest Sunday pajamas - kids and families are all welcome.

We're sending love to you from Maple Street. Stay well, everyone. Amen.

POSTLUDE

Be The Light and Shine

Be the light and shine

one step at a time

on your journey home

Be the light and shine

use your heart and your mind

Everything is gonna be fine

Be the light and shine

even if it takes you some time

Even if you stumble,

even if you struggle as you make your way

You've got to be a light and shine,

especially in these perilous times

It's the only way we know

That things will be fine

Be the light

As you walk on your way

Be the light

in the night and day

Be the light

for your family and friends

Be the light

from the beginning to the end

Be the light

when the way gets dark

Be the light

you could be a spark

Don't you think it's time?

Time for you to shine