

PRELUDE MUSIC

Trio Serenade (Peter Schickle) Polly Meyerding-Dedrick, Russell Dedrick and Mary Duncan

Standing in the Need of Prayer Charlotte's Web

Not my brother, not my sister, but it's me, O Lord

Standing in the need of prayer

Not my brother, not my sister, but it's me, O Lord

Standing in the need of prayer

It's me (it's me) it's me O Lord, standin' in the need of prayer

It's me (it's me) it's me O Lord, standin' in the need of prayer

Not the preacher, not the deacon, but it's me, O Lord

Standing in the need of prayer

Not the preacher, not the deacon, but it's me, O Lord

Standing in the need of prayer

It's me (it's me) it's me O Lord, standin' in the need of prayer

It's me (it's me) it's me O Lord, standin' in the need of prayer

Not my father, not my mother, but it's me, O Lord

Standing in the need of prayer

Not my father, not my mother, but it's me, O Lord

Standing in the need of prayer

It's me (it's me) it's me O Lord, standin' in the need of prayer

It's me (it's me) it's me O Lord, standin' in the need of prayer

Not the stranger, not my neighbor, but it's me, O Lord

Standing in the need of prayer

Not the stranger, not my neighbor, but it's me, O Lord

Standing in the need of prayer

It's me (it's me) it's me O Lord, standin' in the need of prayer

It's me (it's me) it's me O Lord, standin' in the need of prayer

GIVING VOICE TO THE SPIRIT - Carol Caouette

Olam Chesed Yibaneh, From Psalm 89:3 (Menachem Creditor)

Promise (Barbara McAfee)

WELCOME - Kathy Sedro

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

Service participants today include Rev. Sara Goodman, Amy Peterson Derrick and Victoria Safford, supported by Erin Scott and Anna Gehres. Music today is from Carol Caouette, Polly Meyerding-Dedrick and Russell

Dedrick, Mary Duncan, Barbara McAfee, the Charlotte's Web Ensemble, Cathay Dalton, and the Choir, directed by Thaxter Cunio.

Barbara McAfee, singer and composer, had led community singing circles in the Twin Cities for many years, including at our church. In that spirit, as her music plays, we hope you'll sing along, catching the lyrics and tunes as she sings. If you prefer printed lyrics, you'll find them in the service text in the chat box. After the service today, at 11:15, plan to join us for Cyber Social Hour - a half-hour of community conversation - a great way to meet friends old and new. We'll put the Zoom link in the chat box. Welcome to our church. Together we grow our souls, and serve the world in love.

CALL TO WORSHIP - Rev. Goodman (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.

Kathy and Kevin Mackin will light the chalice.

LIGHTING THE CHALICE Kathy and Kevin Mackin (no text available)

OPENING WORDS (in unison) Rev. Goodman

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 Mother Spirit, Father Spirit *Singing the Living Tradition #8*

Mother Spirit, Father Spirit, where are you?

In the sky song, in the forest, sounds your cry.

What to give you, what to call you, what am I?

Many drops are in the ocean, deep and wide.

Sunlight bounces off the ripples to the sky.

What to give you, what to call you, who am I?

I am empty, time flies from me; what is time?

Dreams eternal, fears infernal haunt my heart.

What to give you, what to call you, O, my God?

Mother Spirit, Father Spirit, take our hearts.

Take our breath and let our voices sing our parts.

Take our hands and let us work to shape our art.

STORY - Amy Peterson Derrick

The day had been a hard one-- nothing had quite gone as Jess had planned. He wasn't angry, really. Maybe more sad, perhaps a little annoyed... and even a little frustrated. Maybe you've had moments like this-- not quite sure how to name the mess of feelings you were holding in your heart, and not sure what to do next. And so Jess plopped down on his cozy bed and breathed a heavy sigh. What does one do, he wondered, when you feel so lost and your feelings feel so... big?

Suddenly, across the room, something shiny caught his eye. On top of his dresser was an assortment of treasures; some old, some new. Painted rocks, a pinecone, a couple of folded up notes, polished stones, a few pictures, a dog collar, and a shiny plastic tiara, all haphazardly laid out on the surface. He wondered what this strange dresser-top collection might look like to anyone other than him. To him, these were the most important items in the whole world.

He slowly got out of bed and walked over to his dresser; He picked up one of the painted stones, and felt the cold, smooth surface in his hand-- an old friend, a friend of his parents, had covered the rock in bright purples and blues, and carefully painted a chalice in the middle. "Here" the friend had said long ago, "This one I painted just for you." How sweet, Jess thought, for someone to create such a treasure just for me. He held the stone tight, and breathed in deeply. What a gift, Jess thought, to have this friend here with me now.

Jess set down the stone and his hands held carefully one treasure after another-- a pinecone from a memorable hike in the woods with his family; a note that contained a picture drawn for him by a beloved friend from 5th grade; pictures of cousins that live far away, a collar from a pet that passed away; with each item he held in his hand, he remembered the people and pets and love that came with each treasure.

At last, his hand found the shiny tiara that had caught his eye from across the room. He smiled. He didn't remember much about his great grandmother--she had died when he was just 5--but he would never forget when she had given him this tiara. He placed it on his head as he remembered the laughter on the day when his great-grandmother wore the tiara herself and as she passed it around to each person who sat around the big kitchen table to take a turn wearing the crown. Jess had so loved the shiny plastic gemstones, and so his great grandmother had given it to him to keep. He had felt so honored to be the recipient of such a special treasure. When she died just a few months later, Jess found comfort in the tiara, and today was no different.

Jess breathed deeply, and the mix of feelings he held before felt just a little bit lighter, the sadness he held now mixed with the warmth of story.

Jess breathed deeply once more, as he laid the tiara down amongst his other beloved collected items. What a wonder, he thought, to be surrounded by love.

MEDITATION - Rev. Goodman

Join me in the spirit of prayer and meditation. Find a comfortable place for your body. Breathe as deeply as you are able. Hold in your mind the image of all things, all beings, coming from the same tree, roots stretched in

limitless tangles of connection and sustenance. Interconnected and interlaced in a web of living and dying that is so beautifully designed, and most times, invisible.

Join me in breathing. Breathe in for our lives touched by ancestors known and unknown. Breathing out for living lives that will touch our decedents.

Breathe in for folks held in loving arms as they were raised up. Breathe out for folks who had to make their own way too early in their lives.

Breathe in for beloveds who we hold close in our hearts every day. Breathe out for beloveds we sometimes have trouble reaching out to.

Breathe in for parents doing the best that they can, breathe out for the impossible decisions they've had to make again and again over the last 15 months.

Breathe in for those living with addictions, mental illness and grief. Breathe out for those living with and caring for folks living with addiction, mental illness and grief.

Breathe in for caregivers of all kinds who give of themselves to make other people's lives better, more whole – Breathe out to honor this holy work. Let's take a moment of silence together.

INTRODUCTION TO THE OFFERING - Kathy Sedro

Our offering today supports the work of our congregation- programs, music, ministry, staffing, and our partnerships in the wider community. Please be generous as you are able.

OFFERTORY 23rd Psalm (Bobby McFerrin) Carol Caouette, piano

READING SARA

From e.e. cummings

*i thank You God for most this amazing
day: for the leaping greenly spirits of trees
and a blue true dream of sky; and for everything
which is natural which is infinite which is yes
(i who have died am alive again today,
and this is the sun's birthday; this is the birth
day of life and of love and wings: and of the gay
great happening illimitably earth)
how should tasting touching hearing seeing
breathing any—lifted from the no
of all nothing—human merely being
doubt unimaginable You?
(now the ears of my ears awake and
now the eyes of my eyes are opened)*

SONG Now composed and sung by Barbara McAfee, based on a poem by e.e. cummings

From Barbara's website: *This simple, three-part song exemplifies how we are called to be when singing in the oral tradition.*

Now

Now the ears of my ears awake
Now the eyes of my eyes are open.

READING Victoria
Mother Ted Kooser

Mid April already, and the wild plums
bloom at the roadside, a lacy white
against the exuberant, jubilant green
of new grass and the dusty, fading black
of burned-out ditches. No leaves, not yet,
only the delicate, star-petaled
blossoms, sweet with their timeless perfume.

You have been gone a month today
and have missed three rains and one nightlong
watch for tornadoes. I sat in the cellar
from six to eight while fat spring clouds
went somersaulting, rumbling east. Then it poured,
a storm that walked on legs of lightning,
dragging its shaggy belly over the fields.

The meadowlarks are back, and the finches
are turning from green to gold. Those same
two geese have come to the pond again this year,
honking in over the trees and splashing down.
They never nest, but stay a week or two
then leave. The peonies are up, the red sprouts
burning in circles like birthday candles,

for this is the month of my birth, as you know,
the best month to be born in, thanks to you,
everything ready to burst with living.
There will be no more new flannel nightshirts
sewn on your old black Singer, no birthday card
addressed in a shaky but businesslike hand.
You asked me if I would be sad when it happened

and I am sad. But the iris I moved from your house
now hold in the dusty dry fists of their roots
green knives and forks as if waiting for dinner,
as if spring were a feast. I thank you for that.
Were it not for the way you taught me to look
at the world, to see the life at play in everything,
I would have to be lonely forever.

SONG **Thank You** composed and sung by Barbara McAfee, based on a text from Meister Eckhart

From Barbara's website: *I composed this song the day after Thanksgiving while driving to northern Wisconsin to feast with friends on the south shore of Lake Superior. My friend, Tom Fiebiger, had posted the Eckhart quote on his Facebook page and on my long drive from the Twin Cities, it began to form into a song. I pulled over at the Brule River and caught the rest of the song there. Did I mention it was raining? By the time I returned to my car, I was soaking wet and deeply happy.*

I thank you, I thank you, I thank you.....
If the only prayer you ever said was thank you, thank you
That would be prayer enough for the rest of your life
Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you

SERMON We Are Young on Our Journey V Safford

HYMN - We Are ... Singing the Journey # 1051 words and music: Ysaye Barnwell

For each child that's born a morning star rises,
And sings to the universe who we are.
For each child that's born a morning star rises,
And sings to the universe who we are.

We are our grandmother's prayers.
We are our grandfather's dreamings.
We are the breath of our ancestors.
We are the Spirit of GOD.

We are ...
Mothers of Courage
Fathers of Time
Daughters of dust
Sons of great visions.

We are ...
Sisters of Mercy
Brothers of Love
Lovers of Life and
The Builders of Nations
We are ...
Seekers of Truth
Keepers of Faith
Makers of Peace and
The Wisdom of Ages.

We are our grandmother's prayers.
We are our grandfather's dreamings.
We are the breath of our ancestors.
We are the Spirit of God.

CLOSING WORDS - from James Vila Blake, (in unison) Kathy Sedro

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 - Rev. Sara Goodman

Thank you all for being here today, and special thanks to all who sent family photos.

Watch the ENews this week: you can sign up for spring and summer COurtyard Gatherings, in-person, here at church! Those will be starting later this month, and other in-person gatherings are coming soon.

In the meantime, we hope to see you in a few minutes, at 11:15, for conversation and connection in Cyber Social Hour! The link is in the chat.

We are sending you love from all of us, at all of our locations. Be well, friends.

POSTLUDE The Path You Walk Upon - words and music by Cathy Dalton
The WBUUC Choir, directed by Thaxter Cunio

May the path that you will walk upon
be free of roots and stones.
May your days be filled with laughter
and the rain wash away your tears.
May your path lead you through forest dark
and the river still your mind.
May the mountains be your highest hope
as your dreams ever urge you on.
May the earth hold you in beauty
and the sun's warmth fill your soul.
May the starshine be your guiding light
as your heart finds its way back home.