

Current FUUSM Standard Sunday Service Format

Time of Gathering & Greeting

(Open Zoom Room ~10:30-10:55)

Musical Prelude & (Welcome Slide)

11AM Service begins

Joys & Sorrows at the end (w/o FB)



Zoom Link

Topic: August Sunday Services

Aug 23, 2020 11:00 AM Eastern Time (US & Canada)

Join Zoom Meeting

<https://zoom.us/j/94822183499?pwd=ZVhkMHZWSnR1bTI5czZWRk1zdFFmQT09>

Meeting ID: 948 2218 3499

Passcode: fuusm2323

Dial in by phone from your location

+1 929 205 6099 US (New York) +1 301 715 8592 US (Germantown)

Same Meeting ID (as above): 948 2218 3499 Different Passcode: 772050

Welcome to the First Unitarian Universalist Society of Marietta (Mid-Ohio Valley).

Please enjoy a time of gathering and greeting one another via Zoom

until the Welcome Slide appears and the Prelude begins, denoting the start of the service.

We ask that you mute yourselves (or we can help) to establish a reverent space and pause for the beginning of the service.

At the end of the service there is a brief time to share Joys & Sorrows, and then an additional open time of sharing and socializing.

Please be mindful that the service via Zoom is also streamed Live to FaceBook, and because of this the time of Joys & Sorrows will not be included in public postings.

Covenant #471

-arranged by L. Griswold Williams

Love is the doctrine of this church,

The quest of truth is its sacrament, and service is its prayer.

To dwell together in peace, to seek knowledge in freedom,

To serve human need, to the end that all souls shall grow into harmony with the Divine-

Thus do we covenant with each other and with God.

Traditionally, there are four types of prayers – prayer of petition, of praise, of thanks, of forgiveness. When we take this new approach toward prayer, these traditional forms break open and become channels that lead to insight.

First Unitarian Universalist Society of Marietta

Order of Service Sunday August 23, 2020

*Our mission is to nurture a diverse community,
devoted to spiritual growth and freedom of thought for the benefit of all.*

(10:30) Gathering & Greeting (11am) Welcome Slide

Prelude *Make Channels for the Streams of Love* Randall Kidder, Pianist
American folk melody, arr. by Annabel M. Buchanan (1889-1983); Words by Richard Chenevix Trench (1807-1886)

Welcome Martha McGovern, Worship Leader

Opening Chant *Listen People Listen* Rev. Kathryn Hawbaker, Minister
*Listen, people, listen, listen to the waters
calling us like rivers, running to the sea.*

Chalice Lighting **Beginnings of a Poem...** -Mereth DunnEstry (1985)

Offering – Thank you for your donations and pledge payments.

Reflection: Prayer & Poetry

Prayer of Petition	Prayer Song	<i>From You I Receive</i>
Prayer of Praise	Prayer Song	<i>Earth My Body</i>
Prayer of Thanksgiving	Prayer Song	<i>Give Thanks</i>
Prayer of Forgiveness	Prayer Song	<i>We Begin Again in Love</i>
Prayer of Loving Gaze		

Poem *The Summer Day* -Mary Oliver

Poem *What I Know* -The old man at Underbrow Cottage (Ron Tepley)
in response to Mary Oliver's poem *In Blackwater Woods*

Benediction *Sanctuaries of Silence* -Gordon Hempton
*When I listen, I have to be quiet. I become very peaceful
and I think what I enjoy most about listening is that I disappear, I disappear.*

Invitation to Share Joys & Sorrows

*Following the video and Joys & Sorrows, the Zoom room will remain open for a time of socializing. Great Gratitude to those who contributed to this service and provided technical support: Martha McGovern, Ralph Olander, Randall Kidder, & Mike Bailey.

* * * * *

Drink from the well of your self and begin again ~Charles Bukowski

*Let the beauty we love be what we do.
There are hundreds of ways to kneel and kiss the ground;
There are hundreds of ways to go home again. — Rumi*

View photos of flags in the courtyard on Instagram via Jane Tumas-Serna
<https://www.instagram.com/p/CENU4RsBWSc/?igshid=1oux1xxj7i115>

You are invited to create prayer flags to hang in the courtyard.
Materials are available there. The winds carry the prayers out into the world.

JOY

Crystal Barnett Sheaves & Justin Sheaves have a special joy in announcing their intention to adopt and bring into their family another child -a sibling to Axelton.
Please visit their FaceBook page if you haven't already supported them.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Mondays - Black Lives Matter (12-3pm) The vigil gathers at the fountain next to the Lafayette Hotel.

Sunday Mornings (9:30am) in the Parlor

The **Today's Issues** group meets Sunday mornings (9:30am) in the Office/RE building next to the church following social distancing guidelines. Each Sunday the group will discuss essays from the NY Review of Books.

Mon. Aug. 24 Personnel Committee (5:30pm) Hybrid- Parlor & Zoom

Mon. Aug. 24 (6:30-8pm) Cakes for the Queen of Heaven (Zoom)

<https://zoom.us/j/95134658909?pwd=ZFdiUGZhQkorWkdLNkILNVBXbFROdz09>

Meeting ID: 951 3465 8909

Passcode: Cakes

Dial by phone from your location +1 301 715 8592 US (Germantown)

Same Meeting ID: 951 3465 8909 Different (Numerical) Passcode: 736019

Wed. Aug. 26 Midweek Midday Meditation (12-1pm) (Zoom & Parlor)

<https://zoom.us/j/98570571823?pwd=VklkWWUrSjZCclJ2dElZS3ZVVHFhdz09>

Meeting ID: 985 7057 1823

Passcode: OMWed12

Dial in by your location +1 301 715 8592 US (Germantown) +1 312 626 6799 US (Chicago)

Same Meeting ID: 985 7057 1823

Different Passcode: 528033

Sat. Aug. 29 MOVCA Shoe Strike (9am-2pm) Williamstown, WV

The Shoe Strike is to remind people that the Climate Crises has not been a victim of the pandemic.

It is growing stronger every day! The shoes stand in the places where all the past, current and future victims of Climate Chaos cannot stand for themselves. This is a way for you to participate in the most extreme form of socially responsible protest we can think of. And a way to get rid of your old shoes.

Drop shoes in or near the container on the wall next to the rear basement door of the church office/parlor building starting now and lasting through the last week of September. There are bags in the container. Our plan, after all of our shoes are finished marching, is to give them all to the current Cobbler John, who is collecting shoes to repair if needed and send them all to needy areas of the world.

Next Sunday Aug. 30 Live Presentation with Felix Burrows *Speak for Yourself* for a limited number of congregants (15) in the Sanctuary.

For more information, contact Rev. Hawbaker.

All Services will continue to be available on Zoom & Facebook.

Looking Ahead

Sun. Sept. 20 *Water Ceremony* ~ In Courtyard (9:30am) & on Zoom (11am).

Sun. Sept. 27 (11am) *Fall Congregational Meeting* - **Your input and vote is important.**

To address future plans and the proposed budget.

The FUUSM Office is not open to the general public, but we are checking messages and making plans. Please check the FUUSM website, and use email or phone to contact Chris Keller in the Office fuusm@suddenlinkmail.com (740) 373-1238, or Rev. Kathryn Hawbaker.

Check the Weekly Update through the FUUSM-L email list for news of hybrid meetings (Zoom & in-person) and other events on the calendar.

SERVICE NOTES & POEMS

Hymn #299 *Make Channels for the Streams of Love*

- 1) Make channels for the streams of love where they may broadly run;
and love has over-flowing streams to fill them every one.
- 2) But if at any time we cease such channels to provide,
the very founts of love for us will soon be parched and dry.
- 3) For we must share, if we would keep this gift all else above;
we cease to give, we cease to have- such is the law of love.

Beginnings of a Poem... -Mereth DunnEstry (1985)

(*)

*I cup a word in my
hands,
nuzzle it,
inhale its sounds,
taste its variations,
tease it into attention.*

A poem by Li-Young Lee suggests the opening to awe and the embrace of spirit:

From Blossoms

From blossoms comes
this brown paper bag of peaches
we bought from the boy
at the bend in the road where we turned toward
signs painted *Peaches*.

From laden boughs, from hands,
from sweet fellowship in the bins,
comes nectar at the roadside, succulent
peaches we devour, dusty skin and all,
comes the familiar dust of summer, dust we eat.

O, to take what we love inside,
to carry within us an orchard, to eat
not only the skin, but the shade,
not only the sugar, but the days, to hold
the fruit in our hands, adore it, then bite into
the round jubilation of peach.

There are days we live
as if death were nowhere
in the background; from joy
to joy to joy, from wing to wing,
from blossom to blossom to
impossible blossom, to sweet impossible blossom.

The Summer Day -Mary Oliver

Who made the world?

Who made the swan, and the black bear?

Who made the grasshopper?

This grasshopper, I mean –

the one who has flung herself out of the grass,

the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,

who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down –

who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.

Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.

Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.

I don't know exactly what a prayer is.

I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down

into the grass, how to kneel down in the grass,

how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields,

which is what I have been doing all day.

Tell me, what else should I have done?

Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?

Tell me, what is it you plan to do

With your one wild and precious life?

What I Know -Ron Tepley

-The old man at Underbrow Cottage
in response to Mary Oliver's poem
In Blackwater Woods

What I know is
that the past is the past
And the present is what
my life is
and we my friends
are capable of choosing
what that will be.
We must give our voices
to the World
And live our lives
with love
with happiness
with tolerance
or
become an ugly image
of hate and injustice.

In Blackwater Woods

Look, the trees
are turning
their own bodies
into pillars
of light,
are giving off the rich
fragrance of cinnamon
and fulfillment,
the long tapers
of cattails
are bursting and floating away over
the blue shoulders
of the ponds,
and every pond,
no matter what its
name is, is
nameless now.

Every year
everything
I have ever learned
in my lifetime
leads back to this: the fires
and the black river of loss
whose other side
is salvation,
whose meaning
none of us will ever know.

To live in this world
you must be able
to do three things:
to love what is mortal;
to hold it
against your bones knowing
your own life depends on it;
and, when the time comes to let it go,
to let it go.

"In Blackwater Woods" by Mary Oliver,
from *American Primitive*. © Back Bay Books, 1983.