

Order Of Service – April 4, 2021

Look Well to the Growing Edge

Music for Contemplation: *Everlasting Longing*, Kunqu opera, arr. Sha Yuan, performed by Xuifei Yang and Sha Yuan; *Dreams of Gulangyu Island* by Ren-Chang Fu, performed by Xuifei Yang, Ren-chang Fu & Xiamen Philharmonic Orchestra; and *The Moon Represents My Heart* by Weng Ching-Hsi, arr. Roland Dyens, performed by Xuifei Yang (all from Xuifei Yang, *Sketches of China*, 2020). Photos by Mary MacNamee, Margery Ganz, Susan Jhirad, Andey Amata and Steve Schmidt, and © Soul Matters.

Sound of the Bell

Prelude: *Andante*, by Charles Frederick Abel, arr. for organ by Charles Goodban, organist Russell Tripp.

Opening Words: “The Growing Edge” by Howard Thurman from *Meditations of the Heart*

Welcome

Chalice Lighting: words by Richard M. Fewkes, adapted

Covenant

Love is the heart of this church.

We commit to:

Being a diverse, welcoming community of mutual care and respect;
Supporting each other's spiritual journey and search for truth and meaning;

Promoting justice and serving the wider community.

We hold ourselves to this promise with compassion and understanding.

Hymn: *All Creatures of the Earth and Sky*, words attributed to St. Francis of Assisi, music adapted and harmonized by Ralph Vaughan Williams (*Singing the Living Tradition*, #203). Pianist Molly Ruggles, vocalist Daric Dalfino.

All creatures of the earth and sky,
come, kindred, lift your voices high,
Alleluia, Alleluia!

Bright burning sun with golden beam,
high shining moon with silver gleam:
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

Swift rushing wind so wild and strong,
white clouds that sail in heav'n along,
Alleluia, Alleluia!

Fair rising morn in praise rejoice,
high stars of evening find a voice:
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

Cool flowing water, pure and clear,
make music for all life to hear,
Alleluia, Alleluia!

Dance, flame of fire, so strong and bright,
and bless us with your warmth and light:
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

Embracing earth, you, day by day,
bring forth your blessings on our way,
Alleluia, Alleluia!

All herbs and fruits that richly grow,
let them the glory also show:
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

Candles of Joy, Sorrow and Milestones

Meditation: words by Mark Belletini

Testimonial: Tom Phillips

Offering: *Mourning Dove*, composer and pianist Molly Ruggles

Reading: “Seasons of the Self” by Max Coots from *Singing the Living Tradition*, #627

Hymn: *Now the Green Blade Riseth*, words by John MacLeod Campbell Crum, music: medieval French Carol (*Singing the Living Tradition*, #266). Pianist and vocalist Molly Ruggles.

Now the green blade riseth from the buried grain,
wheat that in the dark earth many days has lain;
Love lives again, that with the dead has been:
Love is come again like wheat that springeth green.

In the grave they laid him, Love by hatred slain,
thinking that never he would wake again,
laid in the earth, like grain that sleeps unseen:
Love is come again like wheat that springeth green.

When our hearts are wintry, grieving or in pain,
Love’s touch can call us back to life again,
fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been:
Love is come again like wheat that springeth green.

Sermon: *Look Well to the Growing Edge*

Hymn: *Just as Long as I Have Breath*, words by Alicia S. Carpenter, music by Johann G. Ebeling (*Singing the Living Tradition*, #6). Vocalists Nancy Kurtz, Michael Glenn, Carole Bundy, Brendan Shea, Daric Dalfino, Brendan O’Brine, Molly Ruggles, Dana MacNamee.

Just as long as I have breath, I must answer, “Yes,” to life;
though with pain I made my way, still with hope I meet each day.
If they ask what I did well, tell them I said, “Yes,” to life.

Just as long as vision lasts, I must answer, “Yes,” to truth;
in my dream and in my dark, always: that elusive spark.
If they ask what I did well, tell them I said, “Yes,” to truth.

Just as long as my heart beats, I must answer, “Yes,” to love;
disappointment pierced me through, still I kept on loving you.
If they ask what I did best, tell them I said, “Yes,” to love.

Closing Words: words by Orlanda Brugnola

Postlude: *To a Wild Rose*, by Edward MacDowell, pianist Molly Ruggles.

Question for coffee-hour discussion: How would you describe the Growing Edge in your own life?