

MARQUETTE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST CONGREGATION

Sunday, November 21, 2021 - 11:00 A.M.

"On This Gray November Morn"

Presenters: Susan Urban & Phil Cooper ("February Sky")

*Please feel free to sing at home at any point in the service
where you feel moved to do so!*

Words to all the songs and readings, including congregational songs,
are on the pages following this one.

WELCOME AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

OPENING MUSIC: "Autumn Garden," by Tim Grimm

OPENING WORDS by Henri Frederic Amiel

CHALICE LIGHTING (unison)

OPENING CONGREGATIONAL SONG: "November," by Heidi Muller

JOYS AND CONCERNS

UNISON OFFERTORY READING

OFFERTORY MUSIC: "Cold Frosty Morning," Trad. Arr.

TIME FOR ALL AGES: "Waiting for Snow," by John McCutcheon

SONG: "Dialogue," by Kathryn Morsk

HOMILY 1: Neither One Place Nor the Other

SONG: "On This Gray November Morn," by Susan Urban

HOMILY 2: Gratitude In the In Between

***CLOSING CONGREGATIONAL SONG:** "Light of Love," by David Roth

CLOSING WORDS

MUSIC FOR CLOSING: "One More Circle," by Peter Mayer

EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE (unison)

AUTUMN GARDEN

Tim Grimm

The gardens are full of old women now, heads nodding in the breeze.
Soft loose chins resting on chests, rising and falling.
Dried wrinkled seedpods and petals rustle and chuckle and sigh,
Circled by weeds, spread out like old skirts, rocking in autumn's last light.

CHORUS:

They will not draw their wraps more tightly round their shoulders
But bare them a little more each day
While they wait for winter's final cloak - of snow.

Cats in the kitchen, goats in the barn, leaves go sailing by,
Birds stop to chatter, one last conversation heading for southern skies.
The women have fed them all summer, watched them circle and spin,
Their hopes like the last breath of autumn, to return again and again.

CHORUS

In a month, the light will be paler, the skies heavy and gray
The wind will blow harder, the trees will be bare, shorter & shorter the days.
The women rest with their eyes closed, hands folded in prayer or in sleep,
They are dreaming the dream of the seasons,
They are dreaming of spring in the deep.

CHORUS

CHALICE LIGHTING (unison)

We light the chalice to celebrate Unitarian Universalism.

This is the church of the open mind, the helping hands,
the loving heart, and the radiant spirit.

NOVEMBER

by Heidi Muller

November is that month between Turkey Day and Halloween
Jack-o-lanterns lose their teeth when November comes to call
All the Summer folk are gone, sunny days don't last too long
Coats and sweaters hold their breath as we hold onto fall

CHORUS:

Blue sky gone gray, snap in the air

Cold feet, wool socks, long underwear

November is that time of year for flannel shirts and homemade beer
Leather gloves and bamboo rakes and cleaning up the yard
Summer birds are off and flown halfway to their vacation homes
Up in the mountains, bears all know a change is in the cards

CHORUS

A killing frost will make its mark some quiet evening after dark
Bring those late tomatoes in, they'll ripen on the sill
Later on, there'll come a day, the sky an eerie whitish-gray
No more leaves to break our fall down winter's icy hill

CHORUS

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Jack-o-lanterns lose their teeth when November comes to call
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UNISON OFFERTORY READING

This congregation is the community of ourselves

Its energy and resources are our energy and resources.

Its wealth is what we share.

As we contribute to the life of this community, we affirm our lives within it.

WAITING FOR SNOW

John McCutcheon

The nights are so long they shorten the day,

Over the mountains the sky's turning gray.

The geese all fly southward as homeward they go.

I'm sitting here waiting and waiting for snow.

CHORUS

Waiting for snow, the first of the year,

I just can't believe it almost is here,

Like cousins and Christmas and places to go

Nothing takes longer than waiting for snow.

Waiting for sledding, waiting for fun

Piled high around me, bright mountains of sun

Waiting for snowballs, for shouting and laughter

For sliding down hillsides with hot chocolate after

CHORUS

BRIDGE:

The longer I'm waiting, the longer it takes

`Til I stick out my tongue to catch the first flakes.

Wash your face in the snow, you'll be pretty all year.

Look out the window, it's finally here!

Waiting for snow, waiting for you

To bundle me up like you always do.

Your glove in my mitten, together we'll go

To make footprints and angels in our brand new snow!

REPRISE CHORUS:

Waiting for snow, the first of the year,

I just can't believe that it's finally here,

Like cousins and Christmas and places to go

Nothing takes longer than waiting for snow.

Waiting and waiting and waiting and waiting for snow.

DIALOGUE

Kathryn Morski

Love put a warming hand in mine,
Said, "I don't know. I like it just fine here."
And I said, "Here, where the days are cold and grey
And even the birds have flown away? You've lost your mind here."
And Love said, "Here, where the winter roots so deep,
If you don't look close you'll think Life's asleep - it's dreaming.
Here, where the coyotes sing the moon,
And a woodfire spins its bright cocoon around our seeming."

CHORUS:

It reminds me of you. It reminds me of you!
It reminds me of you. It reminds me of you!
Well, I just stood and stared at the sky,
At a loss for words, though I'm not shy, just quiet.
Then I said, "So you think I look like this?
Like an empty land set for Winter's kiss? I don't buy it.
I could smell the snow on the steady wind
And I turned my head as a hawk sailed in to view.
"It's the subtleties that draw the eye,"
Love said, "Like the way that flannel sky is cracked with blue."

CHORUS

"You take life hard," Love said with a grin.
"It's not like it's all about lose and win. I mean it!"
But I said, "No, I think you may be right.
"It's the way things change when you deepen sight, I've seen it.
It's there, where that leaf still clings, bright red,
Or the wintergreen in the forest bed, half hidden.
It's the lift you get when the light breaks green
Under thick-banked clouds and the wind springs, clean,
Unbound, unbidden..."

CHORUS (2X)

ON THIS GRAY NOVEMBER MORN

S.J. Urban

He lives in a room in his parents' apartment,
He is going to college, and money is tight.
He is at the library each night 'til it closes,
For his parents get drunk and they quarrel each night.

Though he longs for the time when he'll be on his own,
There is pleasure in learning things wondrous and new.
On the weekends he hangs out with friends he loves dearly,
And a girl with long hair of an autumn leaf's hue.

CHORUS:

On this gray November morn, when the trees are standing bare,
When the light is growing dim, and the frost is in the air,
On this bridge between two seasons,
We will celebrate the moment,
As we look to fair seasons to come.

She stands in her kitchen and looks out the window
At a garden brought down by the frost of last night.
Now her belly's grown large and the baby is kicking,
He will be here in person before Christmas night.

This young mother is longing to meet her first babe,
But she treasures these last weeks of child free days,
Though she gives up her freedom with eyes clear and open,
For the sake of this child she loves and will raise.

CHORUS

They sit in their living room signing the papers
For the sale of this house that they built with their hands,
Where they raised their two children and planted the gardens
Where the young trees have grown up to shelter the land.

Now they own a townhouse in a state far away
They don't have to mow lawns there or shovel the snow.
They look forward to living there, close to their children,
But they'll cherish this house 'til the day they must go.

CHORUS

MAY THE LIGHT OF LOVE

David Roth

As we come around to take our places at the table
A moment to remember and reflect upon our wealth
Here's to loving friends and family, here's to being able
To gather here together in good company and health

May we be released from all those feelings that would harm us
May we have the will to give them up and get them gone
For heavy are the satchels full of anger and false promise
May we have the strength to put them down

CHORUS

May the light of love be shining deep within your spirit
May the torch of mercy clear the path and show the way
May the horn of plenty sound so everyone can hear it
May the light of love be with you every day

May we wish the best for every one that we encounter
May we swallow pride and may we do away with fear
For it's only what we do not know that we have grown afraid of
And only what we do not choose to hear

As we bless our daily bread and drink our day's libation
May we be reminded of the lost and wayward soul
The hungry and the homeless that we have in every nation
May we fill each empty cup and bowl

CHORUS

ONE MORE CIRCLE

Peter Mayer

We have been weighed down by sadness like a stone,

We have yearned, we have yearned.

We have sometimes felt so utterly alone

While we turn, while we turn.

We've been stricken by the wonder of it all,

Stricken dumb, stricken dumb.

We have sometimes felt so faint we want to fall,

Overcome, but all in all,

CHORUS:

I'd say this year in flight together has been fun,

What say we make one more circle around the sun?

We have raised our fists in anger and we've tried

To work it out, work it out.

That we need each other, we cannot deny,

There is no doubt, there is no doubt.

Let us weave another dream in outer space

While we're turning, while we're turning,

On this planet home that holds our human race

We still are learning, but all in all,

CHORUS

I'd say this year in flight together has been a good, good one -

What say we make one more circle, one more circle,

One more circle around the sun, around the sun.

EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE (unison)

We extinguish this flame but not the light of truth,
The warmth of community, or the fire of commitment.
These we carry in our hearts until we are together again.