

MARQUETTE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST CONGREGATION

Sunday, December 26, 2021 - 11:00 A.M.

"At the Turning of the Year"

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: "January Man," by Dave Goulder

OPENING RESPONSIVE READING: #544 "New Year's Day"

CHALICE LIGHTING (unison)

OPENING CONGREGATIONAL SONG: "We'll Sing Hallelujah," by Richard Thompson

JOYS AND CONCERNS

UNISON OFFERTORY READING

OFFERTORY MUSIC: "Winter Instrumental," Trad. Arr.

INTRODUCTION: New Year History and New Year Songs

SONG: "Leave the Light On," by Chris Smither

HOMILY 1: Looking Backward, Looking Forward

SONG: "Just Be You," by Bob Holdworth

HOMILY 2: We Talk About Resolutions

SONG: "Child of the Future," by Susan Urban

***CLOSING CONGREGATIONAL SONG:** "Auld Lang Syne," by Robert Burns

CLOSING WORDS excerpted from "Remembrances - Written at the Beginning of the
New Year," by Qing Yun

MUSIC FOR CLOSING: "The Apprentice," by Ralph Murray

EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE (unison)

JANUARY MAN

Dave Goulder

Oh the January man he walks the road in woolen coat and boots of leather

The February man still shakes the snow from off his hair and blows his hands

Oh, the man of March he sees the Spring and he wonders what the year will bring

And hopes for better weather

Through April rain the man goes down to watch the birds come in to share the summer

The man of May stands very still watching the children dance away the day

In June the man inside the man is young and wants to lend a hand

And grins at each new color

And in July the man in cotton shirt he sits and thinks on being idle

The August man in thousands takes the road to watch the sea and find the sun

September man is standing near to saddle up and lead the year

And Autumn is his bridle

And the man of new October takes the reins and early frost is on his shoulders

The poor November man sees fire and rain and snow and mist and the winter gale

December man looks through the snow to let eleven brothers know

They're all a little older

And the January man comes round again in woolen coat and boots of leather

To take another turn and walk along the icy road he knows so well

Oh, the January man is here for starting each and every year

Along the road for ever

OPENING RESPONSIVE READING: #544 "New Year's Day"

The first of January is another day dawning, the sun rising as the sun always rises, the earth moving in its rhythms,

With or without our calendars to name a certain day as the day of new beginning, separating the old from the new.

So it is: everything is the same, bound into its history as we ourselves are bound.

Yet also we stand at a threshold, the new year something truly new, still unformed, leaving a stunning power in our hands:

What shall we do with this great gift of Time, this year?

Let us begin by remembering that whatever justice, whatever peace and wholeness might bloom in our world this year,

We are the hearts and minds, the hands and feet, the embodiment of all the best visions of our people.

The New Year can be new ground for the seeds of our dreams.

Let us take the step forward together, onto new ground,

Planting our dreams well, faithfully, and in joy

WE'LL SING HALLELUJAH

Richard Thompson

A man is like a rusty wheel upon a rusty cart,
He sings his song as he rattles along,
And then he falls apart.

CHORUS: But we'll sing hallelujah at the turning of the year,
 And we work all day in the old-fashioned way,
 'Til the shining star appears.

A man is like a briar, he covers himself with thorns,
And he laughs like a clown when his fortune is down
And his clothes are ragged and torn.

CHORUS

A man is like a three-stringed fiddle hanging upon the wall,
He plays when somebody scrapes on the bow,
Or he can't play at all.

CHORUS

A man is like his father, wishes he never was born,
And he longs for the time when his clock it will chime,
And he's dead forevermore.

CHORUS 2X

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.

LEAVE THE LIGHT ON

Chris Smither

If I were young again, I'd pay attention
To that little-known dimension, a taste in endless time.
Just like water, it runs right through our fingers,
But the flavor of it lingers, like a rich, red wine.

 In those days we were single, we lived them one by one,
 Now we hardly see 'em, they don't walk, they run.
 But I got plenty left I've set my sight on,
 Don't wait up - leave the light on, I'll be home soon.

I've never seen my life in such a hurry,
But if I start to worry, I get left behind.
It's like a party, but you don't get invitations,
And there's just one destination, you better be on time.

 For years of rhyming couplets, and we sang 'em two by two,
 Now we hardly rhyme at all, but here's a few.
 And if they heard there's bullets left to bite on,
 Don't wait up - leave the light on, I'll be home soon.

That drummer in my head needs inspiration,
There's a lack of syncopation, little holes need to align.
It's just so hard to leave these cages that we think in,
By stages we just sink in to a slow decline.

 For years we lived in waltz time, we danced them three by three,
 Now it's hard to dance, but if you stick with me,
 We've got what we need to spend the night on,
 Don't wait up - leave the light on, I'll be home soon.

These races that we've run were not for glory, no moral to this story,
We run for peace of mind.

But the race we're running now is never-ending,
Since space and time are bending, there's no finish line.

 But I'll live to be a hundred - I was born in '54,
 32 to go, but I ain't keepin' score.

 I been left for dead before, but I still fight on,
 Don't wait up - leave the light on, I'll be home soon.

I been left for dead before, but I still fight on
Don't wait up - leave the light on, I'll be home soon.

JUST BE YOU

Bob Holdsworth

What can I be, a friend once asked me quite seriously,
What can I do? What else but just be you?
I'm not that strong, and what if they should say that I'm wrong,
I've never been alone very long, please tell me what to do.

CHORUS:

You've got to have some faith in yourself,
And cultivate some trust in yourself,
'Cause if you don't believe in yourself, no one believes in you.
And if there's a God, where can HE be but inside your body,
And if there's a heaven somewhere, why shouldn't it be here?

What then am I, I surely wasn't born just to die,
Sometimes it seems the more that I try, the less that I achieve.
Give life your best, and when you put yourself to the test,
You'll find you're capable of no less than you yourself believe.

CHORUS ("where can SHE be" in third line)

What can I be, (Just be you) a friend once asked me quite seriously
(He asked it seriously) What can I do? (Just be you)
What else but just be you? (Just be you - there's nothing else to do)
I'm not that strong, (Yes, you are),
And what if they should say that I'm wrong,
(You can't be wrong if you're happy)
I've never been alone very long, (You're not alone),
Please tell me what to do.

(Just be you - there's nothing else to do)

CHORUS:

You've got to have some faith in yourself,
And cultivate some trust in yourself,
'Cause if you don't believe in yourself, no one believes in you.
And can't you see that if there's a God,
Where can IT be but inside your body,
And if there's a heaven somewhere,
Why shouldn't it be here?

(Just be you - there's nothing else to do)

Why shouldn't it be here?

(Just be you - there's nothing else to do)

Why shouldn't it be here? (Just be you - there's nothing else to do)

Why shouldn't it be here? (Just be you!)

CHILD OF THE FUTURE

Susan Urban

I met your handsome granddad at a march against the war,
Chicago, nineteen-sixty-eight, Grant Park.

His hair was grown out natural, his skin was smooth and brown,
His eyes set round with lashes long and dark.

And maybe you could say we fell in love there at first sight,
Or maybe it was something else we shared.

But either way we spent three days together, noon to night,
His dusky skin against my own so fair.

And then he hit the road again, and as we kissed goodbye,
He told me he'd return to me in Spring.

When May came round, I'd nothing of him but his baby girl,
A single mom who had no wedding ring.

CHORUS:

Child of the future, hope of humanity,
You shine with the pride of your different races,
You are both the doorway and the key.

Your mother had her father's skin, so smooth and velvet brown,
With my green eyes and auburn hair in curls.

And neither black nor white kids would accept her as their own,
A sad and very lonely little girl.

But we adopted mongrel cats and puppies from the pound,
We'd go and see the hybrids at the zoo.

She saw that they were stronger than the purebred ones by far,
And I would say, "You see, they're just like you."

In college there were many mixed-race students like your mom,
At last she could be happy and serene.

She fell in love and married with a Spanish boy from France,
And they had you, my grandson, now eighteen.

CHORUS

And in the year 2008, we labored side by side
To make a dream into reality.

And when a man with skin of brown became our President,
You cried and cheered and sang along with me.

And in Grant Park that warm November night, I found the man
Who'd been my lover 40 years before.

And all the bitter words I could have said just fell away,
No room for them in my heart any more.

He told me of his family, they lived out in L.A.,
He wept so hard in hearing of my own.

But when the man who changed the world that day got up to speak,
We dried our tears and vowed to carry on.

CHORUS

AULD LANG SYNE

Robert Burns

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and auld lang syne?

CHORUS: For auld lang syne, my jo,
For auld lang syne, we'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We two have run about the braes, and pulled the gowans fine,
But we've wandered many a weary foot, since auld lang syne.

CHORUS

We two have paddled in the burn, from morning sun till dine,
But seas between us broad have roared since auld lang syne.

CHORUS

And there's a hand, my trusty friend, and give us a hand of thine!
And we'll take a right good willy-waught for auld lang syne.

CHORUS

Standing in the cobbled street, staring up the hill,
I think about the paper that binds me to his will.

Through seven years apprenticeship, my life is at his whim.

I'll learn about the woods and tools, I'll learn the craft from him.

With shaking hands I climb the hill and turn in at his door.

He greets me with a stare and notes a pallet on the floor.

You'll sleep here in the shop he says until a room you've earned,

By making all the furnishings with skills that you have learned.

CHORUS 1:

Old Johnson fashions furniture, the finest in the land.

I see the dead woods live again, responding to his hand.

With gifted eye, a gentle touch, and tongue sharp as a knife,

He deftly trims and smooths the stock, and shapes a young man's life.

At first I think he teaches naught, my job just seems to be

To clean the shop and rack the tools, to keep things orderly.

I ask him when he'll start to teach. He looks at me and sighs,

And says I'd learn from watching him if I'd but use my eyes.

As time goes by I learn a lot, of finishes and woods,

Of how to draw a plan from scratch and how to sell the goods.

Patience is, I slowly learn, the best tool in my kit

To temper strength with gentleness ensures a perfect fit.

With seven years behind me now, He sends me on my way.

To travel as a Journeyman, in search of my own pay.

In every town I visited, they knew Old Johnson's name.

His workmanship and character combined to forge his fame.

CHORUS 2:

Old Johnson fashions furniture, the finest in the land.

I've seen the dead woods live again, responding to his hand.

With gifted eye, a gentle touch, and tongue sharp as a knife,

He deftly trims and smooths the stock, and shapes a young man's life.

I'd been upon the road five years before the summons came

Delivered by a freight hauler but writ in Johnson's name.

He asked that I return to him, for of the good and bad

Among the boys He'd shaped as men, I was the best He'd had.

He left to me the shop and tools, but not a single plan.

For though he left his mark on me, I still was my own man.

One thing more was left by him, Responsibility

To train young men as woodworkers, his real legacy.

CHORUS 3:

Old Johnson fashioned furniture, the finest in the land.

I'd seen the dead woods live again, responding to his hand.

With gifted eye, a gentle touch, and tongue sharp as a knife,

He'd deftly trimmed and smoothed the stock, and shaped a young man's life.

Standing in the old doorway, staring down the street

I think about the young man that I'm about to meet.

My first apprentice soon appears and stands inside the door.

I greet him with a stare and note a pallet on the floor.

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.