

MARQUETTE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST CONGREGATION

Sunday, July 17, 2022 - 11:00 A.M.

“The Winter of Our Discontent”

Presenters: Caitlin and Kathryn

With Menolly and Amalia

THERE'S A LOT OF MUSIC IN THIS SERVICE –

PLEASE ADD YOUR VOICE AS YOU ARE COMFORTABLE. THANKS!

Words are attached hereafter. Songs not attributed are by Kathryn Morski.

WELCOME AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

OPENING MUSIC: Hummingbird Summer

OPENING WORDS by Sir Winston Churchill

CHALICE LIGHTING: (unison) 118 - This Little Light of Mine

OPENING CONGREGATIONAL SONG: 108 - My Life Flows On in Endless Song

JOYS AND CONCERNS

INTERGENERATIONAL MOMENT: Bessie

UNISON OFFERTORY READING

OFFERTORY MUSIC: Apple Tree

SONG: For What It's Worth Stephen Stills

HOMILY: Surprise? – Caitlin

SONG: Slippery Slope Kathryn and Brian Morski

HOMILY: Laws and Rumors of Laws – Kathryn

SONG: Don't Let It Bring You Down Neil Young

HOMILY: The Climb – Kathryn

SONG: Resisting Rhyme

***CLOSING CONGREGATIONAL SONG:** Affirmation

CLOSING WORDS by Sojourner Truth

MUSIC FOR CLOSING: Music

EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE (unison)

HUMMINGBIRD SUMMER by Kathryn Morski

Hummingbird summer, as sudden as snakes,
Drift and a dream, a tumble of sky
Blue as a heron's wing over blue lakes.
Endless horizon, time hurrying by.

Pitcher plants, busy ants, summers dance fast!
Smoke on the wind, colored sparks in the night.
Hurry by, dragonfly, on to my past.
Infinite summer, an endless delight.

Song in the morning to blue skies,
Chorus of joy for the birth of the day.
Liquid delight, like bright bubbles that rise
As the green days of summer flow gently away.

Green and blue, shining through, fading to gold,
Fleet as a shadow slips over the land.
Blue and green, never seen one I could hold –
Bright golden moments that sift from my hand.

Spin me a web, busy summer!
Burst from a bud to a scented dream!
Gift me with sunshine and thunder,
Layers and layers of deepening green.

Future tense, common sense – not a chance, now!
Only the present is urgent, I find.
Ecstasy, mystery, I can see how
Time is a spell I cast over my mind.

Hummingbird summer, as sudden as snakes...

CHALICE LIGHTING: (unison)

#118 Singing the Living Tradition

THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE

African American Spiritual (1750-1875)

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine!
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine!
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine!
Let it shine! Let it shine! Let it shine!

#108 Singing the Living Tradition

My Life Flows On in Endless Song

Words, traditional v3 Doris Plenn; Music by Robert Lowry

My life flows on in endless song

Above earth's lamentation.

I hear the real, though far off hymn

That hails a new creation.

Through all the tumult and the strife

I hear the music ringing.

It sounds an echo in my soul.

How can I keep from singing!

What though the tempest 'round me roars

I know the truth, it liveth.

No storm can shake my inmost calm

While to that rock I'm clinging.

Since love prevails

In heav'n and earth,

How can I keep from singing?

When tyrants tremble as they hear

The bells of freedom ringing,

When friends rejoice

Both far and near,

How can I keep from singing?

In prison cell and dungeon vile

Our thoughts to them are winging.

When friends by shame are undefiled

How can I keep from singing!

BESSIE (IS A WOMAN WHO GETS THINGS DONE) by Kathryn Morski

Bessie is a woman who gets things done.

She's not one of your fancy folks, spends summers tanning in the sun.

She likes to sing and she loves to laugh. She likes to have her fun,

But Bessie is a woman who gets things done!

Well Bessie went to work for a farmer; got up at the break of day.

First, she fed his 98 cattle their 98 bales of hay.

Then she milked them all, churned the butter, too, Cleaned the barn and she went inside,

Asked the farmer "What else before breakfast?" That farmer nearly died

(He said) Bessie you're a woman who...

Well, Bessie went off traveling Just to see the Himalayan ice.

She thought those peaks looked pretty neat, So she climbed Mt. Everest – twice!

Made friends with a Yeti and his family and she rescued a snow-bound bus.

When she got back down the folks all cheered. Bessie said, "Hey, what's the fuss?"

(She said) You know I am a Woman who...

When Bessie went to Hollywood she was a legend almost overnight.

Had a thirty-room mansion and a limousine and her name put up in lights.

She played Cleopatra and Lady MacBeth and Joan of Arc on fire.

When she'd done everything in Hollywood she decided to retire.

She went back home to Michigan, fell in love with Dapper Dan.

She said, "I think I'll be content to spend my days sharing my life with this man."

But, being Bessie, she could not rest. She had some twins, and some triplets, too,

And soon she and Dan had fourteen kids who all knew what to do.

(They sang!) Bessie, you're a woman who...

Well, now you've heard about Bessie and her exciting life.

You've heard about some of her various careers and how she ended up a wife.

I wrote this song for all the ladies who do more than can be done in a day.

When you're tired and you still have the sink to scrub you can smile and say...

Hey world, I'm a woman and I get things done!..

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.

APPLE TREE by Kathryn Morski

I'm gonna sleep with my nose in an apple tree,

Let the blue summer evening breathe into me.

I'll awake to the kiss of another rosy dawn.

I wonder how I've stayed away so long!

A robin's sleepy song rides the last, long light

As the crickets and the frogs chorus into the night,

And the breeze in the leaves' got me humming right along –

Sinking into Summer's song.

Summer is an old-fashioned slow dance,

Andante, with butterflies.

Sand streaked with gold, flowers to hold,

"Forever, forever, forever," she lies.

But for now, there's the song of a whippoorwill,

And a thrush in the woods adds a low, sweet trill,

And the breeze whispers, too, that I'm back where I belong:

Sinking into Summer's song.

Slow my steps to match the water flowing,

Take the time to see where I am going –

Sinking into Summer's song!

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH by Stephen Stills

There's something happening here

What it is ain't exactly clear

There's a man with a gun over there

Telling me I've got to beware

Chorus:

It's time we stop children what's that sound

Everybody look what's going down

There's battle lines being drawn

Nobody's right if everybody's wrong

Young people speaking their minds

Are getting so much resistance from behind

Chorus

What a field day for the heat

A thousand people in the streets

Singing songs and carrying signs

Mostly say "hooray for our side"

Chorus

Paranoia strikes deep

Into your life it will creep

It starts when you're always afraid

Step out of line the man come and take you away

Chorus

SLIPPERY SLOPE by Kathryn W Morski and Brian Morski

It's a slippery slope that leads from hope to the place we live today
And there's so many pitching in to help us on our sorry way
It's a slippery slope that leads from hope and we keep on gaining speed
Pulled along by the gravity of righteousness and greed –
It's a slippery slope.

It's a slippery slope that starts with trying to help a friend back home,
To even up the playing field for those who are your own,
But it doesn't stop till you've been down a crooked path or two,
And it all too often ends where U.S. turns to Y.O.U.
It's a slippery slope...

It's a slippery slope that lets you think that there's only one right way,
That unquestioning devotion will pay off for you some day,
And the speed at which you're traveling makes it somehow seem your due
Till you suddenly hit freefall and there's no one there but you!
It's a slippery slope...

Politicians, merchandisers, gurus, preachers, advertisers
Heroes, idols, mere imposters, talk-show hosts and voodoo doctors,
Leaders in their ivory towers mistake themselves for higher powers
They all know just what you should do and each one wants a piece of you!

It's a slippery slope that leads to hope, but we have to start the climb.
This fingerpointing, hating, blaming's just a waste of precious time!
It's time we start to operate from the things we know are true:
Expect the best, work like hell – together we can pull us through!
It's a slippery slope...

DON'T LET IT BRING YOU DOWN by Neil Young

Old man lying by the side of the road

With the lorries rolling by

Blue moon sinking from the weight of the load

And the buildings scrape the sky

Cold wind ripping down the alley at dawn

And the morning paper flies

Dead man lying by the side of the road

With the daylight in his eyes

Don't let it bring you down

It's only castles burning

Find someone who's turning

And you will come around

Blind man running through the light of the night

With an answer in his hand

Come on down to the river of sight

And you can really understand

Red lights flashing through the window in the rain

Can you hear the sirens moan?

White cane lying in a gutter in the lane

If you're walking home alone

Don't let it bring you down

It's only castles burning

Just find someone who's turning

And you will come around

Don't let it bring you down

It's only castles burning

Just find someone who's turning

And you will come around

RESISTING RHYME by Kathryn Morski

Resisting rhyme, time after money
We go breezing along. Bet you think it's strange
That the course doubles back so often in its wandering.
We have been here again and again!
We have been here again and again.

Resisting rhyme, once upon a people
Were decisions made by individual thought.
Now the voice is loud and calls us from our silence.
If we are not alike, we are wrong.
If we are not alike, we are wrong.

Resisting rhyme, in the nick of reason
We may stumble yet, and yet avoid a fall.
If we take the time to use the love we're given
Our humanity will always rhyme!
Our humanity will always rhyme!
Our humanity will always rhyme!

AFFIRMATION by Kathryn W Morski

I will work for justice
I will speak the truth
I will stand on love
This I pledge to you.
I will act from kindness
Celebrating grace
Seeing it reflected
In all the human race
I will work for justice
I will speak the truth
I will stand on love
This I pledge to you.
May it be so!
I will follow wisdom
Knock on many doors
As I honor each path
I will honor yours
I will work for justice
I will speak the truth
I will stand on love
This I pledge to you.
May it be so!

I will find my home here
With stars and birds and trees
I will nurture balance
I will further peace
I will work for justice
I will speak the truth
I will stand on love
This I pledge to you.
May it be so!
Here within our circle
Or in the cosmos wide
This will be our covenant
This our prayer and guide:
I will work for justice
I will speak the truth
I will stand on love
This I pledge to you.
May it be so! May it be so! May it be so!

MUSIC by Kathryn W Morski

The soul is made from music – sweet, sweet music!
The soul is made from music – it carries us along.
The soul is made from music – sweet, sweet music!
And when we die we slip into eternal song.

Eternal song, like the voice of the wind on a moonless night.
Eternal song, like a face that you love caught in lantern light.
We'll be all right.

The heart is buoyed by music – sweet, sweet music!
The heart is buoyed by music – it carries us along.
The heart is buoyed by music – sweet, sweet music!
It lifts us and it cradles us in eternal song.

Eternal song, like the voice of the wind on a moonless night.
Eternal song, like a face that you love caught in lantern light.
We'll be all right.

The world is one in music – sweet, sweet music!
The world is one in music – it carries us along.
The world is one in music – sweet, sweet music!
And heart to heart and soul to soul, we sing along!

Eternal song, like the voice of the wind on a moonless night.
Eternal song, like a face that you love caught in lantern light.
We'll be all right.
We'll be all right.

ROUND (Traditional) Sing through three times:
All things shall perish from under the sky.
Music alone shall live. Music, alone, shall live.
Music, alone, shall live, never to die.

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.