

MARQUETTE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST CONGREGATION

Sunday, September 25, 2022 - 11:00 A.M.

"In Sweet Fields of Autumn"

A Second Harvest Celebration (Mabon or Harvest Home)

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 Fancy," by Warren Nelson

OPENING WORDS on Autumn

CHALICE LIGHTING (unison)

OPENING HYMN: #52: "In Sweet Fields of Autumn,"

JOYS AND CONCERNS

UNISON OFFERTORY READING

OFFERTORY MUSIC: "Harvest Moon," by Chris & Meredith Thompson

TIME FOR ALL AGES: "More Wood" by Dillon Bustin

SINGING THE CHILDREN OUT

GUIDED AUTUMN MEDITATION: Lady Autumn

SONG: "October Song," by Robin Williamson

HOMILY: Winter Winds Are Calling

SONG: "Earth Prayer for Autumn," by Susan Urban

BULB RITUAL

***CLOSING HYMN:** #53 "I Walk the Unfrequented Road" (Tune: "Amazing Grace")

CLOSING WORDS

MUSIC FOR CLOSING: "Motion Song," by Susan Urban

EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE (unison)

AUTUMN FANCY

Warren Nelson

The lake hills turn the color of a fox's coat
Easy in the breeze the leaves go float
When the birch burn yellow and the maple red
And the apples are ripe up overhead
When the fall is falling all around
Get your wood up quick winter coming- to town
The way Indian Summer lays on the bay this fine October day

CHORUS:

Blue on the Big Lake/blue in the sky
Blue down the river of the time gone by
Green come the summer to a golden end
Yellow is the eye over Earth my friend ---

September winds are a sailor's charm,
The new moon's up in the old moon's arms,
Up a little river go the trout to spawn
You can see your breath rise in the dawn
Come early frost the summer people go
We're back to our old selves broke and slow
With the harvest moon we dance around when the garden's in the jar CHORUS

Come gray November the month of gales
Superior sings her shipwreck tales
In the waves that beat and pound on the shore
Light your home fires now and close the door
When the geese are honking high in a "V"
And the boat slips are naked as a popple tree
By Thanksgiving day and the herring run
You're done with all you've started CHORUS

North wind at the window, stand and stare
Daylight dwindles the brown earth's bare
Big lake, be still, freeze first on the bay
Whoever is here now is here to stay
Go deep to sleep one cold clear night
Awake to a new world all winter white
Those who love the cold can lick the ice and toast the Solstice

CHORUS plus

When the fall is falling all around
Get your wood up quick winter coming to town
The way Indian Summer lays on the bay this fine October day
The way Indian Summer lays on the bay this fine October day

CHALICE LIGHTING (unison) --Tony Perrino.

As the leaves of autumn begin to light a blaze of beauty,

Let us kindle our light of faith and community, bright with colors of people,

Warm with welcome, radiant with hope across the woodlands.

Candles, fire and star - These are the symbols of this most blessed of seasons:

Candles for the banishing of darkness; fires to warm hearth and home;

Stars to beckon us, guiding our footsteps to the holiest.

IN SWEET FIELDS OF AUTUMN #52

In sweet fields of Autumn the gold grain is falling,

The white clouds drift lonely, the wild swan is calling.

Alas for the daisies, the tall fern and grasses,

When wind sweep and rainfall fill lowlands and passes.

The snows of December shall fill windy hollow;

The bleak rain trails after, and March wind shall follow.

The deer through the valleys leave print of their going;

And diamonds of sleet mark the ridges of snowing.

The stillness of death shall stoop over the water,

The plover sweep low where the pale streamlets falter;

But deep in the earth clod the black seed is living;

When Spring sounds her bugles for rousing and giving.

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.

HARVEST MOON

Chris and Meredith Thompson

Down where the river flows

Down where the corn grows

Sing to the Harvest Moon

Sing to the Harvest Moon

Black feathered crows fly

Shadows against the sky

Sing to the Harvest Moon

Sing to the Harvest Moon

Standing among the worn

Weathered and yellow corn

Sing to the Harvest Moon

Sing to the Harvest Moon

INSTRUMENTAL (FOLLOWS VERSE)

MORE WOOD

Dillon Bustin

In the fall of the year, when you feel the Winter near,
And the days are clear, it surely isn't good
To sit by the fire, and want to stoke it higher
When you should be cutting more wood.

From November to March, the Winter winds are harsh
On the fields and the marsh they're covered up with snow
When you trudge to the shed you have to scratch your head
Because the dad-blamed pile's getting low on...

CHORUS:

Wood (hard wood) Firewood (dry wood)
There's not a stove in the world that's gonna do you any good
Without wood (stove wood)

We could (you should) be out cutting more wood.

When the kindling is dwindling, the bottom logs get soggy,
Those ricks of sticks and racks of stacks it makes you wonder where they go
And barnfuls of armfuls, they only last a week or so
And then you'll be hurting for wood.

Well the sassafras it burns too fast, it starts the fire but never lasts
And swamp oak likes to smoke, you blow it till you think you'll choke.
But hickory is just the tree to remind you of the ecstasy
Of having a pile of good wood, I said ...CHORUS

Well the Scandia and Jotul brands are made so far across the sea,
The Fisher kind and Timberline are made here in the country
With all the rest put to the test the one I like the best
Is the one my Uncle Wade he made for me.

He took an oil drum and welded some piping from the septic tank
And fore and aft he cut a draft, and then he made a damper crank
With an old broom from the back room, he painted it fire engine red
And said now watch her consume your.... CHORUS

When the Spring rolls around and I spade the muddy ground,
I have often found I lay my saw away,
The shed is empty and yet you can make a bet
That I'll forget to be cutting more wood.

The old timers say to split a little every day
And stack it away to season well, but
From March to November I rarely do remember,
December will find me in a rut...

LAST CHORUS:

Without wood (hard wood), Firewood (dry wood)
There's not a stove in the world that's gonna do you any good
Without wood (stove wood),

We could (you should) be out cutting some wood

Throw it in the oil drum (What do you think your saw is for)
You can always use some more wood - more wood!

SINGING THE CHILDREN OUT

Go now in peace, stay if you please,
May the Spirit of Love surround you
Everywhere, everywhere you may go.

OCTOBER SONG

Robin Williamson

I'll sing you this October song.
There is no song before it.
The words and tune are none of my own
For my joys and sorrows bore it.
Beside the sea,
The brambly briars in the still of evening.
Birds fly out behind the sun
And with them I'll be leaving.

The fallen leaves that jewel the ground
They know the art of dying.
And leave with joy their glad gold hearts
In the scarlet shadows lying.

When hunger calls my footsteps home
The morning follows after.

I swim the seas within my mind
And the pine trees laugh green laughter.

I used to search for happiness
And I used to follow pleasure
But, I found a door behind my mind
And that's the greatest treasure.

For rulers like to lay down laws
And rebels like to break them.
And the poor priests like to walk in chains
And God likes to forsake them.

I met a man whose name was Time
And he said, "I must be going."
But just how long ago that was
I have no way of knowing.

Sometimes I want to murder time,
Sometimes when my heart's aching.

But mostly I just stroll along
The path that he is taking

REPEAT FIRST VERSE

EARTH PRAYER FOR AUTUMN

Susan Urban

I walk the Northern forest on a rainy afternoon,
The maples blaze in glory on the misty Autumn hills.
The acorns, leaves and berries speak to me of Harvest Home,
But soon they will be buried by the Winter, dark and chill.

The sun is setting early now, I make my way back home,
There's warmth and light to welcome me, and slippers for my feet.
I heat a mug of cider and a steaming bowl of stew,
Then sing and play and read until it's time to fall asleep.

CHORUS:

The wheel is ever spinning, as the leaves turn dry and fall,
Our hearts are filled with gratitude for friends and family all,
And in our hands we hold the golden grain of Autumn's pride,
But Winter winds will follow, and they cannot be denied.

We sow the seed in Springtime that we harvested in Fall,
We nurture it and tend it and it grows up full and strong.
But when the Autumn comes again, its lifeblood must be spilled
To keep us hale and hearty through the Winter dark and long.

And so we give our thanks to Mother Earth for sun and rain,
For day and night, for life and death, for Autumn clear and bright,
For helping us remember, when the land is white and cold,
In turning toward the darkness, we are turning back to light.

CHORUS

I WALK THE UNFREQUENTED ROAD #53

I walk the unfrequented road with open eye and ear,

I watch afield the farmer load the bounty of the year.

I filch the fruit of no one's toil - no trespasser am I --

And yet I reap from every soil and from the boundless sky.

I gather where I did not sow, and bind the mystic sheaf;

The amber air, the river's flow, the rustle of the leaf.

A beauty Springtime never knew haunts all the quiet ways,

And sweeter shines the landscape through its veil of Autumn haze.

I face the hills, the streams, the wood, and feel with all akin.

My heart expands, their fortitude and peace and joy flow in.

MOTION SONG

S.J. Urban ©1988

I sail at the midpoint of my life's golden journey,
With as much time behind as I have yet before;
And I pause now to ponder how the sea will keep changing,
E'er I cast out my anchor and put into shore.
When the waves have grown calm and the breeze blows so gentle,
Then they turn and the ocean is stormy once more.

Chorus:

Ceaselessly moving, endlessly flowing,
As the winds and the waters that circle the earth,
As the forest that burns, that the seeds may start growing,
And fulfill once again the great law of rebirth.

Sometimes I sit where my father is buried,
Gazing out at the graveyard so spacious and wide,
And I can't help but wonder if all those who lie here
Had expected to slumber in peace when they died.
And I don't have an answer, but if life follows nature,
I'd expect they were in for a mighty surprise!

CHORUS

My heart beats with joy at the bright leaves of autumn,
Where they flame gold and crimson before they must die.
They feel no regret for the green of the summer,
As they flash their fall colors and then say good-bye.
And I won't be afraid now to face my September,
As the leaves show their colors, by God so will I!

Chorus

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.