

MARQUETTE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST CONGREGATION

Sunday, October 16, 2022 - 11:00 A.M.

"Hearken Now, the Darkness Comes"

**A celebration of the last-harvest holiday of Samhain
(Celtic New Year or Halloween)**

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: "All Hallow's Eve," by Heidi Muller

OPENING WORDS: Adapted from "The Turning of the Wheel," by Stanley J. Modrzyk

CHALICE LIGHTING (unison)

OPENING HYMN: "Now the Summer's Over," #46 amended (Tune - "Now the Day is Over" (see insert)

JOYS AND CONCERNS

INTERGENERATIONAL MOMENT: "The Boogie Woman," by Kathryn Morski

SINGING THE CHILDREN OUT

UNISON OFFERTORY READING

OFFERTORY MUSIC: "Dave Gordon's Journey to Newgrange," by Phil Cooper

SINGING THE CHILDREN OUT

SAMHAIN RESPONSIVE READING: Hearken Now, the Darkness Comes! by Lark
(Adapted)

HOMILY

SONG: "Pentagram Song," by Susan Urban

SAMHAIN RITUAL OF REMEMBRANCE/BANISHING

SONG: "At Samhain We Remember Again," by Susan Urban

***CLOSING CONGREGATIONAL SONG:** "Welcome In Another Year," by Zoe Mulford

CLOSING WORDS

MUSIC FOR CLOSING: "My Faithful Johnny," Trad. Arr.

EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE (unison)

ALL HALLOW'S EVE

Heidi Muller

Seasons turn as earth is spinning 'round
Radiance burns the summer to the ground
Somewhere across the sea, a candle in the night
Recalls the memory of dancing in the light
Shutters close against the pressing wind
Wisdom knows it's wiser to stay in
Only the bravest and the lovers who believe
Will venture through the dark on this most hallowed eve
Ah, ah, ah, ah....

CHORUS:

Trembling hearts and souls unseen drawn to the flame
Once a year will gather here breathing their names
Ah, ah, ah, ah....(2X)

Those who live bring offerings of gifts
They would give their love 'til darkness lifts
Those on the other side long to touch their skin
Oh, to feel a gentle kiss when the veil is thin
Ah, ah, ah, ah....

CHORUS

Centuries pass and still we mark the day
Though through the glass we dimly see our way
For saints and family, for all we love and grieve
We keep the fires lit every Hallow's Eve
Ah, ah, ah, ah....(3X)

CHALICE LIGHTING by Sarah Gettie McNeill (unison):

Come in, from the crisp morning air outside,

Come in, wearing the autumn sunlight on your face,

Come, carrying the turning of the seasons in your heart.

Whatever and however the greatness of life is speaking to you now,

You are welcome here in our circle of friends.

NOW THE SUMMER'S OVER #46 amended

Now the Summer's over, winter's drawing nigh,

Days grow short and cloudy, darkness fills the sky.

Now the leafless landscape settles in repose,

Waiting for the quiet of the winter snows.

Now as twilight gathers, let us pause and hear

All the slowing pulsebeats of the waning year.

May the season's rhythms, slow and strong and deep,

Soothe the mind and spirit, lulling us to sleep.

Rest until the rising of another Spring

Keep the ancient promise fall and Winter bring.

THE BOOGIE WOMAN

Kathryn Morski

You know, we all look out for the Boogie Man, especially 'round Hallowe'en
He has greasy hair and purple nails, and his teeth are pointy green.
His job's to scare, and is he good! He can terrify a teen
'Cause the best word for the Boogie Man is just plain mean.

*But along about last September, out in the pumpkin patch,
The world famous Boogie Man, he met his match.*

She was small and slight, with hair as black as the inside of a tomb.
She was deathly pale and her orange eyes seemed to promise death and doom.
She was zapping gourds with mind control just to watch them go "ka-boom"
And she turned and looked him over in the moonless midnight gloom.

*The Boogie Woman - Oooooo; The Boogie Woman - Ooooooo;
Along about last September, out in the pumpkin patch,
The world famous Boogie Man, he met his match.*

Well, his creaky heart stopped beating first; then it seemed to jump and run
It was fate! The shock waves hit like silver bullets from a gun
He knelt and howled a love song that was guaranteed to stun -

Said their marriage and their honeymoon would be love and war - what fun!

She said, "I like your style and your pointy teeth, I like your hairy hands,
But I have to say you're out of date with the honeymoon you've planned.

That stuff's passé - it's out, not fly, no good. You understand?

But you and me and the ghouls back home would be an awesome New Wave
Band!"

*The Boogie Woman - Oooooo; The Boogie Woman - Ooooooo;
Along about last September, out in the pumpkin patch,
The world famous Boogie Man, he met his match.*

Well, he loved her so, he soon agreed to the All Ghoul Boogie Band.
Now they're playin' and he's wailin' and they're famous, as she planned.
They're big with Wolfman Jack and MTV. They're always in demand,
And they're pluggin' Tombstone Pizza, makin' big bucks in this land.

*The Boogie Woman and the Boogie Man;
The Boogie Woman and the Boogie Band;
Along about last September, out in the pumpkin patch,
The world famous Boogie Man, he met his match.*

To the tune of "I Want a Girl (Just Like the Girl Who Married Dear Old Dad)" -
I want a ghoul, just like the ghoul that buried dear old Dad...

SINGING THE CHILDREN OUT

Go now in peace, stay if you please,

May the Spirit of Love surround you

Everywhere, everywhere you may go.

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.

HEARKEN NOW, THE DARKNESS COMES! BY LARK (ADAPTED)

Mists gather in the valleys and pour down the ancient river beds to the darkening sea. Gone the fires of Autumn's glory, lost to the legions of cloud-swept days and chilling rains. Gone the wild geese flying southward, gone the last of Summer's bounty - mornings rimed with silver frost, evenings gathering gloom for sitting around the hearthfire's glow.

Hearken now, the darkness comes!

In the vale under the moor, the village speeds it's frantic pace. Thatchers finish repairs on thick round roofs to hold out the snows of Winter. Children bring in the last of the nuts and withered fruits from the woods. The wheat is threshed and winnowed on the chilly breeze. Woodsmoke rises from the hearthfires and axes ring in the clear air. Down from the moors come the cattle and sheep to the Winter fields, come too the pigs from the forest glades. The smell of blood is thick upon the air as those animals chosen for the slaughter are slain and cured against the Winter's needs. The planting begun in Springtime is now the harvest.

Hearken now, the darkness comes!

In the great forests that lie across the land, the leaves form a thick carpet upon the ground. The bear and the fat squirrels seek their dens. The wolves stir in the cold, and their voices rise in songs to the moon. She who stands guardian now is no longer the soft Maiden of Spring, nor yet the fertile Mother full of the heat of Summer. It is the Crone aspect of the Goddess who stands without. In dreams and trance you see her, holding the cauldron into which all that live must go, holding the cauldron that is Death.

Hearken now, the darkness comes!

And in the turning of the year, the walls of time and space become as air, until life and death are as one and departed souls walk again among the living. Here on the most sacred night of Samhain, as the old year dies and the new is born, around the fires the people gather in celebration. There is wine and cider from the vines and groves, bread from the fields of winnowed wheat, and meat steaming from the slaughter, a great feast and celebration of life to take into the darkness.

Hearken now, the darkness comes!

Turn and turn again the Earth did in its endless dance among the stars. Gone now the villages that lay beneath the downs and among the wolds, gone the straight track and winding sheep path, gone the dense forests ruled by wild creatures. Yet still we hear an echo of that time and place as we sit to honor our remembered dead, as our children dress up as monsters and play in the shadows. And we, the spirit children of that ancient age, we remember. Though we labor not in the fields of waving grain, yet do we too now bring in our harvest. We gather to ourselves the fruits of our projects begun in the Spring of the year and ready ourselves for a time of rest and introspection. We unburden ourselves with that which is no longer needful for our survival through the Winter of the year. We remember the fears of the darkness, and in our masquerades and games, we come to terms with Death and with change. For such is the meaning at the heart of the feast.

Hearken now, the darkness comes!

So prepare you now as the darkness comes. Ready the harvest of your hopes and dreams. Light the fires against ignorance and fear. For remember also, that the darkness is but one turn upon the Wheel, it is the darkness of the womb. And the Death we all must face is merely the doorway to the Life to come.

Hearken now, the darkness comes!

PENTAGRAM SONG

Susan Urban

CHORUS:

Earth and Water and Fire and Air, Spirit of Life that unites them all.
Circle around, no beginning, no end, Winter and Spring,
Then the Summer and Fall.

An elder passes from this life,
And we who have loved her mourn and grieve.
The passing time will heal our pain,
As into our hearts her memory weaves.

For love lives on when the body is gone,
As sure as the sun when the moon shines clear,
The lives we touch in the time we have will keep the circle unbroken.

CHORUS

Circle of friends where we trust and grow,
Sharing our hopes and our dreams and fears.
And when one leaves us to travel along,
We let them go with our smiles and tears.

We wish them well on the path they choose,
We speak their names in remembering,
They're with us still though they're far away,
And it keeps the circle unbroken.

CHORUS

The babe and the child and the youth I was
Are a part of me though their times are done.
Birth and death in an endless flow,
Many lives are lived all within this one.

And when we're swept down the river of change,
We cling to the banks and resist like hell,
But when we land on the peaceful shore,
We know the circle's unbroken.

CHORUS

AT SAMHAIN WE REMEMBER AGAIN

Susan Urban

We have turned back the clocks now, the nights have grown long,
And we know that the Summer has fled.

There is mist in the air; all the trees standing bare,
We prepare for the Winter ahead.

There are pumpkins and gourds in the stores and the malls,
There are apples and cider and wine;

As we hold in our hearts all the loved ones we've lost,
They cross back through the forests of time.

With the veil growing thin, we get up, let them in,
For at Samhain we remember again.

CHORUS:

At Samhain we remember again,
The children, the lovers, the family, the friends,
They return to our tables, our hearts for to mend,
For at Samhain we remember again.

There's that dog or that cat we adored as a kid,
There are Grandpa and Auntie and Dad.

There are sweethearts we laughed with and loved with as well,
How they smile to make our hearts glad.

As the years fly so swiftly, with age and with time,
And the list of remembrances grows,

Then we turn to the young ones to keep our hearts warm,
And we teach them to fear not the snows.

And when we have passed on, we will not be quite gone,
For at Samhain, they'll remember again.

CHORUS (2X)

WELCOME IN ANOTHER YEAR

Zoe Mulford

CHORUS:

Build up the bonfires, now the seasons turn,
Welcome in another year and let the old one burn,
Build up the bonfires, light the candles bright,
All the hungry spirits will be coming by tonight.

Light the bonfires; another year has flown,
Gather friends around you, don't spend the night alone.
Sweep out the courtyard to greet the coming year,
Lay a handsome table, your visitors are here.

CHORUS

Here come your sorrows, all your old regrets,
Every broken promise and every unpaid debt.
Perched on your shoulders, yearning toward the flame,
Pour them a glass of whiskey and greet them all by name,

CHORUS

Now make them welcome, offer them release,
Offer them atonement and pray they may find peace.
Give them your blessing but do not let them stay,
Beat on the cans and the pots and pans and send them on their way.

CHORUS 2X

FAITHFUL JOHNNY

Trad. Arr.

When will you come again, my faithful Johnny,
When will you come again, my sweet and bonnie.
When the corn is gathered, when the leaves are withered,
I will come again, my sweet and bonnie, I will come again.

Then winter's winds will blow, my faithful Johnny,
Then winter's winds will blow, my sweet and bonnie,
Though the day be dark with drift, that I cannot see the light,
I will come again, my sweet and bonnie, I will come again.

Then will you meet me here, my faithful Johnny,
Then will you meet me here, my sweet and bonnie?
Though the night be Halloween, when the fearful sights are seen
I will come again, my sweet and bonnie, I will come again.
(repeat first verse.)

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.