

MARQUETTE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST CONGREGATION

Sunday, November 20, 2022- 11:00 A.M.

"Thank You, Help Me"

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: "Thank You, Help Me," by Beth Lodge-Rigal

OPENING RESPONSIVE READING

CHALICE LIGHTING (unison)

OPENING HYMN: "Thanksgiving Eve," by Bob Franke

JOYS AND CONCERNS

INTERGENERATIONAL MOMENT: "A Dog Named Zippo," by Da Yoopers

SINGING THE CHILDREN OUT

UNISON OFFERTORY READING

OFFERTORY MUSIC: "We Gather Together," Trad. Arr.

HOMILY 1: Hardship Begets Gratitude

SONG: "We're All Leaving," by Karine Polwart & Dave Gunning

HOMILY 2: Savor the Little Things

SONG: "Turn A Light On," by Susan Urban

THANKSGIVING MEDITATION by Robert Fulghum (a postlude to an essay praising
meatloaf)

***CLOSING HYMN:** "May The Light Of Love," by David Roth

CLOSING WORDS by Meister Eckhart

MUSIC FOR CLOSING: "Thanksgiving," by Jeff Balch

EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE (unison)

THANK YOU, HELP ME

Beth Lodge-Rigal

Prayers for the weather and prayers for this week,
Prayers for my house and the food that I eat,
Thank you, help me.

Prayers for the nation and prayers on TV,
Prayers for the broken, the needy, the meek,
Thank you, help me too.

CHORUS:

Are you Father, are you my Mother?
Are you a light at the end of a tunnel?
Prayers for the sinner and prayers for the sick,
Prayers for their causes, you take your pick,
Thank you, help me.

Prayers for the babies, and prayers for the moms,
Prayers for those idiots who hide behind bombs,
Thank you, help me too.

CHORUS

Prayers for the women, prayers for the men,
Prayers for my enemies and all my friends,
Thank you, help me.

Prayers in the morning, prayers before bed,
Prayers for these worries that trouble my head,
Thank you, help me too.

CHORUS

Are you in me, are you outside, are you over the hill,
Are all these prayers overkill?
Thank you, help me; thank you.

OPENING RESPONSIVE READING

For the blessings of the earth that gladden our lives,

We Give Thanks

Blessings are not shared equally. Create within us hearts of generosity and sharing.

For works of our hands and hearts and minds that give us places in this universe,

We Give Thanks

Work is not distributed fairly. Create within us hearts of fairness and solidarity.

For incomes that sustain us in our worldly needs,

We Give Thanks

Incomes are not awarded equitably. Create within us hearts of justice and public interest.

For health of mind and body which allows us to celebrate life

We Give Thanks

Health is not enjoyed universally. Create within us hearts of compassion and healing.

For freedom of heart and mind which makes it possible to worship freely,

We Give Thanks

Freedom is not everywhere honored. Create within us hearts of truth and courage.

Make us stewards of the gifts of life, that we may create beloved community and may not be divided by greed, envy and anger.

CHALICE LIGHTING (unison):

We light our chalice this morning,

Grateful for the love we experience in this beloved community.

May the flame light the way for all

Who seek such abundance.

THANKSGIVING EVE

Bob Franke

It's so easy to dream of the days gone by

It's so hard to think of times to come

But the grace to accept every moment as a gift

Is a gift that is given to some

CHORUS:

What can you do with your days but work and hope

Let your dreams bind your work to your play

What can you do with each moment of your life

But love 'till you've loved it away, love 'till you've loved it away.

There are sorrows enough for the whole world's end

There are no guarantees but the grave

But the lives we have lived and the times we've spent

Are treasures too precious to save

CHORUS

A DOG NAMED ZIPPO

Da Yoopers

We're going off to Grandma's house 'cause turkey time is here,
They put me in the back seat with the kids and all the beer.
They scratch my ears and pat my rump, my tongue hangs out a mile,
I bark and drool all over them, their laughing makes me smile.

I'm a happy dog named Zippo, I'll tell you the reason why!
They're taking me to Grandma's for some turkey and some pie.
I'll sit beneath the table, the kids will feed me stuff,
When my belly's like a basketball, I know I've had enough.

(BARKING CHORUS)

Grandma she don't like me, so I jump up in her lap,
I lick her face all over 'til she goes and takes a nap,
The kids will laugh and scream as Grandma flees me like a deer,
I think she's glad Thanksgiving comes only once a year.

I'm a happy dog named Zippo, I'll tell you the reason why!
They take me to Grandma's for some turkey and some pie.
Grandma says it's nice to see the family gather round;
She always says, "Come back next year, but please don't bring that hound!"

(BARKING CHORUS)

I'm a happy dog named Zippo, I'll tell you the reason why!
I love to eat that turkey and I love that pumpkin pie.
I eat 'til I can't walk, then I lay down on the floor,
Grandma puts my leash on and she drags me out the door.

(BARKING CHORUS)

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.

WE'RE ALL LEAVING

Karine Polwart & Dave Gunning

There is thunder on the skyline

And it tears her breath away

Like the twilight steals the day

A father's kind hand could not command her

To return to him once more

Like a soldier from the war

CHORUS:

We're all leaving

Even the ones who stay behind

We're all leaving in our own time

Each night surrenders to a morning

And beneath the April skies

He can hear an endless cry

On smiling fields there's a battle raging

And for every bloom he knows

Another flower never grows

CHORUS

BRIDGE:

And he has no Ark to bear him from this flood

Just a broken vessel wrought in flesh and blood

And though the riptides pull him under

He will not cease to wonder

At the beauty, the beauty, the beauty, the beauty

He takes her mother to the church door

And while she prays for what will come

He walks those woods alone

And there he builds his own cathedrals

And on every whirring wing

He can hear the whole world sing

CHORUS



TURN A LIGHT ON

Susan Urban

Oh, once there was a child with a heart so full of grief,
Her parents screamed and fought each night so she could never sleep.
Her mother often looked at her with hatred on her face,
The other kids all picked on her, no mercy, not a trace.

This girl considered suicide at seven years of age,
And yet there were sweet moments in her days of fear and rage,
The taste of food, the trees she'd climb, the flowers in the yard,
The sweet relief of solitude made life not quite so hard.

CHORUS:

Turn a light on when the darkness surrounds you,
And then you will see what was always right there.
Remember that light when you're lost in the night,
You'll find your way home, although life is not fair.

The child grew to womanhood, and mostly she was blue,
She fought and screamed with lovers like her parents used to do.
She stopped the pain with alcohol and lots of dead end jobs,
She'd wake up suicidal when her head would ache and throb.

But then a fellow waitress saw her friend was on the brink,
And dragged her to a meeting meant for folks who couldn't drink.
And now sometimes she climbs a tree, picks flowers, or bakes bread,
She'll say her life's not perfect, but she's glad she isn't dead.

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

THANKSGIVING

Jeff Balch

Thursday in November, rainy and gray,
A sorta homely, kinda corny holiday.
You're a little bit bitter, life's a bit of a curse,
But for today consider all the ways it could be worse.

CHORUS:

You can give thanks to a creator or to fate or just to chance
That made the gases that you exhale be inhaled by the plants.
You can be thankful that the food you eat can sometimes taste OK,
And that your elbows do not bend the other way.

Well, you know that a smile takes fewer muscles than a frown,
You can give thanks for white corpuscles when you're feeling down,
You can be thankful your eyeballs are set in your face,
You'd bump your head a lot if they were set any other place.

CHORUS

Once there were only two genders, we should be thankful no doubt
That now we know that there are five or six, we can all be proud & out.
Got some ozone above you, some topsoil below,
You can be thankful that the continental drift is slow.

CHORUS

On this little blue planet, solar eclipses are fun,
'Cause by coincidence the full moon looks the same size as the sun,
And just think how unfairly we would all be impaired
If gravitational attraction weren't reciprocally proportional to distance squared.

CHORUS

You may be a believer, and say that life is so fine,
You may call that self-deceiving, and say it's not all that divine.
But no matter the reason for your fingers and toes,
You can be grateful that your fingers fit inside your nose.

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.