

**MARQUETTE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST CONGREGATION**

**Sunday, October 27, 2024 - 11:00 A.M.**

**"Mask Optional?"**

**Presenters: 'SKI**

*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:** "Autumn Fancy," by Warren Nelson

**OPENING WORDS** (unison) #431 Barbara Wells (see below)

**CHALICE LIGHTING:** (unison) (see below)

**OPENING CONGREGATIONAL SONG:** #16 "Simple Gifts"

**JOYS AND CONCERNS**

**RESPONSIVE READING:** "On Voting" (see below)

**INTERGENERATIONAL MOMENT:** "The Boogie Woman"

**UNISON OFFERTORY READING**

**OFFERTORY MUSIC:** "Filigree"

**HOMILY:** Masks 101 - Kathryn

**SONG:** "Daughter"

**HOMILY:** A Mask or a Blanket?- Caitlin G. Kirchenwitz

**SONG:** "Chameleon," by Caitlin G. Kirchenwitz

**HOMILY:** Invisible Mask - Brian

**SONG:** "Cave Man," by Chris Smither

**HOMILY:** Mask Optional? - Kathryn

**SONG:** "Blossom Song"

**\*CLOSING CONGREGATIONAL SONG: : #170 "We Are a Gentle, Angry People"  
"and we are VOTING, voting for our lives..."**

**CLOSING WORDS** (unison) #506 Barbara J Pescan (see below)

**MUSIC FOR CLOSING:** "Pilgrim"

**EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE** (unison) (see below)

## 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

OPENING WORDS (unison) #431 Barbara Wells  
O Spinner, Weaver, of our lives, your loom is love.  
May we who are gathered here be empowered by that love  
To weave new patterns of Truth and Justice into a web of life  
That is strong, beautiful and everlasting.

CHALICE LIGHTING (unison)

"There is a candle in your heart, ready to be kindled.  
There is a void in your soul, ready to be filled." - Rumi  
#362 "Rise Up O Flame" (three times through)  
Rise up, o flame, by thy light glowing  
Show to us beauty, wisdom, and joy!

SIMPLE GIFTS by Joseph Brackett, Shaker tune, additional words from Susan Urban  
'Tis a gift to be simple, 'tis a gift to be free,  
'tis a gift to come down where we ought to be,  
And when we find ourselves in the place just right  
It will be in the valley of love and delight!

CHORUS:

When true simplicity is gained  
To bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed.  
To turn, turn, will be our delight  
Till by turning, turning, we come round right.  
'Tis a gift to be simple, 'tis a gift to be fair,  
'Tis a gift to wake and breathe the morning air,  
And each day we walk on the path that we choose  
'Tis a gift we pray we never shall lose. CHORUS

RESPONSIVE READING "On Voting"

LEADER: "Bad officials are elected by good citizens who don't vote." George Jean Nathan, American Drama Critic and Magazine Editor

CONGREGATION: "We do not have government by the majority. We have government by the majority who participate." Thomas Jefferson, Former U.S. President and Founding Father of the U.S.

LEADER: "So when you don't vote, what you're really doing is letting someone else take power over your own life." Michelle Obama, Former First Lady

CONGREGATION: "Voting is the only way to ensure that your concerns matter. Period." Michelle Obama, Former First Lady

LEADER: "One of the penalties for refusing to participate in politics is that you end up being governed by your inferiors." Plato, Greek Philosopher

AND

UNISON: "If you don't vote, you lose the right to complain." George Carlin, American Comedian

## 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 - Oooooooo;  
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 - Oooooooo;  
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...*

## 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.

## FILIGREE

Filigree of frost upon my window.  
Silhouette of branches on the sky.  
Tracery of ice upon a puddle.  
Fleeting shapes of geese as south they fly.  
    Smoky haze of bonfire in the meadow.  
    Ferns are brown. The berries all are gone.  
    Amber days that slip away from summer.  
    Cool and clear the first blue autumn dawn.

## DAUGHTER

Well, I never had me a silk dress face, or a taste for high-heeled shoes.  
I was born into the wrong half of the human race, but I'm tired of paying my dues.  
    I'm tired of paying those dues.  
My mama taught me how to sew and sing, and what kind of clothes to choose.  
My daddy gave me his good advice and a permanent case of the blues –  
    Yes, a permanent case of the blues.  
I'm tired of being treated as a sweet young thing, tired of living for the public's eye,  
Tired of trying to walk that line. Gotta walk some line till I die. (Is that right?)  
    Gotta walk some line till I die.  
Some days the world gets so damn mean, I could sit right down and cry.  
And still, you know it's better being who I am than the stereotype of a lie!  
    Stereotype of a lie...  
Some days the world seems like a mystery, written without any clues,  
And I sometimes feel I've run into so many dead ends  
that my mind's got a permanent bruise.  
    My mind's got a permanent bruise.  
And still I have affection for this tired old earth, and I wander her as I choose  
Carrying along my curiosity and that permanent case of the blues.  
    Permanent case of the blues!

CHAMELEON by Caitlin G. Kirchenwitz

Who am I? You decide I change with the color, I change with the tide

I am me, Am I me? Who am I? Who am I?

Just because you think you know me

You think you can tell me who I'm going to be

But I'm more than that, I'm a changing sea Who am I? Who am I?

I'm not who I was yesterday no matter what you say

You can't tell me which way to turn. On my true path I'll stay.

I'm not who I was yesterday but the past is still with me

It flows on down into the mix and sets the colors free

I'm a woman alive, so by definition

You can't know me, so make the decision

Are you going to try or just back away? Who am I? Who am I?

I'm growing now, do you grow too?

You're young for your age, but you'll make it through

Will it be in time? Who will I be then?

Who am I? Who am I?

I'm not who I was yesterday, I won't be me tomorrow

You're fallin' behind and I know why, I'm so hard to follow

I'm not who I was yesterday but the past is still with me

It flows on down into the mix and sets the colors free

That's just me, you might think it strange,

You can't always see it, but boy do I change

With each passing moment, each new thing

Who am I? Who am I?

To each their own and my own is different

Each time I turn gets a little more bent

So you have to keep up, always stay on top of

Who I am, who I am

That's just who I am.

When I was a caveman paintin' on the wall  
I never had a dollar, man I had it all  
And I was very high in the order of things  
Just one step and I'd spread my wings to fly, oh I would fly  
Oh just one step, one step,  
And I could spread my wings to fly

When I was a liar screamin' at the wall  
I never heard a whisper, I could not hear at all  
And I could only cry for pity of me  
Never know the truth might set me free  
Might set me free

Oh 'round we go, these faces show  
They leave and every one seems ever real  
Each one is truly mine  
They never last but at the time it's how I feel  
Each one is truly mine

They never last but at the time it's how I feel  
When I was a dreamer floatin' through the wall  
Nothing was forever, I could change it all  
And I could live with my heart on my sleeve  
I could save your soul I do believe, I do believe  
Oh I could save your soul  
I could have saved your soul, I do believe  
I do believe

Then I'll be an old man starin' at the wall  
Looking for an answer to make sense of it all  
And I can safely say that if it comes my way it will not stay for long  
And I'll be on my way before it's gone, before it's gone

Oh 'round we go, these faces show  
They leave and every one seems ever real  
Each one is truly mine  
They never last but at the time it's how I feel  
Each one is truly mine  
They never last but at the time it's how I feel  
It's how I feel

They never last but at the time it's how I feel

But when I was a caveman  
When I was a caveman, I had it all  
I had it all

## BLOSSOM SONG

### CHORUS:

Creature or human, tree or vine,  
Each comes to fruit in its own time.  
Oh, let me be a joyful thing,  
Surely, sweetly blossoming!

The almond tree outside my door where almond never bloomed before  
Is unaware that it should die, so lifts its tender branches high.  
Here in this northern early spring, my almond tree is blossoming,  
And though the frost may strike it low, the joy it leaves will spread and grow.

### CHORUS

In deep December's harshest storm, while I clung to my fireside warm,  
I saw a redbird light the white and awesome cold with flame in flight.  
Although his cousins all had fled I cherish still that cardinal's red  
And hold it to my shivering heart when my world seems to fall apart.

### CHORUS

The time may seem absurd to some, but I'll know when my moment's come.  
If it is now my hour to sing then sing I will. The greater thing  
Is not to have the fairest bloom, but just to give yourself the room  
To blossom when it is your time, for then your bloom will surely shine!

### CHORUS

## WE ARE A GENTLE ANGRY PEOPLE by Holly Near

*(Each verse repeats one line, those shown below. Holly would approve.)*

We are a gentle, angry people, and we are singing, singing for our lives  
We are a gentle, angry people, and we are voting, voting for our lives  
We are a justice seeking people, and we are voting, voting for our lives  
We are young and old together, and we are voting, voting for our lives  
We are a land of many colors, and we are voting, voting for our lives  
We are gay and straight together, and we are voting, voting for our lives  
We are a gentle, loving people, and we are voting, voting for our lives!

## CLOSING WORDS (unison) #506 Barbara J Pescan

May the glory of the passing away of autumn lie about us fresh gold for a time.  
And when the dark comes, and the cold, may we remember  
how today we stand in glory,  
How we walk in bounty heaped upon earth's dark carpet,  
How we move knee deep in abundance flung against night's winter curtain.  
We are thankful for its coming and for its passing. Let it be.



## PILGRIM

Black and silver forests lie

Sleeping under glittered sky.

Far above the world they fly,

Geese, winging South by a cold autumn moon.

Wild voices singing their unearthly tune:

"Leave the silvered waterfall,

The bear, the coyote's wailing call.

Pilgrim, follow! Leave them all

And fly from the North wind, the ice and the sparkling snow.

Fly till the winds warm, till palm trees wave gently below."

Sweetly, now, the song recedes.

Through the satin night they speed

Following their spirit's lead

They fly from the North wind, the ice and the sparkling snow.

Fly till the winds warm, till palm trees wave gently below.

## 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.