

MARQUETTE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST CONGREGATION

Sunday, February 23, 2025 - 11:00 a.m.

"Transforming the Garden"

Presenter: Rev. Mark Richards

Music by February Sky

*Words to all the songs and readings, including congregational songs,
are on the pages following this one.*

WELCOME AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

OPENING MUSIC: "English Country Garden," by Jimmie Rodgers

OPENING WORDS

CHALICE LIGHTING: (unison) (see below)

OPENING CONGREGATIONAL SONG: "The Garden Song," by David Mallet (see below)

TIME FOR THE YOUNG AT HEART: "Whose Garden Was This," by Tom Paxton

READING: "A Garden Beyond Paradise," by Rumi

SERMON: Transforming the Garden - Rev. Mark Richards

UNISON OFFERTORY READING (see below)

OFFERTORY MUSIC: "The Hawthorne Tree of Cawdor," Trad. Arr.

DISCUSSION/REFLECTION

JOYS AND SORROWS

CLOSING CONGREGATIONAL SONG: "Now Is The Cool of the Day," by Jean Ritchie, amended Susan Urban (see below)

EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE (unison) (see below)

CLOSING WORDS

MUSIC FOR CLOSING: "Mrs. Worski's Garden," by Susan Urban

ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN

Jimmie Rodgers

How many kinds of sweet flowers grow in an English country garden

I'll tell you now of some that I know and those I miss you'll surely pardon

Daffodil, hearts ease and phlox, meadowsweet and lady smocks

Gentian, lupine and tall hollyhocks

Roses, foxgloves, snowdrops, forget me nots

In an English country garden

How many insects come here and go through our English country garden

I'll tell you now of some that I know and those I miss you'll surely pardon

Fireflies, moths and bees, spiders climbing in the trees

Butterflies that sway on the cool gentle breeze

There are snakes, ants that sting and creeping things

In an English country garden

How many songbirds fly to and fro through our English country garden

I'll tell you now of some that I know and those I miss you'll surely pardon

Bobolink, cuckoo and quail, tanager and cardinal,

Bluebird, lark, thrush and nightingale

There is joy in the spring when the birds begin to sing

In an English country garden

CHALICE LIGHTING (unison)

"Who Loves a Garden," by Louise Seymour Jones

Who loves a garden

Finds within their soul Life's whole;

They hear the anthem of the soil while ingrates toil;

And see beyond their little sphere

The waving fronds of heaven, clear.

GARDEN SONG

David Mallett

CHORUS:

Inch by inch, row by row, gonna make this garden grow,

All it takes is a rake and a hoe, and a piece of fertile ground.

Inch by inch, row by row, someone bless these seeds I sow,

Someone warm them from below, 'til the rains come tumblin' down.

Pullin' weeds and pickin' stones, we are made of dreams and bones,

Feel the need to grow my own, 'cause the time is close at hand.

Grain for grain, sun and rain, find my way in Nature's chain,

Tune my body and my brain to the music from the land.

CHORUS

Plant your rows straight and long, temper them with prayer and song,

Mother Earth will make you strong if you give her loving care.

An old crow watching hungrily from his perch in yonder tree,

In my garden I'm as free as that feathered thief up there.

CHORUS

WHOSE GARDEN WAS THIS?

Tom Paxton

Whose garden was this? It must have been lovely.

Did it have flowers? I've seen pictures of flowers,

And I'd love to have smelled one.

Whose river was this? You say it ran freely?

Blue was its color? I've seen blue in some pictures,

And you tell me you've been there.

CHORUS:

Ah, tell me again I need to know:

The forest had trees, the meadows were green,

The oceans were blue and birds really flew,

Can you swear that was true?

Whose grey sky was this? Or was it a blue one?

Nights there were breezes? I've heard records of breezes,

And you tell me you've felt one?

Whose forest was this? And why is it empty?

You say there were bird songs? And squirrels in the branches,

And then why is it silent?

CHORUS REPEAT FIRST VERSE

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.

NOW IS THE COOL OF THE DAY Jean Ritchie, amended Susan Urban

CHORUS:

Now is the cool of the day, now is the cool of the day.

This Earth is the garden of the Lord and the Lady,

And they walk in their garden in the cool of the day.

The Lord and the Lady said to me,

"Do you like our garden so fair?

You may live in this garden if you'll keep the grasses green.

And we'll be here in the cool of the day."

CHORUS

Then the Lord and the Lady said to me,

"Do you like our pastures all green?

You may live in this garden if you will feed our lambs,

And we'll be here in the cool of the day."

CHORUS

Then the Lord and the Lady said to me,

"Do you like our garden so free?

You may live in this garden if you'll keep the people free,

And we'll be here in the cool of the day."

CHORUS

EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE

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.

MRS. WORSKI'S GARDEN

Susan Urban

We moved into the neighborhood the year when I was nine,
The lawns were neat and tidy, all the streets were elm tree-lined.
One day in May I took a walk collecting stones and sticks,
And came upon a yard behind a house of yellow brick.

Apple trees were blooming, bright red roses sweet and dense,
Tulips made a rainbow, morning glories climbed the fence.
And over by the house, a gray-haired lady caught my eye,
Her face filled up with smiles, she said, "Come in, don't be shy."

CHORUS:

"I've always loved to watch the winter turning back to spring,
And though I'm getting on in years, it makes me want to sing.
For when the buds are bursting and the sap is on the rise,
I look out on this garden and I know that nothing dies."

Mrs. Worski was her name, a widow of the war,
And from that spring day onward, I was always at her door.

Mrs. Worski's kids were gone and she lived all alone,
From her I got the kind of love I'd never found at home.

She called me "Little Flower" and she said I kept her young,
We'd look out at her garden when my heart had come unstrung.
She would hold me when I thought the pain might never end,
Always reassuring me that spring would come again. CHORUS

I went off to college, on the day when I left home
Mrs. Worski handed me an orchid she had grown.
I told her I would visit, but a decade slipped away
Before I saw her house again one sunny April day.

The stately elms had been cut down, and litter filled the street,
Mrs. Worski's garden had been covered with concrete.

The owner said, "She's in a hospice, not too far from here."

Remembering her gentle teachings filled my eyes with tears. CHORUS

The sun was shining brightly through the windows of her room,
They looked out on a garden with spring flowers all in bloom.
The wasted face lit up with joy when I walked through the door,
"My dear," she said, "I never thought I'd see you any more."

Though she was surely dying, still she held on tight to me,
Saying, "Don't you cry, now, look right there and you can see
The spring has come again, it always has, it always will,
Remember all you learned from crocuses and daffodils."

REPRISE CHORUS:

"I've always loved to watch the winter turning back to spring,
And though my life is ending now, I feel like I could sing.
For when the buds are bursting and the sap is on the rise,
I know there's nothing give life that ever really dies."
And now each year when spring breaks through, the sap is on the rise,
I hold her close in memory and know that nothing dies.