

“BRIDGING” Sunday Service
Unitarian Universalist Church of Yakima
May 16, 2021

Prelude: A time of silence, reflection and repose. Sunny Sonker, Piano

Welcome: Susan Kaphammer, Celebrant

Welcome to this Special Service of the Unitarian Universalist Church of Yakima, titled Bridging.

My name is Susan Kaphammer, and I am grateful to be celebrant for today's special service. Whether you come with a heavy heart or a joy-filled spirit today, we are glad you are here.

If you are visiting and would like to receive more information about our church – be assured this Church will be continuing to serve members, friends, and the Yakima community -- please fill out one of the visitor cards in the pews. You may leave it in the collection basket at the end of the service.

Now is a good time to check to be sure you have silenced your cell phone.

Merrill Thompson will be reading our Call to Worship.

Call to Worship: Merrill Thomsen

The Reverend Greta Crosby served this church from 1988-1996. I wasn't here at UUCY then, but I wish I had been. Greta was known for being a writer and a poet, two things I want for myself also. . .I hope this Call to Worship from Greta resonates with you as it does with me.

“Sometimes when the bottom falls out of our life, we are set free. We attain enlightenment, or an enlightenment of sorts. Some perspective, some clarity, some sense of reality, some sense of dealing with things as they are, some relief from anxiety, and perplexity, because something profound has happened.

Whenever that profound thing happens, we can expect to go through a process, sometimes a long process, a painful or at least uncomfortable process, in which we let go of something and slowly learn how to live again. This is true no matter what we lose: a loved one, a work, a hope, a vision, an image of ourselves, a part of ourselves. Loss makes artists of us all as we weave new patterns in the fabric of our lives.” - Rev. Greta Crosby

Lighting the Chalice: Merrill Thomsen

Our Chalice Lighting words are from the Reverend Ken Jones, our most recent minister, who served UUCY from 2010 to 2020.

He says: “I recently saw a FaceBook “memory” from a friend (not a member of UUCY) showing an event sponsored by One America, featuring Congressman Luis Gutierrez from Illinois from six years ago. The post didn't mention it, but I recognized the venue as this beautiful sanctuary in which UUCY has gathered for over three decades now.

This post reminded me of the ripples – those thoughts, actions and feelings that begin when we gather and move outward to touch many others in ways

we cannot predict or control. These ripples go not just out from one geographic place to another, but also move through time, from one generation to the next. Thus, our covenant is not only with the here and now – It is as the words, which I introduced to this congregation some ten years ago, attest, a covenant with the generations:”

Please join me with the words from your order of service:

“We light this chalice in deep respect for the mystery and holiness of life,
With honor and gratitude for all who have gone before,
With love and compassion for those who dwell among us,
And with hope and faith for the generations to come.”

Hymn # 123

Spirit of Life

Spirit of Life, come unto me,
Sing in my heart all the stirrings of compassion.
Blow in the wind, rise in the sea;
move in the hand, giving life the shape of justice.
Roots hold me close; wings set me free;
Spirit of Life, come to me, come to me.

Joys and Sorrows: Susan Kaphammer

As we journey through life, each of us reaches high and low points. By sharing the peaks and valleys of our journeys and other significant events in our lives, our sorrows are lightened and our joys enhanced, as inscribed here on our container for candles of joys and sorrows.

Candles have been lit before the service or during the prelude, signifying a joy or sorrow on your mind or in your heart. Today, rather than expressing these, let us hold each other in the embrace of community with a few moments of silence.

....

We light one more candle for the joys and sorrows that have not been signified by a candle here, but that we hold in our hearts and minds.

Story for all Ages: Susan Kaphammer

Our Story for All Ages today was written by the Rev. Dr. John Alexie Crane in 1986 during his time serving this congregation. Known to members and friends as Lex Crane, he was our minister here in Yakima from 1983 to 1987. (Abridged by Susan Kaphammer, 2021)

HOW TO REACH A MEAN FROG: A Story for People of All Ages

Charlie Frog was lying in the early summer on a rock at the edge of the pond. It felt good to Charlie to be a young frog, to lie in the sun on a warm, dry rock where he could see all around, could watch the ants working and hear the birds singing in the trees.

He had not really meant to, but Charlie dropped off to sleep as he lay there in the sun, which was the reason why he didn't hear old Bull Frog as he slithered up out of the water.

Bull wanted to lie in the sun himself for a while, and there wasn't room for both of them on Charlie's rock. So, without saying please or thank you or may I or even move over or anything like that, he pushed Charlie off, kerplunk, into the water. Just like that. Before Charlie even knew what had happened, he found himself upside-down in the water, sputtering and coughing.

When he finally managed to come up for air, he heard Bull Frog's deep voice laughing at him. "Go on, beat it Buster," Bull boomed. Bull settled down and closed one huge eye, but with the other he glowered down at Charlie, watching for any sign of fighting back. Bull, you see, was the kind of frog who, just by being the way he was, acting the way he did, made other frogs want to fight back. So he had to be watching all the time. He could not trust anybody.

Charlie was furious of course. He was so mad he almost burst.

"You big, dumb stupid, you," he shouted up at Bull.

"Run along, Buster," Bull Frog said; and he closed his other eye,

Poor Charlie! He was so mad he knew he was going to cry, so he swam away to the far side of the pond, crawled out of the water and hid behind a rock and cried.

He cried so hard that his friends, Peter Sparrow who was high up in a tree, and Frederick Spider, who was resting on a leaf not far away, heard him. Both friends came quickly to find out what the trouble was.

“What ever is the matter, Charlie?” Peter Sparrow asked.

“Did you hurt yourself?” Frederick asked.

“I hope he chokes,” Charlie said. “I hate him. If I was big enough, I’d pulverize him.”

“What did he do, Charlie?” asked the spider. “Who was it?”

“I was just lying there on the rock, sleeping, not doing anything to him, and he sneaked up and threw me into the pond and I almost drowned. Bull Frog did. And he called me Buster. My name isn’t Buster.”

“That confounded Bull Frog is a monster,” Frederick Spider said, pacing up and down. “I say we ought to go over there and give him what he has coming to him.”

“Ah,” said Peter Sparrow. “What a pity that such a thing should happen.”

Then Peter said a very strange thing so quietly and unexpectedly that the others did not even notice. “Poor Bull,” Peter said to himself softly. “Poor old Bull.”

“Boys,” Peter went on, “we must see if we can’t teach Bull a lesson.” The other two turned to him. They listened, for he was a little older and a good deal wiser than they were.

He took Frederick off to one side and gave him some instructions. Frederick nodded his head, and he scuttled off at a run.

Peter then turned back to Charlie. “Well, Charlie, it is clear the Bull Frog was quite mean to you. What happened to you shouldn’t have happened to a frog. We mustn’t let Bull go on behaving that way.”

“You’re right,” Charlie replied. “Let’s go get him.”

Peter said, “You swim across the pond now, and meet me at Chimney Rock.” And without waiting for an answer, Peter Sparrow flew off.

When Charlie got to Chimney Rock, he found Peter already there, standing very still, looking intently at something far off. “Come over here,” the sparrow said. “Now look through that opening in the brush right there. Do you see anything?”

“There’s old Bull Frog still sound asleep. Let’s go get him, Peter.”

“Look a little closer,” Peter said.

“Good heavens!” Charlie exclaimed. “What’s going on there?”

There must have been at least three hundred and eighty-four spiders swarming all over the rock, wrapping strands of spiderweb around Bull Frog’s legs and looping loops over his back. Before long Frederick Spider stepped out of the busy but silent crowd around Bull and signaled to Peter by waving three legs.

“Let’s go, Charlie,” Peter said, and the two friends moved toward their now helpless enemy. Bull opened one eye which he fixed on the little frog and said, “Looking for trouble, Buster?” No sooner had he said this than he noticed the huge crowd of spiders standing there watching, and no sooner had he noticed the spiders than he noticed their webs.

He could not move a muscle. Well, old Bull Frog was fit to be tied when he found he was trapped. He croaked and grunted and strained, but he couldn’t even wiggle.

“Why don’t I kick him in the ribs a few times?” Charlie asked. “That will teach him a lesson.”

“You don’t want to do that Charlie,” said the sparrow. That would make you as mean as he is. We want to teach this old frog something, and

you just can't teach anybody anything by kicking them. You just make them want to kick back."

Peter turned to Bull Frog who was now lying still though breathing pretty hard. It was plain that Bull was scared. He kept looking out of the corners of his eyes at the hundreds of spiders standing there staring at him with their beady eyes.

"Bull," Peter said, "you have been a mean old frog, no doubt about that. Everybody in the pond is afraid of you, you know. You're very hard to like. The way you act makes it easier for frogs to hate you, makes them want to get even with you. You just don't know when somebody's going to sneak up behind you or pop out from behind a rock. So you're afraid all the time, Bull Frog. You don't have any friends. Poor Bull. Poor old Bull Frog."

Two big tears ran down Bull's face. Then two more.

"You don't want to be that way anymore, Bull," Peter said. "Be a good frog. You'll be a lot happier. You know that now."

The sparrow paused a moment, then turned to Frederick Spider and said, "Fred, have your crew let Bull loose now."

The spiders loosened up the web, and instantly Bull leaped off the rock and into the pond.

He settled to the bottom of the pond and thought a lot about what had happened.

And in the days that followed, oh ever so often, you saw him with his new friends – Peter Sparrow, Frederick Spider, and Charlie Frog.

Offering: Susan Kaphammer and Sunny Sonker, Piano

We gather each week in the spirit of love and sharing, and part of our sharing includes giving to the church and our community. We ask for your financial contributions as you are able and feel so moved.

Each week we share our plate collection with local agencies working to make the world a better place. This year our donations are going to Planned Parenthood and Rod's House.

With the continuing concerns for Covid and respecting social distancing, we ask that you leave your offering in the basket at the doorway on your way out.

What you give is part of your life's energy. Thank you for sharing responsibility for a better world.

Conversation with Chip: The Rev. Samuel "Chip" Wright

Hello out there. I'm not really tech savvy so you're seeing me here in northern California in my studio, where I'm doing this on my laptop so you'll have to bear with me.

Some of you may know who I am, remember me, but for those of you who don't, I'm the Rev. Chip Wright and I was the minister there in Yakima for 8 years from 1997 to 2005. During my time with you is when we bought the beautiful building that you are now leaving. I remember when we bought it - it was a very exciting time. It was the first church building we ever had.

The minister of the congregational church who owned the building at that time was a good friend of mine and we talked and I knew they were going to sell the building. In the end we got a very good price. As I recall, it was somewhere in the neighborhood of \$270,000 for the church and its property which was actually pretty good. There was no one else around interested in it at that time - at least it never went on the market.

When I first heard you were selling the building, my thoughts went immediately to what a beautiful building it was. Absolutely gorgeous with all the stained glass, a style which was so popular at the turn of the last century. But as you know, we bought a building that was built in 1906 and came along with all the problems that a building of that age had. The heating system was archaic, converted from coal to oil, many cracks in the walls. Even in the new addition, I can remember time and time again trying to get that elevator to work so we could get our folks into the sanctuary. We managed and I'm sure you have too. It's a beautiful building and has really been a wonderful thing for you I know. Still - deferred maintenance is an ongoing issue, and you'll be getting out from underneath that, and that should be a happy thought.

You've had a good run in that building, but life is about change and change is coming for the Unitarian Universalist Church of Yakima and that's a good thing. Change often seems frightening but it's really not, more often than not, it always brings something positive, something new that marks a new chapter.

I'm sure there are some of you who will miss the location downtown

and all that it offered being so central. But you'll have the memories of the building and times there. You should hold onto those. It's a wonderful time you've had there, but it's passing.

I'm retired now so I know what passing is like. I'm no longer doing this kind of work of ministry. Though one of the things you recognize over the years is that you're always a minister to some extent- or not, and one of the things about being in ministry that you recognize particularly after you've retired and stopped doing the work, is how congregations you have served have affected you, how they've changed you and your life. How some of them are a real blessing, treasures to come across. Yakima was that way for me. I think some of you know that - that I would have been there forever had circumstances allowed it.

They were wonderful times there. That high desert area of Yakama is just dramatic, with its natural beauty and clockwork seasons. They continue to raise my and Lisa's spirits whenever we think about our time there. And not just because we met when I was serving the church in Yakima but because we both treasure our friendships there and remember in deep deep love the Yakima area. And I know Lisa feels this way - we talk about it a lot.

You are blessed to live in one of the most profoundly beautiful places on the planet. The Yakima valley and its surrounding area is unique in the world. But don't forget another thing that is unique here, and this is what I need to talk to you about this morning. It may take a little longer than I thought.

You know a liberal religious community, your church here, The Unitarian Universalist Church of Yakima is very important. It's a liberal religious voice in a place that is really very conservative in general, as you all know.

You're a voice that supports a journey. You support a journey of freedom, of open understanding, of meaning, of the reality that we all have a different journey even if we are reaching for the same peak of the mountain, even if we are scaling different sides and never see one another. We speak about that truth and in liberal religion that's a very important piece of our voice. And it's the only voice saying that in Yakima I believe. It certainly was when I was there.

When I first arrived in Yakima the Association of Churches was the loudest and biggest religious voice in the city. Because of my predecessor, Greta, I was able to go to their meetings, but I was not allowed a vote. I barely could speak at those meetings but by the time I left we had changed the name to the Yakima Association of Religious and Spiritual Communities. A change I shoveled through. They had elected me president and I went with it and we ended up being a truly dramatic shift for the community of Yakima. We started opening up the conversations about what a religious community should be about. Not only in Yakima - but we changed the state. Through that position I became a member of the board of the Washington Association of Churches, and Oregon as well. We did a lot of wonderful interfaith work and again we were the first Unitarian Universalist voices on all these Boards. And that was you. I was just representing you, that wasn't me, it was us. It was the Unitarian Universalist

Church of Yakima.

You are vitally important, you need to be there, you need to remember who and what you are on that level. The UU church of Yakima is essentially a healthy voice in a very conservative community. You've had that responsibility for quite a while. And yes, it is a responsibility, but that's OK, because you have friends in it, that's what a church community is about. Always remember the church is not the building, it's the people.

So as you say good by to this old building, be thankful for the shelter it has given you, the presence it has offered you to be there in downtown Yakima for this twenty plus years. It's brought you to this point where you can make a joyful, and I am sure anxious for some of you, step into the next incarnation of the UU Church of Yakima. This old church building has allowed you to realize enough funds to re-invent the liberal religious center and its voice in Yakima.

You can confidently take the next steps towards a new home for your kids and family and friends, a place of welcome where a free and responsible journey, a search for meaning and a lively community can be found. A place where liberal community can thrive and work for justice, freedom, ever remembering those values of good old fun and happiness that we did so well there. We sang, we laughed, we had the best drag shows Yakima ever saw.

So take that money you've realized from this sale and move the liberal religious voice in this city forward again. I don't know how you will do that,

but I know you will do it well and it will make a difference. Don't ever think it won't. It's important.

We must plant shade trees in the desert knowing we may never be able to sit in their shade, but others will. As in that hymn we used to sing a lot, this little light of mine, you know it's really true, don't hide under a bushel take that step and move forward.

Somos El Barco by Lorre Wyatt, sung by the Rev. Chip Wright

Somos el barco, somos el mar

Yo navego en ti, tu navegas en mi

We are the boat, we are the sea

I sail in you, you sail in me

The stream sings it to the river, the river sings it to the sea

The sea sings it to the boat that carries you and me

Somos el barco, somos el mar

Yo navego en ti, tu navegas en mi

We are the boat, we are the sea

I sail in you, you sail in me

The boat we are sailing in was built by many hands

And the sea we are sailing on, it touches every land

Somos el barco, somos el mar

Yo navego en ti, tu navegas en mi

We are the boat, we are the sea

I sail in you, you sail in me

So with our hopes we set the sails and face the winds once more

And with our hearts we chart the waters never sailed before

Somos el barco, somos el mar
Yo navego en ti, tu navegas en mi
We are the boat, we are the sea
I sail in you, you sail in me
We are the boat, we are the sea
I sail in you, you sail in me

Making Our Mark – Bill Jacobs, UUCY President

In a few weeks we'll be leaving this building for good – as part of adapting to change. We'll be moving on to a new, smaller home. But today we celebrate the great years we had while occupying this building.

Most of our fond memories have to do with the fellowship we enjoyed among ourselves and our families. But it's also important to remember the contributions we were able to make to the larger community, which we couldn't have done if we didn't own this large downtown facility. I'm thinking of the many public events we sponsored – for example, Miles McPhee's presentation on climate change, which drew hundreds of people. And the hosting of winter shelters for homeless people. I served the extreme winter weather shelter project as an overnight monitor for many years, and I was never more proud of this church than when I was able to say to those experiencing homelessness, coming in from the cold, "Welcome to the Unitarian Universalist Church."

And we made many other contributions to the community at large, like serving as the staging area for the January Women's Marches. Also, over the years we've been able to rent out our unused space to folks who needed a

welcoming home – such as the Bodhi Center, the League of Women Voters, and the Rainbow Church. And recently we've been able to fill a growing need in Yakima – providing affordable one-time rental space for extended family celebrations, such as birthdays, graduations, and quinceaneras.

Last, I want to say a few words about how we came to own this building. I happened to be on the Board of Trustees when we decided to buy it, so I know a little of that history. It began with a Capital Fund Raising campaign in the early 90's, so that we could eventually own a "home of our own." The funds raised were invested in equity based mutual funds, thanks largely to the efforts of Ernie Falk. Those of you who remember Ernie will appreciate that he inspired confidence in a lot of people who were very nervous about putting church money in the stock market. By the time this building was made available to us in the year 2000, those mutual funds had tripled in value, providing most of the funds we needed to buy and fix up the building. We needed to borrow the rest, and thanks to Phil Lamb and his silver tongue, we were able to borrow it all from church members. Ray Gonzales was another who made a big contribution by securing a "Chalice Lighters" grant for necessary building improvements. And there were many others, too numerous to mention, who helped with the effort. Times have changed, and so have the church's needs, so we're moving on now. But it's important to celebrate the years we've spent here, and the people who worked hard to make it possible, before we make that move.

HOUSE OF MEMORIES – Linda King, UUCY Member

This building, this community is a house of memories. Today I will share some personal memories in hopes they will inspire you to appreciative reminiscences of your own.

From the birth of our oldest child to the high school graduation of our youngest, we attended church at UUCY virtually every Sunday. We were educated, loved, supported and cherished within these walls. There was sorrow, laughter, singing, sharing, challenges, worries and solutions.

There was once a playpen in the church office, the lower drawers were filled with toys and there was a wooden truck that children could ride.

Children and youth explored this beautiful building that was a mansion to them – all the nooks and crannies – the stairs up to hidden realms – the window that could be opened onto the roof – the dark furnace room. One young child followed the Congregational Christian Church's custodian on his rounds throughout the building; the youth group hosted a mini-con complete with their own worship and there was always Children's Chapel. This was their home.

Congregational worship services featured a Story for All Ages once a month. "What church is this, children?" the Rev. Greta Crosby would ask. The front pew, full of children, would respond - Unitarian Universalist Church of Yakima. Cupping a hand behind one ear, she would repeat "What church is this, children?" They would respond louder, with giggles, a few pokes and smiles all around.

Intergenerational events were always my favorite – from candy canes and elves at Christmas to the Easter bunny and egg hunt in the spring to Secret Buddies to White Elephant Bingo to Thanksgiving dinners and more.

The Children's Choir made their entrance by cartwheeling across the front of the sanctuary. They sang, they danced the River Dance, they even took their show "on the road" to the Congregational Christian Church and to Unitarian Universalist churches in Kennewick and Wenatchee. When they sang "We Shall Overcome" I found tears in my eyes.

Religious education was at the heart of UUCY. There were many opportunities for learning - from Cakes for the Queen of Heaven for adults to the exploration of other faiths for children to programs written and presented by children and youth.

One year the children created a time travel story - traveling back in time at Christmas to interview those folks in Bethlehem.

One spring, lambs were carried down the aisles.

At other springs, there were puppet shows enhanced by the peeping of little chicks.

There were bridging ceremonies, coming of age events, piano, saxophone and cello solos.

Young people addressed the congregation and sang solos at this podium – confident of their place in this church and the support it provided.

In the religious tradition in which I was raised, there is a song about a foolish man and a wise man. The foolish man builds his house upon sand and the wise man builds his house upon rock. The rains come down, the floods come up and the house built upon the rock stands fast.

That's the Unitarian Universalist Church of Yakima – the house upon the rock. May our memories sustain and strengthen us, may our joys and sorrows connect us and may we look to the future with the certainty of belonging in this church and in the wider community.

Hymn #360

Here We Have Gathered

Here we have gathered, gathered side by side,
circle of kinship, come and step inside!
May all who seek here find a kindly word;
may all who speak here feel they have been heard.
Sing now together this, our hearts' own song.

Here we have gathered, called to celebrate
days of our lifetime, matters small and great:
we of all ages, women, children, men,
infants and sages, sharing what we can.
Sing now together this, our hearts' own song.

Life has its battles, sorrows, and regret:
but in the shadows, let us not forget:
we who now gather know each other's pain;
kindness can heal us: as we give, we gain.
Sing now in friendship this, our hearts' own song.

Pillars of Insight: The Rev. Alex Holt

The Rev. Holt sent a video in which he shared the four pillars of UU in Yakima, named after the four pillars of our church building when he was here.

They are

Creative Curiosity – be curious, non-judgmental, open

Boundless Compassion – hear people out, be kind, be curious

Revelation is Not Sealed – new insights, aha moments every day – be open

Gentle Courage – facing unknowns, coming up with new ideas, be gentle with ideas and selves.

Please refer to the video of this service for complete comments.

https://youtu.be/mOwhjj_A22A

Musical Moments from Sunny Sonker, UUCY musician

UU's embrace all kinds of music. Stop by the symphony, folklife festival, jazz at the Seasons and you'll see a gathering of UU's. Listening to inspirational music allows UU's to feel connected to what is transcendent in

their lives. Performing music together allows them to connect to each other on a deeper level.

And as with many things, UU's could well have a discussion about music -- how valuable is it in a church service? How many verses do we need to sing/ could we just do verse 1 and 3? "I can't sing, I'm reading ahead!"

The church has had musical groups, soloists, student performers, holiday musicals and guest musicians.

In 1977 at the YWCA we had a small but talented chorale that met in members' homes. The Sunday the mountain blew, we were prepared to sing The Ash Grove, and we did!! Church carried on with the music and the chorale with Patrick O'Neill in the minister position. Unforgettable!

We had a large inspiring choir with director Joan Ullom, Naches Music Director. We learned and grew. When Joan left, Randy Luvaas took over so the special music would continue. We were grateful.

Meanwhile, Roger Allen Smith was directing the youth choir. They got so good and spirited that they went on the road-----performing at Eastmont Fellowship, Tri-city UU, and locally. They were musically wonderful and their self-images were enhanced.

We also had an instrumental group begin. The birth of the Fruit Tramps took place right here with such tunes as Look on the Sunny Side, I'll Fly Away

and Imagine among many others. If you're very quiet, you'll hear them wafting through the air.

Well of Souls: Susan Kaphammer/Congregation; Sunny Sonker, Piano

The Rev. Gretchen Haley shared with her congregation in Colorado a message that is fitting for us today at the Unitarian Universalist Church of Yakima:

“In our communities, we hold shared stories, narratives about how things work – origin stories, recovery stories, stories of being broken apart and lost... Stories of love and commitment and discovery... We have stories that help us know who we are, how we relate to each other, and what we mean to each other and why.”

Rev. Haley notes that, “Often we tend to believe that whatever experience or understanding we have of our church is the same for every church member. But in truth... there are many different threads, different stories, here, all the time.”

We are taking time now for each of you to recall and appreciate your story of your relationship with our church, particularly during our time here in this precious home at 225 North 2nd Avenue in Yakima.

You are invited to come forward if you wish, and in turn pick up a piece of paper. Consider your piece of paper inscribed with your memories, the stories of your time and experiences here. Then add your paper to this container of water collecting our varied stories.

Thank you, Sunny, for your gift of music which has been woven into the story of the Unitarian Universalist Church of Yakima

...

I stir our “Well of Souls” with our separate slips of paper that now dissolve to mingle our individual stories with those of all who have shared time here at this home for the Unitarian Universalist Church of Yakima. They all become water, which we know may change over time but is never lost in our world. Such are our precious memories, never lost but a continuing part of us.

We celebrate the Bridge from the place and ways of our past, to what we will become. To close this ritual, I share a message from “The Day Unwritten” by Rev. Dr. David Breeden:

... We remember the losses,

We celebrate the victories.

As a people of story,

We embrace the possible

Over the probable,

Weaving a story of hope.

Join us in the new story.

Join us in the day unwritten.

Join us in the future of possibility.

Hymn #411

Part in Peace

Part in peace!

The day before us. Praises sing for life and light.

Are the shadows length-‘ning o’er us?

Bless thy care who guards the night.

Part in peace!

With deep thanksgiving,

rend-‘ring as we homeward tread,

love and service to the living,

gentle mem’ry to the dead.

Part in peace!

Our voices raising, in thy presence always be.

This the worship and the praising,

bringing peace to you and me.

Extinguishing the Chalice: Rev. Ken Jones, read by Merrill Thomsen

We will extinguish the Chalice with additional words from the Reverend Jones;

“As we prepare to depart for perhaps the last time from this 100 year old building that we have stewarded for the last few decades, let us not only think of the past but also of the future. Let us remember this building has a future that may diverge from ours, but our lives will continue to be shaped by the ripples emanating from this sacred place, which is not in this building, but in our hearts, minds and spirit.

This is a time to mourn what we will lose, but it is also a time, in these immortal words of the Reverend Sara Moores Campbell:

To receive fragments of holiness,
Glimpses of eternity,
Brief moments of insight.

Let us gather them up for the precious gifts
They are, and renewed by their Grace,
Move boldly into the Unknown.”

Postlude: Sunny Sonker, Piano