

CELEBRATIONS

via creativa

- brighid's way-

january 20, 2008

9:45 & 11:15

celebration leaders: howard hanger

the world beat band

GATHERING

prelude & welcome to celebrating brighid's way

you are encouraged to read the meditation readings,
and to hug, shake hands and greet some images of god.

call of the drums

we call the holy one from the four directions with the burning of sweet grass and sage

OPENING

a song to celebrate awe

you are invited to **feed the hungry** by placing an offering in the hunger baskets on the altar.

it's a hot and dusty road,
it's a hot and heavy load;
and the folks that i meet ain't always kind.
some are bad, some are good;
some have done the best they could.
some have tried to ease my troubling mind.
and i can't help but wonder where i'm bound, where i'm bound.
i can't help but wonder where i'm bound.

i have wandered through this land
taking pleasure where i can,
tryin' to find just what i was meant to do.
and the people that i see
look as worried as can be.
yes, it seems they're all a-wonderin' too.
and i can't help but wonder where i'm bound, where i'm bound.
i can't help but wonder where i'm bound.

had a bunch of friends back home
then i started out to roam
from long island to san francisco bay.
sometimes when i've had a few,
that ol' gang comes singin' through.
i'm going back to see them some fine day.
and i can't help but wonder where i'm bound, where i'm bound.
i can't help but wonder where i'm bound.

(w/m tom Paxton, adapted by rick ott)

a gift of poetry

"in awe of sunsets"

jill lynch

ACCEPTING

prayer for being drunk with love

(there will be someone at the western wall alcove to pray with you as you choose)

eternal spirit,
earth-maker, pain-bearer, life-giver,
source of all that is and that shall be,
father and mother of us all,
loving holy one in whom is heaven:

may it happen in the way that is good to you;
may it happen on earth
in the same way
as it happens in spirit world.

with the bread we need for today, feed us.
in the hurts we absorb from one another, forgive us.
in times of temptation and test, strengthen us.
from trials too great to endure, spare us.
from the grip of all that is evil, free us.

for you live in the glory of power that is love now and forever...
for we live in the glory of power that is love now and forever...
now and forever, now and forever.
amen.

(maori – new zealand - translation of the jesus prayer)

singing/healing bowl

(you are invited to play your own bowl and/or allow the sound of the buddhist bowls to open you and maybe hear your name called.)

a song of assurance

brigid of the mantle, encompass us.
lady of the lambs, protect us.
keeper of the hearth, kindle us,
restore us to whom we're made to be.

("prayer to brigid" by caitlin matthews, adapted. music, h.hanger)

a gift of piano

"danzon acustica"
josue joseph

LEARNING

ecclesiastes 11: 1-6

you do not know the work of god.

john 1: 43-51

you will see greater things than these.

singing & sharing a holy peace

(you are invited to offer god's peace to another and receive it, yourself)

be thou my vision, o love of my heart.
naught be all else to me, save that thou art.
thou, my best thought by day or by night.
waking or sleeping, thy presence, my light.

be thou my wisdom and thou my true guide.
i ever with thee and thou by my side.
thou, in the earth, in moon and in sun,
thou in me dwelling and i with thee one.
(trad. irish, adapted)

a meditation on brighid's awe

communing with bread and wine

*(8:30 celebration; first sunday of the month only)
(you may pray with a jubilee! prayer partner at the wailing wall.)*

BLESSING

offering our money

dedicating our gifts to god

tis the gift to be childlike, tis the gift to be kind,
tis the gift to live from heart as well as mind.
tis the gift to be playful, to laugh and sing
and our life is rich with these gifts we bring.

when true simplicity is gained,
to bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed.
to turn, turn, twill be our delight,
till by turning, turning, we come round right.
(trad. shaker hymn, adapted)

a blessing for a journey through the holy days

may the road rise to meet you.
may the wind be always at your back.
may the sun shine warm upon your face.
may the rain fall softly on your fields.
and till we meet again, may god hold you
in the hollow of god's hand.
(trad irish blessing)

postlude

the wailing wall in the celebration area is there for your prayer requests. you may also visit the wall to read the requests and offer a prayer. please initial the paper to acknowledge that prayers have been said for that request.

meditation readings

(collected by anne wray)

we need to practice awe-aerobics.

☐ lily tomlin

the saint knows that the world and everything made by god is good, while those who are not saints either think that created things are unholy, or else they don't bother about the question one way or another because they are only interested in themselves.

☐ thomas merton

when it's over, i want to say: all my life
i was a bride married to amazement.
i was the bridegroom, taking the world into my arms.

☐ mary oliver, from "when death comes"

people's ordinary lives are interwoven with magical encounters with fairies, spells, enchantments and help from miraculous sources.

☐ caitlin matthews, *celtic memories*

. . . when i went back to church, i was so hungover that i couldn't stand up for the songs,
and this time i stayed for the sermon, which i just thought was so ridiculous, like
someone trying to convince me of the existence of extraterrestrials, but the last song was
so deep and raw and pure that i could not escape. it was like the people were singing in
between the notes, with a sense of cry and hurt, weeping and joyous at the same time,
and i felt like their voices or *something* was rocking me in its bosom, holding me like a
scared kid, and i opened up to that feeling----and it washed over me.

□ anne lamott, *traveling mercies*

all of us are born mystics, for the capacity to experience wonder and a primal sense of
connectedness with all life is our birthright.

□ ann gordon

if i had influence with the good fairy who is supposed to preside over the christening of
all children i should ask that her gift to each child of the world be a sense of wonder so
indestructible that it would last throughout life, as an unfailing antidote against the
boredom and disenchantments of later years, the sterile preoccupation from the sources
of our strength.

□ rachel carson, *the sense of wonder*

and awe suddenly
passing beyond itself becomes
a form of comfort.

becomes the steady
air you glide on, arms
stretched like the wings of flying foxes.
to hear the multiple silence
of trees, the rainy
forest depths of their listening.
to float, upheld, as salt water
would hold you.

once you dared.
□ denise levertov

i believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,
and the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and the egg of the wren,
and the tree-toad is a chef-d'oeuvre for the highest,
and the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven,
and the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery,
and the cow crunching with depress'd head surpasses any statue,
and a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels.

□ walt whitman

all night and day, music, a quiet, bright
reedsong. if it fades, we fade.

□ rumi