

CELEBRATIONS

via creativa: no place like home

march 8, 2009

where you are fed

(daylight savings begins – purim begins march 9)

9:45 & 11:15

celebration leaders: howard hanger

the world beat band

GATHERING

prelude & welcome to celebrating no place like home

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 where you are fed

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

he was born in the summer of his 27th year
comin' home to a place he'd never been before.
he left yesterday behind him, you might say he was born again.
you might say he found a key for every door.

when he first came to the mountains, his life was far away
on the road and hangin' by a song;
but the string's already broken and he doesn't really care.
it keeps changin' fast and it don't last for long.

(chorus) but the colorado rocky mountain high,
i've seen it rainin' fire in the sky.
the shadow from the starlight is softer than a lullaby.
rocky mountain high.

he climbed cathedral mountains, he saw silver clouds below.
he saw everything as far as you can see;
and they say he got crazy once and tried to touch the sun;
and he lost a friend but kept his memory.

now he walks in quiet solitude the forests and the streams
seeking grace in every step he takes.
his sight has turned inside himself to try and understand
the serenity of a clear blue mountain lake.

chorus

now his life is full of wonder but his heart still knows some fear
of a simple thing he cannot comprehend:
why they try to tear the mountains down to bring in a couple more:
more people, more scars upon the land.

chorus

(w/m: j.denver)

a gift of song

"banquet fugue"
jubilee! singers

ACCEPTING

(during this prayer time, you are invited to pray with a jubilee! prayer partner at the western wall alcove.)

let us break bread together on our knees.
let us break bread together on our knees.
when i fall on my knees with my face to the rising sun,
o lord, have mercy on me.

let us drink wine together on our knees.
let us drink wine together on our knees.
when i fall on my knees with my face to the rising sun,
o lord, have mercy on me.
(trad. American spiritual)

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

in the mists of the morning we open
to all of the gifts of the day.
we open our hearts to take it all in
and give it all back in our way.

let us sing of the beauty around us!
let us sing of the beauty within!
o, hear the earth tell that all shall be well –
anam cara, anam cara, soul friend.
(w/m: howard hanger)

a gift of poetry

“go feed yourself”
– Y’s guys (majo and tebbe)”

LEARNING

esther 9: 20-23

they should make them days of feasting and gladness

john 4: 7-15

i will give springs of water gushing up to eternal life.

singing & sharing a holy peace

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

reach out your hand if your cup be empty.
if your cup is full, may it be again.
let it be known there is a fountain
that was not made by the hand of man.
(w/m: j.garcia & r. hunter)

meditation on where you are fed

communing with bread and wine

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

BLESSING

offering our money

dedicating our gifts to god

sing the greatest song!
stand on a star and blaze a trail of love
through the dark of the dawn.
let the rivers run!
let all the dreamers wake the nations.
come, the new Jerusalem!
(w/m carly simon)

a blessing of home

for the earth forever turning,
for the skies, for every sea,
for our lives and all creation
sing we our joyful song of peace.

for the earth we raise our voices,
for the home that gives us birth.
in our joy, we sing returning
home to our blue-green hills of earth.
(w/m paul winter, adapted)

postlude

the western 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)

i too spend my days grazing,
feasting on every green moment
till darkness calls
 ted kooser

taste it, taste it, this night is honey
taste it, and keep it . . .
 jai ho, song in "slumdog millionaire"

in confidence of thy goodness and great mercy, o lord, i draw near, sick to the
healer, hungry and thirsty to the fountain of life, needy to the king of heaven.
 thomas kempis, of the imitation of christ

i am doing something i learned early to do, i am paying attention to small
beauties, whatever i have - as if it were our duty to find things to love, to bind
ourselves to this world.
 sharon olds, "little things"

what can i do but rise at dawn
to murmur prayers, gather round
a table pot luck style, rock a baby
touch an arm, look into a troubled eye
share a smile, a story over candlelight
read a poem, gently bid good night?
 martha o. adams, what your heart needs to know

fasting has its own reward, but if you eat for the sake of love you satisfy two commandments, for you give up your own will and also fulfill the commandment to refresh others.

□ desert fathers

if god invited you to a party and said,
"everyone in the ballroom tonight will be my special guest."
how would you then treat them when you arrived?
indeed, indeed! and hafiz knows that there is no one in
this world who is not standing upon
his jeweled floor.

□ hafiz, love poems from god, daniel ladinsky, translator and editor

rumi wrote, "the mystery of loving is god's sweetest secret." love is the ultimate nourishment, the one behind all the others. and yet, joyful as it is, the gift of being purely ourselves is not given for ourselves. we are given this mysterious nourishment so that we can weave it into our lives, in the daily routine, in the marketplace, so that it can be woven into the fabric of the world.

□ anne scott, serving fire