

## Rolling Away The Stone

In the tomb of the soul, we carry secret yearnings, pains, frustrations, loneliness, fears, regrets, worries.

*In the tomb of the soul, we take refuge from the world and its heaviness.*

In the tomb of the soul, we wrap ourselves in the security of darkness.

*Sometimes this is a comfort,  
Sometimes it is an escape.*

Sometimes it prepares us for experience. Sometimes it insulates us from life.

*Sometimes this tomb-life gives us time to feel the pain of the world and reach out to heal others. Sometimes it numbs us and locks us up with our own concerns.*

In this season where light and dark balance the day, we seek balance for ourselves.

*Grateful for the darkness that has nourished us, we push away the stone and invite the light to awaken us to the possibilities within us and among us--possibilities for new life in ourselves and in our world.*

-- Sara Moores Campbell, UU

## Prairie Unitarian Universalist Society

Order of Service  
October 3, 1993

Prelude

Welcome

Julia Bonser, President

Song

Now the Green Blade Riseth, #266

Joys and Concerns

Chalice Lighting

Musical Interlude

The God as Archetype: The Dying God

- Anne Urbanski, Lay Minister

Responsive Reading

"Rolling Away The Stone"

Discussion

Introduction of Guests and Visitors


Announcements

Song

This is the Truth That Surpasseth  
Understanding, #369

# 266 Now the Green Blade Riseth


*♩ = 84 Unison*




1. Now the green blade ris-eth from the bur-ied grain,  
 2. In the grave they laid him, Love by ha-tred slain,  
 3. When our hearts are win-try, griev-ing, or in pain,




wheat that in dark earth man-y days has lain;  
 think-ing that nev-er he would wake a-gain,  
 Love's touch can call us back to life a-gain,


Love lives a-gain, that with the dead has been:  
 laid in the earth, like grain that sleeps un-seen:  
 fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been:



*Refrain*



Love is come a-gain like wheat that spring-eth green.




Words: John MacLeod Campbell Crum, 1872-1958, alt.,  
 © 1964 Oxford University Press  
 Music: Medieval French carol, harmony by Marcel Dupré, 1886-1971,  
 © Alphonse Leduc, Paris



NOEL NOUVELET  
 11.10.10.11.

# 369 This Is the Truth That Passes Understanding


*♩ = 76*





This is the truth that pass-es un-der-stand-ing,


this is the joy to all for-ev-er free:

life springs from death and shat-ters ev-ery fet-ter,

and win-ter turns to spring e-ter-nal-ly.



⊕ Words: Robert Terry Weston, 1898-1988  
 Music: Genevan psalter, 1551

DONNE SECOURS  
 11.10.11.10.