

PRAIRIE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY

Sunday, July 16, 2006

PLEASE FEEL FREE TO SING AT ANY TIME THE SPIRIT SO MOVES YOU!

Prelude & Quarter Calling: "The Circle Within the Circle,"
by Susan Urban, presented by Susan Urban & Phil Cooper
(please stand as able and turn and face the four directions)

Chorus: And the Circle within the Circle goes on and on and on

Welcome and Introduction to the Presenters - Mike Briggs, President

Opening Words: Rainer Maria Rilke

***Opening Hymn:** "Come Drink Deep" by Carolyn McDade (on handout)

Chalice Lighting

Silent Meditation (one minute)

Intergenerational Moment: "Roots And Wings" Chant

For You I Wish Only Two Things
One Is Roots
And One Is Wings
Grounding And Soaring
Soaring And Grounding

Singing The Children Out

Farewell, good friends...Farewell...Till we meet again...
Farewell...(To the melody of "Shalom Havayreem," Sing each
phrase twice.)

Presentation:

"The Circle Within The Circle - On the Path of Humano-Paganism"

Special Music: "Stopping by Woods On a Snowy Evening" by Robert Frost/Susan Urban, presented by Susan Urban & Phil Cooper (see insert for words)

Sermon Part I: Humano-Paganism?

Song: "The Word of God" by Cat Faber, presented by Susan Urban & Phil Cooper (see insert for words)

Sermon Part II: Pagano-Humanism?
Discussion

Unison Offertory Reading

This society 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.

Offertory Music: "Dave Gordon's Journey to Newgrange," composed by Phil Cooper, presented by Phil Cooper & Susan Urban

Introduction of Guests and Visitors

Prairie Announcements: Additional announcements are in your order of service.

***Hymn:** "When the Morning Comes" by Sarah G. Cook & B.B. McKinney (on handout)

Closing Words.Postlude: "Gentle Arms of Eden" by Dave Carter, presented by Susan Urban & Phil Cooper

Chorus:

This is my home, this is my only home
This is the only sacred ground that I have ever known
And should I stray in the dark night alone
Rock me Goddess in the gentle arms of Eden

*Please stand as you are willing and able

Welcome to our service! We are glad that you are here. Please join us for coffee after the program. Today our presenters, both musicians, come to us from the Chicago area. Susan Urban has presented music services for us several times in recent years, and Phil Cooper is new to us. Our president Mike Briggs is the president, and Program Co-Chair Mary Mullen has provided coordination. Coordination includes all pre-service communication with the speaker as well as setting up the room and seeing that things run smoothly during the service.

Announcements

Prairie Fire deadline is today. Please send items to prouds@tds.net.

Prairie Elders will meet on July 25, 2:00 p.m. at Oakwood West, on the topic "Making the Best of Major Transitions".

All are welcome to Midweek Meal every Wednesday. Bring food to share and enjoy some company.

Book Club selection for August 6 will be "The Desert Queen" by Janet Wallach.

Calendar

Wednesday, July 19

6:30 p.m. Midweek Meal @ Prairie

Sunday, July 23

10:00 a.m. Joint Service of area UU congregations to be held at Prairie.

12:00 noon. Humanist Union potluck lunch followed by "A humanist's view of Kevin Phillips' American Theocracy" presented by Doleta Chapru.

Tuesday, July 25

2:00 p.m. Prairie Elders meet at Oakwood West

Wednesday, July 26

6:30 p.m. Midweek Meal @ Prairie

Sunday, July 30

10:00 a.m. "Helping Clean Up New Orleans" presented by Tess Miller.

Wednesday, August 2

6:30 p.m. Midweek Meal @ Prairie

Sunday, August 6

11:45 a.m. Book Club lunch and discussion of "The Desert Queen".

Friday, September 15-Sunday September 17

Prairie Retreat at Bethel Horizons

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

From desert cliff and mountaintop, we trace the wide design;
Strike-slip fault and overthrust and syn- and anti-cline,
We gaze upon creation where erosion makes it known
And count the countless eons in the banding of the stone.
Odd long-vanished creatures and their tracks and shells are found
Where truth has left its sketches on the slate below the ground.
The patient stone can speak if we but listen when it talks;
Humans wrote the Bible---God wrote the rocks.

There are those who name the stars, who watch the sky by night,
Seeking out the darkest place to better see the light.
Long ago when torture broke the remnant of his will,
Galileo recanted, but the earth is moving still.
High above the mountaintops, where only distance bars,
The truth has left its footprints in the dust between the stars.
We may watch and study, or may shudder and deny;
Humans wrote the Bible---God wrote the sky.

By stem and root and branch we trace, by feather, fang and fur,
How the living things that are descend from things that were.
The moss, the kelp, the zebra-fish, the very mice and flies,
These tiny, humble, wordless things, how shall they tell us lies?
We are kin to beasts, no other answer can we bring.
The truth has left its fingerprints on every living thing.
Remember should you have to choose between them in the strife;
Humans wrote the Bible---God wrote life.

And we who listen to the stars, or walk the dusty grade,
Or break the very atoms down, to see how they are made,
Or study cells, or living things, seek truth with open hand;
The profoundest act of worship is to try to understand.
Deep in flower and in flesh, in star and soil and seed,
The truth has left its living word, for anyone to read.
So turn and look where best you think the story is unfurled;
Humans wrote the Bible---God wrote the world.

WHEN THE MORNING COMES Arr. - B.B. McKinney Text - Sarah G. Cook

E♭ **Cmin**

1. Skies grow dark on eve- ry hand, and we
 2. Of- ten cher- ished plans have failed, dis- ap-
 3. Temp- ta- tions, hid- den snares, of- ten

A♭ **Fmin7**

can- not und- er- stand, Where to
 point- ments have pre- vailed, And we've
 take us un- a- wares. And our

E♭ **F7**

turn- or what to do, How we'll
 wan- dered in the dark- ness, hea- vy-
 hearts are made to bleed, for some

B♭ **F7** **B♭**

ev- er make it through: But if
 heart- ed and a- lone: Though our
 thought- less word or deed: And we

E♭ **Cmin**

we can trust in life, it will
 tra- ge- dies seem great, we can
 won- der "why the- test?" when we've

A♭ **Fmin7**

guide us through the strife. We will
 hope and we can wait. We will
 tried to do our best. We will

E♭ **B♭7** **E♭**

und- er- stand it bet- ter by and by.
 und- er- stand it bet- ter by and by.
 und- er- stand it bet- ter by and by.

E♭ **A♭** **E♭**

By and by when the morn- ing comes,

E♭ **F** **B♭**

when at last we all are gath- ered home, We will

E♭ **A♭** **E♭**

tell the sto- ry How we've o- ver- come. We will

E♭ **F7** **B♭** **E♭**

un- der- stand it bet- ter by and by.

Come Drink Deep

Carolyn McDade

C⁷ F Dmin Amin

1. Come drink deep of liv- ing wa- ters
2. I turn my head to sky rains fall- ing
3. Come rains of hea- ven on the dry seed

B^b Gmin F C⁷

with- out cup bend close to the ground
wash the wounds of numb- ness from my soul
rains of love on eve- ry tor- tured land

Dmin Amin

Wade with bare- feet in- to troub- led wat- ers where
Turn my heart in tides of fierce re- new-^{ed} where
Roots com- pla- cent a- wak- en in com- pass- ion so

B^b Gmin C ending F

love of life a- bounds
love and rage run whole
hope springs in our hands Come drink deep