

**Order of Worship  
May 5, 2019**

*If you wish to share a personal joy or sorrow with the congregation, please write it at the joys and sorrows table and place it in the basket there. These will be posted on the joys and sorrows bulletin board in the foyer, so that people at both services may be aware of important events in our lives. You can also privately send a joy or sorrow to the Pastoral Care Team by emailing [care@a2u2.org](mailto:care@a2u2.org).*

**Thought for Contemplation:**

*“Everything flowers from within,  
Of self-blessing;  
though sometimes it is  
necessary to re-teach a thing its loveliness...  
until it flowers again from within,  
of self-blessing.”*

*Galway Kinnell*

INGATHERING CHIMES

WELCOME AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

CHALICE LIGHTING

We light this chalice

That all may know welcome

We light this chalice

That all might be blessed.

Finding comfort and courage

This day and in the days to come.

Anita Farber-Robertson

INTROIT

CALL TO WORSHIP *Bring Your Broken Hallelujah Here* by Rev. Theresa I. Soto

Bring your broken hallelujah here.

Bring the large one that is beyond

Repair. Bring the small one that's

too soft to share. Bring your broken

Hallelujah here. I know that people  
Have told you that before you can give  
You have to get yourself together. They  
Overstated the value of perfection by a  
Lot. Or they forgot. You are the gift.  
We will all bring some broken things, songs  
And dreams and long lost hopes. But  
here, and together, we reach within.  
As a community, we begin again. And  
from the pieces we will build something new.  
There is work that only you can do. We  
wait for you.

HYMN *For the Beauty of the Earth* #21

CHILDREN'S TIME *Bob Moseley*

**Song** (seated) *Go Now in Peace* #413

(Children are invited to go now to their program)

MUSIC FOR REFLECTION

JOYS AND SORROWS

MEDITATION AND PRAYER

READING *Interdependence* by Rev. Robert Walsh

“Neither is it he that planteth nor he that watereth, but god that giveth the increase,” says Paul. But the Vermont farmer said of his orderly spread, “You should have seen this when it was God taking care of it all alone!”

The human and the divine depend on each other.

At the core of our prayers of gratitude are two spiritual transactions: an acknowledgment of our dependence on the mystery of creation, and an acceptance of responsibility to do our share of the creative work.

We are deeply connected to the fruitful earth, and we are called to service.<sup>1</sup>

ANTHEM

READING *Joy in Ordinary Time* by Rev. Meg Barnhouse

My mama was a second-grade teacher at the Gladwyne Elementary School in the rich suburbs of Philadelphia. She loved the children, but she was shy with the parents, who were financiers, pro ball players and attorneys and members of the Junior League, cricket clubs, and fox hunting clubs. For Christmas she would get amazing presents. One year she got a bottle of Joy perfume, then \$150 an ounce. I don't know that she ever wore it. She was keeping it for a special occasion. She kept it so long that it eventually evaporated.

With other things she was more openhanded. We had grandfather's china and silver, which she often used.

"That's what they are meant for, to be used," she said. "There's no sense in saving them. You'd never see them at all that way."

That openhandedness didn't extend to her own person. She wore sensible clothes, comfortable shoes, and white cotton underwear. She

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<sup>1</sup> Robert Walsh, *Stone Blessings*, Skinner House Books, 2010

had grown up the child of missionaries, and, whether she wanted it or not, that missionary stream ran deep in her. She looked respectable and kind. She was cute and cheerful and funny.

Joy perfume didn't fit who she seemed to be to me. A daughter never does see all of the side of her mother. It makes me smile now to think that Mama harbored a hope that an occasion would come in which she might walk into a room smelling rich and sophisticated, cherished and valued, in which it would be just the thing for her to wear. She let my sister and me smell it whenever we wanted to. The bottle sat like an honored but intimidating guest on her dresser. Whenever we smelled it, we marveled at how much it cost.

I don't remember it ever occurring to me to wear it.

I want to let this lesson sink deep into me. Celebrate the body, the trooper of a body that carries you through life, that pleasures you and lets you dance. Celebrate your bod now, before you have lost the weight, before you get your muscle definition, before you feel justified by the harsh eyes of your expectations.

Celebrate being alive, drawing breath, celebrate that you are achingly sad today and that it will pass. It is good to be able to feel feelings. Celebrate that there was a love so big and good that it hurt to lose it. That there was a time so sweet that you ache remembering it. Honor the flowering of the tomato plants, the opening of the day lilies, the lemon smell of magnolias. Honor the ache of your heart and the tears falling. Life is mostly ordinary time.

Ordinary time shot through with light and pain and love. Lavish joy on ordinary time. Hope is a wonderful thing. It is good to imagine a time

when things will be better, but not if it makes you put off splashing yourself with joy.<sup>2</sup>

OFFERING

REFLECTION and INVITATION TO A RITUAL OF COMMUNITY

The Rev. Dr. Anita Farber-Robertson

Here we are, those who came to church instead of going to Ferry Beach, or to the market, who came to church instead of staying in bed, or reading the paper, instead of playing with your kids or your friends. Notice, we who have chosen this morning, to be together.

We who are here, who chose to show up, are real, and from our very realness, our physical presence, emerges the possibility of community, of connection, of revelation, of transformation, of the holy. Here.

Passing among you are baskets of stones, hard stones, real stones, stones to connect us to what in us is real. I invite you to choose one and hold it.

And so, we sit so that we can see each other, looking into each other's faces, seeing the smiles and the tears.

There are spaces in our togetherness, spaces held for those who are not here, those we miss, absent for the day, and those we have missed absent from our lives for years and years, or spaces in between.

Breathe in the openhandedness of spaces for the missing.

Breathe in that openhandedness. Breathe in the openhandedness that reminds us of the mystery of connection that comes with life, the mystery of creation that connects us all to each other and to the earth,

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<sup>2</sup> Meg Barnhouse, *Waking Up the Karma Fairy*, Skinner House Books, 2003

inviting us to into love and service. Breathe in the openhandedness that welcomes connection.

Breathe in the openhandedness that accepts yourself, your clothes, your shoes, your hair, your body, your laughter, your tears, your loves, your losses, your sorrows and your joy. Breathe in the openhandedness that welcomes yourself.

Breathe in the openhandedness of plenty, of sufficiency. Whoever is here, is sufficient. However, you have come, is sufficient. Feel the fullness of sufficiency. The satisfaction. The generosity. You are enough. We are enough. Breathe in the openhandedness of sufficiency.

Breathe in the openhandedness of spaciousness. We have spaces here reminding us to open the spaciousness in our hearts, to welcome the stranger, spaces that are the openhandedness that says, "Here, we were expecting you. Come in." Breathe in the openhandedness of welcome.

Singly, yet together, we have been holding stones, going on private journeys of mind and hearts, yet breathing together, breathing together the sacred space, the sacred time, the sacred tenderness we extend to one another.

I invite you hold your stone for as long as you like, until the spirit moves you, moves you to a gesture and a commitment to your own openhandedness.

When the time feels right, you are invited to bring your stone to the table, open your hand, and place it on this our altar of care and kindness, of sorrow and joy, love and laughter, connection and service, sufficiency and welcome.

If you like, you may speak a word or phrase, of the openhandedness  
this sacred time has called out in you.

*Closing prayer*

CLOSING HYMN *How Could Anyone?* #1053

BENEDICTION

CLOSING MUSIC (please remain seated for the closing music)