



Please note that the order of service is subject to change at the leading of the (S)pirit

▲ Means you are invited to stand in spirit or body.

Prelude	“Everything is Falling / Let it Fall” by The Bengsons	
Greetings + Announcements		Rev. Alex
Welcome		Vicky Jungers
Story for All Ages	“Define Freedom”	Rev. Alex
Chalice Lighting	“The Dangerous Old Woman” Quote by Dr. Clarissa Pinkola Estés	Valerie Bowman + Rev. Alex
	<i>"We are all los inmigrantes, the Soul is The First Immigrant: The Soul cannot be held back by any imaginary boundary drawn against it; not by mountain ranges, not by rivers, nor by human scorn. The Soul, goes everywhere, like an old woman in her right mind, going anywhere she wishes, saying whatever she wants, bending to mend whatever is within her reach. Wherever she goes, the Soul brings new life."</i>	
Opening Hymn	“If Every Woman in the World” STJ (teal) #1026	Patricia Leftridge
Joys+Sorrows+Gratitudes		Rev. Alex
Pastoral Music	“Everything is Falling/Let it Fall” By the Bengsons	
Offering		Rev. Alex
Offertory Music	“Improvisation”	Patricia Leftridge
Reflection		David Beseler
Homily	“Liberation is a Verb”	Rev. Alex
Breath Exercise		Rev. Alex

Contemplation

“Who Writes Your Life Story”

John Bowman + Rev. Alex

*I am Grackle and I am amused by all the Facebook Fuss
over whether it's an AI photo or a real photo.
About how angry folks get over how harmful this AI stuff can be.
They seem to say the world will be one big lie if this is allowed to continue unchecked.*

*I am a Plain Sparrow and I rather like the AI photo of our Plain Sparrow Family.
That hint of gold along my back feathers. I am Crow and I am amused by all
the fuss over whether I am Grackle or I am Crow.*

~ poem by John Bowman ~

Meditation

“I am Connected”

by Beautiful Chorus

Closing Song

“Building a New Way”

Patricia Leftridge

STJ (teal) #1017

**▲ Commission +
Benediction**

“Words by Henry Nouwen”

Valerie Bowman + Rev. Alex

*Did I offer peace today? Did I bring a smile to someone's face?
Did I say words of healing? Did I let go of my anger and resentment?
Did I forgive? Did I love? These are the real questions.*

“When I am Among the Trees”

*When I am among the trees, especially the willows and the honey locust,
equally the beech, the oaks and the pines, they give off such hints of gladness.
I would almost say that they save me, and daily. I am so distant from the hope of myself,
in which I have goodness, and discernment, and never hurry through the world
but walk slowly, and bow often. Around me the trees stir in their leaves
and call out, “Stay awhile.” The light flows from their branches.
And they call again, “It's simple,” they say, “and you too have come
into the world to do this, to go easy, to be filled with light, and to shine.”*

Closing Words

*As we go forth, may we carry the flame of Love,
and Peace with Justice, until we meet again,
Blessed Be*

Postlude

Patricia Leftridge