



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.

<b>Opening Music</b>		Joyce Scolnick
<b>Greetings + Announcements</b>		Amy Evans
<b>Welcome</b>		Joan Lacktis
<b>Story for All Ages</b>	<b>“How to Write a Poem”</b>	Joan Lacktis
<b>Recessional Song</b>	<b>“Come, Come Whoever You Are”</b> STLT (gray) #188	Joyce Scolnick
<b>Chalice Lighting</b>	<b>“On the Brink”</b> By Leslie Takahashi	Joan Lacktis + Amy Evans
	<i>All that we have ever loved And all that we have ever been Stands with us on the brink Of all that we aspire to create: A deeper peace, A larger love, A more embracing hope, A deeper joy in this life we share.</i>	
<b>Opening Hymn</b>	<b>“We Sing of Golden Mornings”</b> STLT (gray) #44	Joyce Scolnick
<b>Joys + Sorrows</b>		Amy Evans
<b>Pastoral Hymn</b>	<b>“If I Can Stop one Heart from Breaking”</b> STLT (gray) #292	Joyce Scolnick
<b>Reflection</b>		Joan Lacktis
<b>Liturgical Poetry Activity + Video</b>		Joan Lacktis
<b>Music to Muse By</b>		Joyce Scolnick

<b>Offering</b>		Amy Evans
<b>Offertory Hymn</b>	<b>“Be Thou My Vision”</b> STLT (gray) #20	Joyce Scolnick
<b>Reflection</b>		Amy Evans
<b>Poetry Readings</b>		Congregation
<b>▲ Closing Song</b>	<b>"All Are Architects"</b> STLT (gray) #288	Joyce Scolnic Marissa & Guy Pilgrim
<b>▲ Benediction + Chalice Extinguishing</b>	<b>“Instructions for the Journey”</b> By Pat Schneider	Amy Evans
	<p><i>The self you leave behind is only a skin you have outgrown. Don't grieve for it. Look to the wet, raw, unfinished self, the one you are becoming. The world, too, sheds its skin: politicians, cataclysms, ordinary days. It's easy to lose this tenderly unfolding moment. Look for it as if it were the first green blade after a long winter. Listen for it as if it were the first clear tone in a place where dawn is heralded by bells.</i></p> <p><i>And if all that fails, wash your own dishes. Rinse them. Stand in your kitchen at your sink. Let cold water run between your fingers. Feel it.</i></p>	
<b>▲ Closing Words</b>	<p>Please join us in our words to extinguish the chalice: As we go forth, may we carry the flame of Love, and Peace with Justice. Until we meet again, Blessed be!</p>	
<b>POSTLUDE</b>		Joyce Scolnick