

**SERVICE LEADER SCRIPT
FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH OF HAMILTON
SUNDAY, APRIL 11, 2010**

SERVICE TITLE: Ministry in Downtown Hamilton: 175 Years in the Life of a Cathedral

SPEAKER: The Very Rev. Peter Wall

SERVICE LEADER: Lyla Miklos

MUSIC: Jude Johnson and Carl Horton

1. OVERTURE

- At 10:15am the Musicians should finish their rehearsal, the sound tech will start to play music on CD, and the Ushers will open the doors to the Sanctuary so folks can start to seat themselves.
- At 10:25am the Service Leader goes into the Foyer and rings the Bell.

2. BELL

LYLA: Our Gathering Music will begin in two minutes, please take your seats in the Sanctuary.

(Indicate to the Sound Tech that the service will begin in less than two minutes and that you will need your podium mike turned on so everyone can hear you introduce the Gathering Music.

Let the Musicians know that you will be introducing them momentarily.)

3. GATHERING MUSIC

My Life Flows on In Endless Song

(Traditional/R. Lowry/D. Plenn)

Jude Johnson and Carl Horton (STLT #108)

LYLA: Please quietly take your seats as we enjoy our Gathering Music.

JUDE: *My life flows on in endless song above earth's lamentations. I hear the real though far off hymn that hails a new creation. Through all the tumult and the strife I hear the music ringing. It sounds an echo in my soul. How can I keep from singing!*

What though the tempest 'round me roars, I know the truth it liveth. What though the darkness 'round me close, songs in the night it giveth. No storm can shake my inmost calm while to that rock I'm clinging. Since love prevails in heav'n and earth, how can I keep from singing!

When tyrants tremble as they hear the bells of freedom ringing, When friends rejoice both far and near, how can I keep from singing! To prison cell and dungeon vile our thoughts to them are winging; When friends by shame are undefiled, how can I keep from singing!

4. OPENING WORDS

Reading #429 by William F. Schulz

LYLA: Good Morning!

Welcome to the First Unitarian Church of Hamilton.

Whoever you are, whomever you love, wherever you are on your journey of faith or search for meaning, today you are the people of this congregation, and you are welcome in this house of worship.

My name is Lyla Miklos and I am the Co-Chair of your Worship Committee, and I will be your service leader this morning.

Our Guest Speaker today is the Very Reverend Peter Wall. Over the years I have been deeply moved and impressed by the annual World AIDS Day Candlelight Vigil Service he oversees each December 1st at Christ's Church Cathedral. Rev. Wall has been the Rector of Christ's Church Cathedral and Dean of the Diocese of Niagara since 1998. Along with all his work within the Anglican Church he also serves on the Board of Directors of several local not-for-profit agencies, including the Hamilton AIDS Network. He is also a member of The Three Cantors, a very successful trio of Anglican priests who sing for audiences throughout Canada, raising funds for world hunger relief.

We will now listen to our singing bowl. I invite you all to be comfortable, close your eyes if you wish, and listen to the sound until it disappears.

(play the singing bowl . . . and fade)

*Come into this place of peace
and let its silence heal your spirit;
Come into this place of memory
and let its history warm your soul;
Come into this place of prophecy and power
and let its vision change your heart.*

5. LIGHTING OF THE SANCTUARY AND CHILDREN'S CHAPEL CHALICES

The Unitarian Universalist ritual of lighting our chalice marks our entry into sacred space. I invite Rev. Wall to come forward. He will light our Sanctuary Chalice.

I also invite Jennifer Reid, John Dickout Reid and Cameron Dickout Reid to come forward. They will light our Children's Chapel Chalice.

(Wait for everyone to be in position to light the chalices.)

6. CHALICE LIGHTING UNISON WORDS

LYLA: As our Chalice Lighters light our chalices please join me in reading our Children's Chapel Chalice Words, which can be found in your Order of Service.

May this candle be our light of friendship and love.

Thank you chalice lighters. You may now take your seats.

7. OPENING HYMN

#95 *There Is More Love Somewhere* (STLT)

LYLA: Please stand if you are able and let us join together in worship by singing our Opening Hymn. Hymn number #95 from your grey hymnal entitled "There Is More Love Somewhere".

CONGREGATION: *There is more love somewhere.*

There is more love somewhere. I'm gonna keep on 'til I find it. There is more love somewhere.

*There is more hope somewhere. There is more hope somewhere. I'm gonna keep on 'til I find it.
There is more hope somewhere.*

*There is more peace somewhere. There is more peace somewhere. I'm gonna keep on 'til I find it.
There is more peace somewhere.*

*There is more joy somewhere. There is more joy somewhere. I'm gonna keep on 'til I find it. There is
more joy somewhere.*

8. STORY FOR ALL AGES

The Ragman by Walter Wangerin

LYLA: I kindly ask our children and youth to please come and sit at the front of the Sanctuary and be comfortable as we listen to our guest Rev. Wall share our Story for All Ages.

REV. WALL: Our story today is called "The Ragman".

I saw a strange sight. I stumbled upon a story most strange, like nothing my life, my street sense, my sly tongue had ever prepared me for.

Hush, child. Hush, now, and I will tell it to you. Even before the dawn one Friday morning I noticed a young man, handsome and strong, walking the alleys of our City.

He was pulling an old cart filled with clothes both bright and new, and he was calling in a clear, tenor voice: "Rags!" (Ah, the air was foul and the first light filthy to be crossed by such sweet music.) "Rags! New rags for old! I take your tired rags! Rags!"

"Now, this is a wonder," I thought to myself, for the man stood six-feet-four, and his arms were like tree limbs, hard and muscular, and his eyes flashed intelligence.

Could he find no better job than this, to be a ragman in the inner city? I followed him. My curiosity drove me. And I wasn't disappointed.

Soon the Ragman saw a woman sitting on her back porch. She was sobbing into a handkerchief, sighing, and shedding a thousand tears. Her knees and elbows made a sad X. Her shoulders shook. Her heart was breaking.

The Ragman stopped his cart. Quietly, he walked to the woman, stepping round tin cans, dead toys, and Pampers. "Give me your rag," he said so gently, "and I'll give you another." He slipped the handkerchief from her eyes. She looked up, and he laid across her palm a linen cloth so clean and new that it shined. She blinked from the gift to the giver.

Then, as he began to pull his cart again, the Ragman did a strange thing: he put her stained handkerchief to his own face; and then HE began to weep, to sob as grievously as she had done, his shoulders shaking. Yet she was left without a tear.

"This IS a wonder," I breathed to myself, and I followed the sobbing Ragman like a child who cannot turn away from mystery.

"Rags! Rags! New rags for old!"

In a little while, when the sky showed grey behind the rooftops and I could see the shredded curtains hanging out black windows, the Ragman came upon a girl whose head was wrapped in a bandage, whose eyes were empty. Blood soaked her bandage. A single line of blood ran down her cheek. Now the tall Ragman looked upon this child with pity, and he drew a lovely yellow bonnet from his cart.

"Give me your rag," he said, tracing his own line on her cheek, "and I'll give you mine." The child could only gaze at him while he loosened the bandage, removed it, and tied it to his own head. The bonnet he set on hers. And I gasped at what I saw: for with the bandage went the wound! Against his brow it ran a darker, more substantial blood - his own!

"Rags! Rags! I take old rags!" cried the sobbing, bleeding, strong, intelligent Ragman. The sun hurt both the sky, now, and my eyes; the Ragman seemed more and more to hurry.

"Are you going to work?" he asked a man who leaned against a telephone pole. The man shook his head.

The Ragman pressed him: "Do you have a job?"

"Are you crazy?" sneered the other. He pulled away from the pole, revealing the right sleeve of his jacket - flat, the cuff stuffed into the pocket. He had no arm.

"So," said the Ragman. "Give me your jacket, and I'll give you mine." Such quiet authority in his voice!

The one-armed man took off his jacket. So did the Ragman - and I trembled at what I saw: for the Ragman's arm stayed in its sleeve, and when the other put it on he had two good arms, thick as tree limbs; but the Ragman had only one.

"Go to work," he said.

After that he found a drunk, lying unconscious beneath an army blanket, and old man, hunched, wizened, and sick. He took that blanket and wrapped it round himself, but for the drunk he left new clothes.

And now I had to run to keep up with the Ragman. Though he was weeping uncontrollably, and bleeding freely at the forehead, pulling his cart with one arm, stumbling for drunkenness, falling again and again, exhausted, old, and sick, yet he went with terrible speed. On spider's legs he skittered through the alleys of the City, this mile and the next, until he came to its limits, and then he rushed beyond.

I wept to see the change in this man. I hurt to see his sorrow. And yet I needed to see where he was going in such haste, perhaps to know what drove him so.

The little old Ragman - he came to a landfill. He came to the garbage pits. And then I wanted to help him in what he did, but I hung back, hiding.

He climbed a hill. With tormented labor he cleared a little space on that hill. Then he sighed. He lay down. He pillowed his head on a handkerchief and a jacket. He covered his bones with an army blanket.

And he died.

Oh, how I cried to witness that death! I slumped in a junked car and wailed and mourned as one who has no hope - because I had come to love the Ragman. Every other face had faded in the wonder of this man, and I cherished him; but he died. I sobbed myself to sleep. I did not know - how could I know?

That I slept through Friday night and Saturday and its night, too. But then, on Sunday morning, I was wakened by a violence. Light - pure, hard, demanding light – slammed against my sour face, and I blinked, and I looked, and I saw the last and the first wonder of all.

There was the Ragman, folding the blanket most carefully, a scar on his forehead, but alive! And, besides that, healthy! There was no sign of sorrow nor of age, and all the rags that he had gathered shined for cleanliness.

Well, then I lowered my head and trembling for all that I had seen, I myself walked up to the Ragman. I told him my name with shame, for I was a sorry figure next to him. Then I took off all my clothes in that place, and I said to him with dear yearning in my voice: "Dress me."

He dressed me. My Lord, he put new rags on me, and I am a wonder beside him.

The Ragman, the Ragman,
THE CHRIST

9. SEARCH COMMITTEE MOMENT

LYLA: Thank you Rev. Wall for that beautiful story. I now ask Jennifer Kaye, member of our Search Committee to come forward. I also ask our children to remain seated at the front of the Sanctuary as she shares with us a Search Committee moment. These moments will occur each Sunday morning leading up to our Ministerial Candidate's visit with us in May.

JENNIFER: (TBD)

10. CHILDREN'S RECESSIONAL HYMN

LYLA: Thank you Jennifer.

I now ask our Children's Chapel Chalice lighters, Jennifer, John and Cameron to come forward and receive their chalice.

They will lead our children to our CYRE area taking their chalice with them, extending our sacred space to every corner of our beloved church. I ask all our children and youth to form a line behind Jennifer, John, and Cameron.

All congregants please stand as you are able and join us in singing our Recessional Hymn. Lyrics can be found in your order of service. Congregants sitting in aisle seats please join hands across the aisle and create a bridge for our children to walk under.

CONGREGATION: *As you go may joy surround you, as you go, go in peace. Know our love is with you always, as you go, as you go.*

LYLA: Please be seated.

11. ANNOUNCEMENTS

LYLA: Our announcements bring into our formal worship all the other aspects of our life as a church community.

Our theme this month is our seventh principle – Respect for the interdependent web of all existence of which we are a part.

We are blessed in this congregation with wonderful music and today is no exception. Today's Music Ministry is provided by Jude Johnson and Carl Horton.

If you have a Joy or a Sorrow you would like shared with the congregation during today's service please write it out and leave it on the table underneath the hanging tapestry by the east Sanctuary doors before the Offertory Music ends.

This service is also piped into the lobby where there are comfortable chairs for you and your children if you have to step out of the sanctuary to feel more comfortable, but would still like to hear the service.

If you would like a tax receipt for your donation towards our offertory, please don't forget to write your name on the brown envelope found inside your order of service before placing your contribution into the basket.

After our worship please join our Fellowship in the lobby. If you are a newcomer please visit our newcomers table so you may know us better and take a green mug for your beverage so we may know you better.

We have a few announcements, which you won't find in your Order of Service.

a) If you are a member, adherent or friend of the First Unitarian Church of Hamilton and are in your 20's or 30's please join us in the CRE Area tonight from 5 to 8pm for a pot luck social followed by a spiritual discussion group. Childcare will be provided. This month Tracey Karsten and Dan Botham will co-facilitate a participatory activity on chanting as a spiritual practice. No prior singing experience is necessary. Join us in exploring this ancient spiritual practice.

b) Following our Earth Day service next Sunday The Ad Hoc Committee on Intergenerational Services will host a Pot Luck and Circle Meeting in the Sanctuary from Noon-2pm to discuss our Partially Intergen Services Initiative. All are welcome. Childcare will be provided.

Please make a point of reading all the announcements in your order of service following today's service.

12. PRELUDE

Be Thou My Vision

(Traditional Irish/M.E. Byrne/E.H. Hull, C.R. Young)

Jude Johnson and Carl Horton (STLT #20)

LYLA: Our Musicians will now share with us our Prelude.

JUDE: *Be thou my vision, O God of my heart; Naught be all else to me, save thou art. Thou my best thought, by day or by night, Waking or sleeping thy presence my light.*

Be thou my wisdom, and thou my true word; I ever with thee and thou with me God; Thou my soul's shelter, thou my high tower, Raise thou me heavenward, O Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor world's empty praise, Thou my inheritance, now and always; Thou and thou only, first in my heart, Sovereign of heaven, my treasure thou art.

13. RESPONSIVE READING

#668 "Faith Cannot Save" from James 2:14-28

LYLA: Today's responsive reading comes from The Bible. An adaptation of James Chapter 2, verses 14 to 18. It is reading #668 in our gray hymnal, and is entitled "Faith Cannot Save".

(Give congregants a moment to find the page.)

I will start the reading and you will respond with the words in italics.

LYLA: What good is it my brothers and sisters, if you say you have faith, but do not have works? Can faith save you?

CONGREGATION: *If a brother or sister is naked and lacks daily food, and one of you says to them:*

LYLA: "Go in peace. Keep warm and eat your fill,"

CONGREGATION: *And yet you do not supply their bodily needs, what is the good of that?*

LYLA: So faith by itself, if it has no works, is dead.

CONGREGATION: *Show me your faith apart from your works, and I by my works will show you my faith.*

14. OFFERTORY WORDS

LYLA: Our offering is a reminder of the spirit of generosity that is at the heart of our religious community. In sharing our financial resources we ensure the continued existence of our church. Your financial contributions make a difference. We thank you for giving as generously as you are able.

Please join me in reading together our offertory words, which can be found in your order of service. They come from Unitarian Universalist Minister the Reverend Mark Morrison-Reed.

CONGREGATION: *The religious community is essential, for alone our vision is too narrow to see all that must be seen, and our strength too limited to do all that must be done. Together, our vision widens and our strength is renewed.*

15. OFFERTORY MUSIC

Jerusalem (W. Blake/C.H. Hastings Parry)
Jude Johnson and Carl Horton

LYLA: We will now prepare to receive our offering while we listen to our Music Ministers.

JUDE: *And did those feet in ancient time. Walk upon Englands mountains green: And was the holy Lamb of God, On Englands pleasant pastures seen!*

And did the Countenance Divine, Shine forth upon our clouded hills? And was Jerusalem builded here, Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold; Bring me my Arrows of desire: Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold! Bring me my Chariot of fire!

I will not cease from Mental Fight, Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand: Till we have built Jerusalem, In Englands green & pleasant Land

Amen

16. OFFERTORY HYMN OF GRATITUDE

(STLT #402)

LYLA: Thank you Jude and Carl.

As our Ushers bring our offering forward to the front of the church and place their baskets at the foot of our dais in front of the pulpit, please join in singing our Offertory Hymn of Gratitude, which can be found in your order of service.

(Ushers come forward with offering baskets.)

CONGREGATION: *From you I receive, To you I give, Together we share, And from this we live.*

17. JOYS AND SORROWS

LYLA: This is our time as a church community to come together to celebrate and grieve with our fellow congregants, supporting each other through both our struggles and our victories. This time in our worship is when we embrace the silence to reflect on the words and music we hear.

After the meditation in words, we will join together in silence and, after the silence, during the musical meditation, you are invited to come forward, and light a candle.

I have some Joys and Sorrows to share with you today.

(Read joys and sorrows.)

18. MEDITATION IN WORDS

Reading #666 “The Legacy of Caring” by Thandeka

LYLA: I kindly ask Rev. Wall to come forward to share in our Meditative Reading.

Entitled “The Legacy of Caring”, our reading comes from Unitarian Universalist Community Minister Thandeka. Born Sue Booker, she was bestowed the name “Thandeka” by the Archbishop Desmond Tutu. Her name means “one who is loved by God”.

REV. WALL: Despair is my private pain
Born from what I have failed to say
Failed to do, failed to overcome.

LYLA: Be still my inner self
Let me rise to you, let me reach

Down into your pain
And soothe you

REV. WALL: I turn to you to renew my life
I turn to the world, the streets of
The city, the worn tapestries of
Brokerage firms

LYLA: drug dealers, private estates
Personal things left in the bag lady's cart

REV. WALL: rage and pain
in the faces that turn from me
Afraid of their own inner worlds

LYLA: This common world I love anew,
As the life blood of generations
Who refused to surrender their humanity
In an inhumane world,
Course through my veins

REV. WALL: From within this world
My despair is transformed to hope

LYLA: and I begin anew
The legacy of caring.

(Wait for just a beat.)

19. MEDITATION IN SILENCE

LYLA: Now, may we all bring our thoughts or prayers to rest in the welcoming silence.

(Wait one minute.)

LYLA: Amen.

20. MEDITATION IN MUSIC

Though I May Speak With Bravest Fire

(Traditional English/H. Hopson)

Jude Johnson and Carl Horton (Hymn #34)

JUDE: *Though I may speak with bravest fire, and have the gift to all inspire, and have not love, my words are vain, as sounding brass, and hopeless gain.*

Though I may give all I possess, And striving so my love profess, But not be given by love within, The profit soon turns strangely thin.

Come, Spirit come, our hearts control, Our spirits long to be made whole. Let inward love guide every deed; By this worship and are freed.

21. ONE LAST CANDLE

(Light the "Last Candle")

LYLA: I lit one last candle for all those joys and sorrows, which remain in our hearts until the time comes to speak them aloud. Whatever our level of sharing, may this community be a blessing and support to us all.

22. UNISON WORDS OF SUPPORT

LYLA: Please join me in reading our unison words of support, which come from author and poet Alice Walker. They can be found in your order of service.

CONGREGATION: Love is not concerned with whom you pray or where you slept the night you ran away from home. Love is concerned that the beating of your heart should kill no one.

23. HYMN OF THE MONTH

#1064 *Blue Boat Home* (STJ)

LYLA: Please stand if you are able and let us join together in worship by singing our Hymn of The Month - hymn number 1064 from your aqua hymnal entitled Blue Boat Home.

CONGREGATION: *Though below me, I feel no motion standing on the mountains and plains. Far away from the rolling ocean still my dry land heart can say: I've been sailing all my life now, never harbour or port I have known. The wide universe is the ocean I travel and the earth is my blue boat home.*

Sun my sail and moon my rudder as I ply the starry sea, leaning over the edge in wonder, casting questions into the deep. Drifting here with my ship's companions, all we kindred pilgrim souls, making our way by the lights of heavens in our beautiful blue boat home.

I give thanks to the waves upholding me, Hail the great winds urging me on, Greeting the infinite sea before me, sing the sky my sailor's song: I was born upon the fathoms, never harbour or port have I known. The wide universe is the ocean I travel, and the earth is my blue boat home.

25. READING

Matthew 25:31-40, The Bible

REV. WALL: When the Son of Man comes in his glory, and all the angels with him, then he will sit on the throne of his glory. All the nations will be gathered before him, and he will separate people one from another as a shepherd separates the sheep from the goats, and he will put the sheep at his right hand and the goats at the left.

Then the king will say to those at his right hand, "Come, you that are blessed by my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you welcomed me, I was naked and you gave me clothing, I was sick and you took care of me, I was in prison and you visited me."

Then the righteous will answer him, "Lord, when was it that we saw you hungry and gave you food, or thirsty and gave you something to drink? And when was it that we saw you a stranger and welcomed you, or naked and gave you clothing? And when was it that we saw you sick or in prison and visited you?"

And the king will answer them, “Truly I tell you, just as you did it to one of the least of these who are members of my family,* you did it to me.”

26. SERMON

***Ministry in Downtown Hamilton:
175 Years in The Life of a Cathedral***

REV. WALL: TBD

27. CLOSING HYMN

#134 *Our World Is One World* (STLT)

LYLA: Please stand if you are able and let us join together in worship by singing hymn number 134 from your grey hymnal entitled *Our World Is One World*.

CONGREGATION: *Our world is one world: What touches one affects us all: the seas that wash us round about, the clouds that cover us, the rains that fall.*

Our world is one world: The thoughts we think affect us all: the way we build our attitudes, with love or hate, we make a bridge or wall

Our world is one world: Its ways of wealth affects us all: the way we spend, the way we share who are the rich or poor, who stand or fall?

Our world is one world, Just like a ship that hears us all: where fear and greed make many holes, but where our hearts can hear a different call.

28. CLOSING WORDS/CHALICE EXTINGUISHED

Reading #562 “A Lifelong Sharing” by Mother Teresa

LYLA: Please be seated and join me in our closing responsive words, which can be found in your Order of Service. These words come from Nobel Peace Prize Winner Mother Theresa. I will begin the reading and you will respond with the words in italics. Rev. Wall will extinguish our chalice once the reading is completed.

LYLA: Love cannot remain by itself -

CONGREGATION: *it has no meaning.*

LYLA: Love has to be put into action

CONGREGATION: *and that action is service.*

LYLA: Whatever form we are,

CONGREGATION: *able or disabled, rich or poor,*

LYLA: it is not how much we do,

CONGREGATION: *but how much love we put in the doing; a lifelong sharing of love with others.*

29. POSTLUDE

Every Time I Feel The Spirit

(African American Spiritual/W.F. Smith)

Jude Johnson and Carl Horton (Hymn #208)

LYLA: I invite you to remain seated as we enjoy our postlude.

JUDE: *Every time I feel the Spirit moving in my heart, I will pray. Yes, every time I feel the Spirit moving in my heart, I will pray. Upon the mountain, my God spoke o'er mount came fire and smoke. All around me looks so shine, ask my God if all was mine.*

Every time I feel the Spirit moving in my heart, I will pray. Yes, every time I feel the Spirit moving in my heart, I will pray. The River Jordan runs right cold, chills body not the soul. Ain't but one train on this track, runs to heaven and right back.

30. FELLOWSHIP HOUR