

**SERVICE LEADER SCRIPT
FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH OF HAMILTON
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 2010**

SERVICE TITLE: Yom Kippur Sunday: Forgiving When Your Heart Still Hurts

SPEAKER/STORYTELLER: Rev. Victoria Ingram

SERVICE LEADER: Lyla Miklos

MUSIC: Roy Dahl, Joanne Dear, Rachel Derry, Mary Ann Forbes, Paul Hawkins, Gary Hicks, Lyla Miklos, and Anna Schafer

1. OVERTURE

(Selections on CD chosen by Music Committee/Sound Crew.)

(At 10:25am Lyla will ring the Bell in the Foyer.)

2. BELL

LYLA: *(While in the foyer.)* Our Gathering Music will begin in two minutes, please take your seats in the Sanctuary.

3. GATHERING MUSIC

***A Nigun "Song Without Words" (Traditional Hasidic)
led by Anna Schafer***

LYLA: Please quietly take your seats as Anna Schafer leads us in our Gathering Music.

ANNA: TBD

4. SINGING TOGETHER

**#1009 Meditation on Breathing (STJ)
Words and Music by Sarah Dan Jones**

REV. INGRAM: Good Morning! Please rise as you're able and let's join our voices in song. This morning we'll sing "Meditation on Breathing", which is hymn number 1009 in your aqua hymnal.

(Rachel will give instruction to the congregation on how to sing this song.)

CONGREGANTS: When I breathe in, I'll breathe in peace. When I breathe out, I'll breathe out love. Breathe in, Breathe out, Breathe in, Breathe out.

5. WELCOME AND SINGING BOWL

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 one of us, and you are welcome in this house of worship.

My name is Lyla Miklos and I am your Service Leader this morning.

Our Speaker and Storyteller today is the Reverend Victoria Ingram our Minister at The First Unitarian Church of Hamilton.

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

(play the singing bowl . . . and fade)

6. CALL TO WORSHIP
By Elizabeth M. Strong

LYLA: The Jewish New Year asks of us forgiveness and atonement. Atonement is an attempt to be at one with the holy. For us it is also an attempt to create a wholeness of community among ourselves. Here is where the sacred and the holy enter, and the community we create brings a sense of at-one-ment not known elsewhere. Forgiveness, atonement, wholeness come together in this place as we become one gathered community of liberal religious seekers.

7. LIGHTING OF SANCTUARY AND CHILDREN'S CHAPEL CHALICES

LYLA: We light our chalices to mark our entry into sacred space.

I invite Anna Schafer to come forward to light our Sanctuary Chalice.

To light our Children's Chapel Chalice I invite Catherine Silverglen and her daughter Keira to come forward.

(Chalice Lighters light chalices and stay at Chalices until all the Unison Chalice Lighting Words have been read.)

8. UNISON CHALICE LIGHTING WORDS

LYLA: Please join in reading our Unison Chalice Lighting Words, found in your Order of Service.

May this candle be our light of friendship and love.

Thank you chalice lighters.

9. HYMN
#188 – Come, Come, Whoever You Are (STLT)

LYLA: Please stand as you are able and join together in singing hymn number #188 from your grey hymnal entitled *Come, Come, Whoever You Are*.

CONGREGATION: *Come, come, whoever you are, wander, worshiper, lover of leaving. Ours is no caravan of despair. Come, yet again come.*

10. STORY FOR ALL AGES
The Hardest Word by Jacqueline Jules
Illustrated by Katherine Janus Kahn

REV. INGRAM: Children and youth come and sit on the carpet here in front of as we share in our Story for All Ages. Today's story is called "The Hardest Word".

[PAGE ONE]

A long, long time ago the world had many large and fabulous creatures.

[PAGE TWO]

One of those creatures was a gigantic yellow bird with dark red wings and a purple forehead.

[PAGE THREE]

He was called the Ziz.

[PAGE FOUR]

The Ziz was so huge that when he spread out his wings, he blocked the sun, as if he were a dark rain cloud. Every time he flew over a town, all the mothers would call their children, "Come inside quickly before it rains." This made the big Ziz sad. He loved children, and didn't want to spoil their playtime.

[PAGE FIVE]

So the Ziz started flying around at night, when no one would notice that he made the sky dark with his gigantic wings. That worked fine for a while. Then one night, the big Ziz flew too high and he bumped into a star.

Sizzle! Snap! Bang!

The star fell out of the sky and down to earth. It burned a big hole in the ground.

[PAGE SIX]

The next morning, when the Ziz saw the big hole, he was worried. "What can I do to cover this hole?" he asked himself. He thought about it for a while and came back with an idea. He stretched out his huge wings and went back up into the sky. This time, he

knocked down a cloud. Plop! The cloud was full of rain and it filled the big hole with water. Now the big hole was a lovely pond, perfect for swimming.

All the children came running to the pond, screaming with delight. It was a hot, sunny day and they had a wonderful time splashing and playing in the water.

“That mistake is all fixed.” The Ziz smiled.

[PAGE SEVEN]

One day, however, the Ziz made a mistake he could not fix. It was the week before Yom Kippur. He was flying along, not watching where he was going, and he flew into the tallest pine tree in the world. Boom! The tree fell over and knocked over another tree. That tree knocked down another tree and that tree fell on the vegetable garden behind the synagogue.

Smash! Squash! Oops!

“Oh no!” The Ziz covered his eyes with his big wings. “Not the vegetable garden! It belongs to the children!”

The Ziz uncovered his eyes to look at the damage. The tomatoes, the corn, the pumpkins, the beans, the gourds, the squash – all the vegetables the children had worked so hard to plant were smashed to bits.

[PAGE EIGHT]

“I can’t knock down a cloud and fix this!” the Ziz cried.

The Ziz flew home and sat in his own garden to think. He had watched the children plant their vegetable garden. Every year they harvested the fruits to decorate their sukkah.

“What would the children do this year?”

The Ziz spread out his big wings and flew off to have a chat with God. The Ziz had a special place where he liked to talk to God. It was Mt. Sinai. The Ziz was so huge that when he stood on Mt. Sinai, his purple-feathered head reached right up into heaven.

[PAGE NINE]

“What have you done this time?” God asked as soon as he saw the Ziz. This was not the first time the Ziz had come to Mt. Sinai after making a mistake.

“I knocked over a big tree. It knocked over another tree. That tree smashed a vegetable garden.”

“The children’s garden?” God questioned.

“Yes,” the Ziz admitted, hanging his head.

“That’s a problem,” God said.

“I can’t knock down a cloud and make this better.”

“No, you can’t,” God agreed.

“What should I do?”

“I want you to do something for me,” God said.

“Anything,” the Ziz promised.

“I want you to search the earth and bring back the hardest word.”

“The hardest word?” the Ziz questioned.

“Yes,” God answered. “Now go!”

The Ziz stretched his big wings and went off to search.

[PAGE TEN]

He flew over mountains . . .

He flew over trees . . .

He flew over valleys . . .

He flew over seas.

Flap! Flap! I’m the biggest bird.

Flap! Flap! Searching for the hardest word.

After searching the whole day, the Ziz stopped to rest at the edge of a forest. In a little house nearby, he heard a mother and child arguing.

“I don’t want to go to bed,” the little boy said.

“You need your rest,” the mother said.

“I’m not tired!” the little boy cried.

“Good night!” the mother said firmly, closing the door.

[PAGE ELEVEN]

“That’s it!” Ziz flapped his wings, “The hardest word! I found it!”

Ziz flew as fast as he could to Mt. Sinai. With great excitement he put his bird feet down on the top and poked his purple-feathered head up into heaven.

“I found it! I found the hardest word!”

“What is it?” God asked.

“It’s GOODNIGHT. Every child hates that word.”

Ziz did a dance right on top of Mt. Sinai. He loved being right.

“Goodnight is a hard word for children,” God agreed.

“ I knew it! I knew it!” Ziz danced.

“But there is another word, even harder,” God said.

“There is?” Ziz slumped over, disappointed.

“There is!” God declared. “Go and find it!”

So the Ziz spread out his mighty wings and went off to search.

[PAGE TWELVE]

He flew over mountains . . .

He flew over trees . . .

He flew over valleys . . .

He flew over seas . . .

Flap! Flap! I’m the biggest bird.

Flap! Flap! Searching for the hardest word.

After searching all day, Ziz stopped at a big feast on the grounds of a castle. He listened. With so many people talking, he felt sure someone would say the hardest word.

“I’m hungry,” a little girl said to her mother. ‘May I have some pisghetti, please?’

The mother smiled. “Oh! You want SPA-ghetti.”

“That’s it!” Ziz realized. “I’ve grown it now!”

[PAGE THIRTEEN]

He spread out his great big wings and flew back to Mt. Sinai. He planted his bird feet on the mountaintop and poked his purple-feathered head into heaven.

“I know the hardest word,” he sang,

“What is it?” God asked.

“It’s Spaghetti!”

Ziz hopped up and down on one foot. Standing still was hard, especially when he was excited.

“Spaghetti is a hard word to say,” God agreed.

“Didn’t I tell you?” Ziz hopped some more.

“But there is another word, even harder,” God said.

“There is?” Ziz slumped over disappointed.

“There is!” God declared. “Go out and find it.”

“The Ziz stretched his big wings and went back out to search.

[PAGE FOURTEEN]

He flew over mountains . . .

He flew over trees . . .

He flew over valleys . . .

He flew over seas . . .

Flap! Flap! I’m the biggest bird.

Flap! Flap! Searching for the hardest word.

The Ziz searched for three more days. He brought back lots of words to Mt. Sinai – words like ROCK, RHINOCEROS, RIDICULOUS, and RUMPLESTILTSKIN. Each time, God sent the Ziz back out to find another word.

[PAGE FIFTEEN]

By the evening of Yom Kippur, the Ziz had brought over 100 words to M. Sinai. God had not accepted any of them. The Ziz was discouraged. He had tried and tried. He flew back to Mt. Sinai to have one more discussion with God.

“What word did you bring this time?” God asked.

“No word,” the Ziz said quietly.

“No word?” God asked.

“No,” the Ziz said sadly. “I’ve come to say I’m sorry. I can’t find the hardest word.”

“You can’t?” God asked.

“No,” he Ziz shook his head. “I’m sorry.”

“You’re sorry?” God asked.

“Yes.” Ziz nodded his purple head. “I’m sorry.”

“Good job!” God said. “You found the hardest word!”

“I did?” Now the Ziz was confused.

[PAGE SIXTEEN]

“Yes,” God said. “The hardest word is SORRY. While all the words you brought me were hard, ‘sorry’ is the hardest.”

“I always say ‘I’m sorry’ on Yom Kippur,” the Ziz said.

“Well, you should say it other times, too.” God answered.

“Like when I smashed the garden?” Ziz asked.

“That’s right,” God said.

The Ziz thanked God and pulled his purple-feathered head out of heaven. The he spread out his great big wings and flew back to the children’s garden. On the way, he stopped at his own garden and gathered a big basket of fruits and vegetables for the children.

[PAGE SEVENTEEN]

It was time to say the hardest word.

11. CHILDREN’S RECESSIONAL HYMN **As You Go (Suzelle Lynch and John Ruben Piirainen)**

LYLA: Everyone, please stand as you are able and join us in singing our Children’s Recessional Hymn, found in your order of service.

Keira please receive your chalice. Children and youth please line up behind Keira and follow her to RE.

*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.*

Please be seated.

12. ANNOUNCEMENTS

LYLA: Our announcements are part of our life as a church community. Please make a point of reading all the announcements in your order of service following today's service. We have a few announcements, which you won't find in your Order of Service.

(Read announcements.)

Today's Music Ministry is provided by Roy Dahl, Joanne Dear, Rachel Derry, Mary Ann Forbes, Paul Hawkins, Gary Hicks, and Anna Schafer.

If you have a personal Joy or Sorrow you would like shared with the congregation paper and pens are available at the table to my right ***[indicate with hand gesture]***. Please write yours out before the Worship in Music ends.

This service is also piped into the lobby if you need to step out of the sanctuary.

If you would like a tax receipt for your offering, write your name on the brown envelope found in your order of service.

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.

13. WORSHIP IN MUSIC

Who By Fire? (Leonard Cohen)

Rachel Derry, Mary Ann Forbes, and Gary Hicks

LYLA: Our Music Ministers will now share with us our Worship in Music.

(If necessary, cue the musicians to play the Worship In Music.)

RACHEL/GARY/MARY ANN: And who by fire, who by water,
who in the sunshine, who in the night time,
who by high ordeal, who by common trial,
who in your merry merry month of may,
who by very slow decay,
and who shall I say is calling?

And who in her lonely slip, who by barbiturate,
who in these realms of love, who by something blunt,
and who by avalanche, who by powder,
who for his greed, who for his hunger,
and who shall I say is calling?

And who by brave assent, who by accident,

who in solitude, who in this mirror,
who by his lady's command, who by his own hand,
who in mortal chains, who in power,
and who shall I say is calling?

14. READING

A Kick In The Stomach by Whoopi Goldberg From Denzel Washington's A Hand To Guide Me

REV. INGRAM: Our reading today is from Whoopi Goldberg.

In grammar school there was a boy in my class named Robert. He wasn't particularly popular and I wasn't particularly popular either, and we were friends. We were 8 or 9 years old and we were not in the crew. We were our own little world.

One day we went on an outing with the rest of our school. On that day somehow I was running with the popular folks. You know how that is. Every now and then, there are satellite groups hovering around the popular folks, and on that day I was one of the satellites. I was in the crew. Robert was not. And I didn't treat Robert very well. At all. It wasn't overt. We weren't hitting him or making fun of him. He just didn't exist. It's like I left him behind.

I remember getting home and my mother was kind of cool to me. I asked her about it because she was kind of distance. I said, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," she said. "How was the day? Tell me about the trip."

"Oh, the trip was great," I said. "We had a great time."

She said, "Do you think *everybody* had a great time?" in a leading kind of way. Like she knew something. She always knew when something was up.

I kind of shrugged and said, "Oh yeah, it was just so great."

"What about Robert?" she said. "Did he have a great time?"

I kind of shrugged again, I guess because I realized where she was going with all of this and because I had left my friend behind.

And she said, "Well, you were one of the popular people today, huh? Everyone was your friend?"

"Yes," I said.

"But they're not like that every day, are they?" she said.

“No,” I said.

“And do you remember how you feel when they’re not like that?”

I nodded.

“Like you made Robert feel today?”

It was like being kicked in the stomach. It never occurred to me that I had done to my friend what these folks had always done to me. That on this day at least I was part of that group of kids who could on occasion make me cry, just by the way they treated me. It really messed me up. I went to school the next day and talked to Robert. I made sure he knew that I’d messed up. I apologized, but it was a kid apology.

A kid apology is different from an adult apology. A kid apology is, “Yo let’s go over here and get some pretzels.” An adult apology would be, “Oh, I realize the ramifications of our relationship have changed . . .” and blah, blah, blah. But he was cool about it and that was the end of it. I guess it might have taken him a while to trust me, but for the most part that was the end of it.

Over the years it’s stayed with me, what I put Robert through. From that day forward I’ve been really, really careful about all my friendships and really, really conscious of other people’s feelings. If I mess up I try to cop to it. I’m a human being, so I make lots of mistakes. But if I’ve unknowingly been neglectful or cruel or hurtful to someone, I try to rectify it as soon as I’m aware of it.

Before I became one of the co-hosts of The View I was a guest on it. We were talking about fame and how kids these days seem to want to be famous. I began to talk about the fact that you don’t have to have any talent anymore to become famous. People can eat a bug on some reality show and become famous. I didn’t realize that the young co-host on The View, Elizabeth Hasselback, had come from one of those reality shows. That was her claim to fame. And it wrecked me once I realized how I must have made her feel. So I apologized and I apologized, and the next day I sent over some chocolate, because that’s what you do when you mess up and call someone out in front of millions of people: You send over some chocolate. We’re human right? We say things and we don’t really realize what we’re saying, but we’ve all got to do a better job. We’ve got to carry it, you know. That’s what I learned from my Mom.

15. OFFERING WORDS

From Blessed Are Those by John Buehrens

REV. INGRAM: 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 are appreciated and make a difference. We thank you for giving as generously as you are able.

Please join me in reading our offering words, which can be found in your order of service.

(Give congregants a moment to find their place in the gray hymnal or order of service.)

(Read reading along with the congregation.)

CONGREGATION: *Blessed are those who know that the work of the church is the transformation of society; who have a vision of Beloved Community transcending the present, and who do not shrink from controversy, sacrifice, or change.*

16. OFFERTORY MUSIC
***At This Point in My Life* (Tracy Chapman)**
Lyla Miklos

REV. INGRAM: We will now receive our offering while we listen to our Music Ministers.

(If necessary, cue the musicians to play the offertory music. Let the ushers collect the offering while the music plays.)

LYLA: Done so many things wrong
I don't know if I can do right
Oh I, Oh I've
Done so many things wrong
I don't know if I can do right

At this point in my life
I've done so many things wrong
I don't know if I can do right
If you put your trust in me
I hope I won't let you down
If you give me a chance I'll try

You see it's been a hard road
the road I'm traveling on
And if I take your hand
I might lead you down the path to ruin
I've had a hard life
I'm just saying it so you'll understand
That right now, right now,
I'm doing the best I can
At this point in my life

At this point in my life
Although I've mostly walked in the shadows
I'm still searching for the light

Won't you put your faith in me
We both know that's what matters
If you give me a chance I'll try

You see I've been climbing stairs
but mostly stumbling down
I've been reaching high
always losing ground
You see I've conquered hills
but I still have mountains to climb
Oh right now right now
I'm doing the best I can
At this point in my life

Before we take a step
Before we walk down that path
Before I make any promises
Before you have regrets
Before we talk commitment
Let me tell you of my past
All I've seen and all I've done
The things I'd like to forget
At this point in my life

At this point in my life
I'd like to live as if only love mattered
As if redemption was in sight
As if the search to live honestly
Is all that anyone needs
No matter if you find it

You see when I've touched the sky
The earth's gravity has pulled me down
But now I've reconciled that in this world
Birds and angels get the wings to fly
If you can believe in this heart of mine
Oh, if you can give it a try
Then I'll reach inside and find and give you
All the sweetness that I have
At this point in my life

At this point in my life

17. OFFERTORY HYMN OF GRATITUDE
Hymn #402 – From You I Receive – STLT (Joseph and Nathan Segal)

REV. INGRAM: As our Ushers bring our offering forward please join in singing our Hymn of Gratitude found in your order of service.

CONGREGATION: *From you I receive, to you I give, together we share, and from this we live.*

18. 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.

During the musical meditation, you are invited to come forward, and light a candle. Then we will join together in a time of silence and reflection.

These are the Joys and Sorrows we share today.

(Read written joys and sorrows.)

19. MEDITATION IN WORDS **By Vivian Pomeroy**

LYLA: Our meditation in words comes from Vivian Pomeroy.

*Forgive us, that often we forgive ourselves so easily and others so hardly;
Forgive us, that we expect perfection from those to whom we show none;
Forgive us, for repelling people by the way we set a good example;
Forgive us, the folly of trying to improve a friend;
Forbid that we should use our little idea of goodness as a spear to wound those who are different;
Forbid that we should feel superior to others when we are only more shielded;
And may we encourage the secret struggle of every person.*

20. MEDITATION IN MUSIC **We Pray (Nick Page)** **Roy Dahl, Joanne Dear, Rachel Derry, and Paul Hawkins**

LYLA: Our Music Ministers will now share with us our Meditation in Music. Congregants are invited to join in on the repeated refrain “we pray” if they desire.

ROY/JOANNE/RACHEL/PAUL: Oo Oo Oo Oo.
We pray. We pray.

Sometimes I feel discouraged a
nd think life’s in vain, in vain
But then the Holy Spirit, the Holy Spirit

revives my soul again, and again,
We Pray.

There is a balm in Gilead
to make the wounded whole.
A healing power in Gilead
To heal the sin sick soul.
We Pray.

So feel the love,
The love around you,
This love can heal
Heal your soul.
If you let this love within you,
Love within you,
This love will make you whole.
Make you whole,
We Pray, We Pray

21. MEDITATION IN SILENCE

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

(Wait at least one minute, two minutes if possible.)

(Ring bell or singing bowl.)

LYLA: Shalom.

22. ONE LAST CANDLE

(Light the "Last Candle")

LYLA: We light this 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.

23. UNISON WORDS OF SUPPORT **From A Place of Meeting by Eileen B. Karpeles**

LYLA: Please join me in reading our unison words of support in your order of service.

CONGREGATION: *May all who enter here trust one another so surely, that they dare to share the deep fires that burst into anger, as much as the sweet spring waters that swell into laughter; the slow erosion of wounded tears, as much as the soaring song.*

24. HYMN

#1002 Comfort Me (STJ)

LYLA: Please stand as you are able and join together in singing hymn number #1002 from your aqua hymnal entitled Comfort Me.

CONGREGATION: Comfort me, comfort me,
Comfort me, oh my soul.
Comfort me, comfort me,
Oh my soul.

Sing with me, sing with me,
Sing with me, oh my soul.
Sing with me, sing with me,
Sing with me, oh my soul.

Speak for me, speak for me,
Speak for me, of my soul.
Speak for me, speak for me,
Speak for me, of my soul,

Dance with me, dance with me,
Dance with me, oh my soul.
Dance with me, dance with me,
Dance with me, oh my soul.

Comfort me, comfort me,
Comfort me, oh my soul.
Comfort me, comfort me,
Oh my soul.

25. SERMON

Forgiving When Your Heart Still Hurts
Rev. Victoria Ingram

REV. INGRAM: TBD

26. HYMN

#1037 We Begin Again In Love (STJ)

LYLA: Please stand as you are able and join together in singing hymn number #1037 from your aqua hymnal entitled We Begin Again In Love.

(Rachel and/or Rev. Ingram will give instructions to the congregation on how to sing this song.)

REV. INGRAM: For remaining silent when a single voice would have made a difference.

CONGREGATION: We forgive ourselves and each other. We begin again in love.

REV. INGRAM: For each time that our fears have made us rigid and inaccessible.

CONGREGATION: We forgive ourselves and each other. We begin again in love.

REV. INGRAM: For each time we have struck out in anger without just cause.

CONGREGATION: We forgive ourselves and each other. We begin again in love.

REV. INGRAM: For each time that our greed has blinded us to the needs of others.

CONGREGATION: We forgive ourselves and each other. We begin again in love.

REV. INGRAM: For the selfishness that set us apart and alone.

CONGREGATION: We forgive ourselves and each other. We begin again in love.

REV. INGRAM: For falling short of the admonitions of spirit.

CONGREGATION: We forgive ourselves and each other. We begin again in love.

REV. INGRAM: For losing sight of our unity.

CONGREGATION: We forgive ourselves and each other. We begin again in love.

REV. INGRAM: For those and for so many acts both evident and subtle which have fuelled the illusion of seperateness.

CONGREGATION: We forgive ourselves and each other. We begin again in love.

27. CHALICE EXTINGUISHED/CLOSING WORDS

By Sara Moore Campbell

REV. INGRAM: Please remain standing as Anna Schafer extinguishes our chalice.

We receive fragments of holiness, glimpses of eternity, brief moments of insight. Let us gather them up for the precious gifts that they are and, renewed by their grace, move boldly into the unknown.

28. POSTLUDE

Break Not the Circle/Hashiveinu

(Fred Kahn & Thomas Benjamin /Traditional Hebrew)

Roy Dahl, Joanne Dear, Rachel Derry, Paul Hawkins

REV. INGRAM: Please be seated for our postlude.

(If necessary, cue the musicians to play the Postlude.)

ROY/JOANNE/RACHEL/PAUL/LYLA: Break not the circle of enabling love
Where people grow, forgiven and forgiven;
Break not that circle, make it wider still,
Till it include, embraces all the living,

Come wonder at this love that comes to life,
Where words of freedom are with humour spoken,
And people keep no score of wrong and guilt,
But will that human bonds remain unbroken.

Hashiveinu, Hashiveinu,
Adonai eilecha venashuva.
Venashuva.
Chadeish, chadeish yameinu kekedem.

29. LEAVING MUSIC

(Selections on CD chosen by Music Committee/Sound Crew.)

(While music on CD plays remove and/or return all papers, props, hymnals and any other materials you may have used during the service from the pulpit and dais. Make sure that the joys and sorrows sheets that were read out during the service are returned to the table on the North side of the Sanctuary underneath the hanging tapestry. The Caring Community Committee will follow up with a caring card or letter at a future date for congregants who submitted something to share with the congregation.)

30. FELLOWSHIP HOUR