

Order of Service

The Unitarian Universalist Congregation of the Palisades

“A Resource Within”

Sunday, November 13, 2022

CALL TO MINDFULNESS

PRELUDE – *A River Flows In You / Yiruma (First Love Yiruma Piano Collection)*

CHALICE LIGHTING - #429 / William F. Shultz

WELCOME / LAND ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Hymn #16 “*Tis a Gift to be Simple*”

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JtCJldCJH8>

Reading #552 *My Help is in the Mountain*

HYMN #352 “Find a Stillness” <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PtzZvczECK0>

READING *The Need To Be Still / Robert T. Weston / Seasons of the Soul, 1963*

MEDITATION - “Sacred Temple by the Sea” / Brugh Joy Offered by Jonathan King

SHARING

OFFERING PLATE

https://uucpalisades.org/product/make-a-donation-to-uucp/#.Y2w_si-B3Lu

ANNOUNCEMENTS

CHALICE EXTINGUISHING AND CLOSING WORDS – “Preface” / Elizabeth Tarbox / *Life Tides, 1993*

POSTLUDE - *The Velocity of Love / Suzanne Ciani*

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LYRICS

#429

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.

@ WILLIAM F. SCHULZ

TIS A GIFT TO BE SIMPLE

Tis a gift to be simple, 'tis a gift to be free,
'tis a gift to come down where we ought to be,
and when we find ourselves in the place just right,
'twill be in the valley of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gained,
to bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed.
To turn, turn will be our delight,
'till by turning, turning we come 'round right.

#552

MY HELP IS IN THE MOUNTAIN

My help is in the mountain
Where I take myself to heal
The earthly wounds
That people give to me.
I find a rock with sun on it
And a stream where the water runs gentle
And the trees which one by one
give me company.
So I must stay for a long time
Until I have grown from the rock.
And the stream is running through me
And I cannot tell myself from one tall tree.
Then I know that nothing touches me
Nor makes me run away.
My help is in the mountain
That I may take away with me.

FIND A STILLNESS

Find a stillness, hold a stillness, let the stillness carry me
Find the silence, hold the silence, let the silence carry me
In the spirit, by the spirit, with the spirit giving power,
I will find true harmony

Seek the essence, hold the essence, let the essence carry me
Let me flower, help me flower, watch me flower, carry me
In the spirit, by the spirit, with the spirit giving power
I will find true harmony.

Words: Carl G. Seaburg, 1922-1998, based on a Unitarian Transylvanian text,
1992 Unitarian Universalist Association

THE NEED TO BE STILL

Some of us with muscles and nerves singing in the
full flush of youth,
Some with quiet confidence, and some perhaps weary,
Worn with the failures, the years, and the passing of strength,
And still others, the men and women determined,
Filled with the zeal of battle for justice yet to be And for truth still denied or
undiscovered-
Each and all of us, whatever we be,
Must come to the time when we need to be still.
There comes a time when we must know the need To go apart and meditate, to seek
the meanings of our lives,
To reconsider the purposes we have accepted And to establish peace within ourselves.
The world presses on us too insistently;
The appetites too imperiously demand of us And we forget to be real persons in
ourselves.
May this moment be one of redemption, Of renewal of faith in life and the living of it;
May the disciplines of humility and courage
Be strengthened from this time.
May it bring a rediscovery of self
And a lifting of the heart
With a sense of newness from that discovery—

New courage, fresh vigor, and a deeper thoughtfulness
For the living of life from this day.

ROBERT T. WESTON
SEASONS OF THE SOUL, 1963

PREFACE

I thought I heard the voice of the spirit cry:
Come and find me. You won't have to look hard.
Come to where the ocean touches the shore; find me in the bright-light promise of
morning on the waves; look carefully at the bubbles breaking on the wet sand--there I
am. Turn over the glistening rock, slippery with its cushion of seaweed here I am.
Hear the gulls crying news of the endless ocean--that is my news, my voice. Lie with me
in the tall, green marsh grass; see my footprints in the sand you have walked upon. Do
not say I am lost, for you have found me. I am here.

ELIZABETH TARBOX
LIFE TIDES, 1993