

*Leaders BULLETIN*



World Communion Sunday

Sayville Congregational United Church of Christ  
Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost  
October 3, 2021



## **Leaders BULLETIN**

Pat Welcoming...

Welcome to this morning's worship.

And welcome again, from wherever you may be on your spiritual journey to this place where we uphold that "God is still speaking to us – and the world." May we all open our hearts to better hear what it is God is saying.

Friends, my name is Patricia Mahar and thank you for being with us in this place where you are welcome long before you arrive.

We begin the morning by acknowledging the world around us and our lives within the complexities of these times. It is why we are here, not to shy away from the challenges we face but to remember the support and joy we offer to one another – and the Love of God – that surrounds us.

It is especially good to remember these things and more as we celebrate World Communion Sunday, lifting up our hearts and prayers to God in all the ways God is known, as we seek a world of Love and Justice – not as a slogan but as a way of life. A way of living.

We welcome James back to us this morning and we invite the bell to be rung and this morning's worship to begin...

Usher The Bell is Rung

Sean Prelude

Kris Call to Worship A Variation on Psalm 67: 1-5

*Please listen or join me in reciting our Call to Worship:*

May God be gracious to us all;  
May God bless us all and shine God's face upon us.  
May God's ways be known on Earth and  
God's living transformative Grace among all nations.  
and bless us all and make God's face shine on us all —

May the peoples' hearts be lifted in Light and Wisdom and Love.  
May nations and leaders come to embrace You.  
May they and we be grateful and glad for your songs of Joy.

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May the World today, on this Communion Sunday, remember these things and more, as we worship together.

James      Hymn      “You Are the Way”      New Century Hymnal #40

Pat      Unison Prayer      A Variation on Psalm :7, 9-11

Our hearts, Wonderful One are steadfast; they are steadfast in trusting you, even when we are unsure – we know you are here.

So, we sing when our voice is worn; for even tired voices can be heard in this world. We lift up the music, even when we barely hear its sound – for softness is gentle and strong in its own way.

We know you among nations neighborhoods; politics and policies; we know you in the sorrowful and the sanguine – you are in all peoples before they know you and long after they have forgotten: you remember.

You are with us at this and every table and the world sits at a feast and still, sometimes, sees scarcity. We see your abundance and behold it not for us but to share in the Communion with know with You that has been ours before the first of atoms formed.

Our hearts, Wonderful One are steadfast; they are steadfast in trusting you, even when we are unsure – we know you are here.

James      Musical Offering

Pat      Joys & Concerns

In John 13:34-35 Jesus says to the disciples: “A new command I give you: Love one another. As I have loved you so must you love one another. By this everyone will know that you are my disciples, if you love one another.”

There are many ways we love one another; as many ways as there is worship on this World Communion Sunday around the

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planet. One of those ways we practice love is to pray. Prayer, many say, is an act of love.

And so, we invite you to share our love in your, as we remember listen to you name those who are in your heart and on your mind this morning...

Please wait for Ray to come to you with the microphone...

May we hear your prayers, your joys, your concerns....

*Ray will circulate with the Microphone...and close with the Prayer of Jesus*

*[Creator God] who are in heaven,  
hallowed be your name,  
your [kindom] come, your will be done,  
on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us today this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our debts,  
as we forgive those who are our debtors.  
And lead us not into temptation  
but deliver us evil.  
For yours is the [kindom]  
and the power and the glory forever. Amen.*

James      Hymn      "Come and Fill"    Sing! Prayer and Praise #34

Pat    Passing of the Peace

Friends, let us share this morning's peace with one another and all the world and those beyond...

May the Peace of the Risen Christ be with you...

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Pat            Reading    Excerpts from “On They Wondrous Works I Will  
   Meditate” by Mary Oliver  
   [Full Text at the End of this bulletin.]

### **4.**

How many mysteries have you seen in your  
   lifetime? How many nets pulled  
full over the boat’s side, each silver body  
   ready or not falling into  
submission? How many roses in early summer  
   uncurling above the pale sands then

falling back in unfathomable  
   willingness? And what can you say? Glory  
to the rose and the leaf, to the seed, to the  
   silver fish. Glory to time and the wild fields,  
and to joy. And to grief’s shock and torpor, its near swoon.

### **5.**

So it is not hard to understand  
   where God’s body is, it is  
everywhere and everything; shore and the vast  
   fields of water, the accidental and the intended  
over here, over there. And I bow down  
   participate and attentive

it is so dense and apparent. And all the same I am still  
   unsatisfied. Standing  
here, now, I am thinking  
   not of His thick wrists and His blue  
shoulders but, still, of Him. Where do you suppose, is His  
   pale and wonderful mind?

### **8.**

Every morning I want to kneel down on the golden  
   cloth of the sand and say  
some kind of musical thanks for  
   the world that is happening again—another day—  
from the shape of the wind coming out of the  
   west to the firm green





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For more than a century and a half, Sayville's Congregational Church has served families on the South Shore and been a voice for the progressive Protestant tradition. An original member of the United Church of Christ since it was established in 1957, today we continue to celebrate God's love, to speak for the oppressed, and to welcome those seeking a spiritual home. To learn about our congregation and membership, please speak with any deacon.

Today's Worship Leadership  
Liturgist – Kris Minschke  
Music Director – Sean Cameron  
Ushers – Elise and Jimmy Cesare  
Media Team – Mark Conrad, Karin Conrad,  
Kathy Leis, Connie Kauffman

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Online Worship – www.echimestv.org

Thank you for being with us today.  
Peace. Shalom. Salaam. For the ways of peace are many.  
“Namaste”

Please contact Heather if you have questions or need any additional help.

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Mary Oliver's  
ON THY WONDROUS WORKS  
I WILL MEDITATE  
(Psalm 145)

### 1.

All day up and down the shore the  
fine points of the water keep on  
tapping whatever is there: scatter of broken  
clams, empty jingles, old  
oyster shells thick and castellated that held  
once the pale jewel of their bodies, such sweet

tongue and juice. And who do you  
think you are sauntering along  
five feet up in the air, the ocean a blue fire  
around your ankles, the sun  
on your face on your shoulders its golden mouth whispering  
(so it seems) *you! you! you!*

### 2.

Now the afternoon wind  
all frill and no apparent purpose  
takes her cloud-shaped  
hand and touches every one of the  
waves so that rapidly  
they stir the wings of the eiders they blur

the boats on their moorings; not even the rocks  
black and blunt interrupt the waves on their  
way to the shore and one last swimmer (isi it you?) rides  
their salty infoldings and outfoldings until,  
peaked, their blude sides heaving, they pause; and God  
whistles them back; and you glide safely to shore.



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3.

One morning  
    a hundred pink and cylindrical  
squid lay beached their lazy faces,  
    their gnarls of dimples and ropy tentacles  
limp and powerless; as I watched  
    the big gulls went down upon

this sweetest trash rolling  
    like the arms of babies through the  
swash—in a feathered dash,  
    a calligraphy of delight the beaks fell  
grabbing and snapping; then was left only the  
    empty beach, the birds floating back over the waves.

4.

How many mysteries have you seen in your  
    lifetime? How many nets pulled  
full over the boat's side, each silver body  
    ready or not falling into  
submission? How many roses in early summer  
    uncurling above the pale sands then

falling back in unfathomable  
    willingness? And what can you say? Glory  
to the rose and the leaf, to the seed, to the  
    silver fish. Glory to time and the wild fields,  
and to joy. And to grief's shock and torpor, its near swoon.

5.

So it is not hard to understand  
    where God's body is, it is  
everywhere and everything; shore and the vast  
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over here, over there. And I bow down  
    participate and attentive

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it is so dense and apparent. And all the same I am still  
unsatisfied. Standing  
here, now, I am thinking  
not of His thick wrists and His blue  
shoulders but, still, of Him. Where do you suppose, is His  
pale and wonderful mind?

6.

I would be good—oh, I would be upright and good.  
To what purpose. To be shining or not  
sinful, not wringing out of the hours  
petulance, heaviness, ashes. *To what purpose?*  
*Hope of heaven?* Not that. But to eter  
the other kingdom: grace, and imagination,

and the multiple sympathies to be as a leaf, a rose,  
a dolphin, a wave rising  
slowly then briskly out of the darkness to touch  
the limpid air, to be God's mind's  
servant, loving with the body's sweet mouth—its kisses, its words—  
everything.

7.

I know a man of such  
mildness and kindness it is trying to  
change my life. He does not  
preach, teach, but simply is. It is  
astonishing, for he is Christ's ambassador  
truly, by rule and act. But, more,

he is kind with the sort of kindness that shines  
out, but is resolute, not fooled. He has  
eaten the dark hours and could also, I think,  
soldier for God, riding out  
under the storm clouds, against the world's pride and unkindness  
with both unassailable sweetness, and consoling word.

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8.

Every morning I want to kneel down on the golden  
    cloth of the sand and say  
some kind of musical thanks for  
    the world that is happening again—another day—  
from the shape of the wind coming out of the  
    west to the firm green

flesh of the melon lately sliced open and  
    eaten, its chill and ample body  
flavored with mercy. I want  
    to be worthy of—what? Glory? Yes, unimaginable glory.  
O Lord of melons, of mercy, though I am  
    not ready, nor worthy, I am climbing toward you.